

# The Fool-Killer

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## WHAT WILL THE "PATRIOTS" DO?

The "patriots" have ripped and reared,  
And lots of noise produced,  
And most vehemently declared  
That they will rule the roost.  
They've cussed the Socialists a lot,  
And cussed the workers, too;  
And for the pope they've made it hot:  
Now what will the "patriots" do?

They love their country, so they say—  
They love its rocks and soil;  
They love its slaves who will obey;  
They love its coal and oil;  
But, oh, they hate a union man,  
And, oh, they hate a Jew;  
So tell me truly if you can—  
Now what will the "patriots" do?

The "radicals" of Mexico  
Have stole the "patriots" dope;  
They've told the Catholics to go,  
And they've defied the pope.  
So in this fight on Mex's ground—  
This anti-papal stew—  
Where will the Kluckerites be found?  
And what will the "patriots" do?

They cannot take a middle stand  
And on the fence-top perch;  
To Calles they must lend a hand,  
Or rally to the church.  
They've got to side with Labor's hope,  
That they've cussed black and blue;  
Or turn and bow before the pope:  
Now what will the "patriots" do?  
—James Larkin Pearson.

## TOOT! TOOT! GETTIN' UP STEAM!

Well, boys, my blood is getting warmed up now, and The Fool-Killer is going to be warmer than the weather from this on. I ain't been exerting myself very much for the past few months, knowing that it was a dull time anyway. And for that matter, it is going to be dull times right along till we wake up and change the times. And that is exactly what is going to happen about the next thing you know. The well-fed "upper crust" is still asleep, but the common people are waking up in a hurry. They are hungry for the facts about how they are being humbugged with bogus "reforms" and counterfeit "prosperity," and The Fool-Killer proposes to dish up the facts in its own home-spun way and serve 'em hot.

Where are we at?  
How did we get here?  
Where are we going?  
These are the questions that the people are asking, and they are not going to be satisfied with anything but the truth. The Fool-Killer has ideas about all these things, and it is getting just in the temper now to express them without any frills, or fandangles, or sugar-coating. Possibly they might be of interest to you and your folks. Better pass the word around and give everybody a chance.

## MAD ABOUT IT! WOW!

The plain, bare-faced, bald-headed, tom-fool idiocy of the war-making system has once has once more been clearly demonstrated by the gigantic explosion of the naval arsenal at Lake Denmark, New Jersey.

That great store-house of dormant hell was struck by lightning not long ago, and all all the pent-up wrath of \$87,000,000 worth of high explosives was turned loose on the neighborhood. Gigantic shells were hurled for miles to burst right in among the helpless population, and the explosions shook the earth for a long distance.

When the smoke of battle had cleared away it was found that 22 people had been killed and many more injured, besides a money loss of nearly a hundred million dollars.

Well, what of it? The "court of inquiry" says nobody is to blame. It is said that when the war closed suddenly Uncle Sam had on his hands a great surplus of munitions which he didn't get to use in killing people. These munitions represented money—sacred dollars—and they were too valuable to dump into the ocean. They must be stored up and kept in the hope that another war could be scared up pretty soon and Uncle Sam could get to use these high explosives in the nice and proper business of killing people.

But as it happened, the powers of nature took a hand in it and set off the blast before the war-gods got ready for it. And so there is a great howl raised and the disappointed war-makers are almost having duck-fits about losing all that good man-killing material and getting only 22 people killed. Why, honey, if it could have been used in the regular, proper and approved way for which it was intended, that amount of explosives could easily have killed 22,000 people, and maybe more. And just to think that they only got a measly 22. I don't blame them for being mad about it. Do you?

## Where Is Billy Bonehead?

One lone correspondent has inquired about Billy Bonehead's sudden disappearance. Well, Billy just went to Florida and dropped from sight. I haven't heard a word from him since that last letter I printed. He was expecting to get rich very suddenly, and he probably got so rich that he joined the plute class and lost all interest in us common folks. I guess he is driving a Packard or a Caddillac now, instead of a Ford skeeter, and I guess his Paw and Maw are wearing fine clothes and stepping high. Ain't it a shame?

## VISITORS

On Sunday, August 22nd, 1926, me and the old woomern and the baby had some visitors. Out here in our cabin in the woods we had our chairs tilted back against a porch post and were just getting started on a new book.

Along the road a few steps from the house passed cars of all kinds loaded with gay crowds of pleasure seekers. But, mark you, I say they passed. They didn't stop. Not one had stopped at our cabin during the day. They were not expected to stop. Who were we that they should stop to see us? Just two old dull, poke-easy people and a little girl. Nothing of interest to anybody. So they passed.

But along in the early afternoon a big new Hudson hesitated, turned in, and drew up to our door. I saw in the car a tall elderly gentleman, two charming middle-aged ladies and a young man at the wheel. Total strangers. Never saw any of them before.

They saw me on the porch with my book, and one of the ladies, who seemed to be spokesman for the party addressed me:

"Is that Mr. Pearson?" she asked, with a friendly and expectant smile, at the same time throwing open the car door and starting to get out.

"Pearson is my name," sez I, dropping my book and stepping down into the yard.

"Thought I knew you," the speaker continued, extending her hand.

"Where have I met you before?" sez I, sorter puzzled and trying to remember.

"You never met me before," sez the lady, "I knew you by your picture."

By this time they were all out of the car and the lady spokesman was introducing herself and the other members of the party. The tall elderly man was her husband, the young man was her son, and the other lady was her widowed sister. The names don't matter. But they had driven out here from a distant city—nearly a hundred miles—just to see me. Incredible, thinks I to myself. Of what interest am I to anybody in a distant city?

With my very best backwoods manners I led the visitors into my library and found chairs for them. My wife came in and was introduced. The name of a mutual friend was mentioned, and something was said about The Fool-Killer, and suddenly a great light broke in. They were readers of The Fool-Killer and were interested enough to drive nearly a hundred miles into the backwoods to see where the fool stuff

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is hatched and the fool feller who hatches it.

Well, well! Think of THAT, will you? The idea of ME being the object of such a pilgrimage! I had read about people going to see Elbert Hubbard and other notables. But me? Shucks! That was plum funny. But I am willing to admit that I enjoyed the experience and was mighty glad they had come. Cora and Agnes also enjoyed it, and the visitors hadn't been here more than two minutes until we were old acquaintances. We soon found them to be just our sort of "cranks" and "heretics," and we talked theology, politics, literature, food science, the Mexican situation, and many other things. They were related to the Pearsons, and that called for a session on family history and genealogy.

As the clock struck four they began to think of the long road home. Before going they wanted a bunch of Fool-Killers to hand out, and a copy of my book of poems, and Cora's book. After promising to come again, they were off at a little past four.

To us in our quiet retreat it was an event, and the funniest thing about it is the idea that we were worth coming that far to see.

What was that about making the best mouse-trap and the world making a path to your door? Maybe it applies to Fool-Killers as well as mouse-traps. I shore have made the best Fool-Killer on the market.

## GETTING PEELED

Wild and disheveled, watery of eye and trembling of limb, he burst into the dentist's consulting room and addressed the molar merchant in gasping tones:

"Do you give gas here?"

"Yes," replied the dentist.

"Does it put a man to sleep?"

"Of course."

"Nothing would wake him?"

"Nothing. But—"

"Wait a bit ;you could break his jaw or black his eye without him feeling it?"

"My dear sir, of course, I—"

"It lasts about half a minute, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

With a war-whoop of joy and relief the excited man threw off his coat and waist-coat.

"Now," he yelled, as he tugged at his shirt, "get yer gas-engine ready. I want you to pull a porous-plaster off my back.