

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.

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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 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-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.

IDIOTORIALS.

Fizz!

Bang!

Hooray!

Did you "cilibrate?"

Ted, the pistol-toter! Oh, my!

Patriotism with the seat of its pants gone.

July is hot, but The Fool-Killer is hotter.

The more money a "sawsiety" woman spends for clothes the less she seems to have on.

"How does a fish sleep?" asks a correspondent. In the bed of the river, of course.

An oid broom may not sweep clean, but it can raise a dickens of a dust.

Man proposes, woman disposes, marriage composes, and divorce exposes.

Does a man succeed because he smiles, or does he smile because he has succeeded?

"The Melting Pot" would be a world-beater of a paper if it would only stick a corn-cob in its infidelity bung-hole.

A New York man named Hoe is being sued for \$225,000 for breach of promise. Looks like Hoe just as well dig up.

There is a kind of cloth on the market called "duck." If a-body had a suit of that cloth and it was a good fit, wouldn't that be a duck-fit?

If "tut, tut!" is the strongest cussing Woodrow Wilson can do, his powers of profanity have swunk up terribly since he made that speech in Greensboro, N. C., a few years ago.

Say, mister, here is another question you can answer while your coffee cools: Do the people belong to the Constitution, or does the Constitution belong to the people?

The big daily papers have begun to copy things from The Fool-Killer, which indicates that it is coming to be recognized as one of the standard "funny papers" of the country.

Old Jodarter Daniels, our present Secretary of the Navy, is just almost bursting his belly-band trying to get young men to join the navy. But still the navy is "short" several thousand men, and Jodarter's appeals are not bringing in any recruits. Goody! I thought the people would begin to learn a little sense by and by.

The Expose Toilette.

Wow!

Come again.

Who knows?

I don't.

Better hush.

Somebody's looking.

Ain't it just awful?

What?

Look and see.

Are you blind?

Ah, pshaw!

Be ashamed!

Don't mention it.

What?

Why, the "Expose Toilette."

Latest female fashion.

Expose what?

Legs and so forth.

Don't be so inquisitive.

I ain't going to tell no more.

"Bryan's Too Busy To Talk."

Oh, wonder of wonders! I can't understand, and it's hard to believe the report;

I wish they would tell me who started the tale, and I wish they would prove it in court.

But sure as you're born it is going the rounds—and it makes my credulity balk—

That business is pressing in Washington town, and Bryan's too busy to talk.

There never have been such conditions before, and I'm awful uneasy for fear

That some international trouble is on, and that general chaos is near.

I fear the American Eagle will die—so dead that it never can squawk—For surely there's something unusual on hand, if Bryan's too busy to talk.

"The American people, on the whole, are very happily situated," says an exchange. Yes, those who are "on the whole" are getting along plum snipshus, but the poor devils who are "in the hole" are having a tuff time of it.

In a Pennsylvania town recently a pretty typewriter girl was arrested for being too scantily dressed. Doggon! She must have been one of these here "visible" typewriters.

Look-y here! What does this mean about so many of my subscribers not getting their paper regularly? Is there a plot among the postmasters to destroy it? If so, somebody will hear from somebody purty doggon soon.

About Complaints.

Lots of my subscribers are complaining that they don't get the paper regularly. Well, boys, I do my part—I mail the paper carefully each month to all subscribers, and when it don't reach them it is either the carelessness or the wilful, low-down cussedness of some postal employee. What shall we do about it?

Whew! Smell of this! The chief of the pure food department of the government declares that the pure food law don't amount to a hill of beans. Shucks, I knew that all the time.

It is generally believed that the presidency is the highest office in these Benighted States of America, but that is a mistake. Then what is the highest office, did you say? Why, the postoffice on Pike's Peak.

I ain't got a word to say against Roman Catholic "religion," except that most of it is silly and unreasonable. What I object to is Roman Catholic POLITICS—their mad desire to dominate the civil governments of the world.

The response to my Special Offer in last issue has been very good, but not half what it ought to have been. Thousands of you have lost an opportunity to help me and yourselves at the same time. To those who did respond I send my heartiest thanks, and to those who did not, this is my message—I hope you will try to do better next time.

Several months ago the sugar trust got out a book called "Sugar at a Glance," and Senator Lodge took advantage of his "franking privilege" to circulate many thousand copies through the mail. It is now estimated that this transaction robbed the government of \$28,000 in postage. Now, by George, is Senator Lodge a servant of the people or of the sugar trust?

Hello here! I see that the Secretary of Agriculture has started a thorough examination into the merits of the Farmers' Co-operative Association at Rockwell, Iowa. He seems to think the idea might be a good one for other sections to adopt. How very foolish! Don't the Secretary know that the co-operative idea is "Socialistic" and therefore dangerous? Somebody ought to bore a gimlet hole in Secretary Houston's head to give his brains some air.

THE RED LIGHT.

Hottest non-sectarian religious paper on earth. Its mission is to expose hypocrisy in the churches, restore the "oldtime religion," and fight the temporal encroachment of Catholicism. Issued monthly at 25 cents a year. Special offer: Send 20 cents (two silver dimes wrapped) and 10 names of persons who might subscribe and the paper will be sent you a year on trial.

THE RED LIGHT, Wilkesboro, N. C.

(It gives me great pleasure to recommend The Red Light to my readers—Pearson.)