

The Fool-Killer

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

at

Pores Knob, North Carolina

James Larkin Pearson, Editor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Single Subscription one year 25c
In Clubs of Five or More 15c

Entered at the Postoffice at Pores Knob, N. C., as second class mail matter.

INSTRUCTIONS

When you send in clubs it is not necessary to write long letters. A correct list of names and addresses, with money order or check to cover same, is enough. It is best to use my printed order blanks, a supply of which will be sent on request.

If you have something important to say, condense it all you can and write it on a separate sheet of paper.

If you fail to get the paper within a reasonable time, let me know, but do it in a friendly way. Don't kick and raise a fuss, for I am doing the very best I can.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be very careful to write all names and addresses plainly and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,

Pores Knob, North Carolina

Joan of Arc was burnt at the stake by the Catholics as a heretic and dangerous character. A few years ago the Catholics all over the world had a "big day" and put wings on Joan and made her into a "saint." If she is a saint now she was a saint when the infernal pappycrats fed her to the flames.

Paper tells about an automobile wreck which was caused by a loose nut. Possibly so. But most of the automobile wrecks are caused by tight nuts.

"Can wives be trusted with money?" inquires the New York Independent. Dunno, mister. Send me some, and I'll experiment on my wife with it.

JAMMED!

If Ford will furnish motor-cars,
And Rocky will furnish gas,
We'll all get jammed up in the street,

And none of us can pass.
And there we'll stand and toot our horns,

And shake our fists and cuss;
And won't have sense enough to see

There's no one to blame but us.
Have we got any place to stay?
Have we got any feet?

Then why not either stay at home

Or hoof it down the street?
JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

A PERSONAL TALK

Well, folkses, how is your happiness by this time? I guess you old subscribers were sorter surprised to get The Fool-Killer last month. Reckon you had about decided that it was a gone sucker. Well, it was for awhile. You remember that I changed the name to "Pearson's Paper" a few months before it stopped. That turned out to be an unwise change. It wouldn't go. I found out that you folks wanted The Fool-Killer and nothing else. But at the end of the "Pearson's Paper" experiment I found myself in such a hole financially that I was not able to revive The Fool-Killer just then. Early last summer I began to make my plans for getting The Fool-Killer started again, but as I had lost my second-class mailing rates by stopping, I had considerable difficulty in getting them restored. You know there is always a good deal of "red tape" in such matters. Another difficulty was that my backwoods location made it hard for me to get capable office help. After a good deal of looking around and experimenting, I have at last struck what seems to be just the right combination.

Pores Knob is a nice little village only five miles from Boomer, but it is much more favorably located for a business place, with many advantages which I could not have at Boomer. Also at Pores Knob I have secured a capable business manager, who will have charge of the office, and I feel safe in saying that the paper will now go out promptly on time each month.

All the old subscribers whose time had not run out before the paper stopped will now get the new Fool-Killer for the length of time due them.

I will still occupy my country home at Boomer, but a good road and my old Ford will make the five miles from Boomer to Pores Knob only a matter of a few minutes.

All subscription orders and business letters about the paper should be sent to Pores Knob, but personal letters to me may be directed to Boomer.

I am glad to announce that The Fool-Killer is now really and truly entered as second class matter at the postoffice at Pores Knob, N. C. The track ahead seems to be clear and nothing to prevent going right ahead with the work. It has started out fine, and the prospects look good. So let's forget all about the troubles, irregularities and disappointments of the past, and pull together for a bigger success than ever before. Let's make it the biggest thing in America in the next year or two. We can do it.

Your same old buddy,
JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

"Say, ain't you de feller what I met in Philadelphia?"

"Philadelphia? I ain't nebbin bin dar."

"Neider has I—I guess it must have bin two udder fellers."

PARAGRAPHS.

A young fool will sometimes learn better, but an old fool never does. How old are you?

You musn't throw rocks at the baby, but it is perfectly all right for you to rock it.

A doctor will talk about "paying a visit," when it is really the visit that pays him.

It isn't always the longest prayer that punches down an answer.

A competitor is a man who thinks you are as bad as you think he is.

If I say anything in this paper that makes you mad, I hope you will write and apologize to me.

Hot words are like hot mush—it is easier to spit them out than it is to swallow them.

Riches may have wings, but they don't seem to have any tail that one can put salt on.

If you and I looked just alike and thought just alike, there wouldn't be any use for but one of us.

A man's stomach is sorter round, and yet nothing fits it so well as a square meal. Ain't that strange?

They called it a "war to end war," and it has been followed by what looks like "peace to end peace."

Some people think they are Christians just because they believe their enemies are going to hell.

A kiss is a big mouthful of nothing that tastes like heaven and sounds like a cow pulling her foot out of the mud.

Lots of men don't have time to raise cotton and corn because they are so busy raising hel—lo! I was about to say a bad word.

Surely there never was a time in the history of this two-legged race when The Fool-Killer was needed as bad as it is right now.

The name of the city of Washington will mean from now on that it contains many tons of dirty political duds that need washing.

In New Orleans recently a great storage tank holding one million gallons of molasses bursted and flooded one of the main streets with molasses for two miles. Lordy, if a-body had only been there with twenty carloads of buckwheat flap-jacks!

The nations that seldom have wars are called "heathen nations," while those that spend 93 per cent. of their wealth for war and continually butcher each other by the wholesale—they are "civilized" and "Christian" nations, you know. What a pity we ain't a heathens!

Say, mister, do you ever use your head for anything except a hair-farm?

One thing that is most improper,
And two that sure are tough—
A holiness cracker
A-chawin' terbacker,
And his wife a-dippin' snuff.

Why in the Tom Walker don't every nation borrow all that every other nation has, and then cancel all the debts? Maybe that would get us all started right.

I want to get a letter right plum quick from every person who reads these lines, and I want every letter to contain a whoppin' big club.

A school boy, when asked by the teacher to tell whether the word pants was singular or plural, replied that pants are singular at the top and plural at the bottom.

When the pappy of Rome gets ready to make a new wood-pecker cardinal, he does it by reading something which is called a "big-lie-tti." The appropriateness of the first two syllables is plain enough, but I wonder what that "tti" means?

The plutocrats of America have accepted with open arms the two new red-headed Roman woodpeckers that the Pope recently created and sent over here. Now why is it that RED is all right for a pappycrat to wear, but can't be allowed in the ranks of the common people?

THAT-THAR "POETRY" BOOK

Say, honey, do you remember that I used to talk about getting out a book of my poems? Well, after so long a time I did get the book made. It is a great big nice looking book of nearly 400 pages, printed on heavy book paper, bound in dark green cloth with title in gold, and weighs nearly two pounds. It contains about 300 poems—the best of all I have written in the past 33 years. I priced it at \$2.10 postpaid, but have decided to offer it to all my old Fool-Killer friends at a reduced price. You folks have been my old chums for so long that you seem just like home folks, and I want to send you a copy of "Pearson's Poems" for only \$1.10 postpaid. That's just about selling it at cost. Books of a similar size and quality usually sell for \$2.00 or more. But, doggon it, I reckon I've got a right to give my friends a bargain if I want to. May I wrap up one for you at \$1.10? I want to hear at once from all of you who want the book at that price. That's right. Thank you. Address:
James Larkin Pearson, Boomer, N.C.

JOY PACKAGE FOR 15 CENTS

If you want to laugh and forget your troubles, read The Fool-Killer, of course. But if, when the laugh is over, you feel as blue and bad as ever, let me tell you how to get the joy that sticks. Send me fifteen cents and you will receive a dainty little book of verses written by Yours Truly, and a pamphlet entitled "How to Be a Joycrafter," which will be worth more to you than money if you will use it. Address:
Cora Wallace Pearson, Boomer, N. C.