

THE FOOL-KILLER

A Literary Mustard-Plaster to Draw Blisters on Society, Church and State

Published Monthly at BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA

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THE FOOL-KILLER
Boomer, - - - North Carolina.

**STOP!
LOOK!
Listen!**

The regular price of The Fool-Killer is 40 cents a year for one single sub, or 25 cents a year in clubs of four or more.

But I have decided to make a Special Bargain Offer for just a limited time only. From now until the first day of May, 1929, I will accept subscriptions at only TEN CENTS each if sent in clubs of TEN or more at one time.

Now get out among your good friends and neighbors and go to rolling up the clubs. Let's have 50,000 new subscribers by the first day of May. Tote this paper everywhere you go and draw it on everybody you see. Don't let anybody escape. At TEN CENTS a year The Fool-Killer is a heap easier to take than the measles or the itch. Ready? Let's go!

MISSED!

On account of sickness and other troubles which made it impossible for me to work, I didn't get to make any Fool-Killers for February and March. This issue was started for February, but it turned out to be April before I could get it mailed. All subscriptions will be advanced so that each subscriber will get the right number of copies anyway. I am battling against great difficulties all the time and doing the very best I can. Please be patient. I will do better some time.

IDIOTORIALS

There was a terrible robbery in in the back yard last night. Two clothespins held up a shirt.

In eating grapes, the rule is: If at first you don't suck seed, suck, suck, again.

Which do you like best, Kellogg Peace Pacts or Kellogg Corn Flakes?

It is said that Einstein's new theory of space ain't got a thing to do with parking space.

If you pity the parents of the modern generation, just think of the father flea who sees all of his children going to the dogs.

Sing a song of peace pacts
Signed by diplomats,
While they harbor war facts
'Neath their silken hats.

"Where does Sir Oliver Lodge?" inquires a Fool-Killer subscriber. Why, at the same place, where Weeje boards, of course.

Had you heard about the great reduction in the price of postage stamps? You can now buy 13 two-cent stamps for a cent and a quarter.

"The greatest single danger in the world to-day is the strident patriot," says Bishop G. Ashton Oldham. That's just as true as if I had said it myself.

The paper that's in a Kellogg Corn Flake box is just as valuable toward keeping peace in the world as the paper that's in the Kellogg Peace Pact. Every bit and grain.

They've got a brand-new rebellion in China under the leadership of Chang Chung-Chang. Sounds sorter like knocking the bung out of a cider barrel with a meat-axe.

The big dispute just now is between England and the Benighted States. It seems that thy want plenty of friendships on paper and plenty of warships on t he seas.

B. C. Kelland has writ a business story which he calls "Dynasty." Well, most of the grand rascals of Big Biz live nasty, and of course they die nasty, too. Very appropriate name, I guess.

That feller Segraves, the British automobile racing driver, is coming over to Daytona Beach with his new racer to see if he can break a record or his neck. If Mr. Segraves don't be careful there will be a grave, all right, but he won't see it.

Dick Byrd reports by radio that he has discovered a vast new territory of land near the South Pole. He has claimed it in the name of the United States, but I think he aims to leave it down there to hold that end of the world together. That's all it's fit for.

Sermon on Prosperity

Yes-sir-ee-Bobolink! This is shore-to-goodness going to be a sermon on the "prosperity" that we ain't got and probably won't have the next time you hear from us.

It is sometimes sorter dangerous to tell the plain bare-footed truth in this land of millionaires and beggars, palaces and poorhouses, silk stockings and starvation. But since our millionaire Secretary of Labor, Mr. Jim Jam Davis, has been so careless as to let the truth about our "prosperity" leak out at one corner of his mouth, I guess they won't hardly dare to hang me for preaching one of my Fool-Killer sermons on the subject.

Now, as I said, Mr. Jim Jam Davis, our millionaire Secretary of Labor at Washington, has done gone and 'spilt the beans, but I don't think he intended for the news to get out to the American public. It seems that Mr. Jim Jam had occasion to write a letter to somebody in Wales, where poverty is even wusser than it is here, and he wanted to say something that would sorter console those suffering people and get them resigned to their fate, and he thought it might help some to let them know that they were not the only poor people in the world. and so he blabbed it right out and told them that 86 per cent of the American people were poor. Mr. Jim Jam's letter was published all over Europe and created such a sensation that it was cabled back to American and published here, and that is how we got hold of it. Here is part of what Mr. Jim Jam wrote to his friend in Wales:

"There has been for many years in Europe, and especially since the Great War, an impression that all Americans are wealthy and that poverty amongst us is conspicuous only by its absence

"I wish, indeed, that the popular European impression were a true one, but no foreign impression of us has ever been more false. It is true that most Americans whom Europeans meet abroad are wealthy, or at least well-to-do, but Americans who travel in Europe are but a small percentage of the population.

"We have citizens who can estimate their wealth in millions, but so have other countries. And we have our poor also as other countries have, and some of our poor, as is true of all other countries, are in such desperate circumstances as to be in need of assistance.

"If Great Britain has a workhouse, American has a poorhouse, and there are inmates in one as well as in the other. Unfortunately, the economist knows only too well that there are people in all the infernos of the earth. There are altogether to many of them in the infernos of America.

"It may be that we are on the way to solving the problems of poverty in America. I hope we are, but we can hardly claim to have solved it so long as many Americans are living under

depressing conditions. The brotherhood of poverty is world-wide, and we share it with you.

"I admit that the worker in America is better off than the worker of any other country in the world. But the American worker is not dwelling in Utopia. No country can be considered Utopian when 86 per cent of its people are poor."

Now, by grannies! How does that sound to come from a leading member of the millionaire cabinet of this "prosperity" administration? How does it harmonize with all the sugar-coated bunk about "prosperity" that we have been fed on by the plute press? How does it tally with the rose-colored picture painted by President Coolness in his recent message to Congress?

To save my gizzard I can't understand how it happened that a member of a "prosperity" administration could so far forget himself as to let it become known that the alleged prosperity that we are supposed to have is only a farce and a humbug. It looks like Mr. Jim Jam would have known better than to dispute the word of his big little boss in the White House. Looks to me like that letter is liable to cause trouble and hard feelings and anger and cuss words among the great and the near-great in Washington and Wall Street.

Why, honey-child, don't you know that there is plenty of prosperity in America — just dead oodlins of it, in fact. Mr. Jim Jam in his unfortunate confession puts only 86 per cent of the people in the poor class. That leaves 14 per cent who are rich. Now it seems perfectly reasonable that if 14 per cent of us are rich, the rest of us ought to be satisfied with our poverty. Haven't we been told all our lives that poverty is a blessing? And if 86 per cent of us are in possession of that great blessing, why should we kick? The 14 per cent, who are rich have got the prosperity all right, and the rest of us don't count, nohow. So when the plute papers talk about how prosperous "we" are, they mean the 14 per cent, and that measly 86 per cent of poor trash can go hang. Amen, Brother Ben! Ain't it just awful how rich "we" are?

THE EDITOR'S FIGHT

A subscriber to an Iowa paper, being displeased with some remarks made by the editor, went in to whip him. How well he succeeded is given in the editor's own words:

"There was a blow. Somebody fell. We got up. Turning upon our antagonist, we succeeded in winding his arms around our waist, and by a quick maneuver threw him on top of us, bringing our back at the same time in contact with the solid bed of the printing press. Then, inserting our nose between his teeth, and cleverly entangling his hands in our hair, we had him."