

Bowser Rents A Bungalow

He Decides to Take Possession of It After Interview With an Agent.

HAS PLEASANT DREAMS

Makes a Journey to the Spot Designated and There Meets a Disappointment.

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THERE was suppressed excitement in Mr. Bowser's look and gait as he reached home the other evening, and Mrs. Bowser had scarcely smiled a welcome when he exclaimed: "By George, but I've struck it this time!"

"Do you mean that you've bought a new milk cow?" "No, I don't mean anything of the kind! I mean that I've got a place on the seashore where we can put in four or five weeks this summer. You know, we were talking about it the other evening."



A RING AT THEIR END OF THE LINE.

spaces of any sort. Two sides of the bungalow face the ocean, and the life giving ozone is whooping her up for us day and night. There are fishing, clamming and boating, and great big lobsters crawl up out of the water and beg to be chucked into a basket."

"But they are not ready boiled." "If they are not we can soon boil them. There are oysters, too, whole beds of them, waiting for us. Think of oysters, clams, fish and lobsters right fresh from the water, instead of being carted all over the country for a month. Yum, yum—but I can hardly wait."

"And who told you of the place?" asked Mrs. Bowser. "Fellow dropped into the office today. The renting is in his hands. You'll imagine, just as I did, that a place of the sort rents for about \$50 a month, but what do you suppose his price was to me, I paying a month in advance?"

"Ten dollars less, perhaps." "Only \$20 a month. It's cheaper than a farmer's hencoop. He's got two or three other bungalows on the same beach, and he wanted to advertise the fact that I was a tenant. Why, I can gather in and send to town \$50 worth of oysters and clams every month."

"But what is a bungalow?" "A bungalow? You don't know what a bungalow is? A bungalow, my dear, is a—a—" "A what?" "Well, it's a house of some kind, but just now I can't exactly describe it. He said it had all the modern conveniences and no fault could be found with it. It was occupied by a millionaire's family last year, and his wife gained over a hundred pounds of flesh. Why don't you swing your hat and cheer?"

of bed with a crash that shook the house. "If bungalows are going to affect you this way you'd better drop 'em," child of Mrs. Bowser.

"Say," he replied, "I forgot to tell you that the fellow said a drove of whales came along the shore twice a day and that it was the easiest thing in the world to catch one and try out fifty-barrels of oil. I wish I had thought to look at the market report and see what whale oil is selling at."

Mr. Bowser was up an hour earlier than usual, and by 8 o'clock he had finished breakfast and was ready to go. Mrs. Bowser expressed the hope that he wouldn't be disappointed in his bungalow and its surroundings, and he confidently replied:

"No fear of that. We have got a good thing and needn't doubt it. I'll take pencil and paper and jot down a few memoranda. If I find a telephone out there I may call you up."

With that he was off. On the way out in the cars he met an old farmer who looked as if he knew all about bungalows and seashores, and he was asked if he knew where Ocean Breeze Hill was.

"Yes, I've been there two or three times," was the answer. "I've rented the Dancing Wave bungalow for the season," observed Mr. Bowser.

The old man gave Mr. Bowser a more careful looking over and then leaned back and laughed heartily. "What the devil is the matter?" "N-nuthin'."

"Then what are you yawning like a jackass for?" "I was thinkin' of sunthin' that happened about twenty years ago. No offense, stranger. Goin' to Ocean Breeze Hill, are you?"

"I said I was," sulkily replied Mr. Bowser. "Waal, you git off at the next stop and foller the highway. You won't have fur to walk. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yawping again, are you?" was shouted at him as he made for the car ahead, but he neither turned about nor answered.

When the station of Ocean Breeze was called out Mr. Bowser dropped off. The ocean breeze hit him fair between the eyes as he did so. Then it hit him in the back of his head as he stood and looked at the weather beaten and half completed station. Then it whistled about his ears as he took the road leading down to the beach. There was a landscape made up of stunted bushes and sand, and he looked in vain for bungalows. When he finally stood on a sand hill overlooking the sea the only building of any sort in sight was a tumbledown shanty which might have sheltered some dago workmen once upon a time. A farmer was gathering seaweed near it and piling the stuff on a wagon, and Mr. Bowser approached and asked:

"Can you tell me if this is the place called Ocean Breeze?" "Yes, sir, this is the place."

"But where are all the bungalows?" "The bungle what?" "The bungalows. Didn't you ever hear of a bungalow?"

"I guess I have, but I've forgotten whether they live in the water or on land."

"A bungalow is a house—a sort of house—a seashore villa, if you will," was explained.

"Oh, I see. Waal, that buildin' there is the only one for five miles along here. You may call it a bungalow if you want to, but we call it an old shed."

"But I rented a bungalow here for the summer."

"Then move in. I hain't preventin' you."

"But there is no bungalow here."

"Then you've been took in and made a fool of. As many as ten people came down here last summer lookin' for bungalows, but that one was all they found."

"I say I've been led to and swindled!" shouted Mr. Bowser as he stamped around.

"Sort of an Uncle Reuben, eh? I thought they all lived out in the country."

Mr. Bowser looked the old man over and believed he could lick him in three minutes by the watch, but he couldn't figure that that would help him any. The farmer told him where a telephone was to be found, and when he had walked a mile and a half and got good and mad Mrs. Bowser, the cook and the cat heard a ring at their end of the line and then a voice saying:

"No Ocean Breeze, no bungalows, no clams, oysters and fish!—Woman, your fine Italian hand is in this! Beware and tremble! When I come, a terrible revenge will be mine! Selah!"

M. QUAD.

Amendment Accepted. "I had a horrid time making that omelet," said an experimenting young cook. "One of the eggs broke too soon and literally soaked my dress."

"Isn't that exaggerated, my dear?" was the mother's gentle query. "Well, that is what I said—it was egg saturated," the girl replied.

And That's a Fact. "George, dear," said the fair maid who was new to the game, "when the man with the wire toilet mask says 'Play ball' what does he mean?"

"When certain teams are engaged in the contest," answered George, "it means that he is somewhat sarcastic." —Detroit Tribune.

A True Genius. "Failed, did he?" "Yes. Liabilities were half a million."

"Goodness! What are his assets?" "Not a cent."

"And yet you denied that he possessed true financial genius?"—Cleveland Leader.

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LOST—On AUGUST 13, ON THE PATH from Cunningham to my quarters at Fort Stevens, a gold watch with chain and charm; watch with closed coat and engraved "Wm. W." on the outside; chain of large links; circular locket engraved "W. S. W." on the outside. Return to the Astorian office. Lieutenant Woods, Fort Stevens.

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