

Bits of Humor for the Home Circle and the Fireside

A Portland lawyer was cross-examining an important witness the other day:

"When did the robbery take place?"
 "I think —" began the witness.
 "We don't care what you think, sir. We want to know what you know."
 "Then if you don't want to know what I think, I may as well leave the stand. I can't talk without thinking. I'm not a lawyer."

Was Reversed.—A young minister, somewhat distinguished for self-conceit, having failed disastrously before a crowded audience, was thus addressed by an aged brother: If you had gone into that pulpit, feeling as you now do coming out of that pulpit, you would have felt on coming out of that pulpit as you did when you went up into that pulpit.

The Soft Answer.—The old saying that a soft answer turns away wrath is beautifully exemplified in a story told by the Argonaut: Two men were occupying a double seat in a crowded car. One of them was a long distance whistler and the other was evidently annoyed. "You don't seem to like my whistling?" said the noisy one, after a five-minute continuous performance. "No, I don't," was the frank reply. "Well," continued the other, "maybe you think you are man enough to stop it?" "No, I don't think I am," rejoined the other, "but I hope you are." And the whistling was discontinued.

Competition for jobs in Norway.—A man who had fallen off a Piperviken dock in Oslo, the capital city of Norway, was making frantic efforts to save himself when along came an unemployed laborer who threw a rope to the drowning man. While pulling the unfortunate to safety the rescuer engaged him in the following conversation:

"What's your name?"
 "Larschen."
 "Where do you work?"
 "On Paalsen's lot."
 "Is that so?" With this exclamation the would-be rescuer dropped the rope and started a marathon race for Paalsen's lot. Almost out of breath, he asked the foreman:
 "Can I have the job left vacant by Larschen—he just drowned?"
 "The place has already been taken."
 "But he just drowned. I stood myself and watched him."
 "Maybe so, but the fellow that pushed him in applied ahead of you."

A Financial Problem.—A. applied to B. for a loan of \$100. B. replied: "My dear A., nothing would please me better than to oblige you, and I'll do it. I haven't \$100 by me, but you make a note and I'll endorse it, and you can get the money from the bank." Grateful A. proceeded at once to write a note. "Stay," said B., "Make it \$200. I want \$100 myself." A. did so, B. endorsed

the paper, the bank discounted it, and the money was divided. When note was due B. was in California, and A. had to meet the payment. What he is unable to cipher out is whether he borrowed \$100 of B. or B. borrowed \$100 of him.

Highly Esteemed.—"Do you think that most men nowadays worship money?"

"No, I won't go as far as that," answered the home-grown philosopher, "but I will say that the love of money is seldom platonic."
 —Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Common Error.—"What's your idea of success?"
 "Getting \$50 for five cents' worth of work."

Capability Necessary.—The story is related of a prosperous preacher passing through a village in Valdres, Norway, when he saw the town fool amusing a crowd with the antics of his trick dog. The minister stopped and accosted the boy:

"My dear boy, how do you manage to train your dog in that way? I can't teach mine a single trick."

The boy looked up, with a simple rustic look and replied:

"Well, you see, it's this way; you have to know more'n the dog, or you can't learn him nothin'."

Somewhat Doubtful.—The father of four boys, discovering the eldest, aged thirteen, smoking a cigarette, called the four together for a lecture on the evils of narcotics.

"Now, Willie," he said, in conclusion, to his youngest, "are you going to use tobacco when you get to be a man?"

"I don't know" replied the six-year-old, soberly. "I'm trying hard to quit."
 —Success Magazine.

No Moonshine.—A man was discovered one evening by a friend leaning disconsolately over the rail of a trans-Atlantic steamer, says the jokesmith of the Los Angeles Times.

"Are you waiting for the moon to rise?" asked the friend, facetiously.

"No," was the savage reply, "I have not swallowed the moon."

An Oversight.—A near sighted Portland citizen was riding in a street car the other day, when a lady opposite bowed to him. He returned the bow, raised his hat, smiled sweetly, and was just wondering who she was, when she came over and whispered in his ear. "Oh! I'll fix you for this, old man!" Then he knew it was his wife.

An Ad Artist.—It is not always that business men take advantage of a situation, but it sometimes occurs. It happened in Topeka, says Everybody's. Three clothing stores are on the same block. One morning the middle pro-

prietor saw to the right of him a big sign—"Bankrupt Sale," and to the left—"Closing Out at Cost." Twenty minutes later there appeared over his own door a sign painted in enormous size letters: "Main Entrance."

On His Way.—Sambo—Hello, Rastus! Whar is you gwine?

Rastus—I ain't agwine nowhar; I'se jes' been whar I'se gwine.

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