

The Fool-Killer

▲ Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

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One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
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TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

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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.

Hadn't we better let Mexico alone until we get New York subdued? Huh?

The Roman Catholics tell us that Saint Peter was the first pope of the Roman Catholic church. Then it's a clear case that Peter wasn't as puffed up over his job as the present pope, or he would have said something about it.

IDIOTORIALS.

Has Wilson's low-cost-of-living hit you yet?

A man's will power is helpless when it butts up against a woman's won't power.

Tammany seems to think Governor Bromo Sulzer is pretty bad medicine.

If two governors can't manage little old New York, why in the dickens don't they appoint a few more?

In sending in subscriptions to this paper, please state whether they are renewals or new subs. Don't forget this.

Canada is usually a pretty cold country, but they have been having a Thaw up there for the past few weeks. Slush!

At the present rate, Woodrow's low-cost-of-living is due to reach us about the time that old Aunt Sindy gets to be a little girl.

I want to get a letter right plum quick from every person who reads these lines, and I want each letter to contain a whopping big club.

If you want to read some of the richest burlesque and keenest satire you ever saw, just keep a skinned eye on The Fool-Killer.

If all the men and women in the world were put together into just one big man and woman—wouldn't there be two of the torn-down-est big fools!

Ain't it awful funny to think about how dearly the dog does love the rabbit? Say, Rube, the silk-hatted plute loves you just like that.

Jewels valued at \$75,000 were recently stolen from the home of C. C. Rumsey at Narragansett. I just dare any old thief to attempt such a trick as that at my house.

"Lord, I care not for riches, neither silver nor gold," sang the fair lady in the church choir. But all the time she took care to stand where the light could reflect on her gold watch and diamond necklace.

The inventive genius of modern man is doing wonders, and it could do still greater wonders if it had a better chance. Society could be re-organized along lines that would give every human being a gracious plenty of the good things of life; but the infernal hoggishness of the "privileged class" entrenched behind breastworks of gold will not allow it to be done. Oh, the craven cussedness of criminal wealth!

Lee S. Overman, a U. S. Senator from North Carolina, is quoted as saying that W. Henry Davis, editor of The Hornet, is personally known to him to be "a clever gentleman, with fine ability, and exceedingly industrious." Well, what of that? A thief can be "clever;" a grand rascal can have "ability;" and we all know that the devil is "exceedingly industrious." Make another pass at it, Mister Senator.

As a further proof that it is impossible to please everybody, I see where some kind of a French female thing is advocating a "baby tax," while Roosevelt would like to grant all mothers a graduated pension and a vote of thanks. Who is right? Are there too many babies, or not enough? Hanged if I can answer it! Can you? But speaking of a baby-tax, it always seemed to me that the arrival of a new baby was both the tax and the receipt. It does seem, however, that the distribution of the kid business is all out of whack. They all come and put up at Poverty Flats where they can't be half raised, while the palatial homes of the rich are childless. But there is where the poodle dog has his inning, and that's some help—to the dog!

BRING THEM IN.

Howdy, brethren and sistren! 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 100,000 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 jimdandy 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 from now on, 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.

Another Romish Devil Caught.

Just as this issue of The Fool-Killer goes to press the daily papers contain a blood-curdling account of the awful crime of another Romish hellian, and his capture by the police of New York.

"Rev." Hans Schmidt, a Roman Catholic priest, is the villian of this true story. A priest can't marry, you know, but this buck "fell in love" with a servant girl and went through the operation of "marrying" her to himself in secret, acting as both priest and bridegroom.

Thus they secretly lived together in secret "marriage," and after awhile it developed that the "wife" would soon become a mother. All of a sudden it occurred to Mister Priest that if his "secrets" kept on multiplying that way they would begin to leak out before long and would be sure to get him into trouble. The girl must be disposed of at once. I don't know why he didn't hide her in a convent like they usually do in such cases, unless he thought that would be too mild a crime to satisfy his blood-thirsty nature.

Anyway, the upshot of it all was that this "holy man of God" slipped into the bed-room where the girl he "loved" (?) was asleep and prayerfully socked a butcher-knife through her trusting heart.

In his confession he tells how he toted the dead girl to the bath-room, placed her in the bath-tub, and cut her to pieces with the butcher-knife and a saw. After which he wrapped up the pieces in bed-clothes, smuggled them to the river and dropped them in. Then with a sigh of relief, the "holy" man went back to his church to hear confessions and forgive sins! Oh, the devil! Why WILL civilized people allow such a hellish system to exist among them?

But there is another chapter to the story. Some of the pieces of the dismembered girl were found in the river, and the murder was traced by detectives right to the door of Saint Joseph's Roman Catholic church, and "Rev." Hans Schmidt, seeing that the jig was up with him, made a full confession of the whole bloody crime.

There is your wolf with the sheep's clothing removed. Look at it. This is not an isolated case. Hans Schmidt is part of a diabolical system that carries on such work as a regular business.

If you love your neighbor the best way to prove it is to take his subscription to The Fool-Killer.