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May 26th, 1902.

MODERN FABLES, - BY GEORGE ADE.

Once there was a beautiful Specimen of Veal named Oliver.

He had Collateral which was not to be get-atable until he had attained his Majority. The frugal Relative who bequeathed the Bundle had cut his own Hair and lived on Oatmeal for Years so as to get ahead of the Game. In the Will there was a Proviso that Ollie should come into His when he had arrived at the Age of Discretion.

Theoretically, and one who is 21 knows which way to Vote and how to protect his Capital.

In Reality, some Men vote like Pigeons even after they are going on 62, and all the Front Rooms at the Poor-House are occupied by Elderly Gentleman who started in at 40 to whip-saw the Grain Market.

Ollie's People brought him up on the Cheaps, so that he would learn to be Close and not frivol his Money. He wore Hand-me-downs and Reversible Cuffs. He had one Cravat for Week-Days and a Black Satin Effect with a Red Coral Pin for Sundays. If he wanted a Pack of Cigaretts he had to hold out when he did the Marketing. All of his Smoking was done in Freight Cars, for he was watched all the while, lest he should fall into Bad Habits.

On the Day which made him 21 Ollie procured him a Red Check Book and began to experiment with it.

For Years he had nursed an Ambition to be a Nobby Dresser. Now that he had broken out and had Uncle's Stuff right in his Kick there was nothing to prevent him from going as far as he liked.

So he ordered some Hot Suits with Silk Facing on the Lapels and a fawn-colored Overcoat with Pearl Buttons about the size of Water Crackers.

He began to wear Patent Leather Shoes all the time and bought a large Spark for his Third Finger. After he got into his Gleeful Garments any one could tell, even by looking at him from across the Street, that he was one of the Sure-Enoughts.

As soon as Ollie began to sprinkle his Currency up and down the principal Thoroughfares he began to have a haunting Fear that someone might overlook the Fact that he was a Thoroughbred.

After a Family has had its Money for three or four Centuries it gets out of the Habit of courting Sidewalk Comment. But a Nice Young Fellow of Gentle Birth who has been carrying his Roll some 30 Minutes has to go around opening Cold Quarts and telling how Good he is or else the General Public would be a long time in finding out about it.

Ollie bought for a great many disinterested Acquaintances, who told him right to his Face that he was a Gentleman of the Deepest Dye. And the way he roasted Waiters and Cabmen was calculated to convince the most Skeptical.

When he went traveling he always stopped at the Hotel that had the largest Mirrors on the Wall. All who heard him when he pounded on the Desk and demanded the Best Room in the House knew that they were standing in the presence of the Young Squire from Yapville-on-the-Crick.

It was quite a Job that Ollie had mapped out for himself. He was going to impress the World. And such a large World at that!

However, he tackled it bravely. He knew that in order to back up the Pearl Buttons and the 22-karat Ring he must needs be a Sport.

At the Track he loved to make a Swell Bet merely to cause Talk. He did not care to Win. A Winner never gets a Reputation for being Dead Game. The Boy who feeds in his large Bills without letting on is the one who wins the sincere Admiration of those who stand around such Places.

Ollie loved to stroll up to the Wheel and fool around with a long Stack of Blue Chips and get Stung for a paltry Hundred, and then stretch himself, as if longing for Excitement, while all the \$8 a-Week Fellows looked at him in Awe and repeated his Name in Whispers. That was the kind of Glory that Ollie was after.

He began to have some Trouble in getting Things that were good enough for him. He paid \$7 apiece for his Shirts, as a great many People afterward learned, and the Tobacconist had to send away for a Special Brand of 30 cent Cigars, because Ollie hated the Cheap Kind. While out shopping, if the Salesman showed him a Pair of Silk Pajamas for \$16, he always wanted to know if they didn't have something for \$18.

He bought the first Auto ever seen in the Place, and took in the whole Circuit of Road Houses every day. Although six months away from a Buttermilk Diet, he began to know all about Vintage Wines. He wore White Kid Gloves in the Morning and used 3 Quarts of Violet Water in his Bath. He had more than 200 Cravats, mostly Blue, and he went in for open-work Socks with his Monogram worked on the Side.

At the Theater he insisted on the Stage Box, and if the straw-colored Soubrine smiled at him he sent her a cartwheel of Violets

worth \$40.

His Suspender Buckles had Rubies set in them and he wore Inlaid Buttons with his Evening Clothes.

He was a Gentleman from away back. Everybody said that. He did not give anyone a Chance so think differently.

Ollie was ready to go to any Length in order to demonstrate that he was Fine and Fancy.

One Day he counted up what he had left of Uncle's Money and figured that if he continued to be the Real Thing, he would last for about six months.

He suspected that it would be a very foxy Move to begin to economize, but he was too proud to sacrifice that Reputation which he had built up with so much painful Effort. He couldn't bear the Thought of having it said that he was Piking and flying low.

Besides, he decided that he could avoid going over the Dump by jumping into the Stock Market and buying 1000 Shares of something that was about to advance 40 Points.

So he took some Advice, and now, this January, he is wearing the fawn-colored Benjamin with the Pearl Buttons, also the open-work Socks with the Monograms.

But he has this Consolation. All the other Has-Been who stands around the Radiator with him, waiting for somebody to come in and Say Something, agree that he was a Bird for the time being.

MORAL—The Gentleman Business is handicapped by Overproduction and too much Competition.

Valuable Advice About Dogs.

Astor is a lawyer who lives in Englewood. Last Saturday morning he was walking from his house to the suburban train when the butcher on the corner opposite the station called to him. Astor had bought his meat from that butcher for twenty years.

"Mr. Astor," asked the butcher, "what can I do if a dog runs into the shop and carries off a ten-pound roast of beef worth \$2?"

"Do you know whose dog it is?" asked the lawyer.

"Oh, yes," the butcher answered. "I know who owns the dog, all right."

"Then all you've got to do is to send the owner a bill; you can collect it without any doubt."

Then Mr. Astor started to hurry for his train.

"Mr. Astor," the butcher called after him. "Mr. Astor, that was your dog. 'I'll send you the bill this afternoon.'"

Next morning the bill came to Mr. Astor's office. But the butcher had, unfortunately, forgotten that his victim was a lawyer.

By the next mail he got his answer. With it came a bill for \$10 for legal advice in the matter of a thieving dog, leaving a balance of \$8 due Mr. Astor. And now the butcher is wondering what he had better do about it.—[Chicago Tribune.

Waste of Time.

There had been a slight shock of earthquake, and Mr. Herlihy and Mr. Dolan had both felt it.

"Tim," said Mr. Dolan, solemnly, "what did you think when first the ground began to tremble?"

"Think!" echoed his friend, scornfully. "What man that had the use of his legs to run and his loongs to roar would waste his toime thinkin'? Tell me that!"

His Character.

In a rural justice court in Georgia, says a Southern newspaper, an old negro whose testimony had been questioned by the lawyer delivered this defense of his character:

"Jedge, I'm a good man. I been a-livin' roun' heah ten yehs. I ain't neber been lynched, en de only hoss I ever stole frowed me en bruk bofe my laigs."

Elbert Hubbard, the famous Roycroft, will fight his wife's application for divorce by a general denial of the charges made. In the forthcoming motion for alimony and counsel fees it is pretty generally understood that Mrs. Hubbard will represent to the court that her husband is worth \$500,000. Her attorneys will ask for \$5,000 counsel fees and \$1,000 a month alimony.

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