New Fable of the Same Old Thing With Improved Trimmings

George Ade's New Fables --- 1912 Models

Pictures by Albert Levering

ONCE there was a Husky employed to crack the Whip around a smoky Works that did not offer an attractive Vista from the Car Window, although it blossomed with a fragrant crop of Dividends every time the Directors got together in the Back Room.

Most of the American Workingmen employed in this Hive of Industry came from remote parts of Europe. Each wore his Head entirely in front of his Ears and had taken an Oath to support the Constitution. It was the duty of the Husky to keep these imported Rabbits on the Jump and increase the Output.

He made himself so strong with the big Centre Poles that they declared him In every time a Melon was sliced, and when it came time to Scramble the Eggs and pull off the grand Whack-Up, he was standing at the head of the Line with a Basket on his Arm.

So it came about that one who started in a Thatched Cottage and grew up on cold Spuds and never saw a Manicure Set until he was 38 years of age, went home one day to find Gold Fish swimming about in every Room and Servants blocking the Hallways.

He had some trouble finding Rings that would go over his Knuckles and the Silk Kind felt itchy for quite a while, but finally he adjusted himself to his new Prosperity and began to deplore the apparent Growth of Socialism.

This rugged and forceful Character, to whom the Muck-Rakers referred as a Baron, had a Daughter who started out as Katie when she carried the Hot Coffee over to Dad every Noon.

When she got her first Chip Diamond and Father switched from the Dudeen to Cigars, she was known in High School Circles as Katherine.

And when Pop got in on the main Divvy and began to take an interest in Paintings, the name went down on the Register at the Waldorf as Kathryn, in those peaked Sierra Nevada Letters about four inches high.

Katie used to go to St. Joseph's Hall once in a while with Martin, the Lad who helped around the Grocery.

Katherine regarded with much Favor a Pallid Drug Clerk who acted as a Clearing House for all Local Scandal.

But say, when Kathryn came back from a vine-clad Institute overlooking the historic Hudson and devoted to the embossing and polishing of the Female Progeny of those who have got away with it, she began working the Snuffer on all the Would-Bes back in the Mill Town, and when she got through extinguishing, the little Group that remained looked like the Remnant of the Old Guard at Waterloo.

Father had to stick around because occasionally the eight thousand Good Tempered Boys on the Pay Roll would begin to burn with Wood Alcohol and the Wrongs of Labor and pull off a few Murders, merely to hasten the Triumph of Justice.

By the way, Kathryn had a Mother who used to hide in a room upstairs and timidly inspect her new Silk Dresses.

Kathryn applied the Acid Test to her People and decided that they never could Belong.

She swung on the General Manager for a Letter of Credit big enough to set Ireland free and went traipsing off to the Old World under the chaperonage of a New York Lady who had seen Better Days, although she still retained her Lorgnette.

Now, it will be admitted that William J. Burns is Some Sleuth, but when it comes to apprehending and running to Earth a prattling American Ingenue with a few Millions stuffed in her Reticule, the Boy with the mildewed Title who sits on the Boulevard all day and dallies with the green and pink Bottled Goods has got it all over Burns like a Striped Awning.

All the starving members of the Up-Against-It Association were waiting at the Dock to cop the prospective Meal Ticket. Not one of them had ever Shaved or Worked, and each wore his Handkerchief inside his Cuff and had Yellow Gloves stitched down the Back and was fully entitled to sit in an Electric Chair and have 80,000 Volts distributed through the Steel Ribs of his Corset.

As soon as Kathryn began to meet the Roqueforts and Camemberts she discovered that they had Lovely Eyes and certainly knew how to treat a Lady.

Kathryn had been brought up on Philadelphia Literature, and even during her most ambitious Social Flights she had encountered the Type of Man who remains on the opposite side of the Room having trouble with his White Gloves.

She never had been against those Willing Performers from Gascony who wore Red Ribbons and Medals and who rushed over to kiss the Hand and then look deep into her Eyes and throb like a Motor Boat.

This class of Work simply shot her Pulse up to 130 and made her think that she was Cleopatra, floating in the Royal Barge and surrounded by crawling Slaves.

When a certain Markee crawled into her Lap and purred into her Ear and threatened to curl up on the Rug and die if she Refused him, she simply keeled over with Excitement.

After she recovered she found herself actually engaged to the Representative of one of the Oldest Families in the Saucission District of the Burgoo Province and as manly a Chap as ever borrowed money from a Toe-Dancer.

She hurried home to keep it out of the Newspapers and to tell those who would listen that American Men were Impossible.

Then the Markee came over with his Solicitor and a Bottle of Chloroform and a full kit of Surgical Instruments, and the Wedding was fully reported by the Associated Press.

The Captain of Industry sized up the Son-in-Law and knew that when the Money was gone, the Markee could always get a job hanging up Hats in the Check-Room of a first-class Table D'Hote Restaurant.

From the window of her Chateau in the Burgoo Province the Lady Cashier can see the American Tourists going by in their hired Motor Cars. Her Cheek flushes with Delight when she happens to remember that in another Three Months or so Friend Husband will come home long enough to show her where to sign her Name.

What is more, she has the Privilege of walking out at any time and picking Flowers with the Understanding that she is not to let it be known that she is related to any of her Relatives on either side of the Atlantic.

MORAL—Europeans have a Right to their own Money.

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Social Aspects of Edinburgh, Saturday Night on High Street

By "Onlooker" in Edinburgh Evening News.

(By an Onlooker.)

Given a fine winter night, there is plenty of life and interest in our central streets on a Saturday evening. The street is less and less occupied by public entertainers than of old; but there are still to be found men turning a few coppers in the same way as some thirty years ago. Thus the testing of the capacity of your lungs or of your weight goes on from week-end to week-end over a generation under the shadow of the Tron, and there is the same old chaff and fun over the measurements. Street performers are steadily shrinking in numbers. There was a time when you could never strike Hunter Square without listening to some fine old ballad singing, but the voices have passed away on the wind this many a year. In Parliament Square, before the Buccleuch Monument set up opposition to the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," you could generally reckon on a free entertainment; but for a number of years the stance has been occupied by a well-known religious gathering. Even in religious work there is a falling off. I have, on a Saturday night, seen a chain of evangelicals. There was a group at "Ferguson's corner." Parliament Square was occupied by the preachers, the Salvation Army were having a rough time in the old Good Templar's Hall, and down at the old well near the Tron the "glad tidings" were again being expounded. All this life meant large numbers of people about in the High street, but I am inclined to think that the floating populace has largely transferred itself. The Bridges at any time hold thousands of people, and from Richmond street to Pilrig there seems at times almost an unbroken procession.

A Hint of Altered Habits.

Some little changes are to be seen here and there. Perhaps they give a hint of altered habits. There are more barrows about laden with books and periodicals. A glance at the contents hardly suggests that we are cultivating seriousness, but we are evidently all hot on the track of adventure at any rate as supplied by books. At any of the barrows the heart of Robert Louis Stevenson would have greatly rejoiced. He is, however, a contributor. "Treasure Island" is rarely absent. Now and again you come by the merest chance on a show. You may, with good luck, see it twice, and then the performers go on their travels—where, no one seems to know. One night I saw a sword swallower in the Grassmarket, and he had eaten six inches of steel when a humane policeman interfered. Another night I saw a strong-necked youth running round a ring with beer jars poised head up on his caput, and how we progress under civilization was shown by the fact that he ambled round to the wheezy music of a gramophone.

A Lively Spot That Vanished.

An old-timer descending on the High street after an absence of a score of years, would greatly miss the Cockburn Street Market. This was a lively spot, indeed. Entered by a stair either from the North Bridge or Cockburn street—at the back of vanished Milne Square—one swam, as it were, into a sea of life. In this little space you could get many things. A drink of beer or whisky, a "mealy pudden'," rabbits, alive or dead, pigeons, china, all sorts of odds and ends. Boys were trading doves. Others were looking at a marvellous bit of skilled labor, skinning a rabbit. Others were munching puddings. People were coming and going, some descending into the depths to haggle with the butchers. The passing of the market put an end to a good deal of juvenile amusement, which has never been adequately replaced. Indeed, in looking about one finds the idea of regulating things pervailing. Amusements more and more fall into regular hands, and are exploited indoors. So, too, with the sale of articles. Even the cheap jacks have retired to the shelter of a roof, as we see them engaged in auction business on a Saturday night.

A Bird in a Paper Bag.

Yet environment persists. Thus to some extent the old Cockburn Street Market has been replaced by livestock merchants in the stair that leads down to the Waverley Station. On a Saturday night this is one of the most crowded places in the whole city. Over the day thousands ascend or descend from or to the station. Lined on one side, and bounded by one of our few remaining close taverns, are the shops of several dealers in smaller animals and birds. If one is not particular about the atmosphere, let him try a bird sale, or go round one of the shops where there is free entry. At a bird sale there is at any time a hundred men closely packed, and keenly intent on the business afoot. It is somewhat curious to hear a bid of a penny offered for a linnet, then some wealthy man suggests twopence. Midas chips in with "threepence," and he is warned that he does not get the cage. Fourpence brings down the hammer, and he gets his bird in a paper bag. Whether the birds all get home I do not know. Some of them do, however, and although the business is obviously a lottery they are known to live for years. At the same time the auctioneers are not all dealing in pennies and occasionally the bids go well up into shillings. The fancier, I should suppose, has a sharp eye.

A Varied Collection of Animals.

The other night two auctioneers were as busy as they could be selling birds, and dozens must have changed hands. In the other places the collection of animals was varied and interesting. Among the dogs were a dozen species, from the popular "Pom" to that masterpiece in ugliness, the "bull." They were as quiet as a grave; not a snarl in the whole of the stalls. To look at some meant love at first sight. Other than canine there were some strange pets. The rabbit and the pigeon are still first favorites; but there was otherwise a fair choice from tortoises to white rats. In the depths of darkness was a squirrel, and in looking at it a man gave me a two minutes' lecture on natural history. Some working men are really walking encyclopaedias of nature knowledge. "You have no use for that," said my friend, pointing to the squirrel. "They are not great pets, and take a lot of taming. When they bite they mean business. They take the bit clean away. They are full of vermin, too—alive, alive, oh! I know them well. I could have had dozens on a Fife estate on which I worked; but no, thank you. If you want a squirrel for a pet get him stuffed and stuck in a glass case." I wonder if the squirrel was libelled?

Few Signs of Drunkenness.

I was greatly struck that night by the remarkably good order in the High street. The public houses were doing a moderate business, but I have seen them twice as full. Signs of drunkenness were few, and for an hour on end there was not a whisper of trouble or even a shout of anger. So it was from St. Giles right down to the Netherbow. On the boundary line between the old burghs and Edinburgh and Canongate were two constables, and as I hung about this once wild place I saw a strange thing. One of the policemen suddenly relaxed his jaws, and refreshed himself with a big yawn! A guardian of the peace bored to yawning at the foot of the High street on Saturday night at 8:20! The portent was so curious that I went over to his colleague to see what he thought of the taming of the High street. He was an intelligent officer, with a firm grip of social conditions and yet old enough to give comparisons. All his official life had practically been spent day and night on the Royal Mile—from the Castle Hill to the Canongate Tolbooth.

An Optimistic Policeman.

After a few saving sentences he launched out optimistically. "Yes," he said, "we are very quiet tonight. The street has strange changes. A big pay may make a difference and fill our hands. But there is not the least doubt things are steadily getting better." He thought there were three sharply defined causes; the depression which followed the Boer war, 10 o'clock closing, and Lloyd George's memorable budget. Undoubtedly industrial depression led, he said, to less drinking. But 10 o'clock closing was the biggest outward reform Edinburgh had for years. "In the very first week," he asserted, "we saw the effect," which had been steadily maintained. There was now more peace and quietness in the High street; everyone was benefitting. The streets were practically deserted at midnight. Formerly knots of men would hang about outside public houses arguing to close on midnight. Repeatedly in the old days windows had been raised, and men had shouted to him to clear away tipsy debaters who were destroying all hope of sleep for people, many of whom had to be stirring just after 5 o'clock. "And," said the constable, pointing to some of the windows near by, "people have just as much right to live there and get peace as anywhere else."

The Change Caused By the Budget.

"Ask any of the publicans round about and they will tell you what a change the budget has caused, how the increase of cost has made for the decline of nipping and the freer use of beer," observed the officer. Absolutely emphatic was the constable about this, and equally certain that the change had decreased drunkenness. At the time we were talking two or three "red caps" (military police) passed, and also the picket. They were empty-handed. There was nothing doing. The constable noted that in a decade or more the change in the habits of the soldier was remarkable. On the Lawnmarket "beat" at night he was years ago constantly helping the military police. "I have been up three or four times a night at the guardroom; I know it well. The soldiers would be picked up by the "red caps" or pickets, and we would fall in at the back to keep off the crowd, burning to interfere on behalf of the military offender. Now I reckon these things do not happen once in a month. This was a remarkable tribute to the revolutionary change in the soldier's conduct; but all who speak with authority say the same thing.

The Value of Counter Attractions.

Talking about concerts as counter attractions to public houses—and there was one across the way—the constable was pronounced in their favor. They attracted all ages, and did healthy work. Something I said seemed to suggest to him that these socials were superfluous for women; but the idea was not in my mind. His remark, however, was interesting. "Women get drunk, too, you must mind. And when a woman gets drunk here, it is really dangerous, for she if often carrying a child. When she is at one of these entertainments she is safe from trouble." Most heartily did the officer approve of "clearances" of doubtful property and worse inhabitants. The undesirables are most troublesome when they associate together. Then they operate collectively. Break up the gang, and soon peace comes. There is a historic close in the Canongate which has been partly closed. At one time, said my informant, six policemen had their hands full there. Now it is the quietest place in the Canongate.

When Rows Occurred Frequently.

Rows at one time were weekly occurrances in the Canongate. As the policemen moved down the street, the marauders retreated, and as the policemen returned towards John Knox's house, the fighters came in the open, and resumed hostilities. Then the police were forced to act and seized the supposed ringleader. As they moved off the crowd closed in on them, and they simply pushed and forced their way to the office, often suffering injury. "One night," said the officer, "while in one of these rows a bottle of whisky was thrown at me. I was violently struck and the missle broke through my helmet, all but this metal band. I was cut, and the whisky poured down my collar and all over my shirt. It was an extraordinay and unpleasant bath. To this day I have not the least knowledge who did it." I think my readers will be more than interested in these opinions of a constable who is, as it were, in the centre of the people. They are of considerable value. And they bear out the evidence of our eyes—the rise of self-respect and the steady upward trend of the inhabitants and frequenters of the old Royal Mile.

FAMOUS SINGER TO SEEK DIVORCE

Mme. Schumann-Heink, whose home name is Mrs. William Rapp, is to file suit for divorce. The announcement has caused much comment, for the wedded life of the great contralto was supposed to be ideally happy. She is twelve years older than her husband. She has appeared in London in "Love's Lottery."

THE CROSS IN HERALDRY

In early pagan days the cross was a symbol of shame and ignominy, and only those deformed or misshapen trees that could be used for no other purpose were formed into crosses. But since the cross has become dear to Christians, says the "Ave Maria," the most precious woods and metals have been formed into it. To the third century may be traced the custom of making the Sign of the Cross. In the days of Constantine, Christians painted crosses on the entrances of their houses as a symbol of their faith.

The impetus to the use of the cross in heraldry was given by the Crusaders, who wore a red cross upon their right shoulder as a token of the obligation they had taken upon themselves. Its form and meanings in heraldic designs are many. In fact, over four hundred and seven different forms have been recorded by students of biography and genealogy.

In heraldry the cross is formed by two perpendicular and two horizontal lines crossing in the centre of the shield. This form is modified in various ways by additions and combinations, thus expressing many meanings. It has been said that human intelligence has never devised a system so infinite in its varieties and so endless in its application as is to be found in the science of heraldry, in which figure twenty-seven basic or fundamental crosses.

The Greek cross has all four arms of equal length, while the Latin cross has the earth end longer than the other three arms. The Calvary or Christ Cross rests upon three steps or degrees. The Patriarch Cross is recognized by its double crossbar. The St. Andrew's Cross is an X, in token of the form of cross on which that saint suffered martyrdom by having his hands and feet bound to its four arms. The St. Anthony Cross is shaped like a T, and has its name from the cross that St. Anthony, abbot, wore upon his cloak, though the origin of his cross seems to be Egyptian.

A Wonderful Year for British Commerce

[From the London Daily News.]

Last year's commerce was as astonishing as last year's politics. Foreign trade rose to £1,238,000,000, an increase of £26,000,000 over 1910, itself a wonderful year. Prices, it is true, were slightly higher in 1911 than in 1910, but even when account is taken of that factor, foreign trade was better last year than in the twelve months preceding it. No good free trader will make the error of supposing that foreign trade constitutes the bulk of British commerce or is the sole index of industrial prosperity. We have no comparative statistics which cover the home market, but the Economist of this week gives the profit accounts of 774 English companies which throw a little light. The net profits of these companies were greater in 1910-11 than in 1909-10 by nearly 4¼ millions, or 8.6 per cent. These companies are engaged in the most various industries, so that last year was exceedingly good for capital. It was not less good for labor. The average percentage of unemployment was down to 3. We have to go back to 1900 to find a year of as good employment. To appreciate to the full the gratifying character of all these splendid figures it must be remembered that 1911 was troubled by some exceptional disturbing factors—the coronation, industrial and railway conflicts, and the monetary crisis following on these international complications.

No understanding free trader will rest the case for free trade upon statistics, but they have been deliberately chosen by tariff "Reformers" as the foundation for their own philosophy, which the free trader may legitimately try by the test they have chosen. It was in 1903 that Mr. Chamberlain began his agitation, and predicted the early and inevitable collapse of British industry unless his nostrums were adopted. Eight years of almost ceaseless assault by tariff "Reformers" upon British credit and British industry have passed, and British commerce has risen by nearly 340 millions a year, while British unemployment has dropped by more than two per cent. There has been an increase in the exports of British goods alone of 50 per cent. Every one of the great industries—coal, iron, cotton, engineering, shipbuilding—which in Mr. Chamberlain's dismal fancy was going, has gone from strength to strength; in the case of engineering and shipbuilding, in spite of a piece of legislation which for a time gave them a serious setback. Out of their own mouths tariff "Reformers" are condemned.

The period of wonderful prosperity has lasted for over two years, and it would be hazardous to anticipate that the present rate of expansion will persist without check indefinitely. Nevertheless, the trade figures themselves give no clear indication of early contraction. Imports of raw materials dropped heavily, but this was almost entirely due to cotton. The price of cotton is much lower now than in 1910, but quantites also fell in December, which so far as it goes is a bad sign. Yet everybody knows that the cotton trade—apart from the lockout—is very much more prosperous today than it was twelve months ago. The imports of wool and the raw materials of other textile industries were heavier last December as to both value and quantities than in December, 1910, which is another good sign.

HER DAUGHTER SAVED

Stricken With Acute Rheumatism—Recovery Scarcely Expected.

Mrs. Dolina J. Lawlor, writing from Oxbow, Sask., says: "I would be lacking in gratitude if I did not write you to let you know of the wonderful good your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for my daughter, Belle Lawlor. Indeed I think I may safely say that they have been the means of saving her life. For many years my home has been in Bruce Mines, Ont., Something over a year ago my son and daughter, then in her sixteenth year, left for the west. When leaving here my daughter was in the best of health, but in the following spring she was stricken with what the doctor said was inflammatory rheumatism in its worst form. After a few weeks she was able to get up, but her hands and limbs were so swollen that she could not dress herself. She continued in this way for some time, and then a second attack, worse than the first, set in, and my son telegraphed me, as she was very low. While I was getting ready to make the trip of eighteen hundred miles I got a second message to come at once, as they feared she could not live. When I reached her I found her worse than even I expected. She was so weak and emaciated that I would not have known her, and she could only speak in a whisper. Her hands and fingers were all twisted and her limbs swollen to twice their natural size. The doctor had been attending her for two months, and she seemed steadily to grow worse. We did not dare move her in bed for fear of her heart giving out. She was as pale as a corpse, and her lips and face always cold. We had to fan her continually, and if we ceased even for a little while she would gasp for breath, and no one who saw her thought it possible she could get better. She suffered such pain that I used to go out of the room and put my fingers to my ears to shut out the gasping and moaning. I had known before of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as we could gradually see her shinking I told my son I was going to give her the Pills. He was opposed to my idea, for he thought a change in the medicine might prove fatal. However, it was finally decided to give her the Pills. In a week's time she showed some improvement and felt like eating. From that time on she began to gain steadily. Gradually her hands and fingers became straight, the swelling in the limbs went down, and her heart-beats became regular, and the color returned to her face, and soon the cure was complete. She is now as strong and healthy as any girl of her age, and to see her you would never think she had passed through an illness from which none of her friends thought she could recover. You have my sincerest thanks for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for my daughter, and you may be sure I shall always warmly recommend them."