

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY.

I.

THE COMMUTER.

Home. To-day.

MEIN LIEBER LOOEY—Ve haf receifed your letter from Pittsburg und also der box of stogies vich der eggspressman left at our door but rushed away before I could light vun.

I dink I vill enchoy dose stogies, Looey, but your mother makes me smoke dem ouid on der lawn.

I tried to eggsplain it to your mother dot a stogie loses its flavor ven smoked ouid on der lawn, und she set she hoped so, because if der flavor vas lost ouid dare nobody would be unlucky enough to find it again, mebbe.

She set ven I smoked dem in der house she always found der flavor hiding in der lace curtains, und she vants to be able to shake der curtains vunce in a vile mitouid a wicious flavor chumping ouid at her und biting her fingers.