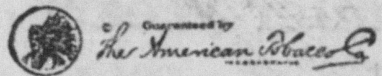


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MR. BOWSER STARTS REFORM

But It Is Worse Than the Evil He Would Cure.

By M. QUAD.

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Nothing so irritates Mr. Bowser as to have the street peddlers go up and down, in front of his house, yelling their wares, and on many occasions, he has gone out and quarreled with them, but he has found them claiming their rights, their licenses from the city permitting them to yell.

The other night, as Mr. Bowser sat reading, a vegetable peddler stopped at his gate and kept calling out, for five long minutes. He had a voice like a hand-saw trying to saw a spike in two, and it must have made other people nervous. Mrs. Bowser feared that there would be a riot, and she began to drum on the piano, to distract Mr. Bowser's attention. It was in vain, however. He rose up with the exclamation:

"By thunder, woman, do you think I am going to stand that?"

"He will go home, presently," answered Mrs. Bowser, drumming louder than before.

"Stop that infernal racket! Isn't it bad enough to hear that fellow yell? I am going out and kill him. He is the one of all the ones who make this trouble. Just listen to his voice! Why, it would scare a baby to death!"

"Mr. Bowser, just wait one minute and he will drive on."

"I won't wait one blamed second! Don't you come out and mix in! There will be gore flying around, and I may also tip his wagon over and kill his horse!"

Mr. Bowser rushed down the hall and out of doors. He was bare-headed and wore his dressing gown. The peddler had not moved on. He was not going to. He sat there in his seat in a comfortable position, and he was going to yell as long as he wanted to. He saw Mr. Bowser coming out, and he called and he shouted:

"I have got them! Do you want some string beans? They are on a string! I have onions and potatoes and cucumbers! I have some of the nicest celery here that a king ever chewed on! Oh—oh—oh! Come and buy!"

Mr. Bowser came! And he had ground glass in his voice, as he said: "Look here, old feller, you want to quit this! If you don't, I am going to murder you!"

"Say, old party, what ails you?"

"I'll show you what ails me! If you holler again, there'll be bloodshed!"

"Come, now, but I got to holler, or the folks won't know I am here. You wouldn't have known I was here. I am only making my living and you shouldn't object. Is it my voice you complain of?"

"Of course I complain about it!" answered Mr. Bowser. "It is the worst voice in the United States!"

"I'll tell you what is the trouble with my voice, Mr. Bowser, for, you see, I know you. I was fool enough to bet five dollars that I could put a billiard ball in my mouth. I put it there, but I could not get it out again. The doctors worked at me for two days, and they knocked out most of my

him that his plan would probably work. On the next evening at about the same hour, there was a ring at the door bell. Mr. Bowser answered it himself, and there stood his peddler of the night before—the man with the awful voice. He was surrounded with baskets of vegetables, and in almost a whisper, he said:

"Mr. Bowser, I have come to try your way. Do you want any onions, carrots, turnips, beans, peas or cucumbers?"

"No, sir," was the prompt reply. "That is all right, Mr. Bowser. If I have disturbed you in any way, I beg your pardon. Good-night, Mr. Bowser—good-night."

"That fellow has got more sense than I thought he had," said Mr. Bowser, as he returned to his paper. "This street ought to be thankful to me for working this great reform!"

The reform began to die almost as soon as it was born. There was another ring at the bell. Mr. Bowser opened the door to find a second ped-



"I Have Some Tomatoes as Big as Your Fist."

dler, and when he had gruffly asked what the fellow wanted, he was answered with:

"Mr. Bowser, I am told you don't like our hollering, and so we ain't going to holler no more. I have called to see if you wanted any vegetables. I have a load of them out here, and I warrant them fresh and sweet. Being as the hour is late, and I want to get home—"

"Well, you can go right home," interrupted Mr. Bowser, as he slammed the door, and he returned to Mrs. Bowser, muttering something about infernal impudence, to which she replied:

"Don't be so impatient; your reform seems to be working."

In about 15 minutes there was a third ring and a third peddler stood at the door and softly said:

"Mr. Bowser, are you in want of some nice vegetables? I have some beauties out here, and there is a bargain in every bunch of them. I have some tomatoes here almost as big as your fist, and they taste better than oranges. If you want sugar beets—"

"I want you to beat it!" shouted Mr. Bowser, "and don't you ever come here again!"

"Just as you say, old man," quietly replied the peddler. "If I have put you out any, you must pardon me."

When Mr. Bowser returned to the sitting room this time, he found Mrs. Bowser trying hard to keep a sober face, and he shouted at her:

"Oh, it's very funny, is it? Well, I'll show you whether it's funny or not! If another peddler calls, he shall die right on our door step!"

No other peddler called. After a lapse of a few minutes the telephone bell rang, and Mr. Bowser responded with a "hello" to hear a voice saying:

"Mr. Bowser, I beg your pardon for disturbing you. Do you want some string beans for your dinner tomorrow? I have other things. I have some of the best potatoes you ever put your tooth in, and I'll give you a big bargain if you want a quart or two."

"You infernal rascal!" yelled Mr. Bowser, as he hung up the receiver. Within the hour there were four more calls, and then Mr. Bowser put on his hat and left the house, hoping to find someone and wash his hands in human blood.

And when he was gone, Mrs. Bowser had the laughing hysterics.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE SQUIRRELS.

"I can't fly like a bird can fly," said the Flying Squirrel, "but I can fly from one tree to another, or from the top of one tree to the foot of another."

"I can get around so that it is just about like flying. So I am called the Flying Squirrel."

"In a way I can fly. If any one looks at me and watches me they will know what I mean and they will see that I am almost a flyer, if not exactly."

"But of course I don't fly like a bird at all. When I am on the ground I can't fly up in the air or up on a tree, or anything like that. Goodness no, I can't do that."

"If any one wants to see me they will have to see me at night."

"That is the time of the day I care for mostly."

"Or rather, I should say, that is the time of the twenty-four hours which I like."

"I like the night time. I am very gentle and very kind. I am sure any one can tell that by my great eyes which look so softly and so kindly at the world."

"My fur is soft too and I am very pleasant indeed. I like to be pleasant."

"The Red Squirrel is a quarrelsome creature, and he likes to be up to mischief all the time."

"As you're so fond of the night," said another squirrel nearby, "I must tell you that one night, or rather late one afternoon when I was living in the city park I watched a sunset."

"You should have seen me watching that sunset! I gazed at it and stood on my haunches and watched it as admiringly as any person could."

"Of course you like hearing about sunsets, don't you, as you love the night so?"

"Ah, yes," said the Flying Squirrel, "but to me the nicest part about a sunset is that it means that night is coming along."

"That is the very best part of a sunset to me."

"But tell me what else you saw while you were in the city?"

"Well," said the other Squirrel, "I saw a great many calves in a wagon passing by the park, and they reminded me of the country and made me want to come back to it again."

"I've no special fondness for cows. You know that I have never been friendly with them. I've never had a Cow friend and I've never had a Calf friend and I never expect to have one for I don't care for barnyard animals and farm animals."

"But seeing them made me think of the country. I heard them moo and

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What He Got.
"What happened to the man who stole the calendar?"
"He got 12 months."

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See Colony as Great Asset.

Of late years France has begun to evince an interest in the Kerguelen islands, discovered by the French navigator, Kerguelen Tremarec, in 1772. According to Henry Boisserie, who, with his brother, has devoted himself to the development of these islands, they will soon become a prosperous colony. They contain no trees, but an immense quantity of a fodder plant, a species of cabbage, which is eagerly eaten by horses, sheep, pigs and rabbits. Rabbits, rats and mice are the only indigenous animals. There is also a single bird, the sheathbill, which lives in company with the sea birds. The sea elephants, which had been practically exterminated by 1840, are now again very numerous. The waters round the islands also abound in whales, and it is upon the whale and sea elephant fishery that the hopes of developing a useful colony rest.

White Plague Dying Out?

Reports from the National Tuberculosis association show that consumption may soon become a rare disease in the United States. Public education in preventive measures and years of hard work by medical officers have checked its spread, and the death rate goes down steadily every year. This is in marked contrast to the tremendous increase of tuberculosis in Europe due to the ravages of the war.—Popular Science Monthly.

Even when a man pays cash for an electric battery he wants it charged.

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GETTING AROUND THE TRUTH

Little Helen's Shrewd Scheme for Sugar Coating Fabrication Her Mother Frowned Upon.

Little Helen, one of the youngest set of Scipio society, was missing her sister, who was old enough even to go visiting and stay away from home three whole days and nights. She was getting more lonesome every hour and after having been told several times by her mother that Louise wouldn't be home until Friday, finally hit on a plausible pretext for getting sister home.

"Mother, let's write and tell Louise that we have a new baby at our house. I know she would come home then."

"But we could not write that—that wouldn't be the truth, and it isn't nice to tell things that are not true." That apparently settled the matter, but Helen added: "Well, we could tell her it was a new baby doll when she got home—that would be all right, wouldn't it?"—Indianapolis News.

Church Hymnal Revised.

Sweeping reforms are to be made in the new hymnal now being compiled for the Church of England. The changes include the abolition of "The Church's One Foundation," "Peace, Perfect Peace," and many other well-known hymns, revision of "Te Deum," and the bringing in of hymns to be sung at science lectures. Compilers of the "General Hymnary," as it is to be called, suspended their labors during the war, but have recently resumed work. "The Church's One Foundation" is to be dropped because it is full of mixed metaphors. A hymn by Longfellow beginning "One holy church of God appears," takes its place. Doctor Bickersteth's hymn, "Peace, Perfect Peace," is objected to because of the words, "The blood of Jesus whispers."

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