

Bowser Most Popular Man

Is Voted as Such by Members of the Old Jays Club at Last Meeting.

WOULD MAKE A SPEECH

He Is Rolled on a Barrel, His Head Is Sandpapered, and He Returns Sadder, but Wiser.

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MR. BOWSER had come home from the office half an hour ahead of time, and when Mrs. Bowser asked for an explanation he replied:

"I am going out this evening, and there are two or three little things I want to see to first."

"Is it to a club?"

"Yes. There's going to be a big turnout at the Old Jays club this evening, and a vote will be taken to see who is the most popular member."

"But the last time you went to the Old Jays you came home mad. You said they snubbed you."

"Snubbed me! Not on your life! You must have got me and some one



"WHO WOULD ATTEMPT TO WORK ANY GAME ON ME?" HE SAID.

else mixed up. Why, they sent me special notice of the meeting tonight and said I must be sure to be there."

"I was in hopes we might go to the theater."

"We can go to the theater, any night, but there won't be another such meeting of the Old Jays for a year."

"Well, I hope you won't let them work any game on you," she said, as she saw that his mind was made up.

"Game? Work any game on me?" he replied as he drew himself up to his full height and stood with folded arms. "Who would attempt to work any game on me? Who has ever attempted it? Explain your words, if you please."

"They may try to make you believe that you are a great man and that—that—"

"And what?"

"And coax you to sing a song and then—then—"

"And what?"

"Or get you up to make a speech and then—then—"

"Woman, beware! You are close to the dead line! Don't let me hear any more such talk. To hear your words a stranger would think I was a born fool and that you were my guardian."

"Then we won't talk about it any more. I'll help you get ready, and do you go along and have a good time."

Mr. Bowser stood and glared at her for a minute and then marched off upstairs to change his clothes. There was something else he wanted to say, but he hung off about it until his good nature was partly restored and he had come down again; then he tried to look indifferent as he said:

"I have got a hint or two that my friends are going to put me forward tonight, and it may be just possible that I will be voted the most popular member."

"That will be nice," replied Mrs. Bowser as she retied his necktie.

"You'd let 'em vote if they wanted to, wouldn't you?"

"Why, certainly."

"And if I am declared elected and they call for a speech?"

"Then make one, of course. Just get up and say that you feel honored; wouldn't trade positions with the president of the United States; glad you are one of the Old Jays, and so on and so forth. Don't attempt too much. Now you are all ready."

"I may not be home before midnight."

"Never mind if you are not home before daylight. As you say, this thing occurs only once a year, and you can afford to dissipate a little. Sure you have got your latchkey? Well, run along now."

Mrs. Bowser's sudden change of front was a puzzle to Mr. Bowser, but after thinking it over for awhile he decided that it was one of those cases where it was "just like a woman" and arrived at the club with a feeling of anticipation.

"What occurred there was told two hours later by a friend of Bowser's who sat reading the purring of the cat as he came an uncer-

tain noise at the front door, a noise as of some one pawing over it. When it had continued for a couple of minutes she went down the hall and swung the door wide open. With the aid of her extended hand Mr. Bowser entered. In spite of the fact that he was bareheaded and all mussed up, that his coat pockets were full of hay, that a porous plaster had been stuck on the back of his overcoat and his patent leather shoes painted over with white paint it was Mr. Bowser.

"Come in and tell me all about it," said Mrs. Bowser as she hung up his coat and led him along to the sitting room.

He looked at her in an owlish sort of way for a minute, and then the tears started in his eyes. When he could control his emotion he said:

"Well, I got there. Everybody glad to see me. Everybody said I was a good feller. Everybody slapped me on the back and said, 'Hello, Bowser.'"

"And of course you had a drink or two?"

"Yes."

"And then the voting took place?"

"Yes."

"And when the votes were counted up it was found that you had been declared the most popular member?"

"Yes. But how did you hear of it?"

"Oh, I knew about how it would go," replied Mrs. Bowser, with a laugh.

"Well, you were elected. What happened then?"

"All the Old Jays took a drink at my expense. Then the president of the club congratulated me, and we had another drink. Then they called on me for a speech."

"And you remembered what I told you, I hope?"

"No. I didn't. I couldn't remember anything. I made a speech about Christopher Columbus crossing 'er Delaware, and you just ought to have heard them Old Jays clap and yell. Mrs. Bowser, that speech was a corker. Best speech I ever delivered in my life."

His utterances were getting thick and his neck becoming too limber to support his head, and of a sudden the tears came to his eyes again.

"Well, after the speech?" queried Mrs. Bowser.

"Everybody whooped and yelled and clapped their hands, and some of 'em didn't get over laughing for ten minutes. I can tell you I felt proud, Mrs. Bowser—proud and glad that I was Bowser. Had a drink. Had another drink. Had three or four drinks. Then the Old Jays jumped on to me."

"How jumped on to you?"

"They said I was an old sport and a good feller, and they put me in a blanket and tossed me up to the ceiling. Yes, tossed me up over a thousand times. It was awful, awful, awful! When they got tired of that they sandpapered my bald head. Yes, Mrs. Bowser, they sandpapered the head of your loving husband and scratched matches on it."

His tears flowed and his lip trembled, and it was a long minute before he could go on.

"Then they rolled me on a barrel, painted my shoes and poured sand down my back, and when they let me go I was almost dead. I was all turned around and didn't know the way home, and it's a wonder I ever got here. Wasn't it awful, Mish Bowser—wasn't it just awful?"

"I told you I was afraid they'd play some game on you."

"Yes, you told me, but I didn't believe it. I believed you was jealous because I was such a great man. I was wrong, and you was right. Will you forgive me, Mish Bowser?"

"There's nothing to forgive, but if I were you I'd resign from the Old Jays."

"You bet I will! Never again will 'er Ole Jays make a jay of me! Where's 'er cat?"

"What do you want of her?"

"Wanter beg her pardon too. I tell you, Mish Bowser—I tell you it wasn't right, and you know it, and the cat knows it, and the Old Jays know it, and—"

"I guess you'd better be getting to bed," said Mrs. Bowser as he sat blinking at her with his sentence unfinished.

"Yes. Most popular Ol' Jay better be gettin' to bed," he replied as he took her arm and was assisted upstairs.

M. QUAD.

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"Ajax" Defying the Motor.

"Come on, then! I'm wire haired, so mind your tires!"—Sketch.

She Didn't Like It.
"Papa says I'm not old enough to marry."
"Did he? Well, I'll bet he wouldn't have liked it if somebody had asked him to wait about marrying until he was long past thirty."
"Sir!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Complete.
"What are your qualifications for an office boy?"
"Well, sir, I can do anything from filling inkstands to attending directors' meetings."—New York Life.

A Dominie Who Failed To Follow the Rule

A GOOD story is told of a young clergyman in the suburbs who was recently married and who was properly punished for trying to make a "front" before his bride.

It is a well known rule among clergymen not to take a fee from a fellow dominie for marrying him. The general custom is, however, for the best man to go through the usual form and present the officiating clergyman with an envelope containing the fee. The minister then pays a graceful compliment to the bride and presents the envelope to her. Aware of this custom, the young minister thought he would make a big showing before his bride and placed \$100 in the envelope, smiling in anticipation of her surprise when she should open it and see what her lover was willing to pay for being united to her.

The young man's consternation can be imagined when the other clergyman calmly pocketed the envelope and made no movement to return it. The officiating minister had heard glowing reports of the rich bride his young friend was getting and decided that the fee would do him more good than the newly married couple and therefore for once departed from the usual rule. The bridegroom is still sore about the \$100, but the joke was too good for the best man to keep to himself.—Philadelphia Record.

Helping Him Out.
Employer (to boy applying for position)—Do you smoke or swear, young man?
Kid—Now, if that's what yer lookin' fer I'll send me kid brudder around. He's got 'em all skinned for swearin' and smokin'.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Association of Ideas.
William was two and a half years old when a Mrs. Lord gave him a tiny glass chicken.
Six months later his mother asked him who gave him the chicken. The baby replied he did not know. "Yes, William," she said, "you can remember."
He shook his head a minute, then repeated hurriedly: "Now I lay me down to sleep. I pray the—Mrs. Lord gave it to me!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Cheerful Outlook.
"Then you believe the world is getting better? You say you don't believe there will be any grafting twenty-five years from now?"
"Not because the world is getting better, but the grafters are getting so thick that there won't be any picking left by that time."—Kansas City Times.

Elaborate Revenge.
Tommy Wrott (at the theater)—You are going to take off your hat, aren't you?
Lotta Guph—No; I am going to let this girl behind me feast her eyes on it all evening. She's got one just like it.—Chicago Tribune.

Postmortem.
Native—Yaas, Alkali Ike intimated yistidy that the new sheriff was a boodler and a two faced liar.
Tourist—My, that ought to be investigated!
Native—It is bein' investigated by the coroner.—Baltimore American.

So Languishing.
The Bride—Do you think they will know we are just married by our looks?
The Groom—Well, the looks you give me are enough to betray you on the spot.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Measured by Time.
"Do you consider frenzied finance a question of the hour?"
"The hour!" echoed the magazine publisher scornfully. "It is the question of several years at least."—Washington Star.

Time Works Wonders.
"Papa, what is the difference between a grafter and a philanthropist?"
"Merely one of years, my son. A man is a grafter before he is sixty and a philanthropist afterward."—Life.

In Methuselah's Day.
Salesman—What size suit does the little boy want?
Fond Mother—Well, he's only sixty-eight, but he takes usually a seventy-three-year-old size.—Puck.

Usually Irresistible.
Ella—The paper tells of a woman being arrested for resisting an officer.
Stella—I don't see how anybody could resist a man in uniform.—New York Press.

Pyro-Technique.
Miss Isabel Smith is the maid that we hire.
And one morning this Isabel Smith was on fire.
I quenched the wild flames with a bottle of stout.
And you never saw Isabel Smith so put out.
—Lippincott's Magazine.

FATTENING STEERS.

Value of Alfalfa and Cornstalks as Rough Feed.
A bulletin recently issued by the Nebraska experiment station gives the details of a feeding experiment with two-year-old range steers, the results of which show very clearly that the character of roughness supplied in connection with corn is a very important factor in the economical production of beef. Six lots of steers, with ten in each lot, were fed experimentally for a period of six months.

Without entering into the details of the test with two-year-olds, as reported, the conclusions are tersely stated in the bulletin as follows:

With present prices for both corn and beef greater consideration must be given to the character and quantity of roughness fed in connection with corn to fattening cattle.

That alfalfa hay is pronouncedly superior to prairie hay for beef production and that the more rapid the extension of the area of the land devoted to the production of alfalfa, supplanting the less valuable and lower yielding native hay, the more rapid will be the production of wealth from our soil.

That native prairie hay, if for any reason it is most available for feeding purposes, should not be fed with corn alone, but rather with corn supplemented with a small quantity of some protein food, such as oilmeal, cottonseed meal or gluten meal, to give more nearly a balance of nutrients in keeping with animal requirements.

That cornstalks cut immediately after the ears ripen possess a food value which cannot consistently be ignored by the farmer and that existing land values warrant the larger utilization of this roughness by the adoption of methods of harvesting that will make such material more valuable for feeding purposes.

Ewes in Winter.
Ewes should be handled very carefully through the winter. Have a roomy shed, well ventilated, with plenty of bedding and the doors always open until a short time before lambing, when they should be closed nights. Your shed should be warm if your ewes are to lamb in the cold months. You should have pure water and salt in the yard at all times.

THE HORSEMAN
One peculiarity among trotting bred horses that should be noted by breeders of market animals is that of toeing out, says National Stockman. So many trotting bred horses toe out either with one or both front feet. This unfortunate condition is highly transmissible, and stallions that toe out should not be patronized. Many a really high class horse, or what would be termed a high class horse were it not for this infirmity, is made a third rate rowing to the position his feet occupy in relation to his front legs. A toeing out horse cannot bend and fold his knee properly. He swings the malformed foot around as he trots, flexing the knee at a wrong angle and endangering the opposite knee. Even if inferior in other essentials, the horse that stands squarely upon both front feet has a decided advantage over the horse that toes out and will sell for more money for market use. It is true that many fast trotters and pacers toe out, but one would have a serious undertaking upon his hands were he to attempt convincing the owners of such horses that they would be even better as race animals if they stood squarely upon their front feet.

The Idle Work Horse.
As to the feeding of idle work horses, it would be well if we could dispose of this subject by saying there should never be any, for this undoubtedly is the hardest treatment the work horse gets—the occasional rest when kept absolutely idle, tied to the manger, with all the fodder before him he can consume. Never allow the idle horse to remain in the stable, but see to it he has a pasture or yard to exercise in part of every day, winter and summer, of course materially cutting down the amount of grain and using more succulent food, if possible.—Cor. American Cultivator.

The Horse's Hoofs.
Get a hoof trimmer and keep the horse's feet in order. If neglected, horses sometimes get lame by the hoofs growing out too long and cracking. If you invest a dollar or a little more in a trimmer you will never regret it. It is also important to keep the colt's feet straight. Look to the colt's feet when turning out in the spring and keep the toes cut short.

Checkrein and Blinders.
I surely believe in humane treatment for horses, but will not give up the checkrein, writes a correspondent of Farm Progress. But I want it used right, and when used right it is a benefit to both horse and driver. If you want sore shoulders, all you have to do is to take off the checkrein.

Blinders should also be used with common sense. A horse will become quite tricky and shirk on you if worked without blinders. Yes, I have tried it, and if your horse does not you have a wonderful horse, and I would like to see him. A horse can learn tricks all right.

Heavy Horses in Demand.
Heavier and yet heavier horses are called for by reason of the scarcity of farm help and the increase in the size of farm machinery.

Currycomb and Brush.
The currycomb and brush are two articles which should be made daily use of in every stable. Yes, it pays, and pays for looks alone, but do not consider looks anything but the least part of the good derived from it.



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Desert Land Final Proof.
United States Land Office, Lakeview Oregon, Jan. 29 1906.
NOTICE is hereby given that Michael P. Barry of Adel Oregon has filed notice of intention to make proof of his desert-land claim No. 459, for the E. half of Sec. 15 T. 40 S. R. 27 E., w. M. before Register and Receiver at Lakeview Oregon on Monday, the 12th day of March, 1906.
He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: John P. Barry of Adel Oregon, John Fitzgerald, Elmer McCulley and Robert McCulley of Lakeview Oregon.
J. N. Watson Register

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