A Page of Comics, Sketches and Stories

New York, Wednesday, April 1, 1914

The Evening World.

Fun for the Home and the Ride Home

"S'MATTER, POP!"

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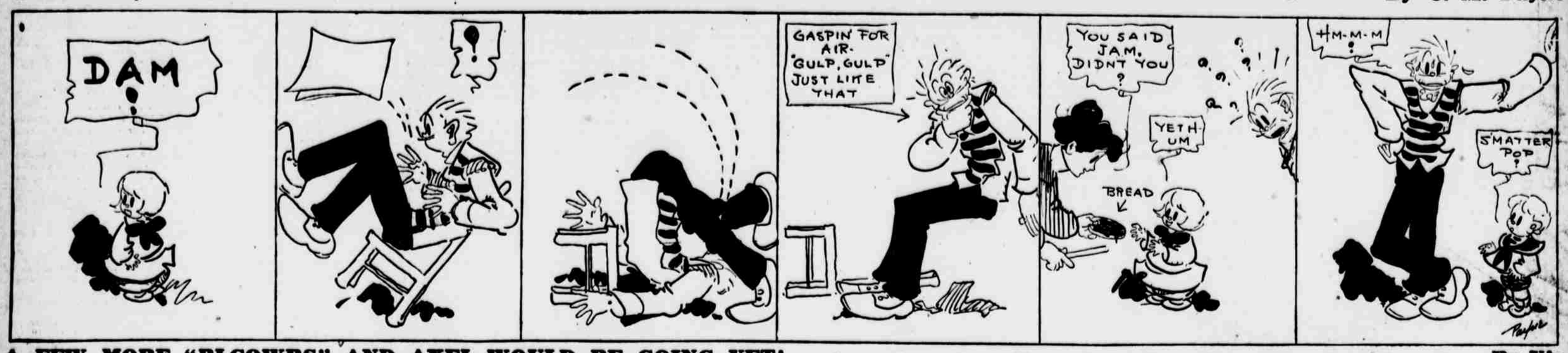
By C. M. Payne



A FEW MORE "BLGOWRS" AND AXEL WOULD BE GOING YET!

By Vic

WHAT'S THE USE?

By Callahan

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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MR. JARR IS NOT ICE—HE'S BEEN MELTED!

"I AIN'T going to dance those crazy dances! No sirree!" said Patrick Henry Jarr, making the modern married men's declaration of independence.

If he suspected Mrs. Jarr would order him to join the dance under divers threats, he was mistaken.

Mrs. Jarr's big, blue eyes filled with tears. "Oh, certainly not, my dear, if you don't WANT to join the dancing class," she said in a faint, low, sweet voice, a voice such as any long suffering, but patient, uncomplaining fond and loving, but greatly abused wife, might use.

"Well, of course, I don't mind going with you," blurbled Mr. Jarr. "Blurbled" is not an accepted word, but it is the best description of the tones of a man who realizes he's never won a battle in these marital skirmishes yet, and that he isn't going to win one now.

"Oh, never mind, my dear," said that sweet martyr, Mrs. Jarr. "Clara Mudridge-Smith only thought I'd enjoy belonging to her dancing class. Irene can go in my place. I'll stay home."

Miss Irene Cackleberry, getting valuable lessons in the mastery of men through the tyranny of tears, said no word. Why should she?

"Irene," said Mrs. Jarr, the same tone of sad, sweet resignation. "Call up and see if Mrs. Mudridge-Smith is on her way here. Say I have been taken with a dreadful sick headache, if she's yet at home."

Something in the tone also seemed to say, "She will understand, she's a married woman."

"Now don't do that!" cried Mr. Jarr quickly. "I was only joking. Shucks! I want to dance. I think it will be great fun."

"It doesn't matter," Mrs. Jarr went on, wiping away a tear that trickled unbidden down her cheek. "I suppose it's foolish of me to want to keep young and to wish to have pleasant times like others have. I'm married and have children, my place is in the house with them, I suppose!"

And Mrs. Jarr heaved a sigh.

Miss Irene Cackleberry knew now it was time to speak.

"Oh, Mrs. Jarr, don't say that!" she exclaimed. "I am sure Mr. Jarr isn't one of those kind of men, brutes who only think a wife is an underpaid and overworked slave! Mr. Jarr would like you to have SOME pleasure, I am sure!"

"Why, certainly," said Mr. Jarr falling into the trap. "That's what I have been saying!"

At this moment Mrs. Mudridge-Smith arrived, arrayed in purple and fine linen, so to speak, and also in high spirits and feathers.

"Why, how pale you are looking, dear Mrs. Jarr!" she cried. "You've been sticking in the house too much! Howdy do Irene, how's Capt. Tynnefoyle? Well, you can have a good time till he gets well, and he'll never know the difference. I suppose he's like all the rest of the men, want a woman to live like a recluse for him!"

Mrs. Jarr could not repress a sigh. Clara Mudridge-Smith saw it all.

"Oh, Mr. Jarr!" she cried, turning to that unhappy man. "Surely you aren't going to prevent Mrs. Jarr from joining our married folks' dancing class. I thought you were a good sport! Surely you aren't one of the old dodos that won't dance yourself or let anybody else dance?"

Mr. Jarr an old dodo? The idea! Mr. Jarr spoke right up and said, "Why, Mrs. Smith, I've just been begging Mrs. Jarr to join. Just begging her!"

"Mr. Jarr doesn't care for the new dances," said Mrs. Jarr meekly, as though to imply if Mr. Jarr didn't care for a thing it were dead to her.

"Well, I do!" said Mr. Jarr stoutly. "Ha ha! I've been crazy to 'dance that new one, what is it 'the Matchete?'"

"The Maxixe," replied Clara Mudridge-Smith, "and oh, Mrs. Jarr, I've got that one we were practising yesterday perfect. Look!" And she illustrated. "You step twice to the left, starting on the left foot; then you step twice to the right, half turn and dip. Then take four steps forward and four back—dip, turn, kick the left leg, step"—

"I can't join the class, Clara," said Mrs. Jarr meekly. "I'm not feeling well."

"Nonsense!" cried Mrs. Mudridge-Smith. "Why, Cora Vansour was given up by nine doctors, she joined a dancing class and now she's gained nine pounds. That's all she wishes, so she's now dancing to reduce! Bertha Terwilliger had the rheumatism dreadfully, Mrs. Stryver had nervous collapse, Bessie Bosworth Bish found her hair was falling out—they've all been cured, positively cured by dancing. And I know Mr. Jarr won't mind you enjoying yourself, even if he is prejudiced against the new dances!"

"Me prejudiced against them?" cried Mr. Jarr. "Why, if Mrs. Jarr don't come and dance with us, right to-night, I'll beat her, yes I will!"

Thus is citadel after citadel falling.

BUT—HE CHANGED HIS MIND!

YOU GOTTA DO IT!

PA'S DIARY

By Hazen Conklin.

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PA RECEIVES A CALL FROM —— PERCIVAL!

I HAD a caller at the office today. I was right up to my ears in a conference with Jepson and Huntington, our New England territory manager, tryin' to circumvent young Nat Sudder of Sudder's Peerless Brand Soaps, when my secretary takes a peep in at my office door. He ducked back quick when he see that I was still busy. But when the confab was over he come in again and he says:

"Mr. Dobbins, there's a gentleman waitin' to see you." And he passed me a dinky little engraved card. I took a quick look at it and nearly fell out of my chair when I see the name "Percival Stuyvesant Von der Loon."

"Shall I show him in?" says my secretary.

"Wait a minute," I says. "Gimme a chanst to get my breath."

I knew he couldn't be there on soap business, and I knew it wasn't no social call, so I had only one guess left. He must of come to see me about Clarice. I hadn't set eyes on him yet, and havin' a curiosity to know what he looked like, I took a chance and had him come in. I was all set to see a wispy young dude, mebbe with a monakle—or whatever they call them one-eye windows—and mebbe a little slipped eyebrow mustaches like the young squirt I see in Wooleys when I got measured for my new duds, but I was dead wrong.

He was a short, stubbed, pudgy, market-fattened, red-cheeked little feller, one of the kind that strut around actin' as important as all get-out.

He seemed to take it for granted that I'd know what he come for, because he set right down on the edge of a chair, and propped himself up on his cane and opened fire on me without battin' an eyelash.

"Mr. Dawbens," he said, without so much as clearin' his throat, "in our set, when two young people have progressed so far as an unspoken sentimental understandin', it is customary for the young man to—er—interview—er—the father and gain a consent to the match!"

"I see," I says. "You scratch the match on the old man's back to see if it'll light. Go on."

"Precisely," he says, "although I shouldn't have expressed it exactly in that way. I presume you are prepared to entertain my proposal for your daughter's hand."

"Has she let you hold it?" I says, wonderin' just how far matters had gone.

He made a face and blushed, but he owned up.

"She has," he said.

"Well," I says, "that hand was washed with Dobbins' soap. And I understand you ain't got much use for Dobbins' soap. So you must want Clarice in spite of the soap. Is that right?"

He set his jaw, kind of.

"I wouldn't say that," he says.

"Then is it because of Dobbins' soap?" I says. "It must be one or the other. Which is it?"

Mr. Dobbins," he says, "I didn't come here to be insulted!"

"No," I says. "You come here to insult either me or Clarice and I want to know which one it was."

But I didn't find out, for he grabbed up his hat and strutted out mad as a hatter.

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