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**I WOULD USE IT MORE.**

Some girls have a lot of brains  
That they never use,  
Judging by the kind of swains  
That most of them choose.  
They just wed the bummiest lot,  
Then regret it sore.  
If I had the sense they've got,  
I would use it more.

Some men go through life asleep—  
Never think a lick—  
Till they're in the mire so deep  
That they cannot kick.  
Then, with anger waxing hot,  
They begin to roar.  
If I had the sense they've got,  
I would use it more.

Some folks put on righteous airs,  
And will treat you ill  
If you do not squirt your prayers  
Through their little quill;  
Always kicking up a fuss,  
Just a perfect bore.  
If I had religion plus,  
I would use it more.

—James Larkin Pearson.

**HOW WE "SAVED CIVILIZATION."**

I want it plainly understood that I don't take any stock in all this gushy "patriotic" yawp about how we went to war to "save civilization," and what an awful fix the world would have been in if we hadn't "saved" it.

Well, for pity's sake, if this is a saved world, I would hate like thunder to see a lost one. If it could possibly have been any worse than it is now—Jeeminy, wouldn't it have been a peach?

If the world needed "saving" when we entered the war, it needs it still worse now, and nobody in sight who seems to know how to do it.

So I think, gentlemen of the Jury, it is time for us to stop bragging about how we "saved civilization."

The fool hero-worshippers of America have been giving old Foch such a good time that they are about to wear the old feller out attending banquets, making speeches, accepting medals, and so on. That's right! Let 'em rang-tang him around till there isn't anything of him left but a quart of brass buttons and a shoestring.

**THE UNKNOWN DEAD**

Before this paper reaches you there will have been some big doings at Washington over the body of an "unknown dead" soldiers who was killed in France.

They have picked out just one unknown soldier to represent all the other unknown soldiers, but they don't know which one it is that they have picked out. In trying to get the right one they are just as apt to have got somebody else. But the wrong one will do just as well as the right one, and no matter which one it is, he will never know anything about it.

But anyhow, they have brought home one whose identity has been torn off and lost, and they are going to bury him at Arlington on Armistice Day amid great patriotic demonstrations. They will probably spill enough over-ripe oratory around his grave to float whole Arlington Cemetery off into the river. They will have parades and speeches and hired mourners, and all the hifalutin ceremony and nonsense that belong to military snobdom.

And they think that is going to compensate all the unknown dead for the loss of their lives, and even for the blotting out of their personal identity.

But I am afraid it won't work. If one can be honored for all the rest, why couldn't one have killed for all the rest? And now that they are all dead and gone in their own proper persons they are not bothering their brains about any "honors" by proxy.

But let it go.

I am not kicking about that. And the "unknown dead" are not kicking, either.

Nary a kick.

And so when they get through with them big doings at Arlington in honor of the "unknown dead, they might begin to look around and give some attention to the "unfed living." They will find tens of thousands of the ex-service boys walking the streets, hunting for jobs, hungry, disheartened and disillusioned. They are saying to themselves:

"Is this what we fought for? —is this what our comrades

died for?—that we might starve here in this land of plenty in 1921?

Maybe it might be a good idea to pick out one of these hungry and disheartened soldier boys, take him to a swell hotel, set him down at the head of the table with a great company of these-here brass button monkeys around him, and tell him to eat till he swells up like a toy ballon.

And then go out on the streets and say to all the other hungry soldiers:

"Here, you fellows! We have fed one of your crowd! Look at his belly! He has been eating for you, and so you have been fed by proxy."

Does anybody suppose that would satisfy the boys? But that's all they will get, and I doubt if they get even that much.

**FINE FRENCH LIKKER**

I have heard it whispered around on the quiet that this is a prohibition country.

I have been confidentially informed that there is a law against making, selling, transporting or otherwise dealing in the famous old whoop-juice.

It wouldn't do for any of us common plugs to fill a suitcase full of red-eye and gallop off to Washington with it, and get gloriously drunk in both legs and try to make a speech before the Disagreement Conference.

We would lose our official standing as private citizens, and the brass button bridge would have us locked up before you could say scat.

But I see in the papers that the French delegation to the Confab were careful to pack about thirty cases of high-grade likker among their luggage before sailing for this dry and thirsty prohibition land.

Yes, honey, they brought it with them—just plenty of it. And our prohibition government not only allowed them to bring it in, but actually assigned an army of special policemen to guard it for them.

I presume that the rest of the nations also supplied their delegates with a choice assortment of headaches bottled in bond. And I guess some of it

is about like the North Carolina moonshine—mean enough to make a she-baby bullfrog spit in a whale's face.

Now isn't that a fine howdy-do for a gang of men who have come together for the alleged purpose of saving the world? The solemnity of the occasion demands their very best sober thought.

But instead of that they must tank up on expensive imported rot-gut and keep themselves in a fighting humor so as to head off any possible chance of getting disarmament.

What can we expect from a convention of drunk dudes? And how can we have any confidence in the sincerity of our own official and diplomatic whangdoodles when they allow such business as that to be carried on right in the capital of this dry and thirsty land?

If prohibition is good for us, why isn't it good for the slippery sons of snobdom that come here to swap stall-fed oratory with our peanut politicians?

**SELL OUT TO HENRY**

Just hand it to Henry and say no more about it.

Right on the heels of his announcement that he would take over the Muscle Shoals nitrate plants, Henry Ford also announces that he will buy all the battleships that Uncle Sam may take a notion to junk in case the disagreement conference succeeds.

Well, why not?

The Ford plants have to have steel in large quantities, and there is enough steel in one battleship to make a good many flivvers. While we are beating swords into plowshares, why not beat a few battleships into Ford cars?

Looky here, I move that we sell the whole doggon government to Henry and let him run it. I'll bet five cents he could do a better job of it than is now being done.

The super-dreadnaught "West Virginia," the newest addition to the American navy, was launched at Newport News a few days ago. I suppose that is part of the "disarmament" program.