

# BOWSER'S NEW KODAK

## He Does Not Score Much of a Success With It.

### GOES OUT AFTER SUBJECTS.

Encounters Three, Who Prove to Be Belligerent—His New Fad Attended With Difficulties, and He Finally Has It Out With Mrs. B.

(Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague.)

When Mr. Bowser came home a few evenings since with a bulging package under his arm and a glad smile on his face, Mrs. Bowser, of course, had a natural curiosity to know what he had purchased. He would not give her any satisfaction about it until after dinner, and then he asked:

"My dear, has it ever struck you that I had the instincts of an artist about me?"

"No, I can't say that it has," she honestly answered.

"That's because your mind has been on bargain sales. If there is a sale of



A CAT'S HEAD WHERE THE COOK OUGHT TO BE.

women's forty cent stockings at 28 cents a pair, you never fail to observe the advertisement."

"Do you think you have the instincts spoken of?"

"Think! I know I have. I have known it for years. One can't deceive himself about such things. There isn't the slightest question in my mind but that I was born for a great artist."

"Was that why you were going to paint the front fence blue and the gate red this spring?"

Could Not Understand Him.

Mr. Bowser was walking around the sitting room with his hands crossed behind his back. At the words his face got red, and he stopped short and gave Mrs. Bowser a look that would have swept all the towels off the clothes-line on a wash day and followed it by saying:

"How could I expect that a mind like yours could understand one like mine? You can sit down to a dish of pork and beans and yum-yum over it, but you'd stand by a hollyhock the whole afternoon and never think it was any different from a cornstalk."

"Well, dear, let's not dispute," replied Mrs. Bowser after a moment. "You have said that your grandfather was an artist, and perhaps his mantle has fallen on your shoulders. Are you going to try to paint a landscape?"

It took Mr. Bowser five minutes to get over his injury, and he was still sulky over it when he said:

"No, I'm not, but I've bought a Kodak and propose to take a few pictures this summer. Any objections to that? Got any more sneers ready?"

"None whatever. I think it a good thing, and I believe you will make a success of it. I will learn how to operate it, and when you are at the office I—"

"Not much you won't! It's something not to be fooled with. You'd use it just as you would a coal hod. I shall do the artist work for this family."

Unwrapped a Camera.

He cut the strings of the package and unwrapped a fine kodak and explained that he had paid only \$40 for it because he had once served on a coroner's jury with the man who sold it. It would have been \$50 to any one else.

"Wouldn't one for \$5 have done just as well?" queried Mrs. Bowser after looking the instrument over. "I mean wouldn't it have been just as well to get a cheap one until you were sure about the artistic instincts?"

"Not by a darned sight! A cheap kodak may do for a scrub person, but

I want the best. So you still doubt the instincts? You hear me, Mrs. Bowser, when I tell you that there is more of the born artist in my little finger than there is in all your relations for ten generations back. Enough, however, I am now going out into the back yard to take a few flashlight pictures. You and the cook can hold one of your heart to heart talks and wonder if I'm not crazy."

Mr. Bowser had taken the picture of a cat walking on the fence when the neighbors got on to him. The fathers and mothers stopped at curiosity, but the boys went further. They rained bottles and cans into the Bowser yard, and one missile struck the kodaker on the head and drove him inside the house. In the kitchen he tried to get the cook to pose for a "study" he was going to call "Industry," but she flew the coop at once.

Cook Took No Chances.

"It may be a kodak or it may be an infernal machine," she protested, "and I'm not going to take any chances. I had an aunt who posed in front of one of those things once, and all of a sudden there was a fizz-bang, and all they found of her was one rib and a scream of terror."

When Mr. Bowser passed through the house Mrs. Bowser asked where he was going. He replied that he would take a little wander around the streets to catch some character studies. He did not have to go far to find them. On the corner two blocks down stood three old tramps waiting to strike some pedestrian for lodgings money. They represented one of the types he was after. Before he had reached them he had decided to label their pictures "Ambition," "Perseverance" and "Integrity" respectively.

"Boys," he began, "I'm an artist, and this is a kodak. Have you any objections to my taking a flashlight picture of the group?"

"If you will come down \$2 apiece all around," answered Ambition.

"Nonsense! You ought to be proud to be taken for nothing."

"Oh, we had, and the police wanting us! It's \$2 or nothing."

"Then you'll get together, and if I can put the police on I'll do it."

That was an unfortunate remark for Mr. Bowser. One of the three grabbed his hat, another gave him a cuff, and the third made a grab and just missed his nose as they ran away. Mr. Bowser looked around for a statue of Liberty to tear down; but, not finding any handy, he cooled off after a time and went his bareheaded way. He had thought to return home after another headpiece, but he suddenly remembered that great artists always went around the streets bareheaded and thus got a name for eccentricity. Three blocks farther along he came upon a short, squat woman carrying a bundle of kindlings on her shoulder and talking to herself about the high price of diamonds. She was the type he wanted for "Hope On, Hope Ever," and he accosted her with:

"Madam, can I speak with you a moment?"

"Can you speak with me?" she repeated as she stood and looked at him.

"You can, sir, but let me tell you that if you utter one single word that an unborn babe oughtn't to hear I'll be the death of you. I'm a lone woman, sir. I'm a lone woman!"

"Yes, yes, but all I want is to take a picture of you. I'm an artist, you know."

"I know nothing of the kind. You may have come from the zoo for all I know. A picture of me! Never! No true lady will allow a man to take her picture and be showing it around in saloons. Sir, you pass on."

Rebuffed by a Woman.

"But, ma'am, you misapprehend the situation. I am making some studies from life. I am taking pictures of cats, dogs, tramps and—"

"And I'm to go along with cats and dogs and tramps, am I? Sir, you are a villain! If I was a man, sir, I'd proceed to mop you all over the street for insulting a lady who is carrying home a bundle of kindlings to her starving family. Take that, you old baldhead!"

And she gave Mr. Bowser a tremendous kick on the knee and turned her back on him to pursue her way. He arrived home in a limping condition, and when asked to explain he said that he had fallen over a barrel of sand on the sidewalk. His wife didn't press the matter, and the next morning he took his only proof down to a photographer to be developed. The proof came back by mail a day later. Mrs. Bowser opened the letter and looked at it and then saved it to hand to him when he came home. The proof showed a beer bottle sitting on the fence, with a cat's head where the cork ought to be.

"Woman, what does this mean?" demanded Mr. Bowser as he turned pale and his chin trembled.

"It's the flashlight picture you took the other night."

"Never! Never in all this world!"

"But here is the letter from the developer saying that the thing is unique and asking if the rest of the cat is in the bottle."

Mr. Bowser walked to the closet where the kodak was kept on a shelf, and, reaching it down, he raised it aloft in both hands and dashed it to the floor with a blood curdling "Ha!" and then turned to Mrs. Bowser and said:

"It is early in the evening yet. We can telephone to our respective lawyers to come over, and we can doubtless arrange about the divorce and alimony so that you can leave for your mother's on the first train in the morning. This is too, too much. You have reached the dead line at last."

M. QUAD.

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Rug filler and bird cages now in  
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Leave them with Dell Skully.

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and one-third fare for the round-trip to  
Portland and return to enable everyone  
to attend Ringling Bros' Circus which  
will be exhibited at Portland, Monday  
and Tuesday, August 26 and 27. Tickets  
will be on sale August 26 and 27; return  
limit day following date of sale. Chil-  
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Regatta week, parties having rooms will  
please leave their names and address  
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Co., S. L. Nanthrup, or E. Hauke & Co.,  
by request

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PASTOR ELLEFSON,  
Committee.

8-8-14f.

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be furnished free of charge. Apply to  
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toria. 8-23-1.

### Merry-Go-Round.

Mr. E. J. Arnold's merry-go-round is  
now located at the old stand corner of  
Seventh and Commercial streets, where  
it will remain until after the Regatta.  
Starting Sunday or Monday we will give  
a free entertainment of moving pictures  
every evening. Everybody is welcome.

### Notice to the Public.

Notice is hereby given that the Nor-  
wegian Singing Society will not enter-  
tain any bills or assume any indebted-  
ness, unless such bills when rendered are  
accompanied by a requisition duly signed  
by the president.

S. L. NANTHRUP, President.

### Up-to-Date Train Service.

The traveling public appreciate the  
fact that the

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The attractive features being:  
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St. Paul, via Spokane.

The Imperial Limited Service.  
The Trans-Canada Limited Service—  
Four days across the continent.

### The Tyler.

The Tyler, the new refreshment re-  
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at the corner of Sixth and Bond streets,  
is still enjoying the popularity that the  
owner's name gives it with his worthy  
helpmate, Dad Towler. Clarence Tyler  
insists on everything that he is connect-  
ed with being first class and the Tyler  
is an actual evidence of this determina-  
tion. The Tyler will grow in popularity.

### The Gem Restaurant.

The Gem Restaurant, formerly the  
Spear, is now running in full blast and  
the encouragement Mr. Anderson, the  
proprietor, is receiving is very gratifying  
to him. He is already showing his ability  
in his particular line and his success is  
not a question—it is a certainty. The  
Gem is located on Commercial street  
near Twelfth street.

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The Central Drug Store has removed  
one-half block west of their old location  
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remodeled store where everything is  
fitted up in first-class shape. They will  
be pleased to meet their old customers  
and new friends at this location.

### Notice to the Public.

Notice is hereby given that the Thir-  
teenth Annual Regatta Committee will  
not entertain any bills or assume any  
indebtedness whatsoever unless such  
bills or accounts, when rendered, are ac-  
companied by a requisition duly signed  
by the President and Secretary.

W. E. SCHIMPF,  
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and stimulates the tiny capillaries to  
contribute the color which charms in  
blonde and brunette alike. Robert-  
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Spreads like an imperceptible sheen  
of gaze over skin surface, forming a  
shield stimulating and preserving a  
delicate, lustrous beauty.

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