

Economical Mr. Bowser

He Is Always Looking Out to Save a Dollar.

By M. QUAD.

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Mr. Bowser intended to perform a performance. He had been thinking of it all the afternoon. He might as well lead up to it softly, however, and prepare Mrs. Bowser for it. He therefore threw away the stump of his cigar and said:

"Green was telling me today that he never fixes anything around the house."

"No?" replied Mrs. Bowser.

"He can't even putty in a pane of glass."

"I see."

"Nor fix a doorknob."

"But you know—"

"Yes, I can fix anything and thereby save several hundred dollars a year."

"But there's nothing to fix just now."

"Well, dear, there's nothing to be done except that I am going to save \$100 in cash and indulge in a little beneficial exercise at the same time," he replied.

"You are not going to—tear any of the walls down or remove the roof of the house?"

"No, ma'am. Our house is heated by a furnace. That furnace naturally has



FIVE OR SIX JOINTS FELL APART.

a smoke pipe. That smoke pipe must be cleaned out before we start a fire this fall."

"But why don't you get a man to do it?"

"For several reasons. First, I need the physical exercise; second, I don't propose to pay a stove man a hundred dollars to come up here and fool around for four weeks over what will take me about twenty minutes, and, thirdly and lastly, I am a domestic man and like to be doing little odd jobs around my own house."

"Mr. Bowser, please don't do it!" gasped Mrs. Bowser as she turned pale. "You'll get the pipe apart, and then—and then—"

"And then clean out a barrel or two of soot and put it together again," he finished. "I'm going to slip on my old clothes and have the job over in half an hour. You just sit down with the newspaper, and you won't hear a sound."

"If you'll let it alone I'll get a man and pay him out of my weekly allowance!" she called to him as he was halfway up the stairs.

"Half an hour—easy as rolling off a log—save a hundred dollars—sit right down!" he replied as he disappeared.

Ten minutes later he came down with an old suit on, and he had in his hands a gimlet, a screwdriver, a monkey wrench, a hammer, a cold chisel, a pot of glue, a glass cutter and a coil of wire.

"Why not let it go until November?" she asked as he was ready to go down.

"And let the first cold wave catch us unprepared and freeze all the water pipes!" he exclaimed in answer.

"No danger."

"Mrs. Bowser, you sit right down, and don't worry. I was cleaning out smoke pipes before you were born, and there's nothing in this job to get excited over."

He had scarcely disappeared down cellar when Mrs. Bowser went to her room upstairs and locked the door. Mr. Bowser lighted up the cellar and took a good look at that smoke pipe. It was twenty feet long, with one end at the furnace and the other in the chimney, and was supported at intervals by wires attached to the ceiling.

"Save just a hundred dollars and have all the physical exercise to boot!" he muttered as he began at the wires. "There are men who run to the glazier, the plumber and the stove man whenever a little job wants to be done, and there are other men who save time and money by taking a hand themselves. The idea of my getting a man to putter around here for a month or six weeks!"

When the wires had been loosened Mr. Bowser knew just what to do next, and he did it. He pulled the end of the pipe out of the chimney. As soon as that had been done the five or six joints fell apart with a great clatter, and he was instantly enveloped in a cloud of soot and ashes. As the

joints fell one of them struck his foot, and as he made a jump to evade the soot he stumbled over another and came down on the hard bottom of the cellar and rolled over on his back.

"Woman, I see how it is!" he yelled out in his first surprise, but the words were hardly uttered before he got up and rubbed his knees and elbows and the back of his head and whispered to himself:

"It's all right—all right. I intended to take the joints apart anyhow, and this has saved me a lot of trouble. It would have taken a stove man just two weeks to do what I have done in ten minutes. It's a wonder the old lady isn't down here to ask if there has been an earthquake."

Mr. Bowser cautiously picked up each joint of the pipe and played a tattoo on it with a hammer. That's the proper way to clean 'em, and he did as well as a stove man could have done. When a smoke pipe has been taken apart it must be put together again to be made useful. Fully realizing this fact, Mr. Bowser began work. He picked up two joints and fitted them together. No, he didn't. To his surprise, they wouldn't fit. They were made to fit, had fitted and ought by natural philosophy to fit again, but he turned them over and over and over and end for end and failed to make a go of it. He suddenly made a discovery.

"One wants pounding out and the other pounding in," he chuckled as he reached for his hammer. "I don't claim to be the smartest man in America, but if I can't put two joints of pipe together—"

He couldn't. The hammering had not improved them. He took two other joints, but they were just as obstinate. All of a sudden Mr. Bowser got mad and jumped for the ax, but his feet slipped in the soot, and he went down and saw millions of stars as the back of his head whacked the cement.

"Some one shall suffer for this!" he said as he finally sat up, and he was on the point of going upstairs and bringing Mrs. Bowser's perfidious conduct home to her when the resolution came to have one more trial. Only an hour before he had read in his newspaper the saying "What man has done can be done again," and he picked up all the joints, stood them on end in a row and surveyed them in a critical way. None were missing. The end of each and every joint had been made to fit into another. All he had to do was to exercise patience and press and squeeze and tap with the hammer. Mr. Bowser pressed. He also squeezed. He likewise tapped. He was just on the point of success when the joints fell apart and banged around over his feet and rolled away. With a wild warwhoop he grabbed the ax and began to pound and batter and destroy, but as he raised the weapon for a fell swoop it hit the ceiling and rebounded on his head, and Mr. Bowser knew no more for ten minutes. Then he realized that Mrs. Bowser and the cook were bending over him with camphor, brandy, porous plasters, Jamaica ginger, ammonia, porous sticking salve, and in a faraway voice he heard the cook saying:

"Is it a naygur, Mrs. Bowser, who was sent up here to clean the pipe, and if so why didn't I see him?"

"No; it's Mr. Bowser himself. He wanted to save \$100 and have the benefit of the physical exercise besides, and I guess he's done it! While you are going for the doctor you'd better stop four or five men and ask 'em to come in and help get him upstairs, and you can stop at the grocery and order six bars of soap sent down at once."

"Woman!" began Mr. Bowser, but then the lights went out, and he could not finish by announcing that his lawyer would see her lawyer in the morning.

Mr. Bowser was brought to life that evening by the clatter of the doctor, a policeman and three or four other men on the cellar stairs. They gathered around him and looked from him to the smoke pipe and burst into a roar of laughter.

"Is he colored?" asked the policeman of the doctor.

"Why, this is Mr. Bowser!" exclaimed Mrs. Bowser.

"And beggin' your pardon, ma'am, what has he been doin' to himself?"

"Why, he has been getting some physical exercise and saving \$100 in cash."

"I should say," dryly remarked the doctor, "that he has had a circus here all by himself and played the clown to the same as usual."

With that the gang gave another roar and passed upstairs and went out of the house, and Mrs. Bowser turned to the "clown" and solicitously asked:

"Shall I help you upstairs, dear?"

His grunt and his glare in reply gave her a chill, and she stepped back while he managed to draw himself up and reach the stairs. He paused in the kitchen long enough to pick up three bars of laundry soap, and after he had tumbled along to the bathroom he drew 1,400 gallons of hot water and fell into it.

At the end of two long hours Mr. Bowser was a cleaner and wiser man, and next day a stove man had that pipe up in fifteen minutes.

Resented.

Professor (to co-ed reciting at board in geometry)—Miss Smith, you have a very poor figure.

Co-ed (angrily)—Mind your own business!—(Pennyriva Punch Bowl).

The Right Food.

Her house felt was ailing and barely alive.

"Feed it well," said the forist, "and then it will thrive."

So she gave it baked beans every day—just a few—

And, it being a Boston fern, my, how it grew!

—Woman's Home Companion.

At the beginning of the war in Europe the United States navy ranked third among the great ones of the world, Great Britain being far to the front and Germany second. At that time we had thirty first class battleships, with a displacement of 408,922 tons, and Germany had thirty-five ships of the first class with a displacement of 522,570 tons. The total number of vessels of all classes in service in the German navy at that time, excluding ships of 1,500 tons or less, was 246, and in our navy 153, the difference being mainly in the far greater number of small cruisers and destroyers owned by the Germans. We had a few more submarines then than they and have added three new battleships. It will be seen that in first class battleships, which form the primary standard of comparison between navies, there is not much difference between our navy and that of Germany in number and size of ships. Our largest ships carry heavier and more powerful guns than those of the largest German ships, but are not so fast. This lack of speed is one of the chief causes of criticism by "better navy" champions, who ask, "What use are heavy guns if an enemy battleship can keep out of range?"

If there was any idea in German councils that the action of the United States government would be paralyzed by the presence in this country of a large population of German origin it must have been dispelled by the hearty assurances of loyalty from the German-Americans which followed the president's note on the Lusitania case. Nobody here had any doubt where the people of German birth or descent would stand in any case where the United States was concerned. But there has been miscomprehension in Berlin regarding the loyalty of Great Britain's subjects in Ireland, India and the colonies, and it is possible that there was miscomprehension regarding the attitude of those of our citizens to whom Germany is the fatherland. There can be as little doubt now in Berlin as there is in Washington.

The Italian people and government have been very frank in stating the reasons for engaging in war. The government says for "the fulfillment of national aspirations," and the people say that this means expansion of national area. The universal peace cult has led to the elevation of the doctrine of "moral ideas" to a high place in war talk, but Italy, as might be expected of a nation in the making, avoids such cant and avows that she fights in order to grow big. Still, if national aspirations are to justify war, what is the use of that costly peace palace at The Hague?

While praising Vanderbilt for saving children on the Lusitania it is well to remember that overpraise is a reflection on Vanderbilt's class. It intimates that his conduct was exceptional. Besides, there were sailors and men in the steerage to whom life was just as dear and who did the same thing. This happens, too, in sea catastrophes less picturesque than that of the torpedoed Cunarder without a word of praise being given to the humble heroes.

Switzerland is a bright and peaceful oasis in the desert of the war zones, but the war zones are not offering special facilities to tourists. Discussion of Peary's discovery of the north pole is on the scientific program. Peace hath her victories, but the prelude to this victory will probably suggest a "state of war."

College statistics show that 52 per cent of the women graduates are married eight years after graduation. There is no difference in the marriage rate among graduates of coeducational colleges and of women's colleges.

Admiral Dewey's opinion that our navy is all right, what there is of it, is assuring. But the admiral and the rest of us have a think coming when the vessels of our class have had a real tryout in war.

Those 96,000 acres of watermelon vines in the United States ought to yield five melons to every man, woman and child in the land, with the black boy coming out on top in the shuffle.

Fortunately for the aspirants, the \$40,000 Nobel peace prize goes to the one who does the most for universal peace, not solely to one who keeps U. P. on the job a whole year.

If China and Japan should fall out after all must we split that neutrality or double it, to cover both the European and Asiatic scraps?

Former Vice President Levi P. Morton passed the ninety-first milestone of life without boasting how young he was or felt.

For a prize to "the most popular in town" a trip to Europe seems to have lost its charm.

No contempt of court to call that Chino-Jap agreement "a scrap of paper."

The educational effects of a tour in Europe will not be missed now that the great show on the continent is cut out of the annual program for Americans. Said effects were largely overrated by industrious press agents of steamship companies and tour promoters. Time was when the continent directly contributed to culture on this side of the water. That was before the days of great universities here, and almost every wideawake community had a representative in some foreign school. Young literary men went to Europe for a sojourn, learned one country well and came home to write and talk about it. Among these were Irving and Longfellow. Bayard Taylor traveled much in Europe, but also made his home there for a period. Advocates of European tours for young Americans then advised a residence there for two or more years. Living was cheap, and the growing man could not make a better investment than a short residence in Europe. To such the continent was a school, not a show place.

Exporters of wheat from the Argentine ports ship about 5,000,000 bushels of wheat weekly, sometimes a little more and sometimes a little less, and the exports since Aug. 1, 1914, have been 3,000,000 bushels more than a year ago, but 40,000,000 bushels less than two years ago. India is beginning to get into the wheat export procession, having shipped 96,000 bushels in the week ending May 1, and 440,000 in the week ending May 8. Our exports were nearly 2,000,000 bushels less in the week of May 8 than in the previous week. In the southwest our wheat harvest is at hand or soon due. There is no present prospect of any serious shortage in the world's supply of wheat, but there is every indication that the United States wheat growers will market a surplus even larger than that of last year at good prices.

Railroad accident statistics show casualties in 1914 were fewer than ever before under circumstances at all comparable. The exhibit shows a gradual reduction, the casualties in 1914 being fewer than in 1913, and those in the latter year less than in 1912. And yet wooden coaches are in general use, light and imperfect rails are common, the block system signal is far from universal, and an automatic train stop that never fails is yet to be introduced. While there is much room for improvement in safety appliances, improvement is in sight.

With all the Dreadnoughts and super-Dreadnoughts hiding in landlocked home ports the good old days of the United States navy in 1812 are recalled. The naval board wanted to lay up the wooden sloops and frigates for fear England would send them all to the bottom. But the commodore said: "What's the use of having ships if we don't use them? Send us to sea, and if we have got to be sunk we'll give a good account of ourselves first." They went to sea, and history tells how they made good and nearly drove England from the western seas.

Every American who likes civilized progress will be pleased at the new commercial move of Iceland establishing a trade line with our ports. There is a romantic sentiment for the hardy Norseman who fights for a living against ice and snow, as our pioneers battled against savages and beasts. Needless to say, the Icelanders can use about everything we can offer, and we can use their fish, mutton and wool. "Skool to the northland! Skool!"

No one of the contending nations of Europe can escape the charge of warfare against noncombatants. Air craft of practically all have dropped explosives upon city and village homes, and women and children have been the most frequent victims.

The first order for Huerta's family of thirty mouths, when it reached the Long Island bungalow, was forty-five steaks and fifty chickens. If the dealer takes Huerta Mexican bonds in payment he's in for the biggest gamble of his life.

Another grievance due to the war is that Americans will be expected to tour the new battlefields after it's over and pay big tips to guides who were in the thick of it.

Victoriano Huerta is now a commuter, and when Senora Huerta calls him down for forgetting that errand to the notion shop he'll wish he'd saluted the flag.

Some of the dolings in New York high life tend to prove that the old adage might also read, "A fool and her money are soon parted."

The South American habit of revolting against a revolution crossed the Atlantic and struck Portugal.

No nation need worry about having God on its side so long as it stays on God's side.

Every man's hand is against the fly, but he seems to thrive on it.

AERIAL SPIRAL FLIGHT.

A Trip In the Aeroplane at the Panama Pacific Exposition.

One of the striking amusement devices at the Panama-Pacific exposition is the aeroplane, an enormous inverted pendulum, built much like a bascule bridge and having suspended at its free end a car in which passengers are lifted to a height of 250 feet above the exposition grounds.

One of the most novel features of this device is that the arm is lifted to a vertical position by two aerial propellers placed twenty-seven feet from the swinging end and operated by electric motors. After lifting to a point where it will clear the neighboring structures the arm swings horizontally around the supporting tower as it lifts, so that the sensation is much like that of ascending an enormous spiral stairway that has a constantly narrowing diameter as the top is approached.

The car is capable of carrying 118 passengers and two attendants and is so connected with the arm that it is impossible for it to take any but an upright position. The arm itself is 242 feet 9 1/2 inches long and is carried on steel trunnions fifteen inches in diameter on a tower forty-eight feet high. It is counterbalanced by a monolithic concrete block supported on the short end of the arm and placed thirty-eight and a half feet from the trunnions. The tower in turn revolves on a vertical axis, being supported on eight four wheel trucks that work on a circular track.—Popular Mechanics.

Rain Alarms.

Rain alarms are now made for people who wish to leave the windows of their homes open all night, yet fear that a rainstorm may come up in the night and the drops blow in. The alarm is a little buzzer inclosed in a wooden box, which is to be placed on the window sill. When rain blows in the first drops on the top of the box switch on an electric current from a battery in the box, and the alarm begins to sound. At the same time a tiny electric light appears on the side of the box, so that any person who is awakened by the buzzer may quickly discover into which window the rain is blowing.—Saturday Evening Post.

World's Strongest Cable.

All records for cable strength are said to have been surpassed when a three inch steel cable withstood a pulling test of 751,600 pounds, or practically 376 tons. This cable is to form part of the longest and strongest hoisting cable in the world and is to be used in a mine in Cuba. It weighs 15.7 pounds to the foot and is made in lengths of 8,000 feet. This cable has a hemp center, around which are wound six strands, consisting of nineteen steel wires each.

The Ski Jumping Record.

The world's record for ski jumpers has passed from America to Norway. Ragnar Omtvedt, the Chicago professional, whose jump of 166 feet at Ironwood, Mich., established a world's record in 1913, was outjumped by Ambie Omundsen of Christiania awhile ago, when he jumped 177 feet on the Eker Ski club slide, an especially steep slide made by the Norwegians with the idea of winning the record.

Egypt's New Flag.

The new Egyptian flag consists of three white crescents with their backs to the staff, each with a five pointed white star between the horns on a red field. This flag was the personal standard of the khedive and now takes the place of the former national flag, which was distinguished from the Turkish by having a star of five instead of six points.

A Clock of Straw.

A clock has recently been completed in Switzerland made entirely of straw and willow withes. There is not a single piece of metal in it. The chimes are made of straw, put through a special process to give them a ringing tone. Thirty months were required to build the clock, which is nine feet high.

Only Four Tailors.

I am aware that if you search the world over you will only find four tailors' cutters who can turn out a satisfactory pair of trousers and that these four are resident in the administrative county of London.—Ford Madox Hueffer in London Outlook.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Left Handed Children.

No attempt should be made to teach naturally left handed children to use their right hands, according to P. B. Ballard, London county council inspector of schools, as it is likely to make them stammerers. Lecturing recently before the Child Study society in London, Mr. Ballard adduced the following statistics:

Out of one group of 545 left handed children 1 per cent of pure left handers stammered, against 4.3 per cent of 309 being taught to use the right hand. In another group of 207 the figures were 4.2 per cent and 21.8 per cent respectively. Six out of ten left handed children who had been taught to use the right hand were practically cured of stammering after being allowed to use the left hand exclusively for eighteen months. There were twice as many left handed boys as left handed girls, and stammering was twice as prevalent among boys.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Irritated Skin.

A bran bath is of great value in conditions of irritability of the skin. If the skin is very itchy it is a soothing treatment for this most uncomfortable condition. If the skin seems to be irritated by the use of plain water—this is frequently the case with infants—a bran bath then will prove very acceptable. If there should be patches of eczema on the skin—or any excoriations—plain water increases the irritation, and a bran bath heals. To prepare a bran bath put a quart of ordinary wheat bran in a bag made of coarse muslin or cheesecloth and place this in four or five gallons of water. The bran bag should be frequently squeezed and moved about until the bath water resembles a thin porridge.

BOILED DOWN.

Two Little Stories Brief In Speech and Light In Plot.

We present today, says the Detroit Free Press, the following "shortest stories" alleged to be by the author of "Every Horse Has His Nitch," "Cross-eyed Christopher," "The Tragedy of a Sausage, or Whose Dog Was He?" "Always Room at the Top, or Bald at Thirty," "Peeping Thomases, or The Dreadful Rubber Band," "Lost in the Dye Works," etc., of which nobody has ever heard.

THE SURPRISE.

Bong! Bong! Bong!

The fire engines clanged down the street and around the corner.

"My goodness," remarked Leslie Lightsome, "I must run and see whose house is afire!"

It was his own!

(The end.)

THE LIAR.

The trolley car was crowded.

"If my nose is shiny I'll get out my vanity set and powder it. Is it?" she asked.

"No," he replied.

(The end.)

No Idle Tears.

"Tears, idle tears," a poet says, "I know not what they mean."

The man who wrote the line we quote was surely far from keen.

For when a man like you or me sees life begin to cry.

He knows it means some fifty beans for something else must buy.

—Kansas City Journal.

Good Reason.



Tellit—Why should I lend you \$2?

Asker—Because I didn't ask for \$10.

Have you no sense of gratitude?—Boston Globe.

Quite Melodramatic.

The family of Joseph Sinclair.

For dinner had rabbit, quite rare.

A leg went to May.

And then right away.

The girl began tearing her hair.

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Easy to Please.

Big Sister (who wants to be left alone a moment with her sweetheart)—Fritz, the house feels stuffy. Go into the next room and open the window, will you?

Fritz—The window is open.

Big Sister—Oh, well, shut it again, will you?—Filezeged Blatter.

Up Near the Front.

Miss Rougeandpowder ought to lead Dame Fashion's bright array.

For everybody knows she wears A new coat every day.

—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

A Severe Test.

"I think the bookkeeper was out on a bat last night."

"I accused him of it, but he swears not."

"Well, it is easy to tell if he is shaky this morning. Tell him to fill this fountain pen."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Strange.

It really almost makes me smile.

So wonderful the treat.

To see an athlete run a mile

And only move two feet.

—New York Times.

A Heart Drama in Three Reels.

First—Arthur Brown loved Gladiola Jinks.

Second—Arthur Brown was poor.

Third—Gladiola Jinks is now Mrs. De Puy Puy-ter Robinson.—Michigan Gargoyle.

Rimed.

The poet sighed, for he'd tried and tried To find a word to rhyme with month.

When a mathematician friend of his Suggested X (n plus 1) th.

—Cornell Widow.

Its Nature.

"Why do you want to send for a chiroprapist?"

"Because they tell me it's toe-maine poisoning I've got."—Baltimore American.