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MODERN FABLES, - BY GEORGE ADE.

What Befell the Designing Chauncey Who Walked Right Up
and Spoke to Her.

Once there was a Gum-Chewer named Tessie, who ironed up her White Dress and bought seven yards of Ribbon and went on a Picnic given by the Ladies' Auxiliary.

Tess was more than nine, and could take care of herself at any point along the Line. The Girls who worked at the same Plant often said that Tessie was a regular Case, and full of the old Harry, but, just the same, she was awful nice.

She had a changeable Figure and a Complexion that showed up best at a Dance.

Although somewhat shy on Happy Clothes, she managed to leave a small Ripple behind her whenever she ploughed along Main-street, showing her Buckles. Usually, she wore her Sailor pulled down to her Eye-Brows, and cast frightened Glances to right and left, as if to say, "Gee! I wonder if some Fresh Guy is going to speak to me!"

But some of them didn't. There was her official name, and she used it on her Cards, each of which had a Colored Picture of Flowers in the Corner. Mother got the name in a Story-Paper.

The Bertha Clay Habit seemed to run in the Family. Tessie loved to work her way into a Tea-Gown, and then get a couple of Pillows under her and eat Fudges and read how Basil Armytage rode up to the Manor House and found Loraine waiting for him beside the old Yew Tree.

Tessie didn't know the diff between a Manor House and a Chop House, but it sounded swell, and she had a secret longing to meet a sure-enough Basil, who wore what is sometimes known as a Dress Suit, and had Brilliantine on his Moustaches.

While waiting for Basil to pop out at some Corner and catch step with her, Tess was doing the best she could.

And that was why she used up a lot of Starch getting ready for the Picnic given by the Ladies' Auxiliary.

When she walked up the Gang Plank, her shoes were hurting her a little, but she had on all of her Rings, and thought fairly well of herself.

Tessie did not fetch any Lunch-Basket with her, because she had a horrible Suspicion some Gentleman would get talking to her, and then make her go and eat a few Lines. She had been out a couple of times before, and it had been her Luck not to come back Hungry. Tessie had a sort of a Hunch that History would repeat itself.

So Tessie planted a Camp Stool right in the Main Promenade, where those who wished to go Forward or Aft would be compelled to walk over her, after which she gazed pensively at the broad expanse of Drink, and waited for something to happen.

Now, among those on Board was a Pale-Face with more or less Neck, who was prominently connected with the Bundle Department of a first-class Clothing Store. His name was Chauncey, and he loved the Society of Ladies. At the same time, he knew his place. Chauncey spotted Therese, and saw that she was alone and sighing for company, but he did not care to be too Brash the first Crack, for fear that she would give a Scream and jump Overboard.

Accordingly he nerved himself, and approached her, Hat in Hand, and began to beg her Pardon.

He said he knew it was hardly proper to brace a Young Lady without the Formality of an introduction, but he hoped she would overlook his boldness. He made it so Strong that Tessie had to play the Banker's Daughter in order to hold up her End. She said it did seem to be very strange to be sitting right there to be talking to a Party she had never Met, and if her People ever suspected that she done anything of that Kind, they would be Awful Sore.

Chauncey pulled out his Cuffs and began to deal Polite Conversation of the kind that is supposed to calm the Fears of a Trembling Young Thing. He told her his Real Name and showed his Link Buttons, and begged her not to regard him as a mere Flirt.

At the end of a half hour she was chewing the end of her fan and answering "Yes" and "No." It looked to Tessie as if she would have to put up with him all day, and so she began to work the Flag.

As for Chauncey, he perceived that he had been too fresh, so he switched to the Weather, and began to burn low, and threaten to go out.

Just when Tess figured herself a sure Loser, someone hit her in the Back and called her Sis. It was a loud Hick, who had been watching her on the Dock.

"I like your Nerve!" exclaimed Tessie, giving him the Eye.

"Now, you behave, or I'll give you a mean old Slap right on the Elbow," said the Hick, saying which he seated himself between Chauncey and Therese.

"Gladys, dost think you could learn to love me?" he asked taking her by the Lace Mitt.

It is needless to say that Chauncey was very Indignant. He felt it his Duty to protect the poor Girl, but, somehow, he found himself blocked off, and there was no chance to get in a Word.

The Hick was telling Therese that her Eyes were not Mates, and that he didn't care so much for the way her Hair was put up, and she was teasing him for Keeps and threatening to hand him if he didn't let go of her.

Finally, she got so mad that she asked him to come to the back part of the boat, so that she could tell him just what she thought of him.

That was where Chauncey found himself alone with the Waterscape. Tessie never came back, for she had found her Meal-Ticket.

MORAL: The League Rules do not go at a Picnic.

DO NOT TRIFLE WITH THEM!

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Where Eloquence Failed.

A certain excellent but loud-voiced member of the Bar was addressing a jury. Finally, in a perfect hurricane of sound he closed his argument and sat down. The jury were impressed, and the other side was in danger.

The barrister opposite had a sad, watery eye and a hatchet-like face. He sat patiently through the tumultuous gusts of his friend and after the reverberations of the closing crash he rose quietly from his seat.

"As I listened to the thunderous appeals of my learned friend," he said, addressing the jury in a drawing tone, "I recalled an old fable. You will remember, gentlemen, how the lion and the ass agreed to slay the beasts of the field and divide the spoil. The ass was to go into the thicket and bray and frighten the animals out, while the lion was to lie in wait and kill the fugitives as fast as they appeared. The ass sought the darkest part of the jungle and, lifting up his awful voice, brayed and brayed and brayed. The ass was quite intoxicated with his uproar, and thought he'd return and see what the lion thought of it. With a light heart he went back and found the lion looking doubtfully about him.

"What do you think of that?" said the exultant ass. "Don't you think I scared 'em?"

"Scared 'em?" repeated the lion, in an agitated tone. "Why, you're a' scared me if I didn't know you were a jackass."

The jury laughed, the effect of the lawyer's sonorous eloquence was visibly weakened, and he lost the case.

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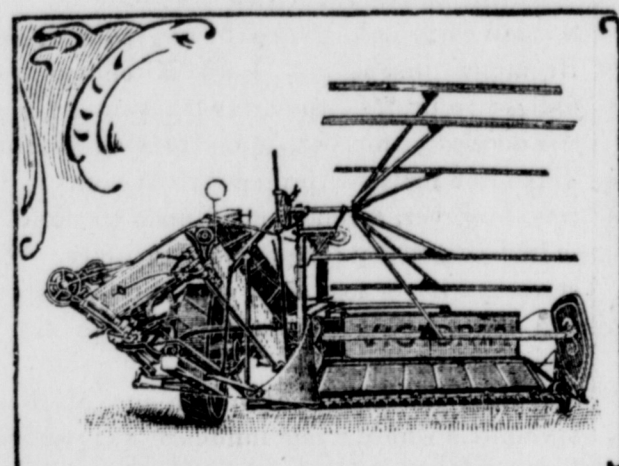
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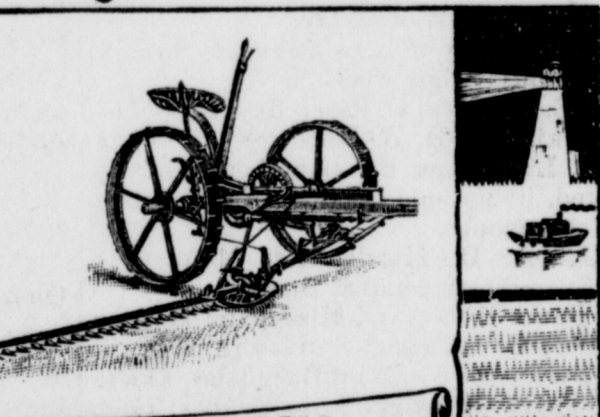
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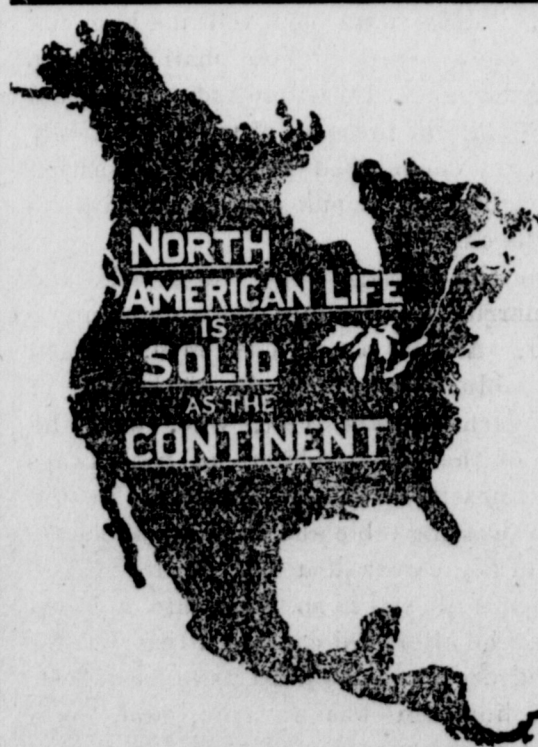
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God had given the poet an imagination so that he can have the pleasure of thinking of things he would do if he had money.—Chicago "Record-Herald."

Brown—Are you anything of a linguist? Jones—Well, I can read and understand French, German, golf, and automobile, but I can't talk 'em.—"Automobile Magazine."

At a party one evening a lady was entertaining the assembled company with an account of their first quarrel, and how, after making it up with one another, her husband had planted a tree in remembrance of it. "If we had only done that," whispered the parson's wife to her husband, "what a splendid avenue we might have had."