



I think that is enough water ; my wife raises Cain if I spill any on the floor.

OUR WIVES AT THE THEATRE

What They See There

"Was the play good, my dear?" asked Mr. Greylock, the other night, after his wife had come home from the theatre, where she had been with some friends.

"Good?" cried little Mrs. Greylock, enthusiastically, "it was grand, Mortimer! It was a lovely play—and the dresses! In the first act she wore one of the most bewilderingly beautiful things I ever saw in all my life—a pale apple-green skirt, brocaded in the sweetest shade of pink, with a perfectly magnificent train of——"

"Was her acting good?"

"——heavy silver brocade without a particle of trimming on it, but the waist was trimmed all over with something I could not make out, although I strained my eyes trying to, all the time she was on the stage. It was an evening dress, and when she first came on she had on——"

"But was she any good as an actress?"

"My dear, please don't interrupt—an opera cloak of soft pink plush, lined with apple-green satin, with the loveliest fringe, with seed pearls shining in it and——"

"But tell me about her acting."

"Then in the second act she wore the most magnificent bridal costume I ever laid eyes on—a heavy, shining, ivory satin, with the most immense Court train, and yards and yards of the loveliest Brussels lace.

"But the play, my dear, I——"

"And the sleeves of the dress were of the same lace, and they hung clear to the ground, away from the arm, you know. I never saw anything like it before, and I can't begin to describe it to you, but it was perfectly——"

"You need not describe any more of it, my dear; I'd rather hear about——"

"Then in the next act she came on in the most exquisite thing—a lovely shade of rose-pink silk, made with a sweeping train over a petticoat of Turkish embroidery—oh, that embroidery was too sweet! It was in all sorts of soft, delicate tints, and at the bottom there was a rich fringe, fully half a yard wide, falling over a broad band of silk plush, and she wore with the dress a——"

"Come, come, my dear, have done with the gowns and——"

"Yes, yes, I am done with the gowns, but I was going to tell you about her jewels. With the pink dress she wore a perfectly gorgeous diamond necklace, with a huge star pendant, while a glittering crescent shown in her hair and a spray of diamond leaves shown among the leaves at her corsage, and in her ears she had——"

"I don't care a scrap what she had in her ears—don't care much whether she had any ears or not. Can she act? That's what I'd like to know."

"Act? Of course she can act. I never saw a woman more self-possessed than she was before that great audience. She never sat down or rose awkwardly a single time, and I never saw anyone manage a train more gracefully than she managed hers; and in the fourth act her train was so immense. It was of the heaviest Lyons velvet, with a front of-netted silk so heavily jetted that it jingled when she walked, and she wore with it the heaviest and loveliest girdle of jet I ever saw, and she'd ostrich tips in her hair, and her arms were bare. She'd beautiful arms, too, and——"

"At least tell me what the play was."

"Diamonds on her wrists and on a velvet band around her throat—oh, the play, did you ask?"

"Yes, what was the play?"

"Why, it was—it was—now, let me see—what was the play? Strange, I remember seeing it on the—run down stairs and get my muff, dear, and you'll find a programme in it. I really don't remember just what the name of the play was."



THE HONEYMOON WANED.

SHE—Can't you put up your paper and talk, dear?

HE—All right, my love. Just wait till we get to the next tunnel.