

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, EDITOR.

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 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 is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils 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.

Bundle and News Stand Rates.

The Fool-Killer will be furnished in bundles to one address at the following prices:

20 copies of any one issue,	15 cents.
40 " " " " " "	30 "
60 " " " " " "	45 "
80 " " " " " "	60 "
100 " " " " " "	75 "

Sample copies in small quantities will be furnished free of charge.

A PERSONAL LETTER

FRIENDS, COMRADES, BROTHERS:

Wake up! Look! Listen! Don't let a word of this article escape you. Read it carefully, and then go back and read it again. This is by long odds the most important business announcement that The Fool-Killer has ever presented to its readers.

Friends, this is no joke. There are times when I try to be funny, but I am not sawing on that string just now. I am in dead earnest, and I want you to regard this as A PERSONAL LETTER TO YOU, just as if I had hammered it out on my typewriter and mailed it to you under a two-cent stamp.

For the past several months I have been telling you of my urgent need for more machinery in order to make The Fool-Killer larger and better. I have been adding to my equipment as fast as my finances would allow, and now I have taken another step that means a big success or an awful big failure, one or the other. It all depends on how you folks rally to my support.

Now here is just the size of it: I have reached the point in this business where I am absolutely compelled to have a linotype machine, and so I have placed an order with the Mergenthaler Linotype Company, of New York, for one of their standard machines of the latest model. This machine is one of the present-day wonders of the world. It can do things that you would think only a living, intelligent creature could possibly do. It is the same kind of machine on which the type is set for all the great dailies of the country. But the price—golly!—there's where the rub comes! This wonderful machine is going to cost me over three thousand dollars! That is a big pile of money for a poor man to obligate himself to pay, and I wouldn't dare do it except for the confidence I have in my 24,000 loyal subscribers throughout the country. Comrades, you are my only strength and support, and I have given you as security for the payment of this debt. Never, during all my struggles, have I needed your help more than I need it right now. You have helped me out of several tight places in the past, for which I am profoundly thankful, and I know you are too kind-hearted to desert me in this important crisis. Just think what 24,000 people could do if they started out together to accomplish something! My, what a crowd! Equal to the population of a great big city! That's just how big a crowd my subscribers would make if they were all together. But in one respect there is a big advantage in not being together. If you were all in one bunch you couldn't find people enough around you to work on. But, as it is, you are scattered everywhere and surrounded by people who are not subscribers. That gives you just the opportunity you need to help me. Now, therefore, I hereby appoint each and every one of you 24,000 subscribers as authorized agents to take subscriptions to The Fool-Killer. And as an extra inducement for you to just "spread yourselves" on this occasion, I'll be doggoned if I don't make you the following

SPECIAL OFFER:

The price of The Fool-Killer has never been less than fifteen cents a year, and will probably never be again, but just for this once I am going to give it in clubs of ten or more for ten cents a year. Ten subs for a dollar! No less than ten accepted at that price. This offer holds good till midnight of July 31st, 1913, and no longer. On that date the Special Offer will expire, and the price will go back to fifteen cents a year in clubs of five or more.

So now is the time to hustle. Tackle every feller you meet, and don't let him go till he forks over a dime for a year's subscription to The Fool-Killer. If each of you 24,000 subscribers will devote just a few minutes to subscription-getting, you can every one send in a club running anywhere from ten to a hundred at this special price and never miss the time.

Now don't one wait for another, but everybody get busy. The linotype machine will be shipped out of New York about the 5th of September. The money to pay for it has just GOT to be raised, and you are my only dependence. Are you going to do do your part? Yes, God bless your loyal souls, of course you are. Let's have a regular wholesale contest and see who can send in the largest number of ten-cent subs between now and July 31.

Yours, waiting for 24,000 replies at once,

JAMES L. PEARSON.

People who live in glass houses should dress in the dark.

Wonder if I couldn't sue somebody and get six cents damages?

IDIOTORIALS.

Jolly, joyous, jubilant June!

One more shake of the pepper-box.

Well, thank the Lord, talk is still on the free list, anyhow.

Money is the root of all evil, and whiskey is the sap.

How to avoid paying an honest debt—don't make the debt.

Pain is simply a reminder of the fun we've had.

The more useless a man is the higher he can stand in "saw-siety."

Opening a political convention with prayer is sorter like hanging up pretty pictures in a hog pen.

A good round-about way of being unhappy is to envy the man who has to pay an income tax.

It is a dickens of a sight more honorable and patriotic to live for your country than to die for it.

A team of Missouri mules was sold recently for only \$700. The report does not say what was the matter with them.

At Madill, Oklahoma, there is a law firm by the name of Ryder & Hurt. How cruel! They ought not to Ryder if it Hurts.

"What is real happiness?" asks an exchange. Why, Buddy, it's what you still wouldn't have if you had everything you think you want.

Probably the reason a female fly can lay 120,000 eggs in a season is because she don't spend two-thirds of her time cackling over it.

The citizens of Washington are having lots of trouble trying to to distinguish between the dome of the Capitol and Bill Bryan's bald head.

The thing that puzzles me is why such a temperate man as Teddy would bother to lug a bottle of brandy all around the world with him.

Just why it is right for rich men to organize themselves into unions, and wrong for poor working men to do the same thing, the bosses have not yet explained.

What in the thunder is Labor, anyhow? Ain't it the only product that the poor working man has to sell? Then why in the gee-whiz ain't he allowed to set his own price on it, same as the rich merchant does on what he sells?