



Bits of Humor for the Home Circle and the Fireside

Blarney with an Object.—"Why is a strong man like you found begging?"

"Ah, madam, it is the only profession in which a gentleman can address a beautiful lady without the formality of an introduction."

Get an Accurate rule.—Professor—How would you tell the height of a tower by means of a barometer?

Student—I'd lower the barometer from the top of the tower and then measure the rope.

Powerful car.—That's a powerful car you've got there?"

"Whatayou mean powerful? It's just a Ford."

"I wasn't judgin' by the size. I was judgin' by the smell."

In the same boat.—The near sighted guest, who had vainly tried to decipher the bill of fare, finally turned and said: "Waiter, will you please tell me what is on this card?"

"Sorry, ma'am," the waiter replied sympathetically; "but I can't read either."
—Philadelphia Ledger.

Radio benefits.—Another reason the radio will never take the place of the newspaper is that you can't hide behind a radio set at the breakfast table when you don't want to talk to your wife.

Hiking a La Mode.—A Kansas paper says: "Two young men, hiking from coast to coast, got off the train here."

Night-life.—There is plenty of night-life in some of the small towns—cockroaches, mosquitoes and everything.

Meaning "Make."—"Locke was arrested for failing to fake an income-tax return," says a Seattle paper.

He deserves credit.—Son—Pop, don't you think that anyone who gets out of a tight place deserves a lot of praise?

Pop—I certainly do that, son.

Son—Well, I'm no longer in college.

How Big.—"Hey, Mike, how big is a battleship?"

"What size battleship?"

"Oh, a big one."

"How big?"

A Job for a Joshua.—Here is a fine mid-summer problem raised by the Hartford Courant, which is losing sleep over this conundrum: If a baby is born about midnight, daylight saving time, and later on daylight saving is abolished everywhere, which will be celebrated as the youngster's birthday?—Manhattan Union.

Not Demanding Payment.—He was a colored farm tenant. He was in debt to his landlord and certain time merchants. He was a product of the tenant system. He owned his soul but not his soles. He stood on a corner and heard the Salvation Army sing hymn's. Then a tambourine was held out to him. He ignored it. "Just

can't," he said, repeatedly. "You owe it to the Lord," he was told. "Yes, I know it, but He ain't pushing me like the rest," he said.—Raleigh (N. C.) News and Obs.

HOW THE ROSE SPEAKS

By IDA CROCKER DUNCAN,
in The Christian Science Monitor

Why praise the modest rose?
When everybody knows
The rose speaks for itself,
It speaks so sweet and low
That everywhere it blows
The rose speaks for it self
It speaks so sweet and low.

It speaks for lovers, too,
When hearts are full of rue
The rose may speak of them
It speaks so sweet and low.
Wherever hearts are true
The rose may speak for them
It speaks so sweet and low.

REVOLUTIONARY CURRENCY

DEALERS in foreign currency report that there is an ever increasing demand from numismatists for coins and currency emitted by revolutionary governments, both in Latin America and in Europe, at surprisingly high prices. Such dealers will make reasonable offers for any revolutionary currency, certain of a good market for it, even though little of it is worth anything in the country of original issue.

A good example is the paper issued by Pancho Villa in Mexico, when he was keeping the country in constant turmoil, several year ago. His notes are worthless as money in Mexico, but collectors here and in Europe have bid it up until it now sells for more than its face value.

BACK IN THE OLD SHOP

FOR SOME years the traveling salesman had seen former President Taft breakfasting at the table next his own several times a week, when the present chief justice held the Kent Chair of international Law at Yale. The scene was that favorite haunt of commuters and early travelers, Mendel's restaurant in the Grand Central.

A genial soul was the former president, replying affably to his waitress' gum-choked efforts at small talk.

Then, after President Harding had draped Mr. Taft's ample shoulders with the ermine, the salesman saw him no more at those early and solitary breakfasts, for the chief justice of the supreme court naturally, no longer traveled periodically to New Haven.

One morning the familiar figure bulked large again in the doorway and Justice Taft proceeded to his customary table for breakfast.

"Ain't seen you in a long time," commented his waitress. "What's th' matter, ain't you with them New Haven people any more?"

"No," replied the chief justice, gravely, "I'm back with the first people I used to work for. Good job, and better hours."

—The New Yorker.

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—New York Times.

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