

The Fool-Killer

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BILLY BONEHEAD'S LETTER

Foolville,
State ov Ignorunce,
March the fust.

Editer ov The Fool-Killer,
Wilkesboro, N. C.

Deer Mister Editer:

There aint no chance to say awl the things I wood like to say in this letter. I wood like to remind you agin what good Redem-oceans me and Paw is, but you proberly remember that. And I hope you ain't forgot about us havin so much prosperity. These air important things fer you to remember.

But I have sorter got a hunch that maby I had better tell you-unses about we-unses trip to Flordy. Ov koarse you didnt kno that we-unses had bin to Flordy. Well, we aint. But we am a talkin about goin. We hav awl got the Flordy fever awful bad. We wuz awl tuk down with it the same nite, and we ain't no better yit. Hit happened this-away:

Maw sent Paw to the store one day to git a sack ov flower and sum hog-corpse. He got 'em, but he had to git 'em on a-credit, kaze he didnt hav no munny. I I don't kno why Paw never has no munny, kaze he sez thar is plenty ov prosperity, and I kno tha is; but Paw is allers in det and aint got no munny. If Paw had to liv on the intrust ov his munny he woodnt liv long. But ef he cood liv on the intrust ov what he oze he never wood die.

I've studied a heap about this-here buyin things on a-credit. Looks to me like its a purty good thing, atter awl. Ef peepul kan buy what tha want on a-credit without munny, I dont see much use ov ever havin enny munny. Looks ter me like the credit plan is a heap cheaper.

Ov koarse the folks what sells the things on a-credit wood like to hav their pay atter awhile, but tha mostly don't git it. Least-ways, tha don't git it from Paw. Hit's jist awl Paw can do to keep his credit good, without workin out munny to pay dets with. Looks like tha wood understand that keepin his credit good wuz a heap more important to Paw than gittin the dets pade, enny-how.

Well, when Paw got home with the sow-belly, it wuz rapped up in a peece ov nuzepaper. I think it wuz the Atlanter Constipation. Atter Maw had unrapped the sow-belly I tuk the paper and sot down to reed it.

The fust thing I seen was a peece about Flordy and the big carryins-on down thar. It told in that peece about how the Northern Millyunairs wuz a flockin into Flordy and fixin to set up a new Gyarden ov Eden

down thar. When I red that, Paw he spoke up and sez, sezze:

"Bleve Ile go down thar and be Adam."

Then Maw she spoke up and sez:

"Yes, and Ile go and be Eve."

Then I sez, sez I:

"Hoo'll I be?"

"You'll hav to be Cain," sez Paw and Maw both together.

"I druther be Abel," sez I.

"But you aint able," sez Paw. "I kno me and your Maw hav raised Cain lots ov times, but we aint never bin able to raise Abel. So when we go down thar to that Gyarden ov Eden you'll hav to be Cain."

"Then hoo will I kill?" sez I.

"You kan kill the snake," sez Paw, "so it wont tempt yer Maw to eat none ov them forbidden oranges."

And Maw she sez:

"That's a fine idy. We aint none ov us got nuthin to wear, nohow, and that job ov bein Adam and Even in theGyarden will jist perzackly suit us."

And so it haz been agred among us that we air to start to Flordy as soon as we kan dispoze ov our vast holdins here and git us a Limberzeen to travel in.

Ov koarse Paw and Maw will be awful bizzy jist a-bein Adam and Eve, but my Cain job wont take more than half ov my time. So I will proberly hunt up Ponzy and become his pardner in the Rale Estate bizness.

Ef we do git off, I will rite you from Flordy next time and tell you awl about our trip.

Yores trewly,
BILLY BONEHEAD.

MY RIGHTEOUS WRATH IS A-BILIN'

I'd like to always wear a grin,
An' keep right on a-smilin';
But there's so much of crime an' sin
A-floatin' 'round where I have been—
So many brutes in human skin—
My righteous wrath is abilin'.

I'd like to just be singin' songs,
With blessin's 'round me pilin';
But when I see the passin' throngs
Of proud conceits an' boastful wrongs—
The Lie set up where Truth belongs—
My righteous wrath is a-bilin'.

I'd like to think that there was not
One trace of sin's defilin';
But when the Truth has gone to pot—
The devil crowned and Christ forgot—
I can't help gittin' sorter hot—
My righteous wrath is a-bilin'.

But God will soon remove the curse,
The Snake will quit beguillin';
An' when things can't get any worse,
The whole procession will reverse,
An' there will be no grief to nurse,
No righteous wrath a-bilin'.

James Larkin Pearson

SPEED LIMIT—TWO INCHES A YEAR

I see in the papers that we are sure enough going to have disarmament. They are now thinking of beginning to prepare to fix to start to discuss the preliminary details of holding a preliminary conference. The first preliminary conference will be held in April to discuss the plans for holding another preliminary conference in August, at which time plans will be discussed for holding another preliminary conference about next Christmas. And at the Christmas conference it is hoped that a date can be set for holding another preliminary conference in the fall of 1927, and then they will try to decide on the time and place for another preliminary conference a few years later. If they ever do get beyond the "preliminary" stage, which is doubtful, some fool socialist will suggest that they should actually begin to do some disarming. Then all the wise statesmen will let out a war-whoop and murder the fool Socialist in about 17 different languages, and then the chairman will call the house to order and appoint a committee to select the time and place for another preliminary conference. Who said we weren't getting on?

They have now discovered a winged insect that lives on tin. Well, sarn the luck! I'll bet it's the hoss-fly trying to adapt itself to modern conditions. Now we'll have to go to spraying "Shoo-Fly" over our old Fords.

NOTICE!

If this paragraph is marked with a RED pencil, it means that your OLD subscription has expired. But if you have lately sent in your renewal, then you may disregard the notice.

THE WISDOM OF WISE

The great Jewish rabbi, Stephen S. Wise, is beginning to live up to his name. He is Wise and getting wiser.

During all of his life until a few months ago he has denied even the historical fact of Jesus Christ's existence—denied that such a man ever lived in the world. But now he comes out and publicly admits that he has been mistaken. He is now convinced that Jesus did live, and that he was a great and good man—a true teacher and prophet. He still denies that Jesus was the Messiah for which the Jews have looked and are yet looking, but he goes so far as to say that the Jews must accept Jesus and his teachings.

Just what degree of acceptance that is meant to imply it is hard to say, but any acceptance at all is the most remarkable thing that ever happened. The Jews have always stood squarely against accepting Jesus in any shape or form; but now that the ice is broken, they will go right on accepting him more and more. Some of the strongholds of Judaism will hold out against the new idea for awhile, and some of the stand-pat rabbis will make a big fuss about it. But all of the open-minded and progressive Jews will soon be on the Jesus band-wagon. Some of them even now go much farther than Rabbi Wise has gone, but he is the most noted Jew who has gone so far toward accepting Jesus.

I predict that inside twenty years every Jew on earth will be a Christian. I may be mistaken, but that is my notion, and it will be mighty interesting to watch the developments from now on.

The prophets of old said that the Jews would return to their own land. They are returning. The same prophets declare that they will accept Christ. Now we see that beginning. True? Absolutely.

If hard work and good sensible foolishness can prevent it, there is not going to be any "dull season" with The Fool-Killer this year.

If The Fool-Killer was just like other papers, there would be no use to have a Fool-Killer. But it's different. In all this wilderness of printed things, this paper stands out like a white preacher at a nigger meeting.