

A POPULAR PARTY.

MISS CASS PARKE requests the pleasure of Miss Ledyarde Streete's company on Thursday evening, the fourth of February, at half-past eight o'clock.

Invitations like this found their way to 16 west side breakfast tables, and 12 west side girls replied that they accepted, with pleasure, Miss Parke's kind invitation. The four others regretted that they could not, etc. The next evening 12 west side girls looked deep into the melting eyes of their steady company and asked:

"R you going to Cassie Paske's party on Thursday night?" And 12 young men looked aghast and replied: "No! Never heard of it. Is Miss Parke going to have a party?"

"She just is," pouted the 12 girls, "and if she hasn't asked you, why I just think it's real mean."

"Well, she hasn't," replied the steady company, "and I don't know a single man who has heard anything of it."

Then they were enveloped in a silence which might have been cut into dress lengths and sold at 17 cents a yard.

Days passed away. The 12 girls were in a flutter of excitement. They couldn't hear of a single man who had been invited. The whole thing was a large corrugated mystery. Several declared that they wouldn't go, but somebody whispered that there was a surprise in it, and then they all changed their minds. The evening arrived at last, and the twelve were bundled into coupes and driven off to the Parke mansion.

When the girls entered the drawing room fourteen strange gentlemen arose to meet them. All were in full dress, but their clothes hung upon them with an unaccustomed air. There was a tightness in the hips and a drawn look across the chests and a bagginess between the shoulders which suggested misfit parlors and the rental syssem.

"My! aren't they guys?" remarked Miss Streete in a whisper to her neighbor; "but haven't they heavenly complexions and mustaches?"

The same thought had struck the entire 12. The transparent pinx and white of those faces would have made a professional beauty envious. Their

teeth were like pearls, their lips like coral, and their eyebrows were delicately arched. All had tiny feet, and all, strange to say, had preposterously hairy faces. There was not a smug mug in the party. No two were alike. All styles were represented, from the Vandyke beard or delicately tip-tilted lip of the present day and the British mutton-chops of the 60's, back to the fierce tufts and mustachios of the first Charles. Such a collection of hirsute adornments had never been seen in Detroit before.

Introductions speedily placed the guests on a friendly footing. The gentlemen were low voiced and a little diffident at first, but that soon wore off, and the girls voted them charming. They were quite up to all the prevailing tricks of etiquette, had plenty to say, paid compliments with Chesterfieldian flirted to perfection. Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again, as Byron hath it. Presently a quadrille was indulged in, and the strangers danced it to perfection.

"Who are they?"

"What are they?"

"Where do they come from?" asked the 12 west side girls, and echo answered, "Who, what, where?"

At last the fiddles struck up that charming waltz, "Maggie Murphy's Home." They had just reached the notes corresponding with the words: "There's an organ in the parlor," when the first couple essayed to begin, but instead of gliding smoothly away they only succeeded in bumping into each other, breast to breast, like a couple of yawl boats in a chopped sea. Six other couples tried, but the result was the same. They couldn't progress an inch. A series of collisions between partners was the result.

"Why," suddenly screamed a bright little blonde to her moustached partner, "what are you doing? You're dancing lady."

"So are you!" shrieked all the other girls to their partners.

"Oh, dear me, so I am!" exclaimed the young men in curiously helpless voices. "So I am, what a gummy!"

"Gummy!" Did any man ever use the word 'gummy?' A light broke into the little blonde's brain. She seized her partner by the mustache. It came off.

Then all the girls broke into shrieks

of laughter. The murder was out at last. There was not a man in the house. The entire 26 guests were of the female persuasion. The dance went on. It was a glorious success. Didn't the "men" flirt? Weren't waists squeezed and ruby lips pressed in the dark corners? Weren't words of burning love poured into willing ears? Weren't all kinds of things said and done which would have made a real man gasp for breath, and didn't it all seem deliciously real? The mustache tickled in a manner which was simply paradisaical. When midnight came, the girls parted with regret. It was the wildest, most glorious dissipation they had ever experienced.

Mustache parties are practically unknown in Detroit, but they are bound to become popular. If the girls can't borrow their brothers' clothes they may wear shirt waists and any kind of dark trousers, or even skirts.—Detroit Free Press.

E. Mallandaine, Jr.,

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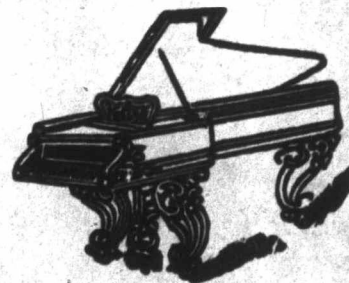
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