

The Fool-Killer

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GOD AND THE DEVIL

It must be that all this talk about God and the devil being enemies is all a mistake. They surely must be purty good friends. If orthodoxy is true, it proves that God and the devil are business partners and working together on perfectly good terms. It proves that God has great respect for the devil and considers him perfectly honest and reliable. If not, then I want somebody to please tell me how it happens that God has appointed the devil to such an important position.

If there is a hell such as the creeds teach, God must have made it.

And if God made a hell, He must have had a use for it.

And if God had a use for hell, He must have wanted it, run right.

And in order to get it run right He would naturally need a good honest devil whom He could trust. You know very well that He wouldn't have turned the place over bodily to His bitterest enemy.

The creeds tell us that an old fellow by the name of Satan Devil is the boss of hell—that he keeps the fires chunked up and tosses the victims around with his pitchfork. He is supposed to do that right on through eternity.

As we have already seen, it is God's hell, because God needed that sort of a place in His business. But He has so much to do in heaven that He can't look after the other place, and so He looks around for an assistant.

Maybe it all came about something like this:

God sees the devil standing around with his hands in his pockets like he had nothing to do, and so God calls out:

"Hey, Mr. Satan! Want a job?"

And the devil answers:

"Yes, Mr. God, I certainly do. Times are pretty hard and I have been out of work for the last two or three thousand years, and have had to live mighty hard. Most any kind of a job would look good to me now. What you got to offer?"

And God says:

"I've got a brand-new hell down yonder that I made to torture some of my children in, and I need a good reliable assistant to run it for me."

Satan replies:

"I'll take the job. When do I begin?"

"Tomorrow morning at seven," says God. "You must keep the place red-hot all through eternity. I made such mean people that I have to torture them for-

ever in order to get even with them."

"I'll do my best," says the devil. "Not bragging on myself, but I always try to do good honest work."

"I guess you'll do," says God, leaning back on His throne and drawing a long breath. "There! That's one problem off my mind. I had been wondering what I was going to do with my new hell, but now it's all fixed. Mr. Satan is a good honest devil and I can leave it all to him."

And so Mr. Satan Devil went to work the next morning at seven, and he has been a good honest devil ever since. He has performed his duty according to promise and God is perfectly satisfied with his work.

That's the orthodox belief translated into Fool-Killer talk.

How do you like it, mister?

For my part, I say that God has not formed any such partnership with the devil, even if the creeds do say he has. The creeds have simply lied.

A VOICE FROM FLORIDA

Hialeah, Fla.,
June 7, 1926.

Mr. James Larkin Pearson,
Wilkesboro, N. C.

Dear Sir:

My Fool-Killer for May just arrived yesterday. I for one am willing to join the Question Argument Forum or whatever you call it.

Now as to what kind of Fool-Killer we want, I prefer good common sense, a little bit serious, and be careful and try to keep from stumping your toe when you go to put the flavoring in. You remember I tried to tell you this away back in 1919, but I couldn't quite get you to understand me. You have only printed one of my letters, and if you will send me one copy of the paper which contains that letter I will send you fifty subscribers—ten clubs of five each. I know that letter boomed your business, and I got in correspondence with people in nearly all the states in the Union on account of that letter. It even brought me a clever correspondent from China.

Now I sure want to get in on that double question about Immortal Soul and Eternal Torment. If you will let me in on that argument I will promise not to get mad and I will comply with the rules and requirements. This is just what I have been wanting you to start for years.

Respectfully,

H. T. MORRELL.

Word comes from Chicago that a boy of 13 out there is an active candidate for president of Uncle Sam. That's too old. He has learned a lot of meanness by this time. He should have entered the race at about three, while he was pure and innocent.

A SERMON TO THE ORTHODOXORS

Dear Orthodox Folks:

Howdy! Good morning! Come in! Hang up your hats and be seated. Cross your legs and shift your backer to the other jaw and make yourselves at home. I am now about ready to make the preach come, and you folks had better be holding your little skilletts to catch it.

And so you are the folks who take pride in calling yourselves Orthodox, are you? All right. You are welcome to the honor if there is any in it. But I'll bet three fourths of you wouldn't know Orthodoxy from a barrel of dead fish if you met it in the road.

What makes you Orthodox, anyhow? You don't know, of course. You couldn't explain the workings of the disease, nor its symptoms, nor how you happened to get it. But I know how you got it—you were born with it. Your daddy and granddaddy had it before you. It runs in the family, and none of you have ever-ried to get cured.

There is a sure cure for Orthodoxy, if you would only agree to use it. Want me to tell you what it is? Well, it's just thinking for yourself. That is all. It's easy to do when you learn how, and it don't hurt a bit. In fact, it feels good after you get started. But you folks who have never thunk any had better begin with broken doses. A full dose of independent thinking right at the start might bust your head open or jolt the lynchpin out of your windworks.

An Orthodox person is usually one who lets somebody else do his thinking for him, and who just accepts without question whatever his boss tells him. He likes to trot with the big crowd, and he never stops to ask which way the big crowd is going. He never bothers his head about the right or the wrong of it, and he refuses to listen to anything that might give him a new idea.

But a Heretic, now, is different from that. He is a sort of independent cuss, and he dares to think for himself. If he don't like what the Big Cheese hands out, he refuses to swallow it. Yes, he just refuses—flat—and tells 'em to go to thunder, or words to that effect.

Now, Buddy, has it ever occurred to you that nearly all the great and good characters of the world—those who have led the race forward and upward toward the light—have been Heretics of one kind or another? It's a fact. Go to your history and see. The Heretics have made possible all the progress that has ever been, and the Orthodox have never

done anything except pull back and yell, "Stop it!"

Jesus of Nazareth was the greatest Heretic of all time, and the good conservative Orthodox people of his day were shocked and scandalized out of all reason by his terrible heresies. They wouldn't stand for such—no-sir-ee! They must get him out of the way in a hurry—and they did. We mustn't for a minute lose sight of the fact that it was the good Orthodox people who killed Jesus the Heretic. And now the only reason we happen to know anything about them is because they played the fool and blundered into a shameful notoriety.

Galileo and Copernicus were Heretics. Luther was a Heretic. Every man or woman who has blazed a new trail through the intellectual wilderness has been a Heretic, and most of them have been hounded and persecuted to the grave by the reactionary forces of Orthodoxy.

And still you seem to think being Orthodox is something to be proud of. All right. As I said before, you are welcome to the honor if there is any in it. But for my part, I will cast my lot with the Heretics. I will be misunderstood and cussed out by the present generation of Stand-Patters, but the people who come after me will be able to see that I was on the right track. I will not get the Big Crowd to follow me—not now, at least—but the little crowd that I do get will be the very cream of creation, and they will stick to me till the cows come home. Amen.

Now, then, if any of you Orthodox folks feel like you want to stay with me and my little bunch of heretics, we will be mighty glad to have you. Come along and give us your tater-grabbler and we'll put one more big dumplin in the pot for you. Come along.

BUT REMEMBER LUDLOW

Arthur Brisbane, writing in the Washington Herald, gets this out of his system: "John D. Rockefeller, Jr., sets a good example to other Christians by contributing \$100,000 to relieve Jewish women and children in Poland and Russia." Yes. Jawndee is in the habit of "giving relief" to women and children. I seem to remember that he "gave relief" to a few hundreds of them at Ludlow, Colorado, some years ago. But it probably didn't take \$100,000 to buy kerosene oil from himself to burn up those pitiful and helpless creatures—after his hired gunmen had riddled their bodies with bullets. It is remarkable what some "Christians" can do and get away with it.