

TWO OF US TALK SOME.

Zelma, Oklahoma,  
May 10, 1911.

Editor Fool-Killer,  
Moravian Falls, N. C.

Dear Sir:  
I am in receipt of your samples, and as I promised am sending you a bunch of subs. I like some of your articles fine, but some, like the one on Dick Maple; I think are uncalled for. I like the majority of Dick Maple's articles fine, like some of yours, but I don't agree with him altogether on his religious views. However, he has some mighty good articles on Religion, for instance, "An All-Wise God" about two years ago, and also on "The Messina Disaster." I, like Maple, do not believe God would willfully murder a whole city of good, bad and indifferent people, thousands of babies and innocent children, just for the sake of getting a good sized bunch that actually needed killing.

Dick gets some pretty good proof for his arguments, and again, if the Bible was written by inspiration of God, (and I have no doubt it was), who knows how many changes were made by the King James Revision? And who was King James and his crowd? I understand that some of the bunch were murderers, and should not we have some doubt about a thing that murderers' hands have stained?

I know there are lots of people who criticize Dick's scriptural views, but nevertheless he is making lots of good Socialists, and the Rip-Saw throws broadside after broadside into this system of hell on earth, and that is what we want. Dick has a field of his own; you just let him be. You have a field of your own, and if you preach for the social revolution I will support The Fool-Killer, also the Rip-Saw, The Appeal, The Christian Socialist, and many other papers. However, if you go on fighting different editors of Socialist papers I will drop you. But I hope you will plead for better conditions and hit all the robber barons.

Darwin had a right to express his opinions; so did Paul; so did Jesus; so did Joe Smith; so did Ingersoll; and so do you and I. We all have a right to our own opinion.

However, I will shake your paw and send you five subs, all non-Socialists but myself. So here goes for the overthrow of Capitalism and the establishment of Christ's principles on earth.

Yours comradely,  
CHAS. M. EVANS.

Bully for you, comrade! Doggon if I ain't struck on you. Perhaps you didn't write the above letter for publication, but I hope your Socialistic generosity will excuse me for passing it on to my readers.

It seems that we both agree and disagree as to Dick Maple's theological views. You don't believe his atheistic twaddle a bit more than I do, but you are willing to let him put five drops of good Socialism into a glass full of bad Infidelity and pour it down you. In other words, if your grocer offered to sell you one good ham of meat on condition that you would buy half-a-dozen rotten hams, you would hold your nose and call it a bargain. I like a liberal-minded man, but you please me a little too well.

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THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

I want to say now, in just as few words as possible, that I am not fighting Dick Maple because he is a Socialist. In fact, I could rather like him for that if his other bad habits didn't turn my stomach so. I enjoy reading those "broad-sides" against plutocracy and capitalism as much as you do, and find myself inwardly saying amen to every one of them. I realize that the devil and the money power are carrying things with a high hand in this country, and that there has got to be a shaking up of the dry bones pretty soon. When I look out over the world and see the awful crimes that are committed in the name of business and politics, it makes my blood fairly boil. The old political parties are getting more corrupt every day, and there is no hope of better conditions until they are either reformed or kicked out. And a man must be a blind partizan fool if he can't see it.

Looking at these things as I do, I cannot help having a warm place in my heart for the Socialists. But that is no reason in the world why I must swallow Dick Maple's infidelity. You say Dick is making lots of good Socialists. No doubt he is making a few converts among the worldly and ungodly classes—the "free-thinkers" and those who consider it "smart" to deny the God who made them. But for every "comrade" of that stripe that Dick adds to the ranks, he scares away dozens of good Christian people who might become "comrades" except for his wild-eyed thunderings against all that they hold most dear. I tell you, Comrade Evans, your Socialist party is cutting its own throat every time it allows a bat-blind atheist or infidel to rise up in the councils of the party and begin to preach his own devilish doctrines under the guise of Socialism. Good people are afraid of such stuff, and well they may be. People very naturally get the idea that Socialism is a hot-bed of infidelity and other dangerous teachings, and they shun it as they would a rattlesnake. Whereas, if these bad features were eliminated, and the people knew it was so, many would be attracted to your movement by the features that certainly do look good.

You go on to speak about the establishment of Christ's principles on earth. Bull's foot! How in the blessed goodness do you expect to establish the principles of Christ by trotting at the heels of an old sin-hardened son-of-a-gun who denies the very existence of Christ and the truth of his glorious mission? Why, the very thought is ridiculous in the extreme.

Whenever you can show me a Socialist party that really stands for the principles of Christ—a Socialist party

that is consistently Christ-like in precept and example—then you can talk to me about being a Socialist. But so long as your leaders preach Christ with one breath and deny him with the next—so long as they wink at God with one eye and at the devil with the other—just so long will I refuse to mix up with any such a mess.

### ON THE DEVIL'S TRACK.

There is a tale to the effect that old man Satan was once a white-winged angel in heaven, and because of some misconduct he was kicked out.

I never took much stock in that yarn until a few days ago, when my winkers wandered onto a newspaper story that puts a clincher on it for sure.

They have discovered the ispotical dent—no, I mean the identical spot—where the devil hit the earth when he fell. The story goes that near Taxahaw, South Carolina, there is an awful deep lake, and near the lake is a great flat rock, the surface of which covers forty acres. Several huge tracks have been discovered on that big rock. They are said to be just like human footprints, except they are big enough to bury a cow in. The old folks are quite positive that when the devil was kicked out of heaven he struck the earth where the deep lake is and walked away over the big rock, leaving those terrible tracks as a Sunday School lesson for the unborn generations.

I don't know how big the devil is, nor what number of shoe he wears, but if his physical size is anything to compare with the devilment he can do, it's a wonder he didn't knock old South Carolina plumb off the map.

His tracks on the rock are said to be about three hundred yards apart, alternating right and left, and that gives us an idea how long his legs are. A devil that can cover three hundred yards at one step and then sink up half leg deep in a solid rock is some devil, and don't you forget it.

I am glad they have got on the devil's track at last. It must be a rather cold trail, but maybe it will be some help to the preachers in their efforts to run the old fellow into a hollow log and twist him out.

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Read "Shop-Talk."

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