

BURKLEY'S INDEPENDENCE

He Was Not a Success at Handling the Razor.

Burkley determined to be independent of barbers, or very nearly independent, at least. He would continue to let them cut his hair occasionally, but that was all. So he purchased a shaving outfit and made war on his face. And though an unbiased judge might have criticized the results, they seemed to satisfy Burkley.

But his razor soon became dull. "Better take it to a barber," counseled Hawkins. "One really ought to have two razors and work on in shifts, having one sharpened while he uses the other."

"What'll the barber do to it?" "Strip it."

"Can't I?" "He was going out that evening, so he left the office about half an hour early."

As soon as he reached home he peeled off his coat and vest. Then he hitched the strip to a doorknob and went to work with a will. He felt so confident and self-reliant that he began to whistle. He might be a bit awkward at it, but he put an edge on the thing all right. Just then the razor turned and cut a long, sharp slash in the strip.

That about ruined the strip, but Burkley believed the razor was sharp enough, anyway. Accordingly he decorated his face with a fine coat of lather and then sliced confidently at the stubble near his right ear. Instantly a pained and astonished expression shone from the eyes of Burkley—the rest of his face, of course, being masked in white.

"Jee-eh-eh-shaphat!" he exclaimed.

He again began stropping furiously—and again slashed the strip.

"Father," suggested Mrs. B. mildly, "father used to strip his razor differently."

Burkley had genuine affection for his wife, but he felt that no woman should presume so far as to tell a man how to do something which was essentially manly. He treated her suggestion with the silent hauteur it deserved. He kept on stropping, slowly and carefully. He believed he had mastered the art now. Presently he moistened the razor lather on his countenance by adding a fresh coat, and once more started to scrape the bristles away from his ear. But he only started.

"Well, I'll be darned!" he ejaculated. "Seems to be getting duller all the time."

"Father," began Mrs. Burkley, "used—"

"Confound father!" snapped Burkley. "Styles have changed since father's time."

Mrs. Burkley subsided. Burkley resumed his muscle-making exercise. The strip was now getting a surface like a chopping block, but Burkley was still determined. After ten minutes of pore-opening work he heaved a deep sigh of relief.

"I'll bet it'll do now," he said. But he tried the edge on his thumb this time. And from the ease with which it almost severed that digit it seemed to be much improved.

Mrs. Burkley cried out at sight of the blood. Burkley declared it was nothing, but Mrs. B. anointed and bound up the wound none the less, and Burkley began feeling he had acted like a brute. That is he did until Mrs. B. ventured:

"I remember hearing father say—"

"Well," snapped Burkley, "what in thunder did father say?"

"He used to say that unless one turned the razor over sort of backwards after each stroke on the strip the edge would be turned."

"What an idiot I am!" groaned Burkley. "I knew that all the time, but didn't think of it."

Burkley's hope revived. He might be humbled a bit in the eyes of his wife, but he could still hold up his head when he met Hawkins. He clenched his teeth and stropped viciously but triumphantly for some minutes. Then he tried the edge—gingerly—on his fingers and—ecstasy! it seemed to be sharp.

But when he applied it to his face it still pulled painfully. He turned to Mrs. B.

"Myrtle," he said, "have you any recollection how your father used to tell when a razor was sharp?"

"Oh, yes. He used to pull a hair from his head and cut it."

"That's right! I've seen barbers do that."

Burkley tried to pull a single hair from his scanty crop. He found it rather difficult to separate one from its neighbors. But finally he got hold of what seemed to be just one and jerked. It hurt, but Burkley was game and jerked harder. When it came out he saw that it was six. The razor wouldn't cut them. Burkley stropped some more, then stopped to try again. The hairs mysteriously disappeared, so he had to pull another one. This time he got four. But still the razor only made them bend double.

Burkley faced a dilemma. One thumb was cut, now the other was blistered. He gave up.

When Burkley reached the office next morning the first man he ran into was Hawkins, who eyed him critically.

"So you got shaved by a barber?" remarked Hawkins.

Burkley didn't ask Hawkins how he knew. He merely meekly nodded.

"I'll bet I do sharpen the thing, though," he added, "as soon as my thumbs get well."

But Mrs. B. is going to try to have the razor sharpened surreptitiously. She fears otherwise Burkley may pluck himself baldheaded.

THE POOR OLD BEGGAR.

The prosperous wholesale grocery dealer had sold out his business preparatory to departing for the west to live. He was collecting, the next morning, for the prospect of getting a good price for his house, which the day before he had advertised for sale, when the doorbell jangled merrily.

"Sir," said the maid, putting her head in at the library door a moment later. "It's the old beggar from the corner near your store, sir."

"Old Jo, the beggar, eh?" rejoined the retired business man, taking from his pocket a coin. "I presume the wretched old fellow missed my customary contribution this morning and is come for it. Here, give him this dollar."

"The maid went away with the money and again returned."

"I gave the dollar, sir," said she, "and he seemed very thankful for it, but he says he'd like to speak a moment with you on business, sir."

"What business can that old beggar have with me?"

"He says that if you can bring the price of this house down to \$20,000 cash he'll buy it, sir."—Judge.

A Prophet in His Own Country. "I don't believe," remarked good old Aunt Loozy, that Lige Potter is doing very well in Chicago."

"Oh, I don't know," replied Uncle Lige. "Lige used to be a pretty sharp chap before he went there."

"Yes, but we've been takin' this Chicago paper four years now, and it's never once mentioned his name, even when the bull Potter family went there to visit him."—Puck.

Almost Brutal. The honeymoon had almost bumped its last bump.

"George, dear," she said, "do you remember how nervous you were when you proposed to me?"

"Yes," answered George. "In fact, I was so rattled that night I didn't realize what I was doing."

Yet, being a woman, his acknowledgment did not seem to satisfy her. —Chicago Daily News.

It Was Great. "Why are you laughing? I heard a moment ago that the home team had been defeated."

"Yes—but—haw, haw, haw!"—it was great! I was there. A foul ball—haw, haw, haw!—struck the umpire over the heart and nearly killed him."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Tribute. I know a lovely chap— For whom my love grows day by day; She has a soft and winning tone, And always looks the other way.

THE WAY OF IT.



"Before we were married you said my slightest wish would be your law."

"Exactly; but you've got so many vigorous and well-developed wishes that I am unable to decide which is the slightest!"—Chicago Journal.

One Thing Sure. When women wear trousers, if they ever do.

One thing will be sure: The popular, long-tolerated leg show will cease to allure. —Chicago Record-Herald.

Danger. "Music," remarked the man with long hair, "is the language of the heart."

"In that case," replied the man who takes things literally, "the person who likes ragtime must have a terrible pulse."—Washington Star.

Unaccounted For. "You can't get something for nothing," remarked the aphorist.

"And yet," answered the man who has had dreams, "I am sure all those purple dragons and pink rhinoceroses I got out of that Welsh rabbit were never put into it."—Washington Star.

Getting Names. "How did you get so many signatures to that petition?"

"Well, a great many of the signers really approved of it and the others were kind of flattered to be asked for their autographs."—Washington Star.

An Adage Questioned. "Eternal vigilance," said the man of severe standards, "is the price of success."

"Perhaps. And yet the man who winds up with insomnia isn't much of a success."—Washington Star.

Another Person. Lady—Really, I have no time to look at your books.

Agent—Madam, I'm no book peddler. I'm a best-seller demonstrator.—Puck.

Not His Job. Wife (excitedly)—Pa, wake up! I think there's a burglar in the house.

Husband—What do you think I am—the police department?—Detroit Free Press.

The Lost Beauty of London

LONDON, Aug. 1.—After centuries of pride in his capital city as the greatest in the world, John Bull is beginning to dimly realize that London is ugly—very ugly, in spots; and that these spots are the result of modern civilization's attempts at art. And the reason for this small stirring of the "very beautiful" spirit is the American tourist. John Bull has usually in the past condescended to let the tourist see the sights. He watched him with mild pride and was gratified by Brother Jonathan's cry of "London's shrine of history and fables of glory." But just now he is beginning to realize that for John Bull and his London of the twentieth century, nothing at all. It is an ancient London he has come to see, and he knows more about it than the average Londoner does. In fact, just now Brother Jonathan seems to look down on John Bull a bit for his failure to keep up the standard of his ancestors in the matter of civic pride.

As a matter of fact, the American tourist is not so much a tourist as a tourist. He is a tourist in the sense that he is a tourist, but he is not a tourist in the sense that he is a tourist. He is a tourist in the sense that he is a tourist, but he is not a tourist in the sense that he is a tourist.

Reminded by Americans. It was with the beginning of the American tourist season that the newspapers here began first to complain of London's ugly spots. It is because the American tourist is so quick to point out how much more he admires of London of the past than London of the present. The tourist, in fact, keeps up many of the national institutions. Without his yearly visits much of old London would have to disappear. If, for instance, America did not want to sit in Johnson's chair it might not be possible to have a chop at the Chester Cheese.

The only Englishmen, in fact, who seem to take any interest in London are omnibus drivers. They enjoy flourishing a whip at the House of Parliament, or giving details of the monuments along their route. They like to have a tourist on the front seat, and they enjoy being consulted before Baedeker. They alone have any feeling for the streets. They are the clerics of London.

They know that, although America may be better than England at fling letters, she is not so good at fling his. They take, therefore, some pride in showing an American, riding down the Strand, that England is one of the aristocrats among the nations. It pleases them to be representatives of the past, and they enjoy pointing out to America—the representative of the present—that England has done things which America will never have a chance to do. The omnibus driver is, in fact, the most arrogant of Englishmen.

Don't Know Their London. The American coming to London is amazed to find out how little the average Englishman knows of his history of his country. Few and rare are the Englishmen who know or care where is the original stone of London or where is the only round church in London, or where are the remains of the Roman Wall or where did Samuel Johnson live, or why were Oldgate, Ludgate, Hill, Billingsgate, Moorgate and Newgate so named.

The American tourist knows these things, but the Englishman would rather be unconscious of them. He is content to leave his country's past in the care of omnibus drivers and Baedeker and the British Museum.

There Are Pilots and Pilots. In Strasbourg we were informed that the law required us to take a pilot for our run down the Rhine to the mouth of the river Main. writes Henry C. Rowland, in Appleton's for August, in relating his notoriety experience in Europe. "Inasmuch as we always made it a point to obey the laws of the country through which we were passing, when not too inconvenient, we dropped down the Rhine to the last lock where we secured the services of a thick-skinned, who claimed to be a licensed pilot but whose authenticity we doubted as he had neither his papers nor that crisp style which characterizes the breed. As there was no one else at hand we engaged him on the recommendation of the lock keeper, agreeing to pay him the regular pilot's fee of thirty marks for the run to Mannheim."

"Passing through the lock we entered the Little Rhine, a short stream from the main stream. Here our pilot picked up his under-late, a scow which towed about as easily as a sea anchor, and we pushed out into the Rhine."

"If you should ever have occasion to navigate your own boat in European waters do not have anything to do with a local pilot. He is no good. On the other hand, the regularly licensed, uniformed, gold-faced species with the manners of a Chesterfield and the style of an admiral will be found absolutely dependable. In over fifteen hundred miles of dangerous river navigation, although we only took pilots when required by law for some short and difficult passage, we had experience with both kinds."

"Our makeshift pilot needed the whole river to steer the boat, being apparently unable to get rid of the idea that he was handling a stone-laden barge and throwing all of his weight on the wheel, which could be put over by the pressure of one finger."

She Likes Good Things. Mrs. Chas. E. Smith, of West Frank, Maine, says: "I like good things and have adopted Dr. King's New Life Pills as our family laxative medicine. Pills as our family laxative medicine. These purifiers sold at All Druggists, 25c."

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