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.

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

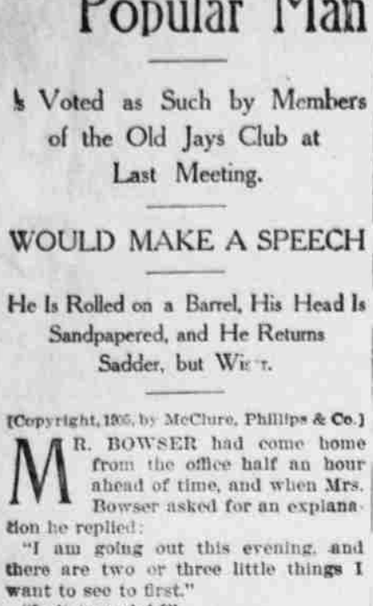
"I am going out this evening, and there are two or three little things I want to see to first."

"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 himself in his own home. At 10 o'clock, as Mrs. Bowser sat reading and the cat was doing the purring act on the hearth, there came an uncertain 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 nothing. 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 Bowsher—wasn't it jus' awful?"

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

"Yesh, 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 Bowsher?"

"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 Bowsher—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.

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

M. QUAD.

"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.

SILAGE FOR BEEF CATTLE

Professor Soule of the Virginia experiment station recently made the following report of a cattle feeding test:

During last winter an interesting experiment with sixty head of beef cattle was conducted at the experiment station. The twenty cattle fed silage made an average gain of 1.46 pound per head per day, the twenty cattle fed timothy hay 1.10 pound per head per day and the twenty cattle fed shredded corn stover, .97 pound per head per day.

There was thus a difference of one-third to one-half pound of gain per head per day in favor of the silage fed cattle. The silage fed cattle finished off the best and showed more quality than the others and in any discriminating market would have brought a considerably higher price.

The strong prejudice against using silage for the winter feeding of beef cattle is hard to understand, for it has been fully demonstrated that silage fed cattle will kill out quite as well as the dry fed cattle, and the meat is, generally speaking, of a superior quality. Whereas the silage was all eaten up, 13.5 of the stover and 4.16 per cent of the hay were wasted.

The gains show that the cattle fed were not of a satisfactory quality. In previous experiments a pound of grain has been made for a consumption of three to four pounds of grain. The silage fed cattle in this test consumed 6.54 pounds of grain for a pound of gain, the stover fed cattle 11.18 pounds, or about twice as much, and the hay fed cattle 8.99 pounds, or 2.45 pounds more per day than the silage fed cattle.

With better bred animals fed in previous experiments, the average gain per head has often been 2.18 pounds throughout the six months' feeding period, which again testifies to the unsatisfactory quality of the animals fed in this test.

Impress of the Shorthorn.

Our cattle today would have been immensely more uniform, fully as valuable and probably more useful as a whole if none except Shorthorns had ever been imported as improvers,

SHORTHORN COW.

writes R. D. Ross in Breeder's Gazette. The fact that with the exception of a very few herds the American Shorthorn has been bred for beef for a century, and by beef men, and at this day does persist in putting out cows with some value for milk indicates a milky way in the Shorthorn firmament somewhere.

Commenting on the above, the editor of the Gazette says, "The excellence claimed for our so called 'natives' of the present day is generally to be credited to a dash of the blood of some improved breed, usually the Shorthorn, which has been the pioneer cosmopolitan improver of bovine stocks."

Fat Draft Horses.

Large, heavy draft horses bring more money than lighter ones. For this reason a great many dealers and handlers of drafters try to get them as fat as possible before offering them for sale. Discriminating purchasers, however, are very quick to notice the difference between fat and muscle.

A corn fed, closely stabled draft horse is in very much the same condition as a fat ox and is of little more service for hard work. In buying such a horse the new owner has a job on his hands to work the fat off and develop muscle enough to make a valuable worker.

With proper feed and a reasonable amount of exercise it is just as easy and just about as cheap to cover a horse's bones with good healthy muscle as it is to stable him, feed him corn and get him hog fat. The muscular horse gives satisfaction and helps sell the next one.—Farmers Advocate.

Name of O. I. C. Swine.

The O. I. C. hogs are simply what their name (Ohio Improved Chesters) implies. They constitute one of the numerous pure bred strains of Chester Whites which are recorded in the Ohio Improved Chester White Record association. It is from the initials of this title that the name O. I. C. is derived. There have been no less than five record associations founded for the recording and protection of this breed, including the one above mentioned, the others being the American, the National, the International and the Standard.—Michigan Farmer.

Growing Wool.

If you want good quality wool take such care of the sheep that they will not lose flesh or get out of health. Anything that stops the thrift and causes sheep to get out of condition will cause injury to the wool and depreciate the value.

RIDING A CAMEL.

More Convenient and Less Tiring Than Horseback Riding.

Camel riding in the desert of Sahara is not so very fatiguing after one has learned how. A veteran traveler in that district describes the process: "Each riding camel has a bridle, or rather a halter, of plaited leather like an ordinary halter and the camel is guided as a horse would be if riding him with one rein only. The saddle is a most elaborate affair. To adjust one properly on a camel's hump is an art extremely difficult to master. First two cushions of leather, stuffed with grass straw, are placed on the animal's hump, and on these is set the saddle. This latter consists of two wooden forks, one in front and one behind, connected by a side board. Above this is placed the seat of the saddle, which is built like a square saucer. The tops of the wooden forks rising in front and behind form two saddlehorns, and, once one has negotiated his way into the saucer and installed the feet and legs by letting them, from the knee downward, hang over the front, one is pretty safe from falling out. Cushions and rugs placed in this saucerlike depression add to the comfort. The saddle is secured by a wide girth and also by a shoulder strap and girth at the back that takes the place of a crupper.

"There are, of course, no stirrups, the foot merely hanging over the front. After one has learned to avoid an occasional dig in the middle of the back from the hindmost horn and has become accustomed to the weight of the legs hanging over the front, camel riding is very comfortable and far less tiring than horseback riding, especially as one's position can be varied in many ways by riding sidesaddle or crossing the legs on the camel's neck, and so forth. The long, swinging gait is fairly easy, and one can move about on a camel's back in a manner that would startle any ordinary horse.

"On the saddle are carried a pair of leather saddlebags, wherein I carry books, maps, instruments, cartridges, lunch and the like. From the horns of the saddle are hung rifle, field glasses, prismatic compass and water bottle. Altogether it is a pretty complete outfit and only equaled by a Chinese chair for convenience in traveling when one wishes to hunt and nap at the same time."

BOOKS AND A GENTLEMAN.

A gentleman does not have a full wine cellar and empty bookshelves.

A gentleman does not possess a box of carpenter's tools, but no paper knife.

A gentleman does not borrow good works which he is in a position to buy.

A gentleman does not cut books with his fingers, even after having washed his hands.

A gentleman does not use eau de cologne and read greasy volumes from a circulating library.

A gentleman does not give his daughter a dowry of from $25,000 to $250,000 and forget to provide her with a bookcase.

A gentleman does not talk about the latest literature when he is acquainted only with what has been said of it by the reviewers.

A gentleman does not send to his bookseller for a parcel of books on approval, and, after having read them, return them, saying that none of them suits him.

A Thirsty Woodchuck.

One of the best story tellers of his time was Han Thompson of Auburn, Me. The following is what Han told of what he and his brother John tried to do in the way of catching a woodchuck: They had tried quite a number of times to capture the animal, but unsuccessfully. At last they decided to drown him out. So, procuring four pails, each took two, and they carried water for two solid hours and poured it into the hole in the ground in which the said "chuck" had taken up his abode. Getting tired, they sat down. After about half an hour the woodchuck cautiously left the hole and deliberately walked down to the brook and took a long drink of water, and then scooted, much to the disgust of the two boys.—Boston Herald.

The Ragged Brigade.

The nickname of the Ragged brigade bestowed on the Thirteenth hussars is complimentary rather than detrimental to them, being a reminder of the gallant services rendered and the severe hardships endured by them when serving in the peninsular war under the Duke of Wellington. They took part in no fewer than thirty-two engagements and skirmishes, in addition to their share in general actions. In the course of the campaign the hard service they had seen had reduced their uniforms to tatters; hence their nickname.—London Telegraph.

A Mystery Revealed.

The Layman—Why do you tie that bandage so tight about the patient's limb before you operate? The Surgeon—To compress the arteries so that he won't bleed to death. The Layman—Ah, now I know why the barber nearly strangles me with a towel before he begins to shave me.—Cleveland Leader.

Youthful Ambition.

A little lad was asked the other day what he intended to be when he grew up. He pondered over it for awhile. "I won't be a sailor," he said, "because I might be drowned, and I won't be a soldier, because I might be shot. I think I will be a skeleton in a museum."

Professional.

"Well, doctor, your treatise is ready to go to press. What are you going to do about an appendix?"

"Cut it out."—Houston Post.

A Chance for Speculators.

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