

Over the Bounding Wave!

By O. O. McINTYRE.

This is written while the S. S. Olympic is two-stepping over Mrs. Atlantic's permanent waves. So far as I can tell by my wrist watch we are about a block and a half from the middle of the ocean.

For two days I have been matching pea green complexions with wan passengers for a farthing a shade. Such fun! And I always win. In my steamer chair at night brisk deck walkers no doubt mistake me for a phosphorescent fish. There is a faint glow about my gills.

It is strange the way a sea voyage changes your ideas. A week ago I didn't think eating was vulgar. Many of my best friends ate. If I had my way I'd fire every cook on the boat. And if you think a certain mooring picture heroine is beautiful, my dears, you should see her! No alley cat would drag in anything so terrible as the looks just now.

Still ocean travel has its compensation. I have only a cynical smile for those who have for years chided me for my inherent Scotch thrift. And if I were strong enough I could laugh right out loud at one fellow who said to me: "That guy never gives up anything!"

A lot he knows and don't ask silly questions! There was a gentleman who lounged alongside of me in a deck chair. He is one of those ruddy seasoned voyagers who seems to have a pitying contempt for the sea weaking.

"Sea sickness," he ventured, "is mostly mental. Eat what you like, drink what you like, walk a lot—"

But I didn't hear the rest of it. I was pacing fish. The son of one of the richest men in America is a fellow passenger. He may be strong financially but gastronomically I am his equal. He can't look a bowl of clam broth in the face without galloping to the rail in nothing flat.

On a Light Diet.

Mal de mer—as we globe trotters call it—is like any other ailment. You either die or get well. So on this third day I am beginning to sit up and take a little nourishment, but I wouldn't care for any slabs of fat pork, thank you. And if any of you are planning a dinner of corn beef and cabbage, don't mind me; I have another engagement.

The ship's doctor has enough initials after his name to start up another alphabet. He is a fellow of this and a fellow of that. No end, and blimey, what swank! But the next time he gets all the fellows together they ought to think up something in the way of a nice little sea-sick cure. It might come in handy some time when they are not strutting the deck showing all their gold stripes.

Of course, all of the officers mollified us by saying the ocean was especially rough. I'll go farther than that. I'll say it was positively uncouth, and they can quote me in the Daily Ocean Times in 24-point Caslon. I made friends with a jolly old deck swabber. He's been around the Horn on windjammers and crossed in frail

tramps. In fact he's sailed the seven seas—which ought to be enough for anybody.

"What do you do when you get shore leave?" I asked.

"Me, guvner?" he replied. "Why, I tykes the ol' woman and we go down near Battersea afishin'."

"How my timbers?" was all I could think of in reply. I guess the ocean becomes a habit just like eating carrots or writing to motion picture stars. But if I keep what is left of my health I'm going to continue to love the soil.

Grandma used to tell me you had to eat a peck of dirt before you die. The way I feel I could eat my peck at one sitting and never bat an eye. I don't believe I ever longed so much before in my life to take an old-fashioned buggy ride. A bag of peanuts and one foot over the dashboard driving down Main street is my idea of heaven. Giddap, Napoleon!

Let King George Do It. Britannia can rule all the waves she wants. I don't care to be the overlord of the smallest ripple in a bathtub. And, speaking of baths, I decided that with all the quarantine regulations I might as well take one.

Every home has its little martyr. In ours it was Aunt Lib, who seems to shrink from everything with

"I don't care what anybody says, prohibition has worked wonders," declared Mrs. Ike Lark, whose husband got all th' way home with a watermelon 'day. An' she's right, fer prohibition has done a heap. On all th' ole saloon corners we find thrivin' fillin' stations, vulcanizin' concerns, an' sandwich bazaars, an' if a hus-

band is late fer dinner his wife knows that he's been knocked down an' killed, or detained by a blowout, an' not squanderin' his wages fer drink. An' another thing, very few are earnin' enough 't buy a quart. What drinkin' there is is carried on quietly, an' if it wuzn' fer auto smashups we'd never know ther wuz any drinkin' goin' on if we kept out o' society. Of course, crowded theaters and dance halls often smell like varnish factories, or hair tonic laboratories, but th' ole combination whiskey, garlic an' clove fumes are unknown 't day. It's easy nowadays 't tell whether a son tipples or not. If he doubles up in knot we know he's just beginnin' an' it's not too late 't take him in hand. There's nothin' habit formin' about th' booze that's available 't day.

As a result of this I received more attention than I have ever received before. Beautiful ladies would stop for a moment or so while promenading and inquire as to the state of my health, but I found when I became active and strong again they didn't notice me at all. On my next seat voyage I'm going to bribe the help to circulate the rumor that I am a rich invalid.

That's the way to get a lot of free food, free drink and free petting. The most cordially hated man on the boat, I believe, was one of those stalwart and bronzed six-footers whose booming laugh could be heard on all decks while the ship was shimmying. He was just as popular as a snake in the breakfast food. And the prize passenger was a pale poet—who had embraced communism, vorticism, dadalism, cubism, versilibrism and seasickness.

His room was so filled with flowers and fruits he had to sleep in a runway. (Copyright, 1924.)

Doesn't that seem the jolly tophole of inane effort? Just think how silly it is for a man in the middle of the ocean to crawl into a ridiculous little four-foot bathtub and splash about in two feet of water. It is like a candy manufacturer giving a taffy pulling. The ship's doctor—I must keep picking on that bird—tells many ocean travelers have a water phobia.



"I longed for an old-fashioned buggy and a bag of peanuts."

"Don't mind poor little me." And she gets all the breaks. Everybody feels sorry for her. When everything is blithe and gay she does her stuff. And gloom prevails.

How to Be Happy. So I took up martyrdom and it was perfectly elegant. When anyone would ask me to do that I'd toss them a wan smile and whimper: "No, you folks go on. I'll just stay in

ABE MARTIN

On th' Blessings of a Dry Nation



It Wuzn' Like This in th' Olden Days.

band is late fer dinner his wife knows that he's been knocked down an' killed, or detained by a blowout, an' not squanderin' his wages fer drink. An' another thing, very few are earnin' enough 't buy a quart. What drinkin' there is is carried on quietly, an' if it wuzn' fer auto smashups we'd never know ther wuz any drinkin' goin' on if we kept out o' society. Of course, crowded theaters and dance halls often smell like varnish factories, or hair tonic laboratories, but th' ole combination whiskey, garlic an' clove fumes are unknown 't day. It's easy nowadays 't tell whether a son tipples or not. If he doubles up in knot we know he's just beginnin' an' it's not too late 't take him in hand. There's nothin' habit formin' about th' booze that's available 't day.

Nobuddy lives long enough 't become a drunkard, an' nobuddy but a feller with a concrete constitution kin remember where he got his second drink if he survives his first one. We notice lots o' difference in our ole friends o' pre-war days. Some o' them are a little flabby an' hain't got as many good stories 't tell, but if they say they'll be back in 10 minutes they nearly allus keep ther word. An' how much leaner ther vests are! Prohibition must o' hit th' clothes cleanin' industry an' awful wallop. But one o' th' best things about prohibition is that when a feller wants 't git lit up he can't git th' stuff, an' when it is flowin' freely he don't want it. There's laws agin counterfittin' an' murder, but a lot o' folks violate 'em, an' it's th' same with th'

prohibition law. It has its violators, but ther soon poisoned an' fergotten. Bootleggin' 'll solve itself if we'll just let th' bootleggers alone. Th' great bulk o' th' drinkin' is done amid th' sweet and gentle influences o' th' home these days, an' is not paraded on th' public square or in crowded cafes. Another thing—in th' ole days o' good liquor a feller used 't mix it with his business an' kill th' feller an' his wife gits his business. Ther's jest one thing that th' prohibition enthusiasts fell down on in ther glowin' prospectus o' th' wonderful things prohibition would accomplish, an' that's ther proposition that it would empty th' jails an' prisons. But ther wuz bound 't be a violent reaction followin' th' closin' up o' anything as long standin' an' poplar as th' ole saloon. What did we think would come o' th' hundreds o' thousands o' bums after they got sober enough 't walk an' think an' had no free cold slaw an' fried liver 't fall back on?

TOT, 3, GETS MEDAL FOR SAVING LIFE

Massena, N. Y., Sept. 20.—For bravery in saving the life of 3-year old William Ward, who fell into the Raquet river on the morning of March 20, Dorothy Olive Peden, also 3, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Peden, today is the recipient of a bronze hero medal. The presentation was made, on behalf of a St. Louis Hero commission, by Rev. F. O. Cunningham. William fell into the river through the ice while walking across, accompanied by Dorothy and her 5-year-old brother. The brother ran away, but Dorothy reached down and helped her playmate out. Though she was brave enough in the face of danger, Dorothy was awed by the crowd when her name was called to receive the medal, and her mother had to lead her to platform.

Bayer Aspirin advertisement with logo and text: 'Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST! Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 24 years. Safe Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monacetinsäureester of Salicylsäure'

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