



### THE HOLIDAY ACHE

A young man descended from the train at a Chicago station, and walked slowly and languidly down the platform, stopping to rest every few moments.

His exhausted condition attracted the attention of an elderly gentleman, who inquired if he was feeling ill, or was in need of assistance.

"Thank you, sir," was the reply. "Will you call me a taxi? I feel too tired to walk another step."

"My good fellow, what is the matter?" inquired the solicitous gentleman.

"Nothing much, really," came the reply. "I shall be all right in a week or two. I'm just returning from my holidays!"

### REAL BARGAIN, TOO

The maiden washed her fluffy hair, Then dried it on a kitchen chair, Was it her own? Why, sure as fate, She bought it for six ninety-eight.

### TAKING ALL PRECAUTIONS

"I was at a little station in the midst of one of the dreariest and driest stretches of the Frisco road," said the Oklahoma man, "when the through express pulled in. As soon as it stopped a little seedy-looking man with a covered basket on his arm, hurried to the open windows of the smoker and exhibited a quart bottle filled with rich, dark liquor, 'Want to buy some cold tea?' I heard him ask.

"The eyes of two thirsty-looking cattlemen in the car visibly brightened and they each paid \$1 for a bottle. 'Wait till you get out of the station before you take a drink,' the little man cautioned, 'or you'll get me into trouble.'

"He sold another bottle to a big buck Indian with the same words of warning, and found three other customers before the train started.

"You seem to have a pretty good thing here for a bootlegger," I said to him when the train had disappeared, 'but I can't see that it would make you run any more risk if these men took a drink before the train left.'

"Oh, yes, it would," said the bootlegger. 'I'd probably be killed if they did. You see, what these bottle had in 'em was real cold tea.'

### WOULD NOT DRY UP

A truly eloquent sky-pilot had been preaching for an hour or so on the immortality of the soul. "I looked at the mountains," he declaimed, "and could not help thinking: 'Beautiful as you are you will be destroyed, while my soul will not.' I gazed upon the ocean and cried, 'Mighty as you are, you will eventually dry up, but not!'"

### THE LEGAL ASPECT

Gibbs—I sang a song at the banquet last night and everybody shouted: "Fine!"

Dibbs—Did any one mention how much the fine should have been?