

25 Cents  
a Year—  
15 Cents  
in Clubs  
of Five  
or More.

# The Fool-Killer

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

When you  
get hold of  
something  
good, pass  
it around.  
Send in a  
big club.

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## WHEN THE WAR IS GOING TO END.

Absolute knowledge have I none,  
But my aunt's washerwoman's sister's  
son  
Heard a policeman on his beat  
Say to a laborer on the street  
That he had a letter just last week  
(Written in Latin—or was it Greek?)  
From a Chinese coolie in Timbuctoo  
Who said the niggers in Cuba knew  
Of a colored man in a Texas town  
Who got it straight from a circus  
Clown  
That a man in Klondike heard the  
news  
From a gang of South American Jews  
About somebody in Borneo  
Who heard of a man who claimed to  
know  
Of a swell society female rake  
Whose mother-in-law will undertake  
To prove that her seventh husband's  
niece  
Has stated in a printed piece  
That she has a son who has a friend  
Who knows when the war is going to  
end.

—James Larkin Pearson.

## Uncle Sam's Tin-Type.

One time there was a Fool  
He was a powerful smart Busi-  
ness Fool.  
This Fool lived on a little Farm  
And worked very hard  
Raising Something to Eat.  
His crops did well  
And his harvests were abundant  
He gathered great quantities  
Of grain and fruit and vege-  
tables—  
Plenty to keep for himself  
And some to spare.  
So he very wisely sold  
The surplus to his neighbors.  
But the Fool was not satisfied.  
He wanted More Money.  
He seemed to think Money  
Was the only thing needed  
To sustain Life.  
So he went ahead and sold the  
balance  
Of the Food Supply that he had  
made.  
He got great piles of Gold for it.  
But when he had counted over  
his Gold  
A great many times,  
He was afterwards hungry  
But he looked about him, and,  
behold!  
There was nothing to eat!  
The neighbors found him  
About a week afterwards  
Half buried in a pile of Gold  
and Silver.  
Perished to death.

What The Fool-Killer said of  
Wilson's last speech-making trip  
is now equally true of the Hews  
effort—it fell on the public ear  
just like dropping a hunk of rye  
dough into a cold skillet.

Explorer Stefansson, who is in  
the Polar regions, has decided not  
to return to civilization this sea-  
son. Good reason for it—he don't  
know of any place on earth where  
he could find any civilization.

## JUST YOU AND ME.

Dear Comrades:  
Please lend me your ears. I will  
return them in about five minutes.  
I've got something important to  
tell you, and I want it to stick in  
your memory like a cucklebur in  
a mule's tail.

Now listen! You know The  
Fool-Killer has been running a  
little behind schedule time all  
summer, and one issue was entire-  
ly knocked out by the great Flood  
that visited this section in July.  
I am very sorry these things had  
to be so, but it couldn't be helped.  
I have done the very best I could  
under the circumstances.

Now some of the things that  
bothered and hindered me are off  
my hands, and I can begin to see  
my way clear to push business  
more than I have been doing.

However, there is still one  
great big booger standing in the  
path and it don't show any dis-  
position to get out. That is the  
Paper Panic. Print paper is still  
climbing Jacob's ladder about  
four steps at a jump. All papers  
and magazines everywhere are  
doubling up their subscription  
prices, and The Fool-Killer may  
have to do the same in the very  
near future.

But before raising the price, if  
it should become necessary, I  
want to give everybody a fair  
chance to come in on the present  
price, and those who run the risk  
of having to pay more later will  
have only themselves to blame.

Tell everybody and send word  
to the rest that if they want The  
Fool-Killer at the present price  
(15 cents in clubs of five or more)  
they had better rush in their  
clubs pretty quick. I can't guar-  
antee this price longer than the  
15th of November. It may remain  
the same after that, and it may  
not, so you better not risk it.  
Keep on the safe side, folkses, by  
hurrying in your clubs of five or  
more at 15 cents a year each be-  
fore November 15. Then you will  
be solid for another year at least.  
And at the same time you will be  
making The Fool-Killer more  
solid by giving it your financial  
support and encouragement. I will  
make the paper still better and  
get it to you more promptly—in  
spite of all the paper trust can do  
—if you will just keep on squirt-  
ing the oil of cash into the cog-  
wheels of this-her sanctum.

Now don't forget about this. It  
means a great deal to all of us.  
Show this piece to everybody you  
see and hustle up as many big  
clubs as you can right quick.

Yours from the ground up,  
JAMES L. PEARSON.

## "FOR WIMMEN ONLY".

Oh, say, take off your hat and  
sit down long enough to hear this  
great and glorious chunk of "re-  
ligious" news that has just come  
in by wireless freight.

Billy Sunday has broke his  
t'uther gallus and sprung a new  
sensation. Yes, Billy has rum-  
maged around in the dark corners  
of his vulgar soul and scared up  
enough new scandal to make a  
"Sermon for Wimmen Only", and  
he is pulling it off about every so  
often in the presence of as many  
female wimmen as he can crowd  
into his religious stockade.

"For Wimmen Only!"  
Don't that jar the foundations  
of your modesty?

But it's just like the dear wim-  
men to bite at that kind of a bait.  
The first announcement of it got  
their curiosity aroused and they  
wouldn't have missed it for a new  
hat with two rooster feathers on  
it. Of course they expected to  
hear something that wouldn't be  
fit for men-folks to listen at, and  
I guess they did.

Men are so pure-minded and  
innocent, you know, and Billy has  
to be mighty careful how he talks  
before them so as not to corrupt  
their morals.

But the very nature of the case  
demands that Billy must have  
some chance to take the brakes  
off of his gab-trap and say the  
very worse that is in him. Hence  
his "Sermon For Wimmen Only."

Gee-whiz! Don't you suppose  
that is a glorious mess? And  
wouldn't you like for YOUR wife,  
sister or sweetheart to be housed  
up with that bow-legged buck and  
listening to a tirade of bawdy-  
house bluster and baseball slang  
that you were not allowed to  
hear?

The wimmen who go to hear  
such stuff and the men who allow  
them to go ought to all be hitched  
up to a hog-pen on wheels and  
driven through town by a bob-  
tailed monkey.

## One on Mother Nature.

Smart men in different ages of  
the world have often pointed out  
where Nature had made mistakes.  
But the Evening Spasm gives the  
latest news on the subject. It  
says that Sammy Diddle Wash-  
pan, who is trying to become  
famous, has suggested to Nature  
that instead of making bullfrogs  
out of tadpoles, it would be better  
to just make catfish out of them.  
He says that a tadpole has a tail,  
anyway, and when he is made into  
a frog he loses the tail. And as  
the catfish has a tail, it could be  
left on the tadpole and have a use  
for it.

## RURAL CREDIT BUNK.

Hello, you good old gullible  
hayseed farmers! Haven't you  
noticed a tarnation big improve-  
ment in your feelings lately?

Sure!  
But you ain't got the least idea  
what causes it, have you?

Well, just keep your ambear-  
spout closed a minute and I'll tell  
you.

The High-Mucks at Washington  
have recently passed a new law  
known as the Farm Loan Bill, or  
Rural Credits Act, which is guar-  
anteed to make rivers of molasses  
flow through every farmer's yard,  
with both banks lined with flitter-  
trees all ready for shaking.

Hereafter, when a poor tenant-  
farmer gets in a tight place and  
needs money to pay his debts and  
support his family, the process of  
getting it will be very simple. In  
the first place, he will have to go  
through the mere formality of  
getting able to buy a farm. Per-  
haps he has worked for years try-  
ing to do that very thing and  
never could reach it. But now I  
reckon some sort of hoodoo charm  
is going to make it easy for him.

Anyway, there is no provision  
for him to get any money from  
the Land Bank until he becomes  
a land-owner. And it looks like  
a slim chance for him to become  
a land-owner until he gets some  
money. At that rate, when will  
he ever get anywhere? In the  
language of Taft, "God konws!"  
But Wilson says it can be done,  
and if Wilson has lied I can't help  
it.

And so when the poor strug-  
gling tenant-farmer has lifted  
himself up by his own boot-straps  
until he gets where he don't need  
any help, then here comes the  
Land Bank and says, "Please,  
Mister, let me loan you some  
money!"

Oh, it is a great piece of bunk  
legislation, and besides refusing  
to help those who need help worst,  
the new law is expected to drive  
up the cows and cut stove-wood  
for the rich.

And that's what's making you  
feel so good, you durned old fools  
you.

"We do not believe that either  
party has a monopoly on demo-  
cracy, or that Mr. Hughes is one  
whit more likely to become the  
tool of predatory wealth than Mr.  
Wilson," says the New York In-  
dependent. Why, bless your giz-  
zard, nobody is expecting either  
Wilson or Hews to BECOME the  
tools of predatory wealth. They  
have already done so. Wouldn't  
it sound odd to hear a preacher  
warning his flock that the Devil  
was liable to BECOME bad?