

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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

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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, muzzle 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 thunk 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 boils 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.

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

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

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

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

PARAGRAPHS.

And what will Villa be doing while we are whipping Germany?

A man's religion is the true sort if he uses it in his business.

A diplomat is a man who remembers a woman's birthday and forgets her age.

Life should be considered a measure to be filled, and not a cup to be drained.

The Stars and Stripes and the cost of living have been raised in the Danish West Indies.

The stone that keeps rolling not only gathers no moss, but loses all it ever did have.

The rich get what the poor produce—everything. And the poor get what the rich produce—nothing.

I see that the Russians have crossed the River Aa. And I can't help wondering where that can Bb.

The man who can be trusted to do right when nobody is looking at him is the right kind of a citizen.

When they get the ocean bed filled up level full with sunken ships, reckon what will become of all the water?

By exposing one nigger with sufficient publicity you can conceal six others in the same woodpile.

After all the cussing that Brayn has received—and part of it has been done by The Fool-Killer—he is the level-headed Democrat in America today.

It has cost this country \$200,000,000 to try to get Villa—and fail. What will it cost to whip Germany? Don't all answer at once.

In the past three years Woodpile has been twice defeated by Mexico, and now he is fool enough to tackle Germany. Don't that beat the devil?

Our big threats against Germany will be more likely to "get Villa" than our expensive hunt for him did. If he don't laugh himself to death it will be a wonder.

Marie hit upon a problem the other day more perplexing than George II's apple dumpling. She peeped in between the uncut leaves of a magazine and said: "Mother, how did they ever get the printing in there?"

The thing that puzzles me so bad is this: Why does our government go into such wild tantrums about defending "our" rights on the high seas and in foreign lands, while it never lifts a finger to help its poor right here at home?

This new revolution in Mexico is the first one in nearly a week. They must be getting awfully civilized down there.

A printer gives the following toast: "Woman—the fairest of Nature's work. The edition is large and no man should be without a copy."

Woodpile demands that Europe shall have "peace between equals," but it seems that Germany is not yet convinced that she has any equals.

The men go to church to please the women; the women go to church to please the preacher; and I reckon at least a few of the preachers go to church to please the Lord.

You may have a string of blue-blooded ancestors as long as a comet's tail, but if you have never accomplished anything yourself—well, I wouldn't blow much if I were you.

If the war would only kill out the confounded blood-thirsty jingoes and stop at that, I would say let it come—the sooner the better. But the pity of it is that they are the very cusses who will escape while the good people have to suffer.

The fellow who wanted a law passed to dry up the ocean so as to stop submarine warfare was at least hitting right at the seat of the trouble. But if they keep on sinking ships awhile longer at the present rate they will have the ocean so full that the submarines can't operate nohow.

Here is the kind of an obituary a Tennessee editor recently gave a delinquent; "Crook Floods died last night, owing this paper for ten years' subscription. It is reported that he said just before he pegged out that he felt like he was floating upward. No doubt of it. Crook has got so low down that he has to slide up hill to get into perdition."

ACCEPTED IT AS EVIDENCE.

The following good one is told at the expense of a prominent Fargo divine who told some boys of the Bible lesson he was to read in the morning. The boys finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. The next morning the minister read on the bottom of the page, "When Noah was 120 years old he took unto himself a wife, who was"—turning the Page—"140 cubits long, 40 cubits wide, built of gopher wood and covered with pitch inside and out."

He was naturally puzzled at this; he read it again, verified it and then said: "My friends this is the first time I ever saw this in the bible but I accept it as evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

Thoughts From The Thinkograph.

Never mind the ancestors; look out for the descendants.

Sooner or later the powder mill blows up. Look out for yours.

It is a wonder how a flea keeps still long enough to raise a family.

Hot times cost cold cash, and are not worth it.

Don't spurn half a loaf because it is not whole.

Making hay while the sun shines is more'n 8 hours.

Lead horses do mighty little pulling.

Gratitude is harder to find than Villa.

The best down-hill puller is booze.

Modern conveniences are sometimes nuisances.

Bull beef with a French name is still tough.

Make an occasional enemy, or cut no ice.

Adam didn't have to pay fifty cents for pressing pants.

The mule is useful, but he simply cannot sing.

A pup has more curiosity than an old dog.

Distress signals are not for continuous use.

Love and submarines know no law.

It takes a certain amount of genius to put up a successful bluff.

A smile is just like putting money out at interest.

In looking for opportunity, do not dodge good hard work.

Do something other than second the motion.

Those who seek adventure are often looking for trouble, and generally find it.

Worry is harder work than sure enough work.

Don't get up early in order to do nothing.

Fiction is in demand, because the truth hurts.

Conscience is the alarm clock of our minds, but it is not always wound up.

When a woman dresses to make the men look, she is mad if they do and mad if they don't.

Fine language is not necessary if you have something to say that is worth hearing.

Girls, a husband who is a good provider is better than one who dances all the latest bunny-hugs.

A woman can get most any verdict she wants from a jury if she only cries wet enough.

Work hard and deny yourself while you are young, so that when you are old you may have things you cannot enjoy.

Mexico is noted for raising coffee, tobacco and trouble.

An eminent physician says tapeworm will cure tuberculosis, but does not say what will cure tapeworm.

Our present day social aristocracy has cut Christ out of its creed, because He was born in a stable and had no money.