

The Scrap Book

Collecting a Nickel.

The conductor looked worried and was in an ugly mood. He had been counting his cash, and it was evidently short, as his scowl deepened as he dropped it back in his pocket and glanced at the indicator.



THE CONDUCTOR LOOKED WORRIED.

"You've got your nickel. No more nickels for you. See?" and the conductor moved to the rear platform.

The Italian sat meekly in silence, but the Irishman employed different tactics. He went to the doorway.

"Gimme folve cints change," said he to the conductor.

"You've got all the change you're going to get," was the retort.

"See here," exclaimed the Irishman, "you may play that chune on a hand organ, but you can't play it on a harp. Gimme folve cints."

And he got it.



"GIMME FOLVE CINTS."

Let Us Smile.

The thing that goes the farthest toward making life worth while, that costs the least and does the most, is just a pleasant smile.

The smile that bubbles from a heart that loves its fellow men will drive away the cloud of gloom and coax the sun again.

It's full of worth and goodness, too, with manly kindness bent—It's worth a million dollars and doesn't cost a cent.

—National Magazine.

The Fool Man.

A man who prided himself on his keen sense of humor had been invited to an evening party. He wanted to go, but his wife declared that she had no gown suitable for the occasion and asked him to send regrets to their hostess. The man went down to his office and penned this facetious note of declination:

"We regret that your kind invitation must be declined for all the conventional reasons, but the real reason is that half the family has nothing to wear. My wife's latest dress is over three weeks old, and her hat is twelve hours out of date. You will appreciate the hopelessness of the occasion and excuse us."

He thought this pretty good, and he determined to write a note to his wife also explaining that he would not be at home for an early dinner, as she had asked him. He said in this note:

"I have turned down your invitation because I am going out to another evening party where the guests are not expected to wear anything of importance. Sorry I won't be there to kiss you good night."

And then the fool man carelessly sent his wife's note to the hostess and the hostess' note to his wife.

Struck a Skeptic.

A food faddist was lecturing to a large audience on the marvelous results to be obtained from chewing soup or eating nut butter or something of that kind. He was lean and small and not a very imposing person physically; but, swelling out his chest, he slapped it thrice with the palm and cried:

"Friends, two years ago I was a walking skeleton, a haggard, miserable wreck. Now, what do you suppose brought about this great change in me?"

He paused to let his words sink in, and a voice asked:

"What change?"

Wanted Plenty of Room.

A solemn looking Irishman entered a business house and, walking up to one of the men employed on the lower floor, asked:

"Is there anny chanst fer a mon t' get a job av wur-ck here?"

"I don't know," said the man. "You'll have to see Mr. Hobart."

"An' phwere is he?"

"Up on the second floor," was the answer.

"Shah Ol walk up an' talk to him?"

"No need of that. Just whistle in that tube, and he'll speak to you," pointing to a speaking tube.

The Irishman walked over to the tube and blew a mighty blast in it. Hearing the whistle, Mr. Hobart came to the tube and inquired:

"What wanted down there?"

"Tis Ol, Paddy Fiyah. Ar ye boss?"

"I am," said Mr. Hobart.

"Well, thin," yelled Flynn, "sthrick yer head out av th' second sthory windy whollie Ol sthup out on th' sold-walk. Ol want to talk t' ye!"—Lippincott's.

A PLEASANT REMARK.

It Was the Only One the Crank Made During the Game.

At a whist club in Brooklyn was an old fellow who enjoyed the reputation of being a great crank, and his animadversions against his partners were so severe and his manners generally so bad that it was rare, indeed, that he could get any one to play with him.

One night, however, a man happened in from the west, and the avoided one promptly assailed him with a request to "sit in." The western man was about to comply when he was quietly taken aside by one of the members of the club, who told him the reputation of the crank.

"I don't care," he said. "I can stand it, I guess."

At the end of the evening he was approached once more by the curious member.

"Well," said the member, "how did you manage?"

"First rate."

"Didn't he insult you?"

"Why, no."

"Didn't he browbeat you?"

"Not at all."

"Didn't he say anything?"

"Nothing special. He only spoke once during the whole course of the game."

"What did he say then?"

"Why, I didn't get the cards out right in the last round, and he looked over at me very pleasantly and said, 'Why, you can't even deal, can you?'

—Life.

The Tale That Taft Told.

While spending the winter in Georgia before his inauguration as president Mr. Taft went to the city of Athens to deliver an address to the students of the University of Georgia. He met a member of the faculty—a staunch Democrat—who said:

"Judge, I voted the Democratic ticket, but wanted to see you win."

Judge Taft replied:

"You remind me of the story of Br'er Jasper and Br'er Johnson, who were both deacons in the Shiloh Baptist church, although avowed enemies.

"Br'er Jasper died, and the other deacons told Br'er Johnson he must say something good about the deceased on Sunday night. At first he declined, but finally consented.

"Sunday night, when time for the eulogy arrived, he arose slowly and said, 'Brethren and sisters, I promised ter say sump'n good 'bout Deacon Jasper tonight, an' I will say we all hopes he's gone whar we knows he ain't.'"

A Word of Kindness.

There are lives of wearisome monotony which a word of kindness can relieve. There is suffering which words of sympathy can make more endurable, and often, even in the midst of wealth and luxury, there are those who listen and long in vain for some expression of disinterested kindness. Speak to those while they can hear and be helped by you.

The Doctor's Orders.

An old farmer was walking one day looking very glum and miserable. He was a man who ordinarily dearly loved a joke. But jokes seemed a long way off just then, and the old man was thinking deeply when he was accosted by a tramp, who made the usual request for a night's lodging and something to eat, as he explained he had had nothing for two



WALKED ON HIM.

whole days. The effect upon the farmer when he said this was magical.

"Why, man," he said, "I've been looking for you all day."

And then without more ado he knocked him down and walked on him from one end to the other. The tramp got up, looking very staggered, and asked him why he had done that.

"Well," said he, "my doctor has ordered me to walk on an empty stomach, and now that I have fulfilled his prescription I can go and have a good

Your New Suit Does Not Fit

Unless Your Underwear Fits. Lewis Underwear is made to Fit, and Fit to wear. Because--

Every garment is made of the BEST YARN of its kind procurable. Shorter stitches are taken than on any other make of underwear. Near by all of the thread used for stitching is PURE THREAD SILK. ALL BUTTON HOLES are made with THREAD SILK. Only FIRST GRADE BUTTONS ARE USED. ALL BUTTONS are sewed on with SILK THREAD. The CUFFS AND ANKLES are so knitted and shaped that they will hold the sleeves and legs of the garments in shape.

A STRAP is put on the SHOULDERS of each shirt and union suit which is elastic and yet does not let the garment sag and drop down on the arm.

A NECK OF SPECIALLY KNITTED DESIGN is put on each shirt and union suit. Our Full Fashioned Goods are FULL FASHIONED THROUGHOUT; are hand knitted and conform to the lines of the body.

Our cut and sewed goods are made on SPRING NEEDLE Machines. The latter cost twice as much as latch needle machines; the fabric is FIRMER; garments made from these HOLD THEIR SHAPE BETTER and wear longer.

For twenty-five years LEWIS underwear has been recognized as the HIGHEST QUALITY of any made.

And cost no more than inferior makes.

C. C. Pennington Co.

"If its the Style we have it."

Attention Dairymen!

"It is asserted by the promoters of the new Creamery that there is a vast amount of cream being shipped out almost daily to creameries in distant localities."

The above appeared in the Apr. 27th issue of the Morning Star.

We have issued a circular letter in which we stated that not a can of cream had been shipped by a farmer from La Grande in two years.

A CORRECTION

We overlooked the fact that two cans were shipped out last summer. These facts can be verified by the express office records.

Blue Mountain Creamery