

# MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

## BOWSER'S NEW KODAK

He Does Not Score Much of a Success With It.

COES OUT AFTER SUBJECTS.

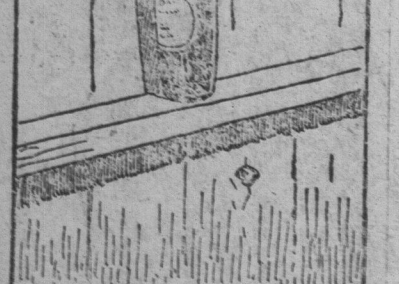
Encounters Three, Who Prove to Be Belligerent—His New Fad Attended With Difficulties, and He Finally Has It Out With Mrs. B.

(Copyright, 1927, by Homer Sprague.) When Mr. Bowser came home a few evenings since with a bulging package under his arm and a glad smile on his face, Mrs. Bowser, of course, had a natural curiosity to know what he had purchased. He would not give her any satisfaction about it until after dinner, and then he asked:

"My dear, has it ever struck you that I had the instincts of an artist about me?"

"No, I can't say that it has," she honestly answered.

"That's because your mind has been on bargain sales. If there is a sale of



A CAT'S HEAD WHERE THE COKE OUGHT TO BE.

women's forty-cent stockings at 25 cents a pair, you never fail to observe the advertisement."

"Do you think you have the instincts spoken of?"

"Think! I know I have. I have known it for years. One can't deceive himself about such things. There isn't the slightest question in my mind but that I was born for a great artist."

"Was that why you were going to paint the front fence blue and the gate red this spring?"

"Could not understand him."

Mr. Bowser was walking around the sitting room with his hands crossed behind his back. At the words his face got red, and he started to get up. Mrs. Bowser took a look that would have swept all the towels off the clothesline on a wash day and followed it by saying:

"How could I expect that a mind like yours could understand one like mine? You can sit down to a dish of port and beans and run over to the whole afternoon and never think it was any different from a cornstalk."

"Well, dear, let's not dispute," replied Mrs. Bowser after a moment. "You have said that your grandfather was an artist, and perhaps his mantle has fallen on your shoulders. Are you going to try to paint a landscape?"

It took Mr. Bowser five minutes to get over his indignation, and he was still sulky over it when he said:

"No, I'm not, but I've bought a kodak and propose to take a few pictures this summer. Any objections to that? Got any more snobs ready?"

"None whatever. I think it a good thing, and I believe you will make a success of it. I will learn here to operate it, and when you are at the office I'll show you."

"Not much you won't! It's something not to be fooled with. You'd use it just as you would a coal hole. I shall do the artist work for this family."

Unwrapped a Camera.

He cut the strings of the package and unwrapped a fine kodak and explained that he had paid only \$40 for it because he had once served on a committee's jury with the man who sold it. It would have been \$50 to any one else.

"Wouldn't one for \$5 have done just as well?" queried Mrs. Bowser after looking the instrument over. "I mean wouldn't it have been just as well to get a cheap one until you were sure about the artistic instincts?"

"Not by a darned sight! A cheap kodak may do for a scrub person, but I want the best. So you still doubt the instincts? You hear me, Mrs. Bowser, when I tell you that there is more of the born artist in my little finger than there is in all your relations for ten generations back. Enough, however, I am now going out into the back yard to take a few flash-light pictures. You and the cook can hold one of your heart to heart talks and wonder if I'm not crazy."

Mr. Bowser had taken the picture of a cat walking on the fence when the neighbors got on to him. The fathers and mothers stopped at curiosity, but the boys went further. They raised bottles and cans into the Bowser yard, and one missile struck the kodak on the head and drove him inside the house. In the kitchen he tried to get the cook to pose for a "study" but she was going to call "Industry" but she flew the coop at once.

Cook Took No Chances.

"It may be a kodak or it may be an internal machine," she protested, "and

I'm not going to take any chances. I had an aunt who posed in front of one of those things once, and all of a sudden there was a flash-bang, and all they found of her was one rib and a scream of terror."

When Mr. Bowser passed through the house Mrs. Bowser asked where he was going. He replied that he would take a little wander around the streets to catch some character studies. He did not have to go far to find them. On the corner two blocks down stood three old tramps waiting to strike some pedestrian for lodgings money. They represented one of the types he was after. Before he had reached them he had decided to label the pictures "Ambition," "Perseverance" and "Integrity," respectively.

"Boys," he began, "I'm an artist and this is a kodak. Have you any objections to my taking a flash-light picture of the group?"

"If you will come down \$2 apiece all around," answered Ambition.

"Nonsense! You ought to be proud to be taken for nothing."

"Oh, we had, and the police wanted us! It's \$2 or nothing."

Then you'll get together, and if I can put the police on I'll do it."

That was an unfortunate remark for Mr. Bowser. One of the three grabbed his hat, another gave him a cuff, and the third made a grab and just missed his nose as they ran away. Mr. Bowser looked around for a statue of Liberty to tear down; but, not finding any handy, he cooled off after a time and went to his bachelored way. He had thought to return home after another headpiece, but he suddenly remembered that great artists always went around the streets bachelored and thus got a name for eccentricity. Three blocks further along he came upon a short, stout woman carrying a bundle of kindlings on her shoulder and talking to herself about the high price of diamonds. She was the type he wanted for "Hope On, Hope Ever," and he accosted her with:

"Can you speak with me?"

She stopped and looked at him. "You can't tell me that you can't pick me out as far as I can see?"

"You never spot a woman with a face like that who isn't ready to buy her way anywhere. I wish I knew whether she had paid her fare or not."

"Yes, yes, but all I want is to take a picture of you. I'm an artist, you know."

"I know nothing of the kind. You may have come from the zoo for all I know. A picture of me! Never! No true lady will allow a man to take her picture and he showing it around in saloons. Sir, you pass on."

Refused by a Woman.

"But, ma'am, you misapprehend the situation. I am making some studies from life. I am taking pictures of cats, dogs, tramps and—"

"And I'm to go along with cats and dogs and tramps, am I? Sir, you're a villain! If I was a man, sir, I'd prove to you that you are the street for insulting a lady who is carrying home a bundle of kindlings to her starving family. Take that, you old baldhead!"

And she gave Mr. Bowser a tremendous kick on the knee and turned her back on him to pursue her way. He arrived home in a limping condition, and when asked to explain he said that he had fallen over a barrel of sand on the sidewalk. His wife didn't press the matter, and the next morning he took his only proof down to a photographer to be developed. The proof came back by mail a day later. Mrs. Bowser opened the letter and looked at it and then saved it to show to him when he came home. The proof showed a beer bottle sitting on the fence, with a cat's head where the coke ought to be.

"Woman, what does this mean?" demanded Mr. Bowser as he turned pale and his chin trembled.

"It's the flash-light picture you took the other night."

"Never! Never in all this world!"

"But here is the letter from the developer saying that the thing is unique and asking if the rest of the cat is in the bottle."

Mr. Bowser walked to the closet where the kodak was kept on a shelf, and, reaching it down, he raised it aloft in both hands and dashed it to the floor with a blood curdling "Hit" and then turned to Mrs. Bowser and said:

"It is early in the evening yet. We can telephone to our respective lawyers to come over, and we can discuss arrangement about the divorce and all—may so that you can leave for your husband's on the first train in the morning. This is too, too much. You have reached the dead line at last."

M. QUAD.

A Reminder.

Actor (as the violent storm dashes the fruit from the trees—One can almost imagine that he is on the stage—Megawatt's Blather.

Punishment.

Head Inquisitor—You were the chauffeur, I believe, who was continually setting fire smoke come out of the rear of your machine.

Late Arrival—Yes, sir.

"Well, go and swallow a cup of boiling cylinder oil every ten minutes until I can think of some punishment to fit your case."—New York Life.

Figure This Out For Yourself.

Calculations offer a great many interesting propositions for the studious. Inclined. J. Dunk of Baltimore has compiled a letter remarkable arrangement of the title of a song from "Milk Molasses"—"I Want What I Want When I Want It."

In the following twenty-five squares the words are so arranged that by beginning in the upper left hand corner and reading across or down, not up, the sentence can be read in 15,421 different ways, according to the arrangement. There is no time this week to verify the count, but one may do so who has leisure. Here is the arrangement:

I	Want	What	I	Want
Want	What	I	Want	When
What	I	Want	When	I
I	Want	When	I	Want
Want	When	I	Want	It

A sentence which could be read forward or backward, such as "I want what I want when I want it," if it had nine syllables, could be written in the same arrangement of squares and could be read in 38,821 different ways, as it could be read down from the upper left hand corner or up from the lower right hand corner.

Corry Ho Spoke.

The conductor was inclined to seek sympathy. "Do you see that woman on the left hand side of the car, up near the front?" he asked the thin man on the back platform.

"Yes, I see her."

"The one with the dizzy hat?"

"Yes."

"Well, I think she's trying to beat me out of a fare. With a hat like that, I can pick you out as far as I can see."

"You never spot a woman with a face like that who isn't ready to buy her way anywhere. I wish I knew whether she had paid her fare or not."

"I wouldn't worry about it any more," said the thin man. "I paid the lady's fare some time ago. She's my wife."—Argument.

Live and Die on the River.

"The river population of Manila is a class by itself," said a traveler. "Not to be outdone by Canton, she has her sampans, known as canoes, and launches, supporting 15,000 people within the city limits, where thousands of children are born, grow, live and die on these floating cargo carriers. They never dream of any other world than that which floats about them. These boats are small, but accommodate a family of five to seven. They have a fire pot, a platform and a rice kettle. The cabin or covered portion is very small—in fact, I don't know how they live—and it is a wonder to me that the children don't fall overboard and drown. You will often see a woman sitting at the end of the boat, rowing, with a child strapped on her back, looking for all the world like a little monkey."

Seized the Opportunity.

There were bold thieves and bold methods in the earlier days in Holborn. Here is an example:

Said a stout, athletic old gentleman to a well dressed stranger who was passing: "A recent has stolen my hat."

Said the stout, athletic old gentleman to a well dressed stranger who was passing: "A recent has stolen my hat."

The stranger surveyed the other with critical eye. The victim was puffing and panting as for dear life. In the pleasant tone in the world the stranger said:

"If I have the honor to be acquainted with you, I shall have one of the chickens killed in honor of the occasion. Her husband—Oh, leave it alone. It wasn't the chicken's fault!"

The Feministic Post.

The one that smokes the sweetest is the first to fade. The boy who runs the fastest is the one to succumb first. The brightest of the evenings has the gloomiest of dawns. The man with the biggest yard must cut the biggest lawn.

His Wife—George, I heard you and Mr. Pullup talking about a "chaser" a little while ago. A chaser is an animal of some kind, isn't it?

Mr. Drysdale—Yes. It's a kind of water animal. Exchange.

Then There Was Trouble.

Young Wife—Today is the anniversary of our wedding. I shall have one of the chickens killed in honor of the occasion. Her husband—Oh, leave it alone. It wasn't the chicken's fault!"

Spanish Proverb.

A Tough Contract.

"Well, Caleb," said Captain W. of Massachusetts years ago, "will you ask a day to saw wood for me? I've got several cords that I want sawed in two for the fireplace."

"I should charge you about half a dollar a day if I had a saw," replied Caleb, "but I ain't got none, captain, so I don't see how I can accommodate you."

"If that's all that's lacking I guess we can manage it," said the captain. "I've got a prize new one, keen as a brier, and I'll let it to you reasonable. How would ninepence (12 1/2 cents) a cord do for the use of it?"

"I reckon that's a fair price, captain. I'll be over in the morning."

Bright and early that next July morning Caleb was at work, and he kept at it so faithfully that he finished before sunset, when he went to the house to settle.

"Let's see," said the captain, "you were to have half a dollar a day. We'll call it a day, although it ain't sundown yet. That's 50 cents for you, and you were to pay me ninepence a cord for the use of the saw. There were three cords and a half in the pile. That makes 42 1/2 cents due me. Somehow, Caleb, you don't have very much coming to you."

"How unfortunate," said Caleb after scratching his head dubiously for half a minute and then looking up quickly as if a new light had broken in upon his mind—"How unfortunate that you didn't have half a cord more, for then we'd 've come out just square."

The First House of Commons.

The earliest traces of the English house of commons are found in an year 1265. That year Simon de Montfort, earl of Leicester, caused writs to be issued in the king's name requiring each sheriff of a county to return to a parliament which he proposed to hold two knights for the shire under his jurisdiction, two citizens for each city within its limits and two burgesses for each borough. The parliament thus called met in London on Dec. 2, 1265, and was practically the first in which the people, as distinguished from the nobility and aristocracy, had ever participated. It was not until 1295 that the desire for a permanent assembly came to the fore, and the house of commons as we know it was born.

As we hesitated a peculiar smile lit the big man's face. Lying back in his chair, he cocked one leg over the other, lighted a cigar and dropped a bomb by saying: "Fire away, boys; I'm ready. But before you begin who won the boat race?"

Are Metals Alive?

"Metals have life," said a metallurgist. "They have much life, but a little. And metals can be stimulated, depressed, poisoned."

"Platinum wire, immersed in water, gives off an electric current that may easily be measured. If you put bicarbonate of soda in the water, the stimulated wire gives off a stronger current. Put in bromine or potassium, and the depressed wire gives off a weaker current. Finally, put in oxalic acid, and the poisoned wire gives off no current at all. It will never again give off any current. It is dead."

"Now, I leave it to you. If you can make a metal give off a current, it is finally administered to it a fatal dose of poison, have you not a right to say that the metal has life?"

A Mollified Subject.

Nollekens, the sculptor, was a man of pretty wit and of neat resource in his own mind. He had at one time for a sister a woman of great beauty, but of an extremely nervous and impatient temperament. During her sittings she would constantly change her position, and with each shift of posture her expression changed. At last the sculptor's patience gave way.

"Madam," he cried, "of what avail is your beauty if you will not sit still till I have reflected it in my model?"

The sister smiled at his gruffness and was as motionless as a statue during the remainder of her sittings.

Strong Even in Death.

There is a characteristic story of an American woman formerly well known in London that will bear repeating, says a writer in London Truth. The lady is said to have written the following letter to a royal personage:

"Sir—My medical attendants have just informed me that I am in a hopeless condition. I should be happy did I know that you would be represented at my funeral. I enclose a check for £1,000 to cover all expenses."

When He Got Sane.

Husband—Have you still the letters I wrote you before we were married? Wife—Yes. Why? Husband—Bring them here. I want to burn them. I am just making my will, and I am afraid that if any of my relations see those letters after I am dead they will think I was of unsound mind.—Laurie Rattier.

Easy, but Heavy.

"I suppose it was hard work to follow my argument," said the lawyer. "No," answered the judge; "it was easy to follow it, but it was difficult to keep awake until the destination was reached."

Disappointed.

"Tommy, you've got a new little brother. Aren't you glad?"

"A brother? I thought it would be a horse. Papa promised me one for such a long time."

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines.—Emerson.

Raising Babies by Chart.

We let machines in the form of nurses and governesses raise our children under printed directions tacked upon the walls. And some mothers are proud of the completeness of their attention to these charts—actually proud because their babies are "scholarship" youngsters.

One day I was shown such a chart—a businesslike, austere product of some pseudo scientist's brain and printers' ink.

"Isn't it complete?" said the near mother. "Read it."

I read: "Aerated milk, 9 a. m. Sterilized quarter orange, 9:30 a. m. Pasteurized milk, 10 a. m. Slice of health toast, 1:10 o'clock, 10:15 a. m. Modified milk, 3 o'clock, 10:45 a. m. Walk eighteen steps, 11 a. m. Two teaspoonfuls distilled water, 11:15 a. m."

The rest of the chart was similar to this.

"It is complete," said I, "but I should like to edit the next one they get out."

She opened her eyes and raised her brows. (You know the way superior people, especially the recently superior kind, do it—your's you get a taste in your mouth right away as if she had handed you a grapefruit to eat without sugar.)

"By putting in a line right here," I said, refusing to be frozen by her manner. "Twelve thirty to 1 o'clock, feed baby a little."

She didn't even thank me for the suggestion—actually, she didn't. Women are peculiar propositions. What?—Bohemian.

Interviewing a Chinaman.

I remember one distinguished Chinese official who came to New York on a big surprise. We knew that he was a high officer and that he had come to this country on a mission of importance, but not one of us dreamed of getting from him more than a perfunctory interview through one of his interpreters. Through a secretary we conveyed to the big man our desire for an interview. He talked with his secretary in Chinese for a few moments, and then the secretary in halting English invited us to accompany him and the chief to the office's suit. We filed in, dropped into the seats to which we were bowed by the statesman and waited for somebody to begin.

As we hesitated a peculiar smile lit the big man's face. Lying back in his chair, he cocked one leg over the other, lighted a cigar and dropped a bomb by saying: "Fire away, boys; I'm ready. But before you begin who won the boat race?"

The Sun and the Telescope.

The popular notion is that the astronomer points his telescope directly at the sun and fires his vision point blank across the chasm of millions of miles. Instead, says a writer in the Ohio Magazine, the errand sun rays are lassoed by a coelestiale—a great circular mirror driven by clockwork in such a manner that it throws its light into another mirror above, and this in turn sends the long, concentrated beam far into the interior of the telescope house. The two mirrors are in automatic adjustment to each other, so that the solar beams may be shot into the building, no matter in what portion of the sky the sun may be situated. At the farther end of the building the reflected sunbeam strikes a concave mirror which catches the light and, focusing it back toward the opening whence it first entered, focuses it into a perfect image of the sun.

Female Diamonds.

The jeweler held a magnifying glass to a superb white diamond.

"Do you see those little diamonds on the farther edge?" he said. "They're invisible to the naked eye, but the glass shows them quite plainly, doesn't it? Well, they are the proof that this diamond is a female; hence we say that there are male and female diamonds, the males, of course, being those that don't produce these growths."

"Female diamonds are always the finest, in fact nearly all the diamonds of world wide fame are females."

Society of the Cincinnati.

The Society of the Cincinnati was an order established by the officers of the Revolutionary army in 1783 to perpetuate their friendship and to raise funds for the relief of the widows and orphans of those who had fallen during the war. It was so named because it included patriots headed by Washington, between whom and the old British farmer-general, Cincinnati, there were supposed to be many resemblances.

Present Troubles.

"Ah, pretty lady," said the fortune teller, "you wish to be told about your future husband?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Mrs. Galloway. "I've come to learn where my present husband is when he's absent."

Evolution.

"Father," said Little Rollo, "what is evolution?"

"Evolution, my son, is a sort of apology which man has invented for displaying so many of the traits of the lower animals."

Royal Remedy.

Mistress—Your cold's very bad, Jane. Are you doing anything for it? Jane—Oh, yes, ma'am. The chemist 'ave giv' me some crumblated structure of Queen 'Ella—Punch.

He is sufficiently learned that knows how to do well and has power enough to refrain from evil.—Cicero.