

GEORGE ADE'S

NEWEST FABLES IN SLANG

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY J. WESTERMAN.



"Missing the object of attack by a scant six inches, he fell heavily, with his face among the Dandelions."

One day in the pink dawn of the present Century, a man with his hair neatly set back around the ears and the usual Blood Pressure was whistling through a suburban Lonesomeness on a teetering Trolley. The name of the man was Mr. Palsey. He had a desk with a Concern that did merchandising in a large way. Mr. Palsey feared Socialism and carried his Wife's Picture in his Watch and wore Plasters. In other words, he was Normal, believing nearly everything that appeared in the Papers. While the Dog-Fennel was softly brushing the Foot-Board and the Motor was purring consistently beneath, Mr. Palsey looked over into a close-cropped Pasture and became the alert Eye-Witness of some very weird Doings. He saw a pop-eyed Person in soiled Negliges, who made threatening movements toward something concealed in the White Clover, with a Weapon resembling the Iron Dingus used in gouging the Chinkers from a Furnace. "What is the plot of the Piece?" he inquired of a Grand Army man, sitting next. "I think," replied the Veteran, "I think he is killing a Garter-Snake." "Oh, no," spoke up the conversational Conductor. "He is playing Golf!" giving the word the Terre Haute pronunciation. Mr. Palsey looked with pity on the poor Nut who was out in the Hot Sun, getting himself all lathered up with One-Man Shiny. He said to G. A. R. that it took all kinds of People to make a World. The grizzled Warrior arose to an equal Attitude by remarking that if the daggone Loon had to do it for a Living, he'd think it was Work. Mr. Palsey had heard of the new Di-

New Fable of the Scoffer Who Fell Hard and the Woman Sitting By

(Copyright, 1914, By The McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

pointed in his Friend. It certainly did seem trifling for a Huskie weighing one hundred and eighty to pick on something about the size of a Robin's Egg. Mr. Palsey played Gallery all around the Course. He would stand behind them at the Tee and smile in a most arid and patronizing Manner while they sand-shuffled and shifted, and jiggled and joggled and went through the whole calisthenic Ritual of St. Vitus. He was surprised to note how far the Ball would speed when properly spanked, but he thought there was no valid excuse for overrunning on the Approach. Mr. Palsey found himself criticizing the Form of the Players. That should have been his Cue to climb the Fence. All of the Mathematicians start on the downward Path by making Mind-Plays and getting under Bogey. Back on the sloping Sward between No. 18 and the Life-Saving Station the two Contestants were holding the usual Post-Mortem. "Let me see that Dew-flicker a minute," said Mr. Palsey, as he carelessly extracted a Mid-Iron. He sauntered up to the silly Globule and took an unpermitted Swipe. The Stroke rang sweet and vibrant. The ball rose in parabolic Splendor, above the highest branches of a venerable Elm. Just as the Face of the Club started on the Following Through, the Bacillus ran up and hit Mr. Palsey on the Leg. He saw the blinking White Spot far out on the emerald Plain. He heard the murmur of Admiration behind him. He was sorry his Wife had not been there to take it in. "Leave me have another Ball," requested Mr. Palsey. The Virus was working. He backed up so as to get a Running Start. "This time," quoth Mr. Palsey, "I will push it to Milwaukee." Missing the Object of Attack by a scant six inches, he fell heavily, with his face among the Dandelions. The Host brushed him off and said: "Your Stance was wrong; your Tee was too high; you raised the Left Shoulder; you were too rapid on the Come-Back; the Grip was all in the Left Hand; you looked up; you moved your Head at the top of the Stroke; you allowed the Left Knee to turn, and you stood ahead of the Ball. Otherwise, it was a Loo-Loo." "If I come out next Sunday could you borrow me a Kit of Tools?" asked Mr. Palsey. He was twitching violently and looking at the Ball as if it had called him a Name. "I got the first one all right, and I think—"

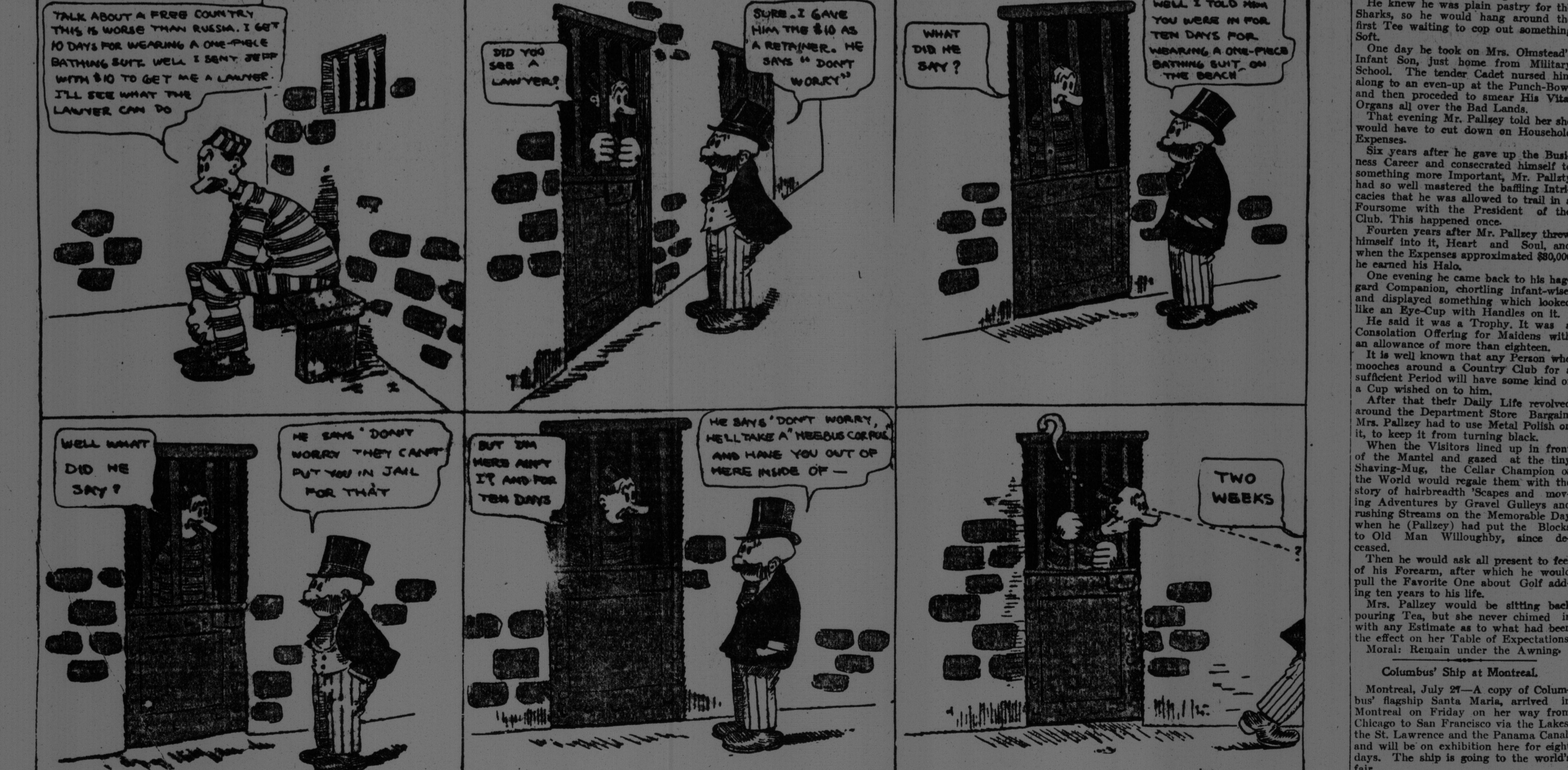


One evening he came back to his haggard companion, chortling infant-wise, and displayed something which looked like an Eye-Cup with handles on it. To the Shade, snap her Fingers, call his Name, and gradually pull him out of the Trance. He would look at her with a filmy Gaze and smile faintly, as if partly remembering, and then say: "Don't forget to follow through. Keep the head down—light with the left—no hunching—pivot on the hips. For a Cuppy Lie take the Nib, if running up with the jigger, drop her dead. The full St. Andrew's should not be thrown into a Pult. Never up, never in. Lift the flag. Take a pick-out from Casual Water but play the Roadways. To over-come Slicing or Pulling, advance the right or left Foot. Shuffling and Socketing may be avoided by adding a hook with a top-spin or vice versa. The Man says there are twenty-six things to be remembered in Driving from the Tee. One is Stance. I forget the other twenty-five." Then the Partner of his joys and Sorrows, with the account on the Debit Side would shoot twenty Grains of Aspirin into him and plant him in the Flax. Next morning at Breakfast he would break to her that the Brassie had developed too much of a Whip and he had decided to try a forty-inch Shaft. They had Seasoned Hickory for Breakfast, Bunkers for Luncheon, and the Fair Green for Dinner. As a matter of course they had to give up their comfortable Home among the Friends who had got used to them and move out to a straw-bow Bungalow so as to be near the Shambles. Mr. Palsey wanted to do the White Mountains, but Mr. Palsey needed her. He wanted her to be waiting on the Veranda at Dark, so that he could tell her all about it from the preliminary Address to the final Poole. Sometimes he would come home enveloped in a foglike Silence which would last beyond early Candle Lighting, when

Million Dollar Mystery Starts At Unique Today

The Opening Episode of a Motion Photo Serial That Has Been Acknowledged To Be The Greatest Ever Produced. The mystery begins today. Around, and then, again, the butler might have the millionaire Hargreaves the mystic cloak is thrown, by whom and why no money disappears, and more wonderful one yet known. We see the gentleman of wealth drawing the sum of one million dollars from the safety vaults; we see the million being placed in the safe at Hargreaves' home, and whilst the secret band of Russian Millionaires are endeavoring to kidnap the millionaire, we see the million disappear from the safe through the medium of two anonymous hands. Possibly the Countess Olga had something to do with its disappearance.

And Poor Mutt Got Only Ten Days .. .. . By "Bud" Fisher



USE THE WANT AD. WAY