A True Story Of the Prodigal Son.

IT was towards the close of a bright summer's day that the prodigal son arrived at the paternal mansion.

He had come by the quickest route, "THE BURLINGTON." The sun was declining in the west—the only thing that does decline west of Chicago, except base ball—and its slanting rays threw a golden tint upon the gray hairs of the aged father, who sat on the front porch reading the last "BURLINGTON ROUTE" advertisement.

The gate opened, and the old man peering over his spectacles descried a ragged tramp coming up the walk. He was about to set the dog on him, in accordance with the usual custom of that hospitable region, when the tramp came up, removed a dilapidated hat rim which encircled his brow, and cried, "Father, don't you know me?" "Know you," returned the old man, after scrutinizing him a moment over his spectacles, "I would know you if I saw your hide hanging in a tan yard; it's my own los; b-hoy!" Then the fond parent fell upon his son's neck and wept—wept because it was so dirty; it hadn't been washed since Christmas, but he took him in all the same, gave him a bath and a new suit of clothes, and then walked him down to the B. & M. depot to see to what perfection "THE BURLINGTON" had brought their passenger train service. 'Twas marvelous, and the prodigal son straightway registered a solemn vow that his children and his children's children for all time to come should recognize "THE BURLINGTON" as the one great railway whose equipment was always *up to date*.

We don't know how this legend of the prodigal son came down through the ages so accurate and free from side issues, but it's here, intact and unincumbered, ready to adorn a back cover or point a moral. The moral of this story is, if you would prosper in this world, travel only by "THE BURLINGTON ROUTE."

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