



**THESE-HERE MONKEY-SHINES**

Some of the readers of The Fool-Killer — those who have been on the mailing list for several years—will remember that I used to hand out a more serious line of gab than I do now, and such readers may be wondering why I dropped the more serious discussions and switched over to this-here light burlesque and foolishness, with just enough common sense to keep it from souring.

Well, confound your old flea-bitten hides, here's why:

I discovered that about nine-tenths of you booby-prize plug-uglies didn't have gumption enough to appreciate sensible thought when you saw it. All you wanted was some droll or foolish "saying" that you could rair back like a stud rooster and "haw-haw" about, and it didn't matter to you whether there was any sense to it or not. You would sit there like a bunch of warty toads under an old log and let me work my eyes out and my toe-nails off getting up a real jim-dandy paper for you, and then you never said "thank you" nor "kiss my foot" nor anything else. Just dead silence. But if I happened to get off one of my droll jokes in order to drive home a truth, you could every one wake up and cackle like forty-seven young hens at an egg-laying contest. You just sucked the joke off like eating candy from a stick, and then spit out the truth and throwed it away like an old cow spitting out a peach seed.

So it gradually dawned on me that I was wasting my time and doing my work for nothing and boarding myself besides. And I sez to myself, sez I, "Well, if that ding-busted measley aggregation of half-witted whangdoodles don't want anything but monkey-shines, and if they ain't got brain enough to digest a sensible thought, then I'll quit trying to teach them anything. I'll just stand on my head and kick my heels in the air like winding-blades and cut all the new and up-to-date monkey-shines I can think of."

And so that's why. And now you can just rair back on your

dew-claws and "haw-haw" till your belly-band breaks and your funny-bone hurts and you're just about ready to croak.

**THE JOKE IS ON TENNESSEE**

Alas and alack, beloved! And what shall we do now? Have you heard the gosh-awful news that comes roaring and reverberating down from the hill-slopes of Tennessee?

Well, honey, it is just too much!

After all the fuss and fury of that Anti-Evolution law; after the wide publicity of the Scopes trial at Dayton, where Bryan killed himself trying to prove that he wasn't a monkey, and after the founding of the Bryan University as a two-edged sword to keep all monkeys forever out of Tennessee—lo and behold what happens?

Old Grandma Nature, not always as solemn as she pretends to be, sees a chance to play a good joke on Tennessee, and so she goes ahead and fixes it up with the Stork and has a gal baby born there with a tail seven inches long!

Now what does that prove? Or does it prove anything?

The evolutionist will say, of course, that it proves human kinship with the monkey. But the other side will hit back with a left-handed undercut and meet the challenge with another question: If one tailed baby proves kinship with the monkey, then what would a million un-tailed babies prove? Or fifty million? Or a hundred million? When it comes to tails or no-tails, it looks like the no-tailers have got the best of it by several million majority.

But it does look sorter quare for it to happen right there in Tennessee, where—of all places—they said it shouldn't happen. The evolutionists will harp on it till doomsday, and the Funny-dementals will get m a d enough to fight their shadders.

In the meantime, what else? Well, the tailed baby's dad wants to put it in a circus, and its mammy sues its dad for divorce, and the doctor cuts the tail off, and thereby ruins a perfectly good tail. Oh, jeeminy! What an awful sight of trouble one little tail can cause!

**ME AND MY NEIGHBOR**

I've got a neighbor that I think is just the doggondest best neighbor that any man ever had in this world. He is good and honest and kind and peaceful and generous and liberal and free-hearted and—well, all the rest of the good things.

Me and my neighbor are as thick as seven in a bed and we visit back and forth a good deal. Well, it was my time to make a visit, and so I bought me six pistols and two shot guns and a Winchester rifle and a belt of cartridges and all the big knives I could tote, and I loaded myself up with these lovely ornaments and emblems of peace, and I marched forth to visit my neighbor.

When he saw me coming he turned pale behind the ears and got weak in the knees and was about to faint, when I ran and embraced him and kissed him on the kisser and assured him that I loved him better than pie and that I had merely come to pay him a friendly visit.

"Well, then," sez he when he was enough recovered to speak, "why are you loaded down with all them deadly weapons? You look like you had started out to whip Alexander the Great and Napoleon and Kaiser Bill."

"These?" sez I—"Oh, these are only some little ornaments I brought along to show you what a he-man I am and how I COULD fight if you was to fool with me and get my dander up. But I ain't come to fight—I've come on a peaceful visit, to talk business and swap yarns and pull chicken-leg with you. Lead the way into your lordly castle."

He led the way and I followed, rattling like a wagon loaded with scrap-iron running away down a rocky hill.

And to this day I have never got that man to understand why I had to go around like an arsenal when I paid him a "friendly visit." You look like you don't understand it either. Well, go and ask Hoover. He did just exactly the same thing, only on a bigger scale, when he made that "friendly visit" to Latin America. Maybe he knows the reason. I don't.

**MORGAN PAYS! HOORAY!**

Here, then, is the supreme example of the eternal fitness of things. From what seems to be a reliable source I learn that Cal Coolidge will not have to join the army of the unemployed after March 4th, and walk the streets hungry looking for a job, and maybe sleeping in a trash barrel in a back alley. Any sympathetic soul who may be losing sleep over such a possibility can now rest easy. The danger is past, and Cal has got him a job. Upon the expiration of his term as president, he will go straight to New York and join the house of Morgan. In other words, his allegiance will not be changed. He will continue to serve the same boss that he has been serving for the past eight years and longer. Evidently his service to Morgan has been satisfactory, and now Morgan is going to reward him accordingly. The plutes are great hands to stick together. That is one good thing that can be said about them. They are loyal to their kind.

But I was just remarking how very appropriate it is. The very thing that we might have expected, and it all fits in just as nice. If I had been looking after Morgan's interests at Washington as well as Cal has, I should expect to get my reward. The servant is worthy of his hire, and the man who is served is the one who should do the paying. Morgan pays. Hurrah for Morgan!

**A FELLER AND A WENCH**

The two main items of legislation that Cal is anxious to put through this Lame Duck Congress are his cruiser building program and the Kellogg Treaty to outlaw war. Haw-haw-haw! Two things that are just as opposite in theory as day and night. If he believes the Kellogg Treaty will be worth a cuss, what does he want with more fighting ships? And if he thinks the ships are going to be needed anyhow, then why bother about the Kellogg Treaty? Trying to get both of these things at once is sorter like buying a ticket to heaven and then jumping on the hell-bound train.