A Page of Comics, Sketches and Stories

New York, Tuesday, February 10, 1914

The Evening World.

Fun for the Home and the Ride Home

"S'MATTER, POP?"

By C. M. Payne

IT TAKES A LOT OF ARGUMENT TO CONVINCE AXEL

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By Vic

BOBBIE, HIS DOG AND THE DOGCATCHER

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By L. W. Ford

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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BARGAINS FIRST—REST CURES AFTERWARD.

WHEN ladies fair a shopping go they seldom hunt bargains in entire or tries. Of course they'll scout around the shops in friendly flying squadrons together, but when a woman goes to buy she prefers to buy alone.

This is because of many reasons pertinent to the feminine temperament. At the time of achieving a bargain, especially in conspicuous and important matters of attire, such as auto globes or hats, a woman's lips are sealed. When the hat and bonnet in making its last public appearance its wearer may drive her female friends wild with anguish at the thought of bargain opportunities gone forever, and tell—aye, even state a lesser sum to add to the agony of the hearer—the astounding small prices paid for the articles in question.

But when a woman goes forth to the great shops to BUY she does not want her friends to know where she got her bargains or what she paid for them. Woman's inhumanity to woman in this regard is something shocking, boys!

But the two Misses Cackleberry were visiting Mrs. Jarr from Philadelphia, and as she hoped and expected they would go home soon, Mrs. Jarr did not much care if they shared with her the sweets of getting something for nothing—the bargains at the advertised marked-down sale of Mr. Jarr, promptly at 10 A. M.

"Yes," as she said to Mr. Jarr, "I think, as why it is we only have friends who stay and stay and stay and they wear out their welcome—I mean those whom I do not care to see go to return the visit. I think I want to go to Philadelphia; I think I want to go to Philadelphia; why can't we have some of them visit us from Philadelphia, the Paxtons, the Pennypacks, the Cackleberrys, or anyone, so we could go there and visit them for a month at least?"

Mr. Jarr could not answer this.

"And," Mrs. Jarr went on, "why can't you have relatives who have beautiful cottages at the seaside or bungalows in the Maine woods, so I could visit them in the summer and autumn and take the children? But no, our visiting friends are the Cackleberry girls of Philadelphia and your relatives on an abandoned farm!"

"But it isn't an abandoned farm," interposed Mr. Jarr.

"Well, it should be!" snapped Mrs. Jarr. "Whenever I think of your Uncle Henry and Aunt Hetty of Hay Corners and your Cousin Emily from Paw Paw I shriek!"

Mr. Jarr was about to advise her not to think of them and add that they were Mrs. Jarr's relatives and not his, but he thought he had better say nothing.

"Well, goodby!" said Mrs. Jarr, giving him a shopping get-away or pecking variety of kiss. "Those Cackleberry girls will expect me to buy their lunch, I suppose. Have you any money?"

Mr. Jarr had no money, of course, and Mrs. Jarr remarked with a sigh, that she supposed she'd have to pay everything out of her own pocket, and joining the two Miss Cackleberrys, who were fighting in their room over who had grabbed off the best of the jewelry they owned and fought over in common, the bargain hunters departed.

Both the Miss Cackleberrys insisted on paying the carfare. Furthermore Gladys Cackleberry got a dime and a nickel in the conductor's hand first. Mrs. Jarr shut her handbag with a vicious snap. She knew it was up to her to finance the expedition the rest of the day.

"It must be grand to have a charge account!" sighed Miss Irene Cackleberry, as they entered the portals of the great store just as the liveried porter assisted two stout and elaborately attired ladies to alight from a great limousine.

"Yes," added her sister. "Think of being able to go in a store and have the floorwalker lead you to the counter and say, 'Wait on the Miss Cackleberrys first, Miss Snyder, please!' And then see the saleswoman turn from the Harlem cash and C. O. D. customers and wait on you."

Mrs. Jarr never flinched on being thus indirectly alluded to.

"Oh, I find I get excellent attention in the stores," she said. "The value of 'carriage trade,' as it used to be called, is not so greatly considered by the stores as you think. I pay cash and run no bills."

"And there isn't a store in this city that can compare with Monemaker's big store in Philadelphia!" sniffed Miss Gladys Cackleberry.

"I should say NOT!" Miss Irene Cackleberry declared.

Suddenly there was a football rush of flying wedges of women converging on them. "The taffeta sale is on!" was the battle cry.

And Mrs. Jarr and the fair young companions were borne onward by [illegible]

HIS LAST BLUFF

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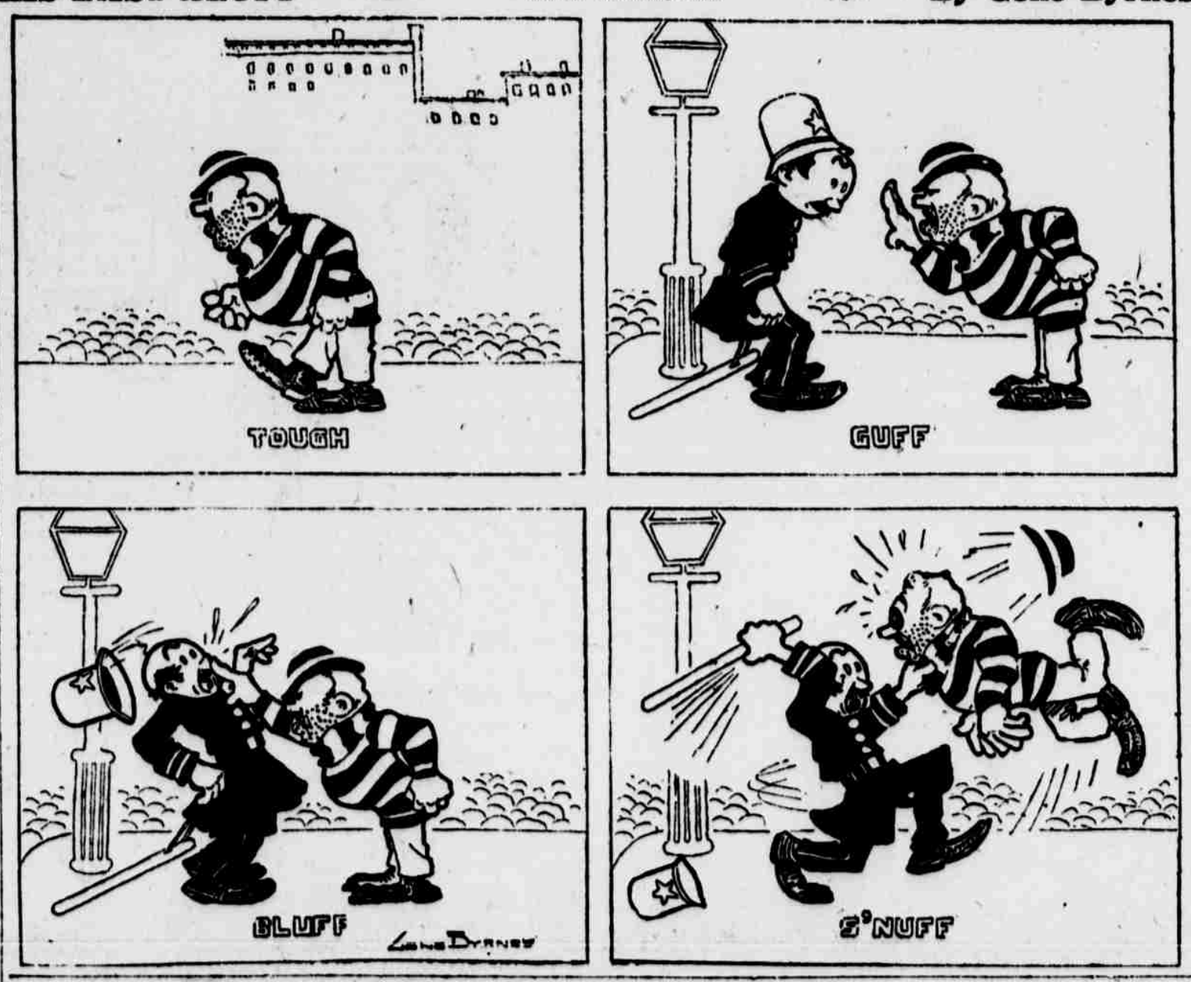
By Gene Byrnes



MAD WAG!

There was a young chap in the Bronx
Whose auto horn blasted loud honx;
"For," he said, "It's more fun
To bump ginks on the run
And see them come down on their conks!"

A HAIR-RAISER.

A spinster who hailed from Chenango
Determined to learn how to tango;
But she lost her pet curl
In the very first whirl
And hollered "Oh, where did my bangs?"

Restricted Childhood.

SHEFFIELD INGALLS, Lieutenant-Governor of Kansas, believes in giving Young America a full chance to enjoy all there is in wholesome boyhood play. He tells the following story in the National Monthly to show how some youngsters are hampered:

Gordon, seven years old, was playing bandit and for some time had been staggering around, as if badly wounded, without actually toppling over as a victim of the imaginary bullets of his playmates. A neighbor, watching the game, called to him:

"Gordon, why don't you fall down?"

"I can't," answered the boy, crossly. "I ain't allowed to. If I had my old pants on I'd have been dead long ago."

Hungarian Eggs.

THE prudent housewife looked at the crate of eggs suspiciously.

"Are these fresh American eggs?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," said the grocer's clerk.

"You're sure they're American?"

"Sure."

"The papers say that lots of eggs are being imported from Hungary now. It stands to reason that no eggs could be brought so far and keep fresh."

"These aren't Hungarian eggs, ma'am; you can see it yourself. It's easy to tell a Hungarian egg."

"Is it? How do you tell them?"

"Why, ma'am," cried the exasperated clerk, "you take an egg and put it under a setting hen and let it hatch, and if it hatches a chick and he grows up to be a rooster and he crows Hungarian you can know that you were tricked into buying a Hungarian egg."—Buffalo Express.

An Easy Way to Get Fat and Be Strong

The trouble with most thin folks who wish to gain weight is that they insist on drugging their stomach or stuffing it with greasy foods; rubbing on useless "flesh creams," or following some foolish physical culture stunt, while the real cause of thinness goes untouched. You cannot get fat until your digestive tract assimilates the food you eat.

Thanks to a remarkable new scientific discovery, it is now possible to combine into simple form the very elements needed by the digestive organs to help them convert food into rich, fat-laden blood. This master-stroke of modern chemistry is called Sargol and has been termed the greatest of flesh-builders. Sargol aims through its regenerative, reconstructive powers to coax the stomach and intestines to literally soak up the fattening elements of your food and pass them into the blood, where they are carried to every starved, broken-down cell and tissue of your body. You can readily picture the result when this amazing transformation has taken place and you notice how your cheeks fill out, hollows about your neck, shoulders and bust disappear and you take on from 10 to 20 pounds of solid, healthy flesh. Sargol is absolutely harmless, inexpensive, efficient. Your druggist has it and will refund your money if you are not satisfied, as per the guarantee found in every package.

Caution:—While Sargol has given excellent results in overcoming nervous dyspepsia and general stomach troubles, it should not be taken by those who do not wish to gain the pounds of flesh desired.

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