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Spokane College, Spokane, Wash.

BOWSER AND THE RATS

He Believes Rodents Have Been Misunderstood.

STARTS AN INVESTIGATION.

Studies Natural History—Mrs. Bowser Interrupts Samuel's Researches and a Mishap Terminates His Work. Will Seek Revenge Later.

By M. QUAD.
(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

THE Bowser family had finished dinner and were settling down for the evening when a loud scream from the cook, followed by her appearance on the basement stairs, caused Mr. Bowser to spring from his chair and cry out: "For heaven's sake, what has happened downstairs?"

"I—I went down cellar after coal, sir," replied the frightened female. "Well, did the coal bin scare you?" "No, sir; I saw a big rat."

"And what did he do?" "He looked at me, sir."

"Humph! Don't raise any more such rows over a rat."

"It would have frightened me," said Mrs. Bowser after the cook disappeared.

"That shows what a ninny you are. A rat is one of the most harmless animals in the world. You have to provoke him to the limit to make him bite you."

"But a rat is a rat."

"Yes, and a woman is a half idiot. You have known of rats since your childhood. You have never been bitten. No rat has even menaced you, and yet because he happens to be a rat instead of a rabbit you are his enemy."

"But you'll find that most persons think and feel as I do about it," she said.

"That is true, and it shows what little sense they have. A rat, Mrs. Bowser, can be made as great a pet as a dog. He can be taught tricks. He can be made a companion of, same as a canary bird. When he gets to understand the human voice he will obey."

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"And lots of rheumatism!" she added as she walked away.

For fifteen minutes Mr. Bowser hummed, whistled and swore, but without bringing back the rat. We all know him for a man of patience, however, and he hung right on. It was very quiet down there, and after a bit he began to nod. He roused up two or three times, but the nods finally became a doze. Then of a sudden an awful scream resounded through the house. Mrs. Bowser started downstairs and Mr. Bowser up. They met in the dining room. Five or six big rats were clinging to him, and his face was ghastly white and his eyes hanging out.

"Out of the back door!" screamed Mrs. Bowser as she led the way.

In a minute more Mr. Bowser was rolling over and over on the grass. This was more than the rats had bargained for, and they cut and ran. He rose up and galloped twice around the yard, and then Mrs. Bowser caught him and sternly said:

"You've gone out of the rat business! Come into the house with me!"

And it was all of half an hour later before he could say to her:

"Woman, don't think I don't understand whose hand is in this business and that I won't have my revenge at a proper time!"

A Changed Condition.
"It is nearly six months now since I have tasted meat."

"On a diet, eh?" "Yes."

"Have you noticed any change in your condition?" "I should say I have. I've been able to pay up nearly all my old debts. In another month I'll be absolutely independent."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Art's Discouragements.
"Why do so many theaters close in the summer time?" "Because," answered the burlesque manager, "people can't be expected to take much interest in comic opera costumes during the seaside bathing display."—Washington Star.

Doesn't Yet.
Brown—Yes, I'm acquainted with your wife, old man. I knew her before you married her.
Smith—Ah, that's where you had the advantage of me—I didn't!—New York Life.

But No More.
She—I think Professor Faddy's views are sound. Don't you, my dear?
He—Oh, yes; all sound.—Baltimore American.

Adoni da Barber.
Oh, yass, I lika playta wal
My beensies, aldough
Some time he sin't so pretta good
An' some time pretta slow.
I lika 'Meriana man.
He joka me, you bet,
An' some time upstave shave too queeck
An' gatta me upst.

Some time he gatta gay weeth me
An' sprees you calla "bull."
He tweest hees face an' say: "Oh gee!
You hava beega pull.
Why don't you sand you' razor to De blacksmith?" he say.
But I don't gatta mad weeth beem.
He hava such gooda way.

I lika shave been pretta wal
Ekeeg' some time may be
He eata da onion too much
An' some time choka me.
An' dan he joka me some more.
I know playta wal he can.
He say: "You talk by me by'ath
I am a strange man!"
—Boston Globe.

up a box of wit on. He had been ready en minutes when the rodent appeared. Mr. Bowser hadn't brought pencil and paper, but he made some mental notes, as follows:

"Some slight hesitation on the part of the rat, but as I smiled he came forward. I am probably the only human being that ever smiled at a rat and the only one to observe the immediate effect."

"Rat is now devouring the crumbs. Seems to have the utmost confidence in me."

"I uttered a cough, and the rat shied off. I smiled a smile, and he returned. A dog or cat is a fool beside a rat."

"Still eating and his confidence growing. He looks at me in a way that says he's willing to be friends if I am."

"I can now rise from the chair, and the rat remains undisturbed. Is there any other animal whose confidence can be won so speedily? Works on natural history ought to mention this."

"I have been softly humming the air of a song. Every action of the rat expresses pleasure. I am almost satisfied that a rat could be taught to warble within a few days. If he can, think what a saving of bird gravel!"

"I have just given utterance to several profane words, and the rat has retreated several feet and is looking at me reproachfully—another point not made in natural history. Clergymen are at liberty to use this incident from the pulpit, if they wish. It should have an instant effect."

"I am humming the air of a hymn, and the rat is almost at my foot and looking up at me as if he felt emotion. Can rats be influenced to lead better lives? If this one shows emotion over one hymn, what would he show at an old fashioned camp meeting? I may have struck a matter that the whole world will soon be arguing about."

"I have whistled a merry tune at the rat, and he has become more lively. Is it possible that rats' temperaments are the same as in human beings? Are there downcast rats and vivacious rats?"

Researches Abruptly End.
At this point Mrs. Bowser appeared at the head of the cellar stairs and called down to know how the rat question progressed. Mr. Bowser's rodent fled at once, and he shouted up:

"Didn't I tell you to keep quiet up there! Your coming has scared the rat away. Don't appear again. I'm getting some pointers that'll knock the naturalists colder 'n a wedge."

"And lots of rheumatism!" she added as she walked away.

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Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

THE very minute we have a case we see that it is different from all others and that no rules apply.

Serenity is the consolation a man has for having reached the condition of indifference.

But, then, a perfectly wise man wouldn't fit conditions, and he would have a most wretched time of it.

There are abundant reasons why all of us should do as we ought, but some of us aren't on speaking terms with them.

It is hard to convince a man that he is it when a bigger man is sitting on him.

Maybe we can't discover the north pole because some Norseman of long ago found it and used it for fuel.

There are people who are nothing if not spectacular, and rarely that.

The canning season being at hand, general nuisances should walk circumspectly.

Why it should be necessary to be uncomfortable in order to be comfortable is one of the inexplicable things.

People usually like to be on the ground when their special form of amusement is going on, but dynameters are the exception.

No Bond of Sympathy.
An earthquake I have never met
While strolling down the pike,
Nor am I curious a bit
To know what they are like.
I wouldn't care to call on down
Or try its wrath to stem.
If they will just let me alone
I'll do as much for them.

Some foolish people might desire
An earthquake for a pet,
But that would not appear to me
To be the one best bet.
I'd rather have a poodle dog
To follow me around
Than have the very finest quake
That ever shook the ground.

An earthquake is so very rude;
Ill mannered is no name
For all the capers that it cuts
In working out its game.
When it has in a reckless mood
Mused up some special spot
The owner of the place observes
His house won't fit his lot.

Experience is very fine—
It helps a man along—
But I will pass the earthquake up
And take some not so strong.
If in advance I can but know
Where it will run amuck
I'll take my family and my grip
And make a graceful duck.

No Visible Supply.
"Do you question my sanity?"
"Well, I might under some circumstances."

"What circumstances?"
"If I were ever to see enough of it to point a question at."

Caustic.
"They say she married a poor man."
"I can well understand that."
"Why?"
"Anybody would feel like exclaiming 'Poor man!' when speaking of the man she married."

Answered.
What steersman large would trouble
Or list to a suggestion
From common people coming?
That low, suggestive chuckle
Is answer to the question,
The situation summing.

Had It In For Him.
"Why don't you write a novel?"
"A novel?"
"Sure?"
"What for?"
"The critics."

Sure Remedy.
"They call her very beautiful."
"She must have taken treatment."
"No; her father struck oil."

Taking Chances.
"Don't point that gun at me."
"Don't be frightened. My finger wasn't near the trigger."
"That's all right. It might spring a leak."

Too Late.
Some fellows are so awful slow
They miss a lot of fun
By never picking winners
Until the race is run.

At the Bargain Sale.
"See," said his wife proudly; "I saved 20 cents by coming here today."
"Yes," growled her husband, "and I lost 45 worth of time coming with you."

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Send me your fine specimens of deer heads, animals, birds, and skins to be made into rugs, and see how much less I charge for a first-class job of mounting than others charge. Simply give me a trial, and be convinced. I will take good specimens in exchange for work, and also buy some for cash. Coyotes wanted—if you live close to town, bring them without skinning. Never bring any skins without skull. Price list on request.

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Fred McDermott, Captain
Kettle Falls

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Guy A. Young
Cronin, Wash.