

RISE AND FALL OF THE MUSTACHE

BY ROBERT J. BERDETT

As his knowledge broadens, his human superstition develops itself. He has a formula, repeating which nine times a day, while pointing his finger fixedly toward the sun, will cause warts to disappear from the hand, or to use his own impression, will "knock warts."

try in his laggard step, penitence in the appealing slouch of his battered hat, and a pound and a half of shingle nails in his hands. "Mother," he says, "what else was it you told me to get besides the nails?"

ever whipped twice for precisely the same offence. He varies and improves a little on every repetition of the prank, until at last he reaches a point where detection is almost impossible. He is a big boy then, and glides almost imperceptibly from the discipline of his father, under the surveillance of the police.

By easy stages he passes into the uncomfortable period of boyhood. His jacket develops into a coat-tail. The boy of to-day, who is slipped into a hollow, abbreviated mockery of a coat tail, when he is taken out of long dresses, has no idea—not the faintest conception of the grandeur the momentous importance of the epoch in a boy's life that was marked by the transition from the old-fashioned cadet roundabout to the coat-tail. It is an experience that heaven, ever chary of its choicest blessings, and mindful of the decadence of the race of boys, has not vouchsafed to the untoward, forsaken boys of this wicked generation.

never dragged a sleepy boy off the lounge at 9 o'clock, and hauled him off upstairs to bed, can know with what a herculean grip a square sleep takes hold of a boy's senses, nor how fearfully and wonderfully limp and nerveless it makes him; nor how, in direct antagonism to all established laws of anatomy, it develops joints that work both ways.

Tom is a miniature Ishmaelite at this period of his career. His hand is against every man, and about every man's hand and nearly every woman's hand, is against him, off and on. Often, and then the iron enters his soul, the hand that is against him holds the slipper. He wears his mother's slipper on his jacket quite as often as she wears it on her foot.

Tom is slow to realize the grandeur of that tail-coat, however, on its trial trip. How different it feels from his good, snug-fitting, comfortable old jacket. It fits him too much in every direction, he knows. Every now and then he stops, with a gasp of terror, feeling positive, from the awful sensation of nothingness about the neck, that the entire collar has fallen off in the street.

what the Growing Generation Wants. There is one great fault with the growing generation. The young men want to get rich too fast. With wealth going to waste all around them they cannot find it in their souls to be patient. They are not content to plod along as their fathers did before them and slowly lay up a fortune. They must have it now, today, this instant.

stay on them. Now, however, he has an eye for a glove-fitting boot, and learns to wreathe his face in smiles, hollow, heartless, deceitful smiles, while his boots are as full of agony as a broken heart, and his tortured feet cry out for vengeance upon the shoemaker, and Tom feels that life is a hollow mockery and there is nothing real but soft corns and bunions.

Peacable men don't like to carry weapons, but there are times when a weapon saves a man's life. Sensible people don't like to be always taking medicine,—it is like flourishing fire-arms on every needless occasion,—but the right medicine at the right time is often a genuine life-saver.

MESSAGE TO MEN. If any man who is weak, nervous and debilitated, or who is suffering from any of the various troubles resulting from youthful folly, excesses or overwork, will take heart and write to me, I will send him confidentially and free of charge the plan pursued by which I was completely restored to perfect health and manhood, after years of suffering from Nervous Debility, loss of Vigor and Oranitic Weakness.

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