

# Bowser and Simple Life

He Follows the Philosophy of the Rev. Charles Wagner in His New Mode of Living

## AND NEARLY STARVES

Frugal Fare and Wife's Dainty Meals and Sarcasm Strain His Self Control to Limit.

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THE morning after Mr. Bowser had made his start to live a "simple life" after the lines laid down by the Rev. Charles Wagner he woke as hungry as a bear, and upon his descending to the dining room and finding a dish of cornmeal and a glass of water awaiting him his face seemed to lengthen out a foot longer. It wouldn't do to go back on himself, however, and he put on a smile as he sat down and began to eat.

Mrs. Bowser had provided herself with eggs and bacon and rolls and coffee, and he mentally made up his mind that if he ever came to an end of his simplicity he would make her heart ache for thus tantalizing and defying him at the same time.

"Are you going to wear those old duds to the office?" she asked after a while, seeing that he had on the same old suit.

"Certainly," was his reply. "Clothes do not make the man. The people of this nation are paying out millions and



HIS FEET SUDDENLY WENT OUT FROM UNDER HIM.

millions of dollars a year for silks and broadcloths when plainer goods would do far better. I shall be as consistent in my dress as in my eating."

"And how about your lunch at noon?"

"I shall seek some restaurant where I can get a glass of milk and a crust of bread."

"And our dinner tonight?"

"If you will kindly have a baked potato and a cut from a stale loaf of bread ready for me, it will be amply sufficient. You can go ahead and gorge yourself and die as soon as you please."

Mr. Bowser had a rather bad day of it. When he got out to the corner he decided that consistency demanded that he should walk instead of taking the street car. He had gone about two blocks when his feet suddenly went out from under him, and he came down like a house. Before he could remember the new role he was playing he had uttered about sixteen cuss words, and as he scrambled around on the ice a woman turned aside and extended him a hand and said:

"Poor old man! You don't look as if you had had anything to eat for three or four days, and those old clothes won't keep you from freezing. I pity you, and yet I must warn you against that awful habit of swearing."

Mr. Bowser refused her aid with a grunt, but five minutes later had another adventure. A grocer's wagon had stopped on the cross walk, and, forgetting that he was "Simple" Bowser, the pedestrian halted to exclaim:

"Here, you, boy—drive on! Don't you know that you are blocking the walk and that you could be arrested for it?"

"What's struck you, old tramp?" was the impudent reply of the boy.

Mr. Bowser had just drawn a full breath to blast him after the old Bowserian fashion when a policeman came along and took him by the collar and threw him into a snowdrift and called after him:

"That's the kind of a hair mattress you are looking for, you old fake!"

During the day he was asked at least twenty times if he had been in swimming and left his good clothes on the bank or if he had made a change and gone into the old clo' business, and nothing but his settled determination to hang on to himself prevented half a dozen rows. At noon he ate the sort of luncheon he had described to Mrs. Bowser, and when he started for home at 5 o'clock he was as hungry as a wolf. He departed from his rule and took a street car, but he had cause to wish he hadn't. He was hanging to a strap and wabbling about when he stepped on a woman's foot, and though he at once begged pardon, she faced him and said:

"I am constantly asked to contribute to charity and told how badly the poor need money, and here is one of you spending his cash to ride in a street car!"

"Madam, I have got my old clothes on," replied Mr. Bowser. "I have got my old clothes on because I have started out to live!"

"Well, you start out of this!" exclaimed the conductor as he took his arm and led him to the rear platform and jammed his back against the railing.

When Mr. Bowser reached his own gate he was so mad that he waited a moment to jump up and down and then kick at a passing dog, but he had got control of himself and worked up a smile as he entered the house. Mrs. Bowser met him as usual and said:

"I have been thinking of you all day long. It is very brave in you to start out to live an entirely new life at your age, and you can depend upon me to encourage you in every possible way. If I spoke discouragingly last night I am sorry for it, and it shan't happen again. I have got your simple dinner ready for you."

So she had. It was a big potato with its jacket on, and it had been baking all the afternoon. Beside it was a goblet of ice cold water. For her own dinner Mrs. Bowser had fried oysters, celery, asparagus, canned peas, biscuit and honey and fragrant tea. Mr. Bowser looked over at it, with a smile on his face, but in his heart he said he would never forgive her if he lived a thousand years longer. The smell of those fried oysters as they were brought on to the table lifted him a foot high, and the aroma of the tea and the sight of the clover honey made him wriggle around as if he had struck a tack. He realized that it was a put up job to hurt his feelings, and he stiffened his heart and ate and drank with such gusto that Mrs. Bowser was almost deceived.

She naturally asked how he had got through the day, and he naturally lied like a trooper when he said that he hadn't enjoyed himself so well in twenty years. He even went beyond that and said he had made four or five converts and that he was thinking of going out into the country to live in a cave and subsist on roots.

Mr. Bowser lingered over his dinner as long as he could and several times expressed his pity for the rich and their ignorance in overloading their stomachs, and he smiled in a fatherly way at the cook as they left the table for the sitting room. When they were seated Mrs. Bowser said:

"You are right about the theater. It is no place for such simple people as us. You were also right about botany and natural history. I sent over to the drug store today for some roots and herbs, and we will now take up botany. I have also captured two cockroaches and a house fly, and we will put them under the microscope and stick pins in their backs and learn all we can about natural history."

Mr. Bowser turned red in the face and choked up. Never in all his life before had he so wanted to jump up and down and yell "Woman!" at her, and never had he been so handicapped. "Is it your collar that's choking you, dear?" solicitously queried Mrs. Bowser. "If I was you I wouldn't put one on tomorrow morning when I got up. It is a useless piece of dress, and the day will yet come when the most fashionable man will consider an old stocking tied around his neck plenty good enough for all purposes."

There was no jawbone of an ass lying

ing around for Mr. Bowser to slay with, and so he had to smile and go ahead with botany and natural history and keep his wrath bottled up. He was dissembling fairly well when Mrs. Bowser said:

"You brought home two bottles of port the other day, and today when a lady called to tell me about several sick families I gave her the two to take away. Of course you will have no further need of wine."

"What!" he exclaimed.

"And I rigged a tramp out in one of your suits and gave him some extra collars and cuffs. He was very thankful, and when I spoke about his turning to a more simple life he said he was going naked and live on burdock leaves next summer. He may call this evening to get some pointers from you."

"If he does I'll be hanged if I don't!"

"What did you say, dear?"

"I—I said, my love, that if he called I'd be glad to talk with him."

"Yes, of course you will. I spoke to the man today about turning off the gas. It's a useless waste. Tallow candles are plenty good enough for us. The cook knows what to get for your breakfast. It will be bread soaked in water and fried and a dish of codfish. Are you going to take a walk before bedtime, as the pastoral people of Egypt used to do?"

Mr. Bowser went out and walked. He walked up and down, and the snowflakes flew and the wind howled around his ears, and now and then he shut his teeth together and hissed into the darkness and the storm:

"You just wait, old lady; you just wait!"

M. QUAD.

### Not an Easy Job.



Bug—it's no wonder tramps get tired so easy carrying a big thing like that around with them.—New York World.

### "Owed" to Spring.

IN the early days of April, Days of sunshine wet with rain, Mother rallies all her forces, Opens up the spring campaign.

First we carry out the sofa, Blank it round with every chair, Bedstead, bureau, mattress, table, Till the house looks gaunt and bare.

Still we show no weak relenting For the carpets still on floors, And all down things must come upward And be carried out of doors.

When the rooms are bare and empty, 'Tis the point where mother looms Large upon our near horizon Armed with rags and moss and brooms.

Also pails of soapy water And perhaps some air-slacked lime Go to swell enthusiasm In the glad house cleaning time.

Oh, the joy of pasting paper On the ceilings and the walls; Oh, the sweet smell of the varnish On the woodwork in the halls!

Oh, how nice to sort the cupboard Where we keep our cures for ills! See the lotions, powders, potions, Liniments and salves and pills!

Now we eat our dinner standing All around the kitchen range, If we get too tired on one foot, Then we "make a little change."

With our lumbar muscles aching And the biceps like to crack, With what joyous looks and actions We begin to put things back!

Oh, the gay and glad house cleaning; All its joys I may not speak, I must save my breath and muscle— We expect to clean next week!

—Wallace Martin in Chicago Record-Herald.

### A Church Fare.



—Leslie's Weekly.

### Something Doing Right Away.

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. Spider to Mr. Spider, looking down from her web on the shelf of the dry goods store, "I am afraid that we have got to move."

"What's the trouble now, dear?" asked Mr. Spider in surprise. "We have lived with this kind storekeeper for many months."

"Yes, dear, I know we have," said Mrs. Spider, with a sigh. "But he has

### PETITION OF TAXPAYERS.

To Move Desirable Candidate to Run For School Director.

To Hon. Jas. W. Welch:

We, the undersigned taxpayers, and citizens of Astoria, school district No. 1, Clatsop county, Oregon, would respectfully request you to run for director of said district at the coming election to be held in June, 1905.

Thomas Dealy.

H. D. Gray.

I. C. Anderson.

L. Lebeck.

O. Anderson.

George Kaboth.

John Enberg.

C. J. Trenchard.

Mel Annala.

I. Siverson.

Harrison Allen.

P. Lawler.

N. Schlusell.

R. Carruthers.

C. C. Utzinger.

James J. Robinson.

R. J. Pilkington.

C. S. Wright.

John Taikka.

Fred Lindstrom.

M. K. Anderson.

O. W. Pedersen.

James Tatton.

J. W. Takkunen.

John Wuopio.

John E. Gratke.

Frank Hart.

S. A. Grimre.

W. C. Shaw.

John Leahy.

D. Shanahan.

A. Scherneckan.

W. A. Goodin.

Ben Hay.

M. Salvon.

C. Timmons.

Th. Frederiksen.

Andrew Simonsen.

Joseph Sinnott.

Charles Leaf.

Peter Grant.

Thomas Campbell.

G. W. Morton.

B. F. Allen.

J. H. Malar.

L. Mansour.

J. Q. A. Bowiby.

A. E. Beard.

Alex Brenner.

Albert Wuopio.

Wm. C. A. Pohl.

Henry Sherman.

A. A. Siekau.

H. Ekstrom.

H. Wajo.

D. J. McVicar.

B. Van Dusen.

J. T. Ross.

F. L. Parker.

L. Dieleman.

Asmus Brix.

J. W. Babbidge.

W. N. Smith.

J. C. McCue.

John Hahn.

John H. Smith.

A. B. Dalgity.

J. C. Clinton.

W. Asherman.

S. C. Turner.

Samuel E. Elmore.

W. W. Ridehalgh.

Frank Patton.

C. W. Fulton.

A. V. Allen.

W. H. Copeland.

Chas. M. Celler.

A. G. Spexarth.

Martin Ford.

Chas. Heilborn.

C. V. Brown.

A. M. Smith.

J. W. Surprenant.

Alex. Grant.

P. A. Stokes.

Aug. Hildebrand.

T. R. Davies.

R. Werthes.

R. G. Prael.

Benjamin Young.

W. Fitzgerald.

H. H. Zapf.

C. H. Cooper.

W. L. Robb.

W. J. Sculley.

H. J. Wherity.

Charles Rogers.

Dr. Jay Tuttle.

A. A. Finch.

J. A. Fulton.

Alex. Tagg.

E. A. Gerdling.

J. S. Dellinger.

V. Miller.

Robt. Gibson.

Jos. Gribler.

T. S. Cornelius.

S. L. Nanthrup.

Theo. Josephson.

V. Hermann.

Wm. Seymour Short.

P. B. Sovey.

Theo. Bracker.

A. McPharlan.

G. C. Palmberg.

### MEAT FOR DUCKLINGS.

Animal Food Necessary For Their Early Development.

In a recent experiment at the New York agricultural station, planned to bring out the effect and value of various quantities of animal food in the rations, four similar lots of ducklings, each of twenty-eight birds one week old, were fed for ten weeks.

Two grain rations were used as the basis, one containing seven parts cornmeal, six parts animal meal, four parts wheat middlings and three parts wheat bran and the other composed of two parts Chicago gluten meal and one part each of germ gluten meal and old process linseed meal. These were fed in varying proportions to the different lots of ducklings and were so supplemented with animal meal and other foods that one lot received about 20 per cent of the protein in the ration from animal food, the next lot 40 per cent, the next lot 60 per cent and the fourth lot 80 per cent.

Bone ash was used in the rations with smaller amounts of animal meal to prevent any possible deficiency of mineral matter in any ration and to avoid any great differences in amount of ash, for the animal meal contained so much bone that rations in which it was freely used had a high percentage of ash constituents. This bone ash, which would be unnecessary for ordinary feeding, added considerably to the cost of the rations.

The results of the experiment show that in the first month or so of the duckling's life a large proportion of the food can, with direct profit, be of animal products. With 60 per cent of such food in the ration the birds grew more rapidly than upon any other ration, while for the first month the cost of production was as low as with any. As the birds became larger the direct financial advantage in using large proportions of animal food lessened and finally disappeared. But the gain which would result from the early attainment of marketable size still remained, for when the 60 per cent lot would have weighed about 145 pounds as prepared for market the 20 per cent lot would have weighed only 125 pounds. The advantage of getting birds ready for market quickly is often so decided that greater profit would lie with the more costly ration. In this case the heavier feeding of animal products saved about two weeks' time, or produced 15 per cent more of poultry in the same time.

So far as this experiment goes it seems that it will pay to feed freely of animal food during the first three to five weeks and depend after that more on increasing proportions of the cheaper grain foods. The exact proportions most profitable to use and the best form of animal food to select will depend upon the relative cost of different foods, the demand for the product and the price obtained.—Bulletin New York Experiment Station.

### Feeding the Chicks.

When hatching day is drawing near do not be in too great a hurry to count the chicks. Let nature attend to the hatching process without interference. After the chicks are hatched twenty-four hours give them their first meal, which consists of rolled roasts. I continue feeding this for about two months, giving them well baked Johnny-cake for a change. The formula which has given me good results is as follows: Two quarts bran, two quarts coarse cornmeal, one quart wheat middlings, one handful beef scraps, one handful of chick grit. I mix this up well with skim milk. Then I rub it into a crumbly mass and then bake it for about four and three-quarters hours in a slow oven. Then I slowly begin to feed them cracked corn, increasing it as they get used to it. I never feed them soft feed, as it causes bowel trouble.—Cor. American Poultry Journal.

### Huge Task.

It was a huge task to undertake the cure of such a bad case of kidney disease as that of C. F. Collier, of Cherokee, Ia., but Electric Bitters did it. He writes: "My kidneys were so far gone I could not sit on a chair without a cushion; and suffered from dreadful backache, headache and depression. In Electric Bitters, however, I found a cure and by them was restored to perfect health. I recommend the great tonic medicine to all with weak kidneys, liver or stomach. Guaranteed by C. Rogers, druggist. Price, 50 cents."

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J. C. LINDSEY, Trav. Passenger Agent, 142 Third St., Portland, Ore.  
PAUL B. THOMPSON, Pass'gr. Agent, Coleman Building, Seattle, Wash.

### A Bad Scare.

Some day you will get a bad scare when you feel a pain in your bowels and fear appendicitis. Safety lies in Dr. Spaulding's New Life Pills, a sure cure for all bowel and stomach dis-

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Via Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. From Chicago to Asbury Park, N. J., and return, \$21.35. Tickets good going June 20, 30, July 1 and 2, valid for return until August 31 by extension.

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### Dying of Famine.

is in its torments, like dying of consumption. The progress of consumption from the beginning to the very end, is a long torture, both to victim and friends. "When I had consumption in its first stage," writes Wm. Myers, of Cearfoss, Md., "after trying different medicines and a good doctor in vain, I at last took Dr. King's New Discovery which quickly and perfectly cured me." Prompt relief and sure cure for coughs, colds, sore throat