

The FOOL-KILLER



VOL. III.

MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, APRIL, 1912.

NO. 2.

SPRING.

The Easter hats have blossomed,
Spring dresses have come in,
And the crop of politicians
Is big enough to thin.

Old cow has gone to shedding,
Calf's old enough to wean,
And over on the mountain side
The trees are getting green.

The folks are planting 'taters
And tommy-toes and peas,
And the smell of fertilizer
Is wafted on the breeze.

"Spring fever" is sure to get you,
But when you don't feel right,
A pint of home-made bitters
Will mend you up a sight.

I dread the cold in winter,
In summer I dread the heat,
But dog my cats, beloved,
If spring ain't hard to beat.

—Pack it on Pearson.

GREAT IS THE STEEL TRUST!

Now then, by granny! I guess we've got it straight from headquarters. Just a few sundowns ago all the bloated Big Ikes of the steel trust got together and held a lengthy confab, going over the situation from A to Izzard. They boasted of being the real rulers of the world, and made their brags that no nation on earth could have war, peace, hookworm, tummyache, or anything else, without the consent and co-operation of the steel trust.

And it's the awful burning truth, if a gang of red-handed rascals did tell it. The Carnegie gang, the Morgan gang, the Rockefeller gang, and all the other big money interests are banded together and stick to one another like a tar plaster to a fat man's belly. What kind of a show can the rest of us have against a combination like that?

War makes a market for steel, gunpowder, and other trust-made articles, and gets some of the poor trash out of the way. So when Mr. Plute wants a little war in Mexico he just presses a

button and the war is on. Same thing in Italy, China and elsewhere. Back of every war you read about lurks the sneaking hand of organized wealth, and for every ounce of lead the poor devil gets, the rich devil gets his pound of gold. How passing strange that men will be such fools!

Bear in mind that the steel trust gang have boasted that they could forever put a stop to war if they wanted to—by refusing to finance the game. Nobody disputes it. But the trouble is, they don't want to stop it, any more than the old saloon-keeper wants to close up his den of vice. When kerosene puts out fire and the devil gets religion, then maybe the millionaires will want war to cease. Not before.

Little old Andy Carnegie is a steel king—one of the biggest in the bunch. He winds up his little Waterbury mouth and talks about universal peace till you can't rest. But Andy is just a-lyin' him some. He don't want universal peace half as bad as he makes out like. If he did he could order it with his breakfast some morning and have it delivered before he got his breeches on.

TRY THIS ONE.

I am printing below the national hymn of Siam, in the original Siamese language. I could very easily translate it into English, but I will let you have the fun of doing that. If you get as much fun out of it as I did it will be well worth the effort. To get the full force of it, you had better go into a room and lock yourself up, and then sing these lines to the tune of "America:"

O wha tan nas Siam!
Gee wha tan nas Siam!
O wha tan nass!
Wha ta foo las Siam!
Sucha dar nas Siam!
Osucha nas Siam!
Osucha nass!

"BACKER."

The use of tobacco is acknowledged by almost everybody, even those who use it, to be a useless and filthy practice. It is certainly a very unrefined habit, and is usually associated in our thoughts with whiskey bottles, big red noses, foul speech and profanity. You tobacco-loving Christians, just stop a minute and try to imagine how Jesus would have looked with a pipe, a cigar or a quid of tobacco in His mouth. What would be our opinion of Paul, the great Apostle to the Gentiles, if he had written to Timothy to be sure and bring him a box of R. J. Reynolds's best plug tobacco and several bags of Duke's Mixture when he brought his cloak and books from the house of Carpus? (2 Tim. 4:13.)

Expensive? Goodness, yes. And a person who spends his money for tobacco is squandering his means on a depraved appetite. Just let him get out of "backer" for half a day and he is as cross and snappy as a blind adder in dog days. The only thing that will satisfy him is "backer," and he will have it in spite of thunder, even if his wife and kids go half naked and hungry.

And then snuff-dipping! Whew! I reckon in is actually a sin the way I hate that low-down, filthy habit. Every time I see a woman or girl with a handspike rammed away back in her jaw and a stream of dark brown slobber dripping down from each corner of her mouth, I almost have to choke myself with both hands to keep from spewing. Oh, that snuff-dippers could realize how nasty and repulsive it looks, and how it murders beauty, outrages decency and lowers the standard of civilization!

I don't love Taft nor Underwood,
And who else in the thunder would?
For Underwood loves the cigarette,
And Taft, he loves the niggerette.

GET UP A CLUB, MISTER!

A great many editors offer premiums to club-raisers, but I have put the price of the Fool-Killer so low that I can't give premiums. The premium business is a rather "Cheap John" sort of a game, anyway, and I prefer to put the paper down as low as possible and let it stand on its own merits. I have been going it that way for over a year and it has been a success, and I see no reason for making a change.

My regular club rate gives everybody a reduction of ten cents (giving them the paper at fifteen cents a year), if as many as five will club together.

Now, friends, just for the fun of the thing, show this copy to a dozen or two of your friends and ask them to subscribe. Get in a crowd of fellows who like something funny and read them a few pieces from The Fool-Killer, and I'll bet at least half of them will say, "I want that paper for a year." Every blessed one of my present subscribers can get up a club of five or more if they will just half try.

Please do me this little favor, friends. It won't cost you a cent, and it will mean a whole heap to me. I thank you in advance, and shall expect to hear from every one of you with a great long list of subscribers.

Yours to skin 'em alive,
J. L. PEARSON.

THE NEW HEAD.

Say, mister! How do you like The Fool-Killer's new Easter bonnet? Looks purty snipshus, don't it? I had to do something for an April-Fool trick, and this was the only thing I could think of. Look at the Old Man with the Big Stick and see what you will get if you don't be good. If he can't get you any other way he will saw your head off with his nose. Now will you be good?