

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

The Fool-Killer

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

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

VOLUME 7

BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA, OCTOBER 1916.

NUMBER 5

YES, I'M SOME PREACHER MYSELF.

A preacher is usually judged by the size of his audience, and if he can get four or five hundred of the brethren and sistereen out to hear him toot his gospel horn once or twice a month, he thinks he is a pretty bang-up preacher. And each member of the flock is expected to shell out a dollar or two about every so often to help grease the gospel gimlet.

That's all very nice and proper, no doubt, and I haven't a word to say against it; but what I started out to say is this: If a preacher is judged by the size of his audience, then I am some preacher myself, for I am preaching once a month to an audience of over 50,00 people. And I don't give them just one little sermon and quit, like the other preachers do, but I stay and preach six or eight good sermons on every trip.

And then just think of the price! Your preacher thinks you are mighty stingy and close-fisted if you don't grease his pocket to the tune of ten or fifteen dollars a year, and he will not get mad if you double or treble the amount. But I give you more preaching and better preaching than he does for only 25 cents a year; and if you'll hitch up the wagon and bring several of your neighbors to meeting with you, you can all get your year's preaching for fifteen cents apiece.

Now, can you beat that for a bargain? I think not. There has never been so much good preaching offered so cheap before, and if you ever expect to get the cuckleburrs of sin curried out of your mane, now is the time. The currycomb of truth which I use will remove the burrs and also loosen up the bark on you old hidebound sinners. It may hurt considerably, and you may have to squirm and twist like five-hundred, but it will be good for you. Delay is dangerous, so don't put it off, but buy your tickets to-day for a year's admittance into "The Fool-Killer" church and tell all your neighbors to do likewise. Help me to get the biggest congregation of any preacher that has ever opened his mouth between the two oceans.

Ten million bushels of wheat going to Europe every week to feed the soldiers and prolong the war. And ten million people right here at home who will starve for that wheat next winter. We are committing a double crime, and still have the gall to pose as a "great Christian nation!" Eternal shame on such pretended Christianity!

LET'S CUT HIM OPEN AND SEE.

Doctor Think, he thought the patient had a dislocated hip;
Doctor Smart was very certain he was suffering with grip;
Doctor Guess then diagnosed it as a swimming in the head;
Doctor Stuff said nothing ailed him, only he'd been underfed.
Doctor Gash said: "Well, by grannies, seeing that we can't agree,
Let's cut him open and see."

Doctor Plug pronounced it measles, pointing to the patient tongue;
Doctor Quaek, he said consumption had destroyed the fellow's lung;
Doctor Puff had every reason to believe it was the gout;
Doctor Blow declared his stomach simply needed cleaning out;
Doctor Gash rolled up his sleeves, and with authority spake he:
"Let's cut him open and see."

Doctor Pill believed the patient had a "humor" in his blood;
Doctor Squill said it was hookworm, caught by wading in the mud;
Doctor Doubt said fits or fever, and he weren't quite certain which;
Doctor Claw said it was nothing but the plain, old-fashioned itch;
Doctor Gash said: "You 'uns hold 'im! Hand that carving knife to Me!

Let's cut him open and see."

—JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

BRASS-BAND HYPOCRITES.

No, no, Mister Smart Elick! If you think The Fool-Killer has ever said one word against the true religion—genuine Christianity—you'd better take your thinker to the blacksmith shop and have it cleaned out and repaired. The thing that this old sin-soaked earth needs most and has the least of is genuine old-fashioned, honest Christian religion—the kind that can take a low-down be-sotted wretch, a drunkard, a thief, a lawyer, a deacon, or even a congressman, and transform him into a decent critter. There used to be that kind of religion on earth, and I am convinced that there is a little of it yet, but it is getting so scarce that mighty few people ever get to see it in operation.

This fine fiddle-diddle sort of religion that is so popular and so plenty everywhere is worth about as much toward redeeming a world as a half-bushel of seed-ticks would be worth in making a family pie. The Fool-Killer does condemn the modern Mammonized churches for their hifalutin formality in which there is just about as much true Christianity as there is guts in a millstone.

If this world is ever lifted up and transformed into a decent world, the spirit of true Christianity must do it. There is no other power that can. But the churches of to-day are largely filled up with white-washed hypocrites who can kiss you on the lips and then turn and stab you in the back before you have time to wipe their nasty slobber off.

That kind of cattle are to blame for the great wave of unbelief that is sweeping over the earth. Those on the outside are not so much to blame for being doubters. They know very well that most of the so-called religion they see around them is a rank humbug, and they naturally conclude that it's all alike. From their worldly standpoint they are not able to see the difference.

If the churches of America would practice what they preach for just one week, can you guess what would happen? Why, bless your mortified gizzard, the red-eyed sinners would be as thick around the altar as tramps around a free lunch counter. There would be more dirty knees than you ever saw before, and enough tears of repentance shed to wash up all the ambear that the amen deacons have squirted over the floor.

Yes, sir, give us the genuine old-fashioned Christianity in great hunks—the more the better—but Lord deliver us from this modern man-made mongrel mess of moral mush dished out by a bunch of brass-band hypocrites.

The Fool-Killer does not give premiums to club-raisers. But instead of that, it puts the premium money into giving you a better paper. My friends love to get up clubs just for the fun of it, and for the good they can do. They are not so little and stingy that they have to have a "premium" every time they speak a word for me. Are you that kind of a friend? If so, please let me hear from you with a big club.

Mister Puff and Miss Slobber.

Old Man Time, as he jogs along, spills out of his leather apron many wonders.

But nothing caps the stack like the things that happen when an able-bodied case of forty-rod love gets breeches-holt on a couple of natural-born fools.

Sufficient proof that God is all-powerful is the fact that He can find mates for some folks that marry. Nothing short of Omnipotence could do it.

It was my luck, not long ago, to witness a scene that would make Cupid crawl in a hole and give Old Harry the blind staggers.

I saw a love-smitten pair present themselves before a dignified J. P. for the purpose of getting their feet hobbled in the saw-briers of matrimony.

The groom was about half drunk and staggard in puffing a cigarette that smelled like burning hog-hair in a skillet. His right breeches leg had a whelk running whompergodlin across it from the south-east three holes and one patch to a rip that was not visible when he sat down.

And the bride was one holy sight. Her face could not possibly have held any more ugliness unless it had been made bigger. She carried in her left hand a snuff-box that would hold something less than a gallon, while the gap in her face was decorated with two streaks of brown slobber and a handspike that did service as a tooth-brush.

Imagine that pair of purty things standing up in the presence of God and man and declaring that they loved each other! But they did it, all right.

Yes, they stood there side by side
While the knot was being tied;
That old stinker he did puff,
While she dipped that nasty snuff.

There they made their solemn vows
To indulge in family rows,
And to work at least enough
To buy cigarettes and snuff.

Now I'm satisfied in mind
It's a blessing Love is blind;
If he'd seen that pair, no doubt
He'd have spewed his innards out.

And the dignified J. P. rose
and said:

"Mr. Cigarette, will you take this Toothbrush to be your awful and dreaded wife, to smell together in the rotten estate of mattery noses, to keep her in sickness and snuff, to shove and perish her as long as ye both shall live? Now, therefore, I pronounce you puff and snuff now and forever, world without end, amen, and may the Lord have mercy on your poor fool souls!"