

We must obey our masters. Ho! then for the merry days that are coming; when the lemonade shall pop at the dry banquet and the sarsaparilla foam to the top of the glass; when two old friends shall sit down side by side with a bucket of ice water between them; when emergency cases shall be treated with a coffee bean, and wedding guests shall trip to the merry music of the Victrola filled with unfermented grape juice.

But what's the use of writing about it? None, that I can see. I call anybody who has read this article to witness that its tone is as fair-minded as open daylight and as kindly as a jug of red wine under a hawthorn tree. Yet I know by experience that it will bring nothing to the surface except unmeasured condemnation from the intolerant. The editor of this paper will receive perhaps threatening letters from Mothers' Meetings and Children's Blue Ribbon Societies for daring to print it. And for myself, the lawyers and judges and doctors whom I have quoted will say that they never heard of me, and that they never took anything stronger in their lives than raspberry vinegar. Never mind. Perhaps I shall be able to get work in Hayti or in Dutch Borneo or some sensible country.

STEPHEN LEACOCK.

