

**AROUND THE
CLOCK
WITH THE ROUNDER**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649320646

Around the Clock with the Rounder by Lewis Allen

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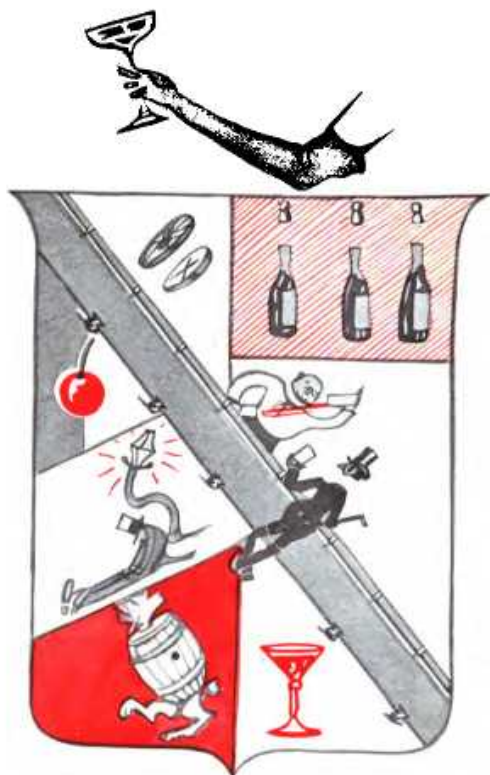
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LEWIS ALLEN

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THE ROUNDER'S ESCUTCHEON

"Bar" sinister beating it diagonally across a "mixed" field. Champagne rampant. Rounder couchant. Left of rampant bottles, two slices of lemon, indicating that all the world will be a lemon next morning. Red globular object surmounting Rounder couchant commonly known as a "cocktail seed." Canine in barrel on field of red indicates the rush of the growler. Glass in field of white right of growler emblematic of Confucious' statement to effect that "one cocktail in the glass feels better than eighteen in the stomach."

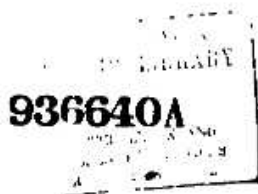
Around the Clock with the Rounder ✓

Dissected into twenty-four timely
segments along one day's
journey on Father
Time's Primrose
path that goes
Round and Round
and

Recklessly Recorded by
Lewis Allen *1911*



Carefully put under cover by
John W. Luce & Company
BOSTON M.C.M.X. ✓

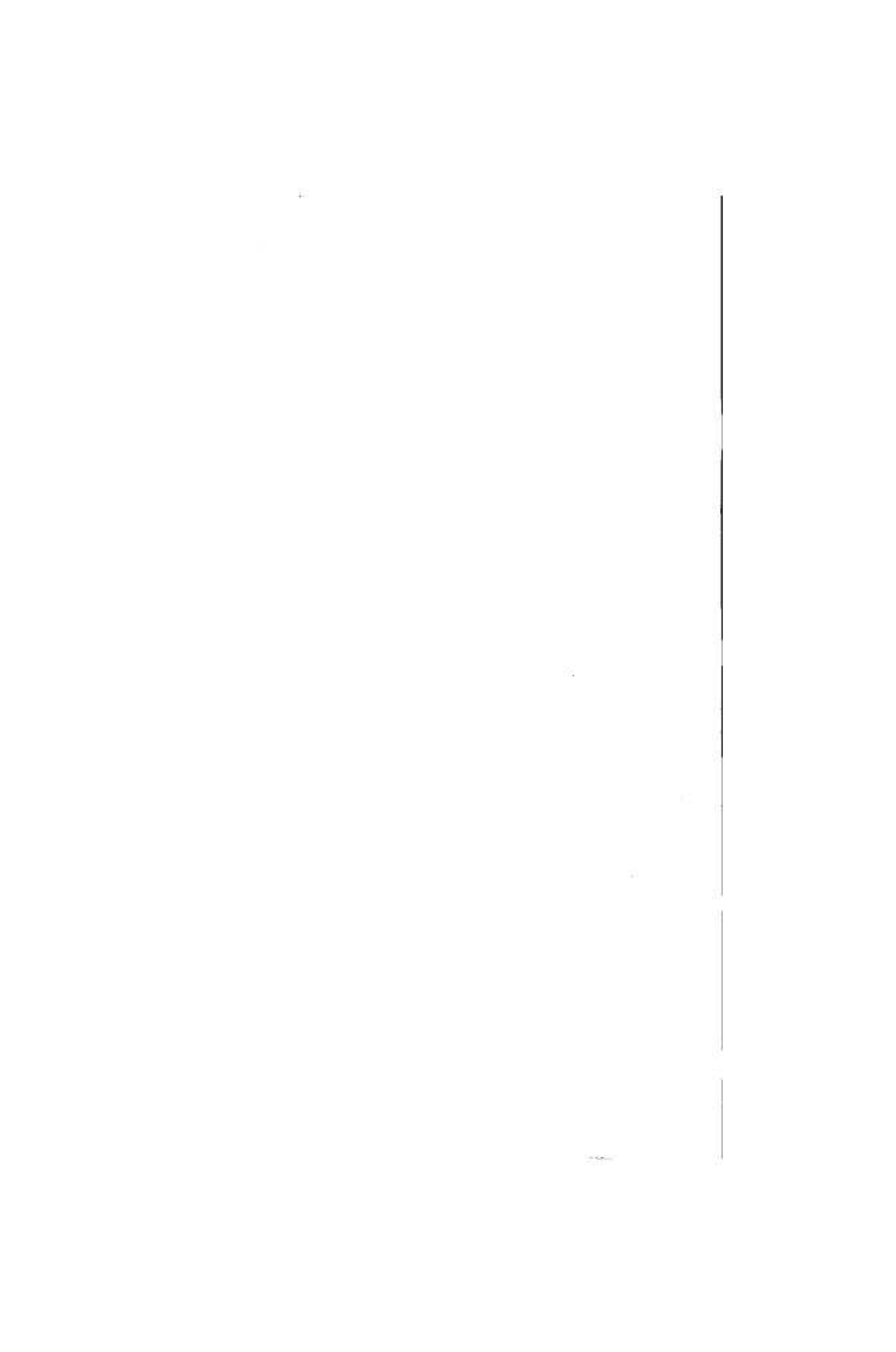


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BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.



JUST A MINUTE

Before beginning the book read
the Warning.



WARNING

IS HEREBY GIVEN to all who propose reading this little volume that there is absolutely nothing in the text to necessitate a warning. It is neither scandalous like the report of a society divorce trial, nor brutal and bloody after the manner of accounts of strikes, race riots and bargain day crushes.

It is true our esteemed fellow citizen speeds up a bit in his red honk wagon ; it is also true that he drinks bubble water and is sufficiently acquainted with several footlight favorites to call them by their real names, but bear in mind, gentle reader, Mr. Rounder never boosted the price of beef, raised the price of milk or formed a trust.

To make certain no one regrets the reading of this small volume, guarantee is hereby given that every one who regrets reading it, is privileged to promptly forget it.

THE PUBLISHERS, et al.

CORNERING MATCHES

By A. Rounder

(Being Mr. Rounder's own narrative concerning this diverting episode in his life as related one morning in the smoking room of the Universal Club.)

"Perk'ns, pull the shades.

"Beastly bother, this daylight getting in; hurts eyes. What, Harry?

"Me? S-s-s-h, not a word. I'm on the way to making a pile that'll make J. D.'s six'r sev'n hundred millions look like—like—why like'r tin dime two miles away.

"Work? Who, me? Not 'tall, no manual labor, merely brain work.

"Eh? M-m-m ye-e-s, sure, I c'n trust you. Rememb'r, it's a dead secret and my own partic'lar graft, so keep it to yourself.

"I'm going to—but lemme tell you from beginning. Nothing on last ev'ning, dropped into Jacks, Rector's, Martin's, the clubs. Then, for change I dropped into clubs, Martin's, Rector's, Jack's. Going up Broadway, didn't have match for cigarette. Went into cafe, asked for one, man gave me handful.

"Hey, don't go to sleep, I'm coming to exciting part right off. Great idea struck

