

There's No Base Like Home

By H. C. WITWER

Ed Harmon tells friend Joe about leaving the art of English speaking in the following letter. Installments from H. C. Witwer's latest success will be printed daily.

CHAPTER VI THE FREEDOM OF THE SHEES

Sixth Installment
Harmony Hall (Newell) along the banks of Hudson's River, N. Y.
Mr. Cherl, Joe—Well, I have got a hour to assassinate in some way or the other so I says to Joe, hey? and I will write a letter to Joe, hey? and I will wiggle her shoulders and says she wiggles her shoulders and says "O. K." in French, Joe, so here I am toin' with the identical implements which Shakespeare ever, or in the other words pen, ink and paper.
I have just come from havin' no less than my English lesson, Joe and out of a possible 100 points I hit .45 which ain't bad for the first time up, hey? I am now quite an authority on the noun ten miles away by the scent alone if need be. I have also a satisfactory command of the construction of sentences as any yegg which ever found himself face to face with a jury and etc. internally in order to please my charming wife, Jeannie, which claims to speak the native tongue like I had picked it up on the outskirts of Norway or the hills of the Alps. I am now up to the novels every day by the name of "McGill's Third Reader" and etc. and copy out Shakespeare's words like "little pussy its coat is so warm and if I don't bite her he'll do me no harm." Can you imagine, Joe, how much like me willin' away time on that kind delerious tremble. Then they is other volume which I gotta work through and which says on page 1, "Find the verb in the following sentence: A Red Turnip."
Well, it's all in the lifetime, Joe, and if it gives Jeannie any innocent pleasure to have me do this I might as well go through with it and by the time I get released from this here night's school I am a habitue of I will no doubt be able to speak the king's English to the queen's taste and in that case I can probably get a job at clerical work on the payroll of some guy which thinks advertis is the name of a religion.
No doubt you will be wonderin' how I come out with Jeannie after that battle I got into with her on account of her costume's ball and pairin' him off with Mrs. Hedge-Trimper. I am now on account of the letter, like I told you in my last letter. Well, I come out better than German any did, anyway, Joe, on account of Jeannie's French and the French bein' a nation of business people, besides bein' romantic. It's dough they found out that it out when we went over there to save 'em from the terrible Hun because when the company which I got in they was nobody could beat the French whether it was over the top or over the counter!
But that's neither here and there, the idea is that Jeannie was forced to make up with me on account of us goin' to be heroes in the movin' pictures like I have repeatedly told you. As we are under a lease to a company for five years and they is beaucoup pennies at the stake, a man's wife would be silly to present him with the cold's shoulder when we gotta work together in order to get this jack. In a union they is strikes, as the guy says, hey?
So now all is peace and quiet in the inside of Harmony Hall, except maybe when my baby, which same is gettin' teeth faster than he'll ever get dollars, walls aloud into the night's air and then gets up to get up on his own bed and wander hithers and yon around the castle with him, the white hummin' sweet lull and buy like "Go and sleep you little boob, we are livin' in the midst of millionaires and etc. now and can't nunch the neighbors like when we dwelled in a flat!"
Don't think that this here armistice was bring about with the ease of fallin' off the log, Joe, because it was far be it from such. I put in a week at solitary confinement in our mutual home without seein' nobody but grocery boys and etc. and you gotta hand it to them guys at that, Joe, because they deliver the goods, even if they gotta go around to the servant's entrance to do the same. Well, after seven days without even a merely glimpse at the girl I have gave my heart and hand to, Joe, or the magnificent young infant baby which has blessed my union, this here business of bein' treated like a small's poor or was accused of bein' the crown prince from Germany, begin to get on my nerves. I sent Jeannie a cellar full of notes by the via of her maid at arms, Marie, any one of which would of melt the heart of a lion shark and I am not even presented with the courtesy of a sarcastical answer. Accordin' to the reports which reaches me, Jeannie has suddenly become the same as a guy comin' to bat for the Athletics—she is always out

man lip. Joe, she-curl'd one at me and likewise made me a present of a briefly glance. Speakin' of that glance, for the first time in my life I knowed what a stale egg feels like when the guy which had mistakenly figured on devourin' it, gazed at it.
"I cannot disturb Mrs. Harmon," she says. "She gave me strict orders to—"

Well, Joe, you know they is nobody on the earth can make the fool outa me and get away with it, as a gross of people has found out, so after thinkin' I turned over my future to Jeannie, I had made a three-base error when I turned over my future to Jeannie. Although my heart was broke in half in a dozen places as the result of the way she had turned on the hand that fed her, you might say, I decided to show her once and for all I was not the one to be trifled with, so with that I made up my mind to go down town and get a divorce and be done with it!
On the way out, Joe, I left a little sadly note on the table in the parlor right in front of the pier glass, because Jeannie always stands there and takes a long, lingerin' look at herself when goin' out to the other worl'd. I wrote would see it. This here what I wrote and I leave it to your judgement if it bein' the result of a wild beast!
Dear Mrs. Harmon:
Since findin' you around this house you became the same as tracin' a needle in the haystack, I have decided that your love for me has joined the aviation corps therefore and I go with it. I am this day goin' to a lawyer and get my unconditional release from the bounds of wedlock, or in the other worl'd, I am as soon as I get the same, will advise you. You have broke my heart and rips of yours is more important than the head of the party which has wore his hat to the party. I give you up basical on your account and you will never see me again. I am not for bein' my wife as you will see by the bigger letters than yours. I am sick and tired of bein' turned into a parlor pet and a jazz hound. They will be no more of them parties gave in my house and you can present my dress suit to the lights from Columbus or to Abie Lowenstein, which is secretary of the downtown Young Men's Christian Association and no doubt they can use it for some of the worthy poor. Whilst you are readin' this, will be gettin' a divorce and if you will call me at 1742 I will be glad to get one for you whilst I am it.
Your comin' ex-husband, ED. HARMON (I was good enough when you met me in France, hey?) P.S.—I have throwed my English grammar into the ash can and hereafter I will talk like I please!
Well, Joe, after havin' dashed that off, I let it where it would catch Jeannie's beautiful eyes. I copied off her names of a dozen choice lawyers from the phone book and went out where the car is standin' with the chauffeur sittin' back at his ease, readin' a paper like he was the proprietor of the bus instead of me. Joe, he glances at me like he had never seen me before in his life and what of it.
"Drive me into New York!" I says. "Very sorry, sir," he says, as cold as January 10 in Alaska, but my orders is to wait here 'til 5 o'clock."
Joe, with that he let forth what is known as a yawn and turnin' over a couple of pages, he goes on readin' the paper. Here I am payin' this traffic cop's delight forty berries the week, Joe, and he is better dressed than I am and pullin' the air of a freshly made second lieutenant on me. Joe, since I am leavin' to be a gentleman I know just the proper air of quiet dignity to use with an unruly servant, so I leaped on the rumlin' board and yelled into his "You dazy simp, you'll be sorrier than a formerly bartender in a minute if you don't stop on that gas and roll me away from here! I'm the baby that pulls you off every week and I'm likewise a driver bein' at the odds with me and then havin' tea with a strange guy right in my own house? My claw! hey, Joe?"

Joe, that was no less than me and so try and get some sleep until then, though I know you are crazy with excitement to hear the rest of it. Yours truly, ED. HARMON (The New Othello) (CONTINUED TOMORROW) Copyright, 1920, Doubleday, Page & Co.

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