

BOWSER'S HUMANITY

(Copyright, 1907, by F. C. Eastment.)
"Well, what is it this time?" asked Mrs. Bowser as Mr. Bowser came home the other evening to dinner holding the hand of a very dirty and very ragged boy about six years old.

"Didn't you hear this child crying and wailing on the street?" he queried in reply.

"No, I didn't. There is so much noise all the time that I pay no attention to anything."

"Of course not. Half the population of the city can freeze and starve to death in front of the house, and you wouldn't concern yourself at all. Thank heaven that I was born with a heart."

"And what do you call this?"
"This is either a lost or an abandoned boy. I found him crouched against the fence and hungry and cold, and I have brought him in to succor him. He is so cold and exhausted now that he can't talk, but after dinner we will question him. He may have been sent out by his mother to beg a few pennies to keep his brothers and sisters from starving, or his discouraged and desperate father may have abandoned him to the tender mercies of the world. See that he has a plate at the table."

Mrs. Bowser took a closer look at the boy and smiled. The boy returned her look and seemed to be confused and uneasy.

"Are you trying to scare him to death?" demanded Mr. Bowser.

Boy is Ravenous.
Mrs. Bowser did not answer, but led the way down to dinner and gave the boy a seat at the table and heaped his plate high with dinner. He was as ravenous as a young wolf, and after watching him for awhile Mr. Bowser said:

"Poor child! I suppose this is the first meal he has sat down to for many weeks. This place must seem like heaven to him."

"What are you going to do with him?" was asked.

"I don't know yet. He should be returned to his parents tomorrow if they can be found. If not, I may adopt him. One has only to glance at his face to see intelligence far beyond his years."

As the kid was cross eyed and snub nosed and fat faced, Mrs. Bowser couldn't see the intelligence part, but she made no comment, and directly Mr. Bowser continued:

"If this child is adopted and reared as he should be, who knows the goal he will ultimately reach?"

"That's true. He has begun well by reaching for about everything on the table."

"Never mind that. Of course he hasn't been brought up to have table manners. I wish you were more humane, Mrs. Bowser."

"I could pick up a dozen lost children a day, but I have no clothes or food for them."

Calls Wife Hard Hearted.
"If you were a millionaire the poor would be no better off for it. You are selfish and hard hearted. You have no sympathy for those in misfortune. Any evening I may come home and find a man, woman or child frozen to death in the vestibule."

"We might put a kerosene stove out there," she suggested.

Mr. Bowser turned red in the face and was about to say something decisive when the lost boy looked around for something more to devour, and, not finding it, he picked up his plate and slammed it down on the floor and began to kick and yell.

"Here, what the devil is this?" shouted Mr. Bowser as he rose up. "Young man, what do you want?"

"Sunthin' 'teat," replied the boy.

"Something to eat! Good lands, but you have eaten more than three hired men could already! You may get something more by and by, but not now. We'll go up to the sitting room. Mrs. Bowser, why didn't you smile at him and speak a few motherly words?"

Mrs. Bowser took the boy by the hand and led him upstairs. On the way they passed the cat, and he gave her a vicious kick. As he reached the sitting room he walked over to the piano and began kicking that and shuffling. Mr. Bowser seized his arm and hauled him away and twisted him around and said:

"We mustn't judge him too harshly. He is hardly old enough yet to know whether we are his friends or enemies. Isn't it a sad case that a child of his age is without a home, perhaps with out a father or mother?"

Kicks at Bowser.
"Very sad, indeed, but still he ought to behave himself," answered Mrs. Bowser as the boy kicked at Mr. Bowser and just missed one of his shins.

"He will be all right as soon as he knows we are his friends. He may have a father who came home and beat him, and he has got in the habit of fighting back. Bubby, come here. Now look at me. I am your friend. I am going to give you more to eat and a warm bed to sleep in tonight. I like boys. Perhaps I shall adopt you and send you to school and let you live with me all the time. What is your name?"

"Cheese it!" impudently exclaimed the lad after a moment.

"What! What's that?"
"He said 'Cheese it,'" explained Mrs. Bowser as she laughed behind her hand.

"And you are giggling over it, of course! You can't understand that poverty and the want of human sympathy have made him what he is. Where do you live, sonny?"

"Rats!"
"Hey, what do you mean by that? Don't you understand what I mean? What street do you live on?"

"Oh, come off!" answered the boy as he turned away to chase the cat back down in the basement.

Mrs. Bowser had to giggle. No woman could have helped it. The first giggle set Mr. Bowser's ears to working back and forth, and at the second he rose and shouted:

"Yes, giggle and giggle and giggle, and be hanged to you! You can't see that you are encouraging the child in his impudence. You are disappointed because he wasn't found dead of cold and hunger at the gate. The boy is all right, only he is afraid of you."

"Then I'll go upstairs and you may question him some more."

"Sonny," said Mr. Bowser after she had disappeared, "I want you to understand that I am your friend, and if you will tell me where you live I will give them to you. What is the street?"

"Tuffy!" grinned the boy.

"Look here, you young cub, but you are inclined to be impudent. I want you to answer me straight or out you go. What is your name?"

"Bug house!"



"AND WHAT DO YOU CALL THIS?"

Draws Him Over His Knee.
Mr. Bowser reached for him and drew him over his knee. He forgot all about adoption and human sympathy. He was about to perform the old fashioned spanking act when two things happened at once. The kid fastened his teeth in the humanitarian's leg with a grip like that of an alligator, and the front door bell rang, and somebody drummed on the glass panel of the door outside. The boy was twisted down on the floor and the bell answered. The callers were a man and a woman—man and wife. They were not yet inside the hall when the man brandished his fists and shouted:

"You old child stealer! Where is my boy?"

"Yes, you villain, where is our Peter?" added the woman.

"What does all this mean?" asked Mr. Bowser as he stared at them.

"It means that we live five doors above here and that tonight you enticed our little son into your house. What have you done with him? Where is he? Bring him out at once or I'll knock that bald head off your shoulders!"

Claws the Air.
"And if he can't find the woman who can!" added the wife as she clawed the air.

Before Mr. Bowser could get things straight the boy came running past him into his mother's arms and gave him a kick to be remembered by, and then the three fled down the steps.

When Mr. Bowser shut the door and turned round Mrs. Bowser was on the stairs. A smile of human sympathy was on her face, and as he flourished his arms around and tried to utter words she softly said:

"Yes, I think it would be a good plan to adopt him, and I promise to try to be a mother to him!" M. QUAD.

Cured of Rheumatism.
Mr. Wm. Henry of Chattanooga, Tenn., had rheumatism in his left arm. "The strength seemed to have gone out of the muscles so that it is useless for work," he says. "I applied Chamberlain's Pain Balm and wrapped the arm in flannel at night, and to my relief I found that the pain gradually left me and the strength returned. In three weeks the rheumatism had disappeared and has not since returned. If troubled with rheumatism try a few applications of Pain Balm. You are certain to be pleased with the relief which it affords. For sale by Frank Hart, and Leading Druggists."

STATEMENT OF
Astoria Savings Bank
At the close of business March 23, 1907.

Table with financial data for Astoria Savings Bank, including Loans and Discounts, County Warrants, City Warrants, Bank Building, Real Estate, Due from banks, and Cash on hand.

Total \$1,026,611.11

Table with financial data for First National Bank, including Capital paid in, Surplus, Undivided profits, and various deposits.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

First National Bank

at Astoria, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business, March 22nd, 1907.

RESOURCES.

Table with financial data for First National Bank resources, including Loans and Discounts, Overdrafts, U. S. Bonds, and various deposits.

Total \$1,122,173.12

LIABILITIES.

Table with financial data for First National Bank liabilities, including Capital stock paid in, Surplus fund, Undivided profits, and various deposits.

Total \$1,122,173.12

State of Oregon, County of Clatsop, ss.

I, S. S. GORDON, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

S. S. GORDON, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 27th day of March, 1907.

V. BOELLING, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:
W. F. McGREGOR,
G. C. FLAVEL,
J. WESLEY LADD,
Directors.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

Astoria National Bank

At Astoria, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business, MARCH 22, 1907.

RESOURCES.

Table with financial data for Astoria National Bank resources, including Loans and discounts, Overdrafts, U. S. Bonds, and various deposits.

Total \$841,334.78

LIABILITIES.

Table with financial data for Astoria National Bank liabilities, including Capital stock paid in, Surplus fund, Undivided profits, and various deposits.

Total \$841,334.78

State of Oregon, County of Clatsop, ss.

I, J. E. HIGGINS, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. E. HIGGINS, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of March, 1907.

E. Z. FERGUSON, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:
GEO. H. GEORGE,
L. MANSUR,
A. SCHERNECKAU,
Directors.

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Choice Wines and Champagnes.

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Marlin shotguns are made of the best material obtainable for the purpose. They are strong and sure, and work under all conditions. The breech block and working parts are cut from solid steel drop-forgings; the barrels are of special rolled steel or of "Special Sporting Steel."

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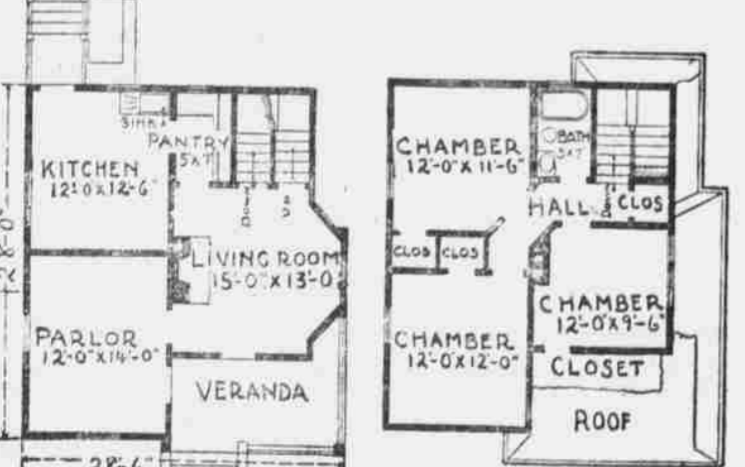
Combination Block and Frame.

An Attractive Treatment of Cement Construction.
Estimated Cost, \$1,500 to \$2,000.

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PERSPECTIVE VIEW.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN. SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

This house of two stories and basement is built of hollow concrete blocks and frame, with shingle roof. The concrete blocks used are 8 by 16 inches in size. The front veranda has cement floor and steps. The large living room, with open fireplace, and well lighted parlor are attractive features. The cost is estimated at \$1,500 to \$2,000, according to the locality in which it is built.

HENRY WITTEKIND.