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JIM AND JOHN INTO IT

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Commerce Ga. R 3

Mr James Larkin Person Sir yore last issue shure was fine and funny I red every line before I laid it down I like yore talk on the Mileneal I thank the tru church Will Show up When that day comes its here to Day I thank but not reconised Don't you thank it is Say I red yore & Mr W B Screws talk about the soul living after the bodey is ded yore explanation looks good but still at the same time I cant help but believe that a man knows something after he Dies .but Willing to come right of I am rong to be good and satisfied about this mater I want to ask you two or three things you will find this in first Samuel 28th chapter and 7 verse Jim doo you thank that Was Just a Vision or Was it not real We no Samuel Was ded but yet talked to Saul and told him what wood become of him the next day and it was so Just like he had sed

And When Christ was hanging on the cross he told the thief he would be with him in Paradise St Luke 13th chap & 43 verse then we will read on over in first peter and the 3 chap and 19 verse Peter is telling of Christ being where he had told the thief he could be with him preaching to them folks that got Drowned in the flood

Jim doo you thank them folks new eney thang about christ preaching to them, or not Doo you reckon he dun them eny good and them ded I cant help but thank the Way it reads that he was offering them a chance to have eternal life after they had got drowned and it seems to me like of them folks Was good and ded his preaching Woodent of dun them eny good What doo you thank about this thang myself and I thank you as so I want you to just take good time and explain to me yore views on those scriptures I ma miss understand them so I will close giving my best wishes to you

JOHN HOLLOWAY,
Commerce Ga

Well, John, I am very glad to get your letter, and I hope you will pardon me for printing it just exactly as you wrote it, spelling, punctuation and all. I suppose you wrote the letter just as you wanted it and I didn't feel at liberty to change anything. If it shows you up as rather uneducated and misinformed I can't help that.

But you seem to be a good honest, well-meaning man and I am going to treat you just as nice as possible.

Now let's see about that witch tale. Read that whole 28th chapter of First Samuel and you will see that the incident you refer to is nothing more nor less than a modern Spiritualistic seance. Do you believe in modern Spiritualism? Most orthodox people these days oppose Spiritualism, but I can't understand why they should, for Spiritualism comes right along and claims to prove the orthodox contention that the soul is immortal and cannot die. If people are alive after they are dead, as you say, and if that really was the Prophet Samuel that appeared unto Saul, then you just as well swallow modern Spiritualism, body, boots and baggage. For there is no difference.

Now to show you that it certainly was just a piece of the devil's witchcraft and that it was NOT really the prophet Samuel that appeared and talked to Saul, let me call your attention to a few things. The 3rd verse says that Samuel was DEAD, and that all Israel had lamented him and buried him in Ramah. Why did they lament over him, and why did they bury him, if he was still alive? And the same 3rd verse says that Saul had put away those that

had familiar spirits, and the wizards, out of the land. You can examine all through the Bible and you will see that people having "familiar spirits" are spoken against, and that means the same thing as what we now call "mediums." It refers to such as claim to be on "familiar" terms with the dead and can call them up and let you talk to them. Saul was not a good man, but it seems that he had at one time taken a stand against the "spiritualist" humbug. But Saul was like lots of other people who make a good start and then get scared and turn back from it. It says that when Saul saw the host of the Philistines he was afraid, and his heart greatly trembled. Then Saul inquired of the Lord, and the Lord did not answer him. Of course the reason the Lord didn't answer was because Saul's heart wasn't right and he didn't ask in the proper way.

Then Saul said to himself: "Well, if God won't answer me I'll go back and hunt up one of them 'witches' or 'spirit mediums' that I drove off and maybe they can tell me what to do."

Then said Saul unto his servants, Seek me a woman that hath a familiar spirit, that I may go to her, and inquire of her. And his servants said to him, Behold, there is a woman that hath a familiar spirit at Endor. And Saul disguised himself, and put on other raiment, and he went, and two men with him, and they came to the woman by night.—1st Samuel 28:7-8.

Look at all that disguising and sneaking and slipping around in the dark. Just precisely like the devil's work is always carried on.

Well, then Saul told the old Witch to call up Samuel. And the old witch peeped into a dark closet and went through some fool motions and told Saul that she saw an old man coming up out of the earth with a mantle around him, and Saul perceived that it was Samuel.

Notice carefully that the old man came up out of the earth. Well, I thought you said Samuel's immortal soul was up in heaven, and if so it looks like he would have come DOWN instead of up out of the earth.

And Samuel said to Saul, Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up?

There the "spook" that was talking to Saul admitted that it came UP and not DOWN. The general understanding is that the devil's place of business is down below, and so when you see a "spirit" come up from below you can mighty easy guess where it comes from and what kind of a spirit it is.

Of course Saul seemed to think that it was really Samuel talking to him, but the general reputation that the Bible gives to "familiar spirits" and their work is convincing proof that it was the devil impersonating Samuel, just exactly like he impersonates dead people in the "seances" of modern Spiritualism. If you think the devil is a fool you have got another guess coming. The old rascal knows just lots of tricks to catch people with, and that is one of them. He is a spirit being and he can take any shape or form he wants to, and he knows just how to talk to fit every occasion. He can even tell the truth occasionally if that will serve his purpose better.

Samuel was a prophet of God, but Saul admits in two places that God would not answer him by the prophets. Now if it had been God's will for the true personality of Samuel to appear to Saul and tell him what would happen, that would have been God answering by a prophet, and God would have had no right to be displeased with Saul on account of it. But I am going to show you that God considered it

a transgression against Himself, and that was the very thing that Saul had to die for—because he consulted that old witch. Here is the proof:

So Saul died for his transgressions which he had committed against the Lord, even against the word of the Lord, which he kept not, AND ALSO FOR ASKING COUNSEL OF ONE THAT HAD A FAMILIAR SPIRIT, TO INQUIRE OF IT.—First Chronicles 10:13.

That ought to settle your hash on that question. Of course it was not Samuel that appeared and talked to Saul. It was the very same old devil that appears at the Spiritualist shindigs of today.

The Bible often denounces "familiar spirit" but never says anything good about them. Like this, for instance:

Regard not them that have familiar spirits, neither seek after wizards, to be defiled by them.—Leviticus 19:31.

And when they shall say unto you, Seek unto them that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep, and that mutter: should not a people seek unto their God? Isaiah 8:19.

Now, John, don't you ever be fool enough to get caught in THAT trap any more.

Now the thief on the cross next. You think Christ meant that he was going back to heaven to his Father that very day, and that he was going to take the repentant thief with him. Then why did he tell the women at the tomb three days later that he had not YET ascended to his Father? You seem to be sorter mixed on it, anyhow, and part of the time you seem to be arguing that Christ went to hell and preached to the folks that got drowned in the flood. Mercy on us, is hell and Paradise all the same, and is that where Christ took the thief to?

You seem to believe that the immortal souls of the Antedeluvians were in a burning hell suffering conscious torment, and you say you can't help but think that Jesus went to that hell and preached to those people and offered them a chance to get eternal life even after they were dead. What? The very idea of offering an immortal being a chance to GET immortality! If they had an endless, undying life already there would certainly be no chance to add anything to it. It would be like trying to fill up a hole that was already full. Don't you see how you contradict yourself at every turn? Suppose I come into your home and say, "Here, John, I am going to give you this home." You would say, "Why, Jim, are you crazy? This is already my home. What are you talking about?" And for Christ to offer immortality to people who already had it would be just as unreasonable as that.

And, worse than ever, your line of reasoning would inevitably lead to a sure-enough "second chance"—just as straight as an old yaller-hammer going to his dead tree. If the flood victims were offered a second chance, everybody else must have a second chance, too, or else God will be using partiality. Goodness knows, I think the flood victims had one pretty good chance, if anybody ever did. Noah preached to them for a hundred and twenty years, and if that wasn't a fair chance—if Jesus thought it necessary to call on them in their brimstone quarters and preach to them some more—then what are you going to do about the countless millions who have died without ever hearing any preaching at all? Why don't somebody go into THEIR section of hell and hold a camp-meeting?

The plain truth about it, John, is that you have listened to the Babylon preachers with their "immortal soul" and "eter-

nal torment" racket until they have got you all bewildered and confused. You will have to unlearn all that stuff and go right back to the beginning and take a new start, and then you will be in position to understand the TRUE interpretation of things.

The Preachers of Babylon

Well, my dear sheep, I am going to preach you a sermon about the Preachers of Babylon this time. Please understand that I am not courting the smiles nor tearing the frowns of the preachers nor anybody else. Let me tell the plain unvarnished truth about things, and then it don't make much difference to me what anybody says about it.

There is a great cry being raised in the churches these days about the shortage of preachers. They bemoan the fact that the young men of the country are not turning toward the preaching job. It seems awful to some folks that the supply of preachers is running short, with no more material in sight to fill up the vacancies. And it seems still more awful to some folks that many who have been in the "sky-pilot" business are quitting it and taking up other jobs.

This is happening every day, and there must be a reason for it.

The main reason, my dear sheep, is this:

The old rotten, corrupt, lying, hypocritical Laodicean church has about run its course, and the time has come for it to quit. The whole tottering structure of ecclesiastical Babylon is soon going to fall with a great crash. The more intelligent of the preachers are realizing this fact, and they are trying to get from under before the crash comes. And who blames them?

And who could blame the young men for not entering an old trap that was doomed to fall into ruins most any day? What young man of common sense would want to be caught in such a trap?

Every old sway-backed, hip-shotten denomination you can find is just rupturing its rotten innards yelling for MONEY, MONEY, MONEY! Everything else has been forgotten in the mad scramble for the Big Pile of Dollars.

And do you know what so much money is wanted for just at this time? How comes it that every one of the Babylon creeds have gotten in such sore need of money all at the same time?

Listen: They realize that their structures are tottering, and they hope to prop them up with money and thus prevent the threatened collapse.

But it can't be done. Babylon is doomed to fall. Her time has come, and all the money on earth can't save her.

The true followers of Christ are warned to "Come out of her, My people." And at the present rate all the true followers will soon be out. And the blind and ignorant ones who refuse to heed the prophet's warning will get their soap-grease terribly smeared when Babylon falls.

That's why the supply of preacher-timber is running short, and it ain't any wonder to me. Babylon had just as well put a new coat of ecclesiastical paint on her old crop of preachers and try to make them do five or six years longer. Then she will not need preachers nor money either any more.

A SERMON ON BOOGERS

It seems that Dr. Arthur Conan Doyle, the inventor of Sherlock Holmes, has lately turned out to be a terrible ranting, rip-snorting, red-eyed, ring-tailed advocate of Spiritualism. I have before me some newspaper clippings in which is given about three smelly worth of Doctor Doyle's spooky splutterings, and I have never seen such capers cut since the old cow had the roller-horn.

This Mister Honorable Sir Doctor Doyle has recently writ a book called "The New Revelation," in which he tells about his conversion to spookism and gives a whole string of instances where "mediums" have called up dead people at so much per call and allowed them to ask their living friends for a chaw of ter-backer.

A London dispatch to the Greensboro News says that mothers, fathers, wives, and other relatives of the dead wrote to Doyle for advice, and his answer was:

"Here is the medium; it will cost you half a guinea; it may be worth your while to come, and you may get something; if you do, let me know."

And the report goes on to say that the "medium" was pretty successful in calling up the spooks at first, but after awhile she got sorter over-worked and didn't do so well. Or it might have been the spooks had developed a case of the studs and refused to answer. Anyway, one day's spook-hunting resulted in 36 successes and 44 failures.

Now they tell us that the spook-hunting is a divine business—that God's hand is in it and God's power back of it, and yet they acknowledge to more than 50 per cent of failures. Now is anybody fool enough to believe that God makes failures? If God wanted the spirits of the dead to appear and talk with the living, do you think that God would have to run the spirits through an old sin-soaked "medium" hid in a dark room, and even then fall down on the job more than half the time? That would be a mighty unreliable sort of a God if he couldn't do any better than that. The idea that God or God's agencies would get tired or over-worked and have to throw up the job! That does not sound a bit like the work of an All-Powerful Being to me.

And the mediums have to be PAID. Oh, yes! There is where the green flies have blowed the thing. They are out for the money, and their motto, is, "No money, no spooks."

But what can the spirits tell about the place where they are now located? Just listen to the crazy nonsense:

"They said their world was very much like the world we are now in. It was so like it that many people could not be persuaded that they were dead. They said it was a very beautiful habitation, and their present life was exalted, beautified and busy life. They talked about artistic, literary, dramatic and musical faculties. About God they knew no more than we did. When they talked about Christ they talked with great reverence and with some knowledge. They looked upon Christ as the highest spirit with which they were brought in contact."

Geewhilkkins!

If that ain't the limit! The spirit world is so much like this world that many dead people cannot be convinced that they are dead.

I reckon not.

You can't convince a dead hoss that he is dead, either.

A busy life—I should say! And literature, music and drama—I just want you to hush, as Tom Watts says.

But they don't know anything about God. They have heard some rumor about there being a Christ, but they don't know much about him, either.

If all this spook business is from God, and carried on with His approval, it seems mighty strange to me that they would know so much about everything else and not know anything at all about God. Just that feature of it alone is enough to show that

the whole business is the work of the devil.

I don't deny that messages are received through the Spiritualist "mediums," but I do deny that the messages come from dead people.

Old Satan is acquainted with the private affairs of every person who lives and dies, and he is able to impersonate anybody he wants to.

On top of all the evidence that Dr. Doyle has seen himself, he has been told by men of "honor and repute" that THEY once saw a man float out of a window and into another window at a height of seventy feet from the ground. They saw it with their own feet and heard it with their own elbows.

What in the name of Buster Brown's mammy-in-law has that got to do with it? I once saw a man take a full-sized bed-matress, three trunk-fulls of wearing clothes and seven bushels of playing cards out of a common play hat. I saw that with my own mouth, but I never did believe it.

About two hundred years ago, up around Salem, Massachusetts, men of "honor and repute"—men of intellect and education—were testifying in open court that they had seen old women riding through the air on broomsticks.

And they actually believed it. But now we have the Keely Institute and the insane asylum for people who see things like that.

SPEAKING OF "FURINERS"

All this-here fuss about the "ignorant foreign element" in the American labor movement does not tally very well with that other flood of sob-stuff about our duty to the foreign nations, and how we must join the League and lend a helping hand to the nations across the sea.

If the foreign nations are so cussed mean and dangerous that we can't even endure a few of their numbers on our own shores, why must we be so dog-gon solicitous of their welfare over there?

On the other hand, if the foreign nations are such sweet-smelling honeysuckles that we must just fall heels over head in love with them and tie ourselves to them with a league of nations and promise to fight all their future wars for them—I want to know why in the blue blazes we can't endure them when they come here?

Here's the reason, if you want to know. It is only the working-class foreigners that we hate.

If a king or a prince or some other gold-braided son-of-a-gun from Europe takes a notion to bring his pet mustache and come a-visiting, we just bow and scrape and make forty-nine kinds of dressed-up monkeys of ourselves trying to do him honor.

That's because he belongs to the plute class and can dress fine and splurge with the rest of the snobs.

But if one of his ignorant, down-trodden subjects comes over here trying to find some way of escape from slavery, he finds himself just as much of a slave here as over there, and he hears himself spoken of contemptuously as "foreign scum."

Now I never was much of a fool over "furriners," but I would like to see a little consistency used as we go along. If any of the "furriners" are good enough for us to hob-nob with and sacrifice our liberties for, I think it ought to be those who need help the worst.

And if we can't afford to be civil to the foreigners that come within our own gates, I don't see any use of cutting such a shine about going across the seas to help them.

The world may not get its heart broke, but it looks now like it might get its infernal gall-bag busted.

If one vote is as powerful as six, why in the Thomas W. Thunder ain't England satisfied with one?

If labor is now doing wrong in demanding just enough to exist on, what can be said of capital, which has always demanded a great surplus.