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MODERN FABLES, - BY GEORGE ADE.

The Parlor Blacksmith who was Unable to Put It Right Over the Plate.

Once there was a left-handed Society Selling-Plater who never landed in the Money.

Of all the Sexes that roam the Earth his pick was the Feminine. He was very partial to the Women Folks. Even the Blondines, who work the Tooth-Picks in the Rotunda, and the Fat Ones who talk Baby Talk, and the Chickadees who chew Gum on the Trolley, and the dark-eyed Dueennas who forget to do up their Back Hair, and the Lumpy Ones who never go all the way around with the Powder Puff, and the Flitty Ones who give the Soubret Zip when they turn the Corner, and the Mopey Ones who wear wrappers and eat Pickles, and the little Maude Freshes who turn out on Saturday Night looking for Drummers, and the Spindley Ones in Rainy Day Skirts who lead Dogs, and a good many others, who never get into the Gibson Pictures—they may have had their Failings, but they looked Purty Fair to him.

The last one out was always Number One with Philo, for such was the name of our Hero.

During many a long Afternoon when he should have been busy with the Books, Philo leaned back, combing his Mustaches with a Steel Pen, and looking at the Wall. He could see himself in a Cosy Corner under a Red Light. Beside him sat a Prize Beaut of the kind that makes a Star Feature for the Sunday Paper. She was holding him by the Hand and whispering, "You for Me, and nothing else doing."

Almost every Nightfall he would change to a White Vest and splash himself with Violet Water. Then he would start out to see if he couldn't make the Lithograph come true.

Philo always had his Plan of Campaign ribbed up. He knew what he was going to say when she came breezing into the Front Room. Then when she had said so and so as a playful Come-Back he would say something Keen, apparently right off the Reel, and that would lead up to the Scene in the Cosy Corner.

Philo was always Letter Perfect at Rehearsals, but when it came to the Night Show he was a Scamp.

The Trouble was that the Little Lady never came back with the Right Cue. After about two Moves she would hand him a Liner which he would Muff. Then for the next five Minutes he would be trying to rub the Varnish off the Chair, using himself for that purpose.

Or perchance when he showed up with his Lasso hidden under his Coat and his Soul steeled to Determination, he would find two or three other Beaux on the Premises, all organized to block him off. Some 20 Minutes later, Philo would be up stage reading a Magazine.

After being Frosted from Head to Foot, our Young Friend decided that one who would induce a Timid Girl to move over and be Chummy, must not go after her, but compel her to follow the Trail. Philo read in a book costing \$1.18 at a Departmental Store, that the blase Man of the World who treated them with cold and smiling Indifference simply got them all worked up.

The Game plays out as follows: Cynical Ike with the dark, piercing Eyes and the lines of a Great Sorrow marked on his Handsome Face tells Dora that all women are alike. This Talk goes best with a Turkish Cigaret. Dora tells him that he is Off. She says that there are Women in the World capable of Steadfast Love. Ike springs a pensive Sigh and says Ah, if he could believe it. Thereupon it is up to her to prove it or lose the Argument, and that's the Answer.

So Philo went around telling every one who would listen to him that Women are fickle ever. When he called he sat as far down in the Chair as he could get and said cruel Things about the World of Fashion. He wanted to get away from all the vain Pretendings of Artificial Society. He would never Marry.

He worked this along the entire Chain of Boarding Houses and no one teased him to change his Mind. Some said that Philo had been given the Hooks and was sore. In the Books all the swell Lookers are supposed to get out and chase the Woman-Hater, but up in the Fifth Ward, where Philo resided, the Recipe was no good.

Accordingly he switched. The second Books that fell into his Hands pictured the Young Fellow who simply keeps at the Girl, who snoops around and plays House Dog until her Woman's Heart is touched with his Slavish Devotion. Philo began to camp out at the Home of a Brunet. At the end of six days she shivered at the Sight of him. After he had been given the Headache Answer three times in one Week he pulled down his Entry Money and coppered the whole Scheme.

Once he attempted the Impetuous Line of Business. It always works out on the Stage. The Object is to nail the Girl without giving her a Chance to become acquainted and

Investigate. First or second meeting and then Speech about having loved her for Years before he saw her—Arm around Waist before there is time to jump—Bing!

One Moonlit Evening it was that \$12 a-week Philo with a Vocabulary of 82 Words started out to win the Fair One with just one passionate Whirlwind that would carry her off her Feet.

He moved alongside, got a Split infinitive crossed with a defective Alverb and died on everything except the rug. Inasmuch as she never stood for any Strong-Arm Plays until after the Fourth Call she decided that she had been Insulted. She said that her father would kill him. He took a short cut across the Lawn and escaped into the Alley back of the Engine House. Fortunately she had other Callers that Evening and became so Interested that she forgot to speak to Father.

Philo began to weaken on the Systems. Yet he knew that there was some certain Ways of going at it, for he could see what was being pulled off all around him. Every Night when he was out scanning the Ham-mocks and Front Porches in order to sport his Destiny, he saw Whole Bunches of them smuggled together in the Twilight. He wondered how they managed to Last.

As for him, the Girl Proposition had him down and out.

If he kept quiet, he was a Stick. If he talked against time, he made Breaks.

If he complimented other Girls, he lost his Number. If he toasted other Girls, he insulted her Dearest Friends.

If he tried to Coddle, she called for Help. If he didn't, she would begin to Yawn about 8.30.

He had tried all known Methods that are supposed to be Winners and he was still a thousand miles from the Cosy Corner.

One day he struck upon the Explanation of the whole sad State of Affairs. He decided that he was a Shell-Fish.

MORAL: Never play a System.

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A Safe Refuge.

A certain wild beast tamer had been on bad terms for some time with one of his neighbors, and the other day, as the result of a violent quarrel, the latter, with a friend, attacked the former, just before he was timed to give his performance.

The tamer, unwilling to make a scene, took refuge in the lion's den.

Judge of the amusement of the spectators when they beheld the two men standing in front of the cage and shouting through the bars at regular intervals: "Come out of that, you big coward; come out of that!"—From Chums.

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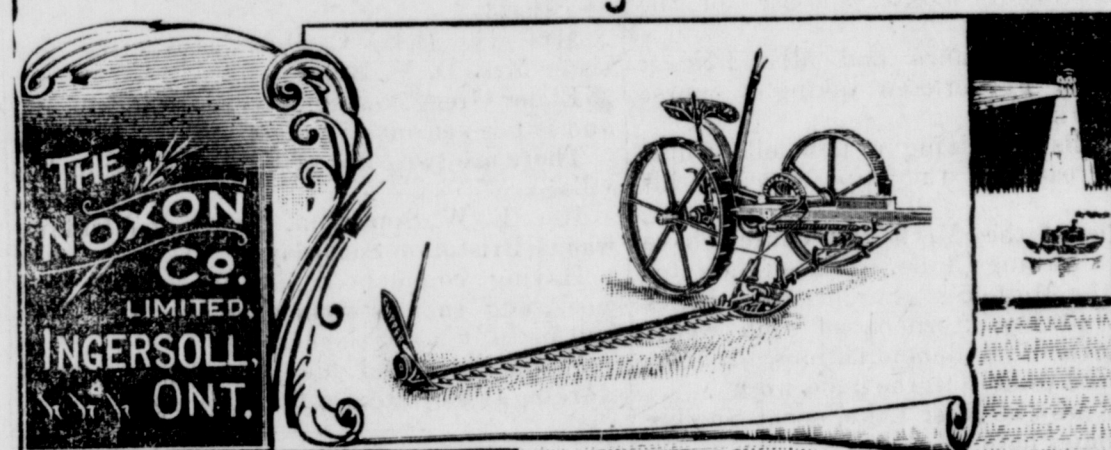
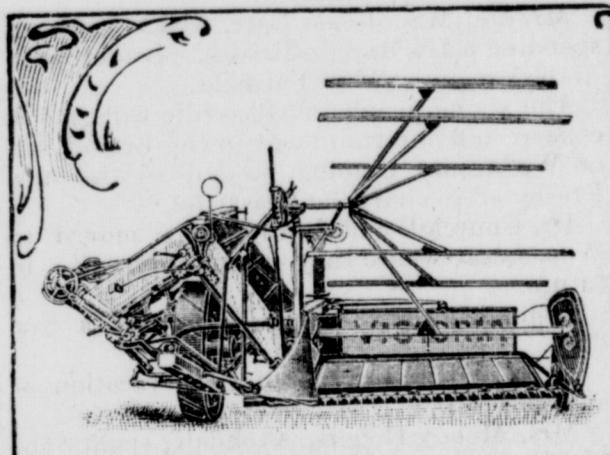
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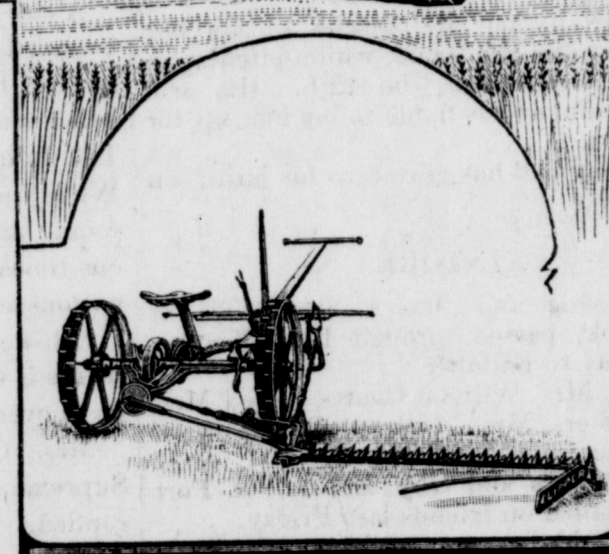
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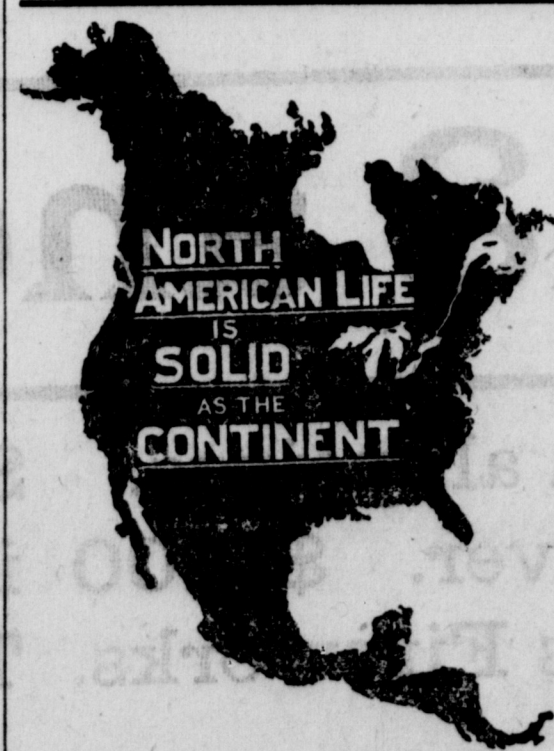


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