

XVI

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why are these pipples taking their hets off?
 the king & queen
 alighting from their limousine
 inhabit the Hôtel Meurice (whereas
 i live in a garret and eat aspirine)

but who is this pale softish almost round
 young man to whom headwaiters bow so?
 hush—the author of Women By Night whose latest Seeds
 Of Evil sold 69 carloads before
 publication the girl who goes wrong you

know (whereas when i lie down i cough too
 much). How did the traffic get so jammed?
 bedad it is the famous doctor who inserts
 monkeyglands in millionaires a cute idea n'est-ce pas?
 (whereas, upon the other hand, myself) but let us next demand

wherefore yon mob
 an accident? somebody got concus-
 sion of the brain?—Not
 a bit of it, my dears merely the prime
 minister of Siam in native

costume, who
 emerging from a pissoir
 enters abruptly Notre Dame (whereas
 de gustibus non disputandum est
 my lady is tired of That sort of thing