

## Bits of Humor for the Home Circle and the Fireside

**Why Daniel got away from the lions.**—The colored parson discoursing, in a sermon on "Daniel in the Lions' Den," finally roared:

"Now kin enny ob you sinners tell me why the lion did not eat Daniel?"

No one answered.

"Well, Ah! tell yer, yer onnery bunch o' onbelievers," he yelled; "'twas 'cos the most o' him waz back bone an' the rest was grit."

**Teacher**—Johnny, I'm only punishing you because I love you.

**Johnny**—I wish I was big enough to return your love. —Black and Blue Jay.

**Justifiable Doubt.**—Spouse: John, what time is it?

**Slightly Inebriate:** I can't tell. There's two hands on this watch and I don't know which to believe. —Brown Jug.

**A colored woman** applied some vanishing cream to her face before retiring. The next morning her husband found only an ink spot on the pillow. —Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

**An observing customer.**—"That's a good-looking suit you have on, Joe, old boy. Mind giving me the address of your tailor?"

"Not at all. But only on the condition that you do not tell him mine." —Washington Dirge.

**Up-to-date.**—Doctor, don't you find it inconvenient to travel miles to see me?"

"Oh, no I have another patient near here, so I get the chance to kill two birds with one stone." —Brown Jug.

**Modern Censorship.**—"Literary censors certainly are loyal to their occupation."

"You mean?"

"They've even come to the point where they suppress their own yawns." —Satyr.

**Dressed up to sell.**—A gentleman from Kentucky was in the act of selling a somewhat aged horse. The prospective buyer desired to take the animal for a run around the block, but the seller feared that the horse's age would tell on him by his heavy breathing.

**Seller:** "Look how the sun shines on the critter. Did you ever see such a pretty coat on a horse?"

**Buyer:** "Yes, I like his coat but I don't like his pants." —Okla. Whirlwind.

**Useless.**—An ambulance driver, answering a hurry call for an auto accident, found nothing worse than an exasperated motorist and a car stalled in the mud.

"Say," said the driver: "I thought you said you wanted a pulmotor?"

"I did," returned the car owner, "but how in the deuce are you going to pull me out with that?" —Am. Legion.

**A Yellow Cab Highball.**—It was midnight... the bell hop of the Hotel Munn

called a taxi. Then he escorted four slightly inebriated males from the foyer. "This guy (putting him in the far corner) goes to Washington boulevard. This one (putting him in the near corner) goes to West Street. This fellow (putting him in the middle) goes to the Wood Apartments, and this one (putting him on the jumper seats) goes to Glenwood Avenue." The taxi driver nodded and gave his yellow the gas. In about five minutes he was back. Calling the bell hop he said: "Say! Would you rearrange these guys? I went over a bump and they all got mixed up." —Grinnell Malteaser.

**Mixed Foursomes**

Over the hills to the poorhouse,  
Father and mother and I—  
Mother bought mining stock, father  
tried oil,  
And that is the reason why. —D.D.

**Going Up.** Old Lady—Why, I wouldn't think of renting this room. I ain't going to pay my good money for a box like this, and I simply won't have a folding bed—

**Bellhop**—Go on in, lady. This ain't your room, it's the elevator. —Washington Dirge.

**Experienced.**—"This blankety-blank motor is on the bum! snapped the sheik. "We're stalled!"

"Quit your kidding and drive up the next lane," cooed the sheba. "It's too public here."

"Don't get fresh. The blamed thing is really stalled."

**Not fish food.**—"Norah," said the mistress to the new maid who had recently landed from the other side, "do you feel like feeding the goldfish?"

"No, ma'am," replied the maid. "I feel quite well, thank you."

**A practical view.**—"Willie," ordered father, "get out the mower and cut the grass."

"Aw, gee, what's the use?" expostulated the boy, "you'll just water it and make it grow again."

**Exasperation.**—A nervous old lady had been pestering a railroad station agent with countless questions.

"Can you tell me how to make a connection with the eastbound train?" she asked for perhaps the twentieth time.

"Stand right in the middle of the track, madame," advised the weary official.

**Well trained.**—"Why do you throw all the soiled linen out in the hall, Hilda?" asked the mistress.

"Tis just a little trick I learned when I was workin' in the hotel, mum," replied the new maid modestly.

There is a curious connection between the temperature and the singing of crickets. The greater the heat, the more rapid is the beat of the cricket's chirp-

ing. On a very hot night it is sometimes almost one hundred and twenty-five beats to the minute. If a storm cools the air, the cricket's beat may drop even to sixty to the minute.

**Just for practice.**—Condemned prisoner: "Warden, I need exercise, I do."

Warden: "Exercise? What kind of exercise do you want?"

Prisoner: "Oh, I'd just like to skip the rope!" —Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

**Exasperatingly severe.**—"Hang 'em all, anyway!" exploded the judge who couldn't make up his mind regarding three fellows who were being tried for murder. —Minn. Ski-U-Man.

**It came by mail.**—"Pa, what's a post-graduate?"

"A fellow who graduates from one of those correspondence schools, I suppose." —Pitt Panther.

**For looks.**—A Gentleman who is constantly being told that he is an ugly customer would like to meet some pretty fellow with whom he could exchange looks. —Brown Jug.

**A qualification to fame.**—Our nomination for the Hall of America's Dumb is the guy who stopped for half an hour at the railroad crossing, waiting for the Stop sign to change. —Wash. Dirge.

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