

WIT HUMOR AND SARCASM FROM THE CARTOONISTS AND FUNNY MEN



ENGLAND'S WEEK-END WAR. First Zakka (late arrival)—Started fighting yet? Second Ditto—My dear fellow, it's all over. We're just singing "God Save the King!"



THE PRESIDENTIAL TUG OF WAR. —Spokane Spokesman-Review.



ANOTHER BIG STICK—THE DEMOCRATS HAVE ONE ALSO. —Cleveland Leader.

THE TRIALS OF THE NEWLY WEDDED.

METHODS OF ESCAPING SO-CALLED JOKES.

Injury and Death Have Resulted from Some Forms of Congratulations.

By M. W. Mount.

The latest feature of a wedding is a cordon of police reserves around the block in which it occurs. Hoboken set this fashion, but it is not likely to have an extended vogue, for the small hours of the morning were chosen for calling out the reserves, and this isn't a favorite time for officers of the law to assist at a wedding.

Not that they knew they were going to one. They responded to a call for burglars. For a while a section of Hoboken was thrown into as much excitement as though a wedding were proceeding in every house. People didn't array themselves in festive garments. They showed that disregard of conventionalities observable in persons routed out in the wee sma' hours to add in a burglar hunt.

The most elaborately costumed wore bathrobes and woolen slippers, and some of the women exhibited astonishing coiffures and carried gas lighters as the nearest thing to a shotgun handy.

Guests at the wedding ran about looking for a missing bride and bridegroom. The rest of the block dodged about looking for burglars, whom each hoped somebody else would find. A dozen people testified to hearing footsteps on the roofs.

Wedding guests and police followed this clue from different directions. They met to discover that the newly wedded pair had escaped over the roofs of several houses, roughly speaking their occupants, descended through a corner house and fled in a cab, practical jokers having already monopolized their automobile.

Few people find light enough to see a joke at 4 o'clock in the morning. The police hoped they'd see themselves attending another wedding. The neighbors vowed that everybody who married was a fool. The couple who had jumped into the automobile wished they hadn't. Either the chauffeur was deaf or he determined that, having been hired to take a bride and bridegroom to New York, take them he would. At such an hour in the morning and all things considered, he reasoned, it was natural that a young couple wouldn't know where they had intended to go. On the ferryboat was time for reflection and explanations. The prisoners feared that marriage might overtake them ere they could get from New York back to their peaceful homes in Hoboken, which fate permitted them to do.

Usually it is the bride or bridegroom, or both, who suffer at the hands of exuberant jokers at a wedding. Married couples assert that no old adage was

ever more pointed than "when a man marries his troubles begin."

It isn't at all entertaining to young couples to be held forcibly while rice is poured down their collars. One bride recently fell into violent hysterics under such treatment. There has come to be a wholesome fear of bruised faces, if not more serious injuries, from misdirected old shoes thrown with utter disregard of the life and comfort of the one to whom old shoes are expected to bring good luck.

Whether the path of true love runs smoothly or not, it is certain that the path of the newly wedded is often a thorny one to travel until they are safely away from their friends. Rice throwing has degenerated from the merry casting of a few handfuls after a departing carriage to a



SENSIBLE CHAP. First Girl—What did he do when you told him he must see you any more? Second Girl—Turned the lights out!

rough and even dangerous sport. It was thrown so violently and in such quantities as one young couple started off recently that their terrified horses ran away, and a smashed-in carriage, an injured bridegroom and a dead bride were the results.

Fearing a similar fate, a friend of this bride, who was married soon afterward, determined to take the initial steps of her wedding journey upon a streetcar. On the day before the wedding hand baggage was sent to a hotel and step-ladders arranged on the roofs of two houses on Riverside Drive. Gay young people, with bags of rice and a plentiful supply of slippers, blocked every exit of the bride's home. Instead of descending the stairs, however, the bride threw down her bouquet. The scramble for this subsided, but still no bride appeared. An eager examination among automobiles and carriages revealed not one missing. Then the house was searched. About this time the bride's maid informed somebody that she had attended her mistress and now master over the roofs, descended through a neighbor's house and seen the couple safely on a streetcar.

MADE ESCAPE BY BALCONY.

In 77th street a few days ago a young couple escaped by way of a second story balcony into an adjoining house, from which a carriage bore them to their steamer.

All brides and bridegrooms are not so lucky. Every now and then appear harrowing accounts of rice and shoe throwing which have inflicted wounds and blindness upon the victims of this practice. One bride, who thought all danger was

over, since every grain of rice carried by her friends had been thrown, put her head out of a car window to wave farewell. Hastily a young man scooped up a handful of rice and threw it at the pretty head. A shriek of pain as the train departed informed her that a piece of the bride had been hurt. Later they learned that a piece of the bride, gathered from the platform unwittingly with the rice, had pierced her eye and ruined her honeymoon trip.

Almost every young couple knows how it feels to shed rice at every step in the first hotel or train they enter, and race at the idiotic way in which people snicker at the sight of a little cereal. A few are confounded, upon opening a new umbrella or parasol in some public place after rice dropping days are over, to have a downpour of pearls grains descend on them.

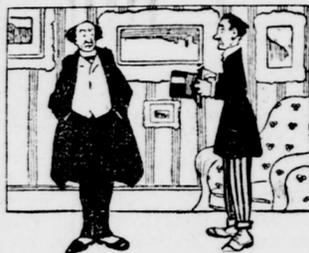
A young bridegroom, who had neatly tucked his wrist of a bathing suit into a suitcase for a brief stay at the seashore before continuing the honeymoon was greatly disconcerted, when ready to do it, by finding its every edge elaborately finished off with white lace flounces.

Another couple who sought the seashore picked out a room in a hotel from which they could make an unobserved exit for a dip in the sea before retiring. Their first exit was sufficiently unnoticed. But on their return they had to wait outside and listen to joyous peals of laughter proceeding from their room until a delegation thought fit to come and escort them—wet, shivering and unprepared for company—to view the decorations put up during their absence. Mottoes of cheer and of advice adorned the walls, and pretty much all the necessities of a growing family, from feeding bottles to gossams, had been presented by the liberal hotel guests.

CARRIAGE AND TRUNK DECORATIONS.

Not desiring to put strangers to the trouble of providing entertainment for them, most couples seek to conceal the fact that they are newly married. One pair played the part of a long-time married, undemonstrative couple to perfection upon starting out for a trip across the continent until one morning the bridegroom observed outside their stateroom door his bride's shoes, with "Miss Blank" in bold gilt letters inside the tops. After that everybody could see that "Miss Blank" had just begun her honeymoon.

Newly wedded people have grown to have a dread



LIKE CLOCKWORK. Fellow with Hat—When I marry your daughter I mean that everything shall be like clockwork! Prospective Father-in-law—I see! Tick, tick!

of wedding decorations of the kind undertaken by enthusiastic friends upon their carriages and automobiles. It has become the custom to drive into some sequestered part of Central Park on the way to train or hotel, and park keepers who gather up bouquets, white satin ribbon, old shoes and even less ornamental objects the morning afterward think the happy pair might have had the thoughtfulness to have also left a bit of wedding cake and the wherewithal to drink their healths.

Recently at a Harlem wedding guests covered the bride's carriage so completely with cast-off rubbers and shoes that when the young couple left the church they halted at entering it for the drive home. They thought an "old clo" cart had been substituted for their carriage until they were hustled into it and at the house greeted by five hundred cheering people who had hastened there to assist them to alight.

Trunks of honeymooners have a queer way of turning up at railway stations and hotels decorated with tags and white ribbons such as no express company ever provides. A couple who fancied they had effected a secret departure a few days ago were astonished to find at the door of their room in a prominent hotel a big trunk decked out in a style to suit the most critical of bridal pursuers.

Other couples have entered hotels to find that a quantity of household paraphernalia of the kind used in kitchens and nurseries had preceded them. One bride told of driving from the wedding to her newly furnished home to find its hallway literally blocked with cradles and perambulators. "I had them all stored in the attic," said she. "I thought they might come in useful."

Travelers have grown accustomed to placards warning them to be kind to the newly married, and the latter usually provide extra baggage lest the best man should, either accidentally or on purpose, send their trunks astray, as has sometimes happened, while nearly all young people endeavor to keep secret their destination for the honeymoon. A happy pair who succeeded admirably in all these plans were recently married in a big apartment house in New York. When the time came for their departure they could not be found, nor had any one seen them leave the building. Several days after that, as the bride's mother descended in an elevator, her daughter stepped into it from a lower floor. Unknown to family or friends the young people had taken an apartment in the same house, and by using the stairs for exit and entrance instead of the elevator had escaped observation for a time at least.

CONSCIENTIOUS.

During a very bad performance of "Hamlet" by a barn storming party in its entirety commenced to hiss with the exception of one man. At last the man next to him said: "Why don't you hiss this show?" "It wouldn't hardly be fair," he said, "as I came on a complimentary, but if they don't do better pretty soon, I'll go out and buy a ticket and join you." —Pick Me Up.

ONE WOMAN'S WISDOM.

Her Husband—My dear, how did you happen to employ such a pretty nurse girl? His Wife—How did I happen to do it. I did it because I wanted the children to have police protection when they are in the park or the street. —Pick Me Up.

THE "BREAKS" WE MAKE

"Been in Cuba?" Guest of President Asked Him.

Richard Mansfield once said: "My idea of Heaven is a place where there are no mistakes."

In that light Washington must be of the earth earthy, for society people, with the best intentions in the world, are constantly making social blunders and mistakes. For the last ten days Washingtonians have enjoyed a quiet laugh over a faux pas made by a matron well known socially. She is the wife of an army officer.

The officer and his wife were dining at the White House recently, and during the dinner the conversation turned to Cuba and Cuban affairs were spoken of for some time. In the midst of the discussion the army matron turned to President Roosevelt and asked in all innocence: "Oh, Mr. President, have you ever been in Cuba?"

For a few seconds the situation was strained, and then the President led the laughter which followed.

Some time ago a young attaché on his arrival at his new post in Washington decided to take "rooms" in a house owned and occupied by an old and aristocratic Washington family. Hard times had forced them to add to a slender income by leasing rooms for a generous sum to men well up in the social scale. Everything went very well for some months. The attaché took his meals at the Metropolitan Club, and he seemed to be perfectly satisfied with his domestic arrangements.

One day he appeared at this club looking very worried and excited, and taking two friends aside he told them of his troubles. The men were interested, as they were intimate friends of the family in whose house the attaché was living, and they feared that something had happened to break up what was proving a lucrative arrangement for their friends.

COULDN'T DINE WITH LANDLADY.

After a long preamble, the attaché finally reached the dramatic climax of his story, and said, shrugging his shoulders and gesticulating wildly: "My landlady is most pleasant; she is even noble in appearance, and the house is fine, even to the butler. I have nothing to complain of on that score, but what do you think? Yesterday she met me in the hall, and actually asked me to dine with her. Dine with my landlady! What a situation! Men die! Eat is impossible!"

At a large reception given just before the beginning of Lent an amusing conversation was overheard which throws a sidelight on some views of life in Washington.

A wealthy and popular man about town was pre-

sent by his hostess to one of her guests, the wife of a Representative. She looked him over very carefully for a moment, and then inquired abruptly: "What are you, Senator or House?"

"Unfortunately, I have not the honor to belong to either," he replied.

"H-m," she resumed. "State Department?"

"No, madam."

"War Department?"

"No, madam. I am not in official life at all."

"Dear me!" she exclaimed. "Do you mean to tell me that you are only a plain citizen?"

"Yes. Only a plain, every-day citizen," he answered.

"Well, I declare!" she ejaculated. "Is it possible? Why, I have been in this city for four months, and I have never met a plain, ordinary citizen before. Come to think of it," she added, in a commiserating tone, "I dare say you have your own little circle here, and your own little amusements, but you must long dreadfully to belong to us."

When the circus was in Washington last May it was thoroughly enjoyed by the younger set in town. One of the numerous parties at the circus was given by a well known Senator. Among his guests was a foreigner who had not been long in the country and was to remain in Washington only a month. He was not attached to any legation or embassy here, but had many letters of introduction.

He was much entertained by the daring feats of the women bareback riders, especially those vaulting through hoops. During the evening, in conversation with one of the women of the party, he calmly inquired:

"Are these ladies of the hippodrome received in your salons here?"

The Washington woman replied:

"Are you received in the salons of your own capital?"

A Washington lawyer who is a confirmed bachelor prides himself on having resisted the charms of woman, while on all sides his friends had fallen victims to the arrows of Cupid. He is a solemn looking man, but has plenty of humor. He was a large, old house in Georgetown, and sometimes his relatives take pity on him, to them, forlorn existence and preside over his home.

On one occasion a woman called at his house on some charitable errand, and the servants being out for a moment the lawyer answered the bell. The caller, who was a stranger, asked: "madam?"

The lawyer replied: "There is no madam."

"Oh, I see? Pardon me—a bereavement?"

"This was too much for the bachelor pride of the lawyer. "No, madam, not a bereavement, an achievement; thank heaven, an achievement," he replied.

There are occasional instances when one wonders whether there may not be a touch of intention in what appears to be a blunder. A Washington woman received from her husband a rope of pearls



Old Man (whose thoughts have been turned by whiskey to controversial topics)—Can't tell me, squire, the difference between "contracting out" and "non-provided" schools? Squire—Go away home, my man, and come to me again when you're sober. Old Man—Sober! Nobody cares for them sort o' things when 'e's sober!



A PARDONABLE MISTAKE. Kind-hearted Little Girl—Oh, Reggie, don't give it to him; give it to his father.



AT THE CONCERT. Man at Back—Excuse me, sir, could you tell me what you paid for your wife's hat? The Other—Why? Man at Back—Well, whatever it was, I'll buy it for double if you'll deliver it now!

which she wore at a large dinner on Christmas Day. The gift was greatly admired by all the women guests, one of whom, a New Yorker, was especially fulsome in her praises of the necklace. A week later the hostess met this guest at another dinner, and while they were chatting during the bad quarter of an hour which precedes the announcement of dinner the Washington woman realized that because of carelessness on the part of her maid the tassels at the end of her pearl necklace were caught in her lace. Not wishing to draw attention to her toilet she endeavored to disentangle them. Twice she gave the offending tassels a slight pull, to no avail, but on the third effort the New Yorker, who had apparently been watching her closely, laid her hand on her arm and said sweetly: "Ah, dear; still conscious of your pearls."



THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT. She—There are men who see their fortunes before them and yet fear to grasp it. He—That's my case at this moment.