

## The Bowser Family

Why They Won't Go to the San Francisco Exposition

By M. QUAD

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Mrs. Bowser was in the front hall looking around to see if there was a pin or a shirt button lying around loose for Mr. Bowser to stumble over and read her a lesson on extravagance, when he came running up the steps and almost took the door off its hinges as he entered.

"What on earth!" she started to say, when he seized her in his arms and danced about and cried:

"We'll go! We'll go and put in at least three months!"

The cat came out of the sitting room and joined the waltz, and it was two minutes before Mrs. Bowser got a chance to ask what it all meant.

"It means San Francisco exposition!" he replied as he chuckled her under the chin. "Hey, little woman, but how does that strike you?"

"You don't mean that we are to go?"

"Of course I do. I've made a ten strike in stocks, and away we go to Frisco! I couldn't wait to get home to tell you. Does the good news astonish you?"

"It doesn't seem possible!" she gasped.

"I thought it would take your breath away. Come on; let's have dinner. Eh, tootsy wootsy? Going to see the west and the exposition, are you?"

Mr. Bowser was like a boy with a new sled, and Mrs. Bowser was most



POINTED TO ONE OF THE BACK WINDOWS

dumb with astonishment and anticipation. Twice during the meal he got up to go around to her and pat her on the head and ask her how many dresses she wanted, and as he put his arm around her going upstairs the cat followed on behind and winked at her own whiskers and said it was something she never saw in that house in all her life before.

"Now, then, sweetie," said Mr. Bowser as he sat down to his cigar, "in the morning you take \$500 and get an outfit, and if that is not enough take \$1,000. I'll go and engage passage, buy two new trunks and what clothes I need, and within a few months from today we land in San Francisco with our hats on our ears."

"But I never thought we could go," she said.

"Probably not, as I didn't know how things would turn out, and I didn't want to raise false hopes. You may have observed, Mrs. Bowser, that I never fly off the handle. I just coolly and calmly wait till a thing is assured before I holler over it. Yes; we are off to the great exposition, and we'll see the west at last."

In her happiness Mrs. Bowser shed tears.

"Come, now, tootsy, none of that," he said as he rose up and kissed her. "You deserve all I can do for you. You have been one of the best little wives any man ever had, and I want you to know how much I appreciate it. I've been brusque and short with you sometimes, but you have never doubted my love, have you?"

"Never. I wish every woman had as good a husband."

"And I wish every man had as good a wife. There have been times when you ought to have taken the poker and whacked me over the head, but you never lose your temper. Mrs. Bowser, do you know that sometimes I believe you are an angel from heaven?"

"But you mustn't believe it," she replied, beginning to be a bit alarmed over his goody goodness.

"But I do. I am an old kicker and faultfinder and deserve to be booted, and you are an angel of earth and deserve forty gold medals for living with me."

"And so we can afford to go to San Francisco, can we?" she asked, hoping to turn the conversation.

"You bet. Frisco for three months, and we'll live on the fat of the land. Darling, do you know I was thinking of a little incident in our lives as I came up on the car? It was about our playing euchre one evening. Do you remember that you beat me seven straight games and how mad I got? I called you a cheat and a swindler, and I kicked over chairs and said I'd get a divorce, and you—you—"

"Oh, I've forgotten!" she laughed.

"Do you think we'll be ready to start for Frisco in time?"

"Of course. But I want to talk about that game of euchre. I even tried to make you believe that an ace would take the joker. Ha, ha, ha! As I look back and remember how mean I was I wonder that you didn't pick up a chair and fell me to the floor. It would have served me just right. Is it any wonder that when I think of these things I call you an angel?"

"You are a dear, good man, and let's talk about the wardrobe I am to get. If I have to have four or five dresses made—"

"And about our old love letters," he interrupted as he began to walk about. "There isn't the least doubt that I wrote a heap of silly nonsense, but on two or three occasions when you have said I did I got mad and raised a row. Yes, sir, I remember of one letter in which I said I had kissed the tracks you left in a cranberry swamp, and yet when you told me of it I howled about divorce. My dear angel, can you ever pardon me?"

"Of course. Won't you tell me how long it takes to go to Frisco?"

"About five days, I think. And there's another thing I want to refer to. One day I came home and found you on the lounge with a sick head ache. You tried to get up and welcome me, but you could not. You were dreadfully sick, but did I pity you? Did I sympathize with you? Did I order you tea and toast and sit beside you as a decent husband should? No! I brutally told you that any lady who would walk around the block bareheaded ought to have seven teen sick headaches, and I left you to the mercy of the cook and bounced off to the club. Mrs. Bowser, can you will you—ha! What's that?"

Mr. Bowser stood stiffly erect in the middle of the room and pointed to one of the back windows. The cat stood beside him and looked in the same direction.

"Yes, the glass is cracked," said Mrs. Bowser. "A boy threw a stone from the alley."

"Cracked! Ruined! Destroyed!" hoarsely whispered Mr. Bowser, with his finger still pointing. "And this is the way you run my house! This is the way my wife looks after my interests!"

"But a boy threw a stone," she protested.

"A boy! A stone! And you were right here?"

"Yes. But how could I help it?"

"How do I help it? Are stones thrown when I am here? Fifty dollars' worth of glass ruined through your want of care! It's no use—no use!"

"That pane only cost 75 cents, and I say that I can't stand in the alley and prevent boys from throwing."

"Mrs. Bowser, we need not discuss the matter further," he said as he turned away. "I came here with a heart full of love and kindness to find my home a scene of ruin and desolation. This ends our going west."

"But you won't give up the trip because a boy cracked a pane of glass, will you?"

"I will. The trip is off! There will be no Frisco for us. It is not the broken glass I look at, but the principle of the thing. As a wife and housekeeper you are a flat failure. For anything you might do to prevent, this house could be torn down and carted off by bulldozers!"

"But how foolish of—"

"That will do, woman—that will do! I have given you trial after trial, and it has always resulted the same way—ruin and desolation. I have no doubt the back fence is broken down, the woodshed carried off and most of the foundations of the house removed. Our money will be needed right here for repairs. I am now going for a little stroll, and should any one call for me you can say I am not at home until noon tomorrow."

"But how can you blame me?"

"Woman, the subject is closed. Good evening to you—good evening!"

**Bestowal of a Name.**

"What are you going to name the baby?" asked the interested neighbor.

"I hadn't thought of that," replied Mr. Groucher. "What I have been worrying about is what he is going to call me. Parents take a whole lot of trouble about a christening, but the father never manages to protect himself against being called 'pop' or 'the old man' when the infant grows older."—Washington Star.

**Silver Lining.**

The Spinster—How many secret lodges did you say your husband belonged to?

The Wife—Fifteen.

The Spinster—My goodness! Just think of a man being out fifteen nights a week! I'm glad I'm an old maid.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**First Aid.**

"If you were called upon to deal with a hysterical person," asked the examiner at the emergency class, "what would you do?"

"I'd amputate his funny bone," said the student, with a turn for surgery and humor.—Pittsburgh Press.

**Stability of Style.**

Mr. Knagg—I wish I lived where the styles in dress never change.

Mrs. Knagg—Try the penitentiary.—New York Globe.

**Almost.**

"I do not want a prince," said she when she was thirty-four.

"For I have learned, alas, to be particular no more."

"I've somehow lost the spirit to be young and kittenish. An ordinary man will do."

She almost got her wish.—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Uncle Sam's Money Factory.**

Uncle Sam's great money factory in Washington is one of the wonderful sights of the world. Housed in a building 580 feet long and with four wings each 285 feet deep, it takes 32,844 panes of glass to admit light to its four stories. The structure of the bureau of engraving and printing is built of Indiana limestone and it presents to the shining Potomac, which it faces, a row of columns on the front as imposing as those on the east side of the treasury.

This probably is the finest manufacturing plant in the world, a point of scientific equipment to conserve the health and comfort of its inhabitants. Two of the great roofs are given over to the employees for recreation purposes, one for men and the other for the women.

A hospital equipped for surgical operations and physicians of each sex are provided. The hospital treats about forty-five patients a day for accidents and illness, but many of these troubles are of a minor character. As more than 4,000 men and women are employed in the building, some of them working nights, about 1 per cent only require medical attention.—Chicago News.

**Schools of Finland.**

The folk schools of Finland are particularly fine, with their cooking apartments, gymnasiums, manual training and needlework. Every school has excellent bathing facilities, and the poorest children are fed at the schools. There are little zoological museums in most of the schools.

There are so many varieties of schools, besides the folk schools, elementary and higher; there are lycées, schools of forestry, of agriculture and of navigation, schools for training teachers, commercial schools, technical, music and art schools, etc. There are three large garden schools in Finland, where boys as well as girls are taught cooking. "They must learn to cook what they grow," said one of the teachers. The dairy schools are particularly interesting. Dairying comes second among the industries of Finland. The pupil must have worked for one year at a butter factory before he or she will be admitted to the school.—Christian Herald.

**Tests of Civilization.**

It is only vulgar minds that mistake bigness for greatness, for greatness is of the soul, not of the body. In the judgment which history will hereafter pass upon the forty centuries of record ed progress toward civilization that now lie behind us, what are the tests it will apply to determine the true greatness of a people? Not population—nor territory, nor wealth, nor military power. Rather will history ask: What examples of lofty character and unselfish devotion to honor and duty has a people given? What has it done to increase the volume of knowledge? What thoughts and what ideals of permanent value and unexhausted fertility has it produced in poetry, music, and the other arts to be an unending source of enjoyment to posterity? The small peoples need not fear the application of such tests.—James Bryce.

**The Blind Need Windows.**

Light has use, even if men cannot or will not see it. Haring Gould tells of an institution for the blind that was built in England without windows. "Why," argued the committee, "should we provide windows for those that cannot see out of them?" So scientific ventilation and heating were provided, but the walls were left unperforated by any pane of glass. But soon the poor inmates grew pale, and a great languor fell upon them. They fell sick, and one of two died. Then it was that the committee decided to open windows in the walls. In came the healing light, and the human plants responded to it at once in revived spirits, ruddy cheeks and restored health. Light is good, the Light of the World is good, even for those who shut their eyes.—Christian Herald.

**Scaling Fish.**

A Mississippi woman tells as follows in the Woman's Home Companion how to scale fish with a minimum of discomfort:

"Scaling fish as generally done is a disagreeable task, as scales fly in every direction. I have discovered that fish may be scaled without this trouble if they are held under water in a large pan during the operation. Have just enough water to cover the fish nicely."

**Sweet Return.**

She (tearfully)—Henry, our engagement is at an end, and I wish to return to you everything you have ever given me.

He (cheerily)—Thanks, Blanche! You may begin at once with the kisses.

They are married now.—London Telegraph.

**A Back Number.**

"I wouldn't dream of marrying him. Why, he said he would do everything to make me happy."

"What is wrong about that?"

"He ought to know that humans are put on earth to fulfill missions, not to be happy."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Jerrold as a Cynic.**

Ugliest of trades have their moments of pleasure. If I were a gravedigger or even a hangman there are some people I could work for with a great deal of enjoyment.—Douglas Jerrold.

**Not the Same Thing.**

"I bear young Spriggins has taken a partner for life."

"Not necessarily, but he's married."—Livingston Lance.

**Happy that earned it from another's grief.** Not to subject thyself to the same.—Hobbes.

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**The Way to Boston.**

Earlier in the day he had been sixteen miles from Boston. He was now only eleven miles away. The condition of his pockets was such that there was no way for him to reach the city without further wear on his shoes. Several automobiles had rushed past him to ward the city, but although he had looked at them appealingly, the drivers had made no sign that they were willing to help the footsore pedestrian.

He grew a little bitter as he put one foot up and the other foot down on the dusty road. Finally he was halted by the driver of a car that bore a Pennsylvania license number.

"Hey, there, do you know the way to Boston?"

"Yes, I do. Just follow me. I am going there."

The driver grinned. The tramp reached Boston in twenty minutes.—Youth's Companion.

**Round Shouldered Boys.**

Head up, chin in, chest out and shoulders back is a good slogan for a boy scout who desires an erect figure. One can scarcely think of a round shouldered scout. Yet there are such among the boys who desire to be scouts.

There is no particular exercise that a boy can take to cure round shoulders. The thing to remember is that all exercise that is taken should be done in the erect position, then the muscles will hold the body there.

An erect body means a deeper chest, room for the important organs to work and thus affords them the best chance to act.

A few setting up exercises each day in the erect position will help greatly to get this result.—Boy Scout Handbook.

**He Got There.**

The man was reading the front page of the newspaper as he walked across the busy street.

"Gee," he mused, "I'd like to get my name in big type on the front page of a newspaper."

Just then a street car bumped into the man.

He got his name on the front page of the next edition of the paper.

But he missed the story.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Cromwell's Seal.**

The seal of Oliver Cromwell, now in the possession of a prominent family in Wales, is a plain, gold mounted corundum stone five-eighths of an inch in diameter. It dates from 1653 and was used on several of Cromwell's deeds. All the Lord's prayer is engraved on it.—London Globe.

**Natural Anxiety.**

Lawyer (to hesitating client)—Revenge is sweet, remember. We'll fight this case to the bitter end. Client—But who'll get the bitter end, the other fellow or me?—Chicago News.

**Two of a Kind.**

"Bald heads remind me of kind words."

"Why so?"

"They can never dye, you know."—Boston Transcript.

**Caustic.**

"I wish I had your voice!"

"Yes, no doubt you do."

"Yes. If it belonged to me I could stop it when I liked, you see."

**Fusileers.**

"Fusil" was the old name for the flintlock to distinguish it from the matchlock, and fusileers were those who carried fusils.

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