

Short Stories

Criticizing Your Neighbor

A rather fussy old lady in New England once called upon the pastor with a grievance. The good man's neckbands were too long for her ideas of ministerial humility, and after a long harangue on the sin of pride, she intimated that she had brought a pair of scissors with her, and would be pleased if her dear pastor would permit her to cut them down to her notions of propriety.

The pastor had not only listened patiently, but had handed over the offending neckbands to be operated upon. She had cut them down to her satisfaction and returned the bibs; it was the pastor's turn.

"Now," he said, "you must, if you please, do me a favor."

"Certainly, doctor. What can it be?"

"Well, you have something about you that is a deal too long, and that causes me no end of trouble. I should like to see it shorter."

"What is it?" asked the old lady.

"Here are the scissors; use them as you please."

"Come, then," continued the pastor. "Good sister, put out your tongue!" —Philadelphia Ledger.

A clergyman was in the habit of going up to his little girl's bedside each evening and telling her a story before she went to sleep.

One evening he told her such a thrilling tale that the child, sitting up in bed, looked very straight at her father and asked:

"Daddy, is that a true story, or are you preaching?" —Pearson's Weekly.

Collection Box Humor

Here are two new jokes about the collection box in church, which will be appreciated by our clerical readers.

(1) Sleepy parishioner, when the collection plate is passed: "Never mind, waiter, never mind, just keep the change." (2) The collector approached a parishioner and held out the box. "I never give to missions," whispered the parishioner. "Then take something out of the box, sir," whispered the collector; "the money is for the 'eathen.'" —Fortnightly Review.

Mother (to Betty, who has been sent home, owing to indisposition of schoolmistress) — But I hope you were sorry poor Miss Pringle was ill.

Betty — Oh, I was, mother, but I couldn't help clapping my hands under my breath. —London Punch.

THE MOCKING BIRD

Superb and sole, upon a plumed spray
That o'er the general leafage boldly grew,
He summ'd the woods in song; or typic drew
The watch of hungry hawks, the lone dismay
Of languid doves when long their lovers stray,
And all birds' passion-plays that sprinkle dew
At morn in brake or bosky avenue.
Whate'er birds did or dreamed, this bird could say.

Then down he shot, bounced airily along
The sward, twitched in a grasshopper, made song
Mid flight, perched, prinked and to his art again.
Sweet science, this large riddle read me plain:
How may the death of that dull insect be
The life of yon trim Shakespeare on the tree?
—Sidney Lanier.

WHY NOT SMILESHINE?

About the strangest thing in the world is this—that though we are every last one of us exactly human, still are we not all about ninety per cent shy and afraid of the world—and each other.

I wonder why it is? The world was made for us all. And we were made—every one of us—to be friends and to like each other.

The world is too big. And there is too much room for laughter and happiness. And everybody likes laughter and happiness. I have never known anyone who did not.

And yet, how funny we are! If we don't like some particular human, we say so—most always to someone else. We call them names and wonder why they are not like us. Well the biggest reason why they are not like us, is probably because we are not like them.

We are all about the same in feeling and in desire. We long for and work toward about the same things. Our faces all look something alike, though each of us does own the only face of its kind ever made.

But we are all—just human—after all.

Yet I wish we knew each other better. I wish we were more toler-

ant, more understanding of the feelings of others, more generous, more aspiring toward larger and better things—more desirous to give instead of to get.

I would that everybody's business belonged to us only insofar as we could help and love and make it easier and more beautiful for them.

I think that the greatest business in the world is smile making. And the greatest profession—smile giving. People hide behind hate and meanness—but never behind smiles.

So let's do what we can today to light up the world—most of all, our particular place of work and standing—with smiles. —G. A. Adams.

A vigorous, outdoor, breezy moral culture lives in the active present, and, having done its best, dismisses the past without regret. The best curative for spiritual morbidness is a little unselfish benevolence. Perhaps because doing good to others implies less thought of ourselves, does it seem the most perfect kind of happiness. We are in a position for high spiritual aspirations when we get further away from self. —Humphrey J. Desmond.



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"My Company serves over 330,000 people with an indispensable service."

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1922

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National Greetings

"How can you?" That's Swedish.

"How do you fare?" That's Dutch.

"How do you stand?" That's Italian.

"God with God, senior!" That's Spanish.

"How do you live on?" That's Russian.

"How do you perspire?" That's Egyptian.

"How do you have yourself?" That's Polish.

"How do you find yourself?" That's German.

"Thank God! how are you?" That's Arabian.

"May thy shadow never grow less!" That's Persian.

"How do you carry yourself?" That's French.

"How do you do?" That's English and American.

"Be under the guard of God!" That's Ottoman.

"How is your stomach? Have you eaten rice?" That's Chinese.

"How do you stand?" That's Irish.

A Swede went into a lawyer's office to get him to make out a conveyance for some land he had purchased.

He said he wanted a mortgage, but the lawyer said he should have a warranty deed. "No," said the Swede, "I once had a warranty deed to a farm, but another man held a mortgage and he got the farm. I want a mortgage."

The court was having trouble getting a satisfactory jury. "Is there any reason why you could not pass impartially on the evidence for and against the prisoner?" asked the judge of a prospective juror.

"Yes," was the reply, "the very looks of that man makes me think he is guilty."

"Why, man," exclaimed the judge, "that's the prosecuting attorney."

Ladies Home Journal.

Classified Ads.

Advertisements under this heading 10c per line first insertion; 5c Minimum charge, 25c. Count six words to the line. Strictly cash.

WOOD—FOR SALE, delivered anywhere; first class old growth; first class second growth. Phone 614-48. L. W. Cooper.

WANTED—Men or women to take orders for genuine guaranteed hosiery, for men, women and children. Eliminates darning. \$40.00 a week full time, \$1.00 an hour spare time. Experience unnecessary. International Stocking Mills, Norristown, Pa. 2-10t

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FOR SALE—Barred Rock hatching eggs. Direct O. A. C. stock. A few cockerels for sale. J. F. Leary, 101st and 55th avenue S. E. 6-2tx

FOR SALE—Ancona eggs for hatching, call 643-53 1t

FOR SALE—A hanging lamp, \$4. A 9x12 grass rug, \$6.75. 5304 97th. 7-1t

LOST—Elks charm. Reward if returned to Dr. P. J. O'Donnell, Lents. 7-2t

A gas or dust cloud has been discovered in the heavens by a Dutch scientist which he estimates to be twenty billion times greater than the sun. We hope it don't drop.

15 R. I. Reds setting eggs, \$1. 1918 Ford chassis, \$130. 6817 89th S.E. A. E. Smith.

LADY wishes sewing to do at home. Reasonable. Mrs. H. C. Pratt, 6305 54th street. Aut. 624-31. 7-1t

TWO 40x100 lots for sale, CHEAP. 9319 67th avenue. Small payment, terms. W. W. Hays. 7-2tx

LOST—Ladies gauntlet glove with initial "B." at 92nd and Foster. Reward. Telephone Tabor 5464. 7-2t

FOR SALE—Brown Leghorn eggs for incubators, 50 cents for fifteen. See J. H. Cullons, 8804 88th St., 67th avenue.

WANTED—Man with car to sell the BEST Ford Oil Gauge made. \$100 per week and extra commissions. Benton Harbor Accessories Co., Benton Harbor, Mich. 7-1t

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ONE MAN SAID:
"You only took second place."
Jim, among the raw milk producers."
To which Jim Burdette, responded:
"Yes, but that one man beat me by one-tenth of one per cent. He received one per cent on tenths for sanitary caps, which I didn't have. I figure I beat him, ON MILK, nine-tenths of one per cent." J. Burdette, 4918 99th St., Telephone 632-87.

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