

NEWEST FABLES IN SLANG

BY GEORGE ADE.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY J. WESTERMAN.

Once upon a time a Lad with Cinnamon Hair and wide blue Eyes lived in a half-portion Town.

He had received more than 2,000 Tickets for answering "Here" at the M. E. Sunday School.

His kindfolk hoped that some day he would be President of the Town Board. Shortly after he had learned to roll a safe game of Pool, his Governor de- parted.

Robert, such being the polite Mon- icker of the sole Heir, found that he could not spread his Pinions in the nar- row Streets of the lichen-covered Ham- let.

So he blew. He went to find an Ave- nue that would accommodate seven Zeppelin Air-Ships moving abreast at one time.

He closed out the Dry Goods Empor- ium with the Shirt-Waists and the slantless Hosiery in the Windows.

An Apartment Building, with Pack- ages delivered at the rear, soon began to flaunt itself on the site of the old Manse.

With all the currency corroded by the late Store-Keeper padded into his Nor- folk Jacket, the gallus Offspring hurried to the Metrop to pick the primroses.

In a short time he was out at the Track every day, barking at the Goats as they were into the Stretch.

The pencil-borrowing Touts and the Wine-Pushers began to call him Bob, which proved that he was a Man about Town.

When the final Kifkus was put on the Ponies he assembled the residue of his Bundle and began to work steady as a Guesser in a Broker's Office.

His job was to show to 10 G. M. with a big Reina Victoria at one extreme corner of his Face and pretend to know what was coming off when the Boy put the funny marks on the Blackboard.

Ever and anon he would buy 1000 Shares of something as if Negotiating for a Bread-Ticket.

As a rule, the tall grass Plunger with a wad of new Kale has about the same percentage in his favor as that enjoy- ed by a Shoot-out at the well-known Establishment of Armour & Co.

The Cleaners go forth to meet him, bearing as Gifts a Drain-Book and a new kind of Cocktail with a Kick like a Coast-Defence Gun.

A few weeks later they are casting lots for his Union Suit.

Bob came up from Simplicity, but he had acquired a couple of Wrinkles as- sociating with the Wing Shots in the Paddock.

He could shift to either Foot and he kept his Maxillary covered.

Sometimes he picked up the wrong Walnut. It would begin to look like a quick change from Crack to Crack- ers.

More than once his Heels were beat- ing a tattoo on the grassy brink of a Precipice.

Then he would smell around until he discovered something Doing. A couple of lucky Shots and he would be on the Plush again and whanging away like a Deacon.

At last with a Bull Market and a sys- tem of Pyramids, he began to sweep it in with his Fore-Arm.

Head Waiters paid him the most grov- eling Attentions and bright eyes grew brighter yet when he suggested pulling a little Supper, with a \$400 Souvenir at each Plate.

He was admitted to full membership in the Tango Tribe of the Tenderloin Night-Riders.

This select Coterie was organized for the purpose of closing all Cabarets by 6 A. M.

An early hour was named because many of them were not made up for the cold Daylight.

About the time he began to discover Vintages he discovered Elphye also.

She was an Actress who was too busy to perform on the Stage.

Elphye had a good Social Position back at her Home, but for some reason, she never sent on for it.

Her Parents had arranged for her to be a Brunette, but when Bob met her, between the Guinea Hen and the Cafe Parfait, she was a Lemon Meringue.

Elphye wore Clothes that made a noise like a Piccolo.

She was there with the jeweled Heels and the hand-painted Ankles.

In trying to make her Gowns any- where from six to nine months ahead of Paris, she sprung several Effects that caused the Chandeliers to tremble and the Ice to melt in the Buckets.

She had abolished her Shape entirely and abandoned the Perpendicular, pre- ferring a Droop which indicated that possibly she had been fashioned over a Barrel.

She tried to model herself on the lines of a string Bean, slightly warped by the Sun.

The Ascending Star of the Financial World was stunned by the Apparition.

No one had tipped it off to him that the Queen of Sheba was to be reincar- nated.

He found Elphye ever and ever so ac- complished.

She knew all the Songs that now blis- ter the Varnish off the Pianos in so many well-ordered Homes.

She was enough of a Contortionist to get away with several Dances named for the innocent Poultry.

Being a close student of the Bill- boards, she was in touch with Current Happenings.

Her Eye-Work was perfect but she found it hard pumping to Blush at the right time.

When she tackled Polite Conversation she put a few Tooth-Marks in it. Still she made a very creditable Stab for a Girl brought up in Michigan and never east of Sheepshead Bay.

She looked very creamy to Bob, if

the Music was loud enough.

He liked to tow something that would cause the Oyster Forks to pause in mid- air and the Catty Ones to reach for their hardware.

When Elphye did a little Barnum and Bailey down the main Chute of a Ter- rapin Bazaar, rest assured that every Eye in the Resort was aimed at her gleaming Vertebræ.

Bob showed her his monthly State- ments and she confessed to being very fond of him. So it was planned that they would marry some afternoon if she could get away from the Masseuse early enough.

The Troth was pledged in a few high- priced Trinkets which she had decided upon before he spoke to her.

Just when it seemed a mortal Pipe that the Bull Tactics would enable him to cop a Million, so that he could live at a Hotel and finance the Little Queen, the Unseen Superintendent in the Tower began to throw the Switches of Des- tiny.

If Bob had not speeded so far into the Country in the new Smell-Wagon, there would have been no Blow-Out.

If there had been no Blow-Out he would have been back in time for the usual round-up of the Irrigation Com- mittee and never would have been a Great Financier.

Marooned among the Hay-Fields, he stopped at a Farm House and took a long, chance on some Well-Water, dip- ping in a Gourd from the Moss-Covered Bucket.

Scotch Whiskey is never contaminated by Surface Drains, but each sparkling Drop of the Fluid that Bob quaffed there beneath the Willows, contained more than 2,000,000 of the Germs made notorious by Dr. Woods Hutchinson.

A few days later a swarm of Bees settled in each ear. Every Sky-Scraper gave an imitation of the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

He knew he was out of Kelter but he had to watch the Board, for he had put every Bean in the World on an aerobalic Industrial known as Tin Bucket Preferred.

Already the Paper Profits were enor- mous. Bob figured confidently on an- other Whoop of 50 points and a double string of Pearls for Elphye.

But when the poor Lout had a Tem- perature of 5 above Par and had to cling to the Brass Ball to keep from fainting, he could not see anything on the Hor- izon except Tariff Revision, Hard Times, Weeping Women, Starving Kiddies, Closed Factories, Soup Kitchens and Bread Lines.

While in this doted State and quite irresponsible, he directed the Manager to close out the whole Smeat and sell short.

Furthermore, he was so dizzy and curdled in the Filbert that he sold three times as much as he had.

Then he did a couple of Spins and a Flop, and the White Ambulance bore him away to the big Hospital.

If Mr. Hornung Jackson of Round Grove, Maryland, had not entered upon his second Childhood at the age of 55, his Family would have remained on Easy Street.

Mr. Jackson thought he could sit in his Front Room and read the burglar- ous Meditations of the High-Binders in Wall Street.

Consequently when the Tin Box was searched, the Day after the Masons had marched out to the Cemetery, it contain- ed a little of everything except Assets.

Annie was the name of the Daughter. On the Clean-up she needed enough to put her through the School.

When Bob arrived at the Hospital in a State of Confagration, Annie's waiting in the Hospital Uniform to suckle her first real case.

For days and nights he rambled through the ghastly labyrinth of Delirium, Annie holding him by the Hand and lifting the great Draughts to his parched Lips.

He awoke and gazed at the de- cisions of the Doctors in the gaze be- tween the Assembly and the Knitting Works.

He gave Annie his entire perform- ance of Ralph Rackettaw in "The Jew- els for the Benefit of the Library Fund, in- cluding Cues.

He scolded his Aunt Mary for doing her own Housework and told the Col- ored Man how to lay the Cement Walk down through the Grape Arbor.

He promised his Father not to play any more and vowed to his Mother that she was a better Chef than the one at Del's.

But his sub-conscious Self was so considerate of Elphye that he never brought in her Name at all, at all. Sometimes he would get back to the Ticker, but he was ready to leave it any time to go fishing in the Crick with

The New Fable of the Aerial Performer, the Buzzing Blondine And The Daughter of Mr. Jackson

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the Rats from the other side of the Tracks.

Through the final Crisis he played tag with the Grim Reaper and just es- caped being it.

The Sun was slanting into the little white Room when he crawled feebly back to Earth and tried to get his Bearings.

Annie was looking right at him, re- vealed and smiling and happy. She had won her first game in the Big League.

He noticed that she was not slashed up the side or down the back, had no metallic Insteps, carried her own Hair, and was in no way concealed behind the usual pallid Venerer.

He remembered dimly that she had been with him on the Underground.

Then he remembered a previous Ex- istence in which the Dripped Absinthe was a Breakfast and the Cigarette a Luncheon and Elphye was Trotting in her Glads and had a Swell Bet down on Tin Bucket Preferred.

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The whole Lay-Out seemed unreal and remote and entirely disconnected with Friend Nurse.

He inquired the Day of the Week, and when he learned it was Next Month he started to get right up and put on his Things.

Annie quietly spread him back on the Pillow and laid down the Law regarding Rest and Quiet.

Then he begged her to ring up Mc- Cusick & Co. and get the latest Bucket Preferred.

He said he had plastered his lost Sa- molon and not being there to watch the Board concentrate his wonderful Tradi- ing Instinct on every flicker of the Dial, there was no telling what the Bone- Heads had done to him.

He told Nurse about Elphye. Annie said it was wrong to Gamble and he was not to read the Papers or fuss with Visitor's until Doc gave the word.

Suddenly he remembered that he was engaged to Elphye and he wondered if she had forgotten.

So many things can happen in a Great City within two weeks.

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