



Volume XI.

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WHAT NEXT?

Well howdy, folks, howdy!
I feel sorter rowdy,
And I'm going to sing you a song
About the disarming
That looks so alarming,
And seems to be taking so long.

The cheap politicians
Have held the positions
Of leaders and rulers of men
So long they have gotten
Exceedingly rotten,
And all ought to be in the pen.

They've wrecked every nation
On top of creation,
And got the whole world in a stew;
They've kicked up a rucus
Enough for to puke us,
And that is the best they can do.

Now they've been a-trying
Their methods of lying
With great hypocritical skill;
But still ain't succeeded
In doing what's needed,
And when do you reckon they will?

This Washington wrangle
Was going to untangle
The great international mess;
But each fool endeavor
Gets wusser than ever;
They just as well quit it, I guess.

When this thing is finished,
And war undiminished,
And all the world troubled and vexed,
What kind of excuses
Will fit their abuses?
And what will they promise us next?
—James Larkin Pearson.

GIT UP HERE, SELUM!

Conditions entirely beyond
my control caused the November
issue of The Fool-Killer to be
more than a month late. It
has just now gone into the mail
—on Dec. 16th.

And so, in order to get out
the December issue before the
month is gone, I am compelled
to rush up the copy very hur-
riedly, print and mail it in a
gallop, and put it into the post-
office right on the heels of the
November issue.

And therefore if the juice in
this issue seems to be of a sorry
grade, or if there is no juice at
all, you will know the reason.
I am standing on my head this
week and kicking every way
at once.

GOIN' SOME.

In days that are ended,
Whenever we wended
To town an' attended
The show,
We sat in the saddle
While Dobbin would paddle
Through mud to his straddle,
You know.

The faithful old plower,
By taxin' his power,
Made three miles an hour,
At most;
Arrivin' in Dover,
We fed him some stover,
An' threw the reins over
A post.

Still others arrivin',
Both ridin', an' drivin',
The little town's thrivin'
Increased.
They met there together
In suitable weather,
An' each had to tether
His beast.

A custom unfailin'
Had long been prevailin'
To put up a railin'
At which
The folks with a toney
Fat horse or a boney
Old nag or a pony
Could hitch.

So there they stood pawin'
An' bitin' an' gnawin'
An' maybe he-hawin'
All day,
While folks were defendin'
Their rights or attendin'
To business an' spendin'
Their pay.

But folks in a hurry
Would trouble an' worry
Because the old surry
Was slow.
They seemed to be needin'
Some method of speedin'
Entirely exceedin'
Old Joe.

Inventors were plyin'
Their trade an' a-tryin'
Their luck at supplyin'
The need;
The little Tin Lizzie
Got active an' busy,
An' made the world dizzy
With speed.

The gasoline motor
Was able to tote 'er,
An' outrun a goat or
A sheep;

It was an attraction
To see her in action,
But hills were a fraction
Too steep.

At first it was chuggy,
This gasoline buggy,
An' people talked uggy,
(Aside);
But, spite of the bumpin'
An' jerkin' an' thumpin',
They'd all want to jump in
An' ride.

Inventors so darin'
Kept on a-preparin'
Till they had put air in
The wheels;
The people were taught a
New lesson an' bought a
Great number of auto-
Mobiles.

They work without britchin',
They go without switchin',
They stand without hitchin',
Therefore
These new demonstrations
Of changin' relations
Require hitchin'-stations
No more.

The bit an' the bridle
Are rusty an' idle,
An' people who ride 'll
Agree
The steerin'-wheel's winner,
With qualities in 'er
That e'en the beginner
Can see.

The old livery stable
Is no longer able
To poke up its gable
In air;
On each corner lodges
The massive garages;
The Fords and the Dodges
Are there.

The hitchin'-post lately
Has been altered greatly,
An' now it stands stately
An' red;
The hitchin'-rein's holler
For liquid to foller,
Where many a dollar
Is shed.

—James Larkin Pearson.

Sarn-take my yaller Kitten's
ham gravy! The Literary Dig-
est has at last reluctantly ad-
mitted that the Soviet officials
in Russia are honest—"con-
trary to common report." Now
look out for the L. D. to say
a good word for the devil. Must
have got religion up there in
Yankee-doodle. Huh?

WANT SOME POETRY?

Another brilliant idea has
struck me right square across
the fat end of my wisdom.

In an old trunk here at Cora's
house I've got about 17 bushels
of jimdandy good poetry that I
have hatched out of my orna-
mental head during the past 25
years.

This poetry is all wool and a
yard wide, and guaranteed for a
thousand years. Some of the
poems are funny enough to tick-
le a home-sick dog or a setting
hen, while other pieces are so
sad they would make Charlie
Chaplin look like a pall-bearer at
the funeral of Mutt and Jeff.

I have been trying for years
to get this poetry printed some

But the magazine editors
and publishers say it is so good
they are afraid to print it, as it
would set a standard that would
discourage other poets and cause
the whole poetry business to
languish like a love-sick butter-
fly in a bucket of hot molasses.

And so I have been wonder-
ing what would be the result if
I should take my collection of
poetry by the back of the neck
and drag it through the columns
of The Fool-Killer for about 12
months. In other words, I have
thought about running the
poems in as a regular feature of
the paper, devoting a page or so
to that purpose as long as the
collection holds out.

I would have the poems set in
book-page width and hold the
type. Then at the end of the
serial run I would have my whole
complete "Poetical Works" in
type ready for a book.

Does that ring your bell?
Write and tell me if you want
the poetry, and send along a club
when you write. Do it now.

That bunch of diplomatic
liars at the Washington talkfest
reminds me of a flock of one-leg-
ged ducks in a frog-pond. They
just paddle around and around
in a circle and never get any-
where. Started out for the port
of Disarmament—so they said—
but here they come right back
to Military Alliance—right ker-
dab where they started. Hire
'em to go after a swan, and they
will come back with a durn
polecat.