

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.

IRVING V. KOCH, Adv. Manager,
30 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

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-leventh 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.

STATEMENT

of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of August 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer published monthly at Moravian Falls, N. C., for April, 1914.

Editor, J. L. Pearson Moravian Falls, N. C.
Man. Ed., J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Bus. Man., J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Publisher, J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Owner, J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.

J. L. Pearson, Ed. Pub. and Owner.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of March, 1914. W. R. HUBBARD, N. P.
My commission expires 30 Jan., 1916.

IDIOTORIALS.

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

Pulpit thunder is not much sign of spiritual rain.

Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he come down kerflap.

Carry your Fool-Killer around in your pocket and read it to everybody you see.

A man who can be hired to commit a crime is none too good to do it without hiring.

A place of amusement that isn't fit for a girl to go to isn't fit for a boy to hang around.

The kids of this country would not be so mean if they had better daddies and mummies.

In the liquor statistics of this country, the figures are actually staggering.

Wisdom is the art of not letting other people find out how little you know.

The slowest way to become a millionaire is to work for the money.

Fashionable singing is the kind that sounds like the expiring wail of a dying calf.

The Fool-Killer only comes once a month, but it makes things hum when it does come.

The great men you read about kinder "swink up" when you get personally acquainted with them.

A man's nose was probably placed on his face as a handle for the women to lead him about by.

It is sometimes easier to get what you like than it is to keep on liking it after you get it.

If the world owes every man a living, then the millionaire must be a preferred creditor.

When the Big Noise gets back from South America, then the fun will begin once more.

A machine has been invented for laying brick, but eggs are still laid in the same old way.

A woman will pray like a saint to get into heaven, but she will fight like the devil to get into society.

It is an old-story that flies carry germs on their feet. And germs are dangerous. Therefore somebody ought to get a law passed requiring flies to wear overshoes and leave them on the porch when they come in.

A kiss is a big mouthful of nothing that tastes like heaven and sounds like a cow pulling her foot out of the mud.

Lots of men don't have time to raise cotton and corn because they are so busy raising hell--lo! I was about to say a bad word.

Life is short, and you'd better get all the good you can out of it as you go along. Therefore subscribe for The Fool-Killer.

I asked a fellow if he was in favor of Woman Suffrage, and he replied, "Yes, by gum! Let the wimmen suffer same as the men."

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.

The jangle-jointed busy-body who wants to see how everything is done, ought to have a glass window in his belly so he could see his guts wrastle.

The little old green-eyed fool who goes sneaking around with a pistol swinging to his hindquarters may think he is brave, but he is the most contemptible coward this side of perdition.

All people who are not fools will subscribe for The Fool-Killer as soon as they see a copy. Put yourself on the wise side by coming across with the price. Fork it over, boys, and enjoy the fun.

Ain't It Awful, Mabel?

On my way home from a little trip the other day I heard something that's too good to keep. Two girls got on the train, and each one of them had voice enough for six women, and they kept up such a clatter that they attracted the attention of everybody in the car.

One said: "I just simply can't do anything with my hair after I have washed it."

"Neither can I, Mabel," replied the other.

It seemed that both of the dear things had recently shampooed their hair, and they talked and talked about shampoos until everyone in the car was actually b red.

A gentleman in the rear rose to leave the car. On the way out he stumbled over Mabel's foot.

"Oa, I beg your pardon," he said, tipping his hat, "but, don't you know, I washed my feet last night, and I just simply can't do anything with my feet after I have washed them."

ANOTHER APRIL FOOL

In opening my mail one day last week I fished out the following squiblet, the writer of which seems to need some attention:

Columby S C

Aprile 1, 9teen & 4teen

Editur Fool Killer, sumbody has tride to insult mee by sending mee yore papur fool Killar, now sur i aint no fool an ef i waz i aint red-dy to be kild yet, and dont you sen mee no moar of yore papurs. I no what you aire, you air one of them old ripsnortin soshulists allers abusin everthing an aint go no sence. Now i hope these fue lines will give you sum lite an you wont sen me nary nuther of yore soshulist fool kilar papurs, witch i dont want it in my house. i am much oblig yores truely

D. H. BUDRICK.

Great Humpty-Doodle! Did you ever see so much information crowded into such a few lines before? I'll be dog-sarned if I ever did. And the "lite"—my, my! There is so much light in this letter that I think its author must be a lightning-bug with its head cut off. By throwing the blinding rays of his lightning bug intellect upon the pages of The Fool-Killer this fuddle-brained fool thinks he has diskivered that I am a Socialist. What depth of discernment! Next thing anybody knows he will be discovering that water is wet.

Now looky here, Buddy, I want to know who appointed you as the official critic of The Fool-Killer. You blamed little lousy, ignorant cur, you haven't got sense enough to lead a blind goose to water, much less trying to tell me how to run my business.

I am not concerned in the least about what you call me. It is my business to tell the flat-footed truth, and then the reader can draw his own conclusions about whether I am a Socialist or not. I am still standing by my former assertion that social and political conditions in this country are as rotten and corrupt as the very devil, and the party or the individual that tries to hold up for the rotten mess is no better. I ain't going out of my way to follow Socialism or any other ism, but if they happen to be going my way, then we'll go together. The fact that I am on tolerable good terms with Socialism only proves one thing—namely, that Socialism is on the right track.

Shucks in August! Here I've wasted a whole column over that fool, and he ain't worth the water it would take to drown him.

The fact that so many deaths occur in the early morning may be explained on the theory that some people would rather die than get up.

You may have a string of blue-blooded ancestors as long as a comet's tail, but if you have never accomplished anything yourself—well, I wouldn't blow much if I were you.