

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, September, 1925.

No. 9.

TRUTH TABLETS

Engrave this on a cabbage leaf
And wear it on your boil;
The man who runs and hollers
"Thief!"
Has maybe got the spoil.

The man who tells the revenue
About somebody's still,
Is maybe running one or two
Back there beneath the hill.

The man who whispers in your ear
That someone is a crook,
Is just the guy you need to fear—
Put that down in your book.

The man who slanders me to you
Will slander you to me;
And this is what we'd better do—
Just let that fellow be.

The man who makes himself "Big I,"
And others "little you,"
Is none too good to tell a lie
To put his projects through.

The Sunday saint, with pious face,
Who prays the loudest prayer,
Is oftentimes the toughest case
In forty counties square.

The guy who totes a loaded gun
And brags how he would fight,
Is apt to be the first to run
When danger comes in sight.

The girl who wears the thickest coat
Of powder on her skin,
May be as ugly as a goat,
And quarrelsome as sin.

If you've no boil to give you cramp,
Or where no cabbage grows,
Engrave this on a postage stamp
And wear it on your nose.

—James Larkin Pearson.

NONE OV YER SASS

Now blame-take your blithering bat-eyed picture, don't you say nary word against this-here fool stuff, or I'll bat you over the bean with a broom-straw and kill about half of your fall crap of cooties.

Here I've been for nearly a whole year just breaking my hamstring to give you some good sober gospel with no flies in it, and thar you sot like a dead frog in a post-hole and never grunted.

Well, if you didn't like what I have been feeding you on, how do you like this, you sorry sinner you? I'll make you grunt tuther side of yourself the next thing you know. If I can't wake you up with my sweet literary music, I'll politely bust a few left-handed chicken coops over your billiard ball and see how that works.

But don't gimme none of your lip about not liking this sort of medicine. Your case is sorter like the old womern that had the itch—you can't live till you die

unless something is done for you. Now come right along to the mourner's bench and let's see how wet you can cry.

ONE MORE PAIN EASED

I clip the following wad of web-footed wisdom from a Tennessee paper—Tennessee, mind you, where they are all supposed to believe that the earth was made in six days and just six thousand years ago by a gooseberry watch. But read:

"Science can't be sure about the exact age of the earth, but it knows that it is at least 1,000,000,000 years old. And the crust of the earth as it stands now may be as much as 10,000,000,000 years old. Think of ten thousand millions of years, compared with the 12,000 years that have passed since the end of the late Stone Age. Then remember that science guarantees to this earth several hundred million years more of existence with plenty of warmth and sunlight."

Goody! Now we know more about it. The age of the earth is either one billion or ten billion years, and that isn't much of a margin to play on. A mere nine billion years is nothing. If they can get that close to the truth, it looks like they might throw a rope over its horns and hold it till we all get there. Then we could hog-tie it and ham-string it and never let it get loose any more.

And it has been twelve thousand years since the end of the Stone Age. Glad to know it. Moses ought to have told us about that. Adam was a regular Fifth Avenue dude, and Eve was a modern flapper. No doubt they pitied those old poke-easys back in the Stone Age, long before fig leaves and excuses were invented.

But the best and most comforting part of the story is that science guarantees this earth several hundred million years more of existence, with plenty of warmth and sunlight. That certainly is great news. It gives me solid chunks of joy as big as an elephant's foot. It causes a deep peace to settle down over my turbulent breast-like pouring soggum molasses over a hot flapjack.

I had been told that the earth couldn't last but ten million years longer, and I didn't know what in the world I would do about running The Fool-Killer after that. But now it's all right. There is plenty of time, and you can all go ahead and sow your turnip patches. After all, there may yet be a chance for the Evolutionists and the Fundamentalists to reach an agreement.

HOLY BONES!

One more big bow-legged booby prize captured by this land of the Rube and the home of the Boob!

What?

Why, honey-bunch, I am authorized to pour into your pink ear the official news that the Pappy of Rome has deprived himself of one more box of holy bones in order that America might be properly boned.

America has enough and to spare of the common garden variety of domestic bonehead, but it seems that these are not "holy" enough to meet the requirements of No. 666 who rules on the Tiber. And he therefore ups and sends us a two-hoss wheel-barrow load of boly hones—I mean holy bones—that have been thoroughly tested and found to be genuine frauds.

These newly-acquired holy bones, which the Pappy has sent to the Cathedral of Cleveland, are said to be the original bone-rack on which Saint Christina, the Virgin, once hung her store-bought complexion.

Maybe so.

And then again, they may be the bones of some old Roman cow that was killed for beef by Julius Caesar about six years ago.

You never can tell. These Pappycrats are great dealers in bones, and I guess they could work their hoodoo business with a cow's fist as well as anything else.

HE-HAW! HE-HAW!

Wow!

Stand at attention!

Shut up that gap in your face and open them holes in the side of your head.

Lissen!

Some folks have got a notion roosting in their cobwebby garrrets that I ought to grab some leather-lunged "leader" by his flowing shirt-tail and trot after him like a pet chicken after the feed-pan.

Great spoons!

Why, con—sider your cross-eyed conscience, I am a leather-lunged "leader" myself, and I can kick up just as much dust to the square inch as anybody else can. So I propose from now on to roost on my own limb and drink buttermilk out of my own trough. And if any of you other bow-legged bantams want to drink with me, just trot up here and souse in your snouts and go to work. It won't cost you anything but the price, and you won't miss that in a hundred years.

Yes, my darling Melissa Mahulda Jane, I have tried this-here trotting after a forty-dollar suit on a five-cent man till I am sick and tired of it. About the time I get limbered up in one direction, here he goes lickity-split some other way, and before I can get turned around he is all out of sight but one hind foot and five joints of his reputation.

And so hereafter I shall tote my own skillet and run my own show. Anybody that don't like it can have it anyhow.

Wham!

Flam!

When I look at the men it seems entirely possible that they might have evolved from monkeys; but when I look at the purty gals I think God must have bought them in a candy store.

HOWDY AGIN!

All right, honey!

Here is your Fool-Killer again. Mighty doggon glad to see you all once more.

Well, we don't need any introduction. You all know me as well as old Pide knows her feed-box, and I know most of you and will soon get acquainted with the rest.

I have been hammering away on the doggon fools for about 15 years, and have got enough hides tacked up on the gable end of the barn to start a tannery. Have had lots of fun, and several kinds of tribulation mixed along with it. I have furnished amusement for millions of people, all the way from Philmayork to Frog Level, and from China to the North Pole. If all the laughs that have been caused by reading The Fool-Killer could be rolled up into one big laugh and turned loose all at once, it would sound like the seven thunders pulling their chariots across the pavements of heaven.

Of course you don't want to miss anything that The Fool-Killer says from now on, and you don't want to let any of your friends miss it, either.

So get busy, quick.

Tote this fool paper in your pocket wherever you go—to the mill, to the store, to the place where you work—and get everybody rounded up and placed on The Fool-Killer's mailing list. You do that much, and old Pearson will do the rest.

Now let's go.