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MR. BOWSER'S RULES

He Finds That Mrs. Bowser Has Them, Too!

By M. QUAD.

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Mr. Bowser drew a manuscript from his pocket and read for awhile. When he had finished reading, he said:

"Mrs. Bowser, I have something here with which you will agree. I want a mutual understanding."

"I think we can come to one," replied Mrs. Bowser.

"That is good of you, as a beginning. You do not always agree with me, but I think you will in this case. It will strike you as it struck me, as something for our great benefit. Let me tell you that this house has been run in a slam-bang way in the last three years."

"I am aware of that," was the answer.

"There has been no head to the house," continued Mr. Bowser. "Sometimes I have run it and sometimes you have, and sometimes the cook or the cat. We have probably lost thousands of dollars by not having a program or a set of rules to guide us. I have compiled here a set of rules. I have given them deep thought, but I think I have them just right, now."

"That is what we have long needed," acquiesced Mrs. Bowser. "We have slowly been tumbling over each other. The cat has sometimes been in her place and sometimes not. The cook has sometimes bossed the whole thing, and sometimes she has let everything go. If you have solved the problem I shall be very glad to know it."

"Well, here are the rules," said Mr. Bowser, after a long look at her to see if she was sincere.

"One.—We get up at seven o'clock a. m. That is, you do, as you must see about breakfast. I lay and sleep until a quarter to eight. You are to get out of bed softly, so as not to waken me."

"Two.—The girl must have my meal all ready, so as not to detain me. While I'm eating it, you must not tell me that this thing or that thing is wanted in the house and thus depress my spirits. Neither must you ask me for money."

"Three.—The first thing when I am gone, you must tidy up the house. If you find my cigar stubs lying around, you must pick them up. If, in my haste to get out of bed, I upset my chair and leave it thus, you must pick it up and place it where it belongs. Your work must be done neatly. There must be no feathers or apple cores left lying around."

"Four.—When you have your work done up you can phone your orders to the grocer and the butcher. It will be well for you to order in a commanding voice, and thus give them to understand that you are not to be trifled with. Say to the butcher that you want two pounds of round steak, and that it must be as gentle and tender as the best of porterhouse. Tell him you will cease to trade with him if it is not. If you order meat to roast, tell him that if he sends you bull meat, it will provoke me to do some desperate act. In ordering of the grocer,



"Well, Here Are the Rules."

don't order over two pounds of any thing. He can't get off any cold storage stuff on you if you do that."

"Five.—Always be in the hall to welcome me when I come home at night. You can paw me over and imprint a kiss, if you wish, but do it delicately. If I have a package under my arm don't be curious about it, for Samuel J. Bowser knows his business."

"Six.—Have my dinner ready for me. Have my favorite dishes. Spare your self no trouble to please me. Do not talk too much at the table. If there is any talking to do, let me do it and you listen."

"Seven.—After dinner, we sit and converse. Don't interrupt me when I am talking about serious things. It is always for the wife to listen, instead of talking."

"Eight.—It is not for me to explain to you why I go out for an evening. No husband is morally or legally bound to do so. He simply decides to go on and out he goes, and that settles it."

"Nine.—If I fall asleep during the evening you are to keep very quiet, so as not to disturb me, and if I do begin to snore, you must throw a hot or cold water on my face. When the clock strikes ten, you must give me a little shake and as I go upstairs, you must

turn out the lights and see that all the doors and windows are made safe against burglars."

"That is all, Mrs. Bowser, except that you must practice the most strict economy. You must not get it into your head that you want this and that, but leave it to me. If I see that you are in want of this or that, I will sign of it and probably hand you the money to get it. Just a word further: Do not dispute me, but agree with what I say. That is all, Mrs. Bowser, and you may sign your name to the paper as I have done. It is a semi-legal agreement, and should you break it, it would be good grounds for me to get a divorce on."

Mrs. Bowser made no move to take the paper and sign it, but after a moment she said:

"We will wait a minute or two, Mr. Bowser. It may surprise you to know that I have been thinking of this very thing. You are right in saying that our house hasn't been run as it should be. In the last few days I have also been preparing certain rules. I have committed them to memory and can give them to you without a manuscript. Please listen to them."

"One.—Mr. Bowser gets up when I do in the morning, or he gets his hair pulled. Any complaints of his that he



"Must Throw a Book or Something at Her."

can't find his socks will be rewarded by my throwing his shoes out of the window."

"Two.—Mr. Bowser will have no better breakfast than the rest of us. He can talk or keep still, just as he pleases."

"Three.—When Mr. Bowser leaves or comes home, there will be no kissing or display of tender emotions. He can kiss himself, if he wants to be kissed."

"Four.—During the winter, when Mr. Bowser comes home of an evening, he will find the snow-shovel at the door. He will seize it with avidity and clean the steps and the walks before he enters the house."

"Five.—When Mrs. Bowser telephones her order to the grocer and butcher, she speaks very gently; she does not purpose to scare or rob anybody. The grocer and butcher are doing as well as they can."

"Six.—If Mr. Bowser does not like his roast beef he can try a boarding house."

"Seven.—During the evening Mrs. Bowser will converse as much as she wants to. If she does not agree with Mr. Bowser, she will say so right from the shoulder, and take all the chances of life and death."

"Eight.—If Mr. Bowser falls asleep and the cat yowls, the cat will not be punished for it. She has got just as good right to yowl as Mr. Bowser has to fall asleep."

"These are my rules, Mr. Bowser, and I hope you will help me to carry them out. We want no more slam-bang around this house. I will get the paper ready and you can sign it."

Mr. Bowser had been standing and looking at her, with his face growing red and pale by turns. He now tried to say something. He could fling his arms about, but no words would come. After trying hard for a couple of minutes, he turned away, and went forth from his home a surprised and stricken man. He did not leave the front steps, but sat there with the fall chill in the air, and the chilly moon looking down on him, and whether he went in and sought his bed, two or four hours later, makes no difference. He had got through with rules.

Electric Sugar Mill.

An American company is building at La Lima, Honduras, the most up-to-date sugar mill in Central America. It will be run by electricity, its power being supplied by a 1,000-kilowatt turbo-generator set, with an auxiliary set of 200 kilowatts for lighting and general purposes.

The most remarkable point about his mill is that all of the fuel required for making the electricity will be furnished by the waste of the sugar plant—cane fodder and scraps. The same American company is supplying the machinery, and the first crop will be crushed in October.

Former Slave Dies, Aged 128.

Moses Walker, who claimed to be one hundred and twenty-eight years old, died at Moultrie, Ga. He often said he came to this country in a slave ship with his father. Walker did not have an opportunity, except to suppose that he was for good corn whiskey.

For Horses.

Mass., has a veterinary medicine called "Horse" which is

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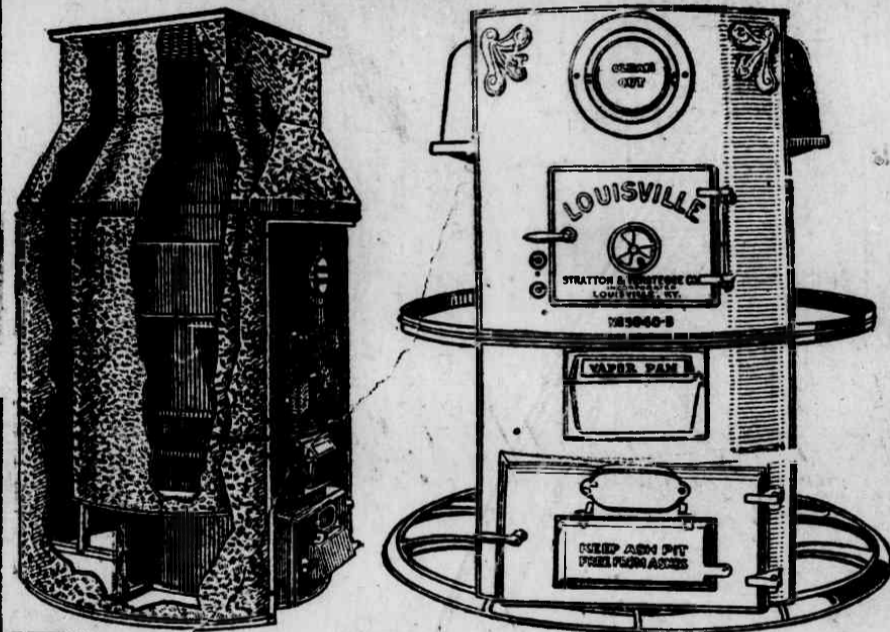
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