

The Mirror's Music Library--No. 48.

MY LADY LOTUS.

Sung by CHERIDAH SIMPSON, Starring in the popular Light Opera "RED FEATHER."

Words by J. W. VanDermast.

Music by W. B. Korr.

Moderato.

1. In
2. She's

To - ki - o a tea house stands, With - in a gar - den fair,
sweet as cher - ry blos - soms pink, That scent the balm - y air,
Where Her

60

get - shes dwell, each one a belle With dark and glos - y hair,
eyes are bright as stars of night That spark /le ev - 'ry where;
A - She's

mong the girls there's one I know, The fair - est in Ja - pan, And ev - 'ry night by
dain - ty as Wis - ter - i - a, And when I see her dance, It's pit - ter pat my

Copyright, MCMVIII, by MURRAY MUSIC CO., New York. No. 60.

Chorus. *Slowly.*

lan - tern light, I mur - mur through her fan La - dy Lo - tus you
heart beats tap, For just a lov - ing glance

charm me, With Cu - pid's pow - er dis - arm me, Whether you smile or frown

60

Still from your eyes of brown, Summer comes peep - ing through La - dy Lo - tus I

rit.

love you, By Jap - an - ese skies a - boys you, To Dream - land you float us, My

1 2

sweet La - dy Lo - tus, Come grow in my gar - den, do. do.....

My Lady Lotus. 2 pp--2d p. No. 60.

MR. BOWSER QUILTS.

Everything Wrong at Home, He Seeks Peace Elsewhere.

HIS WIFE CALLS HIS BLUFF.

She Sings Merrily as He Departs. Turned From Boarding Houses—Old Maid's Fear of Possibilities—Returns For Phonograph Music.

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

It was after Mr. Bowser boarded a street car to come home the other evening that he got to thinking. He had come away in the morning with a frayed collar on. Mrs. Bowser was to blame.

One of his suspenders had given way during the day. If Mrs. Bowser was the right kind of wife could such a thing happen?

He had put on a sock with a hole in the heel, and it had hunched up and annoyed him all day. Some one was to blame, and who but Mrs. Bowser?

He had found a grease spot on the sleeve of his coat. He hadn't put it there. Some one must have got up in the night to do it, and who had the opportunity but Mrs. Bowser?

In slipping around on the sidewalk he had discovered that the heel of one shoe was run down. He couldn't exactly say that Mrs. Bowser had been sliding in his shoes, but wasn't it her duty as a wife to take notice of such things and tell him to stop at the cobbler's?

And then she was burning more coal than she ought, and he had no doubt that she lighted all the gas burners during the day to bankrupt him as soon as possible.

There were lots and lots of things to think of, and he was so busy about them that he was carried three blocks past his own street. Of course he had a row with the conductor about it, but Mrs. Bowser was primarily to blame and must be held responsible.

And he got home to find the gate standing wide open. Yes, sir, all the sheep, hogs and cows in town could walk right into the yard and nibble at the stone dog he had for ornament. They might even bite his tail off.

And right on the top step was a hairpin—a hairpin that must have cost a quarter of a cent. It wasn't the cost so much as the principle of the thing. If Mrs. Bowser would throw hairpins outdoors, why not potatoes, milk and butter?

And, lastly, there was the rug. When he left home in the morning that rug was lying as straight as a line. Now it was all twisted around and hunched up to boot. If Mrs. Bowser was that careless of a rug, what could she be in money matters? Why, she must waste thousands of dollars a year!

A Grouch With the Dinner.

Mr. Bowser opened the door. There was no Mrs. Bowser to greet him. There was no cat. And right there on the hall tree, on the peg where he always hung his hat, was a dusting rag. If Mrs. Bowser would hang a dusting rag on his peg would she hesitate to murder him as he slept?

Oh, things were all wrong—dead wrong, and something had got to happen! He heard her down in the dining room, and he went down. He clumped on each step to give her notice that he was a determined man. She was bringing things to the dinner table and halted long enough to say: "The cook had to go to a funeral this afternoon, and that left me the dinner to get. Sit right down."

Mr. Bowser sat. Here was another grievance. There was a funeral. Who had he ought about that funeral? Why wasn't he telephoned to that there was a funeral? Was he Mr. Samuel Bowser or a mere cipher in this world?

Mrs. Bowser sat down after a moment and hoped he would like the dinner and that she had taken particular pains with the steak, but he did not answer. She gossiped a little, but he continued glum. She asked for news

about Dr. Cook, but he simply glared at her.

Here was another grievance. She must see by his look and attitude that he was put out about something—something that might be positively dreadful—and yet she hadn't asked him to explain. No; she didn't care a cent. She would have treated a barberian the same way.

By and by he shoved back from the table and started upstairs. He expected to be called back, but no call came. Indeed, he had scarcely reach-

ed the door when he heard Mrs. Bowser singing "The Good Old Summer Time."

With that she tripped downstairs, and for a long minute Mr. Bowser stood like a man of stone. He'd been thrown down, and thrown hard. He had met the enemy and he was hers. He had bluffed and been called, and now to save his face he must go. He looked around the room and took a long farewell and then strode down the hall and banged the door after him. As it banged he heard Mrs. Bowser singing "The Good Old Summer Time."

Turned Away From Boarding Houses. Mr. Bowser felt all the feelings of a man who had turned himself outdoors. He walked down to the corner and then down to where he had seen a sign of rooms and board. He was five minutes making up his mind, and then he rang the bell. A hatchet faced woman came to the door. While he was announcing his mission she was sizing him up, and when he had finished she replied:

"You must have the best of references, sir."

"But my name is Bowser."

"That's nothing to me. I knew a murderer named Bowser once."

"Woman, don't talk!"

But she shut the door on his toes and saved the rest of his speech. He tried again one block below. A young man with a lip came to the door for his mamma. Mr. Bowser asked if he could get a front room and board, and the reply was:

"We had a maugh here who looked just liketh you, and he stote the towels."

"But what's that got to do with me?"

"Why, you might steal the sheets!"

Mr. Bowser invited him to come out and have his head punched, but he refused and shut the door and locked it. The next house appeared to be run by an old maid. At least one came to the

"I leave home tonight—now!"

"You are not going to climb Mount McKinley?"

"I am going because I can live here no longer. You are driving me out. I have got to go to a boarding house."

"I didn't know that I had driven you, but if you feel that you must go I hope you'll get a comfortable place. Don't take a back room. If you do the cats will be sure to bother you. Come around and see me when you have time. My office hours will be all day and all evening. Please excuse me now, as I have the rest of the dishes to finish. Be sure to get a front room."

With that she tripped downstairs, and for a long minute Mr. Bowser stood like a man of stone. He'd been thrown down, and thrown hard. He had met the enemy and he was hers. He had bluffed and been called, and now to save his face he must go. He looked around the room and took a long farewell and then strode down the hall and banged the door after him. As it banged he heard Mrs. Bowser singing "The Good Old Summer Time."

Turned Away From Boarding Houses. Mr. Bowser felt all the feelings of a man who had turned himself outdoors. He walked down to the corner and then down to where he had seen a sign of rooms and board. He was five minutes making up his mind, and then he rang the bell. A hatchet faced woman came to the door. While he was announcing his mission she was sizing him up, and when he had finished she replied:

"You must have the best of references, sir."

"But my name is Bowser."

"That's nothing to me. I knew a murderer named Bowser once."

"Woman, don't talk!"

But she shut the door on his toes and saved the rest of his speech. He tried again one block below. A young man with a lip came to the door for his mamma. Mr. Bowser asked if he could get a front room and board, and the reply was:

"We had a maugh here who looked just liketh you, and he stote the towels."

"But what's that got to do with me?"

"Why, you might steal the sheets!"

Mr. Bowser invited him to come out and have his head punched, but he refused and shut the door and locked it. The next house appeared to be run by an old maid. At least one came to the

door, and as soon as the request was made she answered:

"Do you kick about your meals?"

"Why, I expect good living."

"Are you a married man?"

"I expect I am."

"Then I'm afraid you'd make love to me. They always do, you know."

"I'm not making love to anybody."

"Then you are a bad, bad man, and I'd rather not take you. You see, a girl!"

Mr. Bowser walked down the steps and straight to his own door. He took off his overcoat and hat and walked through to the sitting room, and as Mrs. Bowser looked up from her book he said:

"I was going to a club, but I changed my mind. Let's set that old photograph going and have some music!"

Euchred. While occupying the pastorate of a western church in his early career Dr. George H. Luntz, and a deacon whose character had always been above reproach until a certain prayer meeting which followed a sermon during which the elder had soundly scolded, he said:

"Wid Brother Jones kindly read" was asked by the pastor at the beginning of the prayer service.

Waking with a start at the mention of his name, the deacon almost broke up the service by replying: "I led last time. It's your turn. What are trumps?"—Philadelphia Record.

April 23 in American History. 1813—Stephen Arnold Douglas, statesman, Democratic contemporary of Abraham Lincoln, born; died 1861. 1852—General Solomon Van Rensselaer, noted soldier, died; born 1774. 1800—The famous national Democratic convention met in Charleston. The convention divided on the issue of slavery, and two Democratic tickets were ultimately made, giving the election to Lincoln. 1905—Joseph Jefferson, veteran actor, died; born 1820. 1809—Former United States Senator William M. Stewart of Nevada died in Washington; born 1837.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS. (From noon today to noon tomorrow.) Sun sets 6:45, rises 6:04; moon sets 8:25 a. m.; 3:09 a. m.; Halley's comet rises: 8:14 a. m., eastern time, full moon in constellation Virgo; 9:00 a. m., eastern time, moon at apogee, farthest from earth; distant 352,500 miles.

CITY NATIONAL BANK.
COR. MAIN AND CENTER STS.
CAPITAL STOCK \$100,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$38,000.

OFFICERS
I. A. MERCHANT, President. D. H. LINCOLN, Cashier.
D. R. CRISINGER, Vice President. J. H. WETMORE, Asst. Cashier.
A share of your banking business solicited.
Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent, Interest paid on Deposits.

DIRECTORS:
Isaac A. Merchant, F. A. Huber, D. R. Crisinger, James B. Gentry,
John D. Owens, Dr. C. E. Sawyer, Busby P. Sweney, Charles E. Mc Elvy,
George W. King, George E. Salmon, A. E. Cheney, E. H. Evans,
Dan Evans.

The Marion National Bank
Marion, Ohio
UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY.
Capital \$200,000.00. Surplus \$70,000.00.
Undivided Profits \$20,000.00.

Accounts of Corporations, Farmers, Firms and Individuals Solicited.
A General Banking Business Transacted.
Drafts issued on Foreign Countries
INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.

OFFICERS: J. E. Weddell, President. Charles N. Phillips, Cashier.
C. E. Sawyer, Vice President. Earl J. Lee, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS:
J. E. Weddell, H. B. Hane, C. W. Brels, Geo. W. King, C. Wollenweber, F. A. Huber, Martin J. Sarks.

"DON'T NEGLECT YOUR"
Fire Insurance.

SEE
FRED W. PETERS, 110 1-2 South Main Street

Using the want ads of the Mirror a Scotchman has invented a new has saved many a dollar. Why not life-saving apparatus which is capable of throwing a life belt a mile.

MADAME DEAN'S
FRENCH PILLS.
FEMALE PILLS.

A SAFE, CERTAIN, AND LIFELONG REMEDY FOR ALL MENSTRUATION, BILIOUSNESS, HEADACHE, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE BOWELS. Sent free on trial, to be paid for when relieved. Samples free. Insist on getting the genuine, except to substitute. If your druggist does not have them send your orders to the

UNITED MEDICAL CO., Box 74, Lancaster, Pa.

Sold in Marion by D. T. Maloney & Son