



Vol. XIV.

Boomer, North Carolina, April, 1929.

No. 11.

## Gee-Whillikins What a Fine Remedy!

Whoop and hooray!  
Run here quick!  
Prop open your best ear and listen—I've got some great news.

The long-standing and troublesome "farm problem" has been suddenly solved at one powerful swipe, so they do say.

And how?

Well, bless your mortal gizzard, here's how: The Bureau of Economics of the Department of Agriculture has been inspired with the divine idea of persuading the dear old farmers to curtail their output. In other words, they are asked to plant fewer acres and produce smaller crops, so that there will not be an unconsumed surplus to glut the market and keep prices down.

The farmer must find out just how much the nation can eat, with a few cold biscuits left over for the dog, and then limit his output to that figure. Thus he will sell his little crop at a high price and make more profit than he would on a bigger crop at a lower price. Oh, such wisdom! Don't you wish we were all smart like that?

But the Bureau and Wash-stand of the Department of Tater-Bugs seems to forget that the Secretary of Elbow Grease, Mister Jim Jam Davis, has let it become officially known that 86 per cent of the people are poor, and that the average worker's wage does not allow him to buy, even at a low price, enough of the farm products to keep his family decently fed and clothed.

The aforesaid Bureau will primp up its mouth like kissing a grass widder and tell you that there has heretofore been a surplus of farm products that had to be sold to Europe or Hepsidam at a reduced price. But it is mighty doggon careful not to tell you that there still remains a great number of hungry people here in the home country who would have been mighty glad to get that "surplus" if they could have paid for it, and

after they all got their bellies full and a few clothes on their backs there would not have been much "surplus" left over for Europe and Hepsidam.

But our money-masters would rather almost give away the farm "surplus" to outsiders than to sell it at a reasonable price to the needy people here in our own land. That's "patriotism" to beat Bobtail.

The dickens of it is that while the farmer's selling price is too low, the consumer's buying price is already too high. After the stuff gets out of the farmer's hands, then speculator sharks go and double up the price and gouge the poor devils who have to eat and wear. If there was some way of getting the producer and consumer together without so blamed many middlemen in between, that would solve the problem.

But the remedy is for Farmer Corntossel to produce less, eh?

Gosh! Why don't they tell Ford and Chrysler and General Motors to produce fewer cars?

Why don't they tell the oil companies to produce less oil and gas?

Why don't they persuade the coal mine operators to dig less coal?

Why don't they convince the steel trust that it should not make so much steel?

Why don't they make the daily papers cut down the number of pages, take fewer advertisements and get fewer subscribers?

Why don't they tell the railroads to run fewer trains?

Why don't they tell the politicians to make out with a smaller number of offices?

Why don't they tell the merchants to sell fewer goods?

Why don't they tell the birds to not sing so much?

Why don't they notify God that He mustn't hang out quite so many stars in the sky?

It seems that everything except the farmer must go at full tilt and do as much business as possible. They tell us that "business" is good when the rest of them make all they can, but when the farmer makes all he can, then "business" is bad. That's kuris to me. And so the farmer must hang up his hoe

and go to sleep under a shade tree so that he will not produce an over-supply of something to eat and wear. Say, Mister One-Gallus Laboring Man, are you losing any sleep for fear your family will get too much to eat and wear?

## They Smell Blood!

Anyone who reads the current weekly and monthly book reviews and takes note of all the popular new books as they come out, can hardly have failed to notice the present vogue of the "murder" story. Well, that doesn't quite make my meaning plain either. What I mean is that there seems just now to be a great fad for having the word "Murder" in the titles of books, just as if the word itself must be very attractive and appealing to the general reader. Can that be possible?

Hardly a week passes without a new book being announced with the word "Murder" in its title, which would seem to indicate that the reading public is beginning to crave a few more buckets of blood. In scanning the ads in just one issue of The New York Times Book Review I find no less than seven new books playing up the word "Murder" in the title. Most of them seem to be "best sellers," too, if we may believe the ads. Big black type screams "Murder" at me from nearly every page, but I don't want me nary bucket of blood just now, and so I shall not buy me nary murder story at present.

One man who calls himself S. S. Van Dine has built himself a great reputation purely on murder stories, and he is now turning them out as fast as time can roll. And here's the limit—a "book club" has been organized calling itself the "Crime Club," and its object is to specialize in the literature of crime and to push the murder stories.

Here's what I've got to say about it: Both the authors and the publishers of such reeking red-handed rot ought to be taken to some big butcher yard and forced to wade in cow blood and cow guts up to their hip pockets for the next five years.

## HEAVEN

A thousand times I have been told  
That heaven's streets are paved with gold,  
And every gate that guards the throne  
Is one great glittering precious stone.

The saints, through all the endless days,  
Just march around and sing God's praise,  
And play one never-ending song  
On golden harps they tote along.

But, strangely, there is nothing said  
About a springtime flower-bed,  
And preachers never say a word  
To tell that heaven has a bird.

I think one thing that heaven needs  
Is several packs of flower seeds,  
And some good angel that would know  
Just how to use a golden hoe.

—James Larkin Pearson.

## A JACKASS FOR OFFICE

It is related that a man once called on President Lincoln and asked to be appointed to some office. Lincoln's keen judgment told him that the man was not qualified for any office, so he said: My friend, I cannot give you an office, but I will tell you a story:

"There was once a king who was very fond of hunting. This king stopped at a mountain cottage one summer day and asked for some refreshments. When the king started out in the afternoon, the mountaineer who had entertained him begged him not to go out as there would be a severe storm in a few hours. But the king would not listen to his advice, and set off for game. In a short time, however, he came galloping back in the midst of a terrific storm. When the storm had passed over the king said to the mountaineer: 'You are a wise man and I will give you an office.'

"But the mountaineer replied, 'It was not by my wisdom that I was able to forecast the weather, but I could tell by the way the jackass you were riding worked his ears that there was going to be a storm.'

"Then the king said, 'If you will not accept the office I will give it to the jackass.'

"And thus," said Lincoln, "ever since then every jackass has been wanting an office."