

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In Clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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

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THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, . . . 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-leventh 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, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who 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 one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

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

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

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 will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise 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.

IDIOTORIALS

"Maneuver" is the word.

Tom Watson thinks Booker was drunk.

A woman is as old as she looks before breakfast.

Truth is mighty—that is, it's mighty doggon scarce these days.

Maybe Hitchcock had better put a tax on newspaper scareheads.

The more worthless a man is, the more fish he can catch.

All nations go armed—but they won't let their citizens do it.

Champ Clark is now Editor-in-Chief of the Congressional Record.

The new Democratic Congress is on the fence, and the fence is afire.

Music uplifts me, but I drop back again as soon as the music is over.

Every day thousands of people exclaim, "I can't stand it!" But they do.

If I were a woman, I don't believe I ever saw a man that I'd marry.

A man can feel in his pocket any time and bring out a little ball of fuzz.

It takes money to grease this machine. Can't you grease it a little?

If the women had plenty of money, how well they could get along without men!

I recently saw a list of things that people should not do. I do every one of them.

A hookworm passed my office going north yesterday. It must be that Spring has arriv.

Helen Pink has succeeded Alice Blue, but Hetty Green is still on the job.

Every town has a few men who take pleasure in running after other men's—hats when they blow off.

It is better for a fellow to have one sweetheart and get her than to have a dozen or so and not land any of them.

Senator Buffalo Bill! I hate like the mischief to see Bill falling into such bad habits in his old age.

For every man who gets without earning, some other man has got to earn without getting. You can't rub that out.

If all that Sweet William Lorimer said in his own defense was true, there ain't no dickens if he oughtn't to have been a preacher.

A western preacher pokes up his head and wants to know if a gentleman will tell a lie for a dime. I wonder if that's all he charges?

Half an inch, half an inch,
Half an inch onward,
Hampered by hobbleskirts,
Hopped the "Four Hundred."

What has become of the Republican papers that used to refer to Grover Cleveland as "Old Fatty"? Now that they've got an "Old Fatty" of their own it ain't so funny.

A SERMON ON CARD PLAYING.

Jeeminy crickets! Maybe you thought I wouldn't jump a-straddle of society's pet sin and ride it a-bug-huntin'. Well, you'll see. During my thirty years of knocking about here in this old sinful world I have been an unwilling eye-witness to a good many kinds of club-footed cussedness; but my peepers have never penetrated into the hiding place of a more useless and senseless and devil-inspired business than this infernal card-playing habit.

When I see a gang of boozy-breathed bummers gathered around an old dirty table or goods-box; when I see the cigar and cigarette smoke curling above their heads like an old woman burning a plant-bed, and strong enough to stifle a polecat, I can always guess what they are doing. They have got a bunch of old greasy pasteboards that look like they had been used for shipping-tags to send a nigger baby's laundry to hell and back. It's a sight to see them double up over those old nasty cards and smoke and cuss and play. One feller grabs up the bunch and flips off little bunches to the other fellers. Then they all pick up their bunches and look at them and say "Dam" and throw them down again. They keep that up for hours and hours, and it seems to be awful interesting. But the only effect such a performance ever had on me was to fill me with an unspeakable disgust and a profound pity for such a set of infernal fools. I would hate to be that hard pushed for enjoyment, and I would hate to be so low down that I could get enjoyment out of that kind of a game. I would rather be a hound pup and spin around like a pair of winding-blades trying to catch my own tail. I would rather stand out in the sunshine all day and admire my shadow. For real enjoyment I would rather spend my time sticking my finger in a tub of water and pulling it out and looking for the hole. I would rather do most any fool thing you could mention than to be a poor, miserable, low down, besotted, devil-possessed and God-forsaken card player.

When a card player starts into the business, he usually plays "just for fun"—although where the fun comes in at is a nut that I can't crack. But of course the old devil has got some kind of an attraction hidden among those old greasy cards, and when he gets a fellow started to "playing for fun" he soon has the poor fool graduated into the betting and gambling class, where fortunes come and go with the flip of a card and where guns and butcher-knives abound.

Old Satan is the champion card player of the universe, and he always holds a full hand. He has introduced into society and the church a number of new and "respectable" card games. They have high-sounding names and look so innocent that high-toned society just falls over itself to give them a hearty welcome. The new-fashioned "mammars" of good old Israel just can't manage to raise money for the heathen any more without a card party or a gambling game at the church, and the daughters of Zion prance around among the devil's old stud-horses till they tear all the lace off of their new Sunday petticoats. Starting with the lessons learned at the church social, it is an easy matter

for the young bucks to get them a deck of the "old reliable" and go on to the limit, perhaps winding up with a hemp neck-tie or a zebra suit.

When it comes to playing cards, I don't know "seven up" from thirteen down in the cellar, and if a man should offer to learn me I'd knock him down and stomp him.

CONSISTENCY, THY NAME IS MUD.

Here is a world.

People in it.

Smart people.

Great armies.

Great navies.

Millions spent on these armies and navies every year, and their only object is to kill folks.

People say it's right and necessary that folks should be killed that way.

Just a pleasant pastime that the nations have.

And the people like it.

Jolly good fun, they say.

So they prepare for the music.

It comes.

War—people mangled and slain.

That's what they wanted.

But when the machinery of war gets to working right good, and everybody ought to be perfectly happy—what happens?

Why, bless your soul, they begin to yell for the Florence Nightingales and the Clara Bartons to come with their soft hands and their ointments and tie up the wounded limbs and bathe the fevered brows.

Wanted the men killed.

Sent them to war for that purpose.

But when there was a good prospect of getting it done, wanted them nursed back to life again.

So as to have them shot to death some more, and then nursed back to life some more.

Using the poor fellows for foot-balls and kicking them back and forth between life and death.

If it's a soldier's business to die, why don't they let him do it?

And if they don't want him to die, what do they send him to war for?

The army officers and the hospital nurses work directly against each other—one trying to kill men and the other trying to keep them alive. And yet the same set of fools are behind both enterprises and just working against themselves as hard as they can.

I can admire the army hospital nurse—the gentle hand that brings relief and comfort to the wounded and suffering.

But when it comes to admiring the business and the men that make the army hospitals necessary, my admiring machine gets out of fix. My eyesight isn't fine enough to see the consistency or the business sense in running two trades that offset or cancel each other.

Yes, poor old Consistency, you have done been counted out of the affairs of this world. Your name is Mud.

Roastology, bollology, stitchology, darnology, patchology, and general domesticology, are some of the sciences that every girl ought to graduate in.

A harem breeches woman met an automobile in the road, and the poor old machine jumped astraddle of a barbed wire fence and spewed gasoline and chain links for two hours.