

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.

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SAW TEETH.

There wasn't a saw in a mile of the place,
But the alligator opened the end of his face,
And I saw teeth;

Yes sir, it's a fact that you cannot dispute
That I looked in the mouth of that ugly old brute,
And I saw teeth.

A pie, and a nigger as hungry as sin,
And he opened his shoulders to shovel it in,
And I saw teeth;

No sir, he never did bother to chew,
But his lips were red and his gums were blue,
And I saw teeth.

A pretty young maid met up with a man,
And smiled as only a pretty maid can,
And I saw teeth;

Because they were pretty and snowy and clean,
She certainly wanted her teeth to be seen,
And I saw teeth.

—James Larkin Pearson.

RUBBING IT IN.

One of my neighbors happens to be the owner of a filly colt, and along in the winter it was discovered that the colt had more lice on it than Rockefeller has got dollars.

In such cases there is always plenty of advice, and it don't cost anything except to listen. The only difficulty is in deciding which advice to use.

Well, among other things, my neighbor was advised to get a peck of tobacco stems and boil them in water until the ooze was strong enough to float the iron wedge, and then wash the lousy colt all over with that stuff.

The stinking mess was prepared according to directions and duly applied, after which the colt looked like a pet rat that had been drowned in a spittoon.

Two or three days later the colt was examined to see if all the lice were dead, and—for pity's sake!—what do you reckon? Instead of being dead, them consarned lice were sitting back in there cross-legged and chewing tobacco just like a gang of sailors. I was called in as a witness, and while watching I saw several big bald-headed lice spit out their quid and take a fresh chew.

And now the owner of the colt is wondering if he didn't make bad matters worse. Instead of getting rid of the lice, he only learned them the tobacco habit, and now he will have to go right on buying it for them.

It is a very sad case.

In order to make The Fool-Killer as original as possible, its columns will hereafter be devoted mostly to thoughts that have no connection with the subject.

BIRDS AND ANGELS.

Bang—ouch! an idea hit me! Did ever such an accident happen to you? I just got to wondering what an angel is, anyhow. I have heard the preacher-man say that the angels are all about us and that they have wings and tail feathers and so forth. I have never seen anything in real life that looked much like the pictures of angels that they print in the Sunday-school papers, and I have at last come to the conclusion that maybe nobody else ever saw one, either. Hence the pictures must be more guess work than anything else. And maybe the guess has missed farther than it shot.

Wouldn't it mighty-nigh jar the huckleberry seed out of your holar tooth if it should turn out that the little common everyday birds of the forest are the angels? I don't know of any argument to be used against that idea and there are several good ones in favor of it. For one thing, the birds are certainly the most innocent little critters we have any knowledge of and their songs approach nearest to what we would call heavenly music of any melody that has played tag with my ear-drums since I can remember.

And the wings—there your are again! The birds have got 'em. And their easy, graceful flight gives them all the dignity of heavenly beings sent down here to watch over us poor weak, blundering mortals.

And the birds seem always happy, just as we might imagine an angel would be. It's a clear case they have got more sense than we have. They don't take upon their shoulders a great burden of business, only to go broke and get the blues and cuss out the whole works like we do. Whenever the world around them looks blue and dismal and they can't muster up courage to hop out on a limb and sing hallyluyer, they at least have sense enough to stay in their houses and keep their mouths shut. A bird's policy is to sing glad songs or say nothing. They never growl. If they can't make the world brighter they refuse to add to its gloom.

I might go on and think up dozens of angelic attributes that the birds have, and you will have to scratch your head mighty hard to think of a single human trait that belongs to them.

If an angel is a spirit being, I don't see why it couldn't inhabit a bird's body just as well as not. Anyhow, whether the rest of you

like it or not, I am going to have it that way.

I wish I knew which bird is my good angel. I would go right this minute and take it a whole handful of nice fresh crumbs.

OH, MOLY HOSES!

Say, listen to this, and then go off and throw a conuption fit and puke up your liver!

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Fitzsimmons have got into evangelistic game a la Billy Sunday, and Mrs. F. has her Fitzzy-witzzy studying the Bible in the hope that he may yet be able to give Sunday clubs and spades and beat him at his own game.

Formerly Bob pounded the everlasting stuffing out of an opponent in the fighter's ring cheered by the base mob, himself the exponent of brutality. Then heard Mrs. Fitz would have a few marital differences more or less peppery, and maybe a bout or two of connubial fistieuff.

Later, when Bob lost his punch and had his face beaten out of human semblance, he and the Mrs. capered before the footlights at so much per caper. Now, having ceased to be a drawing card there and having completely effaced and marred the image of God in themselves, they propose to lead or drive us along the saw-dust trail straight to the elysian fields of the New Jerusalem.

Oh, Moly Hoses! Don't this remind you of a pair of skunks bathing in attar of roses?

Now don't understand your Grand-Pap to say that souls should not be saved. Every pardoned sinner can elect himself an evangelist and point out to other wrecks on the ocean of life the only safe harbor, and should do so; but for a no able failure in all the other avocations he has tried to pop suddenly into the pulpit smacks of filthy lucre, spondulix juice, and the desire for "unearned increment." Maybe I'm misjudging Bob, but if I am I propose to ask him to go on one of his preaching debauches and accept no contribution for his efforts. Let's count the money end as cut off and see if his enthusiasm wanes.

It's a sad thing to see people giving the soured and polluted dregs of a mis-spent life to God Almighty, after gaustering all over the devil's territory oozing energy and sin at every pore as long as youth, health and success were theirs.

Seems to me I can sorter hear a voice saying to such painted squaws and pickled bucks: "Depart, ye cursed! I never knew you!"

THE DOPE COLUMN.

W. L. England, in Lenoir News.

Oscar Shell is now offering chewing tobacco with each shave.

Ed Hoover's settin' hen died, on him the other day—he borrowed one from Laurie Hall to fill out the unexpired term.

Measles "are" but molasses "is". Surely the way of the correct speaker is hard.

Last summer while taking a bath Peter Angley mistook the whet-rock for the soap. Most all the skin has growed back.

Glen Munday left on the train Saturday for Waxhaw. He was a day behind in leaving on account of not being able to make up his mind which way he'd walk. He had car fare one way.

Roy Martin, dope dispenser and general nuisance at Baliew's, said a man asked him the other day to fix him up some medicine quick, as he was about to die with "inside information."

Hill Powell was three minutes late on the job yesterday morning. He says plantin his tater patch caused the delay; also he said he might a bin later on the job if the eyes on the seed potato he swapped a cow for hadn't give out.

The News Editor secured a cash subscriber the other day and with the proceeds purchased himself one of these new-fangled shine-in-the-dark kind of watches. He says it's a regular nuisance as every time he takes it out in daylight he feels like he's cheating himself and when he has occasion to know the time at night, he involuntarily reaches up and turns off the light.

Hill Powell stole his wife's octagon soap wrappers which she's been savin' to get a pianer with and ordered off for a fine razor. Hill is lettin' the stubble grow so he can give it good try-out when it comes. He is also complaining of the long delay in transit, and is threatening to go over to Valmead and get a shave from Ralph Tuttle.

A Kind Husband.

A few members of the local organization of Sons of Rest were keeping the dust from the upholstery of a new Overland Sunday afternoon. One said the proper thing to do was to get married, and that he would do so only he was afraid he couldn't be kind to his wife. "Why," he said, "last night on my way home I saw a man actually holding a lantern so his wife could chop wood."