

"Am I?" said Dick. "Wasn't aware of it, my boy."

"Only Faldalaldo's Italian, and you're English, aren't you? . . . Garn, I don't want none of your nasty English 'bacca. I got some first-class coltfoot, if I'd got a match."

"Coltfoot?" Dick Stewart inquired. "New brand, that. What do you mean by coltfoot?"

"Mean coltfoot," said the boy. "Never heard of coltfoot, didn't you? Garn! it's better nor English 'bacca, any day."

"Coltfoot, eh? How do you get it?" Stewart inquired.

"Garn! You just gets it—it's leaves; you gets it off the ground, that's how. . . . Lots about, there is!" The boy was stuffing fragments of dry, grey leaf into the corn-cob bowl. "If you're an Englishman," he said, looking up keenly, "where's your teeth?"

"In my mouth, of course," said Dick Stewart. "Can't you see them?"

"Garn! I mean your big teeth," said the boy. "English always have big teeth, like wolves. I've seen 'em in pictures."

"Oh, my *big* teeth!" Dick Stewart said. "I leave my big teeth in England. It isn't quite good manners to bring them abroad."

"Garn!" said the boy again. "Gimme a match."

"My impudent young friend, I have done so. I am your match. I refuse to give you any other kind of match. Do you think I will encourage you in the filthy and pernicious habit of smoking? No, not by a long chalk! All habits are bad, but . . . What's your name, by-the-by? And how old are you?"

"Coco. Twelve," the boy sulkily said.

"And not near four foot high, I imagine. Though I can't tell for certain, while you sprawl there like that, you lazy young dog! Why don't you walk and be energetic, like I am? Coco, you are stunting your growth; if you smoke you'll never be a six-footer, Coco! My erring kid, you must either stint or stunt. Drop that pipe this minute! I'm surprised your people let you! What can your mother be thinking of!"