

THREE FABLES BY GEO. ADE.

To Which Are Appended Common, Everyday Morals.

Pokeville Was Not a Modern Town—A Cross Country Tourist—Husband Was Called Down.

In an excuse for a town known as Pokeville there were not many live wires. The typical resident had been there so long that he had taken root and had lichens and moss growing on him. If he had a dollar he was hanging on to it like grim death, now and then letting out a low wail about taxes. If aroused from his trance and compelled to ante for a Fourth of July celebration or something of that character, he would separate himself from about 75 cents in coppers, postage stamps and milk tickets and then he would sit down and cry like a child.

There was a great deal of wealth in Pokeville, but most of it was salted away in woolen socks, coffee mills and chimney corners. The ones who had it pleaded poverty. They cut their own hair and borrowed somebody else's paper to read. The town was so far behind the times that it had lost the route and was doubling on itself. The people in Pokeville didn't begin to sing "The Blue and the Gray" until late this spring, and the more chipper ones are beginning to ask who has read "David Harum." There is a 9 o'clock curfew law for married men, and at 9:30 all the sidewalks are taken in and the electric lights go out.

In this town there was one public spirited man. He was in favor of a baseball nine, asphalt streets and a half-mile track. He was all the time exercising to bleed the fogies and granios for funds to improve and beautify the municipality. He hammered at the conservative element until he got a waterworks and a fire department. This man engineered the ordinance for having the weeds cut down, and it was he who sat on the neck of the city-council until it promised to sprinkle the streets.

After he had strained his back for many years trying to pull the town out of the yellow mud and give it a standing, a few of his admirers got together and nominated him as an independent candidate for mayor, saying that the citizens would be glad to show their appreciation of all that he had done for the town.

Thereupon all of the white-whiskered grouches and the weeping tax dodgers and the variegated fogies who had been hanging as a dead weight on the community for several decades saw a chance to catch even. They got out their sledge hammers and cleavers and made a grand rush for the public spirited man and all the things they did to him it would take long to tell. Every one that ever had to part with an assessment was glad of the chance to jump up and down on the bogie man and try to gouge him in a vital spot. They did him up and buried him deep and refused to mark the spot.

The mayor they put in was a wooden man who had been sitting in a rocking chair ever since the war, listening to the clock tick. His election was considered a great victory for the taxpayers because it was known that he would not recommend any expensive improvements or anything else.

Moral: Wait until you are elected before you trim the property holders.

A cross country tourist rapped at a back door and began to pound the body of the house.

"I was a missionary in China," he said. "The boxers got away with my wife and three children. My ticket ran out at the Sandwich Islands, and I had to swim the rest of the way. I am now working toward Altoona, where my people are in the ice business."

"I don't believe a word of it," she said in withering tones. "I knew you wouldn't, so I didn't take any pains with it," said he. "I suppose I would have got the same kind of a bump if I had been a flood sufferer or a victim of the trusts."

cans standing around and go out to tease about a fistful of chow, I encounter Mrs. Foxy Quiller who reads the ten-cent magazines and I get nothing but language. Last night I had to flop in the little red knowledge box down at the corner. It was that or pound my ear on the dewy turf. Today my digestive apparatus probably thinks that my throat has been cut. And yet, when I come here and begin to hunt around about solid nourishment, I can see by the Minerva gleam in your eye that you are going to give me that old gag about sawing a cord of wood."

"By the sweat of"—began the lady of the house.

"I know the quotation frontwards and backwards," said the tourist. "It is the perennial standby of all the stingers who want me to do \$1.10 worth of toil for a plate of cold vittles that is no longer good for anything but hash. If ever I am humiliated into working, won't take my pay in the sweepings from the breakfast table, and that's no idle barroom jest. I will join a union and compel the likes of you to pay me 60 cents an hour for fighting my pipe. But I cannot go to work. You have heard of the unemployed. Well, I am one of the disemployed. The unemployed are not working and the disemployed are under contract never to accept a job or I would efface the most picturesque type of our times and one that is a constant inspiration to the vaudeville actor. Besides, I am the only support of an army of editorial and space writers who get good money for their stiff about the tramp problem."

"I hadn't thought of that," said the lady of the house. "I will broil you a steak and then write a paper about you for our next club meeting."

Moral: That which is not good for anything else usually has the making of a magazine article.

Once there was a lord of creation who delighted to tell his wife about the peculiarities and weaknesses of women. He was the kind that would wait until he had an audience and then he would spring a good one on the better half. For example, he thought it was great sport to tell how she would do a Sheridan's ride to a department store, just as it she was going to sweep the shelves, and after she got there she would have Tracy the blonde show her all the spring importations, after which she would buy a dimity for nine veiling and have them delivered on a rush order. She was a regular hawk on spotting bargain sales, and the monologue artist that lived with her used to tell his friends that she would claw her way into a jam of women and scrap like an amazon to capture one of the marked down remnants.

The husband lectured her about chasing around from store to store, annoying the salesmen, blocking up the aisles, pawing all kinds of expensive materials and criticizing the merchandise, finally ducking away without even showing the color of her money. He said a woman would take one of these undersized valises, containing a powder puff, a chew of gum, a glove fastener, a clipping that told how to cure a sun burn and just enough car fare to land her back home again and she would go out and do more jinning and four flushing than a man would do if he was going to buy a house and lot. He said that when he wanted a hat or necktie or any old thing, he stalked right into the place and said to the man, "Give me that" without any ifs, ands or buts, and handed over the same ol' ones. He said there was no need of giving a parade and making a lot of grand stand plays every time one went out to purchase a few necessities of life. He said that on a pleasant day a gang of women could throw out more dunces and stop more cats and see up more floor walkers for the amount of coin they put into circulation than any one he ever saw.

One day in the early summer he came home ahead of his wife. He always claimed that when a woman went out on a shopping spree she made it a point to load down two until about 5:30 so that she could elbow into the evening traffic and compel some hollow-eyed man to clutch a strap all the way home.

When she appeared it was evident that she had been gallivanting through the scrimmage. Her sky piece had a list so the starboard, her frizzes had straightened out on her and the belt buckle was strung around until it had her facing sideways. Here was a grand opening for the humorous husband, so he fell back on his stock joke.

"And what has little angel face been running down today?" he asked. "Did you buy a paper of pins or a nice 15-cent coil of black braids?"

"Nix!" she replied, stopping short and turning the mackerel eye on him. "You have joked me so often that I have turned over a new leaf. I know how you hate to have me price goods and then push them back, so today nothing went back. I have bought six embroidered shirts, waists, a lace parasol, 22 yards of silkalorum that looks like silk and wears better, and a lot like articles that you wouldn't know what they were if I told you the names. Your little bird didn't make any water haul today, I can promise you that,

and if you think I am stringing you, wait until you get the statement. I ran it up to an even hundred so that you would not have to bother with any small change."

She waited for him to rally but he gave no sign of returning to the scratch, so she sought her own room, leaving him all flattened out.

Moral: As long as she is happy don't compel her to spend more money. GEO. ADE.

Elephants in War.

One of the most interesting features of the English army life presented to the laymen in India is furnished by the remarkable efficiency of the elephant brigade, most highly developed through the skill of the Burmese in handling the giant animals, says the Regiment. Their usefulness in India can scarcely be imagined by one not familiar with the amount and variety of work which they accomplish, but it would be a serious mistake to imagine that this degree of usefulness is attained through any aptitude of the unwieldy animals or natural tendency toward it. It is due solely and entirely to the wonderful ability of the natives in training the huge animals and overcoming their natural inclinations. This cannot be performed these feats without continual attention and direction. Abstractly, his power of work is unappreciable, when directed by skillful hands, however, it is remarkable.

The transportation facilities which are provided for the sole use of the elephant are quite as remarkable. I witnessed recently, adds the writer, the loading and detraining of a lot of elephants on the Malacca railway. Both were remarkable processes. In loading a rope is fastened to his foreleg, and a lot of natives haul and pull at it to induce the animal to take the first steps into the car. This is only accomplished, however, by admonishing him in the hunch by means of a tusk. The first step taken is rapidly followed by the others until he stands safely on the car. This portion of the task is accomplished comparatively easy, however, when compared with the next. At first he is timid and slightly frightened, but when the car starts his fear is wonderful to behold. Though he may ride a hundred times, he never overcomes this fear, though it is much more pronounced when he takes his initial ride after, say, two months' acquaintance with civilization. He rears the air with wild trumpeting, endeavors fruitlessly to escape, and only ceases his efforts when the car has again come to a standstill. In transporting the elephants by sea the difficulties are almost as great. They are raised by means of a canvas sling from the wharf to the ship, struggling to escape and sending the air with their cries. Once aboard ship they are easily managed, the motion not effecting them, because

they do not see the moving panorama before them. Unloading them is easy. They are lowered to a raft beside the ship and allowed to swim ashore. They take to the water easily, and are excellent swimmers, being able to swim eight or ten miles at a stretch without tiring.—Ex.

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