

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-seventh 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 thunk 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.

The Suffragettes are now receiving candy and flowers from all parties.

Mary had a little lamb, and now that the price has dropped a little, she can have a little more.

When Tom Platt made Roosevelt vice-president he certainly had no conception of what he was starting.

Let the other papers do the boosting. The Fool-Killer's business is to knock, and its hammer is never idle.

Truth is like rubber—if you stretch the blamed thing too far it is liable to fly back and hurt you.

All roads lead to Rome; also all lead away from it. It depends on which way you think you are going.

There are lots of funny things to be seen in this world, and among them is a fat woman sitting on a little piano stool.

If Bill Taft had been born a Filipino and Teddy Roosevelt a Spaniard, don't you reckon some things would have been different?

Many women prefer a poodle dog above all things; others want a man, but some of them want him as near a poodle as possible, dog-gone it!

The man who works himself to death to get more money than he needs reminds me of the garter snake that died in the attempt to swallow a dead mule.

Te, he, he! I bet the reason a rabbit ain't got no tail is because it takes so much to make his ears that there ain't no material left for his tail.

Some wise sort of a fool down in South Carolina is building a plant to extract nitrogen from the air just like a female dentist pulling a feller's artificial tooth, and he is going to manufacture the air into stable manure without having a hoss in forty miles of it.

A cathedral costing millions of dollars was built in New York to worship a Savior in who had no place he could call home, from the income mostly from tenement houses where the death rate from tuberculosis is so high they are ashamed to talk about it. Salvation is free, but in some places, if you haven't got the money to get up to the bargain counter, hell is your home. What a pity it is to be poor like Jesus was!

WHY I DON'T PRINT 'EM.

Almost every mail brings me one or more articles for publication in The Fool-Killer. Most of these articles are on live subjects, well written and full of good sound sense, and in every way worthy of publication. But the one great trouble about them is this—they are not written in "Fool-Killer style." Some of them contain more sense and reason than anything I can write, but they lack the droll, sassy, flat-footed manner of expression which has made The Fool-Killer so popular. The world is full and running over with good, smooth, sensible reading matter. So many thousand writers are sending out that kind of stuff that it simply cannot attract any attention. If a little one-hoss editor like me expects to be noticed among all the big guns, he's just got to kick up his heels and act the fool a little as he goes along. I learned years ago that people would rather be tickled than taught, and I had that fact in mind when I started The Fool-Killer. My plan was to make a man laugh right big, and then cram the truth down him while his mouth was open. It has worked like a charm so far, and I guess it will continue to work. I'll risk it, anyhow.

Boys, I would be the gladdest in the world to print all your letters and articles which you have been so kind as to send me, but for the reasons stated above I simply can't do it. Fifteen thousand people have subscribed to The Fool-Killer for the purpose of reading my own sassy, fool talk, and I must try to give them what they paid for.

Once in awhile I can print a short, breezy personal letter from a subscriber, but I positively can't give space to long, dry, argumentative articles, no matter how well written.

In almost every political convention I read about I see it stated that "Bedlam Broke Loose." Wonder why in the mischief they don't tie Bedlam so he can't get loose?

Say, mister, if you don't like this paper you can just pacify your sweet self with the thought that it wasn't made for you, no-how. There are plenty of others who do like it.

When I pass by a man's house and see the front yard covered with dog tracks and old dried-up chaws of terbacker, I could sit down on the next stump I come to and write the whole history of that family.

Tote your Fool-Killer in your pocket and show it to everybody you see.



J. L. PEARSON.

HOWDY! THIS IS ME!

Well, boys, I just thought you might like to take a peep at the bread-and-butter side of my hat-rack, and so here it is. The artist said he could have made a better picture if he had had something better to work from.

This being my birth-month, I thought it would not be out of place to stick up my ugliness and let you-all take a peep at it.

Like nearly all other great men, I selected a log cabin to be born in. The cabin was located on Berry's Mountain, about four miles from Moravian Falls, and I became an occupant of that cabin on Septemeer 13th, 1879—just 33 years ago by the watch.

I never went to school more than twelve months in my life, and have no education except what I just "picked up" here and yander. Worked on the farm until I was 21, then drifted into the printing office. My career as a printer has been full of ups and downs—mostly downs.

Three years ago I had nothing, and was in debt for that. With no money, and no way of making any, I was strictly "up against it" if ever a man was. In a fit of desperation I started The Fool-Killer, not knowing whether it would lead to success or starvation. For some unaccountable reason the drotted thing seemed to have the guts of life in it right from the start. The very audacity of the thing seemed to effect the public sorter like hitting a man in the belly with a baseball, and they thought, by jinkity, they had better subscribe and see what in the devil I was up to.

And so it came to pass that The Fool-Killer was a howling success right from the jump-go. The income from it has afforded me and my widow a fairly decent living, besides enabling me to buy several hundred dollars worth of printing machinery and fit up an office for making Fool-Killers right.