



EVERY DAY LIFE

JOE THE WAITER

Be Good and You'll Be Kaput.

By ISRAEL J. ZEVIN ("Tashrak").

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ELL me, does it pay to be good? Very often I think it does not. I once read a Yiddish story about two fellows who went to Coney Island to have some fun. When it was already getting late one said to the other: "Let's go home; it is late." But the other replied: "I'll remain here and make a night of it." So the good fellow went home and the bad fellow stayed and had a good time. In the morning, when the bad fellow looked in the papers, he saw there that the train which took his friend home had been wrecked and the good fellow killed in the accident. When he read that in the paper he asked: "Does it pay to be good?"

A caviar sandwich? Rye bread? All right, sir. I shall now tell you of something that happened to myself and you will agree with me that it really does not pay to be good. Be good and you'll be kaput.

It was all on account of Bercovich, the shadchen. I thought that after that meeting at the Hotel Kadoches, in Shlitzensville, he would not have the chutzpah to call on me again; but a shadchen is a queer person. Kick him out through the door and he will come in again through the window. As he came in he tried to start a conversation with Bertha, my cashier, but she pointed her finger to me of my tables; that was a polite hint for him to go away and sit down.

"Listen, Mr. Bercovich," I said before he could open his mouth, "it is of no use. I don't want to listen to your proposals. I don't intend to get married. I don't want to get married—and that's all!"

"But how about going to another man's wedding?" he asked me. "Just for fun," he added. "Going to another man's wedding? You assume no more risk than going to another man's funeral."

"Whose wedding is it, anyhow?" I asked.

"Oh, you don't know him yet," the shadchen answered, "but you'll get acquainted and you'll become acquainted. You must promise me to come."

I was puzzled. I could not understand, in the world and why I am going to be invited to a wedding of people that I never heard of. But after Bercovich gave me an explanation everything looked so plain and natural. Maybe you have already heard of it, that there are special stores on the east side where you can hire wedding clothes and wedding presents, and offices where you can get people to come out and act as your uncles, aunts or cousins in this country. You see, our people on the east side like swell weddings, with a big band, lots of wedding presents and a whole lot of mishpoches—that is, all kinds of relatives and plenty of them. Now, as Bercovich explained to me, he wanted me to act as uncle for the bridegroom, who was his client.

"There will be no trouble for you at all," Bercovich said. "The wedding takes

place next Sunday night. In the afternoon I shall bring you a beautiful alarm clock, which you will take along as your wedding present. The bridegroom himself will pay the twenty-five cents rental for the clock, and all you have to do is eat, drink, be merry and let the bridegroom call you uncle."

"I'll go," I said, "but I hope that there will really be no more trouble. Think of it, Mr. Bercovich, you have already put me a couple of times in a hole."

"Oh, there will be no trouble at all," he assured me.

Friday I received the invitation to the wedding and Sunday afternoon Bercovich brought me the alarm clock which I was to bring as a wedding present to my new nephew. In the evening I put on my Prince Albert and went to attend the wedding of Sol Greenspon and Bertha Segal, which was to take place at the Zion Hall, on that night.

Coming to the place I checked my hat and then I went right through the open door on the ground floor, where I saw lots of people dressed in style and looking jolly.

"I am the uncle of the bridegroom," I introduced myself to a man who seemed to be one of the nearest kin.

"I am very pleased to meet you," he said. "I am the bride's father. Come and meet my daughter. She'll be delighted."

Taking me under my arm he led me to the bride, who was sitting with her bridesmaids and the women of her family in a little room at the other end of the large dancing hall, where she was waiting for the groom to come and lead her to the chupah.

"This is the choson's uncle," the bride's father introduced me.

The bride stood up. She looked so lovely in her bridal gown that I would not mind marrying her myself. Then she threw her veil aside and, embracing me, she gave me a kiss on each cheek. My heart nearly melted away and I was so confused that I clumsily kissed her on the nose.

"And this is his present," the bride's father said, taking the alarm clock from my left hand. Those kisses made me so dizzy that I forgot about the wedding present which I had brought with me.

"Thank you, uncle," the bride said. "This is a very beautiful clock. I shall give it a place of honor on our mantelpiece."

Then the choson himself came in. He looked at me, looked me up from my hat to my shoes.

"Why, don't you know your uncle?" the bride asked him. "Look at the lovely present he brought us, and she showed him the alarm clock, which was put on a table with other presents for exhibition."

"I think the gentleman made a mistake," the choson said. "I have enough uncles of my own and they are all here, in the big hall."

"Then, turning to me, the choson said:—

"There is another wedding going on upstairs. Maybe that is where your nephew is being married."

"Why are you laughing? It was no joke to me at all! I almost ran for the door, forgetting about the alarm clock. I went upstairs. Sure, there was another wedding going on. Bercovich met me at the door.

"You are a little late," he said to me, "they are all waiting for you. But you forgot to bring the wedding present."

"The wedding present is here," I said, "but I delivered it to the wrong party."

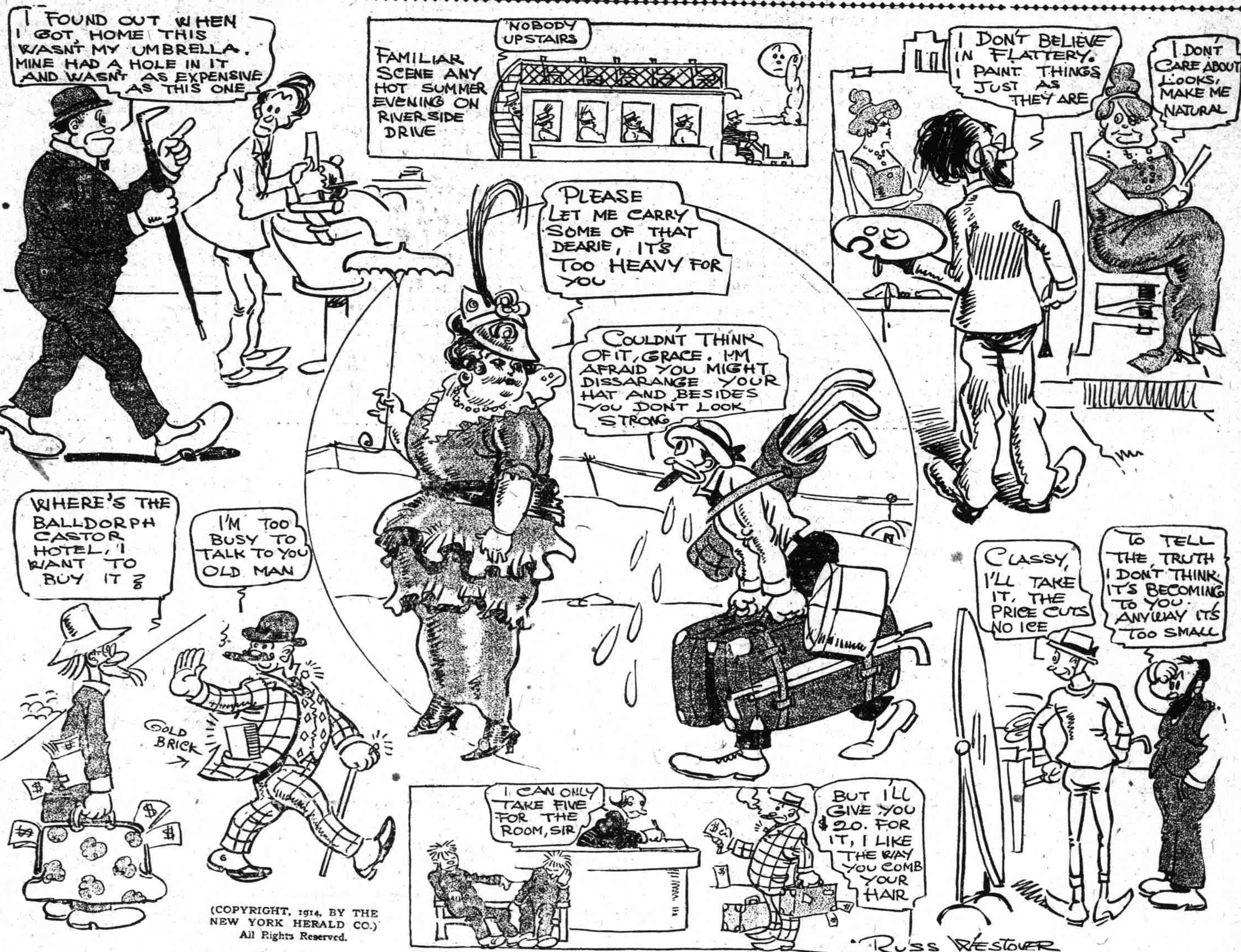
Then I told him the rest.

To save me the humiliation, Bercovich went down himself to demand the misdelivered alarm clock, and in a few minutes he came back with it, and he led me in the hall.

Here I was introduced to the other bride—the real bride. I had more kisses, but they did not taste as sweet as those I had downstairs. For this bride who was to marry my "nephew" was the mother of four children, a widow.

AM THE UNCLE OF THE BRIDEGROOM

FAT CHANCE! — By Russ Westover



The bridegroom was glad to see me, of course, and he introduced me to everybody and to the bride's two uncles. I thought her uncles were the real stuff, but I soon found out they were not.

After the wedding supper, as I was standing and watching the young people dance, I noticed the two uncles of the bride having a serious conversation between themselves, and from the way they looked at me I understood that it was of me they were talking. I don't know why, but I began to feel nervous and wished the wedding was already over.

At last the bride's two uncles came over to me and one of them asked me:—

"Are you a real uncle or a hired one?"

Here Bercovich came to my rescue. I suppose he saw the trouble coming, so he came up in time to avert it.

"What funny questions you ask!" Bercovich laughed at him. "Sure he is a real uncle." His mother, Oleho Hashelem, and the choson's mother, Oleho Hashelem, were twin sisters.

"Now, you see," one of the bride's uncles said, pointing his finger right in the shadchen's face, "the choson told us a different story—that the man's father and his father were twin brothers. It is a fake; any one can see that."

"Well," argued Bercovich, "couldn't the twin brothers marry the twin sisters?"

"Mister Bercovich," the other of the two uncles butted in, "don't you try such bluffs on us; we are not from Brownsville." And then, turning to me, he said:—

"You see, young man, we are members

of the Amalgamated Uncles, Aunts and Cousins' Protective Association. We are a strong organization, and unless you are a bona fide member you can't be an uncle. You will have to pay the usual \$10 fine, or we shall make charges against you in the Waiters' Union. Ten

carry me. And now I am asking you, does it pay to be good? It cost me \$10 just because I wanted to do that shadchen a favor. Never again.

What if This Guard Had Been a Scotchman?

WALTER B. STEVENS, who was for years dean of the corps of Washington correspondents, was noted among his confreres for the gravity of his exterior and a seriousness in the trend of his thought bordering almost on austerity.

Those who knew him best were wont to boast that for gravity, imposing silence, discretion and concealment from the chance bystander of his innermost thoughts Mr. Stevens had the average professional diplomatist sadly outpointed. All this preliminary to one of Mr. Stevens' infrequent lapses from strict literalness of speech and one which his friends pronounce after all almost a literal statement of fact.

It was on an occasion when Mr. Stevens was down on the list of those who were to address a convention of deaf mutes. The meeting was in session and Mr. Stevens, who was almost due, hurried to the stage entrance of the hall. He had been attending an important meeting elsewhere and had just time to keep his engagement to make the address, which was to be interpreted in the sign language for the benefit of

the assemblage. His progress was barred at the door by a guard, who told him that he could not enter.

"Why not?" asked Mr. Stevens.

"Because the meeting is for deaf mutes only," answered the guard.

Mr. Stevens took the guard confidentially to one side and without the semblance of a smile whispered to him:—

"I'm deaf and dumb myself."

The guard was Irish. Without a

flicker of mirth over his features he answered:—

"Well, in that case, pass right in."

Dr. Johnson on Matrimony.

A gentleman who had been unhappy with his first wife took a second one shortly after her death. Dr. Johnson characterized this action as the triumph of hope over experience.

If Bowdle's Bill Goes Through

By ERNEST DUPUY.

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Representative Stanley Bowdle has introduced a bill to impose a tax of twenty-five per cent on the incomes of all Americans who marry titled foreigners.—News Item.

Take heed, ye titled noblemen Who come to marry cash, For Bowdle's on the warpath And he'll send your dreams to smash. No more our lovely heiresses Into your arms will dash; The girls may like your coronets, But father'll keep his cash.

One-quarter of their incomes They will forfeit to the State If Congressmen put through the bill That sprang from Bowdle's pate. One-quarter of their incomes; Don't you think you'd better wait? So look before you take the step, It then may be too late.

The market price on heiresses Is surely bound to shake, And our plain domestic goods An upward jump will take. When Bowdle's bill becomes a law And father's purse strings quake, Kind hearts are more than coronets, When hard-earned pelf's at stake.

So heed ye, titled noblemen, I think you'd better quit. Your dual charms and quartered arms No more will make a hit. When income tax is added to The very costly bit That father aas to spend for you, His answer will be:—"Nit!"

Do It Again

By Harry Coultaus

