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MODERN FABLES, - BY GEORGE ADE.

The Man and His Vacation—A Too Late Girl—Red-Letter Night at Smartweed Junction.

A Man who had three weeks of Vacation coming to him began to get busy with an Atlas about April 1st. He and his Wife figured that by keeping on the Jump they could do Niagara, Thousand Islands, Atlantic City, The Mammoth Cave and cover the Great Lakes.

On April 10th they decided to charter a House-Boat and float down the Mississippi.

On April 20th he heard of a Cheap Excursion to California with a stop-over Privilege at every Station and they began to read up on Salt Lake and Yellowstone.

On May 1st she flashed a Prospectus of a Northern Lake Resort where Boats and Minnows were free and Nature was ever smiling.

By May 10th he had drawn a Blue Pencil all over a Folder of the Adirondack Region and all the Hotel Rates were set down in his Pocket Memorandum Book.

Ten days later she vetoed the Mountain Trip because she had got next to a Nantucket Establishment where Family Board was \$6 a Week, with the use of a Horse.

On June 1st a Friend showed him how by making two Changes and hiring a Canoe he could penetrate the Deep Woods where the Foot of Man had never Trod and the Black Bass came to the Surface and begged to be taken out.

On June 15th he and Wifey packed up and did the annual Hike up to Uncle Foster's Place in Brown County, where they ate with the Hired Hand and had Greens three times a Day. There were no Screens on the Windows, but by climbing a Hill they could get a lovely View of the Pike that ran over to the County Seat.

MORAL: If Summer came in the Spring there would be a lot of Travel.

THE GIRL WHO WAS TOO LATE.

Once there was a good Young Man who delivered Milk and sang in the Choir. He allowed his Affections to get all snarled up with a tall female Elf named Sophy. Fate kissed him off and he lay froze against the Cushion. It appeared that Sophy had no time for him because he was about two Notches below her in the Social Scale. Sophy's father was an Auctioneer and Agent for a Patent Churn.

The Young Man, whose Name was Otis, removed the Gaff from his quivering Bosom and began to lay Plans to humble her Pride. After placing his Milk Route in the Hands of a Reliable Agent, he went up to the City and began to take Lessons on the Horn. He practised until he was able to crawl inside of a big Oom-Pah and eat all of the Low Notes in the Blue Book. The Hard Part of a Sousa March was Pie for him. He could close his Eyes and run up the Scale and then down again until he struck the Newfoundland Growl coming at the end of "Rocked in the Cradle."

Then he went back and joined the Silver Cornet Band. On Decoration Day he was up at the Head of the Line, just behind the Grand Marshall with the Red Sash, and he carried a Tuby that looked like the Entrance to a Cave. His Uniform was fancy enough for a Colonel on the Governor's Staff.

When he swept down Main Street scaring all the Horses and causing the Window Panes to rattle, every one along the Line of March who knew Ote was proud of himself.

Sophy saw him and got ready to do a little Hedging. After the Parade when he was in the Bon-Ton Candy Kitchen, with a Handkerchief around his Neck, ordering up Strawberry Soda, then Sophy broke through the Circle of Admirers and bade him Welcome. Otis gave her a cruel Look and pretended that he did not remember her Name.

That Evening she saw him pass the House three times with the Tuby on one Arm and a red-headed girl on the other.

MORAL: Adversity often hatches out the true Nobility of Character.

RED LETTER NIGHT AT SMARTWEED

Once there was an undersized Town that had the Corn-Fields sneaking up on all sides of it, trying to break over the Corporation Line. People approaching the Town from the North could not see it because there was a Row of Willow Trees in the Way.

Here in this comatose Settlement lived a Family named Pilkins. The Pilkinses were all the Eggs in Smartweed. They owned a big General Store caty-cornered from the Court House. It was well-known that they sent to Chicago for their Clothes and ate Ice Cream in the Winter Time. The Pilkins Girls had been away to a Convent to have their Voices sand-papered and fitted to a Piano and they came back with the first Gibson Shirt-Waists seen in those Parts. Most of the Girls south of the Tracks were just getting wise to the Russian Blouse.

Along in May the Pilkins Family made its annual Play to set the Prairies on fire. Every Adult in Town, except those who had Jail Records, received an Engraved Invita-

tion to come up to the Pilkins House and take a peek at High Life. Within three days you couldn't buy a Yark of Wide Ribbon in any Store and every Second Man in Mink Patterson's Barber Shop asked for a Hair-Cut. The R. S. V. P. down in one Corner of the Bld had some of the Brethren guessing for a while. There was no need of putting that on. It was an immortal Cinch that every one would turn out, if he had to be moved in on a Cot. About the only Entertainments they had in Smartweed Junction were Uncle Tom under a Tent and the Indian Medicine Troupe. Therefore, nobody was going to pass up the Pilkins Jamboree, for there was to be an imported Orchestra, costing \$75, and Meals provided and the City Caterer was to bring his own Waiters.

Everybody went home early that Day so as to take a good thorough Scouring before getting into their Other Clothes. At Dusk they began wending their Way toward the Pilkins Place, all looking a little worried and apprehensive. They were sorted out at the Front Door and led into Dressing Rooms, pegged out along the Walls, fed, on Macaroons and treated to large Bunches of Bach Music. Every half-hour or so somebody would say something and that would be a Cue for the others to shift their Feet.

The Punch-Bowl got the Cold Eye until it was learned that the Dye-Stuff was Aniline and not Rum, and then they stood around and dipped in until they were blue under the Ears.

About 11 o'clock the Japanese Lanterns began to burn up and a large number of People whose Feet were hurting them could be seen quietly Ducking. The Home Paper said it was the Event of the Season.

MORAL: Eat, Drink and be Merry, for to-morrow ye Die.

What Is Life to You?

If you are a victim of piles, as one person in every four is, you suffer keenly from one of the most torturing ailments known to man, and may well wonder if life is really worth living. Certain relief and ultimate cure is awaiting you by means of Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has never failed to cure piles. Painlessly and naturally it allays the inflammation, heals the ulcers and thoroughly cures this wretched disease.

The Respectable Pig.

The American hog may yet become a model of neatness and cleanliness. It is simply a matter of giving the animal a chance to live in a decent and sanitary manner, inasmuch as its natural inclination is not toward filth. On the contrary, the pig in its wild state is decidedly a clean beast.

The Government Bureau of Animal Industry is of the opinion that the whole system of keeping pigs could be reformed to advantage. Instead of being confined in pens, they ought to be allowed to range, whenever a sufficient area is available for the purpose, and they should have plenty of fresh, pure water for drinking and bathing. Hogs suffer greatly from heat, and when there is no water at hand they resort to wallowing as a means of cooling themselves.

Not long ago Professor John A. Craig established on the grounds of the Iowa Agricultural College what he called a "summer resort for swine." There was a double row of trees, with a ditch between, and a stream of fresh water from the college main was allowed to flow through the ditch. A number of pigs were turned loose on the premises, and greatly did they enjoy themselves, getting fat the while. They had the run of forty acres of pasture, with suitable houses for their protection when it stormed.

The ordinary method of keeping pigs is extremely cruel. No other animal could survive under such conditions, but they manage to do so, and hence it is taken for granted that they are reasonably satisfied and enjoy their wretched surroundings. The shed provided for a shelter in one corner of the pen is usually not rain-proof, and thus things are made additionally unpleasant for the unfortunate creatures. To add insult to injury, people look over the edge of the sty and exclaim with disgust that the hog is well named.

There is no reason why pigs should not have free range even in winter, with roomy sleeping-pens and clean bedding. If the sleeping-sheds were at one end of the pasture and the animals were fed at the other end, they would go to and fro of their own accord, getting useful exercise, and living in a cleanly fashion. Of pure water they ought to have plenty, instead of the more or less putrid stuff which they are usually expected to drink.

The finest hams in the world come from a district in Virginia, not far from Norfolk, and the hogs that furnish them run almost wild in the woods, living on nuts and roots in the summer. In the autumn they are shut up in pens for a while, and are fed on corn, supplied with pure water, and provided with pine straw for bedding. They are kept clean and dry; and, when the hour for the sacrifice arrives, they yield hams which bring in the market fifty per cent. more than the every-day "swill-fed" hams put up by Western packers.



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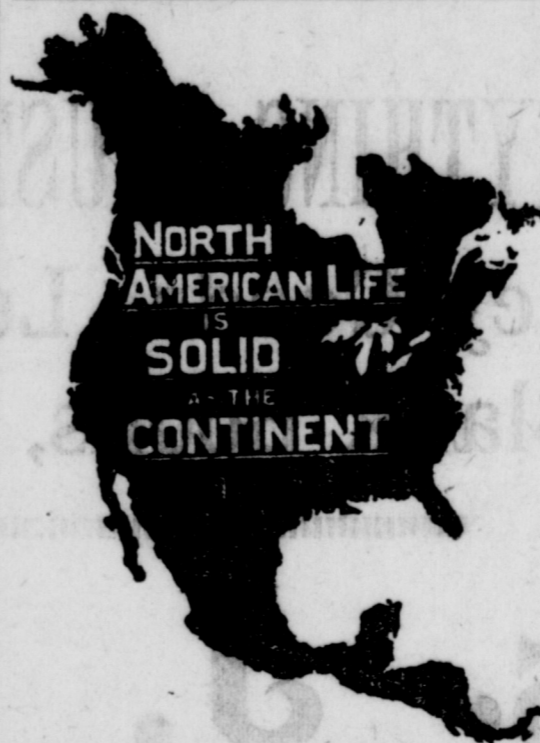
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