

## WHEN THEY GET A CITY REUB OUT IN KANSAS THEY KNOW WHAT TO DO TO MAKE THINGS PLEASANT

Garden City, Kas., March 4.—Garden City is lonesome but happy. In the big blizzard last week a Santa Fe overland train, east-bound, was stalled at the Garden City station for four days.

On the train was a theatrical troupe, a lot of passengers and a considerable "tourist money."

The town hall was rigged up



and a "show" was given. There was a dance every night. There were sleigh-ride parties and molasses candy festivals. The tourists paid the bills.

Local real estate agents sold acres of town lots. There was a wee bit of poker.

Kansas is dry. Garden City is very dry. One evening a native of Garden City went through the train. In a bag he had some 50 or more half-pint flasks.

"Want some tea," he whispered with a knowing wink, showing a flask that glowed with warm color.

"Sure," said fifty-odd passengers.

"A dollar a bottle," said this guileless native, "and don't open 'em until I get a chance to make my getaway. I don't want to get in trouble."

After the enterprising citizen disposed of his stock he dropped off the back platform and faded into the blizzard.

The passengers hauled the flasks out and pulled the corks—

IT WAS tea.

Garden City is lonesome. It doesn't get a train load of suckers and reubs very often.

### WASTED ENERGY

A Chicago man had decided that he must administer a rebuke to his six-year-old son Harry. The boy had been naughty; he didn't seem to appreciate the fact, and it was with some reluctance, therefore, that the father undertook a scolding. He spoke judiciously but severely.

He recounted the lad's misdeeds, and duly explained the whys and wherefores of his rebuke—his wife meanwhile sitting by. Finally the father paused to listen to his son's acknowledgement of error.

The lad, his face beaming with admiration, turned to his mother and said: "Ma, isn't pa interesting?"—Canadian Century.