

# Mrs. Bowser's Diary

Her Better Half Becomes Peaceful Suddenly, to the Alarm of the Household - Cook Suspects Her Employer Is In First Stages of Insanity and Leaves the Premises

(Copyright, 1903, by C. B. Lewis.)

I WAS looking out of the front window when Mr. Bowser came home from the office. I expected to see him kick the gate open with his usual vim and look around the front yard for a lost clothespin to find fault over, but he handled the gate in the gentlest manner and opened the front door as carefully as an old maid.

To my surprise, as I met him in the hall he kissed me and wanted to know if I was tired. I gave him a sharp look, thinking the heat might have affected his head, but he appeared to be in his normal condition.

As the day had been excessively sultry I only had a picked up dinner. I expected he would pound on the table and ask if I thought he was some two dollar a week boarder, but he ate heartily and did not utter one complaint.

The cook burned her hand and broke several dishes with a crash just as dinner was over, but Mr. Bowser didn't take on and declare that he would stop \$10 out of her wages and \$5 out of my



A TRAMP APPEARED AND CALLED MR. BOWSER "OLD MAN."

pin money. On the contrary, he said that accidents were liable to happen in anybody's kitchen and suggested that I get the sweet oil and bind up the burn. Mr. Bowser sat down and smoked for half an hour without once causing the man who made the cigar. It was then that I began to be anxious about him. He generally uses ten cuss words to one cigar.

As we sat in the door to enjoy the breeze a watermelon peddler came along and shrieked out forty different times, but Mr. Bowser did not appear to hear him. For a minute my heart beat so tumultuously that I could hardly get my breath.

A little later a tramp appeared and called Mr. Bowser "old man" and asked him for ten cents. I had goose flesh, and the cat rolled her eyes, but no murder was done. The man got ten cents and went away whistling.

When the butcher boy came with the meat for breakfast and left a bill for



SHE WAS DRESSED FOR THE STREET AND HAD A BUNDLE UNDER HER ARM.

To cents I shook all over, and the cat sneaked into the house. But there was no tragedy. Mr. Bowser glanced at the bill and felt for change and paid it and didn't even speak of it.

Ten minutes later the cook told me that we must have an extra piece of ice to keep things through the night, and I had to ask Mr. Bowser for a dime. He handed it out without a word. On two or three previous occasions he had charged me with wheeling the refrigerator before the kitchen range in order to melt the ice faster, and send him to the poorhouse.

A hoodlum passing on the other side of the street threw a potato at us and narrowly missed Mr. Bowser's head. I fully expected a tragedy that would fill columns of the newspapers for days and days, and I believe I lost consciousness for a moment. When I came to Mr. Bowser was simply sauntering around the front yard.

When the cook returned from ordering the ice she spoke of Mr. Bowser's strange attitude and asked if I were not alarmed. She said that her husband had acted just that way two or three days before he went insane and killed three men and had to be sent to a lunatic asylum. It was her opinion

that I ought to make a great effort to arouse him.

A few minutes later I hinted to him that I was expecting mother down almost any day. As a usual thing when I drop such a hint he rises up on his hind legs and gets red in the face and claws the air, but on this occasion he replied that she was a dear old thing and that he would meet her at the depot with a carriage. The cat looked at me and I looked at the cat, but we were too amazed for words.

After I had managed to draw a long breath and shake off my lethargy I observed to Mr. Bowser that I had spent two hours that afternoon looking over his love letters. This has been a sore point with him for years. Before we were married he wrote me two or three of the most gushing letters every day, but any reference to them a year afterward always started a row. On this occasion I mentioned that he had called me his "dear, darling, angel pet" thirty-one times in the same letter, but he smiled and patted me on the shoulder and said that I was all of that.

At 10 o'clock we entered the house to go to bed. There was a caster from one of the chairs lying loose on the floor, and I actually called Mr. Bowser's attention to it, hoping he would raise a row. On several occasions when such things have caught his notice he has charged me with taking the ax or the crowbar and deliberately smashing up the furniture in order to send him into bankruptcy the sooner. This time he picked the caster up, wound a piece of paper round the shank and placed it back in the chair leg. The cat looked at me in a meaning way and crawled under the lounge. Intuition warned her that something must soon break loose.

While Mr. Bowser was wandering about the sitting room and softly humming to himself the cook beckoned me out into the hall. She was dressed for the street and had a bundle under her arm. She hated to leave me alone in the house, but she feared for her own safety and would go to her sister's to stay all night. Her poor husband had hummed and walked around in just such a way a few hours before he went mad and suddenly rushed for the ax. I tried to quiet her fears, but in vain. The most she would do was to promise to be back at 7 o'clock in the morning, and in case the police had removed Mr. Bowser to an asylum she would get breakfast for me and give me all her sympathy.

As Mr. Bowser stood looking out of the back window for fully five minutes I expected he would declare he was going to sleep on the grass that night to try the moon cure, but he finally turned away with a smile and said he thought the weather would be cooler next day. I asked him if his head ached or he had a pain in the back of his neck or felt chilly, but he assured me that he never felt better in his life.

It is now 11 o'clock. Mr. Bowser has gone up to bed, and the cat and I are looking at each other and wondering about it. Mr. Bowser has had a thou-

sand different fads and I have written them up, but I can't understand this one. Is it the precursor of insanity, or is he only being good? I have been told that now and then every husband does have a "good" spell and that it never results in a calamity, but I cannot repress my anxiety. I had rather have Bowser as Bowser.

Have just telephoned the family doctor. He says there is no danger and that I had better go to bed, but unless Mr. Bowser gets out of bed tomorrow morning to yell around for his necktie, socks and collar button and to declare that I have hidden them to spite him I shall break windows or something to recall him to himself. M. QUAD.

New to Him.  
Pat - How does yer loike codfish balls?  
Mike - Faith, an' I never tended one, but it's big times I've had down at the fireman's hop. - Lippincott's.

The Abused Lower Classes.  
"We've had to dislodge our couchman."  
"For what reason?"  
"Oh, he got no satisfaction. He wanted to be paid regularly." - Life.

Enraptured.  
She blithely goes along the rows that form the pleasant track. Her eyes are with pleasure glow; she turns and hurries back. And to and fro she nibbles bliss. And catches like the moon. The whole I watch in dumb surprise. My only reason being -  
- Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Why It Was Needed.  
"Ma wants 5 cents' worth uv dog meat."  
"So your ma's got a dog, has she?"  
"Nope."  
"A cat, eh?"  
"Nope."  
"Hain't got a summer boarder, have ye?"  
"Nope."  
"Great snakes, what is it she's got, then?"  
"Oh, ma hain't got nothin'. It's paw. He got a black eye at th' election." - Judge.

Hain't Thought of That.  
"Ruggles, we've agreed to leave it to you. I say no diver without apparatus ever remained under water longer than four minutes, and Thumbskull says it isn't so."  
"Well, you lose. Many a diver has gone down under water, met a shark and not come up at all." - Chicago Tribune.

A Long Job.  
Newsman - I suppose you heard that Bragg had committed suicide?  
Grewsum - You mean Bragg, the self-made man?  
Newsman - Yes.  
Grewsum - Well, well! So he finished himself at last, eh? - Philadelphia Press.

The Retort Obvious.  
Stout Man - Hello! You look as if you had been riding on a barrel.  
Bowlegged Man - You look as if you had swallowed one.

As Interpreted.  
"I wonder what this writer means by 'the trough of the sea?'" asked the novel reader.  
"He probably means the vessel ocean greyhounds drink out of," replied the practical person. - Cincinnati Enquirer.

Not a Success.  
Mrs. Nuwed - I baked this cake this morning. Mrs. Needors gave me the recipe for it.  
Mr. Nuwed - Never mind, dear; just bide your time, and you'll get even with her some day. - Philadelphia Press.

A Misused Term.  
"Yes," he said, "I live in the top flat. Whenever you're out that way drop in."  
"Drop in?" repeated the other. "Do you think I'm coming in an air ship?" - Chicago Post.

Taking Notice Again.  
Tommy - Pa, what does this paper mean when it speaks of a widow being "in second mourning?"  
Pa - It generally means, my son, that she is looking for a second. - Philadelphia Press.

## There Was No Need Of an Introduction

Scene - Dinner party at house of millionaire.

Prosperous Lawyer (recounting his career) - When I took my first brief I was excited and nervous, especially as my client was a bad egg. But, then, I was beginning to practice. He was a man of good family, the reputation of which would have been fatally tarnished had he been convicted; so I took up the case and got the rascal off.

After dinner an important personage entered. He was a great friend of the host, who presented the lawyer to him: Great Personage (patronizingly) - I do not need to be introduced to this gentleman. I met him long ago - in fact, I may say I gave him his start in life. I was his first client.

The roar of laughter that followed was never explained to the late comer.

The Animal Court.  
King Leo - What has the department of justice to say for itself?  
Beppo - Justice has not been idle, your majesty.

"Have you convicted that old murderer, the tiger?"  
"We have, sire. The tiger is now wearing stripes."

"Good! Is that crafty old rascal, the leopard, yet in custody?"

"No, your majesty, not yet, but we have him spotted."

"And how about that giraffe?"

"On full investigation we have found, sire, that the giraffe is above reproach." - Kansas City Journal.

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A One Sided Situation.  
Dobbs - Are the Higginses friendly neighbors?

Mrs. Dobbs - Well, they borrow freely, but they seem a little stiff about lending. - Detroit Free Press.

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Goldboro-arrive	11:05	8:30	5:50	
LaGrange	10:25	7:57	5:08	
Falling Creek	10:25	7:57	5:08	
Kinston	10:15	7:57	5:08	
Dover	9:45	7:17	4:48	
Cove Creek	8:25	7:07	4:38	
Tuscarora	8:30	6:50	4:30	
Newbern	8:00	6:30	4:30	
Bavelock	8:00	6:30	4:30	
Swepson	7:45	6:21	4:25	
Morehead City	7:37	6:00	4:30	
Morehead City Depot	7:05	4:40	4:00	

## EASTBOUND TRAINS

	No. 1 Passenger Daily	No. 2 Freight Daily	No. 3 Freight Daily	No. 4 Freight Daily ex. Sunday
Goldboro-leave	7:25	8:00	5:15	
LaGrange	7:55	8:20	5:15	
Falling Creek	7:55	8:20	5:15	
Kinston	8:05	8:30	5:15	
Dover	8:35	9:15	5:15	
Cove Creek	9:15	9:50	5:15	
Tuscarora	9:20	10:00	5:15	
Newbern	9:50	10:30	5:15	
Bavelock	9:50	10:30	5:15	
Swepson	10:05	11:20	5:15	
Morehead City	10:15	11:30	5:15	
Morehead City Depot	10:45	11:40	5:15	

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