

The Light Side of Life

By Lee Fairchild,

TO CUPID.

Blind cupid! Here's a verse for you.
Of course, you can not see to read it;
Just listen now I'll read it through—
Heed nothing in it, lest you need it.

I thank you very, very much
Just for the happy gift of loving—
And keeping me from choosing such
An one—don't mention her—who's proving

A man would better be alone
Than to be left by being taken
In such a way; his actions own,
His love was taken before shaken.

Poor cupid! Would you were not blind:
You ought to see a pretty maiden,
Gentle as kind—and very kind—
With rosy charms her beauty's laden.

She makes me wish I were all eye,
With naught to do but to be seeing
The fairest thing beneath the sky—
A dream of beauty, given being.

I know you're blind; still you might see—
You've still a bow and still a quiver—
That pretty maid was meant for me,
Not for my rival—O, blindest giver!

Dear Reader:

I wish you could see me, and yet I have no grudge against you either. This Sunday afternoon I have worked like a Turk and therefore feel like a Turk, I suppose, for I do not feel very good. I came into my parlor, which is in my sitting room, which is in my bed room, after dinner, thinking I would have a reading all to myself. I always enjoy my reading. In my three-fold room is a small stand-table on which is (or was, it is now on a chair by the stove drying) an anarchist red flannel cover. As I stepped by this table to adjust the window blinds, or rather, after stepping back, having adjusted the blinds, I pulled that cover, some manuscript (that fell rather heavily) and an uncorked bottle of ink off onto the carpet! What could I do? The ink had left its unintelligible marks on cover and carpet. I went for a spoon which I had seen a day or two previous in my room, but it was gone. I next went to the closet in search of anything that might serve my purpose. I am not yet acquainted with my hostess (who has a daughter, and a son, too, but I thought I wouldn't mention the latter) and I hesitated to call on her for help; she might have helped me out of the difficulty and out altogether. I found in my closet a piece of flannel which I made drink about all it would hold, when it looked anything but a prohibitionist. Then I took some soap and went for the carpet in spots, and to my pleasure I succeeded in getting a portion of the immortal chariot of fame's record out of the stained carpet. The cover

is in a bad fix. I don't know what to do. So far I am on speaking terms with my hostess, as I have only been here a few days. I wish she were blind, for then, of course, she would not discover what has happened. I might tell her the fellow who left the day I took the room spilled his ink, but I do not like to put ink on my conscience. How would it do to tell her the ink was very costly and have her bewail my misfortune, forgetting her own? I'll let you know how I come out.

Light, Chicago's humorous weekly, has entered our sanctum like a sunbeam. If there were any city in the world in need of *Light*, it was Chicago.

TOO SMALL.

ANXIOUS MOTHER (to her daughter who has three young men waiting on her to make up her mind)—Fannie, you would better set your cap for that nice stranger, wouldn't you?

FANNIE—I haven't but three caps and— I might if they were larger; but he is English, you know.

A MATTER OF HISTORY.

YOUNG BRAGO—My father was a very bright man.

BRAGO'S FRIEND (to himself)—And like the sun that sets in riftless cloud and leaves no ray behind him, so left the world his father! (To young Bragg)—Yes, indeed; for so the written history says nor needs corroboration.

TOO FARFETCHED.

CONTRIBUTOR (to editor)—Do you think this joke too far-fetched?

EDITOR—Where did you get it?

CONTRIBUTOR—Out of an English exchange.

EDITOR—I think it is; England's quite a distance from here, you know.

EDITOR IN CHIEF (to fighting editor)—Who was that you just pitched through the window—a spring poet?

FIGHTING EDITOR—No, it was a man with one of those St. Peter jokes.

EDITOR IN CHIEF—Well, I guess you're all solid with St. Peter now.

LITTLE INNOCENT'S LETTER TO HER COUSIN.

dear little maggie its doan wite on a letter bout ho lots fings wees dot new baby to ou house an it dus twis an twis santa tans brot it to us an didn tell mamma its name so taint dot no name its twyin fo santa tans I des tans its twyin all a time it tant say nuffin santa tans didn bring it twisome tans he had so many fings he toodent its dot a littlest hans an foots an it tant never be big as ou is if dwooded all a time mamma see she is doan teep it to pay iv me an ou wite me long long letter dool by fom
little innocent