

The Light Side of Life

I was detailed the other evening to report the play, "The Miner's Oath," which was on the boards at Cordray's. I took Jack Lawson with me. Jack had never been to a theatre before, having spent the last ten years of his life as a cowboy in Montana. Next morning I handed in the following report, which, though serious, was crowded out of the dramatic department into the "Light Side of Life."

"The Miner's Oath" is a clever bit of profanity in which the players seemed quite at home. They were never so earnest as when swearing. Mr. French, as Bob Lester, got there in great shape, not so much by virtue of his acting as that he is just so shaped he can not get there in any other way. He is well put up from the ground. Jack wanted to go up and shake hands with him at the close of the first scene, but I told him this was not the state of Montana. Miss Essie Tittell, as Mary Turrill, did pretty well considering that Mary Turrill did very badly. When Jack saw sorrow written in her sad, sweet face, he turned to me and said, "I now believe that bible story about the angel once falling." He drew his red handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his suffused eyes, which for ten long years had looked out upon the gray stretch of plains and the distant, cold, white peaks—symbols of the barrenness and hardship of his recent life. Miss Minnie Tittell, as Grace Turrill, took all she could of a woman's part, leaving the rest. Her costume was about the only thing grown-up about her, and that was brand new and of recent growth. Jack said he thought she was playing a little ahead of her time, and that she was a regular heart breaker. I told him I didn't know how regular she was in that, but that I wished I was Sam Bolter—James Devlin—who seemed to have a lean on her chair. Josiah Briggs—George Berry—makes a good villain, and it doesn't seem put on, either. So realistic was his acting that Jack forgot it was a play and drew his six-shooter. I happened to see him in the act and caught his arm, and told him that Briggs was one of the nicest fellows in Portland. But for this George Berry would have made his final exit. You see, I was afraid he would hit Miss Essie. Mr. Gray, as Wing Lung, makes a first-rate heathen—something rarer off the stage than on it. Miss Marshall did herself nicely and Major Landon more so. The Major stumbled over some money and fell in love with her, and it was a great fall. Don't think he ever struck bottom. The villain, Josiah Briggs, was caught by Wing Lung finding his shirt. It was unfortunate he had on one when he slew Mark Meredith. It seems strange to me that no Wing Lung ever returns a fellow's boiled shirt unless a fellow be guilty. I forgot to say in the proper place that when Bob Lester knocked the villain down Jack cried, "Give him— Here I slapped my hand over Jack's mouth. I do not know what Jack was going to prescribe, but am satisfied he thought the villain desperately sick.

According to the recent decision of the federal supreme court, *Hell*, raised in other states, can be shipped into prohibition states so it be sent in in "original packages."

Every now and then we hear of a "coming poet," and it often turns out that all he lacked was an ability to arrive.

If the average letter were printed, it would make more interesting reading than many articles written especially for the press. A letter from a friend of mine to a friend of mine, and a friendly letter it is, begins thus: "How very early it gets late now. * * * How delightful everything seems just now. It is so pleasant out of doors, and everything looks so fresh and green that it makes even the practical member of our family try to think of something that rhymes with spring. There are some drawbacks to this sort of weather though. The house looks so dusty and dirty, and I guess the neighbors' homes look the same, from the mattresses out airing and the clouds of dust from carpets which 'can't be beat.'" I know you would like the whole letter; but I'm afraid I shall catch fits, without a remedy, for giving you so much of it.

RETIRED EDITOR (to applicant)—You say you have an amiable disposition?

APPLICANT—Yes, sir; here's my reference.

It ran: "This certifies that the bearer was in our newspaper office for three days, during which time no one had occasion to thrash him.—(Signed) THE GUNNER."

RETIRED EDITOR—Consider yourself employed.

A man was recently "fined" for going to sleep in a Russian theatre during the performance of a play. The wonder is he wasn't sent to Siberia or killed outright. He was fortunate, however, in being able to take a nap under such circumstances.

The *Snohomish Sun* asks whether George Francis Train is a genius or a crank. If the alternative must be chosen, we conclude the gentleman is a genius, for, it seems, no one can turn him.

A few days since the faculty and students of the Collegiate Institute, of Olympia, were taken to the insane asylum, at Steilacoom, by the steamer *Emma Hayward* on an excursion.

Few things add so much importance to a man as having been in a railroad accident.

UNKIND.

"I see our exchange has improved."

"How so?"

"There isn't so much of it."

QUITE A MISTAKE.

HE—Somehow I despise that fellow's looks.

SHE—And think! Only yesterday I mistook him for you.

SECOND CHOICE.

SHE—What do you take me for?

HE—Because you were left.

LEE FAIRCHILD.

Love at Stake