

Pictures by
Penrhyn Stanlaws

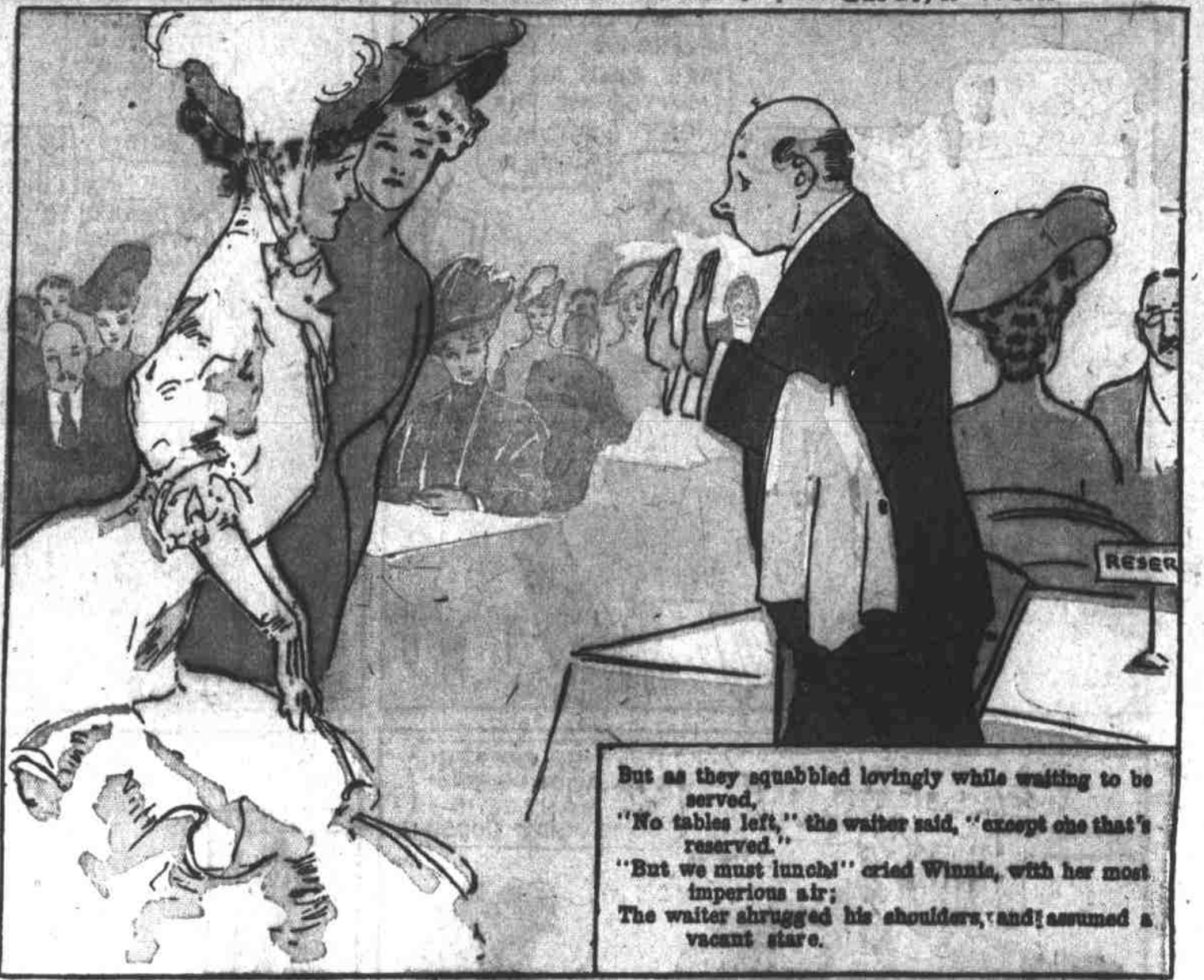
OH, WINNIE!

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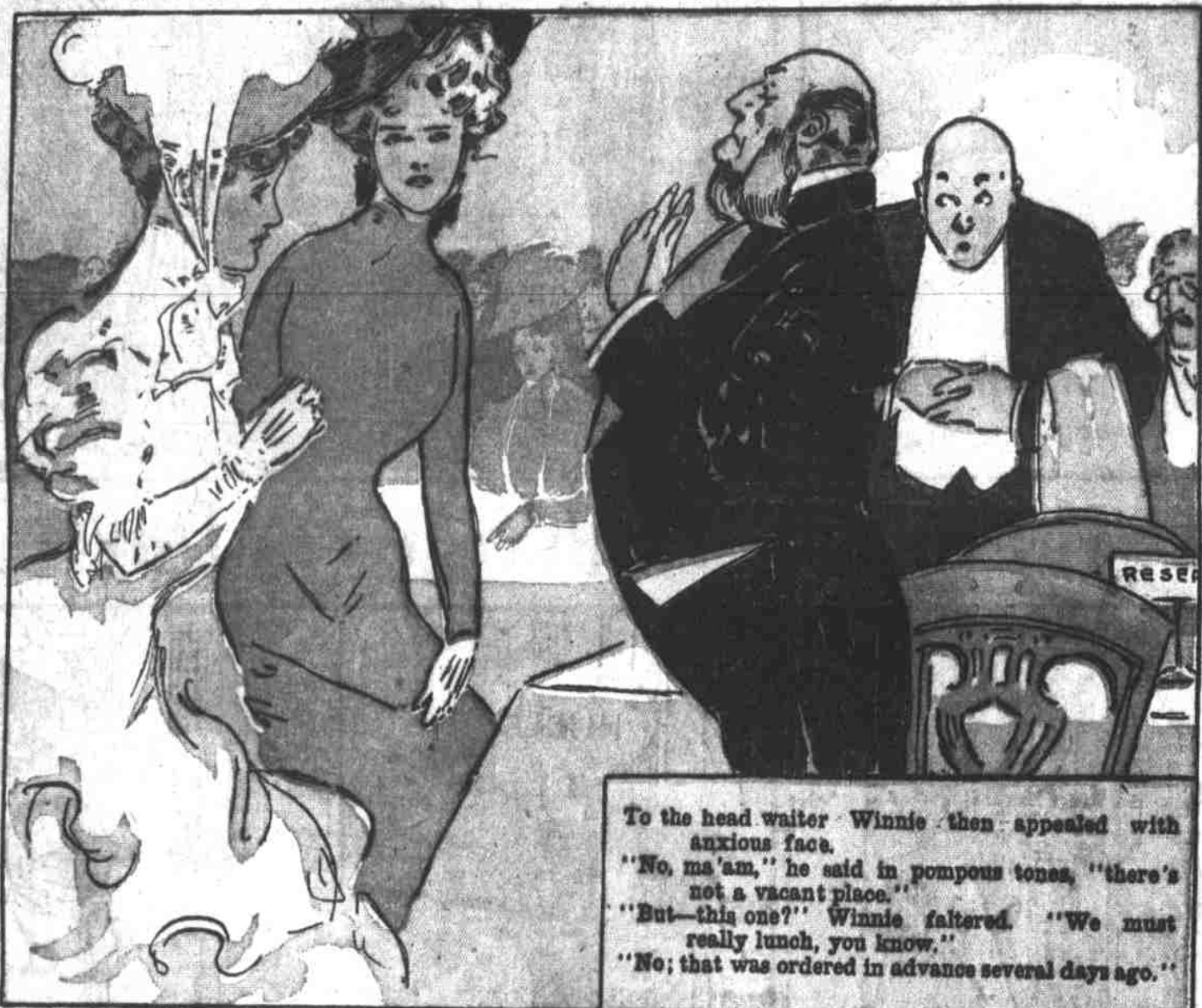
Verse by
Carolyn Wells



As they went in the restaurant, "Now, Rosy," Winnie said, "This is my treat—you paid last time." But Rosy shook her head. "No, let me pay!" "No, let me pay!" "Now, dear, don't have a scene!" "But I insist!" "Now, darling, please!" "Oh, dearie, don't be mean!"



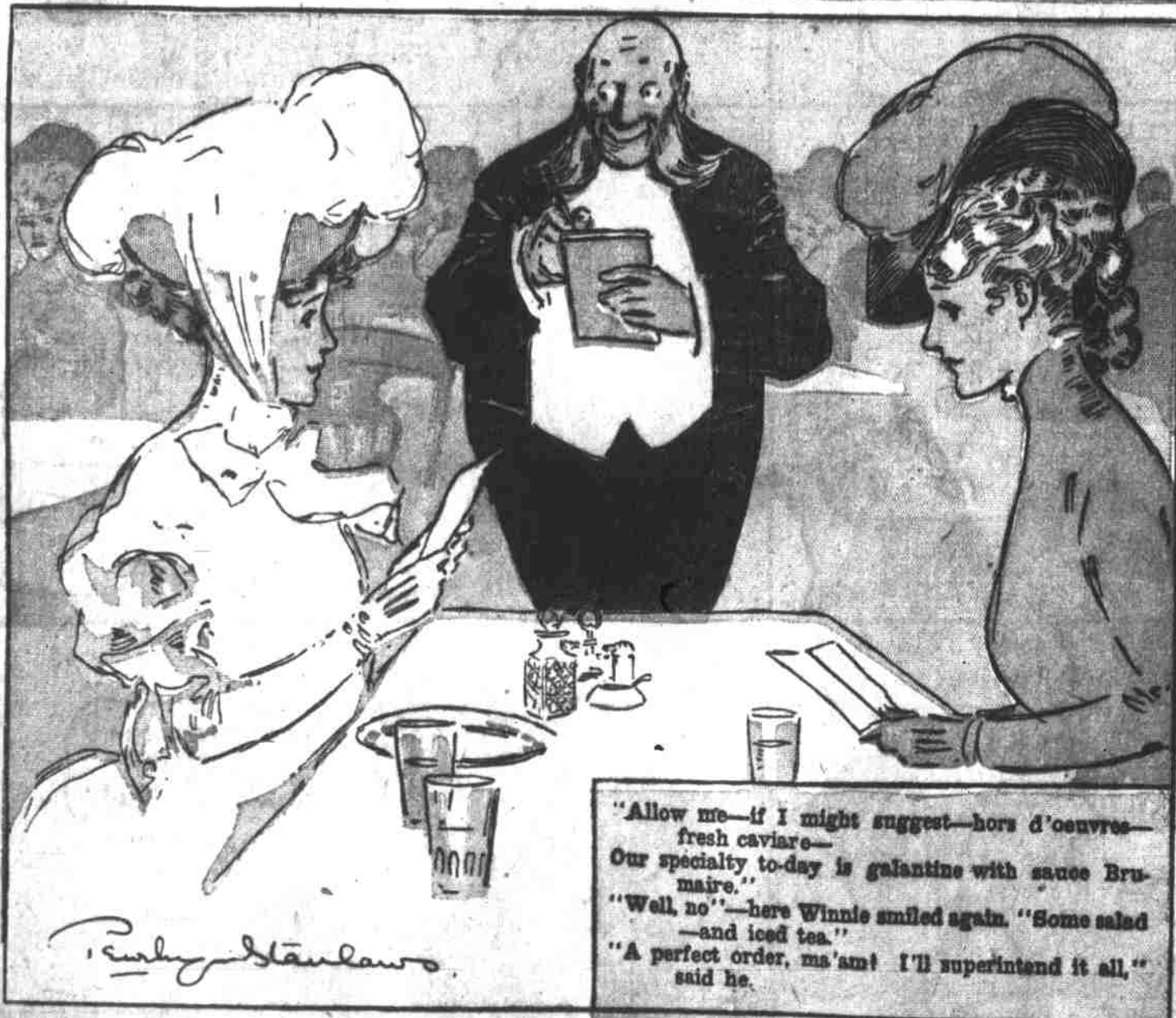
But as they squabbled lovingly while waiting to be served, "No tables left," the waiter said, "except one that's reserved." "But we must lunch!" cried Winnie, with her most imperious air; The waiter shrugged his shoulders, and assumed a vacant stare.



To the head waiter Winnie then appealed with anxious face. "No, ma'am," he said in pompous tones, "there's not a vacant place." "But—this one?" Winnie faltered. "We must really lunch, you know." "No; that was ordered in advance several days ago."



"In-deed!" said Winnie Wynne. And then she kindled up that smile; She didn't hurry, either—it took her quite awhile. Her lips curved up—her cheeks turned pink—two dimples nestled there— The big head waiter gasped—and hastily pulled out a chair!



"Allow me—if I might suggest—hors d'oeuvres—fresh caviare— Our specialty to-day is galantine with sauce Brunaire." "Well, no"—here Winnie smiled again. "Some salad—and iced tea." "A perfect order, ma'am! I'll superintend it all," said he.



"Who's at that table I reserved?" the irate guest inquired. "Didn't you tell those ladies it was mine?—I'll have you fired!" "I told them—yes"—the waiter bowed, and spread each large white hand; "But those ladies speak no English, and—they couldn't understand!"

Winnie's adventures will be continued in next Sunday's Editorial Section.