

Bowser Fits Fly Screens

Cook Tells of the Desperate Struggles He Underwent in the Work.

SURPRISE FOR HIS WIFE

Before He Was Through It Had Become Necessary to Turn In a Fire Alarm

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THE other evening I heard Mrs. Bowser saying to Mr. Bowser that it was time to put up fly screens and asking him if he wouldn't send up a carpenter to do the work.

"Not on your life!" he exclaimed in reply. "There are twelve windows and twelve fly screens to fit them. A carpenter would be about six days, at an expense of \$3 a day, putting them up, while I can do the work in one hour."

"But when you put them up last year you got mad and broke a clotheshorse at the back door."

"Never! You are thinking of some other man and some other house. Never got mad and never broke a clotheshorse. In a day or two I shall put the screens up myself and save the \$18."

Mrs. Bowser said no more. I think she was intending to get a man to do the work and pay him out of her own pocket, but the next afternoon while she was out shopping Mr. Bowser



ALL OF A SUDDEN THE HOUSE SHOOK. came home. It was at about 3 o'clock, and when I looked surprised he explained: "It's all right, Sarah. Business isn't driving just now, and I'm home to put those screens up. They are up in the storeroom, I suppose?" "Yes, sir, but they need to be dusted off. I am ironing today and can't help you."

Surprise For Mrs. B.

"Never mind the dusting. The style this summer is to have fly screens look as ancient as possible. Mrs. Bowser out, eh? Well, I'll hustle the screens up and give her a surprise."

He was into his old clothes and bringing the screens down in ten minutes. If each screen had ever been marked for a certain window the marks had been painted out, and Mr. Bowser had to go by guesswork. He began with the parlor windows first. I heard him knocking and banging and pounding away for a long time, and then he called from the head of the basement stairs:

"Sarah, I want you for a moment." When I got up, there he stood in a dramatic attitude pointing to one of the windows with outstretched arm, and the red was coming and going in his face and neck.

"Do you see it?" he hoarsely whispered as he still pointed. "I see that the screen is short for the window, sir."

"Yes, you see it is all of six inches too short. Why? Answer me why?" "Because you've got the wrong screen for the window."

"Because either you or Mrs. Bowser has sawed six inches off the top to baffle me! Don't tell me that a fly screen can shrink six inches in a season or that window frames can lengthen the same distance. By John, but—"

Found Right Screen.

I pulled the screen out of the window and after a moment found the right one and replaced it and returned to my work without a word. He looked after me, and I heard him mumbling under his breath. He got the other screen in after a good deal of banging, and then he started to fit those in the back parlor. I knew that the screens he had down would never fit, but it wasn't my business to butt in. He moved the chairs around and banged at the sashes, and all of a sudden the house shook. I ran upstairs to find him on the floor with one of his feet through the wire screen. He was that dazed that he let me help him up, but no sooner was he on his feet than he shouted out:

"By the seventeen pipers, but I'll have gore for this. Woman!"

"I am not Mrs. Bowser, sir," I said as he tried to kick the screen off his leg.

"But you helped her to put up this job to assassinate me."

"No one has tried to assassinate you. You must have stumbled and go-

down. Can't you tell that those screens are for the back bedrooms upstairs?"

He sat down, breathing hard and growling at me, and I ran up and got the right screens and fitted them in a jiffy. He felt ashamed of his display of temper and started in to tell me that he didn't believe I was in the conspiracy to saw his leg off, but I did not stop to listen to the whole of it. A few minutes later I heard him going upstairs, putting each foot down as if stamping off snow, and then all was quiet for ten minutes. I then felt it a duty I owed to Mrs. Bowser to go up and rescue him. He had torn down curtains and pole from one of the front windows and moved both bed and bureau in his efforts to fit the kitchen door to a window not half its size. He was looking around for some living thing to pour out the vitals of his wrath on when he caught sight of me and burst out with:

"I was just about to call you. Do you deny that you have gone and tacked an extra piece on to this screen in order to spite me?"

Needed New Pair of Eyes.

"Haven't you got eyes in your head?" I asked. "If I had a brother ten years old who couldn't tell the difference between a screen door and a window screen I'd get a pair of glass eyes for him."

"Are you claiming that that is a screen door?" he whooped.

"Of course it is. Isn't it two feet too long for the window? Isn't there panels to it? Isn't there a handle on it? I'm only a poor girl, sir, with a red headed mother and a fellow with a glass eye for a beau, but I can tell an elephant from a mouse."

"I'll be hanged if you ain't right," he said, with a smile, after taking a long look at the door. "I suppose I must have been thinking about trading the house and lot for a chicken farm. You needn't mention the incident to Mrs. Bowser. Thanks for coming up. I am sure I can manage the others."

As I went downstairs I left him whistling away and feeling better. He got the screens into the windows after half an hour's work, strung out by his trying to make them fit bottom side up, and then he came down to the kitchen with the screen door. He had recovered all his pomposity and conceit, and he didn't mind upsetting the clotheshorse as he dragged the screen through. I watched him as he stood the door up. It was top side down. He stood back and surveyed it and shook his head and muttered:

"If Mrs. Bowser has been fooling with this door she'll hear from me in a way to make her tired."

"You've got it wrong side up, sir," I ventured to say.

"Ah, yes. S'more of my absentmindedness. I was thinking about those chickens again. If Mrs. Bowser tries to pump you switch her off. The door is right side up now and fits like a glove."

He soon had the hinges screwed fast and the door swinging back and forth, but I was holding out for what came next. Most any sort of a baldheaded man can rehange a screen door, because there are all the marks of last year, but when you come to put on the spring to keep it closed—that's different. Mr. Bowser went ahead with the greatest confidence in himself, whistling as he worked, but when the spring was on and he stood aside the door flew open.

He Was Puzzled.

"More of Mrs. Bowser," I heard him growl as he tried to make the door stay shut, but I didn't tell him wherein he had made a mistake. Instead of taking the spring off and turning it end for end, what does he do but take the whole screen off and turn the outside in. It wouldn't fit that way, and I told him that it wouldn't, and then he let go of his temper and shouted at me:

"I told you right at the start that it was a conspiracy! When Mrs. Bowser comes home—"

"I can put that door on in five minutes."

"You can't in 5,000 years."

With that he piked it up and sent it flying over the fence into a neighbor's yard, but in stepping back his foot struck something and he went over backward and hit his head against one of the clothesline posts. I ran out to him with a scream, and in five minutes there were a policeman, a tramp and three or four boys around him, and I was pouring water on him by the pailful.

Then it was that Mrs. Bowser arrived and quietly took charge. We got him into the house and upon the sitting room lounge, while some one turned in a fire alarm and some one else called an ambulance. I can't tell how long Mr. Bowser lay unconscious, but his speech was plain when he suddenly opened his eyes, scrambled off the sofa and yelled out:

"Have I been going over Niagara falls or has Mrs. Bowser been trying to murder me again?" M. QUAD.

A German Dogberry.



Burgemeister—What ground for suspicion have you that the prisoner is the murderer?

Constable—Principally his denial of it, sir. That's always a suspicious circumstance.—Fliegende Blätter.

Taking the One Chance.

When President Garfield lay on what proved to be his deathbed he was told by the doctors that he had one chance in a thousand of pulling through. He said, "I'll take that one chance." Alas, it didn't save him, but many a soul pulls through this bitter life with only one chance at the start for success. Recently another blind girl has scored success in educating herself by sheer persistence in the single avenue left to her. With a sound brain in her blind head all was not lost. The career of Christine La Barraque, who, sightless from birth, has mastered four languages and music, is a lesson to people who complain that fortune has given them no chance to get on.

In this country there is always a chance to strike out at something. Many of the senators of the United States began life at the humblest employments open to poor lads—driving team, spreading hay, doing shop chores and selling papers. Garfield himself drove team on the towpath. Some boys are the better off for having no chance to drop into a place made for them. Most chances have their limitations. A boy cannot get very far who takes up with what comes as the gift of fortune. It is not necessary to stick to the towpath, the stable and the hayfield because one's lines are cast there at the beginning. These callings are only a chance to get acquainted with work, to measure one's capacity for usefulness. One chance of the kind is all a boy needs for success if he has the right stuff in him, and if he has it not a thousand chances for preferment in the race for wealth and prominence wouldn't do him any good.

A Square Deal for the Horse.

Various humane societies in towns and cities are doing good work in checking cruel abuses of draft horses. Most large centers are comparatively free from flagrant offenses in the treatment of horses, such as whipping unmercifully and overloading. But there are cruelties sometimes due to thoughtlessness or ignorance, especially in the hot season. A farmer with a large load to haul to a distant market will start at daybreak or even before if he has moonlight or starlight and the roads are good. His horses will rest in the heat of the day or else make the home trip with a light load.

In cities where the streets are well lighted it is possible to do most of the heavy hauling when there is no broiling sun to agonize the horses. This is the rule in many countries where the sun is fierce for all kinds of hauling. As an innovation here it would be attended with some inconvenience, but the horse will do more work in the long run if spared the torture of heat and flies. Fidelity to his master works hardship for the horse, and some day perhaps our dumb servants will be given a share at least of that thoughtful care now extended to them in heathen lands.

"Don't Give Up the Ship!"

It is a far cry in heroism of the deck from the brave Lawrence, who, dying, exclaimed, "Don't give up the ship!" to Rojstevnsky sanctioning surrender to save human life. Lawrence went into the fight against odds; but, having given the signal to fight the British frigate Shannon "till she strikes or sinks," there was nothing for a hero to do but stay in the fight until laid out by the British fire. This Lawrence did.

Although the Chesapeake finally surrendered to the Shannon, the act came after Lawrence and all his officers had fallen. It was up to Rojstevnsky, entering the battle against Togo in the face of odds, to fight his men and ships to the death. Lawrence bequeathed to the American navy one of its noblest inspirations to valor, but Rojstevnsky can live in history by comparison with Lawrence only as a mistake. Death in the Korean strait would have immortalized him.

The railway rate bill and general legislation for the control of corporations seem to have no terrors for the companies, judging by the extensive building of new trackage this year. The way things have been going it looks as though 1906 would make a good record at railroad building.

That newcomer from czarland who asked the court to change his name from John Tyscklewicz to plain John Tidd had his prayer answered instantaneously and unanimously, for no one could argue the case on its merits beyond pronouncing John T.

Says a foreign correspondent, "John D. Rockefeller is resting where Napoleon rested." We thought that was St. Helena and that Rockefeller was in Paris. Napoleon did not rest in France, but was thence wrested to St. Helena.

It had long been arranged in Berlin that in announcing the happy event expected at the palace seventy-two cannon shots would be fired for a girl and 101 for a boy. Is that the German idea of the percentages of relative value?

The cornerstone of a new village has been laid with great ceremony on Mount Vesuvius. And think of all the lovely land there is vacant over here in the United States!

As You Go Through Life—

Never fall in politeness, which is as easy as its opposite.

If you can't love men don't show your dislike for them.

Be silent if you have nothing worth saying.

Never try to be funny or to avoid it.

Keep busy, and don't expect anything good to go on of itself.

Make up your mind that most things that should be done must be done at a sacrifice.

Work for what you want instead of wishing for it.

Make your wisdom out of your greatest defect. You can do most in curing this.

Change everything about you that you don't want to be.

Get rid of the brute and of the fool in you.

Keep clean and appear so.

Look as well as you can with your means, and when old look more to dress to relieve the ugliness of age.

Give up at fifty the hope of being loved except by your family.

Don't try when old to appear young or "cute."

Learn to attempt what you ought to do as readily as what you want to do.

Be natural, but don't show your meanest nature.

Learn to like your destiny.

If there is nothing much that you want to do more than another, there is nothing much that you will be more than another.

Expect less and attempt more.

Let your pleasure be profitable and your business pleasurable.

Do good and feel good.

Make your working as enjoyable as your eating.

Learn to do without what you can't have, what you shouldn't have and what you won't have.

If you have not what you want, see what is the matter with you.

AUSTIN BIERBOWER.

Dreyfus Vindicated.

Many years ago Zola and other adherents of the persecuted French army officer Dreyfus predicted that the judgment of the court martial which in 1894 found him guilty of treason to his flag would one day be reversed. The court recommended him to mercy, and he was immediately pardoned by the executive. For seven years he lived on under the taint of having been found guilty. Recently the whole of France welcomed the quashing of the verdict of the court martial. It has been shown that the evidence upon which he was condemned was fogged, that witnesses perjured themselves and that testimony favoring the accused was suppressed. Fortunately vindication does not come too late. Dreyfus lives to confront his fellow countrymen freed from the taint put upon him. True, his career has been blighted, but he is the hero of one of the most remarkable victories over national prejudice and racial fury the world has ever witnessed.

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