

HAND-MADE FABLES

THE FABLE OF THE WEEK-ENDERS AND THE DREADFUL DOINGS

ONCE there was a City Fellow who was Black with Money and crusted with Aristocracy. This Plute had a Country Place that was sufficiently near by to catch the exclusive Motoring Trade, although it was beyond an imaginary State Line and situated in a Commonwealth ruled by the Zekes.

The Lord of the Manor was known to all the Gentry as "Freddie" and the Wife, in an Outburst of Originality, had been dubbed "Mrs Freddie."

Many a Visitor being led out of the select Road-House and gently steered toward the Car would remark that, as a Host, good old Fred was a Hound.

During the Open Season for Juleps, it delighted Freddie to have his Shack filled up over Sunday with the Right Sort and to pry off the Lid and let Joy be unrefined.

Being far back from the Roadway, the Wrecking-Crew could go as far as they liked without annoying any one except the Help.