

Peck's Bad Boy in an Airship

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK

HE ENTERS A DARK PLOT

It seems to be just one series of ups and downs with Pa and I. One day we are kings and things and the next day we are just things and not kings or ninespots or anything in the deck except it's jacks.

That short stay at the ranch of the Michigan man in Africa, which seemed like being sat down from hades in darkest Africa to heaven in America, terminated just as everything else does with us.

After we had enjoyed the morning with the wild animals on the race track, Pa and the Michigan man set into a game of draw poker with some other sharps and the cowboy, and they must have stacked the cards on Pa and the cowboy, for before night they had got all Pa's money away, and the cowboy was burst, too, and in the evening Pa put the airship up against a creamery and a drove of Jerseys, and Pa lost the airship, and then Pa gave checks on a bank in the river Nile, and lost all the checks and about a pint of diamonds, and when we went to bed the Michigan man said he hated to part with us, but if we must go he would send us over to Lake Victoria Nyanza, where we could take a steamer for Hamburg.

We didn't sleep much that night, and the next morning the auto was at the door, and we took what little stuff Pa had not lost playing poker, and crossed the country to the lake, at a town where Pa sold some of his uncut diamonds for money enough to pay for our passage to Hamburg, and we got on board the vessel and got into our staterooms.

Just before we were ready to start an officer came on board looking for two white men who had been giving

and saluted Pa, and Pa looked savage and said in broken negro: "What, ho, varlets!" the officers said: "Beg pardon, don't you know, your highness," and they backed out of the door making salaams, and soon disappeared. Gee, it was a close call.

Soon after the engine began to turn the screw of the propeller, and when we looked out of the port hole the vessel was going towards the ocean, and when I told Pa he got down off his throne and danced a jig and hugged the cowboy, and we were having a jollification when there was another rap at the door, and Pa jumped up on the throne and put on his tin basin crown, and I opened the door and the steward of the vessel came in with his hat in his hands and asked Pa what he would have for supper. Pa said he didn't care what he had if he only got it quick, and the steward said mostly when they were carrying African kings to England they served the meals in the staterooms, as the kings did not care to sit at the same table with the common herd, and Pa said that suited him all right, and the steward added that the passengers also complained of the manners of the African kings, and the smell that they emitted in the cabin.

Pa was going to get hot at that remark, but I was afraid the burnt cork would rub off, so I said his highness would be served in his stateroom, and to bring the best the ship offered, and bring it quick if he didn't want trouble aboard, and he bowed low and went out, and pretty soon the waiters began to bring in oysters and soup and turkey and boiled pheasants, and ice cream, and we kings and things didn't do a thing to the food, and when the

We had eaten so much that our appetites had gone, and Pa and the cowboy took to drinking more and more, and one night it began to blow, and the vessel was part of the time on one end and then on the other, and then rolling from side to side so that Pa couldn't sit on his throne without sideboards, and towards morning we all got sick and fell all over the stateroom, and Pa had a pain under his belt that doubled him up like a jack-



Pretty Soon the Ship's Doctor Came with a Nurse.

knife, and he yelled for a doctor. I told him never to send for a doctor until the boat tied up at a dock, because it was dangerous, but Pa said he had to have a doctor, and the cowboy had drank a bottle of Scotch whisky and had laid down under a bunk and he was no good, so I rung for the ship's doctor, but I told Pa he must keep the parts of his body that were not blacked covered up or the doctor would find out he was a white man, and then it would be all off in the nigger king masquerade.

Pretty soon the ship's doctor came with a female trained nurse, and Pa was a pitiful sight when he saw them. The doctor felt Pa's pulse, and asked him where the pain was, and Pa, like a darn fool, put his hand on his stomach, and before Pa could stop it the doctor had opened Pa's shirt and was feeling where the appendix gets in its work.

It was a little dark, but the doctor said: "You old seney ambition, you have got about the worst case of appendicitis that was ever pulled off on this vessel. Boy, bring me that lantern."

I hated to do it, because I knew Pa would be discovered, and I delayed bringing the lantern as long as I could, but turning the wick down, but the doctor scratched a match so he could see Pa's stomach, and then he said: "Say, old skate, you are no more a nigger king than I am; you are a white man blacked up," and the trained nurse said: "The 'ell you say," and then I got the lantern and they looked at Pa's white skin, and the doctor asked Pa what he had to say for himself, and Pa admitted that he was a white man, but said he had many of the estimable qualities of a nigger, but that he was traveling in-cog, to throw his enemies off the track, and then Pa fainted away from the pain, the cowboy got sober enough to wake up and take notice, and we told the doctor who we were, and how we had escaped from negro tribes and draw poker sharps and officers of the law, and the cowboy fell in love at first sight with the trained nurse, and then Pa came to with the aid of a bucket of water and some whisky, and the storm went down, and the doctor said Pa would have to have an operation performed to remove his appendix, and Pa kicked about it, but they took him to the ship's hospital, with the cowboy for an assistant nurse, and I was left alone in our stateroom, the only king there was left, and when I washed off my burnt cork I was so white and pale that they gave me medicine, and the trained nurse held me on her lap and sung English songs to me, with all the h's left out, and every day she told me how they removed Pa's appendix and it was swollen up bigger than a weiner sausage, but that he would live all right, and when he got well enough the captain would put Pa in Irons for passing himself off for a nigger king, and that he would probably be transported for life, if he couldn't raise the price of a ransom. And there you are.

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There Was a Knock at the Door of the Stateroom.

checks that were no good, and for selling diamonds that would not wash. I heard about it and there was such a crowd that the vessel men did not remember Pa and the cowboy, but they said the officers could search the vessel if they wanted to.

I went to the stateroom and told Pa and he turned pale and trembled like a leaf, and the brave cowboy had a fit. They were scared at the prospect of being taken ashore and put in an English jail, and Pa sweat so he looked like a hippopotamus sweating blood.

Pa said they were up a stump and asked me if I could think of anything to help them out. I told Pa the only thing for us to do was to take a burnt cork and black up, and pretend that Pa was an African king on the way to England to have a conference with King Edward about tribal affairs.

Gee, but Pa and the cowboy bit like a bass, and I got a champagne cork and burned it over the lamp and went to work bleaching them all up, and in half an hour we were three of the blackest niggers that ever emigrated from Africa. I even blacked the place on Pa's leg where the lion had chewed a hole through his pants.

We looked at ourselves in the mirror, and inspected each other, and couldn't find a white spot, and then I told Pa what to do when the officers of the law came.

He was to be seated in state on a high chair, looking like a nigger king, and the cowboy and I were to get on our knees before him and kowtow. I got a crown made out of a tin basin and feather duster for a plume, and fixed Pa up so that any tribe would have gone wild over him.

Just as we got Pa fixed up, and we had all stopped laughing, there was a knock at the door of the stateroom, and I opened it and two semi-Englishmen came in looking for Pa and the cowboy, but when I waved my hand and said: "Behold the king of Natabeland," and the cowboy bit the duster

dishes were taken away empty, and the wine had been drank, and the cigars brought in, King Pa got down from his throne and just yelled, and he said to the cowboy: "Say, Alkali Ike, wouldn't this skin you?" and like said he guessed it would when they found out what frauds we were, and after awhile we turned in and slept just like we were at home.

For several days they fed us like they were fattening us for a sausage factory, and the ocean was blue and calm, and we were let out on deck near our stateroom for exercise, and I kept burning cork and keeping us all blacked up nice, and Pa would repeat African words that he had picked up, mixed with English words, and everybody kept their distance and thought we were the real nigger thing.

Well, everything was going along beautifully, and we thought we had never struck such a snap in all our lives until about the fifth day.

FELT HER NEED WAS GREAT

Little One Simply Had to Be Taken to Sunday School.

She was only five years old. Consequently she was too young to go to school, and as her mother had a deeply rooted prejudice against the kindergarten, her opportunities for mental activity were confined to Sunday school. This, while a substitute, made a strong appeal to her, and she insisted upon having the golden text repeated to her until she could recite it as glibly as "Now I lay me—". On Sunday mornings there would be no peace until arrangements had been perfected for getting her to church by the time Sunday school began.

One Sunday morning not long ago she waked her father up so violently with the usual demand for his escort that he pleaded his excuses on the

ground of a headache. At breakfast his pains had not diminished, and he obtained a permanent release.

"Then you must take me, mamma," came the imperious statement.

"No, darling, mamma will be too busy giving Jane her bath," was the maternal way of dodging the duty. "Perhaps if you ask Helen very politely she may take you."

As the little one skipped out into the kitchen to make her request she flung back this Partisan shaft:

"Some one will have to take me, for I simply must go some place where I can hear about God once in a while."

The American Family Tree.

Count de Coyne—Your family tree has not, as yet, any aristocratic branches.

Cole Mein—"Nope, but it has plenty of good roots of all evil."

DIET AND HEALTH

By DR. J. T. ALLEN
Food Specialist

Author of "Eating for a Purpose," "The New Gospel of Health," Etc.

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Fasting and Diet Cure.

Eating "three square meals" is a habit. Men have lived 40, 60 days and even longer without eating. Dr. Tanner fasted 40 days, more than 20 years ago, and is living at an advanced age, hale and hearty, an advocate of sane fasting. But some would die in ten days if they didn't eat.

Apples correct biliousness and lettuce and strawberries are good in anemia, but they only supply what nature needs. Only nature cures sickness. Nature will always cure, if we do not force her to spend so much time (or vitality) house cleaning, that she has none left for making repairs. We put into the stomach a mixture of strange things that together form a very indigestible compound, requiring three times the vitality needed to digest what we really need for the body's nourishment. And so nature is constantly kept busy cleaning house, until one day a crisis comes and she "catches" cold or fever, starts a big fire and burns the accumulated rubbish all up. She is very likely to do this in the spring when there is an unusually large accumulation of waste, after the winter's heavy feeding, lack of air and exercise, and when there are more germs around. We eat a little lettuce or fresh fruit and nature takes the hint that house cleaning time has come. Grandmother's idea of a little spring medicine was not far wrong, though sulphur is a heroic remedy. Proper eating makes all this unnecessary—if the thought is right.

Fever is a means of purification, although the germs that help to produce it do harm, like the rats that cleared away the garbage in certain tenement districts in great cities before public sanitation took care of it. The blood, if it has the necessary strength, will destroy the germs, by the time the waste matter is cleaned out, but to do this, establishing immunity from attack by that particular kind of fever again (in some cases) requires the expenditure of much vitality, and while the net result of the fever may be good, such a system of house cleaning is not recommended, unless there is no other that nature can command—which there is. Whether it is wise to prevent certain diseases when they become necessary, by the use of antitoxins, is an interesting question which we cannot discuss here.

If when such a crisis comes, there is a fair supply of all the elements needed to carry on the life processes, if the tissues are in the main sound, the vital organs, especially heart, lungs and kidneys, the patient will recover, even though all is not done that might be done to remove the obstacles that hinder nature's process of cure, and to supply pure air, water, light, right mental influence and food that will furnish what the system needs and yet call for the least draft on vitality, when convalescence begins.

We begin life with a certain stock of vitality determined, largely, by heredity; and when that is expended death follows. Stimulants, like alcohol, can only draw on this vitality and expend it, diverting it from the use of one organ to another (which may occasionally be beneficial), and there is always the reaction, "equal and opposite." Neither food nor drugs can produce vitality. Food furnishes one of the conditions necessary for the expenditure of energy; it is necessary for the discharge of the various energies which constitute life on the physical plane. Now when food is not taken for several days, the system feeds on its own tissues. This requires the expenditure of very little energy, for there is not digestion and therefore little waste to eliminate, the system taking exactly what it needs directly from the tissues and hence in fasting, there is a wonderful elevation of all the forces, physical and mental, a great saving of vitality. Hence the great value of fasting as a cure, when wisely directed.

But, if the organism is extremely weak at some vital point, or if for a long time the food has not furnished the necessary elements of nutrition, so that there is not a full stock on hand (or, to be literally correct, on body) normal nutrition cannot be long maintained without food. Death of persons who try the fasting cure without proper knowledge is frequently reported in the newspapers. Stimulated by hearing of the wonderful cures wrought by fasting, but with no knowledge of its physiology, (or of its psychology, which is, if possible more important) many try it, with fatal results, although others are permanently cured of chronic ills that nothing else seemed to benefit. Competent guidance is necessary, and it is regrettable that the average physician gives fasting no place in his means of cure—it surely cannot be too simple, for it requires accurate knowledge of nutrition, of physiology, and of psychology, to conduct a fast safely and profitably.

Protracted fasting is most appropriate as a cure in cases of men and women past middle life, who are over weight, not extremely excitable and who have no organic weakness of the heart, but with an evenly balanced temperament and a strong will power.

In most cases a special monodiet is better than a fast, especially where competent supervision is not convenient and when it is necessary to continue the work.

Each case must be considered on its own merits, but the following suggestions will be helpful: The best monodiet is that which furnishes all the elements of nutrition; buttermilk is the best in most cases, especially in stomach and bowel troubles.

Begin with a pint, morning and evening, taking the usual midday meal, but omitting meat, potatoes and white bread, and eating more whole wheat bread and toast with only a little cheese. The second week increase the morning and evening ration to a quart and the third week drop the noon meal and substitute a quart of buttermilk. Drink very slowly, a spoonful at a time, holding it long in the mouth, and stop when there is a feeling of complete fullness and satisfaction. Good skimmed milk, promptly bottled, converted into buttermilk, with a spoonful of olive or peanut oil to the quart, is best.

In disorders of the blood, grapes are the best monodiet. Concord or California grapes may be taken with grape juice. The rules for buttermilk apply. If the patient is taking only gentle exercise, this diet may be continued for 30 days or longer, with perfect confidence.

In wasting diseases, perfectly fresh whipped eggs with grape juice, and olive or peanut oil, are good, as a rule. A lady much emaciated from severe dyspepsia, impressed with the arguments in favor of the monodiet, has tried taking the yolk and white of the egg at separate meals and proved the theory correct to her great benefit.

Beans are a suitable monodiet for a man of vigorous constitution who must continue physical work. In a 60 days' test made by a laborer under no observation, working capacity and weight steadily increased. But a person of nervous temperament, doing light work, could not live well on beans or peas, especially if the kidneys were weak. A case was recently reported from Philadelphia in which a man lived well for several years on pea soup only, after his case had been declared hopeless by physicians, which does not prove that peas are the best monodiet.

Peanuts (uncooked) with dry whole wheat biscuit for bulk, give strength, physical and mental, for an indefinite period. With a few apples taken in the morning, and prunes in the evening, this makes a good varied monodiet, for anyone doing ordinary work.

Rice is easily digested, but our milled rice is chiefly starch, and alone will not long support life. With whipped eggs and grapes and oil, separately, an emaciated person gains fast if the powers of assimilation are normal.

Rye bread is a good monodiet for one doing hard work; a couple of apples in the morning will overcome the tendency to clog the liver. A tablespoonful of olive or peanut oil should be taken morning and evening.

More vitality is saved by eating one article exclusively than one different article at each of two or three meals. The exclusive monodiet is better, that is, in sickness, than the varied monodiet. The diet should be changed as conditions require, always gradually.

Wheat (winter wheat is best) contains all food elements and, uncooked, and chewed to a smooth, tasteless paste, often gives better results than anything else. The fat of the natural food, in which wheat is almost entirely deficient, is supplied by olive or peanut oil.

Uncooked apples, grapes, oranges, pineapple, make a good morning meal for an invalid or infirm person, a whipped egg with well toasted dry bread for dinner, and rice alone in increasing quantity, as strength returns (no milk, if the digestion is very weak) and buttermilk only or grape juice only in the evening, for which may be substituted prunes (alone) as strength increases, thoroughly washed. This dietary calls for little vitality, yet contains every element of nutrition, and can be relied upon to sustain indefinitely anyone not doing much mental or physical work.

As a rule, when one is sick, the first thing to do, and often the only thing necessary, is to stop eating and drink plenty of lemonade, which is a good means of aiding elimination through skin and kidneys. Eat nothing till there is a distinct desire for food; then begin with a little easily digested food and increase gradually. The bowels should be free so as to save expenditure of vitality. The inclination to recline should be complied with.

Overfeeding, causing accumulation of waste in the system and resulting congestion, physical and mental, is the chief physical cause of disease. Health, therefore depends, on the physical side, upon avoiding overfeeding, while supplying every element of nutrition, some of which are wanting in the accidental dietaries followed by many.

To "eat anything," because the importance of the right mental condition is realized, is as wrong as to "think anything" because the food is right. The liver can make glycogen or liver sugar from beef, but much easier from toast or prunes. Albumen, essential to life, is contained only in certain foods. To eat the right food and worry about it, is no better than to worry about something else and eat the right food. Worry kills; so does wrong eating.

Children have more diseases than adults because a child has greater central vitality to be used in eliminating the ills of heredity than an adult.

Unless the child gets too much food or unnatural food, or not enough of the right food, together with proper air, light, water, variety of exercise of the mind through the use of the objective faculties and of muscular exercise—unless the child is improperly nourished (and nurtured) it will be sick in the right way, the positive way. Measles are good for a child that has in the system by heredity, unwholesome conditions that must be eliminated if it is to grow up healthy in body and mind. Do not stop or drive in the measles, nor any other disease; aid nature in elimination. Provide carefully proper nutrition and give nature a chance.

Nutrition—this is life. Maintain proper nutrition and nature will do the rest. It is natural to be well, not sick. Sickness is but the evidence of health, the healthy effort of nature to right wrong conditions. A dead man cannot be sick.

The pain you feel is the result of nature's effort to restore normal conditions; therefore be thankful that you are "sick," for it is a sign that you will soon be well—if the vitality is not too far exhausted and if too many obstacles are not put in nature's way. And there are two important signs that may be depended upon, positive and negative. If the patient suddenly "gets better" before the natural course of nature's curative process has run, or if there is absolutely no desire to live, the end is near. But if there is a vigorous effort on the part of nature to restore normal conditions, there is health already, the abnormal form of health commonly called sickness; this is always a favorable sign; and if the crisis is developed naturally and the positive forces prevail at that point, the normal condition will gradually return. The natural process of nature's cure may be helped or hindered.

Desire, intensified, ripening into faith and faith into will, the will to be well, has an influence on health of vast importance. This is being recognized and applied practically, shorn of the superstition which has long attached to it because it was not understood, in the "Immanent Movement" and in the practice of the scientific physician, is a well spring of health and happiness.

ANCIENT SURVEYORS AT WORK.

Egypt Maintained Elaborate System of Registration.

In an address delivered before the Royal Geographical society, Capt. H. G. Lyons, director-general of the survey department of Egypt, told of the work of ancient Egyptian surveyors. "At every period of ancient Egyptian history," he said, "the land was measured and recorded with considerable accuracy; property was dealt in regularly, and an elaborate system of registration was maintained. No map of landed property in ancient Egypt has come down to us, but on the tomb walls we meet with representations of land measures at work. Their methods of land measurement are represented on the walls of the tomb of one Menna at Sheikh Abd el Qurna, in Thebes, a land overseer and inspector of the boundary stones of Amon.

"In the scene depicted are shown two chainmen measuring a field of corn with a long cord, on which are knots or marks at intervals which seem to be about four or five cubits in length; each also carries a spare cord coiled upon his arm. Beside them walk three officials, who carry writing materials, and who are accompanied by a small boy carrying writing materials and a bag in which are probably documents and plans referring to the property. An old man and two boys also accompany the surveyors, and a peasant brings a loaf of bread and a bunch of green corn.

"A similar scene is pictured on the walls of a tomb belonging to a certain Amenhotep, also at Sheikh Abd el Qurna. Here only one man accompanies the chainmen, each of whom, as usual, carries a spare cord. The figures are larger than in the tomb of Menna, and though they are now much damaged, it is possible to see clearly that the cord terminated in a ram's head."

Ireland's Freedom from Snakes.

It is asserted that Ireland is free from serpents and other venomous reptiles because of St. Patrick's staff, called "the staff of Jesus," given by St. Patrick to and kept with great veneration in Dublin. The general belief is that St. Patrick drove all the serpents from the island into the sea. Scientists affirm that there is no evidence to show that snakes ever existed upon the island. The character of the country may have something to do with the fact that there are no snakes there, but it is probably due to the fact that being an island but few, if any, of the species reached there. The Isle of Malta is also free of snakes. It is a well-known fact that an island often has a flora and fauna peculiar to itself in many respects.

His Rates Lower Than Company's.

An old-time traveling man was talking of experiences of former days on the road. "Frequently," said this traveler, "I journeyed to Cincinnati. The fare from this city to that place was then about \$3.25. I saved something by handing the conductor two dollars in cash. One day there was an excursion, and I bought a round trip ticket for \$1.25 or \$1.50. I've forgotten the exact amount, but that circumstance need not cripple this story.

"When I handed this ticket to the conductor as he tore off the return coupon he looked at me and in a voice that betrayed how deeply he was hurt, he remarked: 'My young friend, don't you know that I can afford to haul you much cheaper than this company can?'"—Indianapolis News