

## *Who Is It?*

SCENE:—A Dining Room. Long Table Loaded with Necessaries, Surrounded by Fellows Dimly Seen Through the Smoke. IT Starts Things.

*It*: Gimme six stacks. That oughter hold me ten minutes. I'm a bad plunger this evening (gets a card). Gee, I'll bet three cents on this card (another card). Oh, fuzz! Look what I draw! Somebody gimme a torch. (He gets a stogie.) O-o what a long one! Do not hold in hand after lighting. (Lights it.) Smell the hard wood? Now I know why it's a long one — so you won't get any up your nose — it's bad enough in your mouth. Take the money! Here's where I get a natural—I've got a fine hunch. Ah, I win! Give me of the money till I feel like it. This is too easy — like taking candy from kids. Oh, I guess business is picking up. This is a fine seegar. I've smoked half an inch and nothing's turned over yet.

I've got a fine story. Give me three blues on that. You wouldn't cheat a poor innocent lamb. I'm goin' to a weddin' next week. I'm livin' on water now. Such a time!

Alright, I'll eat! I don't want to take any more of your money. Here's where I get a square meal. (Gets napkin.) Aint it a nice bib? I always hate this! I will not shut up. I haven't said anything yet. Just for eatings like this I would live on a whole month nothing, etc., etc., etc.