

## BOWSER AS AN ARTIST

Man of Many Moods Tries His Hand at Interior Decoration.

ADMITS HE IS A FAILURE.

Paperhanging Looks Easy—Samuel Wrestles With Wrinkles, Ladder, Paste and Furniture and Flees From the Ruins.

By M. QUAD.  
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MR. BOWSER was ready to depart for the office at the usual 8:30 o'clock the other morning; but, seeing an acquaintance down street, he waited for him. This took up ten minutes, during which Mrs. Bowser was fluttering around the front door and warning him that he would be late. He was just moving off when a stranger came along and halted to ask:

"Is this where Bowser lives?"

"Yes, and I am Bowser. What is it?"

"Your wife telephoned to Riggs & Riggs yesterday to send up a paperhanger, and here I am."

"Oh, Mrs. Bowser telephoned for a paperhanger, did she? A room to be papered, and nothing said to me about it? Well, you can go back. I'll do the work myself."

"Are you a paperhanger?"

"One of the best on earth."

The workman muttered a "Humph" and scuffed away, and after excusing himself to his acquaintance Mr. Bowser went back into the house and said to Mrs. Bowser:

"Why wasn't I told of this paperhanging business?"

"I—I forgot," was the confused answer.

"Oh, I see! Well, I cheerfully remind you of it right here and now. What room have we that needs papering?"

"I am going to change the paper on the spare room. Knowing how busy



"HE'S THE TERRIBLEST MAN I EVER SAW OR HEARD OF."

you are, I didn't want to bother you about it. And I was going to pay for it out of my own pocket too."

"Very kind of you, Mrs. Bowser—exceedingly kind, but I will save you that expense. There's nothing rustling at the office today, and I'll change into my old clothes and put the paper on the walls. I can probably get through by noon."

"But I wish you hadn't sent the man away. I want this done very nice. If you set about it you'll—"

"That's enough, Mrs. Bowser. When I can't hang paper with any one in this town I'll jump on my hat. I don't propose to pay some hotch 25 for what I can do in a day or less. I'll be ready in ten minutes."

"Can't I hire or coax you to go to the office?"

"By thunder, woman, but you are acting mighty queer about this matter! Do you forget that I am Bowser?"

"You are Bowser, of course, but once when you tried to paper a bedroom you got the strips on squeegeed and all wrinkled up. A man has got to be an artist to hang—"

"Squeegeed! Wrinkled!" he shouted. "I deny it! Never in this old world! It was an artistic job, and today I'll show you another. If you can find one wrinkle when I'm done I'll eat my shoes. No more excuses now; I'm going to work."

Tears as Bowser Prepared.

Mrs. Bowser had bought the paper and had it trimmed and sent home and then engaged a man. He was to do the work and get out before Mr. Bowser got home. Not a word would she say about it for days and days, but Mr. Bowser's delay at the gate brought disaster to her plans. While he went upstairs to change his clothes she sat down and shed tears. While she was weeping the cook came from the kitchen and said:

"He's the terriblest man I ever saw or heard of. Mind you, now, if he falls from the staphladder and brings on an explosion you needn't ask me to run for bandages and things. He may blow all to smash and I won't lift a finger."

As the old paper was to be soaked and scraped off the walls, Mrs. Bowser had taken up the carpet. The man had said that she needn't move bureau nor bed. Mr. Bowser found a pall of paste and the staphladder ready, but before making a dash he called Mrs. Bowser up and said:

"I may have spoken harshly to you, but that's the way with us artists. You are quick to resent criticism. Your doubting my talents and skill touched me on the raw. That's one reason why I don't take up landscape painting—I'm too touchy. As to this job, it's mere play. You run along now, and I'll call you when I get one wall done."

No one has ever yet built or ever will build a house where the corners of the rooms were plumb up and down. They look to be, but they are not. The paperhanger measures until he finds the true lines. Mrs. Bowser had planned for the old paper to come off. Mr. Bowser figured that leaving

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OREGON ELECTRIC TIME

LEAVES FOR PORTLAND	ARRIVES FROM PORTLAND
No. 32...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...6:30 "
" 46...7:15 "	" 45...9:20 "
" 48...10:25 "	" 47...12:10 a. m.

F. A. Retzl, of near Farmington, was an Argus caller, Tuesday afternoon.

W. E. McCourt and wife departed for a week's trip to Seattle, Tuesday evening.

Miss Eugenia Hembree, of Eugene, was Saturday and Sunday a guest at the home of J. E. Butler and wife.

Judge Campbell came out Tuesday and held an adjourned day of court. He will not come again until about September 1.

L. C. Kinser, who owns a neat little farm near the Tualatin Plains church, was in Monday: His little girl, who broke an arm two weeks ago, is getting along nicely.

Mrs. H. W. Spooner and daughter, Miss Elizabeth, of Portland, were guests at the home of E. L. James and family, West Baseline, Sunday. Mrs. Spooner is a sister of Mr. James.

## FORMER HILLSBORO MAN IN ATHLETICS

Oliver Huston to Enter for Multnomah Club

AT THE BIG SEATTLE FIELD MEET

Will Make Try for Sprinting Championship

Oliver Huston, of Portland, a former resident of this city, well known as the eldest son of Hon. S. B. Huston, will be in the A. A. U. events at Seattle tomorrow and Saturday, as a member of the Multnomah Club. He is one of the best in the century dash, and his trainer thinks he will be able to beat all competitors. He leads Smithson, the former Oregon champion in his tryouts, and critics say his only chance of defeat is in the fact that he is rather slow in starting. This defect, however, is being gradually worked out of him, and by tomorrow, if he can keep up his training speed, he will have no trouble in capturing the Seattle event.



Oliver Huston is known to every person in Hillsboro, having finished the high school here, where he was raised, and then going to Pacific University. He is now attending the State University at Eugene and is very proficient in his classes. He still finds time, however, to take an active interest in athletics and has surprised some of the best sprinters on the coast for the century distance.

### CRAWFISH PARTY

A pleasant crawfish party enjoyed the day at Sam Moon's delightful home near Centerville, Sunday last. The host and hostess entertained the party in an appreciable manner and the entire day was spent on the banks of the stream. Mr. Moon sang a number of old English ballads and others joined in the festivities of the day. Those present were:

Host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Nielsen, Forest Grove; Mrs. L. M. Harris, Mr and Mrs. D. V. Ennes, Mrs. Lulu Williamson, Mrs. C. Wren, Mrs. Anns Sammons, Miss Elizabeth Moon, Miss Adeline Cawise, Miss Bertie Cawise, Miss Lottie Ennis, Miss Kate Wren, Lloyd Harris, Henry Ennis, H. Everitt, L. T. Beagle, A. Caminodia, F. P. Terzika, E. Spranger, Jos. Cawise, Wilbur Job, Joe Harrington, John Cawise, Antoo O-pelt; Mrs. Ludemia Anderson, Miss Bessie Anderson, J. D. Anderson, Hillsboro; Miss Lizzie Moore, Miss Mary Nicholson, Forest Grove; H. A. Wilson, Seattle; Mrs. C. Spranger, Roy Crow, Roy Diller, Portland; Sam Moon Jr.

J. S. Lilly, deputy game warden, of Giles Creek, was in the city Tuesday, having just returned from a trip down in the McKenzie river region, where he was rounding up hunters who were overstepping the law.

Nels Hanson, who has been farming twenty years two miles this side of Cedar Mill, was up Monday morning, taking out tinner supplies for his handsome new residence.

Dr. Lowe takes a personal interest in each pair of glasses he sells, and under no circumstances will he recommend them if not needed. Hotel Tualatin, August 13.

Contractor Moore started laying brick on the Pythian Block this week and the masons expect to have the structure ready to put on the roof in about twenty days.

Attorney Geo. R. Bagley has taken up his residence in his own property, recently purchased from the Thornes.

# Mid Summer Sale ON DRESS GOODS

A startling reduction in prices on all Dress Goods and Summer Shoes.

The Chances of the Season.

- 20c, 25c and 30c Lawns for 11-2c
- 13 1-2c and 17 1-2c " " 9 1-2c
- 10c and 12 1-2c " " 6c
- 25c to 35c fancy White Waists 17c
- 12 1-2c fancy Gingham 9c
- Children's White Canvas Oxfords 89c
- Women's " " " \$1.15
- " " " Pumps \$1.25
- " Gray " Oxfords \$1.00
- Misses Black and Tan Oxfords 2 to 5, \$1.75

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Alexander Kohli, of near Quilama, where his brother, Casper, owns a ranch was up to the city Tuesday morning, and called on the Argus.

J. W. York, of below Reedville, was in town Tuesday afternoon.

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