

**BOTTOMS UP: AN
APPLICATION OF THE
SLAPSTICK TO SATIRE**

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Bottoms Up: An Application of the Slapstick to Satire by George Jean Nathan

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GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

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**AN APPLICATION OF THE
SLAPSTICK TO SATIRE
BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN**

**NEW YORK
PHILIP GOODMAN COMPANY**

1917

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OR

MAGAZINE FICTION À LA MODE

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Unable to contain himself longer, although he realized the vast futility of it all, Massington seized her in his arms and buried her lovely eyes and hair in the storm of a thousand kisses.

"You love me, Lolo—tell me you love me!" he choked.

"No! no!" she cried, struggling from his clasp with an adorable coquetry. "No, it must not be."

Massington, for the moment, found himself unable to speak. Then, "Why?" he asked simply, softly.

"Because," the girl replied, with a cunning moué—"because

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In the finest homes and at the best-appointed tables CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUP is recognized as a dinner course of faultless quality and suited to the most important occasions.

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I don't yet know my own mind," she finished.

Massington moved toward her. The amber glow of a small table lamp lighted up the bronze glory of Lolo's tumbled tresses. And her eyes were as twin Chopin nocturnes dreaming out the melody of a far-off, unattainable love.

He paused before daring to lift his voice against the wonderful silence that, like midnight on southern Pacific seas, hung over her.

Presently, "When you do decide, what then?" he ventured.

"When I do decide," she told him, "it will be forever. But ere I give you my answer, ere we take the step that must mean so much in our lives, we must both be strong enough to remember that

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Society demands certain conventions that dare not be intruded upon." Lolo toyed with some roses on the table at her side—roses he had sent her that same afternoon.

"But, darling," breathed Massington, "what are mere conventions for us two now?"

Lolo tore at one of the roses with her teeth. "Oh!" she exclaimed, flinging out her arm wildly toward the ugly green wall-paper of her room that symbolized everything she so hated—"Oh, I know—I know! I do not want to think of them, but I—but we—must, Jason sweetheart, we must! And life so all-wondrous, beating vainly against their

iron bars and looking beyond them into paradise. We *must* think of them,"—a little sob crept from her throat,—"*we must* think of them!"

"Let us think, rather," said Massington, "of that other world in which we might live, to which, Lolo dear, we might go, and, once there, be away from every one, all alone, we two—just you and I. Let us think of Spain, shimmering like some great topaz under the tropic sun; of the Pyrenees that, purpled against the evening heavens, watch over the peaceful valleys of Santo Dalmerigo; of the drowsy noons and silver moons of Italy; let us think, loved one, of the rippling Mediterranean and of

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France singing like a thousand violins under summer skies."

Lolo did not answer.

Massington waited. "Well?" he asked.

(To be continued in the next number.)

WE WE

Being a pocket manual of conversation (English-French) with recognized pronunciation, and containing just and only such words and phrases as the average American needs and uses during the day in Paris.

MORNING

<i>Vocabulary</i>	<i>Vocabulaire</i>	<i>Pronunciation</i>
Coffee (with milk) and rolls	Du café au lait et des petits pains	Dew Coffee oh late et days petty pains.
The check	L'addition.	Ladditlyawn.
How much?	Combien?	Come-bean?
Overcharge!	La survente!	La servant!
It's a shame!	C'est dommage!	Kest dumb-age!
I don't pay!	Je ne paye pas!	Jay no pay pass!
You think Americans are easy marks.	Vous croyez que les Américains sont des belles poires.	Vus croyz cue lays Americans sont days bells pores.
Where is the headwaiter?	Où est le premier garçon?	Oo est lay primer garçon?
Extortion!	L'extorsion!	Lee extortion!
Audacity!	L'audace	Lowdace!
What impudence!	Quel effronterie!	Kwel effrontry!
A crime!	Un crime!	Yune cree-um!
Robbers!	Les voleurs!	Lays velours!
Call a policeman!	Appelez un gendarme!	Apple-ease yune cop!
One franc!	Un franc!	Yune frank!