

The Light Side of Life

By Lee Fairchild,



WHY HEARTLESS.

I knew she was heartless, but what
could I do
But love her, though heartless were
she?
The reason I knew, and I give it to
you—
Her heart she had given to me.

Why is Chicago like a Chinook
wind? It's nothing but fair if she is.

Some papers, like some men, live on their reputations.

The worst feature about the minority in congress is that
they are democrats.

It is usually the man with a scheming brain and a soft mus-
cle who says it's manual energy that wins.

My Seattle friend heard a young lady say "I'm going to fool
you," and replied "Now let's see the fool act."

Only those who throw away the honorable backsaw and
went to more questionable and profitable business ever tell
about their once having sawed wood for a living.

LETTER GIRL—Papa, who was that pale, sober man in the
car?

PAPA—That, my dear, is the city's humorist; sitting up late
and writing funny things makes him feel bad and cross.

CONGRATULATORY READER—Well, you said you were going to figure-
tively annihilate the editor who criticized you last week. I did
not see your rejoinder in print.

EDITORIAL WRITER—I did; but the editor, in looking over
the article concluded there wasn't enough left of the critic for
insertion.

A number of amusing incidents have occurred relative to
the telephone. The latest happened recently in the city of
Portland. In one of the finer residences the telephone is in the
dining room and long side of a window facing the street. The
lady of the house had just called up a friend for conversation.
The friend responded, "hello." Just as the first mentioned
party replied "hello" a gentleman was passing the window.
Thinking he had been saluted, through mistake, he politely
lifted his hat and said "How-do-you-do?"

AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

"Will the bishop stand on his dignity?"
"You are not his shoemaker, are you?"

OBEDIENT BUT NOT EDIFIED.

BOSS HUSBAND—My word is law and gospel here.
BOSS WIFE—Law, but not gospel, my dear.

REPRESENTATIVE OF A STRANGE PEOPLE.

MR. BRAGO—I'm proud of all my ancestors.
MR. ADAM'S FOX—To what race do you belong, sir?

THAT DEPENDS.

When you are walking with a young lady are you on the
right side of her when you are on the left?

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

I have a friend who thinks there is something in a name;
so much so that he has changed his.

THE APPARENT REASON.

"Why didn't the Lord make us all black?"
"It would seem he reserved the rest of that material to
give coloring to our deeds."

A HINT.

DISGUSTED BOARDER (in hearing of the proprietor)—This is
the rarest bit of "well done" steak I've ever fallen on, and I
would that my great-grandfather (for he was great) had been a
greater lover of beef.

PRETTY TOUGH JOKING.

"Say, do I resemble a live man?"
"Yes, somewhat. Why?"
"Well, a fellow down street asked me if I was the man
who was drowned in the recent Portland flood."

HE WENT BACK TO SCHOOL A LESSON AHEAD.

Ay, Cupid's pretty so-and-so
He had just whispered to her, and
As he held fast her sought-for hand
She questioned him with, "Must you go?"

His answer was affirmative,
In action fitted to the word;
"I hope another term to give,"
She said—the rest* he never heard

* But, of course, the rest was his and he is still taking it