

THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

Why Puns Seem So Bromidic

Scientific Research Shows That Punning Is a Sign Not Only of Mental But of Physical Weakness. No First-Rate Successful Citizen Ever Had Time To Be a Good Punster. Why Women Never Try To Make Puns.

It had not been for the chance remark of a Disgruntled Wife, we would not have tried to say anything about puns at all. But this woman has a husband who is forever making them, a sort of Mr. Micawber person, very long on public entertainment but short of the ability to earn enough money to keep a servant.

"Women understand puns all right, but they don't make them, because they have something better to occupy their minds," said the Disgruntled Wife. "Only natural bromides can make puns, and men are the only ones who can qualify."

Of course, she isn't to be taken absolutely seriously because she has been scolded with puns all of her married life, but this woman actually struck a great truth when she said that women were not good punsters. Her reason for it may or may not be true. We are inclined to think that it is.

Punning is a sort of melancholy selfish pleasure. No body ever really laughed hard at a pun. It is a coarse sort of airing in the face of one's friends the fact that one has a nimble wit. Whether or not this nimbleness can ever be put to any other account, never bothers the revulsion dived in the wool punster.

He would rather have a clerkship at \$2 per week and be able to make "the crowd" all jealous of his punning powers, than to be the president of a bank.

We say he would "rather" be a punster than a real person. The fact is that he can't be a real person if he is a punster. He puns up all of his odd moments and the majority of his even ones.

Punning is commonly used by the mental or physical deficient for the purpose of covering the deformity. For instance, the unattractive, anxious, fussy little man, who is pleasant in public and a secret grouch at home, is always a good punster. He has to have some excuse for living.

But the totally unexplainable part of puns is that people actually listen to them and are nine times out of ten jealous of the man who can make them. It is the jealousy of the quick-wittedness of the punster, the morbid, almost chthonic curiosity to see what he will spring next that allows for punning at all.

Nobody likes a punster. He is a continual annoyance a human gad-fly, a disturber of thought, a paralyser of action, and a dispenser of humor.

Of course, men who are good punsters could qualify for other causes more worthy. For instance, they make good at any business where mechanical and superficial quickness of wit is the basic qualification.

But they can never rise to great heights. They never have time for anything but making puns. It disables them from active participation in any business. They can take nothing seriously.

The Gentleman on Our Left is at home today. Perhaps if he were here he would have something to say about punning. However, on the whole we are glad he is home, because we heard him tell once with evident glee how he "got off an awful good one, listen to it," at a little gathering one night. He may not be a chronic punster, but we are afraid that he is the secret kind, who makes his wife listen to them, but is afraid to tell them all in public.

More Dance Material. I hate to dance with the man who is fat and can't find a partner to suit him; who never, however, regards this sad fact.

I hate to dance with the "gushy" girl. Who talks in your ear as you travel. If I had my way I would take the whole lot of them to the moon.

I hate to dance with the married man. Whose wife has an eye for my eye. Who steals my remnants from under her nose!

Who even the wall flowers won't harm 'er.

POPULAR LITTLE. THE CONDUCTOR.

RECIPES

Fruit Bread.

Six eggs. Half pound brown sugar. Half pound butter. Three-quarter pound flour. Two pounds seedless raisins. One and one-half pounds small raisins. Three tablespoons of molasses. Half teaspoon cloves. Half teaspoon nutmeg and blossoms mixed. Quarter pound figs. Half pound citron. One pound almonds, cut fine. Half pound orange. Half teaspoon of soda. One-eighth pint of brandy. One-eighth pint of wine. One-eighth pint of rosewater. Stir butter and sugar to cream, add eggs and pour in wine, brandy, and rose water. After this add spices and molasses, mix flour and soda with fruit and add to foregoing. Bake about two hours in a medium heated oven.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.—Becher.

One Little Girl's Dream of a Blue-Pink Wedding and the Kind of Hat She Really Had

She Thought She Would Be a White Satin-and-Lace Bride, But the Real Occasion Found Her Parading the Aisle in Taffeta and Tulle, While the Diamond Sunburst—the Gift of the Groom—Was Absent.

Those Pink Bridesmaids and the Blue Maid of Honor Were Changed Into a Lavender and Green Array, While the Lord Faunteroy Pages Were Replaced by a Small Green Flower Girl Strewing Mauve Posies.

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl. She was just twelve years old, and she had her wedding planned. There were to be six bridesmaids, all in pale pink, with armfuls of roses to match and big hats trimmed with ostrich plumes, and a maid of honor, in pale blue. It's hard to decide whether you prefer pink or blue, at twelve.

She herself was in white satin and old lace, with a court train carried by two little pages in Faunteroy suits. And she wore a diamond sunburst, the gift of the groom.

Just ten years later that little girl, quite grown up, walked down the aisle in her own wedding—not a dream one this time.

She had six bridesmaids, just as she had planned. But they were lavender and had baskets of flowers instead of armfuls. Her maid of honor was dressed in green.

The groom's gift was a diamond sunburst, but she had no use for it, as she had no train. She had a small green flower girl strewing mauve posies, and two little pages who had looked absurd indeed there was a wedding.

Of course, it was a poster wedding. Everyone who gets married these days takes the cover of one of the up-to-date fashion magazines and duplicates the costume of a Revolutionary leaver.

With the hoop skirts came civil war wedding shoes with bobbing curls and swaying ruffles.

The present styles are something of an adaptation of all three of these periods. There are the dress-waisted, short-sleeved directoire influence, the colonial pannier, or the skirt and the civil war hoop. These have all been harmonized so conservatively that the effect is rather graceful softness and fullness of line and color.

Perhaps the bride of today is the sweetest of all, as she moves up the aisle in her misty white tulle by yards, by bolts, draped and caught and puffed and gathered envelopes her in a cloud of mystery.

Her bodice is modestly open at the throat, perhaps, with a softening layer or so of the tulle. The sleeves



This bride decided to have a rose and green wedding. Her gown is of white satin and tulle, while the bridesmaid poses in green and white with a floppy black and white hat. The flower girl wears pale green, with a white and black bonnet. All of the attendants carried rose colored flowers, and the church was decorated in rose and green.

are of elbow or three-quarter length, rarely reaching to the wrist. The skirt is full and short and simply trimmed, with perhaps a fold or so of the tulle or little tulle plaings as the only trimming. The material is satin or taffeta. The former is not the clinging stuff of other days but rather a stiff material that falls into folds that are softly firm. The taffeta, of the lustrous quality that would delight our ancestors. Of laces and pearls there are none

—at least, they are not featured. Lace makes nowhere near as becoming a frame for the face as does the misty tulle, so if any family heirlooms must needs be worn they are usually embodied in the gown as ruffles or perhaps a deep hood. Pearl trimmings are seen. The bridesmaids nowadays threaten to take some of the attention from the bride, for surely the modern dresses, added to the art of the milliner and the florist, combine to make a fetching ensemble. A rainbow wedding is one of the

prettiest fantasies of the year. There is a maid in cerise, one in apricot, one in corn color, one in pale green, one in pale blue, and one in mauve. The material must needs be tulle, so that the effect need not be too substantial—its charm lies in its evanescence. The honor maid wears a gown combining all the colors, a sort of fairy escap bubble frock. The flowers that fit best into a wedding of this sort are sweet peas—and the church or house may be trimmed with great arching rainbows of the same dainty flowers. A few delicate keeps to one color only. The pink or blue wedding such as the little girl dreamed are indeed roses, which the wedding party received after the ceremony all the colors were grouped exactly as the only trimming. Last year Helen Dryden or one of the Greenwich Village artists designed a hydrangea wedding in the "river counties" in Iowa, and that makes those midsummer flowers so decorative. Even the bride's mother entered into the color scheme and wore a gown indeed roses, which the wedding party received after the ceremony all the colors were grouped exactly as the only trimming. Last year Helen Dryden or one of the Greenwich Village artists designed a hydrangea wedding in the "river counties" in Iowa, and that makes those midsummer flowers so decorative. Even the bride's mother entered into the color scheme and wore a gown indeed roses, which the wedding party received after the ceremony all the colors were grouped exactly as the only trimming.

Stories of Stories Plots of Fiction Masterpieces

THE STORY OF A SILK DRESS—By Ellen Olney Kirk.

MISS EMMA SINGLETON had never in all her colorless life been really well dressed. The income on which she and her domineering older sister, Almira, lived in their tiny Swallowfield cottage barely sufficed to keep soul and body together. Miss Emma longed unappealingly for at least one nice looking costume. But for many years she longed in vain. Then at last to the two sisters came a legacy. Emma's share of it was \$40. And she declared she was going to spend it on a black silk dress. She was a meek little thing, and generally she obeyed without question every command of the imperious Almira. But in this one matter she was stonily firm. Accordingly one morning she set off by train to the nearest city to buy the dress.

Several hours later she started back for Swallowfield, rapturously happy. On the car seat close beside her was a parcel containing twenty yards of serviceable black silk. For once she would be well dressed. A man came down the car also carrying many bundles and looking for a certain question of anyone except his dear child herself. To whom else could I say, "I'm an old man, but my heart is beating for you?" But I'm on the right track at last. For the first time in my life I have not blundered. Emma is going to marry me!"

The episode was not yet ended. Mr. English found many "chance" occasions to meet little Miss Emma during the next month or two. At last he went to Miss Almira and formally begged leave to propose to her sister. Miss Almira loftily refused, and gave him to understand he must see the wrong woman. It seemed to Miss Almira that she had gotten rid of the unwelcome suitor for good and all, and that her away brother had timid little sister who threatened no more. But she was wrong. Next day, as Miss Almira sat at her parlor window, she saw Miss Emma appear before her clinging blissfully to Mr. English's hand. It was a sight which she never forgot. "I should like to see the moment of embarrassed silence by saying to the horrified Almira: "I made the mistake of asking a certain question of anyone except his dear child herself. To whom else could I say, "I'm an old man, but my heart is beating for you?" But I'm on the right track at last. For the first time in my life I have not blundered. Emma is going to marry me!"

What They Say About Us

Suffrage in Iowa. One reason assigned for the defeat of the measure was the fact that the farmers of the State were busy in their fields, and the farmer vote, such as was cast at all, was three to one for the women. The "river counties" voted strongly against the proposition. The "river counties" in Iowa are the countries bordering on the Mississippi river, and are populated by a sturdy, manly class of citizens who are not over-enthusiastic about woman suffrage.—Kansas City Times.

What is Love? We tremble for Supreme Court Justice Crane of the Second Judicial district, Brooklyn. Justice Crane has engaged himself to define love. It is true that he has undertaken to confine his definition to the particular case before him, one of breach of promise. But even that is grave business. What victim of the tender passion can describe it, even to the object of his affections? He is seized by a strange choking at the attempt; he stammers and stutters helplessly; his tongue cleaves stubbornly to the roof of his mouth; and as for his heart, it seems not to have paused but to that ceased forever to perform its proper function. If those who are being wooed suffer any more or less slightly they are too shy to tell it.

And as for definition by one not in love, that is impossible altogether. It is either wholly inadequate if the definer is moved by sympathetic recollection, or it is totally unworthy if the observer speaks with a cynicism often inspired by envy of an experience never enjoyed but always craved. There can be no such thing as an impartial definition of love. We cannot help wondering what Solomon would have replied had a juror risen before him and gravely inquired: "Judge, what is love?"—New York Evening Sun.

The Chaperon

To the Chaperon: Will you kindly advise me whether, after afternoon or evening dress would be appropriate to wear at a university commencement, to be held in the afternoon. What would be a suitable present for a graduating doctor? M. E. W.

I should like to see the moment of embarrassed silence by saying to the horrified Almira: "I made the mistake of asking a certain question of anyone except his dear child herself. To whom else could I say, "I'm an old man, but my heart is beating for you?" But I'm on the right track at last. For the first time in my life I have not blundered. Emma is going to marry me!"

Throw away idle hopes; come to thine own aid, if thou carest at all for thyself, while it is in thy power.—Marcus Aurelius.

New York Fashion Letter

By MARGARET MASON. Cause furriers in furrier parts Wear furs in summer time. Our summer girls still keep it up Sans reason and sans rhyme.

NEW YORK, June 15.—If you have a little mole on your shoulders then this summer you will be quite the thing. Also ermine or kolinsky shoulders are more to be desired than bare shoulders, even if the bare shoulders be bare shoulders.

Like the snows of yesterday the showy white furs made last summer have vanished to give place to flat caps of unspotted ermine combined with mole-skin, entire cape collar of kolinsky, all mole ones or all ermine ones.

Quite the only way in which the erstwhile popular white fox is allowed to appear is in a hood, trimmed with a cape of unspotted ermine and as a high collar on the same.

On little shirred capes of taffeta bands and collar of white fur are used. Maribou and ostrich bands feather a few taffeta capes also in lieu of fur, but in season the feathers don't make nearly so fine birds as do fine furs.

Incidentally, the commuter-with-a-garden might be interested to know that tomato plants, bearing every evidence of sound health are 30 cents a dozen.

Cherries, the home grown product, are 10 cents a box. The white cherries seem to be a variety nearly extinct, as there have been but few in the markets in the last few years.

Blackberries are cheap, too. Thirteen cents a box, two boxes for 25 cents, is the standard price.

Strawberries are still with us. It may be noted that the white ones into the markets are of medium size, with numbers of seeds, a sure sign that a person is wanting to what the best price noted this week is 7 cents. Higher prices are 8 and 10 cents—none other.

Does the Body Change Each Seven Years?

By DR. L. K. HIRSHBERG. SOME folks believe anything they hear because they are too lazy to think for themselves. How often have you heard a child exclaim, "There goes a hay wagon, make a wish!" A dreamer may on a Friday defer to cut a garment until Saturday or even defer it until Monday. And a real estate dealer says that he cannot sell a house because the number had a thirteen in it. However, logic keeps some few who really investigate for themselves on the road to real intelligence.

Body "Dies Daily." There is as little foundation for those foolish notions as there is for the rumor that "your bodies change every seven years." Almost every part of the anatomy, except the outside of the teeth and the hair, is renewed every seven days, at all times, for the human structures wear and burn away, then are replaced by new material. This is one of the reasons why you have to eat.

On the other hand, there are certain parts of the body which are simply made somewhere else, and are pushed out or up to serve for a little and then to disappear. Take hairs, for instance, those who dye their hair soon find that they must renew the dye every now and then as the hair grows, that go to the roots.

The same is true of the outer skin, which is renewed every seven days. The inner skin, marks and stains on the outer skin do not stay, for the cells are soon washed away, and replaced by new ones from beneath. But marks in the "true skin" remain and never disappear.

Answers to Health Questions

TROUBLED—I have a very red nose. What will help to make the redness less noticeable. This may be due to eating greasy, rich foods. A top quiet life with lack of muscular exercise, hot foods, highly seasoned foods and liquors. The freening apparatus, that is, carbonate acid gas sprayed on the nose, often helps this condition. M. R.—Kindly advise a remedy for protruding piles. 2.—Please advise what to do for cramps in the legs. 3.—Kindly advise what to do to replace one buys in the market or at one of the outdoor stalls. Incidentally, the commuter-with-a-garden might be interested to know that tomato plants, bearing every evidence of sound health are 30 cents a dozen. Cherries, the home grown product, are 10 cents a box. The white cherries seem to be a variety nearly extinct, as there have been but few in the markets in the last few years. Blackberries are cheap, too. Thirteen cents a box, two boxes for 25 cents, is the standard price. Strawberries are still with us. It may be noted that the white ones into the markets are of medium size, with numbers of seeds, a sure sign that a person is wanting to what the best price noted this week is 7 cents. Higher prices are 8 and 10 cents—none other.

BOYS Mothers!—a Clearance Broken Lots of Boys' Suits

1/3 OFF About 250 Suits in Broken Lots resulting from Spring's good business are offered at 1-3 off regular prices. All styles, but not all sizes in each style. \$5.00 Suits\$3.33 \$7.50 Suits\$5.00 \$10.00 Suits\$6.66 Palm Beach and Cloth Pinch-Back Suits \$3.95 up

\$1.25 and \$1.50 Wash Suits, \$1.00 Thousands of Quality Wash Suits for Boys now on sale. Every good style and material and the usual P-B guarantee as to fast colors.

85 Blue Serge Suits Absolutely guaranteed non-fading. The best value we've ever offered. BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S HATS Children's Milan Straws, \$1 to \$2. Boys' Wash Raff Raff Hats, to match, \$1.50 to \$2.00. Boys' Union Suits, in nain-sook, etc., \$2.00 up. Wash Ties, 25c; beautiful line. Khaki, White Duck and Linen Pants at \$1.00, 75c, and 50c. BATHING SUITS For boys, from 75c to \$3.00. Scores of distinctive patterns. Boys' Sport Houses, 50c up. Shirts, new patterns, special, 75c. Women's Panamas, \$3.50. Women's Sport Hats, \$5.00.

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