A Page of Comics, Sketches and Stories

New York, Friday, August 7, 1914.

The Evening World.

Fun for the Home and the Ride Home

"S'MATTER POP?"

By C. M. Payne

THE MARRYING OF MARY—It's a Cinch There Won't Be Any Crows in Pa's Garden!

By Thornton Fisher

FLOOEY and AXEL—Now, Will Flooey Be Mean Enough to Tell Axel the Truth?

By Vic

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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ALAS, EVEN THE JARRS WON'T STAY "NEUTRAL."

"OH, dear, it's dreadful!" whimpered Mrs. Jarr, looking up from the evening papers. "All this war news covering all the space, till one doesn't know where to look for the society news or births, deaths and marriages!"

"Why, yes, I suppose it's too bad that the newspapers give up publishing the society doings just to print the opening incidents of what is doubtless the greatest death struggle between the nations that the world has ever known!" retorted Mr. Jarr testily.

"I don't mean that at all; you know what I am trying to say!" Mrs. Jarr went on. "I'm sure war is a dreadful thing, and maybe it was fortunate we couldn't afford to go to Europe this summer and take the children. I would have been frightened to death and just so worried I would have been a nervous wreck if we had been held up abroad and our touring automobile taken from us to find that although we had travellers' checks for thousands of dollars we couldn't buy a thing with them"——

"What's your worry?" asked Mr. Jarr. "We wouldn't have had any automobile and all the money we would have had wouldn't have made much difference one way or another."

"Oh, I wish you wouldn't be so matter-of-fact," Mrs. Jarr declared. "If a person has nothing at least a person may talk of things they might have lost if they had had them. One has hope, can't one?"

"One can, but two won't," rejoined Mr. Jarr. "If you are going to get any consolation in worrying about what you might have lost if you had had it"——

"There you go!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "You won't even let me have what I'd like to have even if I were to lose it! If I think I might have had a trip to Europe only to be worried and alarmed and suffer annoyance and privation, and then say, 'Well, everything happens for the best!' when it doesn't happen, you scowl at me just because I do have that little happiness being unhappy because I am unhappy that we are so poor that we are fortunate in not going through what we might have experienced——oh, dear! You get me so mixed up I don't know what I am talking about!"

"Neither do I," said Mr. Jarr. "One of the greatest horrors of war is the discussion of it by non-combatants who don't know what they are discussing!"

"Well, that's the reason one cannot rejoice that we did go abroad and get caught in a war. I do hope the nations who ARE fighting will keep their old wars at home. It would be a nice state of affairs if one couldn't let the children play in the streets for fear their little heads might be taken off with cannon balls!

"Do you think there will be any battles in this country? If so we could all go down to Uncle Henry's place and stay on the farm till the war's over, although I hate the farm and Uncle Henry WILL NOT put running water in the kitchen, to say nothing of a bathroom. Oh, dear, isn't war dreadful!"

"Yes, it is a setback to progress, an indictment of civilization," remarked Mr. Jarr solemnly.

"Now please don't go talking that way," said Mrs. Jarr. "All this trouble could have been avoided if some of the kings and emperors had just set down and talked it over. Why should nations fight any more than individuals?"

"Well, there were many old bitternesses, many constant irritations," began Mr. Jarr.

"That is no excuse for a war. Any differences could have been talked over and adjusted in a friendly manner," explained Mrs. Jarr. "There is nothing worth quarrelling about. I have to put up with things from you"——

"Great Scott! YOU put up with things from ME?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Why, I've just been letting you walk all over me for years. I'm like France, that got tired of being bullied"——

"Bullied?" cried Mrs. Jarr. "It is you that do the bullying! Don't speak to me again, and as for your old war, I hate it!" And Mrs. Jarr threw down the paper and walked out of the room.

THEN—SHE TURNED AROUND!

Hickville Doings

From Our Hickville Correspondent

Hazen Conklin

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WAR EXTRY!!!

THE war spirit ris in Hickville yestidday as soon as the daily mail brought Ezra Hick's city paper, which he read the headlines of out loud to the nine populaces gathered in the P. O. A committee composed of our official citizens met later in Bemis Bros. back room and drawed up the followin' proclamation, to wit:

"Whereas, because of and for instants Germany havin' declared war again' most of the world exceptin' the U. S. and Hickville, be it proclaimed that Hickville will maintain its strickt neutrality at all costs. Should any of them Germs fly over Hickville in dirgeable balloons Constabule Seth Shutes, having been mobilized, is to bring it to earth with his trusty six-shooter, only in the event of the Germs first demolishin' him with a bomb. Sid Forsythe is hereby voted $5.50 to get his perspective motorboat in commission, and is appointed commander-in-chief of the naval Preserves, consistin' of hiself and Willie Oates, with sealed orders to patrol all waters of the Tannery Pond on the lookout for a horstile fleet of invasion.

HIPPOLYTE HARKNESS, Town Clerk.
HOSEA TITCOMB, Selectman.
SETH SHUTES, Constabule.
NATHAN SCALES, Justice of the Peace.
LAFE JOHNSON, Poundmaster.
PELEG PEEKS, Postmaster.
TOBIAS TIVVINS, Chairman of the School Board.

PERSONALS AND LOCALS.

BEN BELLOWS, our lusty blacksmith, is eatin' his meals offen the kitchen shelf, he havin' carelessly turned his back to one of Gideon Spriggses mules to pick up a shoe offen the floor.

Clem Plunkett, of Dry Pond Road, didn't have no news for us to-day. He says as how there'll be some to-morrow, howsomedever, if anythin' turns up betwixt now and then.

Them city folks, name of Hall, who bought the old Spooner farm to make a summer home outen, had a crate of eggs to come from the city yestiddey. The only way you kin git fresh eggs here is to buy them in the bity, as folks hereabouts ship all the fresh ones there.

Aunt Jane Taggart like to of had a serious accident to happen yestiddy. Only it didn't, so there ain't no use tellin' what it was.

Mr. and Mrs. Dud Cooke and infant darter, Natalie Josephine, of Sunny Ridge, is figurin' on movin' to Hickville. Who says Hickville ain't a growin' town?

Here are two sneers, sneered by Amos Crabb, our lokal sneerer:

You can't expect to eat mental green apples without sufferin' mental cramps.

I reckon they say love is "only a dream" because so many folks go into it with their eyes shut.

ILLUSTRATING WEBSTER

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HOW YOU FELT—

Worth Knowing.

THE editor of the Evening Star was deeply engrossed in his work, when he was suddenly interrupted by the office boy, who remarked:

"There's a tramp at the door, Mr. Hyde, and he says he ain't had nothin' to eat for six days."

"Fetch him in," said the editor. "If we can find out how he does it we can run the paper for another week."—Lippincott's Magazine.