

By C. M. Payne

"SMATTER POP!"



THE MARRYING OF MARY—No, It Wasn't Her "Tongue" That Grandma Lost!

By Thornton Fisher



FLOOEY and AXEL—Don't Look for Axel To-Morrow; He'll Be in the Hospital

By Vic



The Jarr Family by Roy L. McCordell

Leave It to Mr. Edward Jarr; He'll Show Up the Fakirs!

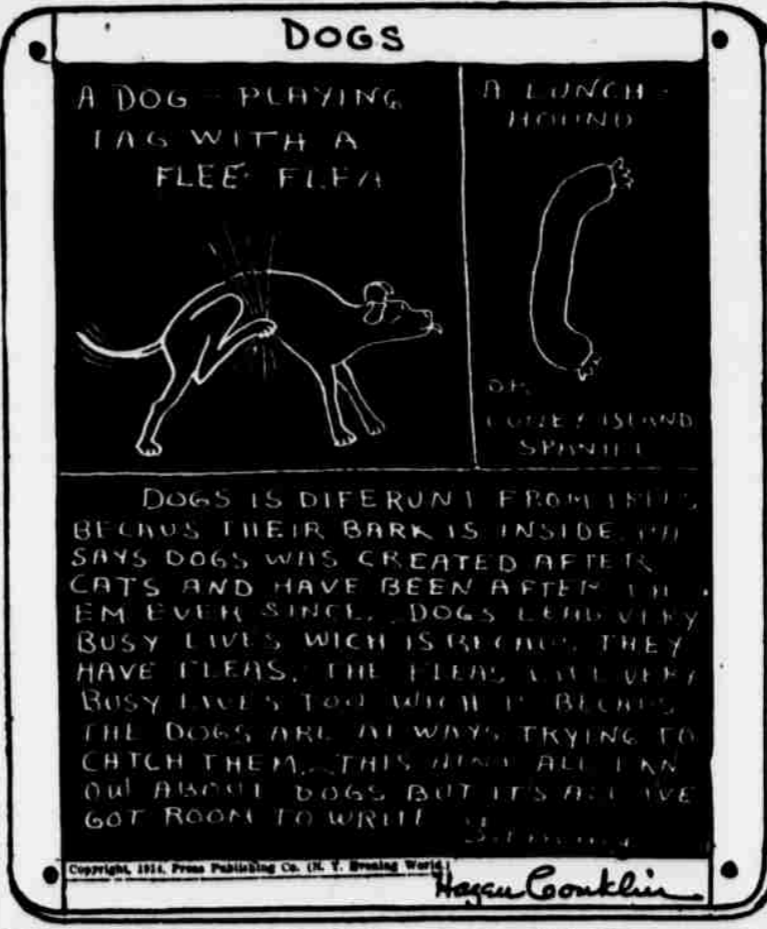
SEE in this paper a 'stem' from a 'bookie,' said Mr. Michael Angelo Dinkston. 'I think it's from one of the old mob that got a 'grand' from old man Smith and five 'leaves' from his wife.' Mr. Jarr, whom Dinkston was addressing in these Delphic words, was now sophisticated enough to know that in fortune tellers' slang a 'stem' meant an advertisement, 'bookie' meant fake fortune teller and likewise that 'grand' meant a thousand dollars and five 'leaves' meant five hundred dollars. 'You'd think they would be afraid to come back to town so soon after swindling our friends,' remarked Mr. Jarr. 'Maybe they've found out that there isn't a 'reader' out for them and they are not risking a 'gazer,' let alone a 'stader,' suggested Mr. Dinkston. 'Anyways, the 'bookies' always hire the best 'pilot.'

ILLUSTRATING WEBSTER.



the Inscrutable," Mr. Dinkston answered. "And it says: 'Life and character readings, \$1.'" "Well, let me see the address," said Mr. Jarr. "I'll drop in on Agrippina and see if he tries any of his tricks on me." "Agrippina is a lady; I know her well," murmured Mr. Dinkston. "If my recollection serves me, I think I married her. But then that was years ago, and my motto is 'Marry, Forgive and Forget.' I trust Eugenia holds no spite—her name was Eugenia—but still you won't mind if I don't call on her. But then 'Little Walter,' who was our best man, said he knew it would never be a happy marriage, because when we got back from 'Plunkie'—Philadelphia, where we went to get married—there was a junk cart with cow bells jangling on it in front of the door—and that's always bad luck." "But you don't mean to tell me that fake fortune tellers—swindlers who live by exploiting the superstitions of others—are superstitious themselves?" cried Mr. Jarr in surprise. "How do sure-thing gamblers lose their money? Why, by betting on some other bigger sure-thing gamblers' games," replied Mr. Dinkston. "All the fake fortune tellers—and they are all fakirs from shut-eyes or clairvoyants to 'mitt readers' or palmists—are credulous and superstitious. They all wear lucky charms and believe in omens, and the one sure thing they know is bad luck is when a junk cart with cow bells jangling on it stands or passes in front of their stores."

"SAMMY'S SLATE!"



sceptical, which piqued her. So she married me to prove me wrong." "But I AM married," said Mr. Jarr. "So was I!" sighed Mr. Dinkston. But even that did not dissuade Mr. Jarr from his purpose. Montana pioneers as well as a vigilante, was out on the plains one day with Liver-eating Johnson, another well known Montana character, when they were chased by Indians. Johnson had a better horse than "X" and was soon ahead. He turned several times and urged Beidler to hurry up. "Hurry up, 'X'!" he yelled. "Get a move on!" "Dod-gast you, Johnson!" shouted Beidler as he spurred his horse. "He's that, but who always was called 'X' was the one of the famous..."

The Day's Good Stories

The Corpse Spoke.
"DON'T be mean in your offerings," said T. P. O'Connor in a plea in New York for the Irish cause. "The Irish can't stand meanness." "No, no, the Irish can't stand meanness. Take O'Grady's case. You know, in Ireland, some sixty or seventy years ago, when a poor family lacked a coffin they made the corpse beg for it." "This custom, alas! sometimes led to imposture. Thus Thirsty O'Grady and his friends wanted money badly once and O'Grady was assigned to act the corpse. So they laid him out on a bier outside the door and they put a pewter plate beside him for the pennies." "As O'Grady lay there, so still, with closed eyes, an old woman stopped and dropped sixpence into the plate. Then she began to take out change. A penny, twopenny, threepenny, she took out and O'Grady couldn't stand such meanness. Corpse as he was, he said: "Arrah, now, don't mind the change."—Washington Star.

No, Dog.
In the good old days, when no child dared reply to a question from an elder without the "sir" or "Ma'am," a gentleman, now past middle age, recalls an awesome scene at his father's table. A stubborn little sister, having been denied a second helping of her favorite dessert, was asked if she wished some bread and butter instead, to which she defiantly answered, "No." "No, cat" or no dog?" asked the father with ominous calm. "No, dog," was the reckless answer that set the table in silent convulsions.—National Monthly.

Not the Friday Odor.
OUR contributor's small friend, little Rollo, aged five, had always observed that his was the big dog at his home on Friday. And he had observed that the rule held in the neighboring households. Recently little Rollo was sent out to visit his grandma in the country. And after a day or two he missed something. "Grandma," said he, "ain't it ever Friday in the country?" "What a question!" she laughed. Of course it is. To-day is Friday, dear." "Well," said Rollo. "It don't smell like Friday."—Atlanta Journal.

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