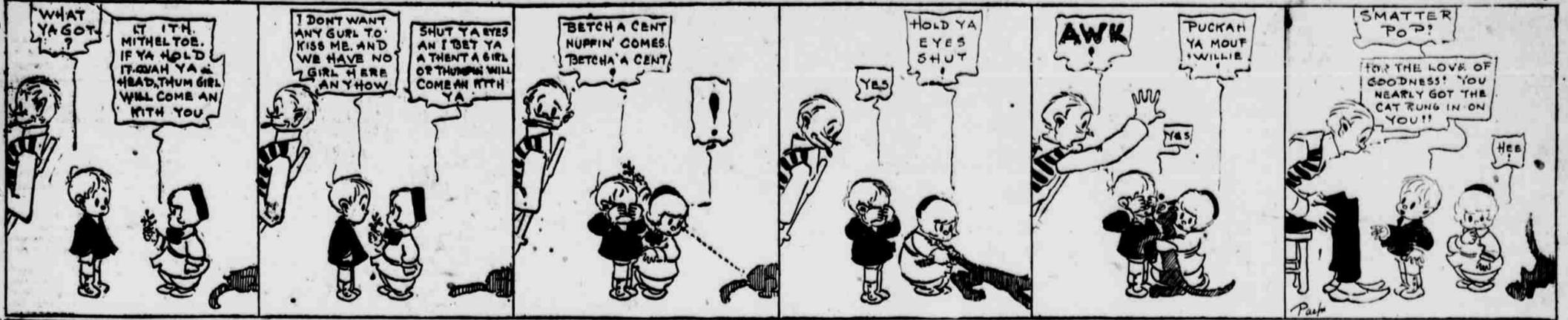


"S'Matter, Pop?"

By C. M. Payne



The Jarr Family

MRS. JARR GETS SAD NEWS AT BREAKFAST. By Roy L. McCardell

Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

ADMIRE their impudence!" said Mrs. Jarr coldly, and she tossed a letter she had just finished reading beside her plate at the breakfast table.

It dropped on a pile of other envelopes. Mr. Jarr knew they must be bills and that no mail whatsoever had come to the house for him this morning.

Mrs. Jarr always read his letters first. The rest, Mr. Jarr surmised, must be bills.

When he had mildly objected a few times to her procedure as regards his letters she had always gazed at him and asked if he were in the habit of receiving letters his wife should not read.

Mr. Jarr had inquired of Jenkins, Hangle and other friends if their wives did this. They said yes.

The right of wifely scrutiny of all husbandly mail is the unwritten law of matrimony. "The bride mentally concentrates upon this approaching prerogative at the line "With all my worldly goods I thee endow."

The worldly goods of most young married men are the clothes they stand in, the installment-plan furniture in the new home nest and the letters their wives expect they'll get.

Bused with these reflections, Mr. Jarr made no comment. At which Mrs. Jarr remarked:

"Oh, of course you know the letter is from your friends, the Miss Cackelberry of Philadelphia?"

When Mrs. Jarr said "YOUR friends," he knew the young ladies in Philadelphia must be in her black books.

"They want to visit us again! The idea! Want to make a convenience of my house again! They say it's shopping, but I know it's husband hunting. Well, all I have to say is that I am husband hunting for no one. I did do my best for Clara Murdridge-Smith, and much thanks I got!"

"Yes, I suppose you have no time for company just now," ventured Mr. Jarr.

"Not that sort of company?" replied his good lady, with a mischievous laugh.

"Well, all I have to say is that I am husband hunting for no one. I did do my best for Clara Murdridge-Smith, and much thanks I got!"

"Yes, I suppose you have no time for company just now," ventured Mr. Jarr.

"Not that sort of company?" replied his good lady, with a mischievous laugh.

"Well, all I have to say is that I am husband hunting for no one. I did do my best for Clara Murdridge-Smith, and much thanks I got!"

egg amiships, but said nothing.

"After what they did to make trouble between Jack Silver and Clara Murdridge-Smith—not that Clara Murdridge-Smith shouldn't remember that she is a married woman and Jack Silver is a bachelor—I would just as lief have serpents hissing on my hearth as have those Cackelberry girls here occupying our best room and getting up in the night when they think we are all asleep and going through my things.

"I hate to say it, but I've missed a silver-handled button-hook, and all I've got to say is that those who will ransack one's belongings haven't as much honesty as they have curiosity."

Mr. Jarr, having entered the natural defenses of the egg and taken possession of the interior without resistance from the egg, passed his cup for more coffee. But still he made no comment.

"I notice you are silent," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "I hope you are not disappointed that I do not entertain your friends."

"No friends of mine, the Philadelphia flappers," said Mr. Jarr, carelessly.

"Well, you were mighty sweet to them when they were here. You took them to the theatre, I noticed."

"You went along," said Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, you were angry because I intruded, were you?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"Well, please excuse me. I'll know better next time." But—here a grin of expression came to her countenance—"with the Miss Cackelberry there isn't going to be any next time!"

"I suppose this is their reply to my letter of the other day. I thought it best to write a sweet letter to them, as it is getting near Christmas, and they might remember how they imposed on us for two weeks and send something nice to me and the children. It was the least they could do. Now they write ineffectually hinting they want to come on to New York to shop for a few days."

"That means, as plain as day, if you'll turn your nose into a free boarding house for us for a week we'll buy some toys for the children in the ten-cent store."

"But it's strange they do not mention my letter that I gave to you to mail!" Mr. Jarr turned pale.

"You never mailed it!" cried Mrs. Jarr.

"Why, no, my dear," replied the forgetful wretch. "It's in my pocket. But, you see, I remembered the suffragettes are pouring acid in the mail boxes."

"You booby!" replied Mrs. Jarr, "that's in England. Oh, well, I suppose I'll have to write them and invite them over."

O. Heeza Boob!



Historic Hymns By Frederic Reddall

Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

No. 6—"Art Thou Weary?"

NEW of our hymns can boast the antiquity which belongs to "Art Thou Weary?" From the eighth century it comes down to us (being nearly twelve hundred years old), and from the Holy Land itself.

The Monastery of Mar Saba, founded before the Hegira of Mohammed, still stands on its ancient rock looking down upon the Valley of Kedron. Forty monks inhabit the cells which cluster round the grave of St. Saba, the founder, who died in 332. And, still, far below in the depths of the gorge, the wolves and jackals muster at morning light to eat the offal and refuse which the monks fling down below. In this monastic fortress lived, in the eighth century, a monk named Stephen, who was gifted from on high with the supreme talent of embodying in a simple hymn so much of the essence of the divine life through Christ that even in this day and generation no hymn more profoundly touches the heart and raises the spirits of Christian worshippers. This strain, originally raised on the stern ramparts of an outpost of Eastern Christendom already threatened with submergence beneath the flood of Moslem conquest, rings with ever-increasing volume of melodious sound through the whole wide world to-day.

"Art thou weary, art thou languid, Art thou sore distressed? Come to me," saith One, "and, coming, Be at rest."

Hath He marks to lead me to him, If He be my guide? In His feet and hands are wounds—prints, And His side.

Is there diadem, as monarch, That His brow adorns? 'Yes, a crown, in very surety, 'But of thorns!'

If I find Him, if I follow, What His guard here? 'Many a sorrow, many a labor, Many a tear.'

If I still hold closely to Him, What, hath He at last?

Household Electrics By Stephen L. Coles

Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

Portable Fountains.

NOVEL electrical device possessing great decorative possibilities is the portable electric fountain, which is made in a variety of designs and sizes. It consists of an ornamental bowl, in the center of which rises a piece of statuary. Concealed beneath this is a small electric pump which forces the water upward in sprays. Colored glass under which small electric lamps are located lights the flowing water in various hues.

This same water is used over and over again, so that no connection is required with the house water supply. When the bowl is filled with water and the pump has been connected by a plug and flexible cord to the nearest lamp socket the fountain is ready for operation. This device makes an excellent table decoration or it may be placed on the veranda in summer or in the hallway in winter. When surrounded by growing plants the effects are greatly enhanced.

Electro Auto Progress.

THE growth in the use of electric automobiles is indicated in a booklet recently issued by the Electro Vehicle Club of Boston. This gives the names and addresses of the principal electric charging stations in Massachusetts.

The list covers seventy cities and includes one hundred and five charging points, seventy-six places where batteries may be charged at any hour of the day or night and fifteen places where emergency charging service only may be obtained. Twelve main charging points are located in Boston and the suburban district of Greater Boston includes twenty-five other stations.

Power in the Home.

ATTACHMENTS recently have been perfected by means of which, in connection with a small portable electric motor, most of the household drudgery may be easily and quickly performed. Here are some of the things that may be done: Washing dishes, washing the clothes, cleaning carpets, rugs, upholstery and hangings, cleaning and polishing the silver, running the ice cream freezer, grinding the coffee, ventilating the kitchen, forcing the furnace draft in cold weather, operating the sewing machine, cleaning mattresses.

GEHMAN technical publication asserts that the electrification of growing plants has the effect of accelerating the circulation of the sap and diminishes the harmful influence upon the plants of insects. It also acts chemically upon the soil in such a way that the plant food is transformed so as to be more easily taken up by the roots. Results obtained on an experimental farm are said to have been very satisfactory, not only on account of the increased growth of the plants, but because of the improved quality.

WHY HE DIDN'T KNOW.

Solator—What do you think of the California Guy?

Frank—Well—er—I never tried it. The sopho won't let me smoke a pipe and her assaiant.

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers

As to Self-Respect.

THERE is a distinct difference between modesty and prudishness. The former is the corollary of a proper self-respect. The latter frequently springs from a particularly vulgar imagination.

Which remarks are inspired by the fact that I have received a letter from a young man who protests that his fiancée refuses to kiss him. He is obviously rather indignant about the matter, and I can't say that I think he is to be blamed. A self-fashioned enough to feel that a girl ought to be very careful about her kisses and, in fact, that she should reserve them for the man she loves. But I don't think she should keep them from him. Bluntly, if she doesn't want to become his wife, and the engagement should be broken forthwith.

"E. H." writes: "I met a girl yesterday at a party who seemed quite interested in me. She asked me to call. Do you think that she cares for me?"

Of course not, when she has only met you once!

"E. H." writes: "I have known a young man for a fortnight, and he is just the sort I like. Would it be proper for me to ask him to call?"

It would be better for your mother to ask him for you.

"D. J." writes: "A beta B that a man accompanying two ladies should walk next to the curb. B asserts that the man should walk between the two ladies. Which is right?"

A wins.

Hats at Dances.

"E. C." writes: "Will you please tell me whether it is correct to wear a hat at a ball?"

No, if the party is a private one; but at public balls hats are frequently worn.

"E. D." writes: "I'm engaged and my mother wants to give me a linen shower. Is it proper for her to invite my friends to the house?"

Perfectly proper.

"O. R." writes: "I am engaged to be married to a girl, but she will not let me kiss her. Do you think this is fair?"

Frankly, I don't.

"W. L." writes: "I quarrelled with a young man about another man. Afterward the first young man made me an apology for his share in the quarrel. Do you think he cares for me?"

He may—or he may simply have a jealous disposition.

Folks Who Write Our Books

BERKELEY SMITH, the artist-author, whose "The Street of the Two Friends" has just appeared, grows real Indian maise on his little farm in Normandy and serves therefrom green corn on the cob to friends in his Paris studio. Mr. Smith is the son of F. Hopkinson Smith.

Israel Zangwill's first short story was written to win a prize offered by a London weekly paper. And it did.

G. W. Ogden, author of "Home Place," has a desk, useless to him, for which he paid £1. It is that upon which, in the Kansas City Times, Eugene Fields used to write his fanciful prose and verse.

Kate Douglas Wiggin thinks a woman has a greater facility for expression than a man has, but it does not necessarily follow that she can write. A woman, she believes, prepares herself less thoroughly than a man does for work in the rank and file of journalism, but sex is no handicap to authorship, other things being equal. Personally, she says, "I would rather be a writer than be an angel."

Having 40,000 books on hand and room for only 30,000, S. R. Crockett has discarded a lot into the autolite's hands. It is interesting to note among the castaway volumes Barrie's "Auld Licht Idylls" and "A Window in Thrums," Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship,"

Marryat's novels, those of Charles Lever and Swinburne's essays.

Carl Lumboltz, author of "New Trails in Mexico," began his career in letters far from the country that discovered Diaz. He was sent to Australia by the University of Christiania, in Norway, and in the course of exploring the continent he lived for a year among the cannibal tribes in the northwestern part of Queensland, camping and hunting with them and living as they did on such food as snakes and lizards. In this way he learned the manners of these, the most savage people in the world, people still in the Stone Age and rapidly dying out.

The author who calls himself Albert Edwards adopted his pen name as a life saver. He was in Russia and would have been in grave peril there had his real name been signed to a series of articles written for a New York periodical. Mr. Edwards has just issued "A Man's World," a striking story.

Bernard Shaw has been described as having the nose of a Byron, the brow of a Madonna, the eyes of a soldier and the ears of a sensualist. But "if you saw the back of his head from behind a counter as he turned away to lift down a canister of tea, it would look quite like the back of the head—immensely long and narrow and showing a lot of nose—of any usual grocer."

The Coming of the Law

"THE TWO-GUN MAN'S" Greatest Novel By Charles Alden Seltzer

Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Hollis, a Government agent, was sent to take charge of his dead father's business and the three-day train. The law became Hollis' for the first time. Hollis, a pretty girl who lives on a nearby ranch, was a really. Hollis took up his new duties as editor of the "Daily News" and at once became a popular figure. Hollis' office to murder him. Hollis overcomes the odds and saves him from a murderer for into a trap. Hollis, a Government agent, was sent to take charge of his dead father's business and the three-day train. The law became Hollis' for the first time. Hollis, a pretty girl who lives on a nearby ranch, was a really. Hollis took up his new duties as editor of the "Daily News" and at once became a popular figure. Hollis' office to murder him. Hollis overcomes the odds and saves him from a murderer for into a trap. Hollis, a Government agent, was sent to take charge of his dead father's business and the three-day train. The law became Hollis' for the first time. Hollis, a pretty girl who lives on a nearby ranch, was a really. Hollis took up his new duties as editor of the "Daily News" and at once became a popular figure. Hollis' office to murder him. Hollis overcomes the odds and saves him from a murderer for into a trap.

CHAPTER XXI. Duniavey Plays a Card.

SHE saw his little eyes glitter with decision, saw him measure the distance between them, saw him crouch for a spring.

She froze at the lower edge of the rug that matted at his throat. The smoke from the pistol blinded her; she heard his cough, heard the rush of his feet as he hurried himself forward. Terror struck her as she felt the door slam, she dropped the pistol and whirled, grasping the edge of the door and slamming it shut in his face.

She felt his weight against it, but he had been taken by surprise by the movement; there was the strength of desperation in her body and she held the door closed against him while she shoved the fastenings into place.

Then, suddenly overcome, she leaned weakly against the jamb, her heart thumping hard, her nerves stinging.

For a long time she did not move, and she could not sound from the other side of the door to tell her of Yuma's movements. There was a wild hope in her heart that he had gone, but presently, becoming a little calmer, she pressed her ear against the door.

There was no doubt of Yuma's presence; she could hear him stepping softly about the room. Had there been a window in the room in which she had imprisoned herself she might have escaped, but unfortunately there was not.

She fell to thinking of the revolver she had dropped when Yuma had sprung against the door. It must be somewhere close to the door. Had Yuma picked it up? There was a chance that he had not.

If the weapon were still there and she could get it, she would be able to close the door again she would be in a position to defend herself. She could not defend herself without it. If Yuma should burst the door open she would be at his mercy. She must get the revolver.

Convinced of this she stood for some little time at the door, her ear pressed against it, listening for any sound that might tell her of the whereabouts of Yuma in the cabin. She heard nothing.

Perhaps he had gone? But she listened and listened, presently she heard certain noises, but before loosening the fastenings she seemed incredible that any man should visit the cabin purposely to attack her.

Perhaps Yuma had called her name to frighten her; he had said that Duniavey had told him to follow her, but she believed that Duniavey, in spite of his reputation for lawlessness and treachery, was not so unmanly as to incite the half-breed to attack her. He may have told him to steal the horse—she could believe that of him!

But for a long time, in spite of the quieting influence of these thoughts, she kept her ear pressed against the door. Then, moved by a sudden impulse—an accession of courage inspired by the continued silence—she cautiously loosened the fastenings and swung the door slowly open.

The revolver lay close and with a swift movement she reached for it. As her fingers grasped its butt she heard a slight sound and Yuma was upon her from behind, pinning her arms to her sides. She felt his breath on her neck, heard his laugh, exultant and derisive, mocking her. His right hand, gripping her tightly, was slipping slowly down toward the hand that held the revolver. She struggled desperately, snatching and twisting in his grasp, silently matching her strength against his. Finding this hopeless and feeling his hand gradually slipping toward the revolver, she suddenly raised her hand toward her face, bringing Yuma's hand, still on her arm, with it. Then she dropped her head to his arm near the wrist and sank her teeth savagely into his flesh.

Yuma howled in anguish, loosening his hold momentarily. In an instant she had wrenched herself free and had bounded to the centre of the room, placing the kitchen table between herself and her assailant.

CHAPTER XXII. Proof of Gratitude.

SHORTLY after noon on the same day Hollis, finding work irksome, closed his desk with a bang, told Potter that he was going home, mounted his pony, and loped the animal out the Dry Bottom trail.

He remembered hearing Norton tell one of the men that morning that he suspected that several of Ed. Hazell's cattle were still in the vicinity of the basin near the Hazelton cabin, and he determined to ride around that way and try to turn out the animals. He heard Hollis after a hot morning in the office.

He also remembered another thing that had occurred at morning at the ranch house. Mrs. Norton had called him—with a slight, eloquent glance at him—that he might do worse than to make arrangements to keep Nellie Hamilton at the Hazelton cabin. At the risk of being considered obtuse, Hollis had ignored the hint, broad though it had been.

Perhaps Yuma had called her name to frighten her; he had said that Duniavey had told him to follow her, but she believed that Duniavey, in spite of his reputation for lawlessness and treachery, was not so unmanly as to incite the half-breed to attack her. He may have told him to steal the horse—she could believe that of him!

But for a long time, in spite of the quieting influence of these thoughts, she kept her ear pressed against the door. Then, moved by a sudden impulse—an accession of courage inspired by the continued silence—she cautiously loosened the fastenings and swung the door slowly open.

The revolver lay close and with a swift movement she reached for it. As her fingers grasped its butt she heard a slight sound and Yuma was upon her from behind, pinning her arms to her sides. She felt his breath on her neck, heard his laugh, exultant and derisive, mocking her. His right hand, gripping her tightly, was slipping slowly down toward the hand that held the revolver. She struggled desperately, snatching and twisting in his grasp, silently matching her strength against his. Finding this hopeless and feeling his hand gradually slipping toward the revolver, she suddenly raised her hand toward her face, bringing Yuma's hand, still on her arm, with it. Then she dropped her head to his arm near the wrist and sank her teeth savagely into his flesh.

Yuma howled in anguish, loosening his hold momentarily. In an instant she had wrenched herself free and had bounded to the centre of the room, placing the kitchen table between herself and her assailant.

He faced around, certain that if the hills could be seen from the porch he would be able to discern the porch from some point on the ridge, for he was satisfied that he must be nearly in line with it. He rode back toward the porch a few moments, and then, coming out on a bald spot on the ridge, he saw the cabin.

It was about a mile away, snugly tucked comfortably down in a little basin, among some trees and shrubbery flanking it on both sides. He smiled as he looked at it, and then suddenly his face clouded. For he saw two ponies hitched to the porch. His forehead wrinkled perplexedly over this.

He was certain that Nellie rode the same animal each time, because she would not trust any of the others that were now with the remuda. One of the horses belonged to her, of course, for he could see the gay ribbon with which she was accustomed to decorate her animal's bridle. But to whom did the other horse belong?

He gazed steadily toward the cabin, searching for signs of life on the porch. But though he could see clearly—even into the shadows from a rambling rose bush that clung to the eaves of the porch—no human figure appeared on the roof.

Certainly Nellie must have a visitor. But who? He was not aware that the Hazelton had made friends with any one in the neighborhood besides himself and the Norton. He had seen clearly—

(To Be Continued.)