

To the Editor

Sir: You have behaved like an impetiginous scrogle—like those who, envious of any moral celsitude, carry their unglicity to the height of creating symposiacally the fecund words which may polymathic genius uses with uberty to abligate the tongues of the weetless! Sir, you have crassly parodied my own pet words, though they were trangams

I will not coascervate reproaches. I will oduce a veil over the atramental ingratitude which has chamfered even my indiscerptible heart. I am silent on the focillation which coadjuvancy must have given when I offered to become your fantor and adminicle. I will not speak of the lippitude, the bolepsy you have shown in exasperbating me, one whose genius you should have approached with mental discalceation. So I tell you without supervacaneous words, nothing will render ignoscible your conduct to me.

I warn you that I would vellicate your nose if I thought that any mortal diarthrosis might thereby be performed, if I thought I should not impignorate my reputation. Go, tachydermic scrogle, hand with your crass, inquinate favors! Draw oblectations, if you can, from the thought that you have synchronically lost the existimation of the greatest poet since Milton!

"Is this Heaven?"

"Yes, sir, but you can't get in just now."

"Why not?"

"The investigating Committee is in session."

"When do they expect to be married?"

"As soon as he can become reconciled to the idea of living beyond his income."

"What is your idea of universal peace?"

"Well," said the practical person, "the best I look for at present is a situation where everybody is so willing to fight that no one wants to start it."