

### New Fable of How a Family Jumped Out of Class B Into the King Row

**N**CE there was a side street Quartette, consisting of Papa and Mamma and Gordon and Ethel.

The ostensible Stroke Oar of this Domestic Combination was a Graduate of one of those Towns in which the Occidental Hotel faces the Depot, and all Trains are met by a Popular Drayman wearing a Black Sweater.

When he elbowed his way into the City, years before, his

Assets consisted of a Paper Valise, and a few home-laundried Garments.

In the refined Home where he obtained his Liver and Macaroni paved with Cheese, he met the Daughter of the Household. When there was a Rush she would sometimes put on all of her Rings and help wait on the Table, although her Star Specialty was to get the Stool at the right Elevation and then tear the

## George Ade's New Fables --- 1912 Models

Pictures by  
Albert Levering



The young Shipping Clerk used to turn the Music for Miss Livingstone, who looked to him like Mary Anderson and sounded like Adeline Patti.

Vital Organs out of "Pansy Blossom" and "White Wings."

The young Shipping Clerk used to fly to his Kennel and get himself all Gussied up, and then edge into the Parlor and turn the Music for Miss Livingstone, who looked to him like Mary Anderson, and sounded like Adeline Patti.

When the Blue Envelope hit the Twenty Mark, he saw that it would be Clear Sailing, so they began to Hold Hands, and he bought a Spark Diamond, which could be seen held at a certain Angle.

They went to Housekeeping in a stinky Flat with a Bed that could be stood on End during the Daytime, and made to resemble a Book-Case, also a Plaster-of-Paris Lion on the Mantel.

About the time Gordon was first tethered on the Fire-Escape, the Provider got a Taste of Soft Collateral, and began to wear Gold Bracelets on his Cigars.

When Ethel was large enough to take into the Park, the Graft had developed until the whole Outfit moved to an Apartment where all Goods had to be delivered in the Rear. Mother began to ride in Hacks which were not numbered.

So they went along for Years, riding on L Trains, calling up the Janitor to ask for more Heat, trying to find a good Maid, and experimenting with new Cereals, all of these Romantic Adventures combining to make what is known as City Life.

They were simply four scrambling Units in the Great Ant-Hill; four tiny Tadpoles in the great Schools that wiggled up and

down the main Thoroughfares. It seemed that their only Chance to make an Impression in the huge and callous City was to die, and then hold up a line of Street Cars while the Hearse and the five Carriages moved slowly in the direction of the cemetery.

But Destiny had them spotted. Father was very busy trying to run a Shoe String up to a National Bank. He would rush into his Office and open the Desk and push Buttons and send Hurry-Up Wires, and dictate Letters to trembling Myrtle with the Small Waist, and keep People waiting outside, just like the Whales who control the Sugar Trust.

He had a Front like the new Pennsylvania Station, and the soft personal Attributes of a Numidian Lion.

When he was sued in the Courts by a Victim who wanted a final look at his Money, the Reporters came around, and he was so stiff-necked and defiant that all of them referred to him as the Millionaire Promoter.

It was easier to be this kind of a Millionaire than stand for a Search. Every Office Building is coagulated with Millionaires who never will be Caught until the Tin Box is opened in the Probate Court. Then the Widow will get ready to take Boarders.

As soon as Father was bawled as a Millionaire, it was up to Mother to join a new kind of Club, and have a Handle put on her Eye-Glasses. She would practice in her Room for Hours at a time, gripping the Rocking Chair with both Hands, and trying to get the real Bostonian

sound of "A" as in Lard.

Her Efforts were not in vain, for one Day when the Club Meeting broke up with the Lady President throwing Fits, and a Copper guarding the Ballot Box, the principal Insurgent was mentioned in the Public Prints as a Popular Society Matron, and Leader in the New Movement among Women. They had to call her that or the Story of her shooing the Ink-Stand at the Recording Secretary would not have been worth playing up on the First Page.

It was a proud Morning for Gordon and Ethel when they saw all the Pictures and learned that they were the immediate Descendants of the Millionaire Promoter and the Popular Society Matron.

Gordon found himself endowed with a Social Status which enabled him, at the Age of 23, to gain admission to an exclusive Club of 3,000 Members, the object of which was to serve a 40-cent Table d'Hôte every Noon to as many as were willing to take a Chance.

Therefore, when he was yanked out of his two-cylinder Car, and stood up before the Magistrate, charged with running over People and smearing up the Boulevard, the whole Reading Public was thrilled to hear of what had happened to a Well-Known Clubman whose Father was a Millionaire Promoter, and whose Mother was a Popular Society Matron.

By this time Ethel was merely a Relative.

She had not come across in any Particular.



The whole Family, including the Chauffeur, sat down to Prunes every Morning.

As a matter of Fact, she was not pulling down any Ribbons at Beauty Shows, and toed in when she walked, and was beyond the reach of Massage Cream.

However, she was not discouraged. She eloped with a Chauffeur, employed in an eight-car Garage, and next Day she was a Beautiful Heiress whose Brother was a Well-Known Man about Town, the Mother being very prominent in Club Work, and

remembered as the Wife of the Millionaire Promoter.

After all this came out, Father still had between \$3,000 and \$4,000, and the whole Family, including the Chauffeur, sat down to Prunes every Morning.

But they were very Happy, for they were recognized in almost every Cafe, and their Relatives in the East were sending Christmas Cards.

MORAL: Some achieve Greatness, and others have it rubbed in

cessible to the light of disproof—an intellectual disorder, yielding to no treatment but death. It is hereditary, but fortunately not contagious. OTHERWISE—No better. OUTDO—To make an enemy.

### NOT A BAD PRECEDENT.

Some of the beauties of ancient Rome had marble busts sculptured of themselves on which they placed different wigs, corresponding to the change of style and coloring. If modern women followed suit there would be fewer atrocious coiffures. A mirror should reveal unbecomingness, but it does not seem to do so. A bust of oneself, bedecked with chignon, Psyche, Greek coils or the present daguerrotype disfigurements, could not fail to be convincing proof of ourselves as others see us.

The greatest beauty cannot afford to trifle with her hairdressing. It is only the plain woman who bodily defies looks to be in the style.

### MARCH WEATHER RHEUMATIC WEATHER

VICTIMS CAN CURE THEMSELVES WITH DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

With the coming of March, people who are afflicted with rheumatism begin to have unpleasant reminders of their trouble. The weather is changeable—balm and springlike one day, raw, cold and piercing the next. It is such sudden changes of weather that sets the pangs and tortures of rheumatism, lumbago and sciatica going. But it must be borne in mind that although weather conditions start the pains, the trouble is deeply rooted in the blood and can only be cured through the blood. All the lotions and liniments in the world can't cure rheumatism. Rubbing may seem to ease the pain while you are rubbing, but there its value ends. Only through the blood can you cure rheumatism. Here is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have so many thousands of cures of this trouble to their credit. The new, rich blood which they actually make drives out the poisonous acid, and rheumatism is vanquished. Here is an example. Mr. W. C. Douglas, Webbwood, Ont., says: "I was attacked with inflammatory rheumatism, which spread through my entire system. For two months I was not able to go about, and seemed to be hovering between life and death. My joints were swollen and my legs and arms twisted. I had expected that they would never return to their normal shape. The doctor seemed to help me, but not to cure me, and I would be better one day and worse the next. At this time a friend strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I got a dozen boxes. Soon after beginning the pills there was a change for the better, and I continued using the pills until I was quite well again. The swelling disappeared from the joints. My limbs returned to their natural shape, and I feel as if Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have saved me from being a rheumatic cripple. I hope my experience may prove a blessing to some other sufferer."

If you suffer from rheumatism, or any other disease of the blood, begin to cure yourself today with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

## A WONDERFUL WOMAN

Sidelights on the Late Empress Dowager of China—Her Strength and Weakness.

"Two Years in the Forbidden City"—By the Princess Der Ling. Fisher Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.

The history of China in the latter half of the nineteenth century was largely the history of the great Dowager Empress, who ruled emperor and people alike with despotic sway from the Forbidden City at Peking. No romance could have more fascinating interest than the biography of Tzu Hsi if it were possible to penetrate the veil of mystery with which her life was surrounded. Of the few writers who have attempted to estimate her character, none has had such opportunities of observation as Princess Der Ling. The daughter of a Chinese statesman, who was first president of the Tsungli Yamen, and then ambassador in Paris, the princess received a western education that, as she says, made her more foreign than Chinese, and returned to China in 1892 to be chosen as lady-in-waiting by the Old Buddha and spend two years in close personal attendance on her in the palaces at Peking.

From such a vantage-point she has painted a picture that is at the same time extraordinarily interesting and extremely disappointing. It is disappointing because the writer, in spite of the diplomatic atmosphere in which she was brought up, confines herself almost entirely to the everyday court life of the empress and her ladies. Of the perpetual intrigues of princes and eunuchs within the palace she seems to have no knowledge, and there is hardly a recognition in the whole book of the dowager's amazing political genius. The picture we get shows a motherly old lady, kindly and intelligent, though sometimes a little diffident in her dress and her heretofore, and voyages on the waters of the

Lake Palace. It must, of course, be remembered that at the time Princess Der Ling was at Peking, Tzu Hsi was an old woman. Her spirit, for all its indomitable vigor, had been a little shaken by the disasters of 1900, and political audiences were no doubt becoming less congenial than the relaxations of palace life, but the hand was still firm on the helm, and the writer's few references to affairs of state, such as Tzu Hsi's explanation of her policy during the Boxer riots ("the only mistake I have made in my life"), show how much her book might have gained in value if it had dealt with the political as well as the private life of the empress.

Possibly Princess Der Ling has her own reasons for not telling more of what she heard from behind the screen in the audience chamber. At any rate, what she saw and heard elsewhere has given her material for some extremely interesting sidelights on the dowager's character. Tzu Hsi's dread of everything foreign was instinctive, but it was almost conquered by her equally instinctive curiosity. As her hostility to reform vanished she was constantly eager to hear what was thought and done and written in the west. Her keen appreciation of the importance of the Russo-Japanese war was responsible for the introduction of foreign newspapers and Reuters' "specials" into the Forbidden City.

But this is really the Tzu Hsi of the historian, Princess Der Ling's Tzu Hsi is an intelligent domestic autocrat who takes infinite pride in a game of her own invention, is captivated with the new delights of a Russian circus, and each year celebrates her birthday by purchasing from her private purse ten thousand cage birds and having them liberated in a mass before her eyes.

No doubt the portrait is accurate enough so far as it goes. But it does not go very far. Within these limitations, however, we can give unqualified welcome to a book which casts much fresh light from one point of view on the life of one of the remarkable women of the world's history.

## SUBSTITUTE FOR COAL

Nile Sudd Converted Into Fuel at a Low Cost—Also Used for Paper.

A new and cheap substitute for coal, which its manufacturers hope will lead to the industrial development of the Soudan, has received the official approval of the Soudanese Government. Want of coal in that section has always been the chief drawback to its industrial development, but a German invention capable of transforming the papyrus, or "sudd," and other aquatic plants on the Nile, into a solid fuel, has produced such satisfactory results that an Anglo-German syndicate has been formed to develop the industry. A factory, with a yearly output of 50,000 tons, is to be erected in the summer.

To foster the new industry the Soudanese Government has granted a concession to the syndicate, and tests have been made at a small factory in North Khartoum. The vast wilderness where the papyrus grows, and often chokes the waters of the Nile, extends over an area of 25,000 square miles. It is estimated that the Government, who have made practical running tests on the steamers, ferries and light railways, will save an enormous sum by using the new substitute. A saving of £1,000 on every thousand tons of fuel will be effected in dredging operations alone.

At present about 55,000 tons of coal at 80s to 82s a ton are imported annually into the Soudan, but the new fuel will be sold to the public at 27s 6d a ton, and to the Government at 24s 9d a ton. The cost per ton of producing 50,000 tons of the fuel per annum is only 2s.

When this factory is established, another important industry will come into existence. The same plant and machinery which make the fuel will be able to manufacture paper from the dried papyrus. The person chiefly concerned in the paper-making scheme is Mr. H. R. Winter, at present in London, who has been studying the problem for the past five years.

The extent of the utilities of this little-known waste product is probably unknown, he explained to a Daily News representative. The raw material costs not more than 2s 6d a ton, and one man traversing the shallow waters of the Nile can easily gather over four tons of fresh papyrus in a day. Steamers passing through the Suez Canals, instead of paying heavy prices for Welsh coal, will be able to get much cheaper supplies of the new fuel, which will be put on the European and Indian markets. As to the paper-making industry, an entirely new market in high-class material which it is possible to make from the papyrus will be formed on every thousand tons of fuel will be effected.

## My Funniest Story

How the Kiddies Came to Sunnybrook Farm. BY EDITH TALIAFERRO.



EDITH TALIAFERRO.

A most amusing thing happened in Chicago when I was playing "Rebecca." I played a matinee to the kiddies—dear, sweet little things they were, and the most interesting audience I ever had. Well, there were about fifteen who came down with their teacher and arrived a little late. They had no seats reserved and they made you cry to see the disappointment in those kiddies' eyes. They had been looking forward to seeing "Rebecca" for a long time.

As they left the theatre the manager mentioned the fact and how terribly disappointed they all seemed, to the lady who had charge of the affair. Without a word to any one she jumped up and rushed wildly out of the theatre, no hat, no coat—and it was a really cold day—and up the street in the direction the children had gone. We all thought she was mad. So did the crowd along the street. Everyone cleared the track and let her run until a policeman stopped her.

She didn't stop to explain but told him she wanted the children going to ahead. Then they ran together, the lady gasping how bitterly disappointed the children were at not getting seats, and how she had happened to think at the last minute that there were nineteen seats left away for some children whom she had to chaperone and who she remembered were in quarantine and couldn't come.

One of the youngsters turned around and saw the policeman chasing the crowd and gasping wildly. Of course, kid-like, he was frightened, and shrieked a warning to the others. Then they all began to run. They had gotten over to State street by that time, and the commotion they made doing this marathon through the crowds—well, it was too funny. Finally the policeman did catch one little fellow, who whimpered and trembled and grew pale while he cried that he hadn't done a thing. He was assured that he hadn't done a thing, but that he was going back to see the show. So were all the others, if their mad flight could be stopped. The little fellow rounded up his comrades—trust the youngster to do that better than either the woman or the policeman, and they all came back to "Sunnybrook Farm."

## QUEER DEFINITIONS FROM "THE DEVIL'S DICTIONARY"

[Selected by Edwin Markham.]

The Neale Publishing Company, of New York City has just brought out "The Collected Works of Ambrose Bierce." In ten handsome volumes. From one of the volumes called "The Devil's Dictionary" we take the following samples. Let us hope that things are not quite so bad as these definitions would make them out to be.

ABDICATION—An act whereby a sovereign attests his sense of the high treason of the throne.

Poor Isabella's dead, whose abdication set all tongues wagging in the Spanish nation. For that performance 'twere unfair to hold her. She wisely left a throne too hot to hold her.

To History shall be no royal riddle—Merely a plump, padded pea that jumped the griddle.

ABILITY—The natural equipment to accomplish some small part of the meaner ambitions distinguishing able men from dead ones. In the last analysis, ability is commonly found to consist mainly in a high degree of solitariness. Perhaps, however, this impressive quality is rightly appraised; it is no easy task to be solemn.

ABORIGINES—Persons of little worth found cumbering the soil of a newly-discovered country. They soon cease to cumber; they fertilize.

ABSENT—Peculiarly exposed to the tooth of detractors, vilified, hopelessly in the wrong, superseded. In consideration and affection of another.

ACCOMPLICE—One associated with another in a crime, having guilty knowledge and complicity, as an attorney who defends a criminal, knowing him guilty.

ACKNOWLEDGE—To confess. Acknowledgment of one another's faults is the highest duty imposed by our love of truth.

ADHERENT—A follower who has not yet obtained all that he expects to get.

AGE—That period of life in which we compound for the vices that we still cherish by revelling those that we have no longer the enterprise to commit.

ALLIANCE—In international politics the union of two thieves who have their hands so deeply inserted in each other's pockets that they cannot separate without plunder a third.

AMBITION—An overmastering desire to be vilified by enemies, while living and made ridiculous by friends when dead.

APOLLO—To lay the foundation for a future offence.

APRIL FOOL—The March fool with another month added to his folly.

BAIT—A preparation that renders the hook more palatable. The best kind is irony.

BEYOND—To make an ingrate. BEGGAR—One who relies on the assistance of his friends.

BORE—A person who talks when you wish him to listen.

BRUTE—See husband.

CAT—A soft, indestructible automaton provided by nature to be kicked when things go wrong in the domestic circle.

COMMENDATION—The tribute that we pay to achievements that re-

semble, but do not equal, our own. COMMERCE—A kind of transaction in which A plunders from B the goods of C, and for compensation B picks the pocket of D of money belonging to E.

CONSERVATIVE—A statesman who is enamored of existing evils, as distinguished from the Liberal, who wishes to replace them with others.

CONSULT—To seek another's approval of a course already decided on.

CORONATION—The ceremony of investing a sovereign with the outward and visible signs of his divine right to be blown sky high with a dynamite bomb.

CRITIC—A person who boasts himself hard to please because nobody tries to please him.

CYNIC—A blackguard whose faulty vision sees things as they are, not as they ought to be. Hence the custom among the Scythians of plucking out a cynic's eyes to improve his vision.

DESTINY—A tyrant's authority for crowning his excuse for failure.

DISCRIMINATE—To note the particulars in which one person or thing is, if possible, more objectionable than another.

DISCUSSION—A method of confirming others in their errors.

DISTANCE—The only thing that the rich are willing for the poor to call theirs, and keep.

DRAGON—A soldier who combines dash and steadiness in so equal measure that he makes his advances on foot and his retreats on horseback.

DRAMATIST—One who adapts plays from the French.

EDUCATION—That which discloses to the wise and disguises from the foolish their lack of understanding.

ERUDITION—Dust shaken out of a book into an empty skull.

HOSPITALITY—The virtue which induces us to feed and lodge certain persons who are not in need of food and lodging.

HOUSELESS—Having paid all taxes on household goods.

IGNORAMUS—A person unacquainted with certain kinds of knowledge familiar to yourself, and having certain other kinds that you know nothing about.

ILLUSIONS—Specially placed for the shafts of malice, envy and detraction.

IMPOSTOR—A rival aspirant to public honors.

IMPUNITY—Wealth.

OCCIDENT—The part of the world lying west (or east) of the Orient. It is largely inhabited by Christians, a powerful sub-tribe of the Hypocrites, whose principal industries are murder and cheating, which they are pleased to call "war" and "commerce." These, also, are the principal industries of the Orient.

ONCE—Enough.

OPTIMISM—The doctrine, or belief, that everything is beautiful, including what is ugly; everything good, especially the bad, and everything right that is wrong. It is held with great tenacity by those most accustomed to the mischance of falling into adversity, and is most acceptably expounded with the grin that apes a smile. Being a blind faith, it is inac-