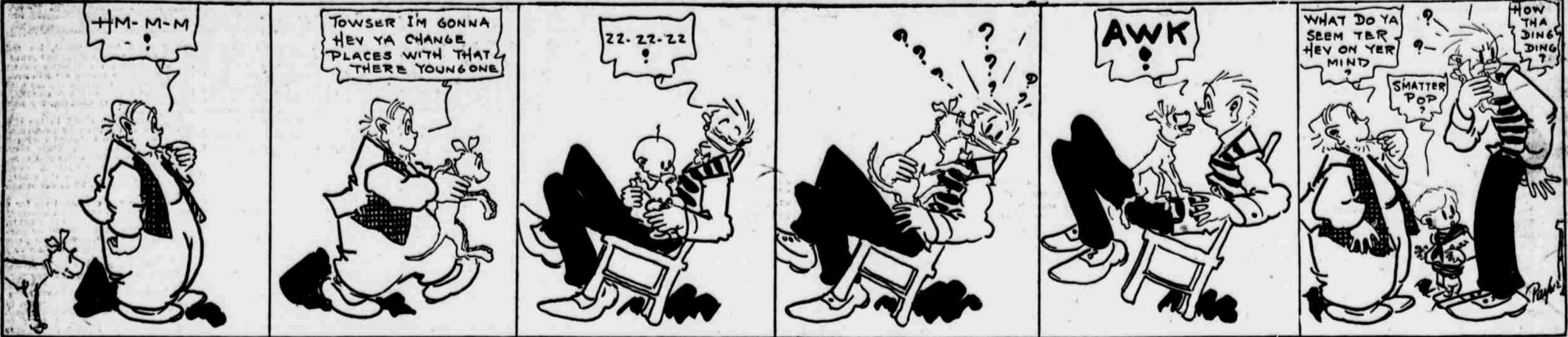


"SMATTER POP!"

By C. M. Payne



FLOOEY and AXEL—Oh, Fine! We Were Running Out of Ideas on Axel's Whiskers

By Vic



The Jarr Family By Roy L. McCordell

ALAS, MR. JARR HAS "SPILLED THE BEANS!"

In his social relations even the best of husbands will often lead a dual existence, in that he has certain associations the feminine members of his family do not approve of. Sometimes it is men who belong to a bowling club, a political association, or it may be such acquaintances as Mr. Jarr had and whom he occasionally consorted with at Gus's popular cafe on the corner. Generally Mrs. Jarr ignored her husband's social relaxations in this respect, yet even here there was a connecting link between Mrs. Jarr's social world and this portion of Mr. Jarr's in that Mr. John W. Rangle, who with his wife was on the higher social plane, was also an occasional habitue of Gus's place. These are fine social distinctions, but they exist in all grades of society; and equally as Mrs. Rangle believed Gus's, so did Mrs. Jarr firmly aver that "Mr. Jarr wouldn't think of going into such places if it wasn't for that man Rangle!"

"You hear us get up a little escape from squawdom enterprises at Gus's to take to the woods for a week away from the wife, and you go right home and tell your Ma!" "I never told a thing, so help me!" declared Mr. Jarr earnestly. "I was making a preliminary play for a get-away, and I started the chatter on the subject of camping out, but I mentioned no names!" "It wasn't necessary," said Mr. Rangle scornfully. "But you started something, and I dunno how to set a backfire to it. I come home the other evening and find my wife reading 'How To Make Pin Money by Hammering Out Campfire Jewelry from Old Copper Kitchen Utensils and Sell it To Your Friends' in the Perfect Ladies' Journal. Say, how can any dames that make homemade fudge or homemade jewelry and sell it to your friends, have any friends?" "Search me!" replied Mr. Jarr. "But you know I couldn't bust home ties to giblets by coming into the house sudden like and saying 'I'm going camping with some sober and industrial friends to-morrow, see!' Could I?" "No," Mr. Rangle admitted. "You haven't any sober and industrial friends, but, just as I tell you, you spilled the beans when you went home and started this camping out chatter. Now your wife has got my wife full of it, and all the dames in their set are getting up a camping-out party."



Some Good Stories of the Day

He Might Know. THE train struck the man, did it not?" asked the lawyer of the engineer at the trial. "It did, sir," said the engineer. "Was the man on the track, sir?" thundered the lawyer. "On the track?" asked the engineer. "Of course he was. No engineer worthy of his job would run his train into the woods after a man, sir." Ladies' Home Journal.

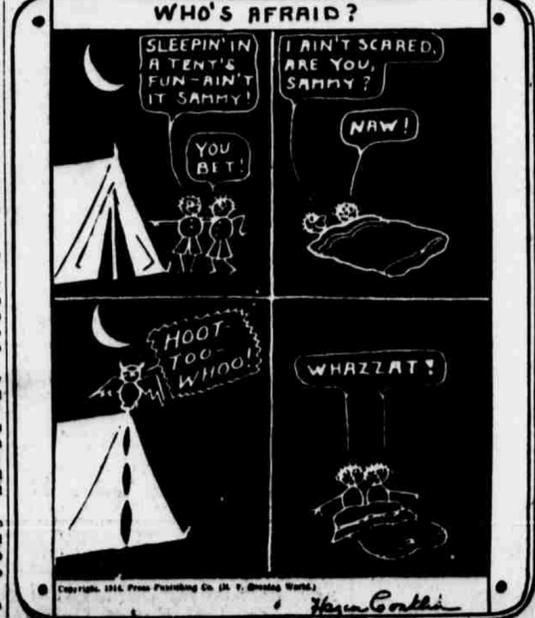
In the Family Only. FOR a long time the friendly relations between two little girls whose families are next door neighbors in Washington were unbroken by any untoward circumstance. Finally, however, there came a "falling out," and Louise hastened to communicate to the parents of her

Half of the Pleasure. THE youngest girl of a Baltimore family was recently much distressed at dessert to discover that there was ice cream for dinner. "Oh, papa," exclaimed the youngster reproachfully, "why didn't they tell me this morning that we were going to have ice cream?" "What difference would that have made?" "Lots!" sighed the child. "I could have expected it all day."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Doubly Generous. WHEN Jones called on the Browns with an important message last night he had no umbrella. It was raining pitchforks and he was soaked to the skin. Mrs. Brown was sympathetic and hospitable. "I couldn't dream of letting you go away like that!" she cried. "You must come in and get dry and have some supper." "Never," murmured Jones. "I am soaked through, and couldn't get dry. And I couldn't sit down at your table in these clothes." "But Mr. Brown will lend you a suit." "Wouldn't do. I'm twice as big as Brown." "Well, he'll lend you two suits. He has a plenty—come in!"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.



SAMMY'S SLATE



An Ambiguous Answer. MR. AND MRS. MURPHY were frequently in court. Sometimes Murphy complained of his wife, at other times Mrs. Murphy had her husband arrested for abuse, and on still other occasions neighbors had them both in court for disturbing the peace with their brawls. The Judge was becoming rather tired of having them before him. "This is the sixth time one or the other of you has been up before me for fighting," he declared, out of patience. "Now, tell me truthfully, cannot you two live happily without fighting?" "No, yar Honor," replied Mrs. Murphy; "not happily."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Mutual Secrets. I DIDN'T want to come here in the first place," confided the first guest at the expensive hotel at a well known winter holiday resort on the South coast. "No more did I," replied the second, "but my wife insisted on my coming." "So did mine," said the first. "She said we had to come, just because the

Perfectly Good Reason. AMONG the employees whose duties are supposed to be discharged in the rear of a certain shop in Baltimore, while the proprietor looks after matters in front, are a couple of darkies, who occasionally "take things easy." One afternoon they were engaged in a quiet game of seven-up on a barrel, when they were startled by the sudden appearance of the boss, whom they supposed to be in his usual place in front. The boss was angry. "How is it," he demanded, "that I find you fellows playing cards?" "I don't know, boss," was the response of one of the darkies, "un-

What do you think of these new corkerow gowns the women are importing from Paris?" "Corking!"

"Did you ever notice how every body crowds old Van Grouch whenever he plays golf? Is his game so wonderful?" "No, but his vocabulary is!"

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