

# PECK'S BAD BOY ABROAD



The Bad Boy and His Dad Have an Automobile Ride, and Jump a Fence.

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK, (Ex-Governor of Wisconsin, formerly publisher of "Peck's Sun," author of "Peck's Bad Boy," etc.)

GIVE me a package of your strongest breakfast food, and a big onion," said the bad boy, as he came into the grocery, looking as weak as a fever convalescent, "and I want to eat the onion right now."

"Well, that is a combination, sure enough," said the old groceryman as he wrapped a package of breakfast food in a paper and watched the boy rub half an onion on a salt bag, and eat it greedily. "What is the matter



"JERUSALEM, BUT YOU ARE A SIGHT," SAID THE OLD GROCERYMAN.

With you to look so sick, and eat raw onion before breakfast?"

"Oh, it is this new-fashioned way of living that is killing little Henny. When I lived at home before we used to have sassaige and pancakes for breakfast, roast meat for dinner and cold meat for supper, and dad was healthy as a tramp, ma could dance a highland fling, I could play all kinds of games and jump over a high board fence when anybody was chasing me. Now we have some kind of breakfast food three times a day because ma reads the advertisements, and dad is so weak he has to be helped to dress, ma goes moping around like a fashionable invalid, I am so tired I can't hit a window with a snowball.

"I should think so," said the old groceryman, as he took a rag and set it on fire and let the smoke purify the room. "But I suppose your folks are like a great many others who have quit eating meat on account of the meat trust, and are going to die in their tracks on health food. Is your dad going out to-day to get the fresh air and brace up for his travels abroad?"

"No, dad is going to stay in the house. He wants ma to get him a female trained nurse, but ma kicks. "Where you going first?" asked the old groceryman, as he opened the door to let the odor of onion and burned rag out of the room. "What kind of treatment do the doctors advise to bring the old man around so he will be himself again?"

"Well, they say he needs some excitement that will get that supposed monkey wrench out of his system. They want him to go where he can take baths, and gamble, and attend horse races, and go into fast society, and maybe have a fight or two so as to stir his blood, and we have decided to take him first to the hot springs and turn him loose, and we are packing up now and shall go next week. They



"HENNERY, THIS ATTEMPT ON YOUR PART TO MURDER ME WAS NOT THE SUCCESS YOU EXPECTED."

tell me that at the Arkansaw Hot Springs you can get into any kind of a scrape you want, and you don't have to look around for trouble. It comes to you. Oh, we won't do a thing down there. I broke the news to dad last night, and told him the doctors had prescribed excitement for him, and he said that was good enough for him, and he has packed up his poker chips and some marked cards he used to win money with from the deacons in the church, and he wants to go as quick as possible. You will have to excuse me now, for I am going to take dad out in an automobile after breakfast to give him his first dose of excitement. I will make dad think that automobilizing is a sport next to fox hunting, and I will drop in this afternoon and tell you about it," and the bad boy took his breakfast food and went home.

"Jerusalem, but you are a sight," said the groceryman late in the afternoon, as the bad boy came in with a pair of black goggles on his coat torn down the back and his pants ripped up the legs. "What a time you must have had in the automobile. Did you run over anybody?"

"Everybody," said the bad boy, as he pinned his trousers leg together with a safety pin. "There they go now with dad in a milk wagon. Say, these airships that run on the ground give a man all the excitement he needs."

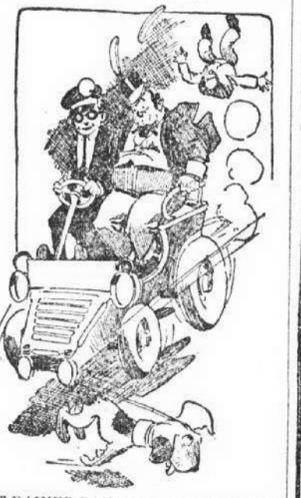
"Hurry up and tell me about your automobile ride," said the groceryman, as he brushed off the bad boy's clothes with an old blacking brush.

"Well, dad said he had never taken a ride in one of the devil wagons, though he had got a good deal of exercise the last year or two dodging them on the streets, but he said he was tickled to death to hear that I was an expert performer, and he would go out with me, and if he liked the sensation, he would buy one. The machine I hired was one of those doublets for two persons, one seat, you know, a runabout. It was a runabout all right. It run about 18 miles in 15 minutes. I got dad tucked in, and rubbed her on a raw spot, and we were off. I run her around town for awhile on the streets that had no teams on, and dad was pleased.

"We had to go through the business part of town, and dad looked around at the people on the streets that he knew, and he swelled up and tried to look as though he owned a brewery, and told me to let her out, and I thought if dad could stand it to let her out I could, so I pulled her open just as one of these station fruit vendors with a hand cart was crossing the street. The cow-catcher in front caught the hand cart right in the middle and threw it into the air, and it rained bananas and oranges, and the dago came down on his head and swore in Italian, and dad said: 'Good shot, Henny,' and then the machine swung across the street and knocked the fender off a street car, and then I got her in the road straight and, by gosh, I couldn't stop her. Something had got halled up, and the more I touched things the faster she went. We frightened four teams and had three runaways, and the air seemed full of horses rearing up and drivers yelling for us to stop.

"We kept going faster, and dad began to get frightened and asked me to slow up, but I couldn't. We must have got in the country about eight miles, and dad was getting scared, and his face was just the color of salt pork, and he said:

"Henny, this excursion is going to wind up in a tragedy, and if I



IT RAINED BANANAS AND THE DAGO CAME DOWN ON HIS HEAD.

die I want you to have a post-mortem examination made, just to see if I am right about those doctors leaving that monkey wrench in me. For heaven's sake make the machine jump that fence, for here comes a drove of cattle in the road.

"Gee, but when I saw those cattle ahead and the machine running away, I tried to pray, and then I steered her towards an old rail fence that looked as though it was rotten, and then there was a crash, the air was full of rails, and dad said: 'This is no hurdle race, and we landed in a field where there was an old hard snow bank. She went up on the side, hit the frozen snow, turned a summersault, the gasoline tank exploded and I didn't remember anything till some farmers that were spreading manure in the field turned me over with a pitchfork, and asked me who the old dead man was standing on his head in the snow bank with his plug hat around his neck. As soon as I came to I went to dad, and he was just coming out of a trance, and asked him if he didn't think a little excitement sort of made the sluggish blood circulate, and he looked at the blood on the snow, and said he thought there was no doubt about the circulation of his blood.

"He got up, got his hat untangled, told the farmers he was obliged to them for their courtesy and then he called me one side and said:

"Henny, this attempt on your part to murder me was not the success that you expected, but you keep on and you will get me all right. Now, as a business man, I want to say we have got to get out of this town tonight or we will be arrested and sent to the penitentiary; besides, I will have to pay a thousand dollars damage at the least calculation. Get me a carriage for home, and you stay and set this machine on fire and skip back to town in time for the evening train south, and we will go where the climate is more genial."

"Well, good-by, old man," and the bad boy went limping out of the grocery to go home and tell his mother that he and dad had been scoring up for the good time they were going to have when they got out on the road for dad's health.

# THE AMERICAN HOME

W. A. RADFORD EDITOR

Thirty-one by sixty feet, exclusive of the porch, gives ground room enough for a very roomy cottage, especially when the roof space in the gables is transformed into pretty, interesting bedrooms. This plan provides a tower—an ideal place for a boy's room. The imagination of any youngster is stimulated by the prospect of decorating his own room with pictures, tennis rackets, canoe paddles, Indian clubs, lacrosse sticks, snow shoes, curling stones, ball clubs, Indian snakes, skis, skates and as many other evidences of boyish sports as he can lay his hands on. The encouragement given by father and mother go a long way toward helping out in the artistic arrangement of such boyish decorations. Every boy has some esthetic ideas along these lines that may be developed to his lasting benefit.

A boy with such a room, if encouraged by his parents and treated right in other ways, never has an inclination to leave home. Modern American life has too strong a tendency to lead boys into outside channels. Men are absorbed in business, come home at night tired out and want the youngsters sent off to bed with little courtesy. As the boys grow older they resent such treatment and look for street companions, and too often find amusement in questionable places. Nine times out of ten, parents are directly to blame for evil association tendencies that are developed in growing boys. Healthy boys are full of life and demand amusement as their rightful prerogative. If they are denied these things at home it is the most natural thing to look for it elsewhere. Their experience and youthful enthusiasm leads them easily into mischief that a good strong home influence would counteract. Industrious Americans in middle life usually have the means necessary to provide a comfort-

contained provision for an open fire. There would be less crime if homes were made more cheerful. The one thing above all others that lends cheer to every inmate and every visitor is the open fire. It was the only luxury known to prehistoric man. Its welcome



able home with accommodation for the boys, and girls, too, that are at once more attractive and satisfying than any outside influence.

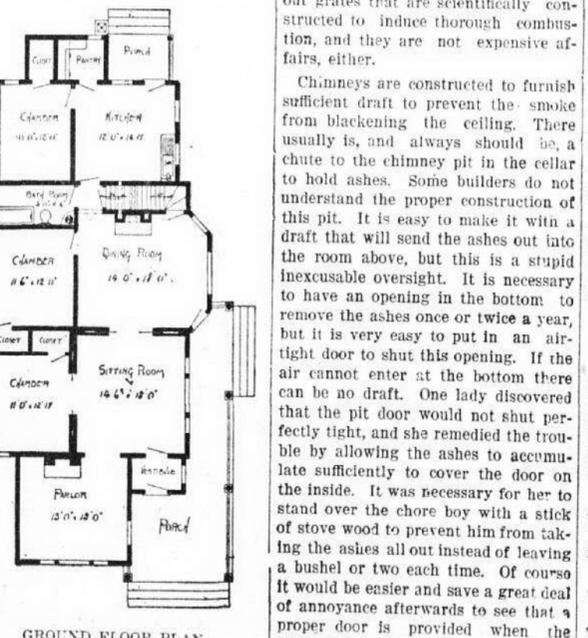
A tower room is attractive especially to a boy because it is something out of the ordinary, and because it is shut away from the main part of the house, where he can make all the noise he wants to without being continually

light and warmth have been bred into the marrow of the human race.

A fireplace may be cheap and it may be expensive; so long as the fire is burning the furnishings are not criticised; and it is by no means necessary to neglect the decorations designed to enclose the grate fire. Manufacturers have spent millions of dollars for machinery, especially designed to turn out grates that are scientifically constructed to induce thorough combustion, and they are not expensive affairs, either.

Chimneys are constructed to furnish sufficient draft to prevent the smoke from blackening the ceiling. There usually is, and always should be, a chute to the chimney pit in the cellar to hold ashes. Some builders do not understand the proper construction of this pit. It is easy to make it with a draft that will send the ashes out into the room above, but this is a stupid inexcusable oversight. It is necessary to have an opening in the bottom to remove the ashes once or twice a year, but it is very easy to put in an airtight door to shut this opening. If the air cannot enter at the bottom there can be no draft. One lady discovered that the pit door would not shut perfectly tight, and she remedied the trouble by allowing the ashes to accumulate sufficiently to cover the door on the inside. It was necessary for her to stand over the chore boy with a stick of stove wood to prevent him from taking the ashes all out instead of leaving a bushel or two each time. Of course it would be easier and save a great deal of annoyance afterwards to see that a proper door is provided when the chimney is built; but if a person is determined to have comfort in a house they will find some means to carry out the provisions to secure it. The price of comfort is forethought with considerable subsequent determination.

Such houses as this may be built to advantage in any of the smaller cities. When a place gets a population of half a million or so there is no room for cottage houses except in the suburbs, and these places sometimes are not as accessible as they should be



GROUND FLOOR PLAN.

help him arrange it in a style peculiarly his own. It is well lighted, with two double windows, and if he needs more room will find a perch on the roof. And if he makes the roof part of his playground do not scold him for splitting a shingle now and then. Shingles are cheaper than boys.

This house plan provides for two grates. I wish every house in America



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

# The Struggle

By CHAS. MICHAEL WILLIAMS

(Copyright, by Joseph E. Bowles.)

The sonorous bell of the old clock began to strike the hour of twelve at night.

One!—it rang, solemnly, slowly. Roger Carton started violently; he hurriedly raised his head from his arms and the light revealed his haggard and passion-distorted face. Steeped in mental misery for hours, he had paid no heed to the progress of time, but now he bestirred himself. In half an hour the train would start, and he was to go on it, away from that hateful town—forever—

Two!—rang the sweet-toned bell. He was on his feet, swiftly sweeping the papers from his desk into a bag; still with confused, acutely painful thoughts racing through his mind faster than the voice of time as symbolized by the chiming clock—

Three!—

Could he not stop thinking now? The train was waiting. There would be no other for 15 hours, and 15 hours more in this place would be an eternity of suffering. He must hurry on to New York, there to begin a new life, if new life were possible to a man who had failed so miserably in his first trial of existence—

Four!—

In New York he would be an insignificant cipher among millions—not, as here in his birthplace, the derided young "fool of a boy" as he had overheard a man he respected allude to him. Placed in charge of his father's factory by that honored man, now dead, had he not neglected his business, failed in his promises, wounded the hearts of those who loved him (two women, they; his mother and the girl) and all by his idiotic behavior over a woman who had finally simply laughed at him? Oh, the shame of it—she had laughed at him!

Five!—

Here were her letters, her photograph. Slashed across, he threw them into the fire. The picture fell face upward, and from the red glowing coals the woman's dark, enigmatical eyes smiled at him. How she had enslaved him, the dusky stranger with her unreadable eyes, her singular smiles, her voice of haunting cadences. And now she was nothing but a ghost, torturing his memory and driving him forth from home and kindred—

Six! Seven! Eight!—inexorable time winged on.

He took three more photographs from the desk—his mother's—he averted his eyes as he put it in the bag; the girl Miriam's, her frank, candid eyes sent a pang of remorse to his soul; and his father's, the dead soldier's steadfast gaze looked searchingly into his eyes.

Nine! Ten!—

Singular, subtle, powerful were the emotions that vibrated as there surged throughout his veins the aroused blood of the man, his father. He had believed in him; that warrior who had fought for home and country and never turned his back on foe or duty—

Eleven!—

The utter shame! real shame, chilled him to the heart. "I am acting like—the coward! What, run away?—that would be worse than anything! No, dad—I'll stay and fight this thing out." He suddenly touched the portrait with his lips, and sat down steadily in his chair. He began to set his papers in order—and—

The sonorous bell of the old clock struck twelve.

# BEARS THAT RELISH PORK

Two Old and Two Young Pig Stealers Get a Fine Meal.

That favorite old tradition of zoology that bears won't touch pork, alive or dead, has been rudely shattered by fact once more. Adam Kinley, of Cogan house township, is minus three members of an early litter of black piggies, the result of a foraging expedition on the part of four presumptuous black bears, says the Philadelphia Record.

Kinley and the hired men helping him saw two old bears and a couple of cubs come out of the woods at a corner of the field scarcely two stones' throws from his house. One of the old bears grasped two piglets in its forepaws and hugged them to death, while the other big Bruin did likewise with one pig, and the sow and six others of her litter ran squealing toward their pen. Then the four bears ambled back into the woods with their prey.

Powerful Writer.

"It is strange," said a lawyer, "that the late Rufus Shapley, the brilliant Philadelphia lawyer, did not write a number of novels. 'Solid for Mulhooly,' Mr. Shapley's only book, had an immense success. Encouraged by it, I wonder he did not keep on writing."

"Once at a dinner I heard an editor congratulate Mr. Shapley warmly on 'Solid for Mulhooly.' The editor said it was powerfully written."

"Mr. Shapley in his oddly humorous way replied: 'I suppose I am a powerful writer. The gift still lingers with me, too. The other day I wrote a letter of condolence to the widow of an old friend, and I understand that the lady no sooner read my letter than, changing her black gown for a pink one, she went to a matinee.'"

And Yet.

"Didn't that patient respond to your treatment?" asked the doctor's wife. "Not yet," replied the physician; "and I've sent him three bills!"—Cassell's Journal.

# TORTURED WITH GR...

Since Using Doan's Kidney Pills Not a Stone Has Formed.



Capt. S. L. Crute, Adj. Wm. U. C. V., Roanoke, Va., says: "I suffered a long time with kidney trouble and felt all the time from my weight, 225 lbs. Urinary were too thick and I had up often at night. I had been also, but my suffering was from renal colic. I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. Since then I have never had a stone of gravel, and have picked up my former health and weight. I am a man, and give Doan's Kidney credit for it."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

# IN THE PUBLIC EYE

George Westinghouse, the inventor of the air brake, has been described "a hundred horsepower man." Mayor Schmitz, of San Francisco, when first elected three years ago, was leader of an orchestra in a chamber. Mayor Ekers, of Montreal, is dressed personally as "your worship" and in the third person as "his ship."

Twenty-five years ago Secretary of War was law reporter for the Cincinnati Times and later for the Cincinnati Commercial.

President Diaz returned from a long trip the other day with six mountain cats and 17 deer. Mr. president is only 76.

Ambassador Whitelaw Reid was checked from London recently for Miami university library fund, honor of the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation in June.

Former United States Senator J. P. Morgan, of Kansas, has not disappeared. He is only in retirement compiling a summary of the Congressional record from its beginning, classified topics.

Bob Taylor, the ex-governor of Tennessee, who has just won a United States senatorship at his party's primaries, was the author of the remark about Mason and Dixon's line that was "the line of demarcation between hot biscuit and cold bread."

Former Congressman Jefferson Levy, of New York, has received a production of Paul du Bois' "Military Fortitude," presented in France last September. It is in return for the statue of Thomas Jefferson presented by him to the French national museum at Algiers.

Judge J. T. Fleming, of Oklahoma, is unique. He served in the Confederate army, voted the first time in the life for Grant, and the last time for Harrison. He believes that every unemployed soldier should be paid a pension of \$1 a month, inasmuch as they saved the greatest union of states on earth.

# TWICE TOLD TALES.

In an English court, recently, a man was fined £2 for contempt of court. He offered a £ note in payment, but was told by the clerk that he had no change. "Oh, keep the change," was the reply; "I'll take it out in contempt."

A Frenchwoman was complaining to her husband that he was too much of a bookworm, that he retired to often to his study, leaving her to spend many evenings alone.

"I wish," she ended, plaintively, "that I were a book. Then I might always have your company." "In that case my dear," the Frenchman answered, "I'd wish you were an almanac. Then I could change you once a year."

Thin.

Boarding House Keeper—Will you have soup to-night?

Lodger—No, thanks. I'm off the water wagon.—Smart Set.

Asher Hinds, parliamentary clerk to the house of representatives, who keeps the speaker straight and who is the greatest parliamentary sharp in the country, comes from Maine.

# CLEVER DOCTOR.

Cured a 20 Years' Trouble Without Any Medicine.

A wise Indiana physician cured 20 years' stomach disease without any medicine as his patient tells: "I had stomach trouble for 20 years, tried allopathic medicines, patent medicines and all the simple remedies suggested by my friends, but grew worse all the time. 'Finally a doctor who is the most prominent physician in this part of the state told me medicine would do me no good, only irritating my stomach and making it worse—that I must look to diet and quit drinking coffee. 'I cried out in alarm, 'Quit drinking coffee!' why, 'What will I drink?' 'Try Postum,' said the doctor, 'I drink it and you will like it when it is made according to directions, with cream, for it is delicious and has none of the bad effects coffee has.' 'Well, that was two years ago, and I am still drinking Postum. My stomach is right again and I know doctor hit the nail on the head when he decided coffee was the cause of all my trouble. I only wish I had quit it years ago and drank Postum in its place.' Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Never too late to mend. Ten days trial of Postum in place of coffee works wonders. There's a reason. Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."