

Stories With a Smile

Schoolboy Answers.
A TEACHER in one of our public schools gives a couple of examples which indicate the necessity for her being on the job.

"What is the equator?" she asked of little Peter Ford, whose knowledge of physical geography was well known throughout the school.

"The equator is a menagerie lion running around the earth," answered the lad, thereby establishing forever his claim to fame.

"What boy will give me an example of an imperative sentence?" inquired the teacher.

"I will," spoke up Matty New. "John, throw the horse over the fence some hay."

Plain to Him.

Among those visiting an art exhibition held recently in San Antonio was an old German, who wandered about looking at the paintings with interest. Finally he stopped before a portrait which showed a man sitting in a high-backed chair. Tacked to the frame was a small white placard reading: "A Portrait of J. F. Jones, by Himself."

The aged Teuton read the card and then chuckled sarcastically:

"Vot fools is dese art beoples," he muttered. "Anybody dot looks at dot picture would know dot Jones is by himself. Nobody else is in der picture."

Making the Test.

A barber in a downtown shop, having been out late the night before, had a shaky hand the next morning and cut a patron's cheek four times. After each accident the barber said, as he sponged away the blood: "Oh, dear me, how careless!"

The patron took all these gashes in grave silence. But when the shave was over he filled a glass at the water cooler, took a mouthful of water, and, with compressed lips, proceeded to shake his head from side to side.

"What is the matter?" the barber asked. "You ain't got the toothache, have you?"

"No," said the customer. "I only wanted to see if my mouth would still hold water without leaking."

What He Didn't Understand.

A colored man who runs a prosperous truck farm in a Southern state was purchasing various articles at a shop in Atlanta, when the proprietor ventured to suggest that he needed a barometer. An instrument was shown and the darky was treated to a long statement about indications and pressures and other things. Finally he interrupted the shopkeeper with:

"Look heah, boss. I understands 'bout all dat. What I wants to know is, how do you set de thing when you wants it to rain?"

Changing Around.

Neighbor—Every time you feed your dog he brings the bones over and gnaws them on my premises. Isn't there some way to stop it?

Owner—Suppose you feed him hereafter, and then he will probably bring them over and gnaw them on my premises.

On the Captain's Deck.

It is hard to imagine the skipper of a British man of war sleeping on the deck of his ship between a couple of his stokers, but this has happened in the American navy.

It happened off Santiago during the blockade in Commodore Schley's flagship, Brooklyn. No lights were allowed to be shown from the ships at night, and as this meant all port-holes shut, the temperature below decks was unbearable. Every man who could slept on deck, the skipper among them.

This officer laid himself down one night on his quarter deck to snatch a few hours' rest. He was awakened in the dawn, says the Mirror, by hearing a sleepy voice next to him murmur to a companion: "Darned if it ain't the cap'n!" And, opening his eyes, he saw two of his stokers rise up suddenly from his side and disappear swiftly for'ard.

How Could He Know?
 "King Lear is a great character," remarked the friend.

"Yes," answered the actor. "I suppose you remember my performance last season?"

"No, I must confess I have never seen you in the part!"

"Indeed!" was the rejoinder in a tone of gentle surprise. "Then how on earth did you know it was a great character?"

Realistic.

Potted Daughter—They asked me to play at Mrs. Highup's this evening, and I did; but—

Fond Mother (proudly)—Were not they entranced?

Potted Daughter—Hum! When I played "A Life on the Ocean Wave" with variations, half of them left the room.

Fond Mother (ecstatically)—That is wonderful! They must have felt seasick.

Easily Done.

They had been making hay while the sun shone, and when they had finished a high haystack the farmer's boy shouted from the top: "Say, mister, how am I going to get down?"

The farmer considered the problem and finally solved it:

"Oh, jest shat yer eyes an' walk around a bit."

Couldn't Fool Him.

The chump had bought a pair of shoes in the city shop. "Now, can't I sell you a pair of shoe trees?" suggested the clerk.

"Don't git fresh with me, sonny!" replied the chump, bristling up: "I don't believe shoes kin be raised on trees any more'n I believe rubbers grow on rubber trees or oysters on the oyster plants."

Putting One Over.

In the happy past John Henry was madly in love with Gladys May, but there came one of those silly little quarrels, and the fair one told the youth to leave her papa's porch.

John Henry did so. Moreover, he kept on going, and it was something like ten years before he returned to the native haunts he knew so well.

At a ball one night he met the beau-

teous Gladys May, married now, and it was with matronly condescension that she elected to look upon him.

"After ten long years we meet again, Gladys," said John Henry, eagerly stepping forward to take her hand. "I trust that you still remember me."

"Let me see," mused the fair Gladys May, with an indifferent expression. "Was it you or your brother who used to be an old sweetheart of mine?"

"Really, I don't know," came back the cruel response of John Henry. "Probably it was my father."

Grandma Bites.

Bobby (to grandmother)—Grandma, have you ever seen an engine wagging its ears?

Grandma—No; nonsense, Bobby. I never heard of an engine having any ears.

Bobby—Why, haven't you heard of engineers?

But Not Alone.

There is in Brooklyn a young recently married couple who have been having the usual half pathetic and wholly amusing experiences incident to somewhat limited means and total inexperience. Last Saturday, there was a hitch in the delivery of the marketing, and Sunday found them with a practically empty larder. When dinner time came the young wife burst into tears.

"Oh, this is horrible!" she wept. "Not a thing in this house for a dog to eat! I am going home to mama!"

"If you don't mind, dear," the husband exclaimed, as he visibly brightened and reached for his hat, "I'll go with you!"

All In Line.

The rehearsal was proceeding slowly. The star had several complaints to make and the manager was losing patience.

Star Actor—I must insist, Mr. Stager, on having real food in the banquet scene.

Manager—Very well, then; if you insist on that you will be supplied with real poison in the death scene.



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