

Uncle Walt

*The
Landlady*

I RUN a hash bazaar, just up the street;
there all my boarders are yelling for
meat; boarders carnivorous, boarders
herbivorous; Allah deliver us! just watch
them eat! Boarders are ravenous, all the
world o'er; "feed till you spavin us," thus
they implore; boarders are gluttonous,
roastbeef and muttonous; "come and un-
button us, so we'll eat more!" Little they
pay me for chicken and rice; yet they way-
lay me for dainties of price; "bring us
canary birds"—these are their very words,
bawling like hairy Kurds—"bring them on
ice!" I give them tea and toast, jelly and
jam, some kind of stew or roast, codfish or
ham; their words are Chaucerous: "Dame
Cup-and-Saucerous, bring us rhinoceros,
boiled with a yam!" I run a boarding
booth, as I have said; there Age and Smil-
ing Youth, raise the Old Ned; maybe the
clamoring, knocking and hammering bunch
will be stammering, when I am dead!