

NEWEST FABLES IN SLANG

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY J. WESTERMAN.

The New Fable of the Search For Climate

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Once there was a Gentleman of the deepest Dye who was all out of Kilt. He felt like a list of Symptoms on the outside of a Dollar Bill. He looked like the Picture you see in the Almanac entitled, "Before Taking."

When his Liver was at Perihelion, he had a Complexion suggesting an Alligator Pear, and his Eye-Balls should have been taken out and buried.

He could see little dirigible Balloons drifting about in all parts of the deep-blue Ether. His Tummy told him that some one had moved in and was giving a Chafing-Dish Party. Furthermore, a red-hot Aul had been inserted under each Shoulder Blade.

When every Tree was a Weeping Willow and the Sun was sinking behind a Cloud, his only definite Yearn was to crawl into a dark Cellar with Fungus on the Walls, and do the Shuffle, after making a sarcastic Will that disinherited all Relatives and Friends.

This poor, stricken Gloomer had time-tabled himself all over the Universe, trying to close in on a Climate that would put him on his Feet and keep him Fit as a Fiddle.

He had de-luxed himself to many remote Spots that were supplied with Steam Heat and French Cooking, together with Wines, Liquors and Cigars, but no matter what the Altitude or the Relative Humidity, he felt discouraged every Morning when he awoke and remembered that presently he would have to rally his Vital Forces and walk all the way to the Tub.

It was too bad that a Clubman, so eminently Socially, should be thus shut out to Rags and Fragments. Could he be more Piteous than to Witness a proud and haughty Income tottering along the Street, searching in vain for a Workman's Appetite? When one with a spending possibility of \$2 a Minute is told by a Specialist to drink plenty of Hot Water, the Words seem almost ironic.

His Operating Expenses kept running up, and yet it looked like sheer Waste to lavish so much Collateral on the upkeep of a Physical Swab.

To show you how he worked at recouping his Health, once he spent a whole Summer in Merrie England. He had been told by a Globe-Trotter that One lodge in within a mile of Trafalgar Square could host unlimited Scotch and yet sidestep the Day After.

The Explanation offered by members of the Royal Alcoholic Society is that the Moisture in the Atmosphere counterbalances or nullifies, so to speak, the Interior Wetness.

Also the normal state of Melancholy is such that even a case of Melancholy merely blends in with the surrounding Drains.

He experimented sincerely with the Caledonian Cure, acquiring a rich sunset Glow, much affected by half-pay Majors and the elderly Toffs who ride in the Row. He began to wear his Arteries on the outside, just like a true son of Albion. This cherry-ripe Facial Tint proves that the Britisher is the most rugged Chap in the World—except when he is in Stockholm.

In fact, if the New York Dutch worn by the Yank had been less of a Fit, and he could have schooled himself to look at a Herring without shuddering, he might have rung in as a Resident of

the tight little Isle, for he was often Tight.

He learned to like the Smoky Taste and could even take it warm, but still he felt Rocky, and up to 3 P. M. was only about 80 per cent. Human.

One evening in a polite Pub he heard about the wonderful Vin Ordinaire of Sunny France. He was told that the Peasants who irrigated themselves with a brumette Fluid resembling diluted Ink were husky as Bees and simply staggering with Health.

So he went motoring in the Grape and Chateau District and played Claret both ways from the Middle. Every time the Petrol chariot pulled up in front of a Brasserie, he would call for a Flagon of some rare old Vintage squeezed out the day before.

Then he would go riding at the rate of 82 Kilos an Hour, scooping up the Climate as he scooted along.

Notwithstanding all these brave Efforts to overtake Health, he would feel like a frost-nipped Rutabaga when the matutinal Chanticleer told him that another blue Dawn was sneaking over the Hills.

He began to figure himself a Candidate for a plain white Coat in the Nervous Garage, when he heard of the wonderful Air and Dietary Advantages of Germany. It seemed that the Fatherland was becoming Commercially Supreme and of the greatest Military Importance because every Heiny kept himself saturated with the Essence of Munich.

Often at 9 P. M., before taking his final Schmitzel and passing gently into a state of Coma, he would get ready to renounce allegiance to all three of the Political Parties in the U. S. A. and grow one of those U-shaped Mustaches.

Next Morning, like as not, he would emerge from beneath the Feather Tick and lean against the Porcelain Store

He could see on the Post-Cards that each loyal subject of Wilhelm was plump and rosy, with Apple Cheeks and a well-defined Arwing just below the Floating Ribs, and a Krug of dark Suds slatched in the right Mitt.

All the way from Dusseldorf to Wohlgebaum he played the Circuit of Gardens with nice clean Gravel on the Ground and Dill Pickles festooned among the Caraway Trees. Every time the Military Band began to breathe a new Waltz he would have Otto bring a Tub of the Dark Brew and a Frankfurter about the size of a Sash Weight.

Between-pulls he would aspire deeply, so as to get the full assistance of the Climate.

Sometimes he would feel that he was being benefited.

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"One day Bernice went out into the Sunshine and found something and brought it home with her and put it on a Rug in the Ellizabethan Room."

wondering vaguely, if he could live through the Day.

The very Treatment which developed large and coarse-grained Soldiers all through Schleswig-Holstein seemed to make this Son of Confucius just about as gimp as a wet Towel.

Undismayed by repeated Failures, he took some Advice, given in a Rathskeller, and went to a Mountain Resort famous for a certain brand of White Vinegar with a colored Landscape on the Label.

It was said that anyone becoming thoroughly acclimated with this noble Beverage would put a Feather into his Granulated Lid and begin to Yodel.

He sat among the snowy Peaks, entirely surrounded by the needed Atmosphere so highly boasted in the Hotel Circulars, he tried a tall bottle of every kind ending with "heimer," and yet he didn't seem to get the Results.

At last he headed for the barbaric Region which an unkindly Fate had designated as Home, almost convinced that there was no Climate on the Map which would really adapt itself to all the intricate Peculiarities of his complicated Case.

Often he would be found in the Reception Room just next to the Chamber of Horrors.

After reading a few pages in a Popular Magazine dated Two Years back, he would be admitted to the little inside Room, faintly perfumed with something other than New Mown Hay. Here would cower before the dollar-a-minute Specialist, who would apply a Dietograph to the Heart Region and then say, "You are all Run Down."

Next day the Sufferer would collect his folding Trunks and Head-Ache Tablets and Hot-Water Bags and start for Florida or California or the Piney Woods.

Sometimes he would seem to perk up for a Day or two. Galvanized by Hope and a few Dry Martinis, he would move up to a little Table in the shade of the sheltering Candelabrum and tackle the Carte du Jour from Caviar to Cafe Noir.

The Climate would seem to be helping his Appetite. Within 24 hours, he would be craving only some cold Carbonated and a few Kind Words.

Florida seemed to cure him. California seemed to cure him. The Mountains, his Heart always bothered him after a Heavy Meal.

The Piney Woods only made him Pine more than ever.

Time and again he would curl up at one end of the Sleeper and dream that six Life-Long Doctors in deep Black velvet whispering among the Floral Tributes and putting on Cotton Gloves.

While searching for the Fountain of Youth he would bump into Sympathetic Souls of the kind who infest Observation Cars, and hold down Rocking Chairs in front of Worn Hotels. These Fellow Voyagers in the realm of Neurasthenia would give him various Cap-

ed a complete Somersault, because a heavy Freight Train had met Number Six head on.

When the Subject of this Treatise came to, he was propped upon the front Porch of a Farm House with one Leg in Splints and a kind-faced Lady pressing Gold Applications to the fevered Brow.

He was O. K. except that he would have to lie still for a few Weeks while the Bones did their Knitting.

The good Country Folk would not permit him to be moved. He was dead willing to sink back among the White Pillows and figure the Accident Insurance.

Through the Honeyuckles and Morning-Glories he could see the long slope of Clover Pasture, with here and there a deliberate Cow, and the Steeple of the Reformed Church showing above a distant clump of Soft Maples.

About two hours after emerging from the Trance, he made his customary Diagnosis and discovered that he was nervously shattered and in urgent need of a most heroic Bracer. So he beckoned to the president of the local W. C. T. U. and said if they were all out of Scotch, he could do with a full-sized Hooker of any standard Bourbon that had matured in Wood and was not blended.

Nurse readjusted his Pillow and told him that as soon as he came out of the Delirium he could dally with a mug of Buttermilk.

The Chronic Invalid was in the Buffet trying to work up a Desire for Luncheon, when suddenly the Car turn-



"Bernice gave one Shriek and then dashed from the Room."

SMOKING BY WOMEN

Some Views Obtained By Reporters of London Papers

Whether or not the habit of tobacco smoking is injurious to women who indulge in it is a topic that has lately come to the front again and a representative of the London "Pall Mall Gazette" has made inquiries on the subject among women medical practitioners.

One woman physician took a tolerant view alike as to the social and physiological effects of a cigarette on the temperament and constitution of women. This, it should be observed, is the limit to which any indulgence in tobacco is recognized. There is no question of the more exacting cigar and the pipe is tabooed.

Another woman, who practises in one of the best known quarters of the West End, London, was eager to disclaim any sympathy with the woman-smoker on social grounds, but no objection was urged on the physiological side of the subject.

Another physician of great experience saw no objection to smoking, provided it is indulged in moderately. "I see no harm whatever in it," she remarked. "Of course, like everything else, it must not be carried to excess by either man or woman."

"Then you don't think the use of tobacco is likely to affect women more than men?"

"Not in the least. On the contrary, I object to this tendency to pit women against men. Both sexes belong to the genus homo, and the physiological effect of a drug is the same on each. Tobacco is a drug, and affects men and women similarly."

"Have you ever known among women any of the more marked physiological effects of the use of tobacco?" she was asked.

"No," was the reply. "I have heard of them from other practitioners; therefore I must not say they do not exist. I mean smoker's heart and affection of the eye-sight. But whether they are or are not found among women, the argument remains the same; that is, that with regard to the effect of tobacco-smoking, women and men are constituted alike."

BARBER AT ROYAL WEDDING IN BERLIN

(London News.)

One of the most unexpected guests at the royal wedding in Berlin, according to the "Mittheilungen" was a Munich barber, who arrived in Berlin, and displayed, to the surprise of his humble Berlin relatives, invitations to all the functions, including the gala, dinner, torch dance, etc.

It appears that the barber used to shave Prince Ernest regularly when the latter was stationed with his Bavarian regiment at Munich, and when the prince was transferred to Rathenow the barber observed that it would be a long time before he saw the prince again.

"Not quite so long as you suppose," replied the prince, and a few days later the barber received his invitations.



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