

# The Fool-Killer

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## THE HELL QUESTION

There is no such place as hell,  
No ever-burning lake of fire,  
Where hoofed and horned devils dwell,  
And tortured souls cannot expire.

The God that made us out of clay  
And gave to us our human breath,  
Has said, as plain as words can say,  
That sin's sure penalty is death.

If death is what a man must pay  
For leading here a life of sin,  
Will God then trade some other way?  
Where does the endless hell come  
in?

Eternal death is bad enough;  
Eternal torment would be worse.  
Where do men get that silly stuff  
That they have added to the curse?

If death is life, then bad is good,  
And black is white, and cold is hot.  
How then can words be understood?  
And how much meaning have they  
got?

When God declared that saints should  
be

Alive while sinners should be dead,  
I'm fool enough to think that He  
Meant just exactly what He said.  
—James Larkin Pearson.

## GUESS WHO.

You couldn't guess in a month  
of Sundays who is the author of  
the following quotation:

"If there is one thing we love  
more than another in the United  
States it is that every man  
should have the privilege unmo-  
lested to utter the convictions  
of his mind."

Who did you say?

Wrong!

Guess again!

Gene Debs?

No-sir-ee!

Oh, you couldn't guess it in a  
thousand years. The man who  
daddied that beautiful American  
sentiment is a well-known mon-  
arch by the name of Woodrow  
Wilson—the very same Woodrow  
please yer onner, who is keeping  
Gene Debs in prison for daring  
"to utter the convictions of his  
mind."

Now if that ain't consistency  
with a vengeance, I just want  
you to hush, as Tom Watts says.  
How can the brazen-faced hypo-  
crites expect anybody to have  
confidence in them, when they  
talk like a saint and act like a  
devil all in the same breath?

If the troubles that have come  
to The Fool-Killer had befallen  
any other paper in the world it  
would have been dead, buried and  
forgotten a long time ago. But  
The Fool-Killer is made out of  
"sterner stuff," as Postle Paul  
says. No matter what happens,  
it just grits its teeth and lives  
right on.

## ADAM SMITH, EVE SMITH, AND OLD MAN SATAN BROWN.

I am a millionaire for a little  
while. I own a thousand acres  
of the finest level and fertile land  
in the State. I lay me out a  
beautiful estate—spend enough  
money on it to make a veritable  
paradise for beauty. I have or-  
chards and flowers and fruits  
and everything lovely to the eye.  
A little sparkling stream of pure  
water runs through it. In fact,  
nothing has been omitted that  
money can do to make it beauti-  
ful.

Then when I get my beautiful  
estate to the point of perfection,  
I look around over the country  
and pick out a man and woman  
to live there and keep it up for  
me. The people I happen to  
select are named Adam Smith  
and his wife, Eve Smith.

I establish Mr. and Mrs. Smith  
in my paradise and give them  
orders to take care of it and keep  
everything in perfect shape. I  
promise them a permanent  
home there as long as they live,  
and they shall have plenty of  
everything they need to make  
them happy.

Among other things, I have a  
great many colonies of honey  
bees, and I tell the Smiths to be  
careful about the bees. I warn  
them not to kick over the gums  
nor poke their heads into them.  
And not try to steal out any of  
the honey to eat. Make free with  
everything else, but let the bees  
alone. Those are my orders to  
my tenants. And so I leave  
them there.

But old man Satan Brown  
comes along and says:

"Looky here, Smith, why don't  
you and your wife eat some of  
Pearson's honey?"

"Why," replies Smith, "Pear-  
son told us the bees would sting  
us if we bothered them. He said  
we musn't eat any of the honey."

"The very idea!" says Satan  
Brown. "Not eat any of that  
good honey? Afraid of bee-  
stings? Huh! Why, Pearson  
don't know what he is talking  
about. The bees won't sting and  
the honey is awfully good. Please  
get out some and try it."

Well, Mrs. Eve Smith sorter  
liked the idea and she WAS get-  
ting pretty hungry for some  
honey, anyhow. So she slipped  
around and turned over a gum  
and grabbed out both hands full  
of comb dripping with sweet  
nectar, and she ran to Adam  
with it and threw half of it in  
his lap.

About that time the bees,  
which had got thoroughly stirred  
up, just literally covered both of  
them. Old Satan Brown was  
peeping around the corner of the

hen house and just fairly busting  
his sides laughing.

Well, Smith and his wife  
began to yell and bounce around  
there something awful, and in  
the time of it they ran over six  
other gums and turned them  
over. Then they split out  
through the flower garden and  
just naturally laid everything flat  
as they went. Bolting into the  
house, they left the north door  
open, and the wind blew the fire  
out on the carpet, and the house  
was soon in flames. The Smiths  
were scared half to death, and  
their faces were swelled so they  
couldn't see. So they bounced  
up and down and screamed until  
the house, barn and everything  
was in ashes. Then they ran off  
and hid on the bank of the creek.

I came back and saw what had  
happened. I hunted them up and  
demanded an explanation. They  
said:

"Well, Mr. Pearson, we are  
awful sorry, but we couldn't  
help it. Old Satan Brown is to  
blame. He told us that the  
bees wouldn't sting, and that the  
honey was good to eat and he in-  
sisted that we try it once. Hon-  
est to goodness, he is to blame  
for all this."

Then I went and hunted up  
Satan Brown and said:

"Looky here, Brown, you've  
buted in over at my place and  
caused my tenants to get nearly  
killed with bee stings and on top  
of that caused everything to get  
burnt up and destroyed. And  
now, because of what you have  
done I am going to give you a  
position of authority over my  
tenants. I now authorize you to  
get a big supply of brimstone  
and old boot legs and go to that  
swag just below the cherry  
orchard and build a hell there.  
I want you to build good strong  
furnaces and fix it to last forever  
for I am going to turn over to  
you that Smith family and all  
their descendants and I want you  
to torment them in hell forever  
and ever. I know you are a heap  
more guilty than they are, but in  
spite of that I am going to em-  
ploy you to punish them for what  
you caused them to do. It won't  
hurt you a bit. You'll enjoy it.  
But you must make it hot for  
them Smiths."

And Satan Brown thanked me  
and went off whistling down the  
creek to fix his hell.

The Literary Digest recently  
printed a picture of Millionaire  
Cox's home, and it looks like just  
about such a shack as the White  
House at Washington. Must  
have cost several millions. But  
the owner of the mansion is go-  
ing around making speeches to  
the one-gallus Rubes and telling  
them how he loves them! Yes,  
yes! Just like a cat loves the  
mice!

## BACK TO THEIR VOMIT.

The Fool-Killer does not enjoy  
using nasty words, but some-  
times there is just no way of  
getting around it. The world is  
so full of nasty evils that need  
to be exposed, and it can't be  
done without using words that  
may sorter shock some of you.

There is a class of political  
jumping jacks in this country  
who are just like the Biblical  
dog—sooner or later they always  
return to their vomit. And they  
are about the most sickening and  
disgusting critters in the whole  
political pasture.

There is Hi Johnson,

And there is Borah.

And there is LaFollette.

You remember how they rip-  
ped and raved and tore their  
hair all up and down the land  
for several months. They were  
the leaders of the Anti-League  
crusade on the Republican side,  
and they were "progressive" and  
"radical" till you couldn't rest.  
They couldn't find words ugly  
enough to express their contempt  
for the old reactionary gang, and  
any man who favored a league  
of nations had just as well pre-  
pare to die.

Great reformers were John-  
son, Borah and LaFollette!

Great champions of liberty!

Oh, how their hearts did bleed  
for the poor and oppressed!

And, oh, how their two-edged  
tongues did peel the hide from  
the Old Gang!

Debs himself was never more  
bitter against the plutes.

But that was before the Chi-  
cago shindig.

That was before the Old Gang  
quietly applied the toe of its \$20  
shoe to that part of Johnson's  
person which the law and my  
good manners will not allow me  
to mention.

That was before a little bunch  
of millionaire senators got to-  
gether and nominated a suit of  
clothes for president, and adopt-  
ed the most brazenly reactionary  
platform ever hatched on these  
shores.

Then what?

Why, simply this:

Our great "reformers" sud-  
denly lost their zeal. Johnson,  
Borah, LaFollette and the rest  
were no longer "progressive" or  
"radical." The need for all that  
was past. They must be "reg-  
ular." They must get down  
on their knees before the suit of  
clothes which their party had  
nominated and swear it was just  
what they wanted. The must  
support it with all their strength  
and advise all other fools to do  
the same.

And so that is what they did.

Johnson and his followers  
were either liars and hypocrites

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