

The FOOL-KILLER

VOL. I.

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NO. 1.

What I Believe

I believe in a God who knows His business, and a devil who is not as big a fool as some folks.

I believe the Bible is a great deal nearer right than the smart guys who assail and denounce it.

I believe God made the world, but the devil has been running it for a good many years.

I believe the so-called Church of God is so sound asleep that Gabriel will have a hard time waking it.

I believe the belly and the pocket-book call more preachers than God does.

I believe that if every church member had a praying-machine, lots of them would forget to wind it.

I believe, if there isn't a hell, there ought to be.

I believe that cold water, hard work, fresh air and sunshine are the four best medicines known to man.

I believe marriages were originally manufactured in heaven, but since the patent ran out the devil has put lots of substitutes on the market.

I believe the man who isn't as virtuous as he expects his wife to be ought to be hung.

I believe when a girl is kicked out of society and her destroyer sent to Congress, there is something wrong with the "system."

I believe if no liars can go to heaven, then God and George Washington will have it all to themselves.

I believe if all the hypocrites were dead, there wouldn't be enough people left to bury them.

I believe the world likes to knock a man down and stomp his guts out just for the luxury of crying at his funeral.

I believe, to sum it all up, that the world contains more fools and bigger fools to-day than ever before.

I believe, therefore, that THE FOOL-KILLER is needed, and that it will "fill a long-felt want."

I believe you had better subscribe.

No Use To Die

The other day I found in my mail a greasy-looking roll about the size of a corn cob. On looking into it I found a great assortment of mail-order circulars and advertising matter. The wad had been sent me by one of these professional "circular mailers." I get lots of such stuff, and hardly ever read it, but there was one piece of rot in the recent bunch that caught my eye and I have singled it out as a target. It is an advertisement of a book called "Perpetual Life, or Living in the Body Forever." The alleged book is by a guy named Grammar, and the

old fool pretends that he has discovered a great secret the knowledge of which will enable every man and woman to stave off Old Age, give Death the dodge, and hang right on to this present life forever. Yes, bless your soul, if you will divorce yourself from a dollar and get Grammar's book and read it you will be able to make old Methuselah ashamed of himself. When we all get armed with a copy of "Perpetual Life" and get it thoroughly memorized, and get things going according to the new plan, won't we have a glorious old time of it? Just imagine a world full of men three or four thousand years old, with beards long enough to step on, and then think what a poor show a young fellow like Methuselah would have among all those wise old heads. Under the new order a boy will wear his baby dresses until he is a hundred or so. At five hundred he can put on long pants, and when he reaches the thousand mark he can begin to cast sheep's eyes at the blushing maidens of six or eight hundred sweet summers. Yea, verily, that will be the truck!

Shame On 'Em!

The whole fabric of society is honey-combed with corruption and reeking with rottenness. Scandal and scads, rascality and riches, go hand in hand, and they are the only things that can open the gilded doors of society to a man or woman. If you want to stand in with the 400 foolish fops of garrulous Gotham or any other center of snobdom, you have got to be financially sound and morally rotten. Society never enquires how you got your dough or how you lost your decency, so long as your pocket sags heavily and you are willing to go the gaits. Maudlin matrimony, promiscuous paramours and doodlebug divorces constitute the sum of life in swell-dom.

Oh, for a law that would compel these kid-glove kangaroos to get out of their gilded dens and follow a burly Buckeye Binder in the blistering sun! And, oh, for another law that would lift the be-jeweled and be-alimoned female fops out of their sealskin slippers and put them to plying a pair of greasy overalls across the corrugated bosom of a wash-board!

The Chronicles of Cook

1 And it came to pass in the year of the trusts, 1908, that the voice of adventure spake unto Doc Cook, of the province of Brooklyn, saying:

2 Get thee up quickly, O Doc, and make ready a vessel for the Arctic Seas; for behold thou shalt go in search of the North Pole.

3 And it shall come to pass that when thou needest money thou shalt speak unto one Bradley and he shall put up the scads.

4 And when thou hast gotten thy vessel, after this manner shalt thou lay in supplies; yea, all the things herein mentioned shalt thou take on board:

5 Four hundred dogs, fifty dog sleds, two canvas boats, one balloon, a dozen tents, fifty barrels of dried cow-corpse, twenty-five barrels of hog-corpse, a hundred barrels of bread, eight milk cows, twenty stacks of fodder,

6 Three hundred gallons of corn likker, one Keeley Institute, one thousand pounds of bear skins, fifty feather beds,

7 One telescope, one camera, one moving picture machine, one wireless telegraph outfit, one electric light plant, one blacksmith shop, one drug store,

8 One thousand cords of kindling wood, a wagon load of matches, a dozen Winchester rifles, forty pounds of fish-hooks.

9 And when thou hast provided for thy bodily comfort, behold thou shalt also provide for the intellectual enjoyment of thy company. To this end thou shalt take with thee for reading matter the following books: One Webster's Dictionary, one Sanford's Arithmetic, one Barker's Almanac, one copy of "Through Missouri on a Mule."

10 Thou shalt also carry with thee men skilled in nautical observations, that they may keep thy records for thee. And thou shalt carry one hundred reams of foolscap and five gallons of ink.

11 And behold if thou shalt fail to reach the Pole, thou shalt bribe thy men with money and they shall swear that thou didst get there. Thus thou shalt be able to fool the public.

12 And Doc Cook arose straight-

way and did as he was commanded and fitted out the ship with supplies.

13 Then it came to pass that Doc Cook sailed away with his crew into the far North to find the Pole.

14 After many weeks he returned with stories of success, and all the world believed and applauded.

15 But there was one named Peary, a mighty man of the Navy, who believed not, the same having also a claim on the North Pole.

16 Then Peary opened his mouth and taught the people, saying: Behold Cook lieth and I can prove it. He hath never been farther north than Boston.

17 Now the University of Copenhagen, when it had examined Doc Cook's records, agreed with Peary that Doc Cook was a liar and a fraud.

18 And about the same hour Doc Cook thought it was time for him to skiddoo, and so he skiddid, and no man knoweth the place of Doc Cook until this day.

A good deal of the "cream of society" ought to be churned.

Extra Senses

In another column, under the entitlement of "Bridging the River of Death," I have somewhat to say about psychic phenomena, Spiritism, Devilism, and so forth. And just now I see that Tom Edison has shouldered his tool kit and joined the bridge force. Who would have thought it of Tom? The idea of him chasing off after spirits, ghosts and hobgoblins! Speaking of what will take place in the near future, listen to the warble of Tom's prophetic tongue:

"A new force in nature will be discovered, by which things now dubbed "psychic" will be well understood. Mental phenomena will then seem no more wonderful than physical phenomena do now. We have but five senses. If we knew more we would have at least eight."

Yes, my dear Tommy, I feel satisfied that as the devil gets a firmer hold on the world he will be able to make himself seen and felt through extra senses. Man could get along very well with the five senses which God gave him, but the devil wants him to have more, and I guess the devil is able to supply them.