



FABLES OF THE ELITE



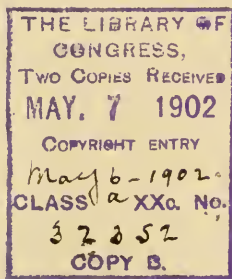
"THE ONLY BOOK THAT HELPS IS YOUR BANK BOOK."

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THE BEAR WHO LOVED THE TIGRESS.

THERE was once a Bear who fell in Love with a young Tigress who was the Belle of the Forest. She was a graceful and beautiful young Thing, who had spent all her Time in Man Hunting, and had no Domestic Tastes whatever, but that did not prevent the Bear from desiring her for a Wife.

“When She has the Inspiration of my Presence,” He said to Those who advised him to Marry in his own

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Class, "she will be a Changed Creature. I shall Mould her Character to suit My Ideal of what a Wife should Be."

During the Days of Courtship the Bear was all that Heart could Wish. At Night, although he would much rather have sat quietly At Home, he accompanied the Tigress on long Moonlit strolls, and pretended that he Enjoyed them. He Fed her on Bonbons, and when the Jackals gave an Amateur Concert for the benefit of the Fish who were drowned out in the Flood, he escorted her to it, although he had no Ear for Music and could not tell Tannhäuser from Anheuser-Busch. He was, also, so much Afraid she would forget that he Loved her that he told her the



“BEAUTEOUS CREATURE, BE MINE.”

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story over and over, until he made her Tired.

“Beauteous Creature!” he cried. “Be Mine. This Velvet Paw shall never Harden itself with doing Aught but Soothing my Fevered Brow. I ask for Nothing Better than to be your Slave, and stand between you and the hard, hard World. Your Slightest wish shall be my Law, and I shall Devote my Life to the Single Purpose of Making you Happy, if you will only be my Wife.”

The Tigress had had the Inestimable Advantage of having been brought up by a Mamma who thoroughly understood a Mother’s Duty and had taught her Daughters to know a Good Thing when they saw it. Wherefore the Tigress thought:

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“This is a Snap. At Last I have found Something I can Work and a Soul that responds unto my Own.” So she accepted the Bear, and their wedding was a Large and Fashionable affair, attended by the descendants of Those who came over in the Ark.

As soon as the Marriage ceremony was over the Bear Dumped his Wife down in their Home and went about his Business. His affection appeared to drop from Fever Heat to Below Normal, and he Ceased Love-Making with a suddenness that gave the Bride a Nasty Jar. Furthermore he acted as if being Married to him were amusement Enough for Anybody, and he Quit bringing his Wife Chocolate Creams, as if she had Lost her

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Sweet Tooth. When she Proposed to take a Moonlit Stroll, like they used to, he told her that Night Air was unhealthy and that he did not propose to be Dragged around to Parties and Theatres. At Breakfast and in the Evenings he Sat up and Devoured the Papers, in order to Find out what the Other Bears and Bulls were doing, and when his Wife spoke to him he merely Growled.

This was a Great Surprise to Mrs. Bear. "This is not what He Led me to Expect," she said to herself. "I thought Marriage with him would be a Picnic. I find it is a Funeral, in which I seem to be the Remains. I married for a Companion. I have gotten a Dummy. If the Fur Animal in front of a Shop should be

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Substituted for my Husband, I should never find out the difference in their Conversational Ability." At this Mrs. Bear shed a few tears, and then she surveyed herself in a Mirror, and Perceiving that she was still young and beautiful, she Cheered Up.

"There are just as good Fish in the Sea as have Ever Been Caught," she reflected, "and, thank Heaven, I have not Lost my Bait." Thereupon she wiped away her Tears and because her Husband had not thought it Worth While to amuse her himself, she started out to amuse herself.

This created no Comment. It is what Many Wives do. Moreover, Mrs. Bear's morals were of the most

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Recherché Society Brand, so she conducted herself with Great Discretion, and it was Quite Three Years before she Established a Dakota Residence and sued Mr. Bear for Divorce and Alimony.

Now Mr. Bear had not Intended to be Unkind or Neglectful to His Wife. He merely forgot that, being a Female, she belonged to the Cat Family, and could not help her Nature, which leads her to Snuggle up to Warm Things and Scratch Back when any one Rubs the Fur the Wrong Way.

Moral: This Fable teaches that When a Man Ceases to Make Love to His Wife, Some Other Man Begins.

THE GOAT WHO PLAYED THE RACES.

THERE was once a Goat who was something of a Rounder. His friends called him Billy, and Chorus Girls, for whom he bought Bottles and Birds, spoke of him as Willie, and opined that he was a Good Thing that ought to be Pushed along, but his real name was William Harlem Goat, and he belonged to one of our first Families. He was not the sort of an individual that Parents hold up as an Example to their Offspring, but so far from being filled with Remorse and Repentance at this, Wil-

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liam merely wagged his wicked French Beard.

“I am not in the Living Model business,” he said to Those who Remonstrated with him, “nor am I giving Imitations of a Correct Life, but I have Butted into my share of Convivial Occasions, and the Fun I have seen would make your Hair Curl.”

After William had sown a Crop of Wild Oats as Large as a Dakota Wheat Ranch he fell in Love with a Beautiful and Innocent young Female who did stunts teaching a Sunday School class, and who was too good for this Wicked World. She was one of those Estimable Creatures who are an Ornament to their Sex, and who think that Everything that Everybody Else does is Wrong. She



"I HAVE A TIP THAT IS A LEAD PIPE CINCH ON A SURE THING, AND WE WILL MAKE THE BOOKIES LOOK SICK."

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belonged to all the Anti-Societies and Read Improving Books, and only ate Health Food Messes that were good for her Digestion. As a Model of all the Virtues she was It.

As soon as she Married William, she felt it her Sacred Duty to Reform him, and show him how Bad for him everything was that he Liked. She gave all of his Old Friends the Marble Heart when they came to see him, because she said they led him into Temptation. Besides she believed in a Wife being All in All to her Husband. She, also, sat up for him when he went to Lodge Meetings, and when he returned Home at 3 A.M., with a Dark Red Breath, she said things about the Errors of His ways that would have made a

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Talking Machine look like Thirty Cents.

“This is a new Graft to me,” William remarked softly to himself, “and if I had known Beforehand that Matrimony was a Continuous Lecture Lyceum, I should not have been such a Lobster as to get in the Push. I feel like a Person who has gone out to hunt for Trouble, and Found it a-plenty. At present the Blessing of having a Superior Wife is a little wearing on my Nerves, but perhaps after a while I shall be able to Lead the Higher Life without Yawning.”

It chanced that one day, just as the Pin Feathers in William's Angel Wings were beginning to Sprout, he met up with a Goat who had been

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one of his Boon Companions in the Past, and who greeted him Hilari-ously.

“Come with me,” he cried, “and let us go to the Races and Play the Ponies. I have a Tip that is a Lead Pipe Cinch on a Sure Thing, and we will make the Bookies look Sick.”

So William went with his Friend, and they won out on a Fifty to One Shot, and had Money to Burn, but that night when William returned Home his Wife was waiting for him with an air of mingled Offended Vir-tue and Cold Dinner.

“Where have you been?” she asked.

“To the Races,” replied William.

“Alas,” cried Mrs. Goat, “how

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often have I warned you against the Immorality of Gambling? Do you not realize the sinful enormity of indulging in games of chance? It is the first step on the downward Path that leads to Ruin and Beggary. What would become of you if you had not my Example of Incorruptible Principle, and my Hand to Drag you back from a Gambler's Doom?"

"But," replied the Goat, going down in his Jeans and fishing out a Roll of the Long Green as big as an Olive Bottle, "I won, and you may go and buy yourself an Automobile Coat and a Diamond Brooch if you Desire to."

"Say no more," cried Mrs. Goat, falling on his Neck. "I perceive

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that I have had a Foolish Prejudice against Gambling, and that there may be Points about it that commend it to even those who Lead the Most Correct Life. Besides, when you Win it is not Gambling. It is Judgment.”

Moral: This Fable Teaches that it is Immoral to Lose.

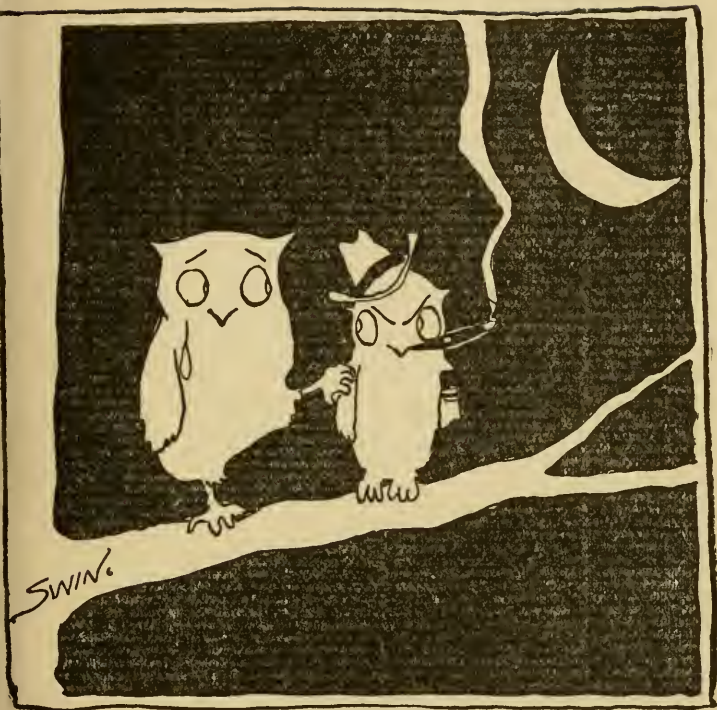
HOW THE OWL BECAME AN ORACLE.

THERE was once an Owl who was greatly Respected, and occupied a High Position in the Forest in which he lived, because he was the President of the Chicken Trust and had Gobbled up all the Poultry Stock in the Neighborhood. The only drawback to the Owl's complete Happiness was that his only Son was a most stupid Creature, whose Brains were located in his Feet, and who had Comic Opera and Gin Fizz Tastes. At length, however, the Owl fell sick, and, Perceiving that

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the End was drawing near, he sent for his son, and thus Addressed him :

“The Time has come,” he said, “when I must leave you. You will find that I have Feathered my Nest Well, and that in order you may not come to Want I have Tied my Property up in Trust for you in such a Manner it will not Pay you to break my Will. I have Tried to be a good Father to you. I have let you Separate me from my Dough in Chunks while you were seeing Life, and I have spent as much educating you in Football as would have supported a Public School, but I do not Complain. That is what Parents are Here For. It’s a Pity I cannot Leave you my Gray Matter as well as the Plunks, but I will give you a



HALF THE TIME OUR FELLOW CREATURES WOULD NOT FIND OUT WHAT FOOLS WE ARE IF WE DID NOT TELL THEM OURSELVES."

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Piece of Advice, that, Faithfully Followed, will take its Place. Don't Talk. Silence is an Excellent Substitute for Sense. Half the Time our Fellow Creatures would not find out what Fools we are if we did not Tell them Ourselves."

Having thus Performed his Duty, the old Owl folded his Wings Peacefully and gave up the Ghost, and the young Owl Pondered deeply over what he had Heard.

"There is much Justice in what the Governor Remarkd," he Reflected, "and I will take his Advice. Besides, I do not Care to Talk. It interferes with Eating at Dinner, and by the Time I Think of a Thing, anyway, some other Johnnie has said It, and they Give me the Laugh."

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From that Day the Owl was a changed Being. He no longer Tried to be Funny, and from having been a Selling Plater he became a Hot Favorite in Society. It is True that when he visited a Female she had to Work and Perspire like a Coal Heaver entertaining him, but she said afterward that it was a Pleasure and a Privilege to Converse with any one whose Views of Life were so Deep, and Hostesses began to ask old Hens who belonged to Brown-ing Clubs to Meet him. In the Smoking Rooms of the Clubs he always agreed with the Man who was laying down the Law about how Golf ought to be Played, and said that was the Right Way, so he got to be a great Authority on Sports, although

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he never Played himself, because he said the Doctor Forbade it. Likewise he Refrained from foretelling what the Democratic Party was Going to Do until after It had Done it. Then he said he Could have Told them All the Time, and People began to Revere him as a Political Prophet who was Stuffed with Wisdom.

“It is Clear,” said the Animals when they gathered together, “that the owl is an Individual of the most Profound Intellect and Penetrating Wisdom and Foresight, for he is the Only one of us All who has Not Been Convicted out of his Own mouth of some Egregious Mistake.”

“He is a perfect Napoleon of Finance,” cried the Shorn Lambs.

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“He does not Advise us to get on the Wrong Side of the Market as do the Bulls and Bears.”

“What Political Acumen he displays!” exclaimed another. “He never makes Mistakes like the Asses who figure out the Returns before the Election.”

“As a Dead Game Sport,” said others, “he is a Peacherina. We do not recall a Single Case in which we have Backed an ‘Also Ran’ on his Advice. He Knows it All.” So the Owl’s Reputation for Sagacity and Wisdom Spread and Remained Undimmed because he refused to give out Signed Statements of his Views, and when Reporters Camped on his Trail he said he Never Talked for Publication.

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At last the time arrived when the Country needed to be Saved again, and Certain of the Animals Cast about for a Candidate.

“Let us Nominate the Owl,” they cried, “and we shall have a Walk-Over, for he will never have to Explain that he Meant One Thing when he said the Opposite in a Previous Speech, nor will he have to Back Down before the Indiscreet Utterances of his Youth.” So the Owl was nominated by Acclamation and Became the Great Silent Statesman of the Country and was Looked upon as an Oracle.

Moral: This Fable Teaches that nothing so becomes a Fool as a Shut Mouth.

THE FEMALE GOOSE AND THE SILLY HENS.

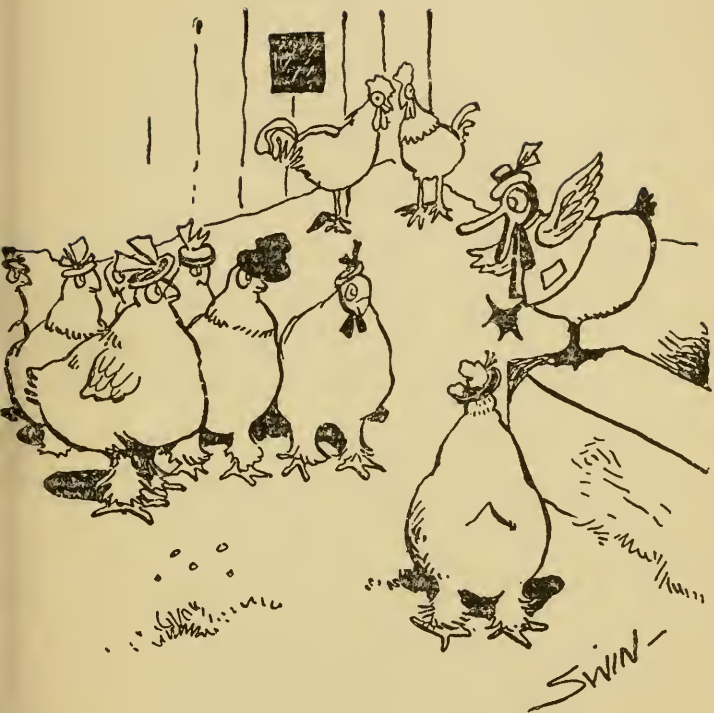
ONCE upon a Time there was a Barnyard inhabited by a large number of most intelligent Fowls. The Male Fowls ruled the roost, and scratched early and late trying to provide nice juicy Worms for their Families, while the Female Fowls constituted the Lay Members of the Community, and Peace and Harmony reigned supreme for many Years.

At Last, however, a Female Goose found her way into the Barnyard, and began to stir up Trouble. She said she had a Sacred Mission to

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Strike the Shackles of Slavery off her Sex, so she called a Mass Meeting of the Hens and addressed them with great Fervor and many Words.

“We did not Know,” said the Hens to each other, when she had finished speaking, “that we were Down-trodden and Oppressed, but now that our Attention is called to it, we Perceive that we have Grievances that ought to be Righted. There is no Reason why Hens should be Tied Down to the Home Nest while Roosters disport themselves on the Political Dung Pile. It is True that it is generally a Nasty and Unattractive Place, and that the Cock who is crowing loudest on it is the first to get it in the Neck when the Cook wants something to put in the Con-



AT LAST A FEMALE GOOSE FOUND HER WAY INTO THE BARNYARD, AND BEGAN TO STIR UP TROUBLE."

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sommé. Still, there would be no Voters and no Political Jobs to Hatch out if it were not for us, and a Hen has just as much Right to get in the Muck as a Rooster, if she wants to.

“There is no justice in the Way in which Things are managed, Anyhow. Male Creatures always act as if they had a Monopoly of all the Privileges and Perquisites of Life, and expect Female Creatures to be Satisfied with merely Doing their Duty. Furthermore, they Shunt on us all the Burden of Making a Happy Home, and are Surprised and Shocked when we Grow Weary of the Hollow Mockery of setting on a China Door Knob and Leave the Nest. Besides, they do not give us a Fair Share of the Dough.”

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There was much Justice in this Reasoning, so the Female Fowls began to gather themselves together, and Hen Clubs were established in which the Members did much Cackling, and loudly asserted their Inalienable Right to a Latch Key, and the Privilege of Scratching for their own Living.

The Young and Attractive Pullets took no Part in this Movement, and certain wise old Hens, who were fly Birds, were heard to Express the Opinion that a Husband who was a good Provider could make a Chromo of Female Liberty Enlightening the World look Like a Two Spot any day. But these were scoffed at as Unprogressive and showing a Subservient Spirit, and there was a

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Stampede away from the Barnyard, in which many Hens of weak and hysterical intellect rushed out into the wide, wide World without knowing which way they were Headed.

Because they had never Tried it, they thought they were a Johnny on the Spot, and could do anything. "Here is a beautiful Lake," cried some; "what is to prevent a Free and Independent Hen from winning the Champion long distance swimming Record?" "We have made a Mistake in not going in for Athletics," exclaimed Others; "Hereafter we will race with the Greyhound." And it was only after many Hens had been drowned and others were in the Sanitariums that they found out that Females who

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walk pigeon-toed cannot do Certain Things, because they are not Built that Way.

At first the Roosters Regarded the New Movement with Consternation. "What do the Unreasonable Creatures want," they asked each other, "better than to stay under the Shelter of our Wings, and let us do their thinking for them? Of course, we expect them to Enjoy Things that would Bore us to Death, and we should not like to beg a Nickel for Car Fare, even from a Kind and Generous Wife, but Somebody has got to Maintain the Standard of Virtue in the Home, and we are willing to Give them the Credit for it, as long as we Get the Fun."

But it was not long before a

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Change came over the Spirit of the Barnyard. Roosters who had been notoriously Henpecked and who had worn off their Toe nails hunting Worms for their Families were seen wearing new Tail feathers and Making Life one Grand, Sweet Song at the Drinking Trough.

“I perceive,” said the Owl, observing this, “that you stood in on Northern Pacific.”

“Not at all,” returned the Roosters, “but our Wives have so Plainly demonstrated their Ability to Scratch for a Living, we are permitting them to Scratch for Two.”

Moral: This Fable teaches that the Woman who knows how to Support herself will Always have to do It.

THE COLT WHO HAD A COLLEGE EDUCATION.

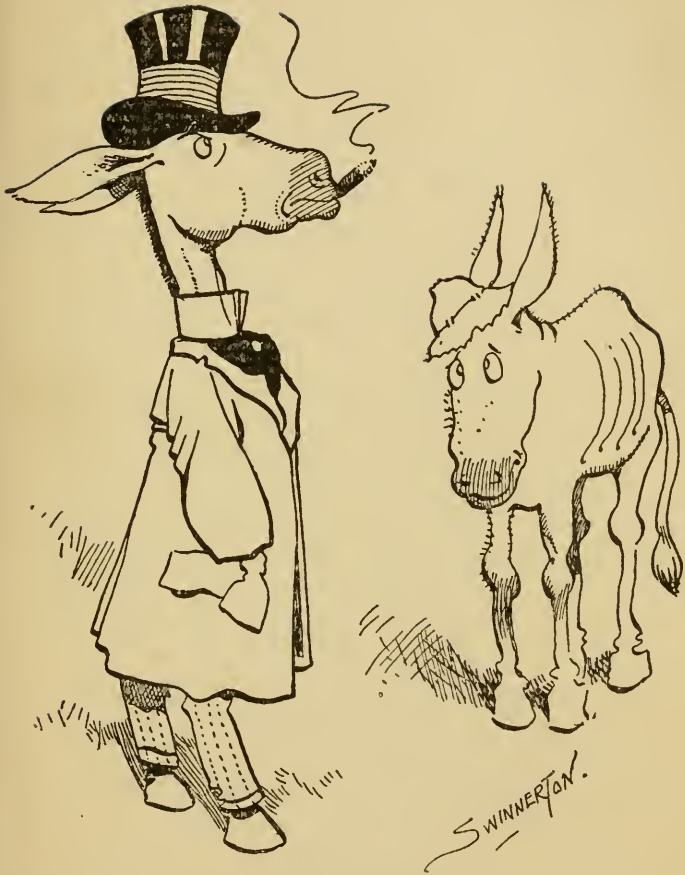
ONCE upon a Time there was a common Dray Horse, who, by dint of long Straining on the Collar, amassed a large Fortune. He was not a Thoroughbred, and he had grown Hump Shouldered from pulling heavy Loads up Hill; but, nevertheless, he was greatly respected in the community in which he lived.

Now, the Dray Horse had a son, a promising young Colt, to whom he was much Devoted, and he determined to spare no Expense in training him for the Race of Life.

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“I feel,” said the Dray Horse, “that I have been Handicapped by my lack of Early Opportunities. It is True that when the Spurt is over I am generally in the Money, but I opine I should have been Speedier if I had had the Advantages of a University Course. Things also Happen when I raise my Voice in the Stock Pit, but what might not I have done if I had had the benefit of Learning a College Yell in my Youth?”

So the Colt was sent to an expensive and Famous Training Establishment, where he cultivated a Large Crop of Wild Oats, and learned to go all the Gaits. At length, however, he returned home with a Choice Collection of Unpaid Bills, and a Col-



“THE DRAY HORSE HAD A PROMISING YOUNG SON.”

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lege Diploma tied with a Blue Ribbon. The Dray Horse, who knew a Father's Business, paid the Debts without a Murmur, and then he called the Colt into his private Office and thus addressed him:

“You are now about to enter the Futurity Race for which you have been so long Preparing, and I wish to give you a word of advice. Heretofore all your Training has been done on a Smooth Course, with a Pace Maker going in front, and a Brass Band playing in the Grand Stand. You will find that the Race of Life is run over a Rough Track, set thick with Hurdles, over which you are liable to come a Cropper at any minute. You will also be compelled to carry Weights that are too

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Heavy for your Age and Form, nor can you put any trust in the Dope Sheets. Many a Selling Plater beats the Hot Favorite in at the Post."

"Do not Distress yourself on my Account," replied the Colt with a Patronizing air, "for I am a Sure Thing. I apprehend that in your Maiden Performances you may have had some Difficulties to Overcome, but you had not had the advantage of the Higher Education as I have. The Race will merely be a Walk Over for Me, and I shall win in a Canter."

"Have you decided," inquired the Dray Horse, "under what Colors you are going to Run, and for what Stakes you are going to enter?"

"I consider it the Patriotic Duty

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of one of my Attainments," replied the Colt, "to Devote his Talents to the service of his Country; hence I shall go in for Politics. Eventually I shall win the Presidential Cup, but at present I shall merely nominate myself for the Legislative Handicap."

"The Political Purse is a Fat one," observed the father with Pride, "and if you Work Things Right patriotism can always be Made to Pay."

"I shall not be a Practical Politician," returned the Colt with scorn. "It shall be my Sacred Mission to Smash the Machine, Purify the Ballot, and Oppose Spoils in Office."

At hearing these Words the Dray Horse wept bitterly. "I perceive," he cried, "that I have begotten a

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Jack Ass instead of a Creature with good, hard Horse Sense." But the Colt refused to listen to his father's Admonition, and he Went his own way. He addressed the Voters of the 'Steenth Ward until he was Hoarse on the Referendum and Civil Service Reform, but when the returns were in he found he had been beaten by an Individual without any Ideals, but who had a Pull, and knew where to place the Dough so that it would do the Most Good.

The Colt then tried to break into Journalism, for which he thought himself prepared because he was familiar with the Classics, and he contributed many long Essays, full of Beautiful Allusions to the Past, to the Waste Basket.

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“This is not an Ancient History Symposium,” the editor said at length to him, “and a Badge that will take you inside of the Fire Lines is worth a Ton of references to Nero Fiddling while Rome Burned. It appears to me that you have gotten into the Wrong Class. You are only fitted to Race with the Dead Ones.”

Nor was the Colt more successful in the Street. In his first deal in Watered Stocks he was left at the Post by a mere Common Mud Lark, who had had no expensive Training whatever, but who had a Knack of Arriving on Time.

These things greatly Grouched the Colt, and he went to the Owl and told him of his Troubles. “I do not understand it,” he said. “I have ac-

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quired the most beautiful Theories of how the Race of Life should be run, and I have studied out a system on Paper that shows to a Mathematical certainty how I cannot fail to Win, yet I find myself Outdistanced by ignorant Creatures who do not know anything but their Business.”

“Your mistake,” replied the Owl, “is in thinking that all Education comes put up in Fancy Packages, and labelled with a University Brand. While you have been studying the Scientific principles of Racing, the other Youngsters have been learning the Track, and the Short cuts to the Post. You have the Theory, and they have the Experience, and in the Race of Life Theory always gets Left. You may yet retrieve your

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Error by forgetting all the Rules of the Sport you have been Taught and learning to Play the Game as she is played. Otherwise you will always be one of those who Also Ran.”

Moral: This Fable teaches that it takes more than a Copperplate Signature to draw Money out of the Bank.

THE BEAR WHO TRIED TO BE TRUTHFUL.

ONCE upon a Time there was a soulful Bear who read Tolstoy and who decided that he would join the Higher Push and become a rooter for the True, the Beautiful and the Good.

“I perceive,” he said, “that the World is going to the Demnition Bow-wows, and that we are all carrying so much Hot Air that unless we put in some sort of an escape valve we shall blow up and burst.

“It is also clear to me that while Lying may have been a Lead Pipe

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Cinch that Paid in the Early Colonial Days, when all the Indians were not Buffalos, we have pushed a Good Thing too far, and there is no one Verdant enough left now to even believe a Fact when he hears it.

“When I meet a Fellow-Creature on the Rialto and he tells me that he has been cast for the Part of Hamlet in an all-star production I scale the statement down ninety cents on the dollar and look for him Carrying a Spear in the back row of Supes.

“Likewise, when a friend informs me that his Business is booming and that Money is coming to him on Wings, I begin to worry over the Sawbuck he Touched me for at the Races.



SWIN.

HE BECAME A ROOTER FOR THE 'TRUE, THE BEAUTIFUL
AND THE GOOD.'"

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“So henceforth my name is Veracious James, and it’s me for the Simple, Unadorned Truth. Moreover, I opine that the Stunt cannot fail to make a hit and attract attention by its Complete Novelty.”

With that Mr. Bear swelled out his Chest until he looked like the Press Agent of the Committee of Fifteen, and started down the street to put his theories into operation.

The first Creature he met was Mr. Lion, who passed him the joyous mitt and asked him if he had read his article in the Morning Paper. Now ordinarily Mr. Bear would have given Mr. Lion a jolly about being a wonder, and Mr. Lion would have bought the drinks, and all would have been well. As the Understudy

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of Truth Mr. Bear could not do this, so he replied:

“Not on your Life. I would have to be Chloroformed, and Strong Men would have to hold me before anybody could stuff any of the Dreary Drivel you write down me.

“More than that, it is the General Opinion that if you were following the occupation your Brains fit you for, you would be driving a Milk Wagon instead of Pushing the Pen.”

At these words Mr. Lion was greatly offended at first, but he turned a pitying glance on Mr. Bear as on one who has too much liquor under his belt.

“I perceive,” he said, “that you are still suffering from last night’s Jag and do not know what you are

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saying; but as I do not desire to be seen with a Creature who is irresponsible, I will leave you.”

Mr. Bear then fell in with a number of other animals, but instead of shoving the salve and spreading the velvet as had been his wont he passed them the Truth in large, frappé slices.

He felt it his sacred duty to inform Mr. Tiger that Mrs. Tiger was making goo-goo eyes at the New Animal in front of the Fur Store.

When Mr. Fox launched out on a six-furlong story of Personal Adventure, Mr. Bear rudely interrupted him to ask him if he didn't know he was the champion Bore of the Talkfest, and he told Mr. Coon that if he sang another verse of Rag Time he would

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have him arrested for a Public Nuisance.

Strange to say, none of Mr. Bear's Friends seemed to enjoy hearing the Truth, and when he called the Bulldog down on his sporting record he got a punch on the nose that dislodged his eyeglasses and nearly put him out of the Truth business for a permanency.

At last Mr. Bear reached the grocery store where he did his Money-making turn, and after putting a "Glucose" sign on the sugar and marking the Whiskey Barrel "Watered Stock," and sticking up "Cabbage Leaves" over the cigar stand, he sat down to wait for business.

"Here," he said, "is where I win out on Honesty is the best Policy,

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and all the rest of the Virtue racket. Customers will fall over each other to come and trade with a Truthful Merchant."

But again he got the hard Turn-down.

"Gee!" cried those who came to buy, "if he admits his goods are Imitations, what sort of a fake concern can it be?" and with that they hastened out where they could get a familiar Lie for their money.

Now Mr. Bear had long been wooing a young Sheepess who was squint-eyed, and had a twenty-six inch waist, but who had a roll of Government securities big enough to choke a Cow.

Mr. Bear had put it to her that she had the Venus de Milo beat to a

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stand-still on Looks, and the affair was just ripe to pull off when he signed for Truth and cut the Soft Talk.

That night Mr. Bear went to see her, and when she nestled her pompadour down on his collar and asked "“Oo’s a booful dirlie?”" instead of answering "Oo is," as he had heretofore, he shrugged his shoulders and replied:

"I don't know. You may search me. The conundrum Passes you up, at any rate. You are shy on Looks, but I am no Worshipper of Feminine Pulchritude, so you suit me.

"Neither have you any figure to brag on, but what does your bodily figure count when you have such a large and beautiful figure in the bank?"

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But instead of admiring him for his Frankness and Veracity the Sheepess screamed for help and said she had been insulted, and her big brother came and swatted Mr. Bear and threw him out of the house.

“This ends the matter for me,” said Mr. Bear, “and to-morrow I shall resume my habit of cheerful lying, for I opine that the undraped Truth is not a fit companion for a Modest Masculine Creature to have about him, and the Public will not stand for it.”

Moral: This fable teaches that it does not Pay to be more Virtuous than our Neighbors.

THE LION WHO WAS A PRIZE.

ONCE upon a Time there was a Lion who was the Capital Prize in the Matrimonial Lottery of the Jungle in which he Lived. His Paternal Ancestor had left him a Pile of Tin as big as an Apartment Hotel, besides which he was a Handsome Creature with a fascinating Smile, and so Talented he had learned to manage an Automobile without Maiming any of the People who fled to a place of safety at his Approach.

For many Years Mr. Lion led a gay and merry Life, dodging the

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traps that Managing Mammams set for him, but, at last, perceiving that he was not so Foxy as he had been, and that he was bound to be Bagged by Some one, he determined to call a Congress of all the Eligible Females in the community and hold a Civil Service Examination, so that he might choose the most Available Candidate.

Accordingly, he Hired a Hall, and on the Appointed Day all the Females Assembled in their Glad Rags and proceeded to go through their particular Stunts for his Benefit.

First came a Beauteous young Tigris. "I do not desire to be my Own Press Agent," she said, "but I think it only right to call your attention to the fact that I Possess the



"HE WAS THE CAPITAL PRIZE IN THE MATRIMONIAL
LOTTERY."

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Original Purple Velvet Eyes of which Poets Warble, coupled with a Peroxide Pompadour that is all my Own, and that my Figure has the Fashionable new Straight Front Effect. Moreover, the Prince of Wales inquired who I was, and my Picture has been Printed in the Illustrated Magazines.”

“As a Peacherina,” replied the Lion, “you are, indeed, all the money, and if I were Twenty Years Younger you would make a winning with me, but I have Observed that a Beauty always expects to keep her Husband on his Knees, and as my Joints have gotten so Stiff they Creak at the Hinges when I attempt to Bow at the Shrine of Female Pulchritude, I shall scratch your Entry.

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Besides, I am not in the Living Picture Business. Next!"

Thereupon a most accomplished young Goatess stepped forth. She wore Glasses, and a Skirt that Hiked up in Front, but as an Example of the Higher Female she was the Boston Baked Beans. In addition, she could perform conversational Feats in Five Languages, and had a Tongue that was hung in the Middle, and had a Perpetual Motion Action at both ends.

"Without doubt," she said, "what you Desire is a Companion whose Education and Superior Attainments fit her to hold Heart-to-Heart talks with you about Municipal Reform and the Anthropological Tendency of the Ape, and other Topics in which

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Masculine Creatures are Really Interested, and while I do not like to Blow my Own Horn, I will remark that I Never Weary of discussing the Serious Questions of Life.”

“Heaven forbid that you should discuss them with me,” cried the Lion, growing pale. “A monologue Artist does well enough in a Variety Show, where you can turn off the Stream of Talk when you have had enough, but as a Home attraction—Nit! Besides, I apprehend that you are one of those Female Creatures who would always be Right; and a Wife without Glaring Faults is enough to Drive any Husband to Drink.”

Then a Giddy Gazelle, with an Automobile Coat and Frou-Frou Skirts,

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flashed in. She gave the Lion a Sextette Wink and the merry ha-ha. "I am not touting my own Charms," she said, "but you must perceive that I am a Headliner Attraction. Life with me might be strewn with Tacks, but it would never be Dull."

"Nay, nay, Pauline," quoth the Lion; "not for me! Lobster and Champagne are Delightfully Tasty once in a while, but as a Steady Diet they would pall on your Taste and interfere with your digestion."

Next came a Handsome young Cow. "I am neither witty nor wise," she said, "but I am simply Sloshing over with all the Domestic Virtues, and if you marry me you will never have to get up Cold Mornings and do Household Chores."

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“That is True,” replied the Lion; “but although you come up to my Ideal, you do not Fire my Fancy, and I shall pass you up.”

Now all this Time a small and Insignificant little Bearess, who was a Widow, and whose Coat showed the effects of previous Matrimony, had been sitting Looking on at the Game, and when she entered for the Prize all the other animals Sniggered.

But the Bearess knew her Business, and instead of Advertising her own attractions she turned the Lime Light full on Mr. Lion, and let him have it right between the Eyes. She told him that he was so Handsome he made a Matinée Hero look like a Small stack of Three cent pieces; that in Wisdom and Judgment he

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had Solomon faded to the likeness of a summer shirt, while as a Spieler Chauncey Depew wasn't in it with him.

“At last,” cried the Lion, as she finished her eulogy, “I have found a Perfect Female Creature who has enough Intelligence to Appreciate Me,” and he married her on the spot and Lived Happily ever after.

Moral: This fable teaches the Value of Experience.

THE BEARESS WHOSE INDIF- FERENCE CHARMED.

ONCE upon a Time there was a Beauteous young Bearess who won out in the Matrimonial Raffle, and got the Bear of her Choice.

Now the Bearess was a most intelligent Creature, who took Serious Views of Life, and as soon as the ceremony was over, and she had Combed the Rice out of her Hair, she went aside and thus communed with herself.

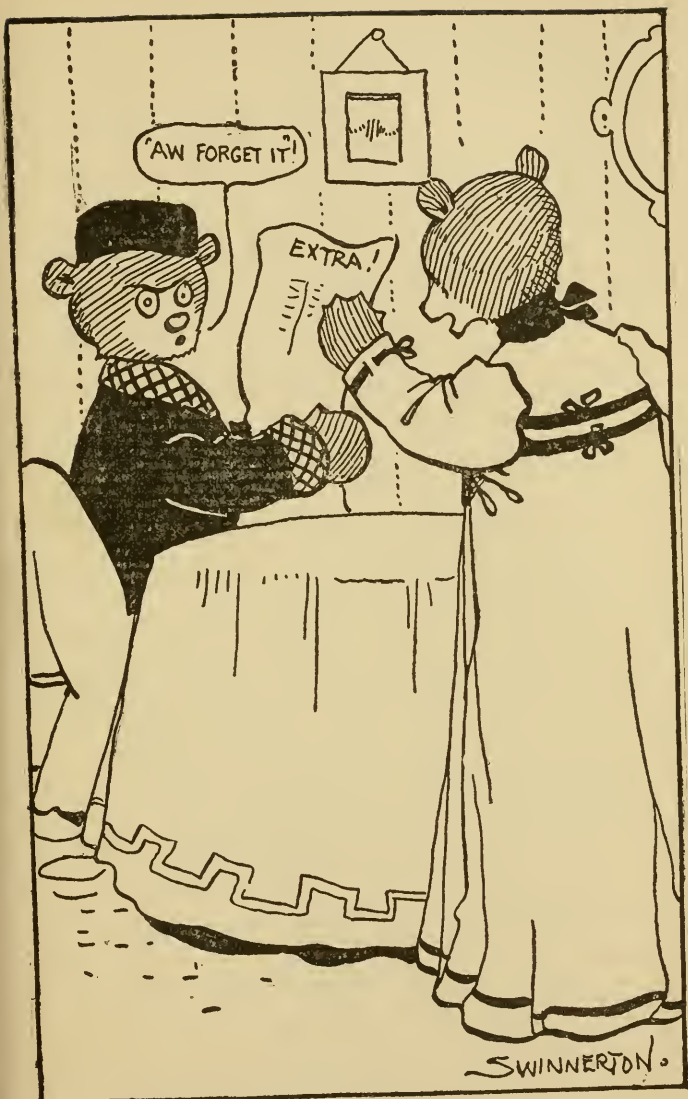
“I am Wise to the Fact,” she said, “that the Marriage Game is a game of Chance that makes Rouge et Noir

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look like a Fixed Thing. I have also observed that it is getting to be Fashionable to sell Marriage Licenses with Return Coupons attached, and that Love's Young Dream is apt to end in a Welsh Rarebit Nightmare, and as I desire to escape the Cruel Fate of being a Divorcee without Alimony, it is up to me to do the best I know to Clinch my Husband's Affection.

“I opine that the way to do this is to Feed the Beast, so it is me for the soothing steak, and the festive vol au vent, and the merry Entrée.”

Thereupon the Bearess proceeded to make a Burnt Offering of herself on the Kitchen Range, but instead of giving her a Jolly, the Bear began to Jolt her about being Red in the



"SHE LAID HIM OUT COLD WITH STATISTICS."

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Face and not keeping her Paws in a Squeezable Condition.

“Do you not know,” he said, “that the reason so many Wives lose their Husbands’ Love is because as soon as a Female hooks a Fish she throws away the Bait with which she caught the sucker? It may be Alluring to Kiss a Female on the Chin when she has only one Chin, but when she acquires Three it is no longer a Pastime. It is a Government Contract. Do you get Next to my Meaning?”

“I am on,” replied the Bearess, “and I apprehend that a wink to the Wise is sufficient.”

With that she purchased all the Con Beauty Books that tell how to acquire rosy cheeks and small feet

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and a figure like a Fashion Plate. She also went to the Complexion Artist, and the Massage Fakir, and after they had held her up, and robbed her of all her Dough, they steamed and beat her until she felt like a broiled Live Lobster.

Observing her Strenuous Efforts to be Beautiful, though Ugly, the Bear began to Hammer Feminine Vanity. "How sad it is," he exclaimed, "to see an Immortal Creature with no Higher Aspiration than mere Looks. Do you not know that Beauty is only Skin Deep, and that what wins the admiration of Noble Masculine Creatures is Pulchritude of the Mind and Soul?"

"If that is true," reflected Mrs. Bear, "it has Gotten Past me. My

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observation has taught me that little Dolly Dimple had the Call over Minerva Wisdom every Time, and that a Kicking Soubrette could Turn an Earnest Female Philanthropist's Picture to the Wall any day of the Week. Still, if Mr. Bear yearns for Intellectual Companionship in a Wife, I shall Cough up enough Facts and Useful Information to satisfy him, if I have to Pulverize the Encyclopædia to a Pulp to get them."

So Mrs. Bear understudied the *Review of Reviews*, and when Mr. Bear came home at night she laid him out cold with statistics about the Nicaragua Canal, and estimates of the Boer War casualties, and Political Forecasts until he perceived that he could no longer hold down his

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job as a Family Oracle unless he could choke her off.

“Alas!” he cried to her at last, “College Education is destroying the Sacredness of the Home, and robbing Females of all the Sweet Innocence Masculine Creatures adore. Unhappy Creature, do you not perceive that if I had wanted a Compendium of Universal Knowledge I would have espoused a book I could shut up when I got Tired, instead of a wife with a Double Action Tongue? It is the Females Who Know Too Much who drive their Husbands to Drink.”

“This,” replied Mrs. Bear, “is where I throw up my hands and quit the Game. I have tried as Hard to please you as if you had been Another’s Husband, and I have failed in

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Every Effort to win a Single Round of Applause from you. If there is any more Josting in our Family it is up to you to do it, for as I cannot please you, I am going to Please myself, and I do not care a Whoop whether you like it or not. No more patient Griselda for me, I don't think."

At first Mr. Bear was very angry at this Solar Plexus blow to his Vanity, but by and by, as he saw that Mrs. Bear had ceased to Run after him, he began Chasing after her, and she became Celebrated throughout all the Hen Clubs as a Wife who had solved the Secret of how to Retain a Husband's Love.

Moral: This Fable teaches that the woman who makes a Doormat of herself will always be Trodden upon.

THE BEARESS WHO WAS TOO GOOD.

ONCE upon a time there was a handsome and Prosperous Bear who had Married in his early Youth. His Wife was a most estimable Creature, but she did not know her Business. She thought when you Caught a Husband you had Got him for Keeps, and did not understand that Fascinating anything Masculine is like Washing your Face. It has to be done over Fresh every Morning.

Because she was Married and a Mother, Mrs. Bear ceased to care for her Looks. She wore an old Fur

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Coat that was Motheaten and Mangy, and her Conversation was all of the Sterilized Milk Brand. Mr. Bear approved of this Course, and said a Mother's place was with her Babies. Personally, though, he did not enjoy the odor of Soothing Syrup and Paregoric, so he got Gay, and became a Charter Member of the Married Flirts. He went out every night, and after the Theatre bought Bottles and Birds for the Chorus, who devoured them Greedily and called Him a Cinch.

In Society he cultivated an air of languishing sorrow, and when He met a young and beautiful Female Animal he told Her his Troubles.

“My Life,” he said, “is Blighted by an Uncongenial Marriage. My



“MANY WIVES CEASE TO BE KISSED BECAUSE THEY ARE
NO LONGER KISSABLE.”

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Wife does not Understand Me. She cares for nothing but Bread and Butter, while I am All Soul. You are the First Woman I have Ever Met finely Attuned enough to respond to my Heart Throbs. Ah, what a Dream existence would have been if we had only Met in Time!"

He had also a beautiful System of Platonic Friendship, which made it Perfectly Proper for Other People's Husbands and Wives to Love Each Other if they were Affinities, and it was only after Several Married ladies, to whom he explained it, had gotten Severely Burned that they Suspected they Had been Playing with Fire.

Female Animals the world over feel that they have a government

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Contract to Console Masculine sorrows, and they sympathized greatly with the Bear in his Domestic Misfortunes. A Number of Débutantes Made Porous Plaster of themselves trying to Bind up the Wounds in His Heart, but Nobody Pitied Poor, forsaken Mrs. Bear, sitting alone at home with the little Cubs.

At length she could bear her Plight no Longer, and she Hied to the Owl, who was her Family Lawyer.

“I have been a Good Wife,” she said. “I have stayed at Home and kept House, and taken care of my Children, and Prepared Mr. Bear’s favorite Dishes myself, and he repays my Devotion by Neglect and Desertion; but I will endure No

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Longer. I will go back to my Mother."

"Divorces," replied the Owl, "are generally Messy and Vulgar. Besides, it is hard to collect alimony. Your mistake was in making a Door-mat of yourself, instead of a Parlor Ornament. Go home and retrieve Your Error. If your Husband likes pretty clothes, outdress your Rival. If he likes Flattery, give it to him in Doses that will make that of all Other Females seem like Homœopathic Pills. If He enjoys Flirtations, lead him a Dance instead of Throwing Yourself at His Feet. Many Wives Cease to be Kissed because they are No Longer Kissable. Farewell."

Mrs. Bear Dried her Tears and did as she was bidden, and in the End

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Mr. Bear was inveigled into a Flirtation with his own Wife, and Ceased to Wander from His Own Fireside, and They Lived Happily ever after.

Moral: This Fable Teaches that if a Wife Doesn't want to Get Left She must Keep in the Running.

THE DONKEY WHO LEARNED TO KICK.

A DONKEY once sat down and deplored his Fate with many Tears.

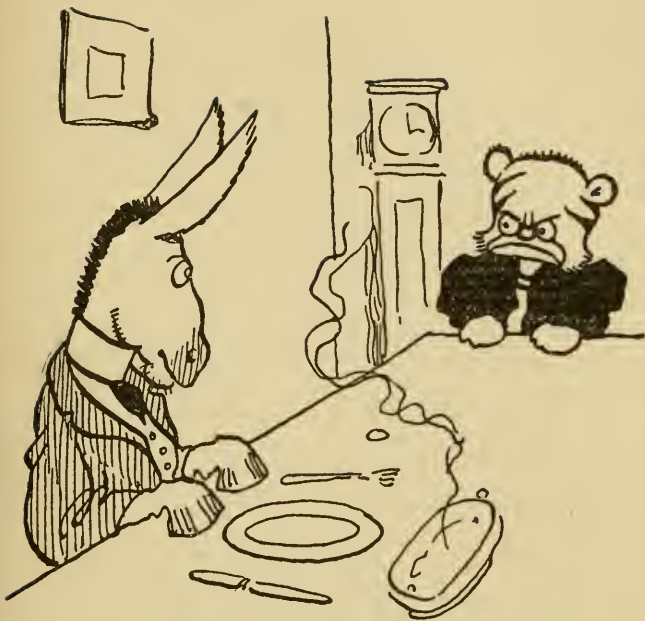
“Why do you weep?” inquired a Parrot, observing his Grief.

“Alas,” replied the Donkey, “I Weep because I am not a Figure in the World. I have neither Wealth, nor Brains, nor does my Pedigree entitle me to the Solace of Becoming a Colonial Dame. When I go to Parties the Society Papers mention me among Those Who Were Also Present, and at Dinners I am merely a filler-in like the jelly between the

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layers of Cake. Yet I earnestly labor to win the Respect and Admiration of my Fellow-Creatures. I make myself a perfect Beast of Burden, fetching and carrying for my Lady Friends. I agree with everybody's Prejudices and Politics, and at the Club, when any one tells a Joke I haw-haw, no matter how many Times I have heard it before nor how Tired it makes Me. But it is all of no Avail. I remain that most unfortunate of Creatures—an Individual of No Consequence.”

“Your Mistake,” replied the Parrot without moulting a Feather, “is in belonging to the Chorus. Nobody notices the Ninety-and-Nine who sing in Tune. It is the One Individual who gets off the



SWIN!

“THESE OATS ARE NOT PROPERLY FRAPPÉED.”

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Key who attracts attention. Farewell.”

Thereupon the Donkey, not being as great a Fool as he Looked, went his Way pondering deeply and Resolving to change his Course.

That night for some reason the Stable Man gave the Animals an unusually big Feed, which the Others received Gratefully and ate Heartily. But the Donkey sniffed at his with Contempt and turned up his Nose Disdainfully.

“I shall leave this Hotel at once,” he Remarked, “unless they give better Service. These Oats are not properly Frappéed. Besides, they are of the Vintage of '99, which every Connoisseur knows was of inferior Quality and lacking in Flavor.”

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At this the other Animals who had enjoyed their Supper, looked a trifle abashed, but they Murmured among Themselves: "We had not observed it, but it must be True. The Donkey is not such an Ass as we thought Him. He is a Bon Vivant, and we will Imitate his taste in Food and Follow his Example in Eating."

Shortly thereafter there was a Race, in which a Beautiful and Highly Bred Young Mare that had been raised on the Farm was entered. The other Animals, who had been her Friends and Neighbors, took great Interest in her Début, and when she won crowded about her to Congratulate her. The Donkey alone was Silent.

"Was it not a beautiful Race?"

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they asked Him, "and did She not win Handily?"

"It was quite creditable," replied the Donkey with a Maddening Smile of Superior Knowledge, "though not, of course, what Racing was in the Palmy Days of the Track, nor what you may Still see on the best European Courses, which are Patronized by the Nobility and therefore pervaded by a Spirit of Sport for Sport's Sake that it is impossible to Maintain in this Commercial Country. You should have seen the great races of the past. That was racing. Alas! there are no Flora Temples and Longfellows now! Still, our young friend's performance was not without merit. She was a trifle amateurish, and showed too much self-

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consciousness in the manner in which she handled her feet, while the very way she won out displays a lack of subtlety and finesse, but I can quite understand how she appeals to the multitude who see only the crude outside of things and have no Standard of Tradition.”

The Animals listened to this with Bated Breath, and when he had finished said to One Another: “What a profound knowledge of Racing he possesses! What insight! We should have Believed It a Great Race if he had not Told us Better,” and they went away quoting the Donkey’s opinion, and at the next meeting of the Jockey Club Elected him President.

It chanced that soon after This the

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Animals were gathered together in a Beautiful Meadow, listening to the song of a Lark. "Is it not exquisite?" asked the Cow, who was one of the Lady Patronesses of the Choral Society, but the Donkey merely shrugged his shoulders with pitying wonder. "It has a good voice," he replied, "but a faulty technique. Personally I do not care for ballads anyway. It is only people with Simple and Uncultivated Tastes who enjoy mere Harmony in Music." Thereupon he left the Lark and went and sat in apparent rapture near where a Jackdaw was discordantly screaming on his Perch. "Dear me," cried the Other Animals, "what a frightful mistake we have been making in admiring the

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Lark. Let us go and worship the Jackdaw," and they toddled after the Donkey as fast as they could. So it was that by objecting to everything the Donkey's fame as a Critic spread throughout the Land, and He was no longer a Person. He was a Personage.

Moral: This Fable Teaches the Virtue of Kicking.

THE DONKEY WHO ARBITRATED SOCIETY.

ONCE upon a Time a number of Animals, who dwelt in a great Forest, perceiving that they were getting it in the Neck from the other Animals who had more Dough and a stronger Political Pull than they had, began to put up a sour-balled murmur and to knock Fate.

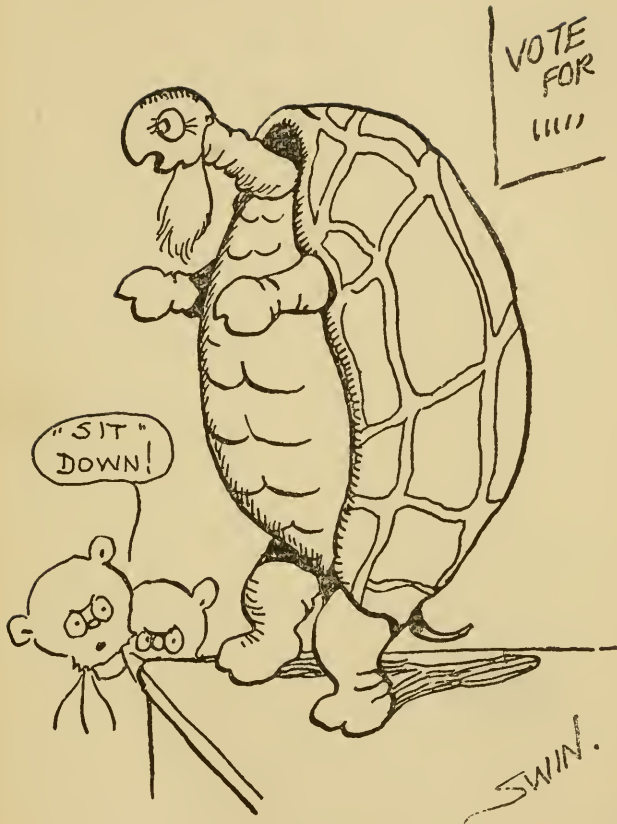
“We do not like this way Society has of playing Favorites,” they said, “for we have a Honolulu Hunch that all Creatures are born Equal, and that we are as good as anybody if not Better. Furthermore we ob-

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ject to having to wear Ready Made Religion, and it rubs our Fur the Wrong way to have to Vote the Ward Boss's Ticket and wear his Collar. So we will cut this out, and go where we will be the Only Thing."

With these words the disgruntled Animals bolted the Convention, and after having provided themselves with an inexhaustible supply of Grandfathers' Clocks for the benefit of Posterity, they piked out across the Herring Pond.

For many years they were kept good and busy introducing the blessings of Dope and Civilization to the Simple Savages among whom they had gone to Live, but at last, as soon as the more fortunate among them



"I FAVOR THE AGE LIMIT."

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had acquired enough Pelf to enable them to put out their Laundry and hire a Man to Make Fires, they began to grow dissatisfied with their Democratic Surroundings.

“What is the good of being a Superior Creature,” they cried, “if you are not superior to some one else? For we allow that the chief Pleasure in being on Horseback is to throw Dust on the lowly Pedestrian.

“This Theory of Equality is a good enough Campaign Document, and it is still useful when you desire to run for Congress from a Rube District, but the balance of the Time it does not go with us.

“Between the Creature who plays Golf for Exercise, and the one who Hoes Potatoes for Pay there is a

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Great Gulf Fixed, and it is mere buncombe to speak of a female with a Tiara as being in the same Class with one who wears a Last Season's Bonnet.

“Wherefore we apprehend that it is our Sacred Duty to draw the Lines between the Sheep and the Goats, and establish a Society that will be Copper Riveted, and have a Combination Lock that it will take a Cracksman to break into.”

Thereupon a Number of the Animals elected themselves to be Social Arbiters, but when they had assembled together it was found that they could not agree upon what Lines to organize the Society Trust. Each proclaimed himself the only nectarine on the Genealogical Tree and

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wanted to force his Grip and Pass Word on the others.

“I favor the Age Limit,” cried one; “my Ancestors came over in the Ark, and it is therefore clear that I should have the Call over those who merely floated in on a Raft.”

“It may be true,” replied the others, “that your Family came in the Ark, but they are now on the Bum, and we opine that a Smart Set full of Has Beens is a Dead One.”

“Pedigree,” exclaimed another, “is the only thing upon which an Aristocracy can be based.”

“There is much in what you say,” returned the others, “but a Family Tree that has only three Branches does not cast enough Shade to make a comfortable Resting Place. Be-

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sides, the Trouble in most American families is that you can not go far enough back without falling over the Wash Tub, or barking your Shins on a Hod. Many of us Possess lovely Coats of Arms, but we bought them in a Second Hand Shop, and they are only ours by right of Purchase."

"Why should not Intelligence and Worth pass you through the Gate?" asked another, swelling out his chest, but at this all the other Animals gave him the merry ha-ha, and began stringing him for a Rube.

"What would any one do with such Impediments in Society?" they cried. "Besides, they do not do Things that way abroad."

Finally, seeing they were about to make a Rough House, a Donkey

whom no one had suspected of possessing such Sagacity arose and thus addressed the meeting:

“It seems to me,” he said, “that all the other claims for Consideration are mere Pipe Dreams and Hot Air, and that all that you need to qualify you for Society is the Price of Admission. It is a Show down of Dollars, and the real Social Arbiters are Bradstreet and Dun. As long as you have the long Green you are It, and when you have lost your Wad you have to go away back and sit down. See?”

“We perceive,” replied the other Animals, “that you have the Proper Idea of an American Aristocracy, for whereas, if we were short on Blood, or Brains, or Antiquity, we could

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never hope to get next, Providence may at any time enable us to Loot a Railroad, or do our Fellow-Creatures so that we may become Shining Lights in Society.”

Moral: This Fable teaches that the Book that helps us most is our Bank Book.

THE HEN WHO UNDERSTOOD THE GAME.

ONCE upon a Time there was a Hen whose Home Nest contained Six Daughters, upon observing which her Friends Pitied her greatly.

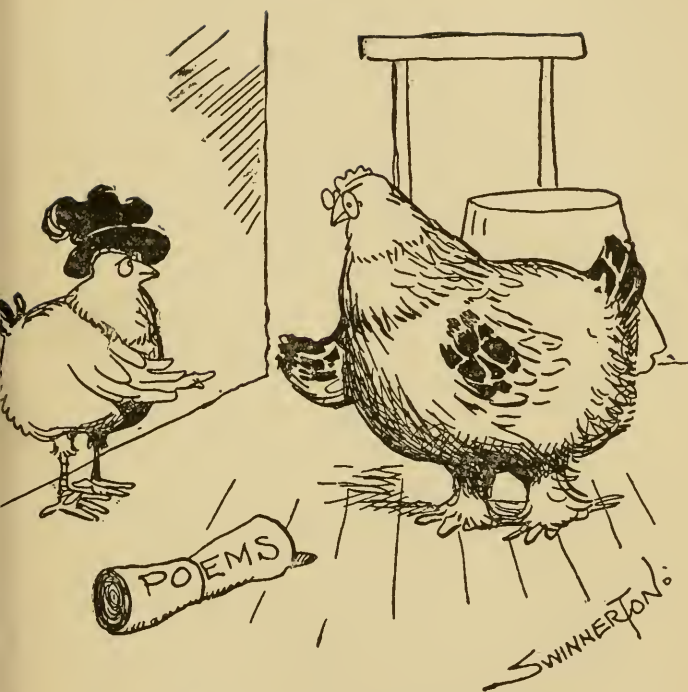
“It is hard enough to Marry off one Daughter,” they said to each other, “in these strenuous Times, when the Matrimonial Market is Long on Marriageable Pullets and short on Eligible Roosters, and although Old Mrs. Hen is an Early Bird who is apt to catch the first Worm that stirs, we predict that she will not be able to Corner the whole

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Visible Supply of Husbands, and that when the Bell Taps her Daughters will still be Perching on the Family Roost."

To add to the difficulties of the Situation, Mrs. Hen's Daughters were quite Ordinary Creatures, with no Beauty nor Attractions to Boom them, and not enough Dough to be worth while when the Divisor was so Large and the Dividend so Small. Their Plumage looked as if it had been Bought at a 39 cent marked-down Bargain Sale; their Cackle was the kind of Pink Tea Patter that makes the Listener want to Throw a Fit, and they walked Pigeon-toed.

But Mrs. Hen was a Foxy Mamma, who had cut her Wisdom Teeth on



"SHE HANDED OUT A COLD WELCOME."

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the Ways of the World many Summer resort seasons ago and was wise to the situation, so she thus communed with herself.

“I have not,” she remarked to her Pillow in the silence of the Night, “rustled around in Society all these years without Scratching up a Few Nuggets of Wisdom, and one of these is that a masculine Creature never wants the Thing he can Get. I have observed that when a Female throws herself at the Head of a Male he always Dodges, and she Misses the Mark. Likewise I have Noticed that when a Female runs after a Male she is apt to get left, because Females are not built for the Chase, and the Male can outrun her, but if she turns and Flees he Pursues and

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Overtakes her, and she has to Marry him to get rid of him.

“It is also True that the Conversation of the Female who desires to Talk to a Male makes him very Tired, but if she scorns his Society and goes off by herself to Meditate he will Break his Neck to find out if she is Thinking about him. I think I know my Business, and, at any rate, I intend to Play this Tip all across the Board.”

Unlike many foolish Mothers, Mrs. Hen did not give her graft away. She did not Smirk and Smile and give the Glad Hand to every Rooster that came Strutting around her Door. On the contrary, whenever anything Masculine approached she gathered her Chicks under her Wings and

handed out a Welcome so Cold you could cut the Icicles off its Beard.

At this her Friends remonstrated with her. "How can you Expect to marry off your Daughters if you Shoo Away all the Eligible Roosters?" they asked.

"That is Precisely what I Wish to do," replied the Hen, Looking Piously up to Heaven. "I cannot Bear to Part with one of my Treasures, nor am I willing to Trust my Darlings' happiness to any Male Creatures."

At hearing this, the Roosters, who had not Previously noticed Mrs. Hen's Daughters, began to Cast Sheep's Eyes in that direction and to remark at the Club: "The Hen Pullets must be a Good Thing, since

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their Mother desires to Keep them. We will watch until the old Dragon's back is turned and invade the Coop," and thus Mrs. Hen's Daughters became Belles because the Roosters thought it was a Privilege and not a Duty to Call upon them.

At Balls, when Mrs. Hen lined up with the other Chaperons along the Wall, she did not Look as if she had won the Prize in a Policy Shop every Time one of her Pullets was asked to take a Stroll in the Conservatory. Instead, as soon as she observed one of her daughters sitting out a Dance under the Palms with a Male she called for a Break Away and yanked the Pullet back into the Ball Room under the full Glare of the Electric Light.

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Now, the Pullets were not Built for Moonlight Effects, and ordinarily no Rooster would have Cared to stroll with them, but because it was a Forbidden Pleasure all the masculine Creatures in the Community were hot-foot after them.

So successful were these tactics that by the end of the season the whole Hen Bunch was engaged, but their mother, who knew that nothing helps on a Wedding like a little Judicious Opposition, sternly refused her blessing.

“Never,” she cried, “will I part with my Jewels!”

“Fly with me,” then cried the Impassioned Lovers, and the Pullets flew. Thus was a Mother’s Devo-

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tion rewarded, and the Expense of a Swell Wedding saved.

Moral: This Fable teaches that it is dead easy to Work a Man, if you know How.

THE BEARESS WHO WANTED A CAREER.

ONCE upon a Time there was a Bear who wooed and won a charming young Bearess for his Bride. After the Wedding Cards were out one of those Officious Friends who always feel it their Duty to Slug us with Truths we are trying to Dodge, took him aside, and said:

“Before you take the Irrevocable Step I have a Revelation to make concerning the Young Creature you are about to Marry. My Conscience will no longer Permit me to conceal the fact that she is an Elocutionist.

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I myself have heard her Recite
'Curfew shall not Ring to-night'
and 'Little Ma-a-a-bel with her
Fa-a-ace Against the Window
Pa-a-a-a-ne' with all the Tremolo
stops on."

The Bear was greatly distressed
at hearing this, but he was Deeply
in Love, so he Braced up, and re-
plied: "I will not deny that what
you have told me is a Knock Out
blow, and if I had Known it in Time
I would have looked Further. Still,
my Own Life has not been such as
to entitle me to Cast Paving Blocks
at Another. I have my Own Youth-
ful Follies to repent of, and I shall
not hold her Past against her."

So they were Married, and for
Some Years lived in Great Happi-



“RESUMED HER PROFESSION OF BEING A TALENTED
AMATEUR.”

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ness. As a provider Mr. Bear was a Cracker Jack, and Mrs. Bear belonged to all the Hen Clubs, and did stunts in Society, and when they got up Amateur Theatricals she was the Main Guy of the Show. She also put up a Good Feed when she entertained the Push, and tapped real Wine, and they spieled to her about being a Maude Adams until it swelled her Head so she had to put on her Easter Bonnet with a Shoe Horn.

By and by Mrs. Bear grew discontented with the Domestic Sphere and began to Cast Sheep's eyes at a Career, so she went to Mr. Bear and thus addressed him:

"I perceive," she said, "that I have made a mistake in Marrying. I am not fitted for a Retired Life,

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and my Soul soars far above the Petty Details of seeing about a house, and providing Food and Clothing for my family. I want to hear the Plaudits of the World instead of a Colicky Baby crying for Mother. I long to tread the Boards, and get the Glad Hand from an Enthusiastic Audience instead of being annoyed by Sticky little Fingers, that smell of Bread and Butter, pulling at my Skirts. It is True I have a good Home, but what is Home to a Creature with aspirations? I do not blame you. You have done the Best you Knew to make me Happy, but you do not understand me. We are made of Different Clay."

Now, Mr. Bear was wise to the Game of Life, and he knew it is a

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Waste of Hot Air to hand out Advice to a Female. The only Thing that ever convinces her of a Fact is to run against it so hard it Loosens her Back Teeth, so he replied:

“I see that you are Right. I have noticed for some time that I could not Side Step with you any longer, and that the Double Harness in which we are Trotting was getting Strained at the Buckles. I have been too Busy chasing the elusive Simoleon to devote myself to Thrills, and the only thing that really Raises a Genuine Heart Throb in me is the price of Northern Pacific. I realize, alas, that I am no longer in your class. I would not be one, two, three as Romeo climbing up a papier mâché Balcony, covered with Paper

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Roses. Neither can I see myself doing Julius Cæsar in a Suit of Jaeger Underwear, and a Table Cloth with a Red Border, but I will not stand in the way of your Aspirations. Go where Glory waits you, and when the Time Comes when you feel that Three Square Meals a day are better than a Newspaper Roast, come back Home."

So Mrs. Bear packed her Grip, and hied away, and joined the Hamfat Shakespearian Dramatic Company, and they went Gaily forth to elevate the Stage by producing the Legitimate in one night Stands in Jay Towns, where she put on her little Nightie and did Lady Macbeth. Unfortunately, however, the audience was composed of Rude, Rough

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People who did not know Histrionic Genius when they saw it, and the papers said next day it was the Bum-mest Show that ever hit the village. Also the Box Office Returns were a Frost, and the Local Manager gave it as his Opinion that the Bard of Avon was a Dead One, anyway.

“This,” remarked Mrs. Bear to herself, when the Company went to Pieces in Oshkosh, “this is not what I Signed For. I thought I had a Cinch on Fame, and that it would be Dead Easy, but it appears to have too much Boarding House Hash, and too many Cross Ties in it to suit my Taste. Neither is a Career worth the Price they Ask for it, so I will Telegraph my Baby for the Where-withal, and return Home, and Re-

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sume the Profession of being a Talented Amateur.

Moral: This Fable Teaches that a Full Stomach is Better than an Empty Career, and that a Woman who has a Good Thing in a Husband should Freeze to It.

THE GOAT WHO WAS A SHINING LIGHT.

ONCE upon a Time there was a Goatess who was left a Widow, with one little Kid to Raise. She was a noble Creature, with a high appreciation of a Mother's Sacred Responsibility, and so Conscientious she would not bring him up on the Bottle for fear he might acquire a Taste for Liquor.

"I am Determined," she said, "to Devote my Life to Rearing my son so that he will be a Shining Light, and a Model for the Youth of the Community."

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Every Morning she curled his Hair in nice, long Ringlets, and dressed him up in beautiful Fauntleroy Clothes, and he was not allowed to go out and Play in the Dirt for fear he would Muss the pretty Blue Ribbon around his Neck. The other little Kids hated him, because he was the Example of the Neighborhood, and often Assailed him with Rude words and Hard Pebbles, but he was not permitted to Fight back, but was taught to run and tell Mother.

In this way the Kid passed a most Exemplary youth. When he was Only Seven years old he signed a Pledge to Renounce Tobacco and Abstain from Intoxicating Drink, and at all the Sunday-School Round-ups he Spouted Pieces about the De-



“THOSE WHO ARE WISE TO THE GAME RESPECT THE
LIMIT.”

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mon Rum, and Handed out Warnings and Advice to Old Soaks.

By and by the Kid grew up, and it became necessary for him to leave the Home Fold, and go out and Rustle for a Living. At this the Goat-ess, who would Fain have kept him tied to her Apron String, wept bitterly, but finally she gave him a Mother's Hair Cut and her Blessing, and sent him out into the Wicked World.

"I Feel," she said, at parting, "that you are Fully Prepared to meet the Trials and Temptations of Life, because your Pure Young Soul has never been Sullied by any Knowledge of them.

"You are not like those wicked young Kids who have been permit-

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ted to associate with Goats and learn their Sinful Ways.”

It chanced that the very first Dash out of the Box, and as soon as he Broke over the Pasture Bars, the Kid came across an innocent-looking Goat who was amusing a Crowd at a Picnic by letting them Guess which Particular Shell a Pea was under.

“It is against my Principles to Gamble,” remarked the Kid to himself; “nor should I ever Lower my Standard of what is Right by engaging in Games of Chance, but this is merely a matter of Scientific Observation, and I feel it to be my Duty to Despoil the Philistine of some of his Ill-gotten Gains,” and it was only after he had Sloughed off half the

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Wad his mother had sewed up in his undershirt, that the Kid began to suspect that there are points about Raising Peas that a Farmer does not understand.

The Kid had also been fully Determined that when he went to the City he would keep up his Virtuous Habit of Going to Bed at Eight o'clock, and that he would Make himself Felt in the Young People's Meeting on Wednesday Evenings, but he got in with a Glad Crowd who said it is never Late until Morning, and then it is Early, and he Proceeded to go the Pace with them, although he was not Gaited for it.

Now, those who are Wise to the Game respect the Limit, but the Kid, being a Tenderfoot, went the whole

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Hog. When he attended the Races he did not pick out a Sure Thing on the Dope Card, but he Played the Menu from start to finish. He was not used to Looking Upon the Rosy, and so he Tanked up as if there was no Next Morning with its Dark-Brown Remorse. The only Females he had ever known were meek, weak-eyed Creatures, who sang the "Lips that Touch Wine can Never Touch Mine," so when a Beauteous young Goat nestled her Pompadour down on his Fur Coat Collar and made Googoo eyes at him, he got a Hectic Flush, and believed all she Told him, and it Broke his Heart when she passed him up for a Fresh Sucker with a Bigger Roll.

At last the Kid came down to the

Office one morning with his Wagon loaded down with Prunes, and the Bear, who was his employer, took him aside, and thus addressed him:

“My young friend,” he said, “you were Touted to me as a Simple Country Creature who was Superior to the Dissipation and Weaknesses of City youth. It appears that this is a mistake, and that you have not only col-lared the whole Bunch of Vices, but added Frills of your own. I perceive your Training has not fitted you for this Strenuous Life, and I advise you to go back Home, where the only Liquid Refreshment is the Purling Brook, and the only Excitement is Watching the Grass Grow, and where your Mother will apply Wet Towels

to your Aching Brow, and be Sorry for you."

"You are Right," replied the Kid, who was no Mutton-head. "I should have Resigned my Place anyway, because I do not care to Assist you any longer in the Petty Larceny in which you are engaged. I shall also take your Advice and go back Home, but I shall Recast and Rewrite the Prodigious Son act Before I appear in it, and I opine I shall make a Hit. I shall Hire a Hall, and rake in the Shekels describing the "Wickedness and Sin of a Great City as I have Seen It," until I make the Geezer's mouths water. In a Truly Good Community a Spieler who is a Reformed Drunkard, or a Converted Gambler, is always Ace High."

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So the Prodigal returned home where he grew Mutton Chop whiskers, and acquired Fame and Fortune as a Lecturer who Dealt Boldly with the Dark Side of Life.

Moral: This Fable Teaches that a Boy should be Acclimated before he is Sent Out to a Warm Place.

THE ELEPHANTESS WHO TRIED TO BE CUTE.

ONCE upon a Time there was a beauteous little Kitten, who cut much ice in the Social Menagerie, and, although the other Female Animals called her a Cat behind her back, she had all the Masculine Creatures in a Trance, and they Played her up for the Favorite.

So far as her Mug was concerned, she was All Right, All Right, but where she Skinned the Dope Card, and romped in with the Coin, was in Possessing Winning Ways.

She had a Purr that would chime

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in melodiously in any Key, and a Trick of Nestling up to a Masculine Creature, and giving him the Gaze in a way that made him feel about Seven Feet high, and so Chesty his Shirt Studs would not hold,

She also had a Strangle Hold on Artless Ignorance, and when she played that on a Masculine Creature, he simply lay down on the mat and let her walk off with the Gate Receipts.

The Kitten was a trifle shy on Book Learning, nor was she one, two, three when it came to doing Language Stunts, but what she did not know about Getting There would not have made a Primer for a Kindergarten.

“I opine,” she was wont to say to herself, “that Feminine Helplessness



'WHEN SHE TRIED TO NESTLE UP TO THE BEAR, HE TOLD
HER TO HOLD OFF.'

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is about the easiest graft there is going, and that those Feminine Creatures who abandon it for Strenuous Independence do not know a Soft Snap when they see one.”

So she always stood about and let somebody else perspire over all the Tough Jobs, while she admired their Strength and Skill, and she looked so Incapable of Taking care of herself that even when she sat in a Tandem Hammock some Masculine Creature felt he had to Hold her in.

Now, it chanced that there dwelt in the same Forest a young Elephantess, who perceived that the Kitten was copping the cash, and had all the other Female Animals so Faded they looked like a Shirt Waist fresh from a Chinese Laundry.

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Being a thoughtful Creature, however, the Elephantess did not knock her rival's game, but began to study the Kitten's system, to see if there was not a soft spot where she could butt into the money.

"I may not be the Seventh Daughter of a Seventh Daughter, nor an Oriental Soothsayer and Fortune Teller," she reflected, "but I am next to the fact that it is the Kitten's cunning ways that have Hypnotized the Masculine Bunch, and it is up to me to get into the Push and understudy her.

"Personally, I am not fond of the End Man's Jokes, nor do I care for Soubrette Parts, but henceforth it's me for the Wicked Wink, and the Lingerie Kick, and the Rolling Orb."

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With that the Elephantess retired to her Apartment, where she studied an Edna May smile before her mirror, and learned to assume artless poses sitting on the floor, and cultivated a helpless way of looking at an Occupied Seat on the Street Cars, and when she had her Vaudeville turn business all down pat, she sallied forth to try it on Society.

Unfortunately, the result was not the glowing success she had Anticipated. Her Number Two Company was as good as the Original Cast, but it did not draw.

When she tried to nestle up to Mr. Bear he rudely told her to Hold Off until he could go out and get his Accident Policy increased, and when she playfully sat down in the Ham-

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mock by Mr. Lion's side, the Guy Ropes parted and they got a Nasty Jar.

Neither did the Baby Stare work on the Elevated Trains. The Selfish Masculine Creatures gave one Look up at the bulk of Rainy Day Skirt before them, and remarking she was as able to Stand up as they were, went on Reading the afternoon papers.

"This thing gets past me," remarked the Elephantess to the Owl. "I give a Conscientious Imitation of the Kitten's star act, and yet, instead of getting the Glad Hand like she does, they give me the merry Ha-ha and the passé Hen Fruit."

"The trouble with you," replied the Owl, "is that you have gotten

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out of your class, and that you have not learned that the Things one may do without making a fool of themselves depends on their Aavoidupois.

“Tricks that are cunning in a Kitten are idiotic when done by a Performing Elephant.

“Likewise, all Female Creatures who are thinking of qualifying for the Cute Role should ask themselves whether they are built that way or not.

“No Female Creature should attack a Hammock if she is going to make it Sag down as if it had a Wagon Load of Brick in it, nor should she Cuddle Down on Georgie’s Knee in the Twilight unless she knows that he is Trained up to supporting her Heft.

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“For a Female Creature who is constructed on Large Architectural Lines there is no play like Simple Dignity, and when she abandons this to try to do Monkey Tricks she throws away her Trumps and Queers her Game.”

Moral: This Fable Teaches the folly of big Women trying to be Cute.

THE BEAR WHO WAS HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED.

ONCE upon a Time there was a Bear who was of a Gay and Festive Disposition. He liked to paint things a deep, dark Red, and what he had done to the Correct Precepts of the Higher Life was a Plenty. He also preferred opening bottles for Chorus Girls to attending the meetings of the Y. M. C. A., and although he always went to Sleep in Church, he could sit up in a Friendly Game until the Cows came Home, without batting an Eye.

By and by the Bear fell in love

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with a beautiful young Creature, and asked her to be his Bride, to which, as he was the Matrimonial It of the Town, she joyfully consented, and his farewell Bachelor Dinner furnished Text for the Preachers for Many Moons. Just before the Wedding, however, an old Bear, with the Weary, suburban Look of a Com-muter, and with his Fur moth-eaten in Patches, approached the Bride-groom and thus addressed him:

“You once saved my Life in Northern Pacific, and I desire to testify my Gratitude by giving you a Piece of unsought Advice. Matrimony is full of Trouble, and you are about to get Next. You think that it will be a continuous Song and Dance performance, but you will find



"HE COLLARED SO MANY HIGH BALLS A GOOD SAMARITAN HAD TO SEE HIM HOME."

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it is a Reformatory institution, in which your Wife will consider it her Sacred Duty to Police your Actions, and buy your neckties. When you come Home in the Early Morning Hours Little Birdie will not meet you with a Loving Kiss, and a Glad, Sweet Smile. A Reproachful Creature, surrounded by a Halo of Curl Papers, will be waiting up for you, and the Remarks she will make about your Habits will make your Hair Curl. I was once as Gay, and Light-hearted as you, but now I am nothing but an Awful Example."

"Say no more," cried the Young Bear; "I am a wise Guy, and I should not think of butting into the Matrimonial Race if I had not Per-

fect a System by which I can Win Out. I have observed that in every Game the One who holds the Edge generally Rakes in the Pot. I shall begin by Establishing such a High Standard of Virtue for my Wife it will take all she Knows to live up to my Ideal of Feminine Conduct, and she will not have Leisure in which to Observe what I am Doing. By the Time she gets through Apologizing for her own Shortcomings she will not have enough Nerve Left to mention mine."

So the Wedding was celebrated with great Ceremony, and as soon as the Happy Couple had gotten their bridal presents unpacked, Mr. Bear began Knocking everything his Wife did.

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Now Mrs. Bear was one of those Superior Creatures who are veneered with Culture, and she belonged to a Hen Club where they drank Weak Tea and read each other Essays out of the Encyclopedia for Fun.

“Alas,” cried Mr. Bear, when he learned this, “it is no wonder that there is so much Domestic Misery and Divorce when our Wives forsake the Sacred Hearthstone to Plunge into the Vortex of Public Life. It is the Hen Clubs that Menace the Happiness and Purity of the Home and endanger Family Life.”

Having delivered himself of this remark, Mr. Bear put on his hat and went down to his Own club, where he Dropped Two Hundred Plunks on a Bob-Tailed Flush, and Collared

so many High Balls that a Good Samaritan had to see him Home, but Mrs. Bear was so Busy trying to Make Good on her own Club Record that she never Piped a single Re-proach when she Opened the Door for him at 3 A.M.

Mr. Bear also weeded a Wide Row in Society, and was addicted to little Suppers and Gay Companions, which he averred broke the Monotony of Domestic Life, but his theories of what a Wife should be were a Peach. When Mrs. Bear danced twice with the same Individual, or drank Soda Water with her Grandfather he read the Riot act to her when she got Home.

“I am Shocked and Surprised,” he would say, “to Observe that you en-

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courage the Attentions of Sap-headed Kids and old Rounders. It is not the Kind of Conduct I expected in My Wife, nor does it come up to the Ideal of Feminine Perfection that I Cherish."

Whereupon Mrs. Bear, who was Perfectly Innocent, was filled with Remorse, and Apologized so much for the Things she had not done, she had no Opportunity to Observe whether Mr. Bear himself was Side-stepping or Not.

Likewise when Mrs. Bear bought a new Frock, or the Housekeeping Bills came in, Mr. Bear Registered such a Kick about Female Extravagance and Mismanagement, and Lack of Judgment, it rattled Mrs. Bear so she forgot to Remark on the Price of

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Cigars or the Money he parted with on Sure Tips on the Races. Thus it was that Mr. Bear and his wife lived together in great harmony, and Mr. Bear daily congratulated himself upon having discovered the Secret of how to be Happy though Married, which consists in being First in the Fight when there is going to be a Domestic Mix-up.

Moral: This Fable teaches the Superiority of the Masculine Intellect, and why Men Set such a High Standard of Conduct for Women.

THE LION WHO KNEW IT ALL.

ONCE upon a Time there was an Old Lion who had been the King Pin in the Forest in which he Lived. He was a Shining Light in the Patriotic Sons of American Nobility, because he belonged to a Family who knew who their Grandfather was, and had managed to Hold On to their Dough for Two Generations. He had also been to College, and as he had had enough Sense to Sit Still and let Real Estate Soar he was looked upon as a Great Financier, and his Advice

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was eagerly Sought by Widows and Orphans.

All of these Virtues made the Lion a Headliner in the Matrimonial Show, and wherever he went Mothers with Eligible Daughters showered Attentions and Hospitality upon him, but the Lion had been brought up to Think Well of himself, and no trap, however cunningly baited with Little Dinners or Tandem Rockers, ever succeeded in Catching him.

“Nay, nay, Pauline,” he quoth to himself, “not this Time. I am Aware that I would be an Attraction in any Domestic Menagerie, but I do not propose to do the Tame Bear Act yet a while. Single Life is good enough for me. I have no Desire to exchange my Latch Key for a Cur-



"AT LAST I AM LOVED FOR MYSELF ALONE."

tain Lecture. Neither am I afflicted with that form of Paresis which leads a Masculine Creature to assume a Female's Bills for Life, nor do I yearn to Emigrate to Brooklyn and join the Brigade of Perambulator Pushers. Moreover, I am too Fly to be Taken in by any Old Campaigner, and when I marry it will be because I am Loved for myself Alone."

Now in his Youth the Lion was really a most Attractive Creature, and many a beauteous young Female fell in Love with him, and would gladly have Lock Stepped with him to the Altar; but he was so Afraid that he would be Married for his Money he Passed them all up, and after a while he grew Old and was

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spoken of as a Confirmed Bachelor. His Barber daily exhausted the Tonsorial Art in trying to make three hairs cover a Bald Spot the size of a Dinner Plate; he was forced to Purchase a set of Tailor-Made Teeth, and he began to complain that the Club Cooking was not what it Used to Be.

It chanced that about this Time a Lovely and Graceful young Tigress strolled into that Neck of the Woods, and, perceiving that the Lion was weighted down with Rocks, she went to her Mother, and thus addressed her:

“There is no Need,” she said, “for Pursuing the Still Hunt for a Husband any further, for I have a hunch coming to me that the Lion

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is the Good Thing we have been Seeking these Many Moons. I opine that being an Old Man's Darling is a Lead Pipe Cinch. Besides, Black is becoming to my Peroxide style of Beauty, and as a Rich Young Widow I shall occupy the Centre of the Stage and monopolize all the Lime Light in this Section."

"That is True," responded her Mother, "and All will be Well if you can work the Riffle, but the Lion has been up Against the Game many times Before, and knows all the Under Cuts and Fancy Deals."

"There is nothing so easy as the Wise Guy who thinks he Knows it All," returned the Tigress. "I have also observed that a Masculine Creature is only Suspicious of a Female's

Affection for him when he is Young. After he is Middle Aged he wears the Combination to his Heart and Pocket Book on his Shirt Front and even a Débutante can Work It.”

Having thus Remarkd, the Tigress, who was a Demure little Creature, with Large, Innocent Eyes, went forth into the Forest where quite by Accident she met the Lion and handed him a Baby Stare.

“By Jove,” cried the Lion, “what a Beauteous and Unsophisticated little Creature, and how delightful to meet one whose Pure, Young Soul has not been Tainted with the Sordid Self-seeking that Spoils City Females.”

So the Lion began Visiting the Tigress, who wore Simple, White

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frocks buttoned down the Back, and who Rolled her Child-like Eyes at him, and asked him if it was Really Truly-True there were Females who Married for Money? She also Called him "Johnny," and told him he was a naughty boy to know so much about this Wicked World, and strung him along like he was seven years old, and when he Turned up at the Club one night with a Dyed Moustache and the Remark that a Male Creature is only as Old as he feels, it didn't take a Prophet to see his Finish.

"At last," he cried, as he presented the Tigress with a Tomato can full of diamonds and a Deed to a House and Lot on Fifth Avenue, "at last I have found One who Loves

me for Myself Alone." Thereupon he Married the Young Tigress, and Quarrelled for Life with his Relatives, who Told him he was a Doting old Fool.

Moral: This Fable Teaches that in Matters of the Heart the Old Veteran can get Points from the Raw Recruit.

THE BEAR WHO TRAVELLED ON HIS NERVE.

ONCE upon a Time there was a Young Bear who was the Main Society Guy in the Metropolis in which he lived. He was of quite humble Origin, but he had a great Head and plenty of Gall, and he Broke into the most Exclusive Circles, where he led the Cake Walk and did Monkey Stunts for his Dinner.

Now the Bear was one of those Creatures who Travel on their Nerve and who never Make Good. He had an Open Countenance that his fellow-Creatures at first Mistook for an Open

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Hand, but it was not long before they found out that the Bear's Society was an Expensive Luxury that an Animal who was merely a Beast of Burden, on a Working Salary, could not Afford.

When the Bear went out with the Boys he always let some one else Buy the Drinks. On the Street Cars he never had anything less than a Fifty Dollar Bill that the Conductor could not Change, so the other fellow had to Dig Down in his Jeans' and Haul up the Chicken Feed. When the crowd went to the Theatre he Shied away from the Box Office as far as he could get, and although he always said "This is my Turn," he was so Long Finding the price of Admission that the Generous Don-



WAS ONE OF THOSE CREATURES WHO TRAVEL ON THEIR NERVE."

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key in Front had already Put Up for the Gang. It also Happened that when he Sat down to a Friendly Game he invariably Found that he had Left his Wad in his Other Clothes, whereupon he would Bunco some Easy Mark out of a Temporary Accommodation with which to Purchase a Stack of the Red, White, and Blue, and as he never Paid Back he always stood to Win in every Game.

The Bear was a great Favorite in Female Society, notwithstanding the Fact that there, too, he was the Champion Welter-Weight Dead Beat of the Community. He was most punctilious in Paying Party Calls, and he was Never Known to Refuse an Invitation to Eat or to hold down a Chair in any old Stager's Opera

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Box, where he Looked down with Scorn upon the Common Skates who could only afford to Set up Tickets in the Parquet to their Best Girl, with a Dairy Lunch Feed after the Play.

The Bear was also spoken of as a Model by old Ladies because he was seen on Sunday Mornings Lugging some female's Prayer Book to Church. Likewise he was Esteemed a Patron of the Fine Arts because he accompanied his Lady Friends to Picture Exhibits, although he never bought even a Chromo. Any old Show went with him provided it was Free, but he was afflicted with Ophthalmia at the Sight of an Ice Cream Joint; nor was any Female ever Clever enough to Steer him up

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against a Hashery, and a Bird and a Bottle.

Among the Female Creatures whom the Bear had Long been in the Habit of Visiting was a Tigress, who, although still Beautiful, had arrived at the years of Discretion, and whose Début Party was becoming Ancient History. Now, the Tigress was One, Two, Three in Worldly Lore, and she perceived that the Bear was a Gilt-Edged Matrimonial Security, and she Determined to Corner the Market on it.

“It does not Get Past me,” she reflected, “that the Bear is Strictly on the Hog, but I opine that a Masculine Creature who is Wise enough to Sow his Wild Oats at somebody Else’s Expense will assuredly live

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to be Good and Great and the President of the Steel Trust, and is a Thing worth Tying to," and so whenever the Bear came she put on her Glad Rags and gave him the merry eye and the joyous Ha-ha.

For Several Seasons this happy Arrangement continued, and the Bear nibbled about the Tigress' Bait, but whenever she attempted to Land her Fish, she found that she had not got him on the Line; and at last, one day, he darted off, and the next Morning she read in the Society Column of the Daily Papers that he had been Caught by a Female Angler whose Hook was baited with Boodle.

At this the Tigress shed a few Tears, but she Presently dried her Eyes and remarked: "This Graft

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does not go with me, and I will not stand for this Sort of Treatment a minute. He has not Burnt out my Coal and Run up my Gas Bills all these Years for nothing, to say Nothing of the Injury done my Trustful Nature and my Broken Heart. I Apprehend that no other Plaster is as good for a Wounded Soul as one composed of the Long Green, and that by the Time he gets through Paying for my Blighted affections, at so much per Blight, he will regret that he did not Put up or Shut up."

Thereupon the Tigress brought a Breach of Promise Suit against the Bear for Fifty Thousand dollars, and her Lawyer, who was On to his Job, worked in a Packed Jury of those whom the Bear had Touched

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for Various Sums, and the way they Socked the Damages to him was a Plenty.

Moral: This Fable teaches that one of the Sacred Pleasures in Life is getting even with the Human Hog.

THE DONKEY WHO ADMIRED HIS OWN PERSPICACITY.

THERE was once a Donkey, who by a Lucky Fluke made a Killing on October Wheat Futures. This caused him to greatly Admire his own Perspicacity, and ever afterward he went about Bragging of his Long Head, and that Solomon was his Middle Name.

He also acquired the Habit of thinking that all his Poor Acquaintances were Panhandling him for Advice and Moral Reflections, and when he gave his Opinion it was with an Air that seemed to say: "I

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Know my Views are worth Money,
but I have so Many of them I do
not Mind giving away a Few."

The only Time the Donkey had ever been in Politics was when he was selected as an Alternative to the Primaries in his Native Village. The Sight of a Sheet flapping in the Wind on the Clothes Line on Washing Day made him Sea Sick, and he could not tell a Drum Major's Uniform from General Miles', but nevertheless he felt fully Competent to Run the Army and Navy.

At the Club he told how he could have Saved the Government from making some Mortifying Mistakes, if he had been consulted in Time, and as long as he Bought the Drinks his remarks were Listened to with



“I DID NOT MARRY TO BECOME THE VICTIM OF FEMININE WILES.”

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Attention by the Old Sponges who camped on the Chairs in the Front Windows.

The Gentle Sex, however, was the Donkey's Long Suit in Universal Knowledge, and whenever one of his Friends went up against the Matrimonial Proposition Good and Hard and got a Hot Tamale instead of a Peach for a Wife he would give him the Laugh.

"Those who do not understand the Trick," he would say, "should be content to sit on the Benches with the Bleachers and watch the Professionals Twirl the Ball. I opine that I am on to all the Feminine Curves, and that no Feminine Creature will be able to Work any Shell Game on me. To one who

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thoroughly understands the Subject, it is merely Child's play to Size up a Feminine Creature, and Cast the Horoscope of what she will do, and you cannot Lose your Uncle on a Little Thing like That.

“Personally, though, I do not Care to Take the Trouble to Work out any Feminine Prize Puzzles, and when I marry I shall Pick out a Simple and Guileless Little Creature whose Artless Nature is an Open Book to me, and I shall Form her Character according to my Ideal of the True and the Beautiful.”

Not long after this the Donkey attended a Smart Social Function, where he met a Bearess who was a Pipe Dream Fairy. She was a Beauteous Young Creature, whose

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Lovely Auburn Locks were Arranged in the Latest Cold Slaw Effect, and when she Handed the Donkey a Sozodont Smile that displayed her Pearly Molars he realized that she had Landed a Solar Plexus Blow that had put him Permanently out of Business as a Bachelor.

Moreover, the Bearess was Possessed of Many other Attractions. She did not Play the Piano, nor Talk Golf, nor indulge in Athletic Exercises, because she said her Mamma did not approve of Young Females being Strong-Minded and Masculine.

“Here,” reflected the Donkey as he heard this, “is where I make my Winning on my Exclusive Inside Information about the Female Sex.

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You can never Fool me on a good Thing." So he gave her the Grand Matrimonial Rush, and in the end she Accompanied him to the Altar.

As soon as they were safely Married and did not have to Keep up Fancy Stepping and Peacocking before each other any More the Donkey made a Terrible Discovery.

He Found Out that the Rosy Blush of Youthful Innocence he had admired so much on the Bearess' cheek was Hand Made, and that at night she took off the Locks that had ensnared his Affections, and hung her Pompadour on a Chair, and that her Milk White Teeth were only hers by Right of Purchase.

At this the Donkey was greatly Shocked, and he Put up a Most

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Dolorous Moan to the Bearesse.
“You have deceived me Cruelly,”
he cried. “I did not Marry to be-
come the Victim of Feminine Wiles,
and I will not Stand it. I will hie
away to the Divorce Court and Tell
my Troubles to the Public.”

“You Passed me through the Gate
on my Face,” replied the Bearesse,
“and there is no reason for you to
Join the Kicking Chorus of Sore-
heads. A Female Creature is as
Beautiful as she Looks, and how she
Does it is her own Trade Secret she
is not Bound to Reveal to Anybody.
Besides, have you been Quite Honest
and True with me? Are there no
Little Secrets and Closed Doors in
Your Life where you Make up for
the Part you have to Play?”

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“Are you the Paragon of Wisdom and Wit you have Tried to Lead me to Believe? It always Makes me Weary when I hear Masculine Creatures begin to Knock a Feminine Creature for Deceitfulness and False Appearances, for when it Comes to giving Life-like Illusions of Virtues that are not there you have gotten our Job beat to a Pulp.”

“Say no more,” replied the Donkey, “for I perceive there is Much Justice in your Remarks. Furthermore, it is a Wise Guy who Keeps Mum when he buys a Gold Brick.”

Moral: This fable teaches that there is nobody so apt to be taken in as the man who thinks he knows it all.

THE BEARS WHO SOLVED THE DIVORCE PROBLEM.

ONCE upon a Time there was a Bear who fell in Love with a young Bearess, and wooed and won her for his Bride. Now the Bearess was a most Estimable Creature, but she was a trifle short on Pulchritude, and one of her Lamps, instead of being a Goo-goo Eye, was a Crockery Optic.

Neither had Nature framed the Bear up with Features adapted to Chromo-lithographic representation, for he possessed a Figure that looked like a Beer Barrel on Skids, and a

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Roman Nose that Roamed all over his Countenance.

In the Halcyon days of Courtship when they were hurling large, warm slices of Taffy at each other, neither one noticed these defects in the other Party, or took the Trouble to ascertain if the Thing they were going to get came up to the Specifications of their Ideal.

Mr. Bear wrote Sonnets to the Bearess' one Good Eye, and the Bearess opined that a large 'Nose was a sign of Brains and gave an appearance of Intellectuality that reminded one of Napoleon and Julius Cæsar and the other Historical Guys.

So the Twain were made one, and they settled down to live in a Two



"IT WAS A SCRAPPING MATCH."

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by Four Flat where there was not Room enough to dodge anybody's Prejudices, and where they were continually treading on each other's Corns, and it was not long before they discovered that instead of Matrimony being a Grand, sweet Song, it was a Scrapping Match.

In reality both Mr. and Mrs. Bear were fond of each other, and neither did anything to call for Police Interference. Mr. Bear was a Charter Member of the Y. M. C. A. and he came home to Roost with the Chickens, and never Made a Rough House or Beat his poor Wife, but his Nose got on her Nerves until she felt, every time she looked at him, that she would rather be married to a Brute with a Classical Profile than

a Pin-feathered Saint, with such a Proboscis.

On her part Mrs. Bear was a model of all the Virtues, but Mr. Bear got so he could see nothing but her Glass Eye, and he spent his Time in wondering what made him such a Fool as to Pick out a Piece of Damaged Goods.

At last, when they could endure each other's defects no longer, they went to the Owl, who ran a Divorce Mill, and wanted to call their Matrimonial Trade Off.

“It is my Observation,” remarked the Owl, “that Creatures seldom find out that they cannot Trot in Double Harness until they get their Eye on a new Running Mate, and I desire to know who is the Dark Horse each

of you is Grooming for the second Term? If the Divorce Court sets you free will you make a Break for the Marriage License Joint?"

"Not on your life," they cried with one Voice, "for we have Tried Matrimony, and we know when we have Gotten Enough."

"Very well, then," replied the Owl, "instead of granting you absolute Freedom, I shall give you a Ticket of Leave, with the right to reconsider the subject, for I apprehend that Divorces are no longer recherché and that it is easier to live with a Female than it is to pay her Alimony. Furthermore, I opine that the only Trouble with you is that you have had a Steady Diet of each other's Society until it has cloyed on your

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Palate, and soured on your Stomach, and that all you need is a Change.

“Most domestic Infelicity is merely a case of Too Much Johnson, and if Creatures were only married Three Days a Week, instead of Seven, the Divorce Court would have to shut up Shop and go out of Business. Therefore I order Mr. Bear to start East on a Six Months’ Trip, and Mrs. Bear to go West on a Tour of equal Length, and at the End of that Time to meet again at this office.”

Being sensible Creatures Mr. and Mrs. Bear did as they were desired, but when the Time Limit had expired instead of clamoring for a Decree they rushed into each other’s arms, and began handing out Soft Talk.



“BEAUTEOUS CREATURE!”



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“How wonderful is Mental Science,” cried Mrs. Bear, “for I have given you Absent Treatment, and I see that your Figure is Sylph-like, while your Profile would make Kyrle Bellew’s look like the Eagle on a Battered Nickel.”

“Beauteous Creature,” exclaimed Mr. Bear, “I perceive that Two Eyes exactly alike are so Monotonous that I wonder any Masculine Creature can endure to Look at them.”

“It is well,” replied the Owl, “and in future whenever you begin to notice each other’s Defects reflect that Railroad Tickets are Cheaper than Lawyers’ Fees. Also remember that Domestic Happiness is like a Razor. If you want to keep a Wire Edge on it, you have to lay it

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up, and give it a Rest every now and then."

Moral: This Fable teaches that all Matrimony and no Vacation makes Jack a Divorced Boy.

THE BEAR WHO FOUND NOTHING IN ECONOMY.

ONCE upon a Time there were a Bear and his Wife, who lived an Honest, Industrious, and Frugal Existence, and in consequence of this cut No Ice in the community in which they dwelt.

Mr. Bear toiled from Early until Late doing stunts in a Brokerage Office, while Mrs. Bear performed upon the Cooking Stove, and Patched Mr. Bear's Trousers, and when she went abroad, instead of being clad in Glad Rags she wore a Last Year's Bird's Nest on her Head and a Fur

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Coat that was Mildewed and Moth Eaten.

According to the way the Bears had framed things up this Exemplary Conduct should have Copped the coin, and won them the Applause of their fellow-creatures, but so far from working out this way they found that they Got it in the Neck on every side.

Society gave them a Frost because they had not gone in Debt for a Giddy Shell, and although they were never known to Chisel any one out of a Penny they were required to Pay Cash in Advance whenever they bought anything at the Grocery Store.

“For,” argued the sagacious shop-keeper, “it is plain that no one



SHE WORE A LAST YEAR'S BIRD'S NEST ON HER HEAD AND A FUR COAT THAT WAS MILDEWED AND MOTH-EATEN."

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would live so Humbly as they do if they had not Exhausted their Credit.”

Now it chanced that Mr. Bear, who was, in reality, a Foxy Gazaboo, had a scheme that was a Lead Pipe Cinch, but to play his system properly across the Board required more of the Long Green than he Possessed, so he went to some bulls who were simply lined with Government Bonds, and offered to let them in on the Ground Floor if they would put up the Wherewithal.

“Nay, nay, Pauline,” they replied, giving him the hard turn down, “it is True that your Tip sounds like it would Win Walking, and we would String along with you in it if we were not too Wise to be

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Touted by such a Rail-Bird-looking creature as you.”

At these words the Bear was much discouraged, and returning home to his wife, he put up a most dolorous moan, but being a Wise Female she first cooked him a Good Dinner, and then she thus Addressed him:

“It is clear,” she said, “that the Game is Up with us, and that we can see our Finish among the Pines. I do not belong to the Chorus of Soreheads, nor am I putting up any Kick against Fate, but all of these Years of Hand-me-down Raiment, and Cottage Pudding, and Root Beer have gotten on my Nerves, and as we still have a small Wad left, I propose, before we Pike over the Hills to the Poor House, that we Blow in

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the Balance of our Dough on a Hot Old Time.”

To this the Bear agreed, and so they Cut the Modest Cottage on a Quiet Street in which they had lived so long, and took Apartments at a Swell Hotel where it cost Money to even Look at the Elevator Boy. Likewise they bought them all the clothes that were Fit to Wear, with Carbons a-Plenty, and they ate Broiled Lobster and Drank Fizz for breakfast, and Whooped Things up from Dusk to Dawn.

No sooner had their Acquaintances observed the Bears' Apparent Rise in Prosperity than they began to gather about them, and give them the Glad Hand.

“What a Napoleon of Finance Mr.

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Bear must be," they cried, "to Leap from Penury to Fortune in a single Bound. We will Jolly him along and perhaps he will put us next to a Good Thing."

"Ha," said the Bulls to one another, "We apprehend that there is something in the Bear's Tip, after all, as he has evidently Won out on it, and we will see if we cannot bite off a slice of it ourselves," so they sent for the Bear, who soaked it to them Right and Proper and made them pay for what they Got, and this caused the other Animals to admire him so much that they elected him the President of a Trust.

"I perceive," said the Bear that night to his Wife, "that it was our Virtues that queered us with the

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Push, and that it is only Millionaires who can afford to go Shabby and Live Simply, for when you Economize your Fellow-Creatures think it is because you have not Energy enough to get into Debt.”

“There is much in what you say,” replied Mrs. Bear as she twined a Tiara in her Pompadour, “but I suspect that if you want to be Rich and Prosperous you must Look the Part. Flour and Water are Sauce Hollandaise when they are in a China Dish, but in a Bucket on the Sidewalk they are merely Bill-sticker’s Paste.”

Moral: This Fable teaches that we are all Ready to Root for the Successful.

THE BEARESS WHO HAD MONEY.

ONCE upon a Time there was an old Bear who, after a Virtuous and Well-spent life in Wall Street, fell ill, and perceiving that the end was drawing Nigh, he sent for his only Child, and thus addressed her:

“My Daughter,” he said, “I feel that the time has come when my last Deal is about to be closed out, and that I must pass in my Checks; and while I have not invested as heavily in Celestial Securities as I could wish, I opine that the few Colleges and Libraries I have scattered around

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will Square my Account, and that I shall be O. K.

“You will find that I have left you a swellerino Pile of Loot, for I have Sheared my Share of the Lambs that came my Way, and lined my Nest well with the Feathers of the Geese who strayed down the Street. Unfortunately every Blessing in the World has a String Tied to it, and Your Roll will make you a Shining Mark. All the Fortune Grafters will be after you hot foot, and unless you are Foxy you will be led to the Altar by some Gazaboo who is after your Dough, instead of your Heart.

“Take a Dying Father’s Tip, and get a Strangle Hold upon your Pocket Book whenever a Masculine Creature begins handing you out



"A YOUNG LION CAME UPON THE SCENE."

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Syncopated Con Talk. Also refrain from becoming one of those Simple American Shepherdesses who purchase Gold Brick Titles, and then complain to the International Police because they did not get the worth of their Money. Heaven bless you. Farewell."

Having delivered himself of this Paternal Counsel the old Bear folded his Paws and turned his Walkers up to the Daisies, and became the Star Performer in a Swell Funeral.

It was not long until the little Bearess perceived that her Father had not run up the Storm Signals in vain. All the impecunious Masculine Creatures of her Acquaintance, apprehending that it would be much less Fatiguing to Marry for a Living

than to Work for it, began hurling Protestations of Undying Affection at her, and offering to share the Rich Woman's Burden; but the Little Bearess was a Crafty Proposition, and after she had put each one of her Suitors through the Third Degree to ascertain his Real Sentiments, she turned him down Good and Hard.

At last, however, a Young Lion, who was the Main Pretty Boy of the Forest, with Lovely Chrysanthemum Hair and a Matinée Idol Smile, came upon the scene, and began giving her a Steady Rush, and such were his Attractions that he gave the little Bearess Heart Failure every time she turned her Optics upon him. Only too Gladly would she have Signed a Life Contract with him,

but the Fortune-Hunting Business had gotten on her Nerves, and made her leery of the whole Marriage Game. So in this dilemma she went to the Owl and sought his advice.

“I do not deny,” she said, “that the Lion has swiped my Youthful Affections, and put my Heart on the Bum, and that without him my Life will be Damaged Goods, but I fear to Marry him lest he should have Mercenary Motives. Shall I Marry him, and run the Risk of his Affection being Gold Filled, instead of Eighteen Karat, or shall I have Spinster engraved upon my Tombstone?”

“Marry him,” quoth the Owl, with great sagacity; “anyway you frame it up, you are bound to be married

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for something. If he married you for your Beauty, in Time that would Fade. If he married you because you had a Fashion Plate Figure, no Earthly Prophet can foretell whether you will develop into a Living Skeleton or the understudy of a Feather Bed.

“If he married you because you were Entertaining, he would infallibly grow weary of hearing you Spiel, and would string you when you told the same story over Twice. If he married you because you were a good Cook, he would become so Dyspeptic that he would knock his Own Mother’s Pies. If he even married you because you were Amiable, the chances are that a Mush and Milk diet would pall upon his palate and

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he would chase off after something with more Ginger and Tabasco Sauce in it.

“But if he marries you for your Money, as long as you swing on to your Dough you have got the Situation Cinched, and you Possess an Attraction of which he will never Weary or get Enough.”

Thereupon the Little Bearess married the Lion, and as she kept everything in her Own Name and worked the Cash Register herself, the Lion treated her with great Consideration, and they lived in much Harmony and Peace.

Moral: This Fable teaches the Hand that holds the Pocketbook Rules the Roost.

THE BEAR WHOSE NAME WAS WILLIE WISDOM.

ONCE upon a Time there was a Bear whose name was Willie Wisdom, and who was the main Right Guy of the neighborhood in which he lived.

He was built on large, Architectural Lines, with an Aldermanic front, and his Countenance was adorned by an expansive Standard Oil Smile.

Moreover, he was a Charter Member of the Handshakers' Union, and always wore slick black Broadcloth, with a String Tie and a Silk Dicer that were as good as an affidavit of

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Unimpeachable Virtue any day in the week.

As a Prosperity Pilgrim the Bear looked the limit, but where he got in his best work was as the Press Agent of the Correct Life.

He was a Word Slinger who had the Dictionary Pulverized to a Pulp, and at every Talkfest he was strictly IT. He always Touted for the Higher Thought, and his Opinions were quoted as the Kind of Blue China that we ought to Live Up to.

No matter how you took the Bear, his Sentiments were always Standard Goods. As a Patriot he went about with a Hectic Flush and a 105 Temperature.

His Views of the Domestic Relations were such Top notchers you



“I SEE,” REPLIED THE BEAR, WITH THE SWEET AND FOR-
GIVING SMILE OF A SUPERIOR CREATURE.”

had to get up on a Step Ladder to Reach them, while his Sympathy for the Poor and Oppressed caused those who merely shelled out the Dough to relieve Want to Look like mere Pikers.

All of this caused the Bear to be greatly Respected, and in Particular he was revered as the Whole Thing by the Feminine Community, who invited him to address Hen Clubs, and Opined that if all Masculine Creatures had Mr. Bear's Exalted Ideals Matrimony would be one Glad, Sweet Dream instead of the Rocky Proposition that they had tackled.

At last a Wily Goat who grew Tired of occupying a seat Away Back while Mr. Bear cracked all the Watermelons, took him aside and

thus addressed him: "I perceive," said the Goat, "that you have some sort of a System that enables you to Swipe the Crown of Virtue and enjoy all the Perquisites of the Good, while you do not Chisel yourself out of any of the Fun of the Wicked, and I desire to be made Wise to the Game.

"I have heard you Spiel for your Native Land until you induced every one within hearing of your Voice to enlist, but I noticed that you stayed at Home and worked an Army Contract for all it was Worth while they were at the Front Fighting, yet you are always the one who leads the Procession in the Patriotic March.

"I also admit that your Theory about the Sanctity of the Home is a

Peacherina, and if practised would put the Divorce Court out of Business, and that your Views on the Temperance Question make Mrs. Nation look like Thirty Cents; but I have not observed that you ever fail to butt into your share of Convivial Hilarity, or that you are averse to Opening Wine for Chorus Girls and doing a little Hornpiping on the Quiet.

“Likewise as a philanthropist you have all the Rest of us Sewed up in a Sack, but I opine that your Graft is in Touching other Creatures and that nobody ever Touches you. Likewise I apprehend that there are no Pockets in your Clothes, and the only thing you ever give Away is Good Advice.”

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“I see,” replied the Bear, with the sweet and forgiving Smile of a Superior Creature, “that you belong to the disgruntled, but you have no Right to knock my game, for I hold that it is enough for any one Creature to be a Preacher, and that he is not required to Personally Illustrate his Theories.

“Besides, although I am not giving the Snap away, I do not mind putting you next to the Fact that as Long as you Express the Proper Sentiments you may do as you Please.

“Words make a great deal of Noise and attract much attention, while we generally pass over a good deed without noticing it. Nobody hears the Nickel you drop in a Poor Blind Woman’s Hand, but you can

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Shout your Sympathy for her through a Megaphone.

“If you will observe closely you will see that our most noted Philanthropists always Pass around the Hat instead of dropping the Long Green into it; that our best Writers on How to Make Home Happy are all Divorced, and that our most Famous Statesmen run to Tongue instead of Brains.

“I did not make the world, and therefore I am not Responsible for Talkee-talk having the call over Merit, but if I am Praised for Virtues I do not Possess it is because my fellow-Creatures have been so busy listening to what I said they have not had leisure to observe what I did.”

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Moral: This fable teaches that if we take care of our Conversation, we may let our Conduct take care of Itself.

THE LION WHO TACKLED PUBLIC OFFICE.

ONCE upon a Time there was a Lion who had the good fortune to be Tall Timber in the Family Tree Push, and who was diked out by Fate with a name that was a Historical Headliner.

His Ancestors had done Stunts in the early Colonial Days that had gotten them Reading Notices in the Papers, and because of his Lucky Break the Lion was in great Demand on Anniversary Occasions, and was always one of the set Pieces at the annual Gabfests of

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the D. A. R.s and the Colonial Dames.

Nature had also framed the Lion upon Imposing Architectural Lines, with a Noble Brow, and a Chesty Front, and a Megaphone Voice, and he put up such a Good Bluff that few ever discovered that his Upper Story lacked Furniture and that his Roar was all Sound and no Sense.

In reality, for all his Looks, the Lion was simply a Mush Poultice. In his youth he had espoused a beauteous little Bearess who was no bigger than a Clipped Dime, but who was all Ginger, and possessed a Tabasco Sauce Temper and a Tongue with a Rough Edge to it, and the things he let her do to him were a Plenty.



MATURE HAD ALSO FRAMED THE LION UPON IMPOSING ARCHITECTURAL LINES."

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The Honeymoon had not begun to Wane before he discovered that he was not in his wife's class as a scrapper, but instead of standing up to her and Winning the Championship of the Home, whenever she put on the Gloves for a Domestic Round he threw up his Hands and let her get away with the Gate Receipts and the Last Word, while he trembled for his Life.

In Business he was a walkover for anybody who wanted to do him, and it was so easy to unload Gold Bricks on him that the Sport lacked Snap and Interest.

Along with his Cinch of a Name the Lion had gotten much Pelf from Papa, but he did not know enough to Clip Coupons without cutting him-

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self with his own Scissors, and it was not long before he had chiselled himself out of his pile and began to see the Slag Dump looming up before him.

Now the Lion was a most Agreeable and Amiable Creature, besides which he was valuable as a Club Ornament, and when the other Animals saw that he was going about in a Trance of Impecuniosity they were filled with Sympathy, and called a Committee meeting to devise some way to help him.

After a number of measures had been suggested and Turned Down as N. G., and it began to look like the Meeting was going to be nothing but Hot Air resolutions, the Owl arose and thus addressed the assemblage:

“My fellow-Creatures,” he said,

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“it seems to me that it is up to us to dig down into our Jeans and fish up the Coin for our Afflicted Friend, or else to Use our Influence to get him a Good, Fat Government Office.

“It is true that he has so little backbone that he lets his wife put her Collar around his Neck, so that everybody can read the Price Tag, and see that he went Cheap, and I opine that he will be easy Meat for every Political Sharp who comes down the Pike.

“It is also true that he had so little Grip he let his own Dough get away from him, and that he did not have enough Sense to manage his own Affairs, but I apprehend that the Public is a Cow that has to be milked for the Benefit of those who have not

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Gumption enough to do anything more strenuous than the Dairy Maid act. Furthermore, even if he is not on to his Job, and mismanages his office, it will be far less expensive to pay our Part of the Taxes than it would be to Support him outright."

"These are indeed words of Wisdom," replied the other Animals, "for in this manner we shall be enabled to Provide for our Friend without going down into our Own Pockets." So thereupon they launched the Lion's Political Boom, and rooted for him until he was elected to an Office he was Perfectly Incompetent to fill.

Moral: This Fable teaches that Public Office is frequently a Private Asylum.

THE BEARS WHO BUTTED IN ON A STRANGE GAME.

ONCE upon a Time two aged Bears met in the Poor House, and began to spiel to each other about their Troubles.

“I do not wish to pry into your Private Affairs,” remarked one of the Bears to the other, “but you seem a most Intelligent Creature, and I should like to know what hard luck Combination put you on the Bum.”

“Alas,” replied the other Bear, “you see before you the Victim of a Swelled Head and a Chesty Front.

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I was a Country Bear, and by dint of Industry, and Economy, and Doing my Neighbors before they got a chance to Do me, I succeeded in amassing a comfortable Fortune.

“I do not wish to Unduly exploit my own Virtues, but I will say that while there were Hayseed in my Whiskers, there was no Moss in my Conk, and a slicker Horse Trade Artist never came down the Pike, or Worked off a Spavined Mare on a City Jay for a High Stepping Coach Horse.

“Unfortunately, at last I became dissatisfied with the Petty Larceny in which I was engaged, and I began to Yearn to take part in the Wholesale Robbery of Wall Street. ‘It is a Shame, a burning Shame,’ I said,



"AND TACKLED THE STREET SINGLE-HANDED."

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pitching bouquets at myself, 'for one of my Financial Sagacity and Penetrating Judgment to Waste his Talents Chiselling a Rube out of Two Bits when he might just as well be Holding up a Millionaire and swiping his Roll, so henceforth it's me for the Opportunities of a Great City.'

"With that I cut the Country and hied to the Metropolis, and Tackled the Street single-handed, and they didn't do a Thing to me. Before I knew what had happened they had sheared me to the Skin, and it was up to me to take the Icy Plunge in the River or else seek this Hobo Retreat."

"Yours is, indeed, a sad, sad, story," replied the Bear who had

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first spoken, "but not all the Gold Bricks are Manufactured in Town, and I opine that when it comes to Divorcing a Creature from his Coin there is no other Agency equal to a Farm for doing the Trick with neatness and Despatch, while you Wait.

"I was Born and Raised in the City, where for many Years I followed the Simple and Innocent Occupation of a Money Lender and Note Shaver. Unhappily one day, in an Evil Hour, I subscribed for an Agricultural Journal which told of the Profits to be made in raising Early Vegetables.

"It also contained a Progressive Mathematical Novel, by an Incubator Romancer, that showed that if you bought a Hen who Laid 365 eggs the



"IT COSTS MORE TO SUPPORT A TRUCK PATCH THAN IT DOES TO KEEP A YACHT IN COMMISSION."

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first year, and each Egg raised a Pullet that in Turn Laid 365 more eggs, by the end of the Third Year you could pay off the National Debt, and still have Money to Burn.

“This sealed my fate. ‘Why,’ I cried, ‘should I waste my time Toiling cutting off Coupons, and collecting Dividends on preferred stock, while there are Industrious Hens to lay Golden Eggs for me, and Vegetables crying to be Planted?’

“So I piked out for the country, where the honest and guileless Rustic unloaded a Patch of Gulleys and Rocks on me at the Price of City Lots, and where I ascertained that it costs more to support a Truck Patch than it does to keep a Yacht in Commission.

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“By dint of Unremitting Labor and Money I succeeded at last in raising a Spring Chicken that cost me \$4,000, and a few Cabbages that represented an Outlay of \$500 a piece, but in the end I could stand the Drain on my Finances no Longer. The Seed Men, the Fertilizer People, and the Agents with Patent Devices for making a Setting Hen Set had gone through my clothes, and I had not a Red Left. Hence these Tears, and my Presence in this abode of the Impecunious.”

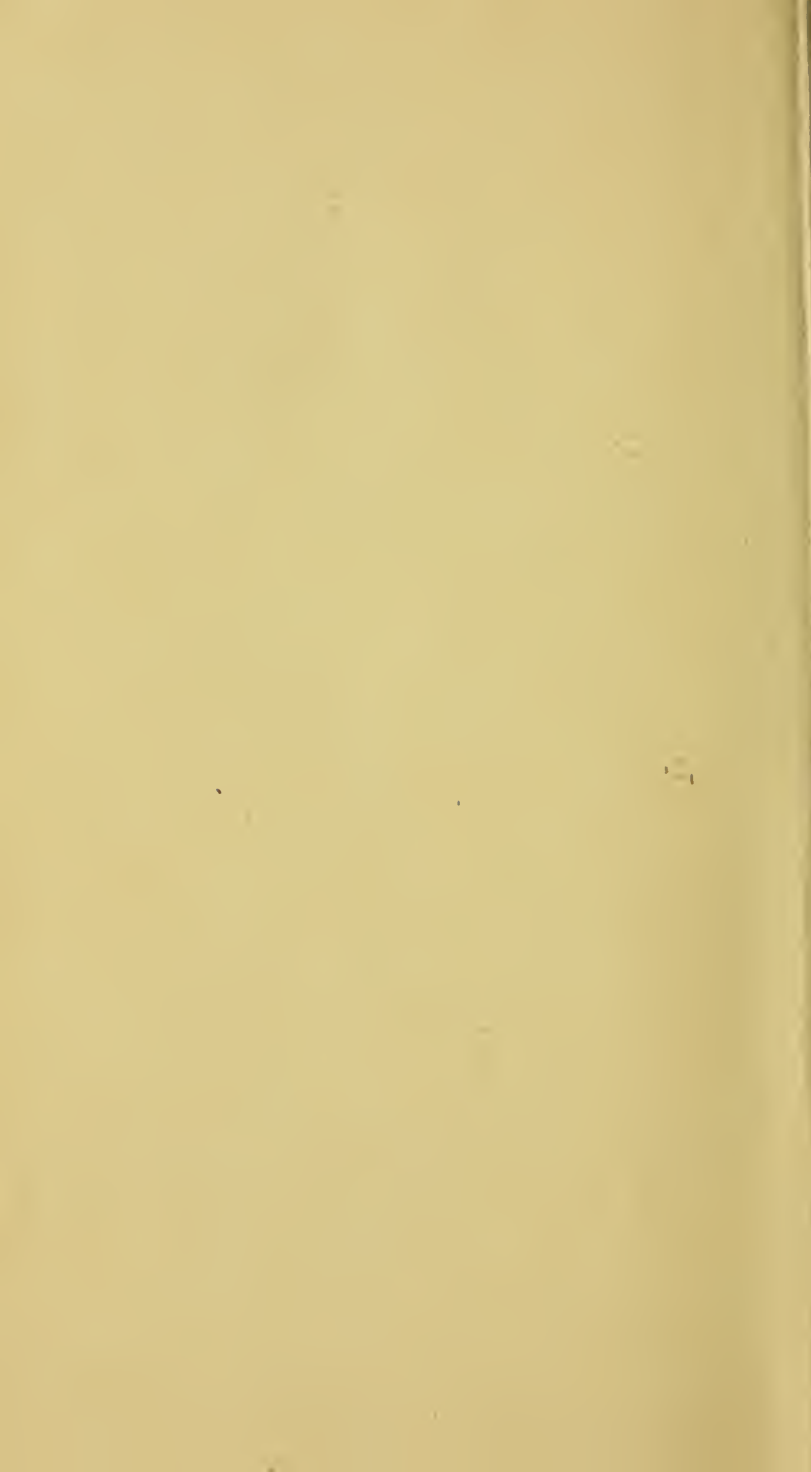
“It is undoubtedly True,” remarked the Owl, who had been listening to the conversation, “that a Fool and his Wad are soon Parted, and the result is the same whether it is the City Man who thinks he

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understands Fancy Farming, or the Hayseed who comes to Town with a System for Playing the Stock Market. Both of you would have been on Easy Street instead of in the Alms House if you had only stuck to the Graft you knew and had been content to Work your own Side of the Street."

Moral: This Fable teaches the Folly of Butting into a Game you do not Understand.

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