

# Browsers and Simple Life

Philosopher's Suggestion Carried Out to the Letter by His Better Half.

PROVES A BIG FAILURE

Cutting Down Expenses and Living Like Ancestors Too Strenuous an Undertaking.

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WHEN Mr. Bowser came down to his breakfast the other morning he had the look on his face of a man who had made a resolve during the night. A dozen things he could have resolved about occurred to Mrs. Bowser, and she was wondering whether he had decided to trade the house for a chicken farm or make one dozen clothebins last a year when he observed:

"Mrs. Bowser, we are going to make a change in this house."

"In what respect?" she asked.

"We are going back to first principles as to our method of living."

"You mean the simple life?"

"Yes, I mean the simple life. That's what I meant a year ago. We gave it a short trial, but you made a fool



"YOU HANG OUT THE CLOTHES."

of the thing and we had to give it up. By John, but when I look around me and see how foolishly we live I am completely disgusted!"

"It seems to me that our life is simple enough."

Too Extravagant.

"That's because you don't study into matters. We are living lives of extravagance and waste. We are dressing too well; we are eating too much; we have around us a thousand things entirely unnecessary. We are becoming lazy, selfish and greedy. We are no more like our forefathers were than day is like night. And, what is worse than all, we are taking no comfort out of this way of living. It is buy, buy—eat, eat—waste, waste. It is lie, cheat and swindle. Our very way of living makes us all scoundrels and grafters."

"And so you want to live a simple life?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"I certainly do and am going to, and if you won't go in with me we'll divide the house off, and you can keep to your half. I don't want to go back to the log house and the johnnycake exactly, but I certainly do want a change."

"Well, I will cheerfully go in with you," she answered. "I think myself that a simpler life would make better people of us all."

Wanted Her Help.

Mr. Bowser looked at her in a distrustful way for half a minute, but as he saw no signs of sarcasm in her looks he said that he hoped to have her aid and would give her all due credit for assisting to make the change. Soon thereafter he put on his forty dollar overcoat, his six dollar hat and took up his five dollar cane and departed. When he returned at 6 o'clock in the evening he was hungry and cold. There was very little heat in the house, and he found Mrs. Bowser with an old dress on and her sleeves rolled up.

"Is the fire in the furnace out?" was his first question.

"No, dear, but I have been running it very low today. I think we have been using altogether too much coal. Our grandfathers had to heat the whole house with one fireplace or stove."

"What's the matter with the gas?"

"Nothing at all. I have been stopping up most of the burners. Our grandfathers got along with one candle, and I am sure one gas jet will do for us."

"And what are you doing decked out like a hired girl?"

Doing Her Own Work.

"I have let Mary go and am doing my own work. Our grandmothers never had servants. Even your mother and mine did all the work for large families. If we are going into the simple life we should begin at the foundation."

Mr. Bowser opened his mouth to say something, and it would have been something rather startling, but he remembered just in time the conversation of the morning. He had asked Mrs. Bowser to aid him, and she had

evidently done her best. He was looking several shades paler, however, when they descended to the basement for dinner. Those several shades increased to seventeen as he saw the dinner prepared for him. There were potatoes with the jackets on, mashed turnip, a shortcake and some very weak coffee. He hadn't time to say anything before she observed:

"I think this will remind you of other days. We have been eating too much and too rich food. As you said, our way of living has made us all scoundrels and grafters."

Carrying It Too Far.

Mr. Bowser had said so, and that's why he didn't tip the table over then and there. He flushed red and white and toyed with his knife and after awhile remarked:

"I want a simple life, as I said, but I don't want it carried into burlesque."

"I hope I haven't done so," she replied. "I could have had roast beef and all that, but I knew you would prefer something more simple. Help yourself to some more of the turnip in the old pioneer days turnips were a standby. If you'll get some pork this evening, we'll have some warmed over turnip and fried pork for breakfast. Is the coffee to your liking, dear?"

"You call it coffee, do you?"

"Of course. Does it taste like tea?"

"It looks like slops. I haven't tasted it yet."

"You will find it better than it looks I put in just one-third of the usual allowance, or the same quantity that our grandmothers used. Is the shortcake nice?"

Mr. Bowser got red clear around his neck, but made no answer.

Sorry He Didn't Like It.

"I'm sorry if you don't like it. I went to seven different groceries before I could find saleratus. I wanted to make it the old fashioned way, you know. We shall save \$4 a week by letting Mary go, and it will be more in consonance with the simple life for me to do the cooking and washing. Perhaps you can help me about the latter! I'll do the washing, and you hang out the clothes to dry."

"I'll be hanged if I do!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser as he tapped on his plate with the handle of his knife.

"Well, then, I'll have to manage by myself. I know that your grandfather and mine often did the whole washing and ironing too. If we are going back to the primitive you had better get you some woolen shirts. I can wash and iron them and save your laundry bill."

Mr. Bowser looked around for an ax or crowbar. Neither was at hand, and he shoved back from the table and went upstairs. Mrs. Bowser followed after a moment, to find him closely scrutinizing a cigar he had taken from a box on the mantle.

Cigars Too Expensive.

"What in thunder do you call this?" he asked as he held it out.

"Why, that's a five cent cigar. I put your others away. Our grandfathers didn't even smoke five cent cigars."

"What's that old chair doing here in place of my Morris?" he asked as he threw away the cigar.

"The simple life," she simply answered. "You have been wearing a pair of alligator slippers that cost \$3.50. I have put them away and bought you this pair for 25 cents. Our forefathers had no slippers at all. I will bring your last year's overcoat and hat down tonight, and you had better wear them tomorrow. As you said this morning, we are dressing too well."

If there had been words in the English language to express his feelings Mr. Bowser would have used them by the hundred, but as he felt that there was not he walked down the hall and put on his things and walked out. He was boiling. He was seething red. He was filled with a desire to slay and slaughter. He had baited a trap and waiked into it. Fate saved him from an explosion that would have wrecked a happy home. He had just reached the gate and kicked it open when a man came along and called out:

"Hey, mister, have you got a clock that wants mending?"

Attacked Clock Mender.

"Have I got a clock?" fairly shrieked Mr. Bowser. "Have I got a clock that wants mending at 8 o'clock at night? Villain! Incendiary! Murderer!"

And then from the front window Mrs. Bowser saw a snow flurry, like two mad bulls would kick up in a pasture as they came together. An old clock flew through the air. Two men fell down and struggled and got up again, and then one of them darted away and ran for his life. The second was somewhat muddled up as he followed after, but she recognized the figure as Mr. Bowser's.

She waited until 9, but he did not return. At 10 there was still no clew. At 11 she went to bed. She was placid and undisturbed. She knew that simple Mr. Bowser was making a simple life of it somewhere and would return with his hat on his ear and his overcoat split up the back, just as his forefathers used to do. M. QUAD.

Sciatica Cured After Twenty Years of Torture.

For more than twenty years Mr. J. B. Massey, of 3322 Clinton St., Minneapolis, Minn., was tortured by sciatica. The pain and suffering which he endured during this time is beyond comprehension. Nothing gave him any permanent relief until he used Chamberlain's Pain Balm. One application of that liniment relieved the pain and made sleep and rest possible, and less than one bottle has effected a permanent cure. If troubled with sciatica or rheumatism why not try a 5-cent bottle of Pain Balm and see for yourself how quickly it relieves the pain. For sale by Frank Hart, and leading druggists.

Morning Astorian, 65c. per month.

## PURCHASE INTEREST.

NEW YORK, May 11.—The announcement is published today that S. S. McClure had purchased all of the interest formerly held by John S. Phillips in McClure's magazine, and in the book publishing firm of McClure, Phillips & Co. Oscar W. Brady has been elected treasurer of both companies to succeed Mr. Phillips. Mr. McClure declined to make any statement as to the significance of the change.

## THE SCILLY ISLANDS.

They Have but Three Seasons—Spring, Summer and Autumn.

The climate of the Scilly islands is the most equable in Great Britain. It ranges on an average from 40 degrees to 60 degrees. On the coldest day it is warm and on the hottest it is cool. There are only three seasons in Scilly of four months each—spring, summer and autumn. When the autumn ends spring commences. There is no great height in the islands. The highest land in Bryher is only 133 feet above sea level, although the telegraph tower built on St. Mary's reaches a height of 158 feet, but the rock scenery of the entire group of these islands is remarkable. There are rocks fantastic, jagged, peaked, toothed, serrated; rocks resembling living creatures and others suggestive of primeval vastness and uncouthness; some grandly castellated, others

Like a great lion's cheek teeth.

Those on the peninsula of Penninis, especially if they are seen in mist, Menawar (pronounced man-of-war), the Maiden Bower, Mincario, Shipman's Head, the Haycocks at Annet and many others are strikingly grand. The curious resemblance to primeval animal forms has given rise to many of the names of these rocks and certainly many are

Like a great sea beast, crawled forth to sun itself.

While there are "elephants' tusks," "monks' cows," "pipers' holes," "giants' castles," "pulpit rocks," etc.—London Spectator.

## CHLOROPHYLL.

To This Substance Is Due the Coloring of Plants.

Chlorophyll is perhaps the most important coloring substance in the world, for upon this substance depend the characteristic activity of plants, the synthesis of complex compounds from carbon dioxide and water process, upon which the existence of all living things is ultimately conditioned. Only in a very few unimportant forms devoid of chlorophyll can the synthesis of complex from simple compounds or from the elements be accomplished. The function of chlorophyll may only be comprehended when its chief physical properties are understood. These may be best illustrated by placing a gram of chopped leaves of grass or geranium in a few cubic centimeters of strong alcohol for an hour.

Such a solution will be of a bright, clear green color, and when the vessel containing it is held in such a manner that the sunlight is reflected from the surface of the liquid it will appear blood red, due to its property of fluorescence, that of changing the wavelength of the rays of light of the violet and of the spectrum in such a manner as to make them coincide with those of the red end. It is by examination of light which has passed through a solution of chlorophyll, however, that the greatest insight into its physical properties may be gained. If such a ray of light is passed through a prism and spread out on a screen, it may be seen that there are several large intervals of dark bands in the spectrum. The rays of light which would have occupied these spaces have been absorbed by the chlorophyll and converted into heat and other forms of energy. This energy is directly available to the protoplasm containing the chlorophyll, and by means of it the synthesis of complex substance may be accomplished.

## MAY ACCEPT NOMINATION.

CHICAGO, May 11.—A dispatch to the Tribune from St. Louis, Mo., says: W. E. Wetmore of this city, a personal friend of W. J. Bryan, yesterday received from Mr. Bryan, who is in Egypt, a letter in which he says: "I am satisfied that the things I have been fighting for are growing but who will be most available in 1908 is a question that cannot be answered now. I shall not do anything to secure another nomination and do not want it unless circumstances seem to demand it—time alone can determine that."

This is the first authoritative statement of Mr. Bryan's attitude toward the presidency in 1908. The letter is personal and his comment on the national situation is the more interesting to the public from the fact it is the

frank utterance of a party leader to a confidential friend.

## PLAN BETTER CITY.

CHICAGO, May 11.—Architect Daniel H. Burnham will start today for San Francisco to act in an advisory capacity with the committee of citizens that is planning to build a more beautiful city on the ashes of the one destroyed by earthquake and fire.

Mr. Burnham will be accompanied by Edward Bennett who assisted him in preparing plans two years ago for a system of parks, driveways and public places in San Francisco, with the view of making it the model city of the United States. The razing of the principal part of the city will make the consummation of these plans possible. "I shall probably have a conference

with Former Mayor James Phelan, who was chairman of the Improvement with former Mayor James Phelan, who was chairman of the improvement association two years ago, and with other citizens," Mr. Burnham said last night. "I am willing to help them all I can. How long I will remain in the west will depend on circumstances."

## AID CONSUMPTION SUFFERERS.

CHICAGO, May 11.—Announcement of plans of the home Eopathic physicians of the state to establish at Ottawa, Ill., a \$50,000 tent colony for tuberculosis patients was made last night by President J. N. Downs at the annual banquet of the organization. It is proposed to give each patient special attention and to follow the most improved German methods.

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