
The Language of Vegetables.

Now that so many British patriots have converted their flower gardens into vegetable plots, that useful little manual: « The Language of Flowers », the old-time friend of all true lovers, has become quite obsolete. We would therefore suggest an appropriate substitute in the form of « The Language of Vegetables » which might be compiled on the following lines.

Asparagus.	Tête-à-tête.
Beans.	Save your bacon.
Beetroot.	Will you be true to me.
Carrots.	Keep your hair on.
Cabbage.	My heart is true.
Cauliflower.	I have lost my head.
Cucumber.	There is a coolness between us.
Curly Greens.	Give me a lock of your hair.
French beans.	I am feeling cut up.
Horse-Radish.	You have the whip-hand of me.
Leek.	This must be stopped.
Lettuce.	Not as green as I look.
Lentils.	It might have been.
Mint.	None of your sauce.
Mushroom.	The growth of Love.
Mustard and Cress.	United westand.
Onion.	Will you weep for me ?
Parsnips.	I am in a boiling rage.
Peas.	Shell out.
Potato.	Patriotism.
Pumpkin.	Piety.
Radish.	I have a deep-rooted affection for you.
Sea-kale.	Rule Britannia.
Tomato.	I cannot ketch up to you.
Turnips.	I am mashed on you.
Truffles.	Forbidden luxury.
Thyme.	Wait and see.
Vegetable marrow.	I feel seedy.
Water-cress.	You suit me to a T.
