

BOWSER WRITES ODE

He Delivers a Corker at the Gay Old Boys' Club.

WAS AGAINST WIFE'S WISHES

But Samuel Would Have His Way About the Matter, and After His Visit to the Meeting He Arrives Home in Joyful Mood.

By M. QUAD.
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At dinner the other evening Mrs. Bowser noticed that Mr. Bowser was very much preoccupied and that he also appeared to be in a hurry to get through with the meal. She gossiped away for a quarter of an hour and then suddenly asked: "Has anything unusual happened at the office today?"

"Nothing," he replied.

"Aren't you feeling as well as usual?"

"Just the same."

"But you seem to be preoccupied."

"Yes, I am. I got a letter at noon from the Gay Old Boys' club that I would be expected to deliver an ode on Columbus at the anniversary dinner this evening. It has bothered me some to write an ode on such short notice, but I guess I've got it all O. K."

"And so you are going to the dinner?"

"Of course."

"I wish you wouldn't. The last time you went two men had to come home with you, and I found you seated on the doorstep at 2 o'clock in the morning."

"Woman, do you know what your words imply?" demanded Mr. Bowser as he suddenly woke up.

"You were—were tired, I suppose."

"It is well that you put it that way. No living man or woman can say that they ever saw me intoxicated. It had been a strenuous night, and as I have



"A VOICE WAS SINGING AT THE GATE."

rheumatism a couple of gentlemen walked home with me to see that my legs did not give out. I was simply resting for a moment before coming in when you came down to the door and made a great fuss. Mrs. Bowser, when Samuel Bowser is not able to take care of himself he will send for you."

"And you have written an ode?"

"Didn't I say that I had?"

"And it is on Columbus?"

"Didn't I say it was?"

"And you are going to deliver it at the dinner?"

"Certainly I am. Do I write odes on Columbus or any other man to throw in the wastebasket? Please don't take me for an idiot."

"And you will read the ode before you go?" persisted Mrs. Bowser.

"No, ma'am. I won't—not a line of it. You would simply find fault with it and try to show your superiority over me. The ode suits me and will suit the club, and that's enough. I don't want to be all upset by your criticisms. When I get mad my voice gets husky, and I want it in good trim tonight."

Mrs. Bowser said no more on the subject until he was about ready to leave the house. Then, as she saw the roll of manuscript in his hand, she asked:

"Couldn't you read me the first verse? You know an ode is not a poem."

"Not a line will I read. When Samuel Bowser does not know an ode from a poem he wants some one to soak his head."

"Is it about Columbus discovering America, or what?"

Advised to Go to Bed.

"Never you mind. You go to bed at the usual hour and don't worry about me or Columbus."

With that he was off. Mrs. Bowser sat up until 10 o'clock and then went to bed. She was awakened two hours after midnight by a voice singing at the gate. It was a voice trying to sing the "Sweet By and By" and "You Can't Shake Me, Charlie," to one and the same air. She leaped out of bed and started downstairs, but before she reached the door it was being kicked and shaken, and the same voice was shouting:

"Lemme in, ole gal—lemme in!"

It was Mr. Bowser. He stood there hatless and had his coat on his arm.

"Warm night—mighty warm night," he said as she reached out and pulled him into the hall just as a policeman was coming along.

Mr. Bowser was escorted to the sitting room and deposited in a chair, and then Mrs. Bowser stood before him and looked at him for a moment before asking:

"Mr. Bowser, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothin', dear—nothin' 'tall. I just got home from the Gay Old Boys' club, you see."

"Yes, I see! I thought it would be this way. Nice thing in a man of your age! All the neighbors must have heard you bawling at the gate and kicking at the door."

"Nobody heard me 'tall. Came home as quiet as a mouse. Don't look at me that way, Mrs. Bowser. It ain't right—if it ain't right. If you had gone

to the Gay Old Gals' club and read an ode I wouldn't look at you that way."

"So you read your ode, did you?"

"I did and made the hit of the evening. Big hit. Awful hit. Most awful hit you ever heard of. The applause was simply tremendous. Oh, if you had only been there to hear!"

"And what has become of the manuscript?"

"Got it right here," he replied as he began feeling in his vest pockets. "No, I haven't. The secretary wanted it to send to Historical society. Best ode on Columbus ever delivered by mortal man. Want to lay it up 'mong archives. Mrs. Bowser, why can't you stand still a minute instead of whirling 'round?"

"I am standing still; it's your head that's whirling. Oh, the shame of it!"

"What 'bout shame, Mrs. Bowser? Can't feller deliver an ode on Columbus without being shamed? Course he can. Oh, but you orter been there! You orter heard the applause! You orter heard what they said 'bout me! You'd been proudest woman in America."

It Brought House Down.

"What was the ode?" she asked as his eyes began to close.

"What was 'er ode? Why, it was ode to Columbus. It praised him for discovering the pyramids, you know. Yes, sir, set right out and sailed and sailed and sailed till he discovered the pyramids. Then he went ashore and said to 'em, 'Pyramids, you are the real stuff—come here.' And 'er pyramids come. That's what brought down 'er house."

"And I don't wonder at it. I feared some such blunder on your part, and that's why I wanted you to read the ode to me before you started. It's no wonder the members geyed you."

"Guy me? Not a guy, Mrs. Bowser! Just laughed and applauded. Just said my ode was best ever written. Just said Bowser took 'er cake. You are proud of me, hain't you? Course you are proud of me. If you had written that ode I would be proud of you."

"Don't ask me to feel proud of a husband in your condition. It will probably be in the papers, and I won't dare show my head outside the house for a week. Mr. Bowser, how could you—how could you?"

"How could I write ode on Columbus? Why, just as easy as grease. Gimme pencil and I'll write 'nother. I'll write one 'bout Columbus crossin' 'er Alps."

"And how can I get you upstairs? I'll have to have the help of the cook."

"No, you won't. I can walk right up. Shee! I'll go ahead and"—

And he sank down on the floor, groaned and grunted two or three times and then began to snore. The best Mrs. Bowser could do was to fetch a quilt and pillow and leave him there. He had written and delivered an ode, and it was a corker.



RENOVN Steel Ranges

The largest part of a woman's duties are performed in the kitchen. If this room is well appointed her work becomes a source of enjoyment.

The selection of a right range is an all important point. A Steel Range will complete the arrangements of an other-wise "up-to-date" kitchen, and be a comfort and a joy to the user.

"Something Different and Something Better." is our claim. That Renown Steel Ranges have all the features of other ranges is easily proven. These special features are too numerous to be all mentioned.

Let us explain all the merit points of Renown Steel Ranges to you. We will be glad to see you at any time. Ask about our exchange plans.



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Second Street Meat Market
Fresh and Cured Meats
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GOOD DIGESTION, GOOD HEALTH.



OUR BREAD IS PERFECTION ITSELF

Our bread contains all the good qualities found in wheat. It satisfies hunger and furnishes all the nutriment needed. It is made under the best sanitary conditions and of the best materials the market affords. You will find our bread is the well-browned, crispy.

RIGHT SORT OF LOAF
It attracts the eye because of its ready-to-eat appearance. It is an excellent example of what the real STAFF OF LIFE means in bread.

CITY BAKERY.

The \$10,000 bond issue for District No. 7, Hillsboro, floated for the purpose of building the annex, now under construction, has been approved and Jas. H. Adams & Co. of Los Angeles, will come forward with the money, as indicated by a wire to the attorney for the school district, H. T. Bigley, Monday. The company had up a certified check for \$500 to insure good faith and when they tried to crawl out a telegram was sent notifying of the forfeiture in case of refusal. This brought the investing company to its senses and they wired that the "doughski" would be on hand instant. The bonds sold at a premium of \$474.

Gone to His Reward

He was a child of love
And gentleness,
Like sunshine from above.
He never grieved a soul;
Nor e'er did wrong;
Nor e'er a melon stole.

Of promise bright, and pure;
And truthful, too;
He always would endure
The slights of all the school;
One day he died—
Kicked skyward by a mule.

Miss Martha Connell, of near Menomonee Falls, Wis., and Miss Sarah Connell, of near Waukegan, that state's famous Summer resort, were here this week, guests of the Connells and Dr. Wood and wife, to whom they are cousins. They returned to Portland yesterday, where they will visit with Richard Connell and other relatives, and then return home via Seattle. Miss Martha Connell is vice president in her town's local bank, and carries on extended business enterprises.

NINE TRAINS EACH WAY ON ELECTRIC

New Schedule Went Into Effect Sunday

IS SPLENDID SUBURBAN SERVICE

Cars Depart Earlier and Return Later—Theatre Service

The Oregon Electric's new time table went into effect July 18 with a schedule of nine trains daily, each way. The time is such that Hillsboro and Forest Grove people can leave after supper and attend theatre in Portland and return home about midnight. It is not improbable, however, that Nos. 45 and 48 will not long be on the schedule. The new time table is:

LEAVES FOR PORTLAND		ARRIVES FROM PORTLAND	
No. 42	6:55 a. m.	No. 31	7:40 a. m.
34	8:40 "	33	9:25 "
36	10:30 "	35	11:05 "
38	12:35 p. m.	37	1:10 p. m.
40	2:00 "	39	3:10 "
42	3:40 "	41	4:30 "
44	4:30 "	43	5:30 "
46	7:15 "	45	8:30 "
48	10:35 "	47	12:10 a. m.

No. 34 and No. 42 make close connection at Garden Home for Salem.

CATHERINE B. REYNOLDS

Mrs. Catherine B. Reynolds, well known in Hillsboro, and who resided here for many years, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Sophronia Hicklin, Lents, Ore., July 15, and interment was in the Hillsboro cemetery, Saturday. She passed away from a stroke of paralysis.



She was born in Knoxville, Tenn., October 14, 1830, and was the daughter of Jacob and Mary Ramsey Lemons. She married James B. Southworth, June 13, 1850, and crossed the plains in 1853, settling in Hillsboro. Eight children were born to the union, four of whom survive: Mrs. M. P. Cantwell and Mrs. S. W. Hicklin, Lents, Ore.; Mrs. Sarah Varney, Portland, and P. B. Southworth, Klamath Falls. The husband died in California from tuberculosis. In December, 1865, she married Henry Smith, a well known pioneer of Hillsboro. One child was born to them, Mrs. Jennie Olsen, wife of Fred Olsen, at present the carrier on Route 1 Hillsboro, and well known here. Interment was in the Masonic cemetery, July 17, Rev. Belknap officiating.

For many years Mrs. Reynolds cared for her mother, Mary Ramsey Wood, who died in Hillsboro a year ago last January, at the advanced age of 120 years, and who has a world-wide celebrity as the oldest Caucasian woman on record at the time.

FANDOM AND DUMDUM.

Now they're getting 'down to business—what is the matter, anyway, with a real county league next year. There is some satisfaction in local playing, and the entry is big enough to support three or four ball teams in fine shape.

Cornelius has enough talent to break into the game next season—and if they will organize and get down to business, they will make it interesting for the others teams.

Roy Cook, old-time ball player and a popular umpire, is to play with the Forest Grove Colts the rest of the season.

Getter, catcher for the Colts when they were winning nearly all the time, has again joined the frisky college city bunch, and will close the year with them.

Reihen, the Corvallis pitcher, and whose home is near Roy, is one of the "comers" on the mound.

Anton Hermens, who likes the game, says he will pick out a team next season that will have them all on the blink—and Anton is a good loser if he doesn't make good.

Phelps caught a great game Sunday, and he was very ill.

Nick Williams will be in one of the big leagues next year if he will keep that arm in shape the balance of the year.

The Maroons had a nice bunch of boys and all were ball players. They were all players. They were too slow for the Cardinals, however.

Little Batchelor was out of the game Sunday, his injuries still bothering him considerably.

Mrs. M. E. Shannon, of Emmett, Idaho, arrived the last of the week, to visit her sister, Mrs. Max Crandall. She finds two sisters here as guests of Mrs. Crandall, Mrs. Cox and Mrs. Lewis, of Martinsville, Indiana. The four sisters had not met for fifteen years and the reunion was a joyous affair. All went over to Newport to spend Sunday.

THIS WEEK'S

BAIRD'S Bargains

Children's wash suits - 50c to 75c	Ladies' white waists - 30c
Children's rompers - 25c to 50c	" fancy waists - \$1.10
Girls' dresses, white & colored, 50c up	" colored wash skirts - 90c
Boys' waists - 25c up	" white " " - \$1.25
Children's good hose - 9c per pair	" black mohair skirts - \$2.00
Children's sleeveless vests - 10c	" fancy wool dress - \$3.00
" muslin drawers - 21c	" satin-trim'd voile - \$4.50
sun-bonnets - 21c	

Men's nobby corduroy pants - \$2.50	Men's good work shoes - \$2.00
" good work pants - 90c up	" oxford oxfords - 30c
" fancy neglige shirts - 50c	Boys' " " - 30c
" silk-stripe neglige - \$1.00 up	" patent leather oxfords - 30c
" fancy light golf " - 50c	Misses patent oxfords, 2 to 6, 15c
" good work Sox - 6c pair	" tan " 2 to 6 - 15c
" light-wgt union suits - \$1.25	Ladies' white pumps - 15c
" Poroskuit " - \$1.25	" tan " - 15c
" underwear - 50c	Infants' pumps, 0 to 4, in colors, 10c
	" tan and patent, all sizes

\$ for \$ our motto

BAIRD

Between the Drug Stores.

The Nelson Hardware Co.

For Ranges that Excel, and Right Prices

The Standard Range, \$30 to \$40—for a medium priced range this class piece of kitchen furniture. It can't be beaten. Come in and see one.

The Superior, \$40 to \$70, absolutely the finest range in the world for the money. All kinds of durable camp stoves for your vacation, and hopper ranging from 80 to \$2.25. Cast iron stoves, good bakers, selling at only \$1.00.

NELSON HARDWARE CO., HILLSBORO, ORE.

F. W. Niabet, salesman for a St. Louis house, and whose territory is Kentucky, Tennessee and Georgia, was here Tuesday, a guest at the J. A. Imbrie home. Mr. Niabet hails from Madisonville, Ky., and is a townsman of Mr. Bshno, who with his wife and children, is spending the summer with the Imbries. The visitor thinks this is the greatest country he has ever seen and climate that he will enjoy here eventually.