"S'Matter, Pop?"

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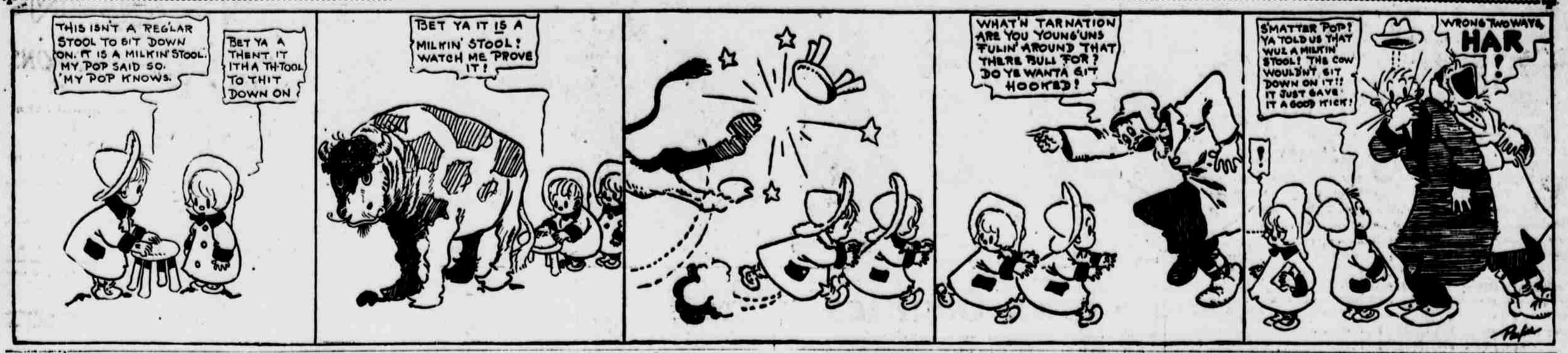
By C. M. Payne



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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MR. JARR IS IN DANGER OF BEING A LUCKY MAN.

"WHAT I want to know is where they got it?" remarked Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith, half aloud and half to herself.

"Eh, what? Who? How?" asked her elderly spouse querulously, as he roused himself from the doddering dreams of dotage, as they rode homeward in their electric coupe.

"Why, didn't you notice Mrs. Stryver at the opera?" asked the young bride. "She was in the box with that freak of a woman in the Nile green chartreuse."

"What was she doing in that, hey? Did she go quietly?"

"What are you talking about?" cried the young matron, giving her husband a poke in his poor old side with her expressively sharp elbow. "I'm talking of the dress the woman wore who was with Mrs. Stryver with the henna hair!"

"What was she doing with a hen in her hair, hey? What, what, WHAT?" asked the old man, half wandering and half asleep.

He paid the penalty of wealth and age of marrying out of his age zone. His young wife dragged him from theatre to restaurant, and from ball to cabaret, till life was one delirium of furs, flowers and frippery; music, motion, meals, wine, worry, wakefulness—when the poor old rich man would have rather been home in dressing gown and slippers, to say nothing of his good soft bed for his weary old bones.

"You grow more of a chucklehead every day of your life!" snapped the angelic Clara.

She was mistaken in this. Every day of his life old man Smith could sell stock to a promoter, skin a loan shark or otherwise prove his acumen as a representative New York business man of sterling integrity.

But at night, especially late at night, he was only a poor old dodo. For after all, even our representative business man and leading citizens, who are in the forefront for civic betterment are, upon occasion, as helpless and human as the rest of the world.

"I'm all right, my dear," mumbled the old man. "Hey! Look at that sign!" he added, as they passed by a billboard on the boulevard where the glaring advertisement of an undertaker was plain to be read, even by his bleary eyes, under the electric light.

"Did you see that? Says 'it guarantees every working man a strictly union funeral for $60.' To my mind, whether one gets a union or an open-shop funeral, it is the original 'I-should-worry!' proposition."

"Well, if I were as near the age limit for either kind—I SHOULD worry!" snapped Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith, ungraciously. "You sit there chuckling and cackling and give me rambling answers"——

"I give you everything you want, don't I," asked the old man.

"You don't give me your attention!" retorted the bride, trying to think of something she did need, that she might strike for it now while the old man was humble and contrite.

"Yes, yes!" cried the old husband. "You were saying Mrs. Stryver had a bug in her ear or a hen in her hair or something of that sort. I'm listening!"

"I wasn't talking about bugs or hens, and you know it!" said Mrs. Mudridge-Smith sharply. "If you paid attention to what I was saying and hadn't your mind focussed on new schemes for skinning people within the law, you'd have heard what I said!"

"Oh, yes, wealthy people can reproach each other just as insultingly as poor people, and more extensively, too. They have a wider range of etomology."

"What were you saying, my dear? Pardon my inattention," said the old man.

Fighting the business world downtown left him in no physical or mental condition to fight his wife uptown.

"I was going to tell you that Mrs. Stryver told me in the lobby, when we were waiting for our coupe, that the Jarrs have come into a lot of money!"

"Money?" cried the old man, now thoroughly alert and wideawake.

"Yes, money," replied the young wife. "It's all very sudden, Mrs. Stryver says."

"Hum!" cried her husband. "That's why he was so independent. Well, if Jarr really has any money there is only one thing to do. We must take him into the firm! Yes, yes, we must take him into the firm."

"It is not known for sure, but Mrs. Stryver thinks a rich uncle, Mrs. Jarr's Uncle Henry, died and left them all his money. Mrs. Stryver says it's not thought Mr. Jarr's position in your firm offered any opportunity for him to get rich quickly."

"I guess not!" chuckled the old man. "They don't take in our firm. Our firm takes THEM in.

"I wonder if he's got enough money to be a special partner."

A Lighthouse Woman.

THE only woman in the United States in full charge of a seacoast lighthouse is Mrs. E. A. Fish of Point Pinos, near Pacific Grove, Cal., who has lately received a letter of commendation for her twenty years' faithful service from the chief of the lighthouse service, together with a medal bearing the inscription, "U. S. L. S." and "Efficiency." She has been in charge of the Point Pinos light since the death, in 1892, of her husband, who was head of the department of history and physiology in the University of California. This lighthouse, which stands at the end of Monterey Peninsula and marks the entrance to the bay, was built in 1892, and is one of the few early seacoast lights which remain in perfect condition.—Springfield Republican.

It Can't Be Done!

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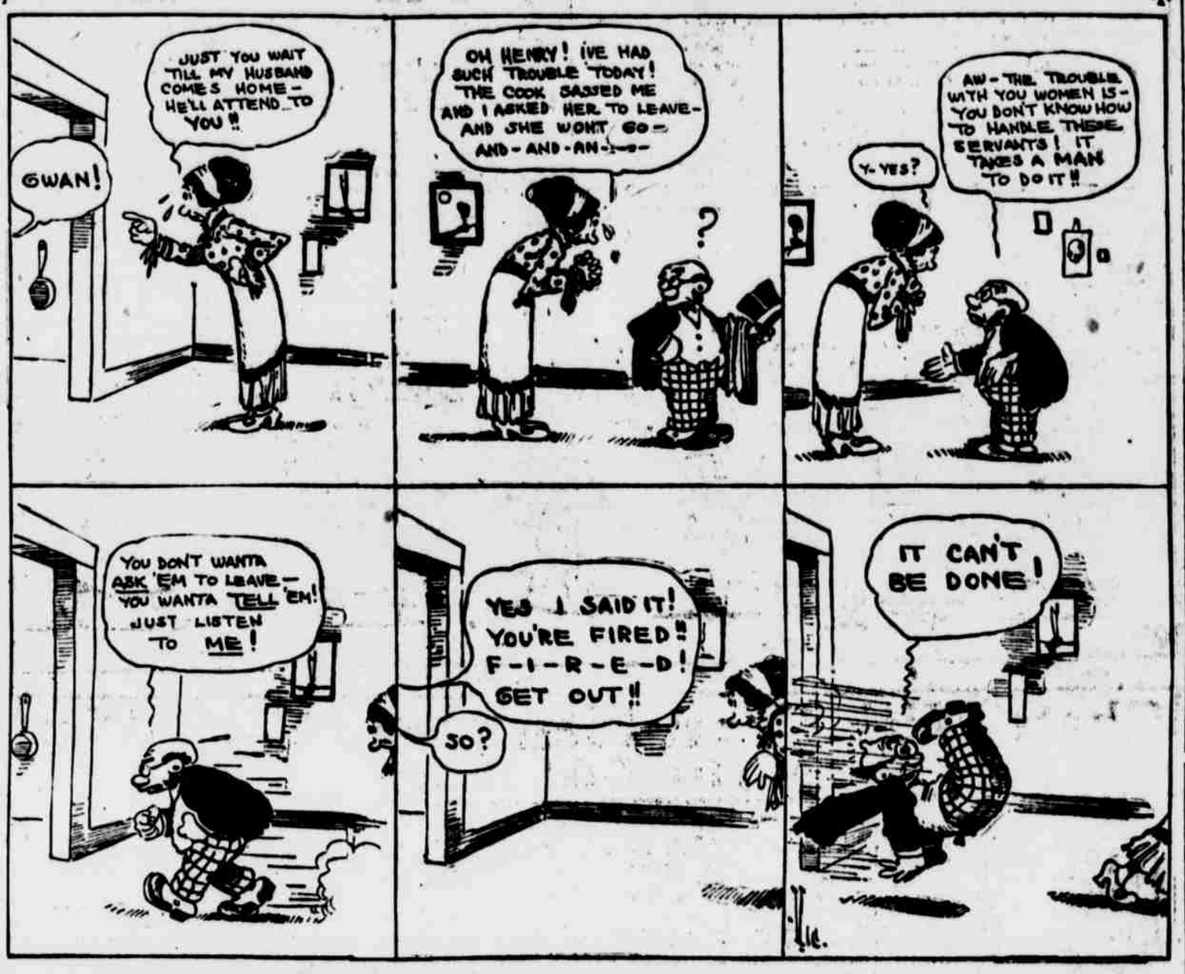
By Vic



You Can Be Your Own Beauty Doctor

HOUSEWORK AN AID TO GOOD LOOKS.

By Andre Dupont

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"DO you really believe in all these physical culture stunts?" asked the Average Girl, looking critically at an illustration which showed a willowy maiden in postures that would tax the powers of a contortionist.

The Woman of Thirty was counting stitches in a sweater she was knitting, so she did not reply at once.

"I think," said the Girl, answering her own question, "that the exercises themselves are all right if one could only invent some plan to make the ordinary person persist in them until they had time to do some good."

"That's the whole trouble," said the Woman, who had divorced her mind from her knitting for a few moments. "The first day you get so enthusiastic that you almost pull your arms out at the sockets and acquire a crick in your back by your vigor in bending. The second day you sinchen up a little. About the third or fourth day you cut out a few turns so that you can get down to breakfast before the coffee is entirely cold. And from this time on you gradually go from bad to worse, until finally you decide the whole thing is more bother than it's worth."

"You don't call that especially sensible, do you?" inquired the Girl with that air of scorn only used by the young in reviewing the shortcomings of their elders.

"Sensible?" sniffed the Woman. "Did you ever see anybody who was sensible clear through? Most of us are like bacon, with its streak of fat and streak of lean. We have streaks of sense, lightened up by streaks of nonsense. I haven't the patience to take a lot of trouble about things that do not bring immediate results. I'm like the Irishman who once threw fifty cents down a crack in a board walk. When he was asked what he did such a crazy thing for, he said:

"'You see, I just be accident dropped a nickel down this crack, and o'm puttin' half a dollar through so as to make it worth me while to pull up a board to get the five cents.'"

The Girl smiled, but refused to be turned from her subject.

"Don't you REALLY believe in any sort of physical culture?" she asked.

"Indeed I do. I think that any quantity of women are ruining their looks by sitting lazily around the house every morning. Each day of my life I go through some physical culture exercises that aid me vastly in preserving my figure and complexion, besides putting money in my pocket."

"I should like to know what kind of exercises can put money in your pocket. I thought they usually worked the other way and put the money in the other fellow's."

"My physical culture goes by the prosaic name of housework. But it is none the less an aid to beauty for all that. You can get almost the same motions in housework that you can in calisthenics. Did you ever notice that the woman who comes every week to shake out the rugs or sweep the floors has well-shaped arms? They are red, to be sure, but that is because she does not take proper care of them.

"Have you ever observed how closely the muscle movements necessitated by sweeping, dusting and bed-making resemble the exercises that are so much practised just now? It is just as easy to work off your superfluous pounds punching pillows and bolsters as it is to use the punching bag. Sweeping is an excellent exercise for keeping the waist round and supple and the shoulders broad and graceful.

"But in order to make these things of real benefit they must, of course, be done in the right way. When you sweep, remember to stand erect with the chest high, the head up and the broom held firmly in both hands and, most important of all, with the windows open. Try it some time in this way, instead of by the usual method with the back bent and closed windows barring out the life-giving air; and see if you do not feel more invigorated and less fatigued than by the old way.

"Stretching the arms up high in dusting straightens round shoulders and is excellent for the development of the chest. If you want to preserve your hands, wear an old pair of gloves when you dust. For this keeps the grime from working into the skin. Turning a mattress is a muscular effort that is excellent for the back. And so it goes all through housework. Only one should always be sure to stand up straight, bend from the waist and not the shoulders, and keep the windows of the room open."

SWEEPING FOR EXERCISE.

DUSTING IN GLOVES.

Fun in Black and White

Copyright, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By Joe Ryan

Employer—I hope you don't sit around watching the clock.
New Boy—Not on your life. I carry a watch.

Easygo—My wife and I live together without a single argument.
Henpeck—I'm in the same class. What mine says is law.

Tarzan of the Apes

Not Like Any Story That You Have Read

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Lord Greystoke is marooned with Alice, his young wife, on the wildest part of the African coast, alone in the jungle, Greystoke and Alice build a rude hut. There their little son is born. Alice dies. A band of apes, led by their King, Kerchak, invade the cabin and kill Greystoke. An ape named Kala, whose own offspring has just been killed, adopts Alice's baby as her own, leaving the dead little ape in the child's cradle. The baby is known to the apes as "Tarzan" ("White Skin"). He grows to boyhood. Wandering one day, Tarzan comes to the cabin his father built. He enters and gives in wonder at the room's strange contents. Among other things he discovers a hunting knife. This he uses at once in combat with a gorilla. Exploring the cabin's other possessions, he finds an illustrated primer and several other books. Laboriously he begins to teach himself to read and to write. Thus at last becomes King of the Jungle. Tiring of the rulership, he leaves the tribe and goes to live in his father's hut. A band of mutinous sailors land near the cabin. With them as Prof. Porter, his secretary, his daughter, Jane and her negro maid and Cecil Clayton, Tarzan's cousin. The professor is lost in the jungle. Clayton goes to look for him and is attacked by a lion, which Tarzan kills. He then takes Clayton back to the cabin and goes in search of the other wanderer. The professor and his secretary, Mr. Philander, meantime are chased by a lion.

CHAPTER XVI.

(Continued)

"Most Remarkable!"

"AS I was saying, Mr. Philander," repeated Prof. Porter.

Mr. Philander took another hasty glance rearward. The lion also had quickened his gait, and was doggedly maintaining an unvarying distance behind them.

"He is following us!" gasped Mr. Philander, breaking into a run.

"Tut-tut, Mr. Philander!" remonstrated the professor. "This unseemly haste is most unbecoming men of letters."

Mr. Philander stole another observation astern.

The lion was bounding along in easy leaps scarce five paces behind.

Mr. Philander dropped the professor's arm and broke into a mad orgy of speed that would have done credit to any varsity track team.

"As I was saying, Mr. Philander"——screamed Professor Porter as, metaphorically speaking, he himself "threw her into high." He, too, had caught a fleeting backward glimpse of cruel yellow eyes and half-open mouth within startling proximity of his person.

With streaming coat-tails and shiny silk hat, Professor Archimedes Q. Porter fled through the moonlight close upon the heels of Mr. Samuel T. Philander.

Before them a point of the jungle ran out toward a narrow promontory, and it was for the haven of the trees he saw there that Mr. Samuel T. Philander directed his prodigious leaps and bounds and from the shadows of this same spot peered two keen eyes in interested appreciation of the race.

It was Tarzan of the apes who watched, with face agrin, this odd game of follow-the-leader.

He knew the two men were safe enough from attack in so far as the lion was concerned. The very fact that Numa had foregone such easy prey at all convinced the wise forest craft of Tarzan that Numa had already dined.

The lion might stalk them until hungry again, but the chances were that if not angered he would soon tire of the sport and slink away to his jungle lair.

Really, the one great danger was that one of the men might stumble and fall, and then the yellow devil would be upon him in a moment and the joy of the kill would be too great a temptation to withstand.

So Tarzan swung quickly to a lower limb in line with the approaching fugitives; and as Mr. Samuel T. Philander came panting and blowing beneath him, already too spent to struggle up to the safety of the limb, Tarzan reached down and, grasping him by the collar of his coat, yanked him to the limb by his side.

Another moment brought the professor within the sphere of the friendly grip, and he, too, was drawn upward to safety just as the baffled Numa, with a roar, leaped to recover his vanishing quarry.

For a moment the two men clung, panting, to the great branch, while Tarzan squatted with his back to the stem of the tree, watching them with mingled curiosity and amusement.

It was the professor who first broke the silence.

"I am deeply pained, Mr. Philander, that you should have evinced such a paucity of manly courage in the presence of one of the lower orders, and by your crass timidity have caused me to exert myself to such an unaccustomed degree in order that I might resume my discourse. As I was saying, Mr. Philander, when you interrupted me, the Moors"——

"Professor Archimedes Q. Porter," broke in Mr. Philander in icy tones, "the time has arrived when patience becomes a crime and mayhem appears garbed in the mantle of virtue. You have accused me of cowardice. You have insinuated that you ran only to overtake me, not to escape the clutches of the lion.

"Have a care, Professor Archimedes Q. Porter; I am a desperate man. Goaded by long-suffering patience, the worm will turn."

"Tut-tut, Mr. Philander—tut-tut!" cautioned Professor Porter; "you forget yourself."

"I forget nothing as yet, Professor Archimedes Q. Porter; but believe me, sir, I am tottering on the verge of forgetfulness as to your exalted position in the world of science and your gray hairs."

The professor sat in silence for a few minutes, and the darkness hid the grim smile that wreathed his wrinkled countenance. Presently he spoke.

"Look here, Skinny Philander," he said in belligerent tones, "if you are lookin' for a scrap, peel off your coat and come down on the ground, and I'll punch your head just as I did sixty years ago in the alley back of Porky Evans's barn."

"Ark!" gasped the astonished Mr. Philander. "Lordy, how good that sounds! When you're human, Ark, I love you. Somehow, it seems as though you had forgotten how to be human for the last twenty years."

The professor reached out a thin, trembling old hand through the darkness until it found his old friend's shoulder.

"Forgive me, Skinny," he said, softly. "It hasn't been quite twenty years, and heaven alone knows how hard I have tried to be 'human' for Jane's sake, and yours, too, since my other Jane was taken away."

Another old hand stole up from Mr. Philander's side to clasp the one that lay upon his shoulder, and no other message could better have translated the one heart to the other.

They did not speak for some minutes. The lion below them paced nervously back and forth. The third figure in the tree was hidden by the dense shadows near the stem. He, too, was silent—motionless as a graven image.

"You certainly pulled me up into this tree just in time," said the professor at last. "I want to thank you. You saved my life."

"But I didn't pull you up here, professor," said Mr. Philander. "Bless me! This excitement of the moment quite caused me to forget that I myself was drawn up here by some outside agency. There must be some one or something in this tree with us."

"Eh?" ejaculated Professor Porter. "Are you quite positive, Mr. Philander?"

"Most positive, professor," replied Mr. Philander. "And," he added, "I think we should thank the party. He may be sitting right next to you now, professor."

"Eh? What's that? Tut-tut, Mr. Philander, tut-tut!" said Professor Porter, edging cautiously nearer to Mr. Philander.

Just then it occurred to Tarzan of the apes that Numa had loitered beneath the tree for a sufficient length of time, so he raised his young head toward the heavens, and there rang out upon the terrified ears of the two old men the awful warning challenge of the anthropoid.

The two friends, huddled trembling in their precarious position on the limb, saw the great lion halt in his restless pacing as the blood-curdling cry smote his ears, and then slink quickly into the jungle, to be instantly lost to view.

"Even the lion trembles in fear," whispered Mr. Philander.

"Most remarkable, most remarkable," murmured Prof. Porter, clutching frantically at Mr. Philander to regain the balance which the sudden fright had so perliously endangered. Unfortunately for them both, Mr. Philander's centre of equilibrium was at that very moment hanging upon the ragged edge of nothing, so that it needed but the gentle impetus supplied by the additional weight of Prof. Porter's body to topple the devoted secretary from the limb.

For a moment they swayed uncertainly, and then, with mingled and most unscholarly shrieks, they pitched headlong from the tree, locked in frenzied embrace.

It was quite some moments ere either moved, for both were positive that any such attempt would reveal so many breaks and fractures as to make further progress impossible.

At length Professor Porter essayed an attempt to move one leg. To his surprise, it responded to his will as in days gone by. He now drew up its mate and stretched it forth again.

"Most remarkable," he murmured.

"Thank Heaven, professor," whispered Mr. Philander fervently. "You're not dead, then?"

"Tut-tut, Mr. Philander, tut-tut!" cautioned Prof. Porter. "I do not know as yet."

With infinite solicitude Professor Porter wiggled his right arm—joy! It was intact. Breathlessly he waved his left arm above his prostrate body—it waved!

Mr. Philander had not moved from where he had fallen; he had not dared the attempt. Now, indeed, could one move when one's arms and legs and back were broken?

One eye was buried in the soft loam; the other, rolling sidewise, was fixed in awe upon the strange gyrations of Prof. Porter.

"How sad!" exclaimed Mr. Philander, half aloud. "Concussion of the brain, superinducing total mental aberration. How very sad indeed!"

Prof. Porter rolled over upon his stomach. Gingerly he bowed his back until he resembled a huge tomcat in proximity to a yelping dog. Then he sat up and felt of various portions of his anatomy.

"They are all here," he ejaculated.

Whereupon he rose, and, bending a scathing glance upon the still prostrate form of Mr. Samuel T. Philander, he said:

"Tut-tut, Mr. Philander; this is no time to indulge in slothful ease. We must be up and doing."

Mr. Philander lifted his other eye out of the mud and gazed in speechless rage at Prof. Porter. Then he attempted to rise; nor could there have been any one more surprised than he when his efforts were immediately crowned with marked success.

He was still bursting with rage, however, at the cruel injustice of Prof. Porter's insinuation, and was on the point of rendering a tart rejoinder when his eyes fell upon a strange figure standing a few paces away, scrutinizing them intently.

(To be Continued)