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WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

Just Being Happy.

Just being happy
Is a fine thing to do;
Looking on the bright side
Rather than the blue;
Sad or sunny musing
Is largely to the choosing,
And just being happy
Is brave work and true.

"The only objection I have against the young man, my dear child, is that he has no noble ambition—no high or worthy object in life." "Oh, papa, how can you say so? He wants me."

"I thought you told me you were playing the heavy part in this spectacular drama?" "So I am." "Why, you don't even appear on the stage." "Oh, yes, I do. I am the hind legs of the elephant."

"How old are you?" asked the magistrate of the woman who had been mixed up in a fight. "Five years younger than her that had me pinched," said the woman. "Well, and what age is that?" "Ask her first."

"Going out of town this summer?" "No; but I'll have my regular relaxation." "What's that?" "Planning to go next summer."

"What kind of a looking man is that chap Gabbleton?" "I don't believe I have met him." "Well, if you see two men in a corner, and one of them looks bored to death, the other one is Gabbleton!"

"Do you find it more economical to do your own cooking?" "Oh, yes. My husband doesn't eat half so much as he used to!"

Jones—"I understand there is trouble between Mrs. Poet and her husband." Smith—"Yes. He couldn't sell his poems and she couldn't eat them, so she left him."

Mr. Nurich (engaging valet)—"I warn you that I am frequently ill-tempered and gruff." Valet (cheerfully)—"That's all right, sir; so am I."

"I say, mamma, why did Mrs. Brown cry at the wedding today?" "Oh, because her dear daughter was getting married and leaving her." "And why did Mrs. Jones cry?" "Oh, because her dear son has left her." "I see; and why did Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Simpson cry?" "Oh, because they have ever so many daughters to get married, and no sign of any of them going off."

"He's only a glazier, but he's a genius in his way." "Indeed?" "Yes; he has an infinite capacity for taking panes!"

"Henry is a brave man. The other night his wife thought she heard a burglar." "And he went down—?" "No. He had the courage to tell her he was afraid."

Mrs. Howard—Are you having trouble with servants?" Mrs. Terry—Dear me, no! I'm having trouble without them.

"I can pronounce your name, but I can't spell it," she said to her partner, trying to remember who he was. "J-o-n-e-s," he replied gravely.

Helen was watching some flies on the window-pane, when she called to her mother, "Mama, come and see if this is the bosom fly!" "The bosom fly, child! What kind of a fly is that?" "Oh, the one they sang about in church last Sunday—Let me to thy bosom fly."

Jones met Smith on the elevated station at 110th street on a cold, blustering day. Jones—Glad to see you, old man! Jove! but it's bleak up here, isn't it? Smith—Yes; but it's Bleeker, between Eighth and Grand.

Merchant (to applicant who has called in response to an advertisement for a business partner)—"Now, let us get to business at once. To begin with, what I want to assist me in this enterprise is a man of brains." Applicant (with alarming frankness)—"Oh, you needn't have told me that; I could see it for myself."

An American and a Scotchman were on a high hill in Scotland, and the Scotchman was bragging of the extent of view.

"I suppose you can see America from here on a fine day," said the American, chaffingly.

"O aye, further than that," was the reply.

"Further than that?"

"Aye! on a fine night we can see the mune."

Speaker Reed wished to see a man on some pending legislation, and telegraphed for him to come to Washington. The man took the first train available, but a washout on the road made it impossible for the train to proceed further toward its destination. Going to a telegraph station, he sent this dispatch to the Speaker: "Washout on line. Can't come." When Reed read the message, he sent back this reply: "Buy a new shirt and come anyway."

A young lady from London was visiting for the first time a country farm. Seeing a cow looking very savage, she said to an old farmer:

"Oh, how savage that cow looks!"

"Yes, miss, it's the red parasol you are carrying," said the farmer.

"Well," she said, "I knew it was a trifle out of fashion, but I never thought a country cow would notice it."

A man was complaining to some bystanders that he did not know what was the matter with his horses. He had tried everything he could hear of condition powders, and all other specifics—but to no purpose; they would not improve in flesh. A stable boy of Irish extraction, whose sympathies were aroused by the story, comprehended the situation, and modestly asked, "Did yes iver try corn?"

A Radical speaker said: "The Tories keep dragging the Home Rule red herding across our path, but it misses fire every time." It was a Unionist M. P. who, in a recent speech, spoke to the following effect: "This is the marrow of the education act and it would not to be taken out by Dr. Clifford or anybody else. It was founded on a granite foundation, and spoke in a voice not to be drowned by sectarian clamor."

As the new minister of the village was on his way to evening service he met a rising young man of the place whom he was anxious to have become an active member of the church.

"Good evening, my young friend," he said, solemnly; "do you ever attend a place of worship?"

"Yes, indeed, sir; regularly every Sunday night," replied the young fellow with a smile. "I'm on my way to see her now."

Amos J. Cummings and Ernest Jerrold were once in a pilot-boat during a great storm. The former lay on a bunk, intently reading. The boat gave a fearful lurch, and careened until it seemed that she must turn completely over. "This is awful, Amos," said Jerrold. "I'm going to put on a life preserver, for I don't think the boat can stand it many minutes longer."

"Oh, keep quiet, and let me read, Mickey!" said Cummings, never lifting his eyes. "The men on this boat draw a regular salary to keep her afloat!"

They tell a story about Dodd, the Standard Oil lawyer, when he was a struggling practitioner in Franklin.

There was a Franklin minister who went gunning a great deal, and altogether was rather a sporting character.

At a little church supper one night the minister was boasting about his knowledge of horses and hunting, his marksmanship, and so on, when Dodd interrupted him.

"You're a good sportsman, are you?" he said.

"Well," said the minister, not suspecting any trap, "I am not a bad sportsman, if I do say it myself."

"Yet," said Dodd, "if I were a bird I could hide where there'd be no danger of your potting me."

"Where would you hide?" asked the minister.

"I'd hide," Dodd answered, "in your study."

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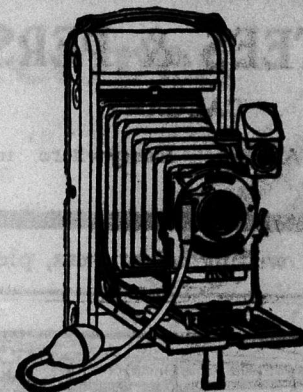
Mr. Albert H. Postel, author, lecturer and traveler, has completed arrangements by which he hopes to render a great service to humanity. Thousands of men and women in all walks of life are seeking the advice of this eminent astrologer, and many voluntarily send him their names, highly praising him for his kind and helpful services. The following are samples of letters received by Mr. Postel:

William Payne Cole, of Grange, Md., writes: "I do indeed thank you for the grand work you have done; things of which you spoke have already come to pass. I feel that if I had had this reading two years ago I would have been better off today. May God bless you and your good work."

From Allie Wardwell, Converse, Ind.: "I received my Horoscope and I am well pleased with it. You have a wonderful knowledge of human life. It is the best Horoscope I ever had. Please accept my thanks."

While Mr. Postel is modest and unassuming, it is clearly seen by a glance at his features that he is a man of keen perception, open-hearted, generous, and has a kindly feeling toward humanity. The writer has received one of the readings similar to those which Mr. Postel is sending to all who write to him, indicating the month and year in which they were born, and it is truly amazing how accurately he describes the life of an individual with only the date of birth and his superior knowledge of astrology to guide him.

If you wish a free reading sit down and write at once, stating the date of your birth, and you will receive by return mail your reading and a copy of Mr. Postel's interesting booklet, entitled "Your Destiny Foretold." Address your letter plainly to Albert H. Postel, Room 980, No. 126 West 34th St., New York, N. Y. If you wish you may enclose 10 cents (silver or stamps) to pay postage and clerical work. However the reading will be promptly sent, whether you enclose the 10 cents or not.



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