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MODERN FABLES, - BY GEORGE ADE.

Four Weeny Little Fables About People Who Infest the Earth
at This Writing.

I.

THE ONE OF THE PARISIAN FROM THE HIGH GRASS.

Out West there was a self-made Josiah with a Son who was brought up on Soft Food. He was subject to Headaches and could not play in the Sun. Therefore his people decided that he was cut out for an Artist.

He went to Paree to study. What he wanted was an Atmosphere. So he engaged a Loft and made up for a Tramp. He fell in with the jolly Students who were so busy letting their Hair grow and working the Bohemian gag that they had no time to change Collars, etc.

He shifted from Rain-Water to Red Ink and let the Trousers bag at the Knees. His daily Task was to sit under a striped Awning looking fuzzy and disreputable, the while he went against a tall Beaker of the Stuff that smells like Paregoric and converts the whole landscape into a light Green with Yellow Spots on it.

He lived in the dear old Latin Quarter until his Wardrobe was caked on him. Finally his Letter of Credit petered and he had to return to Illinois, where the Crude Yokels shave every Saturday Night and put Butter on their Bread.

He showed up on the Prairie with a Mardi-Gras Costume, considerable Dandruff and four bum Sketches. Father looked him over and went for the Ax, but Mother talked him out of it.

One Year in the Home of Art had weaned Alec away from the simple Joys of the Middle West. He was all the time hollering because he could not get Garlic in his Food. He wore a Velvetten Coat and smoked Fumigato Cigarettes and read French Novels. Alec didn't know who was President of the Country or Governor of the State and he did not wish to bother about it.

America simply amused him.

In the meantime Father had to put up, for Alec was dead set against the Commercial Spirit. His principal Occupation was wishing himself back in Paree and nearly everybody hoped he would get his Wish.

Once the Directory Man asked Alec's Father for some Information.

"What is your Son?" asked the Directory Man.

"You can search me," replied the unfortunate Patriarch. "He does everything that a Painter does, except Paint. He don't want to be called an American and yet I can't label him French, having no Grudge against France. He's a mixture of Parisian, Sucker, Expatriate, Four-Flush and Free Luncher, which makes him, as near as I can figure it, a Yellow Mongrel."

MORAL: To a benighted People the Latin Quarter looks like Thirty Cents.

II.

THE ONE OF THE POOR WOMAN WHO HAD TO LIVE IN A HOUSE THAT WAS OVERRUN BY ANECDOTES.

A Gentleman with several Dialects once married a Woman because she had the Sense of Humor.

About the time she was up stream with the Bait but before he had used the Net, he would call on her and spring a Good One every little while. Whenever he told a ripe old Scandinavian Wheeze or an Irish Bull she would let out a Whoop and keel right over among the Cushions. He had an unqualified Hit and ran for nearly 100 Nights.

"She's the Strip of Calico for me," said the Private Comedian. "There's no chance of a Crust forming in our Married Life, for I can see a Future all rippling with Laughter. I shall be Funny Man and she can play Audience."

After they had been married a couple of years she knew his whole Repertoire backwards. He had a collection of Hastetters that made Joe Miller seem comparatively Recent, and he worked them off every time they had Company, but not at any other Time.

Her Sense of Humor seemed to evaporate after she had heard some 4000 shine Catchers told in parlor Dialect.

The story-telling Man dies like an Out-cast if he is cut out of his usual Stunts.

In order that the conversation might not lag she began to fill in by telling him what she thought of him.

At present his only happy Moments come when they have Friends to Dinner. She does not dare to choke him off, and there is a tall Bouquet in the Center of the Table so that he cannot see her Face.

MORAL: Only a very appreciative Woman enjoys one after hearing it 800 times.

III.

THE ONE OF THE PATIENT TOILER WHO GOT IT IN THE USUAL PLACE.

Once there was an Office employe with a Copy Book Education.

He believed it was his Duty to learn to Labor and to Wait.

He read Pamphlets and Magazine Articles on Success and how to make it a Cinch. He knew that if he made no Changes and never beefed for more Salary, but just buckled down and put in Extra Time and pulled for the House, he would Arrive in time.

The Faithful Worker wanted to be Department Manager. The Hours were short and the Salary large and the Work easy.

He plugged on for many Moons, keeping his Eye on that Roll-Top Desk, for the Manager was getting into the Has-Been Division and he knew there would be a Vacancy.

At last the House gave the old Manager the Privilege of retiring and living on whatever he had saved.

"Ah, this is where Humble Merit gets its Reward," said the Patient Toiler. "I can see myself counting Money."

That very Day the Main Gazooks led into the Office one of the handsomest Tennis Players that ever worked on Long Island and introduced him all around as the new Department Manager.

"I shall expect you to tell Archibald all about the business," said the Main Gazooks of the Patient Toiler. "You see he has just graduated from Harvard and he doesn't know a dum Thing about Managing anything except a Cat-Boat, but his Father is one of our principal Stock-Holders and he is engaged to a Young Woman whose Uncle is at the head of the Trust."

"I had been hoping to get this Job for myself," said the Faithful Worker, faintly.

"You are so valuable as a Subordinate and have shown such an Aptitude for Detail Work that it would be a Shame to waste you on a \$5000 Job," said the Main Gazooks. "Besides you are not Equipped. You have not been to Harvard. Your Father is not a Stock-Holder. You are not engaged to a Trust. Get back to your High Stool and whatever Archibald wants to know, you tell him."

MORAL: One who wishes to be a Figure-Head should not Overtrain.

IV.

THE ONE OF THE CRAFTY LOVE-MAKER WHO NEEDED A LADY MANAGER.

At a Summer Resort two Young Fellows were after a Blonde.

One was an all-round Grand-Stander and the other was a plain Varnish.

Number One could play 18 Holes in Bogey and ride any Jumper that ever wore a Girth. He was built like an Ox and asked People to feel of him, for he was as hard as Nails. If any Argument came up on the Veranda or at the Dinner Table he made the others look like Rabbits, for he was posted and was very handy with the Sub-Maxillary. He wore his Chest a few Inches in front of himself and no one could tell him where to get off. Inasmuch as he was a big, husky Good-Looker with all the Manly Accomplishments, he had a Panel Picture of himself leading Miss Blonde into a Flat.

Number Two belonged in the Sub-Duffer Class, no matter what Game he tackled. When he swung at a Golf Ball he usually hit himself in the Ankle. In sailing a Boat he did not know a Sheet from a Sail. He ducked all kinds of Athletic Sports. In Company he became balled up and often had to be Rescued. He was no Ring Performer and he knew it. Therefore, to avoid making too many Breaks he would go to the Blonde and confidentially ask her to be his True Friend and steer him through the Shoals.

Number One would be out on the Links, hammering away to win a \$2 Cup, but Number Two would remain under Cover and complain of feeling a trifle Knocked Out and permit the Blonde to put Cold Cloths on his Head. Then he would give her a couple of those long yearning Looks and tell her that no one else had ever been quite so Good to him.

Number One was trying to demonstrate that he was a Deuce of a Fellow and Number Two was trying to convince her that she was an Ace of a Girl.

When both of them had come to Tow, she did not hesitate for any length of Time.

"That poor Boy needs a bright and Clever Woman to take care of him," said she. "He has learned to depend upon me and it would be Cruel to turn him Adrift."

Number Two won by a City Block.

MORAL: Star Her and she will discover your Good Points.

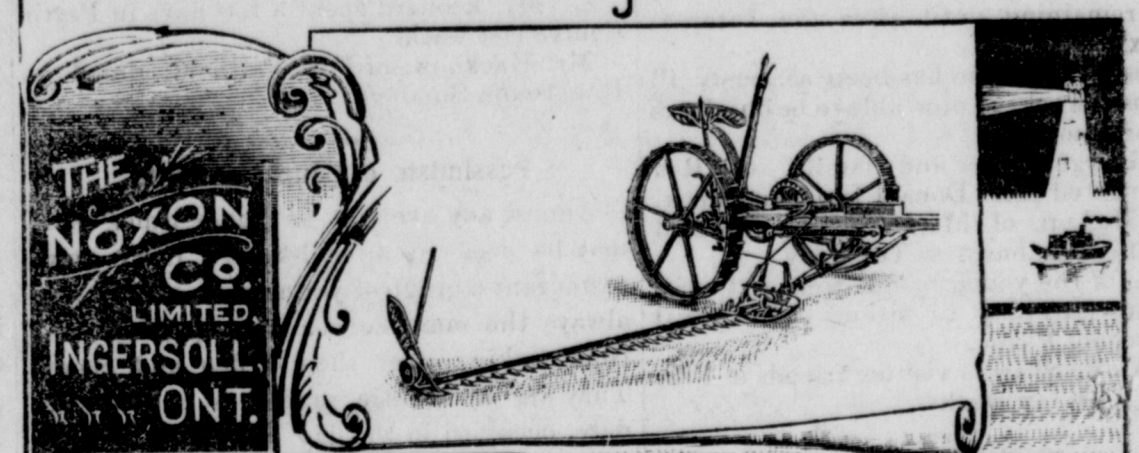
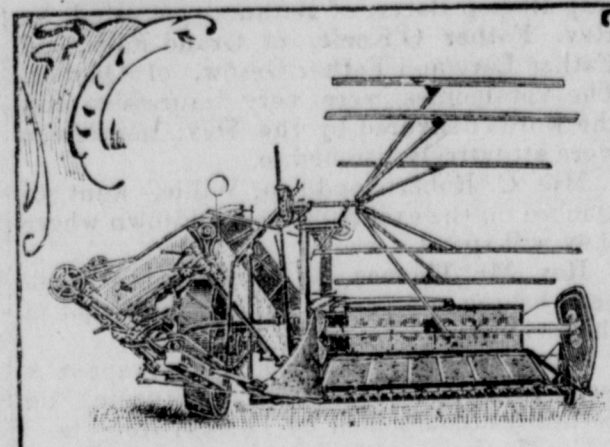
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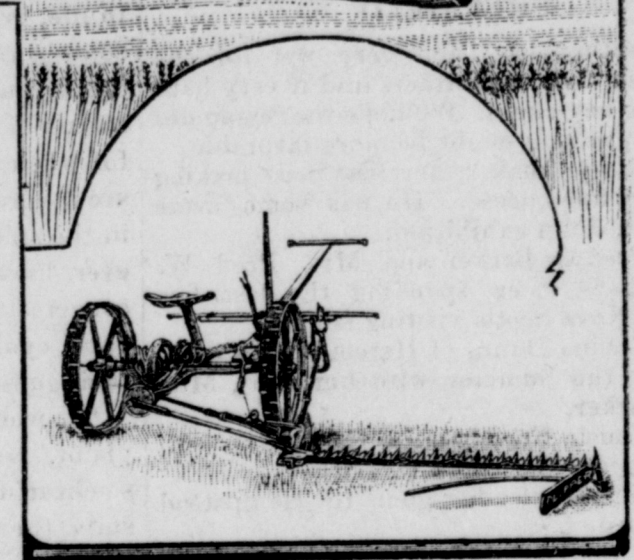
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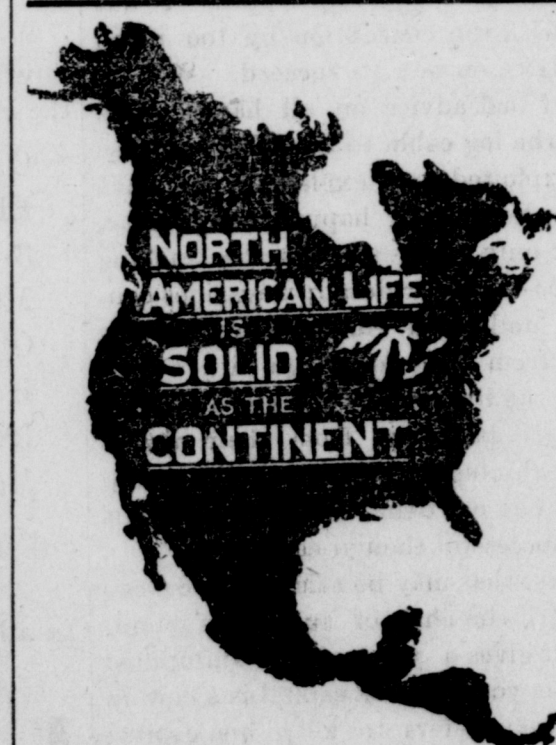
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