

A Firesome Convention

ALTHOUGH the sole object of introducing people is to make them acquainted with each other's names, it is no exaggeration to say that nine times out of ten they are as wise after the introduction as before. What happens?

You are at a party, and your hostess or host says, "Oh, let me introduce you," and you are dragged up to a crowd of people who stare at you without interest, and your host or hostess, who knows them all intimately, says, smiling, "Mrs. Zxy-mch, Miss M-m-m-m, Mr. Schsch," and you smile and bow, and later on, alone with one of the people to whom you have been "introduced," you suddenly become aware that you don't know the creature's name.

You murmur something about "not having quite caught it," and you learn that the creature is Mrs. Brown, or Miss Smith, or Mr. Jones, and he or she says, "And you are, let me see. . . . I'm so sorry, I was introduced to you, I know, but I seem to have forgotten your name."

The unfortunate creature, of course, never really knew your name, any more than you knew his or hers until this moment.

A Social Farce

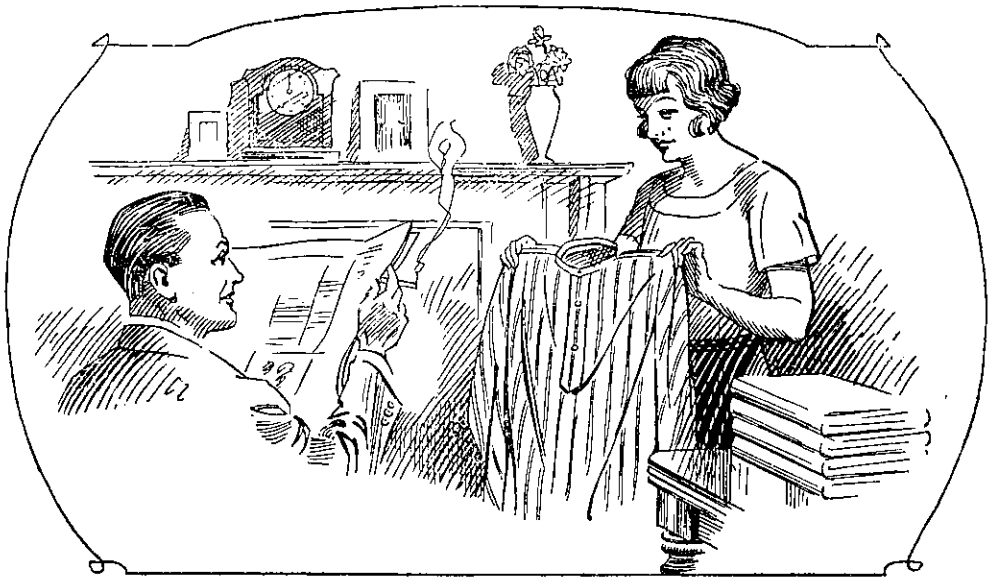
THIS game of so-called "introducing" is one of the biggest of all the farces in our social lives. Sometimes it happens that your host has himself forgotten the names of the people he is introducing to you. Is he abashed? Not a bit. "Mr.—er—er," he smiles, and you bow and say, "How d'you do?" and you haven't the faintest idea to whom you are speaking.

Sometimes it doesn't matter, and you wonder why on earth you were introduced at all; but sometimes it does matter, for you are called upon to converse with "Mr.—er—er," and you are reduced to calling him that yourself, and then proffering that fantastic, formal excuse, "I'm sorry, I didn't quite catch your name."

Formal and unnecessary introductions to people in whom one is not interested, and will probably never see again, are one of the most tiresome conventions, but if they must be—and one supposes that in the conventional world of every day they must be—they ought to be real introductions, not mere inaudible mumbblings.

To stop a bad toothache pour a little vinegar in a saucer and place in it a piece of brown paper folded to about three thicknesses. When the paper is wet, pepper it well and hold it on to the part affected. This does not hurt the skin, and never fails to relieve the ache.

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