

A SERMON ON THE DEVIL.

We have always heard that there was a devil, and there must be some truth in the report. Various rumors have been circulated about the old fellow's personal appearance and manners, as well as the location of his place of business, but nobody seems to know exactly the straight of it. Perhaps the testimony of Esq. Job, a leading citizen and Justice of the Peace in the county of Uz, is about as reliable as anything on the market. Hear him:

"Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them. And the Lord said unto Satan, 'Whence comest thou?' Then Satan answered the Lord and said, 'From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking-up and down in it.'"

And so the devil goes in good company and wears store clothes. He is also a member of the meeting-house and squirts ambear in the amen corner. I have even known him to occupy the pulpit, and the way he can preach takes all the starch out of the theological cemeteries—excuse me, I mean seminaries.

And the devil is a keen politician. He belongs to the Redemocran party and runs for office at every election. And he always gets elected. The devil is a perpetual office-holder and is never out of a job. He owns nearly all the politics in the world, and most of the religion. He frowns on us, and we tremble. He gives orders and we obey. He makes out a ticket and we vote it. That's all the sense we've got.

If a good man enters politics the devil sets all the political dogs on him and tears him to pieces. And if an honest party hangs out its sign on the political highway the devil trains all the artillery of hell on it in an effort to destroy it. And the Redemocran voters whoop it up for the devil and rejoice in his success. That's all the sense they've got. A few have learned better, and others are learning. How about you?

And the devil is a great business man. Rich?—just hush! Johndee and the rest can't hold him a light. He owns all of them, just like they own us. Hell is the home office, and Wall Street is the American branch. Europe is the fertile field where they raise hell for the market.

The cost of living is high, and the cost of dying is not much lower, but the people pay the freight and the devil gets the money. Yes, beloved, there seems to be a devil, all right, and if there is anything on earth that he don't own and operate, I've failed to discover it up to the time of going to press.

A society item informs us that wearing diamonds is unhealthy. Now listen at that, you poor one-gallus devils! Ain't you mighty uneasy about your health? Let's you and me quit wearing diamonds, anyhow.

Send along that club of ten.

PARAGRAPHS.

Every time I see one of these great big-bellied fat men, I can't help wondering how it would look to see him trying to trim his toenails.

Bring me a mouth about the size of a cellar door and a gall as big as a three-gallon jug, and I can turn you out a politician in five minutes.

Encouraged by the example of the Benited States, England will probably muster up courage to call herself a neutral nation one of these days.

An old dram-drinking, tobacco-chewing hypocrite leading in prayer at church always reminded me of a chinch swimming in a tub of cologne.

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 that I object to.

Most of our long-coated, high-collared Doctors of Divinity spend their time doctoring divinity so that the rich devils in the church will swallow it and pay for it.

On one occasion, a good while ago, William Jennings Bryan sought glory at the cannon's mouth. But ever since that he has been seeking it at his own mouth.

When in doubt, see an editor; when in debt, see a lawyer; when in pain, see a doctor; when in death, see an undertaker; when in hell, see a Catholic priest.

The progressive Farmer tells about "a girl who did her own painting." Aw, goosey, shut up! Just lots of 'em do it.

Who's Busted, Anyhow?

Gosh all over everything, and then some more gosh! How comes it that the Excited States is so awful rich and so awful poor at the same time? We hear it on every hand that prosperity abounds and that we actually have more gold in this country than we know what to do with.

Then in the next breath we are tearfully told that there is a big three-cornered hole in the national treasury requiring about 'steen billion dollars to fill it, and we are politely invited to stand for a bond issue.

Shades of old Grover! What will the slippery politicians and big-bellied bankers try to cram down us next? If we are so terribly rich and prosper us as a people, it looks like our government would not be so near busted. Maybe Morgan and company had better get up a billion dollar loan for poor old Uncle Sam.

CORRESPONDENCE.

W. P. BARLEY, Arlington, Kans.—Dav before yesterday The Fool-Killer came and we had quite a time with it I got a copy and went around and read it to a lot of the folks and the dimes began to roll in. I thought I would get a club of five anyway, but behold—I am sending you a money order for \$2.50 to pay for a list of 25 names. We all sure enjoyed The Fool-Killer; it is rightly named. I read just one short article to a man and he said: "Hold on, that is a dimes worth and here's the dime." That is the way it went and I am sure that I will have more names to send off in a few days.

J. W. EATON, RFD 2, Summerfield, N. C.—I am writing this letter to thank you for the few doses of your medicine I have just taken, and say that it has done me so much good. I am inclosing the names of six people who want your medicine and sixty cents to pay for it. Please send me a bundle of free doses to give out, and I think I can sell several doses. I know that there are plenty that need it.

EZRA RUSSELL, Norton, Kans.—Inclosed is \$1.10 for a bunch of subs for your little paper. It is just the stuff.

V. E. W. GOOD, Laurens, S. C.—Inclosed is \$2.00 for which please send The Fool-Killer to the following names. The people of this town are carried away with the paper.

BURTON KELLEY, Jingo, W. Va.—Please enter the following names on the subscription list of The Fool-Killer. These subscriptions were raised in less than five minutes.

S. J. COWAN, Dublin, Ga.—You dear old Fool-Killer: I ain't dead yet. Still on the job getting up clubs. Inclosed you will find money order for ten more who are not afraid to take your medicine. I hope that you will be successful in killing them, as well as myself, unless there is enough manhood in us to live after the fool is knocked out.

H. E. CUNNINGHAM, 299 Clay St., Rochester, Pa.—Find inclosed \$2.00 for yearly subs to The Fool-Killer. Please send me some samples. Hoping you the best of success with the best little paper I ever saw.

D. L. WILSON, Booneville, Ga.—"A Voice from the Grave" in the October issue was the best article I have ever read on the Frank case, and cannot be beat anywhere or at any time. Please send me a bundle of samples and I will do my best to send in some more clubs as I like to get up clubs for your paper.

B. E. F. BUCKLEW, RFD 4, Box 70, Terra Alta, W. Va.—Inclosed find money order for \$1.20 for which please send The Fool-Killer to the following names. This makes 45 I have sent in since July.

D. O. GOSS, RFD 3, Lake City, Fla.—I herewith inclose fifty cents for which please mail The Fool-Killer to the names given below. Your paper is just fine. I like to see the good work go on.

MRS. MAGGIE JACKSON, Dillon, S. C.—Inclosed you will find check for one dollar for which please send The Fool-Killer to these names. I sent you ten about two weeks ago, and if you will send me some sample copies I think I can get a lot more subs.

The warring governments of Europe are encouraging all soldiers to get married before they march off to be shot, in order that a new generation of babies may be raised up to be shot later. They have reduced the cost of marriage licenses, but there ain't been nary word said about reducing the cost of raising a baby.

And still there are a few fools who believe that big armies and navies are a guarantee of peace. Of course that class of folks would jump in the river to keep dry.

THERE IS NEVER ANY CHRISTMAS FOR THE POOR.

Oh, they talk about the spirit of the Christ, And of how we are to celebrate His birth, While the poor are being catalogued and priced— Being bartered for a certain money's worth.

There are lights along the avenues at night, And the Christmas cheer of opulence is sure; But the alleys—ah, behold!—they are empty, dark and cold!— There is never any Christmas for the poor.

When He tramped across the hills of Palestine, When He stood among the fishers by the sea, He was comrade to the common and the mean— He was brother to the likes of you and me.

But they took Him from the people that He loved, And they sat Him where the dollar signs allure; In His name they make a feast—they with worldly goods increased— But there's never any Christmas for the poor.

Where the festive halls are brightest in their glow, Where the music melts and mingles with the air— There the Christmas congregations come and go, And the pick of pride and fashion—they are there.

But if Comrade Christ is somewhere looking on, He is saddened by the prospect, I am sure; And I think His heart must bleed for His comrades here in need, Where there's never any Christmas for the poor.

—James Larkin Pearson.

WHAT THINK YE OF RUSSELL?

Now wouldn't it beat thunder and red lightning if our old friend, Pastor Russell, should turn out to be a true prophet? It may be a bitter pill for us to swallow, but we have to admit that he either knows something or is a mighty good guesser.

For more than thirty years Russell has been predicting that all existing governments were doomed to fall, and that the year 1914 would mark the beginning of the end. Take particular notice of that date. It is a positive fact that in a book which he wrote, printed and copyrighted over thirty years ago, Russell mentions over and over the date 1914 as the time when something big would begin to happen.

Well, we DO know that SOMETHING started right kerdab on the date that Russell said something would start, and none of us are smart enough yet to prove that it won't wind up just as he says it will. It don't require any stretch of the imagination to see how the nations of the East, by going on in their present mad course, can totally destroy each other. And if this country follows Wilson and Roosevelt and their gang of war jingoes, we will be drawn into it and go just like the rest.

And so if Pastor Russell don't turn out to be a true prophet, it certainly won't be the fault of the military leaders of the world and their following of war jingoes who are all out whooping it up for the great International Suicide Club of the World.