

OLD STORIES REVISED

RIP VAN WINKLE.

BY GEORGE ADE Illustrations by Albert Levering

One week after the return of Rip Van Winkle to his native town he sat in the tavern...

Things had certainly been coming soft for Rip since his sensational entry along Main street. A good many people when they first saw him...

It was a hard blow to a thriving and ambitious young city to have the prize tank come floating back after all these years. His relatives and acquaintances had to make the best of it.

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"There have been many changes in twenty years," sighed Rip. "I have lost all track of baseball averages and I don't dare to talk politics because I find that the great parties have swapped issues."

"Come off," said the Alderman. "I admire a good piece of fiction as well as any one and I will give you credit for making your story seem plausible, but don't try to hand it to me."

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the body to resume their normal functions after a period of suspension exceeding in length a few weeks.

When Mr. Van Winkle was brought into the court room he looked across at the jury box and saw six dignified, sad-eyed representative American business men.

"I can make out my finish," murmured Mr. Van Winkle. "What chance has a beautiful mythical legend or a fragment of sweet, poetic do? If he disowned the whole story about sleeping in the mountains and told the candid truth about his twenty years of jumping board bills, running up bad debts and moving from town to town, would any one believe him? And if they did believe him, and even if he could prove it, would his situation be improved? Was it better to be a crook than a lunatic?"

He took a desperate chance and told without rhetorical flourish the sweet and simple story that had so charmed the townspeople on the day of his return.

When he had concluded, the hardware clerk, the man who worked in the grain elevator, the assistant postmaster, the proprietor of the feed store, the owner of the Gem grocery and the prescription clerk from McIntyre's drug store, all seated gravely in the jury box, exchanged significant winks and whispered one to another. "There's nothing to it—the dippy."

Next week Mr. Van Winkle, like many another man who attains a skyrocket popularity, found himself down and out and forgotten. He was in a snug little apartment at a State institution engaged in writing his memoirs on the whitewashed wall with a broken nail.

Some Arctic Natives Found Who Had Never Seen a White Man's Face. London Chronicle.

Mail dispatches received of Queenstown yesterday from Victoria, British Columbia, contain an account of the discovery on Prince Albert Land, in the Arctic Ocean, of a strange people, who had never seen white men, and who lived under most primitive conditions and were armed with rude copper knives, bows and arrows.

The discovery of these people was made by Capt. Klinkenberg, of the steamer whaler Olga, while his vessel was wintering in the ice, and he communicated the nature of his find to the officers of the British revenue cutter Thetis, who brought the news to British Columbia.

Capt. Klinkenberg, who has had a long experience in the command of whalers in arctic waters, and is a very daring man, decided to proceed on a hunting and exploration expedition, inland, and induced some Eskimos to accompany him. The party were armed with rifles, and when they had traveled a distance of 250 miles in a northwesterly direction over the snow they discovered traces of people who fled at their approach.

Capt. Klinkenberg succeeded in overtaking them, and found that they numbered 150. When they saw him and his party they came forward in a rather threatening manner. They were armed with roughly made copper knives and bows and arrows.

Fearing an attack, the captain ordered the rifles of his small party to be leveled at the natives. This had the effect of frightening them. One who apparently was the chief of the natives, then advanced toward the captain and put down his weapons, Capt. Klinkenberg doing likewise.

They became friendly and, subsequently Capt. Klinkenberg learned by signs from an old woman who came from Prince William Land that the natives had never seen white people before. He proceeded with the natives and found a village with about 500 people in it. The only means of subsistence was by hunting and fishing.

The dress of these strange people was not like that of other Eskimos, but was somewhat similar to that worn by the Greenland native. It was made of sort of tanned skins sewed together with deer sinews. Their winter houses were of sod with a lining of skins, and quite different in shape from those of other known tribes in the arctic regions. The natives are nomadic.

The utensils in the huts were of the most primitive description, in the main fashioned from bone, and some from native copper. The only articles seemingly brought from civilization which Capt. Klinkenberg could discover in the village was a piece of steel, with the end of it beaten into a spearhead. This, he believed, had been found near the coast and belonged to some ship. The men and women were small in stature and in features not ugly. Capt. Klinkenberg considers them an intelligent people.

Love Laughs at Floods. Portland Oregonian.

High water played all sorts of havoc with the wedding plans of Chauncey Lewis Gell and his intended. He had to buy two marriage licenses and to pay his hardware dollars into the coffers of two States before the way was legally paved.

Mr. Gell appeared at the county clerk's office yesterday afternoon. He stood under the old wedding bell there for a moment and then asked, "Can I buy a marriage license here?"

Deputy County Clerk Cupid Rose informed him that he could, and soon the papers were made out. "How much?" asked Gell. "Three dollars," was the quick reply.

"Well, I guess I'll have to pay up," said the prospective bridegroom, "but it's pretty tough to have to buy two licenses to marry the same girl. Only yesterday I bought a marriage license over in Coughlamet, Wash., but we became frightened over the reports of high water and came over here. I was told that a little Washington license was no good here, so I am getting this one. It has cost me \$8 so far for license alone. Wonder what the preacher will want?"

Shiver Nature's Remedy. New Orleans Times-Democrat.

At the Thanksgiving football game the young girl, despite her sable stole, shivered.

"That shiver," said her companion, a physician, "is nature's method of warning you. It nature's preventive remedy for a cold."

"You see, the shiver is an involuntary, rhythmic contraction of the muscles, and there is nothing like a contraction of the muscles for raising the temperature of the body."

Thus, when you shiver nature is putting you through a little course of exercises to warm you up, so that you won't take cold or a dose of rheumatism or an attack of pneumonia. When nature shakes you up in this kindly way it is your duty to help her out by moving briskly about for a while, thus making absolutely sure your immunity from illness."

Had Plenty of Exercise. Boston Herald.

Dr. H. N. Waite, of Vermont, had a patient on one occasion who, although comparatively a young man, seemed to be in a decline, so after a long consulting the doctor said to him: "Medicine may modify your symptoms, but regular exercise will bring you permanent relief. You don't take exercise enough."

"Don't take exercise enough?" exclaimed the patient. "Why, good heaven, I've been chairman of the committee on collection of our pastor's salary for twelve years."

Plea for the Elephant. West African Mail.

It would be no unfortunate event for Africa if some European philanthropists, who may squander their homopathic charities on the welfare of the negroes, were to turn their sympathy a little to the pitiable lot which has befallen the elephant—destroyed merely for the sake of converting its ivory into billiard balls and useless ornaments.



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Van Winkle to get his side of the story. Mr. Van Winkle had gone so far that he could not afford to back water, and so he repeated the whole preposterous mess of stuff about taking the drink and hunting a soft place under the trees and lying there twenty years, at last awakening to find the rotted gun and the skeleton of the dog alongside.

When the expert came back with a letter to the editor and wanted to know why the dog hadn't slept too and come out all right, and he offered to give a large sum of money to any charitable institution that might be named if Mr. Van Winkle would consent to be on a mattress in some public place and give an exhibition nap of just one short month in order to prove his case.

As soon as the young doctor began to hammer the venerable and respected Mr. Van Winkle and apparently had him on the run, the public, with its instinct of contempt for the retiring idol, joined in the general outcry. Mr. Van Winkle had made the great mistake of coming home as a hero. He should have known that in America no hero ever lasts.

The dear people boast some old money on a high pedestal just so that they can have a good fair target at which to shy their brickbats.

As soon as Rip Van Winkle was on the down grade and moving at an accelerated speed the newspapers joined in with enthusiasm to do him up completely. The editor who had printed the full-page story about his marvellous adventures in the mountains sent private detectives over the ground and proved that the small boys of the town had gathered hickory nuts every year on the very spot where this hoary old humping claimant had been asleep. When Mr. Van Winkle was asked to explain away the damning proof piled up against him, he took refuge in dignified silence, and the public, as usual, construed his silence as an absolute admission of guilt.

Mr. Van Winkle, instead of being a petted and pampered celebrity, now found himself in a class with the United States Senator who has been written up in the magazine. His humiliated relatives and close friends, who had been glad to share with him the first glories of his sensational return, now looked around for some good pretext for railroading him into the remote background. They were inclined to take a charitable view of his case, instead of the public, as usual, denouncing him as a deliberate and vicious falsifier they agreed among themselves that he was mentally unbalanced. So they had him put away in a private sanitarium, and sent the

folks to get with that bunch of narrow-minded commercial clams? My ticket for the nut college is now being stamped on the back. I can see the booby hatch yawning for one old man that got too gay with his talk. No matter how successful a liar a man may be, there is always a danger that he will reach for a tall one and land on his neck.

What could poor Rip Van Winkle



RIP VAN WINKLE AS HE NOW APPEARS POSSESSED SPECIALLY BY DUNDERBERG BUGLE

MRS. VAN WINKLE HIS WIFE

THE OLD VAN WINKLE MANSION ON SHINKEN ST. HIS FAITHFUL DOG SCHNEIDER

ACROSS SHOWS WHERE VAN WINKLE WOKS UP



GIMME A LITTLE OF THE OLD ONE

MAY GET THE SULTANA DOLLAR

AT LAST IT'S THE OLD VAN WINKLE