

Bowser Tries Sunrise Cure

His Newest Early Rising Fad For Impaired Health Is Not a Success.

And When They Let Him Go He Gets a Drubbing From Two Peddler He Has Offended.

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MR. BOWSER had been smoking and reading for half an hour when he began to hitch around in a nervous way and clear his voice. Mrs. Bowser knew that he had something on his mind, but she let him turn it over and over until he got ready to say:

"I wonder what time the sun rises these mornings?"

"Somewhere around 4 o'clock, I believe."

He waited another five minutes and then observed:

"I was speaking to Green today about my feeling all run down, and he told me I ought to try the sunrise cure."

"What is that?"

"Why, you get up and take a walk as the sun rises. It is said that the sun has the first half hour in the morning has peculiar virtues. Green had



IT WAS A BUNDED UP FIGURE.

the same feeling of lassitude that I've got, and getting up early for a week effected a perfect cure."

"This is the first I have heard about any feeling of lassitude. If you are feeling that way, why not go to a doctor and get a tonic?"

"Why not go to a doctor and be hurried to my grave? Haven't I paid out tens of thousands of dollars to doctors, and have they ever done me the least good? I haven't said anything about this feeling because I didn't want to frighten you, but the time has come when I must do something. I have no more appetite than a sparrow, and I would hardly go across the street to pick up a dollar."

As he had come running up the steps on reaching home that evening and as he had eaten a hearty 6 o'clock dinner Mrs. Bowser could hardly reconcile his statements. She sighed and waited for further developments.

"And so I think I'll begin in the morning and take the sunrise cure."

"Very well."

"You—you think it's all right, don't you?"

"Certainly. Yes, by all means get up at daylight and get out where the first beams of the rising sun will fall upon you. It may be the means of saving your life."

A flush came to Mr. Bowser's face as he thought she spoke in sarcasm, but after a moment he decided that she was sincere, and he forgave her and said that he would attend to waking himself up at half past 3 in the morning. He would try the sunrise cure for a week, and if it benefited him he would expect her to walk out with him thereafter. Things were left in this shape, and 9 o'clock saw the gas turned out and the Bowser family in bed. Mr. Bowser lunched up an old alarm clock and set it for the hour he wanted to arise and went to sleep thinking of red suns and dewy meadows. At exactly half past 10 the Russian and Japanese fleets came together with a whirr-r-r and lifted him out of bed with the exclamation:

"By the eyebrows of the Cardiff giant, but what on earth is going on in this house!"

"It is your old alarm clock that is going on," answered Mrs. Bowser as she got her breath.

So it was. No one but a jeweler or a cook can set an alarm clock and be sure that it will go off at the right hour.

Mr. Bowser lifted it up and gave it a swat against the wall and then reset it and growlingly got back into bed. His faith in the sunrise cure was shaken for a moment, but then he remembered that alarm clocks and sunrises were two different things and decided not to be discouraged. The clock ticked away on the stand beside him, the cricket sang in the wet grass outside, and the night humped along until the bells struck midnight. The sound aroused the ambition of the clock. It didn't propose to take a back seat for any

church bell around that neighborhood, and so it turned loose and made things lively. Two sleepers awoke—two scared people jumped out of bed—but it was Mr. Bowser's voice that was heard saying:

"Now may I be turned into a huckleberry before I stand any more of this! Woman, you must have given that clock a shake!"

"I was sound asleep," protested Mrs. Bowser.

"Then that old yaller eyed cat of yours was purring around here and started it off to spite me, and I'll have her life!"

"Better throw the clock out of the window and wake yourself up when it's time. If you keep the hour on your mind you'll wake up all right."

Mr. Bowser walked out into the hall and gave the clock a heave into the darkness downstairs. When it landed it set up a new whirr and kept it going for ten minutes, and when the strains died away it was like the last sigh of a lost soul. Sleep came again, but at 2 o'clock the sunrise man was out of bed to see what time it was; also at a quarter to 3; also at a quarter past; also at half past. At the latter hour there were signs of daylight, and he began to dress.

It was his private opinion while dressing that Green or any other man who got up to take the sunrise cure was an ass, but after getting downstairs and outdoors and hearing the rumble of the milk wagons he felt better about it. He sat on the front steps until day had fully dawned and until a policeman had come along and asked him if he had roosted there all night, and then he started for a walk in the suburbs. Green didn't claim that the sun had any better show out there, but he wanted all there was in it. He hadn't walked two blocks when an old tramp with straw in his hair, who had turned out of some alley, came along and halted to say:

"It's what brought me where I am today."

"What do you mean?"

"Turning out at this ungodly hour of the morning to get a nip. Drop it, old man. Drop it or it will drop you."

At the next crossing a milkman tried to run over him, and a policeman looked at him suspiciously and shook his head, and when he had gone five blocks he encountered three roisters who had been out on an all night lark and were wearing along arms in arm and singing at the top of their voices.

"Shay, old man—shay!" they called out in chorus.

"Well, what is it?"

"Let 'er feller have a closer look at that rum blossom nose of yours, will you? How long did it take you to bring out the color?"

Mr. Bowser would have got away without a row, but the trio grabbed hold of him, and in the struggle all went down together, and when he finally managed to pull loose his coat was ripped up the back and his necktie missing. He at first headed for home, but after going a few paces he made up his mind to see it out. The sun was rising blood red, and what he had to say to Mrs. Bowser would keep for another hour.

In fifteen minutes he reached a wide expanse of commons, and there he stood and swelled out his chest and breathed in the morning air and let the bright orb of day hit him between the eyes. It was glorious. It was an elixir. It was worth a dollar a minute to his health. He could feel the thrill of returning health—he was feeling it—when two truck peddlers came along on their way into town to whoop and yell and shriek and wake everybody up. When they had reached Mr. Bowser they halted.

"Same old coon that threatened to break my jaw a month ago because I hollered in front of his house," whispered one.

"The same old crank that offered to kick me out of his yard last Wednesday," added the other.

"Let's go for him!"

Then the sun—the rising sun—the blood red sun—the health giving sun—the sun that Green had recommended for lassitude—witnessed another episode in the career of Bowser. He fought well and gamely, but the heat prevailed, and it was a bunged up figure that Mrs. Bowser and the cat welcomed at the gate.

"What in heaven's name has happened?"

"Woman—"

"Is this the sunrise cure?"

"Woman, behold your work."

"How my work?"

"Come inside the house. I can only stop a few minutes, but our respective lawyers can afterward arrange all about the alimony. I understand all, and the dead line has been reached at last!"

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Astoria, Oregon, December 16, 1905.

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