

The Fool-Killer

MONTHLY—25 CENTS A YEAR. IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE AT ONE TIME, 15 CENTS A YEAR

Vol. XIII.

Pores Knob, North Carolina, February, 1925.

No. 2.

MILKIN' TIME

Once upon a mornin' dreary, when I
went to milk old Cherry,
With my basket full o' nubbins an'
my bucket on my arm,
I was free from all suspicion that the
blamed old brute was wishin'
For a chance to kick me nearly all
the way across the farm.
So I stroked her hair so silken, an' sot
down and went to milkin',
Just as I had been a-doin' ever since
the Civil War.
Then she turned her head an' shuck it,
an' I nearly drapped the bucket,
But I couldn't quite discover what
she ever done it for.
One more pull at Cherry's faucet where
a briar had raked across it,
An' there seemed to be an earth-
quake like the late one in Japan.
Milk was pourin' down my collar, an'
I hadn't time to holler
Till the earth flew up an' hit me,
quite contrary to my plan.
Coat-tails flew an' buckets clattered,
but the only thing that mattered
Was my go-to-meetin' breeches ripped
from Abraham to Ike;
An' my Sunday hat was flatter than a
cake o' buckwheat batter,
An' I tried to sort my bruises, but
they all felt just alike.
Now I'm feelin' very bitter toward
that old ungainly critter,
An' I'd rather live on Postum than
to milk her any more;
An' I'd shorely like to sell her to some
brave an' fearless feller
Who has got the nerve to milk her,
even when her tit is sore.
—James Larkin Pearson.

PARAGRAPHS

Some men never tire of doing
good—because they never do
any.

Some of them called it a land-
slide for Coolidge. Oh, I don't
know.. More than likely it was
just a glacial movement.

It is reported that vast new oil
fields have just been discovered
in Asia. And so Asia is going
to have some trouble too.

A society item informs us
that wearing diamonds is un-
healthy. Now listen at that,
you poor one-gallus devils!
Ain't you mighty uneasy about
your health? Let's you and me
quit wearing diamonds, any how.

At the recent meeting of the
Western North Carolina Meth-
odist Conference, held in Charl-
otte, one preacher made the re-
mark that tobacco was doomed
to go the way of liquor. Going
to swaller it, eh? Well, I'll be
John Browned! What will they
do next?

GOT ANY STARS TO FIX?

And it came to pass in Califor-
nia not long ago that a certain
star-fixer named Hubble got all
the stars fixed that had been
brought to him, and he was out
of a job. So he shouldered his
tool-kit and dinner-bucket and
started out to hunt for work,
stepping from star to star and
from universe to universe, al-
ways stopping to examine each
one he stepped on to see if it
needed its axle-tree straightened
or a new linch-pin put in, or may-
be some cup grease or a new sup-
ply of gravity.

He found several odd jobs like
that which kept him busy for
the first few days and paid him
a clear profit of \$28.10.

But about the sixth day out
Prof. Hubble got into a field of
stars that didn't need any repairs
or didn't have the money to pay
for the work, I don't know which.

So, having nothing else to do,
Prof. Hubble got out his tape-line
and began to measure the stel-
lar distances for the benefit of us
folks who haven't time to make
the trip. Stepping quickly over
to a small nebulous universe only
about nine miles from the edge
of space, he applied his tape-line
and began to measure back to-
wards home. It was about the
biggest job of measuring that
Prof. Hubble had ever tackled,
and the stooping tired his back
so bad that he had to stop every
few billion miles and straighten
up and rest.

As he passed through the
Milky Way the stars were so
slick and greasy with butter that
he could hardly stand on them. In
trying to regain his balance af-
ter a bad slip one day he dropped
his pencil and had to keep the ac-
count in his head from there on,
and that was more trouble.

Altogether, it took him about
three weeks to get back home,
as he was nearly wore out. But
as soon as he could get a new
pencil and figure over eight
quires of paper he proudly an-
nounced that the distance which
he had measured was one million
light-years, or, in other words,
as far as light could travel in a
million years, going at the speed
of 186,000 miles per second. I
am sure the readers of the Fool-
Killer will thank Prof. Hubble
for this information, as it will
save them the trouble of meas-
uring for themselves.

I am sorry to state, however,
that the trip was a financial loss
to Prof. Hubble, as he didn't take
in any cash after the fifth day,
and the hotel rates on some of
the stars were pretty high. But
it is the unanimous opinion of
nearly all our greatest liars that

this lie will bring in enough new
subscriptions to the Fool-Killer
to cover the loss. In the language
of the Prophet Daniel: "Now is
the time to subscribe."

A LETTER FROM ADAM

Having observed that Spirit-
ism is getting to be such a popu-
lar fad among the high-muck-a-
doodles of this footstool, I took
a notion to hire me a second-
hand medium on the installment
plan and see if I couldn't pull
down a few big three-cornered
chunks of heavenly wisdom and
other choice information from
some of the old Bible characters.

Well, it occurred to me that if
I expected to get my money's
worth out of Spiritism I had just
as well begin at Adam and work
my way on down the line.

But when I began to look a-
round for a medium, I discover-
ed that all the second-hand
witches seemed to be working
for Conan Doyle.

What was I to do?

I couldn't afford to let my
Spiritism project fall through
without even getting a grunt out
of Adam.

Well, I got an old union suit
and stuffed it with straw, tied an
old canvass glove on the end of
its right arm, and put a pencil
in its fingers. Then I set it down
to a table with some paper and
told it to get me a letter from
Adam right quick.

Well, that thing turned and
looked up at me sorter—naw, it
didn't either, because I had plum
forgot to make it any head—but
it just winked the top of its neck
and sorter gighed away down in
its belly.

Then lickity-split went the
pencil over the paper, and there
was my letter from Adam just
as natural as pig-tracks. I didn't
know Adam could write English,
but I reckon he can, or else that
old union suit translated for him,
and if you don't believe it just
looky here:

The Letter

Dear Mr. Fool-Killer:

It affords me great tickle to
unsay myself for the publish of
your much paper. I have the
fame to be your heap ancestor
who made dead from chaw apple
grunt. One rib she talked honey
words good, and I bit like a no
sense foolish hurt. We both felt
ouch and sent for doctor belly
rub no easy long time quick. We
the die went hurry, and ever
since that we have been every
nowhere not. The suppose is
that you want some wise con-
cerning the when I have been
where. All which is how.

Now pay me your good listen
and I maybe remark very wise
tell. Since I be die with hurry

kill very much, and go where I
never am not certain which, it
all seems mighty so. The im-
mortal whereness of eternal stay
seems to be the most unbetter
if. And this is reckon so any-
how, because we all stay keep for
God's sake better. I can wise
you no learn about this climate
where keeps me stay, only it
seems to make with the upness
of down some more yet. I seem
to be very not much anywhere,
and my bigness is great little
happy.

Now this is all I can unsay for
the satisfy of your guess what,
and anybody that disputes it is
a kussed liar. You tell 'em I said
so.

Your muchness ancestor,
ADAM.

PARAGRAPHS

A writer by the name of Etta-
bug is writing for the Chicago
Tribune. Must have been pretty
hard up for something to eat.

A scientist has predicted that
some day we will live on air.
That's nothing new. Some of us
poor trash have almost had to do
that for a long time.

The North Adams Herald is
authority for the statement that
there are now 65 products of the
lowly peanut—not counting the
tummy-ache.

In describing a well-known au-
tomobile, a newspaper says the
car has a remarkable SLPSPPZ-
LL&PXSLPSMK. Now I won-
der where I could get one of
them—thar, things for my old
Tin Liz?

A New York reporter was re-
cently sent out to Patterson,
New Jersey, to write the story of
the murder of a rich manufac-
turer by thieves. The reporter
wrote: "Fortunately for the de-
ceased, he had deposited all his
money in the bank the day be-
fore, so he lost practically noth-
ing but his life." Beats an' how
lucky some people are, anyhow.

The radio fans around here
are bragging how they can get
England, France, Germany and
all them far-away places. But
that's nothing. I let my fire get
too low the other day, and I got
Chile. Then the next night sup-
per was late, and I got Hungary.
Then the next morning at break-
fast I dipped a spoon into a dish
and got Greece. While I was still
eating breakfast my wife went
to the cupboard and got China.
Last Thanksgiving day I was in-
vited out to dinner and got Turk-
ey. Now, boys, maybe you can
beat that, but it will Russia.