

The Fool-Killer

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GRAMMAR

Be careful of your grammar,
Don't let nobody find
You ain't been taught how you had
ought

To speak what's in your mind.
I never knowed no person
What wouldn't find their speech
Improved a lot by learning what
The grammars has to teach.

Them grammar books will learn you
How English should be spoke,
So you won't make no bad mistake
Like crude uncultured folk.
Don't never talk like they does;
There ain't no reason why
You couldn't be as smart as me
And learn to talk like I.

Us educated people,
Wherever we have went,
Finds others whom fills us with gloom
Because they are content
To speak the English language
Without no kind of care,
Though, if they looks, they's grammer
books
To learn 'em everywhere.

—Berton Braley.

MAN IS A QUAIR DUCK, TOO

Talk about wimmen being quair! Of course they are, sorter, but the men are purty tolerable quair, too, when you come to think about it. Now you take a man at his own home. If he had to climb up on a high stool in front of a table with no cloth on it and eat his meals that way, wouldn't he raise cain in a hurry? You bet! But the old fool will go to a cheap restaurant, crawl up on a greasy stool between two dirty tramps and gobble down a hunk of raw mule and a bowl of soup made out of dish-rags and rain water, and swear he enjoys it all. Let a man's wife at home offer him a piece of pie from which she or one of the children had taken a bite, and he would holler his head off. But he will get out in a crowd and borrow a chaw of terbacker from the first straggler he meets and set his teeth into the plug where a consumptive Chinaman has bit off a chaw, and that's all right.

At home he won't drink milk out of a glass from which one of the family has been drinking, but just call him into the back stall of a livery stable and pull out a bottle and he will stick the neck of the bottle six inches down his throat in order to get a swig, after half a dozen nasty niggers have had the bottle-neck in their big black mouths.

Verily, a man is a quair duck.

If we had many worlds like this one to go through it would just about plum wear us out.

"END OF TIME" DIDN'T COME

Just as I expected.
The earth is right here yet.
And time is still going on.

And so that widely-advertised "end of time" which was scheduled to arrive on February 6th did not materialize.

I have noticed that it never does, and I am beginning to lose interest in these "end of time" shindigs that are gotten up by religious cranks and fanatics with more zeal than common sense.

This is a hard blow to Mrs. Margaret Rowen, of Los Angeles, the Reformed Seventh Day Adventist "prophetess." For more than a year she has had the date set, and she and her followers have been warning the world that the Judgment Day would arrive promptly on February 6th, 1925.

Wonder what Margaret is saying about it now? And how will her followers explain matters? About the best explanation I know of is found in Deuteronomy 18:22, which says:

"When a prophet speaketh in the name of the Lord, if the thing follow not, nor come to pass, that is the thing which the Lord hath not spoken; but the prophet hath spoken it presumptuously. Thou shalt not be afraid of him."

There have been self-appointed prophets of doom from time out of mind, and this isn't the first "end of time" date that went galloping by with its tail in the air and nothing happened. There have been several before this, the most notable one being the William Miller date in 1844. And I remember one when I was a very small boy. Many of the ignorant people of my neighborhood believed in it, and they had me just about scared into fits. I had built a dam in the branch and had put up a flutter-mill. The country boy who hasn't built a flutter-mill on the branch hasn't half lived. Well, this was the biggest and best flutter-mill that I had ever owned, and I was proud of it. Then one day the "end of time" was announced, and you can imagine my consternation. I just knew that if the end of time came and the earth was burnt up as they predicted, it would plum ruin my flutter-mill.

My joy was great when I saw that my flutter-mill had escaped without a scratch, but all the "prophetic" flutter-mills in my neighborhood were about ruind.

And now Margaret Rowen's prophetic flutter-mill has ceased to flutter.

And all this is what comes of

looking for the wrong thing at the right time. A good many other "prophets" who think they are smarter than Margaret Rowen will get fooled just as bad as she did.

BOOGER MAN 'LL GET 'IM.

There is a little sawed-off son of Abraham away out yander in Kansas who has taken upon himself the job of killing God, destroying the Bible, and wiping all forms of religion clean off the map.

The name of this particular God-killer is E. Haldeman-Julius, and he operates a big infidel-hatchery at Girard, Kansas, where he publishes three of four papers and magazines devoted to his pet hobby. His "Haldeman-Julius Weekly" is a regular hard-shell missionary for infidelity and the devil, and he spills about ten columns of his hell-hatched harrangue in it every week.

Then he has two more rather mild-mannered monthlies that only kill God occasionally and very gently. But that wasn't enough, so he has just started a new one, "The Haldeman-Julius Monthly," which is going to be the old bell-weather of the whole howling pack. It is going to plant its bear-clawed feet on the red-hot dome of hell and reach its long hairy arms up among the stars and just literally pull God right off His throne and murder Him in His tracks. It is going to take the Bible, which has been destroyed so many times before, and wipe it clean out of existence one more time. It will be remembered that Voltaire and Ingersoll and Payne, and various others, have destroyed the Bible from time to time; but the old Book has a disagreeable habit of refusing to stay destroyed. And so it must be done over again in this good year of 1925, A. D.

The little second-hand Voltaire in Girard thinks he is equal to the big job, and it is one holy sight to watch him skin out of his coat and get ready for the battle. He reminds me of a newborn tadpole trying to drink the ocean.

Oh, shucks! It would be funny if were not so pitiful. A human tadpole! A mortal seed-tick! A two-legged louse! And trying to defy the Eternal Creator of all things! If Almighty God, sitting throned in His heaven, takes notice of such wiggle-tail performances here on His footstool, He must be mildly amused.

There is something peculiar about all these hard-fought battles that the infidels wage a-

gainst God and the Bible, anyhow. Why does a non-existent God call forth so much yow-yowing among His enemies? If they don't believe the game is there, why do they waste so much good ammunition shooting at it?

If God and the Bible and the Christian religion are as dead and useless as Hadleman-Julius says they are, it looks to me like there wouldn't be any use for him to raise such a thunderation racket about them, and waste all that good paper and ink trying to kill something that was already dead. The fact that he does it gives the lie to his words and proves that God and the Bible are very much alive.

You can't pick up a Haldeman-Julius paper without seeing the words "God" and "Bible" and "Jesus" and "religion" all over it as thick as Fords on Main Street. If he enjoys talking about dead things so awfully much, why on earth don't he talk about King Tut and Daniel Boone's dog and the Democratic party?

HOT ROASTED 'TATERS

The progressive march of science just keeps right on keeping on, and if Luther Burbank don't look out, I am afraid he is going to get left with the bag to hold, so to speak.

I see in the papers that some cunning plant-wizzard is going to just literally and everlastingly put to shame our friend Luther. The story is that the newly-risen second Burbank has succeeded in raising an improved sort of Irish potatoes, already salted and peppered.

Of course you don't believe it. I don't either, but it's a fact, all the same. It's all very easy to understand when you know the method. He does it by planting a stalk of red pepper in each potato hill, and that takes care of the peppering. Then he waters his patch with salty water every day, and, lo! the proper salt flavor is added to the growing spuds.

There is just one thing lacking now, and the wizzard is working day and night on that. He never intends to give up until he succeeds in growing the potatoes already cooked, as well as salted and peppered, and ready for the table.

You may not think it possible, but I believe he will succeed. I think his wonderful ability as a liar will bring his 'tater patch into such close contact with hell that the tubers will be thoroughly roasted. Then he can get him a tin snout and root them out of the ground like a hog and eat 'taters till everything goes easy.