

"S'Matter, Pop?"

By C. M. Payne

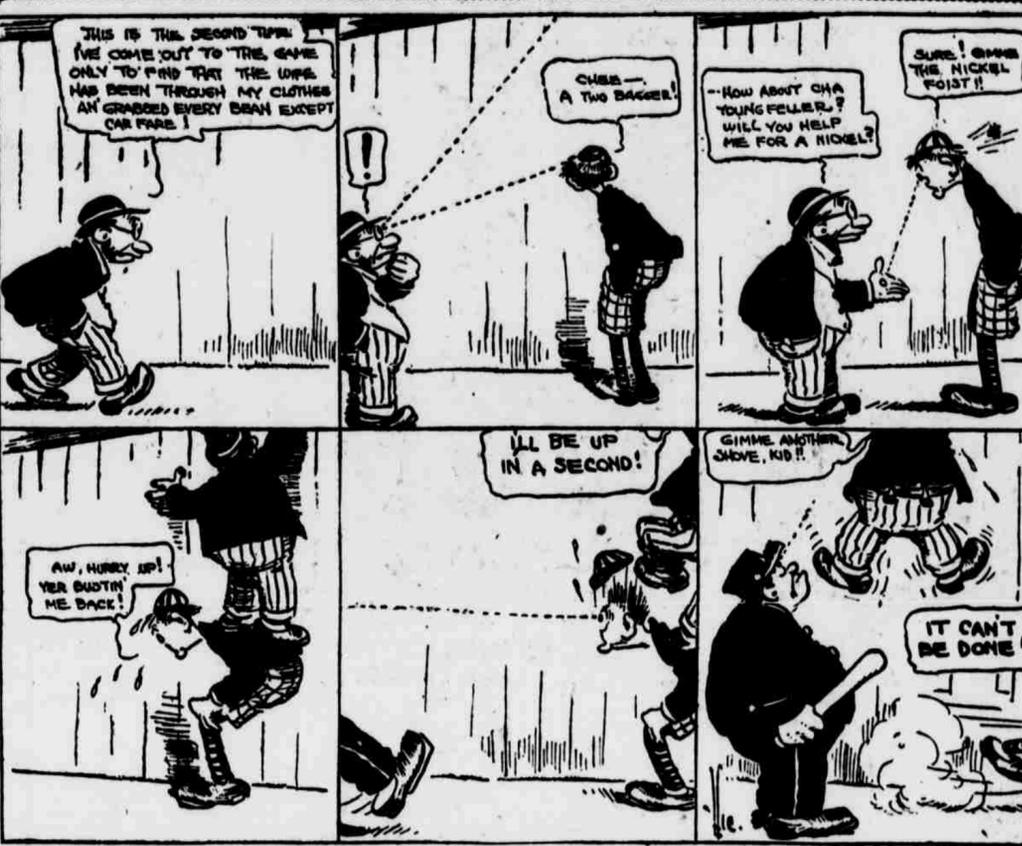


The Jarr Family

MR. JARR TAKES ONE FALL OUT OF MUSIC.

THEM shrill sounds of a piccolo pierced the air, and for some few moments notes Mr. Jarr imagined the music would make a success of at least a few bars of 'In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia.' But the attempt ended in a squeak, and then, taking the sounds of 'The Lusterbach' as a cue, he swelled strongly and grandly on the chromatic air to a triumphant conclusion. Mr. Jarr had followed up the stream of melody as a trout would follow up a brook to his head waters. The final note found him in Gus's place on the corner, where that individual was gazing proudly at a heavy silver-mounted piccolo, which he was displaying prior to returning it to a piano-lined leather case. 'Well, Gus,' said Mr. Jarr, 'I knew you were a motorist and a gammlist and a bootlegger, but I never knew you were such a musician.' 'There's a lot of things you don't know about me,' said Gus, with calm assurance. 'This is a wonderful piece in many ways and I don't brag about it, but I am.' 'You say you are a wonderful fellow in the way you started playing 'In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia' and wound up in 'Lusterbach.' 'What would I be doing in them Blue Ridge mountains? The other song ain't an impossible one. It is an old-fashioned German one about the Lusterbach I lost a stocking yet.' 'So I understand,' said Mr. Jarr. 'You don't understand nothing about it,' rejoined Gus. 'You wouldn't know that 'Du Bist Vericht, Mein Kind' means telling you that you are crazy, only I tell you, and that's another tune I can play.' 'Never mind playing it now!' said Mr. Jarr, as Gus made as though to play the piccolo together again. 'I'll take your word for it. But what have you got the instrument of torture for?' 'It's to be a raffle for it,' said Gus. 'My brother Meyer, in the Bronx, what plays the clarinet, has a friend, what heeds the money and I'm to raffle it. But Meyer and Slavinsky and Miller, some of them would want to hear about it. And so, business being dull, I just see if I can play it. But, funny thing, I can play nothing but German tunes on it.' 'A German owned it,' said Mr. Jarr. 'It wasn't used to anything else. At least that's what I think.' 'No,' said Gus, looking puzzled. 'You're wrong about that. It was an Italian feller had it for years in my brother Meyer's orchestra, so that ain't got nothing to do with it.' 'But why should business be bad, fine weather like this?' asked Mr. Jarr. 'That's what I want to know,' replied Gus. 'If anybody was blowing for the drinks I wouldn't be blowing the piccolo. But it's very funny; soon as I start to play it everybody walks out.' 'I walked in,' said Mr. Jarr. 'Yes, I know,' Gus retorted saddy. 'But I'll bet you ten cents if I was to start playing again you'd walk out too.' 'It doesn't look as though the raffle will be any great success,' remarked Mr. Jarr. 'Oh, they'll all chuck thee for it,' said Gus. 'Wee it is a funny thing that, while nobody will listen to anybody playing a piccolo, everybody thinks he can play one. It is just like running a saloon. Everybody tells you how he'd run it if he had it. To hear fellers talking, you'd think running a saloon and playing a piccolo was as easy as being a President of Japan.' 'I dare say,' ventured Mr. Jarr. 'Folks won't mind their own business, because they all feel so sure they could lend to yours.' 'I hear Slavinsky's coming back,' said Gus. 'I'll bet you anything he'll start bragging how he used to play the piccolo when he was in Warsaw. To hear him talk, you'd think he worked in a piccolo mill. Just for that, maybe I won't raffle it off, but keep it myself and just play it every day for my own amusement.' 'And ears,' suggested Mr. Jarr. 'Sure!' replied Gus. 'I won't be stingy a bit.'

It Can't Be Done!



Betty Vincent Gives Advice on Courtship and Marriage

Her Social Life. "W. H." writes: "I am engaged to a girl who is a little cross-eyed. There has been a superstition in our family for generations that to marry a girl with eyes not exactly normal would bring ill luck. Should I let this belief interfere with our marriage?" If you love the girl you will laugh at superstition. "E. W." writes: "A girl I know has just moved and has written me a note asking me to call on her at her new apartment. Is it necessary for me to send or bring with me a gift when I call for the first time at the new address?" Certainly not. "His Parents Object." "M. L." writes: "I am twenty-one and very much in love with a girl my own age who also cares for me. But my parents object to my being with her because she is an orphan. Please give me your advice." Being of age you have a right to make what friends you choose. "J. L." writes: "What is the correct carb for a bridegroom and a best man at a morning church wedding late in June?" Frock coat, white vest, gray trousers.

Jungle Tales for Children

By Farmer Smith

MISTER ROOSTER was sitting up in a tree one hot afternoon singing softly to himself. I wish I were an elephant, or else a kangaroo, or else a fust o' rooster. He was a good-looking fellow. As he stopped singing, Mister Elephant, who was under the tree, lifted up his trunk and sneezed, and he made such a noise that it blew Mister Rooster right out of the tree. He lay very still on the ground for a few minutes and then flew back in the tree, over Mister Elephant's head. 'Hey, there! You great, big sneezer, do you know that you blew me out of this tree?' Don't sneeze again without telling me know!' shouted Mister Rooster. 'What do you want me to do?' asked Mister Elephant, looking at Mister Rooster with his beady eyes. 'Now, see here,' replied Mister Rooster, after he had calmed down. 'You ought to raise your ears before you sneeze.' 'All right,' said Mister Elephant. 'When I go to sneeze I will lift my ears and all Jarretown will know I am going to sneeze.' 'You will also let them know that you are catching cold,' said Mister Rooster. 'You know a whole lot,' shouted Mister Elephant, so loud that it almost shook Mister Rooster off his perch. 'Don't you know that the light some- EASY. 'Here he is over fifty and he has married a girl who is less than twenty. Do you suppose he really thinks a care for him?' 'Certainly he does.' 'How could he believe anything so ridiculous?' 'How? Easy. She has probably told him she loves him.' (Cleveland Plain Dealer)

The Silent Bullet

An Absolutely NEW Type of Detective Story By Arthur B. Reeve

(Copyright, 1912, by Dodd, Mead & Co.) SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. Craig Kennedy is a scientist who solves crime mysteries along absolutely original lines. Associated with him in his researches is Walter Williams, a New York newspaper man, who narrates the story. Norton, an aviator, devises a gyroscopic attachment for aeroplanes, and demonstrates the device at the Belmont Park aviation meet. This after another his aeroplane crashes with mysterious results. Norton suspects foul play and asks Kennedy's help. The aviator is about to complete for a \$25,000 airplane record prize, if he beats this he will be ruined. Kennedy and Williams go to Belmont Park to look into the mystery. The local aviation apparatus has been tampered with in a mysterious fashion. Kennedy sends word to Norton to beware of his airplane. Kennedy goes on his next flight. The varying machine Norton is to fly is a gyroscopic one. The gyroscopic apparatus is tampered with. Kennedy makes inquiries as to the occupant of a nearby house. A strong electric current is constantly used. Then, a strong magnetic force is applied to a steel rod of the park's grandstand to swing developments.

CHAPTER IX. The Terror in the Air.

THE operator is getting his apparatus ready to signal Williams," remarked Craig. "This is an apparatus called an anemometer. It tells you the direction and the magnitude of the horizontal waves used in wireless." Five or ten minutes passed. Norton was getting ready to fly. I could see through my fieldglasses that he was putting something over his gyroscopic and over the dynamo, but could not quite make out what it was. The machine seemed to keep up in the air as if eager to redeem itself. Norton with his white bandaged head was the hero of the hour. No sooner had his aeroplane got up over the level of the trees than I heard a quick exclamation from Craig. "Look at the needle, Walter!" he cried. "As soon as Norton got into the air it shot around directly opposite to the wireless station and now it is pointing..." We raised our eyes in the direction which it indicated. It was precisely in line with the weather beaten barn. I gasped. What did it mean? Did it mean in some way another accident to Norton—perhaps fatal this time? Why had Kennedy allowed himself to be so stupid when there was even a suspicion that some nameless terror was abroad in the air? Quickly I turned to see if Norton was all right. Yes, there he was, circling above us in a series of wide spirals, climbing up. Now he seemed almost to stop, to hover motionless. His engine had been cut out and I could see his propeller making a mad dash about as if to try anything but Norton. He held his watch in his hand. "Walter," he ejaculated as he snapped it shut. "It has now been seven minutes and a half since he stopped his propeller. The Brooks Prize calls for five minutes only. Norton has exceeded it fifty per cent. Here goes." With his hat in his hand he waved three times and stopped. Then he repeated the process. At the third time the aeroplane seemed to give a start. The propeller began to revolve, Norton starting it on the compression successfully. Slowly he

Beany and the Gang

By P. L. Crosby



Lost—One Billion.

THELDER of crooks snatched a billion dollars from under the very nose of New York's police and detective force. How did he do it? And what part did the famous Violet Vidor play in the strange game? Read the story for yourself. You can't afford not to. It is 'The Man With a Billion' by John A. Moran. It will begin serial publication in The Evening World on Wednesday, June 4. Go on the lookout for it.