

# BOWSER A LECTURER

He Forgot to Provide Beer For His Tramp Auditors and Was Thrown Out & Escaped With His Life

(Copyright, 1903, by C. B. Lewis.)  
 "Dinner isn't ready yet I'd like you to hurry it up a bit," said Mr. Bowser as he got home ten minutes ahead of his usual hour the other evening.  
 "Are you going out?" queried Mrs. Bowser.  
 "Yes; I'm booked to deliver a lecture this evening, and I haven't any time to spare."  
 Dinner was all ready, and as he partook of the meal he explained:  
 "A friend of mine named Whitmore has been delivering lectures or talks to tramps every Wednesday evening for the past three months, and as he was suddenly called away today he wanted me to take his place."  
 "Have you made any notes of what you are going to say?" Mrs. Bowser asked.  
 "No. There is no need of that. It will be more of a talk than a lecture, and I can think of plenty to say. I shall



"YOU ARE SURE THERE IS NO JOKE ABOUT IT?" ASKED MRS. BOWSER.

touch upon temperance, ambition, industry and so on. Whitmore's idea has been to incite the tramp to higher aims, and he has had great success. He says that at least ten men have gone to work after loafing around for fifteen years."  
 "You are sure there is no joke about it?" asked Mrs. Bowser, who somehow scented a put up job.  
 "Joke? Joke? Nobody ever jokes with me, madam. Eight or ten men will gather in a room hired for the purpose, and I will stand up and appeal to their manhood for an hour or so. I fail to see where a joke can come in."  
 Mrs. Bowser said no more. She had never heard of Mr. Bowser's friend Whitmore or his "talks," and she knew that Mr. Bowser himself had no "gift of the gab," but she helped him make ready to go and trusted to luck that he would at least come home in the ambulance. As he left the house she said:  
 "You won't blame me if anything happens, will you?"  
 "What can happen?" he asked.  
 "I don't know."  
 "Well, don't make a pancake of yourself. One would think I was about six years old and that you were afraid I'd be hooked by a cow."  
 Mr. Bowser had been told that he would find his audience in the back

kind. "I'm not going to bribe any one to listen to me."  
 "Oh—ah—all right," said the man as he fell back. "Yes, you are right, and you can go ahead."  
 Mr. Bowser led off with asking his audience how it came about that they were tramps, and he answered the question by saying that a tramp was a man who had been the victim of misfortune and had become disheartened and discouraged and felt that the world was against him. There was applause. The applause consisted of every man stamping his feet and crying out in chorus:

"Hear, hear! But where's the beer?"  
 The speaker then related the story of the governor. The governor had been an ice man, but owing to the dishonesty of his customers he had failed in business and taken to tramping. He had got so low down that he would steal eggs from under a sitting hen, when a lightning rod than met him and appealed to his better nature and ambition. A change came over him at once. He began to work his way up, and ten years later he was the beloved governor of a great state and offering champagne to all tramps who called at his kitchen door. The story made an impression. Every man stamped his feet and cried out:

"Hear, hear! But where's the beer?"  
 Mr. Bowser ignored the beer and the beer and spoke of the evils of intemperance. He was not a living example of it himself, but he had a first cousin who began on ginger ale and ended up on whisky and in a drunkard's grave. The foundation of industry, integrity and success was sobriety. Not a tramp could hope to rejuvenate himself and carry a bottle in his hand pocket at the same time. He was just preparing to quote figures on the awful effects of intemperance when he was interrupted by another burst of applause. It was another burst, but the same old applause:

"Hear, hear! But where's the beer?"  
 "What does this mean?" demanded Mr. Bowser as he folded his arms and looked around him. "I came here to sow seeds of ambition, to implant newer and higher ideas, to arouse your dormant ambition and lift you!"  
 "Hear, hear! But where's the beer?" chorused the audience, while the marble cutter beckoned him into the front shop again and whispered:  
 "You see, you ought to have taken the boys a little different."  
 "How different?"  
 "You ought to have divided your talk into four parts, with beer between each one. That's what they are used to, and they are rather uneasy over it. I'm afraid you don't understand the tramp as he is. He's got to have his beer to help him aim high."  
 "Well, he won't get it from me," was the reply. "I was told that I would find men here who would be ready to listen to reason and argument."  
 "And you have, sir—you have. But don't you understand that beer makes argument go all the better? Just send out for two gallons of beer like a little man, and I'll warrant you'll see any amount of ambition after it comes in."  
 "I won't send for a drop. I'll continue my remarks, and if I'm insulted, again I'll stop short off and go home."  
 Mr. Bowser returned to his audience and started out to give the number of tramps who had risen to be generals in the last ten years, but before he had



"HEAR! HEAR! BUT WHERE'S THE BEER?"

room of a marble shop, and he found them. The marble cutter gave the room rent free and lighted it with two candles because he had once been a tramp himself. Seven men were gathered to greet the lecturer and let his words of wisdom sink deep into their breasts, and they applauded him as he arrived. After the applause had subsided the marble cutter took him into the front shop, where the tombstones were, and whisperingly said:  
 "The boys are all here, as you see, and are expecting something good. What will you start out with?"  
 "Why, I think I'll relate the case of a western governor who was nothing but a tramp, but who worked himself up by sheer force of character."  
 "I don't mean that. Will you start out by giving the boys beer or cigars?"  
 "I am not here to pander to vice," stily replied Mr. Bowser. "As I am going to talk about intemperance, I don't propose to mingle beer with it."  
 "Then we'll make it cigars."  
 "We'll not make it anything of the

spoken twenty words he was interrupted by a chorus of:

"Dear, dear, do we get any beer?"  
 And while he was looking around for his hat the chorus changed to:  
 "Oh, why is he here if we haven't got beer?"

"Gentlemen"—he began. But the next moment there was a rush, and he was carried outdoors and across the street and left stranded among the scrap iron on a vacant lot.

A quarter of an hour later Mrs. Bowser heard the front door softly open, and she called out:

"Is that you, dear?"  
 No reply.

She rose and looked out into the hall and caught sight of some one sneaking upstairs.

"Did you incite the tramps to higher ambitions?" she asked.  
 Not a word was said, and half an hour later when she went up to bed she found Mr. Bowser with his face to the wall and the few hairs on his head still bristling up. M. QUAD.

## A Bunch of Studio Smiles

"Worse Than a Crime."  
 Volunteer—Which side was you on in the wordy battle over Bugle's "Charge of the Light Brigade?"  
 Veteran—The enemy's. The picture's almost as bad a blunder as its subject, for while the one was not war the other is not art.

The Apotheosis of Realism.  
 Caller—What is Kennell howling about?  
 Catcher—Because, under the new dog law, he has been notified to put a muscle on his "West Pointer at Bay."

Conscientious.  
 Stykler—Is he thoroughly conscientious with regard to harmony of detail?  
 Patron—I should say so! Why, even his "Puppies at Play" is painted in distemper.

Hot Air Needed.  
 Critic—The atmosphere in this canvas is altogether too warm.  
 Artist—Not for a potboiler.—New York Times.

### An Art Argument.



Grandpa—How dare you say such a picture as that looks like me?  
 Little Willie—I didn't. And if it doesn't look like you how do you know it is meant for you?—Chicago Tribune.

A Slight Drawback.  
 "Yes, it's a pleasure to see her ent corn off the cob. Her teeth are so white and even and her lips are so full and red, and she has the cunningest pose. But there was one thing I didn't like about it."  
 "What was that?"  
 "It took five cars to satisfy her."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Far From Slight.  
 "You should have heard the ridiculous answer she made when I asked her if she knew you," said Miss Diggs. "She doesn't know me very well," replied Miss Plumpton, who was sensitive about her weight.  
 "Yes, but the idea of calling you a slight acquaintance!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Two Generations of Horn Blowers.  
 Lawson—It seems so appropriate to see young Maquerelle tooting around the country in his automobile and blowing his horn.  
 Dawson—How so?  
 Lawson—Why, his father used to sell fish.—Somerville Journal.

Putting on Style.  
 "Have they changed much since they inherited all that money?"  
 "Yes, indeed. Why, they have three names hyphenated now, and they've changed the spelling of their daughter's name from Mamie to Mayme."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Sad Event For Him.  
 Our esteemed Whitsett contemporary has this brief, conclusive evidence of the departure of a late citizen:  
 "He was doing extremely well until the moment the doctor arrived."—Atlanta Constitution.

Literally.  
 The coal hole cover was off and the prospective guest fell through.  
 "You told me," he said, when he was fished out, "to drop in the next time I was in town, and I have done it."—Chicago Post.

The First Nighter.  
 "Your tickets were complimentary, were they not?"  
 "Well," replied the man, who had seen a painfully amateur entertainment, "I thought they were until I saw the show."

### Another Hard Jolt.



Cholly—Don't you often wish that you were a man?  
 Millie—Don't you?

Permanently Affected.  
 Rinks—Were you ever in an automobile accident?  
 Jinks—Well, I should say! My wife accepted me in an automobile.—Baltimore American.

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Goldboro-arrive	A. M. P. M. P. M.	11:05	8:30
Lafayette	10:30	7:35	8:05
Falling Creek	10:25	7:45	8:05
Kinston	10:19	7:57	8:05
Dover	9:45	7:17	8:10
Core Creek	9:40	7:10	8:10
Tuscarora	9:30	6:50	8:10
Newbern	9:00	6:30	8:20
Havelock	8:00	5:30	8:10
Newport	7:50	5:20	8:10
Morehead City	7:27	5:00	8:30
Morehead City Depot	7:05	4:40	5:00

### EASTBOUND TRAINS

No. & Name of Train	Mo. & Day	Leaves Kinston	Arrives
Goldboro-leave	P. M. A. M. A. M.	3:30	8:00
Lafayette	3:50	8:25	8:15
Falling Creek	4:10	8:37	8:25
Kinston	4:20	8:45	8:25
Dover	4:45	9:15	9:00
Core Creek	4:50	9:30	9:40
Tuscarora	5:10	9:50	10:10
Newbern	5:30	10:10	10:30
Havelock	6:30	10:55	1:40
Newport	6:45	11:05	1:40
Morehead City	7:15	11:25	1:50
Morehead City Depot	7:15	11:25	1:50

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