

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

JAMES L. PEARSON, . . . Editor
Boomer, . . . North Carolina.

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,
Boomer, . . . 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, muzzie collar or halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow that 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 on share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never traveled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal and have shunk some.

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-rolls 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 Aug. 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer, published monthly at Boomer, N. C., for Oct., 1916.

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Sole Owner, James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

(Signed) JAMES L. PEARSON, M. Pub. and Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this the 9th day of October, 1916.

W. R. HUBBARD, Notary Public.
My Commission expires Jan. 26, 1918.

PARAGRAPHS.

One man can hang a jury, but it takes a jury to hang one man.

Every man acts a lot more lies than he tells.

Some bare-faced lies are old enough to wear a full beard.

Cupid is an excellent shot, but he often bags some mighty poor game.

Every woman would be happy if she could get feet to fit her shoes.

No man ought to get married until he is old enough to know better.

Some men marry widows because they are too lazy to do the courting themselves.

When everybody knows just how a thing should be done, it is never done.

The man who has no enemies may be good, but nobody seems to know what he is good for.

A man generally wears his first dress suit about as awkwardly as he handles his first baby.

Some women would object to the millenium if it should come on a wash day.

They say a woman's mind is cleaner than a man's. It ought to be—she changes it oftener.

The only thing you can depend on in this world is that people will certainly talk about each other. Every other rule changes.

There are two periods in a man's life when he is unable to understand a woman. One is before marriage, and the other after.

He Went.

If any of the nice young ladies who read The Fool-Killer are troubled with beans who stay too long when they come a-courtin', the following true story may give them a useful hint.

A certain young lady in this community had a "feller" who was in the habit of calling at her home six nights in the week and staying so late that he became a nuisance. One night not long ago, after the clock had struck eleven, she gave him a pencil and a piece of paper and told him to make eleven ciphers in a straight line. He did so. Then she told him to draw a perpendicular line down from the right side of the first and a line up from the right side of the fourth, down on the right side of the fifth, up on the right side of the seventh and eighth, and down from the right side of the tenth, all these up and down lines to be about half-an-inch long. Then she told him to read what he had written. The hint was most startling, and the young fellow has not been there since.

PRIZE CONTEST!

Prize Contests are the order of the day, and The Fool-Killer is not going to be left behind. So I have decided to announce in the February issue the beginning of a Great Subscription Contest which will run for Six Months, and in which several Valuable Prizes will be given away to the persons sending in the largest number of subscriptions. The Prizes will be strictly high class and very valuable, and somebody is going to get them for a few days' work taking subscriptions for The Fool-Killer. All clubs mailed on and after the first day of February will count on the Contest. The complete plan will be announced in the February issue. Look out for it! And if you would like to join in the Contest, send me your name right now and let me send you some extra copies of the February issue as soon as it comes from the press.

Please Renew.

The subscription price of The Fool-Killer used to be ten cents a year in clubs of five or more; but when the paper trust began to charge three prices for print paper it became necessary to raise the subscription price to fifteen cents in clubs. And the 40,000 names that I had put on at ten cents have been a great burden to carry through these "war-price" times, and I had to lose on them the very best I could do.

The time has now come to cut off several thousand of these ten cent names, which is a relief in one sense; but I don't want to lose any of these good friends; therefore I hope they will all renew at the "war price" (15 cents a year in clubs of five or more) and stay with me right along.

Americans seldom praise each other. Abuse is the idea in this country.

It is not the good you are willing to do, but the good you actually do, that counts.

Don't complain if the world doesn't suit you. The chances are that you don't suit the world, but it has to stand it.

When it's himself, a man says he has accepted a position; when it's about another man, he says he's found a job.

Man is considered the "stronger vessel" probably because he holds almost a gallon of mean whiskey.

MAN AND MEDICINE.

Not long ago there came through our town one of these here doggon travelling medicine quacks, and he got permission from the town drunkard or some other high authority to hold forth on the streets and sell his great wonder-worker.

It turned out to be another "cure for baldness." They are very plentiful, you know, and the only thing wrong with them is that they have never been known to do the work. But what has that got to do with it? The speller needs the cash and the public like to be humbugged. So let the band play and joy be unconfined.

The hair doctor was fully wound up when he climbed up on his cracker box, and it looked like he was never going to run down. Yes he did, too—he ran down other people's hair restorers and praised his own. It was guaranteed to make a beautiful heavy coat of hair grow on a billard ball between breakfast and dinner by the town glutton's appetite. When he got it limbered up good, the salesman's tongue sounded like the exhaust from a twelve-cylinder automobile loaded with suffragettes and running away up hill. I never knew there was as many bald-headed people in the whole county as came crowding around there to get some of that medicine. And I had to get out a revised edition of my opinions as to the amount of money in circulation. The tax collector couldn't have got fifteen cents out of that crowd to save him from the Old Scratch. But that swindler raked it in so fast it would make your head swim.

It looked like bald heads and fat pocket-books were going to be out of fashion in our community right away if the medicine worked as well as it sold.

But all the time the swindler was selling his "hair-restorer" and taking in the cash, I noticed that he kept his hat on. Just to satisfy my own curiosity I slipped up behind him, grabbed his hat off and flung it about twenty steps into the crowd.

And there stood our hair-restorer man as bald as a turnip.

He looked at the crowd and the crowd looked at him, and it was nip and tuck which was chawed the wussest.

But he didn't sell any more hair-restorer that day.

Please give careful attention to the article about "COMFORT" on third page under the picture of Mrs. Pearson. You can't afford to ignore this very reasonable request from a sick woman whose life for many years has been one long agony of suffering. Please send her as many COMFORT subscriptions as you possibly can. Every one will help toward winning the Prize that she is working for, and the Prize is something that will brighten her life and help her toward getting well.