



12

R. BOWSER had made \$500 profit in the sale of some land, and he felt good. He came home with a light step and a smile on his face and chucked Mrs. Bowser under the chin and called her his dear. He was unusually talkative, and it was ten minutes after they had got seated for the evening before Mrs. Bowser could find a chance to say:

"Well, I am certainly glad over the extra money. I hope you

can spare me \$10 to get some things I need."
 "I will make it \$50," he said as he drew out his wallet and began to count
the heap of bills over. "Hold on, though! I guess I will make it \$40, so that you will buy no useless articles. When a woman has \$50 in her pocket she is apt to become reckless and desperate."

Mrs. Bowser reached for the four ten-dollar bills he had counted out, but Mr. Bowser drew them away and said. "Mrs. Bowser, I don't want to put thoughts of extravagance into your head. You will need other things later on in the fall. I should think you could get along with \$15 or \$20 just now."

"Well, hand it over," she replied as cheerfully as she could.

Mr. Bowser put all the bills back in his wallet and returned the wallet to his pocket and said: "We will see about the sum in a day or two. A sudden idea has come to me, and I want time to think it over." Of course Mrs. Bowser was disappointed, but she bore up under it as well

as she could. Not again during the evening was the subject of money referred to, but Mr. Bowser seemed much preoccupied with that new thought of his. Nothing was said about shopping next morning, and when Mr. Bowser got outdoors he chuckled and said:

'Mrs. Bowser doesn't suspect a thing, and it will be a complete surprise to her. There is once in awhile a woman who can take \$10 and spend it to advantage, but she is not one of them."

Mr. Bowser headed for a department store, and he had a lot on his mind. He knew that a woman's first and last thought was of a hat. He asked the floorwalker to be shown the millinery display, and the woman who came forward to wait on him sized him up in about ten seconds.

"Here is an old crank who wants to buy a hat for his wife instead of letting her choose for herself," was her mental comment. Therefore, she had no kind feelings for him and determined to make him pay for the insult to the sex. So



HIRED A BOY TO CARRY THEM.

she directed his attention to old stock hats exclusively. After about fifteen minutes Mr. Bowser selected one. It was selected without reference to Mrs. Bowser's complexion. It was trimmed with lilacs. Neither did he mind the shape. If Mrs. Bowser wanted a different shape, all she had to do was to kick in one side a little.

The price of the hat had been \$10. It was now advanced to \$12, and Mr. Bowser was assured that it would go up to \$15 before Christmas. He counted out the money and felicitated himself that he had a bargain.

Los Angeles, California

The new Cadilac cafe opened Nov. | 7th with every seat taken. The cafe has a seating capacity of 138. Mr. I. S. Watts, the genial proprietor, with his usual cheerful smile and courteous manner made it pleasait for all who were present. The tables were beautiflly decorated with a variety of flowers. A table was reserved for the representative of The Monitor. He appreciates the courtesy shown him.

Mr. J. B. Morris of Chicago was present with his pleasing smile and gave his order for The Monitor for one year, which made us also smile.

We are pleased to know that we were able to secre Mr. R. Hite as a subscriber for The Monitor. Mr. Hite is proprietor of the Waterloo Hotel, one of Los Angeles' leading hotels. Watch for his ad in the next issue.



Ribbons for Holiday Uses Hair Bows and Fancy Work

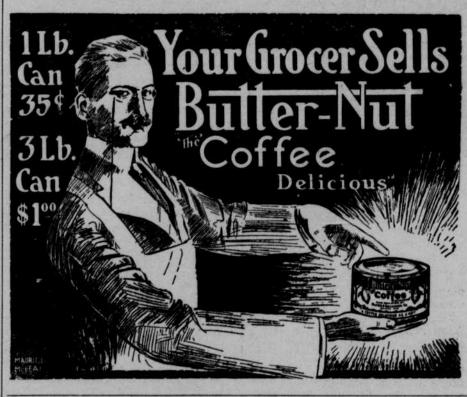
A Splendid Line of Taffeta and Moire Ribbon, 5 to 61/2 inches wide. Good line of colors. Saturday, yard.

Fancy Warp Prints, very dainty patterns. 3 to 6-inch widths. Saturday, per yard.

Beautiful Line of Persians and Warp Prints. Pretty floral designs. Saturday, per yard.

Main Floor.

7-Inch Satin Ribbon, good shades. While this lot lasts, yard 29c



Closing Out Sale

Mrs. Bowser had talked more or less about shirt waists. He fell into the hands of another woman, and she hastened to work off some old stock on him. She did not ask whether Mrs. Bowser was short or tall, fat or lean. She flung waist after waist at him, and every one had been stock for at least a year. Mr. Bowser made his selections by what he bragged was his wonderful intuition, and he was assured by the woman that he had made some wonderful bargains. He had four waists bundled up and paid for them a greater sum than they had sold at before being pawed over for a year.

There must be skirts, and when Mr. Bowser was asked what color Mrs. Bowser preferred he said: "Oh, the color doesn't amount to a snap! My wife looks good in any color. You give me two of the checks and two of the stripes. I am buying these things to give my wife a surprise."

"That is nice of you," replied the saleswoman, "and she will certainly be surprised."

Mr. Bowser then proceeded to the hosiery department and fell into the hands of a woman who sold him half a dozen pairs of old stock, size 12, at 75 cents a pair, that would be dear at 49 cents a pair. Each pair was of different shades in color. He would not wait for them to be delivered, but hired a boy to carry them along and started for home. When he entered the house it was with the salutation:

"Say, dear, I have been shopping for you, and I have got a surprise on hand. Just inspect these things, will you? The total cost of them was over \$40, but I think I have saved at least \$15 over what you could have done."

Mrs. Bowser placed the bundles on the floor and opened and inspected them. She had been at work only seven or eight minutes when Mr. Bowser was seen dashing for the drug store. As he entered it he called out:

"Say, doctor, grab a bottle of camphor and another of ammonia and come along with me. Mrs. Bowser has fainted away and fallen to the floor, and her eyes are rolling, and she is frothing at the mouth, and if something isn't done for her she will be a dead woman in fifteen minutes more."

Furniture, Beds, Rugs, Stoves, Etc.

---OF----

Mr. Farr, one of the most popular furniture dealers of Waterloo, Iowa, has closed out his entire stock of new, high-grade Furniture, Stoves, Rugs, etc., at an enormous sacrifice. We have been most fortunate in the purchase we have made of him and we therefore take this method of informing the conservative buyers who are seeking to save some money on their household purchases to come and take advantage of the great number of unprecedented bargains we have to offer you now. ... (Be SURE and see these goods before you buy) and if you are not prepared to buy now you can save money by selecting the articles and have them placed aside for future delivery.

State Furnitu SOUTHWEST CORNER 14TH AND DODGE