

***GEORGE
ADE***



***MORE
FABLES***

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When Uncle Brewster had put on his Annual Collar and combed his Beard and was about to start to the Depot, his Wife, Aunt Mehely, looked at him through her Specs and shook her Head doubtfully.

Then she spoke as follows: "You go slow there in the City. You know your Failin's. You're just full of the Old Harry, and when you're Het Up you're just like as not to Raise Ned."

"I guess I can take keer of myse'f about as well as the Next One," retorted Uncle Brewster. "I've been to the Mill an' got my Grist, if any one should ask. I ain't no Greeny."

With that he started for the Train, which was due in one Hour.

As he rode toward the Great City he smoked a Baby Mine Cigar, purchased of the Butcher, and told the Brakeman a few Joe Millers just to throw out the Impression that he was Fine and Fancy.

After he had Registered at the Hotel and Swelled Up properly when addressed as "Mister" by the Clerk, he wanted to know if there was a Lively Show in Town. The Clerk told him to follow the Street until he came to all the Electric Lights, and there he would find a Ballet. Uncle Brewster found the Place, and looked in through the Hole at an Assistant Treasurer, who was Pale and wore a Red Vest.



UNCLE BREWSTER

"I want a Chair near the Band," said Uncle Brewster. "How much does one of 'em Fetch?"

"Two Dollars," replied the Assistant Treasurer, pulling down his Cuffs and then examining himself in a small Mirror at one side of the Diagram.

"Great Grief!" ejaculated Uncle Brewster. "I only paid Thirty-Five Cents for the Glass Blowers, an' I'll warrant you they beat your Troupe as bad as Cranberries beats Glue. I'll see you plumb in Halifax before I—"

"Stand aside, please," said the Assistant Treasurer.

Uncle Brewster saw a Policeman, and thought it his Duty to tell the Officer that the Theater Folks were a Pack of Robbers.

"Up an Alley," said the Policeman.

Instead of going to a Show, Uncle Brewster stood in front of a Clothing Store and watched the Wax Figures.

When he got back to his Room the Bell-Hopper came around and asked him if he cared to Sit in a Quiet Game. Uncle Brewster wanted to know whether they were Gamblers or Business Men, and the Boy said they were Business Men. It was all Friendly, with an Ante of Two Bits and the Chandelier as the Limit. Uncle Brewster said he was accustomed to playing with Lima Beans, Three for a Cent and One call Two and no fair to Bluff. The Bell-Hopper told him to Turn In and get a Good Night's Rest.

Next Morning at the Hotel he spotted a stylish little Chunk of a Woman who kept the Cigar Case and sold Books with Actress Photos on the outside.

He walked over to buy a Cigar, but he happened to see the "3 for 50c." Label and his Feet got cold.

So, instead of buying a Cigar, he conversed with the Proprietress. He seemed to be a Success with her, and ventured to say that he was a Stranger in Town and would like first-rate to go out to a Lecture or some other kind of Entertainment that Evening if he could find a Nice Girl that didn't mind going with a Respectable Man who could give References, and besides was nearly old enough to be her Father. Then after the Lecture they could go to a First-Class Restaurant and have an Oyster Stew.



THE INVITATION

Uncle Brewster had read the Illustrated Papers in the Barber Shop out Home, and he certainly knew what was Expected of a Man who wanted to give a Gay Girl the Time of her Life.

The Cigar and Literary Girl said she would be Charmed to Accompany him only for one Thing: She said she didn't have a Hat that was Fit to Wear. She said she could tell by his Looks that he was a Gentleman that wouldn't want to go anywhere with a Lady whose Lid was Tacky. Possibly he would be willing to Stake her to a Hat.

"What would the Hat come to?" asked Uncle Brewster, somewhat Leary.

"Only Fourteen Dollars," she replied.

"I'll Think it Over," quoth Uncle Brewster, in a choking Voice, and he was so Groggy he walked into the Elevator

instead of going out the Street Door.

A little while later Uncle Brewster met an Acquaintance who gave him a Complimentary Badge to the Races. He walked out to the Track, so as to make the Expense as Reasonable as possible.

As soon as he was in the Ring a Tout took him back of a Hot Sausage Booth and told him not to Give it Out, but Green Pill in the First Race was sure to Win as far as a man could throw an Anvil, and to hurry and get a Piece of Money on. Uncle Brewster looked at the Entries and began to Quiver. He wished that Doc Jimmison could be there to Advise him. Green Pill was 30 to 1, and the Tout had his information from a Stable Boy that slept with the Horse.

A Reckless Spirit seized Uncle Brewster. He said he would take a Chance even if he didn't know for Sure that he would Win. So he walked up to a Bookie and said to him: "I want to Bet Fifty Cents on Green Pill, and this is a Dollar here, so you want to give me Fifty Cents Change."

Whereupon the Bookie told him to Back Up and Fade and do a Disappearing Specialty.

Uncle Brewster Escaped and found himself at a Bar. He decided that he would take a Drink, because he wouldn't be Home until next Day and by that time it would be off his Breath.



NON-COMBUSTIBLE

So he laid his Bosom against the Brass Railing and said to the Man in White, "You might as well draw me a Glass of Beer."

"We've got it in Bottles," said the Barkeep, regarding Uncle Brewster without a sign of Enthusiasm.

"What do you git for a Bottle?" asked Uncle Brewster.

"Twenty Cents," was the Reply of the Liquor Clerk.

"Keep it," said Uncle Brewster.

Perceiving that the Race-Track was in the hands of Gougers, Uncle Brewster walked back to the Hotel. By that Time his New Shoes had Crippled him, and he decided to take the Afternoon Train for home instead of Waiting Over.

That Evening he was back at his own Fireside, with the Bunged-Up Feet resting in Carpet Slippers. As he sat and read the Poultry Magazine, Aunt Mehely looked at him