

the monocle. No, we guess it won't be more than a fad, but here's how a girl looks wearing one.

THOUSANDS OF "BIG TIM'S" OWN PEOPLE MOURN HIM

New York, Sept. 15.—Nearly 20,000 people—some in broadcloth and wearing diamonds, but the majority in humble garb—many in rags, even—lined the pavements of the old Bowery today as the funeral car bearing the body of Timothy D. Sullivan, one-time king of the East Side, was slowly driven from the Timothy D. Sullivan Tammany Club to Old St. Patrick's Cathedral on Mott street.

Twenty members of the United States House of Representatives, of which "Big Tim" was a member, were detailed by Speaker Champ Clark to form the honor escort, and behind them marched a silent, sorrowing column of the East Siders whom Sullivan called "my own people."

Scores of business houses and humble dwellings—and even the dime bunk houses—were draped in mourning, and in the "movie" theaters, pictures of the dead leader were flashed on the screen with the unvarying sentiment—"we mourn our loss."

The casket, which has been lying in state in the clubhouse on the Bowery since Saturday night, was covered with a floral blanket of 2,000 roses and 2,000 chrysanthemums. Club members said that this floral tribute cost \$1,200 and there were hundreds of other offerings from political and personal friends, office holders and societies.

Requiem mass was celebrated in the cathedral by Mgr. John Kearney, who had known "Big Tim" since Sullivan was a newsboy on the lower East Side.

WAR ON THE TANGO!

The first supervised dance ever given in Chicago will be held in San Souci Park, September 22, by the St.

Lawrence Athletic Club.

Prominent ministers, priests and representatives of reform and civic societies have been invited to attend and censor the dance.

The club intends this as a means of stamping out the tango.



From Artesian Water and Au Revoirs in the Vestibules of Sleeping Cars, from Caramel Nut Sundae, Hot Tar Wagons and a Job as Window Washer, from High Collars on Brief Necks, from Barbers Who Suggest Rooty-Toot for the Shampoo, from This Autumn's Designs in Hats and Early Fall Colds, from Goofs Who Say, "What Looks Good?" As They Lamp the Bill of Fare, from Blenheim Pups, Sea Stories and the Metric System and from a Large Audience When We Are Chawing Corn Off the Cob—

Great Guns, Deliver Us!

THROW THAT PARROT OUT!

"Mother," said an exasperated young lady, "I wish you would not hang that old parrot up in the parlor."

"Why not, my dear?" asked her mother.

"Why, I think he must have belonged to a street car conductor before you bought him. Every two or three minutes, when Edwin is here, he chirps out, 'Sit closer, please.' It is too embarrassing for anything."