

# The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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One year to your heart, 25 Cents.  
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## TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,  
Moravian Falls, . . . North Carolina.

## Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have think some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

## Idiotorials.

A good bluff beats a bad excuse.

I'm tolerable, thank ye. How are you?

Get up a club for The Fool-Killer today.

This old world is a plum sight, anyhow.

Be safe and sane, and let who will be devilish.

A fable is an open-faced lie with a handle to it.

A banana is the soft tit of heaven wrapped in a buckskin.

Pay a man to be good, and he won't earn his salary.

Men are the salt of the earth, and women are the pepper.

Seek damage in court and it's a sure thing you'll get it.

A man never sees a spittoon without being tempted to spit in it.

A clock is about the only thing that strikes and keeps, on working.

Hello, buddy! What are you doing to help circulate The Fool-Killer?

The main advantage we have over the ancients is that we are still alive.

A woman can say more in a look than a man can in a book.

Blackberries have petered out. Now all aboard for Chinkapin Station!

It's a doggon sight easier to invent a scheme than it is to make it work.

A jug and a pistol—and after that the chain-gang. Boys, don't that sound good?

All who are not for The Fool-Killer are against it. Where do you stand, mister? Speak up.

By the time some people make up their minds what to do, it's too late to do it.

Woodrow Wilson reminds me of a wet dish-rag trying to pass off for a silk necktie.

Try to make your mark in the world, but don't let it be a question mark.

There are plenty of folks who never make mistakes. They are under the sod.

Have we got Reciprocity, or do we have to wait for Canada to thresh all that straw over again? Heh?

A man can find a million reasons for loving a millionaire's daughter, and every reason looks just like a dollar.

If this country can't find better material for President than either Taft or Wilson, I think it is a dickens of a bad chance.

They are talking about making the silver dollars heavier. Please don't do it—they are too hard to raise already.

The reason why lightning never strikes twice in the same place is because the place is not there after the first visit.

When the lion and the lamb lie down together, the lamb is usually on the inside.

An old philosopher said once that reading maketh a full man. So does a quart of red likker.

Hot, did you say? Well, I believe I had noticed that it was just the least bit warm.

The Catholics are plotting to kill Tom Watson. They had better kill something they can eat.

Law is like a spider web—it catches and holds the little flies, but lets the big bugs get away.

Kind words are often wasted where a good stout kick from a number ten brogan might have done some good.

I once knew a girl who went by the name of "Postscript." Her real name was Adeline Moore.

I am thinking about buying a flying-machine. It doesn't cost anything to think about it.

Most people are all right when they are asleep. The trouble is, they don't sleep enough.

If men were as big as they talk, some of them could spit over the top of a telegraph pole.

Virginia and North Carolina are coming out of the kink, thank you. They are getting so they can afford nearly as many swell murders as New York.

Miss Madelaine Sullivan, a Chicago white girl, was recently married to an Indian Chief named "Plenty Hawk." Now about the first time Plenty Hawk comes home full of plenty likker there will be plenty devil to pay.

If somebody will invent a plan by which the coatless man may leave off his suspenders and at the same time wear the waistband loose enough for comfort without danger of losing his breeches, he can make a fortune out of it.

I ain't in politics nary bit, but if some party will get up a ticket reading "Roosevelt and Bryan," dog my cats if I don't vote it. Roosevelt and Bryan are the two cleanest and best men in American public life today, and they are near enough together in their views that they could consistently run on the same ticket. So here's the opening gun of the Roosevelt-Bryan boom. Hip, hurrah!

## BURY HIM.

Bury the miser out in the woods,  
In a beautiful hole in the ground,  
Where the woodpecker pecks and the bumblebee bums,  
And the straddlebug straddles around.

He ain't no use in the world of men—  
Too unpractical, stingy and dead;  
But he wants the earth and all of its crust,  
And the stars that shine overhead.

Then hustle him off to the bumblebee's roost,  
And bury him deep in the ground;  
He's no use here—get him out of the way,  
And make room for the man that is sound.

## BOOZE & CO., PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS.

Well, dog my cats, hang my buttons and blister my sun-burnt hide! If here ain't another pretty kettle of fish. For behold it cometh to pass that the old pot-gutted Booze Brigade has buckled on a brand-new breast-plate of hellishness and started out to subsidize the local press of the country.

It seems, if I understand it right, that the low-down likker-lovers of this land of the spree and home of the police court have organized a newspaper syndicate and are now proposing to furnish a free plate service to all country editors who will use the same.

In other words, Old Man Booze and his campaign committee will obligate themselves to get up the copy, set the type and send the plates prepaid with their compliments and a sample quart of red-eye.

If the editor is sorter pinch-gutted and wants to kick about that, the dear old Booze Gang will also furnish the paper, pay the printer and the postage bill, and send the editor a two-gallon jug of old corn.

If the editor is still stubborn and hard-hearted, Old Booze & Co. will further agree to take over the entire outfit, including debts, deadbeats and delinquent subscribers, and to board the editor and his family and all of his wife's relations for the next twenty years.

And all that the editor has got to do in exchange for all these favors is to give hell a mortgage on his manhood and sell his soul to the devil. Purty cheap, ain't it?

Law sakes alive, honey, ain't Old Booze & Co. the free-heartedest fellers you ever did see? How they do love the poor, hard-working editor! They know how hard it is for him to write news when there is nothing to write. They know how his brain gets befuddled sometimes, and how the voice of the printer yelling "copy" makes the poor editor faint.

I don't know how in the thunder they found out all this, but they seem to know it, and their great, loving hearts have opened to help the poor editor.

Of course the papers printed from Booze & Co.'s free plates will not contain any sermons, Sunday School lessons, temperance lectures, and other harmful reading. Such unnecessary and dangerous stuff will be crowded out and the space devoted to telling where you can get five gallons of Guggle & Sputter's Celebrated Whoop-Juice at so much per, with a whole gross of headaches thrown in to be used on the morning after the night before.

Now, boys, as many of you as want to can sell out to Old Booze, but this is to certify that Pearson and his Fool-Killer are not for sale just yet. As long as I am able to drag a lead pencil across a sheet of paper I will try to write my own thunder, or else beg, borrow or steal it from some decent source. If it ever comes to the pass that I have to dip my editorial gravy out of Old Booze's literary skillet, hang-taked if I don't close up the shop and hire out to wash guts at a butcher-yard.

The shade of a church won't bleach out a black character any quicker than the shade of a barn will.