

a bicycle. "A bicycle won't eat its head off," said the salesman, "and you can ride it around your farm. They're cheap now, and I can let you have one for \$35."

"I guess I'd rather put the \$35 into a cow," said the farmer, reflectively.

"Ha-ha!" laughed the hardware man. "You'd look mighty foolish riding round your farm on a cow, now, wouldn't you?"

"Well, I dunno," said the farmer, "no more than I would milking a bicycle."

A MARK TWAIN STORY

A friend of Mark Twain once asked him if he remembered the first money he earned. "Yes," he said, "it was at school, and a very painful recollection it is, too. There was a rule in our school that any boy marking his desk, either with pencil or knife, would be chastised publicly before the whole school or pay a fine of \$5. Besides the rule there was a ruler; I knew it because I had felt it; it was a hard one, too.

"One day I had to tell my father that I had broken the rule, and had to pay a fine or take a public whipping, and he said: 'Sam, it would be too bad to have the name of Clemens disgraced before the whole school, so I'll pay the fine. But I don't want you to lose anything, so come upstairs.'

"A few minutes later I came down with a bad feeling and the \$5, and I decided that as I had been punished once, and got used to it, I would not mind getting the other licking at school. So I did and kept the \$5."

