

Mr. Bowser And Poultry

He Reads All About Vast Fortunes Made Out of the Chicken Business.

DECIDES TO ATTEMPT IT

Tells Mrs. Bowser to Prepare to Move and Goes Out to Consult Butcher About Hens.

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MR. BOWSER had been reading his evening paper for half an hour when he suddenly brought his fist down on his knee and exclaimed:

"By thunder, but that proves what I have always told you!"

"What have you always told me?" queried Mrs. Bowser.

"That there was money—big money—lots of money—in raising chickens. I was a fool not to go into it ten years ago."

"What have you found in the paper?" "Here is a column or more devoted to the subject, and it makes me want to kick myself when I see what a chance I have missed. The man who lets his wife out-argue him in matters of com-



"DON'T GRIEVE, POOR WOMAN." "Poor sense is an idiot. I've wanted to go into poultry several times, but you always opposed it and blocked my plans."

"Well, does the article say there is money in it?"

"Of course it does. Here is the case of a young married couple who started ten years ago with six hens. What do you suppose they are worth now?"

"If they have lived on raw turnips for ten years and he has had steady work at a dollar a day they may be worth \$1,000."

"Woman, I'd advise you not to fool with this question. You may find it a serious one before you get through. In ten years, starting in with six hens, they have sold enough eggs and poultry to come to \$20,000, and their income next year will be at least \$15,000. They have bought a fine farm, built a new house and now ride in their own carriage. Suppose we had started with six hens when we were first married?"

"We'd have owned a whole state by this time and we could give away a million eggs and not miss them."

"Sneering again, are you? Well, you can sneer and be hanged. If we are not millionaires you are to blame for it."

"Yes, you can begin to pack up. We will be sold out in two weeks."

"Very well," she replied.

"And I think I'll drop over and see the butcher for a few minutes. He'll know the best breed of fowls to start in with, and I might as well advertise for them at once. We can keep a thousand of them down cellar for a month if we have to, and during that time we ought to have half a million eggs."

He took his hat from the rack and started off for the butcher's, and when the door had closed behind him the cat came out from under the lounge and sat up and looked at Mrs. Bowser in a sorrowful way and seemed to say:

"Don't grieve, poor woman. The butcher is a hard-headed man, and Mr. Bowser will hear something drop before he comes back."

The butcher was about closing up for the evening, but he cheerfully agreed that he would answer a few questions about poultry. He had known all about poultry since he was a chicken himself. Mr. Bowser handed him the paper and asked him to read the article. He did so, and when he had finished he burst into a guffaw and said:

"That was written by a fool for fools to read. You don't tell me that you believe such statements?"

"They strike me as reasonable and truthful."

"Then the fool killer ought to strike you with a club. Did you ever see a hen?"

"Sir, don't insult me!"

"I'm not insulting you. Did you ever have a flock of hens around your house?"

"No."

"Well, if you had you would realize what nonsense this is. Why, Bowser, you couldn't make your salt at the poultry business. There are twenty failures to one success, and it's harder work than sawing hickory wood with a dull saw."

"I beg to differ with you. I say there is money in it. If a woman sixty years old can start with one hen, and a lame one at that, and make—"

"Make your grandmother!"

"But do you mean to say that I'm a fool?"

"No, Bowser, but you are an easy mark, a good thing. You want weights on your feet to keep them down. Give it up. Go home and ask Mrs. Bowser to make you some catnip tea and tuck you up in your trundle bed."

"You are a liar, sir! You are—you are!"

But the smiling and good-natured butcher pushed him out of the door and locked it against him, and Mr. Bowser was forced to walk away. He thought of appealing to the druggist, but he knew what the man would say and say it gladly. The plumber might possibly sympathize with his desire to make \$20,000 in two years out of ten or twenty hens and a blind rooster, but he had closed his shop and gone home. There was the tailor. But what did a tailor know about hens that laid twenty eggs a day and were ambitious to do better? The world was against the man who wanted to go into poultry.

The April breezes sighed and moaned, the last of the January snowdrifts were running into the gutter, and with his hands locked behind him he walked up and down and thought of the thousands of dollars that were slipping away from him, and in imagination he was followed by a flock of hens that cried out to him to grasp his fortune at the fowl and not change off poultry for coonskins.

M. QUAD.

Agreed With Her.

Clara—I can't see why people think summer is duller than winter.

Harold—No, considering so many things come off in summer!—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Pity the Man.

Dyer—So her father gave his consent?

Ryer—Yes.

Dyer—Has he a grudge against you?

Tarrytown (N. Y.) News.

KEEP YOUR HEAD UNCOVERED.

The Constant Wearing of a Hat Propagates Dandruff Germs.

There are many men who wear their hats practically all the time when awake, and are blessed with a heavy shock of hair; yet if the scalps of these same men once became infested with dandruff germs, the parasites would multiply all the quicker for lack of air. Baldness would ensue as the final result. Newbro's Herpicide kills these germs and stimulates unhealthy hair to abundant growth. Herpicide is a pleasant hair dressing as well as a dandruff cure and contains not an atom of injurious substance. Sold by leading druggists. Send for stamps for sample to The Herpicide Co., Detroit, Mich.

Eagle Drug Store, 351-353 Bond St.

Owl Drug Store, 549 Com. St., T. F. Laurin, Prop. "Special Agent."

Light Reading FOR Heavy Moments 100 NEW NOVELS Paper, 10c, 15c, 25c.

The kind for your vacation. SEE SHOW WINDOW J. N. GRIFFIN

SCOW BAY IRON AND BRASS WORKS. Manufacturers of Iron, Steel, Brass and Bronze Castings. General Foundrymen and Patternmakers. Absolutely first-class work. Lowest prices. Phone 2451. 18th and Franklin

For Porch and Summer Home Bamboo Furniture gives that refreshing touch to the weary and tired person. Settees, Roman Chairs, Hall-racks, etc., etc. Step in and examine the line. Did you buy that Chocolate set yet? Yokohama Bazar 626 Commercial Street, Astor.

Here is another case. A merchant falls in business and commits suicide. After his funeral expenses are paid his widow has just \$7 left. She uses \$5 of that to build a hencoop, and the other \$2 goes to buy chickens. She starts with four hens and a rooster. That was nine years ago. Today she is worth \$18,000 and rides about after a spanking team. I wanted to go into poultry twenty years ago, but you had your arguments all ready to dissuade me. If I had gone my own way then I'd have a barrel of money by this time.

"Any further instances?" quietly asked Mrs. Bowser as he grunted his disgust.

"A dozen of them, madam. You don't class me as a born fool, do you?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, here is an instance where a born idiot escaped from an asylum. He stole two hens and went into poultry. That was thirteen years ago, and today he has 600,000 hens and is selling a thousand eggs per day. Think of that! If a fool can do that, what couldn't I have made in the thirteen years? By the seven knee sprung cows, but I've let a woman pull me this way and that, and here's the result of it! One more instance. A woman sixty years old who has asthma and rheumatism so that she can hardly get around is advised by her doctor to go into the country for a year or so. She goes, and one day she finds a lame hen in the road. She takes it home to make a pet of, and when the hen began to lay from twenty-four to thirty-six eggs per day the woman got the idea that there was money in it. That was nine years ago. It was not believed that she could live a year, and she had only 70 cents to her name. Today she is in the best of health, not looking a day over thirty, and her income from the sales of eggs, chickens, milk and butter is over \$500 a day. Think of that—over \$500 a day, and mine is not \$10!"

"How does she manage to milk the hens?" was asked.

"What! What?"

"You said milk and butter. I was wondering how she did it."

"I said nothing of the kind, or if I did it was a slip of the tongue. I see you are ready to pick up the slightest thing, but let me tell you that I'm not to be turned aside from my purpose this time. I'll put an ad. in the papers tomorrow."

"For a lame hen to start the poultry business?"

"No, madam!" he thundered. "You are determined to treat this matter in sarcasm, but I want to tell you that within a month I'll have this house sold and be in the chicken business. When a person can sit in a rocking chair and see money coming in at the rate of \$1,000 per month he's a fool to keep on niggling for a bare living. We won't start with a lame hen, but with a thousand healthy and ambitious birds."

Mrs. Bowser made no reply. She could have gone at it and destroyed his arguments in a minute, but she decided not to do so. He turned to his paper and reread the poultry statements, made either in sarcasm or by some one who didn't know a hen from a brindled calf, and his ambition and greed became so great that he couldn't sit still. He got up and walked around the room for several minutes and then paused to say:

"Yes, you can begin to pack up. We will be sold out in two weeks."

"Very well," she replied.

"And I think I'll drop over and see the butcher for a few minutes. He'll know the best breed of fowls to start in with, and I might as well advertise for them at once. We can keep a thousand of them down cellar for a month if we have to, and during that time we ought to have half a million eggs."

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QUICK RETURN COLUMNS.

Situations Wanted-Advertisements Inserted Twice Without Charge.

Telephone your want advertisement to the office of The Morning Astorian. Telephone Main 661. When you need help or want to sell or exchange anything. Somebody may be looking for work or wish to exchange something for an article which you have.

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WANTED—GIRL TO DO LIGHT housework. Enquire at Astorian office.

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FOR SALE—HIGH COUNTER, about 8 feet long. Apply at Astorian office.

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OLD PAPERS FOR SALE AT THIS Office; 25c per hundred.

CALL FOR WARRANTS.

Notice is hereby given to all parties holding Clatsop County warrants endorsed prior to August 1st, 1904, to present same to the county treasurer at his office 500-502 Commercial street, for payment. Interest ceases after this date. (Signed) CHAS. A. HELBORN, County Treasurer.

Dated, Astoria, Oregon, this 13th day of June, 1905.

BIDS WANTED.

CALL FOR BIDS—U. S. ENGINEER Office, Portland, Ore., May 22, 1905.—Sealed proposals will be received here for mattress, rock and pile work in connection with extension of jetty at mouth of Coquille river, Ore., until 11 A. M., June 22, 1905, and then publicly opened. Information on application. W. C. Langitt, Maj., Engrs.

HOUSES FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—HOUSE KEEPING ROOMS See J. B. Brown at Ross, Higgins & Company.

HOUSES WANTED.

HOUSE OF 6 OR 8 ROOMS WANTED in good neighborhood. Convenient to center of town; rent reasonable; permanent. Address Emil Held, care The Astorian.

ROOMING HOUSES WANTED.

WANTED TO RENT—A FURNISHED rooming house. References. Address, A2, Astorian.

FOR RENT—ROOMS.

FOR RENT—LARGE FRONT ROOM; fire and electric light; finest view in city. Address C. A., Astorian.

FOR RENT—FURNISHED ROOMS. Enquire 645 Exchange.

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The only white labor laundry in the city. Does the best work at reasonable prices and is in every way worthy of your patronage.

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Makes estimates and executes orders for all kinds of electrical installing and repairing. Supplies in Stock. We sell the celebrated SHELBY LAMP.

H. W. Cyrus, Manager.

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A NEW PURE FOOD LAW.

In the State of Washington requires that all food packages shall have printed on the outside the ingredients thereof. If you use our Pure Milk, Fresh From the Cows, you won't have to look for the label. We guarantee its quality.

Morning or night delivery.

THE SLOOP-JEFFERS CO., 10th and Duane streets.

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FRESH AND CURED MEATS

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CHRISTENSEN & CO.

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542 Commercial St. Phone Main 321

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FIRST-CLASS MEAL

for 15c; nice cake, coffee, pie, or doughnuts, 5c, at U. S. Restaurant.

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BEST 15 CENT MEAL.

You can always find the best 15-cent meal in the city at the Rising Sun Restaurant.

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for Ladies are the BEST \$2-50

shoes made. We have just received a full line of these shoes, Lace and Blucher. Viet. Kid. patent leather tips.

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Fine Boots and Shoes

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Real Estate, Insurance, Commission and Shipping.
CUSTOM HOUSE BROKER.
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Finest Hotel in the Northwest.

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Rooms at 25, 50, 75 and \$1. Free 'buss to and from the hotel.

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