

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-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.

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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.

HERE'S WHERE I STAND!

People are asking where I stand politically, and the only honest answer I can give them is to confess that I am a man without a party.

Since I kicked over the traces and said good-bye to the old rotten Republican hulk a few years ago, I have been more in sympathy with the Socialist party than any other. But even that party allows itself to stand sponsor for a few things that I am not so all-fired certain about.

However, as it looked to me like the best thing in sight, I had no other choice. Because it stood up bravely against the wicked Money Power and cried out in behalf of the "under dog"—for these reasons my sympathies were with it. Another thing that inclined me toward Socialism was the fact that it was the only party in the field that was not under the thumb of Romanism. It had the name of being Rome's bitterest enemy, while the other parties were bowing and scraping before the pope. Years ago I saw the need of some political party to take up the fight against Rome's political advances here in this country, and so I patted myself on the back and said, "Here, Pearson, is the party you've been looking for."

But, blame-take it, I just wish you'd look yonder now at my Socialist party. There goes Fred Warren with it in his vest pocket, and he is headed straight for Rome to hand it over to the pope. I don't know just how many pieces of silver Fred is getting for betraying his party into the hands of the enemy, but I'll bet it would make Judas's little wad look like thirty cents.

Now everybody that wants to can follow Fred Warren into the Roman trap, but here is one buddy who pointedly will not do it. Fred can talk himself black in the face about there being no danger, and that all this anti-Catholic hurrah is unnecessary, but I know better. There IS danger! The alarm DOES need to be sounded, and it ought to have been sounded long ago. Americans MUST take concerted action against Rome if they expect to preserve the few liberties they have left. The man must be miserably blind who cannot see that every branch of our civil government is ALREADY in the clutches of Rome and her grip is going to get tighter every day until we arise and shake her loose. There is no use to try to dodge these facts. They are before us, and we must meet them like men. It must be ballots now, or bullets by-and-by. Which shall it be?

And so that's where I stand politically. The party that gets my vote hereafter MUST put into its platform a plank declaring for ABSOLUTE SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE, AND FOR FREE SCHOOLS AND FREE PRESS. Are you with me? Then get busy sending in subs.

SAVE, DOGGON YE! I SAY, SAVE!

Somewhere in the wilderness of Snobdom lives a well-fed rooster by the name of Dr. Frank Crane. This Crane person is broke out all over with a bad case of Blind Optimism and spends most of his time writing hypnotic dream stuff for the capitalist press.

I have before me a pious preaching by Dr. Crane on "Thrift," and I just want you to listen to a few ear-fuls of his fancy fuss:

"The man or woman who is spending all he or she makes is a fool. No other term expresses it. Of the great 'army of unemployed' who have been besieging our cities, panhandling for dimes and standing in line for bread, it is safe to say nine-tenths need not have been in that condition had they saved some of their money while earning wages. Lower your styles of living if necessary. Your 'position in life' is not essential. Your savings are essential."

Now, Tom Henry Peter, you've got it straight.

Say, Sal Malinda Lucy, did you hear that?

Save!

That's the word!

Strange nobody ever thought of that before.

If you are getting four dollars a week and it takes three dollars to pay your rent, don't be so wasteful as to eat anything, and for goodness' sake don't think of wearing any clothes! Lay up that other dollar and save it.

And lower your style of living! Why certainly!

If you have been living on bread and water, just cut out the bread.

And if you have been enjoying the luxury of a pair of ragged breeches, sell 'em to a nigger for ten cents, put the money in the bank and go into your shirt tail.

There is nothing like saving, you see.

Of course that "army of unemployed" ought to have saved something while they were earning wages. I suspect some of them were getting as high as seven or eight dollars a week before the "Wilson prosperity" hit 'em, and they didn't have, on an average, more than seven or eight mouths to feed and backs to clothe out of it. So they ought to have saved up at least half their wages for the time when "psycoogy" was going to bow up its back and start around the ring making a fuss like "Hard Times."

A shining example of this lack of "thrift" is found in the case of our goody-goody Secretary of State, Billyum Jawbone Bray-on. Poor old Billyum can't save a cent out of his salary, and even has to splice it out with Chaw-Talk-way lectures to make tongue and buckle meet. But then there is some excuse for Billyum not saving anything. He only gets a measly little thousand dollars a month, while men have been known to get as much as thirty dollars a month and could not save anything. I reckon Billyum does the best he can with his little tad of a salary, but I am awfully afraid he will have to join the "army of the unemployed" before long—say about 1916.

But as for you and me, let us take the advice of Dr. Crane—save ten cents and buy a railroad.

CAN YOU DO IT?

Say, Mister, here is a little job I would like for some man to undertake, just to see how it works out. If you want the job, I will give you the instructions. Here they are:

You go out in your town or community, buy you a plot of ground and build a house on it. Put heavy bars on the windows and heavy locks on the doors. Also build a strong high wall around your house. Then go out and entice a gang of young women into your prison and lock them up, and act in other ways to arouse suspicion that something is wrong about your institution.

Then when the officers of the law come around wanting to know what is going on inside, you tell them it is none of their blamed business. If they insist on going in to see for themselves, you bristle up and tell them to keep out. Tell them that you are trying out some kind of a new-fangled religion in there and that they have no right to interfere with your religion.

Now, Mister, do you think you could pull off such a stunt as that and get away with it? No, not to save you from the devil. But the Roman Catholics are doing that very thing all over America today, and the officers of the law are not lifting a finger against it. Romanism is the only institution in America that can run a questionable business under lock and key and compel the authorities of the law to keep out. WHY? Well, that's what we are trying to find out.

AIN'T YOU PROUD OF THIS?

That was a great stroke of justice that we pulled off down at Vera Cruz when with one thundering shot from one of our mighty guns we sent into eternity the blood-spattered souls of one hundred Mexican school-children.

Of course those children must have been very mean, and they were caught right in the crime of trying to study and develop their minds for future usefulness. But our "brave boys," with their big guns and their patriotic desire to "serve mankind," put a mighty sudden stop to that diabolical plot.

To be a school-child in Mexico is almost as great a crime as to be a miner's child in Colorado. There may be some little difference, but we ain't got time to figure it out. We are too busy serving mankind. And so the safest plan is to murder and burn the Mexican children just like we do the Colorado children. This plan is guaranteed under the Pure Feud and Thug Act of April 20, 1914, and has the approval of the government.

So on with the tango! Let the rich children dance while the poor children die! Open another keg of powder, my brave boys, and let's serve mankind some more. Bang!

For the benefit of those who may not have heard about it, The Fool-Killer takes occasion to announce that President Tumulty's private secretary is a fellow named Woodrow Wilson.