

## TABASCO

A TALE OF A REAL ONE WHO  
"WENT WEST."

Once upon a time there lived in a hamlet near "mah" home town a kid who was full of the stuff that Sherman said war was, just for the sake of the conditions that may arise we will call him Tabasco. A yearling with golden hair and a Bessie McCoy twinkle in his eye he was a fine model for Mark Twain's Huckleberry Finn. Tabasco had seen twelve summers and as full of life as a Tanguay hence the cognomen. His pater and mater left him early an orphan, his earthly lighthouse being a good grand daddy who played left flank when Grant took Richmond and who loved the kid like Marie Antoinette loved France.

But the golden haired youth was always in Dutch with the natives of the town. The Sunday school pilots said he was always cutting up in class and that he said Jonah was an Armenian and also that the Dead Sea ran through Eastport, Me. Then from other parts of the hamlet came disquieting reports that at the barbeque held at Four Corners last week the kid slipped a portion of that bonny perfume that makes Scotch soldiers the bravest in the world, in the lemonade, and sent a feeling through the festival that was heard around the world. In other words the fluid had a kick that raised hell with their tonnage and, when the soiree came to an end the forget-me-not-steeds with their harness tied in knots would be facing Galley West instead of towards Port, and then amidst cries of consternation and alarm, the yokels by the light of the silvery moon would label him accordingly: "Borrower of the makings, a bad egg, one ball shark: all things being equal he was to end his days with stripes in the big house at Ossing, and Tabasco hiding behind the trees with a princess of a patch in his pants would giggle and then scoot home humming George Cohan's masterpiece, "None Of Them's Got Anything On Me."

Tabasco's pranks kept multiplying, but when he told the daughter of the town magistrate, who was yearning

for a mate that she would never wear the official sweet pea bouquet unless she learned the Hula Hula capped the climax. The constitution says that our birth certificates are the same size and shape but from the glare that she gave the kid they were separated by a chasm wider than the Grand Canyon. Without resorting to Algebra you can figure, in that town the lad was licked with nary a huckster to give him a boost.

But now the scene changes by a simple Gilbert and Sullivan process, Tabasco is now 18 years old and wakes up one morning to find the population around the bulletin board scanning the war declaration of the president; in other words the settlement who had been training on apple pie all their lives was going forth to clash with the Prussian tiger outfit who had been drinking blood for 50 years. The kid hurries home and spreads the dope to grand daddy and after a Tolstoi good-bye marches down the road with his earthly belongings in a bandana "kerchief," looking all the world like Trentini in The Girl of the Golden West. The natives spotted him as he sped along: "Look at the bad egg," said they. "This is the day when some train will be held up." "Yes," said another, "or a house will burn," but Tabasco just kept hoofing it until he dragged his moaning Cinderralla to a recruiting station and told them that he was ready to face the foe.

We now find the kid on the western front with a Springfield rifle for his best girl but still grinning and beefing because he couldn't pick a couple of Heines while the Townies back home were crabbing because they were forced to loosen for war stamps. But the bartam got the chance he was yearning for and one night in June he was sent into the cauldron of fire to let the super-cannibals know that when they were snubbing Old Glory they were snubbing him. But the kid was out of luck for a sniper's bullet had his name and address but he fell with a gasp but still smiling. When his pals rushed to his side they found him with a replica of the tender, meek and lowly man of sorrows pressed to his lips

and then he was said to have mumbled, "Buddies, what a glorious death for God and country," and with cheeks as pale as snow and with lips coffee brown they transferred him to Mother Earth.

Back in the hamlet they received the news with great surprise, they had it figured out that the kid had ran true to form and was leading a bunch of brigands in the wilds of Texas but when they read how he had helped to make history in the "Big Jam," it was surprising to hear how the anvil chorus, belch forth words of praise, to make it plainer he was never a deuce, he was always an ace.

In a little rose thatched cottage around the corner, grand daddy heard the quotation from the casualty exchange and with hot tears that burned, he muttered, "And they said he was a 'bad egg, why blast them he had the blood of A——. Well, kind reader, you know we promised to call him Tabasco.

—By Joe Lawlor.

## RUFUS RUMINATES.

"Ise guain ter invent a mustach holding attachment for drinking cups to give to der Kaiser when I go to Berlin.

"There's going to be a hot time in Berlin when the Yankees get there, it will be so hot that the throne will melt right away from under the Kaiser and the crown will melt and run down the Crown Prince's back.

"Ach, Himmel, the draft from America has turned into a cyclone. Quick, Maximilian, the screen, if you want to hold the job in the Reichstag.

"To his bitter disappointment the Prince Maximilian found that the peace screen proposed to hold the Americans back has increased their speed forward.

"Old Hindenburg when he discovered that the Yankees were making it too hot for his comfort, resigned. The same will happen to the Hoenzolttern family, they'll run clear out of Germany.

"Now that Mathewson is in the army it is evident that big games are going to be played in Berlin next spring."

By LOUIS APPLETON.

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