

The Light Side of Life

By Lee Fairchild,

Soon after this appears in print Bill Nye will have come and gone for which let us be thankful; for while we would like to have kept him a day or two longer we know some of our neighboring cities on Puget sound would like to see Mr. Nye at the earliest date; not that the gentleman is the most handsome man in the world. But one, with never so æsthetic an eye, doesn't mind looking at Mr. Nye while he is on the platform. We understand that the humorist in question, though we do not question his humor, such as it is, failed to be appreciated at one or two metropolitan points on the sound when he was there before; for he is not one of those wits who are appreciated the more when they are not there. We would suggest to Mr. Nye that he reprint some of his points for the sake of those who before failed to appreciate him; for Nye, like myself, is nothing if not appreciated. Men who are used to looking at "corner lots" only are not quick to see any inside property. We are under the impression, however, that Mr. Nye handled only "corner lots" of humor and that he was having a regular boom in his line. Whoever, therefore, fails to see a point made by this humorist ought to consult an oculist at once. Or, he might try first and see if he can locate Mt. Rainier and distinguish it from Mt. Tacoma on a clear day.

It is too bad that Mr. Riley is no longer with Mr. Nye; for he was the only one of the two who was really inclined to get intoxicated on his themes. His genuine pathos stirs the heart while the ludicrous wit of Mr. Nye provokes a laugh. I am not sure after all whether the American people would rather smile than weep. Sweeter than the tears of laughter are the tears of sympathy; and I doubt if their taste be too depraved to determine this. We have many wits in this country, most of whom are paragraphers. The paragrapher is seldom the humorist. He is often the satirist, choosing sarcasm and irony for his weapons. Nye will doubtless be appreciated in Portland by every one who hears him. We notice during Mr. Nye's visit to San Francisco there was being an effort put forth to raise money for a number of gentlemen; doubtless William was one of those who made a raise by the assistance of the public. We notice soon after the "raise" he left the place, for he prefers traveling on a good salary to earning a living by such honest labor as some do. We do not say Mr. Nye is lazy, for why should we speak thus to those who have seen him come onto the platform as though it were a matter of eternity? I was in a waiting-room with Mr. Nye once and refused to speak to him because he was busy. Besides, I had no one to introduce me and I seldom go to the trouble of introducing myself and assuming all the responsibility. I have his autograph, however, which I recently cut out of a newspaper. I judge from that he is not a very good writer.

FIRST WIT—Where will you find an apology for a Yankee?
SECOND WIT—In a New England man.

If it be true the cholera is following in grips, probably the more fortunate ones died of the latter.

STRUCK SPEECHLESS.

MISS JENNIE—Mamma, Mr. Wealthy proposed to me last night.

MISS JENNIE'S MOTHER—What did you say to him?

MISS JENNIE—I didn't say anything.

MISS JENNIE'S MOTHER—Why didn't you?

MISS JENNIE—Well, I was struck speechless and just nodded so he understood me.

CON-SI-TENCY THOU ART A JEWEL.

CLERK (to editor)—What did you say to the Chinaman? He seems very much hurt.

EDITOR (to clerk)—Why, I told him if he bothered me again when I was writing I'd break his head for him. Here I was right in the middle of my article on "The Brotherhood of Man" when in came that heathen!

HE—And you was in the car as it sped down that steep decline?

SHE—Yes, indeed!

HE—I don't see how you could have caught your breath.

SHE—I didn't under the circumstances; you see I was so frightened I just held it!

We understand there's a man in the city who affirms that a man born in Boston does not need a "second birth." The man in question was born in Boston. Our eyesight is almost too poor (our eyes having been injured by the measles which we had; for us to see) why some Bostonians should have been born at all.

MR. SURPRISE (to Mr. James, boarding the train in East St. Louis)—Which way?

MR. JAMES—To see the world's fair.

MR. SURPRISE—What?

MR. JAMES—Yes, Miss Fannie is visiting in Chicago now.

A mother was telling her children that though she should die God would take care of them, when one of the little ones said: "No, mamma, God's got so many people to look after, we'd just go and board out."

FIRST SPEAKER—I was in the war and went all through it and never got scratched.

SECOND SPEAKER—Ah, the American marksman never could hit a small target.

SHE—The house is not fixed up, so you will have to see it as it is.

HE—Shure, ma'm, an' how should I see it as it aie'nt?

It is dear talk that makes a fellow's friends feel cheap.