MODERN FABLES BY GEORGE ADE

The Business Partner Who Handled Important Details.

Once there were two Nerve Specialists, who had gone out into the Clover Belt to separate the Jays from their Bank Accounts.

When they arrived in the High and Unknown, they found that the gladsome Reub had been reading the Papers and their Scheme flattened out. So they were trying to get back to New York.

In any part of the U. S. A. when a Pneumatic Enterprise blows up and leaves a Napoleon of Finance hanging on to the Ragged Edge of the Jumping Off Place his one Desire in Life is to make a Swift Touch for enough to carry him to Jersey City. He figures that he can swim the rest of the Way.

The two polite Grafters were keen to get back to the throbbing Metropolis, where so much is happening that one may go broke without exciting Comment, and where the Carnation in the Buttonhole is often doing a Double Turn with the expired Meal Ticket.

But when they did the Committee on Ways and Means they found that they were sitting on the Hard Pan, with no Assets except some Laundry ready to be sent out and several letters wishing them all kinds of Luck.

In every Business Combination of two or more there is one Human Fox who is known on the Outside as the Brains of the Concern. He ribs up the Schemes and then allows Mr. Patsy Bolivar to climb over the Transom and take all the Chances.

If the Deal explodes he is sitting outside of the Danger Zone, fanning himself and explaining that his Partner did not follow directions.

Anyone who has attended a Physical Culture Soiree may have noticed that the Artist who gets the Decision, after being walloped into a Pulp, never collects the Purse. The Coin is passed over to a Pale Gentleman of thoughtful Mien, who is known as the Manager. He attends to the intellectual part of the Game, and holds out about 75 per cent of the Gross.

If a Manager is Successful and owns a Spark Wagon carrying five People he becomes known as the Promoter. If he can induce a large Bunch of Good Things to go out and connect with the Wherewithal and then bring most of it up and hand it to him, where he is siting on the Front Porch, drinking his Rickey, then he is known as a Great Financier.

The Bunco Team stranded out in the Prairie Wilderness had a Manager, who had sufficient Gall to be a Promoter and who hoped to be a Great Financier some Day, in case the Public forgot to lock up at Night.

The other half of the Outfit was the Customary Mark. He went out and dug up and then whacked with the Brains of the Concern. He was afraid to cut loose, for the Manager often told him, "Any time that you lose me, you stop eating."

"And what would you do if you lost me?" asked the Mark, who was weary of splitting the Receipts.

"I can always find one," replied the astute Manager. "They are born at the rate of one a Minute, and they never get next until it is too late. Do not desert me in this Crisis. If you stick I think I may be able to find some Work for you to do."

It befell that the Village in which they were shell roaded had advertised a Balloon Ascension for Independence Day. "The Natives rejoiced in the Fact that the Colonies had thrown off the Yoke of British Tyranny and Oppression, and in order to give evidence of their Belated Joy they were going to watch the man go up in the Balloon.

When the Natal Day of our Glorious Liberty dawned on the Yap Settlement and the Local Population began to coagulate along Main Street, it was discovered that the daring Aeronaut had been taken with Cold Feet and refused to go up.

The Committee was in Despair. Now comes the Part showing the Value of a Manager. The Brains of the Concern went to the Committee and agreed to send his Partner up in the Balloon in consideration of 100 Plunks to him in the Hand paid. Then he sought out the Patsy end of the Sketch and broke the Good News to him.

"We get 100 Samoleons," he explained.

"Where do you come in?" asked the Mark. "If I give the whole Show and take all the Chances, why not the Long End for me?"

"You forget that it was my Master Mind that evolved the whole Plan," said the Manager. "I have promised to send you up. Therefore my Reputation as a Manager is at Stake. I think I am entitled to at least 25 per cent on account of the strain on my Reputation. If you should let go of the Trapeze and splatter yourself all over the Landscape, think of the injury that would be done to my Professional Standing. In addition to thinking out all the Details of this Undertaking I conducted the Business Negotiations with that Skill and Sagacity which are usually lacking in the Common Skate known as the Producer. In other Words I made them hand over the Currency. In Fact, I figure that I have done practically everything connected with this Job except the one minor detail of going up in the Balloon. You have been relieved of all Worries and Responsibilities. I have smoothed out the Preliminaries and now all you have to do is to make the Ascension."

"I can see that I am lucky to get Half," said the Mark. "Slip me the Fifty and I will take the Chance. I need the Money."

"I shall hold the Money until you come back," said the Manager. "I should prefer not to give it to you now. If anything happens, it will not be of any Use to you and might fall into the Hands of Irresponsible Strangers. It is the duty of every good Manager to protect the Financial Interests of those associated with Him."

"But when I am up there, dodging Clouds, how am I to keep Tab on you down here?" asked the Mark.

"Don't worry," was the Reply. "If you come out alive today I'm going to send you up again. In fact, I think I shall keep sending you up until something happens. As long as you are good for the Coin I'll never quit you."

Moral: Never doubt a Business Man.

NOTED BRITISH MASTER MINDS

Sketches of Balfour, J. Morley and Chamberlain.

Striking Comparison Between the Premier and Colonial Secretary—Morley's Power.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, in his book "British Political Portraits" (The Outlook Company), which has been recently published, pays considerable attention to the personalities of many of the most prominent workers in British public affairs. From his interesting accounts we glean the following concerning Mr. Balfour:

"Balfour is a man of many and varied tastes and pursuits. He is an advocate of athleticism, and is especially distinguished for his devotion to the game of golf. He attained at one time a certain reputation in London society, because of the interest he took in some peculiar phases of fanciful intellectual inventiveness. He was for awhile a leading member, if not the actual inventor, of a certain order of psychical research whose members were described as 'The Souls'. * * * One sometimes came into social circles where Balfour was regarded chiefly as a man of literary tastes and somewhat eccentric intellectual developments. All this cast a peculiar reflection over his career as a politician and filled many pected of him was just that which he delivered, a ready, telling and powerful parliamentary speech. He had some observers with the idea that he was only playing at parliamentary life, and that his other occupations were the genuine realities with him. Even to this day there are some who persist in believing that Balfour, despite his prolonged and unvarying attention to his parliamentary duties, has never given his heart to the prosaic and practical work of administrative office and the business of maintaining his political party. Yet it has always had to be acknowledged that no man attended more carefully and more closely to such work when he had to do it, and that the most devoted worshiper of political success could not have been more regular and constant in his attention to the business of the House of Commons."

Very telling is the comparison Mr. McCarthy makes of Chamberlain and Balfour. He writes:

STRONG CONTRAST.

"For a long time there had been much speculation in these countries concerning the probable successor to Lord Salisbury, whenever Lord Salisbury should make up his mind to resign the position of Prime Minister. We all knew that that resignation was sure to come soon, although very few of us had any idea that it was likely to come quite so soon The general opinion was that the country would not be expected, for some time at least, to put up again with a prime minister in the House of Lords. If, therefore, the new prime minister had to be found in the House of Commons, there seemed to be only a choice between two men—Arthur Balfour and Joseph Chamberlain. It would be hard to find two men in the House of Commons more unlike each other in characteristic qualities and in training, than these two. They are both endowed with remarkable capacity for political life and for parliamentary debate. * * * Balfour is an aristocrat of aristocrats. Chamberlain is essentially a man of the British middle class. * * * Balfour has gone through all the regular course of university education; Chamberlain was for a short time at University College School in London, a popular institution of modern origin which does most valuable educational work, but it is not largely patronized by the classes who claim aristocratic positions. Balfour is a constant reader and student of many literatures and languages; 'Mr. Chamberlain,' according to a leading article in the London daily newspaper, 'to put it mildly, is not a bookworm.' Balfour loves open-air sports and is a votary of athleticism; Chamberlain never takes any exercise, even walking exercise, when he can possibly avoid the trouble. Balfour is an esthetic lover of all the arts; Chamberlain has never so far as I know, given the slightest indication of interest in any artistic subject. Balfour is by nature a modest and retiring man; Chamberlain is always 'Pushful Joe.' Stamp and character of a successful and municipal politician are always evident in Chamberlain, while Balfour seems to be above all other things a university scholar and member of high society. I suppose it must have been a profound disappointment to Chamberlain that he was not offered the place of prime minister, but it would hardly be fair to expect that such a place would not be offered to the first lord of the treasury and leader of the House of Commons, even if that first lord did not happen to be a nephew of the retiring prime minister."

MORLEY'S QUIET FORCE.

Varied has been the intellectual activity of Mr. John Morley, and it is with interest we read of the beginning of his political career. Mr. McCarthy gives an account of Mr. Morley's maiden speech in the House of Commons:

"What first impressed the House of Commons was the ready, quiet force of Morley's delivery. He had a fine, clear voice, he spoke without notes, and without any manifest evidence of preparation, every sentence expressed without effort the precise meaning which he wished to convey, and his style had an eloquence peculiarly its own. What most men expected of him was the philosophical discourse of a student and a thinker no longer in his fitting place, and what was least expected unexpected difficulties to encounter, because he gave out his opinions so forcibly and so boldly that their utterance called forth frequent interruptions—an unusual event in the case of a maiden speech, which is generally regarded as a mere introductory ceremonial and is taken politely as a necessary matter of form. The House soon found, however, that John Morley's speech did not by any means belong to the ordinary category of maiden performances, and the very interruptions were therefore a positive tribute to the importance of the new member's argument. The interruptions were, in every sense, fortunate for Morley, because they enabled him at this very first opportunity to prove his ready capacity for debate. He replied on the spur of the moment to every interruption and every interjected question, and he showed all the composure, all the promptitude and command of a practical parliamentary debater. Every man in the House, whose opinion was worth having, at once recognized the fact that a new force had come up in parliamentary debate, and when John Morley resumed his seat he must have known that he had accomplished a complete success."

In Two Minutes

There will be another car. But the man can't wait. He chases the car and swings on, panting and hot, but satisfied. He keeps this gait up all day. He works that way, he lunches that way. He continues this until his stomach "breaks down" and nature compels him to "go slow."

Business men who have impaired their digestion by hasty eating will find in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery a cure for dyspepsia and other diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. It does not give mere temporary relief, but it effects a radical cure. It strengthens the stomach, nourishes the nerves and purifies the blood.

"For six long years I suffered with my liver, kidneys, and with indigestion, which baffled the best doctors in our country," writes E. L. Kansell, Esq., of Woolsey, Prince William Co., Va. "I suffered with my stomach and back for a long time, and after taking a 'cart-load' of medicine from three doctors, I grew so bad I could hardly do a day's work. Would have death-like pains in the side, and blind spells and thought life was hardly worth living. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pleasant Pellets,' as advised. Before I had taken half of the second bottle I began to feel relieved. I got six bottles and used them, and am happy to say I owe my life to Dr. Pierce and his medicines."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure biliousness.

TO ACCOMPLISH MAN'S UNDOING

Women Plotting for Downfall of the Sterner Sex.

Every Day Brings Man, Contemptible Man, Nearer the Inevitable Goal, the Kitchen.

Did you ever see a goose waddle into a barn? asks the New York Sun. Then you remember the dipping of that sublime anserine head, afraid that it will hit the roof or the stars, and then you will have seen a mirror of the strutting dignity of man, petty man. How often we have warned the critter of the plot against him; told him of the Chicago housewives that use him as an unpaid menial, and make him fetch and carry dishes and rinse the spoons; sounded in his dull ears that savage battle cry of a Kansas reformer: "Man must be abolished!" We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated. He will not hear. He goes about, trying to play golf, picking losers at the races, making speeches and trouble, superior, wise, self-conscious, goose in boots. And every day another section of his feathers is jerked out. Every day his calamity cometh nearer.

Tuesday night 60 South Chicago wives organized the Housewives' and Housekeepers' Union. For the information of historians of the Subjection of Man, the seeming accident which started this mighty movement must be recorded in full. Mrs. Carrie Hoyt, an officer of Lady Garfield Chapter, No. 91, of the Order of the Eastern Star, got to the meeting late and the chairwoman reproached her. Then, in a burst of just emotion, Mrs. Hoyt proclaimed the dreary truth:

"Well, I don't care. Here I've been slaving all day and had dinner ready, and then Fred never got home until pretty near 8 o'clock. I'm sick and disgusted to think that a man can run around all day and let his wife work herself to death, and then for him to come home any time he wants to and expect to find a boiling hot dinner on the table and us women looking happy, no matter where we might be expecting to go, and if you ask him where he's been you get no satisfaction and——"

THE CURTAIN LIFTED.

Kindling with generous sympathy a reporter from the Inter-Ocean tells us that Mrs. Hoyt, "overcome with her emotions, dropped into a chair, sobbing, while great confusion reigned in the hall." Soon that confusion yielded to a stern and rockbound resolve. Mrs. A. B. Booker, a name to be written in illuminated letters on the roll of the conquerors of man, took the floor and moved that "we meet later in Beck's hall with all our friends and organize to protect the housewife." Carried unanimously.

In exactly 29½ minutes a housewives' convention was in session. The admirable Mrs. Booker was the mistress spirit in preparing the new declaration of independence. If we may say so without taking the bull by the horns, she began with a fine series of ultimatums. First, a time schedule. No housewife should or shall work more than 12 hours a day. "But I can't get half through my work in 12 hours," cried Mrs. Holcomb, who must be living in a 28-hour day. "Then hire a girl and make your husband pay her," was Mrs. Booker's severe reply; "and if he won't do that, make him wipe the dishes three times a week. It will do him good." Yes, but will it do the dishes good? No matter. Keep the men's noses down to the grindstone. The 12-hour day is only a pretext. It will be succeeded by the eight-hour day. As the work of emancipation goes on, the husband will become the man-of-all-work, the general house-worker, the useful man, the parlor man, chamberman, cook, bottlewasher, second man, house-husband. For the present he is to have one night "out." Probably he will abuse the privilege and it will be taken from him.

Mrs. Booker has sound views on clubs, men's clubs.

"We must keep our husbands away from these places. What do they do there? Nothing but smoke, drink, play cards and talk. Do they improve their minds as we do at our meetings? Why, I venture to say they never discuss any of their household duties. I don't want to be hard on them, for I'm a liberal woman, but I say make it a rule that husbands shall go to the club only one night a week."

PLACE FOR MEN IS AT HOME.

The women have their own clubs. The place for men is at home. They can gossip with one another at the area door. They can play Old Maid and other "soft" games on the kitchen table, if they have any leisure. Had they used their idle hours at the club in discussing the problems of domestic science they might be a little prepared for the duties which await them. We hear the tinkling of the South Chicago harmoniums and sweet voices singing:

"Oh, the fat club chairs are empty,
The high-ball's caught no more;
Mr. Caudle has ceased to dawdle,
He's scrubbing the pantry floor."

We sincerely hope that the South Chicago unionized housewives will see the advisability of forbidding even that one night at the club. The bachelors would fill the housemen with all sorts of nonsense and instigations to rebellion. If your husband is good, let him go, under the chaperonage of a messenger boy, to an improving lecture, a demonstration in the cooking school; even in cases of exceptional good behavior to a reading at the Women's Hall Caine and Dante Club. It is all very well to be kind to him, but be judiciously kind.

And now behold the dethroned king and the boss as Cinderel:

"Husbands shall take full charge of the fires, building all of them, emptying the ashes and keeping the hearth clean, besides keeping the scuttles filled with coal."

Thus do the women "walk out" of the kitchen and thus are the men forced to walk in and straight. The Devolution of Man is rolling rapidly.

GET RICH UNDER BRITISH RULE.

Foreigners Driven From Their Native Homes,

Acquire Wealth and Become Famous In Great Britain—Number of Notable Instances.

There are today in Britain a great many prosperous foreigners who can bear witness to the benefits of British rule. One of the most celebrated is Sir Ernest Cassel, whose gift of a great fortune to fight consumption has recently brought his name before the public. He was born in Cologne, where his father was a small banker. But the prevailing poverty of Germany in those days prevented any possibility of making a fortune in his native land. So at the age of sixteen his father sent him to England, where he obtained a situation as a clerk in a Liverpool office at something less than £1 per week. Three years later he got a chance to come to London. There his cleverness shone out, and he helped to extricate his firm from a very awkward financial crisis. He never looked back. It was he who engineered the amalgamation of the Vickers and Maxim firms, restored the finances of Argentina, and — greatest stroke of all — financed the building of the enormous Nile dams, which will give new life to the oldest of countries. Everything he has touched has succeeded, and now the once friendless young German clerk is a friend of kings, and one of the richest men in the world.

JULIUS DE REUTER.

The great business of Reuter, without which half of the newspapers of the world would be useless, could never have come into existence without the help of British freedom. Julius de Reuter, its founder, first attempted to open his news agency in his native land, Germany. Political influences were immediately brought to bear, which made his task almost impossible. His news was censored, and he had actually to bribe newspapers to receive it. At that time—fifty years ago—not one nation would allow telegraph lines to cross their frontiers. They one and all stopped them several miles from their borders. Reuter made an attempt to bridge the difficulty by the use of carrier pigeons. The German and French Governments stopped his enterprise.

At last he was positively driven to England, where he landed, friendless and forlorn, in 1851, and opened a small office in London. He began by supplying news to commercial agencies and stock exchange speculators. Very soon the newspapers found what a man was among them, and asked him for news. Within a few years his name became the household word it is today. It was Reuter who got news of Lincoln's assassination a week before the rest of Europe. Among his scoops were the capitulation of Napoleon, the disaster of Majuba, and many other historic incidents. He became a naturalized Englishman, and when he died he left the country the nerve center of the telegraph world.

HERBERT HERKOMER.

Most people would call the United States at least as good an opening for an enterprising youth as this country could offer. Yet Professor Herkomer's father, a poor wood carver of Waal, in Bavaria, tried vainly to mend his fortunes in that country. But his unassuming cleverness found no scope in the new world, so he returned across the Atlantic, and landed in Southampton in 1857. There he found a market for his wares, and was able to give his son Herbert the benefit of an education in the Southampton Art School. The boy's merit was recognized. He sold his first picture in 1866, and then climbed straight up the ladder of success. In 1899 he had eight pictures in the academy. He has the right to put M. A. as well as B. A. after his name. His art school at Bushey is famous, and his success, as he says himself, is greater than he could have attained elewhere. A curious thing is that his native land is now delighted to welcome him. He is a personal friend of the Kaiser, whose portrait in enamel he has recently made.

MAX MULLER.

The only layman who ever occupied the pulpit in Westminster Abbey was a foreigner, whom England would never have been able to lay claim as a citizen, but for the quick recognition of his talent by the University of Oxford. Max Muller came to Oxford in 1846 to study some old eastern manuscripts in Ashmolean Library. He intended to stay two months. He ended by remaining fifty-four years. Oxford made him Tawlorian professor, and he well repaid his debt to us by writing books, which Hindoo natives know better today than most of their own authors, and by telling us more of the east than most Englishmen have ever known. He became a member of the Privy Council in 1896, and was for years a personal friend of the King.

So, too, was Sir Charles Halle, who was driven out of France by the revolution of 1843, and took refuge with us. His talent was recognized by Manchester, where he first conducted his orchestra at the exhibition of 1857. Our Queen was a pupil, and he was knighted by Queen Victoria in 1888.

There are many other instances. Austria gave us the great sculptor, Sir Edgar Boehm, who became a naturalized Briton in 1865, and is famous for his discovery of terra cotta as a material for making busts. Marconi's first experiments in wireless telegraphy were made not in Italy, his native land, but between Penarth and Weston, in England. Dr. Barnardo, Maxim, Montefiore and many other names could be quoted of which we have been the gainers of useful and distinguished men.—Answers.

It's Time to Drink Hires Rootbeer

When winter is over, and spring brings the need of a tonic, something to give vigor and energy; when summer comes, and you crave a cooling, refreshing, reviving draught—at both these seasons it is time to drink Hires Rootbeer and be happy.

A package makes five gallons. Sold everywhere, or by mail for 25c. Beware of imitations.

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Rolling Tea Leaves

There is always a certain amount of tannin in tea leaves—even in the delicate leaves that are used in

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

To get this tannin out—it makes the tea taste bitter to leave it in—the leaves are rolled. The result is an absolutely pure and clean tea—clean because the process is all done by machine. That is why Blue Ribbon Tea—the Red Label Quality—tastes so deliciously rich and creamy—why it smells so fragrantly.

Black Mixed Ceylon Green — **Forty Cents** Should be Fifty — Ask for the Red Label

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Dangers of Overloading.

Do not overload—there is nothing gained by it.

This advice can be applied to many situations in life.

It was suggested by seeing a cart overturned in the street the other day. The poor horse attached to it pulled and tugged until his strength gave out, then he laid his tired body down on the street.

This startled his driver, who should have realized the poor beast's limitations before starting his cart. The load was put on with the idea of saving time and money for someone.

Instead, it lost time and money for hundreds of people.

The cart overturned on the trolley track. This caused a blockade of nearly half an hour. It delayed cars on the way to the railroad station, and dozens of people, at the least calculation, lost their trains.

Some of them, no doubt, speeding to deathbeds, and it is not at all an unlikely supposition that last words were missed, weddings delayed, important business matters interfered with, and thousands of dollars wasted by this one overloaded cart.

It is typical of what hundreds and thousands of people are doing constantly in one way or another.

People are overloading their stomachs with food and drink under the impression that they are making themselves strong for the wear and tear of life. When the poor human system lies down like the tired horse and refuses to work, they think it is the result of disease or the irony of fate, but it is nothing but a case of overloading.

Many employers are making the same mistake with employes.

Many workmen make the same error also by overloading the man who employs them with their demands.

It is well for the man who needs good and faithful work done to be reasonable in the amount he expects accomplished before his toilers lie down in the way of his success, and it equally behooves the men who are earning good wages and receiving good treatment to avoid asking unreasonable concessions of capital, or they, too, will find the cart overturned in their own roadway and in the path of progress.

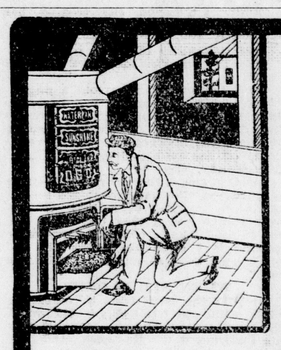
The monopolies and trusts are overloading the patience of the people, and one of these days the enormous cart of government will lie upside down on the tracks of democracy, and the question will be, Whose fault is it?—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A Slip of the Machine.

A middle-aged paragrapher and all-round humorist who was in Washington with that outfit of press funny men a while ago, has a pretty sizeable grouch coming against some proofreader or other attached to the newspaper for which he writes. He wrote an entertaining and somewhat mellow letter for his newspaper while in Washington, in which he compared the capital of thirty odd years ago, as he remembered it in his youth, with the Washington of today. In the progress of this comparison he made use of that somewhat frazzled query: "Where are the snows of yesteryear?"

The compositor set it up and it was printed:

"Where are the sows of yesterday?"—Washington Post.



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LARGE, CLEAN ASH-PAN.

"In most furnaces the ash-pan is considered a minor detail—in the "Sunshine" it is given as much care as the most important feature.

And the ash-pit is constructed so that all the ashes must fall into the ash-pan which is large and roomy—no scraping, shovelling and sweeping up ashes in taking care of this heater.

In no other furnace are the unseen, but really important little features given so much thought and care.

"Sunshine" furnaces make house-warming easy, cheap and sure.

Burns Coal, Coke or Wood. Booklet Free.

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Our New Method Treatment will purify the blood, heal up the sores, remove all pains; the hair will grow in again, all organs will be restored to their normal condition, and the patient prepared to renew the duties and pleasures of life. We guarantee marriage possible with absolute safety.

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