

A BAD FABLE IN SLANG

(With Apologies to Mr. George Ade)

As the train pulled into the Bryn Mawr station there arose from his seat a strapping young Influenza Germ, Vigorous with the full energy of Early manhood, and primed for a successful Campaign among the ladies of this Famous resort.

Hopping gaily into the waiting Ford he found himself between two Little Peaches, and by the time they reached the Campus he was feeling Perfectly at Home with them.

That evening he got Clubby with six or seven other Beants.

The next morning, however, the Management informed him that he would have to Do Without his usual daily trip to the village Tonsorial Parlors because of something they called Quarantine. This lessened his attractions Visibly, but he Got Away with a couple more conquests Just the same.

Two days later he was deprived of another Necessity of Life by the sudden appearance of a VERBOTEN sign on the tea house Door. He became Pale and Haggard and lost most of his Drag with the Women.

The blow that finally Killed him was an order forbidding him the Bracing Atmosphere of all Social gatherings: Religious and Academic groups Cramped his Style.

HE LIVED

HE DIED

R. I. P.