

NEWEST FABLES IN ISLAND BY GEORGE ADL

1 - THE FABLE OF SUSAN AND THE DAUGHTER AND THE GRAND-DAUGHTER, AND THEN SOMETHING GRAND.



Coal-Oil lamps, and the Civil War had come along with a Rush and disarranged primitive conditions. The Frontier had retreated away over into Kansas.

In the very Township where, of late, the Beaver had tolled without Hindrance and the Red Fox dug his hole unscared, people were now eating Cows Oysters and going to see "East Lynne." Hiram was in rugged Health, having defended the flag by Proxy during the recent outcropping of Acrimony between the devotees of Cold Bread and the slaves of Hot Biscuit. The Substitute had been performed beyond repair at the Battle of Kennesaw Mountain, proving that Hiram made no mistake in remaining behind to tend Store.

When Jennie moved in where she could hear the Trains whistle and began to sport a Cameo Brooch, she could barely remember wearing a Slip and having Stone Bruises.

Hiram was Near, but he would loosen up a trifle for his own Pleasure. The fact that Jennie was his Wife gave her quite a Standing with him. He admired her for having made such a success of her Life.

They dwelt in a two-story Frame with countless Dewdads and Thingum-bobs tacked along the Eaves and Scaloped around the Bay Windows.

The Country People who came in to see the Eighth Wonder of the World used to stand in silent Awe, breathing through their noses the Perfume of the Cabin with the Flue running up the outside. It looked one's eye enough to be the Birthplace of almost any Successful American.

The Anopheles Mosquito was waiting for the Pioneer. In those good old Chills-and-Fever days, no one ever blamed it on the Famine of the Species. Those who had the Shakes allowed that they were being jarred by the Hand of Providence.

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anean when she wanted to take an Apartment in Paris.

At Monte Carlo he scolded her for borrowing 3000 Francs from a Russian Grand Duke after she went broke at bucking the Wheel. She had met the Duke at a Luncheon the day before and his Manners were perfect.

The Lawyer said that Hubert was a Pup, beyond all Cavil.

Cairo, Egypt, yielded up another Dark Chapter of History.

It came out in the sobbing Recital that Hubert had presented her with a \$500 prize-winning Pomeranian, directly related to the famous Pifi, owned by the Countess Skidoogan of Bilocity.

Later on, he seemed to feel that the Pomeranian had come between him and Ethel. The Situation became more and more tense and finally, one day in Egypt, within plain sight of the majestic Pyramids, he kicked Precious ever so hard and raised quite a Swelling.

The Legal Adviser said Death was too good for such a Fiend.

In Vienna, though, that was where he went so far that Separation became inevitable.

Ethel had decided to take an \$80,000 Pearl Necklace she had seen in a Window. It was easily worth that much, and she felt sure she could get it in without paying Duty. She had been very successful at bringing things Home.

She could hardly believe her Ears when Hubert told her to forget it and back up and come out of the Spirit World and alight on the Planet Earth.

He had been heartless on previous Occasions, but this was the first time he had been Mean enough to renig on a mere side-issue such as coming across with the Loose Change.

Ethel was simply determined to have that Necklace, but the unfeeling Whelp tried to kid her out of the Notion.

Then he started in to Pike. He suggested a \$20,000 Tarara of Rubies and Diamonds as a Compromise. Ethel became wise to the Fact that she had joined out with a Wad.

While she was pulling a daily Sick Headache in the hope of bringing him to Taw, the Maharajah of Unslapogus came along and bought the Necklace.

That was when Ethel had to be taken to a Rest Cure in the Austrian Tyrol, and she never had been the Same Woman since.

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ONCE there was a full-blown Wild Peach, registered in the Family Bible as Susan Mahaly.

Her Pap divided his time between collecting at a Toll-Gate and defending the Military Reputation of Andy Jackson.

The family dwelt in what was then regarded by Cambridge, Mass., as the Twilight Zone of Semi-Culture, viz., Switzger County, Pennsylvania.

Susan wore Linsey-Woolsey from Monday to Saturday. She never had tampered with her Venus de Milo Topography and she did not even suspect that Women had Nerves.

When she was seventeen she had a Fore-Arm like a Member of the Turnverein.

She knew how to Card and Weave and Dye. Also she could make Loose Soap in a kettle out in the Open Air.

Susan never fell down on her Salt-Rising Bread. Her Apple Butter was always Al.

It was commonly agreed that she would make some Man a good House-keeper, for she was never sickly and could stay on her Feet sixteen hours at a Stretch.

Already she was beginning to look down the Pike for a regular Fellow.

In the year 1840, the Lass of seventeen who failed to get her Hooks on some roaming specimen of the Opposite Gender was in danger of being whispered about as an Old Made, Celi-bacy was listed with Arson and Manslaughter.

Rufus was destined to be an Early Victorian Rummy, but he could lift a Saw-Log, and he would stand without being hitched, so Susan nated him the third time he came snooping around the Toll-Gate.

Rufus did not have a Window to hoist or a Fence to lean on. But there is no Poverty in any Pocket of the Universe until Wealth arrives and begins to get Luggy.

Susan thought she was playing in rare Luck to share a Six-Footer who owned a good Squirrel Rifle and could out-wrestle all Comers.

The Hills of Pennsylvania were becoming congested, with Neighbors not more than two or three miles apart, so Rufus and his Bride decided to hit a New Trail into the Dark Timber and grow up with the Boundless West.

Relatives of the Young Couple staked them to a team of Pelters, a Muley Cow, a Bird Dog of dubious Ancestry, an Axe, and a Skillet, and started them over the Divide toward the perilous Frontier, away into Illinois.

It was a hard Life. As they trundled slowly over the rotten Roads, toward the Land of Promise, they had to subsist largely on Venison, Prairie Chicken, Quail, Black Bass, Berries, and Wild Honey. They carried their own Coffee.

Arrived at the Jumping-Off Place, they settled down among the Mink and Musk-Rats. Rufus hewed out and jammed together a little two by twice Cabin with the Flue running up the outside. It looked one's eye enough to be the Birthplace of almost any Successful American.

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In her Front Room the daughter of Rufus and Susan had wonderful Wax Flowers, sprinkled with Diamond Dust; a What-not bearing Mineral Specimens, Conch-Shell, and a Star Fish—also some Half-Cloth Furniture, very slippery and upholstered with Sand.

After Hiram gave her the Black Silk and paid for the Crayon Enlargements of her Parents, Jennie did not have the Face to bone him for anything more, but she joned in secret and Hiram suspected.

Jennie was a Soprano. Not a regular Soprano, but a Country-Town Soprano, the kind of one used for augmenting the Grief at a Funeral. Her voice came from a point about two inches above the Right Eye.

She had assisted a Quartet to do things to "Juanita," and sometimes tossed out little Hints about wishing she could practice at Home. Jennie was a Nice Woman but she did need Practice.

Although Hiram was lighter than the Bark on a Sycamore, he liked to have other Women envy the Mother of his Children.

When he spread himself from a Shin-plaster, he expected a Fanfare of Trumpets.

It took him a long time to unwind the String from the Wallet, but he would Dig if he thought he was boosting his own Game.

By stealthily short-weighting of the Country Trade and holding out on the Assessor, he succeeded in salting away numerous Kopecks in one corner of the Safe.

While in Chicago to buy his Winter Stock, he bargained for two days and finally bought a Cottage Melodion, with the Stool thrown in.

Jennie would sit up and pump for Hours at a time, happy in the Knowledge that she had drawn the Capital Prize in the Lottery of Hymens.

In the year 1888 there was some Church Wedding at the County-Seat.

Frances, daughter of Hiram and Jennie, had knocked the Town a Twister when she came home from the Female College wearing Bangs and totting a Tennis Racquet.

All the local Gallants, with Cocoa-Oil in their hair and Rings on their Cravats, backed into the Shrubbyery.

Hiram had bought her about \$1800 worth of Hauteur at the select Insti-

tution of Learning. All she had to do was look at a Villager through her Nose-Specs and he would curl up like an Autumn Leaf.

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A GIRL FROM THE MOUNTAINS WHO CONQUERED NEW YORK

A Real Romance of the Business World, in Which Pluck and Grit and Native Common Sense Win Out Against Odds.

MISS ANNA JUPP has a better knowledge of the downtown New York working woman than anyone else in the city, yet she was born and brought up on a Vermont farm. She has an expert's knowledge of the inside workings and requirements of business offices, yet she never saw one until she was over 29 and she has never worked but six months in any office save her own. She has her finger on the pulse of New York business conditions and feels its fluctuations and moods, yet she seldom has time to leave her desk in her busy downtown offices. She is a master psychologist, yet she never went to college.

Miss Jupp is the young woman who stands between the employer and the employe for a large number of busy business men in New York City. Such men as John D. Rockefeller and such concerns as the estate of John W. Gates are on her list, and some thousands of young women and men who earn their living in New York offices are on her books. The busy men reach her for the most part by telephone—quick, laconic messages they give, hurry calls for help of the right sort at the right time—and the workers pass through her office at the rate of some 300 a day.

Miss Jupp does not rest. She sizes up the requirements of the business man from his hurried call and from her experience of New York offices, and she sizes up the applicants for work by a few questions and by close, keen observation of a thousand details of dress, diction and gesture as they file by.

Miss Jupp's early ambition was to be a missionary to India. Her childhood dreams never wandered to such a matter-of-fact locality as New York. That city, to be sure, lay on the way to India, but that was all. The reason for this early ambition was that Miss Jupp came from a family of famous missionaries up in Vermont, and some-

how achievement in that family always meant a missionary's career.

When Miss Jupp was about 20 she went down to New York to visit friends. She was a wholesome, eager young country girl and her eyes opened in wider and wider astonishment as the wonders of the great city were revealed to her. She made up her mind once and for all that she would never go back to the farm, that she would stay in New York for the rest of her life, and with this determination visions of missions and India vanished forever. Since then Miss Jupp has found that there is just as large a field for missionary endeavor in the busy streets of downtown New York as there is in India.

Of course, reasoned Miss Jupp, if she were to remain in New York she must do something to earn her living. She had no right to expect a family with whom she was not living to support her. So Miss Jupp studied stenography and learned to finger the typewriter keys. She had no special ambition excepting to earn a living and to earn it in New York.

Miss Jupp had friends in a downtown office building and when she finished her course at the business school she made the office of these friends her headquarters. It was a summer and there were vacancies in many downtown offices occasioned by Summer vacations, so she made an office-to-office canvass through the building where her friends had their office and managed to get enough work to keep busy.

It would have been very encouraging to Miss Jupp in those days if on finishing her assigned work at one of these offices her erstwhile employer had said to her: "Miss Jupp, we do not want you to leave. We have discovered marks of ability and business sense that will make you invaluable. You have a great future before you and we want to take an active part in that future."

But no employer said that. Either they were not very shrewd, or, as Miss Jupp admits, her own stenography was not of the first order. At any rate, she received no such invitation to tarry.

In those days—and it wasn't many back and asked for a permanent position to be offered to her, but she waited in vain.

"The one thing that is needed in this great city," Miss Jupp concluded after waiting for a long time, "is an employ-

ment agency for office workers; some place where a worker can make himself known and can be properly judged and some place where busy employers can turn for just the right person." Miss Jupp knew that she herself would be a valuable asset to some business office and she knew that there were other women in the same position.

As soon as Miss Jupp realized that there was need for this sort of agency she had but one idea as to her future course—that was to be an agent herself. So she opened her little office, paid the rent and fitted it up with her small savings. And she spent a great deal of her spare time opposing the arguments of her friends, who assured her that she was sinking money in a ditch and that she couldn't do aught but fail.

In the meantime, while she was waiting for her clientele to materialize, Miss Jupp turned her own spare time to the work of a public stenographer. She did copying, mimeographing and circulating for the people in the office who had no stenographers or who wanted extra work done, so that from the first she was sure of covering office expenses. Her usual day was from 8 in the morning till 11 at night.

"There is no door to success in business," said Miss Jupp the other day, "but long, hard work, and the only key to this is physical strength and endurance."

One thing Miss Jupp never did do as she sat in her little office—she never worried over the future, she never thought of the morrow. She just did every day's work as it came along. She never dreamed of the time when, instead of a half dozen applicants a day, she would have 300, or of the day when men like J. D. Rockefeller would ask her help to get an efficient stenographer. Miss Jupp's mind does not work in that way. It goes ahead by setting opportunities as they come, but never by dreaming of them before they come.

But no employer said that. Either they were not very shrewd, or, as Miss Jupp admits, her own stenography was not of the first order. At any rate, she received no such invitation to tarry.

In those days—and it wasn't many back and asked for a permanent position to be offered to her, but she waited in vain.

"The one thing that is needed in this great city," Miss Jupp concluded after waiting for a long time, "is an employ-

ment agency for office workers; some place where a worker can make himself known and can be properly judged and some place where busy employers can turn for just the right person." Miss Jupp knew that she herself would be a valuable asset to some business office and she knew that there were other women in the same position.

As soon as Miss Jupp realized that there was need for this sort of agency she had but one idea as to her future course—that was to be an agent herself. So she opened her little office, paid the rent and fitted it up with her small savings. And she spent a great deal of her spare time opposing the arguments of her friends, who assured her that she was sinking money in a ditch and that she couldn't do aught but fail.

In the meantime, while she was waiting for her clientele to materialize, Miss Jupp turned her own spare time to the work of a public stenographer. She did copying, mimeographing and circulating for the people in the office who had no stenographers or who wanted extra work done, so that from the first she was sure of covering office expenses. Her usual day was from 8 in the morning till 11 at night.

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THE BUSY MEN REACH HER FOR THE MOST PART BY TELEPHONE.

MY SISTER'S HERITAGE.

Mary S. Edgar in the Survey.

Budding tree and singing bird.

Joy of Springtime seen and heard:

All the wealth of all the year.

Scattered by the wayside here.

But oh, little sister of mine, in the shadowy places.

Where the wheel turns and the small young fingers ply.

I cannot forget that this is yours, too, to inherit—

The open fields and the streams and the clear blue sky.

Stirring sap and quickening sod—

Miracles revealing God;

Prophecy of His Fatherhood.

Speaking from the field and wood.

But oh, little sister of mine, in the shadowy places.

Where shoulders droop, eyes dim and cheeks grow wan.

1 year for your hand, and a road that leads to the open,

To the commonwealth of the fields,