THE INVENTIONS OF THE IDIOT

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The inventions of the idiot by John Kendrick Bangs

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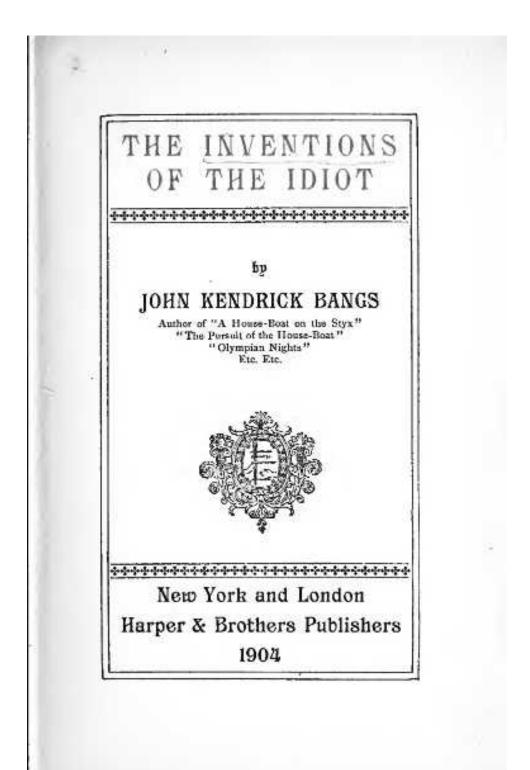
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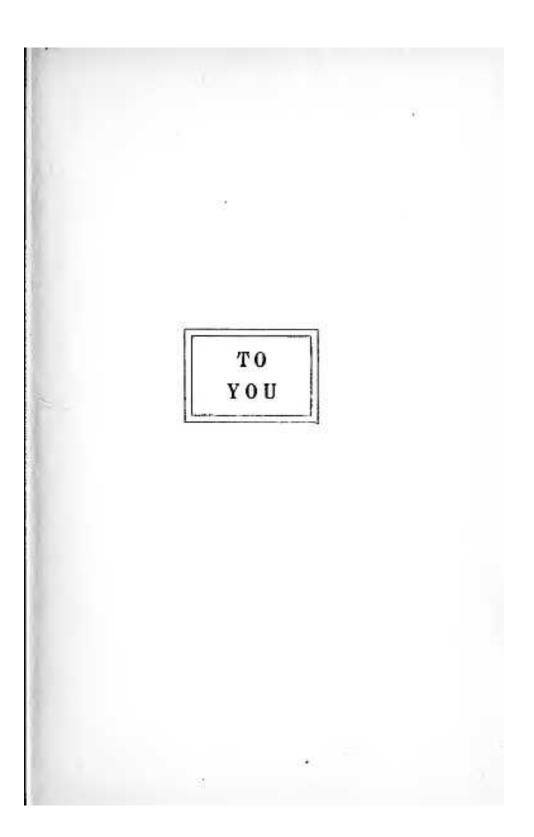
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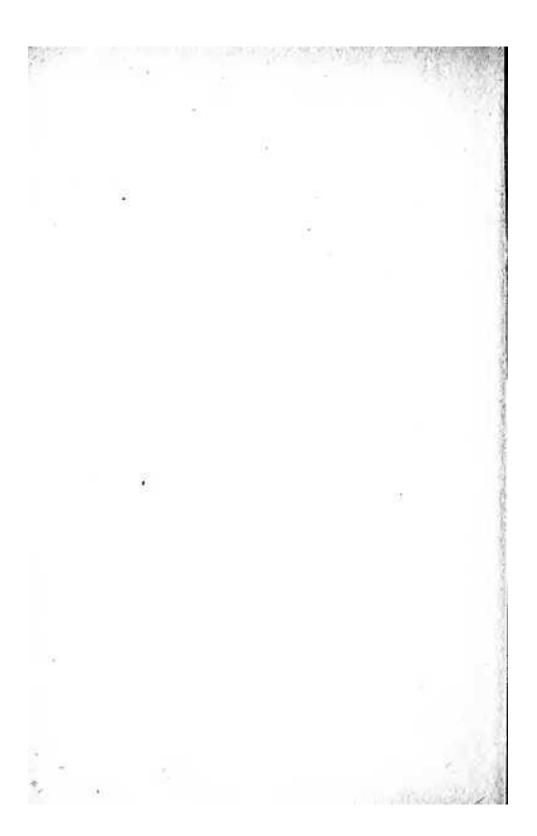
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

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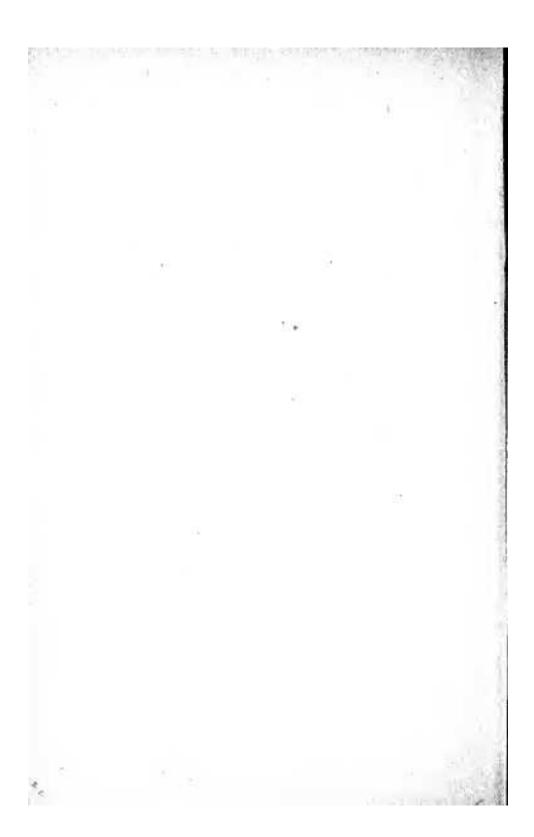






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THE INVENTIONS OF THE IDIOT

I

The Culinary Guild

I was before the Idiot's marriage, and in the days when he was nothing more than a plain boarder in Mrs. Smithers-Pedagog's High-class Home for Single Gentlemen, that he put what the School-master termed his " alleged mind " on plans for the amelioration of the condition of the civilized.

"The trials of the barbarian are really nothing as compared with the tribulations of civilized man,"

I

The Inventions of the Idiot

he said, as the waitress passed him a piece of steak that had been burned to a crisp. "In the Cannibal Islands a cook who would send a piece of broiled missionary to her employer's table in this condition would herself be roasted before another day had dawned. We, however, must grin and bear it, because our esteemed landlady cannot find anywhere in this town a woman better suited for the labors of the kitchen than the blank she has had the misfortune to draw in the culinary lottery, familiarly known to us, her victims, as Bridget."

"This is an exceptional case," said Mr. Pedagog. "We haven't had a steak like this before in several weeks."

"Truc," returned the Idiot. "This is a sirloin, I believe. The last steak we had was a rump steak, and it was not burned to a crisp, I admit. It was only boiled,