

# NEWEST FABLES IN ISLAND BY GEORGE ADE

## 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 rotten Roads, toward the Land of Promise, toward the Cabin with the Flue running up the outside. It looked one way enough to be the Birthplace of almost any Successful American.

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 with the Flue running up the outside. It looked one way enough to be the Birthplace of almost any Successful American.

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

When the family ran low on Quinine, all he had to do was hook up and drive 50 miles to the nearest Town, where he would trade the Furs for Necessities such as Apple Jack and Navy Twist, and possibly a few Luxuries such as Tea and Salt.

On one of these memorable Trips to the Store, a Mood which combined Sentiment with reckless Prodigality seized upon him.

He thought of the brave Woman who was back there in the lonesome Shack, shooting the Prairie Wolves away from the Cradle, and he resolved to reward her.

With only three Gills of Stone Fance under his Wammus, he spread his Wild-Cat Currency on the Counter and purchased a shiny coat of Varnish, and a Bouquet of Pink Roses on the door.

Susan burst into Tears when she saw it on the Wall, alongside of the Turkey Wing, and vowed that she had married the Best Man in the World.

Twenty years later, Jennie, the first begotten Chick at the Log House in the Clearing, had matured and married, and was living at the County-Seat with Hiram, Money-Change and Merchant.

Railroad Trains, Side-Bar Buggies,

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.

A Cuss from Chicago came to see her every few weeks.

His Trouser seemed to be choking him. The Pompadour was protected by a Derby of the Fried-Egg species. It was the kind that Joe Weber helped to keep in Public Remembrance. But in 1888 it was de Rigueur, au Fait, and a la Mode.

Frances would load the accused City Chap into the high Cart and exhibit him up and down all the Residence Thoroughfares.

On nearly every Front Porch some Girl whose Father was not interested in the First National Bank would peer out through the Morning Glories at the Passant and then writhe like an Angler-Worm.

The Wedding was the biggest thing that had struck the town since Forepaugh stopped over on his way from Peoria to Decatur.

Frances was not a popular girl, on account of being so Uppish, so those who could not fight their way into the Church climbed up and looked through the Windows.

The Groom wore a Swallow-Tail.

Most of those present had seen Pictures of the Dress Suit. In the Private Companion, the Gentleman wearing one always had Curly, and the Wood-Engraving caught him in the act of striking a Lady in the Face and saying "Curse you!"

The Feeling at the County-Seat was that Frances had taken a Desperate Chance.

The Caterer with Colored Help in White Gloves, the ruby Punch suspected of containing Liquor, the Japanese Lanterns attached to the Maples, the real Lace in the Veil, the glittering Array of Pickle-Jars, and a well-defined Rumor that most of the imported Ushers had been Stewed, gave the agitated Hamlet something to blab about for many and many a day.

The Bachelor of Arts grabbed off by the daughter of Jennie and the grand-daughter of Susan was the owner of Real Estate in the congested Business District of a Town which came into Public Attention later on through the efforts of Frank Chance.

His front name was Willoughby, but Frances always called him "Dear," no matter what she happened to be thinking at the time.

Part of State Street had been wished on to Willoughby. He was afraid to sell, not knowing how to reinvest.

So he sat back and played safe. With growing Delight he watched the Unearned Increment piling up on every corner. He began to see that he would be fairly busy all his life, jacking up Rents.

The Red-Brick Fortress to which he conducted Frances had Stone Steps in front and a secret Entrance for lewdly Trades people at the rear.

Willoughby and his wife had the high courage of Youth and the Financial Support of all the Money Spenders along State Street, so they started in on Period Decoration. Each Room in the House was supposed to stand for a Period. Some of them stood for a good deal.

A few of the periods looked like Exclamation Points.

The young couple disregarded the Toll-Gate Period and the Log-Cabin Period, but they worked in every one of the Louies until the Gilt Furniture gave out.

The delighted Caller at the House beside the Lake would pass from an East Indian Corridor through an Early Colonial Ante-Room into a Japanese Boudoir and, after passing his Hat, would be escorted into the Italian Renaissance Drawing-Room to meet the Hostess. From this exquisite Apartment, which ate up one year's Rent of a popular Buffet near Van Buren street, there could be obtained a ravishing glimpse of the Turkish Cozy-Corner

beyond, including the Battle-Axes and the Red Lamp.

Frances soon began to hob-nob with the most delicatessen Circles, including Families that dated back to the Fire of 1871.

She was not at all Dizzy, even when she looked down from the Mountain Peak at her yappy Birthplace, 15,000 feet below.

Willoughby turned out to be a satisfactory Housemate. His Voltage was not high, but he always ate Peas with a Fork and never pulled at the Leash when taken to a Mustion.

In front of each Ear he carried a neat Area of Hairs, so that he could speak up at a Meeting of Directors. Until the year 1895, the restricted Side-Whiskers was an accepted Trade-Mark of Commercial Probity.

This Facial Landscaping, the Frock Coat, and a steadfast devotion to Toilet Soap made him suitable for Exhibition Purposes.

Frances became almost fond of him, after the Honeymoon evaporated and their Romance ripened into Acquaintance.

It was a gladsome day for both when she traced the Dope back through Swigget County, Pennsylvania, and discovered that she was an honest-to-goodness Daughter of the American Revolution.

Willoughby could not ask a representative of good old Colonial Stock to ride around in a stinky Coupe with a Coon planted out on the Weather-Seat.

He changed the Terms in several Leases and was enabled to slip her a hot Surprise on the Birthday.

When she came down the Steps for the usual bowl along the Avenue, so as to get some Fresh Smoke, she beheld a rubber-tired Victoria, drawn by two expensive Bang-Tails in jingly Harness and surmounted by imported Turks in overwhelming Livery.

She was so transfixed with Delight that she went right over to Willoughby and gave him a Sweet Kiss, after looking about rather carefully for the exposed portion of the Frontpiece.

Frances did a lot of Calling within the next two weeks, and to all those who remarked upon the smartness of the Equipage, she declared that the Man she had to put up with carried a Throbbing Heart even if he was an Intellectual Midge.

In the year 1913, a slender Young Thing, all of whose Habilliments seemed melting and dripping downward, came wearily from Stateroom B, as the Train pulled into Reno, Nevada.

She seemed quite alone, except for a couple of Maids.

After she had given Directions concerning the nine Wardrobe Trunks and the Live Stock, she was motored to a specially reserved Cottage at the corner of Liberty Street and Hope Avenue.

Next day she sat at the other side of a Table from a Lawyer, removing the poisoned Javelins from her fragile Person and holding them up before the wondering Spectator.

She had a Tale of Woe calculated to pulp a Heart of Stone. In backing out the Affidavit, her sympathetic Attorney made Pencil Notes as follows:

Her name was Ethel Louise, favorite Daughter of Willoughby and Frances, the well-known Blue-Bloods of the Western Hemisphere.

She had finished off at Miss Sniffle's exclusive School, which overlooked the Hudson and the Common School Branches.

After she learned how to enter a Ball-Room and while on her way to attack Europe for the third time, the Viper crossed her Pathway.

She accepted him because his name was Hubert, he looked like an Englishman, and one of his Ancestors turned the water into Chesapeake Bay.

While some of the Wedding Guests were still in the Hospital, he began to practice the most diabolical Cruelties.

He induced her to get on his Yacht and go cruising through the Mediter-



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 Unslapagus 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.

To all who had, come pleading for

Reconciliation, Ethel simply hung out the Card, "Nothing Doing."

After a Brute has Jumped up and down on the Aching Heart of a Girl of proud Lineage, he can't square himself in 1,000,000 Years.

So said Ethel, between the flowing Tears.

Furthermore, there had been hopeless incompatibility. In all the time they were together, they never had been able to agree on a Turkish Cigarette.

The professional Home-Blaster said she had enough on Hubert to get her four Divorces. The Decree would be a Pipe.

Ethel said she hoped so and to please push it along, as she had quite a Waiting-List.

Moral: Rufus had no business buying the Clock.

**PRESENT ESTIMATES OF DARWIN.**

"Darwin, Science and Evolution" is the title of a highly interesting collection of opinions contributed to the June Forum by Elmer J. Kneale. To eminent representatives of science and of the great religious denominations Mr. Kneale addressed the following questions: (1) Do you believe the teachings of Darwin in their general outline remain today as a contribution to science? (2) Do you believe that a majority of Intellectual leaders are today inclined to accept these teachings? From the nature of the replies one might almost suspect Mr. Kneale of setting out with the intention of proving that there is an irreconcilable hostility between science and orthodoxy. For of the large number of replies he prints, only three repudiate Darwin and his teachings, and these are from Cardinal Farley, from the late patriarch of Constantinople and from the metropolitan of Moscow. Protestant and Jewish opinion finds that Darwin's teachings are a persistent force and that they contain nothing hostile to religious faith. Bishop Tuttle, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, declares that "among theologians" there are many who hold that Darwinian theories are not yet proved to be laws, and Bishop Quayle, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, distinguishes between evolution and Darwinism, evolution being accepted more generally than before, but not as propounded by Darwin. Lyman Abbott, Dr. Aked and Dr. Remansnyder are pro-Darwin.—New York Post.

# 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 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 years ago—there were very few opportunities for a woman to secure employment in New York. There was one agency conducted in connection with one of the large typewriting manufacturers and that was all. Miss Jupp went to this agency and through it secured a few opportunities to substitute. Then when Autumn came on she went back and asked for a permanent position. She waited for the 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 employment 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, "I'm not in the 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 took thought for 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.

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great deal of talk in New York about the need of Spanish stenographers. Our business relations with the countries to the south of us were increasing and business men were every day calling for stenographers who could handle the correspondence connected with these countries. Some of these appeals came to Miss Jupp. Miss Jupp has a talent for making the most of immediate opportunity.

"You want Spanish stenographers; then I shall produce them," she said. And straightway she started a school for the teaching of commercial Spanish. She employed a Spanish lawyer, who was glad of the extra work, as teacher, and immediately young men and women employed during the daytime flocked to her office on certain evenings of the week to learn Spanish.

Within a year there were many graduates from Miss Jupp's Spanish classes who were able to qualify as Spanish stenographers, and thereby increase their earning power, some 25 per cent. The Spanish classes have dwindled now. There is almost no demand for Spanish stenographers. But while the demand lasted Miss Jupp was able to gain from it a good business profit. The slump in the demand came immediately after the beginning of the Mexican disturbances.

"And as soon as our business with the Spanish-speaking nations resumes I shall be one of the first to feel it," says Miss Jupp.

Miss Jupp's years of successful experience have made her an authority on the subject of the working woman and the office boy in New York—especially the working girl. And here are some of the conclusions she has reached:

New York is overcrowded with workers. There aren't enough jobs for them. The big opening lies in other fields and every week Miss Jupp sees girls who have had a hard time in the city going out to the newly-opened sections of the West, to South America,

to Australia and to Panama and finding there openings they did not dream of in the big city.

There is little room in New York for the uneducated office worker. New York business men are coming to realize that there is greater economy in employing a few well-educated stenographers than a good many inefficient ones. Rents are too high and office space is too valuable in Manhattan to give room to the inefficient.

But inefficiency as an office worker does not imply inefficiency in other lines, argues Miss Jupp. The girl who would make a good milliner, a good dressmaker, a good housemaid, a good cook, might make a wretchedly inefficient office worker, she should try some other line of activity—dressmaking, millinery or whatever it may be.

Miss Jupp is herself a good exponent of her theory of efficiency. She found early in life that she would make a better employment agent than stenographer, and she is not only making an exceedingly good income in her chosen vocation, but she is one of the best known business personalities in New York.

**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,  
I yearn for your hand, and a road that leads to the open,  
To the commonwealth of the fields,



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