

The Light Side of Life

By Lee Fairchild,

Miss B. (hinting for Mr. C. to leave)—I should think you would take cold out here.

Mr. C.—Yes, if you were the weather I might; good-night.

A friend of mine made a very favorable criticism in favor of Sol Smith Russell. It was that Mr. R. was the best of his kind and that there was no one like him.

A DELICATE MATTER.

JACK—Say, Bill, you remember that little bill you—

BILL—Oh, don't mention it!

THE WHY.

DELL EASTON—I can't see through this squib.

CONTRACTING WRY—Your gaze probably stuck upon the point and could go no farther.

EXPRESSED HIS OPINION TOO SOON.

"Mrs. Giver gave me the prettiest valentine you ever saw."

"I don't believe it. What was it?"

"Her daughter."

* See—How did you like Sol Smith Russell in "A Poor Relation?"

He—First rate; but it's the only thing I've ever seen in a poor relation that I cared a cent for.

IN HIGH SOCIETY.

LANNON—Well, James, the wealthy, pretty Miss Jennie offered me her hand the other day.

JAMES—Did you take it?

LANNON—Yes. You see she came into the car, and as the car started up she started down and offered me her hand which I took as being the last opportunity.

WHY HE TOOK IT.

EASTON (to associate)—Why did you accept this spring poem?

ASSOCIATE—Well, sir, the blamed poet (for who does not blame him?) walked in here with that poem in one hand and a revolver in the other, and said I must take the poem or something worse. I told him I didn't wish anything worse than the poem and took that.

Portland and Seattle are not the only cities in which street railroad accidents occur. On a road in St. Louis at a corner the track first makes a curve to the left and then to the right. When the car was rounding this corner, once upon a time, a

man entered, and as he was preparing to pay his fare the car turned to the left and the man sat down in a lady's lap; he got up (of his own accord) and as the car turned to the right he sat down in another lady's lap while making an apology to the first unoffended lady. He then arose with the query on his lips: "I wonder if the ladies designed the construction of this road?"

The following bit of verse was written for *Time* as a reminder. When it arrived at the publication office, I infer the editor urged upon the management the necessity of accepting Mr. Munsey's proposition. It runs as follows, till it runs out:

Dear editor of *Time*—if dear you be,
And sure, methinks, you have been dear to me—
For now a twelve-month I've been buying *Time*
To catch a glimpse of my accepted rhyme;
But do not haste to print my poem true
As it will keep awhile, I think, don't you?
And when you print it you need not remit,
Since I myself, I'm sure, have paid for it.



INFORMATION ON TIME.

She held her watch and at me cast
A look and said, "I think I'm fast;"
I glanced at mine—her's was ahead—
And, "yes, I think you are" I said.

* "She" is Mr. "He's" wife who has a number of poor relations.