

BOWSER WRITES LIFE

Begins His Autobiography, and Good Wife Finishes It.

ANGER GETS BETTER OF HIM.

Attacks a Tramp Who Seeks Money For a Night's Lodging and Supper. Hero is Nearly Assassinated as a Result.

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Mr. Bowser had been sitting and smoking and gazing into vacancy for ten minutes when he suddenly arose, hurried to the library and returned after a couple of minutes with pencil and paper and seated himself at the reading table.

"What are you going to do?" queried Mrs. Bowser as she looked up.

He started in and wrote seventeen words without seeming to be aware of her earthly existence.

"Is it the draft of some important paper you are working at?" she continued.

"Rather important, madam," he slowly replied as he leaned back in his



A FAITHFUL DOG ATTACKED HIM AND DEFEATED HIS OBJECT.

chair and fixed his eyes on the ceiling. "That is, it's so important that the editor of a Sunday paper has offered me \$50 for it when completed."

"But what can it be—a story?"

"Some people might call it that, but it will be headed 'The Autobiography of Samuel Bowser,' and it will be accompanied by a life size portrait of the undersigned."

"How queer!" whispered Mrs. Bowser.

"I don't see anything queer about it. In fact, I've wondered that some enterprising journal didn't ask for it long ago. They have simply overlooked a good thing."

"But what can have happened in your life to interest any one?"

"What! What! A hundred things. A thousand things. Keep quiet for a few minutes and I will show you how it starts off."

Ten minutes later, with face as red as if he had been sawing wood and his forehead damp with moisture, Mr. Bowser read as follows:

"On the night of Mr. Bowser's birth a barn near by was struck by lightning, a horse fell into a pond and was drowned, the postoffice was robbed, and a carpenter named Jones was murdered in his bed. It will thus be seen that our hero!"

Ring at Bell Interrupts.

There was a ring at the front door, and as the girl was out Mr. Bowser answered the bell. The caller was looking for a family named Green and was directed to the other end of the block and told to inquire for Brown if he couldn't find Green.

"That our hero did what?" asked Mrs. Bowser as the historian returned and resumed his seat.

"That is as far as I shall write this evening, as I wish to go slow and turn out a finished article. I have the remainder in my head, however. I shall go on and say that one could have safely predicted a life full of stirring adventures from these early incidents. The subject of our sketch was hardly three months old when he was left alone in his cradle one day. The doors of the house were open, and while the child slept and smiled—"

"Ting-a-ling went the bell, and Mr. Bowser answered it to find a woman on the steps who wanted to know if his name was Johnson and if he had thrown a beer keg at her boy Robert that day. It took him five minutes to get rid of her, and as he came scuffling back Mrs. Bowser asked:

"Did a bear come in and devour the baby, or did the cook strike for higher wages? I hope no tragedy happened."

"As I was the baby and as I am still living I wasn't devoured," he answered. I shall finish that paragraph by stating that a gypsy entered the house to steal me and he was already carrying me off in his arms when a faithful dog attacked him and defeated his object."

"What was the color of the dog?"

"What difference does that make?"

"I wouldn't ring in a brindle dog if I were you."

Mr. Bowser sat glaring at her and swallowing the lump in his throat when the bell tinkled again. It was a stranger, and he asked if Mr. Bowser had dogs for sale. If so he wanted a pug with a twist in his tail, provided the price was not beyond his means. The reply was so full of exclamation points and plain English words that the dog hunter held his breath until he

got out of the gate and around the corner.

"Then the bold, bad gypsy didn't succeed in carrying you off?" queried Mrs. Bowser.

"If he had would I be here now? By thunder, if that bell rings again some body'll get hurt!"

"Yes, but go on. Don't you see how excited I am?"

"Well, at the age of one year this wonderful child could walk, talk and sing and was the wonder of the neighborhood. He was hardly a year and a half old when he and his sister were attacked by a large blacksnake as they were playing in the yard one day. The sister screamed in terror, but the young hero—"

The bell interrupted again, and Mr. Bowser went to the door and found a second woman—that is, it was the first woman with a different look on her face. She had returned to ask if his name wasn't Schermerhorn and if he wasn't the party who got her husband drunk two nights before and then robbed him of a Waterbury watch. Mr. Bowser yelled at her once, twice, thrice, and she escaped. When he had shut the door Mrs. Bowser was ready to say:

"Please hurry up. I am dying to hear what the young hero did, but don't tell me that he failed to save his sister."

"No; he did not fail. He grabbed up a hatchet and brained the serpent, and, by the beard of Captain Kidd, if any one else gets me to that door to night I'll brain him!"

"Does a serpent have brains?"

Starts Working Again.

"Certainly. Every living thing but women have them. Now keep quiet for a minute and let me go on. I shall say that at the age of two years young Bowser heard his father talking of horse thieves—a gang that was supposed to be lurking in a piece of woods near by. The child said nothing to his parent, but made up his mind to visit the woods and capture the gang single handed. One may smile at the idea but let us wait for results. It must be remembered that this child was named Bowser. No sooner had night descended than the heroic youngster, in whose veins flowed the blood of a Bayard, armed himself with the family butcher knife and a clothesline and set out for the lair of the villains. It was a dark, rainy night and the distance three miles and the road a lonely one, but the undaunted lad kept on, and finally—"

Once more the doorbell! Mr. Bowser gritted his teeth as he rose up to trot down the hall.

"Don't—don't hurt anybody!" pleaded Mrs. Bowser.

"But I will! I'll annihilate whoever I find there and toss his dead body over the fence!"

Mrs. Bowser heard the door open and a voice ask for 10 cents for a night's lodging. She heard Mr. Bowser exclaim in reply. Then came the sounds of two desperate men breathing hard and ripping each other's coat up the back. She arose trembling in every limb. Mr. Bowser had threatened to wash his hands in the blood of the next caller, and he was doing it. Just as she started down the hall there were a fall and a grunt, the bang of the door and a clatter down the steps, and then she saw the author-hero lying prone on the floor. She lifted his head and found that his neck was not broken. She straightened out his legs and found the knee hinges all right. Then she went back to the table and took up the pencil and wrote:

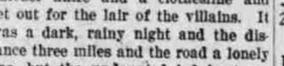
"Owing to the fact that Mr. Bowser has been struck on the jaw at his own door by a would be assassin and is still wondering where he is at as this paper goes to press, we must cut this thrilling autobiography short and fill up the space intended for it with Reuben's hair dye, put up in 25, 50 and 75 cent bottles—none genuine without the odor of stale eggs. Buy at once, and take no other." M. QUAD.

Brave Man.

"Come," said the strong minded woman. "I'm sure there's burglars downstairs. We will go down and scare them away."

"Well, Maria," stammered her husband, "you g-g-go first; they wouldn't hit a woman."

A Makeweight.



"Waiter, one of these oysters is bad."

"Well, sir, you'll see I've given yer two extra."—Tatler.

Housecleaning Strategy.

"Was that a porch climber we saw over at Gampers'?"

"No; it was Gampers himself. He was afraid to go in at the front or back door for fear his wife or the cook would set him to beating carpet."—Chicago Record.

Measurement.

"Does Bilgins enjoy life?"

"Not exactly. He's the sort of man who measures the good time he had yesterday by the size of his headache this morning."—Washington Star.

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BIDS REQUESTED FOR TWENTY million gallon reservoir. Sealed proposals for furnishing materials, and constructing a twenty million-gallon reservoir, in whole, and in sections, will be received until 12 o'clock noon Friday, October 2, 1908, at office of the Water Commission, City Hall, Astoria Oregon. Plans and specifications may be seen, and blank forms of proposals obtained at said office. Certified check in the sum of not less than 10 per cent of the amount bid on each contract must accompany bids. Right to reject any and all bids is reserved. City Water Commission, by G. W. Lounsbury.

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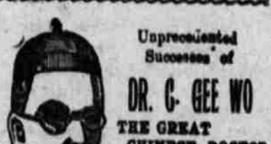
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