

THE HOUR OF DOOM

The Fool Killer is not trying to be an agitator of unrest.

It is not trying to stir up strife and make bad matters worse.

No sir!

It is simply trying to "hold up the mirror to nature," as the poet says, and let the world see for itself just what kind of a looking thing it is.

The Fool Killer hasn't made the unrest, any more than the looking glass makes the freckles on a gal's nose, but it just wants to tell you the unrest is here.

And it wants to tell you WHY the unrest is here, and why it is going to stay here for a while. It is because the TIME HAS COME for the general overturning of all established institutions of every kind.

There is no man and no set of men on earth that could have prevented things from getting in the shape they are now, and no man nor set of men can make them any better until the DIVINE PURPOSE of this upheaval is achieved.

The old clock of Time has come around to the striking point, and the hour of DOOM has struck for many of this old world's pet institutions.

It is utterly useless for the conservatives and reactionaries to fight against the tide of change.

They might just as well bristle up and try to subdue a cyclone.

They just might as well try to sweep back the tide of the ocean with a feather duster.

Gentlemen, it can't be done.

God's hand is in this "radical movement," as you call it, and God will see that it goes through to a finish.

Senates will deliberate.

Committees will investigate.

Philosophers will meditate.

Orators will orate.

Agitators will agitate.

Strong men will fulminate.

Weak men will supplicate.

But it will all amount to nothing.

Human institutions as we have heretofore known them are on a greased track, and they are taking their swift ride down and out.

The next stop will be the end of the road.

When the devil wants something done that he is ashamed to do himself, he turns the job over to a hypocrite.

If any of these tobacco-chewing, ambear squirting church members ever get to heaven, the angels will have an awful time cleaning up after them.

Preachers Please Answer.

Once in awhile the plute publications allow a good thing to slip in. I just happened to be looking back over an old copy of the American Magazine, and found the following which I had marked in an article by Bruce Barton:

"Whenever I see a faction of folks who seem to me most in need of criticism, most wrong in their ideas and influence, I cannot forget what a sorry appearance that crowd must have presented that followed Jesus of Nazareth along the shores of Galilee. When I find all the good men on one side of any question, I am reminded that all the leading citizens were on the side that sent Socrates to death and that stoned Stephen in the market-place."

(And he might have added "that sent Debs to prison.")

But read the above again, and think about it. There is a great lesson in it. We are too much inclined to think that the popular thing is the right thing, and that the unpopular thing is always bad and dangerous. Why, sakes alive, man, when you come right down to the facts it is more often just the other way. You may study the history of every reform movement that has ever been in the world and you will find that all the big leaders of society, church and state were against them.

I have been advertising for an orthodox preacher who is willing to say that he would have joined with Jesus and his little bunch of ragged fishermen if he had been living at that time, but I haven't found him yet. The preachers can primp up their long faces and talk mighty sugary about Jesus now, since He and His cause have gained recognition in the world, but how many of them would have been willing to face the disgrace of being one of His early disciples? That's what I want to know.

The smaller a man's heart is the more meanness it can hold.

The surest way to get money out of a farm is to discover a gold mine on it.

Life is made up of what we haven't done and what we are going to do.

During McKinley's administration the Republican spellbinders went around boasting that a farmer could spade up a calf-track and sell it for more than a whole calf would bring under Grover. But now, under this Hardtimes prosperity, a calf wouldn't pay for enough ground to make a track on.

Two Terrible Twins.

See here, Mr. Thinking Man, I want to talk to your head a few minutes on the general subject of "Politics and Theology."

Did you ever stop to think that the old selfish, persecuting, unreasonable, reactionary politics and the old fogified, superstitious, prejudiced and hell-scared reactionary theology always go hand in hand?

Well, they do.

Whenever I find an old political mummy who was intellectually dead and dried up thirty years ago, and who has never learned anything since, I don't usually need to ask about that man's theology. I know that his old empty heart is as dry and crusty as a last year's raw-hide, and I know that "immortal soul" and "eternal torment" rattle about in it like two peas in a bladder.

But whenever I find a man who has got his eyes open politically—who has begun to see that the old political parties and those who operate through them are all frauds and humbugs—I generally find that he has also cut his wisdom teeth in the matter of religion. He no longer allows himself to be intimidated by the threats of a savage theology.

The fact is that in order to be entirely free you must get loose from both these Dark Age institutions. It don't help much to get loose from one while you are still a slave to the other. The old creeds are very useful to the old reactionary political wind-jammers—they help to keep the people tangled up and bewildered, thus making it easier to pick their pockets.

I am sending out a few sample copies of this issue. If you happen to get one it is an invitation for you to subscribe and get up a club.

Why, yes, honey, there are other papers published, but you will have to hunt a long time before you find anything else as rich and juicy as The Fool-Killer. It has them all skinned a mile.

No sir, I am not opposed to wealth. Wealth is a good thing. There is enough wealth in the world for everybody, and everybody ought to have it. It is poverty I object to.

Forty per cent of the world's gold in the United States, and forty per cent of our people ragged and hungry! At that rate, if we had the other sixty per cent of the world's gold we would all have to go to the poor house.

About Correspondence.

I used to print a column or two of letters from my readers in each issue of The Fool-Killer, and would be glad to continue doing so, but the Post Office Department has ruled that these letters are "advertising," and I am required to pay an excessively high rate of postage on the paper if I print the letters. That is a very unfair ruling, but there isn't a thing in the world I can do to help myself, except to just not print the letters. But I want you to know that I appreciate your letters just the same—and the clubs, too. The subs are coming now in a regular stream—sorter like old times. Keep it up, friends.

—James Larkin Pearson.

It is perhaps a good thing that they put off the disagreement conference till winter. If they had opened it up during the hot weather it would certainly have soured. And I'm afraid it will anyhow.

Now that the government has acknowledged that the Emergency Fleet was a mistake, maybe it will finally acknowledge that the whole hang-taked war was a mistake.

It is said that Europe now has fifteen million more women than men. Looks to me like they will have to introduce polygamy over there in order to enable those fifteen million women to raise more men to kill in war. Great game that is!

Dummyscats write and ask me to lambast the Republicans, and Republicans write and suggest that I cuss out the Dummyscats. All right, boys, I am going to comply with both requests, and then you will both be mad. People are kuris things, anyhow.

It seems to be very difficult for some people to comprehend that the world is NOT going back to its old pre-war status. And that, my dear sheep, is what I am trying to hammer into your noggins. The old world is passing away with a great noise, and all things are to be made new, just as the Bible says. It may go against the grain of some of the plutocrats and profiteers, but I can't help that. It is a fact, and you are all going to see it.

"BLUETS and BUTTERCUPS"

This little book of poems was written by the wife of James Larkin Pearson, editor of The Fool-Killer. The book contains about 20 poems, a few written in the author's girlhood days, but most of them in later life. It is neatly printed, and has a picture of the author. I will send you one postpaid for 25 cents, and I will also throw in for good measure another little book entitled "An Autobiographical Sketch of James Larkin Pearson," giving a complete history of The Fool-Killer and its editor.

Mrs. Cora Wallace Pearson.
Boomer, N. C.