

MR. BOWSER'S TRIBULATIONS.

HE JOINS A BOWLING CLUB AND TAKES HIS FIRST LESSON.

GENERAL DECAY OF THE MUSCULAR SYSTEM ABOVE THE WAIST



warmly welcomed, and was told that the first thing in order was to take a drink. It came out soon after he had swallowed his glass that he was attacked with decay of the muscular system, and with advice he took another. The twenty men at the club that evening were all thoughtful, kind-hearted men, and when Mr. Bowser got his coat and vest off and his suspenders tied around his waist and was ready for a little something to drink to take the stiffness out of his shoulders. When he rolled his first ball it jumped out of the alley and knocked a colored boy into the middle of next week and then crashed through a window, and some enthusiastic individual suggested cocktails. His second remained on the alley and jumped over the pins and knocked the side of the house out, and that incident created thirst for more drink.

Mr. Bowser was limberer on his legs and seemed twenty-four plus and three or four alleys when he made ready to roll his third ball. He meant to make it a winner. He got a firm grip and swung it to and fro, and then took a short run and let her go. The action caused him to slip down on the waxy planks with a jar that shook his teeth in their sockets, and he

heard that he must carry the victorious ball with him to show Mrs. Bowser, and as he seemed inclined to be crusty about it, he was permitted to have his own way. He departed with his coat and vest on one arm and the ball under the other, and half an hour later the sleeping Mrs. Bowser was awakened by a racket which scared her hair to death. Some one was moving about on the floor below, and there were hiccoughing and chucking and gurgling. She threw on her wrapper and, descending, found Mr. Bowser had lighted the gas and was just about to begin bowling. He was hatless, coatless and vestless, and he was weaving about on his legs.

"What on earth are you?" she demanded as she took in the situation. "Nazzin zilly me—nozzin tall!" he thickly replied, as he looked at her blankly. "Now, zen, everybody satand ashide while I knocker down more'n a million pins!"

He stood in the front window and sent the ball rolling and leaping and bounding down the parlor after the cat, creating a noise that woke up people across the street, and then, with a happy expression on his face, he sank down on the floor and murmured:

"Mishus Bowser, I'll roll you fr er drinks, I will. Shay, you oder shes some of er shots I made to-night. Knocked down shix drinks and more'n a million pins. Shay, now, zhat doctor was right—health back—got er life back—whacpee fr me! Where's er cat? Where's adshus



MISHUS BOWSER I'LL ROLL YOU FR ER DRINKS

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WHEN Mr. Bowser reached home the other evening his looks gave away the fact that he had some scheme on hand, and all through the dinner hour Mrs. Bowser was wondering whether he had bought a family box or taken stock in an umbrella which could be carried in the vest pocket when not in use. She waited patiently for his news, and at last he said:

"I don't want to startle you, Mrs. Bowser, but I feel it my duty to tell you something. As my wife you ought to know what the doctor says about me."

"But what can he say about you, except that you are in first-class health?" she asked.

"Yes; I look to be in first-class health. Men pass me on the street and envy me; but, alas, they don't know! I have suspected it for several months past, but only to-day have I been fully satisfied."

"You've gone off to some quack doctor and let him stuff you with a lot of nonsense. You've got an appetite like a horse, you sleep like a log, and I'd like to see a healthier man than you are. What did the fool of a doctor say?"

"Mrs. Bowser, you are addressing your husband!"

"I know that, and he's got another fall on hand. I really believe that if anybody should come around with a tin horn you'd buy it and try to get up a new toot."

"At almost any other time those words would have jumped Mr. Bowser a foot high, but on this occasion he remained calm and placid, and there was a touch of pathos in his tone as he replied:

"Very well, Mrs. Bowser, we will let the subject drop right here. If I die a few years before my time odds is the difference."

He dropped into a chair and held his head in his hands, and the cat came in from the hall and sat down in front of him and looked so mournful that Mrs. Bowser melted enough to say:

"Well, what did the doctor say?"

"General decay of the muscular system above the waist," answered Mr. Bowser. "I forget what medical term he used, but that's what it amounts to. Too vigorous action of the heart, combined with lack of exercise, is what has brought it about. I may collapse any day."

"Didn't the doctor say there was a remedy?"

"Yes; he advised immediate and vigorous exercise—something for the arms and shoulders in particular. I went right out and joined a bowling club, and I thought I'd drop in this evening and roll a few balls. If it wasn't a case of life and death you know—"

"I see."

"Under the circumstances you won't raise a row about my being out for the evening?"

"No. If you have decay of the muscular system you must see to it at once."

"That's what the doctor said. You needn't sit up for me."

"No?"

"It may be a little late, you see. If I find my muscles limbering up I shall keep right at it. Just go right to bed at the usual time and don't worry about my condition. I think I have taken it in time and

will come out all right."

It was true that a pain under his shoulder blade had sent Mr. Bowser to a quack doctor, and that he had been told to exercise more and eat less. He had imagined about all the rest. After getting out of the house he let no grass grow under his feet before reaching the club. He was

near shouts of excitement and enthusiasm as the ball knocked down four pins and a post and followed the first out of the window. When they had assisted Mr. Bowser to his feet and all had taken a drink over his miraculous bowling, the thought suddenly struck him that he ought to go home. He also got it into his

mind that he must carry the victorious ball with him to show Mrs. Bowser, and as he seemed inclined to be crusty about it, he was permitted to have his own way.

He departed with his coat and vest on one arm and the ball under the other, and half an hour later the sleeping Mrs. Bowser was awakened by a racket which scared her hair to death.

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HE TOOK A SPORT RUN AND LET HER GO.

Here Is the Most Perfect Indian Model in All America.



Tahamont, a Brave of the Abenaki Tribe.

If there were such a thing as a beauty show for men few white men would stand any chance for the prize against a certain full-blooded American Indian now living in New York City. This man is Tahamont, a brave of the Abenaki tribe of Indians, who is regarded by artists as almost a perfect specimen of manly beauty, both in face and figure. From the point of view of the athlete the Indian lacks flesh and muscle, as he is six feet two inches tall and weighs but 150 pounds. But his physique is all bone and sinew and he has the power and endurance for which his race is famous.

Tahamont is greatly in demand as an artist's model and receives, it is said, the highest price for posing paid to any male model. His face and figure are familiar to thousands who see the illustrations in the prominent weekly papers. W. W. Deming, De Conta Smith and Frederic Remington are among the well-known artists who draw from him. Tahamont is an expert on Indian dress and ornamentation. His wife, who is like himself a full-blood of the Abenakis, also poses. The Abenakis, formerly residents of Maine, have moved to St. Francis, Canada, where they are prosperous and good citizens. In the Abenaki tongue Tahamont signifies "The time of corn grinding."

Peculiarities of Dialect in the Hoosier State.

PARTICULARLY marked is the dissimilarity between the folk speech of the northern part of the State and that of the southern part. The settlers in the north came mainly from New England, Pennsylvania, New York and Northern Ohio, and in consequence there exists in the north a strong Yankee twang. Those in the southern part came mainly from Virginia, Maryland, Southern Ohio, the Carolinas, Kentucky and Tennessee, and the dialect shows the Southern influence, containing some points of similarity to the negro and the "poor white" or "cracker" dialect.

Not only has folk speech never been uniform throughout Indiana, but exact geographical bounds cannot be given to the Hoosier dialect. It does not end with States lines, but extends beyond them into Kentucky, Ohio, Michigan and Illinois, gradually becoming modified and shading off into other dialects. Much the same may be said in regard to the other dialects extending into Indiana. Doubtless, also, in many States farther West there are colonies of transplanted Hoosiers where the dialect is spoken in almost its original purity, while all over the United States expressions of Hoosier birth have become domiciled.

The fact is, it has always been true, and never more than in these days of rapid communication and shifting population, that in nothing is the student of folk speech so liable to error as in assigning geographical limits to a word or phrase. Our local dialects, from which we get many of our folk words and phrases, are pretty thoroughly mixed.

For example, take the familiar word "tote," a word which we know did not originate in Indiana, yet which has become a part of Hoosier dialect. Most per-

sons, if questioned as to the origin and range of this word, would doubtless connect it with the negro, and certain it is that the negro—especially the negro in dialect stories—uses the word freely. As a matter of fact, however, the word was in use in Virginia at least as early as 1877, when there were four times more white bond servants than there were negroes. There are old, abandoned post roads in Maine, where negroes were unknown, that went by the name of "tote roads," and, furthermore, the word "tote" was a common one in England during the seventeenth century. The conclusion must, therefore, be that "tote" is not of African origin, nor is its use confined to localities where negroes are found.

"Cantankerous" is another word often met with in Hoosier dialect, but by no means confined to the narrow bounds of our State. Thackeray speaks of a "cantankerous humor." Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree), in her story, "The Casting Vote," puts into the mouth of the Coroner the sentence, "He's ez hardheaded, an' tyrannical, an' perverse, an' cantankerous a critter ez ever lived." Even Chaucer makes use of the word, "conceit" from which "cantankerous" is probably derived.

So wide, indeed, is the geographical distribution of most folk words and phrases, that while taking the United States over, one can collect great numbers of colloquialisms. It is extremely difficult to find words or phrases that are confined to a single dialect. The fact is, the mixing process has been so effective that most provincialisms have ceased to be provincial. The writers of this article are compelled to confess, and they take no shame to themselves for so doing, that in spite of considerable search they have been unable to find a single provincialism which they would be willing to assert is at present confined to Indiana alone. "Wants out" and "wants in," in such sentences as "The dog wants to go out" and "wants to go out"—have been pointed out as peculiar to our State. Possibly so, but the elision occurs in other phrases, e. g., "they let me in for a nickel." "The hired man wants out," and is so simple and useful that its use is probably widespread.

A native of Massachusetts once asked one of the writers about the word "ordinary," saying he had never heard it outside of Hoosierdom. The word is a simple and natural variation of "ordinary," through the short pronunciation of "ord-nary," and its present meaning has been

a call one morning from a gentleman whose principal claim to distinction rested on a preternaturally large and clean-shaven jaw overhanging a highly resplendent diamond of indubitable worth. The caller proceeded at once to business, introducing himself as being "the inside man with Square Mike Smith" (naming a

fixed star in the gambling house firmament).

"You think you don't want to know me," he continued, pointing a fat finger at the disgraced president's solar plexus, "but you do. I want to put you onto your cashier."

The urbane banker growled out his disinclination to hear anything about his employees, but the visitor only hitched his chair up a foot nearer and imperturbably proceeded.

"He's up in the place every night, that cash pusher of yours, rolling the bank's shiners across the green."

"He's been winning your money, I suppose, and that is why you are here giving information that nobody wants," sneered the banker.

"Copper that bet unless you want to go broke," said the "sport," quietly.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Copper it, I say. You're twisted. He ain't getting our money. We're getting his: his or the bank's."

"Do you expect me to believe that you came down here—"

"Say, I'm busy," the visitor interrupted, with sudden vigor. "I know you. You're one of those dead ones that think they know it all. I ain't got the time to hear you tell it. Here's the point. Your cashier blows in his dough at our place. That's all right. Then he blows in the bank's dough for a few thou', and what happens? Why, you get onto him and you make a horrible beef, don't you? And then it all goes into the papers and it passes for a couple of weeks right in the rush of the season. We want that cashier reeled in. He got to his feet. That's all. Take him away, see? Take him away."

And with a sudden violent gesture that would have knocked a fly over the tip of his nose, the visitor turned and went, leaving the banker blinking and speechless.—S. H. Adams in *Amusee's*.

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