

BOWSER'S WIFE TURNS

Has Scheme to Make Thousands of Dollars Raising Rabbits.

EXPLAINS IT TO HUSBAND.

He Promptly Vetoes Plan as Impracticable, and It Prevents His Annual Hunting Trip—Calls Her First Class Crank.

[Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McClure.] "Is dinner all ready?" asked Mr. Bowser as he came home from the office the other evening in something of a rush.

"Yes, all ready to the minute," replied Mrs. Bowser, "but I hope you are not going out this evening."

"I've got to. I've got a dozen things to see to. Tomorrow I go snipe hunting. It's my annual hunt, you know. I've got to borrow a shotgun, a game bag and a lot of other things. I shall be off at daylight and make a long day of it. I stopped and saw the butcher as I came along, and he says he'll take six dozen snipe, and I can probably dispose of six dozen more to other butchers in the neighborhood. We won't want over two dozen for our own use."

"Then you calculate on at least fourteen dozen birds?" asked Mrs. Bowser. "All of that and perhaps two or three dozen extra. Something will depend on the weather, of course. Tell the cook that I want breakfast at 5 o'clock in the morning."

"Very well."

"And you can get out my hunting suit this evening."

"Yes."

"I won't need any lunch. I'll take dinner with some farmer."

"I see."

Mr. Bowser was busy with his beefsteak and potatoes. Had he looked



"YOU WILL LEARN A GREAT DEAL ABOUT NATURAL HISTORY."

across at Mrs. Bowser he would have seen something unusual in her face. She had always vigorously opposed all his snipe hunts, and the fact that she had nothing to say on this occasion should have been a warning to him. It was not, however. He was in such a hurry that he gorged his food and cut himself short by fifteen minutes, but when he shoved back from the table with the remark that he would run over to Green's and see about borrowing his shotgun he was met by the observation:

"Mr. Bowser, I would like to see you in the sitting room for a few minutes before you go."

"See me? See me? Eh? Eh?" he replied in surprise.

"Yes. I have a few words to say to you."

He looked at her in a puzzled way and noticed that her jaw was set, and there was a bit of wonder in his mind as he followed her upstairs.

"Mr. Bowser," she began as she turned on him, "there was a lady here today who has been raising rabbits for market for the last three years and is making money hand over hand. She has offered me a chance to go into the business and get rich at it, and I have accepted."

"Rabbits for market?" he queried. "Just so. She sells 10,000 a year to the butchers, and she also sells as many pets. It is all profit after you once get started. You know the wonderful fecundity of the rabbit. Every pair will increase twenty times over in two years. I have figured it out, and—"

"But stop right there, Mrs. Bowser! How does it come that you take this thing up without consulting me?"

"Just the way it comes that you have taken up a score of things without consulting me. You are anxious to make money. So am I. You didn't say anything to me when you wanted to go into the dairy business, the sheep business, the onion business, the balloon business and twenty other things. I am talking to you now, however. I am telling you that I have figured it all out, and after two years we shall have an income of ten thousand a year."

"Look here, woman!"

"Don't interrupt me, please. We must have ten acres of ground and a hundred pairs of rabbits to start with. I can get the rabbits any day of the woman. You rise at daylight to go and shoot the festive snips. I rise at daylight with you to go and look for the ten acres of land. I want ten acres!"

"You don't want anything of the kind!" shouted Mr. Bowser as the purple came to his face.

Needed Ten Acres of Land.

"I want ten acres of hillside, you know. The rabbits furnish their own

burrows. This saves us a clean thousand dollars a year. We throw them a sweet apple now and then, but for the most part they live on sorrel, burdocks, pigweeds and what else they can pick up in the inclosure. The only money to pay out is for the land and the wire fencing. After that everything that comes in is velvet. I have made a most conservative estimate, and according to my figures we shall have an income of—

"An income of not a darned cent!" shouted the snipe hunter as he jumped up and down. "Mrs. Bowser, I positively forbid you to invest one blamed dollar in any such nonsensical enterprise!"

"But mother will give me the money, and you can have nothing to say about it. It is for our mutual benefit, anyhow. You will share in what I make. I must have a rabbit boss, and the woman says I can afford to pay a salary of \$100 a month. You simply walk about the ten acres with a stick in your hand and keep the big rabbits from annoying and retarding the growth of the little ones. You are out in the air all the time, and it will be good for your consumption, and then, too, you will learn a great deal about natural history."

"Woman!" he managed to ejaculate as he stood before her with face changing color every moment.

"I will attend to all sales and collections, and you will simply see that the rabbits have a happy time of it. The woman says that ten acres of land will grow half a million rabbits. Dressed rabbits will sell at the warren for 15 cents each. The pelts will be snipped up at 10. The clear profit on every animal is 20 cents. When we get to selling a million a year you can see—"

"Mrs. Bowser," said Mr. Bowser in a hoarse whisper, "I forbid it! I positively forbid it! If you go into the rabbit business I'll get a divorce!"

"That's not a bit generous of you," she replied as she turned away to hide the twinkle in her eyes. "You have bought fire escapes, new milk cows, chickens, pigs, goats, dogs and a dozen patent rights, and I never threatened divorce. I don't think it's fair. However, should you get a divorce you see that it would leave me a rich woman. If the rabbit boss in my employ was a man who seemed to be consulting my interests and was kind to the rabbits—"

Sees Bright Prospects.

"You'd marry him!" was yelled at her.

"It might turn out that way, Mr. Bowser, but I hope to make you see things my way. I put \$2,000 into it next spring, and within three years we are drawing an income of \$10,000 a year. We are relieved from work, our future is assured, and if we want to take a trip to Europe the rabbits keep right on increasing during our absence. I will get up at the same time you do in the morning, and—"

"But you won't!"

"And while you are killing a cart load of snipe I'll be looking for ten acres of land eligibly situated. The soil should be sandy in order that the rabbits won't hurt their toes in digging their burrows. It should also have a southern exposure, as rabbits like the winter sun. The woman said—"

"That will do, Mrs. Bowser—not another word on the subject. This family is not going into the rabbit business—not this week."

"But what's the difference between rabbit and snipe?" she asked.

"Who said anything about snipe?"

"You said you were going snipe shooting tomorrow."

"Never said anything of the kind, never mentioned the name snipe. I couldn't get away from the office if I wanted to. Mrs. Bowser, I have observed with pain and grief that you are getting to be a first class crank, and we certainly have got to have a long and plain talk together ere long and come to a better understanding than we have."

And then he went out into the autumn night and walked around, and as he walked he thought, and his biggest thought was that Mrs. Bowser was kicking over the domestic traces and must be watched more closely in the future. M. QUAD.

Going One Better.

Drummer—Your rival that runs the American House seems to be up to date. He says he has turkey, auto killed, every few days.

Landlord (Engle House)—Shucks! That ain't much. Why, we have wild turkey killed by aeroplane.—Chicago News.

His First After Dinner Speech.

As it seemed to him.—Harper's Weekly.

What Does He Catch?

"When a married man goes for a train late in the morning he misses it," remarked the observer of events and things, "but when he goes home later at night he usually catches it."—Youkers Statesman.

Appreciative.

"Do you enjoy good health nowadays?"

"Oh, yes—whenever I have it."—Cleveland Leader.

MY OWN FAMILY USE PE-RU-NA.



HON. GEORGE W. HONEY. Hon. George W. Honey, National Chaplain U. V. U., ex-Chaplain Fourth Wisconsin Cavalry, ex-Treasurer State of Wisconsin, and ex-Quartermaster General State of Texas G. A. R., writes from 1700 First St., N. E., Washington, D. C. as follows:

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Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

UNSOLICITED FRIENDSHIP.

You cannot ignore the mosquito. He doesn't retreat at your scolding. And no invitation is needed.

He searches you out without warning. No one, though you did him a favor. Could make a pretense to be kinder. He comes to you singing his sweetest, And going he leaves a reminder.

Although on your dignity standing, Preferring to be but a stranger, He isn't rebuffed by your coldness, But comes like an ox to the manger. He does not delay for permission Or ask if you have an objection. Like one who has rights of possession, He samples your lovely complexion.

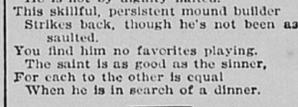
His calling is not ostentatious. For when you are reading or writing He stealthily comes without knocking And straightway proceeds with his biting.

And e'er you're aware of his presence Or gathered that things are not normal He has done what requires an expression In language that isn't quite formal.

You cannot ignore the mosquito. He is not by dignity halted. This skillful, persistent mound builder Strikes back, though he's not been assaulted.

You find him no favorites playing. The saint is as good as the sinner, For each to the other is equal When he is in search of a dinner.

The Standard Cure.

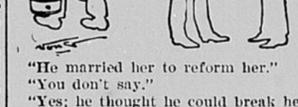


"He married her to reform her."

"You don't say."

"Yes, he thought he could break her of the habit of wanting to turn in every time she saw an ice cream sign."

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AN EASY PROBLEM.

The Old Man Was in No Danger If He Followed Directions.

The druggist had written it on the labels and also cautioned the old negro by word of mouth that the contents of one bottle were for internal use and the other for external use, but he hadn't got a block away before he stopped a pedestrian to ask the difference.

"Why, one is for external and the other for internal use," was the reply.

"But which is it?"

"This is for external. External means outside, you know. You rub it on."

"Yes, sah."

"And the other you swallow."

"Yes, sah. But s'posin' I dun git dem bottles mixed up arter I git home?"

"Yes, you may do that. Have you got a wife?"

"Sah, sah."

"Well, then, let her take the contents of one bottle, and you rub your legs with the other. Understand?"

"I does, sah," said the old man, with a look of admiration, "and I's mighty thankful to yo' 'bout it. Befo' de Lawd, but when dese yere niggers roun' yere putend to assimilate de conspicuity alongside a white man dey don't come within a hundred miles of it."

Unsuccessful Diagnosis.

The man's cough grew worse, so he resorted to the physicians.

"From the stomach, I think," said Dr. Sinton.

"Pardon me. There is no such thing as a cough from the stomach," answered Dr. Modern.

"From the effects of vaccination, I should say," announced Dr. Nature.

"Indeed," replied his colleague, Dr. Sinton, "let me remind you that (except tetanus, blood poisoning and graft) there are no evil effects of vaccination."

"Well," said Dr. Experiment, "it is not to be expected that we should all agree—"

"On one thing we are agreed," cried Dr. Getrox. "That is to charge \$5 apiece."

But the widow refused to pay.—New York Life.

Attractive Menu.

The old colonel had just "taken the starch out" of his colored stable boy for some words of impertinence.

"And now, sah," said the old colonel as he mopped his brow, "if you had known I was going to make you eat your words you would never have said what you did, would you?"

"No, cunnel," hesitated the boy. "Ah would have nebber used dem words."

"And what words would you have used, sah?"

"Well, if I had known you was going to make me eat dem Ah wouldn't have used any words but 'chicken, pie en pound cake,' sah."—Houston Post.

Right Again.



The Intelligent Officer (seeking to explain the motorist's situation)—Ah, I suppose yer'd bin warned, as there was a p'lice trap 't'her side of the bridge!—Sketch.

Nervy.

"I wanted lump sugar," exclaimed the angry customer as he looked over the packages. "What does that grocer mean by sending me soft A sugar?"

"Well," laughed the grocer's boy as he moved nearer the door, "he said if you didn't like it you could lump it."—Chicago News.

Irish Names.

Names wid the musical hit of a troll to thim,

Names wid a rollickin' swing an' a roll to thim,

Names wid a body an' bones an' a soul to thim—

Shure, an' they're poethry, darlint asthore!

Names wid the odor o' dillisk an' peat to thim,

Names wid a lump o' the turf hangin' sweet to thim—

Where can yez bate thim the whole wurru'd o'er?

Brannigan, Flannigan, Mulligan, Gilligan, Tufty, McJuffly, Mallarky, Mahone, Rafferty, Lafferty, Connolly, Donnelly, Doolley, O'Hooley, Muldowney, Malone, Maddigan, Caddigan, Hallahan, Callahan, Fagan, O'Hagan, O'Houlihan, Flynn, Shanahan, Lannan, Fogarty, Hogarty, Kelly, O'Sickey, McGinnis, McGinn.

Names wid a fine old Libbertan sheen to thim,

Names wid the dewy shamrock clingin' green to thim,

Names wid a whiff o' the honest potheen to thim—

Shure, an' they're beautiful, darlint asthore!

Names wid the taste o' the salt o' the earth to thim,

Names wid the warmth o' the ancestral hearth to thim,

Names wid the blood o' the land o' their birth to thim—

Where can yez bate thim the whole wurru'd o'er?—Boston Post.

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