

The Tale of the Panatellas

IT WAS New Year's Eve, and the Alumnus and the Junior had taken their girls to the theater, meeting afterward for a little supper. It was one day in a year, and so the meal was rather elaborate, including, among other things, a bottle of St. Julien, '72, of which the ladies, of course, did not partake. The ice cream was nearly finished when the Alumnus said.

"Say, Kid, I could stand a Bock Panatella very nicely. How about you?"

"Suits me," said the Junior, and turning to his friend, he inquired, "May I have one?" knowing that she was rather keen on the tobacco question.

"Why, I don't care what you drink, just as long as you get me home safely. I don't want to take you home, though," she said.

"Oh, I guess he can stand it," said the Alumnus, winking at the Junior. "You see, I know his capacity. Waiter, bring us a couple of Bock Panatellas."

The cigars arrived, were calmly lit, and had been enjoyed for several minutes before the lady spoke again.

"Well, where are your Panatellas? It's nearly two, and I want to get home."

"We are enjoying our Panatellas very much," said the Junior, blowing a beautiful ring.

Then she came to.

"Oh, you—," but the Junior ducked, and came up, still "drinking" his Panatella.

