

GEORGE ADE'S NEW FABLES IN SLANG. 1912 MODELS

The New Fable of the Old-Fashioned Prosecutor and the Popular Idols.

THE morning a great Judge who had been promoted to the Bench because he could not connect as a lawyer, climbed up on his Perch and directed the Lord High Sheriff to feed him a few Defendants.

"We have rounded up a tough bunch of Ginks," said the Attorney for the Commonwealth. "I shall ask your Honor to soak them good and proper."

The first to be led in was a grinning imp with a wide Mouth, large Freckles and Flapping Ears.

It was proven that he stuck Pins into his Grandmother and blew up Elderly Gentlemen with Cannon Crackers and set fire to Houses and was a hard Nut in general. The Prosecutor suggested a Dungeon with Bread and Water.

Up spoke the Prisoner as follows: "I defy you to lay a Hand on me. I am the Stand-By of the Comic Artist and the Star Attraction of the Colored Supplement. When I pull the Step-Ladder from under some Honest Working-man, causing him to break his Leg, or hit a stout Lady in the Eye with a Brick, please remember that I am bringing Sunshine into thousands of Homes. As I go on my way, commencing Avenue, Madison, and Avenue with Intent to Kill, I am greeted by Peals of Childish Laughter. When you put me out of Business, you will be handing the Circulation an awful Wallop. I am not a Criminal; I am an Institution."

"Remember you very well," said the Judge. "You are my Excuse for buying the Paper, while the Kids are busy



SEE WAS A TALL GAL AND VERY PALE, WITH BELLADONNA OPTICS.

with you I took up Packey McFarland and One-Round Hogan."

Just as the Celebrated Juvenile hit the Fresh Air, the second Defendant came into the Dock, taking long sneaky Strides and undulating like a Roller

Coaster. She was a tall Gal and very Pale, with Belladonna Optics and her Hair shook out and a fine rhythmic Bellows Movement above the Belt Line. "She is a raving Beetle," explained the Prosecutor. "She wants to go out

doors every Night and count the Moon and pull some of that shine Magazine Poetry. Every time she sees anybody named Eric or Geoffrey she does a Swoon, accompanied by the customary Low Cry, and later on, in her own Boudoir, which is Richly Furnished, she bursts into a Torrent of Weeping. If you start her on a Conversation about Griddle Cakes she will wind up by giving you a Diagnosis of Soul-Hunger. She is a Candidate for Padded Cell No. 1 in the big Foolish House. If she continues at Large she may accidentally marry some poor misguided Clarence and then, if there are any Children, the Neighbors will have to take care of them."

"Do you not recognize me?" asked the Prisoner in low musical Tones, fixing a passionate Gaze on the Court. "I am the Heroine of a Best Seller. If I did not have these large Porcelain Orbs and the bosom heaving in Rag Time and the Hair swirling in Glorious Profusion, do you suppose that a member of the Upsilon Pajama Sorority would sit up until 1 A. M. with me and a Bottle of Queen Olives and a Box of Choc? If I make up like an ordinary Sable and talked Straight Stuff, do you think I could last through Ten Editions? I may not be Human, but I can raise the Temperature of every Flat-head from Bangor to San Antonio."

"You are dead right," said the Court. "We couldn't keep house without you."

So she proceeded to Exit, sneeringly, her Garments rustling and a faint Aroma of Violets lingering in her Wake, just as it does in the Red Book that sells for \$1.50.

The next Prisoner was a big handsome Buck with his Clothes recently pressed and many Gloves.



THE PROSECUTOR SUGGESTED A DUNGEON WITH BREAD AND WATER.

Orange Groves that have Crocodiles swimming around on top of them. He is a prize Bunk, a two-handed Grafter, a Short-Change Artist and a Broadway Wolf. Slip him the Limit."

"You've got me wrong, Steve," said the Prisoner, softly. "I used to be a Depraved Character, but now I am the Big Hero. Under the revised Code of Morals a Handy Boy who goes out and

trims a Boob for everything in his Kick becomes recognized as a Comedy Hit and every Seat on the Lower Floor goes for two Bones. Instead of doing a Lock-Step to and from the Broom Factory I work up to a dress Suit Finish and marry the Sweet Dame. And the Mob is with me. If it came to a Straw Vote between me and Lyman Abbott I would win by a City Block."

"The Gentleman speaks the Truth," said the Court. "In this Fair Land we forgive a Man anything if his Work is Classy. Instead of committing you to the Pen I shall arrange to spend the Evening with you."

The next was a tall snaky Female with black Beads all over her Person and she was smoking a Cigarette, half closing her Eyes as she blew Rings toward the Ceiling.

"Judge, she is some Brazen Hussy, believe me," said the Prosecutor. "After turning Flip-Flops around the Ten Commandments for 15 years she married a Good Man and put him on the Fritz. Her regular Job is to loil on a Divan and turn the Coaxing Eye on some poor Geezer who is wandering from Drawing Room to Drawing Room, trying to have his life wrecked. Please send her up. She is a Menace to Respectable Society."

The Prisoner looked at him in hungry Diadim. "I am not a Low Woman," she said proudly. "I am a Matinee Favorite. The Best People in our City hang their Chins over the Seats in front and cry softly whenever I get into Trouble. Don't lock me up or they will be lonesome."

"Do, Woman, and keep on Shining," said the Court in a kind voice.

Then, turning to the Defender of the General Good, he said: "You are two years behind the Prosecution. Hereafter arrest only Business Men who have been Successful."

MORAL—Criminality is merely a Side-Issue. (Copyright, 1912, by George Ade.)

The Bird From Cape Horn A Tale of Love and Adventure

BY FRANK LILLIE POLLICK.

THERE is a little taxidermist's shop on Fourth Avenue which is a curious place. It is very dusty and very full of strange fowl, tucked in, one behind the other, on shelves that cover all of one side of the room, and on the other a whispored little old man sits all day long beside a pile of most evil-smelling skins and dispenses words of wisdom to whoever cares to listen. One day when Marriott ran into the shop for a few minutes before dinner, we found the old man in ecstasies over a new bird skin that had just been brought in. It was large and dirty and exceedingly ugly, and it had a particularly evil smell; but it was rare, and Marriott looked at it over respectfully. It had a long neck, long, hairy legs and ungainly feet—evidently it was some kind of water fowl; indeed, the claws were still dabbled with mud and black sand, and Marriott, being something of a geologist, peered off a little of the sand and rubbed it through his fingers, while the little taxidermist, got his basin and washed off the rest of it from the bird.

Suddenly Marriott started. He had made a discovery. "Where did you say this bird came from?" he asked. "The old man stopped washing the bird's legs and began to recount its history. The skin had been brought to him by a sea captain, he said—Captain Tourjan, of the Mary Ann Salters—from South America. Yes, he was sure he was still in town; would Mr. Marriott, like his address? Mr. Marriott, it appeared, would like it very much indeed. He took it down carefully, wrapped the lump of dirt in his handkerchief and walked swiftly away down the street, leaving the little taxidermist staring after him with wondering eyes. Reginald Ernest Marriott, a long while ago graduated as a mining engineer from the College of Applied Science, had his own way to make in the world and nothing to make it with but brains. He knew that he came of an ancient family, whose name had survived its prosperity, and that this connection let him into as much New York society as was

good for him; but nobody felt called upon to assist him in any more practical way than by inviting him to dinner, and this, as it happened, was a very serious matter, for there was a woman in the case. It was Edith Whyard, the only daughter of Mr. G. C. Whyard, who lived on Madison Avenue and had an office on Broadway and was reported to be a multi-millionaire. Though no one seemed to know exactly the source of his income, his style of living bore out the assertion, and on the strength of it Mrs. Whyard was making an attack upon the portals of society. Naturally when it became apparent to her maternal eye that her daughter was allowing her affections to drift in that unprofitable direction, she looked, with extreme disapprobation upon young Marriott, and her husband had for him the profound contempt of the practical man for the man of schools and theories. Accordingly, when Marriott asked the old gentleman for his daughter, he was promptly forbidden the house.

Matters were in this state when the young man paid his visit to the taxidermist's shop and saw the bird with the muddy feet. That night he worked hard in the small laboratory he had fitted up in his room, wrote a letter to Edith, packed his possessions and paid his bills, and the next morning at daybreak he sailed out of New York in a steamer, a south-bound steamer, with hope in his heart, a wisp of blonde hair in his watch-case and a lump of black mud in his inside coat pocket. It was a year after this and the grass before news was heard of him. Then, one April morning, he presented himself at Mr. Whyard's office on Broadway. He was brown and roughened and he was wearing a new suit and a confident air; the old gentleman hardly knew him and he gave him a more cordial welcome than he would have got if his pretensions had been greater. Edith had had half a dozen lovers since his day and she fancied that the danger from that quarter was over. Marriott asked after Mrs. Whyard. "And Miss Edith?" he said eagerly. "You remember, Mr.

Whyard, that I love her, that I hope to marry her some day. Last year I was poor, but now I can support her as you would desire. I have property worth \$500,000," he added modestly, "and I have a practical certainty of more than 10 times as much."



Two Men were Seated At The Cabin Table.

Whyard wheeled his swivel chair and looked the young man in the face with very evident amazement. "Ten times \$500,000!" he cried incredulously. "What is this property of yours?"

"Platinum," said Marriott. "You see, sir," he went on quietly, "I ran across a sample of dust from South America last Winter; nobody else knew about it, so I went down at once and discovered the place. It was worth, I should think, a couple of millions, but I have half a ton in dust and nuggets all ready down there, and the rivers are full of it. But what's the matter, sir?"

Whyard turned pale, and sank back in his chair. He roused himself, however, and questioned the young man quietly enough. "In what part of South America is that?" he said. "Southern Patagonia, not far from Magellan Straits and near the coast. But will it be all right about Edith, sir?"

Whyard leaned forward in his chair and drummed thoughtfully on the desk. At last he turned back to the young man; there was a pleasant, if somewhat forced, smile on his face. "Well, I guess I might as well give in, Mr. Marriott," he said. "As you say, things have changed. Call on Edith if you like. As soon as you show your mine is as rich as you say it is, she can do as she likes about marrying you, but not before." He held out his hand and Marriott grasped it gratefully. "That's fair enough," said he. "But there won't be any trouble about the platinum business, sir. Here's the map of the place. Here's my cache," he explained eagerly. "This is where I did most of the washing. The streams are full of it." Whyard took the map and scrutinized it carefully for a long time. Then he returned it. "That looks good," said he. "But mind, no engagement till you realize on your stock. Now won't you come up to dinner? Mrs. Whyard will be glad to see you." Marriott went home to dress. He had secret doubts about the accuracy of the last statement, but he found his prospective mother-in-law courteous, and Edith was lovelier than ever. The three weeks he was obliged to spend turning his pounds of platinum into ready money and negotiating for a coasting steamer for the return to his treasure, passed like a pleasant dream.

He spent part of every day with the Whyards, and although he saw no more of the father, who he was told, had been suddenly called away from town, he always saw Edith, and he was more than content. When, after three weeks were over, he sailed away again in the tramp steamer Montevideo, which he had chartered and manned, especially for the voyage, he was already counting the days when he could return for her. He carried a picked crew of 20 men, and in view of the wild region to which they were bound and the valuable return cargo, shipped a few Winchester rifles and plenty of ammunition.

Thirty-three days were consumed in the voyage to the Rio de la Plata—days of impatience for Marriott—and at Buenos Ayres he was detained for two weeks in negotiations with the Argentine government for mining privileges. Judicious financial arguments, however, pushed the business through, and 10 days later he sighted the black headland behind which his treasure lay.

The inner bay came in sight there was a cry of surprise, for there, anchored close inshore, lay a small, gray-painted steamer. Marriott examined her deck and men moving about. Her decks seemed deserted, but natives could be seen swarming around the vessel, canvas tents pitched on the beach and men moving about among the rocky hillocks where the platinum was concealed. If not already discovered it was in great danger, however, pushed the business through, and 10 days later he sighted the black headland behind which his treasure lay.

Marriott stood on the bridge, anxious but determined. There was evidently a good deal of hurry and bustle on shore, but the stranger's deck remained empty and the Montevideo's salute remained unanswered. Apparently she had been left at anchor and her crew disembarked for work on shore. Marriott thought he had best inquire first on board for some one in authority, and he had a boat lowered and manned. As

it approached the strange steamer a face appeared at a forward port-hole. "Throw us a line!" cried Marriott, and a rope was presently thrown from the deck, by means of which the young man scrambled aboard, leaving his sailors in the boat with ready rifles. There was no one visible but the man who had thrown the line, and to an inquiry for the captain he replied by jerking his thumb toward the aft deckhouse. Marriott knocked on the closed door, and then pushed it open. Two men were seated at the cabin table. One was evidently the captain; the other was—Mr. G. C. Whyard, of New York!

"What does this mean, young man, boarding a peaceable ship in an armed boat? It's an act of piracy!" roared the captain. Then Whyard stopped him. "This gentleman's all right, captain. If you don't mind I'd like to talk with him a few minutes." And the shipmaster sulkily retired.

"Well, my boy," he resumed at length in a paternal manner as he could command, "I didn't look for you quite so soon. Perhaps I ought to have told you at once in New York that I am the American representative of a combination that practically controls the world's supply of platinum. The tons of it you talked of putting on the market would raise the price, you see." "Thanks for the hint," replied Marriott, dryly. "It really hadn't occurred to me. I think you need not fear that your own stock will depreciate—that is, not very much. But I shall have to trouble you to see that your men do not load my property into the wrong vessel." When Marriott was married to Edith, some three months later, he was president of the Magellan Platinum Mining Company, and the bride, as her father beamed upon them, wondered that his dislike for the groom had been so quickly overcome. But she will never know anything of the little drama, so intimately concerning her, played in that lonely Patagonian bay. (Copyright by Shortstory Publishing Company.)

Ten Minutes With The Funny Men. SOME OF THE QUIPS AND JESTS FROM PENS OF THE NEWSPAPER HUMORISTS.

Terse Tales From Humorous Pens

A MASTERPIECE GONE TO WASTE. The very seedy-looking young man made his way with difficulty down the corridor on the ninth floor of one of New York's best hotels, says the Popular Magazine, and knocked loudly at his friend's door. Anguish was written on his face and wrinkles on his clothes. He was a walking sign of what it means to spend a hard night. "What's the matter?" called out the stony friend. "Master? It's a tragedy, a death, the end of all things—ruination and grief!" "Well, what is it?" loudly inquired the drowsy man, without opening the door. "Whereupon the seedy-looking young man, leaning against the door and lifting his voice to a howl, replied: "I called up my wife on the long-distance telephone last night and told her why I had not returned. I gave her a perfectly good excuse. And now I can't remember what it was!"

man sat in the parlor with his sister Tommy tapped him on the head and piped: "Well, whose father are you?" "AS HE UNDERSTOOD IT. The lofty browed, scholarly man who was officiating as toastmaster at the banquet turned to the man sitting next to him. "What is the next thing in the order of exercises?" he asked. The other made a whispered response. "Please say that again; I didn't quite catch it." The answer was repeated. "Gentlemen," said the toastmaster, rising, "the next thing will be an Irish song by that prince of entertainers, Mr. Backleeb, entitled 'Hal Zenny Bottle Leer Seen Kell Lee?'"—Chicago Tribune

Quips and Flings

Willis—The old pioneers were wonderful fellows! Gillis—Yes. Just think of men founding cities without an advertising agent or even a slogan.—Judge. Husband—You look badly today, my love. Is it that you are ill? Wife—No, John; it's this last year's hat I'm wearing.—Harper's Bazar. Friend—Was your play much of a success? Author—Success? Why, the women wept so that most of them went home with their trape complexion.—Puck. Frost—How's your little daughter's musical education progressing? Snow—Plenty. At first she could play only classical stunts, but now she can do ragtime.—Life. Doctor—The increasing deafness of your wife is merely an indication of advancing years, and you can tell her that. Husband—Hum! That would you mind telling her that yourself, doctor?—Christian Intelligencer. "Uncle Gabriel, are you in favor of votes for women?" "Does you all mean, sub, dat me an' Lisa could vot vote?" "Yes." "Ah, shud dese favah it, den. Dat would be \$4.—St. Louis Post Dispatch. "How cold your nose is!" These words came from the daughter

Among the Poets of the Daily Press

SONNET. ("And for falling of Love on our part thereof is all our Travail"—St. Julian.) Oh, tell me not through Pain is Wisdom won, Gaunt heavy-handed, sparing young nor old, Dimming the luster of our youth's good deal of hurry and bustle on shore, but the stranger's deck remained empty and the Montevideo's salute remained unanswered. Apparently she had been left at anchor and her crew disembarked for work on shore. Marriott thought he had best inquire first on board for some one in authority, and he had a boat lowered and manned. As it approached the strange steamer a face appeared at a forward port-hole. "Throw us a line!" cried Marriott, and a rope was presently thrown from the deck, by means of which the young man scrambled aboard, leaving his sailors in the boat with ready rifles. There was no one visible but the man who had thrown the line, and to an inquiry for the captain he replied by jerking his thumb toward the aft deckhouse. Marriott knocked on the closed door, and then pushed it open. Two men were seated at the cabin table. One was evidently the captain; the other was—Mr. G. C. Whyard, of New York!

SELF-EXPRESSION.

"I've bared my soul," the maiden said, "In this erotic book; The publisher, he shook his head And wouldn't take a look. He said: 'The public in his age To read it wouldn't care. They've learned to look upon the stage For maids with noses hid bare. St. Denis, Dunca, Hoffman, greet The eye, and so I answer: To bare the sole is but the feat Of any bare-foot dancer.'"—Kansas City Times.

Terse Tales From Humorous Pens

Senator Tillman, according to The Washington Star, was submitting to an interview in Washington. One question, however, caused him to say with a laugh: "Oh, that question is premature. It's like the remark of Little Tommy. 'Tommy, whenever a staller came to the house, would have his head patted, and then the visitor would say: 'Well, whose little boy are you?' Tommy, after a while, thought it would try his hand at this sort of thing himself, and one evening when a young

Quips and Flings

of the house, who was sitting in the parlor with her beau. "Is Towser in the parlor again?" demanded her mother from the next room. There was a long pause. "No, mother, Towser isn't in the parlor." And then silence resumed its reign.—Louisville Courier Journal. "Full again, Wombat? I thought you turned over a new leaf." "Well, the darned thing blew back."—Washington Herald. "What on earth got the matter with Perkins to go home, break up the furniture and chase his wife into the street with a club?" "Why, one of the women at a surfage meeting pictured him as a model husband."