

**MORE ABOUT ADAM**

The letter from Adam in the February issue of The Fool-Killer has created more excitement and comment than Carter had oats. Some readers seem to like it immensely, while others declare that Adam will never be a success as a writer. I am inclined to agree with the latter view. I think Adam should stick to his job of filling a patriarch's grave at \$9.00 per week and let somebody else write the stuff for the papers. If he had anything to say he didn't seem to know how to get it said. His word-mill kept going around, but it didn't grind out any sense so far as I could see.

But looky here! We will have to excuse Adam for his educational shortcomings, because he never went to school when he was a boy. In fact, if all reports are true, he never was a boy no-how. He was just born full grown with his boots on and a beard three feet long. The first thing he did after being born was to look for a barber shop to get a shave. But the barber was gone to dinner just then, and Adam couldn't wait till he got back, so he never got shaved at all.

Adam wasn't more than a month old when he got married and went to buying furniture and groceries on the installment plan. The family began to increase right away, and it took all the money Adam could get to buy calico and overalls and pay his tax.

So you can easily see that Adam had no chance to get an education. He not only missed getting an education, but he missed all the pleasures of childhood, including the castor oil bottle, cutting teeth and having his neck washed. On top of that, he had to blaze a brand-new trail through the matrimonial forest. He had to step right into the responsibilities of a husband and father without any previous experience of anyone to give him advice. Really it isn't much wonder that he made a mess of it. Perhaps you or I wouldn't have done much better under the same conditions.

We might say, of course, that Adam could have studied at home, like some of the rest of us have had to do. But that depends. I don't suppose he had any chance to study at home. After plowing in a stumpy new-ground from daylight till dark, or maybe picking cotton or hewing crossties, he was generally too tired to study at night. Coming from the field, he had to feed, milk the cow and tote in stove-wood while Eve was getting supper. After which it was his custom to pull off his shoes, light his pipe and smoke awhile. He always declared that he could smoke better with his shoes off.

Once in awhile, when he wasn't quite so tired as usual, Adam would pick up the Bible or Shakespeare, the Literary Digest or The Fool-Killer, and try to read a few minutes. But Eve

always fussed about the light bill and drove him off to bed about 8:30 P. M. by the town clock.

But after all, I suppose Adam did very well as a husband and father. His career as a husband was not so remarkable, I reckon; but when it come to being a father, old Adam is right there with the goods. His work as a father has been very extensive indeed, and it has been widely commented on in the papers. If Adam could stand on a mountain top and see all his children in one crowd, and if he could realize the full consequences of what he started way back there in Eden, he would no doubt wish that he had died a bachelor. And I guess a good many other people wish it, too.

But I am pleased to present to you in another column of this issue of The Fool-Killer a very interesting letter from Cain's Wife. You will see that she seems to understand the English language and is a much better composer than her father-in-law, Adam. Don't fail to read the letter from Cain's Wife.

**A LETTER FROM CAIN'S WIFE**

My "Letter From Adam" in the February Fool-Killer was such a howling success that I decided to go fishing for spooks again and see what I could catch.

I bated my hook with a spiritual worm

That I dug from a bank of fog,  
And seated myself all steady and firm

On the end of a spiritual log.

I dropped my hook in the Humbug Sea

Where the waters of Fake are deep,

Then leaned my head 'gainst a Hoodoo Tree,

And soon was fast asleep.

Then all at once I felt a bite  
That made me lift my head.

My hook had caught a paper white,

And this is what I read:

Dear Fool-Killer:

I noticed in the February issue of The Fool-Killer that my father-in-law, the late Mr. Adam, of the Garden of Eden, had been writing to you, and I just took a notion to try my hand at a letter to The Fool-Killer.

Let me explain before going further that I am Cain's Wife, the mysterious lady concerning whom there has been so much speculation in the theological world.

Now don't get scared and throw this letter in the wastebasket before you read it. I have been up here in heaven for over five thousand years, and I am considered perfectly safe and respectable. Of course my old man was a pretty hard wad in his young days, but I couldn't help that. I didn't know about that Abel affair nohow until several years after Cain and I were married and we were living in the land of Nod. I probably would-

n't have heard it then, but Cain took a notion to run for Sheriff of Nod, and you know everything comes out during a political campaign. My old man's opponent got hold of that tale and he just spread it everywhere. He even had it printed on the first page of the Daily Dishrag, and Cain was plum knocked out of the race. I didn't care for the loss of the office, but the discovery that my old man was a murderer was what got my goat. My first impulse was to go to the United States of America and get a divorce, but he begged so hard that I finally consented to stay with him on condition that he wouldn't kill anybody else. And there was little Enoch to be considered also. I couldn't leave him, and I didn't know any place I could take him to. So we all stayed there together. It was pretty hard living sometimes, but we never did quite starve, and after while our fortunes began to improve. Cain got religion and worked hard and saved, and in a few more years we were rich enough to build a fine house and buy an automobile. I began to be sorter proud of my old man then, and he went on till he finally built a city and became a regular captian of industry.

Adam and Eve wouldn't have anything to do with us at first, but after we got rich and respectable they took to coming over about once a year and visiting with us. Adam seemed to think a right smart of Enoch, and I can just see yet how Enoch used to pull his Grandpaw's beard and towse his white hair.

Then one year when Adam and Eve came to see us they brought with them a new little boy named Seth. He was a cute little feller, and I remember we taught Enoch to call him "Uncle Seth." From year to year there were still other children added to Adam's family till he had a regular gang of them. The last time they came to see us, shortly before Adam died, they came in a large motor truck with a boy about five hundred years old at the wheel.

But going back now to our own family affairs. For a long time there was a mystery in our family in regard to who I was and where I came from. We all agreed that I was not Cain's sister, but just where I did come from nobody seemed to know. Adam was supposed to be the father of all the human race, and if I wasn't his daughter, then where did I come from? I didn't remember and nobody else seemed to know. And so the matter stood.

But when Enoch grew up and finished high school we sent him to Nod University where he studied Darwinism and learned about how people evolute from monkeys. He came back home and explained all about it and showed us Darwin's book with the pictures in it to prove that monkeys could change into people. Like a sudden flash it all came over me—that explained my origin. I had been a monkey somewhere

back in the past, and I had evolute into a woman just in time to become Cain wife. And so I say, Hurrah for Darwin! Education is a great thing. Without a college-trained son I might never have known where I came from.

But finally we all died and came to heaven. We are all living here on the same golden street and having a fine time. Adam is sitting on his front porch just now, and he is reading The Fool-Killer and laughing. Eve has just gone around the house to water her flowers. Cain and Abel are playing tennis in a back lot with a couple of angels. Send me a bundle of samples and I will get you a big club here in heaven.

Yours happily,

CAIN'S WIFE.

**A SERMON ON COLUMBUS**

The Providence Journal wants to know where we-unses would all have been now if Columbus hadn't discovered America. Oh, I guess if Chris hadn't done it somebody else would. As big a thing as America couldn't have remained lost forever. The reason it wasn't found sooner was because the people of old times were ignorant and didn't know how to look for anything. The people of the old world probably knew thousands of years ago that America was lost, but they didn't seem to care. If anybody had wanted to find it at an earlier date they could easily have done so. It was right here, and so far as we know, it made no effort to get away. It was not a bit wild when Columbus and his men arrived. America hadn't done anything then to be ashamed of like she has now, and there was no need for her to run and hide like Adam and Eve did when God came walking in the garden about five o'clock one evening.

My honest opinion is that Columbus has always been given too much honor for what he did. He has been treated just as if he had done something that was very hard to do, like finding a needle in a haystack or a Democrat that didn't want office. But what he did was nothing like that. He started sailing west, and all he had to do was to just sit steady in the boat and come right on. Here was America stretched right across his path for about five or six thousand miles, and even if he had come with his eyes shut he was bound to have hit it somewhere. He couldn't possibly have missed it, unless he had turned around and gone some other way.

So I can't see that Columbus is entitled to so much credit, after all. Now if he had found an honest politician, or discovered some sense in this here "new poetry," it would have been something to brag about. But just discovering America—good Lord! Anybody could have done that.

Women are just like men, only different.