



Volume XI.

Boomer, North Carolina, March, 1921.

Number 1.

Hard-ing Times

Well, Mister, I reckon I'd better be-
gin
And spin you the best that I'm able
to spin,
From the musical guts of my poetry
mill,
About the big doin's on Capitol Hill.
The time has arriv, in the course of
events,
For the big-bellied breed of political
gents
To come, with their bellies like soap-
grease tubs,
And turn out the Crats and put in
the Pubs.
When they all get there on Inaugural
Day,
The Republican gang will be feeling
so gay
That they won't even look at the Dem-
ocrat crowd
As they stand around with their heads
all bowed.
They're going to unhitch the old wind-
broken mule
That never did nothing but act like a
fool.
And hitch in a steer that the bosses
have broke
To faithfully pull in Big Business's
yoke.
The Democrat mule will be turned
out to graze
On political stubble the rest of his
days,
And the Pubs and the devil will go
in cahoots,
And the world will still be safe for
the Plutes.
We have had Hard Times for a right
smart while,
But it's Hard-ing Times that are now
in style,
And it won't be long till the "i-n-g"
Will mean "e-r" for you and me.
JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

February Issue Pleas'd 'Em.

The February issue of The Fool-Killer was a bigger "hit" with the readers than anything I have sent out lately. You just ought to see the letters I've been getting about it. The demand has been so great that all the extra copies are gone, and the subs have been simply POURING in. This (March) issue is not quite up to my standard, but I've got some more everlasting hot truck on the hook for April.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

Plenty work to do.
Plenty of men to do it.
Plenty of machinery standing ready.
Plenty of raw material.
Plenty of people needing the finished product.
Plenty of money to pay for it with.
And yet everything is as dead as the dickens.
Millions of men are out of work.
Thousands of shops are closed.
People are suffering for the necessities of life.
Can you locate the trouble?
If you can't, I can.
Here it is:
The international tangle of Big Business got the affairs of the world in such shape that the Big Ikes couldn't make quite as much profit as they had been making, and so they decided to knock off for awhile.
Profit is the only thing to be considered.
Profit for the Plute.
The needs of the world no not count.
The idleness, nakedness, hunger and suffering do not count.
All these things must take a back seat and let the Big Ike's profit be considered first.
What we need in this world is a system of government that will think first of the happiness and comfort of the people. Then we would never be troubled with such conditions as this. But we are such tarnation fools that we never seem to learn anything.

This is shore-to-goodness a crazy world any way you look at it. For instance, it gives one man \$40,000 for a Nobel Peace Prize, and then turns right around and gives another man \$100,000 for a prize fight. Again, it gives \$33,000,000 to feed the starving children of Europe, and at the same time gives fifty times that much to build battleships and other war contrapshuns to produce more suffering and starvation. Every so-called "statesman" on earth ought to be in the criminal insane ward of the bug house, anyhow.

A TIP FOR THE ALLIES

Hooray!
Whoop-to-Glory!
Here is the Big Idea!
I have all the while been sorter partial to the Bolsheviks, but here is where I am going to give them away. I am going to tell the Allied Statesmen an absolutely sure way to put the eternal booger-hooks on Lenine and Trotsky, and then if they don't make use of the plan it won't be my fault, and they needn't come snivelling around me any more with their pitiful whine about the kussed Bolsheviks.
Now prop your old floppy ears open and listen good:
You know how bad the Allies want the Bolsheviks whipped. You know they have "recognized" four or five different Russian generals that were trying to lead little rag-tag rebellions against Lenine. I can't remember all their names just now, but the last one was General Wrangel. And it wasn't three weeks after these different upstarts got their Allied "recognition" pinned on good till they were down and out. One followed another into the discard just like throwing dead cats into a mill-pond. Then came Wrangel, and he was going to be the Moses certain. But he went the same way and wasn't long about it.
It seems, therefore, that Allied "recognition" of any Russian leader is as fatal as hanging. And it does seem strange to me that they have never thought about trying it on the Bolsheviks.
Thar now!
The secret is out!

Every day for more than three years now we have read in the daily papers that the Bolshevik government in Russia was "tottering" and "crumbling," and that it couldn't hold out much longer. But the funny part about it is the Bolshevik government is still standing and is today the strongest and most solvent government in Europe. Evidently it is going to take more than newspaper lies to overthrow the Bolsheviks.

If Abe Could Know

Today if Lincoln's spirit were here as the united nation celebrates his birthday, it must be that he would find his greatest joy in seeing how all the States, both North and South, are joined in a singleness of devotion and effort in raising thirty-three million dollars for the ministry of love to three and a half million little children whose appeal of suffering has found such a hearty response in every part of America.—Literary Digest.

That all sounds very bong-swong, as Postle Paul says, but suppose Lincoln's spirit should happen to read the February Fool-Killer and learn that while the whole nation is just tearing its biled shirt trying to raise a few millions for the starving children, the Congress of the United States was appropriating over A BILLION DOLLARS to build battleships and equip armies to kill more fathers and leave more starving orphans? What do you suppose Lincoln would think about that?

Honest, gentlemen, it is a fine thing that Lincoln's "spirit" cannot know what is going on in this country now. If it could, there would be some of the tallest spiritual cussing that you ever heard tell of.

The much talked of "union of the churches" seems to make rather slow progress. Sorter like mixing a hundred and fifty different kinds of dirt to test out a new patent soap.

The Supreme Court says the sentence against Berger was wrong and unjust. Now why don't it open its judicial mouth and say some thing like that about the Debs case?

And now the goody-goods are getting up another scare about the stage and the movies poking fun at the preachers. Well, that's about all some of them are fit for. If the preachers want to stand high in the estimation of the people they will have to cut out some of their devilled theology. The people are not all fools yet.