

The Fool-Killer

THIS PAPER, IN SPITE OF ITS NAME, DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING PEOPLE.

VOL. VI.

MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, JULY, 1915.

NO. 5.

HAVE YOU GOT A MOLE?

Oh, the wimmen used to fairly take a fit
If a tiny mole or freckle should appear;
They would plaster cheap cosmetics over it
Till the face was all a miserable smear.
But they tell me now that moles are all the rage,
And the girl that hasn't got one of her own
Only has to turn the fashion paper's page
Where the latest thing in moles is clearly shown.
It's a crime to have a face without a flaw,
And the beautiful complexion's had its day.
All the ladies are compelled by Fashion's law
To put on some moles and freckles right away.
If your dealer can't supply you with the moles,
You can order from the city where they're made:
They can satisfy the longings of your souls
With a mole of any size or shape or shade.
You can choose the place to wear it on your face—
On the chin, the cheek, the nose, or anywhere—
It will surely add immensely to your grace,
And we'll know you are up-to-date because it's there.
Now, my darling Flossy Fussy, don't you cry,
For if Nature slipped a cog in making you,
You can fix it just as easy as to try,
With an artificial mole—or maybe two.

James Larkin Pearson.

A feller in Iowa has invented a doofunny which he claims will enable blind people to see. There ought to be a big market for it among the politically blind.

Some where in the book of Revelations is a statement to this effect: "And there shall be no more seas." And won't that be tough on the warships and submarines? They'll just have to claw about in the sand.

You have got a perfect legal right to stick your head in the fire, but you probably ain't fool enough to insist on your rights to that extent. But while you, as an individual, are not that big a fool, it seems that your nation is.

EXHIBIT NO. 23.

Howdy!
Doggon!
This is me.
Or rather, what's left of me.
My name is Sam.
I'm supposed to be the Uncle of a good many folks.
But if I don't be more careful I'm afraid my nephews and nieces will be step-orphans the first thing they know.
I'm the trade-mark of the Excited States.
But a few millionaires have bought me and used me for a cat's paw to rake money into their pockets.
And that ain't the worst of it. They are now using me as a paddle to stir up a still bigger international stink among the nations.



The above picture is how I am going to look when I get done "holding Germany to a strict account."

Oh, I dunno—I may look wussier than this.

I uster have a Birth-day.

To the best of my recollection it was called the Fourth of July.

But the poor old Fourth is like myself—it's gettin sorter out at the elbow and ain't half as popular in "sassiety" as it uster wuz.

Guess I'll have to celebrate my death next.

Just as well be dead as scared to death.

O yes. I'm brave but my knees feel mighty tottery.

If I just had a safe place to hide, I'd like to see 'em lick Germany good.

Does anybody know of a hole that a man my size could crawl into?

Huh?

Somebody call me?

Yah, yah, Massa Johndee, here's your little waiting boy.

What's my orders?

Hot-foot!

Good-bye!

CHURCH ADVERTISING.

Dog my cats if some of these here swell churches in Yankee Doodle ain't gettin' pretty near out of soap-grease, so to speak. My trained editorial eye has just kotch sight of the ding-bustedest advertisement that ever flaunted its false feathers in the face of decent humanity.

The Literary Digest tells us that on a recent Saturday the daily papers of New York contained a "Go-to-Church" advertisement in which the following devil-inspired and hell-hatched language occurred:

"Right within your reach is a business asset—a very definite one—which you are perhaps overlooking. This asset is derived from your going to church. Undoubtedly you have never looked upon it in this light. It is obvious, if you are known as a steady, sober-minded churchman, those with whom you deal have greater confidence in you. Going to church will tend toward establishing you in the mind of every one as a man to be trusted. This is a decided business advantage, a personal asset, and worth while in every way."

Now if that ain't the last button on Job's coat, you can have my right arm for a soda advertisement.

Oh, yes! Oh, yes, you blamed old pot-guted hypocrite! Come into church! Come into church! Here's the place for you old human wolves to get a great bargain in sheep's clothing, and to get your stinking black characters smeared over with the whitewash of a sham respectability, so that you can more easily catch your neighbors off their guard and cheat them in a trade. Just look at our fine church! ain't it a beauty? Look at that spire pointing heavenward like the mocking finger of Satan challenging God to the combat! Look at those richly dressed folks marching in. They are all "highly respectable," because they cover up their cussedness with the cloak of religion. Some of them own sweatshops where the lives of poor women and children are ground out and coined into more money for the rich; some of them collect extortionate rents for tottering tenements where hopeless and hungry humanity is packed like sardines; some of them own mines and other vast industries where every known crime is committed against the poor; some of them are just common cheap liars and scoundrels, but they all know how to cover their tracks and keep themselves "respectable" by attending our fine church.

Come, come! Avail yourself of this great "business advantage"—this powerful "personal asset." You will find that it will sidetrack all suspicion and enable you to skin the public a heap easier.

If the above "advertisement" don't mean that and nothing less, then I must confess my inability to understand what plain English DOES mean.

Let it be distinctly understood that The Fool-Killer is in favor of churches and church-going. But whenever a church gets so deeply sunk in the sour mud of commercialism that it has to put up such a plea as the above, I'll be John Browne'd if it ain't about time to call off the dogs and quit. Can you imagine Jesus or any of His first followers using such an appeal to induce people to come into their fellowship? As the Christian Herald says, their call was quite the opposite, a call to poverty, a call to sacrifice, a call to danger, a call to possible death. This brazen advertisement in the New York papers is a striking illustration of how far the professed followers of Christ have wandered away from His teachings. It is a reeking rotten shame, and so it is!

Patriotic Fools Want Fool-Killer..

Scotland, Ga., July 4, 1915.

Dear Sirs:—Having read among other interesting and amusing items in your interesting and amusing paper, an interesting and amusing letter from his Santanic Majesty, the same being the first communication we have had from Hell direct through its earthly agent, we, the undersigned patriotic fools, with a single thought and hearts that beat as one, desire to celebrate the Glorious Fourth in a becoming and independent manner, and being five or more in number, inclose herewith ten cents each, and but for our independent spirits—notwithstanding this is a prohibition state would beg that you send us your infamous and unpretending sheet for, and during the next twelve months ending July 31st, Anno Domini, the year of our Lord 1916 next, and oblige,

Yours truly,

T. NOREFLEET.
G. B. ASHLEY.
A. F. HARRISON.
W. H. HINSON.
K. C. BULLARD.
H. ASHLEY

Although it was some disappointment at the time, I am very glad now that I was not elected president in 1912.

"Washington hopeful starving people in Mexico will be fed," says a headline. Apparently nobody cares whether the starving people in the Benited States are fed or not.