

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

Pictures by Albert Levering

The New Fable of the Same Old Thing With Improved Trimmings.

ANCE there was a Husky employed to crack the Whip around a smoky Works that did not offer an attractive vista from the Car Window, although it blossomed with a fragrant crop of Dividends every time the Directors got together in the Back Room.

Most of the American Workmen employed in this Hive of Industry came from remote parts of Europe. Each wore his Head tightly in front of his Ears and had taken an Oath to support the Constitution. It was the duty of the Husky to keep these imported Rabbits on the Jump and increase the Output.

He made himself so strong with the big Center Poles that they declared him in every time Melon was sliced, and when it came time to Scramble the Eggs and pull off the Grand Whacker, he was standing at the head of the Line with a Basket on his arm.

So it came about that one who started in a Thatched Cottage and grew up on Cold Spuds and never saw a Manicure Set until he was 38 years of age, went some one day to find Gold Fish swimming about in every Room and Servants blocking the Hallways.

He had some trouble in finding things that would go over his knuckles and the Silk Kind felt shy for quite a while, but finally he adjusted himself to his

new Prosperity and began to deplore the apparent Growth of Socialism.

This rugged and forceful Character, to whom the Muck-Rakers referred as a Baron, had a Daughter who started out as Katie when she carried the Hot Coffee over to Dad every Noon.

When she got her first Chip Diamond and Father switched from the Duceen to Cigars, she



When a Certain Markee Crawled Into Her Lap and Purred Into Her Ear and Threatened to Curl Up on the Rug and Die if She Refused Him, She Simply Keeled Over with Excitement.

was known in High School Circles as Katherine.

And when Pop got in on the main Divvy and began to take an interest in Paintings, the name went down on the Register

at the Waldorf as Kathryn; in those peaked Sierra Nevada Letters about four inches high.

Katie used to go to St. Joseph's Hall once in a while with Martin, the Lad who helped around the Grocery.

Katherine regarded with much Favor a Pallid Drug Clerk who acted as a Clearing House for all Local Scandal.

But say, when Kathryn came

the Snuffer on all the Would-Bes back in the Mill Town, and when she got through extinguishing the little Group that remained looked like the Remnant of the Old Guard at Waterloo.

Father had to stick around because occasionally the eight thousand Good Tempered Boys on the Pay Roll would begin to burn with Wood Alcohol and the Wrongs of Labor and pull off a few Murders, merely to hasten the Triumph of Justice.

By the way, Kathryn had a Mother who used to hide in a room upstairs and timidly inspect her new Silk Dresses.

Kathryn applied the Acid Test to her People and decided that they never could Belong.

She swung on the General Manager for a Letter of Credit big enough to set Ireland free and went traipsing off to the Old World under the chaperonage of a New York Lady who had seen Better Days although she still retained her Lorgnette.

Now it will be admitted that William J. Burns is Some Sleuth, but when it comes to apprehending and running to Earth a prattling American Ingenue with a few Millions stuffed in her Reticule, the Boy with the milded Title who sits on the Boulevard all day and dallies with the green and pink Bottled Goods has got it all over Burns like a Striped Awning.

All the starving members of the Up-Against-It Association were waiting at the Dock to cop the prospective Meal Ticket. Not one of them had ever Shaved or Worked, and each wore his Handkerchief inside his Cuff and had Yellow Gloves stitched down

the Back and was fully entitled to sit in an Electric Chair and have 80,000 Volts distributed through the Steel Ribs of his Corset.

As soon as Kathryn began to meet the Roqueforts and Camemberts she discovered that they had Lovely Eyes and certainly knew how to treat a Lady.

Kathryn had been brought up



From the Window of Her Chateau in the Burgoo Province the Lady Cashier Can See the American Tourists Going By in Their Hired Motor Cars.

on Philadelphia Literature, and even during her most ambitious Social Flights she had encountered the Type of Man who remains on the opposite side of the Room having trouble with his White Gloves.

She never had been against those Willing Performers from Gascony who wore Red Ribbons and Medals and who rushed over to kiss the Hand and then look deep into her Eyes and throb like a Motor Boat.

This class of Work simply shot her Pulse up to 130 and made her think that she was Cleopatra, floating in the Royal Barge and

ly keeled over with Excitement.

After she recovered she found herself actually Engaged to the Representative of one of the Oldest Families in the Saneisson District of the Burgoo Province and as manly a Chap as ever borrowed Money from a Toe-Dancer.

She hurried home to keep it out of the Newspapers and to tell those who would listen that American Men were Impossible.

Then the Markee came over with his Solicitor and a Bottle of Chloroform and a full kit of Surgical Instruments, and the Wedding was fully reported by the Associated Press.

The Captain of Industry Sized up Son-in-Law and knew that when the Money was gone the Markee could always get a job hanging up Hats in the Check-Room of a first-class Table d'Hotel Restaurant.

From the window of her Chateau in the Burgoo Province the Lady Cashier can see the American Tourists going by in their hired Motor Cars. Her Cheek flushes with Delight when she happens to remember that in another Three Months or so Friend Husband will come home long enough to show her where to sign her Name.

What is more, she has the Privilege of walking out at any time and picking Flowers with the Understanding that she is not to let it be known that she is related to any of her Relatives on either side of the Atlantic.

MORAL: Europeans have a Right to their own Money.

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Look After Your Children It Does Not Need an Immoral or Lawless Mind Today to Lead Our Young Girls or Boys Into Mischief.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

AN AMERICAN who has been living abroad for six years finds some astonishing changes in America, especially in New York, and particularly in the American young girl.

"When I went away," he says, "I had been accustomed to seeing troops of young girls going and coming from the public and the high schools. They were fair, fresh faced, with childish eyes and long braids of hair, and they were dressed inconspicuously and appropriately. Since my return I have looked in vain to see any number of these young girls. What I have seen in their place is a horde of young creatures evidently no older than the school-girls I used to admire, but these substitutes have powdered faces, rouged cheeks and blackened eyes. They sport immense hats and deport themselves like blasphemous women of the world. Nothing has astonished or shocked me in America so much as this remarkable feature. I wonder what the parents of these girls are thinking about?"

Another man, speaking of an interior town (one of America's college towns), made similar comments: "Every time I walk on the street," he said, "I am horrified at the throats of young girls who make themselves look like third-rate actresses behind the scenes, for even third-rate actresses possess the good sense to wash off their makeup before going on the streets. These girls, many of them like painted dolls, their youth and freshness hidden under powder and crimine tints. There are so many of them I am filled with curiosity regarding their homes and families. Surely many of them must have parents, and the children to go about in such a make-up."

In one high school not very long ago thirty young girls were found renting letter boxes in candy stores or in the postoffice and carrying on correspondence with men, unknown to their parents. Some of the men, and some of the girls, proved to be immoral. Here again we are left to wonder who you read these words, if you are a parent, no doubt feel of gratitude to God that your children are incapable of such degradation and such vulgarity. But are they?

LADIES!

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they must not be left to an ignorant vanity which makes so many young girls imagine it is their own peculiar fascinations which cause men to seek their favors. Young boys must be taught reverence for woman as the mother of the race, the companion and guide of man. The most dangerous type of mother on earth is one who boasts of the absolute innocence of her daughter, while closing in the daughter's popularity with young men. One such mother refused to believe the daughter's innocence was lost up to the very day when the great tragedy of unbridled motherhood fell upon the unfortunate child. Look after your children, good people, and become their best friends and comrades.

The Buccaneers

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

January 22, 1638. THE reign of the buccaners, that remarkable body of men who for more than a hundred years were the terror of the Caribbean, may be said to have had its advent with the Spanish massacre at Tortuga, which took place two hundred and seventy-four years ago today—January 22, 1638.

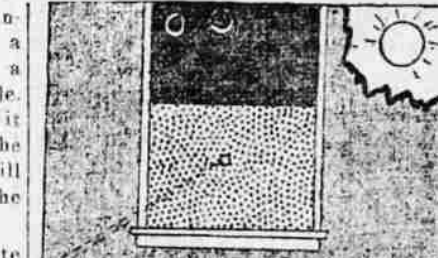
Motivated by the ruthless slaughter of their brethren, the buccaners, who at that time were more smugglers and traders than sea robbers, raised the black flag against Spain and Spanish possessions. The old came paid them a thousand times over for the Tortuga affair. It is safe to say that no page of history is more thrilling than that which deals with these wolves of the sea, who, throughout the seventeenth century, in the Caribbean and the Pacific, performed such miracles of daring achievement against the settlements and commerce of Spain.

They were a cosmopolitan crowd, these buccaners, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Dutch, Indian, negro, all bent on war to the knife against everything on sea or shore that bore the seal of the Hidalgos. In courage—the reckless, dare-devil spirit which knows not what it is to blanch or tremble—the buccaners have never been surpassed. Like various romances, reads the things that they dared and did. It is a brave and a venture, then, the names of Morgan, Davis, Montbar, Van Horn and Lolomol must surely be written high up in the calendar. And great democrats, too, were those sea wolves; and, in their way, as honest and square as could be. The spoil was equally divided among the crews, and in the gambling which followed the man who played had to play fair or forfeit his life. At a time when the world was bowing down to kings and taking off the hat to titled aristocrats in gold lace, the buccaners were practicing the principles of a true human equality; and as for their robbery, it was no worse than that which was going on all

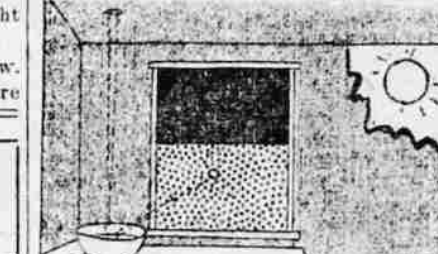
How to Make the Sun Show the Beating of Your Heart

SOME time between the hours of 10 and 2 o'clock of a sunny day take a sheet of heavy wrapping paper, a few pins and your penknife to a room having a south window. Draw down all the shades at all the windows except one sunny window to make the room as dark as possible. Draw the shade half down at the sunny window and pin the paper to the shade to close the lower half of the window. Cut out all the light you can and then, with your penknife, cut a round hole in the middle of the paper about one inch in diameter.

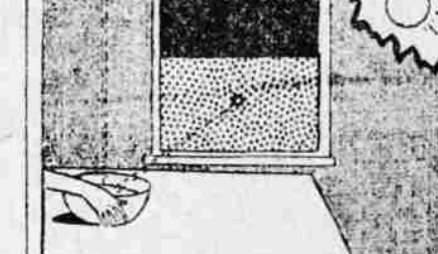
Through the hole a dusky bar of sunlight will fall on the floor. Bring a table up to the bar of light so that a spot of light will rest on the table. Then get a hand wash bowl, fill it half full of water and place it on the table just where the spot of light will fall on the water at the middle of the bowl. At once a dancing spot of white light will appear on the wall or ceiling. If on the wall, move the table and bowl about till the spot of light rests on the white ceiling. Then invite the folks to the show. As they come in and take seats where



How Hole is Cut Through Paper.



How Bowl is Placed to Make Sun Spot.



How Hand is Held to Register Pulse.

solid earth stands perfectly still, and the house stands perfectly still also. Anybody can believe that till we magnify the motions of the apparently solid ground by the aid of this motion magnifier.

The next minute the spot jumps into a highland fling, and the learned lecturer pulls up the shade at one of the windows and looks out. Maybe it is a coal cart passing by. It shook the ground and the house. Next the lecturer asks a boy in the audience to come to the table and roll up the left sleeve to make his wrist quite bare, and then to rest his wrist on the edge of the bowl while sitting at the table. This must be done carefully so the spot where we can feel the beating of the pulse shall press on the edge of the bowl.

Every one in the room sits perfectly still and presently the trembling spot of light begins to wig-wag as the swinging of a pendulum or the beating of your heart. The boy lifts his wrist from the edge of the bowl and the regular beating of the spot stops and, as everybody laughs, it wiggles about as crazy as ever.

Let a girl try the motion magnifier, and all can see that her pulse may be different from that of the boy.

The motion magnifier can be developed into one of the most amusing and instructive of home-made scientific toys. One can even map out earthquakes shocks with it, and it will respond to the faintest of vibrations—movements the most sensitive persons cannot feel. Keep your paper and pins—soon you will find in this section a description of some other interesting things you can do with your motion magnifier.

THE FLAG AT NATCHEZ

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

IT was one hundred and fourteen years ago—January 23, 1798—that Gayoso, the Spanish governor of the province of Louisiana, sent word from New Orleans to the Spanish authorities at Natchez to haul down the flag of Spain and evacuate the country.

At once, after the usual Spanish delay, on March 30, under cover of darkness, and leaving everything uninjured, the yellow banner was pulled down and folded, and the Spanish troops fled out and turned their faces toward New Orleans. The next morning—March 31, 1798—the starry flag of the republic went up where the Spanish ensign had so long waved, and the United States was at last in possession of the territory in the southwest which had been awarded it by the Treaty of Independence.

Immediately after the Spanish evacuation of the "Natchez country," as it was then called, congress set up the "Mississippi territory," and Winthrop Sargent was sent to organize the government. Sargent arrived at Natchez August 6, and three weeks later came the little American army of occupation. Thus, nearly a ten years after the inauguration of George Washington was established the territorial integrity of the republic, as Franklin, Adams and Jay had secured it by treaty against the indirection of her

enemies, French, Spanish and British, and the United States, with its rightful proportions forever secured, was at last fairly started on its independent career.

The flag went up at Natchez none too soon. The quarrel between the Americans and the Spaniards over the navigation of the Mississippi was an old one and boded no good to the newly formed republic. Jay's suggestion that the United States consent to the closing of the great river for twenty-five years came pretty near breaking up the union. The southern states swore that they would secede if Jay's idea was adopted, and the northern states declared that they would secede if it was not adopted. Feeling ran high, and it looked as though the young nation was doomed to an early death.

But, fortunately, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Rhode Island came over to the southern side, the treaty was postponed and the danger averted. In the meantime Spain, seeing that Uncle Sam had "blood in his eye," was "induced" by the diplomats to get out of the Natchez country and permit the Father of Waters to "flow unvexed to the sea." Such, in brief, is the story of the rounding out of our domain from the Atlantic ocean to the Mississippi and from what is now the southern line of Georgia to the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence.

S.S.S. DRIVES OUT RHEUMATISM

Rheumatism is in reality an internal inflammation—a diseased condition of the blood cells which supply the nourishment and strength necessary to sustain our bodies. Uric acid, an irritating, inflammatory accumulation, gets into the circulation because of physical irregularities, and then instead of nourishing and invigorating the body, the blood irritates and inflames the different nerves, tissues, muscles and joints, because of its impure, acid condition. The pains and aches and other disagreeable and dangerous symptoms of Rheumatism can never be permanently cured until every particle of the cause is driven from the blood. S. S. S. does this because it is a perfect blood purifier. It goes down to the very bottom of the trouble, purifies and cleanses the circulation, invigorates the blood, and completely drives Rheumatism from the system. Plasters, liniments, soothing lotions, etc., may be used for the temporary relief and comfort they bring, but a cure cannot be effected until S. S. S. has removed the cause. It frees the blood of every impurity and makes it a rich, health sustaining fluid, to bring permanent relief and comfort to those who suffer with Rheumatism. Book on Rheumatism and any medical advice free to all who write. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.