



**"THE PRESENT ORDER."**

It seems sorter out of place to say "the Present Order" when it is so very evident that "The Present Disorder" would be more appropriate. There is no order in the world today. Everything is disorder, and getting more disorderly with every tick of the clock.

But you know the old fogies and stand-patters talk about "The Present Order"—meaning the Capitalist System of government that has been in vogue over the world for many generations. And they say that system is the most wonderfully perfect thing that ever was, and it just must be preserved and perpetuated in all of its original glory.

Well, just stop and look. Let your eyes wander about over the world and behold the wreck and ruin that this same glorious "Present Order" has caused. At the beginning of the "time of trouble" and for hundreds of years back every nation was a capitalistic nation. The capitalist theory of government held absolute sway everywhere. If it was such a perfect system of government, why didn't it keep the world running smooth and prevent the awful wreck that has come? If it was such a good tree, why in the thunder didn't it bear better fruit?

The champions of the capitalist system cannot deny that their system was to blame for this terrible smash-up. Germany, England, France, and all the rest of them were capitalist to the bone. They were all riding on the capitalist car and doing things in the approved capitalist way.

But you see what happened.

And now they want us to pick ourselves up out of the wreckage and crawl right back on the same old car that wrecked us. They admit that some of the wheels are gone, and the axles terribly twisted, and the sides caved in, and the boiler busted, but still the plutes think it is a pretty good old car and safer than anything else on the road.

The way the plutes and capitalists are praising their old wreck of a system and recommending it as a good car for the world to

ride in again, reminds me of an advertisement I saw in a paper tuther day. A man was advertising a Ford for sale, and as well as I can remember it went something like this:

"For sale, one Ford about ten years old; Going at a bargain—must be sold. You can use it for anything you please;

From cleaning out wells to climbing trees.

The only thing that it seems to lack is the habit of going and coming back. Some of the piston rings are broke—Don't take nothin' to make it choke. Engine misses more than it hits; You've got to cuss it until it quits. Timer's worn til it ain't no good; Somebody's thrown away the hood. One rim busted and three spokes loose, Fenders rattle to beat the deuce. Hard to start when the weather's cold. Clutch is loose and the brake won't hold. Got no tires—runs on the rim; Dam good Ford for the fix it's in."

**ASK YOUR PREACHER.**

Here is a question that you might ask your preacher the next time he comes to pull chicken leg with you:

"If Adam and Eve had obeyed God, would they have died and gone to heaven after awhile?"

Just try it, and see what his answer will be. If he says they would not have died at all, then ask him if they would have gone to heaven alive, body and all, with their shoes on.

If he says no to that, then ask where and how they would have spent eternity, anyhow, seeing that he believes this old earth is going to be burnt up by and by.

It won't take many such questions as that to wind him up.

About as good a way as any to convince people that the popular theology is all tommyrot is to bombard them with such questions as that. Before they realize it they are all tangled up and no place to get out.

The League of- (abomi) Nations is dead, but President Hardtimes seems willing to take a few of its bones and make them over into an "association of nations." As if changing a polecat's name would improve the spell.

**SMOKING TO BEAT HELL.**

The above heading is not profanity. You surely don't think the editor of a great religious paper would cuss. No, it is only a plain statement of fact, as I will show you in just a minute.

You know General Sherman said war was hell.

All right.

And you know that the League of Nations was gotten up to prevent war.

That is, to b-at war.

In other words, to beat hell.

So you see that whatever is done at a meeting of the League of Nations is done for the purpose of beating hell.

The following paragraph, which I clip from an exchange, will convince you that the delegates to the Spa Conference did a considerable amount of smoking, and considering the circumstances and the amount of smoking done, I think they must have been smoking to beat hell.

"The Belgian Government has filed a written dun with the Secretary of the League of Nations, demanding that that otherwise functionless body pay a \$10,000 cigar bill contracted by its members who held the famous Spa Conference. While the League of Nations conference was holding that meeting, the Belgian authorities took over for their benefit all the hotels, taxicabs and restaurants in order to accommodate the delegations, and all the bills contracted by the League of Nations while in council have been paid except the entertainment bill. The Belgian Government has proposed to cancel the bill, providing the Council will pay the \$10,000 for the cigars smoked."—Exchange.

And what do you think of that, Jeems Henry?

The entertainment bill!

For pity's sake!

What a terrible amount of "entertaining" it must take to run the Leg of Mutton—excuse me, I mean the League of Nations—for a few days.

And if just the one item of cigars amounted to \$10,000, what do you suppose the entire bill must have been?

If them Tom-Dicks were there for any good purpose it looks to me like they would have had something else to do besides loilop around in easy chairs, smok-

ing cigars and being entertained at the public expense.

If they were there to stop war, goodness knows there was plenty of it to stop, and all that swell "entertaining" shows how little they really cared about the suffering of the world.

All the high-class cigar smokes they can puff will never stop a battle nor ease a pain.

No—

Hold on—

Maybe I'm too fast.

Maybe there is ONE way that smoking cigars might stop war.

If all them smokers would go and blow their 30,000-volt breath in the faces of the fighting armies I have an idea they would stop fighting mighty quick.

They'd just have to stop.

It would be wusser than gas.

And maybe that's the way the Leg of Mutton—I mean the League of Nations—is going to stop war.

But any way you take it, that delegation at Spa certainly did smoke to beat hell.

Harding is nearly as sorry a correspondent as I am. I wrote him a letter about Debs on the 4th of March and he hasn't answered it yet. And at last accounts he hadn't done what I told him to, either. If Debs had been a millionaire he would have been released and appointed to a Cabinet job. "Get the money, boys; get the money!"

**"BLUETS AND BUTTERCUPS"**

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