

Modern Fables, By George Ade.

The Modern Fable of the Long Range Lover, the Lollypalooser And the Line of Talk.



ONE evening while at a Dramatic Entertainment consisting of twenty-two Conn Songs, a Rising Young Lawyer looked across the Parquette and nearly blinded himself. He thought he had seen some twenty-four year Truans when he had attended college and hung around the First Sea, but the Girl that he now beheld was in a class by herself. She made Cleopatra look like Martha the sewing Girl. And Venus arising from the sea was a squately old Soap Advertisement in three elementary Colors. The fair Unknown had a pair of Incredible Headlights that beat the Jims Hill Lithographs, a complexion like the Sunset tints on a Snow Bank and enough Hair rising above her to fill out two Girls of her size. She was somewhat attired in a Whipped-Cream Delicacies Extrusion with mauve-colored Galluses. When she fanned herself it could be seen that she had put some Jeweler out of the Business. It is very seldom that one sees anything of that kind except in the back of a Magazine. Of course, she did not know that the eyes given by those who sat two Rows in front. If she had known that, it would have annoyed her a lot. It always annoys a Young Woman who has put on \$1,200 worth of Hurrah Clothes to have a lot of Strange Men in the Waldorf-Astoria Inspection. The only thing that annoys her more than that is to have these same Goodyear Specialists overlook her entirely. When some forty-seven would-be Lady-Strobes are giving a Circus Maiden the Grand Stair Nye, she has to be in fine condition she can sit through it and not let. The Unknown was still a Fool as yet she was thought up in the Fa. She was unconscious of her own Hit, and she was determined to keep on being unconscious. Among the other Things she wore that Evening was a feather weight Escut who had been written all over the Men were wondering why any Peachtree with a Kentucky Shape, who could take her Pick of all Man-kind should want to carry such a sad specimen of Excess Baggage. He was one of those ninety-pound Wrist-toughs who showed his Teeth when he was pleased. He belonged out at Mother's

Place in the Country, feeding the White Rabbits. Every Man who saw him snuggling up to the Unknown hoped that he would fall down and break his Leg. The Rising Young Attorney calmed on both sides of the Aisle when he went out for he was still looking at the Dream. He hid behind a Bill-Board and saw her come out with the Human Wessel. In her Opera Cloak she certainly was very easy to look at. On his way to the Boarding House he walked two Blocks past the Place. The Unknown had him transfixed. He imagined himself riding with her in a Golden Automobile through a Grove of Violets. There was a Music Box Attachment under the Seat and she was fighting to hold his Hand. He came to just in time to save himself from walking into the River. This Attorney was an emotional Proposition. He had a high John C. Calhoun Forehead and the yearning Look of a Genius who would like to trade a College Education for a Meal Ticket. From the Moment when the Goddess flashed across his Pathway, he was Stung in eight different Places. All during Business Hours he looked off into Space without seeing anything in Particular and he was thinking of Her. No Clients ever came stamping in to pull him out of his Reverie and slip him a few Retainers. He was a good Union Lover and put in his full eight hours per, working up Day-Dreams. He called her a good many Names that would have been New ones on her. One Day he saw her on the Other side of the Street. It made him googly-eyed and he walked off the Curb. Another time she zipped past him on a Trolley. Every time he spotted her she looked at least 40 per cent better than the time before. "I'm for her," he told himself. Once he saw her coming out of a Department Store and she made the others look like the Odds and Ends of a Humbug Sale. He heard her Rippling Laugh and there was enough Music in it to carry a whole Season of Grand Opera. A Friend who was with him said that her name was Clarice. So he told his Friend: "Anytime that you read about Clarice being engaged, start in to drag the River." When he heard that she had gone to a Summer Hotel he trailed her and continued his long-distance Worship. He was afraid to get too near for fear

that he would curl up and have a Spasm. Who was he, a Legal Worm, that he should dare to crave a Word from those Rosebud Lips or hope for a melting Grace from those star-lit Lamps? As for executing a Clutch and swinging into the Slow and Dreamy, that seemed only a vague and far-away Hope of Paradise, and it was a Sin to waste time on it. The best he could hope for was to send her a Box of long-stemmed Roses and then go and let a Train run over him, and maybe she would condescend to attend the Funeral. That, or else he could save her life in a Runaway and die with his Head in her Lap. All he wanted was a Romantic Finish that would leave a Sad, Sweet Memory behind. He wanted a Guarantee that she would think of him a couple of Village Dogs and die any kind of a Death. While in this desperate Frame of Mind he met Mr. Buzzer, the moving Graphophone and He-Vampire, sometimes known as the Burned Edge of the Crust of Society. When the unspeakable Buzzer said that he knew Clarice and stood Aces and Eights, the soulful Attorney wanted to throttle him, for he could not believe that a real Diana would trifle with a blue Cat-Fish. However, he accepted the Opportunity to hold Converses with the Star of his Soul. Buzzer led him around the long Veranda and at last he stood in that radiant Presence. "Sis, I want you to know a Friend of mine," said the well known Safe Buzzer and Social Outcast known as Buzzer. He stood enthralled for at least one-twentieth of a Second. Then Clarice got under way. "Oh, Crickets! I seen you at the 'The-ay-er one Night,'" she said. "I was there with Ollie Pozzozzie of Minneapolis. Me and him came out just behind you. Say, wuzn't that a Grand Show? I'm just crazy about that 'Mamie, Mamie, Ain't it a shame?' When did you land here? Huh? Oh, sure! This is a small Joint all right, but they stick you for everything. Gee! but I'm glad Mr. Buzzer come out. He's a awful good Company. I'm going out ridin' tonight with He and a Friend of his. Come along! I'll stake you to a Girl." When they found the Sentimental

The Caddy Resents the Intrusion of Ping Pong.

BY ARTHUR W. COPP.



"T GIRL DIDN'T MIND IT." "Aw, she wasn't hurt," said Freckles, scornfully. "Dose balls is full o' balloon juice. Pink. Dey's just like a egg shell. Say, I snuck in dere Saturday to get my caddy check signed, an' I watched 'em play. Dey was a big mob dere. It's just like long tennis, only different. Dey had a dinky little minnie net stretched across a long table, an' dey batted t' ball across t' net like dey do in long tennis. Dey was a lady an' gent playin' w'en I first rubbered. T' lady never played before, I guess. Jeez, t' way dey slammed dat ball around was a caution. T' gent, he was pretty good, dough. Pretty soon he says 'Tirty, love.' "Sir," says t' lady, draw'n herself up an' lookin' mad, 'you're very familiar,' says she, 'an' I'm only twenty-two, anyway.' "T' gent was keepin' score, you know. All t' o'r ladies gave her t' grand ha ha. "Pretty soon t' gent made a awful fozzie, an' rapped his knuckles agen t' table. "You're put on t' wrong english," says Dick Sprague. "Try a draw shot next time." "Use your brasses," says Mr. Hale. "T' gent gets rattled, an' slams t' next ball right into t' bird on a lady's Easter bunnet. "Foul, you're out," yelled t'ree or four o' t' gents. 'Dey was jokers, see? "Den two gents takes a whiri at t' game. Wait till I tell youse. One was a little guy, t' o'r was dat big gent dat youse caddied for today. Well, t' little gent served first, an' he hits de ball clear off'n t' table. "Heavens," he says. Now, w'ot do youse tink o' dat, Pink. 'Heavens,' he says, just like dat. An' no one slapped him on t' wrist, e'er. "Pretty soon he serves again. T' big gent makes a swipe at it for 150 yards. Never touched it. "Duce," says t' little gent. "Draw to your fluss," he says. "Oh, it's a great game, Pinky. On t' dead square, dough. I got kind a' daffy on it myself. I'm goin' to ask for a job chasin' ping pong balls. It'll be harden' caddyin', but times is hard, Pink." "Ain't dey goin' to play golf no more?" queried Pinky. "Aw, sure," yawned Freckles, "but you'll see some o' t' good players out dere get mixed up in deie dates some day an' use'n a golf ball on t' ping pong table. Den dey'll be some t'ings doin'."

Attorney in the Woods an hour later he was barking like a Sea-Lion and butting his Head against the Trees. MORAL: Don't go around Cutting In and then you won't know any Different. (Copyright, 1902, by Robert Howard Russell.) IN HARD LUCK. The Rough Experience of an Ambitious Young Journalist. (New Orleans Times-Democrat.) "Hard luck stories are common enough," said the old reporter. "but I believe I have a story which caps the climax. At any rate, so far as my experience goes, it is about the worst I ever heard. Some years ago I knew a very promising young fellow who wanted to launch out into the newspaper business. He launched out all right and made considerable progress in a way. He made the start that a great many young men have to make, and offered his services for nothing. He wrote good stories, and the men he worked for frequently called him in and complimented his efforts. He was really playing a star engagement. He was a big thing reportorially—the dog with the big collar, as the saying goes. "Things drifted along for six months. He never had much to say, and he did not know much about how things were going with the paper he was writing for. One day the manager sent for him, and said, 'You have been doing good work, and we are very much pleased with the showing you have made. We have your case under consideration, and in a short while we hope to do a better part by you. You deserve a great deal more than you are getting, and I will see that you get it. But at this time, unfortunately, we have to cut down expenses, and I am sorry to tell you that we will have to cut \$5 from your salary every week.' "The man was startled, and even up to this good hour he does not understand the mystery of the situation. He quit as a matter of protection to himself. 'The fact of the business is,' he said to me, 'I had been working for six months for nothing, without drawing a cent, and the proposition to cut off \$5 of my weekly income as a matter of economy—well, I could not figure the thing out but one way, and that was that I would have to pay \$5 a week for the privilege of working, and so I quit.' A Few Pointers. The recent statistics of the number of deaths show that the large majority die with consumption. This disease may commence with an apparently harmless cough, which can be cured instantly by Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, which is guaranteed to cure and relieve all cases. Price, 50c and 50c. Trial size free. For sale by Godbe-Plitts Drug company.

MUGGSY GETS EVEN WITH HIS NEMESIS, THE POLICEMAN, AND WINS A TICKET TO THE CIRCUS, BESIDES

