

MILLIE'S WEDDING

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Bindle with decision. "You mustn't see a bride before she appears at the chapel."

Bindle stopped dead on his way to the door and, turning round, exclaimed, "Mustn't wot?"

"You mustn't see a bride before she appears at the chapel or church. It isn't proper."

"Well, I'm blowed!" cried Bindle. "You mean to tell me that Charlie Dixon ain't goin' to nip round and 'ave a look at 'er this mornin'?"

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Bindle.

"But why?" persisted Bindle.

"Because it's not proper; it's not the right thing to do," replied Mrs. Bindle, as she struggled into her bodice.

"Now air't that funny," said Bindle. "I suppose it all come about because they was afraid the chap might sort o' funk it and do a bunk, not likin' the looks o' the gal. Any'ow that ain't likely to 'appen with Millikins. The cove wot gets 'er, 'as got a winner."

"Thought you didn't believe in marriage," said Mrs. Bindle acidly.

"I don't, Mrs. B.," replied Bindle. "Est-ways the marriages wot are made in the place where they don't play billiards; but this little one was made in the Putney Cinema Pavilion. I made it myself, and when J.B. takes a thing in 'and, it's goin' to be top 'ole. Then," he proceeded after a pause, "Millikins 'as got me to look after 'er. If 'er man didn't make 'er 'appy, I'd skin 'im; yes, and rub salt in afterwards."