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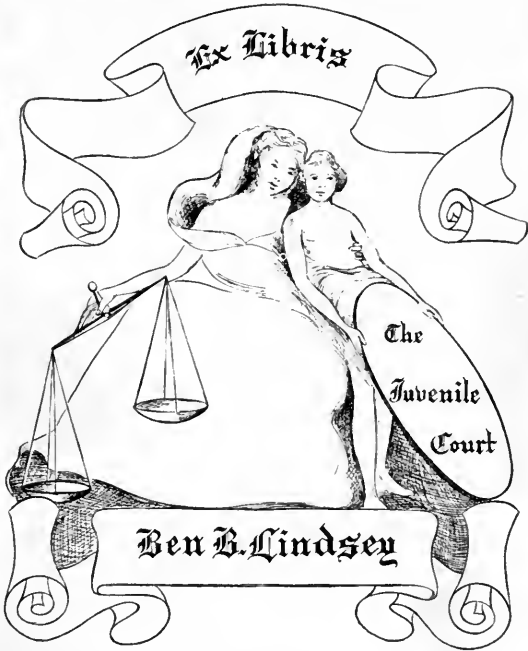
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THE LOC OF THE ARK

By NOAH



GORDON - FRUEH



Ex Libris

The
Juvenile
Court

Ben B. Lindsey



a Christmas card
to the Hindseys
from the Darrows
1928-1929-



THE LOG OF THE ARK

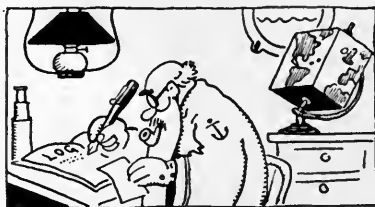




*"A large crowd came
down to see us off."*

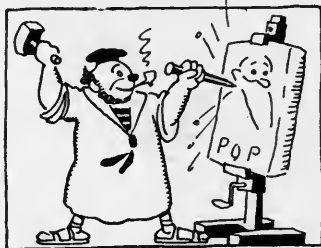


THE LOG OF THE ARK



BY
NOAH

HIEROGLYPHIC
BY
HAM



EXCAVATED BY
I. L. GORDON and A. J. FRUEH

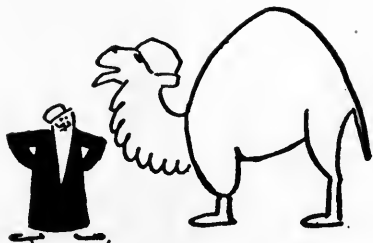


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WHO'S WHO ON THE ARK

CAPTAIN	<i>Myself</i>
FIRST OFFICER	<i>Shem</i>
SECOND OFFICER	<i>Ham</i>
THIRD OFFICER	<i>Japheth</i>
PURSER	<i>Myself</i>
WIRELESS OPERATOR	<i>Shem</i>
CHIEF ENGINEER	<i>Ham</i>
CHIEF STEWARD	<i>Japheth</i>
VETERINARIAN	<i>Myself</i>
CHIEF COOK	<i>Mrs. Noah</i>
BOTTLE WASHER	<i>Mrs. Shem</i>
STEWARDESS	<i>Mrs. Ham</i>
LAUNDRESS	<i>Mrs. Japheth</i>
STOKERS	<i>Automatic</i>
CARGO	<i>Live Stock</i>



THE LOG OF THE ARK

WEDNESDAY, B.C. 2349. COURSE—to Ararat. WEATHER—clear and rain. WIND—starting to blow. SEA—calm. SHIP'S RUN—I league.

REMARKS:

Weighed anchor: 2240 pounds.—My rheumatism hurt. I just knew it would rain.—A large crowd came down to see us off. Received delegation of S. P. C. A. They presented me with a gold-handled umbrella.—Someone sent the women folks a bunch of American beauties.—Many of my neighbours say I am crazy.—It began to rain—crowd dispersed.—There is a lot of hubbub in getting an Ark off.—Half an hour late in starting. Ham doesn't understand some of the levers.—Ship's band played the national anthems as we sailed away.—Sent sailing lists to all my friends. Gave them to the pilot to mail.—Dropped pilot at 7.30 P.M. I was sorry to see him go.—Cargo all well and quiet.—I wonder if I will be seasick?

THURSDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER—rain. WIND—higher. SEA—still
calm. SHIP'S RUN—2.

REMARKS:

Rained all last night and today. I didn't sleep well. Mrs. Noah insists upon having the lower berth. I had to climb up top. If I fall and break my neck it will be serious.—Spent morning in smoking-room reading steamer letters. Several magazines offer half a shekel a word for my story. Some vaudeville manager wants me to go on the stage if I get away with the trip. The University of Bagdad ask me to will them my brains.—Mrs. Japheth forgot one of her steamer trunks, and wants us to go back.—Ham says he thinks he knows which levers will stop the Ark.—All well on board.

FRIDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER—rain. WIND—same as yesterday.
SEA—very calm. SHIP'S RUN—1½. WIRE-
LESS REPORT; Mountain resorts doing good
business. Hotels all crowded.

REMARKS:

We ran aground this morning. Mrs. Noah and the girls were badly frightened. I signalled for a tug which pulled us off. The captain wanted to know about the salvage. I told him to see the owners or the insurance company. Doubt if he ever will be paid.—I can't sleep very well. The bunk is too narrow. I don't like steamer bunks any more than I do a Pullman.—Mrs. Noah complains of the motion of the ship. I haven't felt it, but the throbbing of the engines is annoying.—Didn't eat much today.—Cargo still quiet. I'm a little worried about the two caterpillars. What if they are not mates?

SATURDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER—rain. WIND—shifted. SEA—
same as yesterday. SHIP'S RUN—2. WIRE-
LESS REPORT—C. Q. D. Antioch.

REMARKS:

The rooster woke me up this morning.—Oldest inhabitants can't remember when it has rained so hard.—There's not much fun standing on the bridge for four hours at a time. I thought all the captain of an Ark had to do was talk to the ladies. There's some responsibility connected with a vessel of this size, and such a mixed cargo. It might have a serious effect on posterity should we be wrecked.—All indications point to unusually high water. We passed several mountains today. Mountains do look strange without their valleys.—I'm learning to read the charts.—Japheth complains that the triceratops prorus, the iguanodon bernissartensis, and the dinosaurs are not eating. We're always having trouble with those what-you-may-call-its.—Mrs. Noah says the Ark is beginning to smell like a barn. I can't help that.—Took my bath.



*"Can't remember when
it has rained so hard"*

SUNDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
 WEATHER—rain. WIND—higher. SEA—
 higher. SHIP'S RUN—I. WIRELESS REPORT—
 Ephesus C. Q. D.'d. So did Tyre.

REMARKS:

I never saw such a rain. It simply poured all day.—No ministers aboard so I had to conduct the services in the saloon this morning. Took as my text—Genesis 7 : 7. Mrs. Shem played the harpsichord. No collection.—Sea just a little rougher this afternoon.—Have had a time keeping Ham in the engine room. He's lazy He would rather fish than work. Ham's wife always sides with him. I'm afraid I'll have trouble with her.—Hope we don't run into any of those waterspouts I've read about.—Cargo still quiet. Hope none of those submarines attack us.

MONDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER—rain. WIND—N. E. SEA—a bit
choppy. SHIP'S RUN— $\frac{1}{2}$. WIRELESS RE-
PORT—S. O. S. Chaldea.

REMARKS:

Women folks kicked to beat the band. It was too wet to hang out the wash. I told them to bring enough lingerie to last forty days. I always thought women's clothes were too complicated anyway.—Made an inspection of the staterooms. Everything O. K. and sanitary. Some of the animals are a little crowded, but I can't help that when each mammoth takes two staterooms.—The Shetland ponies need exercise, but it keeps on raining.—Mrs. Noah is still complaining. She can't stand the motion of the ship, and now she says the thought of the French poodles being bunked with the rhino is horrible.—Real estate getting scarce.—Had the auto tires thrown overboard. I couldn't see any use for them.

TUESDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER—rain. WIND—same. SEA—chop-
pier. SHIP'S RUN—same. WIRELESS REPORT
—Record high water in Babylon. Stores flooded.
Boats in streets.

REMARKS:

That bunk of mine is made of concrete.—
I'm a little shaky today. Appetite all gone.
Meals don't taste good. Felt better on deck.
I've never been seasick in my life. I wonder if
this is it?—I'll be all right tomorrow.



WEDNESDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER—rain. WIND—stronger. SEA—
pretty rough. SHIP'S RUN— $\frac{1}{4}$. WIRELESS
REPORT—C. Q. D. Bagdad.

REMARKS:

Rain and a little rougher. Never had such strange sensations. I excused myself from the dinner table. I don't think it's the motion of the boat, but the smell of the cooking and the vibration. I like to keep perfectly quiet in my steamer chair and have plenty of air.—Mrs. Japheth brought me a sardine sandwich this afternoon. That was sinful.—Only stuck my head in the dining-room door at supper time. I'd like to be on dry land just now. Mrs. Noah is a nuisance. She wants to know what she can do for me. Why can't people let me alone in these critical times? Wonder if I am seasick?—I'll be all right tomorrow.

THURSDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER—rain. WIND—stronger. SEA—nauseating. SHIP'S RUN— $\frac{1}{4}$. WIRELESS REPORT—Work stopped on tower of Babel.

REMARKS:

Rougher and more rain.—Tried to get up this morning but gave it up. Every time the Ark pitches I feel so uncomfortable. Nothing I eat stays et. Mrs. Noah and the girls brought hot lemonade and gruel into my cabin. It only takes the thought of such things to make my sensations worse. I don't see why they had to fry onions today.—The second officer came in tonight and said it was my watch. I told him the Ark could get along without my watch. He said we might founder if the bridge was empty. I told him I didn't care if we did.—Mrs. Ham says there is no such a thing as seasickness. She claims it's a state of mind. Why can't people let me alone?—I'll be all right tomorrow.

FRIDAY. COURSE— WEATHER— WIND—
SEA— SHIP'S RUN— WIRELESS REPORT—

REMARKS:

——!



SATURDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER—rain. WIND—abating. SEA—
steadier. SHIP'S RUN—I forgot to look. WIRE-
LESS REPORT—S. O. S. Troy.

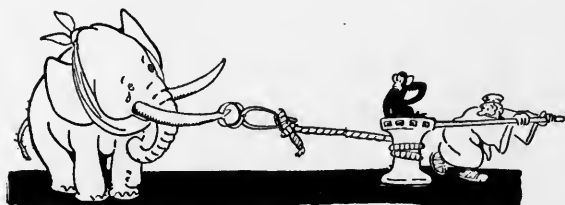
REMARKS:

Am writing this in bed. Guess it rained yesterday. Oh! it was awful! I must have been seasick. How I wanted the old ship to sink! My system never went back on me like that—Oh! it was frightful—horrible! I felt as though I were going down in one of those new-fangled elevators. And then, these people kept bothering me. I wanted to die alone. I told the family where they could find the will.—Japheth said I should eat some finnan haddy. That was a deliberate attempt on my life. Mrs. Shem made me suck a lemon, and take a bottle of sure-cure seasick medicine. I nearly died after that. Mrs. Noah kept stroking my head, and asking what I wanted to eat. Ham brought me a bottle of cod liver oil. I wanted to smite him, but I had not the strength. The only comfort I had was Shem. I heard him say, “Why don’t you people get out, and let the old man alone?” That was so kind.—I hope I’ll be all right tomorrow.—Postponed my bath.

SUNDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER—rain. WIND—same. SEA—calmer.
SHIP'S RUN—same as yesterday. WIRELESS
REPORT—C. Q. D. Phoenicia.

REMARKS:

Still raining. Postponed church until next Sunday.—I went up on deck for awhile. Still feel a little wabby. The officers accused me of being seasick. I was not. Something I ate didn't agree with me.—I miss the Sunday newspapers.—The male elephant was down with a bad tuskache this afternoon. Tried to pull it but I was too weak.



MONDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER—rain. WIND—no wind. SEA—all
right again. SHIP'S RUN—3. WIRELESS RE-
PORT—Peach and potato crops ruined.

REMARKS:

Rained harder than usual.—The elephant's tusk was much better this morning.—There's a funny piece of mechanism on the bridge. It has N. S. E. W. printed on it. Shem and Ham say it's a game. They spin a needle and guess where it will stop. Shem always puts his money on the letter N and wins. They wouldn't let me play the N. I believe Shem is a capper.—This weather looks like a real flood.—I feel a little better today.

TUESDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER—rain. WIND—none. SEA—none.
SHIP'S RUN—3. WIRELESS REPORT—C. Q. D.
Mesopotamia.

REMARKS:

Mrs. Noah is again complaining. She says the weather takes the waves out of her marcel. I suppose on the forty-first day she will find fault with the sunshine.—The camels took a drink four days ago, and haven't touched a drop since.—Shem and Ham let me play the N to-day. I lost two more shekels. I think that machine is possessed.—According to the almanac we should be having fine weather.



WEDNESDAY. COURSE—straight ahead. WEATHER—rain. WIND—moderate. SEA—reposed. SHIP'S RUN—4½. WIRELESS REPORT—none today.

REMARKS:

Mrs. Noah is becoming attached to the *diplococcus carnegiei*. The two are together a great deal.—I played that machine again today. Lost! Just before I quit, I saw Shem hold a horseshoe where he wanted the needle to stop. When I caught him, he said it was only for good luck. I see through that game now. I'll catch them tomorrow.—I'm all the time forgetting on which side of the ship the red lights belong. I can't see the use of making my Ark look like a drug store.—WEATHER FORECAST—continued rain.

THURSDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER—rain. WIND—south. SEA—same
as usual. RAINFALL—six inches. SHIP'S RUN—
2.

REMARKS:

This morning I took a shoe off the mare.
Put ten shekels on the letter W. Held my good-
luck shoe at the letter. Shem held his at E.
Shem won. I'm not going to play that game
any more.—Guess the camels must be sick.
They will not drink.—Don't see land anywhere.
The thousand-leggers haven't their sea legs as
yet.





*"I'm not going to play
that game any more"*

FRIDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER—rain. WIND—steady. SEA—same
as yesterday. SHIP'S RUN—I. WIRELESS
REPORT—none.

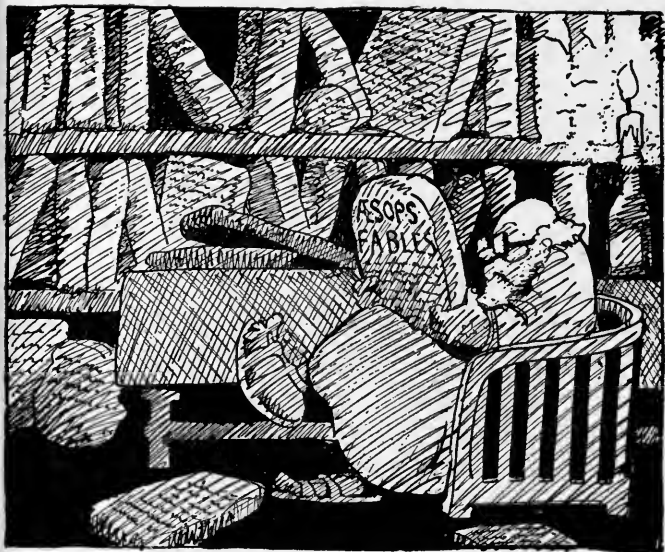
REMARKS:

The weather still has it in for us.—I found Shem's good-luck horseshoe. It's a magnet. The scoundrel!—Spent the morning reading up on animals. Wish I knew as much about them as Mr. Æsop.—Japheth says the peanut-eating varieties have consumed 477,392 nuts.—Nearly had a sad disaster today.—One of the bullfrogs jumped overboard. We lowered the lifeboat, and rescued him after a chase.—The water spaniels seem to enjoy this weather.—The women folks have organized some kind of an "anti" society.—The food on board is extraordinary. The salt air seems to have benefited my appetite. Still, Mrs. Noah never could cook like mother.

SATURDAY. COURSE—straight ahead. WEATHER—rain. WIND—straight ahead. RAIN-FALL— $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches. SHIP'S RUN—4. SEA—much deeper.

REMARKS:

Did not sleep well last night. The rain on the roof keeps me awake.—Mrs. Noah went about the Ark pinning up “No smoking” signs.—All at sea about our course. If the world is round we are all right. If it's flat we may topple off the edge. We ancients are greatly handicapped. Wish Columbus had lived before my time. Japheth and I spent the whole morning trying to figure where we are. His calculations make us sailing south of the Dead Sea. Mine show we are over Sheba. I'm right because I'm the captain.—The camels still won't drink.—Had to scold Ham for trying to steal the fish-worms. I'll bet he wanted to go fishing tomorrow.—Took my bath.



*“Spent the morning
reading up on animals”*

SUNDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
 WEATHER—rain. WIND—cool. SEA—same.
 SHIP'S RUN—2.

REMARKS:

No services. Shem ran into my cabin this morning. He was greatly excited. He said the *bothriospondylus madagascariensis*, the *metriorhynchus superciliosus*, and the long-horned *brontotherium* had climbed out of their stalls, and were fighting with the *macanchenia patagonica* and the *testudo periniana*. I went downstairs and found that the *bothriospondylus madagascariensis*, the *metriorhynchus superciliosus*, and the long-horned *brontotherium* were not fighting with the *macanchenia patagonica* and the *testudo periniana*, but with the *sceliditherium leptocephalum* and the *pachydiscus peramphus*. The noise of the battle awoke the *machairodus negæus*, the *horplogorus ornatus*, and the *pareiasaurus serridens*. They began to purr. It was a good thing for me I was not stepped on while stopping the fight. Gol darn the fellow who gave animals such names.

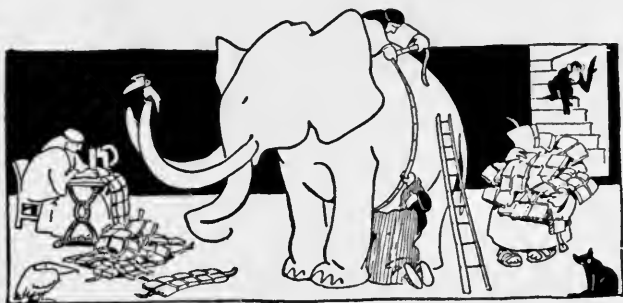


*"It's a good thing for
me I wasn't stepped on
while stopping the fight"*

MONDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER—rain. WIND—dry. SEA—smooth.
SHIP'S RUN—2.

REMARKS:

Twenty days out. Rain half over.—Camels took a drink today. First time since the tenth. I'd hate to be a camel.—I won the pool on the ship's run.—We have to watch the flies all the time to keep them away from the fly-paper.—Shem complains that the lions eat too much meat. Meat is expensive these days. I'm going to try feeding them hay.—Shot craps awhile this afternoon with Japh.—We are using the sun-dials again. During the night the ostrich broke into the chart room and swallowed my Ingersoll chronometer.—It takes 24 life preservers to go around the elephant.



TUESDAY. COURSE — straight ahead.
WEATHER—rain. WIND—up a bit. SEA—start-
ing to blow. SHIP'S RUN— $\frac{1}{2}$.

REMARKS:

I am sure this is a record rain. Read all the weather reports, but can't find any to beat it.— Wish I had spent more time in zoos when I was ashore. There are some details about animals which I do not know. Today I wanted to find out why the canaries always attack the cuttlefish.—The girls spent the afternoon playing bridge. War in camp now.—Mrs. Noah has named her diplodocus *carnegiei* "Yorick." It makes me laugh to see them promenading the deck together.—The mice broke out today.

WEDNESDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER—rain. WIND—worse. SEA—worse.
SHIP'S RUN— $\frac{1}{4}$.

REMARKS:

The typhoid fever germs are looking thin. I don't know who to feed them on. Sometimes I think it would be a good idea to throw them overboard, but I'm too tender-hearted.—My rain-coat leaks. Caught a bad cold. Mrs. Noah made a mustard foot-bath for me to-night. Drank two goblets of sassafras tea. Mrs. Ham tried to give me some patent medicine. No sir, I'll stick to the old-fashioned remedies every time. The Ark is a bad place for a rheumatic.—Caught Ham making hieroglyphics of me today.

*“ Never saw
such rain ”*



THURSDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER—rain. WIND—terrible. SEA—wild.
SHIP'S RUN—minus 19.

REMARKS:

I stood on the bridge eighteen hours during a storm. Never saw such waves. Some were as high as the Tower of Babel is going to be. A few broke into the funnels. Ham was flooded out of the engine room. We used racks on the table, and had trouble with the soup. The hippo rolled over one of the mice and nearly squashed it. The animals got all mixed up. The lightning turned the condensed milk sour. Mrs. Shem says she will be able to make cheese out of it. Had to throw the library overboard to save the ship. I saved the almanac, Æsop's animal book, the dictionary, and the Every-man's Encyclopedia. The sea is quieting now. I'm dead tired. Now to bed.—I wonder where mother-in-law is tonight?



“ Had to throw the library overboard to save the ship ”

FRIDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER—rain. WIND—less. SEA—less.
SHIP'S RUN—I.

REMARKS:

While making an inspection of the fowls of the air, I heard someone talking. Thought it was a stowaway until I found two Irish-green birds with Hebraic beaks and the voice of a man. They are the most wonderful birds I ever saw. One of them hollered "hello," and the other says something about a cracker. I'm going to make friends with them. Took them to my stateroom. They eat sunflower seed and climb with their faces.

SATURDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER—rain. WIND—from astern. SEA—
quiet. SHIP'S RUN—resumed normal speed.

REMARKS:

I must be careful what I say before those green birds. While hunting for a collar-button I bumped my head. When Mrs. Noah came into the room they repeated what I said.—I wish it would stop raining so I could paint the ship.—Yorick keeps pawing at the stateroom door during the night. He is worse than a wolf. I don't dare say anything.—Bath.

SUNDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER—rain. WIND—shifty. SEA—same.
SHIP'S RUN—3.

REMARKS:

Not a sign of a let-up in the rain.—Services this A.M.—One of those impudent birds called me “whiskers” today. I hung them down in the engine room for punishment. Mrs. Noah said it was cruel to leave them in that smoky place. Tonight she brought them back to the stateroom. Their language was shocking. They had learned a lot of new words.—I like Sundays. We always have ice-cream for dinner.—I caught Ham fishing today. Put the fish-worms in the safe. I don't trust him.—Shem says the lookout barrel is too tight for him.



MONDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER—rain. WIND—moist. SEA—cheerless. SHIP'S RUN—2.

REMARKS:

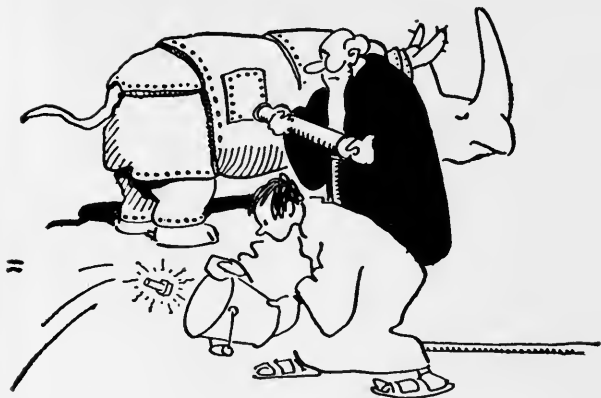
Another wash-day ruined.—We can't stand those birds any more. I think Ham must have taught them that strange language. I locked them up in the booby hatch so they won't contaminate the other birds.—Came into the cabin with muddy feet today. Mrs. Noah gave it to me. I don't see why I can't do as I please on my own Ark.—Had my hair cut. These ship barbers are miserable and their prices are exorbitant.—Won pool on ship's run. The women keep asking me when the rain will stop. They want to use their kodaks.

TUESDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER—rain. WIND—abating. SEA—
squally. SHIP'S RUN—I.

REMARKS:

I am awakened every morning by the crew scrubbing. It sounds as though they bring the trunks out of the hold and shuffle them around the decks.—We had quite a hunt this afternoon. Some of the ant-eaters' food escaped. Mrs. Japheth finally found them in the preserves.—The rhino had a bad accident last night. He tripped while walking downstairs. Several square feet of hide was torn off. We riveted on a piece of boiler plate.





WEDNESDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER—rain. WIND—high. SEA—dis-
turbed. SHIP'S RUN— $\frac{1}{2}$.

REMARKS:

Greatly disappointed at breakfast. My day for the egg, but the hen didn't lay one.—The male whale has a bad attack of eczema. I must be careful of that fish. I have to save him for Jonah.—My steamer rug is almost worn out.—Ouch! I just killed a mosquito. I don't mind their singing, but I can't get used to their bites.—One of my back teeth began to ache.

THURSDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER—rain. WIND—same. SEA—same.
SHIP'S RUN—same.

REMARKS:

An all-day rain.—I can't get along with Mrs. Ham. About all she can do is sit around and try to look pretty. She can't even do that very well. Her family thought Ham married her for her money. Some women are so useless. Mrs. Shem and Mrs. Japheth are so different. They are sympathetic and love the cargo. They seem to realize I have done quite a favour in bringing them along. It does my heart good to see Mrs. Shem pet those pigs. She would make a dandy snake-charmer. That Ham woman only plays with the French poodle and the pomeranian. Today she refused to feed the mosquitoes. She said they make lumps on her arms.

FRIDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER—rain. WIND—hot. SEA—peaceful. SHIP'S RUN—3.

REMARKS:

Set the sun-dial ahead half an hour. Have to do that every day to keep up with the run of the ship.—The giraffe has a cold in his throat. Mrs. Noah took all my red flannels and forty pounds of bacon to make a bandage.—I get all muddled up when I try to figure where we are. The first officers thinks we are off the coast of Egypt. That's where they are going to build the pyramids. I guess we are sailing along the African coast. Keeping a sharp lookout for pirates.—The women folks are always asking me when it will stop raining. They say nobody will believe they have been away unless they are sunburned.



SATURDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER—rain. WIND—tempered. SEA—
none. SHIP'S RUN—none. Stopped for repairs.

REMARKS:

Rained pitchforks all day.—Put an extra officer on deck to watch for pirates. The high seas are dangerous in these prehistoric days.—Ham won't let his wife tend the whales. He says her clothes smell fishy. I'll never go through another flood so short-handed.—Shem tells me I ought to put the latitude and longitude in the log. I didn't like to show my ignorance so I said I would, but I won't.—This damp weather has a depressing effect on the officers and the family. It also is making the canary seed sprout, and putting mould on the hay.—Guess all the mines are flooded by this time. I had stock in several—guaranteed to pay 200 per cent. Hope they are waterproof. Wish it were the fortieth.—Bath.

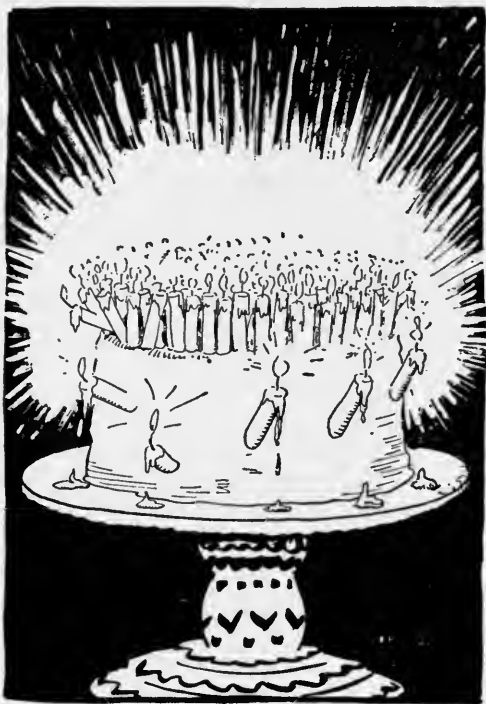
SUNDAY.

REMARKS:

Services this A.M. We are saving the collection until we get ashore.—I'm 600 years old today. I'll be grey soon. The family got tired pounding me. Tonight the officers and their wives gave me a surprise party. Mrs. Shem baked a cake, but you couldn't see it for candles. Mrs. Japheth gave me some records for the talking machine. Shem gave me a red tie. Ham gave me—no, he didn't give me anything. He wished me many happy returns of the day. His wife presented me with a pair of dancing sandals. Japheth donated a bottle of hair tonic. Mrs. Noah knitted me some socks and a nightcap.

I'm getting along in years, but, still, grandpa was something like 1000 before they made a mummy out of him. I want to get away with this trip. It will be a good thing for my reputation. Perhaps it will make me famous. I want my posterity to have a fine opinion of me. It's a good thing for them I was born. I'd like to live a few hundred years more to see some of my descendants, but it isn't a good thing to have too much to do with one's relations. I

wonder where I'll be when I am 700? Mrs. Noah did not abuse me once today.—No pirates yet.



MONDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER—rain. WIND—variable. SEA—full
of seaweed. SHIP'S RUN—2.

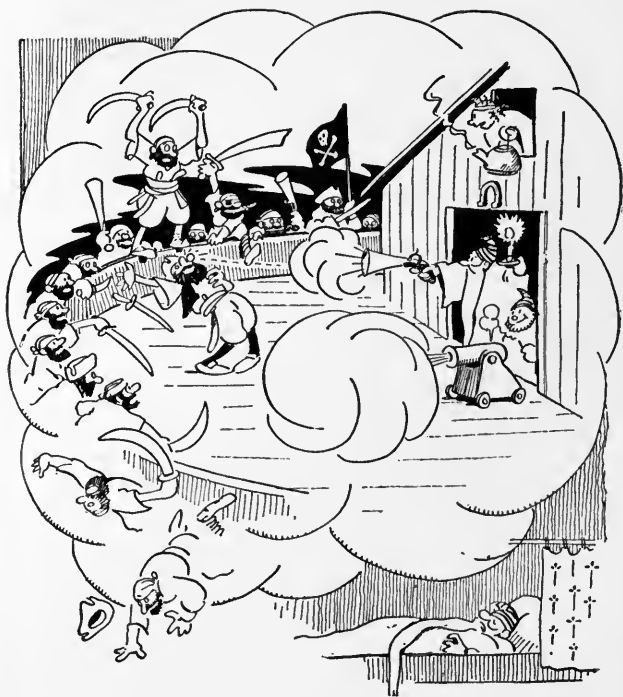
REMARKS:

The welsh rarebit we had at my party last night kept me awake.—I wonder what that latitude and longitude is? I ought to have taken a course in navigation before I undertook this trip.—We are using the flint and steel again. The matches are too damp.—Mrs. Ham complains about the butter. She says it is rancid. She can't expect a Ritz-Carlton aboard. It was guaranteed for a year. If I ever find the manufacturer I'll make him live up to his agreement.—My umbrella needs re-covering. This weather is certainly monotonous.—No pirates yet.

TUESDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER—rain. WIND—invariable. SEA—
middling. SHIP'S RUN—2.

REMARKS:

I was nearly scared to death last night. The dogs awakened me. The Irish setters barked with a pronounced brogue. At first I thought someone was breaking into the chicken coop—then I thought of the pirates! Put on my night-cap, took a candle, and went below. Someone hollered, "Who?" I said, "I'm Noah, and who are you or I'll fire?" I was scared stiff. No answer. I couldn't find anybody except the two birds that sleep all day. They kept winking and blinking at me. Didn't find any pirates, but I went back to bed and dreamed about them. Ham says that's what I get for reading ten shekel novels.



*"I went back to bed and
dreamed about pirates"*

WEDNESDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER—rain. WIND—puffy. SEA—dismal.
SHIP'S RUN—3.

REMARKS:

Seven kittens came aboard during the night. I don't know what on earth to do with them. Ham wants to feed them to the iguanodon bernissartensis. I think they ought to go into the rain-water barrel. Mrs. Noah and the girls say they will never speak to me if I drown them.—I'm resting easier. We're out of the pirate belt.—Our charts are worthless now. The water is too deep for them.—Threw a keg of butter overboard this afternoon.



THURSDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER — rain. WIND — blowy. SEA —
swelly. SHIP'S RUN— $\frac{3}{4}$.

REMARKS:

Ha! ha! Ham sat on the porcupine.—Poor Shem was stung while feeding the bees. They ought to be muzzled.—Have decided to let those kittens live. I detest a family quarrel.—We moved the pigs' sty to the extreme stern.—Passed over Damascus at 4.32. Mrs. Ham told us all about her visits to the place with her parents.—It was a fine old town. That reminds me—a fellow there owed me seven and a half camels.

FRIDAY. COURSE — straight ahead.
WEATHER—foggy. SEA—foggy. SHIP'S RUN
—foggy.

REMARKS:

Rain and fog. There ought to be a law compelling shipowners to muffle their fog-horns. Mine kept me awake all last night.—The dinosaur eats a ton of hay at a meal. If that keeps up we'll have to put into some port for more provisions.—Mrs. Noah visited the bowels of the ship today. She came up crying. She said the hyenas laughed at her. They are braver than Mr. Noah.—Mrs. Shem is teaching the goats to eat the soup tins. That will save a little hay. Ah! that woman is fine and economical.



SATURDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER — rain. WIND — less. SEA — less.
SHIP'S RUN—I.

REMARKS:

Barometer going up. My rheumatism is much better. The clouds seem to be breaking. I believe it will clear. I'm so used to this rain I almost hate to see it stop.—One night more and we'll be able to sit on deck.—I had everybody guessing at the supper table. I asked them where Moses is going to be when the light goes out. The officers and their wives are trying to guess.—I made a muffler for the fog-horn today. Now, let it fog.—Took my bath.

SUNDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER—rain. WIND—dying. SEA—calm.
SHIP'S RUN—3.

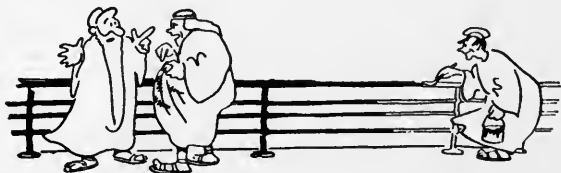
REMARKS:

Fortieth day out. Rain almost over.—Services this A.M. Ham went to sleep during the sermon.—This afternoon I sat around talking to the girls. They love to hear me tell how I captured the animals. Today I told them about lassoing the Wild West buffaloes.—Had to get the trunks out of the hold. Mrs. Noah wanted her parasol.—Everybody more cheerful.—Had the harpactocaicinus punctulatus out for an airing. Something must be wrong with them. They only walked sideways. Looked them up in the encyclopedia and found they were nothing but common crabs.—Nobody has guessed my riddle.—Mrs. Noah quit kicking about her corns. Now, I know it will stop raining.—Well, the old Dreadnought weathered the rain all right.

MONDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER—fine. WIND—stopped. SEA—blue.
SHIP'S RUN—5.

REMARKS:

Punctually at one second after eight bells—midnight—the rain ceased.—The day dawned bright and clear.—Deck was covered with wash all morning. My, but the sun felt good!—Curried the rust off the two donkey engines.—The ladies began using their kodaks this afternoon. I had to pose for my picture.—After supper we all promenaded the promenade deck. It was clear tonight so we used the searchlight. Much interesting débris about. It is dangerous to navigation.—Everything smells so nice after the shower.—Shem says he can't quite tell where we are by the stars, but he thinks we are south of the dipper.—Started painting the ship.—Nobody has guessed my riddle.



TUESDAY. COURSE —straight ahead.
WEATHER—clear. WIND—balmy. SEA—fine.
SHIP'S RUN—5.

REMARKS:

The ladies spent the morning ironing.—I rigged up the deck shuffle-board and practised. The list of the ship makes the game interesting.—I find my umbrella comes in handy to keep off the sun.—The girls are now afraid they will be tanned.—Sat in steamer chair most of the afternoon. Tonight, Shem, Ham, Japheth, and their wives are sitting on deck and singing old songs. I won't be able to get asleep. I wonder if they think this is a Cook's tour?—Had to tell the answer to my joke. I thought Shem would die laughing. The dear boy does enjoy humour.—We are trying to see who can walk around the deck the greatest number of times.—My nose is beginning to peel.—My, this weather is glorious!

WEDNESDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER—clear. WIND—same. SEA—delightful. SHIP'S RUN—5.

REMARKS:

Still painting ship. Mrs. Ham caught her dress in it. Poor Ham got an awful lecture. She complained to the captain, but I beat it to the bridge. Some women are so funny.—The moon came up tonight. All the young married people are out on deck spooning. It's a peculiar thing how the moon and steamers affect some people. I can hear Mrs. Noah snoring now. A few hundred years ago we also used to be sentimental.—Put up the awnings today.—Walked around the deck 24 times after supper.—Wish there were some nice old school teachers aboard.



THURSDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER—clear. WIND—same. SEA—same.
SHIP'S RUN—same.

REMARKS:

The crew continue scrubbing the decks. They did it in the rainy weather, and now it's just the same. This ship etiquette is a nuisance.—I'm up in the air about my two tadpoles. I don't know what has become of them. Found two frogs in their cage. I don't know where they came from either. Perhaps they ate my two pollywogs. Now I have four frogs and no tadpoles.—We have thrown overboard 1,119,111 microbes to date. I only need two of each kind.—I'm getting prouder of my animals every day. I have the finest collection in captivity.—The back of my neck is blistered.—Had a bad scare today. Saw what we thought was a periscope but found it was only one of Mrs. Noah's ear trumpets which had fallen overboard.

FRIDAY. COURSE—straight ahead. WEATHER—clear. WIND—same. SEA—same. SHIP'S RUN—same.

REMARKS:

We tried to give the ichthyosaurus quadriscissus an airing. She made the ship list so badly we had to drive her back to the steerage.—Guess the second officer fell asleep on the bridge. He did not call me for my watch.—The ladies always want to come up on the bridge when I am there. I had to take them through the Ark today. Mrs. Ham made some sarcastic remarks. She said she had frequently crossed on more luxurious vessels. That may be, but she never had a trip like this. These women are a perfect nuisance, but a captain has to be polite.—Walked around deck 16 times.



SATURDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER—same. WIND—same. SEA—same.
SHIP'S RUN—same.

REMARKS:

Today we sprinkled a barrel of eau de cologne in the steerage and second cabin.—Posed again for my picture. Mrs. Shem promises to send me one if it is good.—Had the ladies in my cabin for tea. They asked many questions about my experiences at sea. I told them a few old yarns. Gave them all my autograph.—If those potato-bugs don't soon lose their appetites we will run out of spuds.—Walked around deck 10 times.—Bath.



SUNDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER—same. WIND—same. SEA—same.
SHIP'S RUN—same.

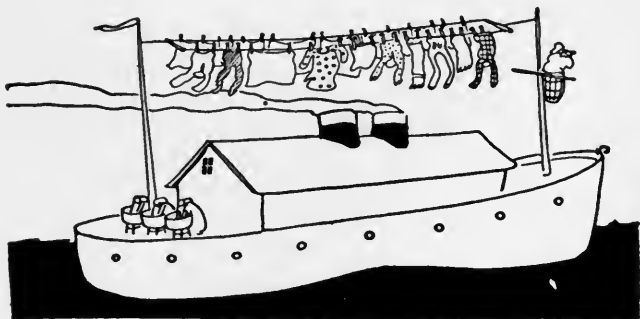
REMARKS:

Services. I have a hard time getting the men to church this clear weather.—Put on my Sunday clothes today. It's a nuisance to dress in these little staterooms. Every time I change my robes I have to pull the trunk from under the bunk, and then the things I want are usually in the trunks in the hold.—These women ask me so many foolish questions. I have to explain the machinery, the charts, and tell them how I run the Ark. They pester the life out of me with "What is this?" and "What is that for?" If they bother me tomorrow, I'm going to hide.—Walked around the deck eight times.—We have prunes every Sunday night for supper.

WASHDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER—same. WIND—same. SEA—same.
SHIP'S RUN—same.

REMARKS:

Women folks down below washing. I was awfully lonely all day.—Now that the wireless is out of commission the ladies are using the wires for a clothes line.—Ham says the moles are burrowing in the coal.—The goats nearly ate the fish-worms' pan.—The two mules with the tiger's skin are overeating.—Still painting the Ark.—The laundry on this ship is miserable. My collars are like saws.—I'm getting corns on my hands from steering.—Walked around deck five times.



TUESDAY. COURSE—straight ahead.
WEATHER—same. WIND—same. SEA—same.
SHIP'S RUN—same.

REMARKS:

One of the bulldogs buried his bone in the coal. He wouldn't let Ham go near the bunkers. If I hadn't gone down cellar and chased him back to his kennel the Ark would have stopped. Ham is a big coward to be afraid of a little bulldog.—Was shocked this afternoon. Found the women folks in the smoke room holding a suffrage powwow. These women will want to run everything some day. I can remember the time when they knew where they belonged. I haven't any use for these modern notions.

I'm tired writing all this dope about the course, weather, etc. I'm going to quit it even if I lose my job. Besides, I'm running out of stone and my chisels are getting dull.

WEDNESDAY. COURSE—I forgot, I'm not going to write that any more.

REMARKS:

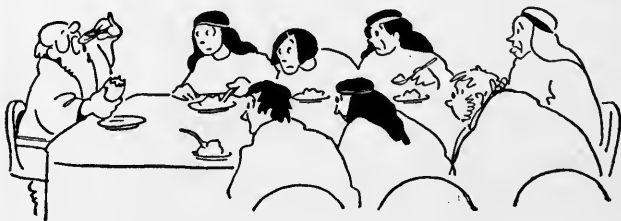
Spent the morning writing letters.—Shem called my attention to the fact that I call the right hand side of the Ark the right side, and the left hand side the left side. He says I should say "port" for the port side, and "starboard" for the starboard side—or something like that. He seems to forget this is my first flood and I'm liable to make a few mistakes.—Ham dressed up the girl monkey, and took out the hand-organ. He thought I would give him some shekels, but he was mistaken.



THURSDAY.

REMARKS:

Wish the hen would lay more than one egg a day. We take turns eating it for breakfast. Eight days is a long time to wait. I'm going to suggest omelets.—Shem propounded a good one tonight. He asked why a hen crosses the boulevard. I laughed so hard it hurt.—Mrs. Shem took my picture again today.—Four of the seven kittens each found seven more kittens.—Moved the bookworms from the hold to Mrs. Noah's cook book. They ought to find something they like in it.—The ravens make a lot of noise at night. I would choke them, only I need one later.—Mrs. Noah brings Yorick into the dining-room at meal time. I never did like to see people feed pets at the table.—One of the fleas is lost.



FRIDAY.

REMARKS:

We had our dance tonight. It was a glorious success. I'm all out of breath, and dead tired now. I danced through my birthday dancing sandals. We decorated the deck with flags and Japanese lanterns, and sprinkled candle grease on the dance floor to make it glide. Shem and Mrs. Japheth were the orchestra. I had eleven dances with Mrs. Shem, and only stepped on her feet twice and her dress once. Ham is a rough dancer. He bumped my partner.—Mrs. Noah wore a new gown. I did not think it was becoming because it was cut too *décolleté*. I don't see why these old women like to look so young.

Mr. and Mrs. Japheth did one of those new dances. I forget what they call it—something about a turkey. Rather unedifying I thought. If there had been any ministers around, I bet they would have passed resolutions.—We danced the minuet seventy times, and the Sir Roger de Coverley twenty. I was mixed up once in awhile because I hadn't danced some of those dances for over 300 years.—We didn't have any Egyptian dances.



*“ We had our
dance to-night ”*

SATURDAY.

REMARKS:

Had our only real catastrophe today. I'm broken hearted. I'm weeping now. I took the two unicorns out on deck for exercise. They insisted on climbing along the gunwale. They liked nothing better. I was afraid they would fall overboard. They did. It took Ham a long time to stop the Ark. He forgot which levers to pull. When we got back to the place where the unicorns fell overboard there was nothing to be seen but bubbles. The poor dears couldn't swim. It was the saddest moment in my life. Shem says it may all be for the best because they were only good for designs on escutcheons and coats of arms. I take great comfort in his words, but I am afraid people will always say that unicorns were a myth. All the flags are at half-mast.—Something is making me scratch. I notice some red spots on my person.—Took my bath.

SUNDAY. WIRELESS REPORT—Shem says there's no fun using the wireless unless you can talk to somebody.

REMARKS:

Services this morning. I am tired of preaching. Wish there had been some good ministers.—The candles are giving out. Was struck with a bright idea. Took the two lightning bugs and put them in a wine bottle. Hung it from the chandelier. Great success.—House-cleaned the aquarium this afternoon. I can't see why the white fish don't get along with the smoked herring.—Mrs. Noah located that flea.



MONDAY.

REMARKS:

We played charades tonight. Ham and his wife came as Adam and Eve. We guessed them in a minute. Japheth put on a suit of my robes, and came as me. I guessed him by the beard. Mrs. Noah was an Egyptian princess, who fell in love with some foreigners. I forget her name. Mrs. Japheth appeared as a Chaldean suffragette. We gave her up until she smashed a few portholes.

I came disguised with a lantern. Walked around the deck looking for someone. They couldn't guess me. Then I went up to a looking-glass and shook hands with myself. They couldn't even guess me after that. Afterwards, Ham said he thought I was Diogenes but I threw him off the scent when I shook hands with myself.

TUESDAY.

REMARKS:

Mrs. Ham wants me to give her the feathers of the birds of paradise if they die.—Ham played a mean trick on me today. While I was on the bridge he ran up and said somebody wanted me on the telephone. I was half-way down the ladder before I tumbled.—Mrs. Shem made candy this afternoon. She gave me a whole pan to myself. I do like that woman.—Mrs. Noah wishes there were some other women on the Ark to talk about.—Gave the apple worms a fresh apple.—Caught Ham fishing in the gold-fish bowl.



WEDNESDAY.

REMARKS:

Spent the morning tacking a screen around the two spider-webs to keep the flies from bothering the poor bugs.—Fed the moths the last piece of brussels carpet today.—Those two sphinxes haven't eaten a single thing on the voyage. I've read somewhere they only eat mummies.



THURSDAY.

REMARKS:

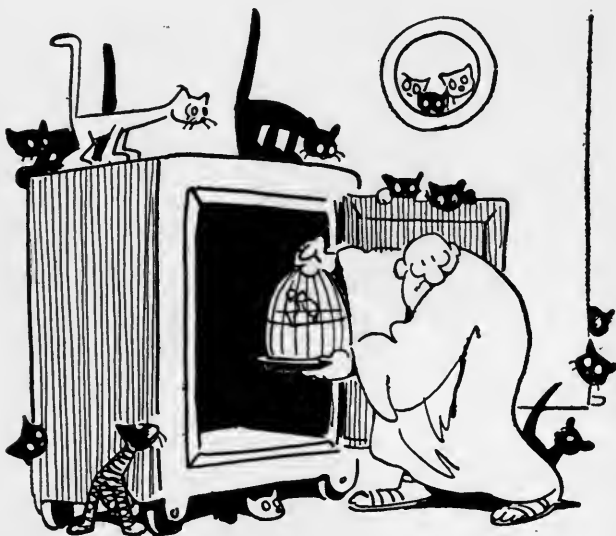
Nothing happened today.



FRIDAY.

REMARKS:

We're almost over the equator. Quite warm. Wish we had brought some electric fans.—That moose of mine has a dandy pair of antlers. I'd like to have them for a hat-rack.—Yorick scratched up the flower box. Mrs. Noah never said a word. If one of my animals had done that, I never would have heard the end of it.—It beats me where all these kittens are coming from. Put the canaries in the safe.



SATURDAY.

REMARKS:

Made inventory of cargo. All present. It's a grand sight to see them all lined up. It's a wonder I can remember all their names. I do get mixed on the Latin pronunciation occasionally, but the family never notice it. Anyway, I can't see the use of giving a fly such a high-faluting name as "*musca domestica*."—The women folks make a lot of fuss over the peacocks. They're too fancy for me. I like something plain like a hippopotamus.—It might be a good plan to catalogue these animals while I have them all together. But I'm not a zoölogist. I'm a shipbuilder and navigator.—My day to eat the egg.—Slipped Mrs. Noah's muff into the moths' den. It ought to make good pasture for them.—Took my bath.

SUNDAY. WIRELESS REPORT — Do your Christmas shopping early.

REMARKS:

Services.—We're over India. It's a shame we are so close to these interesting places and can't see them.—Shem says we are nearer the horizon today than any time on the cruise.—Ham can't see any use in hanging up the red and green lights at night. As long as I'm captain I'm going to run the Ark according to the rules. Who ever heard of an Ark at sea without lights? —No ice-cream for dinner today. The freezer is broken.—Mrs. Noah found her muff. She was furious.

MONDAY.

REMARKS:

Can't understand two little birds among my specimens. They roost in the top of the clock. Every once in awhile they come out and holler "coo-coo." I have tried everything to make them eat. They don't like bird-seed. Now, I'm tempting them with worms.—Took Mrs. Noah's boa to the moths' den. I was caught. She won't talk to me now. That woman is heartless. She wouldn't care if the dear animals starved to death. I'll have to feed them blotting paper.—Repaired the freezer.



TUESDAY.

REMARKS:

We can't keep the fox terrier away from the talking machine.



WEDNESDAY.

REMARKS:

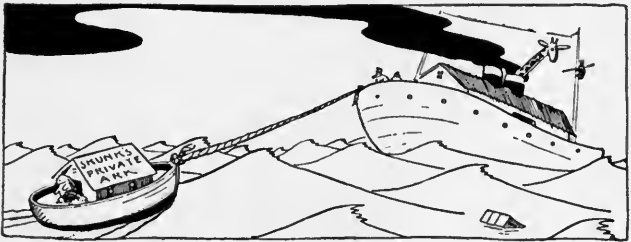
Had all the creeping things out for exercise. The deck was quite alive. I have made pets of all the animals on the Ark with the exception of some of these. Take the St. Vitus dance microbes for instance—they are entirely too unsympathetic for me. I don't care much for the snakes either. They are the things that got my great-great-great-great-grandmother into trouble. One of the grasshoppers tried to jump overboard.—Japh, Ham and their wives sit too late in the smoke room. Those children ought to go to bed early.—Mrs. Shem says the Noah family eats so much the pigs are getting thin.—Seven more kittens today.



THURSDAY.

REMARKS:

One of the megatheriums presented her husband with a little seventy-five foot daughter. We're too crowded as it is. Shem and I fed her a couple of barrels of chloroform, and then threw it overboard. It will make a fine fossil for some museum.—Mrs. Noah gave a progressive bridge tonight. I had to go. I don't see why one can't sit at the same table all evening. Still, the moving keeps me awake. Mrs. Shem won a stamp album, and Ham got a chafing-dish.



FRIDAY.

REMARKS:

Posed again for my picture.—Yorick has eaten all the Spratt's biscuits.—Dropped one of the clay pigeons, but did not break him.—Spent morning whitewashing the chicken coop.—Fourteen more kittens today.—Passed several floating *Verboten* signs. We must be over Germany. Mrs. Ham had to tell us all about her travels in that country.—There's a little hundred-footer in the thousand-legger bunk.

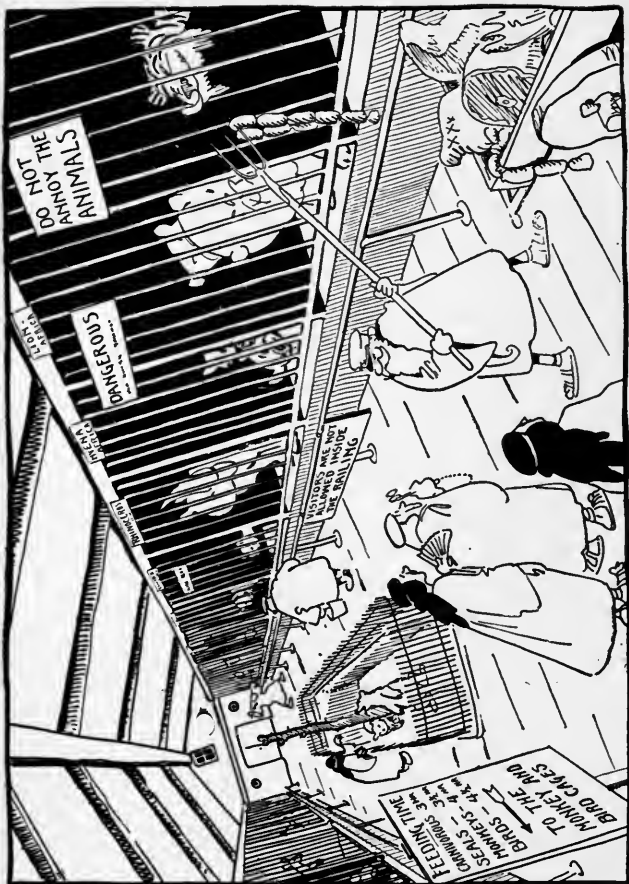


SATURDAY.

REMARKS:

Mrs. Japheth made a *faux pas* this morning. She shouted, "Ship ahoy." We all ran to the railing and looked. She insisted she saw smoke beyond the horizon. If there's anything to be seen the man on the lookout ought to see it first.—I spend a good deal of time on the bridge these days. We are in the path of the liners and I don't want a collision. But I guess we won't sink. We have twelve rats aboard.—Bath.





"Feeding time in the steerage"

SUNDAY.

REMARKS:

One of the bats broke up church. The women crawled under the pews when we began the chase. Ham smashed a mirror. He'll have seven years' bad luck. I finally hit the bird with a tennis racket, and chased him back to his cage. I don't know, but I believe Ham let him out. I had a good sermon for today, too. I was going to tell the congregation about the sins of the world. They'll get that sermon yet.—The cook says we are running out of provisions. Our water supply is still good.—My day for the egg.—We're crossing the Ægean Sea. Mrs. Ham had to tell us about her last voyage.—Going to have a mock trial tomorrow.

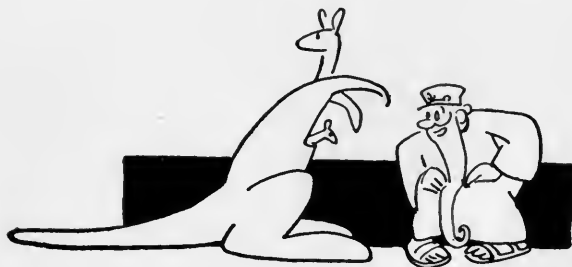
MONDAY.

REMARKS:

Had the mock trial tonight. I was arrested on the charge of cruelty to animals. Mrs. Noah swore out the warrant. Japheth was the cop, and Ham the prosecuting attorney. Mrs. Noah was the first witness. She told the court I made the bats sleep upside down, that I wouldn't let the mock turtles mock, and that I put sawdust in the bran I fed the megatherium cubieri. Mrs. Ham then took the stand and declared I never opened the sardine cans before I fed them to the whales, that I threw my sandlejack at the cats, and knocked the stuffin' out of the teddybears. Mrs. Japheth testified I put the chameleon on the crazy-quilt, and that I never cleaned the leopards. Of course, I didn't do any of these things, but I do wish I had taken a punch at Yorick.

Mrs. Shem was my witness. She said I had been a member of the S. P. C. A. from infancy, that I was a couple of pillars of the temple, that I had done my best to make the bats roost like a regular chicken, and that she had frequently seen me trying to clean the spots off the leopards with benzine. Shem was my lawyer. He declared the accusations were pure blackmail, and that I was too young to be so cruel. The first witness, he said, showed her incompetence by

pronouncing "megatherium cubieri," "megatherium cubieri" and not "megatherium cubieri." The other witnesses were all in the pay of the animal trust, according to my attorney, and as far as the chameleon charge was concerned he produced evidence to show the bugs like nothing better than a crazy-quilt to display their talents. In ending his speech, Shem said I was the greatest animal keeper who ever lived, and that it would be a blot on ancient history should I be convicted. I was unanimously acquitted by the jury.



TUESDAY.

REMARKS:

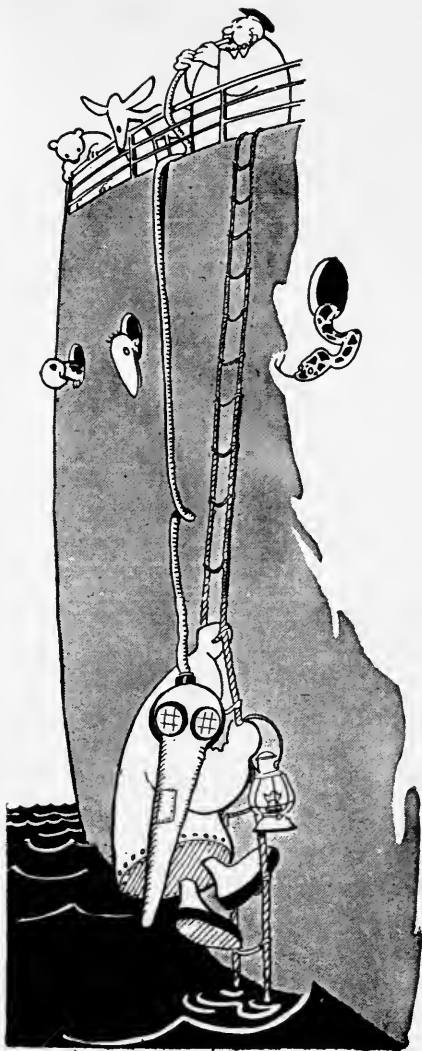
Spent morning in the monkey fo'csle. I'd hate to think I was a descendant of theirs. I once asked grandpa about that story. He said he had talked it over with his grandmother. She told him grandpa Adam often declared the fabrication to be a deliberate lie.—I don't know what to do with the Ark after we land. Perhaps I can sell it to some curiosity or second-hand dealer.—The crane stood on his other leg today.—I felt sorry for the bugs in the hold, so I put an ark light down there.



WEDNESDAY.

REMARKS:

Christmas must be coming. Mrs. Noah has stopped complaining. She says I am looking so young. Mrs. Ham warmed my slippers to-night. Ham is really working.—A litter of pigs came aboard. Pigs is pigs. Anyway, they are more practical than kittens. It's against my principles to eat pork, so we are going to make them into sausage.—Ham hopes the oysters have little ones. He says he would enjoy a good oyster-stew.—Put on my diver's suit this afternoon, and went overboard to see if my two barnacles were still on the keel. They were.



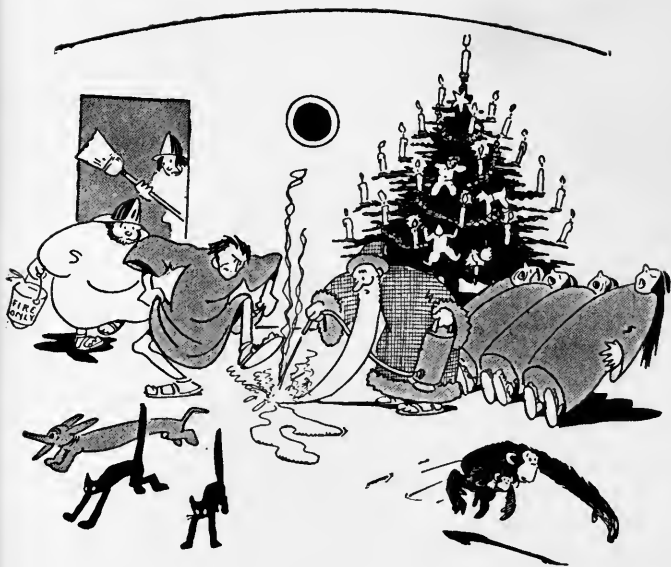
*“Went over-
board to see
if my two
barnacles
were still on
the keel”*

THURSDAY.

REMARKS:

The night before Christmas. Everybody hung their stockings before the fireplace. Ham wanted me to play Santa, and climb down the funnel. I knew if I did he would pile on more coal. The family couldn't do enough for me tonight.—I finally decided to play Santa Claus. Dressed up like a real toy-store Kriss Kringle. We had a jolly good time in the cabin. Decorated the tree, and hung some mistletoe from the chandelier. I caught Mrs. Shem several times. Mrs. Noah had to get jealous, and sat under it.

I don't think they would have known who I was if my beard had not caught fire. Everybody lost their heads. The girls fainted. The boys ran for the fire buckets. I finally got a fire-extinguisher going, but the thing was so old-fashioned several inches of whiskers were burned before I put out the flames.



*"Several inches of
whiskers were burned"*

FRIDAY.

REMARKS:

Christmas—peace on earth, good will to men. Up early to see what was in my stocking. We had a family gathering in the saloon this morning. Received the most original presents. Mrs. Ham gave me some cigars (haven't smoked any yet) and a pink lounging jacket. The family gave me: handkerchiefs, a stick pin, Christmas cards, another red tie, slippers, a knitted shirt, and a pair of skates. Ham gave me subscriptions to several magazines. I gave Mrs. Noah a handsome pair of anklets, and a cut-glass salad bowl. Gave Japheth his first razor. He's only 82 and hasn't much of a beard. I gave the ladies the regular Christmas presents.

When I was a child I enjoyed Christmas more than I do now. It's too expensive for a man with a family as large as mine. People do give such inappropriate presents. I never looked well in a red necktie.—Had a real plum-pudding for dinner, but I think the plums were prunes.—Oh! yes, I did not get my egg today. They made eggnog out of it.—We opened a barrel of candy.—I'm glad the day is over.

SATURDAY.

REMARKS:

Lit a Christmas cigar. I never heard one spatter as much when it hit the water. The slippers pinch my feet.—Yorick walked in my way today. I gave him a kick. Mrs. Noah saw me. She jawed me and said I had to stop kicking her pet around.—Mrs. Ham complained to the captain that Mrs. Shem and Mrs. Japheth keep taking her steamer chair. I told her she would have to see the deck steward about it.—I wish Ham would work more and draw less.—Took my bath.

SUNDAY.

REMARKS:

I would like to see a newspaper.—Those two Texas steers are mighty interesting. Just to think what a big trust their descendants will figure in.—The poor guineapigs caught their tails in the machinery today. Now, they will have to go through the generations tailless.—Tried to smoke another Christmas cigar while promenading the deck with Mrs. Noah. How we men do suffer for our wives' sake. Accidentally dropped it overboard.—We're sailing up the Jordan River. Of course, Mrs. Ham told us all about her last trip. That woman has travelled a bit, and continually says, "When I was here the last time," or "When I was here before." It is vulgar to talk like that. These old travellers are pests.—Hurrah! the prunes are all gone.

WASHDAY.

REMARKS:

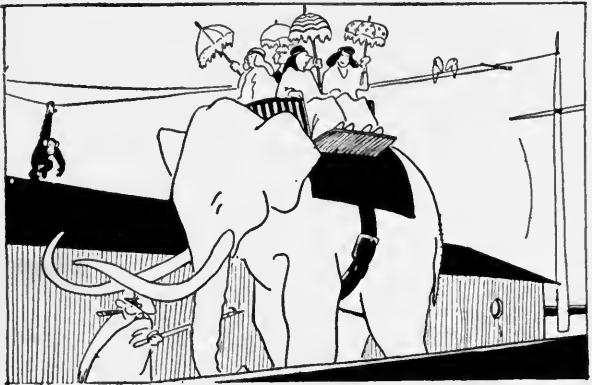
Brought one of the Balaam trick donkeys on deck. Ham had a terrible tumble. They wanted me to ride him, but I thought it would be undignified.—Band concert tonight. I was the audience. The music caused such a disturbance down in the hold that the band had to quit. I never was so grateful to those animals before.—We're going about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a knot an hour. I wonder if an ark ever will be built to go as fast as one knot.—There's another little rattle in the rattlers' box.—Ham took our pictures today.



WEDNESDAY.

REMARKS:

Stopped all last night on account of a fog. I'm not taking any chances with the Ark.—Gave the elephants an extra peanut today. Japheth raised Cain with me. He's a regular Scotchman.—This afternoon we took Jumbo out, and gave the ladies a ride. It looked like a circus parade. Wish I had a motion picture of it.—We also had the races on deck. The boys ran a marathon. I lost interest—too long. Afterwards I won the potato race.



THURSDAY. December 31, B.C. 2349.

REMARKS:

It's tomorrow now. We all sat around watching the old year out, and the new year in. At eight bells—midnight—the Ark whistles began to blow. The family jumped up on the tables, waved flags and blew horns. Shem opened a bottle of wine.—This is pretty late for me to be up, but I like a party once in awhile. I haven't had one since the Ark was christened.

FRIDAY. January 1, B.C. 2348.

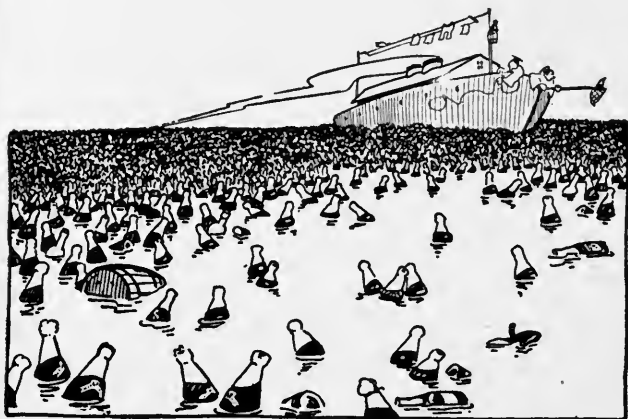
REMARKS:

Wished everybody a happy yom kippur.—Am going to turn over some new leaves today. Resolved to stop allowing Mrs. Noah to run the Ark, to abandon wine, and swear off swearing. I am also going to keep a diary.—We had some fine stewed rabbit for supper.—Received a few New Year cards.—I am glad I have resolved to abstain from wine. In this antiquity there is little comfort in becoming inebriated. And, then, I don't like that feeling I have in my head the morning after. It would be a blessing to humanity if someone would invent a remedy for that pain. I use a towel and ice water. Yes, I'm going to stop, and set a good example to my offspring.

SATURDAY.

REMARKS:

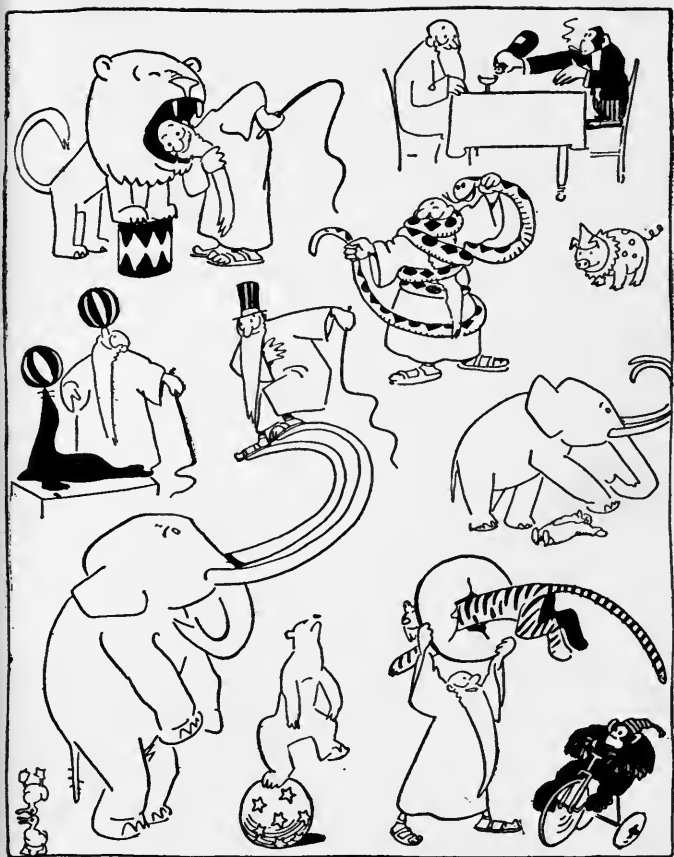
The iguanodon bernissartensis laid an egg. We thought the Ark had run aground when she cackled. The crew and I rolled it on the scales, but it was too heavy to weigh. Ham wanted his mother to make an omelet. I decided, however, to throw it overboard for fear the thing might hatch. It made a fine big splash.—Passed a school of drowned fish.—Cut myself this morning while shaving. I'm going to purchase a safety razor as soon as I get into port.—Passed over Paris. Poor girls.



MONDAY.

REMARKS:

Entertainment tonight. Pretty dull affair except for my number which was the feature of the evening. Brought up one of the lions, and made him go through all his stunts—jump through rings, growl at me, etc. Then I had the seals. They are very slippery for trainers, but I made them juggle a flaming torch and balance balls on their noses. Did a lot of other circus tricks, too. Ended my performance with a grand display of the elephant. Let him carry me about, walk over me, and stand on a wash-tub and beg. I do love to crack that whip.—Mrs. Ham gave a lyre solo. She struck several false notes.—Mrs. Japheth sang “Auld Lang Syne.”—Ham did a hornpipe.—Shem recited a poem which he dedicated to me. It was so full of sentiment I’m going to learn it by heart even if I’m not much of a hand at poetry.—Mrs. Noah took up a collection for the wives of the seamen.—I don’t like these ship entertainments. I’d rather see a musical comedy with a good-looking choir any day.

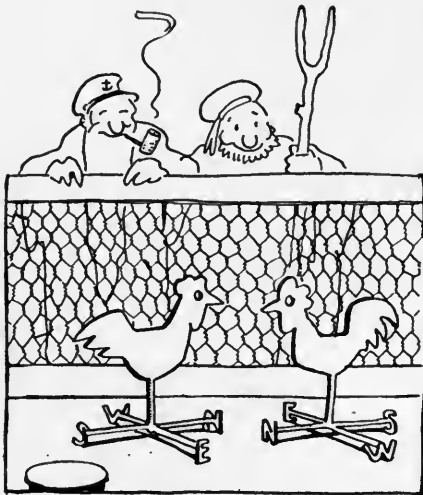


"My number was the feature of the evening"

WEDNESDAY.

REMARKS:

Today Mrs. Ham told us about a steamer where they had a daily newspaper. I decided to publish one. Made Shem the editor-in-chief, Japheth the printer, Mrs. Ham the society editor, and Ham the cartoonist. First copy is to come from press tomorrow.—We have another camel and a wee ichthyosaurus burgundii.—One of the crickets has a sore chirp.



THURSDAY.

REMARKS:

First edition of our paper came out today. We call it the *Diluvian Times*. Price $\frac{1}{2}$ shekel. Sold seven copies. Ham had a cartoon in it of Shem. It was the funniest thing I ever saw.—Played solitaire tonight to kill time.—The mock turtles have a baby mock turtle.—Am glad our paper is such a success.

FRIDAY.

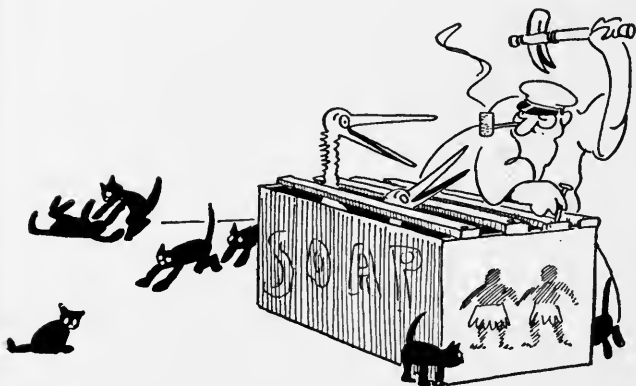
REMARKS:

The *Diluvian Times* was again for sale at the news-stand. Ham's cartoon of Mrs. Noah made me roar. That boy certainly is clever with his chisel. Mrs. Noah was greatly offended. I don't see why.—Twins arrived at the oyster headquarters.—Twelve more kittens today.—The German eagle and the British lion are always growling at each other.—Tonight I sat around reading the paper.

SATURDAY.

REMARKS:

Ham's cartoon of Japheth was capital in today's *Diluvian Times*. I laugh every time I think of it.—The flies are becoming a nuisance. They have occupied all the fly-paper. I love my two pet flies, but I don't like their descendants.—Another rhino today. I boxed up the storks.



MONDAY.

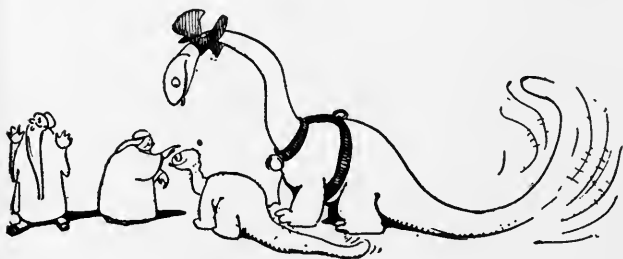
REMARKS:

There wasn't a yesterday. We reached the spot in the ocean where we captains have to forget a day. I don't know where the 24 hours go. If I were a younger man I would organize an expedition to come out here and try to find them. Pushed all the sun-dials a whole day ahead.—There's a cartoon of me in today's *Diluvian Times*. That impertinent Ham did it. I didn't see anything funny in it. Some people always spoil everything.

TUESDAY.

REMARKS:

No *Diluvian Times* today. I prohibited the publication.—Spent the morning explaining the 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 bells to Mrs. Noah and my daughters-in-law. They were very thick-headed.—Mrs. Noah broke her curling iron today. I made her another out of a piece of pipe.—The premium on my life insurance came due today. It was the first time in 479 years I've let it lapse.—We have a little Yorick. Mrs. Noah makes a lot of fuss over the puppy.

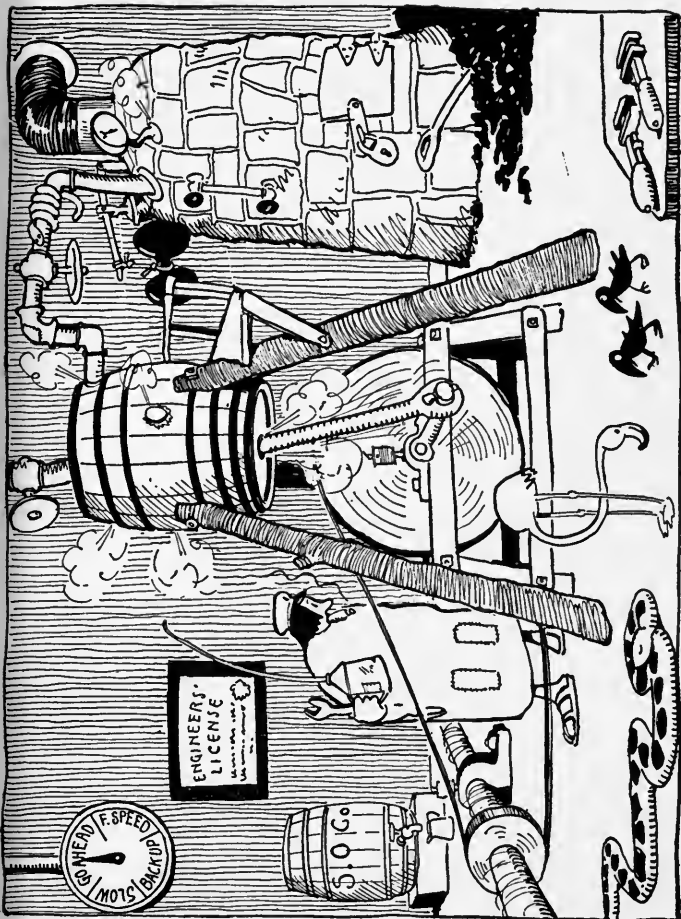


WEDNESDAY.

REMARKS:

Roof began to crack.—We let the microbes play in the smoke room this morning. Had quite a time getting them back in their respective cages.—That boy Shem is clever. He is a great comfort to me. He is fond of astronomy. It may come in handy after the fortieth. He's fond of animals, too. He taught the rabbits to sit up on their hind legs.—One of the lap dogs has the colic.





The Engine Room

THURSDAY.

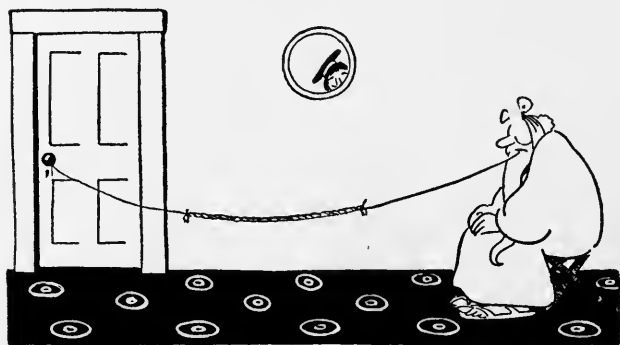
REMARKS:

The elephant walked on my corn. By Jove, it did hurt. I wouldn't have minded it if he had stepped on my other foot, but—oh!—that corn.—The alligators were homesick today. Ham painted some swamp scenery for them. That is about the first useful thing he has done on the whole trip.—My back tooth still hurts and we're a long way from a good dentist. Tried the hot-water bag, seven poultices, and Mrs. Ham's faith cure. Still it throbs.

FRIDAY.

REMARKS:

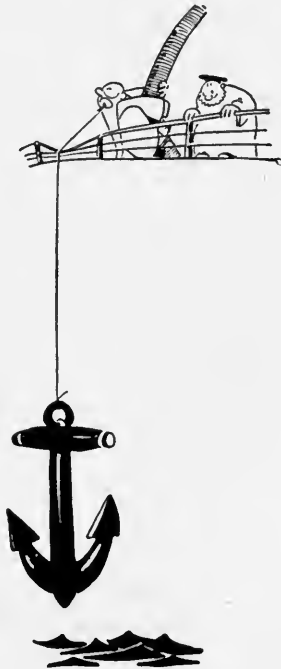
Made up my mind I would get rid of that tooth. Thought of a fine home-made-dentist plan to pull it. Tied one end of a string to the tooth and the other to the handle of my state-room door. I wanted somebody to open the door, and then the tooth would fly out. Sat there all day, but no one came in. Tonight I opened the door and found some practical joker had tacked up a "no admittance" sign. I'll bet it was Ham.



SATURDAY.

REMARKS:

Pulled that tooth today sailor fashion. Tied the other end of the string to the anchor, and hung on to the mast while Shem threw it overboard. Thought it would pull the mast up by the roots. I don't care, I have fifteen teeth left, but it just dawned on me—I lost that anchor.



SUNDAY.

REMARKS:

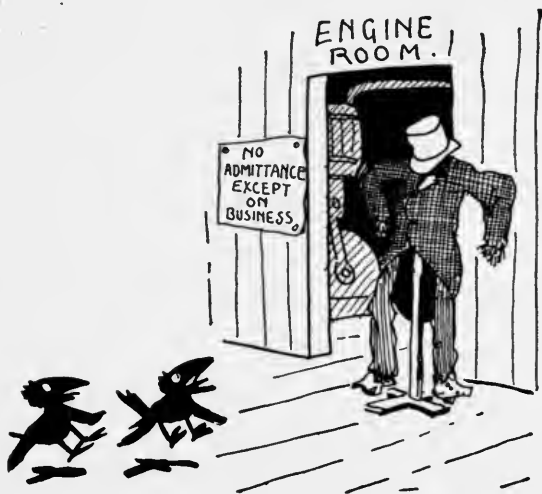
100th day of voyage.—Services. I preached about the dangers young people encounter in large cities. Hope the congregation remember my warnings.—Tonight I overheard the officers talking. Ham said there was not much fun working for the governor as I didn't pay him anything. He wanted to know how he could bring up a family on those wages. Shem took my part and said I might leave him something in my will. Japheth reminded Ham his expenses were next to nothing, and that he had plenty to eat. He thought the Noah boys ought to make a fortune after we land because labor will be so cheap.

Ham said he was going in for politics, and then he would be sure of his fortune. Japheth said he would like to start a bank. Shem declared he only would succeed as a professor in some college.—My, I wish one of my sons would be a lawyer or a doctor. It gives distinction to the family. I'm glad I haven't any daughters. All a woman thinks about is getting married, and I'd have a hard time finding good husbands for them.

MONDAY.

REMARKS:

Mrs. Shem and I beat Japheth and Mrs. Japheth at deck shuffleboard. Score 100 to 97. Mrs. Ham and Shem challenged us. I like to play that game. It's fun pushing those stone checkers along the deck.—The boa constrictor peeled himself today.—Mrs. Ham wants the tiger skins to make rugs. I told her she could have them if the animals died, but I'm not going to let them die.—Engineer complains the crows are all the time in the engine room. He's afraid they will get mixed up in the machinery. Hunted around the Ark and found some old clothes and ordered him to make a scarecrow.



TUESDAY.

REMARKS:

Ham is positively useless as an engineer. During the second watch I saw a snag ahead. I signalled "stop" to the engineer. Ham came up from the engine room and wanted to know why. We hit that snag. I'll never let him engineer me through another flood.—Exercised the lobsters. Something must be wrong with their differential gears. They only walk backwards.—Hoisted the sails to help the coal.

WEDNESDAY.

REMARKS:

Shem and Mrs. Ham beat Mrs. Shem and me at shuffleboard today. Score 100 to 23. They did not play fair. They always waited till the Ark was steady before they shuffled. Broke my monocle while playing.—A little mammoth came aboard. Boxed up the storks again.—After tea the ladies patched the sails.—The male missing-link is down with the gout. Spent evening looking at the family album.



*"Shem and Mrs. Ham
beat Mrs. Shem and me"*

THURSDAY.

REMARKS:

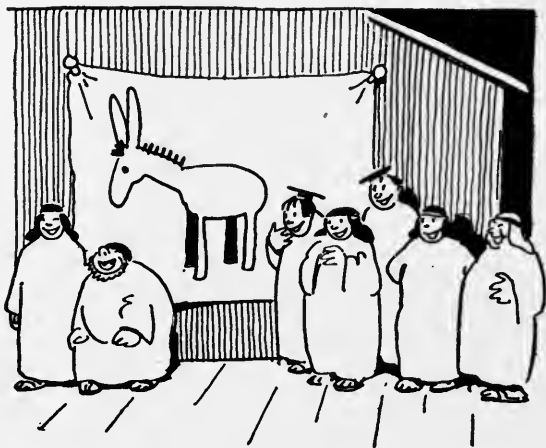
Today all the dog licenses expired, but we're not liable to run into any dog-catchers out here. —We played a new game tonight. Ham painted a donkey without a tail on a sheet. We all had little tails made out of cloth, and took turns being blindfolded, and trying to pin them on the place where the donkey's tail commences. I know I would have hit the spot because I took a good look before they tied up my eyes, but that villain Ham started me off in the opposite direction to the painting.—Mrs. Ham says she does not like to ride on a ship with patched sails.



FRIDAY.

REMARKS:

Am tired of these continental breakfasts, and this condensed milk.—Wish I had saved the library. I have read everything on board with the exception of the old time-table, and I'll finish that tomorrow.—Mrs. Shem gave a tea in the music room this afternoon.—Have stopped playing shuffleboard. Nobody will let me beat them at the game.—The two crows like to roost in the lookout's barrel. The crew now call the place the crows' nest. Put the scarecrow up there to keep them from interfering with the work of the sailors.



SATURDAY AND SUNDAY.

REMARKS:

We are spending the week-end painting the ship. I must live up to the traditions of the sea.—Ham reported seeing a sea-serpent during his watch last night. I don't know about the serpent but I do know he was in the buffet a long time before he went on the bridge.—The company that sold me the coal cheated me. Their slate won't burn.—This clear weather is awfully monotonous.—We officers have worn a rut in the bridge where we walk.—One of the big rabbits with a long tail and a pouch appeared on deck today with a youngster.—Finished the time-table this afternoon.—Took my bath.

MONDAY.

REMARKS:

Held a lifeboat drill this afternoon. The crew were not very rapid. It took $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours to get the boat in the water. All the ropes were tangled.—Had a talking machine concert this evening. Am tired of the records. Wish I could get some new ones.—Not a very interesting day. Did not take my watch this A.M. It was cloudy, and the sun-dial alarm never went off.

TUESDAY.

REMARKS:

Another lifeboat drill today. Such a block-head crew!—Still painting ship.—Tonight I made out a new will. I'm leaving the Ark, my insurance and bank account to my widow, provided she never marries again. Shem gets my spy-glass, the charts, and this log-book. I'm giving my evening robes, the engines, and the fish-worms to Ham. Japheth is to have my razor, top hat, and other personal effects. I willed the beautiful, plush-covered family album, some stock in the Damascus-Bagdad Oriental Rug Weaving Company, and my mining stock to the girls. The animals and the earth I divide equally among the family.

I gave some explicit instructions regarding my funeral. I want to become a real fine mummy, bound in A No. 1, four ply tire tape, and tattooed by a good undertaker. The case is to be waterproof. I make a special request that I shall never be exhibited in a museum. But—I don't want to be a mummy for a few centuries.

WEDNESDAY.

REMARKS:

Tomorrow I'll be a rich man. We are going to have a rabbit and turtle race. Bet all the officers 5 to 1 on the turtle. I saw all the officers winking, but they don't know I got a tip from Æsop's animal book. It may be wrong to bet on a sure thing, but the money will stay in the family anyway.—Held another lifeboat drill today. The boat was in the ocean in one hour. That was a big improvement. Everything went all right, only we couldn't find the oars.

THURSDAY.

REMARKS:

Held the derby today. I'm a ruined man. Threw that nature-faker's book overboard. He was either like most authors, or he had a different kind of a turtle. By jove, my turtle hadn't reached the first hurdle before the rabbit was under the wire.—Insisted on another lifeboat drill. I don't know what's the matter with that crew of mine. Two hours were spent in getting the boat in the sea. I'm not going to let them practise any more.



FRIDAY.

REMARKS:

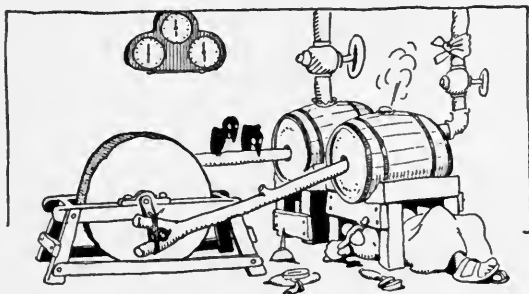
The ice machine broke today. Engineer spent the whole day trying to repair it. I tried also, but the engine was like a Chinese puzzle to me.—The poor polar bears are suffering. Ordered the women folks to take turns fanning them.—I am greatly worried.



SATURDAY.

REMARKS:

Still Ham couldn't fix that machine. Wish I had brought a good engineer along. He says it works perfectly with the exception of making ice. The ladies threaten a strike on the fanning business. The water in the seals' tank is getting warm. The seals and sea-lions are shedding their fur. Have decided to take the Ark to the polar regions until the engine is repaired. Of course, I couldn't find the north pole chart. Shem's astronomy came in to good advantage. He suggested heading for the north star. I just knew his education would come in handy some day.—Tonight we are sailing northward and I wish we were there. This worry is liable to drive me to an asylum.—Postponed my bath.



SUNDAY.

REMARKS:

No time for services.—That ice machine still stays out of commission. Ham blames me. It seems the rule book was thrown overboard the night of the storm.—Shem tried to fix the machine this afternoon. He had several good repair theories, but it won't make ice.—Mrs. Noah complains of two sore wrists. Mrs. Ham declares she never did like polar bears. I think she would like to see the seals die, and then she would ask for their skins.—We are going like the wind. Ordered a forced draught for the engines.—Passed lots of stars. At this rate we ought to get to the pole in a hurry.—Cooler.

MONDAY.

REMARKS:

No washing today. The ladies had to stay in the bear pits.—Gave the seals an extra fish to keep them quiet.—Ham nearly drives me mad. He has taken the machine apart scores of times, and puts it together different every time.—Weather much cooler.—Mrs. Noah took our furs out of the moth-ball chest.—Tonight we saw the aurora borealis. To me it looked like a kaleidoscope.—The old Ark is certainly flying. We'll be at the pole before you can say Jack Robinson.

TUESDAY.

REMARKS:

Cold! The thermometer was frozen when I got up this morning.—We are in the ice fields, and getting near the pole. The bears are relieved. Don't have to fan them any more. The seals are again contented.—Mrs. Ham said she wished she had never seen the Ark. I wish she had her wish. She is as much bother as an old maid. And I'm glad there weren't any good old maids to transport.—We are all wearing our furs.—Thank goodness, I can sleep tonight and not worry about those bears.



WEDNESDAY.

REMARKS:

Ice cold! My beard was frozen today.— At noon we passed over the pole. Thought I would see something, but I was disappointed. Nothing there but ice and water. I wonder who will say they discovered the place? At last, Ham repaired the ice machine. I overheard him telling his wife he had forgotten to turn on some valve. I am going to discharge him as soon as we get on land.—Those bears actually smiled today. They seem to enjoy the attention they have been paid of late.—Too cold to promenade the deck or stand on the bridge, so I gave the officers a night off.

THURSDAY.

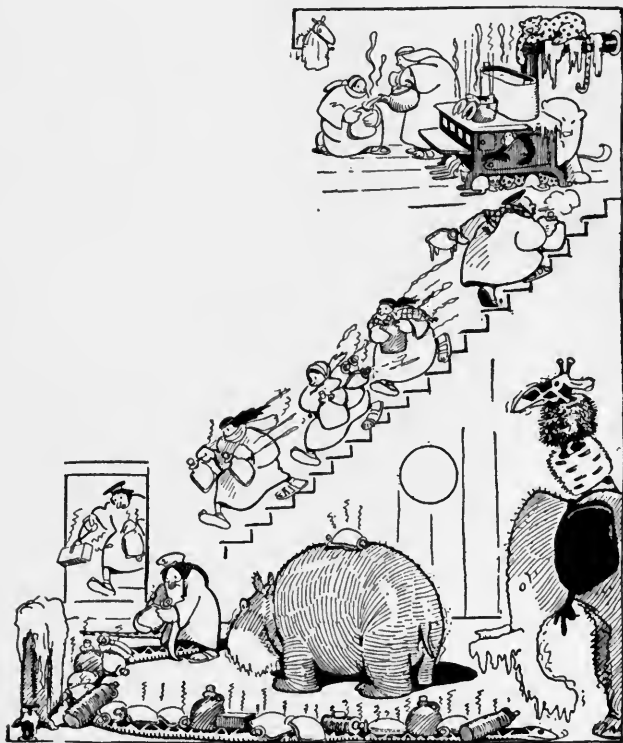
REMARKS:

What the Medes and Persians say about trouble coming in bunches is true. Now, the heating apparatus won't work. Nothing like that ever happened when we were down south. At 2.20 the hippo began shivering. At 2.30 the *metriorhynchus superciliosus* began shaking. At 3.00 the elephants shivered. At 4.00 the *bothriospondylus madagascariensis* began shaking. At 4.15 the Ark shook.—We drove the birds to the boiler room, and put the butterflies into the thermo bottle.—Surely poor Job won't have more troubles than poor me.

FRIDAY.

REMARKS:

No time for remarks. Busy hot-water bottling the tropical animals.



SATURDAY.

REMARKS;

The Noah family slept in the boiler room last night. I do love the fire this weather.—The Ark looks like an iceberg.—We're going downhill just as fast as those old engines will take us. Passed over Spitzbergen this afternoon.—I can't get down south too soon to please me. I'm going to cruise around the Tropic of Cancer until I get thawed out.—The women folks are dead tired. It does them good to work once in a while. This is the first time they have done anything to pay for their passage, and they shouldn't complain. If that fool python would only coil up, he wouldn't take half so many hot-water bags.—Can't spare the hot-water for my bath.

SUNDAY.

REMARKS:

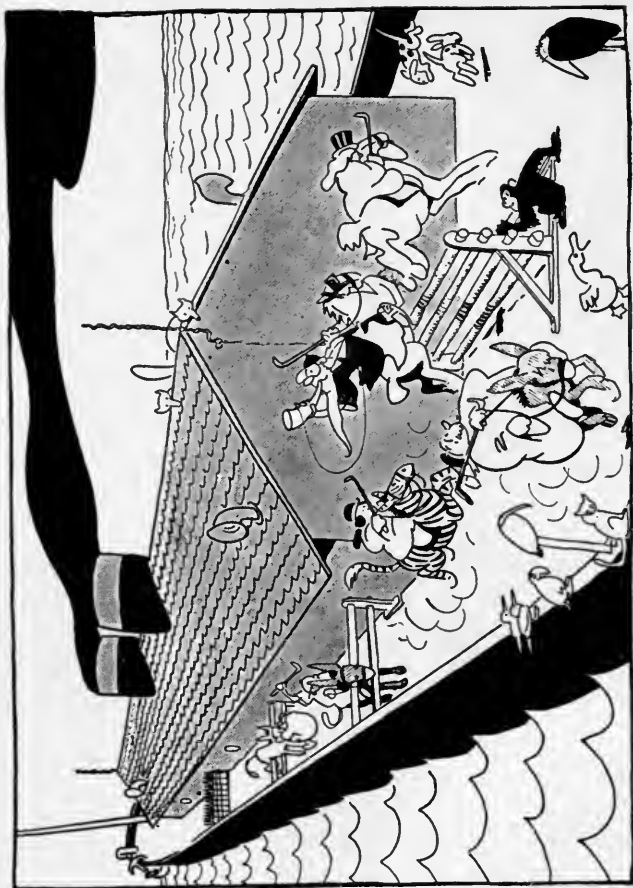
Ham burst into my cabin early this morning and said he had repaired the heat. Ordered the hot-water-bottle brigade to stop.—I want to sleep in peace tonight.—Services this A.M. Everybody went to sleep.—Reached our regular course this afternoon.—I'm thankful for lots of things today.—I'm thankful we are back here in the warm weather, that I wasn't left ashore, that the Ark doesn't leak, and that I haven't had a mutiny.—Now, I'm going to bed. Put the alarm-sundial in the trunk.

MONDAY.

REMARKS:

This warm weather is fine.—We had more excitement on board today. The foxes broke out of their cages. We held a hurried council of war. I was elected M. F. H. Shem and I put up the hurdles along the promenade deck, and then I took the hounds out of their kennels. Mrs. Noah and I rode the horses, while the others came along on whatever they could find. My wife complained because she did not bring her riding habit. To quiet her I let her wear my top hat.

We had a pleasant ride before the dogs took up the scent. Then the chase began. The barking of the dogs was deafening. We finally saw the foxes jumping over the hatches and rainwater barrels. Had a hard time keeping up with the hounds, and I think we would have done better if Yorick had kept out of the way. At last, we treed them in an air funnel. Shem went below and smoked them out, and then we chased them back to their dens. I was sorry I couldn't get the tails for the ladies. We all had a fine breakfast in the saloon after the hunt.



“Then the Chase began”

TUESDAY.

REMARKS:

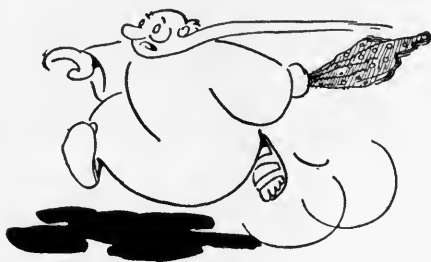
Stiff today. Guess I had too much exercise yesterday. I'm not as young a man as I was a few centuries ago.—The goose laid an egg. It wasn't gold. I must have brought the wrong goose.—Tonight we held a parlour entertainment in the *salon*. Ham did some tricks. I never knew he was clever before. He took a rabbit, a gold-fish bowl, a pair of pigeons, two white rats, and a guinea pig out of my top hat. It was most extraordinary. I don't see why I brought all the animals along if Ham can bring them out of a hat like that.



WEDNESDAY.

REMARKS:

Had a narrow escape today. While I was dusting the cow stable the cow's husband went for me. I didn't do anything to make him angry. I was only standing there wiping the perspiration from my forehead with my bandanna. I didn't study running for nothing when I went to school. He chased me around the boat eleven times before I discovered it was my bandanna that offended him. Wonder if that fool bull thinks I'm going to carry my white Sunday handkerchief on working days?



FRIDAY.

REMARKS:

Began taking soundings today—15 cubits of water.—We are just sailing along in our own sweet way.—Escorted the ladies through the steerage this afternoon.—Judging from the manner the dogs are scratching there must be some baby fleas aboard. Won ship's pool.



SATURDAY. SOUNDING— $14\frac{9}{10}$ cubits.

REMARKS:

One of the sponges was quite ill during the night. I soaked him in some castor oil.—This morning I took a piece of parchment. On it I wrote my name and address and a note asking the fellow who finds it to drop me a line. Put it in a bottle and threw it overboard.—Fourteen more kittens today.—Took my bath.



SUNDAY. SOUNDING—same.

REMARKS:

Today is Easter. Held a special service this morning. Later Mrs. Noah and the girls dressed in their new spring clothes and their new bonnets. Those hats were sights. The ladies marched about the deck, while we males had to admire them as they passed. I must say Mrs. Noah looked a couple of hundred years younger than usual.—She gave me a lecture because I wore my bedroom slippers on deck.—Oh! I'll be glad to get ashore.



NEXT FRIDAY. SOUNDING—12 cubits.

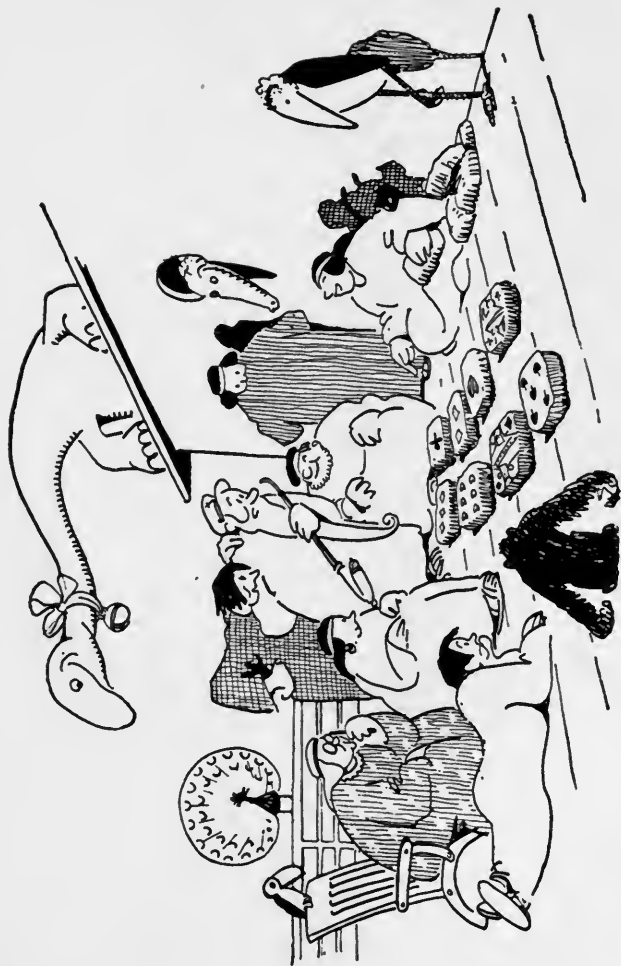
REMARKS:

Have not written in the log-book for the past week. It's a nuisance. The company will probably haul me over the coals.—Weather, animals, and family just the same.—Today I thought I would send out a bird to see if there was any land afloat. Tossed^o up a coin to see whether I would use a red or black raven. Black won. When I opened the window, the raven quoth "never more" and flew away. Expected her back tonight at supper-time, but up until now (11.30 P.M.) she has not put in an appearance.—Terribly worried.

SATURDAY.

REMARKS:

Confound that raven. She hasn't showed up yet. That bird has either found land or she is some flyer.—Put the egg she laid in the incubator.—This afternoon Mrs. Ham told fortunes with cards. Had her tell mine. She said I soon would travel to a strange land, and that I should beware of a tall, striking blonde. She declared I would inherit large tracts of land. She also fortunated I would have family trouble, and that I should curb my passion for beverages. That was a mean fortune, but I don't take much stock in these soothsayings.—Ham had a worse fortune than mine. According to his wife, he has dark days before him, and he has to travel to a hot country and work like the old Nick.—Took my bath.



“Mrs. Ham told fortunes with cards”

SUNDAY. SOUNDING—could not touch bottom with the lead line. We must be over some ocean.

REMARKS:

Services. Ham spilled the collection plate.—I wonder what is keeping that raven?—Guess I should have sent the old cat. They always come back.—Wish it would rain.

MONDAY. SOUNDING—hit ground again—
11 cubits.

REMARKS:

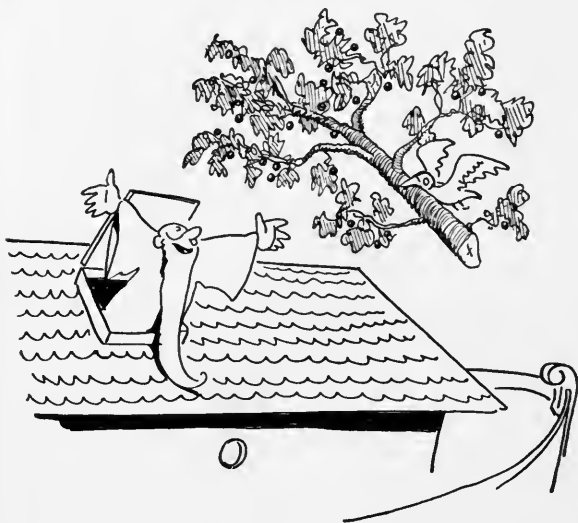
No raven!—Today is the 500th anniversary of my marriage. These have been 500 long, long years. That's quite a while to live with one woman. It's our radium anniversary. Did not receive any presents.—By this time I know all her faults. My, I've learned a lot in these years. I've found that Mrs. Noah never makes a mistake, that I am always wrong, and that everything has always been my fault. It's funny how these women have their own way. Grandpa used to say it was just the same when he was young.—Just to think—everybody who attended our wedding—preacher and all—have passed away.

Mrs. Noah dressed in her wedding gown tonight. It has come into style again. It made me think how crazy I used to be about her. I was a young skylarker then. She used to sing in the temple choir. Tonight she reminded me of a few pet names I used to call her. If what she said was true, I must have been foolish. I had to tell her that I love her more and more as each century rolls by.

SATURDAY. Five days later. SOUNDING—
9 cubits.

REMARKS:

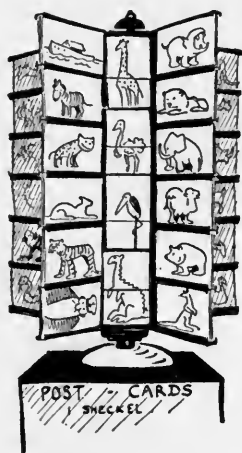
The pigeon left on schedule time. I tied a message to her feet giving my name and nautical position. She first tacked a bit to starboard, and then took a crow's course to land. At 5.32 P.M. she came back with muddy feet and an olive branch in her mouth. Hurrah! the waters are evaporating from off the face of the earth.—I don't care whether that raven comes back or not. Her egg hatched.—We had fresh olives for supper.—Bath. COURSE—toward that tree.



THE NEXT SATURDAY. SOUNDING—7 cubits. Everything will soon be mud.

REMARKS:

Let the pigeon have another fly. She has either gone with the raven or found another tree. Perhaps someone shot her.—My observations show we are approaching land.—Ham is planning an expedition to find the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.—The women folks spent most of the day answering their steamer letters, and reading guide-books. I've been thinking those Peruvian llamas are going to have a long journey before they get home.—The purser has sold all the postage stamps. The postcards are also having a great sale.—Took a bath.



SUNDAY. SOUNDING—5 cubits.

REMARKS:

Services.—Have been reading about Ararat. It's a mountain 16,964 feet high. Some authors say there is snow on the top. There must be some mistake because olives don't grow in snow.—Am not sure of the docking facilities. Ham thinks it would be easier to stop the Ark in the harbour instead of at the regular wharf.—I will be relieved when the cargo pass the quarantine.—Got my money changed by the purser. Now, I have to think about tips.—The women folks are bothering me about the time of landing.—Some queer things are happening on the Ark these days. I see the ladies sewing lace where lace doesn't belong. Mrs. Noah wants me to wear her necklace day after tomorrow. She never would let me do that before.—Slipped two boxes of cigars in Mrs. Noah's trunk. No officer will ever think of looking there for them.

MONDAY.

REMARKS:

The ladies are bothering me about the custom regulations, just as though I hadn't enough troubles of my own.—Spent the morning packing and making out my reports.—Gave the captain's dinner tonight. It was a swell affair. We all came in our evening robes. Ham drew the menus. We only saved enough food for tomorrow. I opened some of the wine grandpa made. Um!! We drank each others' health all evening. Japheth made a fine speech in which he congratulated me on the safe passage. He said I was the greatest captain afloat, and that he would tell all his friends about the line. Mrs. Shem spoke for the ladies. She thanked me for the attention I had paid them during the trip. Ham tried to speak, but he forgot it. He upset the flower dish.—In replying I said the passengers were the finest who had ever sailed under me. Then I delivered the regular captain's address. I thought their expressions might have taken a tangible form, but I was disappointed. We ended by singing, "For he's a jolly good fellow." That meant me.—Sighted the Ararat lighthouse.



"The Captain's dinner"

TUESDAY.

REMARKS:

Passed quarantine at 9.15. At anchor. Ararat just ahead. Fine big mountain, but very muddy.—Saw the raven and the pigeon roosting on the olive tree.—We're all anxious to get ashore. Guess we will feel the motion of the boat for a few days.—I have decided to retire from the sea, and go in for real estate. Business will be dull for a while, but it will pick up in time.—I'm getting along in years to do this pioneering work, but it must be done. Posterity worries me a great deal. Why should it? What has posterity ever done for me?

The animals are making a lot of noise? They smell the green grass.—The ladies are on deck admiring the rainbow.—We expect to land late this afternoon.—I must stop writing, and get up on the bridge to whistle for the pilot.

Well, if we ever have another flood, I'll know just what to do.

LAND.



Land!







