

Old Stories Revised by George Ade



GEORGE ADE.

across the ice, and then stand in the spot-light wearing a red plush Gown and sing "Bill Simmons; or, I've Got to Dance Till the Band Gits Through."

At the time when Uncle Tom came off the Press it made an awful Hit. Even the Six Best Sellers, that are now being inflated and sent up for the Holiday Trade, will never be one-two-seven alongside of the good old timer.

Fully 90 per cent of those who sat up nights to read about the persecuted Colored People never had seen a Senegambian, except when he shot by on the Underground, doing a tall Hike for Ontario.

As nearly as they could gather from the Book, however, the Slave was a pious, elderly Gentleman

everybody south of Mason and Dixon's Line except those who happened to be White.

Out of this tender sentiment grew the desire to give the African a Vote with a String to it.

Since that period the sweet and gentle Character known as Old Black Joe has been shot through the dump and Bill Bailey is now the Works.

Several millions of thoughtful Citizens residing above the Ohio River have ceased to shed bitter and scalding tears over the wrongs of the simple African. This is explained by the fact that when they meet him now he is wearing a Blue Uniform with Soldier Buttons and often refuses to warm up unless somebody slips him a Half.

It is hard work trying to pump

He never had known the sacred privilege of cutting out puzzles from the Sunday Paper. His simple joys consisted of picking Magnolias, playing the Banjo and occasionally closing in on a 'Possum surrounded by Yams, but always at a separate table.

Consequently it was believed that something ought to be done for him.

He was encouraged to come North. He did so, pausing at the dead-line to trade his Gingham Jumpers for a fawn-colored Overcoat with pearl buttons and pink satin facing. And now that no Residence Street is too good for him and he has learned to smoke Egyptian Cigarettes, any antiquated story-book that depicts him as being walked upon is a Scream.

loaded upon his Parents, who take a three-years' vacation to celebrate the day of Jubilee.

Under the new Amendments to the Constitution the Family is permitted to rent a Shack instead of having it furnished to them, while the Crop, instead of being turned over to Cruel Master, goes to the Storekeeper from the North.

Our Hero, by the time he has arrived at the age of 21, has succeeded, through industry and frugality, in accumulating two Dogs. One day he gets hold of a Newspaper from the North and learns that he has a right to vote. So he goes down to the Polling Place.

After the Doctors get through probing for the Lead and he is rested up he decides that he could do well in a cooler Climate. He starts, and for fear that all the good Climate will be gone before



"AND CARRIED A BLACKSNAKE WHIP"

Uncle Tom's Career

The Sad Narrative as It Would Be Switched Around to Get in Line With New Conditions

BY GEORGE ADE.

THE TROUBLE with Uncle Tom was that he never went to Tuskegee.

He got the short end of every deal and was buffaloed by the cruel White Race because he was a meek and lowly Chattel.

If he had attended one of those red brick Normal Schools, supported by Northern Subscriptions, and had learned to wear his hat folded in on top, the same as the Yale Fellows, probably he would have turned out to be a Jubilee Singer, with a yellow Suit Case and gold in his teeth, and would have been sorry for most of the White Trash that he saw out of the Car Windows.

Uncle Tom is now a wuzzer. He cannot put it across any more except under a Tent. Very few people want him even at ten-twenty-and-thirty with a lady's chainless bicycle for the holder of the Lucky Ticket.

Eliza has ceased to have a drag, even in the one-nighters. Her only chance with the Fly Public of today would be to change her Act so as to chase the Bloodhounds

who wore white cotton Gloves and talked about the Angels. The Caucasian, on the other hand, was either an easy-going Mark who couldn't manage his own affairs, or else a Reptile with a dyed Goatee who drank Aqua Fortia out of a Jug and carried a black-snake Whip.

And so, from Haverhill, Mass., away out to Stillwater, Minn., it was the fashion to feel sorry for

up Sympathy for a lowly Race when everyone knows that Williams and Walker have entered exclusive Drawing Rooms in London where never the foot of Chicago Millionaire has trod.

A half century ago it required no effort to generate an overwhelming pity for the Plantation Hand, because he was 1000 miles away, toiling in the Cotton and the Cane as long as anybody watched him.

especially to one who has employed genuine Southern Help.

Mr. Washington is lecturing at the Universities while his colleague, Mr. Gans, is working in his own modest way to earn the respect of the Anglo-Saxon.

Only a few years ago the emancipated Slave, blinking in the sunlight of a suddenly arrived Freedom, came to the White Man with a Ballot in his trembling hand and asked what he had better do with it.

And the kind White Man, taking pity upon his childlike ignorance, told him that if he wanted to live until Watermelons were ripe he had better take it out back of the Smoke House and bury it.

How different today! It is the White Man who is seeking advice and guidance. He has learned to hunt up a coffee-colored Rail-Bird with a Blue Sweater who can give him a Good Thing in the second Race at Jamaica.

And so all along the line. It doesn't seem quite regular to reach out the Helping Hand to one who can afford Musk Perfumery. Cut out the Weeps, for, behold, the dusky Toiler has just staked himself to a Red Vest and a diamond Horseshoe.

Uncle Tom is a hot story, but it has nothing to do with what is being pulled off at present. It needs going over.

Here is the certified dope on Mr. Thomas, if he could be with us today:

He is born in Yazoo City, where they spell Afro-American with the double "g" and only one kind of people are permitted to use the sidewalks.

While he is still a prattling Pickaninny with protuberant Heels and a head like a Duck Egg, the great Boon of Freedom is un-



WHERE THE CHICAGO MILLIONAIRE HAS NEVER TROD.

All he has to do in order to become a Business Man is to get together a large amount of Capital. To make himself a successful Lawyer he merely has to spend ten years in the Common Schools, four years at a University, two years at a Law College, and then change his Color.

Down South he had been a Nigger. He finds that in the Promised Land most people refer to him very respectfully as a Coon.

After devoting a great deal of Thought to his Future he succeeds in borrowing a Razor and gets a job in a Barber Shop. At last he finds himself in an Atmosphere of Culture and begins to be uplifted. He has access to Periodicals that are full of colored Pictures and he has the privilege of discussing the Issues of the Day with Motor-men and others who have Views.

As soon as he has saved enough to pay for the License he is married to a good Cook and takes possession of a Yellow House with Blue Shutters.

In due time he is admitted to the Union, and under Rules is permitted to charge 5 cents extra for Bay Rum or Shaving the Neck.

After a few years he gets out of the Barber Business and opens a Tonsorial Parlor on his own Hook. He becomes prominently identified with the Colored Voters' Protective League, the purpose being to secure Voluntary Subscriptions from all Campaign committees.

Then comes the big Triumph. He is presented with a gold-headed Cane by his fellow-members of the

Secret Order known as the Kings and Queens of Ethiopia.

Also he is named as one of the Vice Presidents of the Mass Meeting called to ratify the National Ticket.

White Celebrities come around and ask him to step into the Back Room so they can whisper to him. They give him Cigars with gold Bands on them, and when he gets ready to vote somebody sends a Hack for him.

The original Uncle Tom was shipped down the River and certainly had a lot of Trouble up to the time that Legree began his finnish Persecutions. The revised Uncle Sam never has any serious trouble, except when he loses his pull at the City Hall.

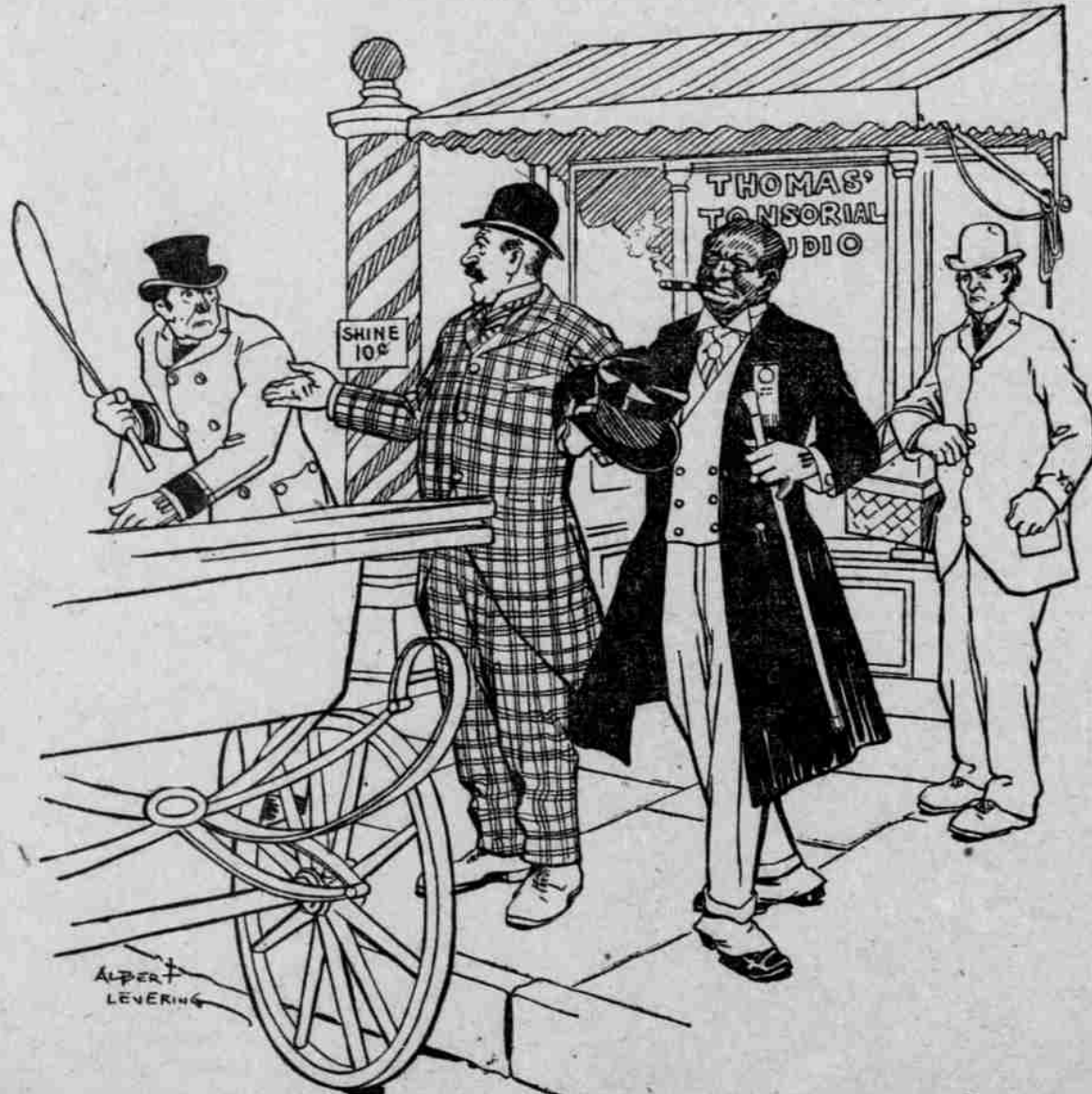
His children are not torn away from him. They remain right at home and board with him up to the time that they are 35 years of age.

The Son Wilberforce gets a fine Education and opens a Correspondence School guaranteed to teach Buck and Wing Dancing in 12 Lessons by Mail.

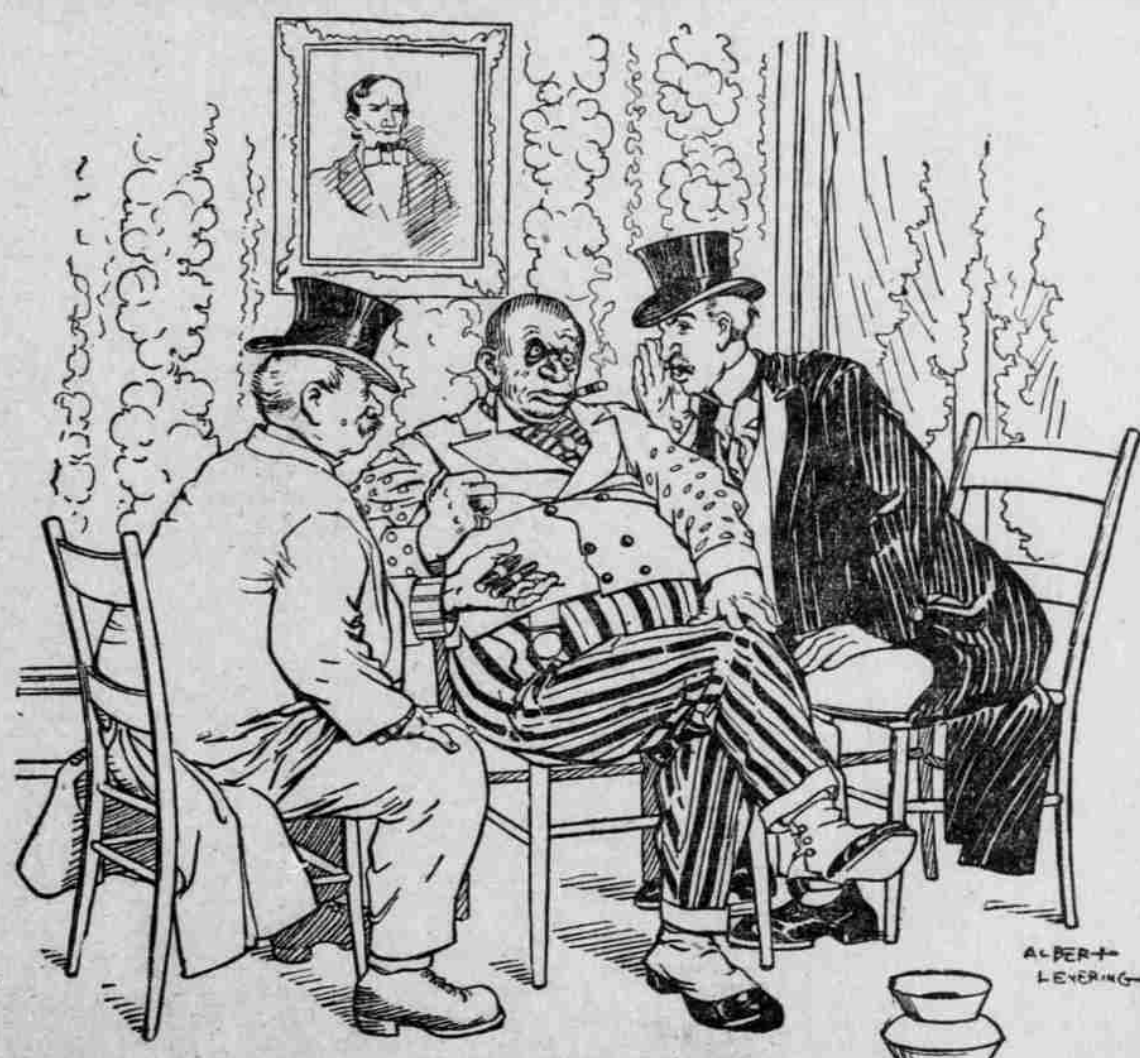
The Daughter Blanche discovers that she is a Creole, and becomes Prima Donna in an Opera entitled "Chicken Hash."

Uncle Tom himself gets so far to the Good that he can change White Vests twice a week.

It is not as thrilling as the yarn we read in Childhood's Happy Days, but it is a correct flashlight on the real Uncle Tom that we have with us today, and it will have to go at that.



SOMEBODY SENDS A HACK FOR HIM



SO THEY CAN WHISPER TO HIM