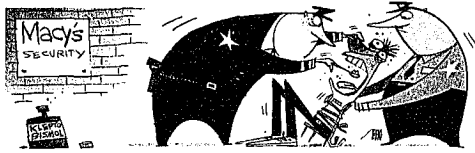


The Style Invitational

Week XXIII: Med Icks

Suppositives: Rectally administered antidepressants.
I Can't Believe It's Not Cancer: A drug that treats hypochondria.
Buffyrin: A drug to finally kill the undead.



Klepto-Bismol: A cure for the compulsion to steal.

This Week's Contest was proposed by the Czarevich of the Style Invitational as he was leeching through the entries to Week XIX, below. The lad suggested that we reverse the concept: Require people to invent a clever name for a new medical product, and specify the condition it would treat. Patiently, we explained that this was too difficult an idea, even for grown-ups, at which

point the little snot came up with the first example above, in approximately 11 seconds. So we said: Okay. That's the contest. First-prize winner gets a gargantuan bra and panties given away to journalists as promotional material by the producers of the jackass comedy flop "Big Momma's House," in the hopes of getting good publicity from newspapers like this one.

First runner-up wins the tacky but estimable Style Invitational Loser Pen. Other runners-up win the coveted Style Invitational Loser T-Shirt. The Uncle's Pick wins the yet-to-be-designed but soon-to-be-coveted "The Uncle Loves Me" T-shirt. Send your entries via fax to 202-534-4312, or by e-mail to losers@washpost.com, or by U.S. mail to The Style Invitational, Week XXIII, c/o The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071. Deadline is Monday, July 10. All entries must include the week number of the contest and your name, postal address and a daytime or evening telephone number. E-mail entries must include the week number in the message field. Contests will be judged on the basis of humor and originality. All entries become the property of The Washington Post. Editors reserve the right to edit entries for taste or content. Results will be published in four weeks. No purchase required for entry. Employees of The Washington Post, and their immediate relatives, are not eligible for prizes.

REPORT FROM WEEK XIX

In which we asked you to come up with Laffs, new definitions for the names of commercial products. A good idea too popular to reward with a prize: "Microsoft" as an antidote for a Viagra overdose. And no, we aren't printing the many fine entries involving the products "Die Hard" and "Wish-Bone."

- ◆ Fourth Runner-Up—**Snickers: Goofy-looking underpants.** (Saul Rosen, Rockville)
- ◆ Third Runner-Up—**John Deere: A letter from a dyslexic announcing the end of a relationship.** (Robin D. Grove, Laurel)
- ◆ Second Runner-Up—**Ty-D-Bol: Martha Stewart Lanes.** (Gary M. Welsh, Cabin John)
- ◆ First Runner-Up—**Dumpster: A steazy lawyer specializing in divorce.** (Paul Kocak, Syracuse, N.Y.)
- ◆ And the winner of the surgical chest spreader: **Evian Holy Water distilled from the tears of Saint Marisleysls.** (Jennifer Nelson, Washington)

- ◆ Honorable Mentions: **Play-Doh: A boneheaded move by an actor during a live performance, such as accidentally saying "To beat, or not to beat."** (Mike Moore, Gaithersburg)
- Stayfree MiniPad: An in-town executive perk.** (Chris Doyle, Burke)
- Tylenol: The degree to which wives insist the bathroom must be cleaned.** (Martin Bredeck, Community, Va.)
- Effordent: An expletive uttered after finding your car dinged in a parking lot.** (Russell Beland, Annandale)
- Prego, Eggo: (1) Pregnant with a baby human. (2) Pregnant with a baby bird.** (Erik Spolinicki, Silver Spring)
- The Clapper: The typhoid Mary of gonorrhoea.** (Russell Beland, Annandale)
- Warner Brothers: To notify a girl's male siblings of the lascivious intentions of an impending prom date.** (James Pierce, Charlottesville)
- Rolex: A spontaneous sex act with a former spouse.** (Liz Smith, Burke)
- Ex-Lax: A listing of the shortcomings of a former spouse.** (Randal Wetzel, Hagerstown)
- Budweiser: That mistakenly omniscient feeling one gets from smoking pot.** (Robin D. Grove, Laurel)
- Advit: An experimental community where one pays no property taxes but every square inch of sidewalk and wall space is filled with billboards and other commercial come-ons.** (Malcolm Fleschner, Arlington)
- Playtex: To be all hat and no cattle.** (Chris Doyle, Burke)
- Montgomery Ward: The wing of a loony bin reserved for urban planners who think more highways are the solution to traffic congestion.** (Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park)
- Bear Stearns: How a proctologist recognizes his patients.** (Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park)
- Fidelity Investments: Chastity belts.** (Katharine M. Butterfield, Potomac)
- Cuisinart: Art that makes you queasy, such as that elephant-dung Virgin.** (Dave Zarrow, Herndon; Jennifer Hart, Arlington)
- Duncan Yo-Yos: Doughnuts that keep**

- coming back up on you.** (Jerome Duncan, Annandale)
- Calgon: The period of mourning after Ripken retires.** (Stu Solomon, Springfield)
- M&M's Similar to S&M, except both people just sit there waiting for the other to start.** (Russell Beland, Annandale)
- J.C. Penney: A very rare coin, dating from early A.D.** (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)
- Del Monte: The Royal Colombian Mounted Police.** (Martin Bredeck, Community, Va.)
- Paine Webber: A cyber-sadist.** (Chris Doyle, Burke)
- FedEx: Alimony.** (Meg Sullivan, Potomac)
- Frosted Flakes: Dumb blondes.** (Meg Sullivan, Potomac)
- Kleenex: The rating of a movie with lots of violence but no sex.** (John Field, Fairfax)
- Ritz Crackers: Wealthy rednecks.** (John Field, Fairfax)
- o.b.: A deodorant for dyslexics** (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)
- Texas Instruments: Electric chairs** (Joseph Romm, Washington; David Genser, Arlington)
- Smith & Wesson: One of those nights involving an anonymous stranger and vegetable oil.** (David Genser, Arlington)
- Oral-B: Similar to a spelling bee, used to hire White House Interns.** (Susan Reese, Arlington)
- Motorola: A bribe resulting in choice seats at a NASCAR event.** (Ray Ratajeck, Arbutus, Md.)
- Time Warner: An alarm clock.** (Mike Elliott, Oberlin, Ohio)
- Johnson & Johnson: A male couple.** (Joseph Romm, Washington)
- Yoplait: A rap musical.** (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)
- ◆ The Uncle's Pick: **IBM: What a 2-year-old says before you need to change him.** (Joseph Romm, Washington)

The Uncle Explains: This was just so cute.

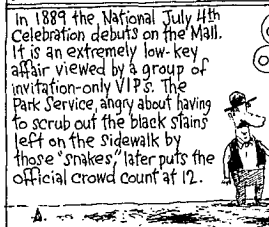
Next Week: A Laff Riot

OUR FIREWORKS HERITAGE

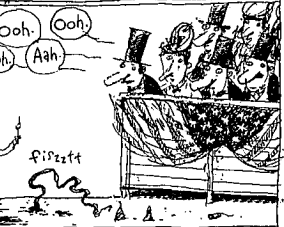


In 1776, the first roadside fireworks stand, Patriotic Illumination, opens in South Carolina. It is later sold to South of the Border & renamed Pedro's Beeg Kaboom-Koom.

In 1826, former Presidents John Adams and Thomas Jefferson are involved in a July 4th mishap. Huge cover-up ensues.



In 1889 the National July 4th Celebration debuts on the Mall. It is an extremely low-key affair viewed by a group of invitation-only VIPs. The Park Service, angry about having to scrub out the black stains left on the sidewalk by those "snakes," later puts the official crowd count at 12.



In 1942 wartime rationing forces citizens to make their own Roman candles by mixing Monex, Ood, Jell-O, Saniflush & Victory Brand Flour Substitute in a Vaso Jar.



In 1998, "Star Wars" defense technology meets pyrotechnology, allowing the City of Alexandria's July 4th fireworks to shoot down those in Falls Church.

MISS MANNERS

Judith Martin

Actually, It's the Deed That Counts

Do they really care? Politicians declaring themselves deeply moved and determined to make improvements, movie stars testifying about their favorite causes, philanthropists announcing donations, activists chanting demands—Bleep down, do any of them really, sincerely care?

Or are they just looking for votes, publicity, praise and trouble?

Miss Manners is dismayed to hear such suspicions voiced whenever virtuous public statements are made. She sometimes worries how dreadful one must be to be deemed trustworthy. If someone who has led a reasonably good life makes a bad remark in public, Miss Manners notices that everyone believes this to be a sincere revelation, demonstrating that everything up until that moment was all a lie, and here is true feeling bursting forth at last. But if, instead, the person has something good to say, then that must be the false front.

Following this appalling moral lesson, Miss Manners will now make an unpleasant remark of her own. It is that her answer to whether these people really care is that she doesn't care.

Oh, not that she doesn't care about the objects of their professed compassion. Dear no. She has a bit of virtue of her own to hide.

But she just can't bring herself to care about whether these people really care. She would rather they didn't encourage public cynicism by violating the virtues they espouse or by revealing ignorance of the causes they promote. She would rather that they didn't use their righteousness to cause misery to those who don't feel it as strongly or who are occupied with their other cause or who just happen to be in their way.

She prefers to believe that people mean what they say when they are nasty, not just when they are nasty. She even harbors the hope that most people do feel compassion and a desire to be helpful.

It's just that she really, sincerely, honestly doesn't care whether any particular public individual's apparent compassion is really, sincerely, honestly felt.

This is in keeping with the tenets of her own particular cause. Etiquette deals in surface behavior, and is much too polite to denounce other people's polite behavior on the suspicion that it doesn't represent deep conviction.

Furthermore, etiquette has its own cynicism. It is exactly because it is aware that perfectly nice people have a lot of annoying, selfish or provocative impulses that would trample all over other people, that it is often in the business of asking people please not to act on their sincere feelings. Nor can Miss Manners accept the idea that sensitizing people's inner feelings is a simpler, quicker way to make the world pleasanter than merely insisting that they behave themselves.

So Miss Manners would rather that people have the habit of doing the right thing, even if it is for the wrong reason, than not doing the right thing because they lack the right reason. Maintaining a public posture of virtue encourages others to do the same. And who knows? It may even encourage the wicked people themselves.

Dear Miss Manners:

One of my husband's co-workers went on an out-of-town vacation and brought back a small gift for each person in the office. On our vacation, my husband thought we needed to follow this precedent and bring back a little something for each of his co-workers.

I argued that this was unnecessary, that a small food gift that could be shared by the entire office would be more appropriate, and that we shouldn't feel compelled to reciprocate on one co-worker's over-generous giving spree. My husband is not especially close to any of his co-workers, and we do not socialize with them out of work. Do you agree that individual gifts would be inappropriate and excessive?

Not only that, but Miss Manners believes that by following your suggestion (if indeed your husband did) he would make his co-workers a double present. First there would be the food, and then there would be the relief in realizing that you had created this generous but unduly burdensome idea before it became an office custom, and that they do not have to spend their vacations hunting around for presents for all their colleagues.

Feeling incorrect? Address your etiquette questions (in black or blue-ink on white writing paper) to Miss Manners, in care of The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071.

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BRIDGE | Frank Stewart

E-W vulnerable
 NORTH (D)
 ♠ AK4
 ♥ A10654
 ♦ 43
 ♣ K109
 WEST
 ♠ 62
 ♥ 2
 ♦ A18652
 ♣ 1865
 EAST
 ♠ Q1953
 ♥ Q1973
 ♦ K97
 ♣ None
 SOUTH
 ♠ 1087
 ♥ K8
 ♦ Q10
 ♣ A07432

The bidding:

North East South West
 1♥ 1♠ 2♠ 2♦
 3♠ 3♦ 4♠ All Pass
 Opening lead: ♠ 6

The World Open and Women's Teams in Bermuda were a feast for those into enjoy comparing how men and women handle the same deals. Identical deals were used in both events.

In the Women's final, U.S. vs. Netherlands, the Dutch North-South pair reached four clubs on today's auction. West led a spade, and South might have wished she were at five clubs until she led a trump to the ace. She picked up the trumps and settled for 10 tricks.

In the replay, the Dutch West completed less actively: East bid spades, but West bid nothing. The U.S. North raised South's two-club response to three clubs; and South then cue-bid three spades, which by agreement asked North to bid 3NT if she had a spade trick. North obliged, East did not lead a

diamond, and North made the game for a lucky U.S. gain.

The Open final, U.S. vs. Brazil, saw one of the tournament's best-played hands. Roberto de Mello de Brazil had to cope with five clubs, doubled by West, after East bid spades and West bid diamonds.

West led his singleton heart: four, nine, king. Mello led a trump to dummy's nine (1) and drew trumps. Since the U.S. East couldn't afford a heart discard—declarer would set up the hearts—he threw two spades and two diamonds. Mello then led a diamond, and East took his king and returned the queen of spades.

Mello won in dummy and next led a low heart, and when East won, he had to lead a heart or a spade, giving declarer a free finesse and his 11th trick.

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