



BY Lee Fairchild,

I don't know if the little boys and girls (you see I place the boys first, but I am really partial to the girls) ever read the humorous department of *WEST SHORE*. But this is not all that I don't know. They probably would not be able to see a point in this or that paragraph, for some grown people fail in this. But you know our eye-sight fails with age. Anyway I am going to write something for the little ones this week. I was once a small boy myself, and I am still small in some ways; for instance, I only weigh about one hundred and thirty pounds though I do feel bigger than that.

A short time ago I came out west and called at the office of *WEST SHORE* and told the editor that I had a notion to be a humorist and write something funny for his paper. He thought that was funny and said I might try it and see. But now I must to some point or other, if possible. I have some very warm friends among the little folk, and warm friends are just the kind to have so they be not so warm as to make it "too hot" for one.

A lady friend writes me that two of my little Iowa friends have been somewhat witty. One little girl on being asked if she were going to vote for Boies (pronounced, boys) replied "No" and added that she was going to vote for the girls! (Mr. Boies is the present governor of Iowa.) The other little wit—a boy—seeing his breath one frosty morning this winter said, "Aunt Alice, look at the dust coming out of me!" You know the preachers say we are naught but dust. Children are nearly all of them poets. They look upon the moon as a silver plate made for some angel to eat out of. I have an acquaintance who says when she was small she thought the stars were angel's eyes. And if we were not astronomers and knew them to be great big worlds whirling around like silver balls in the vast eddying ocean of sky, the stars would seem to grown men and women but little nuggets of silver set a half a mile up in the crown of night to tempt misers into heaven. Now isn't this poetical? A little girl in the east said, as the curtain blew aside and the sun looked into her room, "Mamma the wind blowed in on me!" The following is not so poetical as it is something else. In Lewiston, Idaho, a little girl got confused, it would seem, as to what name she should give to a certain unpleasant sensation. She was such a pretty girl. Her long rich hair, yellow as gold, looked like a materialized poem as it waved falling about her shoulders, its trembling curls broken into the rhythmic flow of the wind. Into her deep blue eyes the soft azure of Idaho's skies seemed to have melted and become illuminated with intelligence. And as she went through the orchard she carried roses in her hands paler than those on her cheeks. One day in the warm spring-time it was a little cold and raining or drizzling, as we say, and this girl was bare-footed. My sister saw her out in the orchard and called her in to give her a dish of ice cream (sometimes pronounced "I scream"). As the little girl stood at the table eating the ice

cream my sister noticed her standing now on one foot and now on the other. Her feet were cold and a little painful, you see. Wherefore my sister asked her, "What's the matter?" she replied, "I've got the headache in my feet."

In North Idaho in autumn when the fires are in the mountains the sun will appear at noon-day, as you have sometimes seen at its setting when it resembled a round plate of fire burning in the smoke but emitting no rays of light. One day when the sun looked so a little girl said "the sun hasn't any shiners."

I have a short poem among my *Mss.* somewhere in which a little girl, coming to the window and seeing the falling snow, exclaims, "'ook, papa, it's waining white!"

#### A STROLL OF TEN MILES.

A friend tells me a fine story about a fellow in southern Illinois. He went to hunt his cow and was gone all day. When he came home at night his wife asked him if he had found the cow. He said he hadn't; but that he had been a long way, and added that "if the world's as big the other way as 'tis the way I went it's a whopper." He had been about ten miles from home.

STRANGER (to the cook)—Are you the mate, sir?

COOK—Faith, and I am the man that cooks the mate!

SALVATIONIST CAPTAIN (to a Swede)—Are you a child of God?

SWEDE—No, I vas a Svede.

SALVATIONIST CAPTAIN—Are you a worker in the vineyard of the Lord?

SWEDE—No, I haf a yob in Astoria.

The critics are now making considerable noise about quiet humor. This kind of humor is found generally between the lines. To say one thing and suggest another so delicately that the reader fancies that he has discovered what the author was not conscious of, is to furnish the reader with quiet humor such as he enjoys and makes him feel wise!

#### BUT THAT COULD NOT HAVE BEEN.

She stole my heart; and I do own  
The dearest thief I've ever known  
Was that dear maid; and, on my oath,  
Methinks she would have stolen both  
My heart and mind had she not been  
So furnished with the latter. E'en  
Now I could wish, the better part,  
That I had nothing been but—heart!

#### I AM THOUGH.

I know a very pretty maid. She frequently calls; and no matter how busy she finds me I never tell her I'm engaged!