

# The Fool-Killer

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## EVOLUTION

By E. ROSCOE HALL

If man was made like God Himself,  
And descended from an ape,  
Do you mean to say that Almighty  
God  
Has a monkey's form and shape?

At just what stage does Christ step in  
And give us eternal life?  
If you will answer this for me,  
You will end a bitter strife.

If Adam and Eve were only myths,  
And Eden a patch of weeds,  
Why should we waste our money and  
time  
On religious sects and creeds?

If the Bible must be thrown aside  
Like the myths of ancient Greece,  
Who shall we ask to be our guide  
To the port in the Realms of Peace?

'Tis said to be a rotten rule  
That will not work both ways;  
So you and I may turn an ape  
One of these changeful days.

If an ape for a grandpa suits your  
head,  
Let your ancestors shine;  
But if I'm living, or if I'm dead,  
I don't want one for mine.

## PARAGRAPHS.

Don't shift your mouth into  
high gear until your brains get  
started to working.

It's a foolish woman who hits  
her husband with a rolling pin  
when she can hurt him more by  
crying.

Rev. Wilson Culp, the Ohio  
preacher who deserted his own  
family and ran away with another  
woman, is undoubtedly culpable,  
to say the least.

Headline says: "Making a Mil-  
lion Honestly, by John M. Work."  
Yes, that's one way. But it  
would take John and all of his  
family a good while to do it.

Charlie Schwab has sued him-  
self for nine million dollars. But  
he will find himself an awful  
slick rascal, and he will probably  
never get the money. Serves  
him right. He ought never to  
have trusted himself in the first  
place.

It might be possible to get up  
another case against John T.  
Scopes charging him with re-  
sponsibility for the death of  
Bryan. Everybody knows that  
Bryan killed himself by fuming  
and fulminating over the Scopes  
case. If there had been no  
Scopes case, Bryan would have  
been living to day. Boy, page  
the grand-jury.

## EVERYBODY BUT THE JURY

Just about everybody in the  
world had a chance to hear the  
monkey trial—except the jury.  
The twelve "yokels" who were  
selected to hear the evidence  
were the only people who never  
got to hear any of it.

Some people believe some  
things, other people believe other  
things, and still others don't  
believe anything. The monkey  
trial brought together the great-  
est aggregation of believers and  
unbelievers and disbelievers and  
don't-believers and don't-know-  
ers and don't-carers that ever  
assembled on American soil.

Poor old Bryan believed his  
side of it with such intensity and  
vehemence that he just literally  
worried himself to death. Just  
naturally quilled down right  
there on the spot and died, if  
you please. If I had been in Mr.  
Bryan's place I wouldn't have  
done that. It don't seem quite  
proper, and there wasn't any dy-  
ing in the contract, nohow. Bry-  
an took it entirely too seriously.  
I didn't see anything about it  
worth dying for, unless a fellow  
might kill himself laughing. It  
was the funniest thing I ever  
heard tell of, but Bryan never  
did see the joke. He just believ-  
ed and believed and believed un-  
til he believed himself plum to  
death.

Now you take Clarence Dar-  
row—and he just naturally don't  
believe anything. If the sun is  
shining and not a cloud in sight,  
he will put up an argument and  
prove to you by expert witness-  
es that it is raining, and he will  
say that you are cross-eyed and  
just can't see it. But Darrow is  
still alive, or was the last I  
heard.

In many ways it was the most  
unique trial ever held. When  
they started the case, every man  
in Tennessee would have discov-  
ered the whereabouts of his still in  
order to get on the jury. When  
the twelve were selected they  
were more envied than Zieg-  
feld's front-row girls. Then  
fate arose and slapped a wet  
dish-rag right in their faces, be-  
cause the minute they were se-  
lected they were sent out of  
court and weren't allowed back  
again until they were called in  
to hear the judge's verdict.

Everybody in the whole wide  
world was invited to sit in the  
court-room except the jury. Ev-  
ery time a lawyer, whether for  
ape or rib, would rise to speak  
the judge would remark:

"Gentlemen of the jury, you  
will please retire, as you would-  
n't know what the learned coun-  
sel was talking about. I'm sure  
I won't know, and I doubt if he

will know himself, so we don't  
want to have anyone influenced  
by anything that is said here at  
this trial. And please don't lit-  
ter up the lawn outside with  
your presence. You will under-  
stand, gentlemen of the jury,  
that the court-room is small, and  
on account of having so many  
photographers and out-of-town  
newspaper men here, it is only  
fair that they be allowed to oc-  
cupy the space. I know of no  
better way of demonstrating the  
hospitality of our commonwealth  
than by allowing these visitors  
the privilege of our best seats.  
You gentle man of the jury all  
live here, of course, and you can  
come into the courthouse most  
any time. So it is only right and  
in keeping with our boasted hos-  
pitality that you retire to make  
room for the photographers, be-  
cause a good picture in the pa-  
per means more to our town  
than a decision, and I hope no  
one will interfere with a cam-  
eraman in his discharge of jus-  
tice."

When the jury heard that  
they were to be barred from the  
courthouse they held an indig-  
nation meeting and were on the  
point of resigning, when one of  
the twelve took a broader view of  
the case and said:

"No, let's stick on the jury;  
we can read it in the news-  
papers, as they print everything  
that is said in the court room."

Then part of the jury said:

"Yes, that's fine for you fel-  
lows who can read, but what a-  
bout those of us who can't read?  
Here we are on a jury, and we  
can't hear the evidence, nor see  
it nor read it."

So they went to the judge and  
the city aldermen of Dayton and  
said to them:

"Looky here, we had to give  
up our seats in the court to the  
visitors. We can't read, so how  
are we to know the things we are  
not supposed to hear in the  
court room?"

Then the fellow from the drug  
store, "where the whole darn  
thing started," had another  
bright idea. He said:

"When they have a big show  
up north anywhere they put in  
a thing where you broadcast it.  
What's the matter with that for  
the boys that can't read?"

So Bryan and Darrow went on  
the air, where they have both  
been ever since I can remember,  
and the jury could listen or  
"tune 'em out" whichever it  
pleased.

Darrow and Malone lost their  
case because they didn't make  
the prosecution prove which is  
the lower order of animals.  
When the foreman of the jury  
finally handed in the verdict

(which had been prepared be-  
fore the trial started), Darrow  
objected to the other eleven jur-  
ors being present and hearing it,  
because he feared that it would  
make them prejudiced against  
the defendant. But the judge  
over-ruled that objection, as he  
had over-ruled everything else  
about Darrow except his gallus-  
es, and said:

"Mr. Learned Counsel from  
the North, the court wants to be  
fair to all, and I don't think we  
should deprive these jurymen of  
hearing the verdict. They have  
given up their time and their  
seats, and have waited all these  
days, and I think it is no more  
than fair that they be allowed  
to come in here at the last min-  
ute and hear what the court has  
decided. I can cite several in-  
stances in Tennessee jurispru-  
dence where this custom has  
prevailed. Are the jurymen all  
here?"

Town Constable: — "All but  
two, your honor, and it has been  
so long since they were here  
that they have forgotten where  
the courthouse is."

Foreman reads:—"We find the  
defendant guilty of teaching ev-  
olution, but we recommend him  
as a good teacher, for anyone  
who can teach a bunch of 16-  
year-old boys anything, even if  
it is evolution, is a good teach-  
er."

And so endeth the first act of  
the monkey show. Now every-  
body change cars for Knoxville.  
The curtain will rise for the sec-  
ond act early in September.

Who says life is dull?

It ain't no sich a how.

Life these days is a monkey-  
show, and it's worth your  
money.

As to whether people evolved  
from monkeys, I can say with  
reasonable certainty that some  
of them didn't. They just re-  
mained monkeys.

The biggest and most difficult  
job at the monkey trial seemed  
to be the job of preventing the  
jury from hearing any of the  
evidence.

That "Fundamentalist Univer-  
sity" they talk about will be  
sorter like a two-inch yard-  
stick or a vest-pocket mountain.

Now that John T. Scopes has  
been tried and duly convicted,  
it is in order for somebody to  
bring suit against Tell E. Scopes  
and Mike Roe Scopes and Speck  
Tro Scopes. All these gentle-  
men have been guilty of dab-  
bling in evolution.