

OLD STORIES DONE OVER

THE TALE OF ENOCH ARDEN REVISED

BY GEORGE ADE

Illustrations by Albert Levering.

One of the most unsatisfactory recitals that ever opened the floodgates of Parlor Sentiment is that of Enoch Arden.

Enoch certainly got his. He was fished from the get-away. First he performed at the Altar, then he became overstocked with Children, then he boarded a ship and started for China to get a bank roll, so that on his return he would be elected to Parliament; then he was shipwrecked and cast away and lived on shell fish and bananas for years; then he succeeded in panhandling his way back to his old Stamping Ground, only to learn that friend Wife had hooked up with Philip and was wearing Bella.

So the only thing for Enoch to do was to evade.

He faded away and kept under cover just because he did not wish to embarrass his Relations and separate them from their Soft Picking.

If he talked to a Lawyer he never would have lived in poetical Fiction as a self-sacrificing Hero, but he might have been a proud showing as a keen young Business Fellow.

He had a chance to get after Annie for Bigamy, replevin the Piano, sue for possession of the Children and demand \$50,000 Damages from Philip for alienating Affections of Phillip's Mate.

Instead of which he retired to a Boarding House and never came out again.

Any one who has Relatives that go broke occasionally will grasp the subtle Humor of Tennyson's story. Enoch was the only Prodigal who

ready to jump, the same as a Horse in the Fire Department.

Whether he blows in at 5:30 in the Purple Twilight or shows up at 2:30 p. m., with chalk on his hat and a breath like a Gas-leak, he thinks that when he steps across the Threshold the Canary should start to sing and the Misas should begin throwing Handkerchiefs in his Honor, and never dare ask what kept him.

Enoch Arden had the immortal nerve to think that he could jim around some remote corner of the Earth for years and years and then come home, when all the other places were closed up, and find his Smoking Jacket laid out for him and the Evening Paper right on the Centre Table.

When he discovered that some one had picked the word "Welcome" out of the Door Mat and that his old friend Phillip was now the Plot of the Piece, he went right up in the Air like a Toy Balloon.

He looked in through the Window and saw that his Wife was happy with No. 2 and that no one seemed to be taking up any crape on his account.

"It would be a shame to break up the Picture," he said. "I am to this joyous Family what Free Silver is to a re-united Democratic Household—a sad, sweet Memory. Me for the Subway."

The question is, What did Enoch see when he crept up behind the Current Bushes?

The whole story is an Invention, specially made to order for Weepers, and if the Female is to sad for the Present light her wits, for we have a right to read proof on Tennyson

not see anything on the map except China.

Before sailing away he staked Annie to a modest little Shop and assured her that she would have no difficulty whatever in downing the big Department stores and beating the Trusts at their own game.

It is not recorded that Enoch hired any Private Detective Agency to watch the House or arranged to have his sister-in-law write and let him know how Annie was behaving.

He was the genuine old-fashioned type of Trusting Husband—the kind that shows up in Melodrama and never suspects his wife except when she is innocent.

In fact, it was about fifteen years before he landed back at his birth-place. He hardly knew the town on account of the new Carnegie Library and also because the Waiting Room at the Station had been swept during his absence.

When he arrived at the Old Home-stead he hesitated about butting right in. He was afraid the joy of seeing him again might overcome somebody.

He was undecided whether to slip his Card under the door or throw his Hat over the transom, and he knaved his mind to do a little rubbering and find out how lay of the ground.

So he looked in through the window and saw quite a number of Children that he had never met. Also there was Phillip, his old time rival, spread out on a Morris Chair.

Annie was present and looked like Ready Money.

"It seems that somebody else has jumped in and is filling my Dates," said Enoch. "I would go in and sort out my own Children, but I don't like to make any trouble for them so near Supper Time."

He was about to depart when Annie, who had been listening about the premises, came out and spoke to him pleasantly.

"It seems to me we have met," she said.

Enoch told her his name and mentioned several Mutual Acquaintances, and finally Annie got his Number.

"Now I can place you," she exclaimed. "You are the Gentleman I married first of all."

"Evidently I made quite an Impression upon you, or you would not have remembered me all these Years," said Enoch, much gratified. "I haven't been home long for good many years, because I have been pretty well tied up with Business Affairs and had to attend a Meeting of the Directors and call on a customer from St. Paul and dictate some Letters, and besides the Train was late, so I hope you haven't been worrying about me."

"Not at all," replied Annie. "A real bright woman who can play Bridge and has got the Club Habit can keep house for weeks at a time without having a husband near the place."

"Have you been true to the vows you made at the altar?" asked Enoch.

"Four times," was the reply. "You see, after you had been away eight weeks without dropping even a Remittance, I was told that I could prove a case of Desertion, so I cut the Cable and made a very satisfactory Matrimonial arrangement with Phillip. We got along well for two years, but when we repaired the Front Room he selected a design of pale Morning Glories, while I preferred a Holland Effect with funny Pictures around the Border. We could not agree, and in view of this incompatibility of Temper there was only one thing to do. I told him to roll his Hoop, and one morning I went up to the Court House and got my second Decree."

"Then, why do I find him here frolicking with the children?"

"The Court has given orders that he shall be allowed to come here one day every week. We are very good friends. There was a time when a woman usually had a prejudice against her former Husbands, but nowadays a more liberal spirit seems to pervade the upper strata of Society. After I gave Phillip his Walking Papers and named No. 3, he came over quite often to show the New One how to regulate the Furnace."

"Where is No. 3 now?" asked Enoch, taking a Pencil from his pocket and checking them off.

"He wearied of my cooking," explained Annie. "The Judge decided that Fudges and Tea every Sunday evening constituted Cruelty on my part. I did not make any fight on the split-up, because I got half the Property."

"Being once more free, what was your next move?"

"I did as all others do—went out looking for more trouble. No. 4 was what you might designate as an On-

lon. He had lived at one of those European hotels thirty years, and I had an awful time getting him home broke. It learned me when a man past 45 gets married he isn't looking for a Wife at all. What he wants is a Trained Nurse. I rescued him from the Hotel because I needed a large Limousine Car. But even with my Long Experience and Angelic Disposition I could not put up with his Grrouch."

"Is he still on deck?" asked Enoch.

"I canned him last week," said Annie softly. "but I still have the Limousine Car. You can see that I have had a lot of Trouble since you went away, and also quite a wad of Experience."

"How about No. 5?"

"How dare you?" she asked, with womanly indignation. "Do you think I have no regard for the proprieties? I always wait a reasonable time, and besides the supply side, a little slack just at present. Have you any Open Time?"

"I am as free as a bird," replied Enoch. "I am glad I happened along when you were not tied up, because Winter is coming on and I must get planted somewhere. I suppose there will be no objection to my going back on the Old Job?"

"None whatever. If you hurry you will be able to get a License before the Clerk's Office closes. Be sure and put in the customary clause about either party having a right to give a Two Weeks' Notice in case of dissatisfaction."

"It will cost two large Iron Dollars to get the License," suggested Enoch.

Annie slipped him the money.

And that is how it happened that Enoch Arden, instead of coming home to the broken heart, found awaiting him the love of a Faithful Wife and the companionship of many bright-eyed Children.

**BUSINESS IN SOUTH LIVES.**  
Government Report Gives Movements of Cotton, Grain, Rice and Tobacco.

Washington, February 24.—Commercial movements in Southern territory in connection with the internal commerce of the United States are discussed in the December summary just issued by the Department of Commerce and Labor.

According to this document the figures of which are brought down to the close of business, December 31, 1906, cotton sight receipts during December amounted to 2,283,872 bales, 711,459 in excess of corresponding arrivals in 1905, and 382,372 greater than those of 1904. For the first four months of the current season like receipts aggregated 8,025,073 bales, against 7,078,527 for the corresponding period in 1905, and 8,032,534 in 1904. The net overland movement for the same periods was 559,442 bales in 1906, 433,855 in 1905, and 529,016 in 1904, while exports for the season to December 31, which totaled 4,130,111 bales, exceeded like withdrawals in 1905 by more than 670,000 bales, but fell below those for 1904 by over 170,000 bales. Northern mills taking during this period aggregated 1,209,418 bales, while the mills of the South were credited with 1,002,892, a total of 2,202,310 bales, compared with 2,206,209 for corresponding months in 1905, and 2,102,617 in 1904.

Cotton receipts at United States ports from September 1 to December 31, 1906, totaled 5,925,096 bales, over 800,000 in excess of corresponding arrivals in 1905, but slightly smaller than those in 1904. Of the total movement, Gulf reports received 3,970,125 bales, and Atlantic ports 1,954,971, while the individual cities credited with more than a million bales were as follows: Galveston, 2,239,174; New Orleans, 1,315,181, and Savannah, Ga., 1,065,334.

Cotton receipts at leading interior Southern towns from September 1 to December 31 amounted to 4,227,292 bales, exceeding like arrivals in the preceding year by approximately 600,000 bales, and those of 1904 by over 250,000 bales. Towns receiving over 100,000 bales were as follows: Houston, Tex., 1,797,866; Memphis, Tenn., 471,662; St. Louis, Mo., 235,347; Augusta, Ga., 211,192; and Rock Hill, S. C., 154,589; Shreveport, La., 145,441; Montgomery, Ala., 123,102, and Atlanta, Ga., 105,412.

Grain receipts at New Orleans during December totaled 3,027,000 bushels, falling below corresponding arrivals in 1905 by over 4 million bushels, but but exceeding those of 1904 by more than 1-2 million bushels. Shipments for the same month were 1,532,209 bushels against 4,976,377 in December, 1905, and 1,458,091 in December, 1904. During the entire year 3,475,890 bushels of wheat, 19,538,412 corn and 4,897,146 oats were received at that city, a total of 61,510,757 bushels in contrast with 26,770,247 arriving during 1905, and 8,763,240 in 1904. As compared with the

1905 movement, wheat showed an increase of nearly 5 million bushels, and oats of slightly over 4 million bushels, while corn showed a loss of approximately 6 million bushels. Foreign shipments for the year aggregated 28,431,082 bushels in 1906, 23,416,429 bushels in 1905, and 7,442,228 bushels in 1904.

Receipts of rough rice at New Orleans during December amounted to 119,034 sacks, against 83,220 in December, 1905, and 107,864 in December, 1904. For five months ending December 31 like arrivals aggregated 819,623 sacks in 1906, 717,916 in 1905 and 923,132 in 1904. Clean rice receipts during the month amounted to 63,495 pockets, and for the five months to December 31, 218,476 pockets. During the preceding year like arrivals amounted to 53,245 pockets for the month, and 212,582 for the five months and in 1904, 50,054 for December, and 247,920 for the five months ending with December.

During 1906 tobacco receipts at Cincinnati amounted to 55,380 hogheads; at Louisville, 105,973; at Clarksville, 9,847; at Hopkinsville, 5,450; at Paducah, 3,281, and at Mayfield, 4,418, a total of 187,449 hogheads, compared with 192,484 received at these towns in 1905, and 160,738 in 1904.

THE RECOIL OF THE BLOOD

BY S. H. LYLE, JR.

He was my father, yet I hated him—hated him with a deep, implacable hatred that could only be satisfied with his blood. Strange as this may seem, the explanation was simple. He was one of Chicago's great merchant princes. He owned branch houses in five large cities, and I was his only son. In these circumstances I should have had all the advantages of money and education. Yet I had none of these advantages. At 15 I was taken from school and placed in one of my father's merchant houses—a four-sweep. He said I must begin low and rise, but I was never placed higher. I was never allowed a holiday, never allowed to associate with other boys of my own station in life. Always before me was the low, degrading work of the floor-sweeper. So it was that I began to hate him, and as the years went by my hatred became stronger and deeper. At 20 I had decided upon my course, and that course was a course of self. And a course of self could only mean death.

The evening after I had come to this decision I left the store early, in order to be at home when he arrived. When I reached home I did not go to my own room at the rear. Instead, I went up to his library, a place he never allowed me to enter. But now I had no fear. I had fully made up my mind; I would demand my rights. If he granted them, the life of a gentleman, if he did not I would kill him and let things take their course.

I had hardly seated myself when I heard a disturbance in the street below. A carriage dashed up to the door, the bell rang violently, voices cried out in confusion. Then things quieted, there was a whispered consultation in the hall, then the tramp, tramp of heavy feet on the stair. I sprang to my feet, every nerve tingling, and stood breathlessly listening to that steady, nearing tread. Up, it came, nearer, nearer! Then it paused before the library door. I stepped forward, the door opened, and in came two strange men, carrying the limp body of my father.

"An accident," one of them muttered. "A carriage struck him. A doctor, quick!" They both left the room hurriedly. Their burden lay across the table.

Presently the house grew deathly quiet. The servants had rushed off in terror, spreading the news. I was alone in the library—alone with the limp form that lay on the papers and books on the table. My heart beat fiercely; joy filled my soul. God in his mercy, then, had relieved me of the task. My father was dead and I had not killed him. I gazed down at the white face before me and smiled. Suddenly I stared, rigid, the smile froze on my lips. Had his eyelids quivered, or had my senses tricked me? Involuntarily I moved a step nearer. Then the figure on the table moved, groaned, and slowly came to an upright position. For a moment my father gazed about him in a dazed way, then his eye fell on me. Lightning flashed from his look. With an effort he raised his hand and pointed. "What do you do here?" he cried in a hoarse voice. "Out, back to your kennel!"

carved ivory gavel lay on the table beside him. It was small, but heavy, well-balanced. In a fury I seized it, and struck once, twice. The blows fell with a sickening thud over his right temple. With a low groan my father fell back among the papers. A quiver ran through his frame and he lay still. Horror-struck I stood gazing down upon my work. I scarcely heard the rapid beat of a horse hoofs in the street below, the slamming of the hall door, the steps on the stair. The physician hurried in and brusquely asked me a question. Only a moment he bent over the body in examination. Then he turned to face me, and there was pity in his look. "Your father is dead," he said.

Teachers Must Be Home by 9. Muskegon correspondence Kansas City Star.

The school board has applied the curfew law to school teachers of Muskegon. From Tulsa and McAlester comes information that the school board at each place has made a similar order.

The boards of education in these towns have decided that the teachers in the public schools must cut society five nights out of the week at least. The boards have given it out that they do not expect to see the teachers out after 9 o'clock at night through the school week and they do not add that the teachers are at liberty the other nights. This order has created a storm in the towns mentioned. Some of the teachers are in open rebellion and say that they will go where they please and when, and some of them have done so, but it is noticed they are waiting with some apprehension for the next meeting of the board.

His Definition. Atlanta Constitution.

"Faith," said Brother Williams, "is de faculty which kin turn de song er a sawmill into de hallulala er de angels."

"An' what is hope?"

"Hope is de faculty what keeps you lookin' for somethin' you never gits."

What he wants is a Trained Nurse



ever came home Busted and did not demand Chicken three times a day and the key to the Wine Cellar.

He overlooked a Good Thing. Probably he had lived alone on the Tropical Island so long that he was a bit Googly—not a clear case of the Bats, but the Sun had got to his Head and made him what the Specialists call daffy, or bug.

He had sense enough to be a Hero, but he was shy on Legal Rights.

Everybody who reads Enoch Arden weeps a little, but probably a Lawyer would weep harder than anybody else.

The whole story is now drifting into the Joke Class, because it is based on the played-out Theory that the Marriage Contract is binding and perpetual.

In England, when the story was written, this thing of getting married was a copper riveted, air tight, cink out a 99-year Lease.

Nobody went in on Probation. Those who tackled it said good-bye to their Friends and settled down for a Life Sentence.

Enoch stayed away a great many years, without sending home even a Souvenir Post-Card, and when he floated back into town he expected to find Annie waiting for him with a Hot Supper all ready.

No man ever knows when he is ever going to cross the Home Plate again, but he thinks that Wife ought to know. It is her duty to be hitched up and standing on her tiptoes,

and adapt the wind-up so as to make it harmonious with the Conditions.

It is probably true that Annie put her tag on Enoch in preference to Phillip.

She was a true Child of Romance. Phillip had a hatful of money, but Enoch had Curly Hair.

So the Marriage Bells pealed forth and the gay young Couple went directly from the Church to a suburban Cottage and began to throw domestic Utensils at the Wolf.

Enoch took an invoice after a few years and found that he had here and there a Child and a Boat. He figured that it would require about 150 years at the rate he was going to make himself independent, so he began to investigate the get-rich-quick Schemes.

Somebody told him he could do well in China.

There you have it. The Easy Money in this World is always at the other end of the Line.

Every man who is patrolling Broadway on his Uppers knows that he could make \$50,000 in three months if he were in Los Angeles. Oklahoma looks mighty good to the humble Farmer who owes a large store bill in Illinois, and the main reason why so many energetic People want to get to Some City is that the ticket costs more than they can scrape together.

Enoch probably read some Folders issued by the Dream Department of a Transportation Company and he could



The question is, what did Enoch see -

As sweet as the breath that goes From the lips of the white rose, As wild as the elm lights That glimmer of frosty nights, As wild as the winds that tear The curled red leaf in the air, Is the song I have never sung.

In slumber, a hundred times I've said the enchanted rhyme, But ere I open my eyes This ghost of a poem flies; Of the interlunatic strains Not even a note remains. I know by my pulse's beat It was something wild and sweet, And my heart is strangely stirred By an unremembered word.

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