

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

JAMES L. PEARSON, . . . Editor
Boomer, . . . North Carolina.

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TAKE NOTICE.

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

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

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is the Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach? If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-seventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzie collar or halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow that works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy on share of it.

Does that sound strange? Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never traveled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly Mustard-plaster for the blood boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

STATEMENT.

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(Signed) JAMES L. PEARSON, E. Pub. and Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this the 9th day of October, 1916.

W. R. HUBBARD, Notary Public.
My Commission expires Jan. 26, 1918.

IDIOTORIALS.

Oh, well, there isn't much choice between rotten eggs, nohow.

I expect to live till I die, and that s all anybody can do.

If you want to set a trap for the West, you better not use whiskers for bait.

Well, Hughes has had one "close shave" anyhow, if he never gets another.

Governor Catts will have scratching to get the likker out of Florida.

If you ever expect to run for president, avoid being a judge as you would avoid the plague.

It wasn't so much the strength of Wilson that did it, but the weakness of his opponent.

Now watch the unmarried Congressmen scramble to get a seat next to the Hon. Miss Rankin.

All them whiskers, and still defeated? Then how much whiskers would it take to elect a man?

That one lone woman in Congress will no doubt feel like a vial of cologne in a crock full of soap grease.

It is usually the disposition of people to endure the ills they have rather than fly to other ills they know not of.

At the rate the states are adopting Prohibition, it will soon be possible to get a dram just anywhere.

It is a hard matter to legislate the devil out of men. Sorter like trying to law the wind out of Kansas.

The Devil got on a big drunk to celebrate Wilson's election and was not able to write a letter for The Fool-Killer this month.

It was a case of staying in the frying-pan or jumping into the fire, and the country just made up its mind to stay in the fryin-pan.

They talk about what is going to happen "when the war is over." Maybe they had better wait till it is over and then talk about it.

In view of what happened to Judge Parker and Judge Hughes, I'll bet a dollar no political party ever runs another Judge for President.

Say, Hiram, it's awful bad manners for you to be always grumbling about poverty. If you don't like it, why don't you flinder away and get rich? That's the way Johndee managed it.

It is said that a man's dog is the truest friend he has. Maybe so, but some dogs show mighty little self-respect in their selection of friends. I have seen dogs trot after men that a decent dog ought to be ashamed of.

Ha, Mister!

Dear Friends:

You know The Fool-Killer has been running away behind schedule time for several months, and it is still more than a month behind, but I have at last gotten things in shape to catch up soon, if nothing happens. Handling the mailing list has been the big job, and sickness and other troubles made it impossible for me to get the work done at the proper time. Hence the issues fell farther and farther behind.

Here at the middle of December I am just now printing and mailing the November issue which should have been in your hands more than a month ago. But listen! I have just employed some expert help in the mailing department which I think will enable me to mail this issue and also the December issue between now and the last day of December. It will be rushing out two issues close together. And then during January I will pitch in and try to get out two more issues—for January and February. That will put me up with the calendar once more, and I will try to stay up.

I thank you, dear friends, for your patience, your good humor, and your unstinted loyalty during these troublesome months. And now let us pick up fresh courage and make a new start toward the goal of a still greater success. The world is still in a stew, but that is all the more reason why The Fool-Killer is needed. Roll up your sleeves, boys, and help me put this gospel gun into every home in America. See club rates on third page.

Yours gosh-awfully,
JAMES L. PEARSON.

Some wooden-headed nut who wanted to be known as an artist but didn't have sense enough to paint pictures has invented a new-fangled something that he calls "Vorticist Art." It reminds me of where a grocery bill has had a collision with a poor man's wages.

Say, Rube, I am surprised at your ignorance. You don't even know how to get the "protection" of your great American government for your "property". Why, that's as easy as getting justice in the courts. Simply sell your old cow and buy a railroad in Mexico or a flock of steamboats to carry munitions to the Allies. Then Uncle Sam will protect your "property." You needn't to think he is going to fool away his time protecting such a little tad of property as you'vegot.

THE HOMELESS FLEA.

Two little fleas sat on a rock,
And one to the other said:
"I have no place to hang my hat,
Since my old dog is dead.

"I've travelled the wide world over,
And farther will I roam;
But the first old dog that shows his face
Will be my Home, Sweet Home."

A SERMON ON PROSPERITY.

Well, honey, your Uncle is still able to preach a few toots now and then. Getting pretty weak living on this Democratic prosperity, but as long as I can shake one ear with both hands I expect to keep on preaching to you folks through The Fool-Killer. So double up your hind leg and sit down on it, and I'll reel you off a few hanks of home-spun talk on the subject of "Prosperity."

What in the thunder is Prosperity, anyhow?

They say Prosperity is spread all over the country seventeen feet and four inches deep, but I have not been able to see much sign of it around my shack yet. Surely Woodpile ain't spearding it on evenly. He is dobbing it on thick as you please around the millionaires, but he lifts his brush and passes over us poor devils without giving us a smell.

They are making a great to-do over the fact that since Woodpile became president, forty-one billion dollars have been added to our national wealth.

What of it?

Have YOU got any of them billions?

How many laboring men do you know who have become millionaires since Woodpile went in?

Then where are them forty-one billion dollars?

You can search me.

Well, then, if we poor devils ain't got any of them billions, what good are they going to do us?

Does it help US any for a few multi-millionaires to pile up still bigger fortunes for themselves?

What day are you looking for them to come around and divide up with you?

Certainly there's more wealth in this country than there was four years ago, but that's nothing for YOU to brag about unless you've got a sore place on your thigh made by toting a heavy pocket-book.

How many of my readers have got that kind of a sore place?

In most cases the sore place is a little higher up, where your belly and back-bone have wounded each other fighting over the fat of your guts.

Now, hang-take it, why don't Judge Hughes and Judge Parker go into cahoots in the law business? A shingle with the firm name "Hughes & Parker" on it in big letters ought to get business from all the defeated candidates, anyhow, and that would be some help.