

OLD STORIES DONE OVER *by George Ade*

Ten Nights in a Barroom

SHOWING HOW A SOUSE FACTORY NEED NOT BE A SALOON

BY GEORGE ADE.
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ONCE there was a Traveler who happened into a small town just about the time that a Gentleman who had grown too strong to work was opening a place for the sale of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Nobody ever saw the Wines, but he had a very fine stock of old Sour Mash made out of Wood Alcohol, Prune Juice and Cayenne Pepper.

We are told in the popular Standard Work by T. S. Arthur that the Traveler came back to the town about a year after and then a year after that and so on until he had kept tab on the Thirst Parlor for about ten years. He saw a good many of the Best People in the village go to the bad one after another as the Rum Fiend managed to get a side hold on them.

Perhaps you have seen the Drama, which has been done in every Town Hall in North America. You will remember how Simon Slade, who was a handsome leading man in the first act, with his hair neatly combed and a tailor-made Suit, kept going against the Pink Stuff until in the last act he had an awful case of the Willies and was throwing Furniture at the Soubrette.

This book gives the liquor traffic a hard Panning. It points out the fact that anyone who dallies with the Essence for any length of time will end up with a Sheriff's Sale or the D. T.'s.

This same Traveler who tells about the old time Groggery and the former generation of Lashes, who drank Medford Rum instead of Mamie Taylors, happened into another Town only a few years ago.

It was a thriving little Suburb, not far removed from a great City. The Peaceful Residents would squat in front of the Hardware Store for hours at a time, laying out work for the Administration at Washington. A Grab Social was the limit of Revelry, although there was some excitement whenever a Medicine Show came along.

Into this drowsy little Hamlet came a Barkeep with a Black Mustache. He had convinced the Authorities that he possessed a

good Moral Character and so he was given a License to sell, barter or give away anything that could be kept in a Bottle without burning holes in the Glass.

He rented a Corner from one of the Pillars of the Church who needed the Money and fitted up a Swell Joint. The Furnishings included an Ice Box with silver handles and a picture of John L. wearing his Diamond Belt.

The Traveler was mighty sorry to see this Pitfall planted right in the heart of a Community where so many prominent Business Men could find time to go in and shake the Box and feed nickels into the Slot Machine. He knew that in a few years all of them would be confirmed Drunkards, of the kind seen in the Tableaux at the School Entertainments.

But what do you think? When the Traveler happened through the Town a year or so later the Saloon had disappeared from the corner and in its place was a very attractive road house. The reason he knew it was a Road House was that it said so over the door, and off at one side was a hitch rack where people could leave their Rigs while they were inside getting Stewed.

"Why did you close up your saloon and open a road house in the same building?" asked the Traveler of the former Agent of Ruin.

"Because a great many people who are too nice to go into a Saloon will stop at a road house and load up on Peaches for hours at a time," was the reply. "The great purpose of the present fastidious Generation is not to cut it out, but to do it in such a respectable manner that one can get a fine large Package without being ashamed of it."

Another year passed and when the traveler returned to the Village he discovered that the Road House had become a Gentlemen's Riding and Driving Club. The Barkeep was no longer a Barkeep, but was now the Steward, and on the wall were pictures of Horses.

"What is the difference between a Road House and a Club?" asked the Traveler of the Steward.

"Oh, all the difference in the world," replied the official. "At a Road House you get loaded in a Road House, while at a Club you get loaded at a Club. You feel about the same at the cold gray Dawn of the morning after, but the family is rather proud to know that Father was at the Club the night before, whereas it would feel disgraced to know that he had been sitting around in a common Drinking Place."

When the Traveler paid his third return visit to the Town the club had disappeared and was now a Bicycle Rest. The Wheeling Craze had come in and the astute Proprietor had a boy out in front to check the Bikes.

The Patrons did not line up at the Bar as they do in Saloons. They sat at little Tables. The difference between a Saloon and a

Bicycle Rest was that in a Saloon the Lunch did not cost anything. The Manager of the high class Resort explained his System to the traveler.

"I find that many persons who have been carefully brought up do not like to go into a Barroom," said he, "so I have it carried in from another Room. Why should I ruin my fellow man by giving it to him in a Growler when I can serve it to him in a Stein and get 10 cents for it?"

"Then this is not a Retail Liquor Establishment?" asked the old fogey traveler, who was certainly getting acquainted with a new set of Curves.

"I am sorry to see that you are still peddling the accursed stuff which men shoot through the Oesophagus to steal away their Brains," said the Traveler, who still had some of the antiquated prejudice against Strong Drink.

"You are dead wrong," replied the Proprietor. "I am now the Director of an Amusement Enterprise. We play Classical Music every Thursday Evening, and

many a Citizen of Spotless Reputation, who never leaned his Chest against a mahogany slab in his whole life, comes here and sits under a Tree to listen to Vogner and gets piped to the Gills. I have to run this kind of a Place in order to get the quiet Family Trade.

The Boys tap a fresh Keg every eight minutes, and I am being backed by a Trolley Company, the Directors of which are so conscientious that they never would support an ordinary Booze Headquarters."

The Old Traveler thought that he had known a few things about the Curse of Alcohol, but he found himself guessing.

"I am getting a new line on the growing Evil of our Age," said he. "It seems that the Habit is comparatively harmless if you listen to music while toasting."



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"By no means," replied the Manager. "At a Retail Liquor

In all his writings on the subject of Rum Selling he had described a reeking, low class Tavern, where villainous looking Men sat at the Rough Tables and poured down fiery Beverages until they were crazed, after which they went home to murder their Relations.

Instead of which he now found some of the swiftest married couples represented in the Blue Book holding informal Receptions and cutting into the Grape.

Nobody seemed to crave Rum, but there was certainly a fierce demand for the cool Bronx Cocktail, the imported German Stuff with the foamy Collar on it, the tall kind with Grass growing out of the Tumbler, the little Irish Iceberg, the Pousse Cafe, the Brandy Float, the New Orleans Sour, the Royal Fizz, the Lexington Toddy and a lot more that Simon Slade

Left Hand while watching the Acrobats.

He found that some of his old Friends, who had been very much opposed to the opening of a Saloon in their very midst, loved to stroll into the Pavilion on a Summer night so as to get their Minds

off their Work. By the time everybody at the Table had bought twice and the show had worked down toward the Moving Pictures, every tired Business Man in the place had forgotten all about his work. A good many of them remembered their Names, however.

The Traveler, who was revisiting the Town year after year to observe the devastation of the Saloon Evil, couldn't even get a good seat or catch the eye of a Waiter. As for the Saloon Evil, he

Show himself, and he found that he could drop in any time and order a Horse's Neck and watch all the Nice Folks from the Residence Streets hoisting the Bubbles without in any way compromising his Reputation as a Reformer.

About three years ago, when he visited the Spot which had once been desecrated by the sale of ordinary Whisky, he came across a Garage with a Repair Shop behind it, and learned that the Resort had taken on a new importance as an Inn for the entertainment of those who owned Touring Cars.

On a pleasant evening all the Headliners in the World of Fashion would be gathered around small tables on the big veranda, and no matter how much they threw in it was all right, because they had Chauffeurs to load them up and take them home.

But how could the Traveler write about Ten Nights in a Barroom? If anyone had come along and called the place a Barroom he would have been arrested by the Park Policeman, who stood out in front to keep the Common People from rubbering at our uncrowned Kings and Queens.

The final visit of the Traveler was the one that put him down and out.

On the very Corner where once there had been a Saloon, luring Strong Men to Ruin, there was now a dandy big Hotel.

The man who had been merely a tough Barkeep was now in charge of a very select Establishment which had no Barroom whatever, although it boasted a Palm Room and a Rathskeller and a Flemish Room and a Gentlemen's Cafe, in any one of which you could have it opened up for you at any hour of the Day or Night, while those who could no longer

sign their Names merely made signs at the Bell-Hop. Also a Ladies' Tea Room, where it was served in Cups, the same as Bouillon.

The Owner of this Exclusive Hostelry was President of the Local Association organized to prevent Saloons from coming into that part of Town. By years of good behavior he had lived down his early Reputation of having been engaged in the Liquor Business.

The Old Traveler looked over the ground and threw away his Note Book. He found that he could not write about Ten Nights in a Barroom, because the Evil had been exterminated.



"I AM NOW THE DIRECTOR OF AN AMUSEMENT ENTERPRISE"



TRULY HAD CHAUFFEURS TO LOAD THEM UP AND TAKE THEM HOME

never got onto or he wouldn't have lived to appear in the last Chapter of the Book.

The Old Traveler went away a good deal bewildered by the modern Frills and Trimmings that had been added to the simple old-time method of getting Corned Up.

He thought he had struck the Limit, but he had not, for when he went back to the town once more the Vaudeville Craze had come along.

The former Barkeep had put up an Electric Sign to show that he was conducting a Theater.

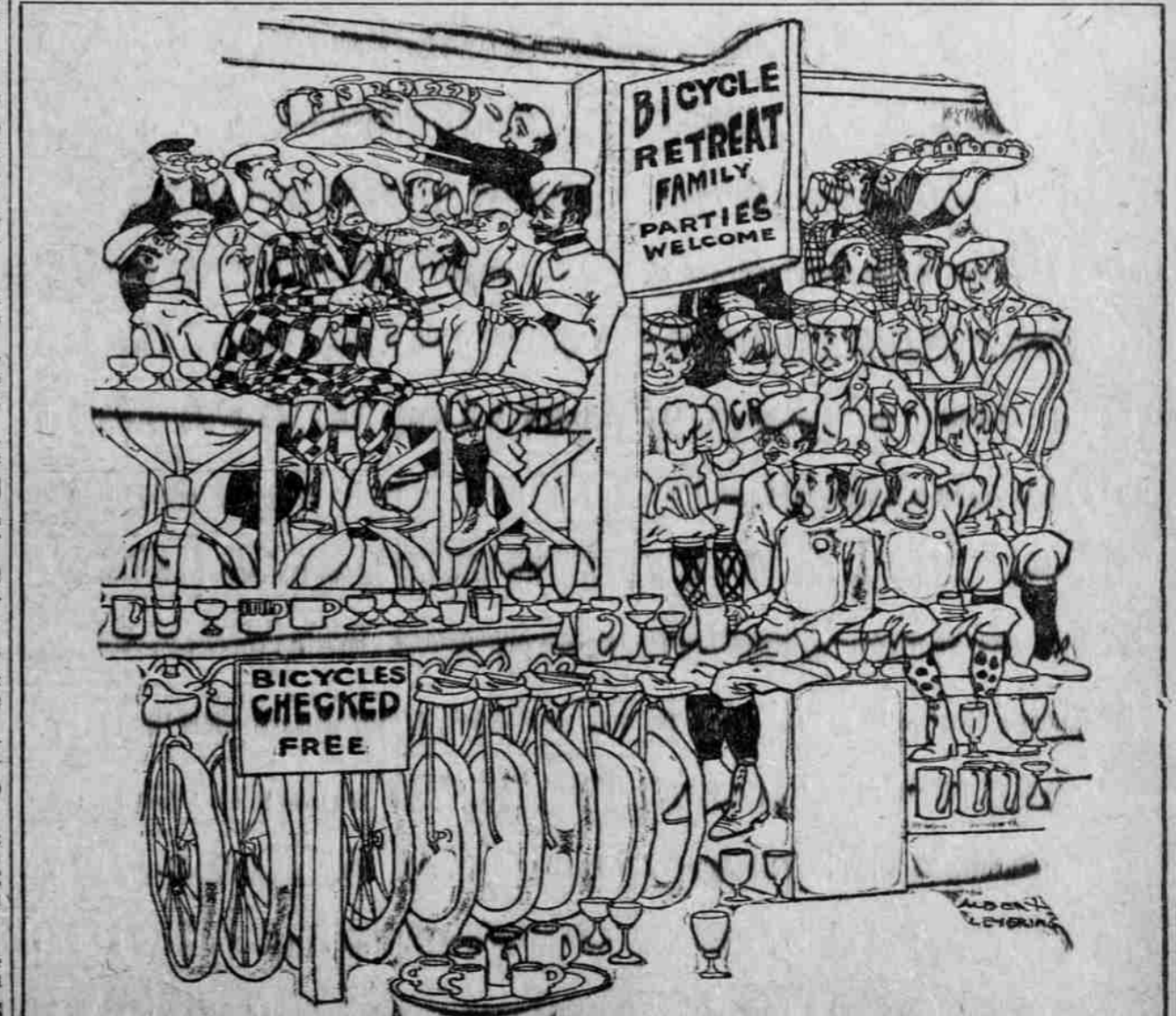
The Traveler ascertained that the difference between a Garden and an Outdoor Theater is that in a Garden you hold the Drink in your Right Hand while listening to the Germans, whereas in an Outdoor Theater you hold it in the

learned that there was no Saloon in the Neighborhood. The Tax-payers were opposed to Saloons, although they had no objection to a well-conducted Temple of Art where one might sit comfortably and get pie-eyed, pickled, saturated, spifficated, sprung, ossified, petrified and lit up like a Cathedral.

He feared that he would be unable to write the true story of Ten Nights in a Barroom without involving the entire Social Life and mentioning the names of all those prominent in the Learned Professions.

Besides, he could no longer find the Barroom. The Stuff was now coming from somewhere downstairs on a Dumb Waiter.

Did he keep on going back, the same as the Traveler in the Book? Yes, for he liked to see a Good



DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A SALOON AND A BICYCLE REST WAS