

Bowser Strikes Chords

But He Does Not Make a Success at It

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By M. QUAD.

A year or so ago Mr. Bowser read in a magazine what many of thousands of others read. It was an article by a celebrated musical composer, who stated as a fact that there was a chord in music which would appeal to every living thing, from an elephant to a sea, and from a vulture to a canary



He Sat Down and Cried Like a Child.

bird. That chord might appeal to their sympathies, their aggressiveness, their loneliness, their joy, their calmness, and so on through the schedule.

The writer cited one case where an elephant had his sympathies wrought upon so that he sat down and cried like a child. There was also one where a man took a harp to a zoological garden and played on it in front of a tiger's cage. He hit the tiger's aggressive chord, and the animal got out of his cage and terribly bit and clawed two or three patients. Again, when he struck a lively chord of the hippopotamus, the old fellow went waltzing around and his eyes sparkled with joy.

"Egad!" Bowser said to himself. "I am going to prove the truth or falsity of that fellow's story about

I stay here where such things are going on."

Mr. Bowser hadn't hit it yet. The people across the alley, with the front of the houses facing on another street, had their back windows open, and his eye caught a human form seated at one of the windows.

"There's my chance," he whispered as his eyes came back to the keys. "It is a girl or woman who is in sorrow, and thinks there is no more joy or pleasure for her in this life. I will try and find the joy chord and give her a new emotion."

Mr. Bowser began with great deliberation to strike every key on the board from left to right, and he kept his eye on the figure in the window as he did so. He had almost reached the end, when he struck a chord that seemed to float out and quiver around with a sort of Fourth of July chorus. The figure instantly changed position, and the woman leaned out of the window and shook her fist and shouted:

"Ye old devil ye! Has a poor woman, who has been over the wash tub all day, got to submit to such an infernal racket as this, when she could catch a nap by this cool window. Stop that clatter or I will blow the whistle for a policeman, and he will soon yank you out of there!"

Mr. Bowser had failed again. Perhaps he should have played on a harp instead of a piano. He pulled on the curtain of the window, and was about to abandon his experiments, when the doorbell rang. He went to the door, and there stood a man with a bulldog, and the man said:

"This is Mr. Bowser, I believe."

"It is."

"Well, Mr. Bowser, the butcher was telling me that you wanted to buy a bulldog, and so I brought mine over. He is worth every cent of fifty dollars, but, as I am hard up just now, I will take half of that."

"I do not wish to buy a dog, of any kind," replied Mr. Bowser, "but I wish you would bring your dog in here a minute, and let me try an experiment on him."

"Is there another dog or cat in the experiment?" cautiously asked the man.

"Oh, no. I am going to play the piano a little, and see how he likes it."

"That won't do no harm, I think, but you must take the risk of it. A bull dog, Mr. Bowser, is an animal that you can't fool with. Sometimes he will lick your hide, and sometimes he will try to get at your throat. I will watch him closely, however, and I guess he will be all right."

The man took a seat, and the dog sat up and looked around him. If he had any idea at all, it was that his owner was going to sell him, and he had objections to that, for everything looked nice and comfortable. Mr.

NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON



Gave the Slackers a Little Lesson in Patriotism

WASHINGTON.—A certain Chinese restaurant was crowded the other night. All the tables were occupied but one, when in came a man in khaki. While waiting for his order he sped an automatic piano in one corner of the room. Over he went, pulled a five-cent piece out of his pocket and dropped it in the slot. The piano immediately began to play "The Star Spangled Banner."

The soldier stood up straight and looked around the room. Other diners rose to their feet, until all were standing with the exception of a man and two women who were seated at a table on the other side of the room.

The soldier looked at the seated ones, but his glances did not faze them. They went right ahead talking. Maybe they thought that "The Star Spangled Banner" played on an electric piano wasn't the same thing as the national anthem played by the Marine band. But the soldier didn't look at the matter in that light. He walked over to the table of those who had remained seated.

"See here," he said, in firm but courteous tones. "As long as I wear this uniform I propose to see to it that the national anthem is respected. I'm going to play that song some more, and when it is played I want you to stand up."

The musical instrument had quite a repertoire. The man in uniform had to feed it a large meal of nickels before it got around to "The Star Spangled Banner" again.

When the strains of that song finally rang out, the soldier stood straight. All the diners arose. Every man and woman stood, this time, while the song ran its course.

The soldier looked pleased, but said nothing. He kept feeding money into the piano. Every time "The Star Spangled Banner" came around, everybody in the room stood up.

Once more the national anthem came around. This time the man the two women who had refused to stand up in the first place made for the door.

The man had his hat on.

"Attention!" roared the soldier, in tones that shook the walls.

Off came the man's hat. And "The Star Spangled Banner" in triumph did flow from beginning to end before they did go.

Baby Is Last Representative of Famous Family

PHIL SHERIDAN III, three years old, is toddling about the nursery of his home, 1833 M street northwest, today, at play with his baby sister, apparently oblivious to the fact that on his tiny shoulders rests the burden of sustaining the fame of a line of American fighters that produced such heroes as the famous Civil war general whose name he bears and Gen. "Mike" Sheridan, the hard-fighting and hard-riding brother of General "Phil."

This weight of responsibility is placed on young "Phil" by the death of Brig. Gen. Michael V. Sheridan, and that of his father, Maj. "Phil" Sheridan, the son of the most famous member of the fighting family.

Gen. Michael Sheridan died of heart disease at the age of seventy-seven years. He had been the companion of "Phil" Sheridan in many of his most daring battles. Starting out in life with the intention of entering the priesthood, he had laid aside the robes for an army uniform, and in it won distinction that will carry his name far down in the history of American fighters.

He was at Appomattox Court House at the surrender of Gen. Robert E. Lee. At the outbreak of the Spanish war he was appointed adjutant general of the training camp at Camp Thomas, Ga., and was soon made a brigadier general and chief of staff to General Brooks, commanding the Porto Rico expedition. He was in active service there until the close of hostilities. In 1902 he was retired with the rank of brigadier general, owing to advanced age and ill-health.

He Wanted to Be Quite Sure Everything Was All Right

THERE is a well of human interest in connection with the selective service law and its fulfillment, which has, as yet, hardly been tapped. Consider those 10,000,000 questionnaires filled out by the registrants of the land. What stories of pathos, humor and fact are contained in those documents!

Here is something that happened at a local board recently, when registrants were filling out their questionnaires.

He was a poor country fellow. How he got into the city, and registered, and filled out his questionnaire, is one matter. What he said is another.

After he had answered all the questions, he turned to the lawyer who had assisted him and said: "Now, is that all I have to do with this thing?"

"Yes, just seal it and put it in the mail box," the lawyer explained again. The registrant still sat.

"You say that is all I have to do?" he said, hesitatingly, at last.

"Yes," replied the lawyer, good humoredly. "Lick it, seal it up, and drop it in the mail box. That is all you have to do."

But the country boy still sat.

After a bit he shifted in his seat, and said:

"Well, now, you say all I have to do is 'lick it and seal it and put it in the box.'"

It is to the eternal credit of that lawyer that he never cracked a smile, but encouraged the earnest fellow, who finally went through the door, licking the flap of the envelope as he went.

Secret of Giragossian's Motor Not to Be Revealed

THE mystery that has surrounded Giragossian's free-energy invention—the Garabed—is not to be cleared by the official tests ordered by congress. The secret of the invention, if it proves a success, will not be disclosed until after the war. The Garabed, its inventor claims, will be of great use as an engine of war, and for that reason he does not wish its secret to fall into the hands of the Germans.

Five New England scientists have before them today invitations to be members of the board that will judge the invention. Giragossian will not tell their names. The tests will be held in Boston—and "very soon"—but the exact place and exact date the inventor will not give. He left Washington to arrange for the tests on February 28. The scientists will be the only persons present with Giragossian at the tests. Robert Hennessey, the inventor's closest friend and the only man to whom he has confided the secret of the Garabed, will not be allowed to witness these tests. The board of scientists will be pledged to secrecy. When the tests have been carried out, they will be permitted to make only one or two announcements. They may say either "it works" or "it has failed"—nothing more.

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and constant use will burn out the scalp. Cleanse the scalp by shampooing with "La Creole" Hair Dressing, and darken, in the natural way, those ugly, grizzly hairs. Price, \$1.00.—Adv.

That Old Guy.

Mrs. Carico, a middle-aged and talkative ruralist, was appearing in a suit brought by her husband. She insisted on loudly commenting on each answer given by the first witness. Repeatedly the judge requested her to keep quiet, but she persisted in audibly disputing the words of the witness. Finally the judge said:

"Mrs. Carico, the court demands that you remain quiet. Unless you do so you will be held in contempt."

Giving the judge a savage look, the woman turned to her attorney and inquired:

"Who is that old guy that's buttin' in all the time?"—Harper's Magazine.

Important to Mothers

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A Teller of Tales.

There had been never the best of feeling between them, and when they collided somewhat forcibly, as they rounded a corner, headed in opposite directions, in a snowstorm, Smith took the opportunity to vent his spleen.

"Look here, you loafer! You cowardly slacker! Why don't you look where you are going?"

Brown gulped, reddened perceptibly and demanded:

"Who showed you my questionnaire?"—Pittsburgh Sun.

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Nervousness and nerve pains often come from weak kidneys. Many a person who worries over trifles and is troubled with neuralgia, rheumatic pains and backache would find relief through a good kidney remedy. If you have nervous attacks, with headaches, backaches, dizzy spells and sharp, shooting pains, try Doan's Kidney Pills. They have brought quick benefit in thousands of such cases.

An Illinois Case

Mrs. E. O. Allen, Flora, Ill., says: "Pains in the small of my back drove me almost frantic. I had dizzy spells and sick headaches, and my arms and limbs were badly swollen. I got it worse steadily and didn't know what to do. Finally I heard about Doan's Kidney Pills and used them. Four or five boxes and I was cured."



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The Feathers Flying All Over the Room.

musical chords. Here, you infernal old cat, come down from there and take a seat in a chair while I practice on you a little."

He wanted to touch the cat's sympathy chord, and he persisted for five minutes and made a failure. Then, by chance almost, he touched the right chord. It was a chord in the air "The Sweet By and By." The cat responded to it instantly. Her heart was touched. She gave a yowl and went out of the open window into the back yard and licked seven cats one after the other.

Mr. Bowser didn't know whether to be satisfied or not. He was pondering it over in his mind when he heard the cook fussing around in the dining room. She was making too much noise and he could hear her talking to herself and complaining of her hard life. He would find a chord to calm and quiet her, and if she wanted a raise in wages to make her forget it. He struck a chord that he thought would do the business. It did. He heard her broom drop and she came clattering upstairs and looked into the sitting room and exclaimed:

"Why, Mr. Bowser, what was that? I thought a bad boy had thrown a stone through the window and you had tumbled out of your chair dead."

"It was only me playing, Sarah," calmly replied Mr. Bowser.

"Then, if you don't mind it, please don't play any more, for I certainly will have to have my wages raised if

Bowser took a seat at the piano and began to strike chords. He let the bass keys alone and used only the treble. If he used any of the bass keys they might sound like a brickbat falling close to the dog's heels and thus arouse his ire.

Slowly, very slowly, the tender keys were pressed down and held for two or three seconds, and then the right chord came. The bulldog cocked his ears, gave a growl which sounded like distant thunder, and with a sudden lunge he broke from his master and ran across to the divan. Here he seized a sofa pillow in his mouth and had it in threads in a moment and feathers flying all over the room. He had served a second pillow in the same way when the two men interfered. In the melee which ensued both were bitten, two or three chairs knocked over and the easel on which stood Mrs. Bowser's portrait was knocked over and the portrait was trodden under foot. Just at this moment the original of the portrait opened the front door and the dog ran out, pursued by his owner. Mr. Bowser sat down to rub his bitten leg and face the music, but there was no music to face. Mrs. Bowser came in and looked around, and then, as she began to remove her hat, she said:

"Oh, yes. I read that same article, and I was going to suggest that you try it some time. I see you have been trying it, and I hope you found it a success!"



What will you do?

Both eyes nearly blind! Life a dreary darkness! Nothing ahead but dragging years of living without seeing! Such was the life this man saw ahead of him. But he heard in time. He heard of the remarkable

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He came! And now his life, like hundreds of others, has been changed from gloom to sunshine. What will you do? Will you stay—or will you come? Come! Don't put it off longer. HALEY EYE INFIRMARY CENTRALIA, ILLINOIS

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