

**ARTIE: A STORY OF
THE
STREETS AND TOWN**

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Artie: A Story of the Streets and Town by George Ade & John T. McCutcheon

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GEORGE ADE & JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON

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ARTIE

ARTIE

A Story of the Streets and Town

BY
GEORGE ADE

PICTURES BY
JOHN T. McCUTCHEON



CHICAGO
HERBERT S. STONE & CO.
1896

TO THE
ASSOCIATION

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OCTOBER 10, 1896

ARTIE

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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 do n'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."

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

"Sure," replied Artie, blushing deeply.

"Why, Mrs. Morton, he has n't been in a church for three years," said Miller.

"I do n'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? Did n'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

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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 do n'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 did n't do a thing but push my face in there about eight o'clock last night, and I