

The Fool-Killer

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A Good Old Hymn

Alas, and are my breeches tore?
And is my shirt in strings?
And shall I go in debt for more,
Or do without such things?

Was it for this, since I've been
grown,

I cast my sovereign vote?
Amazing shoes, with socks un-
known!

And, oh, you tattered coat!

Well might a piece of tow-sack
hide

My poor old naked skin!
The way them politicians lied,
It surely is a sin!

But drops of grief can never pay
The grocery bills I owe.

Next time I'll vote a different
way—

Hang-taked if that ain't so!

TRY YOUR LUCK, MISTER

Please stand on your head and read the following paragraph backward through a left-handed breeches-leg, and then tell me what you think it means. I find it in the "Current Events" column of The Literary Digest for June 13th, 1925, Annie Domino:

"An opinion dissenting from the decision of the judicial commission of the Presbyterian General Assembly sustaining the complaint against the New York Presbytery for licensing two ministers who would not affirm belief in the Virgin Birth is read into the records of the Assembly by the Rev. Charles B. Swartz, of Chicago."

I will give you the next hundred dollar bill that I find in a cow track if you will translate that into English and put me wise to what the writer was trying to say. I have read it through sixteen times and prayed over it twice and cussed over it eight times, and I don't see any sense in it yet.

To save my sunburnt neck I can't tell whether the Rev. Charles B. Swartz has given birth to an opinion, or whether the Presbyterian General Assembly has had a nightmare that refuses to eat oats, or whether the New York Presbytery has swallowed its false teeth and puked up a lizzard. In view of all the unmitigated circumstances, intensified by the uncertainty of newspaper reports, I am terribly uneasy for fear something has happened.

A woman went into a department store and said she wanted a dress to put on around the house. She was insulted when the clerk asked her the size of the house.

PLUTOCRACY "FESSES UP."

Just a few short years ago we had a "war to end war."

Perhaps you remember it.

We were told that it was going to be the last war that the world would ever see.

I believed that yarn for a while, but when I saw how the war was carried on and how it ended, I begun to sorter have my doubts.

But you remember how the "patriots" all over the country just ripped and ranted and tore their shirts for the holy and sanctified slaughter which was going to bring paradise to the earth in about three weeks. The great Redemocan editors, both North and South, fairly melted into puddles of "patriotism" as they cried aloud for more blood. It was a "holy cause," and it was a "war to end war," and anybody that criticised it was a traitor and ought to be hung.

Among the plute papers that had such patriotic duck-fits in behalf of Wilson's War was the Winston-Salem Journal. It didn't stop at "100 per cent patriotism." Its temperature rose to at least 300, and it would have gone still higher if the "patriotic" bubble hadn't busted when it did.

To turn back now to The Journal's files of 1917 and 1918 and read its inspired prophetic utterances about the warless world which Wilson was going to hand us on a silver platter—well, that fine stuff don't quite harmonize with the following which I take from a recent issue of the same Winston-Salem Journal:

WAR PREPARATIONS

Seven years after the war to end wars, the powers of the world maintain, on a peace footing, at least 6,000,000 troops and the total organized reserve forces in the world are 24,000,000. The armed nations today, because of their mechanical guns, new chemical laboratories and air craft, are more formidable in their equipment than before the catastrophe of 1914. The fleets of the world are stronger than in 1914. The air navies are being continually developed and expanded. Add to this the experience gained in the last war, and it is startlingly plain that the world is far better prepared to wage a terrific war than ever before.

See? It comes right out and confesses that the war which Wilson "kept us out of" was not what it was cracked up to be. It didn't end war. It didn't bring paradise. It didn't do any of the great things it promised to do.

On the other hand, the crazy world has gone ahead with still

bigger and costlier preparations for war, and it seems only a question of time till hell must break loose again. And of course when that happens we will again have plenty of "patriots" to tell us what a "holy cause" it is, and how we must all bend our necks to the military yoke and pull and pray for victory. Oh, yes! But it looks to me like a few more "victories" like that last one would just about finish us.

RADIO UP-TO-DATE

Well, sir! Are you trying to keep up with the latest developments in Radio? If not, you are missing one of the biggest things that ever came down the pike.

It ain't merely talk and music now, but radio pictures flashing through the air at lightning speed. A feller in Washington has invented a new method of sending pictures by radio, and he has now gone so far as to send typewritten letters, or even pen-written letters, delivering them thousands of miles away in five minutes. You can take a piece of paper and a pen and write a letter in your own handwriting, and five minutes after you sign your name to it, a photographic copy of that same letter, still in your own handwriting, can be delivered by radio to somebody thousands of miles away.

This is not speculation about what is going to be done. It has actually been done already.

Going still further, the same inventor has succeeded in sending MOVING PICTURES by radio for a distance of five miles. Of course that is just a start. If moving pictures can be sent five miles by radio, they will eventually be sent five hundred or five thousand miles.

It is actually beyond belief, but it is all true just the same. We can hardly comprehend it. And still less can we comprehend the fact that the wonders are just beginning. Ten years more—twenty years more—and—oh, my! Can you begin to imagine? Talking about paradise, that's the way it will come. In the Sweet By and By. Not just yet.

A noted welfare worker, in discussing what should be done about the fast and unruly younguns of this country, says what we need is a new type and better type of parents. No doubt about that. But where in the gee-whiz are you going to get 'em? To try to make better parents out of such bum material as we have got would be sorter like trying to make a gold watch out of a mule's foot.

SAVING THE BABIES—AND WHAT FOR?

On April 29, 1925, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company bought space in The Outlook (New York), and printed an ad from which I quote the following:

"Last year two and one-half million babies were born in the United States—our future citizens—the men and women who are to be intrusted with the affairs of tomorrow. Precious as these little lives were, not only to their parents, but to the country itself, one out of every thirteen died before its first birthday. This tragic waste of human material must be checked. A gigantic plan is under way to bring this about. Every mother and father, everyone in America who loves children and his country is asked to help."

All well and good. Nobody will object to saving the lives of the babies. But maybe we had better look into their motives a little. What do they want to save the babies for? I'll tell you. So far as the boy babies are concerned, they want them to grow up and become soldiers and be gloriously murdered in some rich man's war. And as to the girl babies, they want them to live long enough to become the mothers of soldiers, and after that it don't matter what becomes of them.

That's the dying truth, and you know it. The powers that be are not much interested in babies for any other reason. As proof of this assertion, let me call your attention to the fact that other groups of "patriots" are all the time hard at work inventing and perfecting new methods of killing. And unless the babies live and grow up, there will be nobody for the "patriots" to kill with their new-fangled murder machines. Of course the babies must be saved to make cannon fodder.

But why? Looks to me like the baby that dies in infancy has got the best end of the bargain. If all the babies could know what was ahead of them in this troublesome world, they would all want to die in infancy.

Looky here, babies, if you are going to live and grow up, you had better learn sense enough in the time of it to show the war-gods where to get off.

Quitters

The whole world hates a quitter,
But it doesn't hate him, son,
When the quitter's quitting something
That he shouldn't have begun.