

The FOOL-KILLER



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A FEW LITTLE DURNS

In writing this thunder—
These sermons and rhymes—
I have to think "dammit"
A good many times.
But since that is cussing,
A fellow soon learns
To make out with only
A few little durns.

In reading the papers
And watching the mess
The leaders are making,
And all the distress,
I get so durn fretted,
And tickled in turns,
I just have to let out
A few little durns.

No matter how fretted
And angry I am,
I always remember
To never say dam.
But, oh, when my spirit
With righteous wrath burns,
I need in my business
A few little durns.

The durn politicians,
And sky-pilots, too—
The leaders of fashion,
And all the durn crew—
The gait they are going
Most fittingly earns
The impressive rebuke of
A few little durns.

Just "durn" isn't cussing,
In moderate use—
No more than a snow-bird
Is part of a goose.
When used by a man who
For righteousness yearns,
I hope there's no harm in
A few little durns.

Dear reader, be patient—
I know it sounds rough;
But I am the fellow
That's writing this stuff.
I know what is needed
In these-here concerns;
And you must allow me
A few little durns.

Our Expensive "Ornaments."

The country is full of lawyers, and still the laws are not obeyed. The country is full of doctors, and still there is sickness and death on every hand. The country is full of preachers, and still everything seems to be going to the devil. Looks to me like the lawyers, doctors and preachers ain't a-doin' us much good. Huh?

THE GREAT BATTLE OF SNOBOCRACY

Looky here. This is serious. This is awful. This is terrible. Indeed, this is a perfect hell-roaring tragedy. Storms and floods and earthquakes don't matter so much. Wars in Europe and China and Mexico are mere trifles. All these little annoyances can be passed over lightly and soon forgotten.

But when it comes to having a Vice-President who ain't got nary wife and who has to use his half-sister for official hostess, and when all the other blue-bloods begin to raise the devil about Sister's place at the table—then, by Ned, things are really getting serious.

Nothing has ever happened in these Benited States which so threatened the peace and safety of our land as the social war which has been raging about the person of Charlie Curtis's half-sister, Mrs. Gann. What place of honor or dishonor shall Mrs. Gann occupy at the official banquet table? Shall she be seated near the head, or at the foot, or shall she put on a cook's apron and go to the kitchen? Has a Vice-President got any power to confer dignity upon his half-sister, or can such a half-sister be an ornament and a social advantage to a rather sorry-looking Vice-President? If either Mrs. Gann or Alice Longworth or some of the foreign snobs have to get their little tender feelings hurt, which shall it be and how much?

These are solemn and momentous questions. The eternal destiny of nations hangs in the balance, and if any mistake should be made, the result would be far-reaching and fatal. The end of the world, or something worse, would be sure to come at once.

So let us all get together and read the Holy Book of Ettyket and pray over it. Let us send for Emily Post and see what she says about it, and for Pete's sake let's try to get this thing settled. Let Farm Relief go hang. Tell Disarmament to shut its mouth and wait. Turn Prohibition loose to shift for itself. We must forget religion and politics and big business and labor troubles and everything else. It is going to

take all of our collective wisdom and power to settle this great social question on which all our future happiness depends, and we can't afford to think of anything else until we get Mrs. Gann comfortably seated in her proper place and the snobocracy satisfied. Amen!

HOOVER ECONOMY

What I mean, our Quaker President has got all creation skint about several miles and a half when it comes to regular honest-to-God economy. Reckon you had heard what an awful pile of the people's money Herb has saved by getting rid of the Mayflower and the White House hosses.

The Mayflower has been the president's private yot for many years, and when there was any official yotting to do the yot was always ready. Herb is the first president who has not wanted the Mayflower. Evidently he is not much of a yotter. So he proposed to save the expense of keeping up the yot by having the crew transferred to some other government vessel where they will draw their pay out of Uncle Sam's pocket just the same. It's a perfect wonder how much that will save.

Then again, there is that other item about the White House hosses. Herb is built sorter like a fodder stack, and his skill as a hossback rider is about like that of the Prince of Wales. So Herb figgered that he just as well economize some more by not keeping the blue-blooded saddle hosses. So he would send them off. I forget where it is they are to go to, but it is some other government hangout, and the hosses will still have to eat out of Uncle Sam's corn crib just the same as in the past. And again it is plumb awful how much that will save.

Herb reminds me of the feller who went to mill riding a hoss and carrying a sack of corn on his shoulder. On being asked why he did that, he explained that it was to make the poor old hoss's load lighter. See?

If we had many worlds like this one to go through, it would just about plum wear us out.

A MAN AND A MULE

Over the hill trailed a man behind a mule drawing a Dixie plow. The clod-hopper was talking to the mule, and this is what he was saying:

"Bill, you are a mule, the son of a jackass, and I am a man supposed to be made in the image of God. Yet here we work hitched together in year and out. I often wonder if you work for me or I work for you. Sometimes I think this is a partnership between a mule and a fool. For surely I work harder than you do. In plowing this piece of ground we cover the same distance, but you have four legs to walk on and I have only two. So, mathematically speaking, I do twice as much work per leg as you do.

"We are now preparing for a corn crop. When the corn is harvested I must give one third of it to the landlord for being kind enough to let me use this corner of God's universe. Another third goes to you, and what is left is my share. But while you consume all your third with the exception of a few cobs, I have to divide my third among a woman and seven children and two hogs.

"Bill, you are getting the best of me. It ain't fair for a mule, the son of a jackass, to rob a man, the lord of creation, of his substance. And, come to think of it, you only help cultivate the ground. After that I have to cut the corn and shock it and husk it, while you look over the fence and "he-haw" at me.

"All the fall and part of the winter the whole family, from me and the old woman down to the baby, have to pick cotton to help raise money to buy you a new set of harness and pay interest on the mortgage on you. And by the way, what do you care about the mortgage? It doesn't worry you any. Not a darn bit. You leave all the worrying to me, you ungrateful, on-nerly cuss.

"About the only time I seem to have the advantage of you is on election day, for I can vote and you can't. But if I ever get any more out of politics than you do, I can't see where it is."