"'SMATTER POP?"

By C. M. Payne

FLOOEY and AXEL

By Vic

And, What's More, Axel Didn't Even Know It Was Loaded.

THE MARRYING OF MARY

By Thornton Fisher

This Was One Misfortune Pa Couldn't Blame on Mary's Beau.

ILLUSTRATING WEBSTER

Copyright, 1914, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

The Day's Good Stories

No Physical Impediment.

WHEN J. Edward Grillo lived in Cincinnati he had a large, fat, tight-fisted friend who was always urging him to bet money on all sorts of chances. At first Grillo followed the advice invariably, but it became so expensive that he cut it out. The fat friend, however, kept up the urging.

One day when they were in a crowd a man about town offered to bet Edward $50 on a proposition.

"Take him up! Bet him right away!" exclaimed the fat friend.

This was too much for Grillo.

"You bet the $50," he said icily. "I paid the doctor for curing your rheumatism, didn't I? I guess you can get your hand into your pocket."—Popular Magazine.

In the Family.

WHEN the late P. T. Barnum was exhibiting his famous Siamese twins, they were, as is well remembered, a wonderful sensation.

A certain divine, accompanied by his daughter, was much interested, and their curiosity was unbounded. The young woman asked where the twins were born. Mr. Barnum told them that they were born in Siam.

"And are they brothers?" asked the clerical gentleman.

"Oh, yes!" said the world's greatest press agent.

"Well, well!" said the visitor. "Think of that, Mary! How good and kind of a gracious Providence to allow them to be brothers, and not to have linked a pair of strangers together for life!"—Chicago Journal.

The Jarr Family—

By Roy L. McCardell.

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

While the Jarrs Were Away The Moths Reaped a Harvest!

"YOU can't go downtown in that straw hat!" said Mrs. Jarr firmly. "I have been reading in the papers that rowdies assault men wearing straw hats"——

"I wasn't going downtown in it. I was just going to step out and get the evening papers to see how the war is going on," murmured Mr. Jarr.

"I'm sick hearing of that old war!" Mrs. Jarr declared. "It was all I heard about before we went to the country and it was all we heard in the country—with your Uncle Henry declaring what he'd say to the German Kaiser's face when he met him—and Aunt Hetty is on the side of the Germans because her stepmother was of Pennsylvania Dutch extraction and was celebrated for her soft soap and home-made remedies—so please don't bring in any evening papers!"

"Where is my blue soft hat?" asked Mr. Jarr, fumbling behind the dusty hatrack in the hall.

"Well, it isn't there—it would be a pretty sight if it were, and we away two weeks!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Who has to look after everything you wear—and you are worse than the children in the terrible way you treat your clothes! If I treated my clothes the way you treat yours I wouldn't have a decent rag to wear! But maybe it would be better for me if I wasn't so careful of the few duds I get! Then, perhaps, I might get some new dresses once in awhile!"

"Where did you put my blue plush hat, then?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"I put it in the box with your winter clothes," replied Mrs. Jarr. "I wrapped it up carefully in a tar paper bag and put in plenty of moth balls. Yes, I did find it on the hat rack just as we were packing to go to the country and I put it away, and if I hadn't it would have been destroyed by moths, for the people next door must be just overrun with them the way the dreadful bugs flew in the window when I opened it to air the house. That's always the way. What's the use of keeping out moths when your neighbors maintain breeding nests for them?"

By this time Mr. Jarr had the cover and cushions off the box couch and the lid of that popular piece of furniture raised. As he did so he noted with some misgivings quite of flock of tiny moths fly out.

"Don't mess everything up now," advised Mrs. Jarr, who was dusting the piano and did not see the flight of the moths. "Your hat is in the tar paper bag between my fox set, pinned in the sheet, and the children's winter coats, in the brown paper wrappings."

Mr. Jarr brought out the tar paper bag and put his hand in. He drew out a handful of flaky dirty, gumming cloth debris. The last moths of summer had chewed the stylish, genuine plush last year's perfectly good hat to dust! Mr. Jarr had paid two whole dollars for it, too, last March.

"Look at that!" cried Mr. Jarr.

"Are they moths?" shrieked Mrs. Jarr, "really moths?"

"Well, they aren't nightingales; they do not burst into song as they fly away, do they?" retorted Mr. Jarr. But Mrs. Jarr had burst into tears and almost fainted away.

"And after spending nearly $2 for moth balls and tar paper bags, too!" she moaned.

"Oh, that's all right, dearie," said Mr. Jarr. "They haven't touched the moth balls or tar paper."

Mrs. Jarr rose in her might and anger and seized the dust brush, and Mr. Jarr fled and got him out. Maybe that was the chance he was looking for.

"Hello, Landsman! How is it by you?" cried Gus, as soon as he sighted Mr. Jarr. "Rangle was saying he didn't think you'd come back ever to this part of town, seeing you set your place afire and got the insurance money."

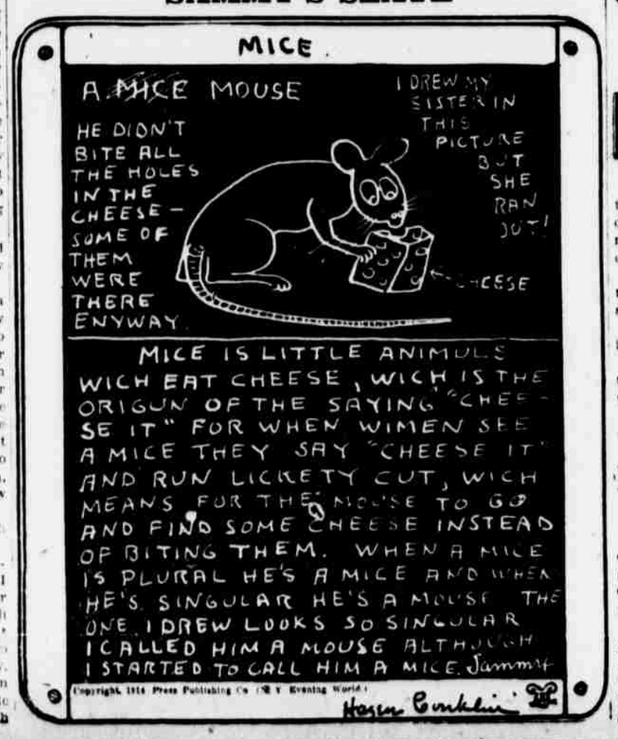
"Why, it wasn't a fire, and he knows it. It was a false alarm!"

"Sure that's what Rafferty said about it; he said the fire was a false alarm, just like you. But Slavinsky said you'd better watch out next time, and Bepler, the butcher, said, and so did Mueller, the grocer, they didn't thhink you'd come back either, seeing your vife hadn't paid her bills, and"——

"Oh, well, here I am, and glad to be back, too!" interrupted Mr. Jarr.

"Sure!" said Gus, genially. "After all, old friends is the bitterest!"

SAMMY'S SLATE



DID YOU EVER—

Warologues

By Alma Woodward

Copyright, 1914, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

The Excuse Up-to-Date!

Scene: The White's apartment.
Time: 9.30 P. M.

MRS. WHITE is discovered nervously pacing up and down in front of the mantel clock. Suddenly she rushes to the phone.

Mrs. W. (over the wire)—Hello, central! Time, please? Nine-FORTY, did you say? Are you SURE you're not fast? (Hangs up receiver). Oh, dear, what shall I do?

(Doorbell rings sharply. In her hysterical haste, Mrs. White falls over several articles of furniture.)

Mrs. W. (opening door)—Yes? Who is it? Oh, it's you!

Mrs. A. (entering gayly)—I just thought I'd run in a minute. Why, were you expecting any one else?

Mrs. W. (nervously)—Oh, no—no—I——

Mrs. A. (stopping short)—Why, what's the matter with you, Ella? Anything happen?

Mrs. W. (hastily)—Oh, no—no——

Mrs. A. (suddenly)—Where's Henry?

Mrs. W. (with forced calm)—Why—er—he wasn't at home for dinner tonight. (Breaking down suddenly.) Oh, I'm so frightened! Something may have happened to him!

Mrs. A. (consolingly)—Nonsense! A great big two-hundred-pounder like Henry! He's just gotten tangled up with a bunch of men and forgotten that he has a home. Just think if you were living in Europe and he had to go to war! Then you'd have something to worry about! Let's talk about the war—it'll take your mind off things.

Mrs. W. (tearfully)—I won't talk about the war! I don't want to talk about the war! I want Henry!

Mrs. A. (coldly)—My goodness! I didn't know you thought as much of him as all that.

Mrs. W. (firing up)—Oh, you didn't, didn't you? Well, I guess you don't know everything. I——

Mrs. A. (soothingly)—Come on, Ella dear, you ought to talk about the war. It'll make you forget yourself and——

Mrs. W. (screaming shrilly)—I told you I wouldn't say a word about the old war. I——

(Suddenly the sound of an exploring key, cautiously sounding the possible depths of a keyhole, is heard. Both ladies jump to their feet. Mrs. White throws the door open. There, on the threshold, stands Mr. White, slightly the worse for wear. In one hand he bears a bunch of soup celery, in the other an American flag.)

Mrs. W. (aghast)—Why, Henry, where have you been? Henry!

Mr. W. (swaying to and fro)—B'been readin' th' war b'bulletins, hic, m'dear. Oh, it's awful, oh, it's terrible, hic, c'ruel war, most naughty war! (Starts to weep copiously.) Been standin' on one ffoot in front of buildin' readin' war bulletins ffer hours, hic, m'dear!

Mrs. A. (contemptuously, as she exits)—Huh! Well, I guess you'll talk about the war now, all right, all right.

Mrs. W. (viciously)—Cat!

Broke Up the Game.

THE two football teams are facing each other.

Tense and quiver, the opposing men await the signal that shall put the ball into play and hurl them against each other in the fierce shock of battle.

The captain begins calling the code: "36, 35, 22, 17," he shouts.

At that instant the left tackle, who is working his way through college by understudying a tailor, absentmindedly asks:

"Side or top pockets?"—Chicago Evening Post.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

NORMAN-the new ARROW COLLAR 2 for 25¢
Cluett, Peabody & Co. Inc. Makers