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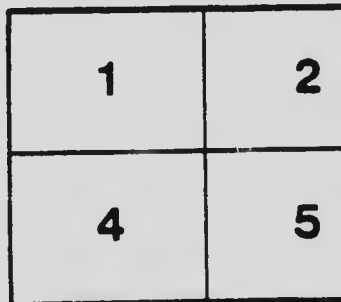
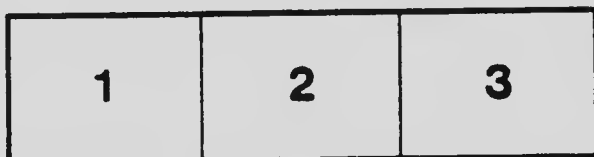
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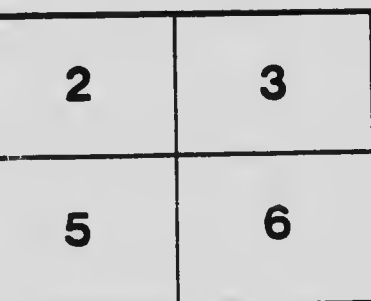
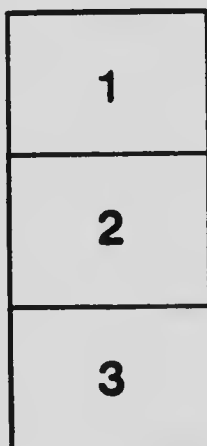
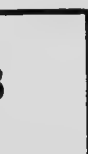
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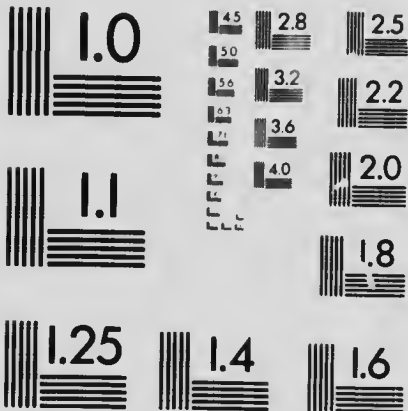
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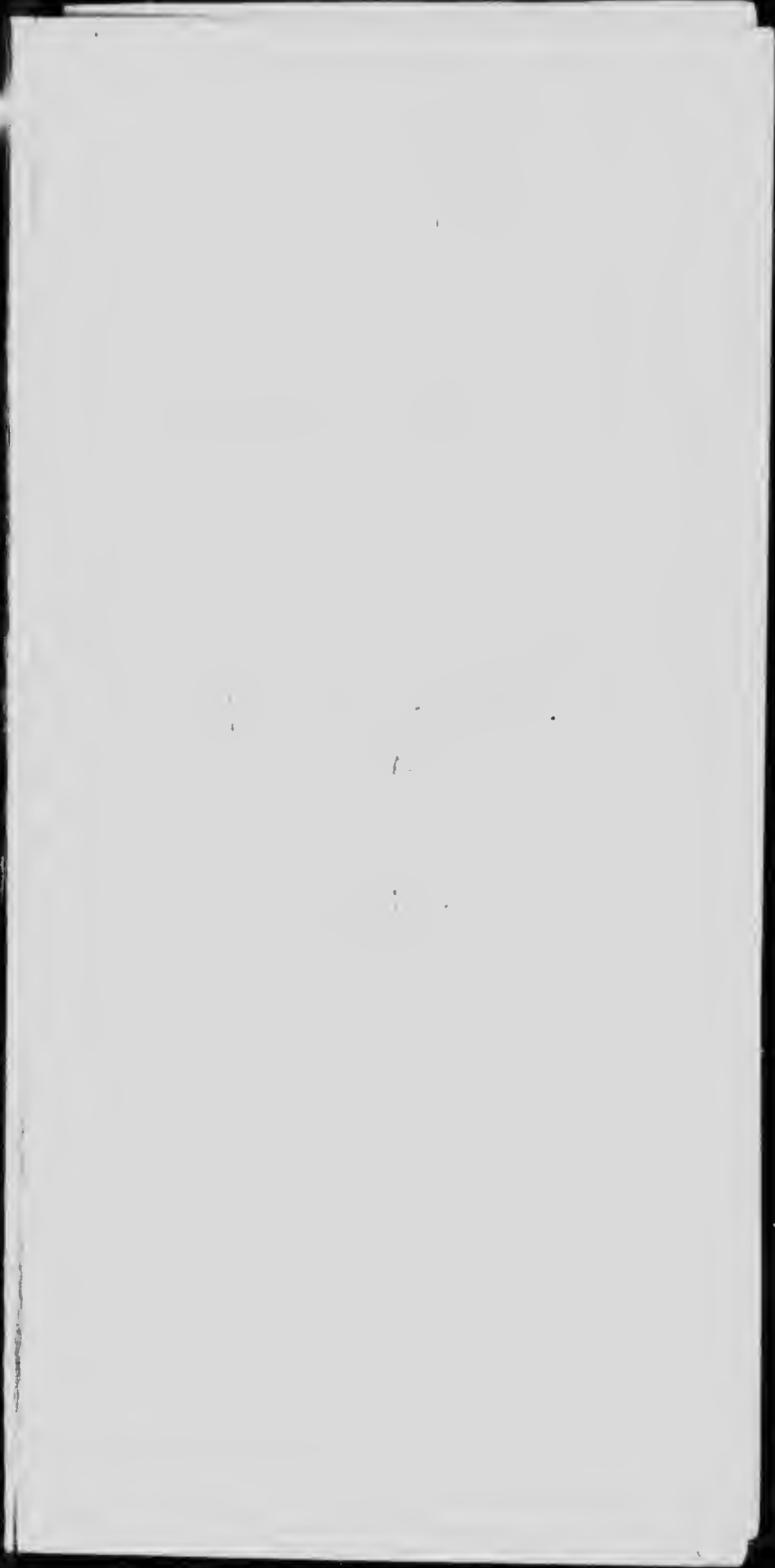
DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS



*To
Looney*

GEORGE V. HOBART

AUTHOR OF
JOHN HENRY etc



DINKELSPIEL.
THE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

FIRST APPEARANCE

MAY, 1893,
In the *Sunday Scimitar*,
Cumberland, Md.

RE-APPEARED

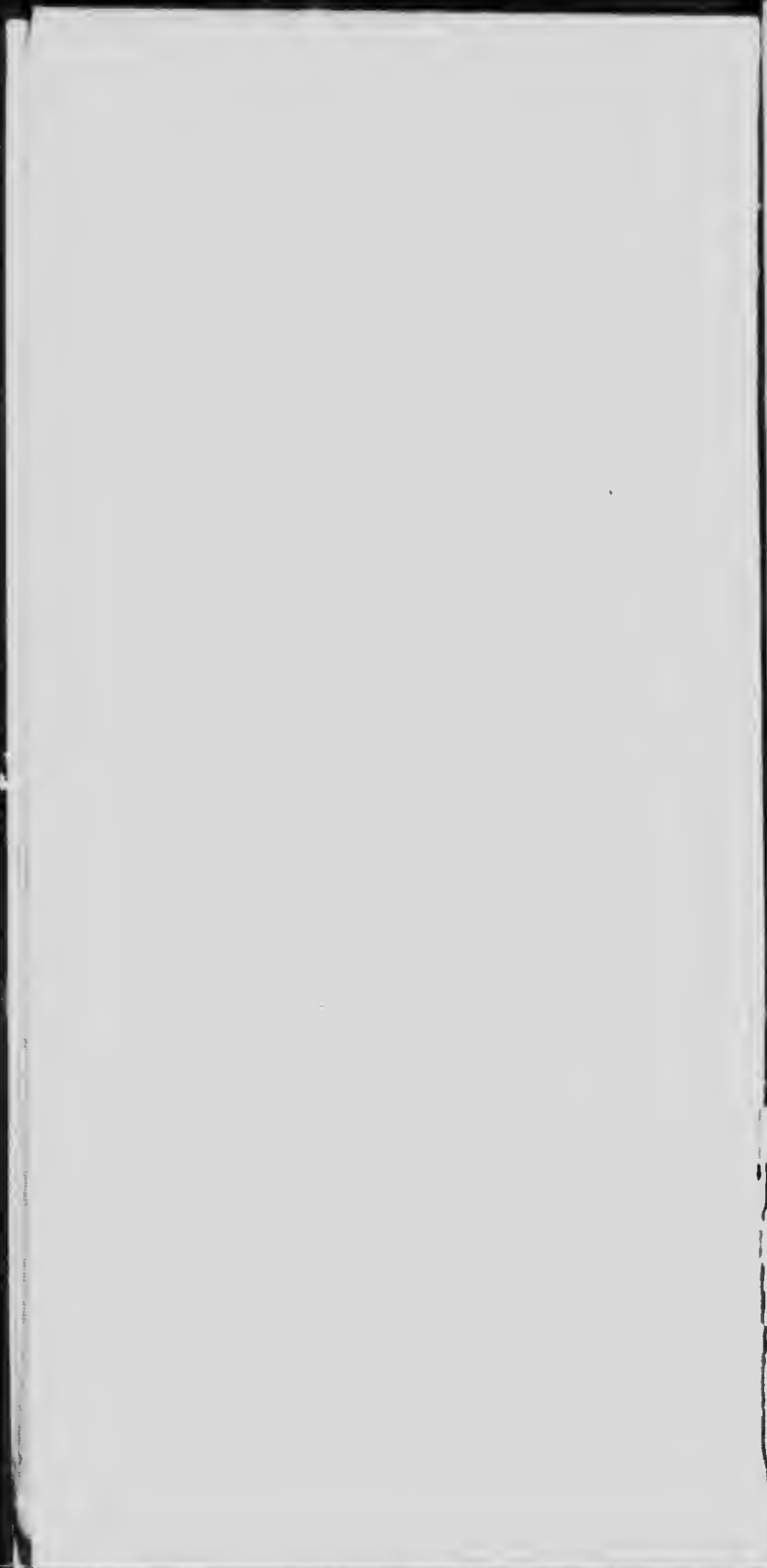
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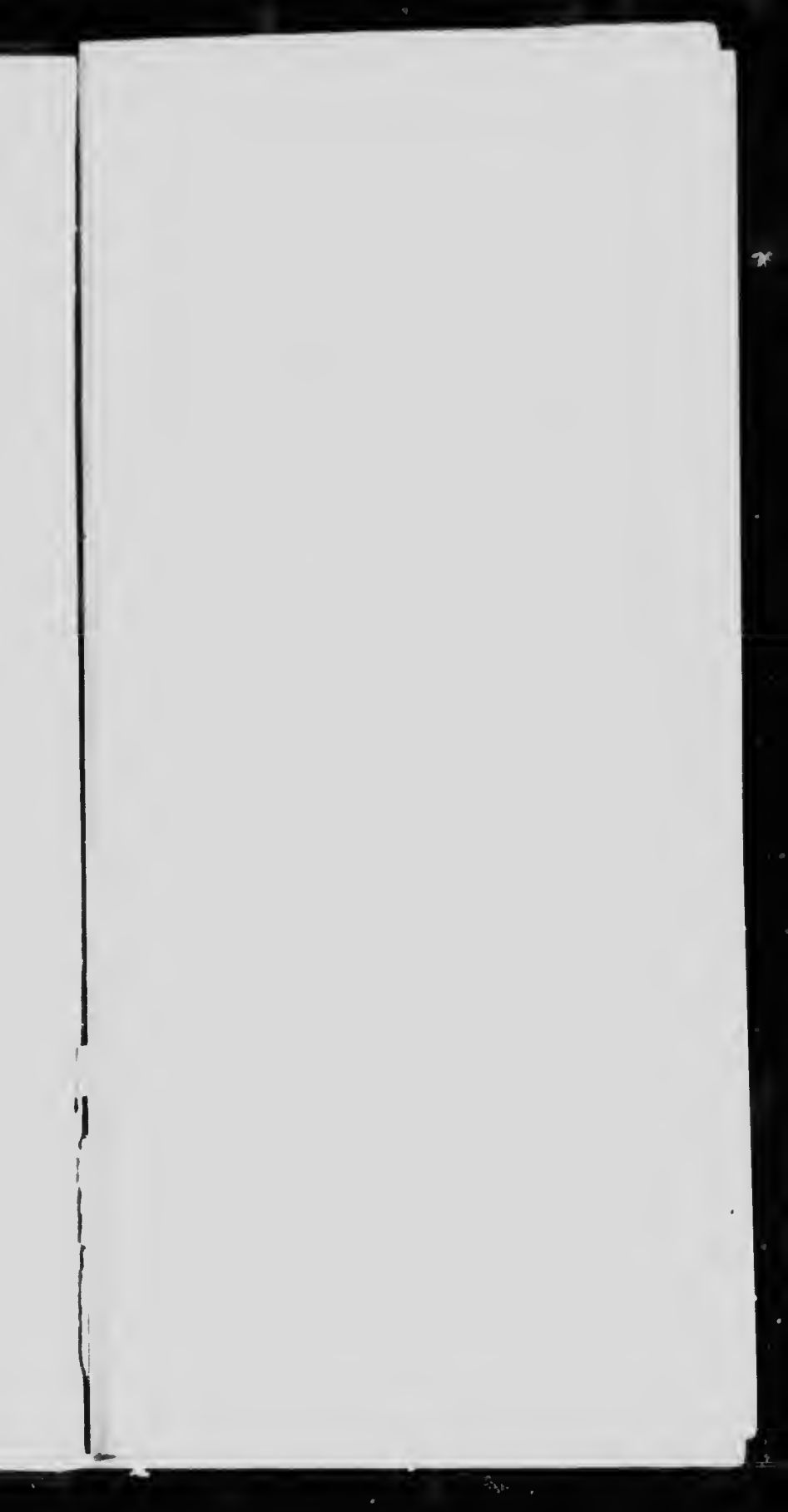
MOVED

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AUGUST, 1899,
To the *New York Journal*.







"COULD YOU PLEASE SUGGEST SOMETHING DOT EATS WELL,
BUT IS NOT TOO EGG-PENSIVE TO KEEP DOWN?"

Frontispiece. Page 120.

Dinkelspiel's Letters to Looney

By GEORGE V. HOBART

AUTHOR OF

"JOHN HENRY," "DOWN THE LINE WITH JOHN HENRY,"
"IT'S UP TO YOU," "BACK TO THE WOODS,"
"OUT FOR THE COIN," "I NEED THE MONEY,"
"I'M FROM MISSOURI," "YOU CAN SEARCH ME,"
"GET NEXT!" "SKIDDOO," "BEAT IT,"
"GO TO IT," "IKEY'S LETTERS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
TOM BARCLAY



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G. W. DILLINGHAM CO.
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*Dinkelspiel's
Letters to Looney*

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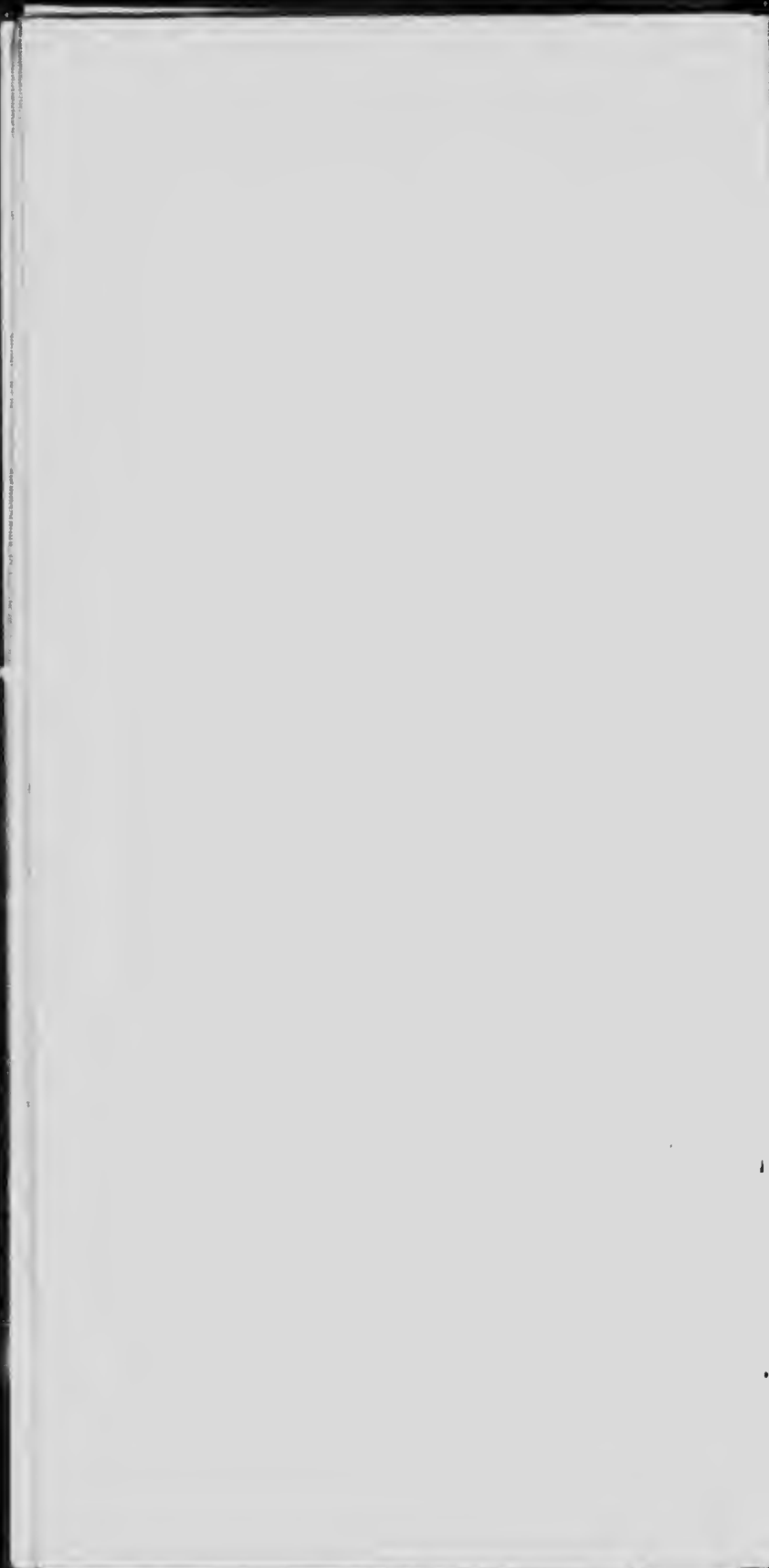
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DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY.

I.

THE COMMUTER.

Home. To-day.

M EIN LIEBER LOOEY—Ve haf received 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 ovid on der lawn.

I tried to eggsplain it to your mother dot a stogie loses its flavor ven smoked ovid on der lawn, und she set she hoped so, because if der flavor vas lost ovid 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 mitoid a wicious flavor chumping ovid at her und biting her fingers.

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

Ach, Looley, vimmen vas so inconsiderable.

I vas just saying to your mother last night dot you haf been home mit us so seldom since ve moved ouid in der country dot you do not know der choys of ruralization.

You haf nefer been a cummutineer, haf you, Looley?

Dit you know vot is a commutineer?

Vell, Looley, a commutineer is a chent dot lives in der country but spends all of his time on der railroad trains.

Der commutineer is divided into two classes: Going und cameing.

Der vorst troubles vich der commutineer has to contention mit is der friend vich lives in der city und makes chokes abouid der commutineer.

I vas vunce vun of dese evils myself ven I lived in der city und make smart sayings abouid Rudolph Beerhaben, vich lived at Insomnihurst-on-der-Bronx.

But rewenge is vun of der fairst laws of nature, because der fairst day I became a commutineer eighty-sigs mosquitos attacked me in single file und

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

bit me deep between der solo apoplexus und der front porch.

Vun of der fairst rules for a commutineer after he locates der railroad station und runs dare a cubble of times to get in training, is to get a red und vite und blue hammock.

A hammock vas a necesserary evil in der country, because only by dis means can der insects become ackvainted mit a new commutineer.

Der man dot put up our hammock dit not notice my veight, und he used a very slim und refined rope. Pretty soon I came along und dropped in der hammock mit a splash. At der same moment der rope eggsploled und I made a deep impression on der stone porch.

Den efery mosquito in der neighborhood rushed to my assistance und tried to lift me up mit deir teeth.

Living in der country is divided into two classes: Outdoors und indoors.

Indoors vas der most peaceful mit der eggscaption of der flies, vich takes der place of an alarm clock early in der morning mit much success.

Dis vas der inspirationment of 'dot luffly olt proverb vich speaks it :

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

Early to bed
Und early to rise!
Dare's a reason for dis,
Und der answer is Flies!

Der national emblem of der commu-
tineer is der lawn mower.

Der idea of der lawn mower is a
machinery to shafe der lawn, und be-
cause it cannot talk like a barber it
makes a noise like a rumor of var mit
Chapan.

I decisioned I vould trim der van-
dyke beard on der lawn der fairst day
I becamed a commutineer, und der re-
sult vill always live in history side py
side mit der battle of Gettysburg.

Der lawn mower vas sleeping peace-
fully in der barn ven I rushed in und
dragged it ould.

Mebbe it is dot I forgot to lather der
lawn, because it vas der hardest shafe I
efer vitnessed.

Der lawn mower began to complain
so loud dot der neighbors for miles
around rushed to der rock pile und
armed demselves for der fray.

A committee of citizens attractioned
py der screaming of der lawn mower
came to see if I vas killing some mem-
ber of der family or only a distant rela-
tive.

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

Ven dey saw me struggling mit a stubborn lawn mower dey set my punishment vas heavy enough, so dey threw away der lynching rope und left me at der post.

Your mother came ouid on der porch und set: "Dinky, should you choke it from screaming mit some axle grease on der handle-bars, perhaps, yes!"

"Der idea is vorthy of a better cause," I responded, und der T. had to see vich part of der lawn mower would fit der axle grease.

Ven I lifted up der lawn mower to eggsamine its constitution und by-laws a heavy part of der machinery fell off und landed on my instep, und I began to eggsclaim in sulphur.

Den I tried to stand on der udder foot, und I lost my balance und fell on der lawn mower's third rail.

I nefer vas so mortified in my life as ven dot lawn shafer began to bite its initials all ofer my shinbone.

Efery time I tried to get up I lost my balance, und efery time I lost my balance der lawn mower would leap up in der air und fall on some part of my antimony.

Ven luffing hands finally pulled us

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

apart I vas yust on der udder side of consciousness, vile der lawn mower hat recofered its second vind und vas vagg-
ging its tail mit eggscitement.

I dink before der doctor recofers me I vill lose my balance again.

Dis time it vill be at der bank.

I haf made up my mind dot our lawn vill veer a King Lear viskers before I efer tackle dot lawn mower again, yet.

Come home soon to der farm, Looey, because cherries vas ripe at der groceries.

Speaking about ruralalities, you know, Looey, your mother und me ve vent for a veek's ouiding ofer in New Chersey to a place py der sad sea vaves called Mosquito Landing.

Dey dit.

Der place vas recommendationed to us py a man vich vent dare vunce und nefer vent back.

Mosquito Landing is vun of der most fashionable places dot efer let der ocean beat its shores.

It vas almost like Newport, mit der eggception dot der reporters doan'd make so much money at Mosquito Landing.

Ven ve vas dare eferyding vas at der

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top notch of gayness und frivolosity, und der midsummer madness vich demands dot money should be kept burning vas in der weins of dose present.

Und Society!—ach, Looey!

Eferybody dot is anybody vas dare trying to be somebody.

Ve saw Leonora Beefensauer at der Casino efery efening talking mit Peter Cuckoohauser, her fiancee.

You should remembrance, Looey, dot Leonora is der only daughter of Bud Beefensauer, der manufacturer of boneless tripe, vich has become such a fad in society since der britch vist craze has made regular dinners a nuisance.

Leonora vill be der olt man's heiress if he ever stops playing pinochle long enough to leave her someding.

Her fiancee, Peter Cuckoohauser, is a rising young mechanic dot used to build thermometers. For a long time he hat his ups und downs, but on account of der fortune left him py an amused relative who died unconsciously, Peter is now butterflying through life in a vite flannel suit.

Vile ve vas dare, Looey, Mr. und Mrs. Hans Shine-von-Shine vare divorced at der home of der bride's par-

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

ents. Der ceremony vas very simple but eggspensive to der late husband. Considerable alimony changed hands.

Yust before ve left der place last T'irstay afternoon at two-t'irty a loud shriek rushed ouid of der "Bungalooza Willa," followed py its author, Mrs. Picklesauer von Sauerface.

Both der shriek und its author came ouid as far as der gate und attractioned der ears of a policeman.

"My diamonts haf been stolen," eggclaimed Mrs. Picklesauer von Sauerface eggscitefully.

"For publication purposes or for pawning?" inkvired der policeman.

"Must I tell you mitouid being introductioned?" set Mrs. Picklesauer von Sauerface anxiously.

"Not unless you doan'd care to meet me," echeckulated der policeman.

"Mercy!" set Mrs. Picklesauer von Sauerface, "haf I got to cross der social kasm to get dem presents back?"

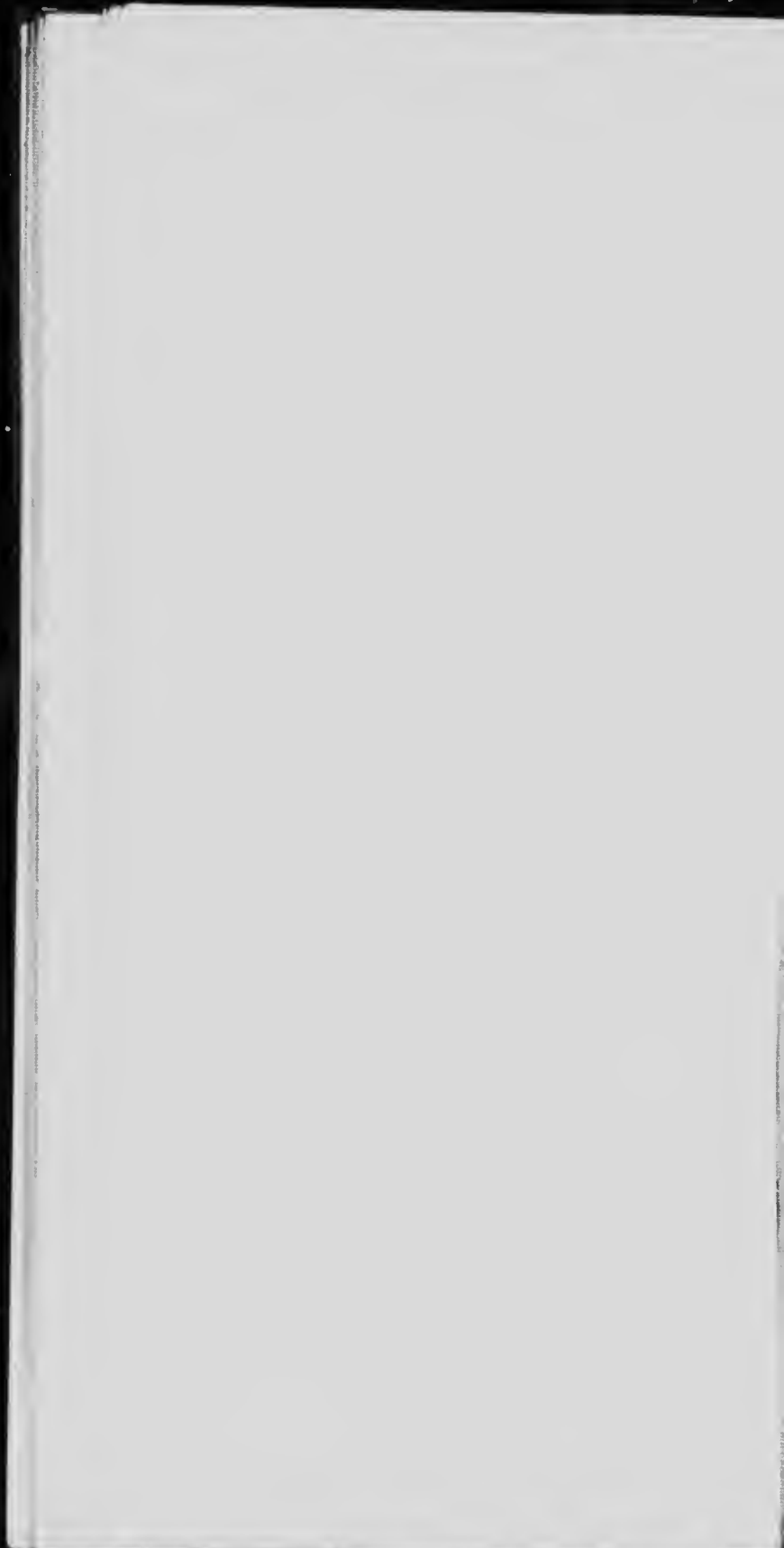
"Vot kinds of diamonts vas missing?" inkvired der policeman. "Vas dey sparklers or shines?"

"Vot is der difference, please?" asked Mrs. Picklesauer von Sauerface haughtily.



"DO YOU SUSPICION HIM?" WHISPERED MRS. PICKLESAUER
VON SAUERFACE, WITH A SHUDDER.

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"Der difference vas about ninety-five dollars a carrot," vispered der policeman.

"Der best dot money can buy vas none too goot for me," set Mrs. Picklesauer von Sauerface, mit proud scorn.

"So I notice py your hair und complexion," responded der policeman politely.

"Vill you find der missing diamonds, or must I shriek again?" inkvired Mrs. Picklesauer von Sauerface.

"Is your photographer present?" demanded der policeman.

"Do you suspicion him?" vispered Mrs. Picklesauer von Sauerface, mit a shudder.

"Der photographer chenerally takes dem," answered der policeman. "Ud-dervise how could der pictures get in der newspapers?"

"Heafen forgif me for dis ofersight, but my photographer neglectioned to took der ciewels before I lose dem," set Mrs. Picklesauer von Sauerface, mit bitter tears in der lamps.

Der policeman turned away to conceal his emotion und der two-fer seegar.

"Vot, ach, vot is to be dit?" vailed der helpless voman.

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

"Nuddings," responded der policeman, after a miserable pause. "Mitoud pictures of der chewels to put in der newspapers der sensation vill be veak und vobble at der knecs."

Mrs. Picklesauer von Sauerface leaned against der fence und groaned invardly.

"It vas too bad," muttered der policeman, as he bit into der two-fer seegar und valked silently away.

Mrs. Picklesauer von Sauerface sat down in her most eggspensive flower bed und vept bitterly.

Yust den der policeman came running backwards.

"Perhaps you remember der chewels vell enough to get a photograph from memory?" he suchched.

A smile chased itself ofer der face of Mrs. Picklesauer von Sauerface, und she remofed herself from der crushed cheraniums.

"I remember dem perfectly," she vispered, "because ven my husband got der bill for dem he hat four different styles of fits in four minutes. T'ree of der fits vas entirely new und orichinal mit him, so I remember der chewels perfectly."

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

"Goot!" set der policeman. "I vill haf eighteen detectifs und 219 reporters up here in ten minutes. Clam yourself, now, clam yourself, because vot is lost vill soon be found in der newspapers."

Der policeman rushed away to der tellyfone, und mit a glad cry of t'anks-gifing Mrs. Picklesauer von Sauerface rushed in und began to beat Mozart ould of der open-face piano.

Such, Looey, is only vun of der simple annals of der rich.

"Vy dit dis voman do dis?" your mother inkwissytiffed to me dot efening.

"Because vun diamont in der newspapers vas vorth a whole tarara in der safety deposits," I vispered.

"Leave us go home," set your mother:

Und ve left.

II.
THE RACE TRACK.

Home. Yet.

M EIN LIEBER LOOEY—Ve haf received your letter from Princeton, Kentucky, vare McKee Barclayhauser und der race horses come from, und ve vas glat to hear it dot pitzness is goot mit you, drummerizing on der road as a commercial trafeller.

Speaking abouid dose race horses, Looey, dit you know it, I haf been to der race track, alretty, for der second time, yet?

I should tolt you abouid it der day dot I vent py der race track, Looey.

It vas vun day a cubble of veeks lately, und ven I voke up early in der morning your mother set by me:

“Fodder, dis vill be a fine day, mit such a hotness in der t’ermometer, und I vish to vent py der Belmont Park races und show my new dimity gown mit der chiffon oferskirt und der applique fritters on der straight front cor-sage, yes!”

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

"Vait, voman!" I set. "Der races track ain't no more yet at Belmont Park now!"

"Vell, vare is it?" your mother mentioned.

"It is now at Sheepskin Bay," I vispered.

"Vell," set your mother, "I would preference Sheepskin Bay, because der color scheme is better for my new dress," she responded, "und I vill go to Sheepskin Bay because I belief in der proverb vich says vot is done cannot be undone, eggpecially if it is a hard-boiled egg."

Chee-viz! who is der man dot can resistance der tender pleadings of a luffing vife ven she has a new dress vich should be der observed of all der observationists?

So ve vent, Looey!

Chimineddy! such a bunch of peoples! As far as der eye could stretch ve could see human beings rushing hidder und tidder und den rushing back again!

Eferyvare I could see brafe mens mit deir pocketbooks in vun hand und a sure thing on der fairst race in der udder, veighing dem in der balance.

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

In der far corners I could see fearless souls mit traight tip between deir teeth, biting it to see vas it der real goods.

Peoples I nefer met before rushed up to me, dug deir elbows into my cafe department, und vas on deir vay before I could return der complimentarys of der season.

In der fairst ten minutes 219 strangers stood on my feet, und only four of dem thar'ked me for der prifilege.

By der time ve sqveezed into our seats in der grand stand your mother hat der racing fever in its vorst stages, und her temperature rushed up to 104 in der shade.

Und der vay she mixed up der names of dose horses, ach, Looey, it vas a pitiless shame!

She picked ouid two horses to vin der fairst race, und den she arranged for a horse to vin der second race vich hasn't seen der hospital shores of America for ofer two years because it is visiting friends in Dick Croker's stable in Ireland, yet.

Vare your mother found der names of der horses she vashed to bet my

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

money on is a question vich eggsceeds all human answers.

"Fodder," she set, "I haf been listening my ears to der public opinions of dose present, und I dink in der fairst race you should bet four dollars across der board between Cold Tea to vin und Vaterboy for der place, mit Highball on der side, because I nefer use liquor in any form ven I can get a temperance drink. Den you should bet t'ree dollars more, because ven you fell down der shoot-der-shoots at Luna Park und sprained your elbow, dot vas a goot omen dot Toboggan vill vin der race, yes!"

Mit der patience of a saint I concealed der anger vich vas hiding behind my vitals.

"Den, Dinky," your mother vent on, mit persuasive elunquence, "you should bet two dollars for a place on Congo Belle, because der coon song is my favorite music, vich is a goot omen. Den I think four dollars more for a show down on Percy, because my sister's husband has a cousin py der name of Percy Diffenbauer, vich is a floor-valker in a delicatessen store, und dot is a goot omen, yes!"

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

But let us draw a wale ofer dis bitter scene of connubial infelicitousness.

Ven der races got started I vas in der grand stand, preparationed to make vun of der most complete enchoyments of my life, but yust den a fat man arose from der seat in front of me, und I lost consciousness of vot vas venting on around me.

He vas a eggstremely large man, mit a double chin und a double woice und a souse built for two also.

I could hear der shouts of der multitude as der horses left der post, but all I could see vas der quivering background of an eight-dollar suit of clothes.

I grabbed him py der coat tails und tried to eggstract his attention, but he kept yelling: "Go on, Cold Tea! Stick to him! On your way, you sorrel! It's a skinch for you, dot black vun, dare! Here's looking at you, Highball! Raus mit him, you sorrel! Go on! Go on!"

He vas der most impartialist man I efer sat behind.

Your mother vas leaning her head away ofer on der shoulder of an elderly chent dot dit not seem to mind it, but as long as she vas getting a bird's-eye

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

view of der race I hat not der heart to be chealous.

After a vile my obstructor sat down, und I could see a leaping, rushing river of horseflesh tearing around der far corner of der track; I could see t'ousands upon t'ousands of eggscited faces trying to keep deir hearts ovid of deir t'roats und brafely resisting der temptation to swallow deir palates, und always der horses chumping onvard.

I could hear der silent prayers of dem dot vished for something to happen vich did not seem possible, und always der horses rumbling onvard.

I could feel der lazy afternoon stop strolling on its vay towards der night und stand still to vatch dem beautiful animals as dey charged down into der stretch, but yust den der fat man arose to his fat feet und pud ovid der light in my pipe.

From der vay he yelled, und from der vay der pattern of his eight-dollar suit kept shaking like a chelly-fish, I chudged it vas a eggsciting finish.

Your mother told me aftervards dot she vould haf enchoyed der race better if der elderly chent she vas resting her

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

head on dit not haf such emotional shoulders.

Den I vent down in der padlock und met Oscar Baumgarten

It is, mebbe, Looey, dot you doan'd know Oscar Baumgarten.

If you doan'd den you should bless your lucky stars, pecause py not having to use his ackvaintance you haf a running start on eferybody dot does.

Baumgarten is der fairst lieutenant in a butcher shop up-town, und he considers himself America's leading citizen.

His idea of his own impotence is loud und painful to dose vich cannot avoid listening.

If Baumgarten hat been born a few years earlier, he would haf beat Christopher Columbus to his great discofery.

If dare vas anyding in dis idea of reincarnation, den Baumgarten must be a Kink Solomon und at least four of der prophets.

Vell, anyvay, ven I met Baumgarten in der padlock he set: "Should you bet someding on dis next race, mebbe!"

As a rule I am not much for betting der races, because der idea of helping to pay a bookmaker's board und lodg-

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ing nefer appealed to me in der vay it does to some peoples.

I dink der bookmaker is vun of our infant industries, vich should be self-supporting py dis time.

Baumgarten knows efery horse on der calendar.

Baumgarten can tell you der pedigree of efery skate dot efer side-stepped der plough.

To Baumgarten der dope sheet has more plot and t'rilling climaxums den vun of T'eodore Kremer's melon-dramas.

Baumgarten is vot I vould call a plunger—mit der lid on.

He nefer bets more den two dollars on a sure thing, und efen den he keeps vishing he hat it back.

Vun day he bet four dollars on a sure thing, und after der race vas ofer he valked up mit a loud sneer und called Pittsburg Phil a piker.

Ven ve got ofer by der betting ring my friend set py me: "Now, Dink, follow in my footsteps mit der tips, und ven der sun is declining in der Vestern heffens you vill be rich beyond der dreams of Avonhurst!"

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Dare vast a colt, pitiless gleam in Baumgarten's eye ven he glanced ofer der menu card.

Der second race vas a free-for-all, ofer der olt course, best two ouid of three, mit der odds at 2 to 4 on, 6 to 8 across der board, und 7 to 9 for a look-in.

Baumgarten studied der bill of fare, und den he picked ouid someding mit four legs und a low forehead vich listened to der name of "Perhaps."

"Dis 'Perhaps' is a skinch," set Baumgarten. "He dit a mile vunce in 2:97 flat. Follow me into der bank, Dinky."

Der bookmaker listened painfully, und his breath came short trousers.

"Vot is der c... on 'Perhaps,' please?" inkvired Ba...garten.

"Fifty to vun, und no questions asked," set der bookmaker.

Baumgarten borrowed vun of my best cigars to conceal his emotion.

"Back to der repair shop," vispered der bookmaker; "you vas on a cold plate."

"Vill you hoist der price, yes?" inkvired Baumgarten.

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"Write your own ticket und den back to sleep for yours," set der bookmaker.

"Goot!" set Baumgarten; "two dollars on 'Perhaps' to show."

"Show me der two dollars," set der bookmaker.

Baumgarten borrowed two dollars from me und showed it to him.

Der bookmaker took der money mit a sad, sveet smile, und den passed ouid of our lives.

Ten minutes afterwards der horses vas off in small bunches.

"Perhaps" at der quarter! "Perhaps" at der half! Der eggscitement vas so loose you could break it off.

But yust ven der horses came into der stretch "Perhaps" forgot something und vent back after it.

Later on "Perhaps" hurried back to vin der race, but in der meantime anuder horse hat removed it.

Baumgarten eggsplained it to me dot "Perhaps" vas a goot horse, but he hat a bad memory, und nefer could remember vich end of der track vas der place to finish at.

Den Baumgarten began to dope dem ouid for der next race, und I ran for your mother, und between us ve nefer

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stopped running till ve got der cars for home.

I notice it in your letter, Looey, vare you vent mit Charlie Abbot und Chorge Lederer und udder friends to vitness a private prize-fight in a private ring in a private club for a private purse.

Such vas a goot idea, Looey, because vunce in a vile a chenteel prize-fight vill loosen up your eyebrows und make more pliable der apex of your t'roat vare you yell, "Soak hinn, der lobster!"

For me, Looey, der day of der prize-fights vas ofer because no longer through my weins rushes der eggscited blood of yout', vich is der inspiration dot makes a spectator rise up on his hind legs und scream mit choy ven an upper-cut smashes into der front eievation of der man you dittent bet on.

To be a frankness mit you, Looey, prize-fighting nefer vas vun of my household pets.

Somehow or udder, Looey, I could nefer bubble ofer mit enthusinism at der idea of two huskies, mit self-folding jaws und muckles on deir arms like footballs, pounding each udder into calfsfoot chelly for der champeenship of a fifty-dollar bill.

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Because. Looey, der trail of der serpentine vas ofer it all, und efery short-arm chab is nuddings but a jimmy to break into der bank und get der gate receipts.

Dis gifs me reminiscences.

At der time ven Bop Fitzchimmons und Chim Cheffries punched ouid dot big fight I wrote your Uncle Oscar der particulars, yet.

Mebbe, Looey, you would vish to hear dem, because vot I wrote den means itself to-day, und der same meaning vill mean itself mit efery time der gong sounds in der future.

Listen, please!

Bop Fitchimmons und Chim Cheffries vunce fought a battle for der champeenship of a bank account.

Both von.

Bop entered der safety deposit waults at aboutid sigs o'clock und retchistered his name mit der paying teller.

Chim made his fairst appearance aboutid a minute later, und passed der doorkeeper mitouid a struggle.

At aboutid sigs-fifteen de referee pushed der button und der time-locks opened der doors to vealth, vile der crowd ouidside cheered der Vizards of

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Easy Street, as dey vas affectedly called by deir friends.

It vas soon noticed py der wast crowd of spectators in der bank dot der cheneral plan und scope of Bop Fitchimmons' phizeek vas long und nervous, like a match.

Chim Cheffries lat more der abrupt appearance of Chon W. Gates.

Der paying teller now stepped into his cage, und der two Vizards of Easy Street vent after all dot vas cameing to dem.

"Dis for a few acres of unimproved ground in Long Island!" set Bop, smashing Chames affectionately near der vishbone.

"Dis for some more three per cent. Guffernment bonds!" set Chames, mit his right fist on Bop's boogle.

"Now, den, for a block of Missouri Pacific stock!" set Bop, trying to knock der block off Chames.

Chames fiddled, undecided vedder to get enough money to build a home on Riverside Drive or to took a European trip.

Den, suddenly, Chames decisioned he would buy a interest in der Beef Com-

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bine, so he soaked Bop in der prime ribs.

Bop felt a uncontrollable desire surging in his heart for a new Pajama hat, so he aimed a \$60 blow at Chim's head, hoping to put it in der hands of a receiver.

Chames cleverly avoided payment, und showed his contempt for der Food Trust by hitting Bop in der stomach.

Der paying teller vas now almost eggshausted mit hard work, so der two Vizards of Easy Street vent to deir corners und, looking eagerly between der ropes, counted up der house.

During der next sigs meetings of dese Kings of Finance it vas come easy, go easy, und money changed hands like umbrellas on a vet day.

Bop landed two short-arm chabs in der suburban part of Chim's vaist-line, vich netted him a Queen Anne cottage in der country, und Chim mit a uppercut bought himself a handsome steam yacht.

Bop made a corkscrew twist in his blacksmith shop, und asked Chames to allow him a few t'ousand on it, but Chames laughingly replied mit a smash on der chaw.

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In der eighth session der paying teller hat eggshaus'ed all der wisible subbly of gold, und der Vizards of Easy Street hat now enough vealth to retire on.

Dev den started to draw lots to see vich vun should reire fairst, und vile doing so Chames soaked Bop on der chaw mit a fist full of tventy dollar gold pieces, und Bop retired—somevat disgusted, but rich.

Before retiring Bop left a call for sefen-thirty next morning to go mit a eggsspress vagon to der bank und get his rake-off.

Chames took his share home mit him in a veelbarrow.

Dus ended vun of der most eggsciting financial struggles in der history of Easy Street.

Regards to Clay Pierpont Morgan; Charlie Schwab please write.

Dare you haf it, Looey, und you vill find dot money vas der power behind every professional punch in der chaw.

Money vas der vun big idea behind efery prize-fight since der time dot heavy-veight Cain fought his veltter-veight brother in der Madison Square Garden of Eden down to der present

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cheneration, und vill be till "Time" vas called no more.

Prize-fighting ain't run for Art, Looey, or Physical Endurance, or Der Survival of der Flippest—it is for plain, olt-fashioned Mazuma.

III.
THE JOYS OF TRAVEL.

Home. Lately.

MEIN LIEBER LOOEY—Ve haf received your letter from Vaterbury, Mass., und ve vas glat to hear it dot your healt' vas enchoying a stationary period of conwalescence.

Ve vas all vell at home mit der eggsception dot I vas still planting seeds all day in der garten und suffering all night mit growing pains.

Your mother says it vill be a fine garten dis Fall, but a lot of strange birds und all of our neighbors' chickens seem to dink it is a pretty goot garten right now.

I vent into town yesterday to buy some punkin und sqvash seeds, und I hat to go by der tunnel vich runs from Forty-second Street up as far as 110 in der shade.

Undoubtingly you haf been reading in der newspapers, Looey, dot der New York Sentinel railroad und der New

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Heffen railroad hat determinationed long since to introduction electricissity und do away mit der steam und smoke und sulphur in der tunnel, but such is a typographical error.

Der steam und smoke und sulphur und darkness und stage fright vas still do e.

Efery time I use dot tunnel, Looey, der eggsperience leaves someding vich looks like der mark of Cain across my forehead.

Dit I efer relation to you, Looey, aboudid der fairst time I vent through dot tunnel?

Dot day vill always remain vun of my hottest memories.

I valked into der car, full mit der choy of living, und bimeby, after valking up und down und asking many painful questions, I finishingly found a seat next to an olt lady dot vas suffering mit nervous hesitation.

Pretty soon der train broke loose from der station und simontaneously der olt lady began to haf an attack of hesitation for my benefit, because ve hat nefer met before.

"Ach, kind sir," she set, "do you dink der tunnel is safe, yet?"

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"Vell, meddum," I set, "it has der reputation of being someding like a safe, eggsept dot it is open at both ends," but before der olt lady could uncouple my meaning der train hat rumbled into der darkness, und she cofered her face mit her hands und refused to be comfortable.

As for me, Looey, somevare between Forty-eighth Street und der night I lose ten pounds of dis too soish.

Fairst I choked up de leedle und den I coughed und den I stirred uneasilessly und den I looked ouid der vindow und prayed for der sunlight und den I looked at my newspaper, but I couldn't read it because der railroad company hat found der gas bill pretty heavy last month, und dey vas condensing eggspenses.

I looked up at der transfer vindows near der roof of der car, und I could see leedle curls of vite smoke cameing in to be company for us, und den I tried to vissle to keep my courage from getting rusty until der olt lady mit der nervous hesitation pulled my sleeve und set it vas bad luck to vissle vile going through a tunnel because it used up too much air, so I became unvissleable.

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Den der fooms from der smoke began to rush all ofer der car, daring der peoples to cough, und I got red in der face, und den I changed my mind und got vite in der face.

Den I lost my breath, und ven I got it back again I found it vasn't mine.

Den I began to fan myself mit my hat, but no sooner dit I start someding den der olt lady mit der nervous hesitation set I was a cruel man because efery time I fanned mit der hat I gave her more den her true und chust share of der tunnel gas, in such cases made und provided.

Den I began to choke up und den I coughed, und den I could feel someding gargling in my t'roat, und den my head began to ache itself, und den I began to feel goose fedders sprouting all ofer my antimony, but ouidside all vas black as ink, und only from der noise could I tell dot der road vas still paying dividends.

Der air began to get close und thick like der head of a trust magnate, und I vas now breathing like my vife crochets an open-face stocking—vun, two, t'ree, drop vun; vun, two, t'ree, drop vun.

Den my blood began to curdle und

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der cold chills ran up my back und liked it so vell dey ran down again. My respiration vas 8 to 1, my inspiration vas 9 to 6 for der place, und my perspiration vas like a cloudburst.

I had made up my vill mit a few mental und Inchun reservations, und vas choking up for der last time, ven mit vun mighty chump forvard der train shook itself free from der tunnel und vunce more ve vas in der sunshine.

I looked at der olt lady mit der nervous hesitation vile she brushed der cinders off her specs so she could look at me.

"Could it be dot such dings as dis egg-sist in der land of der brave und der home of der free lunch!" she egg-claimed.

"It ain'd could it, it is it!" I set.

Den ve both began to breathe der free air of Vestchester County und collapsed into silence.

I took a notice to vot you say in der letter abouid trafeling so much on der cars, und you haf my agreement mit your ideas on dis supcheckt because lately I haf noticed dot vot a local train service can do to a commutineer vas too pitiful for utterance.

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Let me speak abouid it to you, Looey.

Took for a instance last T'irsday afternoon ven I vent py der Grand Central depot to took der 2:15 train on der New Heffen road ouid to Pelham.

I arrived py der cars in der station at abouid 2:05, und den began der veary pilgrimage for a seat, for on all dese trains, Looey, space vas at a premium und der premium doan'd know vare it is at.

If you happen to be a stout party und get dare fairst you get a whole seat to yourself, so you see it, Looey, it is as it always vas, der survival of der fattest.

But on dis occasion I dittent get dare fairst, so I hat to go down der line from vun end of der train to der udder, searching mit der eye of a eagle for enough red plush on vich to rest my veary bones.

Ven mitouid success I reached der upper end of der train I set to der brakeman: "Vill you please open up annuder car so a lot of us vill not be seatless ouid to Pelham?"

"Vy should ve?" set der brakeman, "ven dare is still a lot of seats in dot car?"

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"But no seats mitoid an occupation," I vispered back at him.

"In dot car vas thirty-two seats mitoid an occupation," der brakeman responded, und valked away.

I hated to liar him because he vas an olt, olt man, so I vent back in der car to see could it be dot vun of my eyes vas a deceiver.

Near der door a stout voman und a bird cage used up two seats, so I paused und looked pleadfully at der stout voman und der stout voman looked icefully at me.

Den I looked insinuatfully up at der package holder above der seat, den at der bird cage, den at der stout voman, vareupon she turned up her nose more carefully und looked oid of der window, so I knew it vas all off, und valked away.

I stopped abouid four seats ahead vare a small voman vas holding in her arms a small baby at abouid der age of four months, und I set: "Has dis seat got an occupation?"

"It has," set der small voman in short, sharp accents, und so saying she put der baby in der seat, und mit her glittering eyes dared me to sit on it.

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I dittent.

Across der aisle a colored man hat der seat alone, mit der eggception dot in vun hand, firmly clutched between der t'umb und forefinger, vas a dying seegar.

Dot seegar vas dying such a long, loud, lingering death dot I dit not haf der heart to stay in der neighborhood, so I moved on down der aisle.

Pretty soon I came by a seat vare a leedle girl abouid twelve years old vas only using half of it, so I vispered mentally by myself: "Here is vare I repose myself on der vay to Pelham, yet."

"Oxcoos, please," I set to der leedle girl; "has dis seat an occupation?"

"Not soon, but later," set der leedle girl, all in vun breathe. "I vas saving dis seat for my Uncle Chon vich is my Aunt Mary's husband vare I live in Mount Verdant, und Uncle Chon he is gone back to get der *Ladies' Home Churnal* because he forgot it, und should he come home mitouid it Aunt Mary vould scold mit him all dis afternoon und most of der night, so if Uncle Chon doan'd miss der train he is here in dis seat, und if he do miss der train

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he is home by der next vun, und Aunt Mary vill scold him anyhow, neferder-least!"

"Poor Chon!" I murmured, und valked on.

Der next seat I stopped at vas being used by a olt chentleman vich hat vite viskers, sefen bundles, t'ree newspapers und der asthma.

"If I would svear to carry dose sefen bundles on my knees vould you permission me to use der plush unterneath dem?" I inkvired politely.

"Hey?" set der olt chentleman, inclining der body forward und spilling five of der packages on der floor.

Vile I vas repeating my qvestion he vas diving head fairst after der bundles, und efery time he picked up vun he dropped two.

Ven I left him der score vas four up und ten to go, mit der odds in favor of der floor.

Den I vent into der smoking car und found a seat mit a Neapolitan chent by der name of Microbini, und dare I sat unt breathed imported cherms und imitation tobacco smoke all der vay to Pelham.

Vunce I made up a leedle romance

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in der form of a novel abcuid der commutineer vich leaves his family in der brightness of der morning, und, alas! how many veary years go by before he can get a train back home again!

I vish to show you dis novel, Looey, because it carries mit it a deep und bitter lesson yet!

DER NOVEL.

Der colt, gray dawn yust vent broke in der eastern sky, und in dot leedle suburban home dare vas a busy odor of kerosene und burned flapchacks.

"Maud!"

Commutineer Goosedipper paused und shook der family growler slowly from side to side.

"Yes, Claudius!" der faitful vife responded.

"It is now a leedle less den daylight on Monday morning," he set; "und I must leave Insomnihurst und go forth to der great city vare I get my vages."

Goosedipper sighed und sqveezed der pitcher.

"Und to-day der G. T. & S. D. R. R. takes off femf und swansig more trains!" he gasped.

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"Claudius!" der vife eggsclama-
tioned, pale from vun end of her face
to der udder.

"To-day, Maud, I must vent forth
on a train vich is liable to get side-
tracked at der slightest provocationing,
und if so I vill look no more upon In-
somniahurst until many bitter years
haf faded into der elsevare," he mut-
tered all foam-bedecked into der pitcher.

"Und so soon I must lose you!" set
der good vife, springing into tears.

"It is der vill of Fate," he set.

"Der years vill be long between us,"
she set, sobbing mit her voice.

"Yes, Maud; but I vill telegraph you
money vunce in a vile," he vispered, re-
straining der impulse to cross his fin-
gers.

"Ach, Himmel! dot awful suburban
railroad system," she shuddered, "sep-
arationing der vife from der husband
und der fodder from der children he
can nefer know in deir infancy."

"Teach der children not to forget me
vile I vas away in der office," said
Goosedipper eagerly.

"I vill, Claudius, if I haf to dit it mit
a shawl strap," set der luffing vife.

Den Goosedipper arose himself.



"TEACH DER CHILDREN NOT TO FORGET ME VILE I WAS AWAY
IN DER OFFICE," SAID GOOSE-DIPPER, EAGERLY.

1875

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"Come, Maud, let me look around der old home vunce again before I go away to 'duty on der 7:09 accommodation vich runs eagerly like a rabbit, hidder und thidder, und no vare in particular."

Togedder mit his wife, hand in hand, followed py der cat und der leedle Goosedippers, der brafe commutineer took a parting valk among his household.

It vas a touching sight to see dem.

Und ven his emotion ofercamed him, und he stepped unmeaningly on der cat, der scene vas too unkind for vords.

Den mit a sob Goosedipper grabbed his lunch box und vas gone.

Der cruel suburban railway system closed ofer him und der leedle house at Insomnihurst resounded no more to der moosic of his heels on 'der oil-clot'.

Poor vife! bitter vas der tears she shed ofer dare clean but ineggspensive table clot'.

Und her name vas Maud!

* * * * *

Der days, der veeks, der mont's vent speeding by, und vun efening, late for supper, he came back.

"I caught a train many years ago, but ve hat to change cars at Salt Lake City,

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so I came home py der vay of Bangor, Maine," vas der only eggsplanation he made.

"Doan'd apologize yourself, Claudius," set der luffing vife. "I knew you would be home some day if you hat to wait for der Panamama Canal to get digged!"

Such is der simple faith of der commutineers.

"Vare is Spartacus?" said Goosedipper. "Ven I left you he vas our oldest son. I hope no change has happened to him. Doan'd you remember, Maud? Der day before I vent on der 7:09 train leedle Spartacus put on his fairst knicklebuckle pants! Vare is he, yes?"

"Dot vas many years ago," sighed der vife. "Ven Spartacus growed up old enough to learn der shchedule of der time table he svore nefer to leave home until der railroads made some arrangements to get him back again, und so he is now a hermit."

"A hermit!" inkvired Goosedipper; "vot is a hermit?"

"A hermit," answered der vife, "a hermit is a commutineer dot luffs his home too vell to commute."

"Und leedle Augustus Appius, vare

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is he?" inkvired der husband after a vile.

"Leedle Augustus Appius has growed up und deweloped der brain of a deep thinker," set der vife. "Mit ten years more study he vill be able to think deep enough to invent a suburban train dot vill haf der sense und courage to keep on going until it reaches der place vare it started for."

"Yes, Claudius," continuationed der vife, "our leedle Appius is a scientificer. Efery time he reads aboud a new idea he sits down und invents it. He is now vorking on a useless pole for der vireless telegraph."

Der husband vent ouid on a thunder strike.

"My, my, my!" set Goosedipper. "I go away on der G. T. & S. D. R. R., und before I get back my children grow up und get famous! Such is der suburban railroad system! Vare is leedle Gladiolus? Ven I left she vas der youngest. I hope she did not change her mind during my absence."

"No," set der vife, "but she has growed up to be a car-shy girl!"

"Car-shy!" echoed her husband.

"Yes," responded der vife. "Vunce

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ven she vas yust a leedle child I t'ought I heard der shriek of a locomotive, und I fainted mit surprise. It vas a false alarm, because der shriek vas made py der patent medicine brewery ofer behind der hill, but der scene made a deep impression on Gladiolus. Efer since dot moment she throws a fit ven anybody mentions a railroad train, because she doan'd believe dare is such a ding in der vorld. But I haf sad und bitter news for you, Claudius! Dit you remember der cat dot you stepped on dot day so long ago ven you vent away to vork for your wages? Vell, it died two years after you took der 7:09 accommodation. It vent ouid in der willage street to look at some groceries. Der groceries belonged to der family four doors below us in der next field. So dit der hammer vich killed der cat!"

"Der growler vich hung on der vall?" vispered Goosedipper.

"I haf it as you left it," vispered back der vife.

"Chase it," vas all he set.

DER END.

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

Dis is my fairst eggspereience mit a novel, Looey, so you vill oxcoos your father if he ain't so stylish und so numerous mit his lankvich like Bobbie Chambers, und Gillie Parker, und Roody Kiplink und all dem udder vord carpenters.

Dis novel is not for der wulger gaze of der crickick; it is only for home consumption.

Und ven your mother read it she nearly consumed it all by vishing to t'row it in der kitchen stove.

Your mother is a nice woman, Looey, but she has not got a artistic temperature.

You say in der letter, Looey, dot your intention to vent to Chicago py der Lakes on vun of dose big vale-backers, und could I gif you some advice aboard der ettyket of steamboats.

I ain'd no aut'ority on such, Looey, but votefer is loose in my mind you vas velcome mit it, my son.

I had made ouid a few rules aboutid vot you should not do on a big ocean steamboat, vich can also be used for fresh vater, und you should paste dese in your hat.

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You should commital dem to memory in case der hat falls ofer der larboard vatch ahoy und leaves you ettyketless, yet.

RULES OF DER SEA.

Rule Fairst—Ven in 'doubt lead trump.

Rule Second—In case of sea-sickness go back home und begin all ofer.

Rule Next—A passenger should nefer fall oferboard eggsept at his own eggspense.

Rule Fort'—Remember dot all der high tides ain'd in der ocean, vich any bartender can prove.

Rule Fift'—If you doan'd see vot you vant ask der second mate und you vill get it—goot und hart.

Rule Sigs—Passengers vich desire to svim in der ocean vill haf to furnish deir own beach.

Rule Sefen—If dare vas no sharks in der ocean yust sit in a poker game und you vill see dem.

Rule Eight—If your friends refusal to buy you a drink go up on der hurricane deck und get blown off.

Rule Nine—Der rubber-neck vagons

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chenerally leave der foot of der stairs efery half hour to go slumming in der steerage.

Rule Ten—Passengers should not tease der boiler, because it is liable to get sore und make a few scalding remarks, mebbe.

Rule Elefen—Passengers on der large ocean steamboats vill find der golf links yust forward und a leedle to der starboard of der place vare you splice der main brace.

Rule Twelf—In case of a storm at sea you vill find der life preserfers in der Captain's safe, und you should put on der preserfers in dis way: Fairst you take your life in your hand und introduce it to der preserfer. Den took both ends of der leather strap und re-moof der buckle mit your teet'. Now borrow a match und see vot time it is. If it is later den you eggpected, lift der life preserfer ofer der left shoulder so dot der eggstreme southern end of der cross-section is supmerged. Now unbutton der cosmopolitan und ignite der gasoline, being eggstremely careful to keep der face pointed at der north. Valk backwards five paces und fall ofer-board. If you float you vas aces up.

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Uddervise you must haf put der life
preserfer on wrong side ould.

Mebbe dare is better rules of ettyket,
Loeey, but dese is all I haf to help you
ofer der stormy vaters to-day.

IV.

THE SELECTION OF A WIFE.

Home. To-day.

MEIN LIEBER LOOEY—Ve haf received your letter from Atlantic City, und ve vas glat to hear it dot pitzness vas goot mit commercial trafeling, und dot your healt' continuations to be plausible.

Your mother informations me dot twice a veek regular you write a letter to Bauerschmidt's daughter, Amelia.

Such is a nice idea, Looey, und I supposition dot soonest or latest you vill took Amelia by der elbow und rush mit her up to a minister.

Neferderleast, vile ve vas on dis supcheckt, I dink your father should gif you some advice on dese matters, yet.

Nefer fall in luff in a hurry, Looey, because, like der inimitable proverb of der ancient Greeks, "To get in chail is easy; to get ouid is annoying."

Und before comes der last final moment, ven der vord is spoken vich means vedding inwitations or a suit mit britches of promise, you should stop

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

und figure it ould haf you selectioned der right girl.

Many a man has lost all dot makes life happy und sweet und choyous because he married mitouid finding ould had der girl enough money to support both.

Many a fair young man, perhaps der pride und choy of two or three doteful parents, has chumped into der sea of matrimony und froze to his death in its icy vaters vile vaiting for a check from der cruel father-in-law.

Ach, Himmel! Looley, a opstinate father-in-law mit a padlock on his check-book has done more to put frost on der holy bonds of matrimony den all der udder evils compined.

Day after day bright und intelligent young men put fair und luffly young vimmen in borrowed benzine buggies und rush shrieking away to a cheap minister in der suburbs.

Den der happy cubble sits patiently in der parlor of der village tafern, vaiting for papa's telegram vich vill say: "Come home at vunce, eferyding is forgifen und ve vill all valk togedder to der Fairst National Bank in der morning."

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

But, alas! no telegram arrivals, und der veary bridegroom sits dare und vill not be comforted because dare is nud-ding in sight to live for eggsept vork, vork, vork.

Und remember, Looey, always marry a voman smaller den yourself, because discretion is der better part of walor.

Always marry a voman vich knows a goot choke ven she sees it, but it ain'd necessary for her to tell you whose choke it is ven you make it.

Dot's der trouble mit some peoples. You make a fine choke und dey laugh uproarifiedly, und bimeby, ven dey get deir breathe back, but still holding vun hand on deir side, dey say: "Chee! ain't dot funny! und so originality! I always liked dot choke since der fairst time I read it in Mark Twain's book."

Vy not laugh und let it go at dot?

Annuder ding, Looey, ven you marry a voman let her be a philosopheress, because if you should happen to lose your chob dare vas nud-ding so nice to haf around der house as a philosopheress.

She can sit dare py der hour und tell you vot you could do mit your money if you had it.

Always, Looey, always marry a vom-

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

an mit health und a large, broad appetite. She should haf charity in her heart und room next to it for efery dish dot grows in der kitchen.

It is so distressful for a pleasant chentleman to sit at der table mit a small, timid leedle vife und haf her throw der plate of hot spaghetti ouid der dining-room vindow ven least eggspected to.

If you vas ouid valking, Looey, mit a young lady und you should slip on a banana's chacket, vatch her closely.

If she doan'd giggle marry her at vunce. She has self-control.

If you should meet up mit a young lady for der fairst time vich refusals to eat ice cream ven you vas villing to buy it, marry her at vunce. She is a goot ding.

But, Looey, doan'd misunterstoot your father's motives und dink dot I vish you to marry all dese vimmen.

Far be it.

Der idea is, Looey, to find a girl vich contains as many of dese wirtues as possible, den yell for a minister.

I doan'd know vare you vill find such a angel, but *nit disperado*, as der ancient Romans used to make it.

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CLOSELY.

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DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

Mebbe Bauerschmidt's daughter has dese qualificationments.

Mebbe she ain't.

Der only vay to find ould is to save up your money und marry her.

You haf my willingness.

Ve haf receifed your postal card from der seashore vich eggposes to view der young lady valking on der beach mit a nervous lobster clinging to each arm.

It says in printing unterneath der picture: "Loretta in her bathing suit."

Vell, vy doan'd she vear it?

If she has a bathing suit vy doan'd she put it on?

I bet four dollars if it vas my beach Loretta could not valk it mit nudding between her und der ocean breezes eggscept a mosquito-netting shirt-vaist und a Chapanese lantern skirt.

Und, Looey, dot lobster on der left looks familiar—it ain't you, is it?

I haf not breathed dis suspicion to your mother, because she, mit her mother's luff for her boy, might not see der resemblings, und it is alretty varm enough at dis season of der year yet mitouid hafing der house full mit hot vords from a family argument.

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

You ask me in der letter, Looey, could I suchchest some light conversationing vile speaking mit a strange lady for der fairst time at der seashore.

Because you vas my son, Looey, und you may haf to rush suttently into Society some day, I haf darefore authorshipped a short cattlekism vich vill carry you through der angry skurf vich beats forefer on der social shore.

Let us supposition o t it is now after dinner und you vas ouid on der pizazza mit a strange but sveet young lady.

Let us supposition now, Looey, dot she vas gracefully seated in a low-neck chair on der pizazza vile you vas leaning artistically against der upright vich supports der roof und also a sign vich says "Vet Paint."

From time to time you should gaze ouid across der blue vaters of der ocean, und den, turning your eyes on her mit infinite manliness, firmly but surely push ofer in her face a large bunch of cigaroot smoke vich you haf no furder use for.

Dis establishments vot der Svedes call der *ententy cordial*, but doan'd let her see dot you vas leaning against der

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

vet paint, because it ain'd time yet to hand her a laugh.

Now you should slide into a rocking chair und, as you do so, treat der atmosphere to annuder ouidburst of cigaroot smoke.

For a leedle vile your two chairs vill rock chently to und fro in unionsome, den you vill pause und say: "Oxcoos, please!"

Den you vill raise der right hand at a angle of fourteen centimeters, mit der palm ouidstretched, and you vill suttenly bring it down on der lady's wrist, eggscclaiming bitterly: "I got him dot time!"

Dis is called der mosquito gambit, or opening move, at der seashore.

Den you vill look ouid at der eggspensive ocean und say: "It vas a beautiful night to-night, ain't it, yes?"

Der young lady vich has py dis time remoofed der deceased mosquito from her bracelet vill say: "Yes, t'ank you; und so vas last night, yes!"

Comes silence.

Den der young lady vill sigh und speak at you dus: "Is your healt' improved here or do you intention to took der mud baths?"

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

You vill annoy der ashes on your cigaroot und response: "No, t'ank you. I haf been on der vater vagon for ofer a veek, so I doan'd need to go to Hot Springs."

Comes silence.

Two puffs und a swallow from der cigaroot und you say: "Vas you going to haf a new divorce dis Fall or vill you use last Summer's?"

Den der young lady vill gaze moonwardly und response: "My husband gets home so late at night dot ve haf hat no chance to talk it ofer."

Comes silence.

Den mit a flutter of her eggspensive lace hankumchief at der Chune bugs der young lady svitches der conversationing to literature, und she says: "Name der five best books in der world."

Vunce more you annoy der ashes on your cigaroot und reply languidly: "Der five best books vas Bank-book, Check-book, Pocketbook, Mileage-book, und Cook-book."

Comes silence.

After dis you vill small talk yourselfs in dis fashion:

You--It vas a beautiful day to-day, ain'd it, yes?

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

She—Yes, thank you; and so is tomorrow maybe.

You—Vich dit you like best, der ocean or der seashore?

She—I haf no preference, but if anything, I like der mountains.

You—Dit you go to Europe last Summer?

She—No; der steamer wouldn't call for my trunks.

You—Does your husband like Bar Harbor?

She—No; he says: home-made bars vas goot enough for him.

You—Vas you fond of pickled ice cream?

She—No, thank you; a high ball vill do nicely.

You—Do you play golf mit der Scotch or English accentuation?

She—I prefer bridge vist, because I vin two dollars at it yesterday.

You—Do you veer your chewing gum on der starboard or der port side?

She—No, but I vill puff a cigaroot mit you if dare vas nobody looking.

You—Vas you fond of literature?

She—It depends on who is der letter from.

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

You—Who vas your favorite author?
She—Der Mint.

After dis you should change der subject, Looey, und show her how much paint you haf removed mit your flannel shirt.

Dis is always goot for a laugh at dis season of der year.

Ve notice vot you say in der letter aboutid getting retty to vent to a Society punkshun.

Dot vas right, Looey.

Nefer neglection pitzness for pleasure, but ven you get through mit pitzness it vas a goot idea to pleasure yourself such as der t'eater or a Society punkshun.

Personality, I haf hat much eggspereience mit dese Society punkshuns, Looey, und my advice on dese matters vas eggstremely conclusive.

I dink I should gif you my rules vich vill tell you how to act at dese punkshuns.

After you learn dese, Looey, den ven it comes to shining in Society you vill be der biggest shine in it, yet.

Listen, Looey! Ven entering Society always valk mit der feet pointing to der northvest; und ven you mingle

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mit der t'rong always keep der left hand on der pocketbook, vile you throw der right hand carelessly ofer der diamond scarfpin in der corsage. Dis delays suspicion. Ven leaving Society always bow twice in der direction of der dining-room, den valk backwards und trust to luck.

Listen, Looey! Ven der hostess introductions you to a lady always inkvire politely vot is her age. If she says it in small figures, raise der eyebrows mit a slight doubt. If she doan'd answer she is no lady.

Listen, Looey! Ven at a Society punkshun always smoke cigarettes mit your initials on dem. Der idea of dese initials is a happy vun, und preventions much confusion should you vish to resume smoking after der cigaroot has become a butt. If anyvun else should lay claim to your cigaroot you can mit a flash of der eye point to der initials und eggsclaim "Ha!" mit der rising inflection on der last syllabus.

Listen, Looey! Nefer reach ofer und stab a hunk of bread mit your oster fork ven dare vas a bigger fork on der table.

Listen, Looey! Nefer eat fresh-laid

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

pickles mit a spoon. Dis is vun of der most pitiful mistakes vich a chent could make in Society. Use der tumb und der leedle finger, sqveezing der victim slightly until it is still und motionless. Den bite it mitouid fear.

Listen, Looey! You can always tell a Edam from a Camembert py der kind of stories he tells.

Listen, Looey! Ven you haf placed your napkin aound der neck yust before dinner, nefer ask for a safety pin. Stick der fork through it und vade in.

Listen, Looey! If you doan'd like der cherry in your cocktail doan'd t'row it at your host. Mebbe he doan'd know how to take a choke.

Listen, Looey! Ven dinner is ofer nefer ask der hostess vot is for breakfast. It is unrefined to be so appetitiful in puplic.

Listen, Looey! Vile vaiting at der table for der demmy tash nefer arise at der table to make a recitation or try to sing der Star Sprinkled Banner.

Doan'd start anyding, Looey.

Let dot be your vatchvord always—doan'd start anyding.

I haf several udder rules, Looey, but

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

sufficient unto der dining-room is der menu dareof.

Above all dings, Looey, get your ettyket vorking in fairst-class order, den you vill nefer make a fox pass at a Society punkshun.

Your mother und me vas also at der seashore, und ve yust got back, poorer, thinner, und mit a vistful look in our eyes.

Abouid two veeks ago I set to your mother at home vun efening: "My dear, it is such a hotness in der humidity of der atmosphericals, darefore, half ve no friends in Atlantic City to vich ve owe a wisit? Remember, our honor is at stake, because ve should pay our debts always. Try hard to recollection some vun ve owe a wisit to!"

Your mother set: "Dare vas der Picklesauers on Kentucky Afenu. I entertained Mrs. Picklesauer und her daughter, Harmonica, at a luncheon vun day. I met dem in a compartment store, und ve hat some shredded canteloupe and prunes passepartout. She inwited me to call on her ven I vas in Atlantic City—perhaps ve owe her, yes!"

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

"Does der Picklesauers lif near der Boardvalk vare ve can sit in der parlor vindow und can see der wisions of fair vimmen und brafe mens mit shapes on dem like a Spanish mackerel as dey emerge from der briny billows?" I inkvired.

"No, der Boardvalk is some distance und quite unseeable from der Picklesauer house," your mother responded.

"Gif yourself a receipt for dot debt; it is paid," I vispered. "Try now to pay someding near der Boardvalk. Vot is der use to meet a social obligation unless ve get a rebate?"

"Dare vas Mr. und Mrs. Shauerbath," set your mother. "Dey keep a boarding-house near der ocean, und I entertained dem vunce on a Broadway car by having a dispute mit der conductor abouid my fare. Mebbe now is der appointed time to pay such a social obligation, yes."

Mit a burning desire in our hearts to be honest before der world und pay dis wisit vich ve owed so long und so unchustly ve packed up a few hand baggages und rushed to Atlantic City.

Ve soon found der Shauerbath boarding-house, und der Shauerbaths re-

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

ceifed us mit open arms, open faces, und open pocketbooks.

Dey immediately took down all der social bars und put us at our ease by charging us fifteen dollars a day for vun room ofer a bathing pavilion, und ven ve eggsplained mit tears in our eyes dot ve vas on a pilgrimage to pay our honest debts mit a long-forgotten wisit, dey smiled feverishly und set dey vould radder ve owed dem der wisit forefer if ve vould pay dem der cash for der room.

Und dis is how it came abouid dot your mother und I had to put on patent eye-glasses so ve could see eferyding double und try to get our money's vorth at Atlantic City.

Much could be said abouid der sights ve saw, und some day ven my pocket-book loses its hectic flush mebbe I vill say it, but not now, Looey; not now.

Among some of der eggscitement vich your mother dragged me into vas a very sve!! ball vich vas gifen on vun of der piers ouid ofer der boozum of der ocean.

Smart Setters und leaders of local Four Hundreds from Plainfield, N. J.; Dover, Del.; East Saginaw, Mich.; Eau

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

Claire, Wis.; Havre de Grace, Md.; Painted Post, N. Y.; Kalamazoo, Mich., und udder spots on der map vas present in large numbers, und diamond tararas burst fort' from chentle boozums mit all der eggscitement und glitter of a gas bill.

Nefer before dit I see such a vunderful collection of fair vimmens, dressed mit all der stylishness dot money can buy, und brafe men vich vas der very fountain heads of svell society.

I hat often noticed dot der easiest vay to become a famousness is to plaster der hair down tight ofer a quick forehead, peel der coat sleeves back so der vite cuffs vill show, den smile loosely und enter society.

I would like to mention der names of a few of dose I met at dis ocean Ball, und vot dey vore, yust to show you, Looey, dot my powers of opservationment vas no slouch, alretty.

Among der Smart Setters mit vich we minkled vas dese, as following: Mr. und Mrs. Leopold Pigglesouse, Mr. und Mrs. Heiney Ganderkurds, und deir daughter, Concertina; Mr. und Mrs. Beanlifter, und deir son, Pinochle; Mr. und Mrs. Gust Schmittpiggle, und

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deir two daughters, Panatella und Perfecto; Mr. und Mrs. Oscar Hoffbrew, und deir niece, Mercedes Cauliflower, und many udders too notable to mention.

Mrs. Pigglesouse vore heavy blue satin appliqued across der corsage mit four per cent. Gufferment bonds und trimmed mit vite chiffon. She vore abouid eight volts of alternating diamonds.

Mrs. Ganderkurds looked luffly in a creation in three acts literally translated from der French und cut bias eferyvare eggscept der bill. She vore enough pearls to short-circuit abouid nine volts of diamonds.

Miss Concertina Ganderkurds vore a charming confectionery of taffy-colored bombasine hand-painted mit Standard Oil stock across der bodice und trimmed mit magenta moire antique mit colorado madura lace. She vore vun arc light at der apex of der t'roat.

Mrs. Oscar Hoffbrew vore a home-made gown of purple und green silk trimmed mit horseradish chiffon ofer a corsage of chinchilla velvet, spangled mit imitation mixed pickles. Ofer der

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vishbone she vore a necklace of incandescent diamonds of aboudid ten amperes.

Miss Panatella Schmittpiggle vore a crepe de chene bodice mit a scrambled egg effect in vite tulle, und to show dot she lived in Williamsburg, und vas proud of it, she had der skirt trimmed mit pink transfers.

Miss Mercedes Cauliflower vore a hand-stitched gown of blue corduroy cut low on der applique, mit a Brussels sprouts effect on der bodice. She vore a bunch of diamonds on der chest, vich vas trained to gif a imitation of a camp fire.

Der Ball vas a big success, but ve left early because, Looey, vot is der use to pay fifteen dollars a day for a room ven you ain'd in it?

V.

THE WAY A KING SHOULD
REIGN.

Home. Now.

MEIN LIEBER SON LOOEY—
Ve haf received your letter
from Harrisburg, Pa., und
your mother und me vas glat dot pitz-
ness still keeps up moneymakingly on
der road.

I notice vot you say in your letter
abouid meeting a Roosian refugeezer
in Harrisburg.

I vas glad to learn dot dis political
refugeezer tolt you all abouid der new
Roosian parliament vich is called der
Duma, in honor of Alexander Duma,
und also abouid der members of parlia-
ment, vich vas called Dummies, in hon-
or of our United States Senate.

Der next time you meet up mit dis
Roosian refugeezer, I vish you would
show him der following letter vich I
wrote to der Sar of all der Roosians
some time ago.

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

Der letter has nefer been answered, so I doan'd know vedder dit der Sar get it or vedder it go to some station vare dey vas holding a massacre, und by dis means get in der dead-letter office.

Anyvay, I vish, Looey, you vould show it to your Roosian friend, der political refugeezer, und haf him tell you vot he dinks abouid it.

Dis is it, yet:

New York. Yesterday.

Mein Lieber Sar of All der Roosians:
Good morning! How is your Duma dis morning?

I haf been reading in der cablegraphs all abouid der meeting of your new Parliament, und vile I can, mithouid any inconveniencys, conceal my admiration for its christening name, still I dink der idea a goot vun.

You know der olt proverb, Nicholas, "Better late den seldom."

Vy do dey call it der Duma, Nicholas?

Is dis a nickname gifen by you, Nick?

I fear me not, Nicholas, because from der vay I size up der sitivation in St. Petersburg der truth is dot der Leedle Father vas crawling a leedle farther

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into der tall grass efery time der vord Liberty vas mentioned.

Mein lieber Nick, if you vas a fairst-class Kink vy do you gif such a good imitation of der four-spot?

My idea of a Kink is a man mit a firm und unsquinchable heart, like der conductor of a street car vich vorks ovid in der darkness all alone until he gets der trolley on vunce more und restores der light to his luffing subjects.

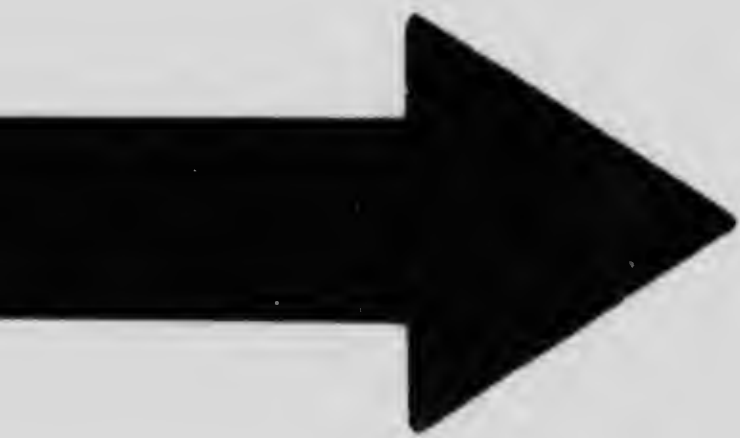
You know, Nicholas, yust because your family name happens to be Roamingoff dot is no goot reason vy you should pick ovid "Back to 'der voods" to be your vatchvord venefer a crisis calls you up on der tellyfone.

Nick, listen a leedle by your olt college chump, Dinky. Gif dem bum relatives of yours der frozen eye, und make dem all go to vork for a living instead of sitting around der dining-room at der Palace hanging medals on deir boozums for breaking der vorld's long-distance record in der matter of eating caviare samviches.

Do a Siberian side-step away from der Grand Dooks, Nickie, und listen a leedle to Vox Populi.

After all vas said und done, Nick, it





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vas olt Vox Populi dot has to dig down in der jeans ven your salary days rolls around, und if you keep on gifing him der royal elbow, sooner or later Vox vill step up to der feet of der throne und hand you a complete lesson in Japanese jewish jitsu.

My idea of a Kink is to see him on der throne, mit der skepter in his right hand, mit der crown hanging rakishly ofer der left ear, mit a sveet smile on der Kinkly lips und luff und compassion in der Kinkly heart for eferybody in der world eggsept der dramatic critics.

It vas impossible for me to imagine a real Kink mit a red sveater ofer his *embonpoint* und mit ball-bearing snowshoes on der feets hiking down der Neva Prospekt Parkski, on und away und away across der barren steppes, yust because Tomovitch Smithski und Peteski Jonesoff called at der family entrance to der Palace to present His Metchesty mit a kick against der gas company.

Remember, Nick, vot it says in der olt Greek proverb, "A Kink in der throne is vorth two in der cellar," so

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

come on ouid und begin to cut a leedle ice.

Go on down to der morning session of der Duma und let Senator Tillmanovitch call you a liar in der goot olt Democratic vay.

If you treat your luffing subjects mit consideration, Nick, dey vill soon learn not to try to treat you mit dynamite efery time your buckbcardski appears on der Speedvayovitch.

If you lead dem ofer to der chentle paths of fair play, der bushy-viskered brigade vill not be so eager to lead you ofer to der third rail und set fire to your spark arrester.

Der poet vas right, Nick, ven he set it, "Kind hearts vas more den coroners, und simple faith den drawing blood."

You cannot eggspectation your luffing subjects to be full mit enthusinism ofer your Kinkly firevorks und shout "Sissovitch! Boomovitch! Ahski!" vile a red-viskered Cossack is picking flaws in deir short ribs mit a bayonet.

A Kink mit a perpetual grouch soon finds himself in der discard, but a Kink mit a glat heart is aces.

Dink it ofer, Nick, und write me ven you get near a post office.

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

Please, Looy, ven you see your friend, der Roosian refugeezer, ask him vy der Sar doan'd answer my letter.

Ve vas glat dot you vas doing so vell on der road mit your drumming pitzness, und I hope dese lines vill find you enchoying many such blessings as hidderto.

Ve vas all vell at home mit der eggsception dot your mother has fallen a wictim of der fanatic spelling.

For veeks und veeks she has been reading in der newspapers about dis terrible disease, und day before yesterday she threw up both hands und complained of a pain in her syllables.

Der disease den attacked her adjectifs, und an hour later she vas down und ould mit congestior. of der adverbs, vile her syntax seemed to be suffering mit a high fever.

You know, Looy, your mother has a very artistic temperature vich makes her eggstremely perceptible to dese modern diseases.

I see by your letter, Looy, dot you haf not yet been wictimized by dis fanatic spelling, eggscept in der case of a big vord ven you meet it suddenly.

But efer since you vas a leedle fellow

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

at school, Looey, I haf always noticed dot you vould insult a big vord und treat it like a fanatic.

Howefer, ve vill let bygones be has beens und return to der supcheckt of fanatic spelling, vich is now der loosest topic of conversationing in der newspapers at der present moment, yet.

Andrew Carnegie, der Hoot Mon, is der papa of fanatic spelling.

Und dis is how it came abouid: Andrew vas sitting at his desk vun day, feeling at peace mit all der vorld eggcept a small town in Indiana vich hat refused vun of his libraries.

"Vot could I do to make der vorld happier, I vunder?" soliquidized Andrew, ven yust den his secretary valked in und set: "Excoos me, Andy, but in dot letter you yust dictationed how should I spell der vord flivver?"

"Der k is silent," eggsplained Andrew, lighting his seegar mit eggstreme carelessness.

"Pardon, Andy," der secretary insistified, "but how could der pronoun flivver contain der vowel k, please?"

"According to der rule of der hypothenuse vich silences any letter be-

ginning mit a diphthong," eggsplained Andrew, smiling beardedly.

"Ah!" set der secretary; "quite so; but I vas using der vord flivver in its financial sense. I vish to call your attention to der fact dot two V's vas equal to a ten-spot; so I ask you, vy should ve be so eggstravagant?"

"Your economy t'rills me," set Andrew; "spell der vord flivver mit vun v und put der udder v back in der safe. Because I haf many v's is no reason I should be a spendtrift. Der vord flivver mit one v, please!"

Und dus, Looey, vas started der idea of fanatic spelling, und dis same fanatic spelling has now cast its bitter spell ofer your mother.

She wrote a note last week to Mrs. Bauerschmidt, asking her to come to dinner vun efening ven I vas away, but dare vas so much fanatic spelling in it dot Mrs. Bauerschmidt came to breakfast on Monday und stayed until last Vednesday efening.

Your mother also wrote a fanatic spelling letter to der plumber to ask him to fix der sink in der kitchen, und ven der plumber read it he t'ought ve vas making fun of him und lemonizing

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"YOUR ECONOMY T'RILLS ME," SET ANDREW; "SPELL DER VORD FLIVVER MIT VUN V UND PUT DER UDDER V BACK IN DER SAFE."



DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

him abouid his loose education, so he grabbed a hatchet und a piece of lead pipe und spoiled sigsty dollars' worth of our furniture before ve could eggspaination our innocence.

I dink in my heart, Looey, dot fanatic spelling vas a goot idea for dose vich haf chills und fever efery time dey meet a long, busy vord.

But to a goot speller like myself nud-dings looks so vell as English pure and undefied.

We notice in your letter vare you obserf dot you haf formally opened der t'eatrical season of dis year by venting to see a play called "Uncle Tom's Cabin," vich you vitnessed for der fairst time.

It is a nice idea, Looey, to go to 'er t'eater und get eggsercise for der mentalities, eggpecially der vorks of Shakespeare such as dis "Uncle Tom's Cabin," vich you mention.

For many yars I haf not vitnessed "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but as I recollection it now it vas a play full mit a happy combination of tears, pat'os, laughter und misplaced ferry tickets.

Your mother spoke to me abouid it, dit I efer see der play, und she vas

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

much obliged ven I recitationed to her all dot I could remembrance abouid it.

I enclose to you my memory of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in dese vords, as following, to vit, Looey:

ACT FAIRST.

Der scene baffles my description, so der act vill haf to begin mit der speechifiers.

"Uncle Tom!"

"Vell, leedle Eva, vot is it, yes!"

"Vas dare any vun night stands in heafen, Uncle Tom?"

"Not yet, because only veek-stand actors efer get dare!"

"Uncle Tom!"

"Vell, leedle Eva, vot is it, yes!"

"Haf you counted der house?"

"Not yet, but I vill—ein, zwei, drei, vier, fu, sech—das ist alle."

"Uncle Tom!"

"Vell, leedle Eva, vot is it, yes!"

"Is it only sigs audiences in der house to-night?"

"Only und less, because two is not audiences. Dey vas criticals, und dey came in on passes."

"Vich leaves but four audiences, und vot is der scales on der prices?"

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

"Ten-twen-thirt, leedle Eva!"

Den der orchestra gets up und he plays a cubble of slow chords.

Der moonlight blisters der outside of der Ohio River und makes a climax.

ACT SECOND.

"Uncle Tom!"

"Vell, leedle Eva, vot is it, yes?"

"Let us hope dey vent der limit und paid thirty cents vich gifs us \$1.20, yes!"

"You forget der house gets a rake-off!"

"Vot vill ve get ouid of it, Uncle Tom?"

"I luff you too vell, leedle Eva, to mention such a sour sum of money."

"Uncle Tom!"

"Vell, leedle Eva, vot is it, yes!"

"Vot is a shine?"

"A shine, leedle Eva, is a large audience vich remains away from der theater!"

"Nefer mind, Uncle Tom; ve can go in der fruit pitzness if dey hand us enough lemons!"

Der two bleedhounds now approach der property man near der calf of der leg, vich makes a climax.

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

ACT THIRD.

"Stood back, Simon Legree!"

"Dis, to me?"

"You may vip dis olt black skin, but my heart is more vhlite den yours, Simon Legree!"

"It should be—you hat a glass of milk for dinner!"

"Simon, cease to vhip me vile I ask you, vare do ve go from here?"

"If I vas a mind-reader I would not be in dis pitzness, Uncle Tom!"

Den Eliza rushes into der Ohio River und starts for der udder shore, but der ice is nailed to der floor und refuses to be a ferry-boat. Dis makes a climax.

ACT FOUR.

"Uncle Tom!"

"Vell, leedle Eva, vot is it, yes?"

"Vas dere a bad place to vent to ven ve die?"

"Belief me, dare is, leedle Eva, but it is closed during der t'eatrical season."

"Vy, Uncle Tom?"

"So dot der party dot runs it can

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

took a trip around der vun-night stands und get some new ideas how to make it hot for us."

"Uncle Tom!"

"Vell, leedle Eva, vot is it, yes?"

"I dink I hear der bleedhounds bay-ing."

"No, leedle Eva, it is not so much baying as it is indigestion. Der bleedhounds haf yust eaten up der scenery for der last act."

Den der manager steps ouid und informations der audience dot der dogs haf consolidated mit der scenery. If der audience vants its money back dey can get it from der bleedhounds, vich vill be untied. Dis makes der most t'rilling climax of der show, und der audienc falls ouid der window und goes home, eggscited, but happy.

(CURTAIN.)

Vas dis awding like der vay dey played it, Looey?

Maybe it is dot my memory is getting deflective, yet.

You know, Looey, ven Shakespeare fairst adaptationed "Uncle Tom's Cabin" from der French, it vas his idea to play it only in der large cities.

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

But Shakespeare dit not lif long enough to protect his vork by der copy-right law, und here ve see it, going to der dogs, scene by scene, und climax by climax.

Alas! ven der finish comes ve may eggsclaim mit dis same poet, "A nose by any udder name vill vin a horse race."

Ve vas enchoying nice healt' at home, mit der eggception dot your mother is der wictim of an attack of obesity in her avoirdupause.

Some kind friend told your mother dot obesity in der avoirdupause is easy to cure if you go aboud it right, und dot no voman need go through dis vorld leading a double chin.

Vell, Looey, your mother vent after dot obesity in her avoirdupause, und for a veek our vunce peaceful home has looked like der orichinal rough house.

Fairst, Mrs. Bauerschmidt, vich veighs aboud 231, tolt your mother dot she kept her veight down mit eggsercise, so I hat to rush to der store und buy a rowing machine, a cubble of Inchun clubs, und a bunch of deaf und dumb bells.

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

Der next morning, abouid five o'clock in der daylight, your mother chumped on board der rowing machine und bore away to der northvest, mit a strong ebb tide on der port bow.

She was abouid four miles up der river und going hard ven a strap broke, und your mother vent oferboard mit a splash dot upset most of der furniture in der room und knocked der manicure set down behind der bureau.

Vun of der oars vent up in der air und landed on der bridge of my nose, because my face happened to be in der vay ven der oar came down.

Ven luffing hands pulled your mother ouid of der interior of a rocking chair ve found dot, mit der help of der rowing machine, she hat lost nearly two pounds of obesity, mostly off der end of her elbow.

Der next day Mrs. Schmalz, vich veighs abouid 246, tolt your mother dot she vas not using der best kind of physical torture, so I vent to der store und bought her vun of dose rubber machineries vich fastens on der vall und you pull it mit handles.

Bright und early der next morning your mother grabbed der handles und

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vas getting away from her obesity at der rate of an ounce an hour, ven suddently vun of der rubber strings broke und someding kicked your mother just vare a goot singer gets der coloratura.

Ven your mother fell wounded on der field of battle efery picture on der valls fell mit her, und dare vas such a crash dot der cook thought der end of der vorld vas cameing, so she ran screaming in der direction of Paterson, New Chersey.

A dash of cold vater on der features of her face brought your mother to, und she found dot all she hat lost by dis process vas her breath und a cubble of side combs for der hair.

Mrs. Grossmeyer dropped in dot day und tolt your mother dot der only goot vay to reduce der obesity of der avoir-dupause vas to took a long valk, so your mother picked ould a long valk und took it.

After she vas gone abouid sigs hours und it vas getting dark she called me up on der large-distance telephone und broke der news to me dot she hat valked abouid fifteen miles und hat been so eggstravagant dot she hat used up all der valkability und she vould haf

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

to stay dare in a foreign land alone und among udder strangers unless I sent a cab for her.

Ven your mother got home dot night she found dot all der obesity she hat lost vas her pocketbook mit ten dollars in it, und I lost abouid ten dollars for der cab hire, making a total of four pounds, English money.

A day or two later Mrs. Weinberg, der vife of Gus Weinberg, der moosical plumber, tolt your mother dot der only sure cure for obesity und fatty regeneration vas to took electric baths, so ve hat vun rigged up vich vas a great shock to my pocketbook.

Der fairst morning your mother vent inside of der framevork und sat among der electric lamps mit only her head ouid in der atmosphere for abouid two hours. Den she came ouid smiling und set she felt fine, und dot she must haf lost abouid ten pounds. I peeped inside to look der bath ofer, und found dot she hat forgot to turn der current on.

Next morning ven she vent after der electric bath I turned der current on myself to make it sure, und ven your mother stepped in it she eggscidently

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

put her foot on an ohm or someding vich tickled her so dot she let a yell ouid vich froze der bleed in my weins.

Den she put der udder foot down, und dot landed on a volt or an ampere or some foolish ding vich caused your mother to become a short circuit.

Loeey, she vas der shortest circuit you efer vitnessed!

For a cubble of minutes dot room looked like a thunder storm, mit your mother playing der thunder.

Ven I got der current turned off und all der live wires ouid of her hair she became collapseable on der sofa und she eggsclaimed: "Take it away! take it away! Now I know vot a hard life der third rail must lead!"

I dink der electricissity has cured your mother, Loeey, und hereafter she vill be satisfied to go through life leading der double chin as Nature intentioned.

I vas to-day looking ofer dot book vich you gafe to leedle Max for his last Christmas stockings, vich is called "Mother Geese."

You know, Loeey, books haf a great mysteriousness abouid dem, doan'd dey, Loeey?

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

Took dis "Mother Geese," for an instance. Here is a book full mit nudgings but nonsense, und yet it has lived, vile a million sensible books haf died.

Here is a book mitouid a plot und mitouid a author, und yet it has been a success, vile plenty of books mit two plots und two authors haf en't made enough money to buy a ham samvich.

Here is a book mit such bum rhymings und bad poetry in it dot it must haf been made py a song writer, und yet der name lives to-day in many a household, vare Goethe ain'd on der wisiting list, und Lord Byron would get der door slammed in his face.

It seems too bad, Looey, ven a book is such a success as "Mother Geese" dot it ain'd got someding in it vich would listen vell to der grown-uppers in dis day und cheneration.

If der anomirous author of "Mother Geese" hat a gas bill come in vun efening yust as he sat down to slice off a few slivers from his immortal cheese, yust dink vot a difference it would be made to posterity, yet.

Ve would read it den in "Mother Geese" something like dis, Looey:

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

*Sing a song of suffocate,
Gas has took a sneak,
Plumbers in der cellar now
Looking for der leak.
Sister's gone for der police,
Brother's took a trip;
Cook is in der kitchen yet,
Packing up her grip;
Mama's fainted mit her head
On der vindow sill;
Papa's in der drawing-room
Fighting mit der bill.*

You see it, Looey, here is der idea of combinationing pitzness mit pleasure, vich der anonymous author of "Mother Geese" nefer t'ought of, alretty. Den, mit tears on his cheeks, he vould look at der gas bill again, und dis vould be der result:

*Leedle Chack Horner
Sat py der corner
Vatching der meter go round!
He eggs aimed mit a squeak,
"Dis gas it vas weak
But der price has a very loud sound!"*

Can you see him, Looey, his eyes mit a fine frenchy rolling, vile he takes anuder peep at dot hated bill, und den bursts forth in song again like dis:

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

*Chack und Chill
Vent up der hill
To get a tallow candle,
Because der bill
For gas vas still
Too large for dem to handle!*

Den, Looey, can you see der anomalous author of "Mother Geese," ven, after hurling dot gas bill across der room, he grabbed his pencil und paper und committed dese lines to nefer-dying fame:

*Old Mother Hubbard
She vent py der cubboard
To get her poor doggie a bone;
Der gas meter dare
Vas asleep in its lair.
Und der doggie he started it goin'.
Old Mother Hubbard
She flew from der cubboard
Mit fright und mit anger as vell;
Vile der meter smoked up
At der bark of der pup—
Und so der poor doggie got der deifei!*

Ach, vell, Looey, vot is der use!
"Avay, avay, mit vain aigrettes!" as
der bird set ven it lost its tail-fedders.

Kind regards to Chon Drew vich
likes dis leedle choke, yet.

VI.
THE GRAND OLD GAME OF
DRAW.

Home. To-day.

MEIN LIEBER SON LOOEY—
I haf received your letter from
Ch'inchinnatti vich informa-
tions me dot you stayed up all night
T'ursday playing poker und only lost
a dollar sigsty.

If you hat to play poker, Looey, I
am glad dot you stayed up all night at
it. Ven you fairst mentioned der vord
in your letter I vas afraid to read
further for fear I would see it dot at 12
o'clock you got a kink in your instep
und quit four dollars vinner.

If you play der game play it like a
sport, Looey, und vear ofershoes to
keep your feets varm.

To me, Looey, nuddings vas so dis-
gusting as der poker player dot gets
der congestion of der ankles efery time
he vins two dollars ofer his car fare.

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

Poker players vas divided into two classes, Looey, der Companions of der Cold Feets, und der Leedle Brothers of der Boost.

Der Companions of der Cold Feets make der most money; but der Leedle Brothers of der Boost haf all der fun; und dis is a pretty tough old vorld if ve doan'd haf a leedle fun mit each udder, ain'd it, Looey?

For instant, Looey, took your Uncle Oscar Schmittberger. He is vun of der Companions of der Cold Feets.

Uncle Oscar nefer sat in a game of poker in his life mitouid being prepared to haf pneumonia in both heels der moment he vas ahead of der game sigs dollars' vorth.

Uncle Oscar plays dem close to his appendicitis, Looey, und efery time he fills a four-flush he feels an awful draught on der floor.

He has his feets so vell trained dot efery time deir owner rakes in a pot mit eight blue checks in it dey gif him der ice-house signal to cease firing und cash in before der bank eggplodes.

Ve hat a leedle poker party at home last Monday night, und for seferal days

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

afterwards ve enchoyed der money left mit us by our luffing neighbors.

Dare vas your mother, und Uncle Oscar und his vife, und Ludwig Beerhaben und his vife und Gust Schmalz and myself, yet.

Ludwig is a charter member of der Leedle Brothers ot der Boost, und he can laugh louder und rmean it ven he loses two dollars den any man I efer met.

But Ludwig's vife is der corresponding secretary in der Woman's Annex to der Companions of der Cold Feets.

She runs your Uncle Oscar a close second for getting frappe in der ped-als.

Efery time Ludwig's vife is separated from fifty cents someding in her mind seems to gif away mit a crash.

Ludwig's vife luffs money so much dot efery time she bets a blue chip she shuts her eyes und pretnds it va. only a vite vun.

Any time you see a silver dollar mit all der tail-fedders pulled ouid of der eagle you can bet dot bird vunce belonged to Ludwig's vife under der parting vas a bitter vun.

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

Vell, anyvay, Looey, I opened der fairst chack-pot last Monday efening und eferybody dropped ouid eggsept Ludwig's vife un: your mother.

You know, Looey, I like your mother. She is der only vife I efer hat und der oniy vun I efer vish to haf, und so I say it from my heart dot she plays poker like a Velch rabbit, vich is mit-ouid form und full of dark surprises.

From der financial point of view, Looey, your mother is der best fellow dot efer drew cards, but mit regards to der technicalities of der game she is vot der ancient Greeks vould call a Patricia Bolivar.

Vell, anyvay, Looey, to make a long story lose its cunning, your mother vaved a fond farevell after losing four dollars, vich vas all in der family anyvay, but Ludwig's vife bit her lips und trailed along until she hat sent sefen of Ludwig's goot dollars to der Bad Lands, den she called me.

Ven I laid down four typewriters she called me again, but I vould hate to tell you how und vich.

Nefer before, Looey, in der history of der game dit vun voman get so mad

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in so many different places at der same time.

You see, Looey, she hat four deuces all der time und after der fairst bet she began to buy a new dress. After der second bet she hat selectioned der trimmings. After der third bet she changed der material und took something more eggspensive. After der fourth bet she decided to pick ould a imported dressmaker on Fifth Afenu und after der fifth bet she felt vealthy enough to go dare in a cab.

Pretty soon came der awful avakening und she hat to put dot dress back in der store.

I doan'd dink Ludwig's vife vill efer quite recofer from der shock. She vill be a saddened voman all her life unless a rich relative dies somevare und leaves her sefen dollars.

Und to make matters more like a life insurance investigation about ten minutes later Gust Schmalz stung your Uncle Oscar for five dollars and seventy-five cents, vich caused your Uncle to haf an internal fit vich nearly became epidimic all ofer his system.

Und dus it happened, Looey, dot dese two members in good standing in der

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ancient order of der Companions of der Cold Feets hat to sit dare all der evening und play dem close trying to get dare money back, vich dey dittent.

Der mills of der gods grind slow, Looey, but vunce in a vile dey grind ould someding vorth vile.

Play poker, if you must, Looey, but always keep your rubbers on.

Dis goes fer der neck as vell as der feet.

I see it in your letter vare you met up mit dot young fellow Chilvio Heine, und played pinochle mit him alretty.

Chilvio's pinochle game is vot is called a coaxer, because der more you play mit him der more you lose, und der more you lose der more you feel like trying to vin back vot you lost py losing more den you could vin if you vun ven you lost instead of losing so often dot ven you vin sometimes it is so seldom dot you feel like you haf lost always.

Ven a man learns der game of pinochle so vell dot he can meld eighty Kings mit der right hand, forty Chacks mit der left hand, keep der score mit his left foot und vissle "Don't Be Vot

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You Ain't" mit his teet', all at vunce,
den I say, Bevare!

Such is der pinochleness of der chent
you played mit, Looey.

It ain't because you lost der eight
dollars, Looey, because mit anybody
dot plays mit Chilvio dot vas a fore-
gone confusion.

But it is because you belief yourself
to be a fairst-class pinochle player,
Looey, ven in realities your mind vas
nuddings but a cold storage place to
keep der frivolities of dis vorld.

To be a goot pinochle player, Looey,
you must haf a mind like a sponge.

Your memory, Looey, must be like
a porus plaster vich absorbs figures,
und your heart must be mitouid mercy
and full of bitterness, like a gateman
on der Scrubvay.

In der days of my yout, Looey, I vas
connected mit der reputation of being
a good pinochleist, but in dese days
der march of progress und britch-vist
has oystersized such a common game
as pinochle.

It used to be in der old days, Looey,
dot I vould valk down of an efening to
der leedle saloon on der corner und sit
at der leedle round table mit my part-

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

ner und for hours ve vould shuffle der greasy cards und keep der score on a slate mit vite chalk, vile all around us vould float der perfume from der pipe und der sawdust on der floor, und der only vord dare spoken vas der whispered vord, "Prosit!"

In dose days, Looey, cards vas a recreation for der men.

In dese days, Looey, cards is a occupation for der vimmen.

In der old days, Looey, to pull ouid a pack of cards in der sacred presinks of der home circle und play for stakes higher den sulphur matches or a horn button vould mean dot der Deifel vould be tapping at der vindow pane next minute, und all concerned vould be candidates for a choice location in der bottomless pit.

But in dese days, Looey, no home is complete mitouid a britch-vist factory in der parlor, mit printed I. O. U.'s on der mantelpiece und a list of preferred creditors resting on der self-made moosic on top of der pianola.

Der sacred presinks of der home circle ain't up to date dese days, Looey, unless Mama und der t'ree daughters entertain at britch vunce a veek und set

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Papa back aboutid \$62, not inclusioning der refreshments.

Vunce it vas in der olt days, Looey, dot Mama vould entertain vunce a veek und der vimmens vould all sit in der parlor und svap gossip vile dey sewed undershirts und nighties und pajimmies und udder unforseen garments for der heathen in der Feechee Islands.

But to-day, Looey, ven Mar-a sounds der boogle call all her vimmen friends rush in der drawing-room mit a check book in vun hand, a britch score card in der udder und a vild desire in deir hearts to vin from each udder der price of a trip to Europe.

I doan'd know vich is der best way to entertain, Looey, but I dink der new vay puts a lot of money in circulation ven Papa ain't looking.

In der meantime, Looey, if you vish to learn der game of pinochle you should teach your brain to become more und more like a sponge.

Ven you can remember vot cards vas played ten minutes ago und vot cards vill likely be played a half hour from now, den you can tackle Chilvio again, and mebbe you vill vin more den you lose py not losing someding vich you

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

could haf vun py playing so as not to lose it.

Ve notice vot you say in your letter abouid der many different kinds of street cars vich you meet up mit in your trafels, but I dink ve haf here in New York a bunch of street cars vich for uncomfortableness can gif any ouidsiders cards und spades und den beat dem ouid by a four-flush.

I reference to dose street cars, Looey, vich vas called "Sqveezers."

Our "Sqveezer" cars consist of ninety people trying to push demselves into a space already occupied by eighty-sigs peoples vich haf paid deir fare und sefen children vich vas under age vile der conductor is present.

Der seats in der "Sqveezers" run sidevays; der passengers run edgevays, und der life insurance agents run any old vay ven dey see dese cars coming.

Der "Sqveezer" is der best chenteel imitation of a rough-house dot you efer vitnessed, Looey.

Ven you get ouid you cannot get in, und ven you get in you cannot get ouid, because you hate to disturb der strange chentleman dot is using your knee to lean ofer.

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

Between der seats dare is a space of two feets, but in dot space you vill always find four feets und deir owners, unless vun of dem happens to haf a vooden leg.

Unter ordinary circumstances four into two doan'd go, but ded "Sqveezer" cars defy der laws of gravitation.

A "Sqveezer" car conductor can put twenty-sigs into nine unt still haf four to carry.

You know, Looey, ve vas a very nerfous und careless peoples here in dis city. To proof how careless ve vas I vill relate der instance dot Manhattan Is'and is called after a cocktail.

Dis nerfousness vas our undidding because ve vas always in such a hurry to get somevare dot ve vould rather took der fairst car und get sqveezed into flatness den wait for der next vich vould likely sqveeze us into insensibleness.

Flatness can be cured, but insensibleness vas dangerous mitoid an alarm clock.

For a man mit a small dining-room der "Sqveezer" car has its advantages, but ven a stoid man rides in dem he

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finds himself supporting a lot of strangers he nefer met before.

Vun morning I chumped on vun of dose "Sqveezers," feeling yust like a zwei-year-olt, full of healt' und der choy of lifing.

During der fairst sefen blocks t'ree men fresh from a distillery grew up in front of me und removed der scenery.

Vun of dem hat to get ould in a hurry, so he kicked me on der shins to show how sorry he vas to leaf me.

Vun of der udder two must haf been in der distillery a long time, because pretty soon he neglected to use his memory und sat down in my lap.

Ven I remonstered mit him he responded dot dis is a free country, und if he vished to sit down I hat no pitzness to stop him.

Den his friend pulled us apart und I resumed der use of my lap.

During der next twenty blocks I haf vun of vorst daylight nightmares I efer rode behind.

Der party vich hat been studying der eggshibits in der distillery took der idea in his head dot my foot vas der loud pedal on a piano und he started to play

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"Die Gotterdammerung" from Wagner.

Dot man vas such a hard drinker dot he gafe me der gout yust from standing on my feets.

Den I chumped off, und svore off, und svore at, und valked home.

If der man vot inwentioned der idea of standing up between der seats in a "Squeezer" car is alive he should haf a medal.

I vould villingly wolunteer to be der meddler und hand him vun.

You wrote me vunce before, Looey, abouid vot a nice idea it is to step in a clean street car und find enough room to sit down midouid getting 'der glance of scorn from eighteen strap-hangers und a fat conductor.

Such is an idea vich ve seldom see in New York, Looey, because ve vas a busy peoples here und ve believe dot a strap in der hand is vorth two on der curbstone.

It ain'd often dot I drop into a poetical, Looey, but after I chumped off vun of dem crowded cars der udder night I felt dot I must get some re-wenge for der vay I vas obliterated.

Read dese verses ofer to yourself,

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

Loeey, some day ven you vas smoothly
street-carring in vun of dem Vestern
cities.

Here is dem :

I.

*Der shades of night vare falling fast
As up der city's street dare passed
A car vich bore dis strange dewice
"Der puplic it doan'd cut no ice!
Moof up in front!"*

II.

*Nine t'ousand souls mitin it rode;
Annuder t'ousand choined der load;
Den mit' ten t'ousand souls on board
Der vide conductor vildly roared:
"Moof up in front!"*

III.

*"Try not to pass!" an olt man cried;
"Get off my feets!" annuder sighed;
"Who has remoofed my breathe from
me?"
A lady asked, inkviringly.
Moof up in front!*

IV.

*"Conductor!" set a lady sweet,
"Vy do you stop at efery street?"
"Ve always stop ven ve was full!"
He set, und gafe der bell a pull:
Moof up in front!*

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

V.

"Vy is it dot an empty car
Goes much und many miles py far
Before it stops?" der lady cried;
Der fat conductor yust replied:
"Moof up in front!"

VI.

"My healt', my vealt', my appetite
Haf gone!" a man set mit a fright.
Der fat conductor frowned a frown;
"You go away back und sit down!
Moof up in front!"

VII.

"Oh! pass me, please, a solid strap;
"Dis vun is loose!" observed a chap.
Der fat conductor, yust for fun,
Up mit his fist und passed him vun—
Moof up in front!

VIII.

Und still dey came py t'ousands till
Dey stood up on der vindow sill
Der fat conductor smiled mit glee;
"Dare's money here to-night for me—
Moof up in front!"

IX.

Dey skveezed up tight, dey skveezed up
flat
Till no vun knew vare he vas at;
As milk condensed dey stood, each man,
Like herrings in a sardine can—
Moof up in front!

X.

*Den ven der rain got vet und poured
Der fat conductor sweetly roared:
"Dis goes no furder up!" he said,
"Get ouid und took der car ahead—
Moof up in front!"*

You speak it also in der letter, Looey, dot your firm vill spend next year someding like fife hunnert t'ousand dollars in atwertising.

Atwertising is der incubator vich hatches der golden egg, Looey, but at der same time I hate to see it stuck, like a lot of second-hand court plaster, all ofer der face of Nature.

I luff to read der atwertisements in der newspapers und der magazines, but I also luff to be able to stop reading dem ven der supper bell rings, vich is not der case dese days if you vas travelling on der railroads.

Nowadays it is, Looey, dot someding vich vunce vas a beautiful landscape has been eggschanged for a board fence vare it says: "Eat Eatem's Eatability—Der Most Eatable Eating Efer Eated."

I dink der idea of changing a green hillside into a lecture on indigestion, und making all der pretty trees along

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

der roadside point deir branch i der direction of a drug store, vas wrong, but mebbe I haf too much poe.icness in my weins und not enough pitzness.

I took a leedle trip to Phillymadelphia on der cars last veek und it vas den dot dis idea struck me mit such a forcibleness dot I hat to puli down der blind.

I began to look ouid der vindow to admire all der geography vich vas ruz'ing py und before I could see two spruce trees und abouid eighteen blades of grass a large sign chumped before my eyes und set: "Sawdust Fritters—Der New Breakfast Food—Vunce Svallowed, Nefer Forgotten."

I vinkeü my eyes a cubble of times und took annuder look, und dare, spread carelessly ofer der map, vas a sign vich set: "Blonde Pills For Brainy Peoples—Try Vun Box Und You Vill Nefer Try Annuder."

I dodged my eyes back into der car und glanced dem cautiously ouid der vindow on der under side of der car, und dare I saw it, "Drink Bir.glebauer's Viskey—All Judges Say It Makes Trade Lively—Eggpecially Der Police Judges."

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

For ten minutes I sat dare mit my eyes close-fitted, und den I took a leedle peep ouid der vindow, vich resulted in a sign vich set: "Smoke Yellow-finger's Cigaroots—Und Die Lingering But Dopey."

Den I began to argue der matter mit myself, und I came to der conclusioning dot der train vas still in der heart of cifilization, und ven ve reached der real country der landscape vould assert its rights und begin to happen.

Den I counted 350 mit my eyes closed, und den, remoofing my fingers slowly, slowly, slowly, I took a sly glance oferboard.

Vot I saw vas a big sign saying dese solemn vords: "Be A Good Chooser Und Chew Chawington's Choo-Choo—Der Gum Dot Doan'd Come Off."

"Surely," I vispered to myself, mit my back to der vindow, "surely dare vas a wisitation of Nature here at vun time vich must haf left some landscape behind it, but vare is it now?"

Dus in deep t'ought, mit both hands pressed hard ofer my eyes, I sat dare for abouid half an hour, und den mit der swiftness of der turtle dove I threw both glances ouid of der vindow.

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

Vas it landscape pure and simple vich
met dose glances?

Nein.

*Children, dear, in any case
Doan'd drive nails in mother's face!
If you do und she should scream,
Try Mike Schmidt's Complexion
Cream!*

It vas a sign vich set dese few but
bitter vords.

Now, I ask you, Looey, is it possible
for a olt-fashioned man to lead a re-
fined life in such a atmosphere as dese?

I ask you, Looey.

VII.

THE SAENGERFEST PARTY.

Home. Lately.

MEIN LIEBER SON, LOOEY—
I haf receifed your letter
from Kansas City und I vas
glad to hear dot you vas enchoying goot
healt', und dot you vas making a suc-
cess of your chob as a drummer in der
commercial traveller pitzness.

Go after dem, my son, und always
speak vell of yourself, because you
know in dis vorld, Looey, nuddings
succeeds like our own success.

Ve vas all vell at home mit der eggs-
ception dot last T'ursday night your
mudder gafe an onion saengerfest
party.

You know vot is it?

An onion saengerfest party is vare a
bunch of peoples get togedder in der
efening und spill a lot of cheap songs
ofer der parlor until dey vork up a
appetite for eferyding eatable in der
vicinity.

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

I doan'd know vare der onion comes in, Looey, but I dink dot vas meant as a term of reproach.

Dare vas present your mudder und your married sister, Elsie, und her husband, Fred Hauptgarten, vich vas here mit us on a wisit from Milwaukee; und your Uncle Oscar Schmittberger und his second wife; und Ludvig Beerhaben und his stationary wife; und Gust Schmalz, und Lena Bauer und her fader by her fairst marriage, und Mr. und Mrs. Goofberger, of Staten Island, yet.

Eferyding started off all right mit der eggception of your Uncle Oscar, vich insisted upon singing der svan song from Lohengrin, but his idea of a svan vas so much like a turkey gobbler dot much misery loved our company.

I hat to use up two cold bottles of Ruinart on your Uncle Oscar before ve could coax him away from der piano, und den he vent ould in der dining-room und began to recite der hardest day's vork Goethe efer put in at der poetry pitzness, mit der result dot he vas overheard by our Irish cook in der kitchen vich hat been so kind as to per-

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

mit herself to lif mit us for nearly vun consecutif mont', vareupon she became emotionally insulted und after scattering a new chicken salad all ofer der butler's pantry as a keepsake to her memory, she grabbed her satchel und rushed oid of our lives forefer. Four dollars vich your mother hat paid her in advance also rushed oid of our lives, too.

After all der eggscitement vas ofer und your Uncle Oscar vas sleeping mit magnificent noises on der dining-room sofa, your sister, Elsie, vas coaxed to sing Frosty's "Goot Pye."

You know, I luff your sister because she vas always a goot daughter to me, but I vas afraid dot if Mr. Frosty efer heard her sing his "Goot Pye" he would say "der same to you, und here's your hat."

Before Elsie vas married she owned in her possession a very sveet mezzo-concertina woice, but she has been so long away helping Fred Hauptgarten to make Milvaukee famous dot now her top notes sound someding like a cuckoo clock after it has been up all night.

Mebbe, Looey, it vas wrong for me to speak dus abouid my own flesh und

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

blood, but ven a married voman mit sigs fine children, vun of dem at Yale College, geets up in front of der piano und begins to say "Goot pye, summer! goot pye, summer!" yust like she vas calling der dachshund in to dinner, I dink it vas time dot she declined der nomination.

I say dis, Looey, not because I luff moosic less but because I luff Elsie more.

Den Ludvig Beerhaben, after figuring it all ouid dot dare vas no chance of his getting arrested, valked up to der piano und made a few statements vich in deir orichinal form vas a Scotch ballad py der name of "Loch Lohmond."

You know, Looey, Ludvig's idea on speaking der English language is to say as much of a vord as he can remember mit his voice und der rest of it mit his hands, so you can imagination vot he dit to a song vich has an oatmeal foundation such as "Loch Lohmond."

Ven Ludvig barked ouid der fairst sentence vich says: "Py yon bonnie bank und py yon bonnie brae," you can belief me, Looey, eferybody in der room

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

began to dink about der eruption of Mount Vesuvius und vished dey vas vare der suffering vas more videspread und not so personal.

Und ven Ludvig reached der dark meat in der song vare it says, "You take der high road und I'll take der low road," your mudder took a drink, Gust Schmalz took an oath und I took a walk.

Nefer in my life, Looley, haf I heard a song so roughly handled, und all der vile Ludvig's vife sat dare, mit der glad und vinning smile of a catfish on her face, listening mit a heart full of pride vile Ludvig chased dot helpless song all ofer der parlor und finally left it unconscious unter der sofa.

Much more happened at der onion saengerfest, Looley, inclusioning your Uncle Oscar vich fell off der sofa ven lunch vas announced, but vy incriminate?

Ve hat raw roast beef samviches mit a fringe of sliced onions for lunch, so all is svell dot ends svell.

Ve notice vot you say it in your letter, Looley, about der eggspensiveness of der hotels on der road, und ve quite make an agreement mit you—

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

eggspensiveness is der keynote vich forms der basis of der idle rich.

Last Sunday your mother read it in der newspapers abouid der ettyket vich always goes mit der proper vay to dine yourself at a fashionable hotel, so she set py me: "Dinky, I haf learned der ettyket of der bongtong, und to proof it I vish you vould took me in to New York und let us dine ourselfs at dinner in der eggsclusive Saint Reachus Hotel, vot?"

Vot is impossible is useless, so vy should a man argument mit his vife?

Ve vent to der Saint Reachus.

It vas surely a svell choint, Looey, und der faces of der clerks und der clocks show dot much money changed pocketbooks vile der place vas building.

In der lobby der furniture vas covered mit men abouid town, vich sat around mit a check-book in each hand und made google-goggle eyes at der vimmens.

Bell-boys mit gold-plated card trays rushed hidder und tidder, und der shrieks of der eggshausted cash registers vas pitiful.

It vas der fairst time your mother

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

und I hat efer been in sucl. an eggspensive atmosphere—und ve breathed mit caution.

I took a peep at der diamond-backed dining-room, und ven I saw der waiters refusing eferyding but certified checks in der vay of a tip I set py your mother: "Darling, dis is no place for us!"

But ven a voman vunce makes up her mind dare vas no man living dot can untie it.

So ve vent in der dining-room of der Saint Reachus.

A very polite lefftenant vaiteer, mit a sergeant vaiteer und two corporal vaiteers, greeted us, und ve gafe der countersign—"Abandon vealth, all ye dot entrance here!"

Den der lefftenant vaiteer und his army corps deployed in columns of four und escorted us to der most eggspensive-looking trough I efer saw in a dining-room.

"In my heart I feel it dot ve vill haf to file a petition in bankruptcy ven ve leave dis place," I vispered to your mother as ve sat down in der onyx chairs und picked up our point lace napkins.

DINKELSP'EL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

"*Que souhaitez-vous?*" set der vaiter, bowing so low dot I could feel a cold chill running through my leedle bank account.

"Ach, Himmel! sure I feel vell, und dis is a friend of mine," I resposned, pointing der fork set mit amethysts at your mother.

Der vaiter bowed vunce more until I could hear der muscles in his shoulder-blades cracking like a vip.

Den ven he arose himself he set: "*Je suis tout a votre service!*"

"Does he mean it is someding wrong mit my pompadour?" vispered your mother.

"Nein," I set, smiling politely, "he vas yust asking if der family vas all vell at home."

Vunce more der vaiter chackknifed himself.

"Vot is a good idea to order for a cubble of appetites dot vas yust ouid seeing der sights?" I inkvired. "Could you please suchchest someding dot eats vell, but is not too eggspensive to keep down?"

"*Oui, oui!*" set der vaiter. "*Une diner comfortable doit se composer de potage, de volaille bouillie ou rotie,*

DINKE'SPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

chaude ou froide, de gibier, de plats rares et distingues, de poissons, de sucries, de patisseries et de fruits!"

I looked at your mother, she looked at me, den ve both looked ouid der vindow, und vished ve hat nefer been born.

"I belief you mit all my soul," I responsed, after a vile, "but unless you talk Cherman my vife prefers to eat in English. Haf you such a ding in der pantry as some beefsteak choked mit onions?"

"*Oui, oui,*" eggsclaimed der vaiter.

"How much vould it be der price for enough beefsteak choked mit onions to cover two very polite appetites?" I inkvired.

"Nine dollars und tventy-safen cents," responsed der vaiter. "Der tventy-safen cents is vot der beef und onions costs, und der nine dollars vill help to pay for der Looey der Fifteenth furniture in der bridal chamber."

"Nefer mind," set your mother; "onions always rush to my voice, und if I eat dem my gonversationing vill be too loud for dis society atmosphere. Make annuder guess, Fodder!"

"How vould a sliver of roast beef

und some beate i potatoes do?" I such-ched to der vaiter. "Vot would be der price on such, please?"

"Three dollars und forty-two cents," responded der vaiter. "Forty-two cents for der order und der three dollars to help some mit der French velvet curtains in der style of Looey der Fifteenth in der golden suite on der second floor."

"Maybe a little sissage mit potato salad is less notorious," vispered your mother.

"You vas right, my darling," I responded. "Der trail of der millionaire can nefer be across der face of anyding so cheap as sissage. Vot, vaiter, vot is der net price of a pair of sissages, mit a slight effect of potato salad on der side, please?"

"Four dollars und eight cents," set der vaiter. "Eight cents for der sissage und der four dollars for der Looey der Fifteenth draperies in der drawing-room."

"Perhaps you haf a bargain counter somevare in der beanery?" vispered your mother to der vaiter, but der vaiter only bowed und sighed und looked at his gold vatch.

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

"My dear," I set to your mother, "ve haf already displaced about sigsty dollars' vorth of space in dis hunger factory, und darefore ve must behave like chentlemen und . rder someding, no matter vot is der cost. Vot is der savings of a lifetime comparisoned mit our honor?"

Der vaiter unhooked annuder deep bow.

"Bring us," I set, "bring us an oatmeal omelette und vun dish of prunes."

I vaited till he translationed dis into French, und den I set: "Und on der side, please, two glasses of vater und a cubble of teethpicks. Haf der prunes fricasseed, please; vash der vater on both sides, und bring der teethpicks rare."

Der vaiter bowed again und rushed away. All around us ve could hear money talking to itself. Bankers und brokers ran all around der place, handing ofer deir day's vages to der cashiers.

Fair vimmen sat at der tables, picking dishes ouid of der bill of fare vich brought der blush of sorrow to der faces of deir escorts. It vas a vonderful sight, eggspacially for dose dot haf

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

a nerfous chill efery time der gas bill comes in.

Ven ve ate our modest leedle dinner der vaiter gafe me a ticket vich invited me to pay him two dollars und t'irty-t'ree cents.

"Der t'irty-t'ree cents is for vot you ordered, und der two dollars is for der French hangings in der style of Looey der Fifteenth in der parlor," he vispered.

"Chee viz!" I eggscclaimed, "dot fellow Looey der Fifteenth has been doing a lot of vork around here, ain't he?"

Der vaiter bowed und kept his eye on my money, vich made me so reckless dot I gafe him a tip consisting of fifteen cents.

Der vaiter looked at der fifteen cents und turned pale. Den he looked at me und turned paler. Den he tried to thank me, but it choked him. Den he took anuder look at der fifteen cents und fainted dead avay.

In der eggscitement I took your mother und eggscaped.

Der only time ve vill efer go in der Saint Reachus again vill be yust after ve haf eaten a hearty dinner.

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

You ask me in your letter, Looey, to tell you vunce more aboud der night I took a trip in der Pullman cars und drew an upper berth so you can repeat it to a friend of yours for laughing purposes.

Your father has nefer refused you anyding, Looey, so vy should I hold back der laugh vich is on me?

From my eggspierience dot night I am chased to der conclusion dot der upper berth in a Pullman car is der same relation to comfort as a carpet tack is to a bare foots.

Der night I took dot memomorial trip to Pittsburg der sleeping car vas crowded from der cellar to der attic und dare vas much internal svearing among dose present.

Vile der porter vas cooking up my attack of insomnia I vent ouid in der smoking-room to drown my sorrow, but I found so many udder drowners dare ahead of me dot I hat to hold der comb und brush in my lap und sit up on der towel rack vile I took a leedle smoke.

Dit you efer notice in your trafels, Looey, der peculiar hog on der trains dot pays two dollars for a berth und

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

always displaces eight dollars' vorth of space in der smoking car? He smokes not, needer does he move, but dare he sits, eternal as der Spinx.

If efer dare is a statute needed of der patriot Buttinski, I vould suchchest der smokeless smoker dot trafels on der smokeful smoker cars.

Sefen chents vas discussioning life insurance ven I squeezed into der smoker, und I chudged dot dey all hat lower berths, uddervise deir minds vould not be busy mit dark und personal fears of der future.

I listened to dem for abouid ten minutes, but yoost den der towel rack tell mit a crash, und after I picked up der comb und brush und der soap und myself I decisioned I vould retire to my bracket on der vall und try to sleep.

Ven I left der smoker der smokeless hog vas occupying two und a half seats und vas now busy breathing in some second-hand cigaroot smoke vich nobody else seemed to care for.

"How do I reach my Alpine bungalow?" I set to der colored porter, vare-upon he laughed teethfully und hit me on der shins mit a stepladder.

Der chent in der lower berth under-

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

neath me vas sleeping as loud as possible, und ven I started up der stepladder he began to render Mendelssohn's obligato for der trombone in der key of Chee.

Above der roar of der train away off from lower No. 2 I could hear an answering bugle call.

I climbed up prepared for der vorst, und in der tvinking of a eyewinker der porter removed der stepladder und dare I vas, sitting on der per'lous edge of my pantry shelf mit nuddings to comfort me but der eggshaut of a professional snorer.

After abouid fife minutes devotioned to a parade of all my sins I began to try to eggstract my personality from my coat, but ven I pushed my arm up in der air to get der sleeve loose my kennuckles struck der hardwood finish, und I fell backwards on der cast-iron pillow, breathing horsefully like a busy Chack-rabbit.

I vaited abouid ten minutes vile my brain vas bobbing back und forth mit der eggscitement of running 50 miles an hour ofer a careless part of der country, und den I cautiously tried to approach my shoe laces.

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

If, Looey, if you vas a stout und avoirdupoisy man, veighing 256 pounds, mostly all of vich is in der equator, you vould appreciate vot it means to lie on your back in an upper berth und try to get your shoes off.

Efery time I reached for my feets to get my shoes off I bumped my head off, und der more I bumped my head off der less I got my shoes off, so I decisioned dot in order to keep my head on I better keep my shoes on also.

Den I tried to divorce my suspenders from my shoulders, but yust as I got der suspender haf way ofer my head I struck der crazy bone of my elbow on der rafters und dare I vas, suspended between heafen and earth und praying mit all my heart for a bottle of arnica.

Den I decisioned to sleep as nature made me, mit all my clothes on, including my rubbers. So I stretched ould, but yust den der train struck a curve, und I vent up in der air till der ceiling hit me, und den I bounced ofer to der edge of der precipice und hung dare, trembling on der werge.

Below me all was dark und gloomy, und only py der hoarse groans of der

snorers could I tell dot der Pullman Company vas still making money.

But luck vas mit me, for yust den der train struck an inshoot curve vich pushed me to der vall und I bumped my head so completely dot I fell asleep.

Ven I voke up it vas daylighting, so I decisioned to descend from my cupboard shelf at vunce. I peeped ovid through der alumillum curtains, but dare vas no sign of der colored porter und der stepladder vas unvisable to der naked eye.

Der car was peaceful now mit der eggsception of a chent in lower 4 dot hat a strangle hold on vun of Beethoven's sonatas und vas beating der cadenza ovid of it.

I made a short prayer und conclusioned to fall ovid, but yust den von of my feets rested on something solid, so I put both feets on it und began to step down.

But der moment I put my weight on it my stepping stone gave vay und I fell oferboard mit a splash.

"How dare you put your feets on my head?" yelled der man on der ground floor of my bedroom.

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

"Oxcoose me, it felt like someding vooden," I vispered, vile I dashed madly for der smoker.

From dot day to dis, Looey, I half nefer been able to look a Pullman car in der face, und ven anybody mentions an upper berth to me I lose enough appetite to keep me in hunger for a veek.

DEY
ding
mad-

half
a car
tions
1 ap-
week.

VIII.

THE KEROSENE WAGON.

Home. Now.

M EIN LIEBER LOOEY—Ve haf received your letter from Clefeland, und ve vas glat to hear it dot your healt' is enchoying itself.

Ve vas all vell at home mit der eggception dot your mother is still learning to play britch vist, only not so eggspensively as ven I last wrote you.

She is now able to make it a no-trumper mitouid sciaming for her pocketbook five minutes later.

I notice vot you set in der letter abouid nearly getting runned ofer py a automobubble in Main Street in Eau Claire, Wis.

Ach, Himmel! It vas pitiful abouid der epydemic of automobilious fever dot is now dewastating dis fair land.

Eferybody dot efer sqveezed togeder two dollars, und held on to dem after der grocer's bill vas paid, is now

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

roaring through der streets in some kind of a foolish-vagon.

It vas impossibility any more to look ouid der vindow mitouid seeing der cheneral public scurrying away from a benzine buggy like chickens chased py a puppy dog, yet.

Efery day you read it in der newspapers how der valking public vas chased und persecutioned, und beaten, und chumped upon, und bruised, und battered, und vipt, und slapped in der face py der treacherous devil vagons.

Like der skellington in der closet, like der shadow at der feast, der naughty-mobile stands between der valking public und der enchoyment of life.

A bas der crazy cart, und conspuez der chuffer!

I haf a friend py der name of Daniel Arthurhauser, und der vay der automobilious fever broke ouid in him makes der pestilence look like a mild case of measles.

I t'ink dot you know Daniel Artl.urhauser, yet.

He is a relative py marriage mit der celebratory stage actress, Mary Apenta, owing to der fact dot he is her husband, alretty.

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

In public life Daniel is a manager, but in private life und away from der glare of der footlights he is known as Danapenta.

Formerly Dan vas a chentle-mannered chent mit a pleasing voice vich came ouid only ven spoken to.

But since Dan vas soaked py 'der automobilious fever he seems to have ball-bearing lungs und his vocabulary stays ouid doors all day long.

His conversationing vas now as frequent as a gas meter, und der trail of der horselessness vas ofer it all.

At der breakfast table formerly he vould say pleasantly py his vife: "Mary, my dear, vill you gif me a leedle more shredded sawdust und anudder cup of coffee?"

But since der automobilious fever grabbed him Daniel now says it at der breakfast table: "My dear, turn der accelerator into der incendiary vare der spark-coil abrogates der cornucopia und let me haf anudder cup of gasolene!"

I vent up-town in New York mit him vun day to a garbage.

Der garbage, you know, Looey, is

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

der place vare der automobubbles is kept in captifty.

Ve peeped in der door, und dare, snorting mit der smell of battle in deir nostrils, stood "Der Red Devil," "Der Crimson Crusher," "Der Blue Death," "Der Undertaker's Delight," "Der Heliotrope Homicide," "Der Grave-digger's Choy," "Der Pink Peril," und "Der Rainbow Roughhouse."

It vas a spectacle to stir der blood to see dem machines full mit gasclene und panting like human beings in deir eagerness to be up und doing somepody.

Arthurhauser yust wanted to hang around dot garbage all day und vatch dem mankillers get fed.

Poor Daniel! he has now der busy barouche on der brain.

He said py me vun day lately: "Dinky, I haf yust bought a new automobuzzle. It is a runabouid. To-morrow I vill took it ouid for der fairst time. Vill you be my guest in der runabouid?"

"No, Daniel," I set; "but I vill be your guest in a runabouid of my own."

Den I left him und I run abouid two miles mitouid stopping.

Ven I vish to commit a suicide it vill not be from der qvarterdeck of a foolish vagon.

Der next day I vas standing on der street talking mit my olt college chumps, Chilvio Hein und Chene Cowlesbauer.

Yust den der fire alarm bell started to ring der velkin. Der steam vissle at der lobster factory vare der dudes come from also made a screech of alarm.

"Vot is it?" I set, mit an amazingment in my voice.

Chilvio stood dare like a statue of ice cream. He vas frost-bited mit terror.

"Run for your life, und also run a leedle for mine!" Chene Cowlesbauer vispered. "Der terror of der streets is loose again! Doan'd you hear der varning bells? Look! Look! Der puplic is chumping in der cyclone cellars! Annuder naughtymobile horselessness is ouid seeking whom it may devour! Run for your life, und run a leedle for mine also on der side!"

Den my two friends fell ofer der wall into a stranger's lawn mitouid a introduction, und I stood dare vaiting to see vot vould happen next.

Suttently it happened.

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

Around der corner rushed an automobuckboard, utterly beyond all human help. It vas snapping und biting at eferying in its pathway.

Seated at der throttle vas Daniel Arthurhauser, mit a horse look in his eyes like vot der ancient martyrs used to veer.

Also he hat four dollars in his left hand as a revard to anyvun dot would save his life from der mad machinery.

After der automobuzzar, I pushed down four lamp posts und two street cars, und chewed der shoulder straps off a policeman, it vas captured py a newsboy und killed.

Den Daniel crawled ovid from under der grocer's vagon vare he landed during der eggscitement und began to eggsplanation dot der eccentric had buckled mit her parallelograms, vich threw der hyperdermic into der macerator, und, darefore—

But der eggspression of hate und windictiffness on der face of der panting automobusy vas too much for me, und I fled der spot yust as Chilvio und Chene vas cameing up ofer der garten vall.

Omar Khayyam vas right, Looey,

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

ven he set it dot der automobubble is der rich man's booze und der poor man's chaser.

Yesterday, Looey, for der fairst time in dis my mortal life, I vent ouid speed-limiting in a automobuzzer.

Der sensation of riding in a automobuzzer is der same idea as falling half vay downstairs und den changing your mind und chumping back.

It vas at der inwitationment of my olt college chump, Ferdinand Hausenbauer, dot I took dis ride in der automobuzzer mit him, und nefer to der end of my dying days vill I forget how much I stayed up in der air und how leedle I used der cushion.

Ferdinand keeps der delicatessen shop on Columbus Afenue near der Circle, und he is his own chuffer.

Dis vord chuffer vas removed from der French to description a man dot runs a automobuzzer.

Der reason dot der vord vas pinched from der French is dot eferybody ofer here vas busy eider learning to run machines or learning to 'dodge dem, so ve hat to borrow chuffer.

"Der idea is to remain ouidvardly calm und indifference in der face of

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOEY

danger," vispered Ferdinand as ve rushed into der boozum of a flock of cows.

I could feel der finish coming.

"Bet you a pretzel I doan'd touch dem!" set Ferdinand; den mit a slight turn of der wrist he chumped der automobuzzer across der road, und all I could feel vas der short, sharp svish of an olt cow's tail across my cheek as ve rushed on ovid of her life forefer.

A automobuzzer flies different from a hen, because a hen is seldern loose enough to get ofer a fence. To a automobuzzer a fence is merely a slight laughing matter vich it always rises superior to.

"How vas business?" I inkvired, und yust den der machine struck a stone und I vent up in der air.

"Unsettled," set Ferdinand ven I got back, und I bit my teeth mit embarrassments.

A automobuzzer is more like a eagle in its flight, only it doan'd stop for meals.

To hold a polite conversationing on a automobuzzer in full retreat is der same idea as to repeat der Declaration of Independence vile falling ovid of de

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

seventh-story vindow. Der adverbs growl back at you und der adjectives get dizzy und fall ouid of der buggy.

"How much dit you vin on der races dis year, Ferdinand?" I inkvired as ve reached der top of a steep hill.

Yust den my stomach refused to accompany me any furder, so I knew ve hat started down der hill. Ven I recofered consciousness der hill vas many miles behind us, still vundering vot had struck it.

In all probabilities a automobuzzer is more like a tornado, only it doan'd get in der newspapers so often.

Down der road ahead of us a man und his vife vas quarreling. Dey vas so busy mit deir anger dot dey did not hear us sneaking up on rubber tires.

Yust as ve drew near dem Ferdinand made der horn become der author of a loud "toot! toot!"

Der voman threw up both hands und leaped for der man. Der man threw up both feet und leaped for der fence. Der last ve saw of dem dey vas entering deir modest home, neck und neck, und der divorce court lost a bet.

I doan'd know how dit I get home, but I dit, und den mit dot wanity vich

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

is der curse of mankind I began to tell your mother vot a fine time I hat und vot a skinch it is to run a automobuzzer.

"Could you run it yourself alone yet?" inkvired your mother.

"Vy, mitoid der conclusion of a doubt!" I responsed, und, Looey, vot do you dink?

Your mother telephoned for der lending of his machine to Ferdinand, und he dit it!

Chee viz! vot a predicklement!

But I vas game—you know your father, Looey!

Mit your mother sitting in der limburgerine end of der Coal-Oil Coupe I chumped in und received my final instructionment from Ferdinand.

"Now, Dinky," he set, "grab der veel vich is in front of you firmly mit both hands und put vun foot on der accelerator. Now put der udder foot on der rheostat und let der left elbow chently touch der deadizer. Keep der blowpipe connecting mit der automatic fogvissle closely between der teeth, und let der right elbow be in touch mit der quadruplex, vile der apex of der left

knee vas pressed against der spark-coil."

"Vy doan'd you put my left shoulder to work? It vas der only part of my antimony dot ain'd got a chob," I vispered.

Ferdinand vas very serious abouid it.

"Now, den," he set, "keep both eyes on der road in front of you und der rest of your face in der vagon. Start der driving veels, repeat slowly der name of your favorite Coroner, und leave der rest to fate."

Dus ve started ouid in der Busy Barouche.

Abouid half a mile from home der machine began to breathe fast, und den all of a sudden it choked up und stopped.

"Vas ve sleepwrecked?" vispered your mother in pleading accents.

"No; I dink it vas der cosmopolitan has buckled mit der condenser," I set, und den, mit a monkey wrench, I crawled under der machine to see vare it had der appendicitis.

As soon as I crawled under der bull-works I took a dislike to a brass valve und began to knock it mit der monkey wrench und der valve got mad at me

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

und spilled abouid a pint of retired salad oil all ofer my features.

Ven I recofered consciousness der machine vas breathing again, so I chumped to der helm, pointed der bow at Yonkers, und away ve vent.

Now it seemed dot der demon of unrest vas in der weins of dot automobuzzer, for it began to chump and skip through der suburban highways like a antelope.

I patted it on der back und spoke soodingly, but it vas no use.

Your mother pleaded mit nie to keep in near der shore, because she vas getting seasick, but her tears vare in wain.

Yust den someding snapped in der boozum of der machine, und it started for Halifax, Nova Scotia, on der basis of 2,000,000 miles a minute.

Your mother threw her arms around my neck, und I threw my neck around der lever, und der lever threw me down, und ve both threw a fit.

A man vas coming towards us on a bisooole, but ven ve met him he seemed to change his mind, und vent over in a cornfield und tried to change der scenery mit his forehead.

Ve kept his bisooole on our smoke-stack for a souvenir.

Yust den der machine began to climb a telegraph pole, und as it ran down der udder side your mother vanted to know for der tenth und last time if ve hat stopped off at a powder mill during a eggsplosion.

"How dit Ferdinand tolt you to tame it?" yelled your mother, as the machine bit its way through a stone fence and began to dance over a strange man's lawn.

"Der only way to tame it is to get a ax," I yelled, as ve struck der main road again.

"Ach, Himmel! let me ouid! let me ouid!" shrieked your mother, und der machine heard her und made good.

I found ouid afterwards dot in order to oblige der lady der machine chumped up in der air und turned a double hand-spring, during vich ve fell ouid and landed in vun of der most chenerous mud puddles I efer encountered.

Den der automobuzzer turned around und barked at us, und mit a visk of its tail scooted ouid of our lives forefer.

Since dot awful day Ferdinand hates dis household mit all der bitterness of a

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

chuffer for his fairst-born automobuzzer.

Your mother is now so nerfous dot ven any vun mentions a automobilious vagon she goes in 'der butler's pantry und throws dishes at der butler.

IX.

THE WEDDING PRESENT.

Home. Dis Veek.

MEIN LIEBER LOOEY—Ve haf received your letter from Spookane, und ve vas glat dot your healt' continuations to be comfortable und uneggscited.

Eferyding vas quiet und peaceful mit us here at home mit der eggscption dot your cousin, Charles Hausenbauer, vill get married to Laura Schmittzenmeyer next Chewsday at der home of der bride's parents, vich is a flat ouid Morningside vay mit sigs rooms, four children und a bath.

Charles is a nice young man abouid der 23 age, mit a slender forehead und a chob at twelve dollars per in der delicatessen kept by Rudolph Sauerface.

Charles has vorked for old man Sauerface dese last sefen years, und der boy hat great eggspectations from der Boss.

Charles vent ȳ him und set: "Boss, I going to get married, mebbe, yes!"

Rudolph looked at him ofer his glasses und set: "Perhaps you vas, yes! Is it my fault, mebbe?"

Charles dug der end of his shoe in der floor und responded: "Could you holiday me, yes, so I can get married?"

"Dit I haf a holiday ven I got married?" inkvired Rudolph.

"I am searchable," vispered Charles.

"I vas married during der dinner hour und vas back to vork before der vistle blowed," set Rudolph.

"I can unterstoot all dot—I haf seen your wife," set Charles, more in pity den in sorrow.

"Vot prospectifs haf you to get married on?" set Rudolph.

"I t'ought, mebbe, you vould make my vages longer to spend because many years, alretty, haf I vorked for less, und now is cameing der time ven two mouths haf more appetite den vun, und such should be der revard vot I get, mebbe."

"I pay you now twelve dollars per der veek, ain'd it?" set Rudolph.

"It is it," set Charles.

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

"Twelve dollars per der veek is a nice bunch of money, yet," set Rudolph.

"It is," set Charles, "but it doan'd scatter enough ven two begins to live on it."

"Vell," set Rudolph, "ven I got married I lived on eight dollars per der veek."

"Yes, but my vife has got der habit to eat at least twice a day, und I hate to break her of it," set Charles.

"Eggstravagance is der root of much annoyance," set Rudolph.

"Den I doan't get der vages raised to more of a bunch?" inkvired Charles.

"Vot you haf got you get," set Rudolph.

Poor Charles bited deep on his t'umb und valked away, crestfallingly.

"Vait, Charles!" set Rudolph; "it is dot your vages keeps stationary, but I vill gif you some advice vich vill safe you abouid nine dollars per r veek ven you get married, mebbe. I haf been dese many years in der delicatessen pitzness, und I haf, darefore, figured ouid many vays to eat cheap, und dareby safe your money. In der morning, Charles, let me gif you dis idea abouid breakfast, vich could be *Mock*

Ham und Eggs, und vich you make dis vay: Place der vite of a newspaper in der frying pan, und den cofer der center mit an Italian sunset picked fresh from a magazine picture. Dis forms der basis of der egg, und it tastes very realistic. Be sure to get a fresh newspaper und a fresh magazine, uddervise der imitation egg vill be dull und insipid. Now add a few slices of pickled linoleum und fry carelessly for twenty minutes. Serve hot mit imitation salt und pepper on der side. Dis is a daylight dish, because der sunset effect is lost if cooked after dark."

Charles looked hard at Rudolph vich prearranged his glasses und vent on.

"Now, den, Charles, for der luncheon you could haf *Imitation Sausages*, vich is made py dis leedle processes, yet: Coax a few feet of garden hose into der kitchen und den kidnap it. Ven it is finally subdued, chop it into sections und stuff it mit odds und ends. Nice fresh odds und ends may be bought py der wholesale at any fairst-class chunk shop. Place der result in a saucepan mitouid adding any vater, because if you put vater in mit der gar-

den hose it vill get up und go ouid on der lawn. Now let it sizzle. Ven der imitation clock points to an hour und a half der sausage is done. Serve hot mit a lawn mower to cut der hose."

Charles vas on der werge of a collapse, but he changed his mind und moved over near der door vile Rudolph vent on spending his advice like a spendt'rift.

"Now, Charles, for der dinner you could haf fairst of all some *Imitation Mock Turtle Soup*, vich is made dis vay: Go ouid in der garden und catch a young mock. Remove der pin feeders und place der mock in a skillet. Catch an onion ven it is not looking und push it in der skillet. Add vater und let it sizzle. Add more vater. Always boil der vater before adding, und always vash der vater before boiling. Let it sizzle. Now upset der skillet into der soup tureen und add imitation tobascum sauce. Nice tobascum sauce can be made from pickled firecrackers. Serve hot und keep der lips closed firmly vile eating it from der left-hand side of der spoon."

Charles vas now close py der door,

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

praying mit both hands for a policeman, but Rudolph vent right on.

"Now den, Charles, comes my idea of a cheap dinner vich you could haf *Imitation Roast Beef*, as following: Draw from memory der ouidlines of a cow und remove der forequarter. Place der forequarter on der gridiron und let it sizzle. Now brown der veats und draw vun. Add boiling vater und stir chently mit a imitation spoon. After cooking two hours, try it mit der can opener. If it breaks der can opener, it is not done. Let it sizzle. Ven der supper bell rings serve hot, mit imitation pickles on der side. Nice pickles can be made from green trading stamps, but be careful to squeeze ouid all der premiums from der green stamps before using."

Py dis time Charles hat fell backwards ouid of der delicatessen, und he nefer stopped running until he valked breat'lessly into der presence of his affianced bride.

Ven he tolt her der vadding present der der Boss gifed him Laura made him rush ouid und get annuder chob.

Vich he dit—at fourteen per der

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

veek, und I dink dey vill lif happy efer after, mebbe.

Last efening your mother und me ve vent down to your Uncle Oscar Schmittberger's for a slight game of pinochle vich resulted unconsciously, because ve found your Uncle entertaining a Cherman nobility py der name of der Count Cheese von Cheese.

Der count is traveling in dis country incogveels.

Incogveels is a vord vich means dot his majority is here but he has left his plurality at home.

In udder vords, Looey, ven a man trafels incogveels he leaves his own name at home in der safe und uses a simpler name vich fits him looser around der neck.

Der Count Cheese von Cheese vas introduced to me as yust plain Herr Bungstarter, from Berlin, but your Uncle Oscar vispered to me in der butler's pantry der real truth aboudid de Count incogveels.

From vot your Uncle Oscar insinivated I chudge dot der Count Cheese von Cheese is ofer here to pick ould a heiress und fali in luff mit her because he needs der money.

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

Efery steamer brings dem ofer, Looey, some incogveels, some in dress suits, und some in hoc signo quinces, but all of dem able to pick ouid a lady mit a bank account at fifty paces.

It is getting so now, Looey, dot a open-face, stem-vinding American has to kick four Dukes, eight Earls, sefen Counts und a cubble of Princes off der front steps efery time he goes to call on his millionheirress sveetheart.

Ven I go down into Vall Street, Looey, I find rich men mit der tears streaming down deir faces vile dey vas calling up on der tellyfone to see if deir daughter, Cornicopia, is still safe at home vare dey left her in der morning early abouid half an hour ago.

Ven I valk through der audacious palaces of der rich on Fifth Afenue I find proud mothers bowed mit a great grief und holding on to a rope vich is tied to deir daughter's ankle so she is unable to run ouid on der front pizazza und throw kisses at der titled foreigners.

You find dem eferyvare, Looey, rushing hidder und tidder, und sniffing der air for der odor of burning money.

Der streets cars vas full mit Earls

und Baronets und young Dukines all trafeling incogveels und on transfers. Dare dey vas, Looey, reading der papers und sitting in der best seats in der street cars until an heiress chumps aboard und hands dem der address mit a copy of her papa's bank book. Den dey arise demselves mit a true nobility of motion und inkvire how soon vill be der vedding, because I luff you.

Vy should it be dus, Looey?

Ve haf laws in dis country to protection der birds und der trees und der deer und der squirrels und all animals eggsept dem dot can be reached py an automobile, but vy doan'd ve haf a law to protection der heiress?

Vy is it dese titled chents borrow car fare to come ofer here und give dis fair land a fit of indigestion? Vy do dey set deir proud feets on der soil on vich our forefathers fought und bled for deir country, und for vich some of us vas still fighting und bleeding der country? Vy?

Vy do dey come ofer here mit a silver cigaroot case und a society directory und make efery rich man in der country fasten a burglar alarm to his check book?

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

Find ouid, Looey.

A few days ago, Looey, vun of dese Counts chumped off der ocean dachshund liner, und immediately der price of padlocks und der vages of private detectives rose to der highest point efer known on der Stock Exchange.

All ofer der country rich men mit romantic daughters rushed to und fro und den rushed back again. Dey vas up against vun of dem crises.

If you vish to spend abouid three dollars on der long-distance tellyfone, Looey, you can hear dem rich fellows shrieking der battle cry: "To arms! der foe! der foe! he comes mid nud-dings but a full dress suit und a blank marriage license! To arms! to arms!"

Der tellygraf vires vas also sizzling mit der eggscitement. I haf seen some of der dispatches vich dey vould make your blood curdle mit angvish und sorrow for der rich. Dis is some of der dispatches:

"Glens Falls. To-day.

"At ten-thirty dis morning Rudolph Oscar Puffenlotz, der millionaire stone-breaker, read der startling news dot a foreign Count had yust lander' in New York. His emotion vas patetic. His

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

daughter, Gasolene Panatella, who vill inherit \$19,000,000, mostly in bonds, stocks und newspaper talk, vas away from home at der dental parlor ven der blow fell. Calling his household abouid him, Mr. Puffenlotz rushed into der dental parlor, beat der dentist down mit his bill, dragged Gasolene Panatella home und locked her up in der rear cupboard of der spare bedroom in der annex. Her teeth suffered some, but, t'ank Heaven! her money vill remain in dis country. Der community breathes easier, but all der incoming trains vas being vatched."

Dare you see it, Looey, to vot a contingency ve vas cameing. It vill be soon dot der heiresses vill be locked up in der safety deposit vaults mit papa's bank book.

Here is annuder telegram dispatch in der newspapers, Looey. Read how unhappy it is, yet:

"Long Island City. Lately.

"Pinchenhauser Shortface, der millionaire, who made a fortune by inventing a vay to open clams py steam, has determined dot no foreign Count vill marry his daughter, Sudsetta. She vill inherit abouid \$193,000,000 in se-

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

curities, abouid \$18 of vich is loose enough to spend. Der unhappy father is building a spite fence around his mansion abouid twenty-two feet tall, und all der unmarried millionaires mit-ouid daughters vill contribution broken Ruinart bottles to put on top of der fence. If der Count gets Sudsetta he is more of a sparrow den her father dinks he is."

You see it, Looey?

Ail ofer der country rich men vas dropping deir beloved daughters in der cyclone cellars, und hiding mama's stocking mit der money in it ouid in der hayloft.

I vas glat, Looey, dot I am not a rich man mit a daughter dot vas eating her heart ouid for a title und a castle on der Rhinevine.

No female child of mine should efer marry a tall chent mit a valet sam-wiched in between two valises und a literary education vich seldom gets beyond I O U.

See vot you can do to stop it, Looey, please.

X.

THE MICROBE CRAZE.

Home. Now.

MEIN LIEBER SON LOOEY—
Ve haf received your letter
from Harrisburg, Pa., und
ve vas glat to hear dot soon you vill haf
a wacationment from your duties on der
road, drummering.

Ve also notice der leedle choke vot
you say in your letter abouid der rail-
road samviches going on a strike be-
cause dey haf been insulted by der
Beef Trust.

But dare vas vun ding for vich I
haf always admirationed der railroad
samvich, Looey, und dot is its modesty.
It has nefer claimed to be someding
vich it ain't. You nefer heard of a rail-
road samvich getting sticked on itself
und eggsclaiming: "I am der brother
to der ox, und der best juice of der
beef runs in my veins!"

Nefer, Looey.

Always you vill find it, Looey, going

modestly und smilingly from customer to customer und being only vot a luffing nature intentioned it should be, yust plain sliced boot heels set in gluten bread from der Glue Tree.

Dis recollections me, Looey, dot ve gafe a leedle dinner at our house last T'ursday efening in honor of Doctor Goosehauser, vich is wisiting here from Chinchinnati.

Among dose also eating vas your Uncle Oscar Schmittberger und your Aunt Weezie; Ludwig Truckenmuller und his daughter Griselda; Max Beerhaben und Gust Schmalz, both of vich haf fiancee ideas aboutid Griselda.

You know, Looey, Doctor Goosehauser is vot der modern school of medicine vould call a food eggspert, und eferyding he eats has to gif der countersign und den go through a written eggssamination.

Vell, anyhow, ven der festifities opened Doctor Goosehauser picked up a trembling leedle neck clam on der end of his fork und gave it der third degree.

"I see here sympsons of sallysillic acid mid borax phosphates yust vare der leedle neck choins der shoulders,"

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

set der doctor, vile your mother's face got red und I hid behind a glass of vater.

"Put tobascum sauce on it," advised Max Beerhaben.

"Have a lemon," set Ludwig Truckenmuller; "squeeze it ofer der clams und make a vish."

Der doctor set no more, but disappeared der clams.

Ven der soup came on der doctor uplified a spoonful and sloshed it slowly back into der plate.

"Dot is Bull Run soup, doctor!" I eggspained it.

"Booyon, booyon soup," set your mother, kicking my shins unter der table.

"Here," set der doctor; "here ve haf traces of antiseptics und abouid ten per cent. philharmonic acid."

"I doan'd belief I care for soup," said Ludwig, paling his cheeks.

"I nefer eat soup," eggscclaimed Gust Schmalz, "because it removes der appetite too soon."

Der doctor set nuddings, but disappeared der soup.

Ven der fish vas brought on der doctor danced ofer his plate mit der fork

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOJAY

und set: "Hydrostatic acid mit here und dare sympsons of manganese chermis und a few sulphide microbes."

"I promised my late vife nefer to eat fish," set Ludwig, mit a sigh vich vas pitiful to hear.

Your mother vas now so nerfous dot der hand shook like an ashpen, but der doctor set nuddings und disappeared der fish.

Den ve hat some chicken in der Maryland style, Cherman fried potatoes, sliced cowcumpers und lettuce salad.

When Ludwig saw all dis his face broke a smile oid und ve could see his appetite roll up its sleeves.

"Here," set der doctor, balancing a chicken ving on his fork, "here is a cold storage hen vich has been treated mit corrosive sublimity to keep it shivering."

"Pardon me, doctor," eggsclaimed your mother, "but dis is not a cold storage chicken, because I bought it from Mrs. Riley dis morning."

"Possibly, Mrs. Dinkelspiel," set der doctor, "possibly my hurried diagnosis vas at fault, but here on der elbow of der ving I find traces of pneumatic

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DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

poison mit sympsons of calisthenic acid
ofer der membranes."

"No, t'ank you, I nefer eat chicken,
it makes me bilious," set Ludwig, mit
such hunger in his woice as I hope
nefer to hear again.

Most of us only nibbled, but der doc-
tor disappeared two helpings.

"Could I haf some Cherman fried
potatoes?" vispered Ludwig, ven der
pangs of hunger ofercame him.

"Here ve find," set der doctor, hoist-
ing a sliver of Cherman fried high up
on his fork; "here ve find der bitterest
effect of food adulterationment. Dis
potato vas vashed in alum vater to gif
it der appearance of being modern, vile
its eyes haf been treated mit belladonna
to make dem bright und snappy."

Ludwig groaned pat'etically und der
rest of us tried to look interested, but
only succeeded in looking seasick.

Ven der ice cream und cake vas
brought on Doctor Goosehäuser drove
his spoon down deep into his chocolate
und wanila mixed, und set: "Here is
a most pitiless eggsposay of vot trades-
men vill do for der sake of money.
Here ve find dot some of dis cream vas
pale originally und it vas treated mit

aniline dye to gif it dis chocolate effect und den baked in der sun to deceive der eye. On der udder hand, ve find dis wanila vas originally dark und forbidding, but has been treated mit peroxide to make it more of a blonde."

"Pardon, doctor," eggsclaimed your mother, mit her teeth chattering togedder mit nerfousness, "but dis ice cream vas made in our own kitchen, by our own cook, Dora, mit cream from Mrs. Riley's own cow, und ve nefer use aniline dye eggscept at Easter on der eggs, yet."

"Ah!" set der doctor, "den in dot case it is traces of thanatopsis vich I see, und der evidence is plain dot much artificial frappay has been used, neferderleast."

"No, t'anks," set Ludwig, "I nefer eat ice cream, because it seems to go to my head und make me cold to my friends."

"Took dis coffee, for instance," set der doctor, chugging a spoonful mit der left hand und four lumps of sugar mit der right; "here you vill find copper salts, iodide of horseshoe nails, und fragments of kerosene oil."

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

"No, t'ank you," set Ludwig, "I nef-
er drink coffee; it makes me too sleepy
jüst abouid bed time."

After der dinner vas ofer Ludwig
took me outside and vispered: "Dinky,
for Gott's sake, der next time you gif a
dinner party cut ouid der doctor or let
me vear ear-muffs."

Your mother has not spoken a sen-
sible vord since dot bitter efening.

Ve vas all vell at home mit der eggs-
ception dot your mother is got vun of
her cousins from Milvaukee stopping
at our house py der name of Oscar
Stottlebauer.

Mebbe it is, Looey, you doan'd heerd
your mother speak much abouid dis
Oscar because he is a cousin vunce re-
moved mit also long bunches of trained
hair flowing chently ofer der shoulders
from der apex of der noodle down-
wards.

Your mother's cousin is a moosician
und he has came to New York from
Milvaukee mit a opera vich is only
slightly concealed in public.

Efer since Oscar arrivaled der at-
mosphere of our vunce peaceful home
is full mit shrieking C-sharps und der
trail of der cadenza is ofer it all.

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

You remembrance dot leedle open-face piano vich vas in der sitting-room, Looey?

Vell, it has came upon bitter days, poor t'ing!

Oscar has rattled its teet' und tramped on its pedals so much dot I 'doan'd t'ink it vill efer be quite der same piano again.

You know, Looey, our leedle piano has nefer been supcheckted to der hardships of a two-handed performer, because your mother only uses it to pick ovid "Columbia, der Germ of der Ocean" mit der t'umb und fairst finger, und vunce in a great vile I sit at it und by pressing my kennuckles on der black keys I can sqveeze from dem der tune called "Should Old Acquaintances Be Forgotten!"

You can 'darefore unterstoot it, Looey, vot a shock it must be to a shy, timid, home-luffing leedle piano to haf a strange man mit uncouth hair chump at it suttently und begin to beat opening choruses und ensembles ovid of it mit his two cast-iron t'umbs und eight aluminus fingers all vorking at vunce.

Abouid der moosic vich Oscar's

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

cheenus has gathered up in bunches I haf nuddings to say.

Sometimes it sounds like Richard Wagner, sometimes like Sebastian Bach, und sometimes like Helen Blazes—mostly like Helen.

Anyvay, I doan'd see how Oscar can be such a goot moosician, because he has such a poor memory.

He vas eggsplaining to me der ud-der day abouid dis inflictionment.

"Vot vould you suchchest, Dinky," he set. "Mit faces I haf a memory, but mit names I haf a forgettery. Now here is in New York a young lady vich I vish to sing der sopranoess moosic in my opera py der name of Miss Christopher, but yust der moment vot I step in her presence her name v'll become omitted from my mind und I vill begin to shiver from pit to dome mit embar-rassings."

"Vot is der lady's name?" I inkvired.

"Miss Christopher," he set. "You see I can remembrance it all right till I meet her, but der moment she speaks at me my memory gets up und leaves der room."

"Miss Christopher," I set. "For der

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

improvement of der memory dit you efer try der assassination of ideas?"

"No," set Oscar, "I doan'd much believe in patent medicine."

"Dis ain't medicine," I eggsplained. "Dis is fizzyologies. Der assassination of ideas is vare you take someding vich you always forget und choin it to someding vich you always memorize; den ven you begin to forget it der memory of der udder idea begins to short-circuit der brain cells und der result is knowledge."

"Dot grows plausible," set Oscar.

"Let us took der case of Miss Christopher," I went on. "Vot is der assassination of ideas mit Miss Christopher?"

"Der center of der stage, der star dressing-room und much vages veekly," set Oscar.

"Better yet," I set, "better yet for dis purpose if ve take a ferry-house for der assassination of ideas mit Miss Christopher. If you cannot remembrance Miss Christopher, you can recollection Christopher ferry, can't you, Oscar?"

"Sure," he set.

"Vell, dare is it," I responded. "Dare is der assassination of ideas vich

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

cures der memory. All der vay up in der cars to her house you say to yourself, 'der ferry-house! der ferry-house!' Den ven you meet her you say vunce more to yourself internally: 'Der ferry-house!' und eggsternally comes forth from der assassination of ideas der vords: 'Pleased to meet you Miss Christopher!'

Und der next day Oscar called on der lady und eggsclaimed: "Wie gehts, Miss Cortlandt!"

But vot can ve eggspect from a man dot uses up all der inside of his head as an anchorage for his hair?

Ve vas all vell at home mit der eggsception dot Aunt Elsie is wisiting mit us from Plainfield, N. J.

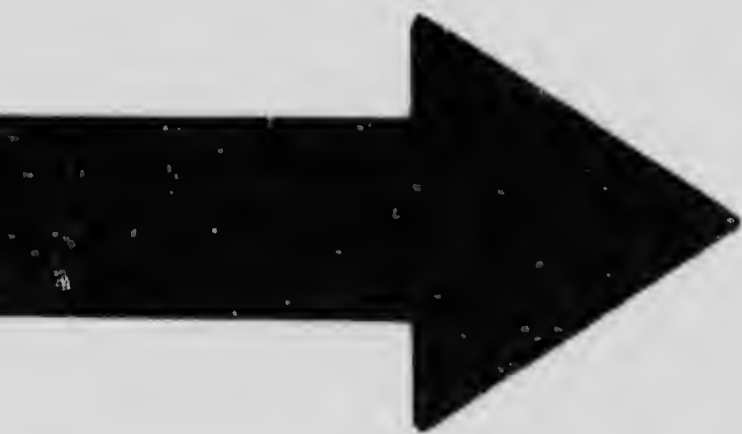
Aunt Elsie vas your mother's aunt, Looey, but chee viz!

You haf read, Looey, dot book by Olifer Vandell Holmes called der "Autocrank of der Breakfast Table," ain't you?

Vell, such is Aunt Elsie, only more so, including der lunch table, der dinner table und der glass of beer table yust before bedtime.

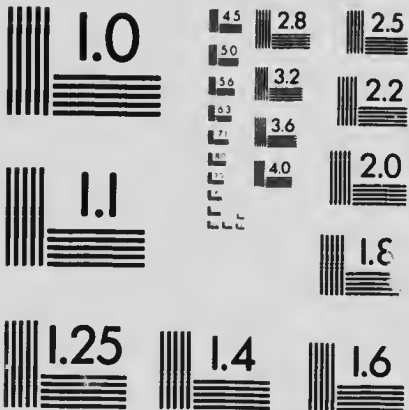
Your Aunt Elsie believes dot conversationing vas inwentioned for her





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eggsclusive use, und she uses it eggsclusively to der eggsclusion of all udders in der room.

Language is der same to your Aunt Elsie as seltzer is to a highball—vun of der necesseraries of life.

I luff to sit around der parlor, Looey, und listen at any person discussing der topics of der day, und if vunce in a vile dey permission me to come in mit "Ja" or "Nein" I feel dot life vas vorth lifing.

But no human being efer got a chance to say "Ja" or "Nein" vile your Aunt Elsie vas talking.

Much easier is it for a camel to go through der eye of a noodle.

You vill recollection, Looey, dot your Aunt Elsie's husband, vich vas called Uncle Gustave Shauerbath, left dis vorld so suttenly dot der coroner hat to hold a post-morbid eggsamination.

Der post-morbid found dot Uncle Gustave hat died from a rush of vords to der sarahbellum.

Der coroner found upon eggsamination dot all of dese vords formerly belonged to your Aunt Elsie, mit der eggsception of a few vich vas vunce der

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

property of your Uncle Gustave's favorite bartender.

Der coroner never tolt your Aunt Elsie der painful truth. He vas afraid she might hand him a fatal rush.

But yesterday, Looey, ve enchoyed much amusement at der hands of your Aunt Elsie.

Heafen forgif me for indulging in dis gossip, Looey, but since it vas all in der family it ain'd such a harm.

At der breakfast table your Aunt Elsie found a vedding inwitation vich vas mailed to her from Plainfield, und much eggscitement vas der result.

Aunt Elsie read der inwitation. "Mr. und Mrs. Rudolph Ganderkurds request der honor of your presence at der marriage of deir daughter, Verbena, to Galahad Schmalzenberger, at der home of der bride's parents, Plainfield, N. J., October First. R. S. V. P."

"Vell," set Aunt Elsie, "I know der Ganderkurds und I know deir daughter, Verbena, und I know Galahad Schmalzenberger; he is a floorwalker in Bauerhaupt's grocery store, but I doan'd know vot is dot R. S. V. P., yet!"

I kicked your mother's instep unter

der table und set to Aunt Elsie: "Vell, dot is a new vun on me also. Vas you sure it ain'd B. & O., or C. R. R. of N. J.? Dem is a cubble of railroads, but I nefer heard of der R. S. V. P."

For der fairst time in her life since she vas old enough to grab a sentence between her teeth und shake der pronouns ouid of it Aunt Elsie vas dumb-pounded.

She kept looking at der invitation und saying to herself: "R. S. V. P.! vot is it? I know der honor of your presence; I know der bride's parents, but I doan'd know R. S. V. P."

All dot day your Aunt Elsie vandered through der house muttering to herself: "R. S. V. P.! vot is it? Is it some secret between der bride und groom? R. S. V. P.! It ain't my initials, because dey begin mit E. S. Vot is dot R. S. V. P.? Vot is it? Vot is it?"

Dot efening ve vas all at der dinner table ven Aunt Elsie rushed in mit a cry of choy. "I got it!" she set; "I haf untied der meaning of dot R. S. V. P. It means Real Silver Vedding Presents—ain'd dot an up to dateness?"

I vas just abouid to glass of vater

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

myself at der time, but I changed my mind und nearly choked to death; your mother tried to say someding vich resulted only in a gurgle in her t'roat, vile her face sunsetted itself mit internal laughter; der Svede servant girl rushed ouid in der kitchen und broke a cubble of dishes und your leedle Max fell off his chair backwards on der cat vich nefer dit him any harm.

Vile all dis vas happening your Aunt Elsie recofered her voice und she nefer let go of her recofery until bedtime.

Ve eggspect dot your Aunt Elsie's wisit vill subside abouid next Vednesday und den vunce more der duff of peace vill make its nest in our leedle home.

XI.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

Home. To-day.

MEIN LIEBER SON LOOEY—
Your letter from Syracuse
vas receifed und ve vas all
glat at home dot your fair 'trip ouid
has been such a successfulness.

Ve vas glat because you vas glat und
ve all be glat togedder.

Ingrowing happiness ain'd no goot
only for der selfish.

Ven a man keeps his happiness for
his own personal use he soon makes
himself tired.

Let der face be open und aboveboard
und cover it ' smile.

A sour man is like vinegar to der
eyesight, but a happy eggsspression is a
ice-cutter always.

If your father gifs you a leedle lec-
ture in dis letter, Looey, it vas yust be-
cause news vas as shy as der man dot
plays poker mit a pants button.

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

Besides, Looey, dis vas a private letter from father to son, und if it should fall into der hands of der paplic dey doan't haf to pay anyding for admission, yet.

I see it in your letter, Looey, dot you spent two dollars und t'irty cents to hold up your end even ven you was only drinking chincer ale.

Dot's right, Looey, be a goot fellow, but doan'd be a goot ding.

It vas better to be too chenerous den too stingy, because a stingy man is his own vorst punishment.

A mean man has all he makes, but he makes no difference.

A chenerous man gifs eferyding away und manufactures happiness.

A stingy man only gifs himself away, und nobody vants him.

Ve vas all glat, Looey, dot you like your chob as a drummer.

Contentment vas vun of der finest sensations dot efer crept into a man's mind und vanted to stay dere.

Your lot may be lowly, but happiness is not always in der high places.

Look at der Sar of all der Roosians. On der retreat from St. Petersburg der only ding he touched vas der high

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

places, und he dittent haf time to stop to tie his left shoe.

Be satisfied mit vot you haf, but doan'd let dis prewent you from trying to get a leedle more.

Remember dot many a man dot nefer hat his name in der newspapers on dis eart' vill be famous in Heafen.

Cheerfulness vas annuder nice idea, Looey, because it gifs der laugh to hard luck.

Speak always der pleasant vord of cheer to der veary pilgrim by your feetside, but doan'd worry him too much or he may dink you vas a bunkum steerer.

Remember, a pleasant vord der voice is vorth two in der mind.

Und be an independence, Looey.

Independence used mit der proper accent vas always a vinner.

It vas for independence dot our forefathers fought und bled deir country at Bunker Hill und mapped ouid der city of Boston so Tom Lawson could use it to have his frenzies in.

Independence mit a nice mixture of common sense is vot efery man should haf.

If der world knows dot you vas a man

mit veak knees it vill gif you a chance to use dem.

Your mother says she vill send you a bottle of home-made chow chow by mail to Harrisburg.

She says you can eat it in der dining car on der train und make der udder passengers chealous.

I haf been reading dot book vich you made me at Christmas vich is called "Omar Khayyam."

I haf heerd before many peoples speak abouid der beauties of Omie's philosophy und I vas glat to see it.

To me Omie's philososophy is like vun of his own Persian rugs—beautiful to look at but eggspensive to walk on.

It seems too bad, Looey, dot some of dose great philososphers ain'd living in dese days ven ve haf so many dings to use philososophy for.

I vas making a leedle philososophy myself dis morning und I would vish you to glance it ofer carelessly to see haf I got Omie stunged.

Visper! Ouid in der vilderness mit a loaf of bread, a flask of vine, a book of werse und dow, vas a nice idea if you know der vay home again:

Efery rose has its t'orn, but ven a

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

smart man sits vunce on a tack efer
after does he look at der chair fairst.

Visdom may be food for der vise,
but der chump prefers coffee und sink-
ers.

Visper! No vurm efer turned ven
trodded upon if der trodder vas on his
chob.

Men haf ofercame mountains, but no
man can ofercame a skinch.

Efery successful man began at der
bottom und nailed der ladder before he
started to climb.

Visper! Ven a man begins at der
top look ouid for a goot hart bump!

Truth is stranger den fiction, but fic-
tion vill keep you guessing longer.

Visper! A house divided against it-
self falls, but vile it is dividing der vise
man gets der dividends.

It is easy to call a hypocrite a goot
fellow, but der trouble is you doan'd
belief yourself.

Visper! Der man dot sows der most
vild oats in his youth is der same man
dot has to eat der most cracked oats
in his age.

A man must grow olt to haf a mem-
ory; der young haf none.

Visper! A mind mitouid a conscience

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

is like a rudder mitouid a ship. It can steer all right, but dare is nudding to steer.

Der human butterfly loo, among der sveet flowers of praise, but der ice-cutter goes from his office to der bank und is content.

A great man can make any business greater, but a small oyster cannot do much mit a big stew!

Visper! Der vay of der transgressor is hard on his family.

In politics no man is a transgressor until he is found ouid—den he is a slob.

Between two evils choose der vun least likely to be talked about.

Visper! I have seen much und I haf heard much, but I haf spoke less den I seen, und talked less den I heard. It is a vise tongue dot knows der right listene.

Your mother says it dot I should gif you in dis letter all der home news, vich I vill dit it.

All vas at home mit der eggs-ception dot was broke in our house Vednesday und stole half a dozen knives, but der showed vot bad table manners dey had by forgetting to took der forks also. I tolt der police about

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

it, but dey set der choke vas on der burglars, because to took anyding sharp like a knife mituoid leaving a penny for it cuts ' endship.

All vas quiet here at home mit der eggsception dot der t'ermometer got tired der udder night und vent down to t'ree degrees below keno, vich bursted der vater pipes, und for two days ve hat an attack of plumbers in our midst, vich is vun of der most eggspensive diseases in all der history of nux vomica.

Ve vas all vell und happy at home mit der eggsception dot burglars broke into our house last Tuestay und stole two vases from der mantelpiece und four octaves from der piano. I tolt der police about it und der police smiled furiously.

All vas cheerful here at home mit der eggsception dot our Uncle Herman Splevin is wisiting us from Paterson, N. Jersey, und he has brought mit him an attack of nervous procrastination, vich forces him to took a glass of viskey efery half hour py der doctor's orders, vich includes in der prescription dot I must pay for der viskey. Der only satisfaction abouid it is dot Herman vas on his vay to der Zoo ven he arrived

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

me us, and now it is only a question of a few more half hours before his collection of vite mice und pink center-pedes vill be complete.

Ve vas all vell at home und efery-
ding vas peaceful mit der eggseption
of your mother, vich concluded vunce
more dot she vas getting too fat, so she
secured annuder passion for physical
torture to tease herself thinner. Last
night abouid twelve o'clock she hat an
attack of Indian clubs, vun of vich vas
contagious, because it settled on my
chest und spoiled my singing voice.
Den she became attached to a pair of
dumbbells and struggled mit dem for
five minutes, until vun of dem left her
id vent ouid through der bedroom
vindow, vich caused a rush of police-
men to der scene. For my part, I dink
fatness is no crime, but an ingry dumb-
bell in der hands of a veak voman is
der gateway vich leads ouid on der road
to ruin.

All vas quiet und peaceful at home
mit der eggseption dot burglars broke
into our house T'urstay night und s .e
der alarm clock. Dis comes as a great
blow to me, because now I vill not be
able to know ven to vake up ven der

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

next burglars come around. I tolt der police abouid it, but dey set dot time vas flying und how could dey catch a tempus fugit burglar mitouid a airship!

Ve vas all vell at home mit der eggs-ception dot your leedle brother Max has an attack of Indian fever, vich caused him to took der carving knife und enter der parlor stealthfully, vare he climbed up in a chair und scalped a painting of Chorge Vashington Crossing der Delavare. He removed Chorge's vig from der right ear to a point abouid sigs inches from der Chersey shore, und ven your mother found him he hat moved der chair ofer unter a painting of Frederick der Grosse und hat separated Frederick from all of his buttons und part of der Imperial chin. After seferal doses of your mother's slipper der Indian fever has supsided, und leedle Max is so busy trying to figure ouid ven he vill be able to sit down again dot he has no time for udder eggsploits.

Ve vas all vell at home mit der eggs-ception dot your mother has begun der Sprink housecleaning, und ven I ain'd busy falling ofer a roll of carpet some-
vare I vas chenerally to be found in a

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

death struggle unter der stairs mit der carpet-sveeper or der hallrack, vich has crept upon me unavares und gafe me der jewish jitsu.

Ach, Looey, how I luff dis idea of housecleaning ven comes der chentle Sprink!

You know, Looey, your mother has a bitter wendetta against der microbe family, und to efery cherm she is a special meeting of der Black Hand.

All ofer der house, Looey, dare vas nudding but eggscitement und soap-suds.

All der day long der brooms und der fedder dusters vas flying ofer der household, und many a insect vich t'ought he hat a Summer residence und a meal ticket for life unter our carpet is now a ouidcast und a homeless vanderer.

All der pictures in der parlor haf been cofered mit cheesecloth so der flies doan'd use dem for autograph albums dis Summer.

You know dot preferred steel engraving of "Chorge Washington Crossing Der Delavare" vich always hung py der door of der sitting room, Looey?

Vell, it ain'd dare no more.

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

To help mit der housecleaning your mother encaged a girl vich upon close eggsamination proved to be a Svede mitouid any knowledge of der Enklisk lankvich beyond such preliminary vords as "Prosit!" und "Gesundheit!"

Der full name of der girl vas Helga, but always in our hearts she vill live py der fairst syllabus of der name.

Anyhow, Looey, after your mother hat made signs mit der fingers und shouted at Helga for five minutes, der girl finally vent up der stepladder to bring down der picture of Chorge so she could get der dust off der river und make der ice look cool und refreshing for der Summer.

Helga vas eggstremely superstitious mit regards to der stepladder, und she approached it mit der same confidence in it dot a Russian Cheneral has in a bum-chell.

Up she vent mit all der enthusinism of a sleepy snail, und yust ven Helga reached ouid to get Chorge's picture der door bell rang und your mother hat to stop holding der stepladder und go to answer it.

It vas den dot dings began to happen. Der stepladder started to vobbling

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

und Helga started to yelling mit a Svedish accent dot listened like a forty-year-old newsboy trying to sell a fake eggstra.

She made a grab at der mouldering on der top of der vall, but der mouldering refused to associate mit her und Helga started on der downward path.

Den she clutched vildly at der frame of Chorge's picture, mit der result dot Chorge and his boatload of refined officers choined Helga und vent mit her on her downward path, because vunce a chentleman always a chentleman.

Ven your mother got back to der room she found Helga mit her head unter der sofa, screaming for a Svedish doctor, vile der stepladder rested amusingly across her shoulders und kept her lashed to der mat.

Und den, ven your mother tried to coax der stepladder away Helga began to kick mit both feets, vun of vich removed der t'ree-cornered hat from Chorge's head, und den, mit a Svedish shriek, she put her left foot through der Delevare River und spilled der ice all ofer der carpet.

It vas a bitter moment, Looey, but it only goes to proof vot dangers und per-

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ils surround us during der housecleaning times.

Your mother says dot I should make you in dis letter a nice bunch of chokes vich vould mebbe cheerful you a leedle. I ain'd much of a hand mit chokes aineself, but I vas talking mit Gust Bauerschmidt yesterday, und he laughed me intinsely.

You know Gust Bauerschmidt, Looey!

He is der floorvalker in a information bureau at der Grand Central Depot.

Gust vent into a barber shop der udder day.

"Say!" set der barber, "your hair needs cutting in der vorst vay!"

"Yes," set Gust, "dot's der vay you cut it last time!"

Gust has a leedle boy py der name of Chonny, und he vas sliding down der banisters der udder day ven his mo'her caught him.

"Vot vas you didding, son?" she inquired.

"I vas making trousers for der orphans," said leedle Chonny.

"Chonny," set Gust to his son, "I vant you to be a goot boy."

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

"I vill be goot if you gif me a nickel," set Chonny.

"No," set Gust, "I vant you to remember dot you cannot be a son of mine unless you be goot for nudding."

Gust got a new cook at his house und his vife set to her: "Minnie, haf you cracked dose nuts for dinner?"

"Yessum," set Minnie, "all but der big vuns—I couldn't get dem in my mouth!"

Gust's vife vas vun day in a large compartment store ven der floorvalker rushed up to her und set: "Hurry oid, madam, der store vas on fire!"

"Ach! is it?" set Gust's vife; "den I vill wait for der fire sale!"

Gust vas talking mit his doctor vun day, eggspresing his symptoms, und he set: "Doctor, vas Velch rabbits unhealthy?"

"I couldn't say," set der doctor; "I vas nefer called in to attend vun."

Vun day a man came up to Gust und set: "Say, doan'd you vant to buy vun of dose attachments dey put on a piano to make it go?"

"Nein," set Gust; "der Sheriff put vun on our piano two days ago, und it's gone!"

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

A tramp rushed up to Gust vun day vile he vas in der bureau und tried to vork him for der price of a ticket.

"I vas trying to get home to my poor olt mother," set der tramp. "She ain't seen my face for ten years."

"I guess dot vas der truth," set Gust; "vy doan'd you vash it vunce?"

Gust vas buying a horse von day from a horse dealer in New Rochelle.

"Is der horse sure-footed?" inkvired Gust.

"Dot horse sure-footed!" set der dealer; "vell, I should say so! Vy, he kicked my wife's mother three times in der same spot."

Gust has a dog. It is a dachshund.

Gust calls him a bird dog because he valks pigeon-toed.

Sometimes I dink Gust's dog must be a spaniel, because he likes to chump in der vater und soak.

I dink Gust's vatch must be a spaniel also. It is in soak most of der time.

Gust's dog vunce saved a house from burning. Der dog found a box of matches on der floor und swallowed dem before dey dit any damage.

Der dog has been light-headed ef since.

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"MINNIE, HAF YOU CRACKED DOSE NUTS FOR DINNER?"

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DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

Gust's dog is very smart. He wanted to learn to be a vatch dog, so he ate der alarm clock.

I hope dese vill cheerful you, Looey.

But if dey doan'd tease your laughability, remember, Looey, dot Gust is der manufacturer.

Your father vas only der retailer und should be kept blameless.

Your mother und me ve remembranced dot last Tuestay vas your birt'day, Looey, und ve vas mit you in der spirits.

Your Uncle Rudolph dropped in und he vas also mit you in der spirits—mostly viskey und lemons.

If you get all der healt' dot your Uncle Rudolph drunk to you, Looey, den you vill make olt Metoozelum's record look like der vork of a dyspepticated piker.

Efery time dare vas a recess in der conwersationing your Uncle Rudolph vould fill der flowing bowl und after vishing you der complimentaries of der season he vould supmerge himself in der grocery store red-eye vich your mother keeps for cooking.

Und ven der shades of efening fell ofer der scenes, und your Uncle Ru-

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

dolph started to zigzaggle homevard, he vispered py your mother: "Katarina, if any mistake has been made abouid der date of Looey's birt'day send me quvick vord und I am here again mit louder vishes for his healt' und a longer t'irst!"

Den he rolled off der front steps und half-vay ofer der lawn mitouid spilling nuddings.

Py Chove, Looey! und you vas now twenty-four years of old!

Chee viz! how Time has got flies on it!

It seems like it vas only yesterday dot you vas yust a leedle baby, und here is it you vas now ouid earning your own lifing und always a goot son to your olt father und mother.

Ve ain't got any presents to gif you, Looey, mit der eggscception dot your mother has bought you abouid eight dollars' vorth of neckties, vich vill send a shiver of eggscitement through your system from pit to dome ven you see der colors.

I vas sending you yust a copy of der leedle wersed dot I made for you ven you vas only vun year old.

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

Mebbe it is dot you would like to read dem again, because as I set it den I say it now, Looey, und I hope it is dot some day you vill say der same idea to your own leedle vun-year-older.

Dese is der leedle verses, Looey
I haf made dem ofer in my own
writings like dis, yet:

I VUNDER VY.

Ven I come home py night times,
Und sit down py a chair,
Und small, vee, leedle hants dey make
Some pullings mit my hair;
Und ven a voice mitoud some words
To my voice has replied,
I vunder vy my face it makes
A smile yust fempf feets wide?

Ven vee, small, leedle hants dey grin
My vedder-beaden nose,
Und dare is kickings from a lot
Of leedle pink-vite toes:
Und leedle eyes dey blink at me
Und say, "Ach! I know you!"
I vunder vy I get some smiles
Dot breaks my face in two?

DINKELSPIEL'S LETTERS TO LOOEY

Ven leedle eyes vas closed in sleeb,
Und his vee, chuppy hant
It holts my finger tight so he
Feels safe in fairylant,
I vunder vy from ouid my eyes
I brush away der tears,
Und ask der goot Lord, "If You please,
Be kind through all der years?"

THE END.

KEY

case,



