

BOWSER THE SAILOR.

Takes a Trip on Bounding Billows With Unfortunate Results.

VICTIM OF THE STORMY SEA.

Elected a Member of the Old Salts Club, He Has His First Outing Despite Wife—Carried Home on a Stretcher.

[Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McClure.] When the Bowsers came up from dinner the other evening Mrs. Bowser intended to ask Mr. Bowser to call with her at a neighbor's, but before she could introduce the matter he excused himself and passed upstairs. Half an hour later, when he came down, she gasped in astonishment and exclaimed: "Mr. Bowser, but what have you done with yourself?" Mr. Bowser had on a sailor's hat. He was dressed in a yachting costume. Such a costume as is seen in a melodrama and nowhere else. He had on white canvas shoes, and the salty air in the room made the cat sneeze. "Some more tomfoolery?" queried Mrs. Bowser as he stood smiling before her. "Don't get excited, Madam Bowser," he quietly replied. "This, as you probably recognize, is the costume of a sailor."



"But what are you doing with it?" "Because I am a sailor, or shall be tomorrow. I take great pleasure in informing you, my dear, that I have been elected a member of the Old Salts' club, and tomorrow we hold our annual outing. That is, we go for an all day's sail on the bay. "Oh, a life on the ocean wave. A home on the rolling deep. A billow to lay my head upon As the gale it rocks me to sleep!" "What, ho, there! Strike your main topsails and haul in the lee bowsprit!" "You mean to tell me that you are going sailing?" asked Mrs. Bowser as he ceased waiting around. "Aye, aye, shipmate. Weigh anchor and let's be off." "Why, you have never even sailed across a goose pond in your life, and you'll be sure to be seasick." "Down with the outer jib! Hoist away on that—on that!" Mrs. Bowser looked at him and calmed his enthusiasm somewhat and then said: "You had better go and take those circus clothes off and let the Old Salts go along by themselves. Just as sure as you get out in a boat and there's any sea on you will come home a wilted rag and lay it all to me. It's worse than your rigging yourself out to ride horseback." "Madam," he replied, "I have been elected to membership with the Old Salts. I am going out with them tomorrow. There will be a sea on, for the paper tonight predicts high winds for tomorrow, but there will be no wilted rags to come home. The more sea the better I shall like it. We shall take along several remedies against seasickness. I anticipate one of the most enjoyable occasions in my whole life. Cast off the lee clew lines of the hind topsail! Bonnet that jib and jibe the main topmast!" "Appears in Sailor Suit. Mrs. Bowser said no more. It would have been words wasted. Mr. Bowser would go in spite of all, and she was rather glad to anticipate what would surely happen. He was feeling good natured, and after strutting about the room for awhile he showed himself at the front door and kept his ears open for any remarks. They soon came. A hoodlum caught sight of him and yelled to other hoodlums at the top of his voice: "Hi, boys, but here's a zebra or giraffe got out of the zoo! Let's run him down and get the reward!" With the crowd of boys came a tramp with a rolling gait. That girl showed that he was a sailor, and Mr. Bowser's heart warmed toward him. He had a ten cent piece in his fingers before the man struck the steps. "Aho, old ship!" called the stranger. "Aho there!" "How's her head now?" "Fifty-seven points off the port quarter." "Right ye are. Say, captain, you look every inch a sailor. I spotted you clear from the corner." Mr. Bowser gave him a second ten. "That's a dandy uniform you've got, and it's a dandy man inside it. Lord,

"I do love the salt air clinging to my clothes! Going to start on another voyage soon?" "I'm going for a sail tomorrow," was the reply as two nickels were passed over. "That's right, sir—that's right. I bet you've sailed a small boat many a thousand miles. Captain, if your ship was sailing on a nor-west by west course and you wanted to shift your helm to a sou'-sou'-east course, what orders would you give?" "I'd tell 'em to haul in on the starboard cathead and slack away on the left hand piston rod." "Right ye are, my hearty. If I had any doubts before they are gone now," said the man as he patted Mr. Bowser on the shoulder. Mr. Bowser had just given him a quarter when Mrs. Bowser came to the door. At sight of her the fellow made his way down to and out of the gate with all sails drawing, and after watching him around the corner she queried of the Old Salt beside her: "Do you know who that person is?" "He's been mate of a ship, I should say." "He's the man that carries out the ashes next door. He's about as much sailor as you are." The boys set up another yell and began hunting around for stones to throw at the "escaped," and Mr. Bowser struck his topsails and backed into the house. Mrs. Bowser looked for a row, but none came. He read and smoked, and they finally went to bed. She was hoping that he had given up the salty excursion, but soon discovered to the contrary. He had scarcely fallen asleep when he began to stng out. "Man overboard." "Lower away the main deck." "See that the pumps are in order." "Burn a blue light," and so on. At midnight he roused her up by singing in his sleep: "Oh, the raging sea it roars around, And the foam goes sweeping by, And the gale is howling aloft As we race for the sunset sky!" Mr. Bowser was up an hour ahead of time and was in such a hurry that he ate only a few mouthfuls of breakfast. Twenty minutes after leaving the house he was aboard of one of the club boats holding six men. There was a strong gale blowing and a good sea on, and many members as they came along were in favor of putting the sail off to another day. It was Mr. Bowser's words that decided the matter, and they were taken down in pencil to be framed and hung on the walls of the club. When asked for his opinion he replied: "Down with the starboard cathead and up with fo'sall boom! See that the rudder is greased with fat pork, and send aloft your heaviest anchor and let us get out of here. The man that won't face this wind and sea is no sailor and no shipmate of mine!" Bowser Becomes Seasick. Then they set out to brave the dangers of the briny. They had proceeded about a cable's length from shore when Mr. Bowser began to think of Mrs. Bowser. Then of his stomach. Then of his swimming head. He tried to think of something heroic and was surprised to find that he could not. Mrs. Bowser had told him that he would be sure to be seasick, but he would show her that—"Look at Bowser!" shouted one of the men. "He's a goner!" added another. "There he goes, fellers!" And Mr. Bowser went. He collapsed like a hinge and lay in the bottom of the boat. Then he called upon Mrs. Bowser. And upon his fellow members. And upon heaven itself, and offered millions and millions of dollars to be set ashore, even among rattlesnakes and centipedes. At high noon four men bearing a stretcher on which rested a human body arrived at the Bowser house. The human body was Mr. Bowser's. "Shipmates, is he dead?" asked Mrs. Bowser from the steps. "Not dead, matey," replied one of them, "but he won't want to see a boiled dinner again before snow flies. Better let him do his sailing in a bathtub after this." M. QUAD.

THE WORLD OF HOMER.

Ancient Idea of the Earth and Its Margin of Water. Let us consider for one moment what the idea of the world was—not, indeed, at the earliest period of which we have any knowledge, but at the dawn of written history or of written history among that Indo-Germanic people whose descendants have overspread so much of the earth. The world of Homer was a small, flat surface, in which civilization was hemmed in by foreign races, who again were surrounded by a great ocean or river over which no man had ever passed. The world of which Homer had any definite notion was Greece—a Greece which hardly extended as far as the Balkans on the north and which scarcely included the Levant and the islands in the Aegean sea. No doubt he had some general acquaintance with a world beyond these narrow limits. He knew, at any rate, some of the leading features of northern Africa. He had heard, as was only natural, of Egypt, whose civilization had made such marked advances and was exercising so much influence. He had some knowledge of the great river on whose recurring floods Egypt depends for her prosperity. He had even heard of the pygmies and of the Ethiopians who dwell higher up its stream. Some reports had reached him of southern Italy. But it is hopeless to attempt to fit the geography of Homer to the actual facts. If a man were to search today for the precise spot on which Captain Lemuel Gulliver was wrecked in the first of his famous voyages he would find that the Lilliput of Swift was in the heart of Australia, and much in the same way, to quote Mr. Gladstone's language, "the key to the great contrast between the outer geography of Homer and the facts of nature lies in the belief of Homer that a great sea occupied the space where we know the heart of the European continent to lie."

A Traveling Man's Experience.

"I must tell you my experience on an east bound O. R. & N. R. R. train from Pendleton to Le Grande, Ore.," writes Sam A. Garber, a well known traveling man. "I was in the smoking department with some other traveling men when one of them went out into the coach and came back and said, 'There is a woman sick unto death in the car.' I at once got up and went out, found her very ill with cramp colic, her hands and arms were drawn up so you could not straighten them, and with a death-like look on her face. Two or three ladies were working with her and giving her whiskey. I went to my suitcase and got my bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy (I never travel without it), ran to the water-tank, put a double dose of the medicine in the glass, poured some water into it and stirred it with a pencil; then I had quite a time to get the ladies to let me give it to her, but I succeeded. I could at once see the effect and I worked with her, rubbing her hands, and in 20 minutes I gave her another dose. By this time we were almost into Le Grande, where I was to leave the train. I gazed the bottle to the husband to be used in case another dose should be needed, but by the time the train ran into Le Grande she was all right, and I received the thanks of every passenger in the car." For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

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Two Opinions.

"So you've stopped calling upon Miss Pert," said Gaussip. "She has rather a pretty face, but I consider her nose too long, don't you?" "Huh!" snorted the rejected one. "I found her 'noes' entirely too short—and emphatic."—Catholic Standard and Times.

In Dogland.



"Ghoul! You've been robbing the dead!" "Go on! I buried this bone yesterday."—Harper's Weekly.

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