

Bits of Humor for the Home Circle and the Fireside

Real Life—Little Thomas was viewing a drama for the first time in company with his mother. Came a moment in the play when the hero and the heroine began to quarrel violently. Thomas turned to his mother with a look of disgust on his little face.

"Say, mamma, what are those people fussin' about?" he asked.

"Hush, dear, they are not really quarreling, they're only acting."

Little Tom reflected a moment. "Mama," he said slowly, "you and daddy act better than that."

The X-ray has not helped man to see through woman's ways.

The unwritten poems and the unsung songs make life endurable.

Ability to talk fiction is not necessarily acquired through novel-reading.

Hunger might be defined as a necessary evil for the promotion of exercise.

The invalid realizes that he is on the high road to recovery when he sees the doctor's bill.

Had His Doubts—"I tell in with some Scotchmen, and they gave me too much whiskey," exclaimed a man at Lambeth.

Magistrate: "Are you quite sure they were Scotchmen?"

A Well-earned Rest—"Fellow citizens," said the candidate, "I have fought against the Indians. I have often had no bed but the battlefield and no canopy but the sky. I have marched over the frozen ground till every step has been marked with blood."

His story took well till a dried-up looking voter came to the front.

"I'll say you've done enough for your country. Go home and rest. I'll vote for the other fellow."

His request—A small boy was delighted one day when a small fire in his father's house brought the firemen and the engine.

"I say," he exclaimed to the first fireman he met, "I say, if there should be a big fire here and you want to save things, please don't save my winter flannels, because they tickle me."

—Tit-Bits.

Foolish question—Quick, give me a round trip ticket," gasped a man out of breath, as he dashed up to the ticket window with only one minute to catch his train.

"Where to?"

"Why, b-b-back here, of course, you dumbbell."

Small profit—"What d'ye say, little lady—I'll give you a nickel for a kiss?"

"No, thank you, I can make more taking castor oil."

No such animal—A cattleman bought some handkerchiefs, collars, and ties in a department store while on a trip to the city. The young man who had waited on him then asked very courteously if

he could not sell him some nightshirts.

"Now, look here, young feller," began the cattleman very earnestly. "I don't know what I want to tell you. I ain't one of them sassiety chaps what go to dances and recepshuns. When night comes I go to bed."—Capper's Weekly.

It was grandma's bill—Little Mary went to the store for a piece of gingham to make a dress for her doll, grandma telling her she would stop in at the store next day and pay for it.

"How much is it?" asked Mary as the clerk wrapped it up.

"Well, if you'll just give me a nice kiss I'll not charge you a cent."

"But grandma said she'd stop in tomorrow and pay for it."

Long way around—Chronic Borrower—Say, Brown, are you using your lawn mower this afternoon?

Brown—Why, yes, I expect to cut my lawn.

C. B.—That's fine; then you won't be wanting your tennis racket, I've broken mine.

Pitcher didn't leak—Mother—"Where are you going, Willie?"

Willie—"Down stairs to get some water."

Mother—"In your nightie?"

Willie—"No, in this pitcher."

CHOOSING A FRIEND

By Edgar A. Guest

If he will add one touch of grace
Unto your conduct or your mind,
Or help you to a higher place,
Then to his petty faults be blind.
It he inspires one nobler thought
By which your spirit can ascend,
Then, son of mine, I'd say you ought
To cherish him and be his friend.

If in his play you find him fair,
If to his vows you find him true,
If walking with him anywhere
You have no dread of what he'll do,
If in his company you feel
Yourself a better man to be,
Then you have come to friendship real—
A comrade your love is he.

If he is higher bound and tries
To reach the finer things of earth,
Yet does not common truths despise,
Or sneer at men of lesser worth,
Then be he rich or poor, my son,
Stay by him to the journey's end.
For deep as this must friendship run—
All this it takes to make a friend.

MOSS AS AN INSULATING MATERIAL

In their search for an effective material for insulation against heat, cold and sound a couple of Swedish engineers have decided to employ a variety of sphagni, which has proved very suitable for this purpose. This so called white moss grows chiefly in Sweden and Russia. The moss is dried in the air or by means of steam, then carded and sewn into mats of various thickness up

to about one inch. The inventors have designed a special sewing machine for this purpose, which is said to be very effective.

The new insulating material has been tested by the Government Testing Bureau with very good result, and may be sold at a reasonable cost. In this way it will replace the American Double-Ply Quilt theretofore regarded as the best insulating material on the market. The inventor is M. Gustaf Bagge and a factory has been erected for the manufacture.

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