

The Happy Marriage

By W. E. Hill

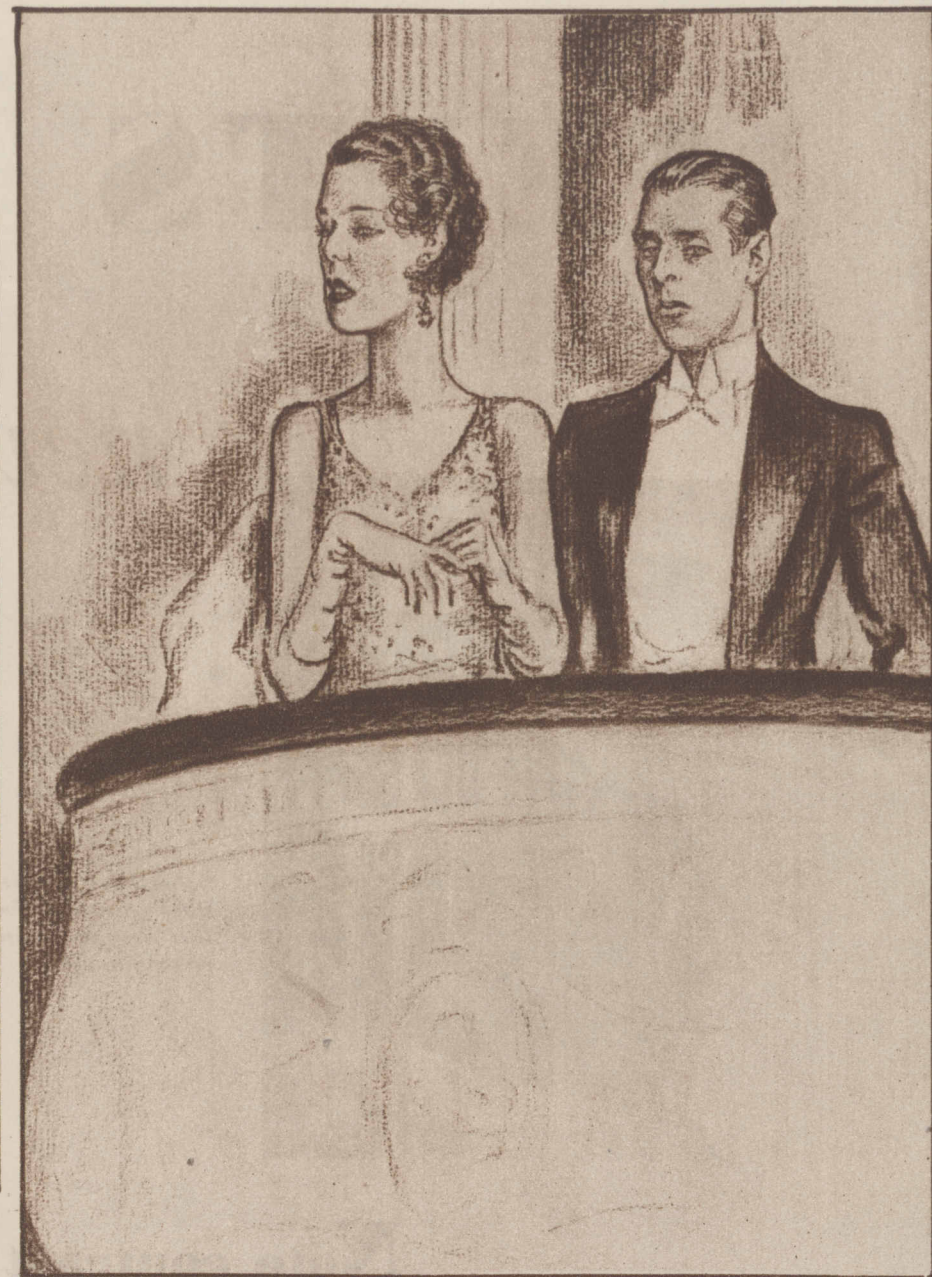
(Copyright: 1930: By The Chicago Tribune.)



Irving was one of those finicky chaps, always looking at pictures of Greta Garbo, or Clara Bow, or Peggy Joyce, and saying, "She don't appeal to me—a girl has got to be good looking to get yours truly." And Rose, she was the same way. Always wondering how John Gilbert, or Ronald Colman, or Novarro got away with it. Then one night at a covered dish church supper or a pot luck oyster frolic in the basement of Red Men's hall, Irving and Rose were brought face to face and it was all up with them both. Irving wired from the honeymoon, "I have met my dream girl, we are idiotically happy." And Rose night lettered her ma and pa, "I have found my wonder boy. We are deliciously happy." That's real romance for you!



For years, at great expense from the law firms, Pop Burby's family kept him from entanglements with landladies' daughters, debutantes from the wrong sets, private secretaries and others. When Pop was shipped off to French Lick for his rheumatiz with a male nurse nobody thought anything could happen to his love life. But the male nurse disappointed and a lady nurse was substituted. The inevitable happened, and three days later the happy couple were joined in holy wedlock. Pop expected the new Mrs. Burby would look after his liver and gastric ailments in a big way, but the blushing bride has other ideas for her great big hearted boy and is seeing to it that Pop stays young. (They are here shown at the Hinky-Dinky Night club and Pop and his bride are being given a great big hand.)



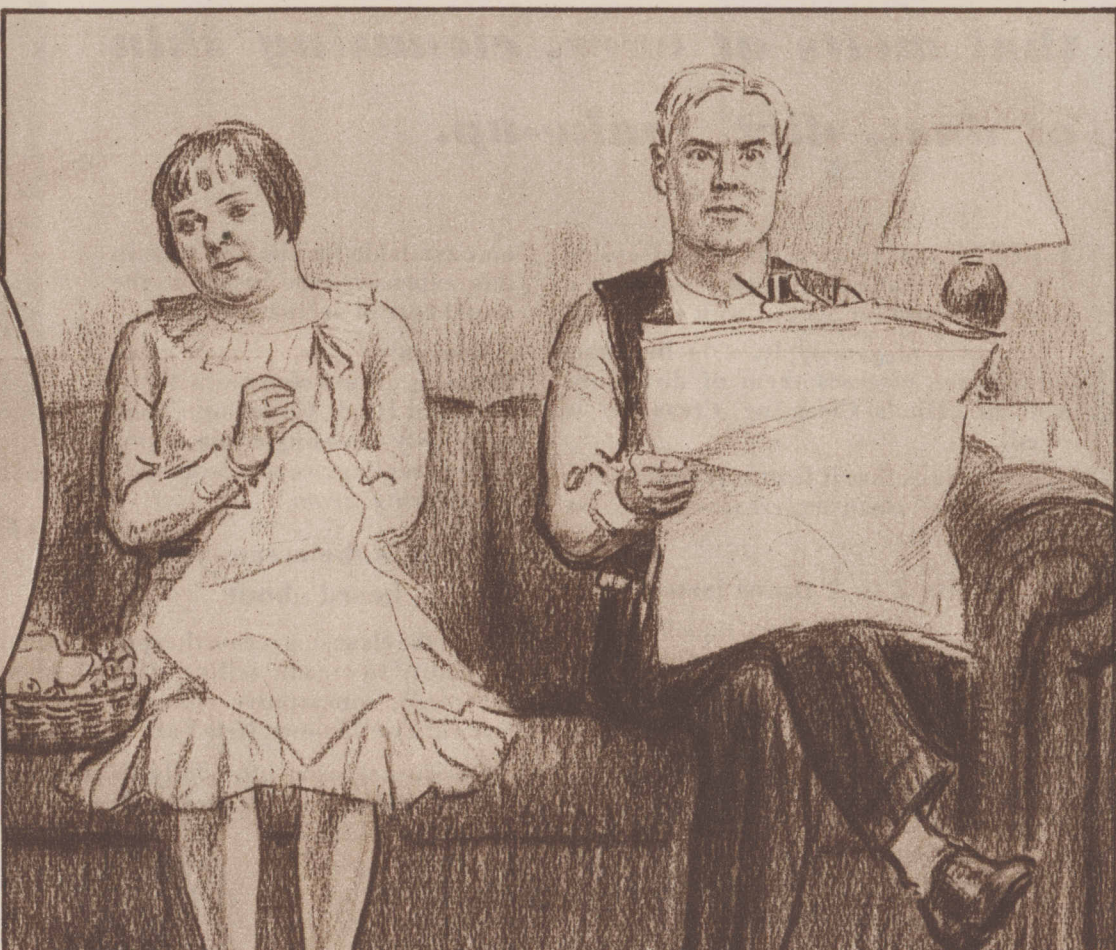
Mr. and Mrs. Rollo Van Banger are a blissfully happy bride and groom and will probably remain in that joyous state for six or maybe eight months. After that—well, who can tell? She was a Mrs. Dismal before she visited Reno, and before that she was Mrs. I. H. Down, and was Mrs. Curry-Kome by her first marriage. This is Rollo's third marriage, but then he is six months younger than Mrs. Van Banger.



The romance of Dorothy and William was almost, you might say, fate stepping in and arranging things. Both had perfected cuteness and roguishness to such a high degree that no one thought either would find a mate strong enough to endure. Some kindly person brought them together and their matrimonial venture is a happy one for all but their friends. Dorothy calls her husband "Weel-yum" and of course he calls her "Tots" or "Toots." And they have the cutest beach bungalow named "Dew-Tum-Inn."



Virginia was heiress to some forty-five millions, and naturally her family were very anxious that she should marry some nice boy worthy of her. And without much wire pulling they got in touch with a family who were anxious to have their boy Fetlock, who was heir to some fifty-odd millions, find a nice girl who would be worthy of him. The rest is easy—Fetlock and Virginia were made one by the church, and the families were overjoyed. (Fetlock and Virginia have been taught economy, so that nothing will ever be wasted.)



For more years than you can count on the digits of both hands Emil called regularly each Sunday night on Bertha, till people began to say it never would amount to anything. They finally made the trip to the altar and are happily ensconced in Bertha's old home on R. F. D. Route 1, the only drawback being that Emil has no place to go on Sunday evening.



Frank comes from one of those first families that are so old they creak, and when he picked a working girl, with no family tree at all, his aunts and uncles shuddered and hoped she wouldn't get Frank down to a level where he would eat with his knife and say, "I seen" for "I saw." Well, Frank's working girl bride was a big success and got grander and sweller than any of the bona fide bon tons. In a week's time she began calling her husband "Fronk," and has since stopped speaking to most of his family ties because they are "common."



Mr. and Mrs. Klaus Moth are very social and go out a great deal—though hardly ever together. They seldom see each other during the day except via telephone. This is really a very successful marriage, because, as Mrs. Moth is wont to say, "Klaus and I believe in outside interests—that is why we are such pals."



George's girl fell in love with his best friend, and it broke George all up for a time. Then he teamed up with Gertrude, who had been jilted twice by a fickle salesman from a woolen house. George hoped to make the old girl jealous and Gertrude wished ditto for the woolen salesman. No jealous passions were aroused, but George and Gertrude fell in love on the rebound and were wedded last June.



Gaspard is some fifty-odd years younger than his little wife, Midge, but as Midge has stopped having birthdays it doesn't much matter. They are really very happy. Only sometimes a drawn look will come over Gaspard's face, his eyes will fill with tears, and Midge will be all solace and comfort, and will ask, "Gaspard, boy, what is it? Wasn't the emerald cigaret case I got you heavy enough?"