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BOWSER GETS HIS.

Mrs. Bowser Obtains the Bulge in the Family Row.

SHE DECLARES FOR A CHANGE

He Comes Home With His Usual Grouch, but Before He Has a Show the Mistress Tells Him His Short-comings—He Walks and Wonders.

By M. QUAD.
(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

MRS. BOWSER was going to catch it! Things had gone wrong with Mr. Bowser all day. He had got on a sock with a hole in the heel; his shirt collar had chafed his neck; he had found a table napkin in his pocket in place of a handkerchief; his luncheon was poor; a man had called at the office and almost called him a liar. There were other things to vex and annoy him, and, of course, one and all could and should be laid at Mrs. Bowser's door. She wasn't the wife she should be or things couldn't go wrong.

She was looking out of the window as he got off the car. One look was enough. That bunch to his shoulders and his shuffling feet told the story. She drew a long breath and walked into the hall, and the moment his nose came into view past the door she exclaimed: "What on earth's the matter with you? You are ten minutes late this evening. Next time you can go to a chop-house. I don't propose to have my dinner spoiled that you may dilly dally along the road somewhere."

"Never you mind about woman, but come along to your dinner. No wife can run a house as it ought to be run with such a husband as you are. I heard you kick the gate open as you came in."

"Yes, by thunder, I did, and—"
"No more oaths around here, sir, for I won't stand for it! And don't kick



MAN WITH THE COW MADE A SNEAK.

that gate open again. If you do I'll have it taken off and sold to the junk man. All the neighbors call you the old gate kicker, and I have been humiliated long enough."

The Notification.

Mr. Bowser sat down at the table. He grew red and white. Things were not going just as he had planned. He opened his mouth to get in a hot shot, but was checked by:

"I have got to have a long talk with you after dinner. This house has got to be reorganized and run on a different basis—that is, you have got to be reorganized. I have to waste ten minutes every morning waking you up. I'm tired of it. Tomorrow morning you'll either roll out of bed at the first call or I'll throw cold water on you."

"What! What! Throw cold water on me!" he shouted. "Just exactly, and I want to speak about your shouting the way you do. It's vulgar; it's boisterous. You yell like the boss over a lot of dogs in a cellar excavation. Quit it!"

"Madam, I'm Bowser!"
"And I'm Mrs. Bowser. You talk about being Bowser as if it were something great. Who was Peter Bowser, your father? Who was Nancy Bowser, your mother? There have been Bowsers in jail, but I have never heard of one being in congress."

Mr. Bowser couldn't eat. He choked up and flushed from red to white and back again. Was that Mrs. Bowser before him? Was this the twentieth century?

"You filled up the furnace before you went away this morning," she continued, "and when you came up you left the gas burning full tilt. I did not discover it until an hour ago. That's an old trick of yours. That accounts for our outrageous gas bills. Next time you do such a thing you'll hear from me in a way you won't like."

"Who—who pays the gas bills?" he stammered.
"Never mind that, Mr. Bowser. If you are through with dinner come upstairs. I've only just begun this talk. We will either talk it out or see our respective lawyers about a divorce and alimony. Come, sir!"

Other Regulations Declared.
He went. He didn't intend to. He intended to sit there and pound on the table and shout, but he gave it up and followed her to the sitting room. She placed a chair for him, motioned for him to sit down and then walked to and fro with folded arms as he had often done. Presently, as he was about to break out, she halted and said:

"I want you to either quit smoking altogether or buy a cheaper brand of cigars. I want that money for gloves and hosiery."

"I—I quit—smoking!"
"I mean it, sir. You belong to about ten different clubs, and your dues and donations foot up \$300 or \$400 a year. Cut the clubs down to two. That money is to go to buy me hats. Send in your resignations tomorrow."

"Never mind what you want to say, I am doing the saying now. Yesterday

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"And you are talking to me, are you?" asked Mr. Bowser as he rubbed his eyes and looked again.

"Right to you, sir. We are about out of coal again. Whose fault is it? Yours, sir. You come home to trot down cellar and shovel half a ton into the furnace, no matter how warm it is, and then I have to open the windows. Let the furnace alone after this. And I want to speak to you about the cellar being whitewashed this spring. You will at once say you will do it yourself and save \$1,000. You'll do nothing of the kind. I won't have you putting around the house."

"By the great horn spoon, Mrs. Bowser!" he exclaimed as he stood up. But she pointed her finger at him, and he slowly sank down again.
"Cut the spoons out, sir! You are not in a saloon, but in the house of Mrs. Bowser. If you wish to remain here be careful of your language. You are groaning and looking around the room in a helpless way. Mrs. Bowser claiming the house!"

"It's about time you brought home another patent fire escape. There'll be a row raised over the next one that comes into the house, and you might as well know it now. If this house takes fire in the night and you haven't energy enough to jump down into the front yard you can stay and get warmed up. Perhaps a few blisters might do you good."

Mrs. Bowser Holds the Floor.

"I—I—I—" "I have the floor, Mr. Bowser. In your sleep the other night you were talking about flying machines. If you are thinking of investing in any such mad look out for me. There'll be flying, but it will be something besides the machine that will spread its wings. And you were muttering something about going in search of Dr. Cook. You drop it. Dr. Cook knows where he is, and that's enough."

"Have—have I gone crazy or have you?" asked Mr. Bowser in very quiet tones.
"You are just on the verge of going to a lunatic asylum, but I hope to save you. You have delusions. You think you are the boss of this house. You think you can tick gates and doors open and slam around as you please. You think you can read me lessons on economy and then come home and blow about what a poor dinner I set before you. You think, like a bull, that the louder you roar the sooner you will scare somebody. You must cut it out or I'll have you sent to an asylum. You are really getting to be dangerous. Now put on your hat and coat and take a walk and try to get the cobwebs out of your brain."

"I—I think I will," he said, and he did. He went down to the corner and then entered the drug store. He softly approached the counter and whispered to the druggist:

"Say, say, who am I?"
"Why, Thompson, of course," was the ready reply as the druggist caught on.

Mr. Bowser looked at him a moment in a queer, puzzled way and then turned around and tiptoed out. He had come home to raise a row, and where was he now?

Defining an Art Patron.
"Is your husband so very fond of art?"
"Art! He doesn't know a Raphael from a hair cut."

"Why, I understood him to say that he was an art patron."

"Patron! That man wouldn't trade a club sandwich for a Bouguereau! What does he mean by calling himself an art patron?"

"Why, he says it costs him ten thousand a year to pay for the bogus masters the smooth dealers coax you to buy, and that makes him an art patron."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Onward and Upward.
"We should keep going onward and upward," said the earnest citizen, "with our minds fixed on higher things."

"That's what I'm doing," replied the busy person. "I have traded my automobile in as part payment on an aeroplane."—Washington Star.

Batting Average.
Crimsonbeak—I see they've fired Bill off the ball team.
Yeast—What's wrong? I thought his batting average was pretty high?
"That's the trouble, it seems. He'd been on eight 'bats' in two weeks!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Part of the Census.
Some are born good, some make good, and others are caught with the goods.—Life.

Art and Anatomy.
Said Venus Eye McCluskey:
"I think it is a shame!
I'm pretty as a picture,
But I've such an awful frame!"



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