

PECK'S BAD BOY ABROAD



The Bad Boy and His Dad Have Trouble with a New Breakfast Food—Dad Rides a Bucking Broncho.

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK
(Ex-Governor of Wisconsin, formerly publisher of "Peck's Sun," author of "Peck's Bad Boy," etc.)
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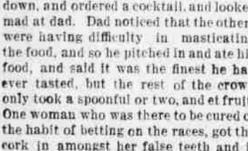
SAN ANTONIO, Texas.—My Dear Chum: Dad and I left Hot Springs because the man who kept the hotel where we stopped got prejudiced against me. I suppose I did carry the thing a little too far. You see dad had got into this breakfast food habit, and reads all the advertisements that describe new inventions of breakfast food, and has got himself so worked up over the bran mash that he is losing his appetite for anything substantial, and he is getting weak and nutty. Ma told me when I went away with dad that she wanted me to try my best to break dad of the breakfast-food habit, and I promised to do it. Say, kid, if you ever expect to succeed in life, you have got to establish a reputation for keeping your promises. Truth is mighty, and



"HENNERY, I FEEL AS THOUGH FOUR DAYS WAS NOT VERY LONG FOR THIS WORLD."

when anybody can depend upon a boy to do as he agrees his fortune is made. Dad saw a new breakfast food advertised in an eastern magazine, and, as the hotel people only kept 20 or 40 kinds of mocking-bird food for guests, dad made me go out to the groceries and round up the new kind. I brought a box to the table at breakfast, and dad fell over himself to fill his saucer, and then he offered some to eight boarders that sat at our table. Dad had been bragging for a week about how he had adopted the breakfast-food fad, first for his health, and then to get even with the beef trust. He had convinced the boarders at our table that it was the patriotic duty of every citizen to shut down on eating meat until the criminal meat trust was ruined.

The breakfast food I put up on dad was some pulverized cork that I got at a grocery out of a barrel of California grapes. It looked exactly like other breakfast foods, but you'd a cide to see dad and several invalid southern colonels, and two women who were at the table, pour cream on that pulverized cork and sprinkle sugar on it, and try to get the pulverized cork to sink up the cream, but the particles of cork floated on top of the cream and acted awful. An old confederate colonel, who had called dad a dandy since ever since he had been there, and always acted as though he was on the point of drawing a gun, took the first mouthful and after chewing it awhile he swallowed as though his throat was sore, but he got it down, and ordered a cocktail, and looked mad at dad. Dad noticed that the others were having difficulty in masticating the food, and so he pitched in and ate his food, and said it was the finest he had ever tasted, but the rest of the crowd only took a spoonful or two, and at fruit. One woman who was there to be cured of the habit of betting on the races, got the cork in amongst her false teeth and it squeaked when she chewed, like pulling



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"Never you mind me," says dad. "After I have looked at the scenery awhile I will open the throttle on this dromedary, and we will go and visit the pyramids."

"I was a little ahead and I did not catch dad in the act of kicking open the throttle, but I heard something that sounded like a freight train wreck and dad and the horse went by me like a horse race, only that the horse was not on the ground half the time, and he didn't go straight ahead, but just lowered his head between his legs and jumped in the air and came down stiff-legged, and then jumped sideways, and changed ends, and did it all over again, all over the prairie, and dad was a sight. His eyes stuck out and his teeth rattled and every time the horse came down on his feet dad seemed to get shorter as though his spine was being telescoped up into his hat. I think dad would have fallen off the first jump, only he had rammed the spurs in amongst the horse's ribs and couldn't get them out. Gee, but you never saw such actions, unless you have seen a horse go plum crazy. The horse kept giving dad new fancy side steps and jumps until dad yelled to me to get a gun and shoot him or the horse, and he didn't care which. I yelled to dad to loosen up on the bridle, and let the horse run lengthways instead of sideways, and I guess he did for the horse lit out for some musquite trees, and before I could get there the horse had run under a limb and scraped dad off, and when I got there dad was lying under a tree, trying to pray and swear all to worst, and his spurs were all blood and hair, and things a horse wears on the inside of himself, and the horse was standing not far away, eating grass and looking at dad. If dad had had his revolver along he would have killed the horse, but the horse seemed to know he had been fooling with an unarmed man. I got dad righted up, and he rode my pony to town, and I had to lead the bucking horse, and he set some of the cloth out of my pants."

"DAD BEGAN TO POSE AS A REGULAR OLD ROUGH RIDER."

a cork out of a beer bottle. They all seemed to want to please dad, and so they munched away at the cork, until the woman with the false teeth had to leave the table, then a colonel went out, and then all quit the table except dad and I, and by that time dad felt as though he had swallowed a life preserver, and he said to me:

"Hennery, either the baths or the climate or something has upset me, and I feel as though your dad was not very long for this world. Before I die I want you to confess to me what that stuff is that I have been eating, and I can die in peace!"

"I told him that he had wanted a light breakfast, and I thought there was nothing quite so light as cork, and that he was full clear to the muzzle with pulverized cork, and he couldn't sink any more when he took a bath. Dad turned pale, and we went out in the office and found that all the people who sat at our table and ate breakfast food were in the hands of doctors, and dad went in the room with them, and each had a doctor, and how they got it out of them I don't know,

As I was busy organizing a strike among the bellboys, I told them they could double their wages by striking at exactly ten o'clock, when all the boarders wanted cocktails sent to their rooms.

"They struck all right, and the breakfast-food people had all got pumped out, and then it came my turn. Dad gave me a licking, the boarders kicked at me, the landlord ordered me out of the house and the striking bellboys, who had their places filled in ten minutes, chased me all over town, and when I got back to the hotel dad had bought tickets to San Antonio, because the doctors told him to get out on the prairie and take horseback exercise to shake the pulverized cork and the monkey wrench out of his system, and everybody threw stones at the bus that we rode to the depot in. Gosh, but I hate a town where genius has no chance against the mob element. The worst was that woman with the false teeth, because she lost them somewhere, and had to hold her handkerchief over her mouth while she called me names when the porter took me by the collar and the pants and flung me into the bus. Dad told the porter, when he handed out the regular 'tip,' that he would have made it larger if the porter had taken an ax to me. Dad is getting so funny he almost makes me laugh.

"Well, kid, we arrived here next day, and got acclimated before night. Dad bought a wide gray cowboy hat, with a leather strap for a band, and began to pose as a regular old rough rider, and told everybody at the hotel that he was going to buy a ranch and run for congress. Everybody here is willing a northern man should buy a ranch, but when he talks about running for congress they look sassy at him, but dad can look just as sassy as anybody here. He told all around that he was a cavalry veteran of the war, and wanted to get a horse to ride that would stir up his patriotic instincts and his liver, and all his insides, and a real kind man steered dad to a lively stable, and I knew by the way the natives winked at each other that they were going to let him have a horse that would founce him all right.

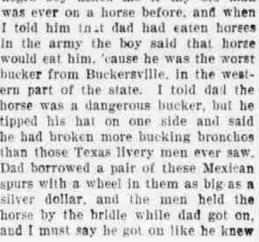
"They saddled up a real nice pony for me, but when they led out the horse for dad I knew that trouble was coming. The horse was round-shouldered on the back, and when they put the saddle on the horse humped up and coughed most pitiful, and when they fastened the cinch the horse groaned and the crowd all laughed. A negro boy asked me if my old man was ever on a horse before, and when I told him that dad had eaten horses in the army the boy said that horse would eat him, 'cause he was the worst hucker from Buckersville, in the western part of the state. I told dad the horse was a dangerous hucker, but he tipped his hat on one side and said he had broken more bucking bronchos than those Texas livery men ever saw. Dad borrowed a pair of those Mexican spurs with a wheel in them as big as a silver dollar, and the men held the horse by the bridle while dad got on, and I must say he got on like he knew

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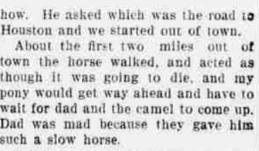
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CLOSE UP!



Must the Democratic Donkey Pull the Whole Outfit?

SHOULD ENFORCE THE LAWS

Legislation for the Classes Might Well Be Dispensed With by the Administration.

Admitting for the moment that the present interstate commerce commission is to be clothed with the rate-making power, and that the plan now before congress and imputed to President Roosevelt is enacted into law, it is entirely permissible, says the New York Sun (Ind. Rep.), to inquire whether any adequate provision, or any provision at all, is made therein for the rights of labor.

Admitting that it is just and equitable that the rights of property should be ignored, and that the welfare of the savings banks and of kindred vehicles of the thrift of all the people should be dismissed as of no concern, it is wise to ignore and wholly disregard the wage earner?

It is all very well for an intelligent press imperiously to demand cheap coal and to advocate the hanging of a coal operator for refusing to raise the pay of his miners. The principle is admirable, and we are now in the full enjoyment of its application. That is, we, the public, having taken a warm and sympathetic interest in the coal agitation, and having had a controlling effect on its adjustment, are now paying for the same out of our own pockets. That this is so is perfectly right and logical, but of argument most unprofitable. When the owner of the coal refuses to part with it unless he is paid for it, and the man who mines it has to have his price, the function of the public is to pay.

But in the case of the railroads who is to pay? Assuredly it is not the public. When Mr. Roosevelt establishes the rates that the public is to pay for transportation and organized labor demands more wages, where is the money to come from? There is no public in sight to pay for its sentimentality in hard cash as we now pay in hard cash for every ton of coal we burn. Organized labor can whistle for its wages. It will obviously be impossible for the railroads to comply with labor's demands, because they will no longer have the money at their command. The rates which the shippers of freight, who in the proposed legislation are the whole public, have had created for their benefit will absorb all the profits of heretofore, and there will be nothing left for the coming requirements of labor.

From this it must appear that the legislation demanded by Mr. Roosevelt is essentially class legislation and of a kind that will surely produce the most embarrassing results. The men who work for the railroads and who depend on them for their living constitute a very large class. If the public pays the railroads \$1,000,000,000 in the next 12 months, \$600,000,000 of it will go, directly or indirectly, to labor. We do not dispute the proposition in the light of the law or the constitution, which all sensible men regard as obsolete, but we do most strenuously object on the score of expediency.

Would it not be more expedient to enforce the laws we have than to fly to others that we wot not of?

LATE POLITICAL DRIFT.

Cannon thinks he has done for tariff revision sentiment, but he kills best who kills last.—Cedar Rapids Gazette.

Secretary Hill is heralded as the greatest of diplomatists. He can get the promises, but old Abdul Hamid of Turkey has them all beat in not keeping them.—Chattanooga Times.

Senator Hopkins, of Illinois, gets around the necessity for action thus: "A sentiment but no demand for tariff revision exists." So it seems that tweedledum and tweedledee are quite different, after all.—Minneapolis Journal.

Secretary of War Taft is said to have expressed disappointment because the public has shown so little interest in his report. He should console himself with the thought that the reports of most of his fellow cabinet officers are equally ignored. As a matter of fact, if the heads of the various departments would compile for popular use concise summaries of the main facts brought out in their reports they might get them read often.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The New York Evening Post's poll of the first thousand "Who's Who" on tariff revision is not likely to have much effect on the cynical legislators at Washington, thinks the Hartford Times (dem.). "Tariff revision will not come so long as it is merely a vague cry. We see no evidence that the American people are feeling very badly because they are paying the United States Steel corporation a bounty of seven dollars a ton or more on all the steel that concern produces. In fact, they seem to like to do it."

MUST LOOK TO DEMOCRACY

The Voice of the People Was Not Stifled by Victory of Republicans.

If any evidence was lacking that the democrats have an undisturbed faith in their party and its principles it was supplied by the spirit which dominated the splendid gathering in Lafayette. What is true of the feeling there is true of the party membership everywhere. The result in November, where deployed, has not stifled the voice of the people nor blunted the conscience which, when thoroughly aroused, will bring about a better order of things. The democratic party's opportunity is bound to come and to come soon, and it must be prepared to grasp it, says the Indianapolis Sentinel.

The sincere well-wishers of the president hope that he will be able to accomplish some of the things that have been promised in his name. The party of which he is the representative is in full control of the government. It has in its hands all the machinery necessary to accomplish any end. The republican majority in both branches of congress is large. The executive and administrative departments of the government are in republican hands.

Upon the republican party must rest the blame for all failures to relieve the people from the exactions of the trusts, the railroads and the unjustly favored tariff beneficiaries. An honest consideration of the country's good would seem to guarantee proper legislation and its speedy enforcement. But what do we see? Instead of decreasing the burden of taxation it is proposed to take from the treasury immense sums of money and bestow them upon the ship-owners in the form of subsidies. Instead of effective action against the trusts there are delays and still delays—as in the case of the packers' combine. Instead of taking immediate steps to reform outrageous tariff schedules we have white house conferences which are nullified by the attitude of congress. The one who can see hope in the republican party is certainly a man of much faith in the faithless. It is to the democratic party that the country must look in the end, and it is beginning to look that way now.

NOW BOWING TO THE LAW

Railroad Managers Are Convinced That It Is the Safest Thing to Do.

It must be truly gratifying to President Roosevelt to see how earnestly the railroad managers bow to mend their ways. Only a little while ago when one official was caught signing against the statutes he pleaded "business reasons," and his superior publicly defended him. If his business associates disapproved of his conduct it was chiefly for being caught, says the New York World.

But all that is changed. Now the railroad magnates take with them to Washington hearts as lowly and contrite as ever "Honest John" Kelly bared to District Attorney Jerome. "There is a growing disposition among men who control the roads to give adhesion to the law," says General Solicitor L. F. Parker, of the St. Louis & San Francisco railway.

The president has not had a single railroad official convicted of unlawful acts. Neither did Mr. Jerome convict "Dave" Johnson or "Lou" Ludlum as common gamblers. It remains true, however, that a reasonable lawbreaker, whether a railroad magnate of a plain gambler, can sometimes be convinced that the law as it stands is worth obeying if he is seriously threatened with more radical measures. It is a discovery worth heading—in Washington as well as in New York.

Small Chance for Revision. Congress should act. But congress can't. Its constitution is against it. Congress can't legislate during the short session because it is too busy with the appropriation bills.

It can't legislate at an extra session in the spring because there will be so many new members around, all frisky and unmanageable.

It can't at an extra session late in the summer because Washington is too hot there. Besides it would be too sudden.

It can't in the early months of the long session because the tariff needs lots of study, and should not be pressed too fast.

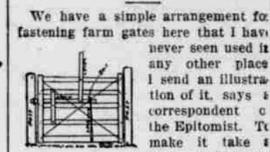
It can't in the closing summer months of the long session because that is so near next election that a fresh tariff act would set everybody topsy-turvy.—Chicago Record-Herald (Ind. Dem.).

The administration's policy in making federal appointments is assuming definite form. It appears that the president will follow the recommendations of members of the congress any time they pick out the man he wants to.—Washington Post (Ind.).

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

GATE FASTENER.

Simple Arrangement for Securing Farm Gates After They Are Closed.

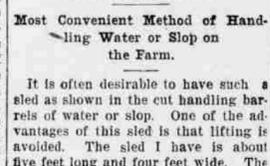


We have a simple arrangement for fastening farm gates here that I have never seen used in any other place. I send an illustration of it, says a correspondent of the Epitomist. To make it a piece of flat iron about eight inches in length, put two holes through it near one end, bend the other end into something like a hook, sharpen the end that is bent so that it will go into an inch hole in the post. Fasten this iron to the post securely, letting an inch or more extend out toward the gate so that there will be sufficient catch for the latch. Let the iron at the bent end go into the post as this will make it much stronger. Make the latch out of any kind of hard wood, the length and size varying according to the size of the gate. Arrange it to work on one of the boards in the gate near the middle. At the end of this latch arrange a spring as shown in the cut. This should be made from oak or hickory and be sufficiently strong to hold the latch in place, but not too strong, so that the gate will close easily when pushed to. The cut shows how it can be opened from horse-back. This will be found to be a cheap, safe and convenient latch for the farm gates.

A BARREL SLED.

Most Convenient Method of Handling Water or Slop on the Farm.

It is often desirable to have such a sled as shown in the cut handling barrels of water or slop. One of the advantages of this sled is that lifting is avoided. The sled I have is about five feet long and four feet wide. The



EASILY-MADE BARREL SLED.

FARMERS, says a Michigan farmer in Farm and Home, are made of two-by-six-inch pieces. The cross-pieces, a pair of two-by-four boards, are runners to give added strength. To prevent the barrel from moving off the sled in passing over uneven ground, blocks are cut from two-by-four pieces and joined on the cross-pieces of the sled in such a way that they will fit snugly about the bottom of the barrel. The longer blocks should be hewn or sawed out to make a neat-fitting job. This sled is very useful about the farm where light hauling not requiring more than one horse is done.

THE BULL IN THE HERD.

His Value Inestimable—How a Desirable Animal May Be Obtained Reasonably.

There is one thing that every farmer who keeps five or more cows should have, and that is a good, well-bred bull. It is often repeated that the bull is half the herd; if I had never heard the expression and were to speak from experience, I would say two-thirds. No farmer who has never used a good bull for several years in succession can anywhere near estimate the real worth of such an animal. Years ago I led my cows several miles to obtain the service of a good bull, says a writer in the American Dairyman. My neighbors laughed at me, saying I had more walk than brains; but now they see things differently, and are only too glad of the chance to pay a little extra to get the service of my bull. It is not necessary to expend a large sum of money in buying a bull. If you know of some man who has given a little attention to good stock you can buy a calf from one of his best cows at a very reasonable price. By giving the calf good care, which costs but little, you will in a very short time have a bull that is a prize in the herd and your money expended will be returned in the first five calves you raise from him.

PERTAINING TO THE DAIRY.

Milk is composed of several elements, chief of which are milk, sugar, casein and butterfat.

Under no circumstances will it pay to keep a cow which is not a large milker and butter-maker.—American Dairyman.

Sell the regular customers only the finest quality of butter and the trade will not only continue, but increase. Arrange the approach to the stable door so the cows will not slip in going in or coming out. It will cost less than to lose one of your best cows.

A good steady churning is better than to churn at too rapid a rate, whatever be the shape of the churn. Too much haste leaves butter in the milk.

Keep cows comfortable, quiet and busy eating and drinking materials to be converted into milk. An idle or excited cow will not render satisfactory returns.—American Dairyman.

When buying cows for dairy herds it is a good plan to determine the amount of milk given by weight. A cow that gives a "palful" night and morning may be a very poor dairy animal.

The Woodpecker. The woodpecker finds the codling moth agreeable to his digestion. Just now he is out after the cocoons that are hidden under the scales of bark. He finds them, too, even though he has to make a hole in the bark for them. "Remove the loose bark below the snow line; the birds will take care of the insects above," says an authority on the subject.—Farmer's Voice.

False Report.

"I have been told," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "that your daughter has been doing some wonderful things in pryrography." "Oh, no," replied her hostess, "she ain't been there at all. The last letter we had from her she was in Pittsburgh, and thought she'd go right through to Washington."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION.

A Simple Home Treatment for Blackheads, Red, Rough and Oily Skin and Disfiguring Humors.

If you are afflicted with pimples, blackheads, red, rough or oily skin, or disfiguring humors, you will find this simple home treatment most agreeable, speedily effective and economical. Gently smear the face with the great emollient skin cure, Cuticura Ointment, but do not rub. Wash off the ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water, and bathe freely. Repeat this morning and evening and you will soon be rewarded with a skin soft, white and clear. Cuticura Soap, the best toilet and complexion soap in the world, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, will preserve, purify and beautify the complexion and keep the skin in a healthy condition, preventing blackheads, pimples, eruptions or the return of eczema and other skin troubles. Used as a shampoo it cleanses the scalp of crusts and scales, removing dandruff and promoting the growth of the hair. For red rough hands, itching palms and painful finger ends, Cuticura Soap and Ointment achieve marvelous results, often in a single night.

Her Father's Name.

Officer—Can't you remember your papa's name? What does your mamma call him? Lost Child—A lobster.—N. Y. Sun.

Earliest Seed Oatens.

The John A. Salzer Seed Co., Le Crosse, Wis., always have something new, something valuable. This year they offer among their new money making vegetables, an Earliest Seed Onion. It is a winner. Mr. Farmer and Gardener!

JUST SEND THIS NOTICE AND 16c. and they will send you their big plant and seed catalog, together with enough seed to grow

- 1,000 fine, solid Cabbages,
- 2,000 rich, juicy Turnips,
- 2,000 blanching, nutty Celery,
- 2,000 rich, buttery Lettuce,
- 1,000 splendid Onions,
- 1,000 rare, luscious Radishes,
- 1,000 glorious brilliant Flowers.

In all over 10,000 plants—this great offer is made to get you to test their warranted vegetable seeds and

ALL FOR BUT 16c POSTAGE, providing you will return this notice, and you will send them 25c in postage, they will add to the above a big package of Salzer's Fourth of July Sweet Corn—the earliest on earth—10 days earlier than Cory, Peep o' Day, First of All, etc. [R. L.]

The social graces are admirable, but no man has yet waltzed into fame.—N. Y. Times.

Quality Brings Success.

When in St. Louis our representative called on the F. R. Rice Mercantile Cigar Co., and was courteously received and shown through their large Cigar Factory. It was a pleasure to see the hundreds of cigarmakers making all cigars absolutely by hand, no molds or machinery used in the factory. One of the striking features of this factory is the fine body of workmen and the cleanliness that one sees all through the factory. In the basement the firm carry the Havana tobacco which they import nearly from Cuba direct and which is specially selected by W. C. Schutz, who visits the Island for that purpose, so that the firm not only have the very best of work, but they also buy the very finest tobacco that the Island produces. After seeing the factory one is not surprised that many thousands of the "Mercantile" are sold during the year.

This firm also manufacture a number of five-cent brands of cigars, their leaders being the "305" and the "Agent." Our representative asked how many "305" and "Agent" they manufacture yearly, and was told that their output on those two brands of five-cent cigars was over twenty-five million. Every box of cigars that this firm turns out has a card placed in the same, calling the attention of the smoker to the fact that the house sells their goods absolutely on a quality basis, that they do no circus or bill board advertising, give no free deals nor have any other kind of schemes, but see how much quality they can put in the cigar, so that they will please the consumer, who does not care for all the other items but does want the most and best smoke he can possibly get for his money, and the firm stated that since they have adopted this quality system, their trade has grown from year to year, and while they are only making a small profit selling goods on such a basis, the enormous quantity that they are turning out, is bringing them the desired results.

The inventor of the "gold brick" is dead, but many counterfeiters survive him.—Louisville Herald.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

The ideal man is he who gives thanks that some people are as well off as himself and others better.—Puck.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

To live long it is necessary to live slowly.—Cicero.

WOMEN WHO CHARM

HEALTH IS THE FIRST ESSENTIAL

It Helps Women to Win and Hold Men's Admiration, Respect and Love

Woman's greatest gift is the power to inspire admiration, respect, and love. There is a beauty in health which is more attractive to men than mere regularity of feature.



Mrs. Chas. F. Brown

To be a successful wife, to retain the love and admiration of her husband, should be a woman's constant study. At the first indication of ill-health, painful or irregular menstruation, headache or backache, secure Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and begin its use.

Mrs. Chas. F. Brown, Vice-President Mothers' Club, 21 Cedar Terrace, Hot Springs, Ark., writes: Dear Mrs. Pinkham—

"Nine years I dragged through a miserable existence, suffering with inflammation and falling of the womb, and worn out with pain and weakness. I had a day when I was so bad that I was unable to get up. At the end of three months I was a different woman. Every one remarked at it, and my husband fell in love with me all over again. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound built up my entire system, cured the womb trouble, and I felt like a new woman. I am sure it will make every suffering woman strong, well and happy, as it has me."

Women who are troubled with painful or irregular menstruation, backache, bloating (or flatulence), leucorrhoea, falling, inflammation or ulceration of the uterus, ovarian troubles, that "bearing-down" feeling, dizziness, faintness, indigestion, or nervous prostration may be restored to perfect health and strength by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Free trial bottles will see