

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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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 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 is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-bolls of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises 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.

It never makes a sin any whiter to call it a mistake.

Never give advice—it is better business sense to charge for it.

The self-conceit of a fool excels all other forms of grandeur.

We are now living under a Tumulty-ous administration.

Well, the nation ain't quite broke yet, but it's doggon badly twisted.

A genius is a man who can support a big family on \$50 a month and have a bank account.

It seems that the Promooseive Party found the gulf between capital and labor too wide to straddle.

Perhaps the reason the lions didn't eat Daniel was because most of him was backbone and the rest was grit.

They tell us now that China is rapidly becoming Christianized. Well, if that's true, maybe there is still some hope for America.

The name of Woodpile's private secretary—Tumulty—is no doubt prophetic of the "tumulty" times that are just ahead of us, when Romanism gets a little more power.

AN ESSAY ON UMBRELLAS.

An umbrella is a circulating medium which passes from hand to hand like money.

The object of an umbrella is to keep the rain off of the wearer's hat and deposit it on his shoulders.

An umbrella's rib is its most vital point. A man may break a rib, or even have it shot in two by an anarchist, and still live to be defeated for president. But when an umbrella breaks a rib, it is good only to lend to a personal friend.

When a wet umbrella is brought into the house, it is usually closed up and set in a corner to drain. For the purpose of wetting the floor that is thought to be more artistic than cutting a hole in the roof.

An infant umbrella is called a parasol, and is used by ladies to keep their drug-store complexion from getting sun-burnt.

The umbrella is the bashful lover's best friend, as it gives him an excuse to approach his best girl and offer his services in carrying it. It also furnishes useful employment for his hands, which would otherwise be in the way.

"TOO NASTY FER THE WIMMEN."

Here is a regular ring-tailed snorter of a sermon on Woman Suffrage, delivered before the Anti-Suffrage Club of Studhoss Ridge by the Honorable Hank Hardwad. It seems to me that Hank has got his argument sorter twisted, but I give it to you for what it is worth. Here it goes:

"No-sir-ee-bob! It never would do in the world to let the wimmen vote.

In the first place, wimmen ain't got sense enough to vote.

They would wreck and destroy this glorious free country—where we have the blessed privilege of working one day for ourselves and two for somebody else—they would ruin it all inside of a week.

And, besides that, politics are too nasty and corrupt for the wimmen to dabble in.

Wimmen are too pure and angelic for such business, and that's why their influence in politics would corrupt and destroy our free institutions.

We must preserve the purity and integrity of this nation by keeping it in the hands of the men—the same high-toned gentlemen who, by their superior knowledge and fitness for the duties of statecraft, have succeeded in making politics too nasty and corrupt for the wimmen to dabble in.

Then again, if the wimmen were given the ballot, who would stay at home with the babies while the wimmen went to vote?

I dare anybody to answer that question.

Of course a woman can go to a cotton mill, or factory, or some other kind of a sweat-shop, and work all day for fifty cents while her loving husband sits around the cross-roads store smoking and telling lies, and the public don't care a cuss what becomes of the babies.

Or a woman can take in washing and bend over the wash-tub for ten hours at a whet, while her devoted and patriotic lord goes a-fishing, and the babies can look out for themselves.

Or a poor girl can work in a great department store at such pitiful wages that she has to take her choice between prostitution and starvation, and gallant man don't care a doggon which path she chooses.

The refined occupation of being a wage-slave is good for a woman, and it don't take her out of the home and away from her family. Oh, no! Of course it don't.

But to walk a few steps once in two years and drop a piece of paper in a box—that would take her out of the home and away from the babies, and just tee-totally ruin everything.

Yes-sir-ee-bob! Politics are too nasty for the wimmen."

PERSONAL CHAT.

Well, folks, how is your happiness by this time? Hope you are all right side up with care, and living 24 hours a day. I am a little bit late again, as usual, but just naturally couldn't get to you any sooner. Seems like there is always something to bother me—if it ain't one thing it's another.

As stated elsewhere in this issue, I found it necessary to make a trip to Washington recently. The main object of the trip was to see the Belknap Stencil Addressing Machine in the Government Printing Office. Always like to see a machine at work before buying it, you know. But, incidentally, I stayed to take in the Inauguration. Elsewhere in this paper you will find some comments on the "big event."

That Washington trip spoilt the biggest end of a week, and then after I got back we had a big rain—a "freshet" we call it here in the backwoods—which damaged several railroad bridges and delayed my shipment of paper another week. Guess I'll order paper for about six months ahead and not get caught in that kind of a trap any more.

I had hoped to get the new mailing machine installed and working in time for this issue, but there are always unexpected delays in such matters, and I hope you will all bear with me as patiently as possible. After the machine gets here it will take at least a month to get all the names of my 24,000 subscribers copied off onto the stencils. But when that is done the big job will be finished—the lists can then be printed off very rapidly.

I am mighty anxious to get the list in better shape, because our present method of writing off everything by hand is very laborious and unsatisfactory. I am expecting The Fool-Killer to at least reach the 100,000 mark by this time next year, and I might as well go to putting in machinery that will handle the business. Subs are coming in now at the rate of nearly a thousand a week. I am both surprised and pleased with the wonderful success of the paper. Friends and comrades, you have done the work, and the honor is yours. And there is absolutely no limit to what you CAN do along this line if you will only keep up the present gait.

Well, here we go under another Demmycrackit administration.

The poor fools reap a fool's reward trying to imitate the lives of the rich fools.

Fools and fads form a fitting friendship in fashion's flirting follies.

An honest mind is in continuous progress, but that of a fool is forever fixed.

The loudest mouth frequently accompanies the most brainless head.

If a thief undertakes to steal from you, and you object to it, or foil his plans, he at once becomes your enemy.