

# INTRODUCING THE "JUMP-UPS"

## On Next Sunday Will Be Presented in Picture and Verse the First Step in the Social Climb of Mr. JUMP-UP, Former Clerk, and His Ambitious Wife.



busy downtown wholesale streets—you know them; jammed with great trucks loading and unloading packing cases filled with all sorts of goods; draymen, porters, shipping clerks—well, right there I found Jim Jump-up. He was a shipping clerk.

There he was, with a marking pot in one hand and the brush behind his ear, a memorandum book in the other hand, and he was all over the place, marking cases, noting them down and attending to his duties in general. He was a little fellow, rather plump and with a bullet head sparsely thatched with colorless hair. But it was his face, and mainly his eyes, that attracted me most. He had a sort of cherubic, mild face and big round eyes that would have been pleasant if they had not been so awfully tired looking; a little mouth somewhat drawn at the corners, a rounded chin and red cheeks—in short, he seemed like a grown up, tired out boy.

I picked him for Jim Jump-up at once and proceeded to sketch him, an operation in which he detected me and frowned. But I had him, and here he is to-day.

To find Genevieve Jump-up was equally easy. I could have drawn her from memory, she is so general a type, but I wished to capture my prey in its wild state, which means at a fashionable wedding, or eyeing the box dwellers at the Horse Show or some such place. There was a big wedding a few days later and I knew that Genevieve would be there, squabbling with thousands of others of her sisters for a place of vantage on the sidewalk from which to see "Quality" entering and leaving the church.

Well, of course she was there, and from among the many I selected a very pretty little woman with Titian hair, a stylish figure and fashionable clothes, though the clothes, it was evident to the trained eye of the artist, were not of the best material. I sketched the little lady, and I hope she will strike you as the best type.

Mr. West had given Genevieve a French maid named Julie and Jim a valet named Jimpson. It was a simple matter to draw them. For Julie I had only to sketch the little maid employed by the wife of an acquaintance, and I have reproduced her as nearly as she really is as I could. Jimpson, too, offered little difficulty, as he exists, but under a different name, as head waiter in a well known chop house. He used to be manservant to "Quality" in England and has occupied similar positions in this country, but he has given up "valeting" Young America because, as he explains it, "hit is hobjectionable to 'ave to serve a man you 'ave to realize is not one 'alf the gentleman 'is servant is." So he took to head waiting as less "hobjectionable."

Here, then, are the Jump-ups, Genevieve and Jim, and their faithful servants, Julie and Jimpson. I hope they will strike you as typical of their kind and that you will recognize them and like them as they go through their adventures from week to week.



Genevieve Jump-Up

Julie

Jim Jump-Up

BY PAUL WEST.

It is scarcely necessary to introduce Jim and Genevieve Jump-up. You know them already, you see them every day. They may be masquerading under some other name, but they're the Jump-ups, and they live wherever there is money.

They used to live in a little flat, or perhaps a boarding house, and everybody looked on Genevieve as a very pretty little woman with the faculty of dressing nicely on little or nothing a year, while her husband, Jim—well, Jim was just one of the vast army of workers.

Maybe he was a ribbon clerk in a big department store or a book-keeper, or something of the sort. He went down early, in the "rush hour," slaved all day at something or other and came home with the crowd, tired out after a humdrum day. At the end of the week he

With no children to consume her attention, she had time for dreams, and these she indulged. She longed for social position, and if she could not have it she could at least follow the doings of the Four Hundred, which she did closely, reading all the "society" news and learning the pedigrees of the smart set till she almost felt as though she knew them personally.

Jim's wages would not permit of her wearing Paris gowns and Fifth avenue hats, but with the assistance of the fashion journals and a natural talent for such things she used to copy the most stylish garb in cheaper materials, and always looked up to date. Thus, when there was a fashionable wedding you would find Genevieve haunting the church for a sight of the bride or the titled bridegroom, dressed as stylishly as any of the fashionable

guests, all of whom she knew by name from their photographs in the papers.

And then came the money! Perhaps it was a forgotten relative, or a gold mine on the neglected farm up-State, or—well, it came, a couple of million dollars!

To Jim Jump-up it meant nothing. Perhaps a servant girl for Genevieve or a new rug for the hall or something of that sort. But to Genevieve it meant all. Her dream had come true! And immediately she proceeded to realize it.

It was not long before the Jump-ups began to figure in society. Money will do much. Money backed up by a young and pretty woman's ambitions will do a great deal. Even with such a handicap as Jim.

And poor Jim, a plebeian, dazzled, a fish out of water, was and is a handicap to Genevieve. He

does not fit into the picture at all. He loves Genevieve and doesn't object to her cutting a social swath if she will only let him alone. But she won't. She is trying to make a society leader of him, too, and the task is one that would stagger a less ambitious young woman.

He can't get accustomed to "society" ways; he doesn't like "society" people; he prefers his old associates of his working days; his English is faulty and his manners still are unpolished.

In short, Jim Jump-up is a living, pitiful example of the sow's ear that simply refuses to be made into a silk purse.

In the meanwhile, Genevieve, undismayed by Jim's faux pas, goes on climbing, dragging him up with her, getting a step higher now and then only to have something that Jim does drag her back again. But she loves him and he



Jimpson

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brought his salary envelope home and laid it in Genevieve's lap, and was thoroughly satisfied and contented, without a wish or ambi-

tion beyond the colorless, unromantic life he led. But if Jim was contented Genevieve was not. She had ambitions.