

CUPID A LA CARTE

A Humorous Reading

by
O. Henry



Wetmore Declamation Bureau

**Box 2695
Sioux City, IA 51106**

**www.wetmoredeclamation.com
Email: speeches@wetmoredeclamation.com**

CAUTION: Wetmore Declamation Bureau material is protected by United States copyright law and conventions. None of our material may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means-electronic, mechanical, photocopy, recording, or any other-without prior permission. No trademark, copyright or other notice may be removed or changed. All rights reserved. Violators will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

CUPID A LA CARTE
A Humorous Reading

O. Henry

From "Heart of the West."

After various opinions on the subject of women had been advanced, Jeff Peters looked thoughtfully between his elevated feet at the grocery stove.

"I've talked to street crowds in nearly every town in the United States. I've held 'em spellbound with music, oratory, sleight of hand, and prevarications, while I've sol' 'em jewelry, soap, hair tonic, and junk of other nominations. And, during my travels, I've taken cognizance some of women. One lesson I picked up was when I was working the West with a line of Brazilian diamonds and a patent fire kindler. 'Twas when the Oklahoma country was in first bloom. Guthrie was in the middle of it, a boom town of the regular kind--where you stood in line to get a chance to wash your face. If you slept on a plank at night they charged it to you as board the next morning.

"I am addicted to the habit of discovering choice places to feed. So I looked around and found a proposition that exactly cut the mustard. I found a restaurant tent that was joyful with placards: 'Try Mother's Home-Made Biscuits', 'Hot Cakes and Maple Syrup Like You Ate When a Boy',--there was literature doomed to please the digestions of man! I said to myself that mother's wandering boy should munch there that night. And so it came to pass. And there is where I contracted my case of Mame Dugan.

"As soon as I saw Mame, I knew there was a mistake in the census reports. There wasn't but one girl in the United States. She was about the size of an angel, and she had eyes, and ways about her. She was full of life and fun, and breezy; she passed the repartee with the boarders quick as a wink; you'd have smothered laughing.

--- END OF FREE PREVIEW ---