



The Optimist.

There's a mighty sight o' trouble as th' world we're sailin' through, But behind th' clouds o' trouble skies are shinin' clear an' blue; An' we'll all be gay an' happy if our hearts are beatin' true. While we listen for th' music sweetly ringin'. So it ain't no use repinin' 'cause your plans all go askew, Better keep right on a tryin' fr' th' best that you can do, Never troublin' Mr. Trouble till he tries to trouble you, But a song o' cheerfulness forever singin'.

Th' man who sits a mournin' by th' grave o' blasted schemes Is bound t' miss th' glory o' th' dawnin' mornin's gleams; An' he hides his face an' catches none o' Ol' Sol's cheerful beams That are paintin' all th' landscape o'er with glory. So it's better t' be smilin' than t' weep o'er shattered dreams; Th' world is always better than you sometimes think it seems, An' there's love an' light an' laughter in th' flowers, fields an' streams When Ol' Nature tells in song her sweetest story.

Th' man who gives up tryin' 'cause he failed once in th' race An' sits down weak an' sobbin' with big teardrops on his face Would be better up an' doin'; better give his spine a brace, For a race is never ended till you've run it. So it's better t' keep runnin' at your very swiftest pace; Do your level best a tryin' t' secure a better place; Tain't no winnin', but not tryin', that heaps on you deep disgrace, So keep runnin' at top speed until you've won it.

Th' world is full o' glory if you open up your eyes, Th' sun is brightly shinin' back o' clouds that line the skies, An' th' joys o' love an' livin' back o' trouble always lies An' you'll reach it if you'll only keep a goin'. There's no doubt about th' winnin' of a good an' ample prize By th' man who's up an' doin' an' with all his bein' tries For th' joy o' simply livin' all the ol' world glorifies— An' it ain't no trouble keepin' things a glowin'.

IT SOMETIMES HAPPENS SO.

The Old Ball Player

He was verging on sixty, but was rotund and jolly, and when he passed the vacant lot where the boys were playing ball he stopped to watch them. "That's a bully hit!" he shouted when a freckle-faced lad lined out a two bagger. "Rah! That was a peach of a throw!" he yelled when the youthful catcher slammed one down to second and caught the runner by three feet. "Ever play ball?" queried a dyspeptic looking individual who had paused to see what was doing. "You bet," replied the jolly old boy. "Used to take 'em off the bat without glove or mask. Didn't have no life preservers when I was a boy. Took all the risk and had all the fun

there is in the game. Gee! Wish I was backstopping right now." "Come and try it, mister," yelled the youthful catcher.

"That's what I'm going to do," said the jolly old boy, and disdaining mask, pad and glove he crouched behind the bat. The agile young pitcher in the box grinned, spat upon the ball, danced about on his toes and slammed the ball over the plate like a bullet shot out of a gun.

No. You are mistaken. The jolly old boy didn't stop it with his probocis. He caught it like a veteran and piked it over to second like a flash, catching the base runner a mile from law.

It happens this way every once in a while.

The Lone Fisherman

"Yes, been fishing," admitted the well-known business man when he showed up in the neighborhood at dusk, his face burned to a blister and mud all over his clothes. "Catch anything?"

"O, I didn't do so worse. Caught a dozen that weighed over a pound and a half, and three or four that tipped the scales at two pounds and over."

The neighbors immediately engaged in a merry ha-ha and asked to see the fish.

"Come right over," said the fisherman, leading the bunch to the back porch where the meat refrigerator stood. Lifting the lid he displayed his catch.

No. You are mistaken. He had more and bigger fish than he had claimed.

We have known it to happen this way once or twice.

The Unfiled Suit

The line fence had long been a source of trouble, and the families had long since ceased speaking. Every time the boys met they went to the sod together, and when the girls passed on the streets their noses were turned up like the toes of an old pair of boots.

One day the man on the East side tackled the fence, intending to make a few repairs. But no sooner had he started the work than the man on the West side showed up.

"Howdy do," said the man on the East side.

"Mornin'," said the man on the West side.

"I guess I'll fix my fence a bit."

"I thought o' takin' my fence down."

"Your fence?"

"Yep; my fence."

No. You are mistaken. They didn't mix. They merely talked it over and then re-located the fence to their mutual satisfaction.

It has often happened that way, but it seldom gets into the papers when it does.

The Horse Trade

Deacon Jones hitched up his horse and started merrily to town to purchase the week's supply of groceries. Deacon Jones was at peace with all the world, for things had long been coming his way.

When about a half a mile from town he met Squire Meeks coming along the road with a young colt.

"Fine colt you got there, squire," said the deacon.

"You're right, deacon. Fine animal this."

"Want to trade, squire?"

"Don't care. How'll you trade?"

After careful examination the deacon said:

"Give you my hoss and twenty dollars to boot."

"Hoss sound, deacon?"

"Sound as a dollar. Ain't got a blemish nor a bad habit. Eyes good, wind sound an' kin travel all day without pushin'."

After some study and examination the squire traded and the animals soon changed places.

No. You are mistaken. The deacon's horse was all he said it was and even better. You've been reading "David Harum."

It often happens that way, but it seldom is written up in the books and funny columns of the press.

The Candidate

The candidate arose before the convention which had nominated him and made a solemn pledge that when he went to congress he would stand firm in the interests of the people whom he strove in his weak way to represent.

Immediately upon his arrival in Washington he was visited by a representative of the allied railroads, by a representative of the ship subsidy crowd, by a representative of the associated tariff barons and by a representative of the captains of finance. With each one of them he was closeted for several hours. Reports of these conferences reached his constituents, and they wondered.

The various representatives of the special interests winked whenever the honorable gentleman's name was mentioned. Finally congress went to work, and the new member took an active interest, being present every time an important measure was up for passage.

No. You are mistaken. He favored rate regulation, was opposed to the protective tariff graft, stood out against the branch bank and asset currency bills, fought the ship subsidy and actually paid his fare on the railroads.

It happened at least once within our recollection. But we believe his district listened to the siren voices that he had closed his ears to, and elected his opponent at the next election.

Be Brave

When you meet old Mr. Trouble Look him squarely in the eye; Grit your teeth and both fists double And he'll surely pass you by. Make him give the road—he'll do it— If he don't, then make him rue it. Mark your path and then pursue it Till you land where roses lie.

When you see old Trouble coming Set your shoulders square and firm. Cheery songs just keep a humming And you're bound to make him squirm.

Tackle him and he'll grow humble, Tangle up his feet and stumble, Then just scowl a bit and grumble And go wriggling like a worm.

Sunny sky or cloudy weather Meet old Trouble on the square. Never show him the white feather— Show him that you'll do and dare. Do this and you'll get him going. Slap his jaws, no mercy showing; Keep your courage ever growing And you'll win out then and there.

Sold

"That may be a fine poem, Scribberly, but I'll be blest if I can understand what it means."

"Thanks, awfully, old man. If it strikes you that way it's as good as sold to one of the leading magazines."

Success.

"Who is that scrawny little man crossing the campus as if he were afraid some one would recognize him?"

"O, that's Professor Bumps, the scientist who has acquired thirty-seven degrees and written a number of books that are used as standard

text books in our leading universities."

"And who is that young fellow that everybody greets with cheers?" "That?" Why, where've you been not to have made the acquaintance of Leonidas Mercutio Smithers, the collegian who invented our university yell and discovered a new way of tying an ascott tie?"

It's Often the Case That—

We miss today's opportunities because our eyes are swollen with the tears shed over yesterday's failure.

We see very little good in life because we are always looking for the worst of it.

We fail to see our neighbor's virtues because we spend our time searching out his faults.

Well Developed

"I've heard that Bingley's sense of humor is only rudimentary."

"That's a huge mistake. Why, Bingley's sense of humor is so well developed that he can laugh at the comic pictures in the Sunday supplements."

Brain Leaks.

A man may be humble without cringing.

A victory bought by money is always a failure.

Satan seldom worries about the man who always has an excuse handy.

The most successful men are those who have profited by their mistakes.

The man who takes an interest in his work is seldom without employment.

The man who does his very best has done all that God expects of him.

Some men are wise enough to make their ignorance appear to be mere eccentricity.

The agnostic is generally a man who prides himself on his inability to believe.

If men had to harvest all the wild oats they sow the crop of seed would soon disappear.

The man who is always boasting of being self-made is a poor advertiser for his architect.

A woman thinks she has the prize husband if he can look happy during house cleaning time.

Some men never know what success is until they score what they think is their greatest failure.

The man who takes life easy is very apt to fall into the habit of taking everything else the same way.

We would rather be in jail than in a home where the children quit laughing as soon as their father comes in.

There is a vast difference between telling God what you want and asking Him to give you what He sees you need.

If a man at fifty really knew as much as he thought he knew at twenty, he would have the world at his disposal.

The man who stubs his toe twice on the same nail is usually the man who is too careless to put the hammer back in its place.

The quicker a man grows weary cultivating a 2x4 garden the more apt he is to wish that he could become manager of a six section farm.

The greatest failure in life is the man who spends so much time wishing he could accomplish big reforms that he has no time in which to assist in minor reforms.

Money can buy many things, but here is a combination that it can not purchase: A frolicsome dog at the gate, a laughing baby at the window and a smiling wife at the door.

Stops Chills Cures Cramps
Painkiller
(PERRY DAVIS)