

# The Fool-Killer

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## KNOWLEDGE.

We know the distance to the sun,  
And what Uranus weighs;  
Can figure how the planets run,  
And where the comet stays.  
But we can't trace an unkind word  
Through all its evil course;  
Nor make amends to those who heard,  
Nor check its deadly force.

We know how far a ray of light  
Can travel in a year;  
Can analyze it in its flight,  
And make its meaning clear.  
But we can't follow up a smile  
And see how far it shines,  
Nor estimate it by the mile  
In radiating lines.

The moon is but an open book  
For everyone to know,  
And on her pitted face we look  
And read her tale of woe.  
But there are faces seamed with care  
That pass us every day;  
We don't know what their owners  
bear,  
Nor what they'd like to say.

We visit with our neighbor Mars,  
As all good neighbors should;  
Throw kisses at the Seven Stars  
And fell them to be good.  
But we don't visit with the folks  
That live across the street,  
Nor help them bear their heavy yokes,  
Nor ask them in to eat.

Beyond our telescopic eyes,  
By gravity's decree.  
We get position, weight and size  
Of words we cannot see.  
But, oh, we do not try to find  
The secret hidden pain  
That rankles in some quiet mind  
That never does complain.

We know the age-long wonder-tale  
Of Saturn and her rings,  
And follow Neptune's awful trail,  
As on through space she swings.  
But we don't know the bitter grief  
Our next-door neighbors bear;  
And just to make it very brief,  
'Tis little that we care.

We know the big things far away,  
That don't concern us much;  
But we're not interested, I say,  
In things that we can touch.  
I think we ought to meddle less  
With things far off and grand,  
And try to put some extra stress  
On little things at hand.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

Every little while some hit  
dog will howl all over a sheet of  
paper to tell me that he don't  
like The Fool-Killer. Well, if  
he don't like it, what in the thun-  
der does he read it for?

The Dummycats are saying  
there is lack of leadership at  
Washington. That's a fact.  
And there was lack of leader-  
ship in the Dummycat party two  
years ago.

Columbus called this a "dry  
land" when he first saw it, but  
he just ought to see it now.

## I OBJECT

A writer in The Literary Di-  
gest is getting all nervous and  
fidgety for fear some stray  
world wandering through space  
may happen to butt into the  
earth and snuff us all out in a  
jiffy. His fears seem to found-  
ed on Einstein's new theory of  
Relativity, which is said to  
make collisions more probable  
than the old theory.

I notice that when the as-  
tronomers talk about these  
things they have nothing  
more substantial than "theories"  
to build on. For a long time  
it was the "Coperanican theo-  
ry," and now it is the "Ein-  
stein theory," and a few years  
later it will be some other  
"theory", and if they ever do  
find the truth it may be as dif-  
ferent from all the "theories"  
as day is from night.

The above-mentioned writer,  
in discussing the "end of the  
world" through a possible col-  
lision in space gets off this wise  
remark:

"Mathematical studies made in the  
past have been reassuring, but the  
millennialists are now more justified  
in predicting doom than they were  
in the past."

That paragraph shows how  
big a fool any man can be when  
he tries to discuss something he  
knows nothing about. The Di-  
gest writer may know all about  
the present "theories" of as-  
tronomy, but he certainly is  
green on theology. He knows no  
more about what millennialists  
have predicted than a steer calf  
knows about piano tuning.

Who ever heard of a millen-  
nialist predicting the destruc-  
tion of the earth as the first step  
in his program? Why, man, the  
millennialists need the earth in  
their business, and they are the  
very people who do NOT expect  
the earth to be destroyed.

Just suppose, now, that the  
Millennium should come and  
find the earth all blotted out and  
gone, so it couldn't find any  
place to roost when it got here.  
Wouldn't that be a purty come-  
off? The Millennium would have  
to bundle up its duds and ramble  
off in earch of some other plan-  
et where it might find board and  
lodging. And in the meantime  
we people of the earth would  
plum miss it.

That don't suit me nary bit,  
and I am going to register a vig-  
orous protest against any such  
business. I warn Mr. Einstein  
right now that he had better not  
let his old Relativity destroy this  
earth, 'cause then I wouldn't  
have any place to run The Fool-  
Killer.

That woman who is going to  
marry Kaiser Bill will never  
have any trouble about stove-  
wood. They say Bill just beats  
the dickens as a wood cutter.

## WHEN THE NATIONS GET RELIGION

No teling what the situation  
will be by the time this paper  
reaches you, but for the past  
two or three weeks the Allies  
and Turkey have been facing  
each other with drawn swords  
just ready to strike. One day the  
report is that they are about to  
get the trouble settled, and the  
next day it is worse than ever.  
It is generally understood that  
if they do strike it will start  
another great world war. All the  
nations know this, and they are  
afraid to strike the first blow,  
and yet they know the blow is  
going to be struck by somebody.

Four years after the Armis-  
tice the world is in a more  
troubled and unsettled condition  
than it was in November, 1918.  
The bankrupt nations are full of  
selfishness and bitterness, each  
one knowing that its doom is  
sealed, and yet trying desparately  
to keep its head above the  
water by climbing on top of the  
others.

I did hope that the nations  
would have learned their lesson  
before now. I did hope that by  
this time they would all be meek  
and humble and willing to do  
right. But they are not. It seems  
that nations learn very slowly.  
Even the so-called "Christian"  
nations are just as selfish and  
brutal as the devil wants them  
to be, and the only thing that  
any of them are yet willing to  
consider is an appeal to brute  
force.

But, boys, that will never set-  
tle the world's troubles. It has  
been tried long enough. The na-  
tions will have to get down on  
their knees in the dust of hu-  
mility and "get religion" in  
good earnest. I don't mean that  
they must just pretend to get  
religion like so many individu-  
als do. They must really and  
truly have their national hearts  
cleansed and purified. I don't  
mean that individuals of the  
nations must do this, but the na-  
tions THEMSELVES must do  
it AS nations, through their var-  
ious and sundry official heads.  
And if they DON'T do it, and do  
it immediately, it will not be long  
till they will not have any  
heads, nor tails either.

God Almighty has set in to  
clean up this little patch of  
ground that we call the earth,  
and He is not going to be out-  
done by the Turks, nor the Brit-  
ish, nor the French, nor the  
Greeks, nor anybody else. If  
they go on at their present  
game of trying to bluff each  
other, the very thing that they  
depend on for their safety is  
going to destroy them.

And that is just what will  
happen.

God could send along some  
great upheavel of nature and  
finish the job in a few minutes.  
But it seems that his plan is to

let the nations destroy themsel-  
ves. He is going to give men ev-  
ery opportunity to see and be  
convinced that they CAN'T run  
the world any longer, and then  
when they get right plum good  
and humble He will step in and  
run it for them.

But how much longer is it go-  
ing to take—and how much  
more war is it going to take—to  
get them humble?

That is the question.

## RADIO HASH

All right, folks!

Here is the latest.

I have just got my new Ra-  
dio outfit rigged up in my gold-  
plated san-tum, but haven't yet  
mastered the art of "tuning" it  
correctly, and here is the first  
thing I got over the ether waves.  
Two speakers were holding forth  
at the same time—a Hardshell  
preacher at Pumpkin Run, and  
a Democratic candidate for sher-  
iff at Frog Level. And here is  
what I got:

"Firstly, brethering and sis-  
tering, we want to consider the  
great question of the salvation  
of our immortal tariff for reve-  
nue only as laid down by the  
inspired writers of the New Tes-  
tocratic Handbook for 1920.  
Amen! Brethering, it makes my  
heart bleed to see so many poor  
souls going down to that awful  
Republican tariff which will cost  
the American citizens endless  
eternity for the next two years.  
We must get our hearts right  
with God and a Democratic con-  
gress at the next election. This  
blessed book tells us that we  
must forsake our sins and make  
our callings and my election for  
sheriff absolutely certain. If the  
Democratic members of this  
church will read their Bibles and  
pray without confidence in what  
the Republicans say, there will  
be a great outpouring of the  
Democratic spirit, and when the  
sheep and goats are separated  
in November, they will all be  
found standing on the right  
hand of a Democratic sheriff  
world without end. Amen! Hur-  
rah for our side!"

And now Thanksgiving doth  
approach. And it do seem like  
the world is going to have  
Turkey or Turkey is going to  
have the world, one or tuther.  
Thud! Ouch! Whose head was  
that?

## SATAN'S "TRINITY."

L. D. Barnes.

There are three that are re-  
corded in hell: the world, the  
flesh and the devil; and these  
are one in purpose. And there  
are three that bear witness in  
earth: big business, big politics  
and big church; and these three  
agree in everything with the  
other three.