

OLD STORIES DONE OVER

AN ENGLISH VICAR.

BY GEORGE ADE.

Illustrations by Albert Levering.

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One of the first novels written in solid English, as distinguished from the American imitation with the Venetian coating, was by Oliver Goldsmith, and it was all about what happened to the Preacher.

This was a long time ago, before F. M. Crawford began turning them out on his Lathes.

There were no Department Stores in those days, and the Bright Young Man who was troubled by Inspirations had to go some in order to establish himself as a Popular Writer.

The Author succeeded in giving away a good many Autograph Copies to sentimental Friends, who said they would prize the volume ever so much more if they didn't have to go out and buy it. But when he collected Royalties he never had to borrow any Wheelbarrow in order to get the Stuff over in the Bank.

After he died and the Copyright expired and his Heirs could not claim a Rake-Off, nearly everybody on Earth began reading the book and they have been at it ever since.

As soon as a Copy gets so fear-

and a very Melancholy Figure along about Christmas Time, but he always has a bundle of Money that you couldn't push through a Door.

After being trimmed, the Vicar and his Family were kept close to the Carpet. The Book devotes a good many Pages to telling how they were happy, even though they seldom had one Dollar to rub against another. In fact, the Story leads us to believe that those who have no Velvet are seldom led into Temptation.

We know, however, that the Vicar and his devoted Misses and the assorted flock of Young Folks did not miss a great deal by being hard up. They lived in the quiet, old-fashioned Days when a little Gooseberry Wine and Family Prayers made up a hot Combination with which to fill in a long Evening.

Suppose the Vicar had stood in with some Harriman of that period and had succeeded in getting one of those large, elephant, dropical Fortunes—the kind that every American Citizen is roasting and trying his blindest to get hold of.

Could he have got any Action for

The Vicar of Wakefield's name was Doctor Primrose, but he was not related to the celebrated Primrose, although both were in the same Line of Work. That is, they had to make good by showing off on a Platform. George got the Coin and Doctor Primrose arrived at the Final Chapter with a Clear Conscience and just about enough Fuel in the Cellar to last him to the 1st of the Month.

But he knew he had been on the level, and so he must have been Happy, for John D. says that those who try to get it and fall down often derive a lot of Consolation from the Knowledge they have been Unspotted.

The Moral of this is—don't let any one Spot you.

But take this world-renowned story of Doctor Primrose, up one side and down the other, and it is a Tame Affair compared with the adventures of a real busy Pastor of the New School.

There was a time when every little Lad who was pale and had translucent Ears and preferred doing the Herring-Bone Stitch to getting out and playing Three-Old-Cat was supposed

between the Progressive faction, which believes that the Lower Regions constitute a Figure of Speech, and the old rock-ribbed Wing, that wants every Sermon served up hot with Blue Flames around it, the same as a Rum Omelette?

It was Fine Business for the Vicar of Wakefield to regulate his Parish, because whatever he said Went.

His humble Followers were not flitting with a lot of outside Cults and then coming to Church every Sunday Morning, loaded to the Gunwales with new and startling Theories, and just aching for a chance to trip up the Minister and make him out either a Heretic or a howling Ignoramus.

This year's Preacher is supposed to have positive Views on the subject of Alcoholic Nourishment.

Some of the Folks in front believe that the act of absorbing a Scotch Highball comes under the same Category as hitting a Crippled Child in the head with an Ax.

Others, Constituting what is known as the Liberal Element, are known to keep in the Cellar, after having it delivered to the House in a Grocery Wagon. They are agin the Liquor Traffic, but they see no harm in a Dutch Lunch with wet trimmings.

Now all that Friend Minister has to do in discussing the Drink Evil is to be rabid enough to please the Abstemious and yet not drive away from the Fold those who see no harm in a home-grown Thirst.

If he shows a frolicsome disposition to mingle with the Young People and cut into their outdoor Sports and try to look more like a Commercial Salesman than an Undertaker, so as to remove the impression that he is hide-bound, it is dollars to doughnuts that some venerable old Dodo who manages a Vinegar Refinery will file Charges against him and that a grand cluster of petrified Elders will try him on the heinous charge of being worldly.

Of course in every Municipal Campaign he must stand up and fight for Civic Righteousness and the Rights of the Tax-Payers and Sunday Closing and every other Movement that bears the eform Tag, and then the Financial Heavyweight who is one of the Mainstays of the Church and hopes to get a few lovely Franchises out of the City Council, will fall on Mr. Preacher like a Horse on a Butterfly and try to have him transferred to some other Field of Usefulness.

If he remains Single he cannot hold the gloved Hand of any young Sister for 1-100th of a Second without having the cold eye of Suspicion glued upon him.

If he marries and Wifey does not happen to be that matchless combination of Saint and Society Queen that every one thinks she ought to be, the Sewing Circle stops working on Pajamas for the Hindus and becomes a grand little Anvil Chorus.

The Vicar of Wakefield should be overhauled if we are to get the true inside history of what happens to the Preacher.

After he has bumped the Bumps for many Years and crippled himself jumping sideways to avoid Unfortunate Complications, and his Pipes are worn out, and he is no longer down the aisle on Sunday morning dressed up like a Horse and Bugay, but begins to be a little old and careless and slouchy, and keeps on handing out the same old Specialty, instead of writing in a few new Gags, with Light Effects and Popular Songs, he will be mighty lucky if a Congregation does not suddenly discover up in Northfield, Mass., or out in Bloomington, Ill., some Child Wonder with a Voice like a Bell and a whole lot of New Talk, and the good old Veteran will be expected to pack up the \$200 worth of Household Goods that he has saved out of his Salary in less than 28 Years, and brush by without any Back Talk.

On the other hand, if he makes a Tan Strike and is reported in the Newspapers much to the horror of those who believe that the Devil should consist very largely of an explanation of what is meant by those parts of the Old Testament that no one understands, and gets a Call to a metropolis where the Salary is so large that he will be up in the same Class with Insurance Agents and Veterinary Surgeons, you may rest assured that the Harpoonists will act after him good and plenty for being actuated by Mercenary Motives.

Oliver Goldsmith was a Nice Man, but what he didn't know about some of the New Deals that have been fixed up for the gentle Minister of the Gospel would make a Book four times as big as the stinky little Volume that he wrote.



the cold eye of Suspicion

WILL RAISE A ROW.

Jeff Davis, Who Says He Will Startle the Senate, New Puzzle.

Little Rock Dispatch to St. Louis Dispatch.

To "raise a row" in the United States Senate is the avowed intention of Jeff Davis, who has just been formally elected by the Arkansas Legislature to represent this State in the Upper House of the National Congress. The Senator-elect has expressed the opinion that what the United States Senate needs is a good "shaking up," and he has announced that he will undertake to do the "shaking up" when he assumes his new office March 4.

These warlike statements have been made by Senator-elect Davis before loudly applauding crowds of farmers in Arkansas and adjoining States, some 1,500 miles from Washington, and there are those who venture the opinion that the "row" will be temporarily postponed, at least, when the new Senator from Arkansas reaches the seat of the national government.

There is no doubt that if Jeff Davis that enters the Senate March 4 is the same Jeff Davis that has kept the State of Arkansas in a turmoil for ten years, the Senate will be "shaken up," but it is generally believed that it will be an entirely different person who assumes his seat in the American House of Lords. Those who hold this belief base their opinion upon the declaration that Jeff Davis is one of the shrewdest men who every figured in politics in Arkansas. While no man in the State has ever been assailed so bitterly on his official and personal record, no man can be found who does not admit that as a politician he stands head and shoulders above every other man who has been playing the game in Arkansas. It is declared that he has been playing a part, to a large extent, and that he is fully able to play a new and entirely different role, when he finds himself in different surroundings, at a safe distance from the "common people" to whom he owes his political success.

Davis is a man of remarkable personality. While he has never been regarded as a brilliant man and lays no claim to intellectual attainments, his enemies concede that he is naturally "smart." He received a fairly good education, taking a partial course in the University of Arkansas. This is not apparent in his speeches before his rural friends. His campaign talks are filled with ungrammatical and uncouth statements. This is declared also to be an "attitude," and not due to ignorance. It would

not be surprising to see this attitude disappear when Davis reaches the United States Senate.

Davis has always placed his trust in the "common people." While he has built up a machine that in itself is almost invincible, the strength of that machine rests upon the blind faith that is placed in him by the great body of farmers and mountaineers, which controls the State, so far as the ballot box is concerned. In the face of all the attacks that have been made upon him since he began to hold office, Davis has never allowed his faith in the common people to be wrenched from him. For ten years he has gone up and down the State, preaching the doctrine of Democracy and Jeff Davisism, until the two have become so closely allied in the minds of the masses that the one is inseparable from the other.

The are three qualifications that a man must have to get an office from me," Davis has repeatedly declared. "First, he must be a white man; second, he must be a Democrat; and, third, he must be a Jeff Davis man."

It is this sort of personal politics that has made him the political dictator that he is to-day. He has demanded unwavering personal allegiance. He has never appointed a Republican to office, and neither has he ever appointed an anti-Davis man. A man of less dominating personality could never have held such a doctrine safe against the assaults of his opponents. He has separated himself from the offices which he held, and every act has been a personal, rather than an official, one. The least sign of defection on the part of one of his lieutenants has been the signal for the signing of his political death warrant. No matter how strong politically the offender may be, his head must fall.

"Spencer Memorial Hospital" Would be Better.

Charleston News and Courier.

A general committee has been appointed by the employees of the Southern Railway to raise \$50,000 for building a monument in Atlanta, Ga., to the memory of Samuel Spencer, late President of the Southern Railway, whose terrible death on Thanksgiving Day shocked the entire country. Circulars setting forth the object of the movement have been sent to each of the 40,000 employees of the Southern Railway. The subscriptions to the monument fund are to be collected during the month of March. The monument is to be built in the plaza in front of the terminal station in

Atlanta. The design of the shaft will be left to the members of Mr. Spencer's family. Instead of erecting a pile of stone in memory of Mr. Spencer, it appears to us that it would be far better to take the \$50,000 which is to be contributed by the employees of the Southern Railway and to build instead of a marble shaft a hospital to be known as "The Samuel Spencer Memorial Hospital," in which the employees of the railway might be ministered unto, and thus the name of the great president of the Southern Railway be preserved by generous service from generation to generation.

CALIFORNIA AND JAPAN.

W. J. L. in New York World.

If we are bound to have a war And fight the assy Japs, Why can't we give the contract to Those California chap?

They seem to be the only ones Who are raising all the fuss, While all the other commonwealths Don't seem to care a cuss.

They've got the greatest State out there On ours or any map, And war material in heaps To overcome the Japs.

Takes prunes for instance—just that one, Omitting all the rest; In prunes the Golden State may put Her valor to the test.

She needn't load a single gun, But arm herself with spoons, And setting all invading Japs Just fill them full of prunes.

When everybody's full of prunes, As everybody knows, He isn't any good at all; And so the battle goes.

Prunes, California conquering prunes! Then let the slogan be, From Sacramento to the coast; In prunes is victory!

AFTERWARD.

But if by chance the prunes run short, And Japs should get the drop, Resourceful California may Hand them her lemon crop.

Francis Emory Warren, who has just been elected for the fourth time to represent Wyoming in the Senate, is a native of New England. At the age of 17 he was wearing the uniform of a private in the Forty-ninth Massachusetts Volunteers. He took part in the siege of Fort Hudson, and was one of the band of volunteers of the "fortiori hope" that charged the Confederate works at that siege. Now he is one of the most extensive stock raisers in his State.



In order to retain the Meal Ticket

stained that the Lines are blurred and the Pages all gummed together. The Owner goes and gets a fresh one for 20 cents and starts in to churn up his Emotions some more.

All of which goes to prove that a Preacher who has been dead 150 years hasn't an enemy in the World.

At the time the Book was written, the Minister playing in a Minor League was known as a Vicar. Now he is known as a good many Things, especially if he dabbles in Politics.

The Vicar got many a Jolt. After organizing a large and hungry Family, he awoke one morning to learn that the Friend who had arranged to let him in on the Ground Floor of a Banner Proposition was about to file a Petition in Bankruptcy. Liabilities, \$2,000; Assets, two Suits of Clothes, a Cameron Ring and a Hot-Water Bag.

It is a blessed provision of Nature that nearly every Man who loses his Wad has a fine bunch of Children that are quite beyond the reach of Greedy Creditors. We cannot learn from a careful study of approved Fiction that any old Hatch ever went broke. He is lonesome enough, goodness knows,

his Money? Not so you could have noticed it.

Why grieve over the Hard Luck Story of a Household that was on deck long before people knew how to roll their Money?

Nowadays the Lady of the House who is on her Uppers picks up the bargain sheet of the Sunday Paper and sees the Pictures of 1,000,000 things that she wants to buy and can't.

In 1750 the woman who was fat had nothing to worry her. The family across the street did not have any Electric Runabout or a Talking Machine in the front room which you could hear a Mile away when all the windows were open.

Nobody was expected to pile \$800 worth of American Beauty Roses in the centre of the Table every time a few Friends came in to break Bread.

The \$8-a-day Seaside Hotel, the Winter Trip to Florida with a carload of Trunks and the Private Golf Links were a few of the Modern Necessities that Father Time was holding up his sleeve as a glad surprise for a later Generation.

to be a likely candidate for the Pulpit.

Nowadays the Bishop of the Diocese is on the lookout for the Young Collegians who can stand off the World and the Devil with the Left while lifting a Church Debt with the Right.

Any young Theolog who moves into a Parsonage and undertakes the Contract of herding and subduing a high-gear and strong-minded Congregation certainly has his own Troubles spread out in front of him like a Hotel Dinner.

In the old days the Flock took any Shepherd that wandered into the Pasture and allowed him to feed them from the Spoon, and swallowed everything and had to like it.

Now the Main Performer has to do a few Trial Heats, while they hold the Clock on him before they Sign him.

Church Members have asserted their Rights as Employers and now belong to the Missouri Family. They sit back in their faded Parquet Chairs and say to the bright young Entertainer just out of Chicago, "Come on and Show Us."

If he fails to deliver the Goods, they give him the Gate and send off to the Works for another Sample.

But if he is as handsome as E. H. Sothern and can make the Women cry and his Clothier fit him in the Back and he has no dangerous Views conflicting with the Opinions of the Few-holders, he may have a fair Chance of going right to work at a Salary one-third as large as that of a Pittsburg Puddler and somewhat in excess of that commanded by a high-class Farm Hand.

Having entered upon his Career, he is just as safe any Minute as the man who walks through a Powder Magazine smoking a Cheroot.

In order to retain the Meal Ticket he merely has to talk like Heracles, be a diplomat of the John Hay variety, do the Social Act with the grace and dignity of our old friend Harry Lehr and swing the Finances with the keen and masterly insight of Secretary Shaw, Captain of the Wall Street Life-Saving Crew.

Talk about old Doctor Primrose having experiences!

Did he ever hate to discuss Evolution in such a manner that he would not contradict Science, and yet would satisfy the old-timers who believed that the World was begun out of Nothing one Monday Morning and had Parks, Driveways, Subdivisions and a few Early Settlers the following Saturday Afternoon?

Did the original Vicar of Wakefield ever have to do a Balancing Act



On the lookout for Barly young Collegians



And brush by without any Book Talk