

# The Fool-Killer

Monthly—25 CENTS A YEAR. IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE AT ONE TIME, 15 CENTS A YEAR

Vol. XIV.

Wilkesboro, North Carolina, April, 1926.

No. 2.

## A MILLION OR TWO

I wouldn't be rich if I knew that I could,  
For wealth is a burden and not any good.  
My tastes are all simple, my wants are but few,  
And I could make out with a million or two.

Just a plain little shack built of marble or stone,  
And a little more swell than my neighbors can own,  
With a few thousand books that I'd never read through,  
And that wouldn't cost but a million or two.

A few dozen servants to come at my call,  
Some jewels, and pictures, and music, and all,  
And three or four cars that are shiny and new—  
Why, it all could be had for a million or two.

You see I'm a man with a moderate taste,  
And don't care a snap about money to waste,  
And I'll state as my private and personal view  
That a man doesn't need but a million or two.

If Ford were to offer to give me his pile,  
I'd wave it away with a satisfied smile,  
And thank him profusely, but swear it was true  
That I didn't want but a million or two.

I wouldn't be rich, for I never could see  
That riches would add any honor to me.  
Such honor as that I shall never pursue,  
But I WOULD like to have just a million or two.

—James Larkin Pearson.

## TWO ALMIGHTY GODIKINS

The little land of Italy,  
Italy,  
Italy;  
The little land of Italy  
Is certainly a shiner,  
With two almighty godikins,  
Godikins,  
Godikins;  
With two almighty godikins,  
The Pope and Mussy Liner.

I wonder how they manage it,  
Manage it,  
Manage it;  
I wonder how they manage it  
To tell which is diviner,  
When both of them are godikins,  
Godikins,  
Godikins;  
When both of them are godikins,  
The Pope and Mussy Liner.

—James Larkin Pearson.

## TROUBLE IN MONKEYDOM

The Fool-Killer has another piece of sad news to relate. Our ancient and honorable forty-leventh cousins, the monkeys, are having trouble in their camp. It is the first serious trouble that they have ever had, so far as I can find out, and it has developed into an open rupture with threats of civil war among the tribes.

What is the cause of this great trouble in Monkeydom? Evolution, of course. That is the most troublesome question now before the monkey public, and just what the end is to be nobody can tell.

In Wake county, North Carolina, there is a great tropical forest where the monkeys of the Tar Heel state have their headquarters. They use a big spreading oak tree for their capital building, and the members of the monkey legislature sit around on the limbs or hang suspended by their tails while their legislature is in session. Heretofore these sessions of the monkey lawmakers have been peaceful and harmonious.

But a new and terrible thing has happened. It recently became known that certain monkey professors in some of the monkey colleges had been teaching to the young monkeys a strange new theory called evolution. The theory, if I understand it, is that all monkeys evolved up from some sort of lower animals known as human beings. The monkey professors have written books in which they submit evidence to prove their contention, and before the monkey parents knew what was going on this terrible theory was being taught to the monkey children in all the monkey schools.

All patriotic and self-respecting monkeys will now rise up on their hind legs and raise a terrible howl and demand that this evolution stuff be cut out of all the monkey school books. It is a well-known fact that God made the first monkey out of a coconut, because you can see the monkey's face on the coconut even till this day. A coconut for a pappy is all right, but just think of evolving from a human being! No-sir-ee!

This from the Boston Herald: "The English sparrow is disappearing from American city streets mainly because it could not change its diet from half-digested oats to half-links of motor tire chains." Now the Boston Herald had better go and wash its mouth.

Germany had been promised admission into the League of Nations, but the last minute the door was slammed in her face.

## WHO IS RUNNING THE WORLD?

Let's get right down to brass tacks, as Postle Paul says, and see if we can find out who is actually running this here ball of mud that we live on.

In the first place, how come the aforesaid ball of mud to be here? Men didn't make it and put it here. Neither did the monkeys, elephants, horses, cows, fishes nor grasshoppers make it and put it here.

Then who or what did it? The least we can say is that some Power above and beyond us did it. Even the rankest infidel will have to admit that much. He must admit, too, that the Creative Power, whatever it is, has intelligence and reason. There is system and design in the things of nature that we see around us, and to say that they just happened so is the most foolish explanation that could be given.

Well, then, what next? If a Good Power made the world and put us here in it, why are we having such a devil of a time of it? Why can't we all behave ourselves and get what we need and all be happy? Ask any man in the world and he will tell you that he wants conditions to get better. All the great statesmen say they want war to stop. Well, if they are the boss of the job, as they claim to be, why don't they stop war and all the rest of the fool nonsense that is going on?

Oh, they say, "We can't." Can't, eh? Well, then, they are not the boss of the job.

The fact is that God started things out all right, but man and the devil grabbed the reins out of God's hands and thought they'd be Big Ikes and run the world. So God thought He would just let 'em try it for a while and see what sort of a mess they would make. Well, they have made a mess, all right, and now it has got so bad Mr. Man can't stand it any longer, and he can't fix it, and he don't know what to do nor which way to run, and if God ever gets tickled He must be tickled now.

The Redemocan plutocrats love liberty so doggon good that they want it all for themselves. They are not willing for the under dog to have any.

The Florida boom is busted, and everything is headed toward the North Pole. Even Billy Bonehead is probably on his way North by this time.

Thar haint nary nuther paper like this in the whole round world. If you ever expect to need a Fool-Killer, this is your only chance. Grab it.

## NOTICE!

If this paragraph is marked with a RED pencil, it means that your OLD subscription has expired. But if you have lately sent in your renewal, then you may disregard the notice.

## LISSEN, LAWYERS, LISSEN!

The Fool-Killer has on its subscription list a good many lawyers. Now a lawyer is supposed to have good reasoning powers. He is supposed to be well trained in making clear distinctions between words of different meanings. And if he hasn't these qualifications he isn't much of a lawyer.

Now I want to put up to my lawyer readers a hypothetical case. Suppose, Mr. Lawyer, that you were handling a case in which the result depended on the meaning of two Greek words. Suppose it was agreed by all Greek scholars that one of the words meant HOT and the other one meant COLD. Would you, as a lawyer, undertake to prove that they both meant the same thing? Of course you would not.

But that is the very thing our Bible translators tried to do when they took two Greek words—Gehenna and Hades—and used the one word Hell to translate both of them.

Gehenna means HOT (in fire), while Hades means COLD (in death), but the translators have tried to make both of them mean the same thing. They have fixed it so that when the average English reader of the Bible comes to the word Hell, he don't know whether he is reading about Gehenna (a hot place) or Hades (a cold place). Perhaps the reader has never had his attention called to the fact that the word Hell is used to translate two different Greek words of absolutely opposite meanings. So he just goes ahead thinking that Hell is always a HOT place, because the popular theology of the day says so. But the popular theology is either very ignorant of the meaning of words, or else it is deliberately dishonest. I guess it is some of both.

Now, Mr. Lawyer, what do you think about such a two-faced translation as that? Do you think it proves anything? You might call your preacher's attention to this and see what he says.

If the League of Nations really wants Uncle Sam to become a member of it, there is one sure way to succeed. Let her put out the word that he is not wanted and that he would not be taken in under any conditions, and I'll bet my old hat he'd be in before you could say Jack Robinson. Sam is just that contrary.