

# The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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One year to your heart, 25 Cents.  
In Clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

**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 thank 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.

Why don't they pass a law abolishing icebergs?

The preacher says the love of money is the root of all evil. And then he passes the hat.

I was determined not to mention Rockefeller's name in this issue. Well, I'll swear! There it is at last.

The "jelly wabble" dance is the latest. They say it looks like a bale of cotton trying to hug a fodder-stack.

You might as well try to pull an auger-hole out of a log as to undertake keeping the drotted millionaire grafters out of the Senate.

Old Ike Stephenson paid twice as much for his seat in the Senate as his salary will amount to in six years. Do you smell anything?

Is Mr. Bruce Ismay a woman or a child? His name appears among the list of "women and children" saved from the sinking Titanic.

Washing the black off of a nigger would be an easy job compared with cleaning up them twin polecats of the Senate—Lorimer and Stephenson.

An exchange says: "The devil will be to pay at the Chicago convention." Oh, surely not! It will be a pretty out if the devil can't trust his own children.

A pretty girl with both of her perambulators squeezed into one leg of a dude's breeches! If this hobble business keeps on, the girls will have to learn to hop like snow-birds.

Are you a Redemopublicrat, or a Demopublicratican, or a Publi-demremocrat, or a Canodemrelican, or a Redempubolican, or a Demity—Dimity—dog-bite-it-all—what are you, anyhow?

Rotten mule-belly flavored with mortified dog-ham is all right—so says the jury. Thus ends the famous sham battle against the meat trust. Now pass your plate and have some more canned hoss.

I am due my correspondents an explanation of my failure to answer many letters that should have been answered. I have so much of the mechanical work of the office to do that it is literally impossible for me to keep up with my correspondence. To new subscribers and club-senders let me say that the arrival of the paper will acknowledge the receipt of your remittance.

### LIGHT UP, LADIES!

Dear ladies, with the winning smile,

And charms so rich and rare,  
And have you learned the latest style  
Of fixing up your hair?

The lords of fashion lately met  
In old Chicago town—  
Three thousand of the swellest set—  
And laid the ruling down.

And now when you go out of nights,  
You pretty fashion girls,  
You've got to have electric lights  
A-gleaming in your curls.

Go visit the electric man  
And tell him what I've said,  
And let him draw you up a plan  
For wiring up your head.

A storage battery in your hat  
For momentary use;  
A switch hid somewhere in your rat  
For turning on the juice.

The tiny globes, all neatly formed,  
And then a man would swear  
That all the lightning-bugs had swarmed  
And settled in your hair.

By Ned! And won't that be the stuff?

I reckon, pretty soon,  
The ladies will give light enough  
Without the sun and moon.

### THE FOOL-KILLER'S DICTIONARY.

(Without any apologies to Webster.)

**ARMY**—A body of ruffians authorized to commit wholesale murder.

**AFTERWARD**—A space of time in which something happens after something else has happened.

**BREAD**—A foodstuff which the rich give to some of the poor; a substitute for cake.

**DEATH**—To stop sinning suddenly; to resign one's membership in the Ananias Club.

**FIRE**—A mysterious element that creates insurance.

**GENIUS**—Any person whose birthday is celebrated throughout the world about one hundred years after he has been crucified, burned, or otherwise put to death.

**HOME**—A place where we go to change our clothes in order to go somewhere else.

**HONESTY**—A very odd quality that men of old times are said to have possessed; now entirely out-of-date and almost forgotten.

**LEARN**—To add to one's ignorance by extending the knowledge we have of the things we can never know.

**TRUTH**—A universal error; the relation between one illusion and another; something that a few will die for, but nobody live for.

### BRING THEM IN.

Howdy, brethren and sisterin! How do you all come on this fine morning? It has been a whole long month since I pulled your latch-string and scraped my brogans on your door-step, and I was getting awful anxious to see you again. I am your preacher, you know, and I'm plum doggon proud of my congregation. I am preaching to fifty thousand of you this month. Just think what a crowd that would be if you were all together. I have never seen your faces, and of course I never will, but we are friends just the same. I feel a personal interest in every one of you, and I want you to feel the same way toward me. I am doing my best to give you some jim-dandy good preaching. If you like the way I spoon out the hot truck, please invite all your friends to come to our meetin'. Pew rent is only fifteen cents a year if as many as five will come in together. We are going to have a regular revival this summer, and the mourner's bench will be crowded all the time. Every service will be worth a dollar. So please show this paper to all your neighbors and friends and invite them to our Fool-Killer meetin'. If they try to make excuses, just grab them by the coat-tail and bring 'em along anyhow.

### WRITE WITH INK.

When sending in subscriptions, or writing to me on any subject, please write with pen and ink and be careful to make every word plain and distinct—especially names and postoffices. I get many letters written with lead pencil on the very cheapest paper, and they are often so dim and indistinct that I can hardly read them at all. Please don't do that. Use good paper and write carefully with ink.

One man wrote me recently stating that he had written me four or five times and had sent me three clubs, but nobody had received the paper and he had never heard a word from me. His letter of complaint was written with pencil. It was all plain enough except the postoffice, but I couldn't make that out until I looked it up in the Postal Guide. It proved to be Trumann, Ark. Then by refering to the subscription books I found that his clubs had been recorded at Freeman, Ark., instead of Trumann. The mistake was due to bad or careless writing, and wasn't my fault at all. We are very busy here, and it takes time to run to the Postal Guide every few minutes to look up something. My friends can save me a lot of work and themselves a lot of worry if they will write with ink on good paper and be careful to make every word plain and distinct. I am doing the best I can to keep everything straight.