

Some Fables by Geo. Ade

Once there was a Man who bought his Pleasures by the Pound. He was a Close Buyer. Any time that he unwound the Shoestring and disgorged a One-Case Note, he was expecting to get a Return of about \$1.90 or else he considered himself Stung. His Family Motto was, "Get Your Money's Worth."

At a Hotel he would leave the Lights turned on all night so as to Catch Even on his Bill. Sometimes on the Trolley Car he would ride two Blocks past his own House and then walk Back, because he wanted to get as much as possible for his Five Cents. Once he was beguiled into paying Five for a Ticket to a Charity Ball. Rather than be out the Five he danced from 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. He was the Man who insisted on the Third Encore at the Theatre, and howled for a Baker's Dozen every time he bought Eggs.

Whenever he got Enlargement of the Heart and began to spend Money on Himself, he expected every one to pay just as much attention to him as they would to Prince Henry. Once he hired a Cab by the Hour. He was sitting in a Cozy Corner slowly fighting his way to the bottom of a High Ball when a Policeman came in and told him that the Cabman was freezing to death outside.

"That's all right," was the Reply. "He's getting paid for it." By the time he got through with a Free Lunch there was nothing left except Olives. One Day on the Train he wanted a Snack, but he did not feel Hungry for a Dollar's Worth. He hated to go into a Diner and get away with only 85 cents' worth of Provender. So he decided to make a Supreme Effort to stick the Company. He began with Blue Points and Soup and Fish, and then he was horrified to find that he had Enough. But he was cinched for a Dollar so he ordered Ribs of Beef, half a Duck, seven Vegetables, Ice Cream, Pie, Cheese and a Large Coffee. When he arrived at his Destination he was in the Baggage Car ahead. His Last Words had been, "Make the Company pay all Expenses."

MORAL: No one loses out in the Dining Car except the Stockholders.

A Man who had been given the Fresh Air by a Soulless Corporation was out rustling for another Job. He went around to see all the General Managers. Usually he had to sit outside and permit a beautiful stenographer to look Holes in him. When he was finally admitted to the Sacred Presence of the Head Gazooks, he would approach the Roll-Top on tip-toe and stand there with his Hat in his Hand and beg for Work. He wanted a Job and Salary was no Object. Thereupon the Main Torch would slip him the Old One about putting his Application on File and notifying him in case anything turned up. The Morgues are full of People who have Applications on File.

After he had been Drilling from one Office to another for about a Month, he had about 350 of these vague, indefinite Promises, but there was nothing doing in the Salary Line. So he decided to try a new Tack. "This Humble Pie doesn't seem to agree with me," he said. "I shall cut out the Apolectic and try being Nifty."

Accordingly he went to a Friend and braced him for a Century as if asking for a Match. Then he engaged a suit at the Principal Hostelry and sent engraved Notifications to all the General Managers that he could be seen any Day between 11:45 and 12:15 on presentation of Visiting Cards.

They knew that he was a Big Gun or he wouldn't be paying 10 per cent for his Rooms. So several hurried over and began to bid for him. MORAL: Those who have tried Meekness know the Importance of being Important.

Gertrude had a Pa. who wanted to know. "It's all right to have your Harolds around the House," he said, "but why do you sit up half the Night every time one of them calls?" "It's the Custom, and it keeps him away from the Bar-Rooms," she replied. "You may be doing it from a Sense of Duty, but you will have to show me," said her Father. "What in the Name of all Get-Out do you find to talk about? That one that's been around here lately could tell all he knows in twenty-five minutes. Any time that fills in from 8 o'clock to Midnight he certainly has to do some Vamping."

"I assure you that he is a swell Converser," said Gertrude. "I could sit and listen to Him by the Hour."

viz., November 24, 1899, to November 24, 1900.

"Taking the second year, ending November 24, 1901, I find that 198 tickets-of-leave were issued, of which 126 were granted to convicts in penitentiaries, and the remaining 73 to prisoners confined in jails and other public prisons. This shows an increase of 54 on the total number of tickets issued in the previous year. Of these one was cancelled by a full remission of sentence, granted in order to enable the recipient to be taken to a foreign country for medical treatment; another because the prisoner declined to accept it, and the third was cancelled for breach of its conditions. Returns received during the year show seven forfeitures for conviction of indictable offences, four of which are chargeable to the year 1899-1900, thus somewhat raising the percentage for that year. Adding the three remaining forfeitures for conviction to the cancellation for breach of conditions of license above mentioned, we have a total of four licenses revoked for misconduct during the year under consideration, being a proportion of 2.01 of the total number of licenses issued.

This exceedingly small percentage justifies the conclusion that the acts have proved successful from a reformatory point of view, while the reports from the penitentiary authorities show that they have been a stimulus to good conduct on the part of the convicts, and have had an excellent effect upon discipline generally.

Mr. Douglas Stewart's (the Inspector of Penitentiaries) report says that out of a daily population in the penitentiaries there was only one escape, from St. Vincent de Paul. There were 36 pardons, compared with 77 in 1900. The cost per capita was \$234.86.—Ex.

Fun on the Lake Shore.

White owls are very numerous in the neighborhood of Pickering, Ont., this winter, and a number of sports are having considerable pleasure at their expense. Some of the young men on the lake shore have bagged a number, and one of the oldest sports is taking a hand in the fun, says The News of that village. This particular older man eyed a beautiful specimen of the white owl perched on the fence the other morning, and after his rifle he went. When getting within rifle shot he fired, and succeeded in scattering a few feathers, but the bird never made a stir. This same manoeuvre was repeated several times, but finally brought the bird to the ground. He hastened to the scene to take possession of his spoil, but to his intense chagrin found it to be only a few white rags stuffed with straw. He does not know yet that a number of young men were watching the whole proceeding.—Toronto Star.

Gift by an American.

Paris, Feb. 27. — A splendid gift has been made for the benefit of the American colony here and American visitors to Paris by Edward Tuck, a wealthy Bostonian, who for many years past has resided in this city. Mr. Tuck has decided to defray the entire expenses of establishing a free hospital in Paris, announcement of which has already been made and the ground for which has already been bought in the Passey quarter. The hospital is to be named the Franklin hospital, and besides being built on the latest American model, it will be managed entirely by American physicians and nurses.

Mr. Tuck will not only defray the expenses of installing the institution, but he will also donate a sufficient fund to maintain it permanently without outside help. Franklin hospital will be situated in one of the most healthful parts of Paris, and it is expected that the establishment will be opened in 1904.

McKinley Estate Involved.

Salt Lake, Utah, Feb. 27. — The estate of the late President McKinley is among the defendants in a suit filed in the district court at Ely, Nev., to quiet title on the Saxton mining claim, in that state. The plaintiff is William J. Carothers, a veteran miner of Ely, who claims ownership of the property. A proposition to settle the differences was being considered when President McKinley was shot. The property is valued at \$25,000.

Against Smallpox.

New York, Feb. 27. — The postmaster of Colonia, N. J., a suburb of Metuchen, has made an affidavit before Recorder Moss, of that city, that he has destroyed by fire uncancelled United States postage stamps worth \$600 and other articles in the Colonia postoffice valued at \$2,000. The postmaster was ordered by the health board to burn everything in the building, owing to smallpox in the postmaster's family.

Warm hearted persons are not the ones who complain that this is a cold, cold world.

Negro Voodoo Revived.

Voodoo or hoodoo, those weird and bestial orgies sometimes practiced by negroes and which had their origin in the dark past in Africa, have recently been resumed in the levee-district of Springfield, O. For many years this section was rendered notorious by the heathen practices, but for some time they have been extinct. Now comes the news that they have been revived in all their old time horror.

Charles Benton, chief of the negro dancers, has been arrested for slashing Annie Powell with a razor. He says he committed the crime to remove the hoodoo spell the woman had cast on him.

The best description ever written of the hoodoo or voodoo rites is found in the "Fair Cuban," one of the stories in Robert Louis Stevenson's "Dynamiter." Stevenson says: "I scarce know upon what grounds I acted, but I shaped my steps in the direction of the sound and in a quarter of an hour came unperceived to the margin of an open glade. It was lighted by the strong moon and by the flames of a fire. In the midst there stood a little, low and rude building surmounted by a cross — a chapel, as I then remembered to have heard, long since desecrated and given over to the rites of the hoodoo."

"Hard by the steps of the entrance was a black mass continually agitated and stirring to and fro as if with inarticulate life, and this I presently perceived to be a heap of coeks, hares, dogs and other animals still struggling, but helplessly tethered and cruelly tossed one upon another. Both the fire and the chapel were surrounded by a ring of kneeling Africans, both men and women. Now they would raise their palms half closed to heaven, with a passionate gesture of supplication; now they would bow their heads and spread their hands before them on the ground. As the double movement passed and repassed along the line the heads kept rising and falling like waves upon the sea, and still, as if in time to these gesticulations, the hurried chant continued. I stood spell-bound, knowing that my life depended by a hair, knowing that I had stumbled on a celebration of the rites of hoodoo.

"Presently the door of the chapel opened, and there came forth a tall negro, entirely nude and bearing in his hand the sacrificial knife. He was followed by an apparition still more strange and shocking—Mme. Mendizabal, naked also and carrying in both hands and raised to the level of her face an open basket of wicker. It was filled with coiling snakes, and these, as she stooped there with the uplifted basket, shot through the orizer grating and coiled around her arms.

"At the sight of this the fervor of the crowd seemed to swell suddenly higher, and the chant rose in pitch and grew more irregular in time and accent. Then, at a sign from the tall negro, where he stood motionless and smiling in the moon and firelight, the singing died away, and there began the second stage of this barbarous celebration.

"From different parts of the ring, one after another, man or woman ran forth into the midst, ducked, with that same gesture of the thrown up hand before the priestess and her snakes, and, with various adjurations uttered aloud the blackest wishes of the heart. Death and disease were the favors usually invoked—the death or disease of enemies or rivals—some calling down these plagues upon the rest of their own blood and one, to whom I swear I had never been less than kind, invoking them upon myself.

"At each petition the tall negro, still smiling, picked up some bird or animal from the heaping mass upon his left, slew it with his knife, and tossed the body upon the ground. At length it seemed it reached the turn of the high priestess. She sat down on the basket on the steps, moved into the centre of the ring, groveled in the dust before the reptiles and, still groveling, lifted up her voice, between speech and singing, and with so great, so insane fervor of excitement as struck a sort of horror through my blood.

"Power," she began, "whose name we do not utter; power that is neither good, nor evil, but below them both, stronger than good, greater than evil, all my life long I have adored and served thee! Who has shed blood upon thine altars? Whose voice is broken with the singing of thy praises? Whose limbs are faint before thy age with leaping in thy revels? Who has slain the child of her body?"

"I," she cried, "I, Me Gannbogu! By my own name I name myself. I tear away the veil. I would be served or perish. Hear me, slime of the fat swamp, blackness of the thunder, venom of a serpent's ocher—hear or

slay me. I would have two things, there was a great murmur of through all the circle of the worshippers. It rose and fell and rose again and swelled at last into rapture when the tall negro, who had stepped an instant into the chapel, reappeared before the door, carrying in his arms the body of the slave girl Cora. I know not if I saw what followed. When next my mind awoke to a clear knowledge, Cora was laid upon the steps before the priestess, the negro with the knife stood over her, the knife rose, and at this I screamed out in my horror, holding them in God's name to end."

"I was just telling my daughter," said Mrs. Nerdore, "that it's a shame of her to play the piano on Sunday."

"Huh!" exclaimed Mrs. Pepper. "Why Sunday especially?"

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