

By C. M. Payne

'SMATTER, POP!'



AXEL COULDN'T WAIT TO BE THROWN OUT

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By Vic



WHAT'S THE USE?

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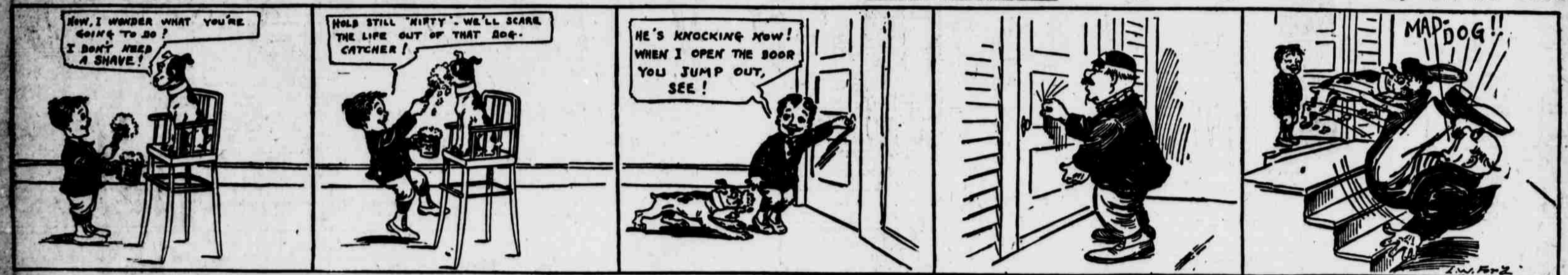
By Callahan



BOBBIE, HIS DOG AND THE DOGCATCHER

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By L. W. Ford



The Jarr Family



East Malaria Fires Are Only Another Excuse for Tangoing

"Let's go see the fire!" suggested Mrs. Jenkins. "It is evident that Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Jarr got in on the 5.41 from the city and went to the fire. Mr. Jenkins always comes home on the 5.41 and NEVER goes to town before the 8.15, so our social position is unquestioned. Why, we go with families the heads of which never go to the city before the 9.27, and who ALWAYS come home on the 5.08!" Mrs. Jenkins said this with an air that showed she never associated with people who went in on any of the 7 o'clock in the morning trains. "I'm so hungry! We didn't have any lunch when we left town," whimpered Irene Cackleberry. "Well, we can go to the fire—it's near Main street and the whistle wouldn't blow so much—and we can get some delicatessen for supper," Mrs. Jenkins answered. "You know, Mr. Jenkins is a Fire Commissioner and is supposed to be present at all the successful fires. I do hope it's a dry goods store and he will think I wear his rubber coat home. I got two beautiful kimonoes the last dry goods store fire. The proprietor didn't care, he was present and insured." "Well, I'm nearly dead for supper," remarked Mrs. Jarr, adding her plaint to that of the Miss Cackleberrys. "I'm sorry, my dear, but there isn't a thing in the house," said Mrs. Jenkins. "Mr. Jenkins was to bring something for supper from the city, and now he has gone to the fire. Would you rather walk up to Main street and get some delicatessen or go to the fire and get the steak and coffee and butter I asked Mr. Jenkins to bring from town?" "Won't it be lost at the fire—the things to eat, I mean," asked Mrs. Jarr dismally. "Certainly not!" replied Mrs. Jenkins. "All the local fire apparatus of East Malaria have lockers on them, so if there is a fire at the time a train is coming in the firemen who are commuters may put their groceries and other purchases in the lockers and go to the fire without delay. Mr. Peeply across the way got a ride home with his bundles last summer when the Peeplys had a slight fire in their kitchen." "Well, anything for a quiet life," cried Miss Gladys Cackleberry. "The whole town must be burning the way that which is burning."

"That's sensible," exclaimed their hostess, Mrs. Jenkins. "What you will like about our fires in East Malaria is that they are so informal. No putting on airs—just wear anything. At Lonsomehurst, further up the line, they put on BUCHI style for fire it's sickening. As so many of the Lonsomehurst firemen are insurance clerks in the city they are called 'The millionaire volunteer firemen' in the city papers. And they always go to a night fire in evening dress dinner jackets at the least. "We were going up to the new moving picture theatre to-night anyway. It's a beautiful little theatre, and so practical. It's called 'The Elysium Dream Bijou' and it so built that if it falls as a moving picture theatre it can be turned into a garage. "Oh, East Malaria is just one endless round of social activity. If this is a stubborn fire the town band will turn out and we'll have a conflagration the danceman." And, following their hostess's lead, the ladies all set out for the fire, for Mrs. Jenkins said she was sure all the society people would be there and there would be tangoing afterwards, of course.

NOT LOVE-SICK.
A newly-wed pair, all devotion.
A wedding trip took on the ocean;
But their joy of life fled
And they wished they were dead.
Gone + never returned!

The Day's Good Stories

Obedy Instructions.

THE teacher of a large school sent one of her scholars to a fruit vender outside, relates the Buffalo Enquirer, and as she handed the little girl 10 cents said:

"Be sure, Mary, before buying the plums to pinch one or two, just to see that they are ripe."

A Cinch.

WILLIAM J. STEVENS, for years local station agent at Swansee, R. I., was peacefully promoting his platform one morning when a rash dog ventured to snap at one of William's legs. Stevens promptly kicked the animal half way across the tracks, and was immediately confronted by the owner, who demanded an explanation. In language more forcible than courteous.

"Why," said Stevens, when the other paused for breath, "your dog's mad." "Mad! Mad! You double dyed, blankety blank fool, he ain't mad!" "Oh, ain't he?" cut in Stevens. "Gosh! I should be if any one kicked me like that."—Everybody's Magazine.

A Mystery to Him.

THE late John Allen of Farmington, Me., was noted for his ready wit and cutting sarcasm. One day while walking down the street he slipped on some ice and fell. The Methodist minister of the town happened to be near, and helped the old man to his feet with the remark: "Sinners stand on slippery ground, don't they, John?" "Yes," retorted Mr. Allen, "but I don't see how they do it."—Harper's Magazine.

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