

## The Light Side of Life

Never do things by halves or they will never be wholly done.

"I vex me not," begins the poet in a recent poem. Well, it is other people the bard usually vexes.

It is wiser to throw the inkstand at an imaginary devil than to write a poor book, since in either case you will have missed your mark.

"Every writer should read the bible," says a writer in *The Writer*. The works of the average writer ought to insure his repentance even if he do not read the bible.

"One of our exchanges came in last week with two blank sides to it."

"How was that?"

"There was printed matter on one side, and nothing on the other."

"The American hog (quadruped)" is the qualified way the *Oregonian* begins a paragraph. This reminds me of a number of things relative to the hog. Few of my readers, I take it, along with other things which I also take, but have seen hogs pitch into a trough of hot mush or slop. One day a young friend of mine poured some hot mush in the trough, and the hogs went into it (I mean just the opposite) so intemperately he turned to me in disgust and said, "A hog was rightly named!"



STOLE HIS SUIT.

TRAMP (to well dressed man)—Mister, can you give me a dime?

WELL DRESSED MAN—No, indeed; I just stole this suit last night.

"TOO LATE—TOO BAD."

*Chatter* recently offered a prize to the old maid who would most interestingly tell why she was such. One day, being an old bachelor, and feeling as an old maid sometimes feels, I imagine (for I felt as though I would like to meet a man after mine own heart), I wrote the letter which appears below. The editor returned it without his regrets, which, I suppose, he sent to some old maid for sure. On a printed slip containing his "thanks" he simply wrote, "Too late—too bad." He evidently meant the letter arrived too late to take the prize—I knew it would—and that it was too bad that it did. Anyway, taking advantage of the editor's ambiguity, I make that inference. Here's the letter—

PORTLAND, OREGON, April 20, 1893.

To the Editor of "Chatter":

DEAR SIR:—Of course, this will not reach you in time to compete for the prize, and will, therefore, not take it. But I am going to tell you why I am an old maid, anyway. I am an old maid because I have lived single so long. The reason I have lived thus is apparent to those who know my inclinations, since I am inclined to lean and grow fat upon my own account which, though it does not always foot up to my liking, there is no partnership kicking to be done about it. I do not wish it understood that I believe in leading or following a single life. I am, to tell the truth, waiting for the right man to come along, or the left man, as for that; for, were I to take such an one as the latter, there would be this in my favor: he would be used to being left, though taken!

I have a farm, and my husband, had I one, would have something else to do besides taking care of me. I am not the homeliest looking creature in the world, which is something in my favor. I seldom meet with so great a loss as to lose my temper. I tell you these things that why I am an old maid may be apparent.

Very truly yours,

HANNA CRASAN.

DEAR AT ANY PRICE.

MISS FANNIE—Miss Jennie, if you'll not breathe it, I'll tell you something.

MISS JENNIE—I promise.

MISS FANNIE—I gave myself away, last evening.

MISS JENNIE—What! Didn't giving yourself away make you feel cheap?

MISS FANNIE—Yes, but he called me "dear."

AFTER DARK.

MR. MIDDLEMAN—What a happy boy that is! Hear him whistling on the way home.

MR. YOUNGMAN—Yes, happy boy; he's so afraid he has no idea what he's whistling.

MR. M.—What keeps him on the tune?

MR. Y.—Fear; he's afraid to get off of it.

DOUBTLESS.

THE FATHER—But George doesn't stay at any one thing very long.

THE DAUGHTER—Well, that's no proof he has not staying qualities.

THE FATHER—Is it his staying qualities you dream over on Mondays, my dear?

LEE FAIRCHILD.