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THE "ARTIE" STORIES.

George Ade, who writes *Stories of the Streets and Town in the Chicago Record*, has just published the best of them in a little book called "Artie." The illustrations are by McCutcheon of the same paper, whose campaign cartoons were unequalled for originality and point. The book has enough "material" to make three or four of the padded novels that Henry James and Howells have been turning out. The humor in "Artie" is of the same quality as Kipling's "Three Guardsmen." The story printed below is the sporting editor's experience at a church social.

One day Mrs. Morton, wife of the city manager, came to the offices and in polite brigandage compelled each man in the room to pay fifty cents for a ticket to the charity entertainment. This entertainment was to be given at a South Side church on the following Wednesday evening. Artie bought a ticket with apparent willingness.

"I don't want you young men to think that I'm robbing you of this money," said Mrs. Morton. "I want you to come to the entertainment. You'll enjoy it, really."

"Blanchard can go all right," suggested Miller, with a wink at young Mr. Hall. "He lives within a few blocks of your church."

"Then he must come," said Mrs. Morton, decisively. "Won't you, Mr. Blanchard?"

"Sure," said Artie, blushing deeply. "Why, Mrs. Morton, he hasn't been in a church for three years," said Miller.

"I don't believe it," and she turned to Artie, who was shaking his fist at Miller. "Now, Mr. Blanchard, I want you to promise me faithfully that you'll come."

"I'll be there all right," said he, smiling feebly.

"Remember, you've promised," and as she went out she shook her finger at him as a final reminder.

"Well, are you going?" asked Miller. Artie put on his lofty manner and gazed at his office companions with seeming coldness.

"What's it to you whether I do or not? Didn't you hear what I said to her? Sure I'm goin'. I've got as much right to go out and do the heavy as any o' you pin-heads. If I like their show I'll help 'em out next time—get a couple o' handy boys and put on a six-round go for a finish. Them people never saw anything good."

"I'll bet you don't go," spoke up young Mr. Hall.

Artie laughed dryly. "You guys must think I'm a quitter, to be scared out by any little old church show," said he.

That was the last said of the charity entertainment until Thursday morning, when Artie, after dusting off his desk, strolled up to Miller and gave him a friendly blow, known to ringside patrons as a "kidney-punch."

"Ouch!" exclaimed Miller.

"Well, I goes," said Artie.

"Where?" asked Miller, who had forgotten.

"Where? Well, that's a good thing. To the church show—the charity graft. I didn't do a thing but push my face in there about eight o'clock last night, and I was 'it' from the start. Say, I like that church, and if they'll put in a punchin' bag and a plunge they can have my game. I'll tell you those."

"Did you see Mrs. Morton?"

"How's that, boy? Did I see her?"

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Say, she treated me out o' sight. She meets me at the door, puts out the glad hand and says: 'Hang up your lid and come into the game.'"

"I never heard her talk like that," suggested Miller.

"Well, that's what she meant. She's all right, too, and the only wonder to me is how she ever happened to tie herself up to that slob. It's like hitchin' up a four-time winner 'longside of a pelter. He ain't in her class, not for a minute or a part of a minute. What kills me off is how all these dubs make their star winnin's. W'y, out there last night I see the measliest lot o' jays—regular Charley-boys—floatin' around with queens. I wish somebody'd tell me how they cop 'em out. Don't it kill you dead to see a swell girl—you know, a regular peach—holdin' on to some freak with side whiskers and thinkin' she's got a good thing? That's right. She thinks he's all right. Anyway, she acts the part. And say, you know Percival, that works over in the bank—little Percy, the perfect lady. There's a guy I've known for five years, and so help me, if he gets on a street-car where I am, I get off and walk. That ain't no lie. I pass him up. I say, 'you're all right, Percy, and you can take the car to yourself,' and then I duck."

"Was he there?"

"The whole thing! That ain't no kid. He was the real papa—the hit o' the piece. One on each arm, see?—and puttin' up the large, juicy con talk. They was beaus too; you couldn't beat 'em, not in a thousand years. There they was, holdin' to this wart. Up goes my hands in the air, and I says to myself: 'Percy, you're all right. I wouldn't live on the same street with you, but you're all right at that.' But he couldn't see me."

"Couldn't see you?"

"No, he lost his eyesight. He looked at me, but he was too busy to see me. No, he had on his saucy coat and that touch-me-not necktie, and oh, he was busy. He wasn't doin' a thing. I think I'll give the bank a line on Percy. Any man that wears that kind of a necktie hadn't ought to handle money. But you ought to see the two he had. I'd like to know how he does it. I had a notion to go up to one o' the girls and say: 'What's the matter? Ain't you ever seen any others?'"

"Did you like the show?" asked Miller.

"It's this way. They liked it, and so"—with a wave of the hand—let 'em have it. If they put the same turns on at any variety house the people'd tear down the buildin', tryin' to get their coin back. Mrs. Morton got me a good seat and then backcapped the show a little before it opened up, so I didn't expect to be pulled out o' my chair—and I wasn't. If I'd been near the door I'd 'a' sneaked early in the game, but, like a farmer, I let her put me way up in front. I saw I was up against it, so I lasted the best way I could. Two or three o' the songs was purty fair, but the woman that triffed with the piano for about half an hour was very much on the bummy bum. Then there was a guy called an entertainer, that told some o' the gags I used to hear when my brother took me to the old academy and held me on his lap. But he got 'em goin', just the same. 'Well, I says to myself, 'what'd a couple o' hot knockabouts do to this push?' On the dead, I don't believe any o' them people out there ever saw a good show. It just goes to prove that there's lots of people with stuff that think they know what's goin' on in town, but they don't. I ain't got no kick comin', only it was a

yellow show, and I'm waitin' for forty-five cents change."

"I should think you would have got the worth of your money simply by seeing so many good looking girls," said Miller.

"The girls are all right, only I think they're a little slow on pickin' the right kind. If I had time I'd go over to that church and make a lot o' them Reubs look like thirty-cent pieces. Not that I'm strong on the con talk, but I know I'd be in it with them fellows. I think it must be a case of nerve. That's all there is to 'em—is nerve. But the girls—wow!"

"Beauties, eh?"

"Lollypaloozers!"

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