

HELLO, ADOLF. LOVELY  
MORNING FOR A DRIVE,  
WANT IT?

YES.  
WOULD YOU DROP  
THIS LETTER FOR ME?  
I DON'T FEEL LIKE  
GETTING OUT.



#### LIGHT LITERATURE

Perkins was a merchant—a prosperous merchant, whose life was very valuable, and who, therefore, when laid low by typhoid fever, was nursed with the utmost care and strictness.

Thanks to his treatment, however, Perkins' life was saved, and soon the patient passed from the out-of-danger stage to the convalescent stage, until at last came the day when the nurse told him he might now begin to partake of solid nourishment.

Delightful visions of a modest repast occupied the sufferer's mind—an egg, maybe, some toast, and perhaps a little custard. But these hopes fact crushed completely. The solid nourishment, as brought by the nurse, consisted of only two tablespoonfuls of tapioca pudding.

"And the doctor says that for a day or two you must do everything in the same proportion," enjoined the nurse.

Then she left the room. But, a few

moments later, a frantic ringing of the bell brought her running back again.

"What is the matter?" she inquired.

"Nurse," gasped Perkins excitedly, "bring me a postage stamp. I want to do a little reading!"

#### TAKING NO RISKS

"Good-morning, Mr. Isaacs!" remarked the insurance office clerk.

Mr. Isaacs felt alarmed.

"Vot's the madder?" he inquired. "My premium's paid, ain't it?"

"Oh, yes; that's all right," said the visitor. "I've merely called to show you these fire extinguishers."

Mr. Isaacs laughed.

"Fire extinguishers!" he exclaimed. "They're no good to me, my boy. If I'm burnt out, you've got to pay me."

"Yes, yes, Mr. Isaacs," replied the clerk; "but the point is if you keep these extinguishers on your premises my company allows you sixty per cent off your premium."

"Sixty per schent!" gasped Isaacs. "Ah, my boy, now you talk bizness!"

And a moment later Isaacs, too, was talking business. So much so, in fact, that when Solomons called at his office next day he found the place literally strewn with bottles.

"Vot are you up to, old man?" asked Solomons. "Opening a chemist's shop, eh?"

"No," said Isaacs. Then he explained the nature of his previous day's transaction.

"But what do they put in the bottles?" asked Solomons.

"Ah," said Isaacs, "I dunno vat was in 'em when they came, but they're full of petroleum now!"

#### HELPING HIM OUT

"Speech falls me, Miss Edith. How can I tell you my love?"

"Well, for a mere dollar you could use the long distance 'phone for fifteen minutes, you know."