

The Fool-Killer

▲ 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 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-bells 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.

Agents Wanted!

I want a good hustling Agent at every postoffice to take subscriptions for The Fool-Killer. My terms to Agents are very liberal and will be sent on application. The Fool-Killer attracts attention wherever it is seen, and an Agent can easily make two or three dollars a day. Write for my terms to Agents and a bunch of Samples and start to work at once.

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, North Carolina.

IDIOTORIALS.

Talk is cheap, but grub is as costly as ever.

A slop-barrel is cleaner than a gossip's mouth.

The peace movement is still fighting its way to the front.

What we intend to do to-morrow won't bring home any bread and butter to-day.

If "Rev." Hans Schmidt has two personalities, the only safe thing to do is to execute both of them.

How do you like to sop your mental flap-jack in The Fool-Killer's editorial molasses?

There is said to be a remedy for everything in the world except some of the remedies.

The booger-man will get you if you don't subscribe for The Fool-Killer.

The people of olden times believed that the world was square. Perhaps it was in those days.

A starving man don't want to hear a lecture on the science of cooking—he wants a piece of bread.

The reason some people have such a little mind is because they are always giving other people a piece of it.

Ten million dollars is what Prof. Pickering says it will cost to send a message to Mars. Dog my cats if I wouldn't send it collect.

While Mexico was looking around for presidential timber, somebody ought to have called her attention to Harry Thaw.

Did you ever read about where Jesus built a fine church, installed a pipe organ, and then charged pew rent? No, I don't think you ever did.

There may be lots of honest men in this country, but they are all lost in the woods and we can't spare the time to hunt for them.

Bring me a mouth about the size of a cellar door and a gall as big as a three-gallon jug, and I can turn you out a politician in five minutes.

Climb onto a goods box and yell "Fool-Killer!" at the top of your voice a few times, and then when the crowd gathers read this paper to them. Try it once.

Whenever somebody puts out a volcano by weeping softly into it, I will then believe that the aroused indignation of an oppressed people can be satisfied with promises.



J. L. PEARSON.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

Life is full of surprises. One of the biggest surprises of my life is the astonishing growth of The Fool-Killer. When I started it less than four years ago I did not know whether it would lead to success or starvation; but the thing has been so popular and the demand so great that it now takes 30,000 copies of this issue to fill the bill.

The unexpected success of The Fool-Killer goes to prove that you can't always generally sometimes hardly ever tell just what is going to hit the bull's-eye of popular fancy. Elbert Hubbard wrote his "Message to Garcia" just as a space filler—wrote it one night after supper, turned in the copy and forgot all about it. But when the world rose up on its hind legs and began to howl for that "Message" like a hungry bear begging for a piece of beef, nobody was more surprised than Elbert Hubbard himself.

The Fool-Killer seems to be another "Message to Garcia." The demand for it has been much greater than I expected, and its fame has outrun all my dreams.

All of which is very gratifying to yours truly. Since I see that this little enterprise is destined to be a success, I am determined to make it just as big a success as possible. There are a million people in this country who will subscribe for The Fool-Killer just as soon as they see a copy. If all you present subscribers will play a few pieces of jaw-music in the interest of this paper we will soon have the Old Scratch going towards his den like a criminal running from justice.

If The Fool-Killer was just like other papers, there would be no use to have a Fool-Killer. But it's different. In all the wilderness of printed things in the world, this paper stands out like a white preacher at a nigger meeting.

THE GAMBLING FOOLS.

The Fool-Killer would not be doing its duty if it did not take a whack at the gambling fools. Gambling is getting dangerous these days because it is getting popular. It has got so that people who boast of belonging to the "best sawsiety," and even leaders in the church, consider it no harm to gamble. Only they don't call it by that ugly name. They call it "innocent amusement."

I quote the following from Rev. Josephus Stephan, of St. Louis:

"A fond mother was showing a visitor, in the presence of her son, a fine punch bowl which she had won a short time before at a progressive euchre party, and she was very proud indeed of her achievement. Suddenly her son, just reaching manhood, pulled out a roll of greenbacks and, thumping it on the table, said: 'See what I won playing cards the other night.' The mother, startled and horrified, said: 'Why, son, have you been gambling?'"

Now, then, good people, what do you think of that? You see that poor fool woman had sense enough to recognize the fact and call it by its right name when done by her son, but she failed to see that she had just as certainly been gambling as he had, and that she was just as guilty, morally and legally. In fact, she was more guilty than he was. That boy would not have been a gambler if his fine, fashionable, church-going mammy had not set the example. And if the devil takes that boy to hell and don't take his mammy also, he is not fit to be a devil.

Fully half of the churches, especially the city churches, have been turned into veritable gambling dens. They want money to carpet the church, and they get up a church social of some kind, at which they have a number of "innocent" card games and other gambling devices to get the money. Then they want a desk or a chart or something for the Sunday School room. Nothing to do but stir around and get up a church fair or some other sort of a shindig, and there's your money. It's just as easy as for a tobacco-chewer to spit ambear on the front elevation of his biled shirt.

The church in these days don't care a continental dried-apple snap whether the world opens its heart to the gospel or not, just so it opens its pocket-book good and wide. An infidel once said: "I think your God must be in great need of money, by the tricks the churches practice to get it for him." And that was a hard lick, and well aimed, although it came from an infidel.

The main big reason that gambling of all kinds is on the increase throughout the world is that the old, poor, blind, miserable, naked Laodicean Church of Mammon has taken it up and teaches it in the Sunday School along with the Catechism and the Lord's Prayer. God have mercy on such a world and such a church!