FABLES IN SLANG

by GEORGE ADE

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THE NEW FABLE OF THE ROISTERING BLADES WHO ABSORBED THE MAGNETIC CURRENT DIRECT FROM THE CENTRAL STORAGE PLANT.

Out in the Celery Belt of the Hinterland there is a stunted Flag-Station. Number Six, carrying one Day Coach and a Combination Baggage and Stock Car, would pause long enough to unload a Bucket of Oysters and take on a Crate of Eggs.

In this Settlement the Leading Citizens still wear Gum Arctics with large Buckles, and Parched Corn is served at Social Functions.

Two highly respected Money-Getters of pure American Stock held forth in this lonesome Kraal and did a General Merchandizing.

One was called Milt, in honor of the Blind Poet, and the other claimed the following brief Monniker, to wit: Henry.

Neither of them had to pay the Woman who did the Housework.

Henry and Milt got what they could during the Daytime and always stood ready to trim up the Dark Lanterns and operate at Night.

These two Pillars of Society had marched at the head of the Women and School Children during the Dry Movement which banished King Alcohol from their Fair City.

As a result of their Efforts Liquor was not to be obtained in this Town except at the Drug Stores and Restaurants or in the Cellar underlying any well-conducted Home.

For Eleven Months and Three Weeks out of every Calendar year these two played Right and Left Tackle in the Stubborn Battle to Uplift the Community and better the Moral Tone.

They walked the Straight and Narrow, wearing Blinders, Check-Reins, Hobbles and Interference Pads.

Very often a Mother would hurry her little Brood to the Front Window when Milt or Henry passed by carrying under his arm a Package of Corn Flakes and the Report of the General Secretary in charge of Chinese Missionary Work.

"Look!" she would say, indicating Local Paragon with index Finger. "If you always wash behind the Ears and learn your Catechism, you may grow up to be like Him."

But—every Autumn, about the time the Frost is on the Stock Market and Wall Street is in the Shock, Milt and Henry would do a Skylark Ascension from the Home Nest and Wing away toward the Rising Sun.

They called it Fall Buying, because both of them Bought and both of them Fell.

At Home neither of them would Kick In for any Pastime more worldly than a 10-cent M. P. Show depicting a large number of Insane People falling over Precipices.

The Blow-Off came on the Trip to the City. That was the Big Show.

Every Nickel that could be held out went into the little Tin Bank, for they knew that when they got together 100 of these Washers, a man up in New York would let them have some Tiffany Water of Rare Vintage, with a Napkin wrapped around it as an Evidence of Good Faith.

On Winter Evenings, Milt would don the Velvet Slippers and grill his Lower Extremities on the ornate Portico such as surrounds every high-price Base-Burner.

While thus crisping himself he loved to read News Notes from Gotham, signed Carolyn Stuyvesant, who seemed to have the Entree into the Best Houses.

He did not know that Carolyn had tangled Whiskers and jotted down his Boudoir Secrets in a Wetnastue, using a borrowed Pencil.

So he believed what it said in the Paper about a well-known Heiress having the Teeth of her favorite Pomeranian filled with Radium at a Cost of $120,000.

Whenever he got this kind of a Private Peek into the Gay Life of the Modern Babylon, he began to breathe through his Nose and tug at the Leash.

He longed to dash away on the Erie to look at the Iron Fence in front of the Home of the Pomeranian.

When the Day of Days arrived, Milt and Henry would be seen at the Depot with congested Suit-Cases and their Necks all newly shaven and powdered for the approaching Jubilee.

Each had pinned into his college-made Suit enough currency to lift the Debt on the Parsonage.

Already they were smoking Foreign Cigars and these were a mere Hint of what the Future had in Store.

While waiting for Number Six they wired for Two Rooms and Two Baths and to have Relays waiting in the Manchuria Parlor.

Up at the Junction, where they caught the Limited, they moved into the High and began to peel from the Roll.

The Steak ordered in the Dining Car hung over the edge of the Table and they scuffled to see which one would pay the Check.

As for the Boy in the Buffet, every time he heard a Sound like 25 cents he came out of the Dark Room and began to open small Original Packages.

When they approached the Metropolis, via the Tunnel, they thought they were riding in on a Curtiss Bi-Plane.

Between the Taxi and the Register they stopped to shake hands with an Old Friend who wore a White Suit and was known from Coast to Coast as the originator of a Pick-Me-Up which called for everything back of the Working Board except the License and the Bicarbonate of Soda.

The Clerk let on to remember them and quoted a Bargain Rate of Six Dollars, meaning by the Day and not by the Month.

They wanted to know if that was the Best he had and he said it was, as the Sons of Ohio were having a Dinner in the Main Banquet Hall.

So they ordered a lot of Supplies sent up to each Room and wanted to know if there was a Good Show in Town—something that had been denounced by the Press.

The Clerk told of one in which Asbestos Scenery was used and Firemen had to stand in the Wings, so they tore over to the News Stand and bought two on the Aisle for $5 from a pale Goddess who kept looking at the Ceiling all during the Negotiations, for she seemed out of Sympathy with her Sordid Surroundings.

Then to the Rooms with their glittering Bedsteads and insulting prodigality of Towels.

After calling up the Office to complain of the Service, they shook the Moth Balls out of their Henry Millers and began to sort the Studs.

When fully attired in Evening Clothes, including the Sheet-iron Shoes, they knew they looked like New York Club Men and the Flag Station seemed far away, as in another World.

Instead of the usual 6:30 Repast of Chipped Beef in Cream, Sody Biscuits and a Stoup of Gunpowder Tea, they ordered up Cape Cods, Potato Let-it-go-at-that, Sweetbreads So-and-so, on

The Flag Station Seemed Far Away.

and on past the partially heated Duck and Salad with Fringe along the Edges and Cheese that had waited too long and a Check for $17.40 and the Waiter peeved at being slipped a paltry $1.60.

Heigh-ho! It is a Frollicking Life!

Pity the Poor Folks who are now getting ready to court the Flax in Akron, Ohio, and Three Oaks, Michigan, and Tulsa, Oklahoma, with no thought of what they are Missing.

They remembered afterward being in a gilded Play-House with the Activities equally divided between a Trap-Drummer and 700 restless Young Women.

Then, being assailed by the Pangs of Hunger, they went out and purchased Crab Flakes at 20 cents a Flake, after which they paid to get their Hats and next Morning they were back in their rooms, entirely surrounded by Towels.

On the third Afternoon, Milt suspended Fall Buying long enough to send his Family a Book of Views showing the Statue of Peter Cooper, the Aviary in Bronx Park and Brooklyn Bridge by Moonlight.

Then, with a Clear Conscience, he went back and put his Foot on the Rail.

The morning on which their Bodies were taken the Pennsylvania Station broke bright and cheery.

Milt said somebody had fed him a Steam Radiator and put Mittens on him and unscrewed his Knee-Caps.

Otherwise, he was O. K.

Henry kept waving the English Sparrows out of the Way, and asking why so many Bells were ringing.

Two weeks later, at the Union Revival Services, when Rev. Poindexter gave out that rousing old Stand-By which begins "Yield Not to Temptation," Milt and Henry arose from the Cushioned Seats and sang their fool Heads off.

MORAL: One who would put Satan on the Mat must get Inside Information from his Training Quarters.

Caste in Bolivia.

Bolivian society is composed of three strata. First, we have the "gente decente," or white people who show no trace of Indian blood. This class is small but necessarily influential; indeed, all the government of the colony is in their hands. Next come the "cholos"—those of mixed Spanish and Indian blood; and, lastly, the pure Indians, who form an immense submerged class; superstitious, ignorant, drown-trodden; yet splendid workmen and one of the chief sources of national wealth. It is estimated by the Christian Herald that of the 3,000,000 people, who comprise the Bolivian nation only about 500,000 can read and write. The great mass of these literate people belong to the "gente decente," while the "cholo" and Indian classes are almost totally submerged in ignorance.

No Cause.

"I met Bill yesterday and he called me a hard name."

"Did you resent it?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"He said I was a brick."

ADVANTAGES OF THE HOME-GROWN FEEDERS

Two Home Grown Feeders.

(By L. M. BENNINGTON.)

One of the chief disadvantages that most cattle feeders have to contend with is the purchase of feeders from some remote district. It is possible to select a small bunch of good quality, uniform-sized feeders of about the same age in his own neighborhood they will make a more profitable lot of feeders for the average farmer to finish than the class of feeders that come from some remote district.

Many failures among feeders can be traced directly to the fact that they are not acquainted with the effects of acclimation and domestication of the purchased feeders and fail to get them started off in good condition.

Then again some farmers come to the conclusion that it is unprofitable to keep a herd of cows and believe that they can buy their feeders for less money than they can afford to grow them. These men soon find their mistake, and many who have sold their cow herds are now developing new herds for the purpose of raising their own feeders.

Then again there is another matter that enters into the economy of the feeding question, and that is the matter of selling the cattle before they are finished. There are times when it will be more money in the feeder's pocket to sell the cattle when they are just off grass, even though the price seems small compared with what corn-fed cattle are selling for.

Farmers who are going into the business would do well to raise a high class of feeding animals and feed only what they can handle to the most profitable advantage on their own farms, and sell when the prices are right.

Sell when just off grass if the price is right and grain foods are high.

Feed well on a variety of well cured alfalfa, clover and corn stover and a liberal grain ration.

Raise the breeds best adapted for the one special purpose and keep in close touch with the market conditions in relation to both feed and beef.

If the cattle are to be full fed, select the full-feed period with intelligent discrimination and precaution.

EXCELLENT NOTES ON CARE OF SWINE

All of Leading Breeds Are Adapted to Economical Production —Keep Animals Healthy.

The use of corn in hog-feeding should be tempered with judgment.

The corn and hog crop go hand in hand. A man starting in farming in the West relies upon this combination.

The hog from first to last is capable of getting a large proportion of its feed from grass.

We are apt to make the mistake of feeding grain too freely because the hog utilizes it so efficiently and economically.

No breed enjoys any marked preference in the markets of the country. All of the leading breeds are adapted to economical production.

To have healthy swine on the farm the first essential is to have good, vigorous, healthy, breeding animals.

Sunbeams, crude carbolic acid and lime are the best and cheapest disinfectants.

When hog-waterers are used they should be cleaned frequently and a lump of quicklime dropped in the barrels occasionally will assist in keeping them sweet and clean.

Health and drugs have no affinity in the successful management of a herd of swine.

Health is natural. Disease unnatural. Both are contagious.

If in the fight between health and disease we give nature a little encouragement we will come off victorious.

It is, after all, more our mission to keep our hogs healthy than to allow them to keep themselves in that condition.

We should keep the hogs close company, study their habits and their requirements and then cater to them. Add to this, humane treatment; and we have solved the whole problem.

Mud is not a good thing to feed pigs in, dust is worse. Both should be avoided as much as possible.

A short nose is good, but a long body is better.

OF COURSE FARMER SHOULD KEEP SHEEP

Profitable Method of Getting Rid of Weeds Is to Sell Them in Mutton at 6c a Pound.

(By C. D. LYON.)

Some men were looking over a weedy pasture and one of them said: "What shall I do with these weeds?" Quick as a flash his neighbor said: "Sell them in mutton at 6 cents a pound."

Every man knows his own business best and can best decide what kind of stock will pay him the greatest profit, but on most farms there is room for a small flock of sheep and at the end of the season the money the wool and lambs will bring will be that much clear profit.

Going back to the first proposition, that of the weeds that infest our fields it may be said that while growing sheep entirely upon weeds, is not a plan to be advised, they will eat nearly every weed that grows upon a farm and will put on good, solid fat upon stuff that cattle and horses refuse.

The most tractable of all farm stock, they can be managed with less trouble than other stock, all that is required to restrain them being a wire net fence of the cheapest grade.

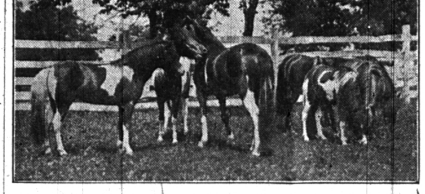
The other day I was talking over the sheep question with some friends and while we did not agree as to breeds, we were unanimously in favor of the breed of sheep that will bring a good heavy shipping lamb with the fleece a secondary consideration.

This is the very season to think of starting a flock as a great many flockmasters sell off some ewes as soon as shearing time is over, and unless a man has plenty of means in these days he will have to start with such ewes as he can buy on the market, thoroughbreds being almost out of the question for the ordinary farmer.

Fresh Butter Best.

Butter is better when fresh than it ever will be again.

PROPER TREATMENT OF ALL FARM HORSES



The practise of many farmers of driving a team through cold water to wash the filth from their feet and legs is dangerous, as it causes many diseases that they are subject to.

A warm or overheated team should not be put in a cold airy place, but first exercised and then blanketed and put in a warm stable and after the blankets are removed the horses should be wiped dry with straw or cloths.

When a team has been exposed to rains they should not be left to become dry, but should be rubbed dry, as chills, fevers and other ailments often result from allowing them to dry by the evaporation of the moisture from their bodies.

If we would allow the teams more rest at noon we should accomplish more work than when they are allowed only time to swallow their food. At evening let them be well groomed and their legs, bellies and feet be relieved from all mud and filth.

In Favor of Separator.

One good point in favor of the separator is its ability to get practically all the cream of the milk which no other system of creaming does so thoroughly; then the separator takes the cream from new milk before disagreeable or injurious odors or taints have become present.

Soil for Lettuce.

Lettuce should not be where the soil is too dry or light. Parsley will stand such soil a little better.

General Use of Silage.

Silage is coming into universal use for all domestic animals and fowls. It is a substitute for green feed and pasture. It saves much forage which is usually wasted on the farm and preserves it for use during all seasons.

Feeding Little Chickens.

With little chickens especially, do not feed too much at a time, nor too often the same article, nor too often in the same place.

THOUGHT HER A FOREIGNER

Mrs. Petrowsky Was Unused to Words Employed by Volunteer Social Worker.

The trained social worker was "breaking in" a volunteer, and so she escorted her on her first round of visits.

"Ask questions about their husbands and children," she prompted, outside of Mrs. Petrowsky's door. "They can understand those, and they like to answer, and we get the information we need at the same time."

So, as soon as the preliminaries were over, the volunteer turned to the lady of the house with her best society smile.

"Has your husband regular employment at present, Mrs. Petrowsky?" she inquired.

Mrs. Petrowsky looked blank. The volunteer raised her voice and spoke more slowly:

"Has your—husband—regular—employment—at present?" she reiterated.

"Huh?" asked Mrs. Petrowsky, stupidly.

"Has—your—husband—" began the volunteer for the third time, still more loudly.

The social worker interrupted with a friendly smile. "The lady wants to know," she explained, quietly, "has your old man got a steady job?"

Mrs. Petowsky beamed with delight. "Oh, ya! Oh, ya!" she assented with many nods of relief. "Steady job by railroad, ya. What land she come off, her?"—Youth's Companion.

Speeding Up the Ducks.

Gardeners usually take their duties very seriously, and are notoriously autocratic in their own domains. The other day, says a writer in the Glasgow News I heard a good story about one of the brotherhood. The garden over which he rules is much infested with slugs, and his master suggested that the best thing would be to secure a number of young ducks to act as scavengers. Accordingly the ducks were procured. After their arrival, the owner of the garden, on going out, observed Thomas, the gardener, busily engaged in digging, while the small ducks waddled around poking their little yellow bills into the newly-turned-up soil in search of prizes. "Well, Tomas," said his master, "I think we'll have to get a little pond made for the benefit of the ducks." "Na, na, sir," replied Thomas vigorously, "we'll ha'e nae pond. Gin we had a pond, the jucks wad jist get scutterin' about wastin' their time. They's faur better as they are."

Recompense.

The nomad chieftain gloomily contemplated the dreary Syrian landscape.

The wedding guests were long departed. He had but a moment since beheld his bride of a few hours remove her teeth and put them in a cup of water to soak.

"Dismiss from thy heart, good my lord," the damsel murmured, "thy vain regrets."

Upon the word the pious Moslem extended his clasped hands toward the heavens.

"Allah be praised!" he cried. "If I mistake not, her old man must ere this have discovered that the horse I gave him in exchange for his daughter is balky."

Tears of joy welled unheeded from his eyes as he gave thanks.

Valuable Land in Egypt.

The presence in this country of Sir William Willcocks, of Assouan dam fame, and now engaged on the flood control of the Tigris-Euphrates river, is an event of more than ordinary significance, because of its bearing upon the question of the control of flood water, says the Wall Street Journal. The Nile valley irrigation works, according to Sir William, has enabled 11,000,000 people to live on 6,000,000 acres. Land, he says, in the vicinity of the Assouan dam is worth from $750 to $1,000 an acre, and they raise five hundredweight of cotton on it, which is worth $100. His view of our methods of controlling the Mississippi is of much value because of his experience in Asia and Africa. No foreigner has more studiously read the reports of our river and harbor engineers. His main suggestions are that the levees be made wider and that relief channels be provided to mitigate the strain when waters at their maximum might be carried off as a means of safety.

Sawing the Wood.

It was only on rare occasions that Mrs. Cutler, a kind-faced old lady, accepted invitations to dine out. Upon repeated invitations of her friends, the Joslins, however, she consented to attend a little informal dinner they were giving, accompanied by her daughter.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Cutler was quite deaf and consequently could not enter into the general conversation. She was engaged in cutting a piece of steak when her daughter turned to her and said:

"Mother, dear, why are you so quiet?"

"I'm all right," responded mother, with a sunny smile, "while you talk, Mabel, I say nothing but saw wood."

Shades of Mendelssohn!

In the Liverpool (England) diocese a few weeks ago a very popular wedding took place, the contracting parties being a young clergyman and the daughter of a widely known vicar.

As the happy pair left the church to the familiar strains of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," the following remark was pathetically uttered by one working woman to another: "Just think of Miss —— having ragtime played at her wedding."

China in 1912 exported $2,573,279 worth of peanuts.

Back Numbers.

N. C. Goodwin, the famous actor, said at the Players' club in New York:

"There is no call for the old-fashioned, Chesterfield type of man today. Today is the day of the maxim, the slashed skirt and the cigarette. With these the Chesterfield type can't cope.

"I overheard the pretty girls at Sherry's. They were taking tea, smoking cigarettes in long amber tubes and swinging their slim silken ankles in and out of the slash of their skirts.

"'Fred,' said the first girl, 'kissed me solemnly on the forehead after I accepted him. Wasn't that funny?'

"'If a man kissed me on the forehead,' said the other girl, I'd call him down. Yes, sir, I'd call him down four inches.'"

Mistaken in the Portrait.

Menzel, the German artist, was a regular patron of a certain Berlin wine shop. One day a man and wife came in and sat down at his table; and presently Menzel noticed that the woman was making fun of him.

Calmly he drew out his sketching book, gazed at the woman awhile, as if to study her face for a portrait, and then commenced to draw. Her husband immediately took notice: "I forbid you to draw a picture of my wife. Stop it!" he exclaimed angrily.

Menzel made a few finishing touches and then passing the sketching book over to the man, he inquired, with a laugh. "Is that your wife?" He had drawn a goose.—Youth's Companion.

Irritability the Waster.

Those who are easily irritated lose an enormous amount of precious time and costly energy. In physiology, irritability is the property of responding to a stimulus. In botany, plants endowed with irritable organs, when they touch any object, clasp it. This is all right in woulpen plants or muscles or nerves; but it is all wrong in men and women who are supposed to decide for themselves what to respond to, or grapple with, and what to leave alone. He is the most miserable of all men who must respond to everything that touches him. He is the happiest of men who can quietly ignore much that irritates him.

Paradoxical Labor.

"Where's the poet of the family?"

"Upstairs in his den, busy on an idyl theme."

Post Toasties

For That Bedtime Snack

The kiddies need something that is dainty and appetizing, don't they? And you want to be sure that they have a food that is easily digested—one that will not disturb their sleep.

Post Toasties are surprisingly good at any time.

They are made of the hearts of the finest Indian corn, perfectly cooked, delicately sweetened and salted, rolled into thin, ribbony flakes and toasted to a crisp, golden brown.

They have that indescribable flavour—sweet and delicious, that so delights the taste.

Just pour from the package and add cream and sugar, or sprinkle over fresh berries or fruit.

Easy to serve and mighty good.

"The Memory Lingers"

—sold by Grocers everywhere.