

## PECK'S BAD BOY



**The Bad Boy and His Dad at a Christian Science Boarding House—The Bad Boy Tells His Uncle How They Were Kidnaped in Greece—Dad Sang "Hot Time" in the Bandits' Cave and When They Were Asleep Escaped on a Mule.**

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"Well, I suppose you have got your European airs worn off, so you can come down to plain American living again," said the old groceryman to the bad boy when he came into the grocery with a kerosene can, and sat down on the barrel of dried apples, and reached into the barrel of lump sugar, and filled his pocket. The old man had just cut a new cheese, and he sliced off a thin piece of cheese and laid it on a big square cracker and handed it to the boy, saying: "Just lay that inside your ribs and tell me if you got anything to eat in Europe that could hold



A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN LIKE A GREEK STATUE ROSE UP BEFORE US.

a candle to that for filling up the waste places and making a hungry man feel at peace with all the world."

"Gee, but cheese stops that tired feeling in a fellow like taking chloroform for a toothache," said the boy, as he put himself outside the lunch the old man had provided. "There is no absent treatment about cheese, like the Christian Scientists teach. It is the real stuff. We have been boarding for a couple of weeks with a woman who practices Christian Science, and I am as hollow as a woodpecker's nest. That boarding house keeper gives us boiled water and tells us to imagine that it is coffee, and we are just as well off as though we had the real thing. We had absent treatment ham and eggs for breakfast, and there was no ham and no eggs, and the woman just talked ham and eggs until we thought we were filled clear up to the muzzle, but when we got out of her presence we were too weak to walk. But dad got even with the Christian Science boarding house keeper this morning when he paid the board bill. He handed her a blank piece of paper, and told her to imagine it was a check for \$20; but she is going to sue dad for obtaining board under false pretenses, and I guess we will be in litigation the rest of our lives. Say, give me another cheese sandwich, and cut the cheese thicker," and the bad boy reached for another cracker.

"I don't believe much in these new styles of religion," said the old man, as he wiped the cheese knife on a coffee sack. "Give me the old praying and shouting kind of religion, that has a revival in the winter and gets you all het up, and you go forward and have 'em pray for you, and you confess to your sins and along in the spring are baptized, and feel that you are as a brand plucked from the burning, and then, when summer comes, and the picnic season opens, you backslide and the people of the church cut you dead, and point to you as one of the worst ever, and then along towards winter you attend the revival again, and get religion where you left off, and they fall over themselves to make you feel that you are as good as anybody, and the next time you are baptized it seems to take, like vaccination, and you stick to the church always, and sit up nights to rope in other fellows that swear and cut up. That is what I call religion that sticks to your ribs like crackers and cheese to a hungry man."

"But, say, how was it you never wrote me, when you were abroad, about visiting Greece? Your dad was in here 'tother day and said he had had rheumatiz ever since he was kidnaped in Athens, and had to wear the Greek costume of short petticoats for men, and sleep out on a mountain-side. What about it?"

"Did dad tell you that?" said the bad boy, as he laughed, and looked as though the recollection of the Greek experience was going to split him wide open. "Dad and I agreed that we would keep that a secret, but if he has told about it, there is no use of my keeping still. We struck Athens, and dad felt that there was a place where he could boss the people around, 'cause everybody seemed to be dressed like ballet dancers; the men wore a sort of starched petticoat, and they all looked as though they were lovesick, and didn't do anything but pose to be looked at, and we couldn't blame them, for the women were the whitest and handsomest we had seen anywhere,

with red cheeks, and great soulful eyes, like Americans. Yes, sir, everybody in Athens seemed to be in love, and dad thought the men looked effeminate, on account of their clothes, but every man is an athlete and a fighter from the word go.

"Well, we went up on the hill to the Acropolis, an old marble ruin that overlooks the town, and dad paced off the ground, to see how much territory it covered, and figured up how much good marble there was in it, that could be used for gravestones, and when some of the policemen asked me what the old man was doing I told them he was a rich old party from America that was going to buy the Acropolis and move it to the United States and make it over into a morgue, and that he didn't care for expense, for he was the richest man in the world.

"Well, we looked things over, like all tourists do, and we went to Mars Hill, where Paul preached, and dad read up on Paul, and offered to bet that Paul could give cards and spades to any preacher, and then beat him preaching, and the next night we went to the place where Socrates and Plato taught school, and some of the Greeks had watched us pretty close, and just after dark, as we were walking around, a beautiful woman, like a Greek statue, rose up before us, with a white robe on, and she went up to dad and claimed his protection, as she was being pursued by robbers, and she cuddled up to dad. At first we thought she was a ghost, but when she touched dad, and clung to him, he said she was warm all right, and was no ghost, and he told her not to worry, as she was under the protection of the American flag, and he would stand by her till hades froze over, and he put his left arm around her and drew his revolver. I can remember the scene as though it was last night, and how that Greek woman clung to dad, and thanked him, and she smiled a smile full of teeth and red lips, and then she looked out into the moonlight and screamed: "There they come," and she fainted in dad's arms, and then we were surrounded by about a dozen Greek bandits, dressed in white petticoats, and with long crooked daggers, and one fellow that seemed to be the chief, put a crooked knife to dad's throat, and dad turned blue and said what are you going to do, but they didn't say anything, but took us to a cave where the woman got over her fainting spell, and then they dressed dad up in a white petticoat, and these long socks such as ballet dancers wear, and we all got on to small mules and started for the mountains, and rode all night.

"Say, dad was a picture. The Greeks are small men, and they look all right in petticoats, but dad was so fat he looked swelled up, and even the mule noticed it, and the girl, who was on the white mule, laughed at dad, and she could talk English, and she told dad that the bandits only wanted his money, and they wouldn't hurt him if he gave up a million or so. It proved that she was one of the gang, and dad and I held a consultation, and we decided to give her a letter to the American consul at Athens, authorizing him to give her a carload of money for ransom, and in the letter dad wound up with a postscript telling the consul not to give a confounded cent, but to arrest her and send troops to rescue us. I asked dad what he was going to do if she didn't come back and the bandits decided to kill us, and he said never you mind, your papa will get out of this all right, and he did.

"The woman went away with a letter she could not read, but which she told dad how to write, and then the bandits made dad do the cooking for the bunch, and he put so much salt in the food that it made 'em all thirsy; and they sent one of the bandits to a vineyard, where he got several pig skins full of wine and brandy, and that night they sung songs, and made dad sing 'Hot Time,' and they made me dance, and dad kept saying, 'Let's have one more on me,' and they drank until the whole crowd was stupefied, and dad acted as though he was drunker than any of them, but



THEY DRESSED DAD UP IN WHITE PETTICOATS AND LONG SOCKS. SAY, DAD WAS A PICTURE.

when they all got asleep, and I began to cry, and wish I was dead, dad woke up and said: 'Now I won't do a thing to your Greeks,' and he went around to the sleeping bandits and took all their knives and all their money, and he took off the petticoat they had given him to wear and tied a blanket around his waist, and he tied their legs together with strings off the saddles of the mules, and just before daylight on the second morning dad and I got on the biggest mule and started down the trail, and when we struck level ground we maulled that mule and he got a move on him and

went across that prairie on a top, skip and jump, and only touched the high places.

"Along towards noon we saw dust in the road ahead, and pretty soon we met a mess of Greek soldiers, with the American consul at the head, and told them where the bandits were, drunk and with their legs tied, and the consul and some soldiers went back to Athens with us, and the rest of the troops went on after the bandits. We got to Athens before night, and found the woman under guard in the consul's office, and when she saw dad, and he told her how he had fixed the bandits, she cried, and said she wasn't to blame, and wanted to hug dad, but he said: 'Nay, nay, Pauline,' and then she said he was no gentleman because the consul did not pay the ransom, and dad told her he wrote to the consul not to cough up, and she looked



THE BANDITS MADE DAD DO THE COOKING.

mad at dad and said: 'You think you are smart, don't you?' and then she was taken to jail, and dad and I took an account of the stuff we robbed the bandits of, and found we had several hundred dollars, and besides, dad filed a claim against Greece for half a million dollars, for lacerated feelings, and left it with the consul to collect, so if you ever hear of American warships going to Greece, you will know what is the matter.

"The next morning the soldiers came into Athens with the bandits tied to mules, and they threatened to kill dad on sight, so we skipped out, but dad got his pants back, and so he didn't have to sail with petticoats on, but whenever dad meets a Greek gentleman around home here it is all I can do to keep him from robbing the Greek. Say, give me another slice of that cheese," and the bad boy got up and stretched himself and yawned.

The old groceryman looked at the bad boy for a minute, and then said: "Either your father ought to be in the penitentiary or else you are the condemndest liar in America."

### OPEN FIELD SAFEST PLACE.

Person Less Liable to Be Struck by Lightning—Most Dangerous Places.

About the most dangerous place to seek shelter in a thunderstorm is under an oak or elm tree, as was proved again by the experience of a dozen persons in Prospect park, Brooklyn, only a short time ago. This fact has long been known to scientists, but many persons are killed every year by lightning because of the lack of disregard of this knowledge.

The total annual loss of life by lightning is not known, for complete statistics on the subject have never been kept. A few years ago the United States weather bureau attempted something of the kind in a tentative way. Its experts figured out the average number of persons killed by lightning yearly in the United States as 312. But this was not complete. From several states in the union the weather bureau received no reports.

The reports received did show that of all that lightning killed, only a few were struck in the open field. Most of the killed and injured, it was found, had sought shelter from thunderstorms under trees, in doorways of barns or near chimneys.

While no record of the kinds of trees most often struck by lightning has ever been kept in the United States, the lightning rod conference held in England in 1881 reported that in the United Kingdom the trees most often struck were the elm, oak, ash and poplar. It also said that the beech, birch and maple were seldom touched by lightning. It was an elm that was struck in Prospect park on July 8.

For a period of 11 years in the principality of Lippe-Detmold exhaustive records were kept of all trees struck by lightning. These showed that trees standing near water seemed to be the most likely to be hit and gave this table of comparative danger: Oaks, 100; elms, 77; pines, 33; firs, 10; fir trees in general, 27; oeches, by far the safest of all forest trees, 2.

### Japs Know Good Music.

Picking up a menu card of a hotel in Yokohama, one sees thereon a music programme, made up entirely of compositions by Beethoven, Flotow, Haydn, Strauss and Liszt. Which proves that the Japanese know good music and evidently like it, else the hotel management would not make up its programme from composers of this grade. This is an improvement on the American taste, which goes in for "ragtime" or such chaste works as "Bedelia," "Smoky Mokes," "The St. Louis Tickle." The more we hear and see of Japan and its people the more we are inclined to the view that in many respects they represent a higher degree of civilization than boastful America and Americans have yet reached.

## HEDGEHOG BATTLES WITH CANADA LYNX

NOVEL FIGHT WITNESSED BY TWO HUNTERS.

BIG CAT STARTS TROUBLE

He Unintentionally Ducks Animated Pincushion and Trouble Quickly Follows—Both Are Finally Killed.

Chittenden, Vt.—A novel battle between a Canadian lynx and a big hedgehog was witnessed recently by Roy Pritchard and Ralph Stewart, who were hunting partridges in the vicinity of Rocky pond, in the mountains northeast of here.

The men were eating their luncheon on the shore of the pond, when they observed a mammoth hedgehog crawl out on a log and dip his nose into the water for a drink. Pritchard was about to crawl toward the point from which the log projected, when he saw a lynx creep out of the bushes and leap on the log. The jar upset the hedgehog, and he went into the water with a splash.

While the surprised and indignant animated pincushion was swimming ashore, grunting at every stroke of his clumsy paws, the lynx lay down on the log, wormed his way toward the end and lapped the water thirstily. He paid no further attention to the hog which drew from him a howl of pain and rage. His unseated adversary had crawled up behind him and nosed him in the leg.

When he felt the sharp quills the lynx turned and cuffed the hog into the water again, but the chastisement cost him dear, for he, too, toppled in and came down belly first on the raised quills. For a moment the animals struggled until the hog fixed his long and sharp front teeth in the paw of the big cat, when they swam, rolled and splashed ashore to have it out on the bank.

It is seldom that any animal will tackle a hedgehog, but in this instance the lynx went into battle with a determination that boded ill for his enemy. He bit, scratched and tore at the



THE LYNX HAD ANNEXED MOST OF THE HOG'S QUILLS.

needle-like quills until his mouth, paws and a large part of his hide were fairly bristling with them, and the hog looked like a patchwork bed quilt. For the most part the enemy lay with its nose between its paws, jealously guarding its one vulnerable part, but now and then it got a telling nip and let go only when his thin skull was exposed to a blow from the cat's powerful paw.

At the end of ten minutes the lynx had annexed most of the hog's quills, and it was beginning to look as though he would finish his antagonist, when one of the slender points penetrated an eye. Blind from pain and fury, he spun around in a circle, and the hedgehog, seeing that he finally had his tormentor at a disadvantage, caught him by the throat and held on until he was almost disemboweled.

Up to this time the men had refrained from taking a hand in the fight, as their guns were loaded with fine birdshot, but now, realizing that they would be doing a service to both, they ran forward and put the combatants out of misery. When the lynx was stretched out his hide was found to be so filled with quills as to be worthless. Several had penetrated his throat, and as the points were poisoned, it would have been but a matter of time before he died, either from the effect of the poison or from perforation of the windpipe. The hog was badly torn, and could not have survived long.

### Latest Fish Story.

White Cloud, Minn.—Peter Graves of this village, tells the following fish story About two months ago Graves' cow was taken with a fit of choking and he thought she would die. In his efforts to relieve the cow the idea occurred to him that if he would pound the cow's sides it would cause her to cough. "I grabbed up a fence board and struck her once or twice," says Pete, "and she coughed up a speckled trout at least a foot long that she had drawn into her throat while drinking at the river. I thought nothing more of this until three or four days ago, when a calf was born. The calf is without hair, and is speckled all over with blood-red spots, and when the cow goes to the river to drink, that calf will plunge into the water, dive under logs and cut all manner of antics in the water."

## WALKS UP AND DOWN WALLS OF SKYSCRAPER.

Daring Feat of a Steeplejack to Win Bet of Two Dollars—Crowds Witness Performance.

New York.—Clinging like a fly to the surface of the Flatiron building, John Garrick, a steeplejack, walked down the side of the tall building from the twentieth story to the street and up again several times the other day, while thousands below stood trembling at the daring feat. Women fainted from the strain on their nerves, men turned white, while Garrick, as unconcerned as though he were strolling along Broadway, was rapidly ascending and descending, stopping to pose for his photograph, waving salutations to a



HE SCALED THE TWENTY-STORY BUILDING.

porter, clinging all the while to the sheer wall with his fingers and toes in the inch-and-a-quarter deep grooves that indent its surface, and all to earn a \$2 bet. Garrick did not touch a window sill save to enter or leave a window.

"It is safe if you are careful," said Garrick afterwards, "as safe as walking the street." Garrick is about 30 years old and lives in Brooklyn. At one time in his career he was an aeronaut, but at present he is an awning-hanger.

Taking the elevator to the twentieth story of the Flatiron building, he entered an office facing the Broadway side and opening the window, stepped out on the ledge. The Flatiron building is 286 feet high and from the window ledge where Garrick stood there was a sheer, vertical wall below him, with the pavement more than 270 feet away. A single false step or lost hold meant death.

Garrick did not hesitate an instant. Lowering himself carefully over the edge of the window he felt with his feet for a hold in the grooves that run horizontally over the wall. These grooves are only an inch and a quarter deep and two inches wide. Garrick quickly disappeared from the window, to the amazement of the clerks in the office, who rushed forward to see where he had gone. They thought that he was trying to commit suicide. As they leaned out they saw the man already many feet down the wall, climbing diagonally to avoid window casings immediately beneath the point of departure. He looked like a man on an invisible ladder. When he started Broadway was bustling about its usual business, but before he reached the corner many women looked upward and caught sight of him. One woman screamed and everyone within reach of her stopped and stared. With rapidity the news spread through the crowd. The traffic on Broadway and along Twenty-third street was blocked.

Down he went, one foot after the other, and one hand grasping the thin ledge below, before he released his grip on the upper one.

He looked from the street and from the roof of the Bartholdi hotel like a man walking on an invisible ladder. Never for an instant did he falter or hesitate, but with calm, even movements as though his inch of foothold was the step of a staircase, the steeplejack came down to the street. Later he ascended in the same way.

### Corpse Drives Merry-makers.

Philadelphia, Pa.—A dead man drove a party of horsemen a mile from the Belmont race track to Narberth station. The dead man was William Devere, aged 70 years, a driver. The old man, who has been a familiar figure on the Lancaster pike for many years, went to the driving park for passengers, and obtained a hack load. He answered some questions, took directions, jumped lightly to his seat, and started his horse. When Narberth station was reached one of the party called to the old man to stop. The order was not heeded. The man jumped from the hack, stopped the horse, and, after berating him for not stopping at the station, reached up to shake the silent driver. It was they found that Devere was dead—of apoplexy.

### Exciting Hunt After Snake.

McKeesport, Pa.—Residents of the Tenth ward had an exciting hunt for a copperhead the other day, but the reptile escaped, and the women of the vicinity in which it was located are in a state of nervous apprehension. The snake is said to be three feet long. It took refuge from its pursuers under a porch at the residence of Thomas Edmundson, in Pacific avenue, and has not been seen since. It is believed the snake wriggled out of a load of hay brought from the country.

### Avoids Bath 22 Years.

Marshalltown, Ia.—Because, as the plaintiff alleges, her husband has not bathed for 22 years, and brags of the fact, Mrs. Phoebe Naumann, wife of a farmer, filed a petition for divorce. She asked the custody of seven minor children and \$8,000 of alimony, or one-third of the defendant's property.

## NEWS OF MINNESOTA.

### Sustained.

St. Paul.—Judge Lewis in the district court sustained the demurrers to the complaints in the suits brought by Samuel Berman and Aaron Berman against O. O. Rindal, C. N. Cosgrove and Franklin H. Griggs, to recover \$5,000 damages in both cases for an alleged false arrest and imprisonment at the state fair grounds in 1903. The demurrers were based on the ground that here was an improper joinder of parties and cases of action.

The Bermans, who are brothers, claim that they visited the state fair grounds during the fair of 1903 and were arrested by the defendant Rindal, one of the special officers employed on the fair grounds, and imprisoned in the fair grounds jail on a charge of being pickpockets.

Suits based on the same grounds were brought against the state agricultural society but the supreme court held that the society is a part of the state government and cannot be sued. The present suits were then brought against O. O. Rindal, the special officer who made the arrest. C. N. Cosgrove, president of the society whose duty, the complaints allege it was to employ the peace officers on the fair grounds, and Franklin H. Griggs, attorney for the society.

### Suicide.

Aitkin.—Dr. W. C. Arons, the bone-setter, convicted of bigamy and grand larceny and sentenced to six years in the penitentiary in Stillwater, committed suicide in his cell, blowing his head completely off with a 44-caliber Colt revolver.

Sheriff C. G. Haugen had just gone down town, leaving the jail in charge of Deputy Sheriff John Erickson, who, it seems was writing at his desk in the sheriff's office, when he heard the door by loud and continuous knocking on the inner door of the jail room. When the officer opened the door the doctor gave him a violent push against the back wall and immediately rushed to the sheriff's desk, and opened it, grasping a 44-caliber Colt revolver, turned upon the deputy, shouting: "Get out of my way," rushed back into his cell, placed the revolver to his head and scattered his brains all over the floor.

### Must Pay.

St. Paul.—Attorney General Young says there is no way in which Stevens county can repudiate the bonds held by the state for payment of seed-grain loans. The county commissioners have stated that they do not intend to pay the loans, having been advised by the county attorney that such action is not necessary. The attorney general says the only point that can be raised is the constitutionality of the law under which the loans were made, and it is too late to make that defense, now that the loan has been made and the state has the bonds.

### Prolific.

St. Cloud.—Luxemburg, a township in Stearns county, is in no apparent danger of depopulation by race suicide, according to the reports in the hands of the state census bureau. There are in the township 810 people, and as there are only 92 families the average number in each family is 8.79. There is no family with less than five members. One family has 15 members, two have fourteen, one, 13; three have 12; six have 11; sixteen have 10; 16 have nine members; twenty-four have 8 members, and twenty-three have 7. The census bureau officials say they have several other townships "nearly as good."

### Tied Up.

Duluth.—An order restraining the Great Northern and Northern Pacific roads from moving cars of grain brought to Superior and inspected by the Wisconsin inspectors has been signed and is now in force. The order includes over 700 cars at present. Wisconsin claims that the inspection fees have not been paid and is holding the cars until the money is turned over. The roads are practically tied up as far as the grain movement is concerned.

### Royalties.

Duluth.—The revenue to the state from royalties on its iron ore properties this year gives promise of being a great record breaker. The state received \$127,030.41 during the first three-quarters of the year, being on 474,263 tons of ore. The receipts for the third quarter alone amounted to \$77,824.54 for 236,587 tons of ore. During the same quarter last year 181,663 tons were produced, and the state got \$48,030.31.

### News Notes.

Wayzata.—Fire destroyed the general store of Bodin Bros. at Mound Lake, Minnetonka.

St. Paul.—W. C. Chapdelain, 62 East Eleventh street, who took a large dose of morphine died at the city hospital.

St. Paul.—Three shots in a week have been fired at the windows of Rice & Cymer, printers, 73 East Fifth street. No damage has been done except the breaking of a window pane. The police have been notified. The shots fired on separate days.

Springfield.—Albert Nuessle, the son of a prominent merchant and member of the university football team, season 1904, accidentally shot himself in the left arm, inflicting a bad flesh wound.

Winona.—Several members of the Winona board of trade and business men visited the beet syndicate fields near Stockton for purposes of inspection. They found the beets in excellent condition and ready to be cut.

Minneapolis.—After a quarrel Dave Riley, a stockman, living at 2400 Girard avenue N., shot and killed Barney Cafferty, his next-door neighbor, and then killed himself.