

WITH THE MARKET GARDENERS OF ST. PAUL

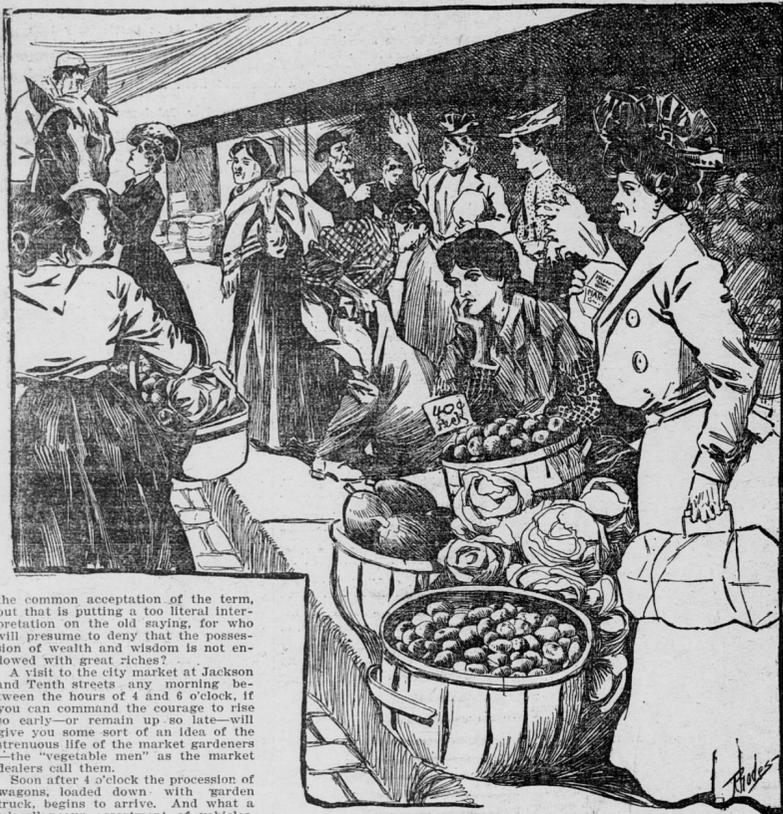
If there is truth in the old adage that "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise"—and old adages are supposed to be founded on the observations of our ancestors—then wisdom, wealth and health should certainly be the inheritance of the market gardeners and farmers who bring their products to the city market every morning during the summer and autumn season.

of sheds between 10th and 11th streets, unhitch their patient horses and prepare to "display" the fruits of mother earth, without which man liveth not, you begin to think—that is if you are in the contemplative mood likely to possess you when awake at dawn of day.

Where They Come From.

When come these people and from what distance do they haul their "merchandise"? When do they go to sleep

When Women Do Their Marketing and Buy Early.



the common acceptance of the term, but that is putting a too literal interpretation on the old saying, for who will presume to deny that the possession of wealth and wisdom is not endowed with great riches?

A visit to the city market at Jackson and Tenth streets any morning between the hours of 4 and 6 o'clock, if you can command the courage to rise so early—or remain up so late—will give you some sort of an idea of the strenuous life of the market gardeners—the "vegetable men" as the market dealers call them.

Soon after 4 o'clock the procession of wagons, loaded down with garden truck, begins to arrive. And what a miscellaneous assortment of vehicles, horses and drivers it is to be sure. Large wagons and small wagons, sturdy teams and homely family nags, driven by old men and young, gray-haired women and country maids, pass before your eyes for a period of two hours.

and when do they rise? What is the routine of their daily lives? Have they any hours of recreation? What hopes and ambitions, if any, reconcile them to their lot? Are they contented?

bound to suggest themselves to the meditative spectator of this scene. His first impulse is likely to be that of sympathy for the elderly woman and boy and girl—doubtless her grandchildren, you imagine—who is driving her plodding old horse and load of vegetables to the market. But a closer view of this same woman and a few words of conversation with her, will go far towards dispelling the notion that she is suffering either physical or mental distress.

She Is Always Cheerful.

But what is more to the point, you will discover that the market woman is cheerful. If you should engage her in conversation before the busy hour—the gardeners are not allowed to begin selling until 6 a. m.—she will like as not tend you a lot of interesting things about her daily life and experiences. I know this to be true, for I talked with one of these characters at the city market early the other day, just as the "gray-eyed morn" was "chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light."

"Only 12 miles," answered the woman. "It takes me a little over two hours to drive in."

"But you must have to get up very early. How long do you spend as much time fussin' with my hair as I did 40 year ago. All I have to do is eat a quick breakfast, after feeding the horse. Then I hit up, and in less'n half an hour, after I'm up, we're on the way to the city—for the wagon's all loaded the night before."

"What time will you start for home today?"

"'Bout 10 o'clock, so's to get there in time for dinner. In the afternoon we load up the wagon with the garden truck for the next day. Then we have supper, and I look after the house-work. I go to bed about 9 or half past. Five hours' sleep is enough for me. You see it's sound sleep—most of it 'fore midnight."

When the Day Is Young.

"I get up about 3 o'clock in the morning. It don't take me long to put these duds on, and I don't spend as much time fussin' with my hair as I did 40 year ago. All I have to do is eat a quick breakfast, after feeding the horse. Then I hit up, and in less'n half an hour, after I'm up, we're on the way to the city—for the wagon's all loaded the night before."

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"And these children?" I said glancing at the boy and girl.

"They are my daughter's," replied the woman. "She is dead, you know, and I don't know what has become of their father."

The daily experience of this market woman as to hours of sleep and work is practically that of all the market gardeners.

Some of them—those who bring oats and potatoes to the city market—haul them from a distance of thirty miles from the city. They are obliged to rise as early as 2 a. m., and are frequently unable to start for home until 12 hours later, as they are obliged to cart their commodities to the purchaser.

You will find, to begin with, that she is hale and hearty. Her weather-beaten face is aglow with the flush of health and her eyes are almost as bright as the orbs of her two children.

And what is true of this woman is true of the other market women. Their vocation seems to agree with them, as

George Ade and "Dooley" Peter Dunne.

The approaching visit of Sultan Ki-ram, the assimilated monarch of Sulu island, with his comic opera retinue of wives and natives and expeditionary types to be found in George Ade's merry satire, "The Sultan of Sulu," excites interest in the "Fables of Slang" man himself. The "Modern Fables" by this breezy Western writer

were brilliant satirists. Ade's forte was humorous simile and slang, and his "Pink Marsh" and "Ade" sketches were the forerunners of his popular fables. Both men published little books of humor and philosophy about the same time and both enjoyed immediate success.

Now that humorist Ade has blazed



GEORGE ADE, Author of the "Sultan of Sulu."

is a star Sunday feature of leading newspapers in seventy-five principal cities of the United States, yet outside of the immediate friends of the humorist few people have any knowledge of Mr. Ade's personality.

It is interesting to note the parallels in the lives of George Ade and that other humorist of national repute, Finley Peter Dunne, author of the "Dooley Papers." Both are Chicago newspaper graduates, and first attracted attention as reporters with their humorous treatment of pious events in Chicago life. Dunne was a product of the great "West side" in Chicago, but Ade was the son of the village banker at Kendall, Indiana. Both are college men, and both began newspaper work in the same office.

Dunne was a master in the art of extravagant metaphor long before he ever dreamed of "Mr. Dooley" and his comical butt, "Mr. Hennessy." Both

the way and demonstrated in his witty operative satire that a "funny man" can also be successful writer for the stage, Peter Dunne promises to maintain the parallel still further. He has dramatized his "Dooley Papers" and the public will soon have an opportunity for a closer inspection of the Irish philosopher.

George Ade never fully realized what popularity meant until the phenomenal success of "The Sultan of Sulu" during its initial run of three months in Chicago. His friends organized "club nights," "newspaper nights," "college nights," and finally a "Sigma Chi night" was arranged for the college Greek fraternity brothers of the author. Both Ade and his friend, the cartoonist, John T. McCutcheon, who made the costume designs for the opera, "Sigs" and the ovation given the comic opera on Sigma Chi night at the Studebaker theater would have made

the real sultan Ki-ram suspect the sanity of American college students had been present in person.

There is probably not a more modest appearing individual in the country, nor one that will walk more blocks out of his way to dodge an interviewer than the "Fables of Slang" man.

If Mr. Ade's personal likes had been consulted he would have preferred to remain unknown. Once in the hands of Henry W. Savage, the operative producer and an energetic Yankee advertiser with a keen appreciation of the wants of an ever curious public, the humorist put himself continually thrust under the limelight.

Ade's weekly "Fables in Slang" is really only a small part of his intellectual output. Although he has two books that have passed the 100,000 mark he is just completing another to be called "Just About Girls." He is also putting the finishing touches to a new musical satire, "Peggy From Paris," which Manager Savage is to produce during the present season. Between times he is writing dialogues and new lyrics for two other future productions not yet named. Mr. Ade has signed a five years' contract with Manager Savage and that tireless producer averages two new productions each season.

Ade Much On the Road.

During the past six months Mr. Ade has averaged a round trip between Chicago and New York every thirty days. A friend in New York asked him recently how he finds time to write his "Fables." "I never find time," replied Ade, "I simply take it." With that he retired to a table in the rear of a Broadway cafe where they were at lunch and went to work on his story. Sometimes they are written on the train; sometimes between the acts of a play.

Mr. Ade was in St. Louis recently to oversee the season's opening performance of "The Sultan." While taking notes in the rear of the Olympic he received a telegram asking that his weekly "Fables" be mailed that night. It was sent by special messenger to the postoffice to catch the midnight train. How he can keep up the pace is a constant wonder to his friends.

Mr. Ade is a quick observer, and his fund of humor is said to be inspired largely by the conduct of the people he meets. He once introduced a woman engaged in a conversation on a street corner will furnish him an idea for a fable. A bit of repartee between the hostess and her guests at the dinner table will inspire another.

On the other hand, "Dooley" Dunne talks about public men and affairs of state. His philosophy is witty, with humorous sarcasm, and is frequently more effective than the work any other editorial thunderer. Ade's "Fables in Slang" relate to such types of modern life as the man who goes into society at the age of forty and wants to talk about his \$200-watch; the two foolish young men who introduce a checky cousin to the pretty young woman; they do not dare to court, or the foxy college girl who keeps the "buggy-ride" fellows from introducing a beau; and the village banker who is being dangled at her heels until the proper time comes to marry the modest young cutler who has saved his money.

Popular With the Women.

Mr. Ade is especially popular with feminine readers, as well as public men, while Philosopher "Dooley" perhaps, especially appeals more exclusively to the male reader.

Mr. Ade tells his stories in the vernacular of the day, and his slang is thoroughly enjoyable. Whenever he acquires his grotesque patois is a mystery to his friends. He never talks it. When he was cornered in Chicago for his first interview, after "The Sultan of Sulu" had set the town talking, Mr. Ade is reported to have said: "I never held up a train; I never played center rush on a football team; I never drew a prize lottery; I was never married, and please say I never used slang."

Advertisement for Smith & Farwell Co. featuring Carpets, Parlor Furniture, Stairs, and Rugs. Includes a list of items and prices.

Advertisement for 'Work of Secret Service Officers' featuring 'Gas Coke' and 'The Ohio Coal Co.' with details about coal quality and supply.

Large advertisement for 'Gas Coke' and 'The Ohio Coal Co.' with the slogan 'Gas Coke is the Best Fuel to be had, suitable for Furnaces and Surface Burning Stoves.'