

OLD STORIES DONE OVER *by George Ade.*

ROLLO AND ELSIE

The Good Boy and the Model Girl
Doing Team Work for the First Time

BY GEORGE ADE.

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ONCE there was a Little Boy who loved his Parents and never played Marbles for Keeps, and his name was Rollo.

If his name had been Bill he would have waited back of the Barn to shy a few Closets at the new Copper—but his name was Rollo.

It wouldn't have been so tough on him if the name had been Clyde, or Elmer, or Chauncey, or even Rudolph, but it is sure enough hard luck when a lot of pin-headed Relations rope and throw a Helpless Infant and brand ROLLO on his Flank.

Rollo had a sister named Elsie. No doubt you have heard of Rollo and know something about little Elsie, but it will surprise you to learn that they were Kin. You will remember Rollo as the Manly Urchin who was ever kind to Animals, while Elsie was the sweet-faced Tot who thought she was having a Bully Time if she could pluck a few Daisies and put them in her Hair.

Rollo and Elsie have been very strongly featured in sterilized Reading Matter for the Young, but so far as the Author can discover they have not been seen anywhere else.

They were cooked up simply as Decoys. They are somewhat like the Weezy Heroine in the \$2 play. A man will sit in the Parquet and sympathize with her and pull for her and cry until his Gloves get soft, and yet if he had anything like that waiting for him at the Flat he wouldn't go home once in two weeks.

Rollo, as he appears in the Illustrations, wore a wideawake Hat, with a sporty Buckle on it, and had Curls such as Janice Meredith made so popular about five years ago.

In his more riotous moments he was depicted in the act of rolling a Hoop around a Flower Bed.

Elsie was shown in the Wood-Engraving as a hammered-down Miss, with Eyes about the size of Individual Butter Dishes and a Mouth so small that she could not have eaten a Gooseberry without cutting it in two.

Rollo and Elsie were very popular Characters about 20 years ago. That is, the Young People would read about Rollo in the House, but out in the Wood Shed they would get Goose Pimples while following

the trail of the trainrobbers with Silver Star, the Boy Detective. Since then we have made a great Advance. The Colored Supplement has brought sunshine into many Homes.

The real up-to-date Children's Page shows the light-hearted Lads and Lassies engaged in such innocent Diversions as blowing up a Mother with a Cannon Cracker, or soaking Dada over the head with a Ball Bat.

Since the precocious Youth of our Land have learned to jump from the Second Reader right into the Sporting Column, and have also got into the habit of reading the Dramatic Papers every week, it would seem that Rollo and Elsie

Many years ago they read in the little paper-covered Volumes obtained from the Circulating Library that every Person who is Good will be Successful and sooner or

later handle a lot of Money. So they worked on the theory that if a man could get a Bundle it would prove that he had been Good, because anyone who is not Pretty Good these days will end up by working for a Trust at so much a month.

So, come, Fond Parents—gather the Olive Branches in a circle around the Steam Radiator and read to them regarding the only Boy who was on to his job and the only Girl who didn't talk back to her Elders.

Rollo lived a Stainless Life, so that he could grow up and have Burnside and be the head of a large Mercantile Concern. In every Juvenile Story approved by the Pastor it is pointed out to



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gold-headed Cane and steps up on a Platform at the slightest provocation to address the Young People and advise them to save their

grow up and be like the James Brothers, thought of little Rollo? No doubt they spoke well of him.

Rollo never loosened up and chipped in to buy a Mask and a Catcher's Glove for the Cub Juniors.

He never knocked the bottom out of a Copper Boiler and sneaked it down to the Junk Shop to get money enough to buy Candy Cigars for the Bunch.

He never tried to smoke Rattian or Corn-Silk, or go after English Sparrows with a Nigger-Shooter. So far as we can learn he devoted nearly all of his time to rolling the Hoop.

Rollo was a Reformer. That made him very Popular. Of course, grown-up people don't much like to have some cadaverous Willie with stringy side-whiskers and a tied-in-the-store White Tie come around and tell them how tough they are and how good he is, but with the Children it is different.

For we read right in the Book

relinquish their Sinful Intentions.

Fine! Can you not see the Push getting ready to hitch a Goat to a Wagon and wrasing him all over the back yard to get the Harness on him? Little Rollo comes out and begs them to desist, as it is wrong to take advantage of the

Dumb Creatures. They may close in on Rollo and waller him and give him a bad Eye and send him home all open in the back, but he need not worry or feel discouraged, for he has done his Duty.

We read in the books that Rollo was never Rude to his Governess. This line of reading about the Governess must make a very direct appeal to little Jimmy Gohagan, whose father is getting a dollar a day at the Gas House.

Of the 22,000,000 Little Ones now growing up in this country, it is estimated that not more than 8 ever saw a Governess.

The beautiful young lady who goes up in a balloon and then comes back in a Parachute has a Tapioca compared with the unfortunate Female who tackles the job of looking after a flock of Kids that belong to somebody else.

Unless, of course, she has to look after Rollo and Elsie, and then the work is Nuts. Rollo's Governess never had to tell him to keep his face clean and not play with the Irish on the other side of the Tracks.

We read that both Rollo and Elsie were invariably polite to the Governess, and kind to the Butler and friendly with the Gardener and on very good terms with James, the Coachman.

You take a Boy who has to get up at 6 A. M. in Winter and dig the Sawbuck out of a Snow Bank and who usually gets a pair of Warm Mittens for Christmas, and there is nothing that could cheer him, more than to read about Rollo, who always had a Clean Collar and spoke gently to the Servants.

Rollo undoubtedly went to College and he must have been beloved by all his Classmates, for he had an overdeveloped Conscience and a Moral Nature of such gigantic proportions that he got stooped-shouldered carrying it around.

He never joined in any of the Wild Franks of the Rowdy Element, and, of course, to be consistent, he had to assist the Faculty in maintaining Discipline.

The Conscience kept throbbling like a last year's Automobile and it would not permit him to shield any Wrong-Doers. So the regular pipe-smoking Comanches thought he was as nice a Fellow as ever poisoned a well.

Rollo went into Business and he was so Good that he never tried to put through a Pooling Agreement or grab off the secret Rebate from a Transportation Line,

until his Lawyer had assured him that there was no danger of being Pinched.

In order to protect the Young Men from the Country who were on his Payroll he laid out the Hours for them so that when they quit Work they had just enough

time to go home and get some Sleep. Thus he kept them out of Pool Rooms and Variety Theaters.

By repressing all of his natural Instincts and butting into other people's Affairs to stamp out Wickedness and disinfect Society,

Rollo at last reached the Goal of every Little Boy who starts out by rolling a Hoop and saying "Yes, ma'am," to the Lady Principal. That is, he got so many Seeds that even the Assessor could not keep track of what he had put away.

And Elsie, she was ever so Successful, likewise.

Elsie, in her Pinafore Days, was so keyed-up in her ideas of Right and Wrong that whenever she became excited and angry and exclaimed, "Oh, jimpson, weed!" she would afterward go to her Room and cry for an Hour at a time.

At the age of 13 she would rather sit at home and crochet Mufflers for the Filipinos than go to a Dancing School and learn the Boston Dip.

Elsie never chewed Gum or put a Rat under her Hair. Just give her a Wax Doll and a volume of Emerson's Essays and she would be as Happy as a Lark.

We have learned from a careful study of Juvenile Fiction that such a Sweet Child always blossoms into Perfect Womanhood and rides in a swell open Carriage, smiling pleasantly at the people who have to walk.

And, of course, she Marries Well. Elsie is the only one of her kind who ever came through the Press, and therefore she is entitled to the grandest little Husband that Money can buy.

She realizes the full ambition of every pure-minded American Girl whose inmost soul it froth with Social Ambitions.

She marries Lord Rottington just in time to save him from going on the Stage, and gets her picture in the Papers twice—first when she goes down the long chute to where the Bishop is waiting, and second, when his Lordship chases her across country striking at her with a Niblick.

She pays whatever she can spare for a Legal Separation, but they can't take the Title away from her because she has had that sewed on.

So Rollo has the Long Green, and Elsie is a Grass Peeress, which proves that all Little Boys and Girls should behave and abstain from doing anything that they really want to do.



LITTLE ROLLO COMES OUT AND BEGS THEM TO DESIST

have lost a good deal of their original Drag.

However, they should not be counted out. It is no doubt true that the present epidemic of Morality in Financial Circles is due to the Fact that most of the well-known Business Men of To-Day were brought up on the Rollo Books.

the tender Youth that they must be pure and upright, and likewise they must get the Stuff. It is not

on Record that any Boy with a Deportment average of 100 ever grew up to be merely Poor and Respectable.

No, each one is finally as Rich as all get-out, with a girth measure of about 52, and he carries a

money and get an Education and grow up to be Members of the School Board.

The Rollo and Elsie books should be put back into every Home. They would give the fly Kids of today many a hearty laugh, and they would not get them worked up so that they would moan in their sleep and dream about the Indians.

And Rollo! Wouldn't he make a terrific hit with the Gang that gets together out in the Alley every Saturday afternoon?

Rollo had no Faults. The only reason that the Angels didn't take him at the first call was that they knew they couldn't keep up with the Pace that he had set.

Rollo's chief Virtue was that he was a Tight Wad. It is quite pleasant to associate with some one who knows how to unbuckle, but in our Fiction we always admire the far-seeing Youngster who hurries home with his Nickel and puts it into the Tin Bank.

He is preparing a Nest Egg for his Old Age. In 65 or 70 years he will be old and that nickel, figured at compound interest, will run up to about 35 cents, which will buy him a Good Cigar in some places.

Can you imagine what all the ornery little Boys, with sunburn and warts and stone-bruises, all of whom wanted to be Trapeze Performers in a circus or else

that when little Rollo would find his playmates conspiring upon some act of Mischief, he would rebuke them gently and call attention in a few appropriate sentences to the Moral Aspect of the case, and they would all hang their heads and be abashed and

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