

WHISKERETTA

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Whiskeretta by Mina Deane Halsey

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MINA DEANE HALSEY

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BY

MINA DEANE HALSEY

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"A TENDERFOOT IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA"

"WHEN EAST COMES WEST"

"NEEDLES AND PINS"

ETC., ETC.



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TO
MY BOY GENE
THIS SMALL VOLUME
IS DEDICATED

WHISKERETTA

OF course, his right name was Isaac, but when two men get well enough acquainted to go halves on a cheese sandwich, when only one measly nickel stands between 'em and starvation, they ain't very liable to waste much time on politeness, so I just naturally called him Ike.

Yes, sir—we've gone halves on many a sandwich, and on many a glass of beer, too, when we was just about busted. Of course, to be polite, Ike always wanted me to drink my half of the beer first—said he was brought up that way; consequently all I got out of it was the smell and a mouthful of wind.

WHISKERETTA

Ike wouldn't let me blow off the foam—said it was wasting money—but if his stomach was as chuck full of gas as mine was, after I got all that was coming to me, he wouldn't have been so thundering stingy on the beer question.

Ike was all right enough, I guess—straight as a string and all that, but he had bristles on him just the same. I never saw 'em, of course, but there was a good deal of pig about Ike—razor-back breed, for he only weighed 105 pounds, including his whiskers. Yes, sir, the only thing generous about Ike was his whiskers. He'd been deformed with 'em for twenty years, and they were still growing.

First time I got a view of 'em they reminded me of a waterfall, and Ike was so skinny he looked like he was hiding behind 'em all the time. They reached clear down to his knees,