

Cafard

more seasonable expression, frozen. We are not ourselves. We make sarcastic remarks about one another. We hold up for ridicule individual peculiarities of individuality. Some one, tiring of this form of indoor sports, starts the phonograph again.

Wind, wind, wind (the crank)

Kr-r-r-r-r-r (the needle on the disk)

La-dee-dum, dee-doodle, di-dee-day (the orchestral introduction)

Sometimes when I feel sad

And things look blue,

I wish the boy I had

Was one like you —

“For the love of Pete! Shut off that damn silly thing!”

“I admire your taste, Irving!”

“Can it!”

“Well, what will you have, then?”

“Play that Russian thing, the ‘Danse des Buffons.’ ”

“Don’t play anything.”

“Lord! I wish some one would send us some new records.”

“Yes, instead of knitted wristers — what?”

“And mufflers.”