

Bits of Humor for the Home Circle and the Fireside

Equal in the eyes of the Lord.—The pillar of one poor, dying church in a little town where there were three other churches was asked:

"How's your church getting on?"

"Not very well," was the reply; "but, thank the Lord, the others are no better."

A valid alibi.—"See here, you old rascal, why didn't you tell me this horse was lame before I bought him?"

"Wal, the feller that sold him to me didn't say nothing about it, so I thought it was a secret."

Practice makes perfect.—A barber reported to work two hours late.

"What's the big idea?" demanded the boss.

"I'm sorry," replied the barber, "but while I was shaving I talked myself into a shampoo, haircut and massage."

— Good Hardware.

Hard question.—"Are you laughing at me?" demanded the irate professor, of his class.

"No," came the answer in chorus.

"Well," insisted the professor, "what else is there in the room to laugh at?"

— College of the Pacific Weekly.

He needed them.—A coolie in the army applied for a pair of shoes. The officer asked what condition his were in.

The coolie replied. "These soles are so thin I can stand on a dime and tell whether it's heads or tails."

Outwitted.—Jimmy giggled when the teacher read the story of a man who swam a river three times before breakfast.

"You do not doubt that a trained swimmer could do that, do you?"

"No, sir," replied Jimmy, "but I wonder why he did not make it four and get back to the side where his clothes were."

Latest make.—"Do you know, I believe your husband is going to get locomotor ataxia."

"I shouldn't wonder—he has a perfect mania for buying cars."

— The Sydney Bulletin.

An advertising cow.—Little Jane was walking in the country with her mother.

"Gracious!" exclaimed mother, "what is that noise?"

"Oh, that's a cow mooing—trying to sell her milk," said Jane.

— The Progressive Grocer.

A day late.—Two Scotchmen decided to become teetotallers, but McGregor thought it would be best if they had one bottle of whisky to put in the cupboard, in case of illness.

After three days Sandy could bear it no longer, and he said: "McGregor, I am ill."

"Too late," said McGregor. "I was ill all day yesterday!" — Good Hardware.

The polite witness.—"You've heard what the last witness said" persisted the

counsel "and yet your evidence is to the contrary. Am I to infer that you doubt her veracity?"

The polite young man waved a deprecating hand.

"Not at all" he replied. "I merely wish to make it clear what a liar I am if she's speaking the truth."

— Everybody's Magazine.

If allowed to live at all.—Wife—This paper tells of a man who lives on onions alone.

Hubby—Well, anyone who lives on onions ought to live alone.

— The Progressive Grocer.

Hot air.—"How did you get your cold?"

"Got Chile on the radio last night"

— Puppet.

Wasteful man.—Hubby—Are you aware, my dear, that it takes three-fourths of my salary to meet your bills?

Wife—Good gracious! What do you do with the rest of your money?

— The Progressive Grocer.

No competition.—A Carrick trapper reports that he has captured 41 shunks this fall. Well, he's welcome to them.

— Hanover (Ontario) Post.

Safe place.—"How can I keep my mince pies free from juvenile raids?" asks the mother of a large family. Lock the pantry door and place the key under the soap in the boys' bedroom, is my advice.—The Passing Show (London).

"Let us bury the hatchet, my brother," said one army chaplain to another of a different denomination. "After all, we are both doing the Lord's work, you in your way, and I in His."

— Churchman.

"Dad, did Moses suffer with indigestion?"

"I am sure I don't know," snapped his father, whose temper was rather soured by his infirmity.

"Well, I think he must have had it, for our teacher told us Sunday that God gave him two tablets." — Councilor.

Such Actions!

A young widow sat in her deck chair in the stern and near her sat a very handsome young man. The widow's daughter, a cute little girl of four or five years, crossed over to the man and said:

"What's your name?"

"Tobias Smith," the young man replied.

"Is you married?"

"No; I'm a bachelor."

The child turned to her mother and said:

"What else did you tell me to ask him, mamma?"

Gloomy Courtship

A young Scotchman fell in love with a girl, but could not screw up courage to ask her to be his wife. One day

a brilliant idea occurred to him. He took her to the local churchyard and, pausing before a large tombstone, said:

"Jean, ma granfather is buried here, my father is buried here, an' ma maither is buried here—in fact, a' ma folk lie here. Wud ye no like tae lie here, tae?"

They were married.

Base Canard?

The boy furrowed his brow over the examination questions, "What is a canard?"

At last he wrote down his reply, "Something you canardly believe." He still finds it painful to sit down!

— London Post.

Guess Where

At the head of a long line of would be passengers he approached the ticket window and inquired: "What is the rate per mile in this state?"

In polite tones the ticket clerk explained.

"Can I purchase a ticket good for any day?"

This question was also answered, and then—"How many trains have you leaving daily?"

Another answer was given.

"Can I wait until this evening to buy my ticket?"

Answer given in one syllable.

"Where can I go for \$12.75?"

In grand chorus the entire line told him.

— Pullman News.

Very Embarrassing

Doctor—"Your husband will be all right, now."

Wife—"What do you mean? You told me he couldn't live."

Doctor—"Well, I'm going to cure him. Surely you are glad?"

Wife—"Puts me in a bit of a hole. I've gone and sold all his clothes to pay for his funeral."

Grandma's Mistake

Johnnie (to new visitor): "So you are my grandma, are you?"

Grandmother: "Yes, Johnnie, I'm your grandma on your father's side."

Johnnie: "Well, you're on the wrong side; you'll soon find that out." — Ex.

An editor was dying, but when the doctor bent over, placed his ear on his breast, and said, "Poor man! Circulation almost gone!" the dying editor shouted: "You're a liar! We have the largest circulation in the country."

We Understand

When a plumber makes a mistake, he charges twice for it. When a lawyer makes a mistake, it's just what he wanted, so he can appeal (to your pocket-book). When a carpenter makes a mistake, he boards it up and nails you with the bill. When a electrician makes a mistake he blames it on the conductor. When a doctor makes a mistake, he buries it. When an undertaker makes a mistake, he just digs it up. When a judge makes a mistake, it may become the law of the land. When a preacher makes a mistake no one knows the

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