

"Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot"

Drawn for The Washington Times

By C. L. Sherman



MAMIE TELLS BELLE
Barbarous Customs Make
Marriage Dangerous, and
WEDDINGS ARE DECREASING

LET YOU remember that almost blonde girl that's always gettin' in and out of carriages in front of the double-barreled brown stone front on the Avenue, Belle. She got married last night. I stopped at the wedding canopy awhile because I ain't got my summer travelin' suit ordered yet and I wanted to see whether it's true or not that sea-green harem is de rigger this year for informin' travelin'. They're not, Belle. What I started to tell you was that the usual bunch of cut-ups was there to turn the party into a circus by decoratin' the carriage and firin' rice. I thought the custom of tryin' to blind the bride and fracture the groom's skull instead o' wishin' them the best of a bad bargain was confined to people who can't afford to have honeymoons and might as well carry off somepin' permanent to remember the day by.

Just the Same in High Life
But it seems not, Belle. The only difference was that instead o' cheesecloth and tin cans they had expensive lookin' violet ribbon that the cabby probly took home to his wife afterwards. As far as I could see the rice wasn't of any better quality, and the bride and groom didn't seem to be enjoying it a bit more than the cheesecloth couples do.

No wonder there's more funerals than there is marriages, Belle. Instead o' college professors writin' books about it that nobody reads except the parents of large families, why don't they take a million or two out of the universal peace fund that the countries are fightin' about and start up a Society for the Suppressin' of Cruelty to Bridal Couples.

Every far-sighted young couple meditat' a center rush up to the altar in these days, Belle, ought to take out an accident policy so if the groom is crippled for life they won't be left penniless. And they ought to make dead sure they love each other for themselves alone. Just imagine, Belle, half an hour after the groom's assured the bride for the millionth time that he'll love her after she's old and gray and wrinkled, and the minister's done his five dollars' worth, that the heel of an old shoe breaks the heavenly slant of the bride's retousee nose forever.

And if he's been tellin' a million lies and don't love her for herself alone after all, that's when she'll find it out, half an hour after the ceremony. And it's too soon, Belle, it's too soon.

CHIMMIE'S HISTORY

If Pawl Reevee hadent known how to ride a horse like he did maybe the history of this kuntry wood be so different. You hardly know it, Wich shows ridin' a horse is a sumblin' every boy awt to learn. 'Bekaus' you can never tell wen sumblin' is goin' to happen. If you wood, of korse, it woodent happen that way. Even wen he was a boy he was to be ridin' a horse, he had a horse and a wile. The kuntry, wabout this kuntry then, so ef korse there wasent no kops to say nothin' to him no mattir if he rode as fast as anythin'. Just look at that boy, the naybirds wood say, hes ridin' a horse from one day's end to the other. Its a wonder he woodent go to skool once in a wile, they sed. Wich showed how much they new. One time the British was kumin'.



A friend of Pawl Reevees was the only man that new it, and he didnt no way in the world to do, bekaus it was orful late and beeing one of these smart kind of fellows thinkin' he new it awl, he never larned to ride.

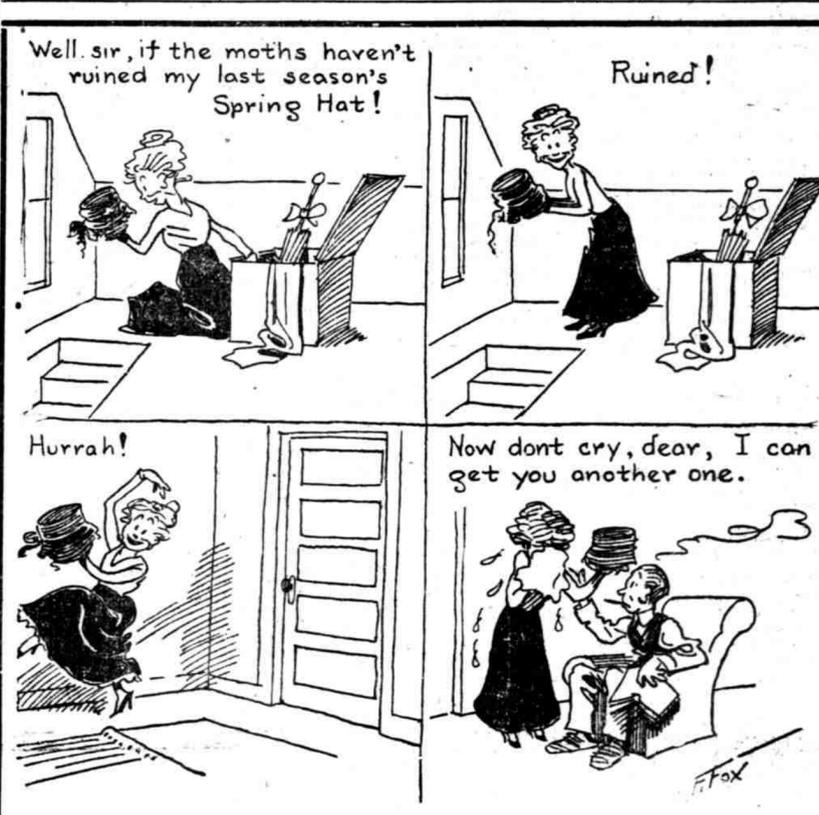
Reddy Smith On Smiles and Twinkles

Oh, Jimmie, I seen her ugain tuda! Mebbe she didnt look swell, too-why me heart almos' stopped beatin' an' me breath cum in sorter gaps, but when she smiled-ad dere nuthin' like dat smile, Jimmie-it jes made me straight up an' feel de beauty uv understandin' dat I'm livin'. Sure you knows who I means! Why don't you know, Jimmie, dat dere's only wun person in de whole world dat comes thru de square dat can make me feel de Joy uv livin'! 'Course, she's too good an' swell fur me, but-sure, dat's hur, me loidy in black! She wasn't dressed in black dis time Jimmie. It was all white, an' she had uh sorter light orange hat on with flowers on de sides. Swell! Mebbe she didnt look great. She comes trippin' 'roun' de corner uv de stature all smilin' and her eyes jes twinkled away es dough she had uh secret an' could hardly keep it in. 'Good mornin', Redman, she sed and den stops and gets up shine an' tells me how nice it is, an' asks me 'bout meself an all dat. She's jes great, Jimmie, but say-ere's uh meanin' tu dat happiness uv hiks, an' leave it tu little Redman to find out!

Our Grocery Clerk Says He Is a Dub

Yes, I'm a dub. After tryin' about forty-eleven different ways of tryin' to make Juliet, the beautiful cashier, hand me a glance that wasn't frapped I thought I'd landed on something soft when I stumbled on the jealousy idea. Ever hear of this thing of plonitic friendship? Well, Gladys Haggerty and I are that. Whenever I want to really enjoy a show I take Gladys along. As a chum she's a No. 1, and then some. Well, I had Gladys drop in the store on some excuse or other, and, after making all sorts of a fuss over her I introduced her, to Juliet. Juliet drew her aside and chinned half an hour to her, and then Gladys beat it out without even so much as a look in my direction. And she hasn't spoken to me since. What's the answer, do you think?

A Woman's Way



WHEN NOAH WAS A BOY

His mother used to object strenuously to the spotted hyena. But Noah told "Hy" the story about the farmer and the finger bowl and the beast laughed so that tears ran down his cheeks. Mrs. Noah couldn't resist that and "Hy" became one of the ark family.

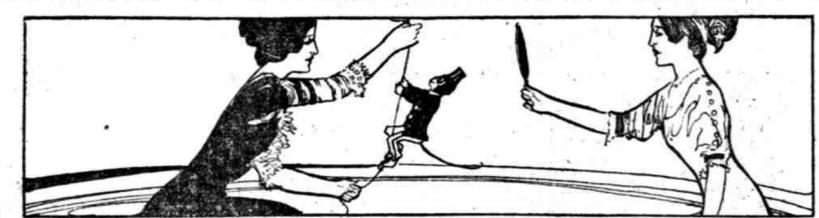
Fame Vs. Money; Or, What's in a Name

A maiden fair, with mind so bright, Leaped quickly into fame; Each sleeping car must bow to her, For she thought out its name. But the man who gets our nanny, Likewise corrals the dollars, Is the dippy dipsomaniac Who thinks up names for collars.

OUR DEVIL WONDERS

If the Panama canal needs fortifications half as much as some of the Jingo goes need patches on their pants, money in their pockets, buttons on their shirts, food in their 'tummies' and brains in their noodies.

Loretta's Looking-Glass SHE HOLDS IT UP TO THE Girl Who Makes a Monkey of a Man



It is not your interest in proving the Darwinian theory that actuates you. You do not try to return a man to the state from which he sprung for scientific reasons. You think it is smart to do it! It illustrates your power. And you defend your diseased sense of humor by saying that he ought to be made a monkey if he has not sense enough to prevent it. Old as Woman's History The trick is as old as woman's history. It has taken slightly different forms, but the vain and unlovely spirit is always the same. One lady chose to make lions' food of her lovely swain. But the lion graciously refused him and he sprang back to his place in the box and refused the lady by gracefully flinging the glove he had risked his life to rescue in her arrogant face. Oh! you never did anything like that! Indeed? Aren't you the girl who suggested the donkey game at the church social. You selected the shyest man there for your heartless jest. You had seen him look at you with longing, dream-filled eyes. You knew he would fight down his diffidence if you flattered him by asking him into the game. With the skill of a general, you arranged your forces. You issued the order that each person, at your signal, was to imitate the voice of the beast whose name you would whisper. Then you cautioned them all to be absolutely silent-except the loving, shy man. Approaching your pretty lips to his ear, you whispered a beast's name. Dazed by your nearness, hungry-as shy people always are-to participate in the fun of others, he fought and conquered his self-consciousness. He resolved for your sake and for the sake of the companionship he had enjoyed so rarely, to enter into the spirit of the game. You counted three. The victim of your prank bawled forth a donkey

bray. He was instantly the center of a social mob, crazily with delight at his torturing embarrassment. The joke was a dozen times funnier because of its cruelty. How he suffered! Better, he reflected, to stay forever on the outside, lonely, but blissfully inconspicuous, than be the focus of the jibes and taunts that rained upon him. And you plume yourself on your success. It has the fine flavor of flattery. You alone could have made him overcome his reserve enough to be the monkey of the moment. It's Laughing at Love I know it is a temptation. I have been tempted and fallen, the fool of my own vanity. You would not be the human girl you are if you did not feel moved to put a man who is yours to command through some mirth-provoking paces. But it is laughing at LOVE to do it. And you cannot afford to abuse love. No matter if he looks at you from eyes you never wish to please or whispers to you from lips whose kisses you will never crave, he is still love. There is in every girl-heart a tenderness that will antidote the cruelty. Love deserves the tenderness. And he pays in the same precious coin.

English Joke for Today The Fight Against Misunderstanding. "I only borrowed it; I wanted to know the time."-Bertha Mabel Briggs, charged at the Guildhall with stealing a gold watch and chain.-The Pink 'Un.

NEWS OF THE CIVIL WAR As Told in Daily Dispatches Printed FIFTY YEARS AGO TODAY

THE memorable struggle which attracted the attention of the whole civilized world, and known as the civil war, began just fifty years ago. The old newspapers of both northern and southern cities published during that stirring period have been searched, and from day to day the war news and current reflection of public sentiment are presented as they appeared in each section at that time. From the southland the dispatches are taken directly from the files of an old-time newspaper of Richmond, Va., and from the north the same is drawn from several sources, including files of old papers in several of the larger cities.

The Southern View The Northern View

April 23, 1861 (Tuesday) Mayor Alberger, of Buffalo, who has been spending several months in Baltimore, arrived in New York last night. He reports the condition of affairs at Baltimore to be frightful. Armed men are parading the streets, compelling all persons they meet to join them in demonstrations against the north, the governor and the Union. The principal streets are barricaded, and many of the houses have loopholes cut in the shutters. He says that he was frequently surrounded by an angry mob who tried to force him into uttering slighting remarks against the confederacy, so that they might have an excuse for recking physical violence upon him. He was unable to buy a revolver anywhere in the city, as the mob had emptied the stores.

Norfolk Navy Yard Destruction Will Cost Government \$10,000,000

Cost to the federal government by the recent destruction of property at the Norfolk navy yard will be nearly ten million dollars, it is estimated. Destruction of the immense and magnificent ship houses forms a considerable item in the account. A large number of persons arrive in Lynchburg from Washington, having hastily departed from the national capital under the influence of the general panic.

Three Volunteer Regiments Sent to Cockeyville

Three regiments of Pennsylvania volunteers have been sent to Cockeyville, on the Northern Central Railroad, which is only eighteen miles from Baltimore. They have established a permanent camp there, and are perfecting their military education by drilling. Last night two other regiments were dispatched to the same place, accompanied by Sherman's flying battery of artillery. This movement is intended to frustrate any attempt of Virginia to throw troops from Harper's Ferry upon Washington. General Patterson is to proceed to Haver's Grace to hold that point, and the communication by the Delaware and Chesapeake canal, and by water throw forward troops towards Annapolis and Washington. There is little doubt that a collision with the Maryland troops will take place at Cockeyville in the near future. The Fifth Massachusetts regiment of volunteers, commanded by Colonel Lawrence, and the Boston flying artillery, arrived in New York last night. The regiment numbers 119 men, and the artillery brought their horses with them and a battery of six field guns. They embarked on the steamship De Soto for Washington this morning.



southern papers these days. In some instances, however, it is known that wire trouble is the cause. The papers appear to be relying largely on mail matter to give the war news and incidentally to fill up space.

Mehitabel's Secret; Or, Parted Forever

"All is over between us!" he said, in a voice which, though dull, cut her to the heart. But, reflecting that if it was over it could hardly be between them, she took hope. "I know your secret," he continued, reaching for his hat. "Montmorency!" she cried, "you know that I am already married!" "Pooh!" he made answer. "Pooh! That is nothing. I know that you took three lessons in a cooking school." Putting on his hat, he left the insensible girl obliterating the design in the center of the parlor carpet.

Feel Depressed? Have a Chucklet

NEED OF AGRICULTURIST "Here I am," said the returned wanderer, "back with the fortune I said I would make, and ready to pay the mortgage off on the farm." "Er that ain't hard luck!" exclaimed the father. "As times are goin' now that mortgage ain't botherin' nobody. I'd a heap ruther have seen you broke an' ready to do regular work for wages." Gilt Edged Security Tourist-But what security do I get if I lend you the money? Alaskan Sheriff-Security? Say, you can get drunk, stull, shoot up the town, lynch anybody you want to, and I won't allow a cuss to touch you. Not in a Hurry The Lady-I thought you said you were looking for work. The Hobo-Well, I am, mum. But I don't want to get it right now. I'm a detective, yer see, an' I'm jest after clues today. Carnegie-Take Notice Mr. Henpeck-Are you the man who gave my wife a lot of impudence? Mr. Scaper-I reckon I am. Mr. Henpeck-Shake! You're a hero.

