

it all up like a Mulligan and enjoy myself, and at first glance I can't see no reason for all them little saucers, but I'm quick to catch on even though I never had no schooling beyond reading, writing, and its not very long before I has it figured out. The reason they bring the stuff on those little saucers is so if you don't like one kind of grub you don't need to touch it. No, no more'en if it was pizen, and I do suppose if it was mixed Mulligan style some stuff you didn't like would be spoiling what you did like. I gives the etiquette feller credit for that rule. Now for me I has a notion agin turnips, all kinds of turnips, biled baked, stewed or mashed. I hates the look of them, smell of them, taste of them. I hates them because I once lived on them raw for four days. I hates them because I finds them full of sticks, stones, strings, fibres, roots, and I figgers turnips was only meant for cattle. And honest if they were mixed with Angel cake I couldn't eat the Angel cake. But they seems to folly me everywhere I go and of course they are here at this big dinner I am telling of. Well we sits there a minute and wise enough I don't touch a damn thing 'til I see's what the rest does. Near opposite me at the table is a pretty little woman with sweet blue eyes and soft 'lasses candy hair. I picks her right away for a thoroughbred, cause she is showing no signs of nervousness like the rest of us, only thing yaller about that little woman was her hair. I don't like taking orders from no etiquette fellers but right away I'm willin to do anything this little Queen does, even to eating turnips. So I'm watching her sly and humble like, what do 'ya think is the first thing she does. Picks up a spoon that is lying round careless like and shovels off just two spoons of mashed potatoes and one spoon of gravey. Picks up one of them six forks and spears some broiled chicken, then takes a few spoons of