

# Mr. Bowser's Dairy Farm

Philosopher Figures Out That There Is a Fortune In Keeping Cows.

## WIFE VETOES HIS PLAN

She Tells of a Lot of Expense That Her Lord and Master Has Overlooked in Estimates.

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HAPPENING to look out of the window the other day an hour before Mr. Bowser's time for coming home, Mrs. Bowser caught sight of him and a strange man walking up and down as if viewing the house. When they had finished with the front they went around to the alley, and it was almost an hour before the man went away and Mr. Bowser entered the house.

"Well, is it another cow?" he was asked.

"My dear Mrs. Bowser," he replied, in a paternal way and with a broad smile on his face, "I have some news to tell you. Tomorrow I expect to complete negotiations for the exchange of this house for a farm. You know I have been hoping to make an exchange for the last five years."

"We will talk it over," said Mrs. Bowser, as she motioned him to a chair.

"Yes, we will talk it over, but you can't possibly find any fault. I have got facts and figures right down pat to prove to you that it will be the best deal of our lives."

"What sort of a farm is it?"

"Wanted a Dairy Farm."

"A dairy farm, my dear. I have given up the idea of chickens. It is a dairy farm of eighty acres, and we shall exchange even up. The man is



"I shall put it up in fancy cakes."

so anxious to get into the city to educate his daughter that he will make most any sacrifice. Now listen to me. I start in the dairy business with thirty cows. The milk can be estimated at 300 quarts per day. If sold at 5 cents a quart to the creamery there is \$15 a day, or \$105 per week. All we have to do is to deliver the milk and take a check. I shall sell only half the milk, however. The remainder will be made into butter. I shall put it up in fancy cakes and call it 'Bowser's Best.' The sales will amount to about \$8 per day, and on the sour milk and whey I shall fatten about fifty hogs during the year. When these are marketed the total income per week for the year will be about \$125. We will call it \$7,000 per year. We live well, have the benefit of the country air and make \$7,000 per year, and if you have got any fault to find with that you must be hard to please. Such a bargain as this man is willing to give me can't be picked up once in a hundred years. What do you think of it?"

"You start with thirty cows?" queried Mrs. Bowser.

"From thirty to thirty-five."

"They are on the farm and part of the bargain, are they?"

"Why, no. I must buy them."

"Oh, I see. Has the farm a barn for cows?"

"I-I don't think so, but I can build one."

"Mrs. Bowser Makes Estimates."

"Of course. Let us see. Thirty good cows will cost you \$1,200. To build a dairy barn will cost you at least \$800 more. There is \$2,000 to start with. Had you figured on that?"

Mr. Bowser swallowed away at his Adam's apple and began to turn pale.

"To run a dairy of thirty cows you will have to have two men. They must milk, feed, drive the milk to the creamery, etc. You can figure on \$50 per month as wages, and, of course, you must board them. You must add \$600 to the \$2,000 in the first year's expenses. Has the farm got at least thirty acres of good grass land?"

"I-I didn't ask about that, but of course it has."

"Well, if it has you are all right for the summer. What about the winter? Those cows must be fed from November to May. Each one will consume from two to three tons of hay. What about sixty or seventy tons of hay and the soft feed in addition?"

"Woman, what are you trying to get at?" shouted Mr. Bowser, as he pounded on the table with his fist.

"The actual state of affairs," she replied. "There will be at least one month out of twelve when half your cows will be farrow or nursing their

calves. Have you figured out that loss of milk?"

"But the calves alone will net me a thousand dollars a year."

"What It Would Cost Him."

"Then you are greater than the beef trust. If every one of your thirty cows had a calf, the thirty calves might bring you \$200, but no more. In figuring on the expenses of the first year we will say that your hay and soft feed cost you \$1,700. That is a very close estimate. You must buy a team of horses, wagon, milk cans, pails, churns, etc. You must allow at least \$500 for these things."

"Not on your life! Not if I know how to cipher! Why, you must take me for the biggest fool in the state!"

"You can submit my figures to any one you will. You have estimated your income altogether too high. The cows will give much less milk in the winter. Some of them may be ailing or die. The price of hay may go up. Instead of \$125 per week, you should figure on \$75. Out of this, even after you get started, must come the expenses of feed, help and the keep of your team. You will have to turn in and work yourself, and if there is any 'Bowser's Best' butter made you will have to allow me an extra girl in the house. Don't bob around on your chair now, but figure as a business man."

"Figures Encourage Bowser."

"Don't tell me that I am bobbing around!" shouted Mr. Bowser, so loudly that he was heard in the next house. "One would think you were talking to an infant. I say you are wrong from beginning to end. I tell you there's at least \$5,000 a year clean profit in this thing for me, but of course you want to knock it in the head if you can. By thunder, what a jackass I am ever to sit down and talk to you about business!"

"I don't think you have lost anything by it," quietly replied Mrs. Bowser. "However, if you think I am wrong, please show me where. Can you buy cows for less than \$40 apiece? Haven't you got to have a barn? Haven't you got to have help? Haven't you got to have feed? Tell me where my figures are too high."

"What's the use? You don't want to be convinced, and you won't be. I am offered the opportunity of my life, and you stand in the way and try to make me out an idiot."

"You are hardly fair with me, Mr. Bowser. If you will show me where I am wrong in my figures I'll cheerfully start a dairy farm with you."

"I'll bring you figures from a man who has run a dairy farm himself and made \$10,000 a year at it. I'll even bring the man himself."

A minute later Mr. Bowser was out of the house and on his way to the family butcher's. He had often heard that the butcher was formerly a dairy farmer, and that his sole object in selling out and moving into town was to educate his son in telling the difference between a knock-kneed horse and a comic opera. He found the butcher smoking his pipe and meditating, and he began:

"Mr. Bones, didn't you used to run a dairy farm somewhere?"

"I think so," was the cautious answer.

"And you made \$10,000 a year?"

"I have been charged with so doing."

"Well, now, knowing me as you do, what would you advise in my case? I can trade my house and lot for a dairy farm."

"How many acres?"

"Eighty."

"How many cows?"

"As many as I want to buy. I thought of starting with thirty."

"How's the cow barn?"

"There isn't any."

"What's your experience?"

"Haven't had any."

"Butcher Discourages Plan."

"Mr. Bowser," said the butcher, as he rose up and got behind the meat block, "go into the business of raising jackasses. You have had experience and can't help but make a success."

There would have been a row had not a couple of women customers come in. Mr. Bowser was forced to postpone the bloodletting to another time, and he went out and wandered up and down the street with bent head and down humped up. His dairy had soured on him. His "Bowser's Best" would never be on the market. He would never rub the backs of cows or fondle their calves. And men and women who took notice of him whispered to each other:

"Say, that's Bowser, that is, and Mrs. Bowser's got the better of him again."

M. QUAD.

The Joy of It.



First Kid—Bill's stuck up because he had a birthday party yesterday. I bet it was on the bum.

Second Kid—I bet it was. Why, when I had a birthday party I was sick all the next day.—Philadelphia Press.

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11:50 A. M. Lv. b	Plumas	Lv. 2:45 P. M.
1:12 P. M. Lv. c	Doyie	Lv. 1:12 P. M.
2:15 P. M. Lv. d	Amedee	Lv. 12:01 P. M.
3:00 P. M. Lv. e	Amedee	Ar. 11:15 A. M.
3:30 P. M. Lv. f	Hot Spgs.	Lv. 11:00 A. M.
7:30 P. M. Ar. g	Madeline	Lv. 7:15 A. M.

1:20 P. M. Lv. h Plumas | Ar. 12:45 P. M. || 3:00 P. M. Lv. i | Beckwith | Lv. 11:05 A. M. |
| 4:30 P. M. Ar. j | Mohawk | Lv. 8:45 A. M. |

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**NOVEL ADVERTISING.**

How a Firm of Architects Got Its Name on a Building.

Close observation on the part of a newspaper man in Boston several years ago revealed a striking device employed by the firm of McKim, Mead & White, the noted New York architects, of which Stanford White, who was murdered by Harry K. Thaw in New York recently, was a member. The device, says the Pittsburg Gazette-Times, was an acoustic of names famous in history, literature and art by which the firm's name was to be engraved on the Boston Public Library. As may be observed, the arrangement defied literature, history and philosophy in arrangement, and this was the thing that attracted the newspaper man's attention. The names were conglomerated from all nations and ages into a seemingly neat ornamentation for the fine building. Beginning at the top of a space to be devoted to names famous in the world in various lines were the following:

Moses,  
Cleopatra,  
Caligula,  
Isocrates,  
Milton.

These names, through their initials, formed the first part of the acoustic, spelling plainly "McKim." A slight space appeared before the next list of names, which was:

Mozart,  
Euclid,  
Aeschylus,  
Dante.

The initials of these names brought out the second name of the firm, "Mead." Another slight space, and the following names appeared:

Wren,  
Herriek,  
Irving,  
Titian,  
Erasmus.

Here was the name "White" also engraved, the whole device bringing out the firm name of "McKim, Mead & White" in connection with the world's famed men. It was in 1890, just before the building was completed, that the discovery was made and published. The list of names was changed.

**THE REAL LINCOLN.**

He Was Not Homely, and He Was Not Slovenly in Dress.

For many years it has been the fashion to call Mr. Lincoln homely. He was very tall and very thin. His eyes were deep sunken, his skin of a sallow pallor, his hair coarse, black and unruly. Yet he was neither ungraceful nor awkward nor ugly. His large features fitted his large frame, and his large hands and feet were but right on a body that measured six feet four inches. His was a sad and thoughtful face, and from boyhood he had carried a load of care. It is small wonder that when alone or absorbed in thought the face should take on deep lines, the eyes appear as if seeing something beyond the vision of other men and the shoulders stoop as though they, too, were bearing a weight. But in a moment all would be changed. The deep eyes could flash or twinkle merrily with humor or look out from under overhanging brows as they did upon the Five Points children in kindest gentleness. So, too, in public speaking, when his tall body rose to its full height, with head thrown back and his face transfigured with the fire and earnestness of his thought, he would answer Douglas in the high, clear tenor that came to him in the heat of debate, carrying his ideas so far out over listening crowds. And later, during the years of war, when he pronounced with noble gravity the words of his famous addresses, not one in the throngs that heard him could truly say that he was other than a handsome man.

It has been the fashion, too, to say that he was slovenly and careless in his dress. This also is a mistake. His clothes could not fit smoothly on his gaunt and bony frame. He was no tailor's figure of a man, but from the first he clothed himself as well as his means allowed and in the fashion of the time and place.

In reading the grotesque stories of his boyhood, of the tall strapping whose trousers left exposed a length of shin, it must be remembered not only how poor he was, but that he lived on the frontier, where other boys, less poor, were scarcely better clad. In Vandalia the blue jeans he wore were the dress of his companions as well, and later, from Springfield days on, clear through his presidency, his costume was the usual suit of black broadcloth, carefully made and scrupulously neat. He cared nothing for style. It did not matter to him whether the man with whom he talked wore a coat of the latest cut or owned no coat at all. It was the man inside the coat that interested him.—Helen Nicolay in St. Nicholas.

**Manners.**

Manners are of more importance than laws. Upon them, in a great measure, the laws depend. The law touches them but here and there, now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation like that of the air we breathe in. They give their whole form and color to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply them or they totally destroy them.—Burke.

**Part of the Battle.**

"A pleasant disposition goes a long way," said Uncle Eben. "I sympathize with de Indian, but I don't believe he'd have had near as much hard luck if he'd er been good natured an' learned to play de banjo."—Washington Star.

There is no duty we so much under-rate as the duty of being happy.—Stevenson.