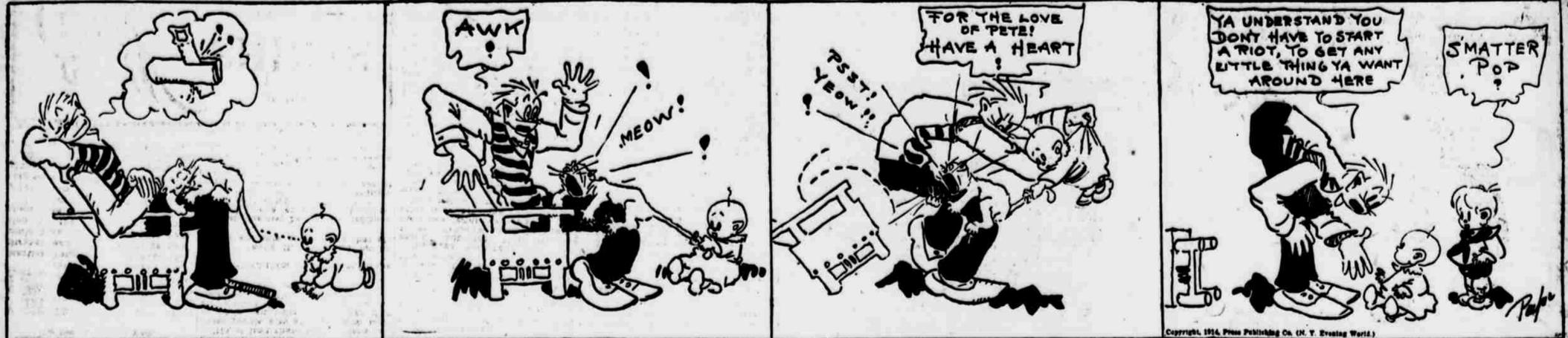


"SMATTER, POP!"

By C. M. Payne



FLOOEY AND AXEL—Axel Has the Same Idea as Flooey—Almost.

By Vic



LARRY LOVELORN—Larry Had the Right Intentions, Anyway

By Callahan



The Jarr Family

Imagine she can't be in her right mind! "I think you are right, she's a regular genius for social povention, and while I cannot say Clara Jarr is flighty, still, sometimes those strait persons are very cunning," replied Mrs. Stryver. "And then Shakespeare or the Bible, I'm not sure which, says that great minds—that great minds—" "Fun in the same channel" suggested Mrs. Mudridge-Smith. "No, it isn't that—what do you call those people who get paid such high prices in vaudeville because they sing songs while they crack pecans on the bald heads of the orchestra leader, or take off their straw hats and eat them?" "They call them nuts" ventured the other. "Yes, that's it, 'nuts,' all brainy people are nuts, or words to that effect." "Well, she may be mentally deficient, but still no one can say a word against Mrs. Jarr," interposed Mrs. Stryver. "Certainly not!" cried the younger matron, "or would my husband permit me to call?" "Well, as I was saying," Mrs. Stryver went on, "I think it's such a grand idea—having a court-martial at her

The Jarrs' "Court-Martial Dansant" Is Voted "An Inspiration"

house, with dancing—that I could cry with vexation that I didn't think of it!" "The only original thing about it I can see is the court-martial, even if the idea is clever," admitted the Mudridge-Smith person. "The idea for the dancing suggested itself. Why, if there is a Coroner's inquest, these days, the witnesses hurry through the testimony and clear the middle of the room of furniture and put a dance record on the phonograph." "Mr. Jarr is the best-natured soul, if he wouldn't dress so shabby," Mrs. Stryver cut in. "Fancy him being court-martialed in his own house with dancing afterward! Of course, that stuffy little flat of the Jarrs will be so crowded one will hardly be able to turn. Why do we always rush to Mrs. Jarr's?" "Because everybody else rushes there," admitted Mrs. Mudridge-Smith. "There's no doubt about it; there is a certain cachet about everything Mrs. Jarr does." "This was a poser for Mrs. Stryver, who thought the word "cachet" meant "cachet," but wasn't quite sure, so she only murmured that it would be real nice to have souvenirs." "Well, I'll see you there," remarked Mrs. Mudridge-Smith, as she arose to go. "I've got to hurry downtown and get new tips put on Mr. Smith's dancing crochets! The dear man is so wild about the new steps that he kicked the hot water bag out of bed last evening practicing a new one, after his valet had him tucked in for the night. You heard what it was, Capt. Tynnefoyle is going to court-martial Mr. Jarr about—with dancing!" "Why, I did hear," Mrs. Stryver confessed, "but to be frank with you, my dear, I didn't understand it. Mr. Jarr was charged with being scary of the chair, or something like that, but nobody can tell me what it means." "It's not 'chains,' it's 'malns,' Mr. Jarr was scared of the 'malns,' or something of that sort, and was arrested in the West about it, or something like that. Wait, I was so puzzled I wrote it down on a scrap of paper," and the fair young matron scribbled through a shifty mass of

SAMMY'S SLATE "SMATTER POP?"



The Modern Spirit. Preliminary to Combat.

THE young man edged himself diffidently into the presence of the old man, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "What can I do for you, sir?" asked the elder. "I shall come directly to the point," said the younger. "I wish to marry your daughter." This was the old gentleman's cue to get out his handkerchief, and he did it. "Alas!" he wept. "How shall I ever spare her? Her mother is dead, and she is all I have left. And I am an old man—not long for this world." "You interest me strangely," put in the suitor, cheerfully. "What other recommendations has she?"

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But He Came Back. MICHAEL MURPHY, turnkey at the southwestern police station, has a variety of parrot and monkey stories in stock, and recently added a real live chicken joke to his repertoire. Listen to Murphy: "Two Irishmen were close friends. They were like two brothers until one fine evening they became possessed of a very fine chicken. They agreed that the man who had the best dream that night would get the chicken. When they awoke in the morning, Larry said to Pat: "Shure, phwat did yez dream?" "Oh, I dreamt that I died and the good angels carried me right to heaven." "Pawoy, shure yez did, Pat. Don't I know it. Didn't I see yez goin' in. And shure I didn't tink yez was comin' back, so I ate the chicken." Baltimore Star.