

# The Fool-Killer

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## KEEP A-HITTIN' IT, BOYS

The month of June this year was the best June The Fool-Killer has had in many years. I was most agreeably surprised at the way the stream of subs kept up. Usually the receipts begin to drop off about the first of May and go down rapidly till about the first or middle of July. Reaching low water mark, they stay there till the first or middle of September before there is much pick-up. But this summer the figures have been reversed. May was considerably better than April, and June was away ahead of May. July has started out well and promises to be still better than June. But it all depends on the activity of you club-raisers out over the country. If you will stay right on the job as you have been doing and put in a few extra licks every chance you get, we will make this summer a record-breaker. And then when the fall season opens we will be ready to open with it in grand style.

Friends, I am depending on you to stick to me and work with me till we make The Fool-Killer a bigger success than it ever was before. Remember, it once had 50,000 subscribers, and we can put it up to that figure again between now and next peastickin' time if we'll all just link in and work at it like good fellows. Now I'm going to look for big clubs and lots of them from you, you, you, you, you, you, you, you, you, you, you, you, you, you, YOU—and all the rest of you.

## Go Thou and Do Likewise

Since I have been in this Fool-Killer business (nearly 17 years now) I have had many good club-senders, and some of them have been record-breakers. But now I have one who has broken all records for the time he has been at it, and he seems to be just getting started. His name is Mr. J. F. Lingerfeldt, of Bessemer City, N. C. During the last few weeks Mr. Lingerfeldt has sent in 197 subscriptions to The Fool-Killer, and he is not working for any premium either—just doing it for the good of the cause. Say, can't some of you other fellows pitch in and beat him? Let's have a race.

Now they have figured it out that the sun will last fifteen trillion years yet. Thanks. That ought to give the Redemocrats time to think up several new lies to talk.

After all, Newberry wasn't half bad. Actually, he was a Sunday School teacher compared to that Pennsylvania bunch.

## RED-HEADED PECKERWOOD PARADE

Hoo-ee!

Sick-um-pup!

Now wasn't that some high-kicking caper that the unmarried "daddies" of rotten Romanism pulled off in Chicago, What-a-noise?

We had already been cursed with about every other bad thing in the catalogue of curses, and Chicago was already so mean that it could hardly endure its own cussedness. But all that was nothing compared to the double-dyed degradation of having the pope's "Eucharistic Congress" swoop down upon us like a belled buzzard hunting for a dead snake.

Even the newspaper accounts and pictures of the carryings-on were enough to turn the stomach of a wooden Indian or drive a decent dog to suicide. And I shudder to think what the real awfulness of the sin-soaked shimmy show must have been like.

In plain English, the old dago in the Vatican at Rome has long wanted to pull off something to impress the American people with his power and authority. So he fell upon the scheme of having a great Roman Catholic blowout over here to be attended by all his red-headed peckerwood cardinals and other sub-deputy-gods in full bloom from Italy, Spain, and all the other toe-kissing lands. And these buck-virgin "daddies" were to be attended and slobbered over by tens of thousands of their toe-kissing dupes gathered from every land, and all bent on getting at least one smell of a Roman god's hoof.

Well, when the bunch of red-headed peckerwoods from Rome reached New York they were met by Al Smith, Jim Walker and the entire pappycratic official family of Gullible Gotham, and they were led into the City Hall over fine red carpets with kneeling toe-kissers all along the line, just as if they had been holy angels straight from heaven.

Think of New York doing that! New York, which pretends to be so wise. The old town wouldn't admit that anybody else could sell it a gold brick in broad daylight, but the pope's peckerwoods sure to Mike did it.

And then, after being welcomed, introduced, kissed, coddled and croaked over till the Statue of Liberty hung its head and puked up its liver-pad, the whole petticoat procession was loaded into specially-built palace cars—the finest ever seen on earth—and headed toward Chicago where the main three-ring circus was to be pulled off.

What were they going to do in Chicago? Why, bless your

grandpap's rheumatiz, they were going to hold a "Eucharistic Congress," if you know what that means. "Eucharist" is their name for the communion service, the Lord's Supper. "Mass" is another name they have for it, and indeed it is a "mass" of sickening nonsense.

Catholics, at their communion service, don't eat bread and drink wine, as the Protestants do. They have bread and wine to start with, but some unmarried "father" with an old woman's dress on takes the bread and wine, mumbles a few words of Latin over them, and they are bread and wine no longer. They are changed into the ACTUAL flesh and blood of Jesus — so THEY say. And all the faithful dupes believe it.

So it seems that these high-and-mighty princes of the pope's "invisible empire" were journeying thousands of miles over sea and land, and putting on enough swell airs to shame a king's court, just in order to take a bite of the Lord's flesh and drink a few drops of his blood. And then to sing a few Latin songs and be bowed and scraped to by a hundred thousand fool Catholics.

But that pretended "holy service" was only a thin excuse. What they wanted was to muster their forces and make a big splurge before the American public in order to show their strength and convince us that they are able to "make America Catholic." They think, too, that it will help to nominate and elect Al Smith president.

Think of all that pomp and strutting and hypocritical sham "holiness" in the name of Jesus! A Jesus, if you please, who was murdered by that same class of "saints" two thousand years ago.

## They Want What They Want

The proposed "debate" is not getting along very fast, for the reason that nothing of the right kind has been sent in. And I have been surprised at the strong sentiment among the readers against having such a debate or open forum. Nine out of ten who express any opinion seem to prefer my own fool gab and won't be satisfied with anything else. So there you are. What can I do? I don't think my stuff is any good, but what is my opinion against so many? The majority wins.

Vare-ily, Vare-ily, I say unto you, the Pennsylvania Republican primaries were a \$en\$ational \$ucce\$\$.

When the West gets mad it is just awful howling mad. You can hear some of its howls right now if you will just listen.

## HOWL, O YE VARMINTS!

One after another—so fast that it must make a standpatter's head swim — the great States of the Northwest are lining up in the progressive or radical column. The latest one to register her disgust with the Coolidge administration is North Dakota, where Senator Nye has just won a sweeping victory for the nomination to the U. S. Senate. Senator Nye (a nephew of Bill Nye) is a La Follette radical and entirely out of sympathy with the administration. But North Dakota joins all the other corn belt States in saying that is the kind of man she wants to represent her in the Senate. The Coolidge candidate, a man named Hanna, was simply snowed under.

All the corn - belt States are doing that same thing. It has become a regular tornado twister of rebellion against the bossism of the East. The Northwest has named at least half-a-dozen "radical" Republicans for the Senate in recent weeks, while every single, solitary Coolidge man that entered the Republican primaries met crushing defeat.

What else can Coolidge and his crowd of pampered plutes hope for? What else can they expect? They have consistently and persistently snubbed the farmers of the Northwest and denied every favor that they have asked for in years. And still they expect the farmers to stand up to the rack, fodder or no fodder, and "vote 'er straight." I am glad to see that the farmers have got some backbone as well as some brain, and that they are going to use both. Hoo-ray! Goody!

It now begins to look like young Bob La Follette will have a stronger backing of "radicals" in the Senate than his brave old daddy ever had. And I bet a purty he leads 'em like a veteran.

Poor little baby Congress has gone to sleep on a pallet of promises, and has left its milk bottle on the floor for the flies to suck at till next December. And before December arrives the old political cow may "kick the bucket" and poor little baby Congress may not find any more milk in its bottle when it wakes up.

Even Teapot Dome looks pretty respectable in the light of the Pennsylvania Republican primary.

There is a doubled-and-twisted political cyclone forming in the corn belt, and all the old standpat politicians are scooting for their holes. They had better scoot and stay scooted.