

A Tragedy of Whiskers

SIMEON FORD, New York's after-dinner speaker, said the other day, apropos of whiskers:

"I have shaved off my whiskers and it makes me look younger. People now eye me more appreciatively than they used to do. I, unlike poor Tom Angus, have gained by this facial change."

"Tom Angus was an architect of Tombstone. When they expected Mrs. Langtry in Tombstone Tom was appointed to decorate the railway station and the streets. He did so, and he made a good job of it, and after the mayor had congratulated him, he said:

"Well, Mr. Mayor, since you like my work, introduce me to Mrs. Langtry at the banquet, will you?"

"Sure I will," said the mayor, "but you must knock that spinach off your chin first. Mrs. Langtry is a lady, and she could never stand for a rusty alfalfa field like yours."

"But," stammered Tom, "but, Mr. Mayor, the king—"

"Cut down the alfalfa crop," the mayor interrupted, "and I'll introduce you. Vice versa," he added, very decidedly.

"So Tom removed his rich whiskers, and that night among the banqueters

his white, nude chin was a conspicuous object.

"But the mayor didn't introduce him to the beautiful Mrs. Langtry after all. Between every course and all through the speeches Tom kept winking and nodding to his honor, but it was to no purpose. He didn't get introduced."

"And the next day, after Mrs. Langtry was gone, the mayor, when Tom reproached him, gave a loud laugh.

"Was that you," he roared, "nodding and winking all last night? By Jove, I didn't recognize you, Tom, without your whiskers!"

SHE HAD KEPT HIS SECRET

They were discussing that old, old accusation against woman, that she cannot keep a secret. A lady had listened attentively to the discussion, then at last she said:

"A woman can keep an important secret as well as a man. The secrets she reveals are slight and harmless ones, such as any man would reveal. Where is the woman who ever tells a secret that reflects on her husband or on her own children?"

"I know a man who one day refused to tell his wife the outcome of a business transaction in which, quite naturally, she took a deep interest.



BROWN LINEN AND BATISTE MODISHLY COMBINED

A NOVELTY this season which commends itself for its cool comfort as well as its prettiness is the upper bodice of very thin fabric attached to a tunic which matches the skirt of the costume. In this instance a skirt and tunic are of golden brown linen—the new "pheasant" brown named after a character in "Chantecler," Ros-tand's famous play—and the upper bodice and sleeve are of sheer batiste in the exact brown shade of the linen. Strips of batiste embroidered in self color are introduced with good effect into linen tunic and skirt. The hat is a Gage summer model of tan straw with brown satin finish.



ROSE PINK LINEN FOR AFTERNOON WEAR

THE woman with a pretty foot and ankle will have her summer dresses cut short enough to show it—and very jaunty and youthful are the short street costumes favored by Paris now. Rather a relief from eternal blouses and belted costumes is this dressy linen afternoon model with its skirt set up over the bodice in deep points. The bodice itself is of tucked linen batiste, the lower sleeves being of pink linen, and batiste and linen are joined by pipings of black linen, black linen strappings simulating buttonholes for the pink buttons. The hat is of rose pink straw draped with a cream lace veil.

"No," he sneered, when she asked him about it. "You women make me tired; you can never keep a secret."

"Roger, my dear," replied the wife, in quiet, even tones, "have I ever told the secret about the solitaire engagement ring you gave me eighteen years ago being paste?"

"And then he told her all about that business transaction, and he did not omit a single tiny detail, either."—Answers.

PROFESSOR'S ADVICE TO THE "FRESHIES"

"Back to the little red schoolhouse" is the advice of Prof. D. H. Otis of the university to those "shorthorns" who show flirtatious attentions to the fair co-eds on the hill. His wrath was excited by the actions of several of the young students who were wont to "present arms" before the domestic science class room in agricultural hall the other morning and to greet the prettiest with the ancient, "Oh, you kid," and other inelegant expressions of welcome.

When the class gathered in Auditorium hall to hear a lecture, Prof. Otis made it a lecture in more ways than one.

"If you fellows haven't manners enough to know how to treat a young lady when she passes by, you had better go back to the country school and learn how. Or, if you want to, you

can come down to my office and I will teach you."

Young women clad in furs and tight-fitting coats have made a big hit with the "agricolas," and daily as the co-eds enter and leave the domestic science class they are greeted with unusual expressions of welcome from the numerous admirers.—Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin.

A MORE PRACTICAL WAY

It was the dreary hour, when the Sunday dinner, having been eaten, was doing its best to digest itself, and the girls were talking in the hushed tones appropriate to the occasion.

"I've just heard of a new charm to tell whether any one loves you, and, if so, who it is," whispered Elsie.

"What is it?" queried Sophie, absently fingering her new diamond ring.

"Well, you take four or five chestnuts, name them each after some man you know, and then put them on the stove, and the first one that pops is the one that loves you."

"H'm," said Sophie, "I know a better way than that."

"Do you?"

"Yes, indeed. By my plan you take one particular man, place him on the sofa in the parlor, sit close to him with the light a little low, and look into his eyes; and then, if he doesn't pop, you'll know it's time to change the man on the sofa."—London Opinion.