

The Fool-Killer

Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the
Blood-Boils of Society, Church
and State.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

James Larkin Pearson - - - Editor
BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Single Subs 25c
Clubs of five 15c

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TAKE NOTICE

Do not send postage stamps on sub-
scription.

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.

Reduced Rates

Well, folkses, I have decided to
risk my chances on putting The Fool-
Killer back to its old price. Print
paper is still costing me twice as
much as it did before the war; but
the general trend of prices is down-
ward, and I want to give my readers
the benefit of all possible reduction,
because I know times are hard and
money scarce.

So please tell everybody you see
and send word to the rest that they
can now get The Fool-Killer again at
the old price—25 cents for a single
subscription, or 15 cents each in clubs
of five or more at one time.

Now please rush in the subs like
you did in the old days, and I'll do
my level best to keep 'em awake.

Gimme a Birthday Present.

Wait a minute! Doggon it, an idea
has just struck me—kerbim!—right
between the lookers. I am going to
ask you folks to give me a big "Sub-
scription Shower" for a Birthday
Present. I will be 42 years old one of
these days purty soon. Reckon I bet-
ter not tell you the exact day, 'cause
I want you to shoot clubs at me every
day so as to be sure and hit the right
one. Let's have a whole month of it.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON
Boomer, N. C.

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This little book of poems was writ-
ten by the wife of James Larkin
Pearson, editor of The Fool-Killer.
The book contains about 20 poems, a
few written in the author's girlhood
days, but most of them in later life.
It is neatly printed, and has a pic-
ture of the author. I will send you
one postpaid for 25 cents, and I will
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Pearson," giving a complete history
of The Fool-Killer and its editor.
This history booklet will be of spec-
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right now. Address:

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PARAGRAPHS:

We are getting back to Grover
in a trot.

The Dummycats are having
their laugh now.

It seems that we now have just
a piece of a peace with Germany.

After this it will take a mighty
nervy Republican to say anything
about old Grover.

When a No. 2 brain is hitched
up to a No. 12 mouth, it does get
awful tiresome.

A violent case of peace has
broken out between the United
States and Germany.

Delaware has lost a sorry Sena-
tor, and the powder trust has
gained a still sorrier one.

Big words are what the politi-
cians use to conceal their little
thoughts.

The main trouble with orthodox
doctrine is that the D. D.'s have
"doctored" it too much.

The "peace resolution" has
brought peace just about like
hanging up a dead snake would
bring rain.

The preachers talk about the
judgment day that is to come.
Poor fools! They do not know
it has already come.

The Upper Silesian question
was decided at the polls, but the
Poles were not satisfied with the
decision.

If you believe this kind of plain
talk is needed, suppose you show
this paper around among your
neighbors and get up a club.

If Dempsey's "mailed fist"
had been delivered by Burleson's
mail system, the Frenchman
would have got off easy.

Do you remember all them
glorious campaign promises? Huh?
Well, what in the thunder has
become of them?

The Hardtimes administration is
even worse than old Grover's time.
Grover did establish soup-houses
to feed the starving, and Hard-
times has not even done that.

Every day that passes makes
me more and more certain that I
am on the right track; because the
things I have been predicting are
coming to pass right along. When
a thing PROVES itself to be true,
then it must be true, isn't it?

Preserving the pen with which
President Hardtimes signed the
peace resolution is sorter like pre-
serving the nail that you tore your
britches over.

There will soon be as many ex-
Republicans in this country as
there were ex-Dummycats last
November. And then I wonder
what they will turn to next?

They have put off the disarm-
ament conference till next winter,
so as to give them time to start
another big war between now
and then.

I heard a rich Republican say
the other day that he had lost
\$4,000 since this Hardtimes pros-
perity set in. Well, he is getting
just what he voted for. And I
hope he will get his belly full of
it while it is going.

Senator du Pont! That shore
does sound like peace! When all
the big munition manufacturers
and war profiteers get into their
bought seats in the Senate, then
of course they will turn in and
kill the business that has made
them rich. Like the very devil
they will!

"Senator" Newberry! And
then "Senator" du Pont! Both
good Republicans. Both multi-
millionaires and war-profteers.
Both occupying bought seats in
the U. S. Senate. Both fit only
for the penitentiary. If that
ain't a Senatorial team to be
proud of, I'll be hornswoogled!

This-here "peace by resolution"
seems to be sorter like the dog
that crawled into a joint of stove-
pipe. His fore legs were in front
of the pipe and his hind legs be-
hind it, and in that fix he ran
around all day trying to run out
of the stovepipe, but carrying it
along with him all the time.

Even the mention of a "soldier
bonus" is a flat admission that the
government didn't give the soldier
boys a square deal during the
war. If it did, why is its old
conscience hurting it now? How
does it happen that nothing has
been said about giving a "bonus"
to the munition manufacturers?

This-here Southern Democracy
does beat the very dickens for
economy. After all of its high tax
assessments, still it has managed
to bust the state of North Caro-
lina as wide open as a boot-jack,
and now has to call a special ses-
sion of the legislature to issue
more bonds that nobody will buy.

Don't tell me there is nothing
in a name. H-a-r-d spells "hard."

One good thing about it—this
is making the big uns feel the
pinch as well as the little uns.

About the only business that
shows any signs of life is the
automobile business. Well, may-
be we can ride, anyway, as long
as we can buy some of Johndee's
gas.

Lift up your noses and smell,
for verily our prosperity hath
mortified, and there is a great
stink in the land.

The devil is doing his very most
devilish worst these days, because
he knows that his little ball of
yarn will soon be wound up.

Ask your neighbor what he
knows about the Great Pyramid,
and you will be surprised at the
amount of ignorance a man's
head can hold.

Be sure to read all about the
Reduced Club Rates in the first
column of this page. The price of
paper is not down to where it
ought to be, but it is getting down
some, and I thought perhaps I
could stand it to put The Fool-
Killer back to its old price.

I am still offering that \$1,000
reward to any person who can
show me the words, "immortal
soul" or "never-dying soul" in
the Bible. Come ahead, folks.

Don't you suppose God would
be awful proud of a gang of hell-
scared people in heaven? Why,
goodness sakes alive, such a gang
would look just like a flock of
spring chickens hid in a straw-
stack to keep a hawk from
catching 'em. Somehow it seems
to me that God would rather have
people who just WANT to go to
His place because they LIKE
Him, and not because they are
SCARED into it.

Not one preacher in a thousand
knows anything about the time
parallels in the Bible. And they
don't have any comprehension of
the type and antitype system that
runs through it. If people would
only lay aside their prejudice long
enough to get a glimpse of these
PROOFS of the truth! But the
majority of people, including the
preachers, ain't got sense enough.

Say, you big proud, fashion-
able, stuck-up, scornful, exclusive
humbug of a Christian—don't you
know that God never chooses any
such cattle as you to do His work?
God chooses the seemingly weak
and foolish things to confound the
strong and wise. Some of the peo-
ple that you scorn today will soon be
hiring you to black their boots.