

Here Comes the Bride

JUNE is a wonderful month for everybody. Even those who do not marry become accessories after the fact by encouraging the rites with gold mantel clocks, cut-glass pickle dishes and silver-plated spoonholders.

Ten-cent stores look like beehives in June, being filled with loving relatives and friends looking for suitable and exclusive gifts. When the returns are all in, the average wedding is about as exclusive as a subway ticket in rush-hour.

Father gives bride away and figures that even at that it is a good investment for him, provided she marries a regular American and not a foreign cake-eater with a title and a laundry bill. In the latter case he has not only to work his daughter's way through college but his son-in-law's way through matrimony.

Every bridegroom in the world makes important discovery in June. That is that he has a middle name. Up to the time the cards come from the engravers he imagines he is Aleck Hicks. Then he finds he is Alexander Whiffen-poop Hicks, and he doesn't know what to do about it.

Father and groom are the two most inconspicuous persons at the wedding. Groom signs the wedding register and father signs a check. During ceremony groom is there, if you look close, but he looks like one of Conan Doyle's spirit photographs.

To the groom the bride looks like some strange woman. She never looked like that before and she never will look like that again. During the wedding she is expensive. After the wedding she is expensive. All the dowagers at wedding pay the groom a great compliment by crying over the bride. Everybody weeps as though she was throwing herself away.

When he makes responses during the service the groom doesn't know whether he is ordering a plate of hash with poached egg or adding a column of figures back at his dear old bookkeeper's desk. He promises to do a lot of things that he never knows about until they throw them at him two or three years later in the divorce court.

Papers next day say the bride was attired in a rope of pearls and a bridal veil, and the papers are not far wrong.

After the ceremony the bride has to swap osculatory microbes with everybody present, beginning with the minister and the Board of Health has no representative present.

When the honeymoon is over the bride goes to the apartment prepared for her by the groom with a dollar-down folding bed, a phonograph, a globe of goldfish, a gas-stove furnished by the landlord and the presents that were sent to the wedding. Everybody who calls on the bride in the next fifteen years looks around to see what has become of the present they sent.

When they finally discover it hidden behind the phonograph they say: "There's the present we gave you. What's the matter with it?"

A wedding present is a mortgage on a couple all during their married life, and nothing they can do afterward can ever pay for it. When a groom takes his bride home he thinks he has bought everything they will need until the children begin going to college, but he finds he hasn't bought enough to furnish a topee for a couple of Kickapoo Indians.

Every bridegroom believes he can support a bride in the manner to which she has been accustomed, and, maybe he can, but the trouble is no bride is satisfied to be supported that way. She wants a lot of things to which she has not been accustomed. If not, why get married at all?

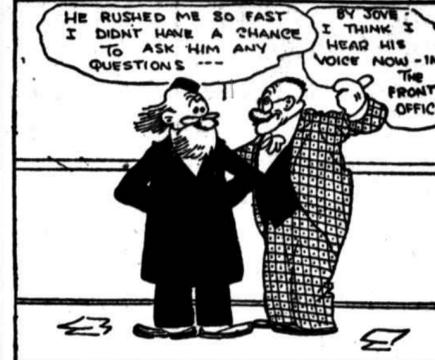
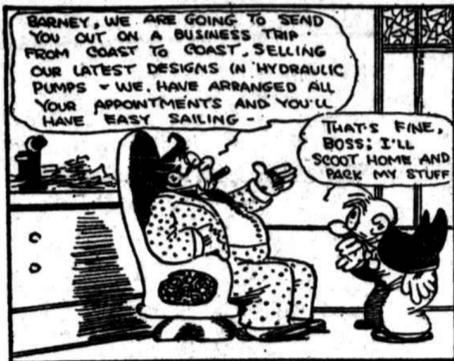
A formal wedding is best for then the bridegroom has to buy a dress suit. If he doesn't get it for his wedding he will never feel able to have one afterward, and it will not make any difference whether he has or not. No married guy ever looks as dressed-up as a bachelor, no matter how much he spends.

But, in spite of all, June weddings keep right on. A lot of people say marriage is the bunk and then keep right on urging other people to plunge into it. And, at that, it looks as though we will have to put up with marriage until somebody invents something to take its place.

In the meantime, your presents are requested.

Barney Google

By Billy DeBeck



Quincy Tod on Vacations

By Roy K. Moulton

"SEE," says Elias Q. Higginbotham, "that quite a number in our midst are having a lot of fun getting ready to go on their vacations."

"That is the time to have your fun out of a vacation," says Quincy Tod. "If you wait till after you are on your vacation you are liable to miss the whole idea of the thing."

"You know that vacation trip to Paris that the Kaiser planned. He enjoyed planning that vacation for twenty years, getting the baggage ready, mapping out the routes, choosing his hotels and everything, but when he actually got started on the trip it wasn't so much. An ordinary guy with a celluloid collar and a Keokuk accent can have more real enjoyment on a Cook's tour of France than Bill had after all his arrangements."

number of people go over there to look at the scenery and not to look at a mess of pink alligators and fawn-colored giraffes with barbed tails.

"I am confined to my cabin and I do not get out of my berth for seven days, on account of the weather," says Quincy. "But, even then, I do not hear any shooting or singing of barber shop quartettes or anything else of the kind."

"I never see a hard-workin' guy yet that spend more than fifteen minutes picking out a place at which to spend his vacation and he is not so very pertickler because he knows no matter where he goes he will have to work harder entertaining himself than he would have to if he stayed at home where he can be comfortable. It is better for to bear the bills you have than

work are not the ones that hanker after vacations," says Quincy. "When you see a vacation bound that begins talking about his two weeks at Podunk Lake six months before the time comes, and he is generally a guy which sits with one eye on the clock and the other eye on his hat and coat. When a new guy comes to work and the first thing he says is 'When do I get my vacation?' the boss should ort to give that bird the air immediate, for he is not going to be no good before he gets his vacation, and he is not going to be no good after he gets it, and the only time he is going to be any good to the office is when he is away on said vacation."

"I never see a hard-workin' guy yet that spend more than fifteen minutes picking out a place at which to spend his vacation and he is not so very pertickler because he knows no matter where he goes he will have to work harder entertaining himself than he would have to if he stayed at home where he can be comfortable. It is better for to bear the bills you have than

to fly to others, which you know not of, as the poet says. "The work of getting ready to go on a vacation, going on it, spending it and getting back home has made many a man say: 'Never again,' for he is all tired out, full of mosquito bites and sand blisters, his digestion hitting on only one cylinder and his pocketbook flatter than a flapjack."

Choose Your News

THEY'RE fingerprinting all the boys down at the old P. O. They're naturally curious to find where parcels go. And in the future crooked coves Will handle money-mail with gloves.

Cogitations of a Cuckoo

Wrote by the papers that "Dr. Bone, head of the dental college, gave a lecture"—and it's lucky the printer didn't omit the comma after his name.

- THE DUTIES OF SERVANTS. Cook—To spread the scandal. Upstairs Maid—To peek through keyholes. Ladies' Maid—To overhear through transoms. Butler—To call the police. Chauffeur—To keep mum. Groom—To marry the poor girl.

A fugue is a piece of music in which the voices come in one by one and the listeners go out the same way.

OTHERWISE. "Why did you get drunk in the first place?" "I didn't; I got drunk in the last place."

"Marries 16th Veteran," says headline. The first hundred veterans are the hardest.

When a girl has a birthday she's not half so anxious to take the day off as she is to take a couple of years off.

USUAL RATES. Guest—How much is my bill? Clerk—Where did you sleep? Guest—On the billiard table. Clerk—Fifty cents an hour.

The girl who can take a joke needn't die an old maid.

A monologue is a conversation between husband and wife.

If the neighbors had their way the cornetist across the street would be a finished musician.

A diplomat is a man who remembers a woman's birthday, but forgets her age.

One thing that hasn't been published yet is a dictionary of the automobile-horn language.

The difference between the male and the female is the difference between the suspender and the suspender effect.

Why not cut down the number of cases in the law courts by making it legal for every woman to shoot at least one man?

Can This Be True?

By "Bing." FELLOW Gentlemen and Fair Poultry: The mental wheelwright who said them words about women being the opposite sex sure knew wherefrom he spoke. Every time a genius hobo has a idea or says something the woman always takes the opposite view; and if they ain't any opposite view she makes one!

A Lady Bug, in a recent issue of a well-known sob rag, tells us how to pick a mate besides closing our eyes and making a wild stab in the dark—as some musta done, judging from the lack of personal appearance of said mates.

Mrs. Bug says, look out for the skirt that paints her map. The way cute little dolkins have been nearly dressing for the last twelve-mo. or two I don't think anybody but another woman would notice whether said dolkin had her face painted or papered.

I know lots of fair prancers through this vale of weeps that have faces which look like memorial windows in a church; yet if one of them would consent to manhandle my bankroll for life I'd run her to the hymeneal bond dept. of the nearest church so fast she'd have corns on her insteps.

On the other hand, I am on slightly speaking terms with women of the opposite sex that never got any nearer paint than to fall over the pail and upset the painter's calculations; wild women who worked hard and long to earn reputations that entitled them to medals of dishonor from their guide, counselor and friend with the forked tail and horns on his nearly forehead.

This lady with ideas all her own—which woulda been all right if she'd hung onto 'em!—farther ar-

Efficiency That Failed

AN English business man paid a visit to the United States in order to study what the Americans call the efficiency system. While discussing the system with a prosperous New York business man, he inquired if there were not some personal secret about it all, apart from electric appliances, indexing methods, and so on. "There is," replied the American. "Watch this."