

# The Light Side of Life

By Lee Fairchild,

To the Warden of the Missouri Penitentiary.

DEAR SIR—I have to (or I wouldn't) acknowledge the receipt of your "bill of fare," which you kindly (I suppose) billed to me a few days ago. Just when I may be brought in to see you I can not now say; however, I mean to keep on discounting the sword for some time yet. I notice, with pleasure, that those under your tender care—if you care to have me so speak—are plentifully supplied with bacon. I infer from this that you have mistaken those under your charge for Israelites and mean to make sure of their punishment. Would it not be well to give them a taste of Shakespeare, also, now and then? Or do you consider them the same? I trust yourself and associates in authority are members of some society for prevention of cruelty to animals; for man, though criminal, is still an animal, as you doubtless have discovered. If you could get up a little better bill of fare a number of gentlemen, now at large in your state, might be induced to confess and come in. Should those who might appropriately do so, do so, it would make St. Louis and Kansas City cities of solitude instead of the quiet places they now are. I hope to hear from you sometime again; and, though you have never injured me to my knowledge, I am glad such a man as yourself is in the penitentiary.

Resp'tly yours, L. F.

## UNCONSCIOUSLY.

SHE—You tell your sister I meant to write her a note, but didn't.

HE—Thanks. She'll be glad to hear it.



"LOOKING BACKWARD."

## NOT PITHY.

There are a limited number of reverberating echoes of Bill Nye, and they are about all sound.

Speaking of great nephews, I know one or two who are anything but great nephews.

A little girl on Portland Heights, after she had said her prayers the other evening, asked her mother why it wouldn't do just as well to say "a-ladies" as "amen."

I like old maids, and wish there were fewer of them, which shows my wishes are one with theirs, which is another evidence of my kindness for them. It does not follow because they are old maids they have had no opportunity to have been otherwise; they might have died while young, for instance, but they didn't; for never an old maid died while young. Many of them made up their minds, doubtless, they would not marry unless they could marry *somebody*—something which many a husband isn't. It is possible there be about as much happiness in an old maid's life as there is in many a wedded life, especially so since many of the latter are very miserable. I remember, once upon a time—I'm sure it was—of coming to the defense of old maids, as they are called. A gentleman was hinting in a manner to tease them when I rebuked him by saying that I thought he ought not be so hard on the a-long-time single ladies for something for which they were not wholly to blame. I soon learned they would rather the other fellow's persecution than my defense.



AND ITS EFFECT.