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HARDWARE

Away with Thought and all its fruits!
No room for thinker or for sage!
The smooth "go-getter" only suits
This cold, hard driving business age.

No Milton gets a hearing now;
No Emerson can win our thanks;

The only script that we allow
Is something good at all the banks.

No modern Webster holds a crowd:

No modern Clay can cause a thrill—

Unless his voice jingles loud
Like dropping silver in a till.

God give us men whose bones consist

Of standard automobile parts!
Whose brains are on the hardware list,

Who have cash-registers for hearts!

—James Larkin Pearson.

SOFT SOAP

From The National Farm News, Washington, Do-you-C., I learn that the farmers are going to have everything coming their way pretty soon. Bekaze they do say that the American Bankers' Association and the United States Chamber of Commerce are going to put on their overalls and march out to the old plantation and tell Farmer Cornfossel just what is wrong with his business and how to fix it all hunky-dory in about five minutes. Like the very Old Scratch they will! And the next thing anybody knows we shall have a Cat Association proposing to teach the mice how to keep from being caught. Who said we weren't coming some?

The man who wants to elect a wet president and then tie his hands with a dry congress, is sorter like the feller who takes a dose of poison just to get to call the doctor.

Al-cohol Smith is Out of Luck

No Man Named Smith Can Ever Polish the Seat of His Pants in the President's Chair

There seems to be a good deal in a name when it comes to picking presidents of the United States. In looking over the list of presidents from Washington to the present, one is struck by the almost entire absence of the more common family names. Just five presidents have borne what you might call common names—the two Adamases, Jackson, Johnson, and Wilson. All the rest have been scarce or unusual names.

In the army draft in 1917 there were tens of thousands of Smiths, and in any city directory you will find pages and pages of that name. But even with so many thousand chances to rise to the presidency, no member of that numerous family has ever got there.

Go out into the street of any town or city and throw a stone, and the chances are you will hit a Smith, a Jones, a Brown or a Williams. But, plentiful as these names are, not one of them has ever reached the White House. According to the law of averages there ought to have been more of these names in the White House than any others. But there have been exactly none. Whatever fate or destiny has the job of picking presidents, it has certainly passed over the common names and picked the odd and unusual ones. Look at such names as Arthur, Buchanan, Coolidge, Fillmore, Grant, Garfield, Jefferson, Lincoln, Madison, Monroe, McKinley, Polk, Pierce, Roosevelt, Tyler, Taft, Van Buren, Washington. Only a few of them in the country, and yet they have each furnished a president; while

the great armies of the Smiths, Joneses, Browns and Williamses have not.

And isn't that another indication that Al-cohol Smith's chance of becoming president is rather slim? To say nothing of his wetness or of his religious affiliation, he has the wrong name.—James Larkin Pearson in The Golden Age Magazine, New York.

ONE LIE LESS

At least one Republican lie against the Democrats is forever hushed. Ever since I was as big as a half-grown rabbit I have heard it said that the Southern Democrats would vote for the devil if he were running on the Democratic ticket. Well now, the devil's representative in the person of Alcohol Smith is running on the Democratic ticket, and it looks like just about half of the Southern Democrats are refusing to support him. They are proving that they have got some moral principle and that they can't be led around by the nose and voted like dummies.

Now, Mr. Republican, you will have to dry up on that subject, anyhow. You will have to admit that a large percentage of the Democrats are braver and better than you thought they were. Give them credit for being brave men and women. What do you reckon YOU would have done if it had been YOUR party bosses that stuck up such a thing to vote for? I just wonder if you would have been as brave as the Anti-Smith Democrats?

I am not fighting for Hoover—
I am fighting against Al Smith.

I don't suppose a Catholic priest would taste very well, and I'm no cannibal either, but I'll agree to eat every Catholic priest that you find supporting Hoover.

Ho-o-o-o Hum!

Somewhere along about the shank end of the good old summer time there was another notable gathering of high silk hats and jimswinger coats in the hot old village of Paris. And the Big Idea on that grand occasion was the signing up of another one of them-thar numerous peace agreements that we hear so much about, and which seem to be good for everything except what they are made for.

This latest one's mother seems to be the League of Nations, and its dear pappy is our own Uncle Sam. And since Uncle Sam and the League have never been married, I—I— oh, never mind about that.

But, anyhow, they named it the "Pact of Paris," and it was signed up right on the spot by fifteen nations, who put their noggins together and took their pens in hand and signed an agreement which I will transmogrify into Fool-Killer talk as follers, to wit, namely, so to speak:

"Well, boys, here we are, right side up with care. Fifteen 'civilized' nations, and most of us are 'Christian' nations as well. But we are all afraid of each other and ain't got but blamed little confidence in ourselves. We are all loaded down with shooting-irons and other deadly weepins, and we don't know what day some of us might jump on the rest of us and whale the eternal daylights out of about half of us. We have made lots of peace agreements before, but we are afraid they ain't no good, and so we have to keep on making more. And now, dearly beloved, we once more hug and kiss and swear that we will never fight any more. But just to be on the safe side we had better keep on toting our big guns and butcher-knives. We MIGHT need 'em, you know. We can't be trusted, and we may have to beat hell out of ourselves yet."