

FABLES IN SLANG

GEORGE ADE

THE NEW FABLE OF THE HONEY MOON THAT TRIED TO COME BACK.

Once there was an undivorced couple that would get up every G. M. and put on the five-ounce Mitts and wait for the Sound of the Gong.

Each was working for the Championship of the Flat and proved to be a Glutton for Punishment.

Every time he landed a crashing Hay-Maker on her Family History she countered with a short-arm Jolt on his Personal Appearance.

Both would retire to the Corners breathing heavily, but still full of Combat.

He loved to start out the Day by finding in the Paper what a Professor connected with the University of Chicago had said about the American Woman being a vain and shallow Parasite with a Cerebrum about the size of an English Walnut.

She would retaliate by reading aloud a Special in regard to a Husband going after Wife with Ax, while under the Influence of Liquor.

After which, for 15 or 20 minutes, the Dining Room would be just as peaceful and quiet as a Camorra Trial.

Sometimes he would get First Blood, but just as often she would fiddle around for an Opening and then Zowie!—right on the Conk and him Stalling to escape further punishment.

When Nightfall came they would still be edging around the Ring, whanging away, for each was too Game to be a Quitter.

Their Married Life, which started out with American Beauty Roses in every Vase and a long Piece in the Fa-

ing Smile and invited her to go ahead and use him as a Punching Bag.

Next day she put a Newspaper around the Bird Cage and tied up the Geranium and took the unfinished Tatting and Blew.

When she walked in on her Own People, with the Declaration that all Bets were Off, they wanted to know how about it, and she said a Spirited Woman couldn't keep on rooming with a Guinea-Pig.

MORAL—Contempt breeds Familiarity.

THE NEW FABLE OF THE LIFE OF THE PARTY.

One Night a Complimentary Dinner was given to a Captain of Industry by some Friends looking for Orders.

The Chairman of the Arrangements Committee was a popular Wine-Pusher, consequently the volunteer Search Parties were out for Three Days after, gathering up the Dead.

Along about 10:30, when every Perfect Gentleman was neatly Stewed and each Chandeller was doing a sinuous Salome in time with the Hungarian Orchestra, a Man connected with the Jobbing Trade got up to say a Few Words.

He was keyed to Concert Pitch and the Audience was Piped and all the old sure-fire Bokum of a Sentimental Nature simply Killed them in their Seats.

When he Concluded, the hilarious Bun Brothers, with the mussed-up Hair and the twisted Shirt Bosoms, arose to their Feet and waved Napkins and gave the Orator what he described to his Wife at 2 A. M. as A Novation.

Another Good man was spoiled. After Herman made this goshawful Hit with the Souses he became convinced that he was an After-Dinner Wit.

Gus Thomas and Simeon Ford had nothing on him. Whenever he found himself seated at a Table, with other People and Food being served he began to suck Lozenges and classify his Anecdotes and try to appear Unconcerned.

All the time he was simply waiting for the Main Fluff to come up from behind the Chrysanthemums and say, "We have with us this evening."

Then for the quiet Introduction, leading up to the sparkling Mot and the Tremolo Stop pulled all the Way out on the Pathos and a couple of Depewes to put them in a Good Humor, concluding with a Hypodermic of Hot Mush.

If the Bunch sat back and refused to Fall for the War-Time Favorites he would console himself by telling around that he was up against the Low-Brows.

He knew that he was a Dinger, because he remembered how the magnificent Assemblage stood and cheered him for five Minutes.

Therefore his Voice sounded to him a good deal like the Boston Symphony Orchestra playing Rubinstein's Melody in F.

Whenever People sat down in front of the decorative Canapo Cavalier and got ready to endure the Horrors of another Hotel Gorge, they would glance across the Snowy Expanse of White, dotted with plump California Olives and cold, unpeeling Celery, and seeing Herman seated opposite, would remark, "Stung!"

He could not have been kept in his Chair with a Ton of Coal in each Tail-Pocket.

And if The Ladies were present that was where he worked in the Bird-Calls and ordered out the Twinkling Stars.

According to the Expectation Tables of the Insurance Actuaries, probably he will Stick Around for 32 years more and never find out that he is a Pest.

MORAL—Those who bemoan the Decline of Oratory should remember that Oratory never was known to Decline.

Entrancing Bird Melody.

I had dropped in at one of our big downtown grocery stores to buy the makings of a Welsh bunny when I heard from a gilded cage in the window the sweetest bird song in the world. I was reminded of all Wordsworth and Shelley had written about skylarks. The liquid melody rippled and trilled from the small throat as if the little captive was singing praises to the morning sun instead of to the grapefruit piled so tragically on the counter. The tiny warbler was certainly throwing his whole soul into the song. It conjured up visions of shady forests and of leafy glades. There was a certain tropical warmth in the lyric that was new.

"What a remarkable canary!" I observed to the proprietor.

"Oh, that isn't a canary," he replied. "It's an Indian thrush."

Kipling has described the music of the Indian thrush, whose song is the rarest of all tropical bird songs. Few of us in this climate, however, have had the exquisite pleasure of listening to such a marvellous—Chicago—like bird.



Put on the Five-Ounce Mitts and Wait for the Gong.

por, now settled down to a Thirty Years War with all of the Attendant Horrors.

The only time the Dove of Peace really lit was when they had Company.

Then they would Dear each other until the Premises became Sticky and she would even coax up a Ripple of Fake Laughter when he pulled some Whizzo that used to go Great the Year they were engaged. But the Moment the last Guest closed the Front Door the Dove of Peace would beat it and another domestic Gettysburg would drive the Servants to Cover.

After this had been going on for several Seasons he happened to get hold of a Powerful Work written by a Popular Novelist (Unmarried), who made a psychological Dissection of a Woman's Soul and then preached a Funeral Sermon over the Dead Love that once blossomed in the Heart of the Heroine.

After he read this Tragedy of flickered Romance he felt like a Pup.

He perceived that he had been in the Wrong.

The Novelist taught him that his Cue was to bear with the Weaker Vessel and to keep the Honey-suckle of True Affection pruned and watered by Devotion and Sacrifice.

Therefore, he made the large Vow to cut out the Rough Stuff.

Next morning when the Queen of the Amazons put on her Paint and Feathers and began to beat the big Wax Drum there was Nothing Doing.

He refused to enter the blood-stained arena and when she came after him he ran over and took the Count before a Punch had been delivered.

Before starting for the Office he kissed her a couple of times and gave her some Massage Treatment around the Shoulder Blades and called her "Toots"—a Term of Endearment which had been rusting on the chair ever since they used it at Niagara Falls.

She was so flattered by this Reversal of Form that she pecked from the front Window and watched him clear the Corners, convinced that he was on his way to meet Another Woman.

He came home that Evening with a lot of Garden Hats and when Mrs. Jones inquired the Name of the Hat he simply milled a Trac-

AT PALMETTO NEXT WEEK

LINTON DeWOLFE

AND HIS

LAUGHABLE, MUSICAL COMEDY COMPANY

Manager Pinkston said: "They played here about a year ago and had a crackerjack show. And today DeWolfe promised me over the phone that he had a better show than he had then."

FREE ! Matinee for Ladies Monday and Wednesday Afternoons

GREAT BRITAIN MAY ACQUIRE IDLE SHIPS

London, Dec. 11.—It is rumored in shipping circles that a scheme is on foot to acquire some of the German and Austrian vessels now lying in Portuguese ports, and it would not be surprising if several of these steamers were purchased by a Portuguese company which has a close working agreement with important shipping interests in Great Britain. The growing dearth of tonnage and the difficulty of obtaining adequate supplies of pit props for the Welsh mines has lately become acute, and it is thought that if several vessels could be acquired by this means they would be exceedingly useful just now to take out coal to the various bunkering depots and factories and return loaded with pit props for the mines; the usual sources of such supplies is the Scandinavian peninsula, but this trade is being at present interfered with by the shortage of tonnage and the attention of German warships to this class of cargo in the Baltic and the White sea.

South Wales coal exporters have been hit hard by the shortage of ships and they are complaining vigorously at the way this has enabled American coal to take the place of Welsh fuel in foreign markets.

During eight months ending August, 1915, the United States exported to South American and Mediterranean ports three million tons more than during the same period in 1913, while South Wales exports during the same period decreased three and a half million tons. While this transfer of trade is looked upon as being only temporary, Welsh coal exporters fear that a large part of it will remain in American hands after the war.

Broaden the Horizon.

"How little is known here in America of Japan!" said Viscount China, the Japanese ambassador, in an address at New York. "If America had half as much knowledge of Japan as Japan has of America I am sure there would be an entirely different attitude. It is because of lack of information that yellow stories are circulated in this country, and it is these that are also responsible for an anti-Japanese sentiment in certain sections of this country." The war seems, however, to have brought this country to a partial realization of how seriously it is handicapped by a lack of knowledge concerning its neighbors. We are just beginning to discover how woefully deficient we are even in information about our great sister republics of South America. This great conflict in which half the world is engaged will surely show us the necessity of broadening our horizon and living less within ourselves.—Washington Herald.

Encouraging Enterprise.

A certain youthful billiard-marker was recently informed by his employer that he would have to be more careful in the matter of chalk. "Can't help it, sir," replied the marker. "I know the game's wat' pockets the chalk, but they're regular customers, and you wouldn't like 'em to offend 'em, would you sir?" "Well—no," was the reply, "but you could give them a gentle hint, you know." The marker proceeded to do so, and a day or two later, on observing a player pocket a piece of chalk he approached the culprit and remarked: "You'll excuse me, sir but are you connected in any way with the milk trade?" "Well, yes," was the reply. "What is it?" "I thought so," rejoined the marker, "by the amount of my chalk you carry away. It's been times 'fore you've, and be told me to give you a hint that if you wanted a bucket of water now as I said you could have one with pleasure."—The Sun.

BIJOU THEATRE

MONDAY

"THE LION'S WARD"

Three Reel Bison Animal Drama.

This is a Great Animal Picture.

"THE POWER OF FASCINATION"
Rex Drama.

Razor's Tonsorial Parlors Cut The Price

SHAVES REDUCED TO - - 10c

Best equipped shop in the city. Strictly Sanitary. Cleanliness is Next to Godliness. Efficient Workmen—Best service in every respect.

Barbers: Rainer, Bruce, Lindsay and Razor.

Razor's Tonsorial Parlors
Ligon & Ledbetter Bldg. Next to Railroad on North Main.

U. S. Battleship "South Carolina"

GREAT CELEBRATION AT CHARLESTON

December 13th to 17th, 1915

The Southern Commercial Congress will be held at Charleston December 13th to 17th, 1915. This is an Association of prominent business men from all over the South and meetings are held each year for the purpose of discussing business matters, both of the manufacturer and of the farmer. Last year the Congress was held at Ocean Springs City and the year before at Mobile. This year the meeting is to be held at Charleston and very many men of prominent business and public life have already expressed their intention to be present. At least four

ANDERSON OPERA HOUSE

THURSDAY, DEC. 16

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But
AMERICA'S FOREMOST ACTOR



MR. NATE GOODWIN HIMSELF

Supported by

Miss Margaret Moreland

In the

New York and London Success

Never Say Die

A Farical Comedy in the Three Acts

By Wm. H. Post

Prices \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, 50c

GALLERY 25c

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