

AN ADVENTURE WITH A SHARK

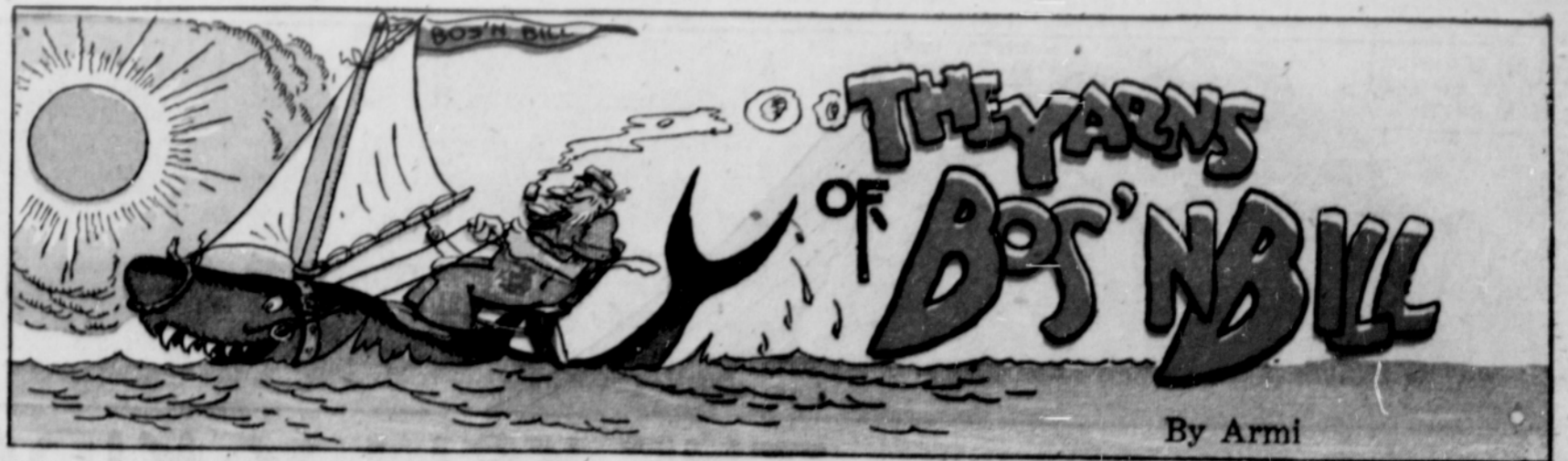
Years ago I was one of th' crew of a clipper-ship bound from Hongkong to New York. We were sailin' along in th' China Sea with a nice warm trade-wind when th' mate spied a big shark swimmin' alongside.

Yellin' to th' cook to bring him a chunk of salt pork, he got a shark-hook out of his cabin. After a stout rope had been fastened to th' hook and rove through a block in th' riggin', so's we could haul th' old boy aboard if he was caught, th' mate baited th' hook with th' pork and tossed it overboard.

Two of us were holdin' th' rope. When th' shark grabbed th' baited hook and started off we were jerked clear of th' deck. More men got hold of th' rope and Mr. Shark was soon swingin' above th' deck.

Then, all at once, he doubled up, bit th' rope in two and flopped down, almost on top of me. I tried to scramble away, but slipped, and down I went alongside that shark's mouth. I was fairly diggin' my nails into th' deck, tryin' to crawl away, when snap, those jaws with clashin' teeth came together behind me and I was held fast. One of th' men grabbed hold of me and pulled. There was a rippin' sound, and away we both went into th' lee scuppers.

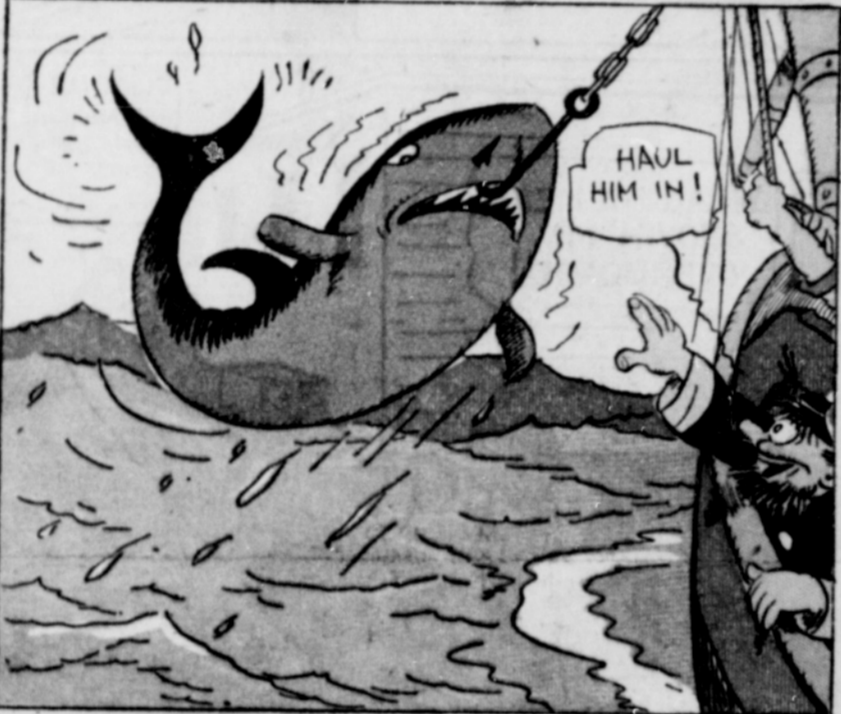
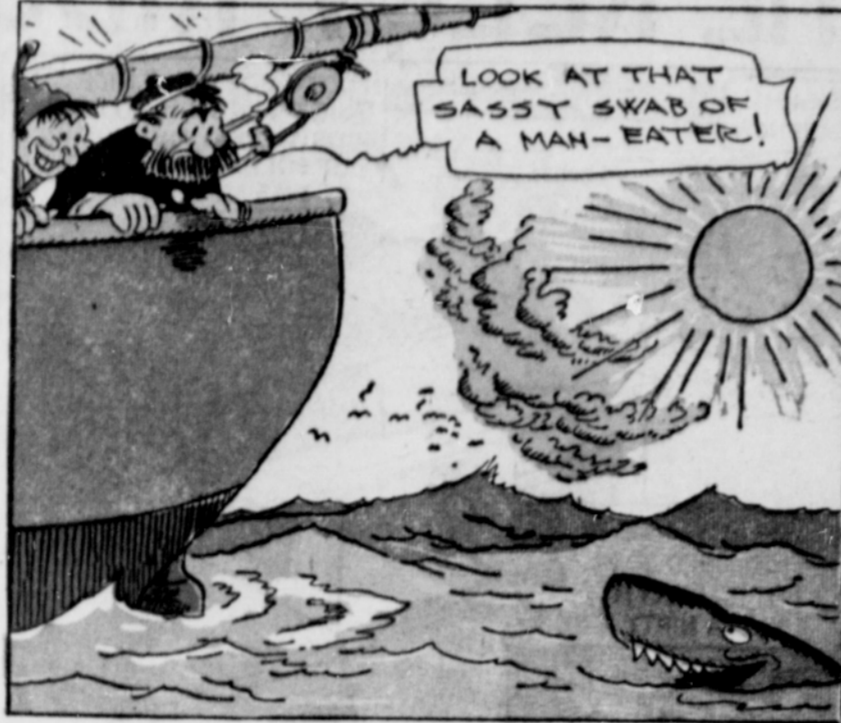
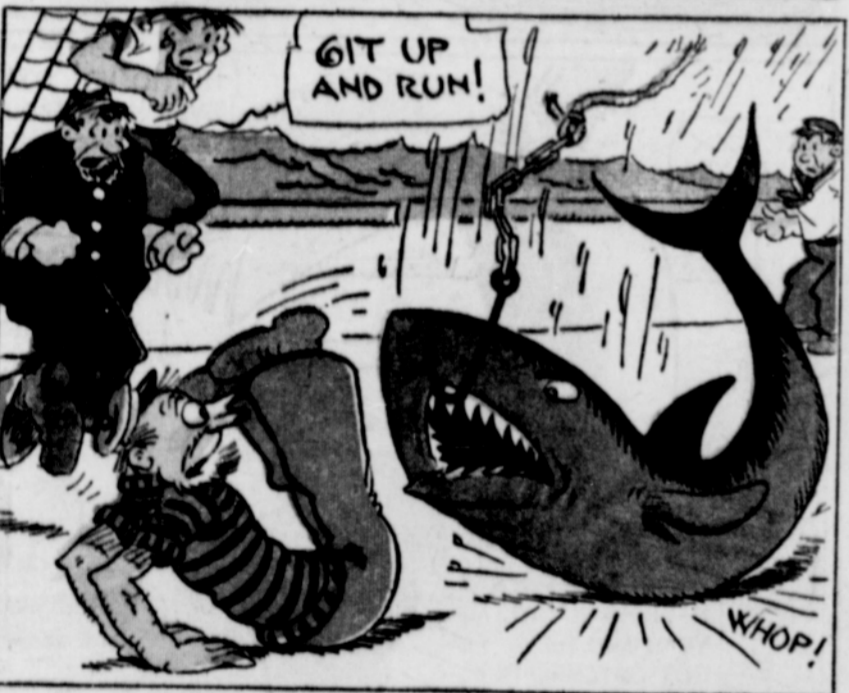
When I got to my feet th' officers and crew were laughin' fit to kill and watchin' that shark thumpin' about th' deck with most of my pants in his mouth. We made short work of him after that. That's th' only time I ever had a scrimmage with a shark on the deck of a ship.



By Armi

AND NOW THAT I'VE TOLD YOU THE STORY, HERE'S HOW IT HAPPENED IN PICTURES.

BOB'S BILL.



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