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**Always remember those who serve**

**In the days when an ice cream sundae cost much less, a 10 year old boy entered a
hotel coffee shop and sat at a table. A waitress put a glass
of water in front of him. "How much is an ice cream sundae?"
he asked "Fifty cents," replied the waitress.

The little boy pulled his hand out of his pocket and
studied the coins in it. "Well, how much is a plain dish of ice
cream?" he inquired.

By now more people were waiting for a table and the waitress
was growing impatient. "Thirty-five cents," she brusquely
replied." The little boy again counted his coins. "I'll
have the plain ice cream," he said.

The waitress brought the ice cream, put the bill on the table
and walked away. The boy finished the ice cream, paid the cashier
and left. When the waitress came back, she began to cry as she
wiped down the table. There, placed neatly beside the empty
dish, were two nickels and five pennies. You see, he
couldn't have the sundae, because he had to have enough left to
leave her a tip.**