



*I have a business proposition. I want a wife. My last wife, Becky, she died; after all the years of hard work I had in training her. We have to eat only spaghetti, and I trained Becky until I had her down to eat only one string of spaghetti a day, and then Becky died. I don't want an extravagant wife that eats lots, and I want one that wears less. The high price of collar buttons, shoe strings and socks makes the profits so small that I will expect my second wife to live on one-half string of spaghetti a day. In cold weather I will expect my wife to keep silence as I can't talk with my hands in my pockets. Outside of that I'm a fine young fellow. Oy! Oy!*