

SUPPLEMENT.

Coast Mail.

MARSHFIELD, OREGON

BOWSER'S SCHOOL.

HE OPENS ONE TO TEACH MRS. BOWSER A FEW THINGS.

She Proved to Be Such a Well Posted Pupil, However, That Mr. Bowser Took the First Opportunity to Close the School.

(Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis.)
Mr. Bowser's outburst was very sudden, although he had probably contemplated a surprise all day. He sat smoking and reading when all at once he turned to Mrs. Bowser and said: "I should think that you would want to know something."
"Yes, I would," she quietly replied after she had recovered from her astonishment.
"Woman was not ordained to know much in comparison with man, but she need not remain quite as ignorant as a



"THREE YOU GO, THE FIRST THING!" HE shouted.
"Jump on a log. She should at least be able to understand the everyday things surrounding her. I have often wondered at your ignorance and felt it my duty to turn teacher, but you have such a temper, you know."
"I'm sorry about my temper," she said, with a sigh.
"And you'd be willing to learn?"
"Of course."
"And not miss a row?"
"No."
"Well, I'll open an evening school, so to say, and try to learn you a few things."
"You mean teach," she interrupted.
"There you go, the first thing!" he shouted as his spectacles fell off his nose. "Don't you suppose I know what you're talking about? When I say learn, I mean learn, and if you are going to jump on me like that this school will stop before it begins."
"I want to be learned, and I won't say anything more."
"See that you don't. Now, then, you have gone along the street and seen a pile of bricks, haven't you?"
"Yes."
"You recognized them as bricks?"
"I did."
"And you didn't wonder if they were turnips?"
"No."
"Very well. Did you ever stop to think how bricks were made—whether they came out of the ground like potatoes or grew on trees like apples? No, you never did, of course. Not one woman in a million has. One of the main factors in the creation of mighty cities is passed by without a thought, and you go rushing down to some bargain counter to get a 7 cent bottle of vasoline for 4 cents."
"But I've been in a brickyard and seen the clay dug, tempered and molded and then the bricks put up in kilns and turned," she softly protested.
"Oh, you have! Then you do know what bricks are composed of? I wouldn't have believed it, but I'll give you a long credit mark. Now perhaps you can tell me what mortar is? Mortar is pretty closely related to bricks, you know."
"Yes, without mortar bricks would be almost useless. Which of the two kinds of mortar do you mean?"
"So you know there are two kinds.

ent? My job, but you have picked up a thing or two! You may describe both kinds, if you please."
"The mortar used for brick and stone is composed of sand and lime alone unless a little cement is added, and that for plastering houses has hair mixed with it. The finishing coat on a wall is not mortar at all, but plaster of paris, as it is called. Is that right?"
It was right, and Mr. Bowser knew it was right, and yet there was real disappointment in his tones as he said: "It's right enough for a woman, and you have indeed surprised me. You may possibly be able to answer another question. In the midst of your gadding around for 5 cent bargains you may have paused long enough to ascertain how this house is heated?"
"Yes, I have. We have a hot air furnace."
"You've hit it, but it's probably because you've wasted at least three tons of coal this last winter. Yes, we have a hot air furnace, but what is the principle on which it works?"
"There is a cold air box leading into the furnace, and the cold air is warmed by the combustion of coal and sent through the various pipes and registers. Shut off the cold air and you would get no heat."
He had hoped to trap her on the furnace, but her reply showed that she had a better understanding of it than he had himself, and there was a hardness and a sarcasm in his voice as he continued:
"I beg to congratulate you, Mrs. Bowser, and I almost feel as if you could change a \$10 bill in an ice cream parlor and not get swindled out of a dollar or two. One more question. We have a range in the kitchen. It is made of iron, as you probably know. How is that iron obtained?"
"In the first place, they dig the ore," replied Mrs. Bowser. "Then the ore is melted and separated from the foreign substances. Then it is fluxed and remelted and run off into pigs. These pigs are again melted at the stove foundry, and the hot iron is run off into molds in sand."
Mr. Bowser had nothing to say. She had fairly answered his question, better than he could have answered himself, and he felt aggrieved and insulted that a woman could do this. When he had been silent for a moment, she looked up and queried:
"Any more questions, dear?"
"I suppose you think you're awful smart!" he growled.
"No smarter than the average woman. I think we had better open two schools this evening, as there are a few questions I should like to ask you. What is window glass made of? You see it at home, in the office, all around you as you ride or walk. It is some of the main factors in building up mighty cities. Perhaps you have paused long enough in your rushing up and down with politics to post yourself?"
"Woman, what are you trying to run this thing into?" he almost whooped as his face turned the color of a beet.
"We will let window glass and all other sorts of glass go to pot. I never yet set out to learn you."
"Teach me, dear."
"Teach be taught! That's twice you have crowded that word down my throat. I say it's learn, and when I say a thing that settles it. Enjoyable evening! Happy home! Domestic bliss!"
"I'm very sorry, and I won't interrupt any more. It was kind of you to offer to learn me everything worth knowing, and I gratefully appreciate it. Please tell me how window glass is made."
Mr. Bowser had no more idea than the man in the moon, and he didn't propose to be put in a hole. He therefore felt that his only safety was in bluffing it out, and after a minute he replied:
"Never you mind about the glass business. It's enough that you break

Mr. Everts' Wit.

When a popular young author came to see the late William M. Everts while he was secretary of state in behalf of a consulship for which he was an applicant—so at least they tell the story in Washington—Mr. Everts congratulated him on the fame which he had acquired, but hastened to add, "Although you have laurels on your brows, I suppose you can't browse on your laurels."



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