

# The Fool-Killer

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## LES GO A-FISHIN' ONE MORE TIME

'Long somewhurs in the early teens,  
Ole rush hat on a feller's head,  
Ole slick dime in a feller's jeans  
Felt as big as a pone o' bread.  
Goin' a-fishin' along the creek,  
Bright June days jes' in their prime:  
Joy like that I now would seek—  
Les go a-fishin' one more time.

Seems might'nigh jes' like a dream,  
But I kin tell ye the dream was  
great—  
Trottin' along on the bank o' the  
stream,  
Draggin' the pole an' a totin' the  
bait;  
Feelin' as rich as a lord, an' then  
Feelin' that see if I'd lost my dime:  
Les be happy like that again—  
Les go a-fishin' one more time.

Pore ole backs is a-gittin' bent,  
Pore ole legs is a-failin' fast;  
Can't go now at the gait we went  
In them days o' the happy past.  
Doggon brain is a-gittin' tired  
Thinkin' o' this ole foolish rhyme:  
Now for the thing we've long desired—  
Les go a-fishin' one more time.  
James Larkin Pearson.

## PLAY THIS ON YOUR GOURD FIDDLE

I think "consistency" is about to lose its breeches. Frinstance, here is a monthly magazine called "The Home Circle," published at Louisville, Ky., and it seems to be an awfully good religious Sunday School sort of a thing so far as its reading matter goes, and it goes in for prohibition as strong as forty mules. But when The Home Circle gets its goo-goos on a fat check for advertising it is not quite so sanctified. In the Classified Column of its May Number I find this modest little announcement grinning at me in six-point type:

"GROUND BARLEY MALT, brown sugar and copper. ————— Company, Box ———, Atlanta, Georgia."

Entirely innocent, of course. Malt and brown sugar and copper are never used to make moonshine likker. Oh, no, no, no! But sometimes a-body just will have old mean suspicions.

The same paper carries one "Stop Whiskey" ad and twelve pistol ads. Purty good average.

Oh, I was about to stop, but while this subject of "consistency" is under discussion, I might as well squeeze all the juice out of it. Take copper, now. Sheet copper. It ain't agin the law for a hardware dealer to sell me the sheet copper, and it ain't agin the law for me to buy it. But it IS agin the law for me to make up that copper into a still and set it up in some dark holler to make moonshine. It ain't agin

the law for me to buy and own a straight piece of copper pipe ten feet long. But if I bend that copper pipe into a certain shape, then it is a "still-worm" and I must not be allowed to have it.

Doggon it, the law knows what those things are bought for just as well as I do, and if it really wanted to put a stop to the manufacture of rot-gut, why couldn't it make the tools of the traffic a little more difficult to get? That would help some, and wouldn't look so much like barefaced hypocrisy. In spite of all their loud-mouthed hurrah about it, it looks to me like the "authorities" really want the rotten traffic to go on so that all the Big Ikes can get their part of the swag. Just between you and me and Saint Peter, I don't believe anybody wants the likker business stopped, unless it is a few poor devils like myself who are not making any profit out of it.

Then there is the pistol, another low-down weapon of the devil. It ain't agin the law for the hardware man to sell me a pistol, and it aint agin the law for me to buy it. But if I take the blamed thing and make one step towards home with it I have violated the law. The mail order houses, such as advertise in The Home Circle, are allowed to sell me a pistol by mail, and Uncle Sam is so willing to the transaction and so gosh-awfully accomodating that he will stick the bloody weapon in his hip pocket and come trotting down here to deliver it to me. But the very minute he hands it over and I get my paws on it, Uncle Sam rears back on his dignity and says, "See here! You can't have that pistol! It's agin the law!" Well, if it's agin the law for me to have it, what in the blue blazes did he bring it to me for? That's what I would like to know.

## BIT HIS OWN NOSE OFF

Not long ago I heard a wise man say that Catholic Toe-Kisser Al Smith was the man who ought to have been nominated by the Democrats and elected president. He said Al would certainly have been elected if he had been nominated.

And then in the next breath my wise man came out in favor of the Kluckers and wanted to see the Bed-Sheet Brigade cover the earth at once.

Thar now! Ain't that a fine dish of religious soup with political flies in it? If all that fellow knew about the Catholics and the Kluckers was put together, it wouldn't fill the hollow of a gnat's tooth.

## GO BAREFOOTED, DOGGON YE!

While wading through the current newspapers with scissors in hand hunting for some good juicy victim for my editorial wrath, I suddenly stumbled upon this:

"Heeding President Coolidge's demand for economy on all sides, the Federal Department of Agriculture has called upon the people of the United States to save their shoes. The wasting of a single shoe each year by each person in the United States costs at least \$250,000,000 at present prices, says the call for saving. The people of the United States buy about 300 million pairs of shoes each year. Their needs could be supplied by 250 million pairs if they were well cared for and kept in repair by the persons who bought them."

Oh, yes!

Of course!

Why, to be sure!

Now that our attention has been called to it, anybody can see that we are all wearing out too many shoes. I am a terrible sinner in that respect myself. I have worn out the only pair I had until they are hardly fit to wear here in the woods, and not at all fit to be seen in company. And I realize now that I hadn't ought to have done it. The solemn fact has at last percolated into my crazy cranium that I ought to have gone barefooted last winter and saved my shoes. Consarn the luck, why didn't President Coolness and the Department of Tater-Bugs call my attention to this shoe question before now? They had to wait until my shoe-soles had gone to glory or some other place, and then spring their little gag about saving my shoes. Boo-hoo!

But don't worry, my dearly-beloved Rubes. It isn't too late. We can still go barefooted. It is summer time now, and we can roll up our breechaloons and wade in the branch and squirt mud between our toes for about six months at least. And by that time our old hoofs will be so tough and rusty that they can stand it through the winter.

If everybody in these Benighted States would go barefooted as a goose for one year they would save enough money to build five or six battleships and make a good-sized payment on the "next war." So now, my dear fools, I hope you see how very important it is for us to go barefooted and save our shoes for hard times.

Hold on! Wait a minute! I ain't through yet. If you don't like the idea of going plum barefooted on both cylinders at once, or if you think that would be

more economy than you could afford, then here is another good plan: Just put on one shoe at a time, and put the other foot in your pocket, and go hopping around like a snow-bird until you wear out that shoe. The other shoe will still be good. Just change feet and put on the good shoe, and put the bare foot in your pocket as before, and go to hopping again. In that way one pair of shoes will give the service of two pairs, and we will still be several hops ahead of O. Henry's South America where they don't wear anything but a stone-bruise and a grin.

## HOWDY! HOWDY! HOWDY!

Well, folks, it begins to look sorter like old times. The Fool-Killer is on a big boom again and all of its old friends are flocking back and climbing on the band-wagon. That's right! Come on, everybody! If you can't roll a wheel you can at least jump on and ride. Here we go! We want to round up every person whose name has ever been on the list in the past and get them on again—right away quick. No "dull season" for us this summer, thank you!

Just The Fool-Killer by itself ought to be enough to get quick action out of any person God ever made, but as an extra inducement for everybody to get busy and break all records at club-raising, I am now giving some jim-dandy good Premiums. See list in this paper. Pick out the Premium you want and go for it like a nigger after a watermelon. Let the big clubs roll in here like five men a-measuring apples. Thank you! All ready? Go!

New York's Madison Square Garden, which was big enough to hold the late lamentable Democratic convention, could not accommodate more than half of the great throng that wanted to hear Eugene Debs when he spoke there recently. Poor old Debs! It is certainly bad to be so unpopular.

Not many years ago Mrs. Margaret Sanger was put in prison for advocating "Birth Control" and circulating literature on the subject. But now the mail order papers are full of ads offering "Birth Control" books for sale to the public. What in the world has gone with our good Puritan prudery all at once? Margaret and her "bad" activities are getting entirely too respectable these days.