

A Twice Told Tale!

The Wise Man.

THE wise man selecteth the "Burlington Route" and therefore starteth aright.

HE arrayeth himself in purple and fine linen, for lo, and behold! he is snugly ensconced in a "lower center" on the famous vestibuled flyer where smoke and dust are never known.

HE provided himself with a book from the generous library near at hand, adjusteth his traveling cap, and proceedeth to pass a day of unalloyed pleasure and contentment.

AND it came to pass being hungry and athirst, he stepeth into the dining car, and by the beard of the prophet, 'twas a feast fit for the gods. Venison, blue points, Burgundy, frogs' legs, canvas backs, Mums' extra dry, English plum pudding, fruits, nuts, ices, French coffee—verily the wise man waxeth fat, and while he lighteth a cigar he taketh time to declare that the meal was "out of sight."

IT occurreth to the wise man that the country throug which he journeyed was one of wondrous beauty, insomuch that it was with deep regret he noted the nightly shadows fall. However, tenfold joy returned as he beheld the brilliantly lighted car, and the merry company it contained. Verily, it afforded a view of Elysium.

THE wise man retireth to rest. Deliciously unconcerned, he sleeps the sleep of the righteous and awakes much refreshed. His train is on time, his journey ended. He rejoiceth with exceeding great joy as he holds a return by the same route, the "Great Burlington."

The Foolish Man.

THE foolish man buyeth a ticket of a scalper. In the morning, behold, he saveth 50 cents, and lo, at night time he is out \$9.27. He starteth wrong.

WITH might and main he hurrieth to the depot, only to find his train four hours late. The peanut boy sizeth him up and selleth him a paper of an uncertain date.

AS he journeyeth along he formeth a new acquaintance for whom he casheth a check.

FIVE minutes for refreshments. While he rusheth to the lunch counter some one stealeth his grip sack. He changeth his cars lo these many times and it striketh the foolish man that he "doesn't get through very fast," and he bemoaneth his ill luck.

HE getteth a cinder in his eye and verily he sweareth and cusseth full free. He exchangeth three pieces of silver for a bunk in a sleeper and awaketh just in time to catch an infernal nigger sneaking off with his boots; the porter's excuse availeth nothing, and the foolish man straightway putteth his boots under his pillow that no man may break in and steal.

HIS train runneth into a washout, a hackman taketh him in to the tune of six shillings and the foolish man lifteth up his voice in great lamentation for, lo and behold, the tavern is away but half a block.

HE reacheth home weary and heartsore; his trunk cometh the next day minus the cover and one handle. He resolveth hereafter to travel only by the Great Burlington.

MORAL:---Travel by the Burlington Route.

J. FRANCIS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent,
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