

Bits of Humor for the Home Circle and the Fireside

The Insult. "Why did you strike the telegraph operator?" the judge asked the darky.

"Well, yo' honah," said the culprit, "it was jest like this: I hands him a telegram for mah girl, an' he starts in readin' it. So I jest nachurally ups an' hands him one." —American Boy.

No Joque. Congressman Guy Hardy of Colorado has a faded old clipping in his possession about the difficulties of a pioneer newspaper out in his country, which reads:

"We begin the publication ov the Roc-cay Mountain Cyclone with some phew diphphiculties in the way. The type phounder phrom whom we bought our outphit phor this printing ophphice phailed to supply us with any ephs and eays, and it will be phour or phive weex before we can get any. The mistaque was not phound out till a day or two ago. We have ordered the missing letters, and will have to get along without them til they come. We don't lique the loox or

this variety ov spelling any better than our readers, but mistax will happen in the best regulated phamilies, and iph the ph's and c's and x's and q's hold out we shall ceep (sound the c hard) the Cyclone whirling aphter a phashion till the sorts arrive. It is no joque to us—it's a serious aphphair." —National Republic.

New Check Protector. "A woman went to the bank and asked for a new check book. 'I've lost the one you gave me yesterday,' she said. 'But it doesn't matter. I took the precaution of signing all the checks as soon as I got it, so, of course, it won't be any use to anyone else.'" —Everybody's Magazine.

The Joy Killer. Druggist (to his stout wife): "Don't come into the shop for a minute. I am trying to sell six bottles of my fat-reducing mixture." —Photo Digest.

Additions to the Family. Adolphus Annum, clerk, who, according to the California Advertiser, was always late at the office, usually managed to smooth over the boss in a most extraordinary manner, which was the admiration and envy of his fellow workers. But one morning Adolphus arrived at 10 minutes past 11, and explained to the stern boss: "I'm sorry, sir, but my wife presented me with a son last night."

"H'm! Did she?" asked the boss. "It's a pity she didn't present you with an alarm clock."

"I've an idea she has done so, sir," was the retort. —Exchange.

Still Hope

He—Why the deuce do I struggle with this piffling job?

Fair Typist—Don't be discouraged; think of the mighty oak—it was once a nut like you. —Boston Transcript.

Passenger (fumbling through pockets): I'm afraid I've lost my ticket.

Irate conductor: "What do you mean, lost it; you couldn't lose a ticket a yard long."

Passenger: "I couldn't hey? Say, you don't know me. I lost a bass drum once."

Tonsorial Salesmanship. "Poor Jim has been sent to a lunatic asylum," said the barber, flourishing a shining razor over his customer.

"Who's Jim?" asked the man in the chair.

"Jim is my twin brother, sir. Jim kept brooding over the hard times, an' I suppose he finally got crazy."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; he and me worked side by side for years, and we are so alike we couldn't tell each other apart. We both brooded a great deal, too. No money in this business now."

"What's the reason?"

"Prices too low. Unless a customer takes a shampoo, it doesn't pay to shave or cut hair. Poor Jim, I caught him trying to cut a customer's throat because he refused a shampoo so I had to have the poor fellow locked up. Makes me

sad. Sometimes I feel sorry I didn't let him slash all he wanted to. It might have saved his reason: Shampoo sir?"

"Yes." —Globe and Anchor.

The Terror

A pale, proud girl turned to the big, heavy-browed man, who was gazing at her intently. He held a glittering knife in his hand. "Have you no heart?" she asked in low, even tones.

"No," he growled.

"Then give me ten cents' worth of liver."

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Portland, Oregon



Candidate for Republican nomination as United States Senator at May 21st, 1926, Primaries. Raised on an Iowa farm, served four years as County Superintendent of Schools, nine years in Iowa State Senate, where he drafted and secured passage of the Iowa State-wide Primary Election Law, and served six and one-half years as United States Attorney in Alaska appointed by Roosevelt. Twenty-nine months in World War from Oregon, overseas with front line divisions in Champagne and Oisne-Aisne and with Rainbow (42nd) Division in Argonne.

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