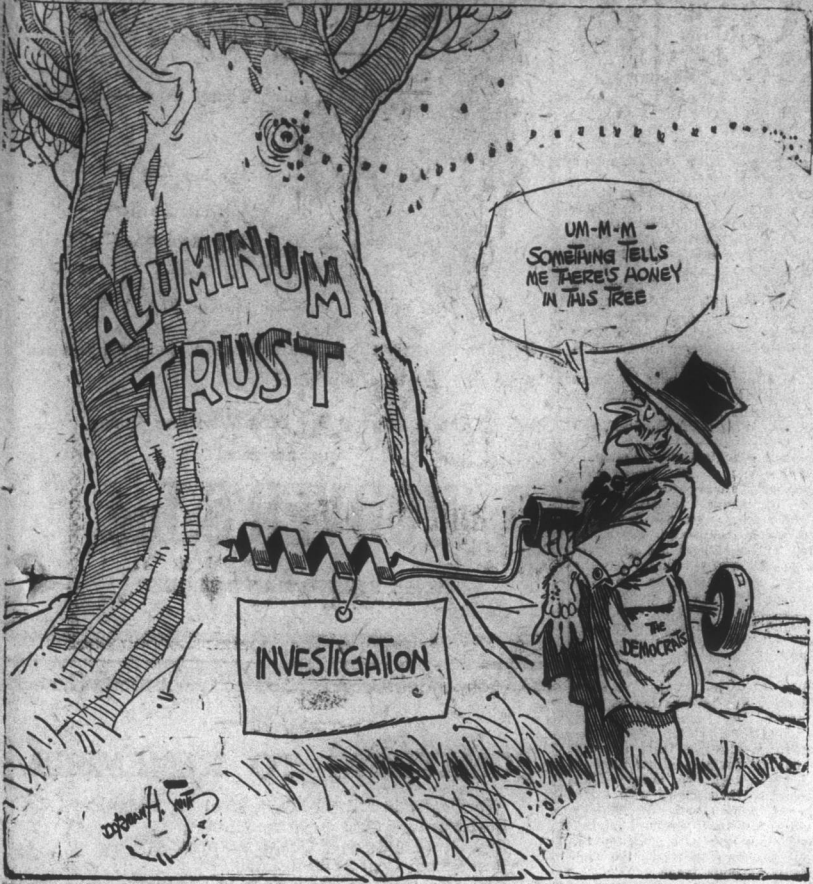


The Political Bee Tree



OUT OUR WAY BY WILLIAMS



MOMN POP BY TAYLOR



Stewart's WASHINGTON LETTER

By CHARLES P. STEWART NEA Service Writer

Washington, Jan. 12.—One of our leading admirals took me out to the naval research laboratory, on the other side of the Potomac, not long ago, to see some scientific experimental work in progress there.

So we took a street car. We rode and we rode and finally we came to the end of the line.

This flivver was of the model of the early 30's. It was fastened together with wire. A number of the parts were missing entirely.

We took a sharp curve on two wheels. Far down the road ahead of us loomed a huge navy motor truck. From the rear a red flag fluttered.

The dusky driver turned calmly in his seat. "Muh brake's no good," he observed placidly.

Well, he missed that truck by the breadth of a hair, to a chorus (though only one voice furnished it) of "Port! Head's port! Port y' hullum!" and landed alive at the naval observatory.

Senator Simmons Right.

That is good news that Stator Simmons, ranking member of the Finance Committee is making ready to demand improvements in the tax repeal measure.

No partisan fight will be made on the partisan bill. It was drawn to enable the Republican leaders to say in the campaign this fall: "See we have reduced taxes biennially since we came into power."

The Democrats in the House lost a golden opportunity when they failed to fight the indefensible provisions of the bill. The House Democrats should have opposed the objectionable provision and refused to let it be tagged as "a non-partisan measure."

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS.

The principal in our school has the habit of visiting all the rooms every day. One day during our pennmanship period, he came in and began to talk to our teacher.

In the history class every morning I amused myself by reaching back with my right hand and punching the knee of the fellow who occupied the seat behind me.

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SPEECHES TO ORDER.

The Pathfinder.

A writer in the Bookman reveals, with a sort of horror, the existence in Washington of a going concern whose business it is to furnish public speakers with speeches for every occasion.

Whether this is a good thing or a bad thing it is in line with the present-day tendency. It is a phase of specialization.

High government officials have always had speeches written for them. The "speeches from the throne" are written by a mixer who stands humbly by and listens to them as if he were quite ignorant and innocent of what's coming.

So why should not the regular business man who is called on to make a speech avail himself of a speech writer? In most cases, at least, it would be better for both himself and his hearers.

When a man becomes famous he is constantly called on to make speeches and write articles.

There is no use denying it, we are becoming more and more standardized, specialized and syndicated.

HOW DUMB'S A DUMBBELL?

New York Mirror.

He's so dumb he thinks an apricot is something to sleep on.

He's so dumb he thinks a football gridiron is purchased in a hardware store.

He's so dumb he thinks a belhop is a debutant dance.

He's so dumb he thinks Guinea hens are imported from Italy.

He's so dumb he thinks you go to college for a race track course.

The late Queen Alexandra, like all members of the English royal family, was a great lover of dogs and at one time of another showed Chows, Shikhs, Japanese Spaniels, Basset hounds, Borzois and Pekingese.

EVERETT TRUE BY CONDO



DINNER STORIES

Lost Ideals.

"Believe me, George, I once had an ideal, to."

Wife—Before you married me you said I was very dear to you. Husband—Yes, you are now too. You are the biggest expense I have.

Doctor—What you need is a change and rest. Patient—I can't afford it, my children get all the change and my wife takes the rest.

Teacher—What made you late this morning, Jimmie? Jimmie—I got a new pair of rubber boots for Christmas and they were tied together so I couldn't take long steps.

Contributor—I have here an original joke which I— Editor—My dear man, you don't look that old.

The Bore (at 1 a. m.)—I heard a ghost story the other night—by jove, it did make me start!

Professor—I'm not receiving visitors today. Tell him I'm sick.

Hazel went to an astrologer to find out when was the best time to get married. "What did he tell her?" "He took one look at her and told her to grab the first chance."

Young Poet—What do you think of my latest brain child? Editor—I'm afraid our magazine will be unable to adopt it!

Coal Merchant, to Fireman—Quick, quick! my coal yard is on fire. Fireman—Oh, is it? Well, if the stuff is the same as you sold me the other day there ain't no hurry.

"Are they unhappily married?" "Oh, I hardly think they're rich enough for that."

A musician was trying to telephone to a firm of music publishers. Thinking he had been given his number, he said: "I want Beethoven—Op. 243."

"Line's busy," said the telephone girl.

First Tramp—Dese people what complain of dere work bein' too hard make me tired.

Second Tramp—Dey do? First Tramp—Yes; why don't dey t'row up de job?

A little boy was told he must go to the hospital to have his tonsils and adenoids removed.

"Well, mamma," said Johnny, "I ain't afraid of going to the hospital. I'll be brave and do just as they tell me. But I'm not going to let them palm off a baby on me, like they did to you when you was there."

"Judge, yo' honah," complained an irate colored lady to the court, "dis yeah no 'count husban' o' mine drinks."

"Yassuh, judge, yo' honah, Ah does drink some," admitted the husband. "But, judge, dat woman don't treat me right. Why, Ah pavns de kitchen stove 'g it a lil' money an' she don miss it fo' two weeks."

Judge—You say the officer arrested you while you were quietly minding your own business?

Prisoner—Yes, your honor. Judge—You were quietly attending to your own business, making no noise or disturbance of any kind.

Prisoner—none whatever, sir. Judge—It seems very strange. What is your business.

Prisoner—I'm a burglar.

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