

# OUR JUNIOR OFFICE BOY

on granpop's farm.—that's always the worstest part about a vakashun, for the last day of it all ways comes & you gotter hike back to the old grind and dig for another yere

that's why I am so doggone sore today

here I have been having the time of my life for 2 hole-weeks and now I gotter lissen for the alarm clock & get my toes stepped on all the way down in the "T" every a. m. and p. m. with nutting to do in between times but run the legs offen me trying to catch up with the work.

but as I remarked I had a jim dandy time & I got a lot to show for it too

wont the other fellers be sore wen they see that bump I got on my neau where I fell outter the biggest tree on granpop's farm?

and I can show them sevrul other bumps too, one where I fell off the haystack and outter the barn loft.

I got 6 cuts on my feet, which was done by stepping on tin cans in the swimming hole and running after rabbits in the wheat feild.

then I got 2 kicks on me, I was made by the mule when I was teeching him tricks & another where starlte, who is a horse, landed on me when I put his bridel on

outside of that there ain't nuthin' the matter with me except all my clothes are torn and sevrul scratches on my face, but I licked every kid around here for that

I will betcher the other kids in n. y. will be sore when they see what a bully time I had & didnt have to ware no good clothes or wash my face evry day & sometimes I sneaked

off to bed without washing my feet when grandma didnt catch me & now I gotter ware shoes every day & stay dressed up, aint it tuff?

—O—O—  
AIN'T NATURE WONDERFUL!



Gas

Y'know, George, I was readin' in the apper the other day about John Rockefeller laffin' out loud in church durin' services in N' Yawk.

The papers said it was some line in the sermon that sild on his wish-bone an' made him laff.

Oh, yes it was.

You an' me know what made him laff, Ed, an' it wasn't the funny line in the sermon either (or i-ther, as they say at afternoon teas).

The merry guffaws from John came out more than once when he thinks as how he's got a half-Nelson on the public with his gas and prices.

Yeh, but go easy on him, Luke, didn't he raise the price of gas from 12c to 24c a gal. and ain't he gradually gettin' kind-hearted and bringin' it down a cent every year.

Oh! we didn't know that. We take back them harsh words, John.

—O—O—  
WOULDN'T ANSWER A WHISTLE

"Is dem you-all's chickens?"

"Cose dey's my-all's chickens. Whose chickens did you s'pose dey was?"

"I wasn't s'posin nuffin' about 'em, but I will say dat it's mighty lucky dat a chicken won't come a-runnin' an' a-waggin' its tail when its regular owner whistles, same as a dog."