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MODERN FABLES, - BY GEORGE ADE.

The Summer Vacation that was Too Good to Last.

Once there was a Wife who gave the Money-Getter a Vacation by going into the Country for a Month. Dearie took her to the Train, and all the way she kept saying that it did not seem just Right to romp away on a Pleasure Trip and leave him Shell-Roaded.

He began to fear that she would Weaken, so he told her that, while he was slaving and humping in the City, it would give him sufficient Joy to know that Darling was out in the Woods listening to the Birds. He insisted that she should stay until she was thoroughly Rested. Of course, he did not dare to make it too Strong. He played the Self-Sacrifice Gag, and threw in a Dash of Marital Solicitude, and made an awful Try at imitating one who has been Soaked by a Great Sorrow. As the Missus looked at him through her Tears and held his Salary-Hook in hers, little did she suspect that he had framed up a Poker Festival for that Night and already the Wet Goods were spread out on the Ice.

He had told her that he was going to sit up in the Library every Evening and read Macaulay's History of England. By opening the Windows on both sides he could get a nice Breeze from the West. Along about 10 o'clock, if he got Sleepy, he could turn in. Why not?

It was a lovely Time-Table that he had mapped out. He submitted it to Pet before she went away, and she put her O. K. on it, even though her Heart ached for him. Breakfast at the strange Boarding-House. A day of Toil, interrupted by a small Bunch of Food at the Dairy Lunch.

Then back to the unfamiliar Faces at the Boarding House.

Then sitting alone in the Gloaming, thinking of the Absent One.

Then an hour or two in the Library with the jovial Macculay.

Then to Bed in the lonesome House and Dreams of Sweetie.

He gave her a Schedule which she could consult any time, Day or Night, and thereby find out what he was doing at that Moment. It was just as convenient as sending a Marconi every Hour or so.

He held himself down until the Train had flirited around the Curve, for he knew that she was watching him from the Observation Car. Then he threw his Hat in the Air and began to do Flip-Flops.

"Oh, I suppose this is Miserable," he said. "I can see a very poor Month ahead of me—yet—not. Me wearing all my Bells, and taking a Hurdle every furlong."

He rushed into the Telegraph Office and sent a Wire to her, so that it would catch her at the first Station up the Road. It said not to Worry and to take a Good Rest, and everything was moving along about the same as usual. With Love and Kisses.

After which he went over to the Brewery to see if they would make a Reduction on Wholesale Orders.

Hubby went up street with his Panama dipped down in Front, the same as the College Rakes wear them, and his Coat was thrown wide open to show the dizzy Pleats. His Cuban Blood was all hot up, and he told himself that he was 19 years old and never had a Home.

Oh, but he was Nifty! He was out of the Corral and into the Red Clover, and nix any Halter and Box Stall for him. At least not for a Month.

It happened that he had the usual number of disreputable Friends. They were All Right, but he did not dare to have them up to the House, because Angel-Face had investigated them and returned True Bills. They were a little too Gamey for Presbyterian Circles, but they fitted right in at any Function where every Man takes off his Coat.

Husband began to use the Telephone, and in the course of an Hour he had organized a Pirate Crew that would go as far as you like at any Game from Pitch-and-Toss to Mar-slaughter.

For when a decent Married Man does start out to find something different from the calm Joys of Connubing in a Side Street he is the Village Limit.

Husband had the whole Shop to himself. He employed a Senegambian who was a good two-handed Worker with the Corkscrew. Then he had \$40 worth of Dutch Lunch sent in from the Rathskeller, and arranged the Stacks of Reds, Whites and Blues. He told himself that the only True Enjoyment was found in Bachelor's Hall.

His Hicky Acquaintances came in showing more or less Stage Fright, as they were not accustomed to seeing Rugs and Tidies. They told him that he had a Swell Joint. After they had been to the Tea a couple of times they began to peel, and one of them started some Rowdy Work on the Piano. Another backed into a \$30 Statuet, and put it out of Business and then offered to pay for it, but the Host said it cost only 98 cents at a Bargain sale.

At 10 P. M. the Wife who was in Upper Seven, referred to her Time Table and saw Papa sitting at the Student's Lamp, reading Maculay. She had no way of knowing that papa had just been strung for a Month's Rent in a Progressive Jack Pot.

In the Morning when Papa arose and looked at the cold Welsh Rabbits, and saw the Cigar Ashes all over the Place, and when he had a Taste as if he were taking care of a Lap-Robe, the glad Bohemian Existence did not look as Good to him as it had when lighted up the Night before. Especially as he had got the Zoop for some 80 Buckerines.

Still, there is no one case of Remorse that is going to head off a Man who wants to be rejuvenated. He pulled himself together on the Second Day and resumed the Merry Clip, and there was nothing doing in the Macaulay Line. Home did not get him until the Lights had winked out in the other Places. He would not leave the Stag Club or the German Garden until they began putting the Chairs on the Tables.

For the first two Weeks it was Immense. In time, however, it struck him there was a certain Monotony in spending one's Money on the Night Owls and showing up with the Milkman. The Poker Players were into him and he began to suspect that he needed a Guardian.

Like every other Man who sends his Wife to a Summer Place, he ended his Hurrah by making a few Resolutions and begging her to come Home.

And she will always believe that he did the Macculay Act every Evening while she was away. Which is just as well.

MOKAL: In order to put a true Value on Civilization, one should pace a few Heats with the Indians now and then.

Fell Exhausted and Unconscious

Mrs. R. W. Edwards, 33 McMurray St., Brantford, Ont., suffered for five years with nervous exhaustion, headache and dyspepsia. "The pains in the head would almost drive me crazy. I could not sleep nights but would walk the floor in agony until I fell exhausted and unconscious. For the past nine months I have used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and from a mere skeleton this medicine has built me up in flesh and weight until I am strong and well." It would be scarcely possible to produce stronger evidence of the wonderful power of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

The Missionary.

She couldn't sleep for thinking of
The woes and wants of Timbuctoo,
And India's need,
Made her heart bleed,
And Syria's sorrows made her blue.

She wept and waited for Ashantee,
For Kurd and Copt she was concerned;
And Turkey, oh!
Filled her with woe,
And for Siam her bosom yearned.

She headed a subscription list
To save the slanting-eyed Chinese;
And for the Japs
(You know, perhaps)
She spent the night upon her knees.

The festive Fiji Islanders
Were subjects of a special prayer,
And she did not
Forget the lot
The poor Australian Bushmen bear.

The frizzly-headed Papuans
Had of her sympathy a slice,
And she avowed
The Burmese crowd
Must be reclaimed at any price.

The Patagonian Indian tribes
Just fairly made her hold her breath,
But while her breast
Was so distressed,
Her next-door neighbor starved to death.
—Deering's Farm Journal.

Dicky: "Pa, were you a gooder boy'n me when you were as little as me?"
Pa: "Yes, indeed, Dicky. I was always a very good boy; but somehow or other I had a great many serious and painful misunderstandings with my parents."

The Father: "Ef I give ye some money ter spend while ye be in London ye won't go to no music-halls or gamblin' places, or drink champagne with it, will ye?"
Son: "No, sir."

The Father: "Well, then, here's a shilling, an' mind ye keep yer word."



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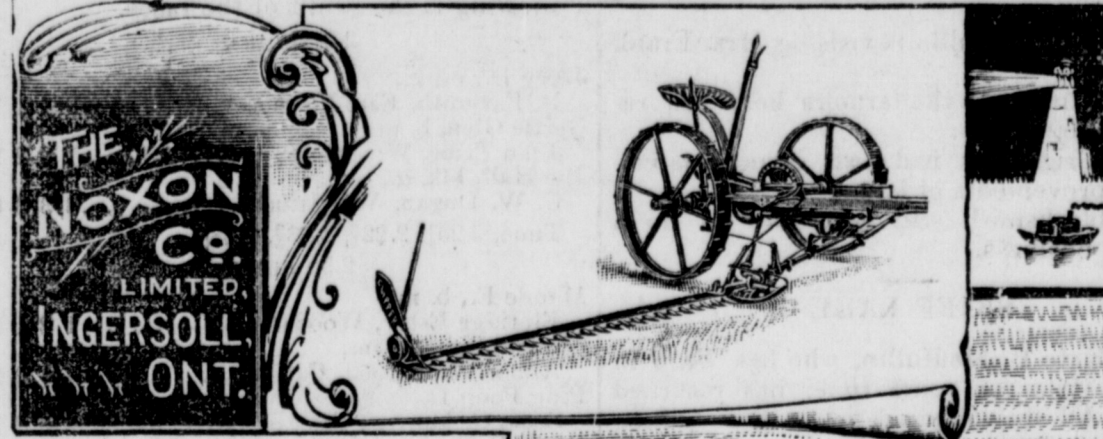
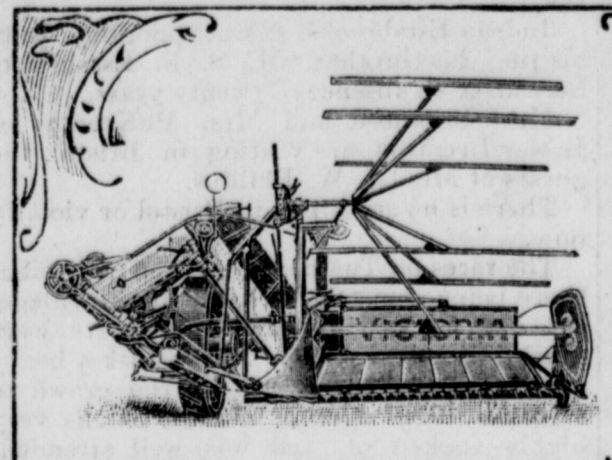
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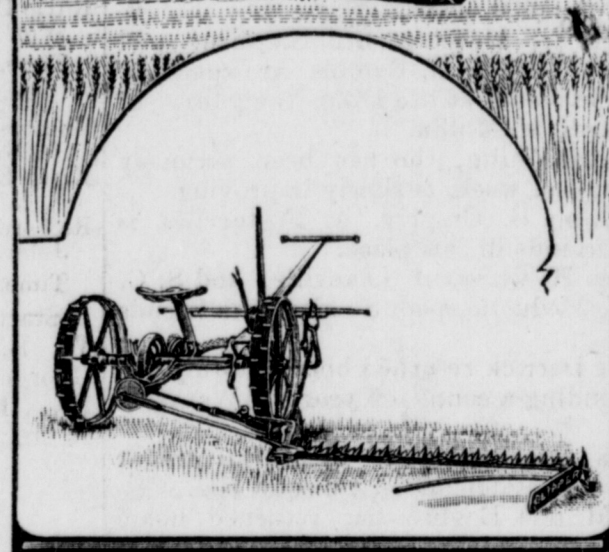
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