

The Fool-Killer

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

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CHIPS FROM THE BATTLE-AXE.

Look out there, you poor white folks and niggers! Them there Germans, or Japanese, or somebody else, are going to wade across the creek some night and walk off with your "Liberty," and then you will be in a pickle, for that is all the "property" these American robbers have left you—except your shirt and pants—so you had better see if the munition makers will swap you a gun for your breeches, so you can be "prepared!" Hush, now—don't kick. You MUST be a PATRIOT, even if you DO have to go in your shirt-tail.

A man that delights in war and loves to win victories by shooting down his fellow men, is such a full-blooded son of the devil that his barber had better use great care for fear he will cut his horns.

The poor boys of England didn't know they had a country until the war broke out—but now they have found it out with a vengeance, and they have got to fight for it. What a shame! The poor fellows have had to pay the "lords" two prices for every bread crust they have eaten and for every shanty they have lived in. And now they must be "patriotic" and go and fight and die for a home they never had and for a country that belongs to the "lords."

Some people are very particular to go with Christ down into the water, but they part company with Him as soon as they get on the other side of the creek, and then go on their wiggle-woggle way, butting and stinking just like the rest of the billy-goats.

The preachers that preach that the world is getting better must have a mighty poor idea of "better", or else they must think that our great-grandfathers lived in hell itself. Pray tell me in what respect the world is getting "better". Is it more truthful? Is it more honest? Is it more virtuous? Is it better in any way? Open your eyes and SEE; unstop your ears and HEAR; quit holding your nose and SMELL; and stop your fool talk about the world getting better.

Jonah was not a tobacco-chewing and cigar-sucking preacher, for no whale could hold one of them in his stomach for three days without vomiting.

PLEASE NOTE CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

If I were an unborn baby just at this stage of the world's progress, I would use all my influence to keep from being born just yet.

PUTTING

BOOMER

ON THE MAP

Take notice, everybody! The Fool-Killer has moved its office from Moravian Falls, N. C., to BOOMER, N. C. There have always been some big objections to "Moravian Falls" as the name of a postoffice. It is too long, difficult to keep in mind, and to most people it is absolutely meaningless. Many postmasters, in drawing money-orders on that office, spell it every way but the right way.

Boomer, on the other hand, is a short and easy name. Only six letters in it, and the word means something. Boomer—booming—on a boom—it will always remind you that The Fool-Killer is doing a booming business. And that is a fact. Don't forget it. By simply connecting these two thoughts in your mind you can easily remember the paper's new address. And you can tell your friends about it, and thus help to make it boom still more.

The appropriateness of the name "Boomer" is one reason why I moved The Fool-Killer from Moravian Falls, N. C., to Boomer, N. C. There are some other reasons that I may mention later.

"Where is Boomer?" you will probably ask. Well, Boomer is a small country village in Wilkes county, North Carolina, about five miles from Moravian Falls. It is surrounded by a farming and fruit-growing community, and is a very beautiful place. My big new office, which I have just built, is situated out in the woods some little distance from the village of Boomer, and all its surroundings breathe the spirit of the open country. Here I can live and work undisturbed. Here I can have plenty of elbow-room. My mail is delivered right to my door every morning, and the whole situation is just ideal. I can think and work better out here in the

woods where everything is quiet and peaceful.

This is perhaps the only instance where a paper of large circulation can be found literally out in the woods, several miles from a railroad, with nothing that looks or smells like a town anywhere in miles of it. But that is the situation here, and it suits me exactly. My big new office, while not quite complete, is now being occupied, and another addition will be built to it during the coming summer. This issue of The Fool-Killer will be hauled away from the new office in a big farm wagon, the mail sacks being piled up like a load of hay. In this manner the paper will be carried over the country road to the railroad station, a distance of about ten miles.

As everybody knows, The Fool-Killer is different from all other papers on earth, and the novelty of its rural location makes it still more different.

My old school-mate, Ralph Waldo Emerson, in one of his inspired moments remarked that if a man would make even a better mouse-trap than had ever been made, though he lived in the woods, the world would make a path to his door. And Emerson was right. I am not in the mouse-trap business, but I am out here in the woods trying to make a better paper than was ever made before, and the reading world is rapidly making a path to my door. I have helped to make Moravian Falls famous all over the country, and now I am putting Boomer on the map in a hurry.

Forget Moravian Falls—it is no longer of any importance.

But remember BOOMER—it is now the most important postoffice in America.

Address all letters and make all money orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
BOOMER, N. C.

AN HONEST CONFESSION.

From the standpoint of eminent respectability there ain't any flies on the American Review of Reviews. That is a fact too well known to need emphasizing here. For many years it has stood at the very head of its class as a magazine of superior excellence and reliability. If a man can afford to take and read but one of the big standard magazines, he could hardly make a better choice than the Review of Reviews. It does for the busy reader a vast amount of reading, culling and boiling down that he ain't got time to do for himself. And its editorials, by Dr. Albert Shaw, are well written and worth reading, whether you agree with him or not.

Now all that popularity for a magazine means more than you might suppose. For one thing, it means that the political and financial bosses of America have not found anything in it to kick about. It has managed to keep on the good side of the ruling class, and that awful word "Socialistic" has never been hurled at it, so far as I know.

I was therefore most agreeably surprised when I read in the December number of the Review of Reviews such a Socialistic editorial as the following:

"Our two so-called 'great' parties do not differ enough in essential principles, or in programs of action, to be distinguished from each other. Most of the leaders of one party might just as well be the leaders of the other, so far as their convictions are concerned. These two parties stand to-day as the chief enemies of good government in our municipalities and our States, and it is not treasonable to say that their methods and their rivalry are the chief obstacles to good government in the sphere of national and international affairs."

PLEASE NOTE CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Europe was "prepared." Where is Europe's peace?

There was no other cause for the war except that Europe had too much "preparedness." Shall we benefit by Europe's mistake, or shall we not?

PLEASE NOTE CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Congressman Victor Murdock, who is a sort of "handy-man" about the Bull Moose barn-lot, deplores and says: "The Democratic party is on the verge of an internal explosion." All right, let 'er bust! But say, Vic, it don't become you to talk about the impending misfortunes of the Jack-ass. Ain't you and your party a rent-off tribe from a busted party?