

The Fool-Killer

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

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at
Pores Knob, North Carolina

James Larkin Pearson, Editor

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Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order. Direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Pores Knob, North Carolina

NOTICE!—NO BABIES WANTED!

I am informed that there is a sect of people somewhere who require that all their members remain unmarried and that they strictly practice chastity and continence all the days of their lives. In plain words, they must crucify sex and refuse to reproduce their kind, either in or out of marriage.

Looks to me like that bunch is trying to exterminate itself. It is sitting on a limb and sawing the limb off between itself and the tree. Where does it expect to get recruits if it don't raise up any young-uns to follow in its footsteps?

Just suppose everybody should get converted to that idea and practice it for seventy-five or a hundred years, this old earth would be one grand hospital for old folks, and nobody young enough to wait on 'em. I am worrying about that. Ain't you?

Doctors write their prescriptions in a dead language, and after the patient takes the stuff he is soon as dead as the language is.

PARAGRAPHS.

A "dry agent" never stays dry any longer than it takes him to get hold of something wet.

Run along, kiddies, and bring mammy a bucket of water. It ain't again the law any more.

There may never be any better time than right now to get up that club for The Fool-Killer. Yes, I am talking to you.

If you haven't died from drinking poison moonshine, there is at least a chance that you are still alive.

It seems that some of the thirsty fools would rather drink it and die than to live and do without it.

Well, chillun, the 20th amendment has died a-bornin', and now you young-uns can go to toting in stove wood.

Sure enough, this is the very same year that the almanac said it would be. My, but ain't the almanac smart?

They say the world owes every man a living, but it is a mighty bad debt, and most of us have lots of trouble trying to collect.

Yes, honey, there is plenty of evidence that the scum always rises to the top. But where in the dickens is the skimmer?

Whether you call it a dry wet congress or a wet dry congress, it is all the same. It seems that the "great statesmen" who made the law must have their dram in spite of the law.

An exchange wants to know what the "modern girl" of today will be twenty years hence. That's easy. She will be an old woman worrying her head off about the "modern girl" of twenty years hence.

Conan Doyle says marriages are common in the spirit world. And divorces, too, I guess. When a spiritual wife hits her spiritual husband over the head with a spiritual rolling-pin. I'll bet there's some tall spiritual cussing.

Every infidel paper published during the present year will bear the date 1925. That is a silent but necessary tribute which they must pay to the Christ that they deny. Why don't the infidels calculate their dates from the birth of Voltaire?

Charlie Chaplin is in a bushel of trouble. Some sort of a cheap skate who calls himself "Charlie Alpin" has stolen Charlie's make-up and stepped onto the movie stage in an effort to get some of Chaplin's honors. I know just how Charlie feels about that. Several up-start editors have tried to get up imitations of The Fool-Killer. But they never amounted to much.

A good deal of the "cream of society" ought to be churned.

The English language is a very good language to cuss with.

The smaller a man's soul is, the more meanness it will hold.

It's a mystery to me why table knives are called "cutlery." I never saw one that would cut.

If it wasn't for fishermen the fish would live forever, as it is impossible to drown them.

If a poor man had plenty of money he wouldn't need it. Being without it is where the need comes in.

Have you "resigned" from the cabinet yet? Or did you just get kicked out of the Postoffice Department?

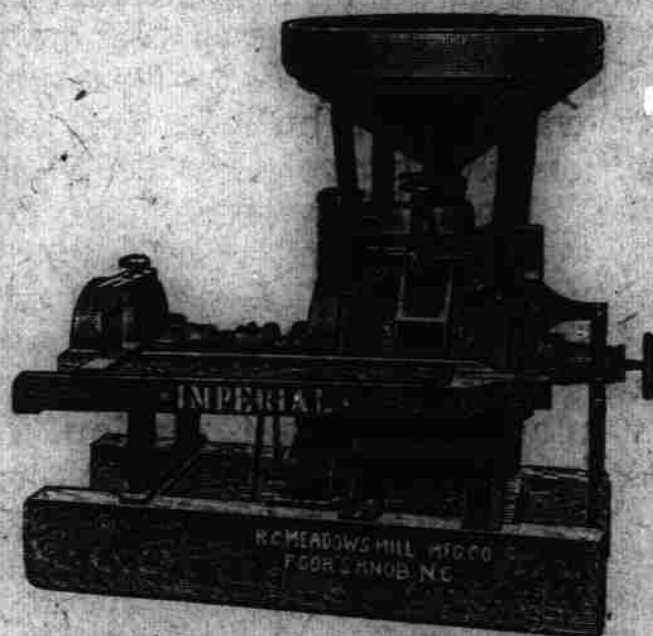
The vacuum tube is a fine thing for magnifying sound. Wonder if a feller could swap ends with it and make it reduce sound? That would come in mighty handy sometimes.

A mountain in South Wales is said to be moving because of heavy and continuous rains. That's a funny thing for a mountain to do. Why didn't it just go in out of the rain, or get an umbrella?

The birds don't have any politics nor any government that we know of, and yet they live happily together and always feel like singing. Ain't it a pity that people can't have as much sense as the birds?

This issue of The Fool-Killer clears up one mystery that never had been explained before—the question as to where Cain got his wife. Read the letter from Cain's Wife in another column and learn all about it.

Haldeman-Julius names over a long list of men that he considers greater than Jesus. But for some unknown reason he continues to use the birth of Jesus as the starting point for his dates. Fi-zim I'd quit that.



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R. C. Meadows Mill Mfg. Co.,
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THANK YOU!

I cannot let this issue go to press without a word of thanks to all you folks who have given The Fool-Killer such a warm welcome and such loyal support since it "came back." The response was immediate and very generous, and the words of welcome and good-will from thousands of old friends are enough to make any man feel good. It repays me for all the struggle and disappointment just to know that I have been missed, and that my "come-back" is such a joyful event to my thousands of unseen friends in every part of the country.

The number of subscriptions received during the first month was more than twice what I expected, and the stream is getting bigger every day. Just keep up that lick, folks, and we will soon show the world what the word "circulation" means. Tote the paper in your pocket and tackle everybody you see. Don't let a soul escape. I will try to give you the very best dope you ever read, and the office force will get the paper to you right hot out of the skillet. Now go to it! Altogether.

"Hair Covers Baby at Birth," says a headline, and the doctors are wondering what it means. Oh, I reckon it's just another proof that man evolved from a monkey.

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 Joyrafter," which will be worth more to you than money if you will use it. Address:

Cora Wallace Pearson, Boomer, N. C.