

Harveys' Scotch Whisky

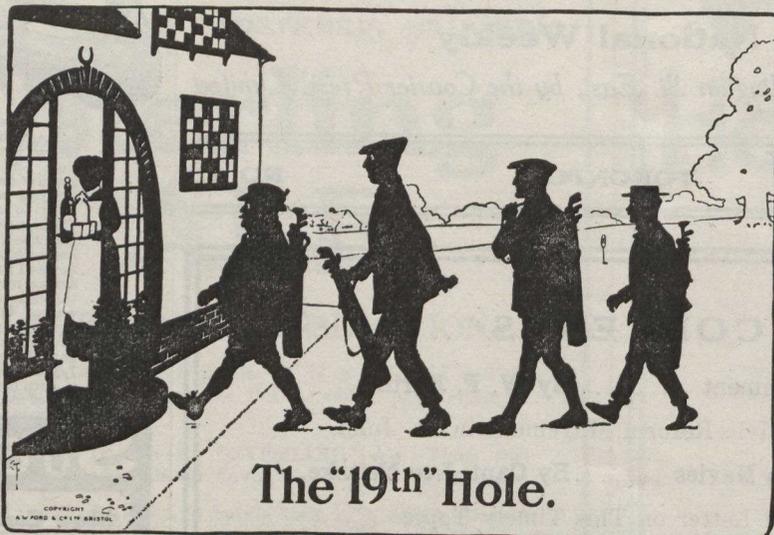
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In Lighter Vein

No Security.—"Hey, waiter, I want to order a steak; there's none on the bill of fare."

"We are not serving steak to-day, sir. You see, we have a new cook, and he has not as yet arranged for his bond."
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Will Need More.—Mrs. Mary Austin, the novelist, was talking about the primitive woman. "The primitive woman," she said, "was the boss. Stronger, not weaker, than man, the primitive woman ruled the roost. In fact, she governed as the trusts govern—only she governed more wisely and more kindly. She wasn't like Gobsa Golde, the sardonic meat king."

"Don't you sympathize with the people who are complaining about the high cost of living?" a stranger once asked Gobsa.

"I do," the multimillionaire replied sardonically. "I sympathize with the people you mention most profoundly, and if things go on as I expect, in three or four months' time I hope to sympathize with them twice as much."

Realism.—Fair Worshipper—"What is that sad, sad air you're playing, professor?"

The Professor—"Dat iss Beethoven's 'Farewell to the Piano.' I see dose instalment people coming mit der van."
—Puck.

Rubber Consignments.—"I have always been interested," said little Jinks, "in the valuation of waste. Now, where do you suppose all these burst tires go to in the end?"

"I don't know," said the genial philosopher, "but if they go where most people consign 'em there must be a terrible smell of rubber in the hereafter."
—Tit-Bits.

Didn't Fear For Mamma.—A Lake-wood woman was recently reading to her little boy the story of a young lad whose father was taken ill and died, after which he set himself diligently to work to support himself and mother. When she had finished the story, she said:

"Dear Billy, if your papa were to die, would you work to support your dear mamma?"

"Naw!" said Billy, unexpectedly.

"But why not?"

"Ain't we got a good house to live in?"

"Yes, dearie—but we can't eat the house, you know."

"Ain't there a lot o' stuff in the pantry?"

"Yes, but that won't last forever."

"It'll last till you git another husband, won't it? You're a pretty good looker, ma!"

Mamma gave up, right there.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Time for Retiring.—Dr. W. A. Quayle, bishop of the Methodist Church and a popular lecturer, in the early days of his ministry, went back to preach one Sunday to a former congregation in Kansas, and was entertained by one of his old parishioners. After the evening services the family gathered round the hearth and exchanged reminiscences with their guest, apparently without any thought of retiring. Eleven o'clock came and midnight.

The conversation lagged and all showed unmistakable signs of weariness. Dr. Quayle yawned politely and rubbed his drooping eyelids. His host moved restlessly in his chair. His hostess eyed the timepiece with growing alarm. The very air was drowsy, but no one seemed able to end the awkward situation.

Finally, as the clock chimed half-past one o'clock his hostess asked depreciatingly, but with a note of desperation in her voice:

"Brother Quayle, when do you go to bed?"

"When I get a chance," replied Dr. Quayle meekly.—Kansas City Star.



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