

SINGOOT OF SUMATRA

Kangy and I were ashore on th' Island of Sumatra, seein' th' sights and havin' a good time. We were walkin' along one of th' native streets when a Malay hove alongside with a monkey on his shoulder.

Th' native began jabberin' in pidgin English, tellin' me how smart th' monkey was. Then he whispered somethin' in th' monkey's ear, and dash my toplights if that little fellow didn't commence to dance and sing in monkey language. Kangy wiggled his whiskers and grinned.

Well s'r, to make a long story short, I bought th' monkey. Just after we'd gotten under way again I stopped to buy some fruit. All at once a rumpus started back of me. I looked around and there was that daddusted monkey smashin' a basket of eggs on a high-toned Chinaman's head. I knew that as soon as th'

Chinaman got th' scrambled eggs out of his eyes there would be trouble, so we skipped in a hurry.

Soon's I figgered we were safe I gave that a monkey a good dressin' down in pidgin English. Near us a fat white man was leamin' back on a cane, buyin' a vase from a native. I turned to see if th' Chinaman was after us. Right then th' monkey got busy, slipped up behind th' fat man, wrapped his tail around th' cane and yanked it away. Down went th' fat man, on top of some of th' vases that were on th' ground. Wow, what a crash!

Later, from our perch in a palm-tree where we had hidden, Kangy and I watched th' monkey streakin' down th' road with th' fat man, a lot of natives, and th' Chinaman, too, after him. In my next yarn I'll tell you some more about th' singin' monkey.

