

Bowser's Geography

The Conflict In the Far East Causes Him to Get Badly Mixed Up as to the Exact Location of Korea and Japan.

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THE dove of peace and good will hung over the Bowser household during the dinner hour and for fifteen or twenty minutes after, and it was Mrs. Bowser who chased the bird away at last.

She saw that Mr. Bowser was on the raw edge and inclined for a row, and she decided to touch on nothing of a personal nature. This was wise of her in a sense, and yet it brought about just what she was striving to avoid. He was smoking his cigar and reading his newspaper and wishing he could scrap with the butcher or grocer when she quietly asked:

"Any news of the war between Russia and Japan?"

"Lots of it," he replied.

"And do you think Japan will succeed in holding Korea?"

"What's Korea got to do with it?"

"Why, she was one of the causes of the war, wasn't she? Russia objected to Japan holding the island after it had been ceded to her by China, and—"

"Woman, what on earth are you talking about?" he interrupted. "The Japanese have had about as much to do with Korea as the Quakers of Pennsylvania. Korea an island? You'd better study up on geography a little."

"Well, it is not surrounded by salt water on all sides, but the river Yalu on the west makes it an island, and it is so referred to by all geographies and encyclopedias."

"Then the people who write such books are jackasses. Korea, as any child ten years old ought to know, is a country lying south of Australia. If you are going to talk war, then talk sense at the same time."

Mrs. Bowser knew that he was wrong and that she could prove it, but she quickly decided that it was better to leave him so than to have any hard feelings over it. She had therefore

you all information. You got the map of Europe all mixed up like peanuts and beans, but now is the time to set yourself right. Suppose that some of our friends dropped in and heard you say that Korea was west of Japan? Suppose you went blundering along and put her in the Pacific ocean? Suppose you should mix China and Korea up the way you have? They wouldn't laugh in your face, but as soon as they got outdoors they would fairly whoop.

"Ye gods, but what an escape for you!"

"Mr. Bowser," she replied as she turned on him, "do you ever talk war over at the office?"

"Every day."

"And with educated men?"

"Well, I don't call in the janitor."

"And in talking with them you put Korea away off by Australia and make Japan a part of Persia, do you?"

"Of course I do. Where would you have me put them?"

"Well, if they haven't laughed at you they must be very nice men indeed."

Why, you are all wrong—a thousand times wrong. Mrs. Green's little girl Bessie is studying geography at school, and if she don't tell you—

"Who am I?" hoarsely demanded Mr. Bowser as he rose up and stood with folded arms.

"Mr. Bowser, of course."

"And where am I?"

"In your own house."

"And do I run my own house or does Mrs. Green's little daughter Bessie run it?"

"You do."

"Then listen to me. In order to cover your ignorance of geography you have made certain charges against me. In fact, you claim that I am even more ignorant than you are. Mrs. Bowser, you must prove these charges."

"I said that Japan was a long string of islands lying between the Japanese

me out of his yard one night."

"And he flung me over his gate for asking for a nickel, and let's go for him!" added the other.

It was a hot race, and Mr. Bowser wasn't ten feet ahead when he burst into the house and locked the door behind him.

"Well, have you filled up?" asked Mrs. Bowser as she heard him breathing hard.

No answer.

"Was it the Russians or the Japanese that were after you?"

No reply.

"I forgot to ask you what is the capital of Korea. Is it Seoul?"

Getting no answer to her third inquiry, she rose up and looked into the hall, but it was vacant. Mr. Bowser had taken his knowledge of geography and tramps and made a sneak upstairs, and the cat solemnly winked both eyes and decided that the bout was in Mrs. Bowser's favor.

M. QUAD.

PEASANT WOMEN IN JAPAN.

They Not Only Do the Housework, but Plow the Fields.

The sewing in the kimono consists of one small and one long stitch, a species of artistic basting. There is reason in this, for whenever the kimono is washed it is ripped to pieces. This is perhaps why the Japanese, who bathe daily, wear such dirty clothes, while the Chinese, who bathe sometimes, wear such clean clothes. The kimono strips are dabbed up and down without soap, scrubbed with a brush and are ironed by drying them carefully on boards. One of the sights of a town are these boards, with their strips of silk leaning against the sides of the houses.

The peasant women not only do the housework, but out of door work as well. Like the coolies, they wear trousers and stand knee deep in the slush of the rice paddies, guide the water buffaloes at the plow or bind up the straw to dry on the trees. This is the Japanese idea of a laystake and makes the trees look as if they were wearing skirts.

One of the novel sights is the old women mowers, clipping the lawns with scissors as neatly as a lawn mower and stopping now and then to gossip over their tea. Both in China and Japan the tending of silkworms is not only done by women, but is regarded as an elegant duty. In China each year the empress inaugurates it ceremonially, as the emperor does the spring plowing. In each country the other important industry—the tea growing—is largely in the hands of women.

Two Strange Ailments.

Aphasia, or the loss of memory or comprehension of speech, is a queer complaint. A man who had forgotten his sister's name always referred to her as "that other woman." A person apparently otherwise in perfect health will substitute the name of one article for another totally different in the most ludicrous way.

Amusia is a form of aphasia which prevents the patient from remembering music. One amusic, unconscious of the oddity, sang the "Marseillaise" throughout the syllables "tan, tan, tan." On the other hand, another amusic, also a Frenchman, could

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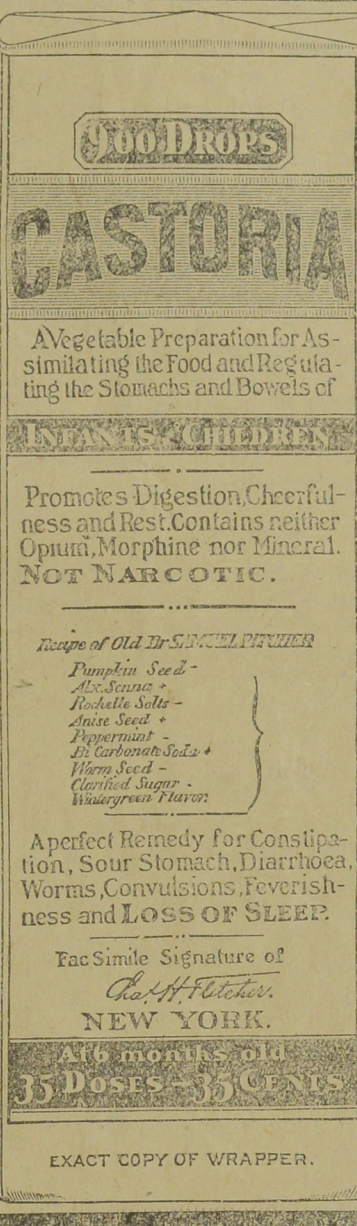
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say but a single word, but could sing the "Marseillaise" correctly.

Pastimes in Japan.

In Japan to get up parties to behold the freshly fallen snow or the cherry blossoms or the maple trees in their autumnal glory or to go to the flower shows is as de rigueur as are our dinners, cotillions and theater parties.

Mushroom hunting is a fashionable pastime, while in the house harp playing, verse writing, embroidery and tea drinking are the most absorbing occupations. The most pretentious entertainment is the tea ceremony. It is very formal, and there is much elaborate performance connected with it, difficult for a foreigner to comprehend.—Good Housekeeping.

Not What She Expected.

Mr. Ferguson put on his slippers and threw himself on the lounge. "It's so delightful to be at home again," he said. "I think I never appreciated it more than I do tonight."

"It's delightful to hear you say so, George," cooed Mrs. Ferguson.

"Yes; those confounded new shoes have tortured me nearly to death today!"

Ready Made.

Barnes—Howes was quite indignant when he heard what you were about. He says you can't make a fool of him. Shedd—Of course not; but I can direct public attention to what is already in existence.

His Duty.

"Whenever our crowd goes fishing," said Guzzel, "and the fellows begin to think of having a drink they invariably have to call upon me."

"Get out!" replied Frankley. "You never bought a flask in your life."

"No, but I always carry a corkscrew."—Philadelphia Press.

Obliging.

"I didn't know the Russians could be so polite."

"How's that?"

"Why, the Japanese wanted to sink some ships at the entrance to Port Arthur harbor, and the Russians sunk 'em before the Japs could sink 'em."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Leap Year Proposal.

Harry—Here is the newest conundrum. When is two an odd and lucky number?

Celia—You know I never can guess conundrums.

Harry—When two are made one.

Celia—Oh, Harry! This is so sudden!—Town Topics.

The Way of the World.

Burns—Billings loves a joke even if it be on himself. He laughed like all possessed when a fat lady came in and sat upon his hat.

Scarby—But he didn't know it was his hat. He thought it was Hill's.—Boston Transcript.

A Spoiled Cook.

Mr. Grumps—You'll have to discharge that cook.

Mrs. Grumps—You liked her at first.

Mr. Grumps—Yes, but she's getting into your way of cooking.—New York Weekly.

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No. 2 Express for Halifax, the Sydneys and Campbellton	7.50
No. 4 Express for Point du Chene	11.00
No. 26 Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou	11.45
No. 136 Suburban for Hampton	13.15
No. 8 Express for Sussex	17.15
No. 138 Suburban for Hampton	18.15
No. 14 Express for Quebec and Montreal	19.00
No. 156 Suburban for Hampton	22.40
No. 10 Express for Halifax and Sydney	23.25

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

No. 9 Express from Halifax and Sydney	6.25
No. 135 Suburban from Hampton	7.45
No. 7 Express from Sussex	9.00
No. 133 Express from Montreal and Quebec	12.10
No. 5 Mixed from Moncton	15.10
No. 137 Suburban from Hampton	15.30
No. 3 Mixed from Point du Chene	17.30
No. 25 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Moncton	17.45
No. 1 Express from Halifax	19.15
No. 22.40 Suburban from Hampton	22.05
No. 81 Express from Moncton, (Sunday only)	1.35

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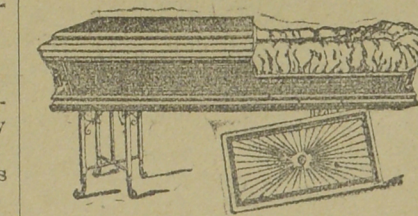
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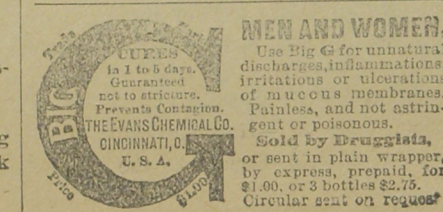
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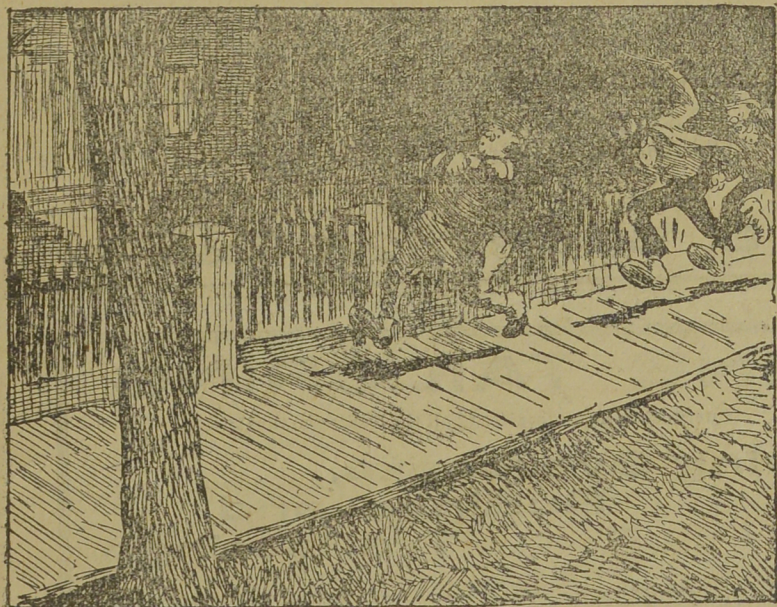
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IT WAS A HOT RACE.

held her peace for five minutes when he said:

"Come now, don't sulk over it. You aren't to blame that you didn't get more schooling. I am glad to see that you take an interest in such things and am ready to answer any questions you may ask. I suppose you know where Japan is, don't you?"

"It is a string of islands nearly 2,000 miles long, with the Pacific ocean on one side and the Japanese sea on the other, and the largest of them lie to the east of Korea. There is only the Japanese sea between Japan and Korea."

"What? What's that? Didn't I tell you that Korea was as far off as Australia?"

"You did, Mr. Bowser, but you are mistaken. Korea was once the sea coast of China for 500 miles."

"And—and you say Japan is a string of islands?"

"I do."

"Then there is no need of wasting time on an idiot. Japan is a part of Persia, and if you don't know it you'd better ask the man who carries out the ashes."

At this moment the Bowser cat, who had been eating a late dinner and taking lots of time over it, came up from the dining room with a grin on his face and sat down to hear the argument out. Again Mrs. Bowser decided on silence, but again it was broken by Mr. Bowser. He felt that his collegiate career had been called in question and that he must make it good or suffer humiliation. After pretending to read for awhile he said:

"How did you get so mixed up about Japan?"

"Let's say no more about it tonight," she replied. "I thought I was right, but if I am not we'll let the matter drop. Do you think the war will extend to—"

"Mrs. Bowser," he said as he brought his fist down on the table with a crash that lifted the cat and broke his purr short off, "you started in to ask me about the war. I was ready to give

sea and the Pacific ocean," she replied.

"You did, madam—you did."

"And that Korea was west of the larger islands."

"Exactly. Don't get it north or south now."

"And that only the Japanese sea was between Japan and Korea."

"Only the Japanese sea. Don't try to get away from that."

"Well, then, I humbly apologize."

Mr. Bowser began to grin with delight and the cat to look dubious, and Mrs. Bowser was hoping it was all over, when his grin suddenly faded and he said:

"No, you don't, madam. You are not the apologizing kind. You think you can prove it, and now I demand to see the documents."

Driven to the wall, Mrs. Bowser heaved a sigh and went into the library for the atlas. She turned to the right map and showed that things were just as she said, but Mr. Bowser waved her aside and shouted:

"Do we know who made these maps? Do we know that they are within a gunshot of being correct? You can't work any such rubbish off on me."

There was an old school geography in the house as well as a globe, and Mrs. Bowser brought them both out.

"I don't care what you say," replied Mr. Bowser. "What I know I know, and you can't beat it."

"Well, there's a war map right there with your paper."

"But it might have been made by a drunken man, Mrs. Bowser. You have insulted me and spoiled my evening, and if I now go over to a saloon and fill up you cannot blame me."

Mr. Bowser was downed, and he knew it and took this way of saving the pieces. He did not mean to get full, but he meant to take a walk, and ten minutes later he was pacing the street and wondering how he could ever have made such a blunder of things, when a couple of tramps passed him and one said:

"That's the old

he booted