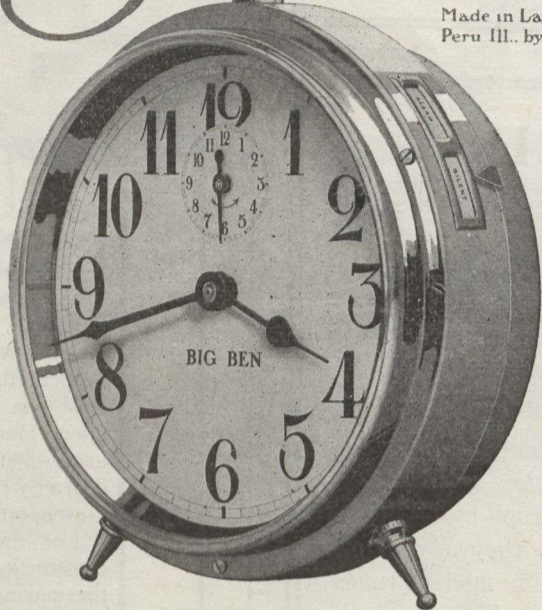


Big Ben

Made in La Salle and Peru Ill. by Westclox



Once upon a time

there was an alarm clock who wanted to get up in this world.

So he had himself fitted with a regular watch escapement, a light running motor, selective alarm calls, and large easy-winding keys.

Then, so they could see him in the dim morning light, he ordered himself a great big white dial and large, black, clean-cut hands.

When he was dead sure he could make a clean sweep, he hung out his shingle and bid for business.

Today there are three and a half million names on his calling list—he's got the biggest practice in the alarm clock business.

His name is *Big Ben*, and his imprint "*Made by Westclox, La Salle, Illinois*," is the best oversleep insurance that anyone can buy.

Fact is, he is really two alarm clocks in one—an intermittent alarm ringing every other half minute for ten minutes, a long alarm ringing five minutes straight without interruption unless you shut him off. Price \$2.50 anywhere in the States, \$3.00 anywhere in Canada.

In Lighter Vein

Interview.—His Majesty received me with grave courtesy. As I entered he had been sitting by the fire, smoking, as usual.

"I came down to ask you," I said, "if you have any comment to make on the situation in Europe."

He rose swiftly, while his face flushed with indignation.

"Only one thing," he replied, hotly. "For a long time they have been calling war by the same name as"—he gestured in the direction of his well-known plant—"my demesne. Now, sir, in view of what is happening in Europe, I want to ask you if you don't think that's a base libel on my own home town?"—Life.

Ex-President Taft, at a luncheon in Princeton, described the diet whereby he had reduced his weight seventy-five pounds. "It has been an easy diet," he ended; "just green vegetables, non-fat meats, and acid fruits. An easy diet, and it makes me feel as light and airy as the little man in the trolley car. A little whisp of a man jumped up in a crowded car and gallantly offered his seat to a large, stout, comely woman. She acknowledged with a pleasant smile his low bow and polite offer. Then she said: "Thanks, so very much—but where did you get up from?"—The Argonaut.

Goods Returned.—Once an old darkey visited a doctor and was given definite instructions as to what he should do. Shaking his head he started to leave the office, when the doctor said: "Here, Rastus, you forgot to pay me." "Pay yo for what, boss?" "For my advice," replied the doctor. "Naw, suh; naw, suh; I ain't gwine take it," and Rastus shuffled out.—Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.

Perhaps You Know?—"Begorra," observed Pat, "making love to a widow is a quare thing to do. Before ye begin ye know what the end will be and yet you're scared that mebbe somethin'll happen. Ye make up your mind it's no use tryin' and thin ye discover ye've gone so far ye can't back out. It's full av disappointments and hopes, and in the end comes the greatest surprise av all whin just what ye expected happens."—Puck.

Explained.—"What's yours?" "Coffee and rolls, my girl." One of those iron-heavy, quarter-inch, thick mugs of coffee was pushed over the counter. The fastidious person seemed dazed. He looked under the mug and over it. "But where is the saucer?" he inquired. "We don't give no saucers here. If we did some low-brow'd come pilin' in an' drink out of his saucer, an' we'd lose a lot of our swellest trade."—Savannah News.

Figured His Chance.—A jockey was taken ill on a visit to London, and a friend gave him the address of a doctor to whom to go. He came back shortly and said: "I've got some medicine; but I'm blocked if I went to that doctor of yours!" "Why?" asked the friend. "Well," replied the jockey, "I was just about to go in, when I saw on the door-plate his name, 'Dr. Jones,' and below it, '10 to 1.' When I saw that I said to myself, 'I'll be hanged if I take any such risks as that!' So I went two doors further, and saw another plate with 'Dr. James,' and below it, '3 to 5.' The odds were shorter, so I went to him."

High Art.—Our Very Busiest Society Portrait Painter (who has rushed back to his studio after a luncheon in Park Lane)—"I'm late, Mrs. Faulkner. Anybody come?"

Studio Caretaker—"Yes, sir. I've already shown a lady up to the dressing-room."

Portrait Painter—"Is it the Countess of Middlesex or Lady Vera Valtravers?"

Studio Caretaker—"I'm sure I can't say, sir. They're that covered up with powder and paint I can't tell one from t'other."—Evening Post.

Merited.—Q.—"I hear the Sugar Refiners are raising cane?" A.—"That's because they haven't yet got the German beet." (Awarded Gold Medal and Banana Skin for worst joke of the war.)—Punch.



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