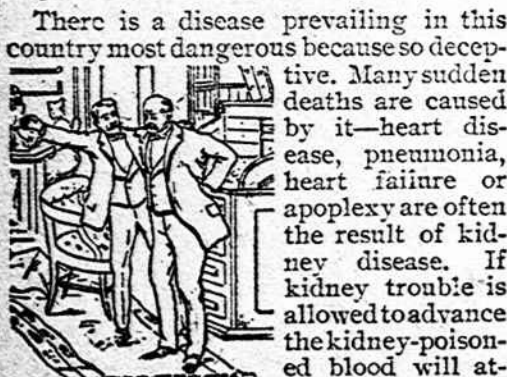


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Bowser Has Dairy Plan

It Would Have Been a Great Success but For the Skepticism of His Wife.

FORGOT TO FIGURE COST

When Confronted With the Expense of Keeping Forty Cows He Gives Up the Project.

(Copyright, 1935, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"NOW, then, what is it?" asked Mrs. Bowser as she and Mr. Bowser reached the sitting room shortly after dinner the other evening.

"What is what, dear?" he replied, trying to look surprised.

"I want to know what project you have on hand. I can tell by the way you look and act that something has happened today. Are you going to try to make artificial coal, manufacture leather from bark, or what?"

"Mrs. Bowser, I am working six days a week, am I not?"

"Yes."

"And we are only saving a few dollars a year?"

"No; we are not saving much, but the trouble is with your fads. You are always paying out money—"

"Stop right there!" he interrupted. "I never had a fad in my life. I never paid out a dollar to experiment with a fad. If you want to discuss matters with me, begin by stating facts."

"Well, you work six days a week, and we don't save much money. What is to follow?"

"I am not growing any younger."

"No."

"And therefore it's natural that I should look about to see how I can



"I start off with forty cows," better the situation. I have been looking for several years, but nothing has turned up until today."

"And what is it? I hope you don't think of going into poultry or squabs. I was reading yesterday about a man raising squabs for the market. Does he want to sell out to you?"

"Resents Her Criticism."

"Don't begin to speak in sarcasm or you won't get a word out of me. I know nothing about frogs or squabs, but I think I have a better thing—far better—than poultry. In fact, I wouldn't exchange it for any gold mine at Cripple Creek. I don't want to seem too enthusiastic, but the facts are that I have struck the opportunity of a lifetime."

"And what is it?" asked Mrs. Bowser in a whisper.

Mr. Bowser didn't reply at once. That would have been beneath his dignity. He smoked away for a couple of minutes and looked wise and then said:

"I propose to sell out as soon as possible and start a dairy farm. I have had the idea in view for some months, but never got down to figures until today. If I had gone into the business ten years ago I should have been a millionaire now. There is nothing on the face of this earth so profitable, and I am amazed that every farmer hasn't gone into it."

"You—you have got figures, have you?"

"Any amount of them. Mrs. Bowser, your husband is not the man to rush blindly into things without having first figured. I can show you how we can make \$10,000 a year as easy as turning a hand over."

"That will be nice. Now state the case."

"Well, I trade this house and lot even up for a farm of 100 acres. That's even up, remember."

"Yes."

"Then I start off with forty cows. I figure that each cow gives ten quarts of milk a day. That is 400 quarts per day. It will sell to the creamery at 5 cents per quart. Figure that for a year, and you get \$12,250. Do you want any better income than \$1,000 a month? We'll knock off the odd figures and say \$10,000 a year. We not only have that money coming in as sure as the interest on a government bond, but we are out in the pure air of the country and living on the top shelf all the time."

"But you have made more figures than these?" queried Mrs. Bowser.

"What's the use? You get so much milk per day and sell it for so much. It's a simple sum in arithmetic."

"Let us see if it is. You start with forty cows?"

"Just forty."

"I see by the papers that a good cow is worth \$40. You will have to pay out the sum of \$1,600 to get your drove. Had you figured on that?"

Mr. Bowser's jaw dropped, and he turned red. He hadn't.

"You figure on ten quarts of milk per day for each cow. That is summer figuring. If you get seven quarts a day from each in the winter you will be doing well. You must knock off many hundred quarts from your estimate. You must remember, too, that to have new milk cows in the spring some of your cows will be out of the milking for weeks. Had you figured on that?"

"You are finding fault already!" he growled as he pounded on the table and bristled up. "I might have known that you would do your best to kill a good thing."

"What it Will Cost."

"But I'm not, dear. I only want to understand how you figure. Each cow will consume two and a half tons of hay during the winter. That is 100 tons for all, and at \$20 per ton we have \$2,000. You figured on that, didn't you?"

Mr. Bowser flushed red and white, but did not answer.

"There will be other food needed for the winter if you want the supply of milk kept up, and you can put that down at \$200. You must have a team and wagon to start with to deliver your milk at the creamery. The cost will be all of \$400. To run the farm and take care of forty cows you must have three men. I don't think you can get them for less than \$30 per month, and you will have to board them. That means \$9 per week, besides the wages and board of a hired girl. Then you must feed your team, you know. I suppose you provided for all these things."

Mr. Bowser tried to say something in reply, but words failed him.

"You speak of trading our place for a farm," continued Mrs. Bowser. "Has the farm got a cow barn on it?"

Mr. Bowser got up and walked about. "Probably not, or you would have mentioned it at the start. Well, a good barn for forty cows and a team of horses will cost you at least \$2,500. If you are going into figures, you must figure the interest on your capital. If you are going to run a dairy farm, you must figure in what your own time is worth. You may have half a dozen calves to sell in the spring, but you may lose two or three cows in the course of the year. If you raise your own hay, corn and oats, you must have agricultural implements. There will be a constant replacing of things. You will also want a horse and buggy. Do you think there is quite \$10,000 a year in it for us, Mr. Bowser?"

Changes His Mind.

"In what?" he asked as he came to a halt and glared at her.

"Why, we were figuring on the profits of a dairy farm, and you said—"

"I said nothing—nothing whatever."

"But you said—"

"Mrs. Bowser, I am no man to refer to any one's misfortunes, but as your husband I feel it my duty to observe that I have seen signs of late that you are not quite right in the head. Don't you think it would be a good idea to have the family doctor over here this evening to give us an opinion?"

"But you came home and said you were going into the dairy business," she protested.

Mr. Bowser looked at her in a pitying way and then passed down the hall. He was boiling over. He had gone into the dairy business to make \$10,000 a year and had come out without a gallon of frozen milk to his name. He stood at the gate wondering what he should tear down first when a man came along and inquired for Witherspoon.

"Prepare to die, villain!" yelled Mr. Bowser in reply, and the next minute he was after the frightened man and the two were going up the street at the rate of thirty miles an hour. It was dark, and a cold wind blew and snowflakes fluttered down, and as Mrs. Bowser heard the yelling and the scrambling she sighed and mused:

"Poor Mr. Bowser! Poor forty cows! Have I always got to stand between him and a good thing?"

M. QUAD.

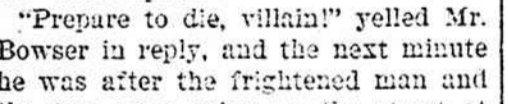
Afraid He'd Change.

"Could you guess how old I am?" said the girl with the crow's feet, giving a little giggle.

"Why, you're about twenty-four," said the man who thought he ought to be kind to her.

"Remember," she said, with more giggles. "I only gave you one guess."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Swindle.



Uncle Cyrus—Say, this glass eye ain't no good. I want my money back. Optician—No good?

Uncle Cyrus—Hain't with a tinker's darn. Can't see a bit better with the blame thing than I kin without—Leslie's Weekly.

Rubbing It In.

Mrs. Closest—It's too bad that I, like most women, have no head for figures.

Closest—Well, suppose you had?

Mrs. Closest—Oh, then I might be able to tell you what I did with that dollar you gave me three weeks ago.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Know It All.

MOST agervatin' customer wuz Nick-comeus Brown.

"Who knowed it all an' bound to have his say."

There wuzn't no theater play thet ever come to town.

But Brown he'd git to see it, night or day.

He'd make a pint to git his seat 'fove any of the rest.

An' when the curtain riz upon the play An' all the actors got to work a-doin' of their best.

He'd snicker in his agervatin' way. An' when the most excitin' part of all wuz gittin' near.

An' folks wuz sittin' nervous an' perplexed. Old Brown he'd whisper loud enough for every one to hear.

"I'll bet you I kin tell wat's comin' next."

Thar wuzn't any curin' him. He'd be the same in church.

Or anywheres he happened fur to be. Fur, like an old poll parrot jest a-settin' on its perch.

He'd squawk to all his critics, "Talk is free."

But when the grip wuz goin' round—last winter wuz a year—

It tackled on to Nick an' took him down.

An' then he got religion, fur he thought his end wuz near.

An', sure enough, that wuz the end o' Brown.

His folks wuz all a-gathered round, an' jest before he died.

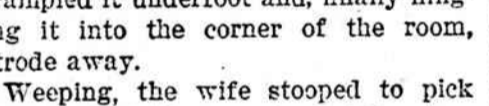
While Deacon Jones wuz readin' of a text.

The sick man smiled, an' "Well, I'm done with this here world," he sighed.

"I'll bet you I kin tell wat's comin' next."

—T. A. Daly in Catholic Standard and Times.

Maybe She Is Not the Only One.



Banker's Daughter—The baron loves me. He proposed to me today.

Her Friend—Then he loves you. But do you know whether he loves any one else?—Jugend.

Opportune.

"What are you doing?" harshly demanded the brutal husband, abruptly entering the room.

"I'm just going to trim this forty-nine cent hat I bought yesterday," replied the trembling wife.

"Extravagant woman, you will ruin me with your everlasting bargain hunting!" he exclaimed, enraged, and, seizing the hat, he crumpled it in his hands, trampled it underfoot and, finally flinging it into the corner of the room, strode away.

Weeping, the wife stooped to pick up her insulted property, but her tear stained face was irradiated by an ecstatic rapture as her eyes fell upon it.

"Oh," she exclaimed in delight, "how it is the exact shape of that forty dollar French hat I saw yesterday, and I never could have got it that way myself! All it needs is a couple of blue roses and a bunch of lavender buttercups."—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Puzzler.

In a certain town are two brothers who are engaged in the retail coal business. A noted evangelist visited the town and converted the elder brother of the firm.

For weeks after his conversion the brother who had lately "got religion" endeavored to persuade the other to join the church. One day when the elder brother was making another effort he asked:

"Why can't you, Richard, join the church, as I did?"

"It's all right for you to be a member of the church," replied Richard, "but if I join who's going to weigh the coal?"—Cleveland Leader.

Public Office.

"Well, Moses," began the senator as a grinning southern dandy was ushered into his presence at Washington, "what brings you here?"

"Mars Joe," replied Moses, "I's got 'portant business, sah. I want er office."

"You want an office? Why, what can you do?"

"Do, Mars Joe? What does everybody do that gets er office? Bless yer heart, Mars Joe, yer don't un'stand ole Moses. I ain't lookin' fer work, sah. I only wants er office."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Mere Babe.

"Ah, me!" sighed young Kallow, with a love-lorn glance at the object of his affections. "I was so full of misery I tossed and turned upon my bed last night and could not sleep."

"You don't say?" remarked the heartless girl. "What's the matter with you—teething?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

Always After Him.

Sandy Pikes—Did you ever follow de horses, pard?

Gritty George—No; I always had as much as I could do to keep de horses from following me.

Sandy Pike—Race horses?

Gritty George—No, saw horses.—Chicago News.

He Tried It Once.

"What made your husband's hair turn so gray? He's still a young man. Was it the result of some terrible fright?"

"No. He once tried to have a house built."—Judge.

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