

DON'T  
MISS  
THIS  
TRUTH

# The Fool-Killer

THE  
SPICE  
OF THE  
PROGRAM

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## JESUS AT HOME

They'd seen him working with his  
pap,

And met him on the road,  
And he was just a neighbor chap  
That everybody knowed.  
They'd always seen him come and go  
Since he was very small,  
And he was just the son of Joe—  
He wasn't God at all.

If he had come from distant parts  
And spoke a foreign tongue,  
They might have took him to their  
hearts

And on his sayings hung.  
But he was born in Bethlehem  
And never went to school,  
And so his preaching seemed to them  
The ravings of a fool.

They listened to him down the line  
A hundred miles or so;  
But back at home he didn't shine—  
His preaching wouldn't go.  
You just as well to mark it down  
And wonder at it less:  
A prophet in his native town  
Is never a success.

They named him Jesus, but I guess  
Folks shortened it to "Je,"  
Their poor opinion to express,  
Just like they do with me.  
It must have been an humble place  
Where little Jesus dwelt,  
And I can understand his case—  
I know just how he felt.

If I'd been born away back there,  
And had my humble home  
In Bethelhem of Judah, where  
Young Jesus used to room—  
If I had been a little Jim  
When he was little Je,  
I'm sure I would have played with  
him,  
And he'd have played with me.

We would have been the best of  
pals  
For many a happy day,  
And courted all the little gals.  
And wallowed in the hay,  
And folks who saw us playing 'round,  
Or wading in the streams,  
Would not have known our thoughts  
profound,  
Nor guessed our mighty dreams.

But when at last the power stirred  
With inspiration's might—  
When he began to preach the Word,  
And I began to write—  
We would have shocked the people  
some;

I say it on my oath:  
Our friends and neighbors would  
have come  
And crucified us both.

James Larkin Pearson.

The idea of calling France a Christian  
nation! Just about such a  
"Christian" as Judas was.

Prejudice is the halter by which  
the devil leads the ignorant.

## THE POPE'S CANDIDATE

Since so many of the Southern  
Democrats have been wearing night  
gowns in public and trying so hard  
to look just like the Pope of Rome,  
I reckon the old humbug in the Vati-  
can is feeling purty good about it.  
He has good reason to think that  
if they are so anxious to look just  
like him they will vote for his candi-  
date for president. And maybe  
they will, Kluckers and all.

Anyhow, it now seems certain that  
Al Smith is Democracy's Big Tin  
Jesus, both North and South. You  
remember that Al sent his man Jim-  
my down into Dixie not long ago to  
spy out the land, and Jimmy just  
unrolled his Irish smile and wrapped  
up Dixie in it and took it back to  
New York. If there was any opposi-  
tion to Jimmy and Al and the Pope,  
it wasn't among the Democratic  
bosses. Strange as it may seem,  
Jimmy wasn't tarred and feathered  
nary time, but he was feasted and  
founded every day.

And so it just looks like the Demo-  
crats are going to be silly enough to  
nominate Al Smith for president, and  
I suppose they think he stands a  
chance to be elected.

Well, let 'em try it.

The millions of plain honest voters  
in this country, who have no use for  
the Pope nor the Pillow-Slip, would  
march to the polls and bury the  
Pope's candidate so deep that he  
would have to crawl up hill to get  
into the orthodox hell.

## A WORD TO BIBLE STUDENTS

I just want to give you the "secret  
grip" and hand you a few of the  
pass-words. Since everybody else  
are having their "secret orders" we  
might as well have ours. We have  
a bigger and better secret than any  
of the others. I have many readers  
who are not Bible Students, and  
they will not know what this means,  
but you will understand. Rest easy.  
Everything is all right.

A, B, C, D, E, F, G. To you these  
letters mean volumes, but to other  
people they don't mean a thing ex-  
cept part of the alphabet. But may-  
be this will get their curiosity arou-  
sed and they will want to learn some-  
thing. Now you know what to do.  
Go to it.

The League of Nations has laid  
another peace egg and has now be-  
gun to "set" on it with the intention  
of hatching out another disarmament  
conference. Go to it, boys! Every  
one that falls will bring us that  
much nearer to the one that will  
succeed.

Pennsylvania is partial to P's. For  
instance, there is Philadelphia, and  
Penrose, and Pepper, and Pinchot.

## NANCY HAS STARTED SOMETHING

Lady Astor seems to have started  
something. Lady Astor, you know,  
is the "purty girl" from Virginia  
who married an English lord and  
went over there and got herself  
elected to Parliament.

Well, I'll be sarn-taked if Nancy  
ain't kept them no-account English  
dudes awake ever since she got there.

And now she has calmly riz up  
in her old Virginia majesty and  
solemnly proposed that the Subma-  
rine be declared an outlaw among  
the nations. And she thinks England  
might as well start it.

Well, sir, the idea seems to have  
struck home. It has "took," as the  
doctors say about vaccination. May-  
be it was because Nancy proposed  
it, or maybe they would have done  
it anyway, but the fact is that just  
lots of the swell guys all over the  
world have tumbled to it like pour-  
ing shelled beans into a tin pan.  
People that you never would have  
suspected of being in sympathy with  
such ideas are now coming out bold-  
ly in favor of outlawing not only  
the Submarine but all other machi-  
nery of war.

It won't be done just yet, at least,  
not very much of it, but the start  
has been made. The very fact that  
such a proposition has been made,  
and that it has received unexpected  
support from people in high places,  
shows the direction in which world  
thought is moving, and the actual  
abolishment of war in the near future  
it is just as certain as that God lives.  
The "due time" has now arrived,  
and all the devils in perdition can't  
change God's plan nor cheat the  
human race out of its promised bless-  
ing.

## Straight Ahead

The Pope wants to "make Ameri-  
ca Catholic." No doubt about that.  
And there are lots of people who  
seem bent on helping him to do it.

On the other hand, the Crazy Kat  
Klub wants to tie up America in a  
bed sheet, and choke it to death on  
flapdoodle, and there are a few mil-  
lions who want to help do that.

But in between these two factions,  
and not in sympathy with either  
of them, stands the great American  
citizen who wants to keep America  
united and free. If you are a true  
American citizen you belong to the  
middle group, and The Fool-Killer  
is here to champion your cause. If  
you want a real wide-awake and  
hard-hitting paper that will fight off  
all the side-shows and stand for  
plain, honest, open-faced, free and  
fearless American citizenship, here  
it is. Get busy among your friends  
and let us have one or two big  
clubs from you every week.

## FOX AND MAN

I read in a local paper not long  
ago about a great gathering of  
"sportsmen" and the organization of  
a Fox Hunters' Association.

"The main object of the meeting,"  
as reported in the paper, is to "pro-  
pogate the fox in Western North  
Carolina." The president of the as-  
sociation made a "fine speech" and  
told the hunters that he was pleas-  
ed to see so many present, and that  
it "showed that the hunters still had  
a heart the interest of the fox."

There you have it.

Read that again.

And then laugh.

Haw-haw-haw!

Laugh some more.

"The hunters still have at heart  
the interest of the fox."

That is rich.

Just like the cat has at heart the  
interest of the mouse. Just like the  
hawk has at heart the interest of the  
chicken. No different at all. And  
just like the war-gods have at heart  
the interest of the common soldier.

To have a big "game" that they  
can enjoy at the expense of their  
victim is the only "interest" and of  
them have. The hunter cares for  
nothing except the fun he gets out  
of running the fox, and he never  
one time thinks about the terror of  
fright, the heart-ache and the deadly  
exhaustion that the poor hunted  
creature suffers. That is all taken as  
a matter of course—as a part of the  
"game."

So with the cat and the hawk—  
their only interest in their victims  
is the fun of eating them.

Men are just big nasty cruel  
brutes. I would like to see the devil  
get after a gang of fox hunters and  
run them about 500 miles oyer  
mountain and wilderness.

In every community there are num-  
bers of people who would enjoy The  
Fool-Killer, but do not know about  
it. Send us their names and address-  
ses and we'll hit 'em with a sample.

The old earth is getting lined up  
for the new age, and the old govern-  
ments of men are about ready to  
croak.

The plutes at Washington thought  
they would be rid of senator La-  
Follette. But they were mistaken.  
Senator La Follette is right there  
yet, and he is going to be a flea in  
their breeches leg for many a day  
to come.

Please take notice that you can  
get your own Fool-Killer a year free  
by sending in a club of five at 15c  
a year each—75 cents in all.

Read "Let's talk it Over" on page  
2, and then get busy.