

GEORGE ADE'S NEW FABLES IN SLANG --- 1912 MODELS

Pictures by Albert Levering

The New Fable of the Through Train, the Two Passengers and Nothing Doing in the Way of Transfers.

TWO High School Heliotropes named Lib and Angie were very Thick. They had themselves photographed with their Heads together and used to Dab themselves with the same Piece of Chamois.

Whenever Lib got a new Patch for her Silk Crazy Quilt she would divide with Angie on a 50-50 basis. And whenever Angie got ready to sleep on a Piece of Wedding Cake she would pinch out a good sizable Hunk for Lib.

Each Girl kept a Nightie at the Other Girl's House and, long after they had retired, the Inmates would hear smothered Giggles, interspersed with Fragments of what He said to Her and what She said to Him.

The Period of their Adolescence was about 30 years ago, when Romance was still alive and Knight-hood was in Flower around every Dancing Academy West of Pitts-burgh.

The two Chums had made a Pact. They were to be Friends forever and ever, and neither was to hold out anything from the other.

Each carried in a Locket a Four-Leaf Clover presented by One to whom she had bared her Soul.

After supplementing the Grad-ed Schools with a full course of Mrs. Southworth and learning to play "The Maiden's Prayer" on the Melodeon, naught remained for them in the way of passionate

Diversion except to go ahead and get Married.

They waited three years for the Fairy Prince of their Dreams to come clattering down Main Street in his Coach all White and Gold, and then began to mistrust the Schedule. So they effected the usual Compromise, falling grace-fully into the awkward Embraces

However, the purpose of this Fable is to indicate that each Gal found out too late that she had Ditched her Book and backed in to the wrong Paddock.

Fate separated the Young Couples and many a Full Moon deflated itself before Lib and Angie had another chance to get to themselves and fill up on Oolong



They Had Themselves Photographed With Their Heads Together.

of two cornfed Lizards named Otis and Wilbur.

In the Shake-off it befell that Angie got Wilbur and Lib drew Otis. The two Brides were somewhat envied, as Wilbur was a Good-Looker with raven Pompadour and large snappy Eyes, while Otis was supposed to possess the Faculty of copping the Mazume.

and cautiously exhibit their Wounds.

Wilbur was a Hustler who lacked Terminal Facilities. He was full at St. Vitus Activity and was always transferring a lot of Papers from one Pocket to another and getting ready to interest Capital in some Megatherian Enterprise paying 20 per cent per Annum, but somehow he never Arrived.

While negotiating for a Rubber Plantation in Yucatan he would hear about Two Million Acres waiting to be Irrigated in Colorado, but before he could turn on the Water he would be lured away by the Prospect of develop-ing some Monte Cristo Proposi-tion upon the Mesaba Range.

In the meantime he wore Cellu-loid Collars and owed for every Round Steak that he had carried home during the preceding Five Years.

Otis, on the Other Hand, played nothing but Cineches. He was out for the Pastry. It was not his Fault if the Widows and Or-phans who invested on his Tips all wound up as Department Store Employees.

He double-crossed his Partners and whipsawed his Customers and bluffed the Courts and bullied his way into the Strongholds of Finance.

While the U. S. Grand Jury would be in Session, trying to get him with the Goods, he would be motoring in Normandy and tossing Showers of Silver to the Peasantry.

Do not mistrust the Tale, for every Buccaneer from Broad Street, N. Y., to the St. Francis Bar at the Golden Gate, was once a Poor Boy with Store Clothes on his Back and Grand Larceny in his Heart.

When Angie went to visit Lib, after the Lapse of Many Years, you can Gamble that they had Some Talk to Unload. Angie carried a Wicker Suit Case costing \$188, and her Gen-eral Get-Up was that of the Hon-est Creature who may be found in any Hotel Corridor at 2 A. M. massaging the Mosaic Floor with a Hot Cloth.

The Style of Louie Quartorze. "Pipe the Lid! It is a 1906 Mod-el and the Agrette is made of Broom Straw. Take a Peek at the shine Tailor-Made and the Paper Shoes. Ever since they wished that False Alarm on to me I have been giving a correct Imitation of Lizzie the Honest Working Girl. Each Evening he

hanging full of fluffy Frocks and your Fingers crowded with Jew-els and your Man rushing in every few Minutes to slap you in the Face with a Hundred Dollar Bill. You can take it from me, Dearie, I would jump the whole Game, were it not for the Children. I have put in my whole Life trying to realize something on a Promis-

arose and, pulling the rose-col-ored Silk Wrapper more closely about her made-to-order Form, interrupted with an Imperious Gesture.

"Back up, Angie!" she ex-claimed. "You should be a Happy Woman. You have your Hus-band's Love and you have your Children, both of which are de-nied a Woman of my Assured Position in the Two Minute Class of the Terrible Splendors. Talk about Hardships! Do you know what it is to lead the Grand March, surrounded by 800 Assai-gai-Throwers, Harpooners and Cannibal Queens, who are point-ing you out as the Wife of the Malefactor who is about to be Tried in the Federal Courts? Did you ever Stagger around all Evening with \$100,000 worth of Tiffany Merchandise fastened on to you—expecting every Minute to be hit in the Coiffure by some Raffles? Did you ever, during a Formal Dinner, hear the Door Bell tinkle and find in the Hallway a Reporter from a Morning Paper who wishes to ask your Husband if he denies his Guilt or can give any Reason why Sentence of Death should not be passed upon him? Are you Wise to the Fact that the Wife of a Successful Business Man now occupies a Niche in the Hall of Fame right next to the Sister of Jesse James? You are in Great Luck. No one takes a Shot at a Failure."

Having arrived at this cordial Understanding, each leaned against the other and had a Good Cry, after which they chirped up and paid a lot of attention to a well-preserved Bachelor who dropped in to get warm and take a slight Fall out of the Side-Board.

MORAL: When Wealth walks in at the Door, the Press Agent comes in through the Window.

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comes home to give me a Sweet Kiss and promises me a trip to Europe and a Set of Gray Squir-rels, and next Morning, when I get up to remove the Oatmeal from the Fireless Cooker, I find on the Back Porch a large Rough-neck in a Sweater who has come to shut off the Gas or take away the Parlor Furniture. Then I think of you, with your Closets

sory Note that was a Bloomer to begin with. He has kidded me along ever since the World's Fair at Chicago, feeding me on Canned Stuff and showing me pictures of Electric Runabouts and Country Places on Long Island. In the Meantime I am playing in Great Luck if I can get a Trolley Car to stop for me."

At this point the Wife of Otis

The Wife of Otis Interrupted With an Imperious Gesture.

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Encourage Emotions; Dwell in the Land of Romance

The Emotions Are the Ideals of Life, and the Ideals Must Be Encouraged if One Wishes to Escape Becoming the Paragon of Death—the Mummy.

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

LET those love now who never loved before. Let those who always loved now love the more.

Let us take a good look at the Egyptian mummy. Its little hands are quiet; its little mouth is pinched as if it were trying to keep back the secrets of the ages; its little eyes are closed to all life, to all emotion.

It is a perfectly proper little lady, in a fashionably accepted sense. It not only shows no emotion now, but it looks as if had never felt any. Its little heart has been atrophied so long that if it ever longed and ached and loved, there is no sign.

Do you want to be like the Egyptian mummy? Do you want to bind every emotion, which means every instinct of life, in mortuary bands?

Of course you don't, but when you put a restraint on yourself for fear you will laugh too long, or smile too often, or love too much, you are doing it.

Ideals Must Be Encouraged.

The emotions live on the ideals of life, and the ideals must be encouraged if one wishes to escape becoming the paragon of death, a mummy.

To encourage the ideals, read a sweet, clean love story often, and put yourself in the place of the lover. Don't be ashamed to go about your daily tasks dreaming of princes and potentates who will come hearing their hearts in their hands.

Dwell in the land of Romance. It will strengthen your powers of imagination and sweeten you for the day that is coming when fancy is subdued by fact.

When you see a little love story in life, don't scoff at it as a sign

of weakness, but respect it as a sign of strength.

"We are all born for love," said Disraeli. "It is the principle of existence and the only end."

He did not let his burden of public life deprive him of this heritage, and the love story he lived has a more human interest than the Jewels which engraved his name in marble.

Girl of Many Loves Better Wife.

One may love foolishly, but it is not to one's discredit, and much to one's credit. "For to be wise and love exceeds man's might that dwells with gods above."

What if air castles have no foundation and are based on dreams, the building of them is not only a great joy to the aerial architect, but the man, or woman, who builds often is a joy to others. The visionary are always hopeful; the romantic are always sweet and tender.

The old woman who smiles at a memory of a love story her days have long since told is younger, broader in mind and charity, sweeter and more wholesome and helpful than the old woman who regards a confession of love as an admission of weakness or shame.

The girl who is emotional and loves many, and shows it, will be a better wife, a more devoted mother, than the atrophied young woman who has her heart in iron bands.

Refuse to feel any emotion, and the day is coming when in your great anguish you will find that you can't.

"I cannot love as I have loved, and yet I know not why; it is the cue great woe of life to feel all feeling die."

"The one great woe of life!" That is something worth while avoiding, and the only way is to encourage your heart to expand,

CRUELTIES OF IGNORANCE — By Madge Humphrey

SOME of us keep dogs for love of their friendly company. Others invest in them as a source of income. Brillat-Savarin said that to invite a guest to your house is to frisk a charge of his happiness from the moment of his arrival to the moment of his departure. The pets we bring into our homes. Whereas, the guest need not come unless he wishes, and can depart when he likes, the pet has no choice. It can exercise no free will. More, the guest can ask for what he wants. The dog's needs are often unguessed. Only affection and consideration can divine them.

Many of us are unwittingly cruel to our pets. With mistaken kindness we overfeed them, and by doing so, invite abiding and often fatal ailments. Too much food causes indigestion of a very uncomfortable kind, leading to ill temper and snappishness, especially when combined with insufficient exercise.

Lapdogs led on a leash do not get enough exercise. They need to run and frolic. As to fox terriers, rough and smooth, and all large dogs, it is cruelly to keep them without it. They are framed for swiftness, muscular develop-ment and powers of endurance. They should run miles every day with a minimum of two hours.

It is necessary to keep watch dogs chained, but it is absolutely cruel to let them go for days without occasional release and regular exercise. The kindly owner sees to it that the dog is loosed and that a run is given the creature whenever possible. The boredom endured by chained dogs is voiced by them in the most lamentable of yawns, with that note of hopelessness in them that one hears in the cry of neglected children.

"He is too fierce to be let off the chain, sir."

Of course he is! Cause and effect. Had he not been kept on the chain without occasional relief he would not have become fierce. Long hours of listless inactivity, often without even a bone for occupation and amusement; and there are 365 days in the year.

In Switzerland a plan is sometimes adopted by which the yard dog is allowed a certain amount of liberty and exercise. A stout pole is stretched across the yard about twelve feet from the ground and firmly fastened. On this is an iron ring with long chain attached. To the chain the dog's col-

lar can be fastened, so that he can have the width of the yard for stretching his legs.

An inspector of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals once found a Great Dane in a terrible condition after nine years on the chain without once being let loose. And often there are tortures of thirst added to imprisonment. Few, indeed, are the dogs that are given fresh water daily, and whose drinking vessel, when knocked over by the chain, is duly refilled.

Such omissions as these come from want of imagination. They are unconscious cruelties. Perhaps may be ranked under the same head the practice of letting dogs follow motor cars and motorcycles; and yet it is difficult to believe that any man or woman could be insensible to the signs of exhaustion and to the suffering from thirst of the poor animals after a race

of two hours or more at llop speed. The dust from the car or cycle is thick-est at the level of the dog's mouth and, together with the heat of exer-cise, creates a violent thirst. It was pitiful to see a poor dog the other day following a motorcycle make a dash for a pail of water left ready for some horses, but tear on again without hav-ing had a single drop in his frantic haste to keep up with his owner.

Canine pets are not the only ones that suffer from unconscious cruelty. Canaries contract catarrh and asthma, owing to their cages being hung in draughty windows. Other causes of discomfort are cages too small, perches too slight for the natural grasp of the claws. These birds delight in sunshine, but many of them spend the greater

part of their lives in gloom. They sing too well, and their shrillness is stopped by veiling the cages with a cloth. Chosen for their power of song they are snubbed for using them. It reminds one of the medical student who bought an alarm clock to wake him early, and when it did so with a noisy chatter flung his boot at it.

Some of the most tender-hearted are guilty of such thoughtless acts as these, often from sheer ignorance as to the structure and necessities of the dumb creatures that are dependent on them. A romantic girl brought some gazelles from the east of Europe and shut them in cages on the lawn. Accustomed to the freedom of the hills, to leap from rock to rock in perfect liberty, the graceful little animals soon pined and died. All from want of thought.

Tribune Want Ads. Bell Wasatch 5200. Independent 360.

The Credulous Woman

BY FRANCIS L. GARSIDE.

THERE has passed slowly on the stairs to one other just con-ceived relics of past joys, sorrows and experiences in the attic of Time, the Credulous Woman, and her departure is due to the mendacity of the man whose happiness depended on keeping her here.

He hastened her departure, he made her going both possible and

necessary by his own depravity; now that she has gone from us forever he realizes that much of his security and peace of mind went with her.

Not many years ago woman in her attitude toward man was as blind as a kitten at birth. She believed in him so implicitly, she accepted his word so literally, that every utterance was regarded as sacredly as if it were gospel truth.

Instead of appreciating this child-like faith, he abused it, sometimes for his defense, and more often for his amusement. If he told her that a whale swam into his office door and she believed him, the next day he invented a school of whales with the leader blowing a horn. He shat-tered her faith. He became so bold in his inventions that he didn't safe-guard his exits and she found he wasn't telling the truth.

For many generations she thought if the part of wisdom to make a pre-ference of a faith she did not feel, but of recent years even that pretense has dropped from her. Her grand-mother believed the story of the school of whales, but where is the granddaughter today who believes her husband if he tells a rational tale of a million?

These are the times of the woman who doubts of the woman who de-mands proof. In business, love, in social life, and in every relationship between man and woman the man is finding that he must Make Good. He can no longer say he is good and have that word accepted.

If his halo has dropped from his brow and assumed the shape of horns behind his ears, he has only himself to blame. The Credulous Woman passed to the attic of Time slowly and painfully. She was happy in be-lieving always. She turned back many times to cling to her faith, and every turning back, every sign of renewed confi-dence, was met with bolder attack on her credulity.

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