

The Modern Fable of the Nice Young Fellow Who Hunted Around to Find a Recipe for Refinement.

By GEORGE ADE.



A GANGLING youth who was old enough to get out and rustle for a Salary remained at Home because his Mother set such a Good Table and knew how to Wait on him. There was no necessity of his Buckling Down so long as both his Parents had their Health. So he spent most of his Time thinking about his Complexion.

He was a Humid young Man with no Vicious Traits and he wore those tall Sideboard Collars and let his Hair float down over his Temples, the same as a Trick Bicycle Rider.

This Young Man was very anxious to be Refined. He had been told that one who seeks to Snare Out a Girl with money in her own Name and get her to thinking about him until she is Feverish must be there with the Refinement.

When the Daughter of the Steam Baker married the Piano Tuner there had been a good deal of Knocking to the Effect that she had picked a Dead One, but the Match was finally justified on the Grounds that although he was a Crab as to Business Get-up-and-Get and a Blacksmith with the Piano, he Graded Up middling strong on account of his Refinement.

The Young Man who wanted to be Refined had read the Short Stories in the Evening Papers and he had noticed that invariably it was the Refined Kind with a Name something like Llewellyn or Sutcliffe who had the Girl to Rights. When the Story ends with a Bump down toward the tail-end of the Column, the Refined Lover has Celeste do-

ing the Cling and Smiling through her Tears, which is no easy Trick, if you stop to Think about it. Then one or the other whispers "Forever," and the Reading Matter runs into a Paid Notice of a Spavin Cure.

The Young Man knew that if he could get himself well dosed with Refinement he would get all the Eggs and a guaranteed Lady-Killer. And he was sure that it would not take long to soak up a lot of Refinement after he got the Hang of it.

He knew a Girl who went away to a Normal School just as Common as an Old Shoe and she came back in Nine Weeks so Refined that it Hurt her at Times. Also he had a Friend with Burn-sides who had been in the Plug Class until he attended a Veterinary College for one Term and then he came Home with a Raglan Overcoat and a Yellow Muffler and he was so Refined that every one Spoke about it. The Other Fellows, with Ordinary Sleeves in their Coats and no Symptoms of Refinement, were not One-Two-Seven.

Unfortunately, the Young Man who yearned for Refinement and heard so much about it was unable to decide what kind of Treatment he would have to take. He surmised that he would have to let his Cuffs show and carry a Tooth-Brush and always take hold of a Lady's Arm when escorting her, but he had no Doubt there were other Points to be observed. In the Spirit of Inquiry he went out asking Questions.

The Answers did not seem to jibe. A Heavy Swell, who had met Stacks of Refined People on Trains and Steamboats, told the Young Man that a Chap could not be set down as

thoroughly Refined unless he employed Cheap Foreign Labor to put the Dress Studs in his Shirt and had the Moral Courage to wear Clothes made on the Other Side.

This Answer did not clear up anything, so the Young Man went to a Hotel which was said to be a Hang-Out for Refined Folks because the cheapest Room was Six per day.

"I suppose the Best People stop here?" said the Young Man to the Head Clerk.

"If they have the Money we don't dare to turn them away," was the Reply of the Head Clerk.

"A Man in your Exalted Position rubs up against plenty of Refined People," suggested the Young Man. "Now, tell me, what are the Outward Evidences of True Refinement?"

The Head Clerk meditated before giving Answer and then spoke as follows: "I have noticed that all who are Refined on the Level want the Best in the House, kick hard and long for Private Baths and always have their Meals served in the Room."

But this Expert Testimony did not bring any Light to the puzzled Seeker, so he spoke to one of the Chambermaids. She said that refinement meant going to see at least one Frohman Troupe every Season, wearing French Heels and not having nothing to do with no Traveling Men from St. Louis.

"Those are the Requirements in your Case," said the Young Man, gently. "But what would you advise me to do?"

"You will have to Hee your own Row," said

the Chambermaid. "It's all I can do to keep myself Refined."

It having become evident that there were several Brands of Refinement, the Young Man decided to continue his Investigations, hoping that he might find two Witnesses who would Get Together on the Definition.

A Minstrel Man standing in front of the Hotel said that in order to be Refined one should wear a blue plush Spike-Tail and sing something about a Death-Bed. He knew he was right for he had helped to give many Refined Performances.

A Gentleman who followed the Ponies said that a Party to be Refined ought to be able to throw open a Salmon-Colored Vest, keep his Shoes shined and never bring out his Rubber Pouch of Fine-Cut while conversing with a Lady.

A Traveler from the Far East said that Correct Pronunciation was the Final Test of Refinement, although it would Help Some to carry a Green Bag and wear a Plaid Shawl and put on an Intense Look whenever the Concord School of Philosophy was mentioned.

A Representative Stockman who had come in to Market with some Yearlings opined that any one who clipped his Beard every Spring and Fall and fought his way into a White Shirt on Sunday Morning was Refined enough for all Practical Purposes.

A Young Woman with a Red Jacket said that she never considered a Girl Friend truly Refined until she could play "Narcissus" on the Piano and had been to a Course of Lectures and was using Wax on her Envelopes.

Another Woman, with a Hunted Look, said

Refinement depended on reading all the Late Books before they were dry from the Bindery. It kept her on the Jump, but she had got away with the whole Catalogue, from "Alice of Old Vincennes" to "Father Goose." She was expecting to get some kind of a Medal for being Refined.

A regular Hickey driving a Plumber's Wagon pulled up long enough to say that a Young Fellow, to be Good and Refined, ought to get a Close Shave before going to a Ball, and was expected to Buy for his Calico before leading her back to her Seat.

A Delegate on his way home from a Reformers' Convention seemed to think that the Essentials of Refinement were White String Ties, hot from the Laundry, and Smiling so as to show the Teeth.

A haggard Man with rumpled Hair gave an entirely new Definition. He said that Refinement meant to go to a Piano Recital or Symphony Concert and Cry all over the Seats.

By this time the Young Man who was out to locate the Refinery had a very confused Notion of what he was trying to Run Down. While he was wondering where he could go to get some more Pointers he chanced to pick up a Paper, and read a Top-Lofty Editorial, made in London, which said there was no such Thing as Refinement in the Western Hemisphere, except at the Lunch Stations on the Canadian Pacific, where the British Tourists dropped off to get Tea and Biscuit.

So he had to pass up the Quest.

MORAL: The word Refinement no longer has any Meaning except as referring to Sugar and Linsseed Oil.

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PASSING OF ENGLAND'S MOST FAMOUS MAKER OF CARTOONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.
For the first time in fifty years, Sir John Tenniel, cartoonist of the London Punch, failed to have a New Year cartoon in that publication.
This old man, now in his eighty-first year, however, still draws—brilliantly and vigorously as ever. No English cartoonist has ever quite so thoroughly expressed those beef-eating, Tory opinions as he. No soldier or statesman has ever been of greater service to a Government. In 1893, he was knighted.
The world's greatest men of the Nineteenth Century—writers, statesmen, soldiers, rulers—have come and gone their way, but the old cartoonist who caricatured them all lives on. Those who would essay to write the history of the past century would better familiarize themselves with his work.
In Tenniel's cartoons there are a certain quiet breadth of thought, a dignity of treatment, and, withal, a certain forceful heaviness, having nothing of that fantastic airiness which made Keppeler's work such a delight.
Mr. Linley Sambourne, who, by the way, has been connected with Punch for thirty years, will practically succeed to Sir John's desk.

JOHN PAUL JONES A PIRATE?

How He Is Summed Up as a Hero and a Gentleman.

That hero of war and romance, Captain John Paul Jones, has been described with striking effect in a word picture by Cyrus Townsend Brady in his book, "American Fights and Fighters." The characterization is wrought with skill, and it is complete in its interpretation of the man's personality.
"On the evening of Thursday, September 20, 1779, a rather small, brown-faced, dark-haired man, about 23 years of age, and of a melancholy, poetic and even scholarly cast of countenance, clad in a blue naval uniform, stood on the weather side of the high poop deck of a large warship, looking keenly about him with his bright, brilliant black eyes. Sometimes his glance fell meditatively upon two gallant white ships under full sail, men-of-war evidently, which were slowly crossing his course at a right angle a mile or two ahead of him, and making in toward the not distant land the white. Anon, with thoughtful vision, he surveyed the crowded decks before and beneath him; the rude, motley crew, half naked and armed with cutlass and pike and pistol, who were grouped about the grim great guns protruding menacingly from the open ports; the old gun captains squinting along the breach and blowing their smoking matches while looking to the priming of the guns; the little groups of pipelined veterans of the evening tenderly and softly fell on the worn sails of the ancient ship, swelling the soiled and weather-beaten cloths as if in care, as she swept slowly toward the enemy. The ripple of the waves clinging about her outwater alone broke the silence. The scene was as peaceful and as quiet as if the loud-calling of the drum which had so lately re-echoed along the decks had been an invitation to church service instead of

a stern summons to quarters for action. A faint smell of helm and spicery, which clung about the ship, a reminder of her distant voyaging in Eastern seas, was like incense to the soul.
"Off toward the side of the sinking sun arose the bold shores of England. Plumborough headland, crowned by a lofty tower already sending a broad beam of warning light to voyaging mariners out over the waters, thrust out a salient wedge of massive, rock-bound coast in rude, wave-piercing angle through the tossing sea. To the east the full moon, already some hours high, shot the soft silver of her rays, mingled with the fading gold of the dying day, over the pallid ocean. At this moment the mellow tones of the ship's bell forward striking three complete in quick succession awakened the commander from the reveries in which he had been indulging, and he turned to find his first lieutenant mounting the poop-deck ladder to report the ship clear for action. The dark, expressive eye of the captain lingered affectionately upon the form of the Rhine, bright-eyed, honest and able young subordinate who had yet to see his twenty-fourth birthday. Between the two officers subsisted the fullest confidence and the deepest affection.
"Who was the lonely captain? The greatest novelist of England calls him a traitor. One of the most prominent naval authorities of to-day, from the same proud nation, describes him as a blackguard. Popular feeling among his contemporary enemies considered him as neither more nor less than a bloodthirsty, murdering pirate. The captain of the ship, which he was about to conquer is reputed to have most conspicuously expressed his regret at having been compelled to surrender to a man who sought with a halter around his neck." But the people who made and loved the flag, the Stars and Stripes, which fluttered above his head, and gave it a high place in the glorious history of nations, told a different tale. The admiral of Washington, the incorruptible soldier and leader, the beloved of Franklin, the discerning statesman and philosopher; the friend of Robert Morris, the brilliant financier and patriot; John Paul Jones, the son of a poor Scotch gardener, who had left his native land in infancy, and who had been brought up with the scanty advantages afforded by life from childhood passed upon the sea, against every sort of discouragement, by sheer merit alone, to be the greatest figure in the naval history of his adopted country for nearly a hundred years.
"By his indefatigable resolution and unsurpassable valor, his wonderful technical skill and fascinating personality, he became a Chevalier of France, an Admiral of Russia, the friend of one of two Queens, one of the most beautiful and unfortunate, one of the other greatest and most splendid, of his age. He was an honored member of the King of a great country, and an ever re-



ONE TO THE GOOD.
John Bull: "Back From Africa?"
Colonel Sir James Willelocks: "Yes, Sir—Ashanti."
John Bull: "Ah, to be sure! The war that really is over! Bravo!"

nounced that which he considered his proudest title to honor, and by which, in that final end of things in which the truth that is in a man speaks out, he loved to describe himself, 'a citizen of the United States.'
"This was a man who had been an apprentice boy at 12, a sea officer at 15, a Captain at 21; who, in a slight, inconspicuous vessel, a small war brig, had rendered most notable service to his chosen country in the face of war vessels of overwhelming force; who in a crackly, lightly built sloop-of-war, the Ranger, a year ago, had swept the Irish Channel, terrified the whole Western seaboard of England, captured in fair fight a regular commissioned English sloop-of-war of equal force with and more heavily manned than his own; and all this with a crew of mutineers, refusing to obey his orders and even threatening his life at the last moment before the action.
"His hands had hoisted the first American flag that ever fluttered from a masthead, the pine tree rattlesnake flag, with its motto, 'Don't tread on me,' which seems somehow significant of the man himself; the same hand later on had thrown to the breeze the first banner of the Stars and Stripes that was ever seen upon the ocean; his address and resolution had elicited, in the way of a naval salute, the first official and public recognition of the new figure among the nations of the world from the authorized representative of a recognized Government. As a fighter, as a lover, as a diplomat, he was among the first men of his time. He loved glory and fame and among the nations of the world he was stated, 'ever looked out for the honor of the American flag.' He was afterwards thanked by Congress, made the head of the American Navy, and especially commended



"UP A TREE"—COLONEL BULL AND THE YANKEE COON.
Coon: "Air you in earnest, Colonel?"
Colonel Bull: "I am."
Coon: "Don't fire—I'll come down."
(This Lincoln cartoon was the outcome of the "Trent Affair," when the United States released Sheld and Mason.)

In a public letter to the King of France, his friend, an unique honor in our history. Before he died he had participated in twenty-three battles and solemn repouces by sea.



MONEY NO OBJECT.
Sculptor S-L-SB-RY (at work on a statue of Victory): "I'm afriad, Mr. Bull, I must trouble you for something on account—there's a lot more work in it than I expected."



TIGHTENING THE GRIP.
A cartoon published after the capture of Kars from the Turks by the Russians.



DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.
Dame Europa (cuddly): "To whom do I owe the pleasure of this intrusion?"
Uncle S.: "Ma'am, my name is Uncle Sam."
Dame Europa: "Any relation of the late Colonel Monroe?"



Sir John Tenniel, from a drawing by himself.



The "Pas de Deux."



GENERAL FEBRUARY TURNED TRAITOR.

(The Russians have a saying that Russia has two invincible Generals—General January and General February. This saying dates from Napoleon's retreat from Moscow during the terrible winter. This cartoon appeared in March, 1855, on the death of Czar Nicholas, who was stricken with his fatal illness in February. The Russian army had also met with severe reverses in the Crimean War during that month.)