

THE BOWSER COOK

She Gives Away the Episode of the Summer Screens.

MR. B. SAYS HE'LL PUT 'EM IN.

Begins Operations With His Customary Self Confidence—But Who Ever Made a Success of This Vexing Job? Surely Not Mr. Bowser.

By M. QUAD.

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I AM the Bowser cook.

I want to be loyal to the man, and yet I don't want the public to miss a good thing.

I am not like most other cooks, with an ear to the keyhole half the time.

When my work is done at night I take a seat on the basement stairs to ruminate, not to listen to the talk from the living room.

Of course if I hear anything interesting, that's all right, but I don't strain my ears any. I think that ruminating is much better than listening. I had just got to ruminating the other evening when I heard Mrs. Bowser saying to Mr. Bowser that it was time to put up fly screens and asking him if he wouldn't send up a carpenter to do the work.

"Not on your life," he exclaimed in reply. "There are twelve windows and twelve fly screens to fit them. A carpenter would be about six days, at an expense of \$3 a day, putting them up, while I can do the work in one hour."

"But when you put them up last year you got mad and broke a clotheshorse at the back door."

"Never! You are thinking of some other man and some other house. Never got mad and never broke a clotheshorse. In a day or two I shall put the screens up myself and save the \$18."

Mr. Bowser on the job.

Mrs. Bowser said no more. I think she was intending to get a man to do the work and pay him out of her own pocket, but the next afternoon while



"SARAH, I WANT YOU A MOMENT."

she was shopping Mr. Bowser came home. It was about 3 o'clock, and when I looked surprised he exclaimed: "It's all right, Sarah. Business isn't driving just now, and I'm home to put those screens up. They are up in the storeroom, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, but they need to be dusted off. I am ironing today and can't help you."

"Never mind the dusting. The style this summer is to have fly screens look as ancient as possible. Mrs. Bowser out, eh? Well, I'll hustle the screens up and give her a surprise."

He was into his old clothes and bringing the screens down in ten minutes. If each screen had ever been marked for a certain window the marks had been painted out, and Mr. Bowser had to go by guesswork. He began with the living room first. I heard him knocking and banging and pounding away for a long time, and then he called from the head of the basement stairs:

"Sarah, I want you a moment!"

When I got there he stood pointing to one of the windows with outstretched arm.

"Do you see it?" he whispered as he still pointed.

"I see that the screen is short for the window, sir."

"Yes; you see it is all of six inches too short. Why? Answer me, why?"

"Because you've got the wrong screen for the window."

"Because either you or Mrs. Bowser has saved six inches off the top to baffle me. Don't tell me that a fly screen can shrink six inches in a season or that window frames can lengthen the same distance."

Another Conspiracy.

I pulled the screen out of the window and after a moment found the right one and replaced it and returned to my work. I heard him mumbling under his breath. He got the other screen in after a good deal of banging, and then he started to fit those in the back parlor. I knew that the screen he had down would never fit, but it wasn't my business to butt in. He moved the chairs around and banged at the sashes, and all of a sudden the house shook. I ran upstairs to find him on the floor with one of his feet through the wire screen. He was that dazed that he let me help him up, but no sooner was he on his feet than he shouted out:

"I'll have gore for this! Woman!"

A Hair Raising Tale.

Delliah had just trimmed Samson's hair. "Shampoo?" she asked.

And being bereft of strength he had to spend another quarter, not counting the tip, of course.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Accomplished Foremothers.

Biggs—Our forefathers had wives that were of some account. They could do everything from the family sewing to driving oxen.

Boggs—Yes, they hemmed and hawed as it were.—Christian Register.

"I said that Mrs. Bowser, sir?" I said as he tried to kick the screen off his leg.

"But you helped her to put up this job to assassinate me!"

"You must have stumbled and gone down. Can't you tell that those screens are for the back bedrooms upstairs?"

He sat down, breathing hard, and I ran up and got the right screens and fitted them in a jiffy. He felt ashamed of his temper and started in to tell me that he didn't believe I was in the conspiracy to saw his leg off, but I did not stop to listen to the whole of it. A few minutes later I heard him going upstairs, putting each foot down as if stamping off snow, and then all was quiet for ten minutes. I then felt it a duty I owed to Mrs. Bowser to go up and rescue him. He had torn down curtains and pole from one of the front windows and moved both beds and bureau in his efforts to fit the kitchen screen to a window not half its size. He was looking around for some living thing to pour out the vitals of his wrath on when he caught sight of me.

Badly Muddled.

"I was just about to call you. Do you deny that you have gone and facked an extra piece on to this screen in order to spite me?"

"Haven't you got eyes in your head?" I asked. "If I had a brother ten years old who couldn't tell the difference between a screen door and a window screen I'd get a pair of glass eyes for him."

"Are you claiming that that is a screen door?"

"Of course it is. Ain't it two feet too long for the window? Ain't there panels to it? Ain't there a handle on it? I'm only a poor girl, sir, with a red headed mother and a fellow with a glass eye for a beau, but I can tell an elephant from a mouse."

"I'll be hanged if you ain't right!" he said, with a smile, after taking a long look at the door. "I suppose I must have been thinking about trading the house and lot for a chicken farm. You needn't mention the incident to Mrs. Bowser. Thanks for coming up. I am sure I can manage the others."

Mrs. Bowser Under Suspicion.

As I went upstairs I left him whistling away and feeling better. He got the screens into the windows after half an hour's work, stringing out by his trying to make them fit bottom side up, and then he came down to the kitchen with the screen door. He was cheery and didn't mind upsetting the clotheshorse as he dragged the screen through. I watched him as he stood the door up. It was topside down. He stooped back and surveyed it and shook his head and muttered:

"If Mrs. Bowser has been fooling with this door she'll hear from me in a way to make her tired!"

"You've got it wrong side up, sir."

I ventured to say:

"Ah, yes. Some of my absentmindedness. I was thinking about those chickens again. If Mrs. Bowser tries to pump you switch her off. The door is right side up now, and it's like a glove."

He soon had the thing screwed fast and the door swinging back and forth, but I was holding out for what came next. Most any sort of a boldheaded man can rehang a screen door, because there are all the marks of last year, but when you come to put on the spring to keep it closed—that's different. Mr. Bowser went ahead with the greatest confidence in himself, whistling as he worked, but when the spring was on and he stood aside the door flew open.

"More of Mrs. Bowser!" I heard him growl as he tried to make the door stay shut, but I didn't tell him where-in he was wrong. Instead of taking the spring off and turning it end for end, what does he do but take the whole screen off and turn the outside in. It wouldn't fit that way, and I told him that it wouldn't, and then he let go of his temper and shouted:

"I told you right at the start that it was a conspiracy! When Mrs. Bowser comes home—"

"I can put that door on in five minutes!"

"You can't in 5,000 years!"

An Exciting Finish.

With that he picked it up and sent it flying over the fence into a neighbor's yard, but in stepping back his foot struck something, and he went over backward and hit his head against one of the clothesline posts. I ran out to him with a scream, and in five minutes there were a policeman and three or four boys around him, and I was pouring water on him by the painful.

Then it was that Mrs. Bowser arrived and quietly took charge. We got him into the house and upon the lounge, while some one turned in a fire alarm and some one else called an ambulance. I can't tell how long Mr. Bowser lay unconscious, but his speech was plain when he suddenly opened his eyes.

"Have I been going over Niagara falls, or has Mrs. Bowser been trying to murder me again?"

Oh!

"Where is your corset department?" asked the man, consulting his wrist watch, as he entered the department store.

"For your wife, I suppose?" suggested the floorwalker.

"Excuse me, sir; I have no wife."—Yonkers Statesman.

No Help For It.

"You can't keep a watering place as exclusively as you can a mountain resort."

"Why not?"

"Because at a watering place anybody there can be in the swim."—Baltimore American.

Studying Shakespeare.

"Is your wife still enthusiastic over her Shakespeare club?"

"No, she's getting lukewarm. Been to sixteen meetings and hasn't won a bridge prize yet."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Domestic Hostilities.

"So Mrs. Finnerty's man has enlisted and gone to the front to fight?"

"Sure; it was the only way the poor man could think of to get any peace and quiet."—Baltimore American.

Paw Knows Everything.

While—Paw, can a woman keep a secret?"

"Paw—I don't know. I never heard of one trying, my son."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

ARIZONA KICKLETS

The Editor Feels the Benefit of a Good Thrasing.

MODIFIES TILT OF HIS HAT.

Admits He'd Been Wearing the Lid a Bit Too Airily—Praise For a New Member of the Staff—A Supply of Husbands Ready For Delivery.

By M. QUAD.

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THE postmaster of this town (who is ourself, the deputy U. S. marshal for this district who is ourself, the mayor of Givensdam Gulch (who is ourself, the editor of the Arizona Kicker (same man) and the senator from this locality (once more) was out on the street the other day, wearing his hat on his ear and stepping high, when a reproaching man from the back townships came along and seemed to be in need of some fatherly advice. We had given him about a yard of it when he satled into us. Though we had the idea that we could pulverize him in less than three minutes, he blacked both our eyes. When a man gets to that point where he imagines he runs this whole country and is the smartest man on the face of the earth it is a good thing for him and the rest of mankind for somebody to come along and take him down a few pegs. We own 100 acres of sandy soil just outside of town and twenty city lots inside of it, but we have let go the earth and shall assume a very humble demeanor until our eyes go out of mourning.

One day last week a woman fifty years old got off the train at Blue Hill station to look for her brother, and within two hours she had twenty offers of marriage. She was a woman



LOOKS DIDN'T COUNT.

with false hair, a lame leg and a cataract in one eye. But looks didn't count. At sundown she was married to a man worth \$50,000. If there are any other single women headed this way let 'em stop off at this town. We guarantee at least fifty offers of marriage per day for a week, regardless of age or physical condition. As husbands for 200 marriageable women as fast as they can descend from the stage, and every man proposing marriage will be worth at least \$3,000.

The Kicker will be represented in Washington next winter by Major Tink-hum, who is well known to the citizens of Givensdam Gulch as a square man. During the past fifteen years the major has established and busted five weekly newspapers, run a magazine into the ground and showed his literary abilities in other directions. He has killed three men, wounded five others and broken in about 100 bucking bronchos. He has kept a poker room, run a blacksmith shop, acted as undertaker and made a success as an extorter. We have sized him up pretty carefully and believe he will succeed in Washington. We pay him \$7 per week. What he gets outside of that he will have to skimpish for. He takes with him a furo layout, a lasso, two guns, a box of poker chips, six decks of cards, a warclub and a pair of moccasins, and every one in town will wish him good luck when he starts.

Among coming social events are two high teas and one low coffee by Mrs. Colonel Stagg. She has already ordered twenty-four blue bordered napkins, and those who know her ambition to excel will rest assured that nothing will be left undone to make these events a royal flush.

Mrs. Captain Deland returned from St. Paul last week and during a brief call at the office informed us that she intended to make society howl during the winter months. She has planned a lasses candy pull, two spelling bees, a birthday party and a swell reception, and some of her china cups and saucers she brought back with her cost a quarter apiece.

It is needless to add that we shall be in on the above named events as the acknowledged leader of the Four Hundred. Next week we will send our white shirt to the laundry and other- wise get ready for the opening of the social season.

Their Privileges.

"Here are mothers having an official day, and why can't the fathers have one too?"

"Oh! The fathers are trying now to keep attention off from their nights."—Baltimore American.

Paw Knows Everything.

While—Paw, can a woman keep a secret?"

"Paw—I don't know. I never heard of one trying, my son."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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With a summer suit—Now is the Time to buy, and buy right. We are making some specials for the Fourth of July trade. Call in and see some of our patterns.

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W. W. BOSCOW



JULY 3 AND 4

FREE DANCING IN PAVILION THROUGHOUT DAY

Free Motion Pictures, Evenings of Third and Fourth. All Kinds of Races and Field Contests. Liberal Prizes For PUBLIC WEDDING ON GROUNDS

BASEBALL BETWEEN HILLSBORO AND BANKS

FIRE WORKS IN THE EVENING