

# The Fool-Killer

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

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THE FOOL-KILLER,  
Pores Knob, North Carolina

## A SAM OF LIFE

Lives of great men oft remind us  
Fame is nine-tenths bull and bunk,  
And with brains the Lord consigned us  
We can shout and grab a chunk.

Noise is needed every minute,  
Thus to fix the public gaze.  
Modesty? There's nothing in it;  
Advertising is what pays.

Kid the public—boost it, knock it,  
Keep it laughing if you can.  
Keep it guessing, though you shock it—  
That's the true successful plan.

A dude is an empty space with  
clothes on.

Europe is still wanting to be  
Yanked out of her troubles.

A dividend is a certain per  
centum per annum, perhaps.

In most cases the political bee  
is a humbug.

Let him that thinketh he  
standeth take heed lest he come  
down kerflap.

General Debility must be an  
awful sufferer, judging by the  
way the patent medicines are re-  
commended to cure him.

## THIS HERE LOVE BUSINESS

A St. Louis paper thinks that Love is about the greatest evil that the world has to contend with. It wants an anti-love crusade started, and thinks that would help just lots.

I'll bet ye a nickel's worth of dimes that the editor of that paper is an old dried-up bachelor whose heart couldn't be distinguished from a last year's hickory-nut that the squirrels have throwed away. If there ever was a case of "sour grapes" I guess we are on the track of one right now. The old booger was so tarnation ugly he couldn't get nary purty gal to have him, and now he wants to take revenge by throwing the whole love business into disfavor.

Law sakes, old feller, you've tackled a big job. Guess you'd better hire several good hands to help you, and you'll all get doggon tired of it before it's over.

Stop people from loving? Gee-whiz! Let me know when you get it done, will you?

Now you might make a man go naked by keeping his clothes hid. Or you might adopt the capitalistic method and never let him get able to own any clothes.

And you might make him go hungry by adopting a similar course with his food.

But it don't matter how naked or how hungry a man gets, you can generally count on him having a duck-fit over the first pretty woman he sees.

Pretty, did I say? Aw,shucks, it don't matter about that. Just any kind will do when there's no other kind handy. I have thought that some men had a perfect craving for extreme ugliness, judging by the kind of selection they make.

Of course the average man looks for beauty, but sometimes he's doggon easy easy fooled in the article. And what he picks out for a regular blossom, after it sleeps with him a few years it looks more like the running gears of a big rag doll that had died with a pain in its sawdust.

But after all the trouble and suffering that love brings into the world, I guess it brings enough joy and happiness to sorter even things up. The rotten rich are trying their doggon est to substitute money for love, but the highly-perfumed society scandals and the divorce court records prove that the thing is a dismal failure. If the Thaws and the Astors and such gold-plated nothings as that had some of the poor folks' old-fashioned love to mix along with their other hifalutin nonsense, it would be the best thing that ever happened to them.

Life is a through train that starts at Birth and runs to Death, and Love is the biggest station on the road. Most of us make the trip without change—very little change, anyhow—but love punches the ticket and sends us on our way rejoicing.

Stop people from loving? Say, suppose you try something

—like pulling an auger-hole out of a log.

## A NEW SPRING SERMON

Well, beloved, I spoze it's git-tin' about time for me to oil up my sermon mill and preach you another sermon on Spring. If you remember. I have been giving you one or more sermons on Spring in The Fool-Killer for the past 15 years. You have allers smacked your lips like they were good, and I dreamed last night you wanted another one. So here it am.

Of course, judgin' by the temperature of the March wind as it plays tag with a feller's threadbare coat-tail, Spring ain't hardly got here yet; but I can smell her comin' over the hill just tuther side of next week.

After going through the sufferings and hardships of a rough winter, the timely arrival of gentle Spring is like swapping castor oil for sourwood honey. It is like being waked up out of a bad dream by the kiss of an angel. It is like getting a divorce from cold feet and marrying the queen of comfort.

The man who does not feel a two-hoss thrill of unutterable joy caper through his frost-bitten soul at the coming of Spring has got something bad the matter with himself. He was either made wrong, or put together wrong after he was made.

When young Spring takes old Winter by the slack of the pants and tosses him back into the Valley of Used-to-be, there is a general jubilee of rejoicing throughout the kingdom of Nature. All the young green things come out and take off their hats and bow to each other as politely as a young rooster presenting his pullet sweetheart with a new-found worm.

Even the green young men and the green girls catch the infection of Spring, and before the doctor can get there it has developed into a hopeless case of puppy-love and they swear they don't want to get well.

Spring is very modest, and also very uncertain, especially during the first stages of her com-

ing. You can't always know just what to expect. Sometimes she will send a warm day ahead to advertise for her, and then she will fail to fill the appointment. Again she will drop in as unexpectedly as a man who has borrowed money from you and has come to—borrow more.

## PARAGRAPHS

People are all pretty much alike, but some of them are more alike than the rest.

Faith can sometimes hold on to the rope after hope lets loose and falls.

One of the best possible places to enjoy a vacation is somewhere else.

The less religion people have the harder they can fight and fuss over it.

Some people are bent with toil, and others get crooked trying to avoid it.

Trotsky's health must be improving. He don't seem to die quite as often as he used to.

It looks like The Literary Digest will have to pull off a "straw vote" on the Muscle Shoals question yet.

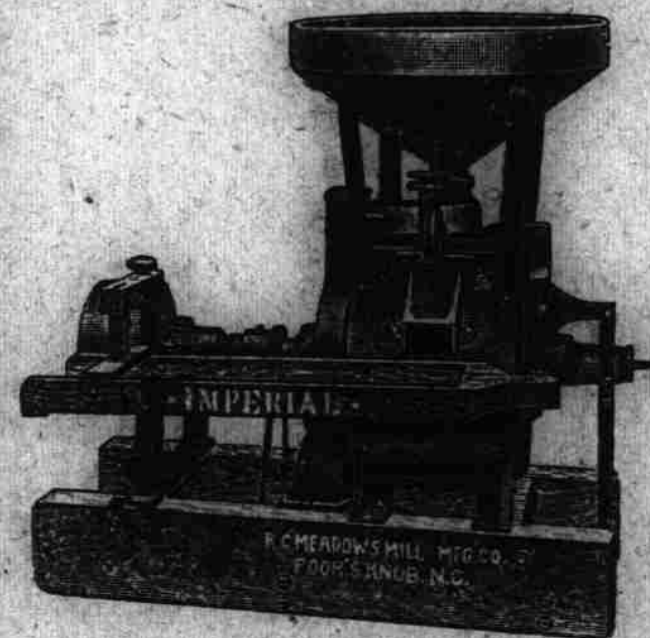
Golden Rule Nash has started a fund of five million dollars "to make the churches Christian." Say, Arthur, when you get it done, drop me a card, will you?

## 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.



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