

PECK'S BAD BOY WITH THE CIRCUS

By HON. GEORGE W. PECK
Author of "Peck's Bad Boy Abroad," Etc.

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The Show Strikes Virginia and the Educated Orang Outang Has the Whooping Cough—The Bad Boy Plays the Part of a Monkey, But They Forget to Pin on a Tail.

Well, I have broke the show all to pieces, just by not being able to stand grief. Everything is all balled up, the managers are sore at me, and afraid of being sent to jail, and pa thinks I ought to be mauled.

It was this way: When we left Washington we cut loose from every home tie, and plunged into Virginia, and the trouble began at once. We met a lawyer on the train, on the way to Richmond, and fed him in our dining car, and got him acquainted with all the performers and treaks, and he told us that we would have to be careful in Virginia, cause all the white people were first families and aristocratic,



The Keeper Who Trained the Ourangoutang Took Me in Hand.

and if any man about our show should fail to be polite to the white people they would be shot or lynched, but if we wanted to shoot niggers the game laws were not very strict about it, cause the open season on niggers runs the year around, but you couldn't shoot white people only two monies in the year. He said another thing that scared pa and the managers. He said if a traveling show did not perform all it advertised the owners were liable to go to state prison for 20 years, and that each town had men on the lookout to see that shows didn't advertise what they didn't carry out.

Pa and the managers held a consultation, and couldn't find that we advertised anything that we didn't have, except the ourang outang that we took on at New York, which eats and dresses like a man, cause that animal got whooping cough in Delaware and had to be sent to a hospital, but we heard he was well again and would join the show in a week. Pa asked the Richmond lawyer how it would be if one of the animals that was advertised was sick and couldn't perform, and

through his stunt so often I thought I could imitate him, and of course there was no talking to do, but just to grunt once in awhile, the way Dennis did, and have an animal look.

Well, sir, the keeper who trained the ourang outang took me in hand, and in an hour I was perfect. I had rubber feet and wore black gloves, and had a tall fastened on with a safety pin, that would deceive the oldest showman in the business. When the crowd was the biggest, in the middle ring, the keeper led me out of the dressing room with a chain. The announcement was made by the barker that Dennis, the educated ourang outang, that had performed before crowned heads in Europe and sap-heads in Newport, the only man-monkey in the known world, would now entertain the most select audience that had ever been under the tent. Then I was dragged into the ring and put on the platform.

They didn't put on my dress clothes at first, but had a little screen on the platform for me to go behind to dress, and I appeared first in the natural state of the ourang outang, with a suit of buffalo robe stuff that looked exactly like a big monkey. I bowed and the audience cheered, and I stood on my hands and scratched at an imaginary flea, and pa, who was leaning against the platform, whispered to me that I was making the hit of the season.

Then the attendants set the table and the keeper took me behind the screen and dressed me, and the old

any moment to see Virginia secede and go out of the union.

There was nothing more for me to do except to drink my cup of after-dinner coffee, and smoke my cigarette, and quit, and I was patting myself on the back at my success and squirming around in the chair, cause the pin in my tail hurt my back, but I never said a word. The attendant brought in the coffee and I took a couple of swallows, when I realized that somebody had put cayenne pepper into it, and I was hot under the collar, but though I was burning up inside, I never peeped, but just choked and took a swallow of water and vowed to kill the person that made the coffee.

I kept my temper till the trainer handed me the cigarette and a match, and the first puff I realized that they had filled the cigarette with snuff, and after blowing out the smoke I began to sneeze, and the audience fairly went wild. I sneezed about eight times, and at every sneeze the pin in my spine hurt like thunder, but I never lost my temper, till about the seventh sneeze, when my monkey mask flew off, and then a boy about my size, right in front of me, yelled: "It ain't a monkey at all, it is a little nigger," and he threw a ripe persimmon and hit me right in the eye. I said right out in plain English: "You're a liar and I can knock the stuffing out of you."

I pulled off my dress coat and started for him, but pa grabbed me on one side and the monkey trainer on the other, and they tried to get me to return to the monkey character, and chatter, and pa put my monkey mask on me, but I struck right there, and pulled it off, and told him and the managers that I would not play monkey any more with a tail pinned to my spine, my stomach full of cayenne pepper and my nostrils full of Scotch snuff, and my face all puckered up with persimmons.

The crowd yelled: "Fraud! Fraud! Kill the bald-headed old man who is the father of the monkey," and they were making a rush to clean out the show when the dressing-room door opened to let the hippodrome chariot racers out, and the way the chariots scattered the crowd was a caution.

That saved us from serious trouble, for the chariots run over a lot of negroes, which pleased the audience, and they let us off without killing us. They got me back to the dressing-room and had to take a pair of pinchers to get that safety-pin out of my spine, and on the way to the dressing-room some one walked on my monkey tail and pulled it off, and that was a dead loss. Pa sat by me and fanned me, 'cause I was faint, and then he said: "My boy, you played your part well, until the persimmon hit you, and then you forgot that you were an actor, and became yourself, and I don't blame you for wanting to punch that boy who called you a little nigger, and said I was your pa. After this chariot race is over we will go around in front of the seats, and find the boy, and you can do him up. Your monkey business was the feature of the show to-day."

We went out and found a boy that looked like the one that sassed me, but he must have been his big brother, 'cause when I went up to him and swatted him in the nose, he gave me a black eye, and I am a sight.

That evening, at the performance, we cut out the educated ourang outang, and the lawyer we met on the cars came to the show, and said we would all be arrested for not performing all we advertised, but he could settle it for a hundred dollars, and pa paid him the money, and he went out and got a jag and came in the show and was going to make trouble, when pa took him to the cage where the 40-foot boxconstrictor was uncoiling itself, and the Virginian got one look at the snake and went through the side of the tent yelling: "I've got 'em again. Catch me, somebody."

We got out of town before morning, and nobody was arrested, except the negroes that got run over in the chariot race.

The Reporter as a Soldier.

An item in Kansas City paper tells of the death of a reporter in Wichita through injuries contracted in the performance of his reportorial duties. The reporter was sent out at a late hour of the night to "cover" a suicide and fell over a pile of bricks in a dark alley, injuring himself internally, and dying from the effects of the fall a few days later. This man died at his post of duty as truly as the fireman or policeman who loses his life in any great catastrophe that brings his duties into play. And the death of this young man ought to impress upon the newspaper-reading world the sacrifice and often the heroism that the newspapermen on the daily papers are capable of. The reporter is a soldier who never disobeys a call to duty, even though it be to face death in a battle or enter a burning building or a night run on a locomotive or to enter a den of thieves in order to give his paper and its readers the "news."—Denver News.

Bears in Wyoming.

"Bears are so common out in our country," said Maj. Frank Foote, of Evanston, Wyo., "that even the hunters pay but little attention to them, and they roam the mountain sides unmolested. One reason of their immunity is that the state pays no bounty on their skins; and there is no inducement to kill them. In the past year I suppose I've encountered 50 big silver tips in unfrequented localities, not one of which seemed at all embarrassed by the meeting, but trotted off with dignified deliberation."

Not Educated.

Dyer—Has Mack had a liberal education?
Ryer—No; he has never been married.—Judge.



He Hit Me Right in the Eye.

he told pa the people would mob the show if anything was left out.

When we got to Richmond the whole population, principally niggers, was at the lot when we put up the tents, and everybody wanted to catch a sight of Dennis, the ourang outang, and the posters all over town that pictured Dennis smoking cigarettes with a dress suit on, and eating with a knife and fork and a napkin tucked under his chin, were surrounded by crowds. It was plain that all the people cared for was to see the monk.

The managers held a council of war and decided the show would be ruined if we didn't make a bluff at having an ourang outang, so it was decided that I was to be dressed up, in Dennis' clothes, and put on a monkey mask, and go through his stunt at the afternoon performance.

Gee, but I hated to do it, but pa said the fate of the show depended on it and if I didn't take the part he would have to do it himself, and I knew pa wasn't the build of man to play the monkey, and so I said I would do it, but I will never do it again for any show. The wardrobe woman fixed me up like Dennis, and I had seen him go

the management had found by experience that after the ourang outang had been trained to eat like a man and wear men's clothes, that his tail was in the way, so at a great expense the management had caused Dennis' tail to be amputated at a New York hospital, and while we always carry the tail along, it was only used when a critical audience demanded it, but if this refined audience so desired the tail would be attached to the intelligent animal.

The crowd yelled: "Pin on the tail; the tail goes with the hide," and the trainer began to pin it on. Say, I could have killed that trainer. He run that safety pin about an inch into my spine, and I jumped into the air about four feet, and was going to use a cuss word that I learned in Philadelphia, but I had presence of mind enough to grunt just as Dennis used to, and chatter like a monkey, and the day was saved. The tail was on and I turned my back to show that it was on straight, like a woman's hat, when pa said to hurry the performance to a conclusion, because he could see that there was a spirit of unrest in the audience, and he would not be surprised

EASY LESSONS IN DRAWING

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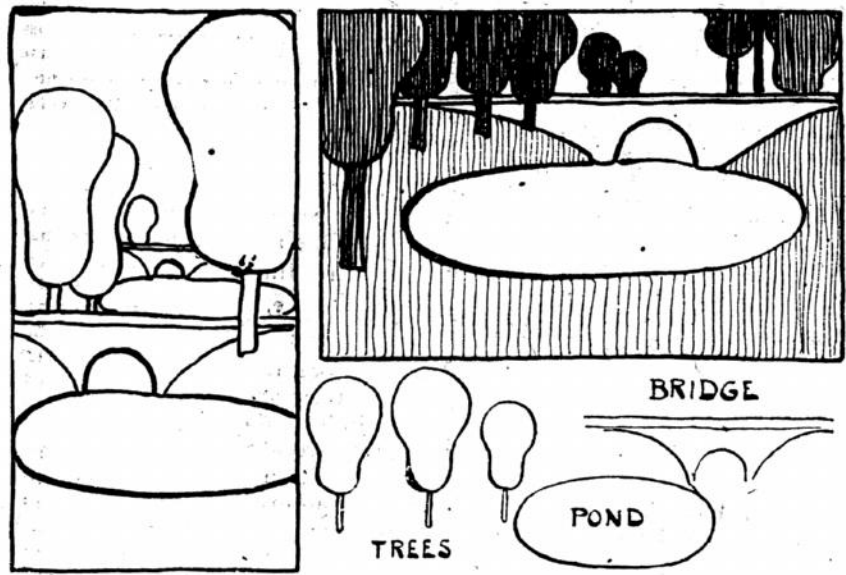
(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Among the questions which have come up by this time is that of shading the drawings. So far the drawings for the child have been in outline purely, and might remain so throughout the series. There is no gain by the mere smudging of a drawing that would have been better in pure outline, and there is often much strength and simplicity to be gained by the separation of one plane from another by the use of tone. It stands with the accented line in its partial usage. When children can use it to good and proper effect they might be permitted to shade with clean, flat tones. At first not over two or three tones should be used, for the draw-

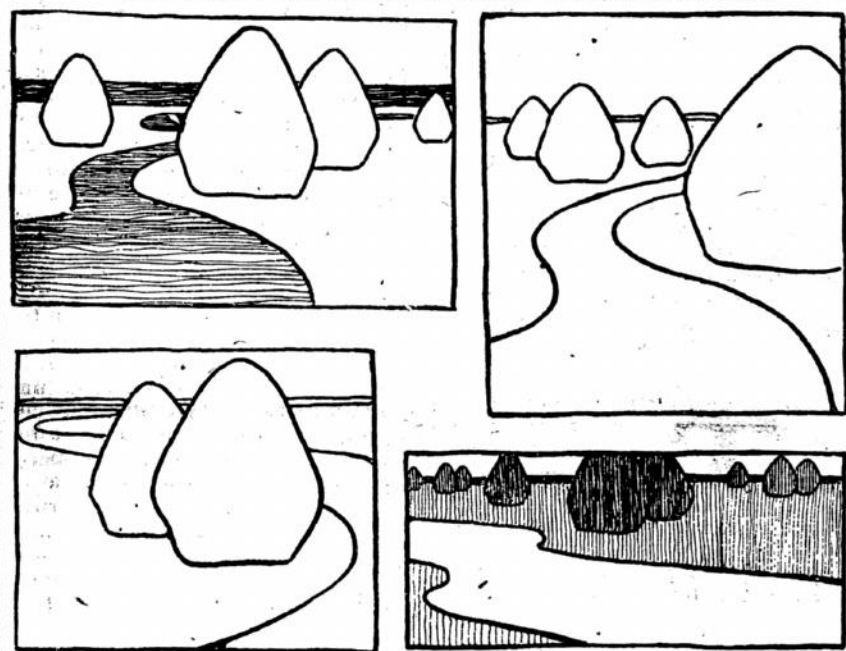
By this time the child may be more generally permitted to indulge in the accented tint and to supply the purely geometric form with freer and more natural treatment. There will be some whose limitations by lack of the drawing instinct will not find this an advantage. They should continue to draw by the purely geometric forms. The natural temptation of the child to overdo the accent must be guarded against.

About Object Drawing.

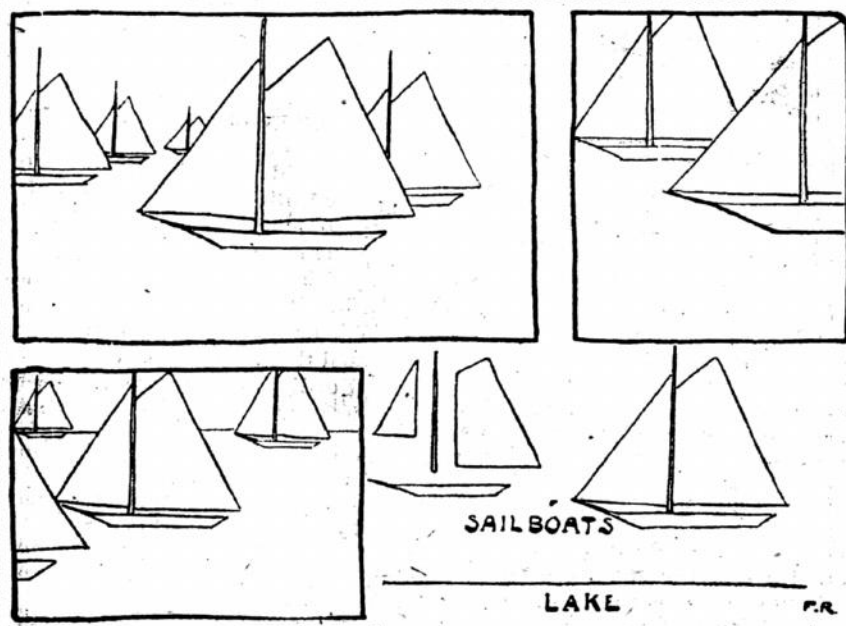
A query has been received asking if object drawing has no place in this method of teaching. The opening article stated the disadvantages and impracticability of teaching object draw-



THE POND IN THE PARK—SYMBOLS AND COMBINATIONS.



HAYSTACKS, STREAM AND LAKE—SYMBOLS AND COMBINATIONS.



THE BOAT RACE—SYMBOLS AND COMBINATIONS.

ings are made up of but few planes; later, as the drawings are more complicated, more tones may be used. It should be understood that shading for the laborious end of covering a drawing with marks is utterly valueless. As more damage can be done by its use than by its omission, shading need not be urged upon the class. From time to time the subjects illustrated will be treated with tone color methods of simple shading. No particular handling of the shading is recommended. The lines may be vertical, diagonal or otherwise if they are but clean and gain the tone desired by simple means. The child will often be inclined to make up for deficiencies in the drawing by elaborate shading. It is wasting its time that way. Insist on the outline drawing being first acceptable.

If the teacher will but refer to the article on the proportion of forms he may apply the same suggestions to the proportions of tone color. The illustrations then given of the two trees and the river will be an aid in judging of excess of color in shading. An accompanying drawing is done in shaded tones for the same purpose. It is not intended to be given the child in that way at present.

ing in the schoolroom. It did not state that object drawing in itself was to be undervalued. If the drawing of solids, dry as it is, could be placed in the schoolroom and taught by a competently trained teacher it might be a beneficial adjunct to the inventive symbol drawing for the artistically inclined, but it would be of little use to the many who could never be taught to see with the draughtsman's eye. It is the especial advantage of symbol drawing that something can be drawn without this draughtsman's eye.

The same inquirer asked about the use of mechanical appliances in the drawing of these mechanical forms. There is no need of ruler, compass or other aid in the drawing of the straight lines or the rounds. There is no need or virtue in the lines being straight or the rounds being absolute circles. Aside from the constraint of expression it is not desirable that they should be a mechanical performance. The constant recommendation of the intelligent use of the accented line has been against the expressionless line that would result from the use of ruler or compass. The drawing should be done with absolute freedom no matter how far the

forms may be from round or the lines from straight.

Some New Subjects.

These subjects are given to follow the last subject of farmhouse, trees and road: The park with the pond, bridge and trees, the marsh with the haystacks and lake and the boat race. Present them on the blackboard as usual, drawing the figures as much as possible before the child that it may see how a form as complicated as the sail boat is really made up of very simple forms. Continually vary the shapes of the combinations given as examples of the possibilities of using the forms.

Discourage among the brighter children any attempt to copy these examples while giving the less clever some latitude in that direction, for it is a way of learning to present ideas where the inventive faculty is not present. In the boat race the interest gained by overlapping forms may be noted as well as the placement of the boats.

HERSEY'S LAST HOLDING.

Founder of Many Kansas Towns Who Never Had One Named for Him.

Tim Hersey, founder of towns, is dead. But before he died that which for years had been denied him was his: the plot of ground in the first of his cities in which three of his children are buried was given to him by the municipality of Abilene, Kansas. Tim was the first settler of Abilene, says a writer in the New York Sun, and his wife named the town, taking the name from the Bible, as she did that for their next home, Solomon.

They went to the banks of Mud Creek in 1867, when buffaloes by the thousand grazed between them and civilization. Their little log cabin was a stopping-place for overland travelers. Bayard Taylor, Horace Greeley, General Grant and General Sherman stayed there at different times. "Tim Hersey's" was known all along the frontier. But other settlers came, and Tim decided that it was "too thick for him." He sold out and went prairie.

Three of the Hersey children died and were buried at Abilene. Their elders went on and founded Solomon, Cawker, Beloit, Downs, and a score of other places, moving from each as the population became too numerous. At last, in the onward march of civilization, they arrived in the great state of Washington.

Meanwhile Tim had never forgotten the three graves in Abilene. He went back to Illinois on a visit once, and there bought and had marked appropriately three tombstones, to be set over them. With these he went to Abilene. But the windblown cemetery on the barren hillside had become a tree-shaded, well-laid-out burying ground in a thriving city, and in it Tim could find no trace of the tiny knolls. He went patiently over the ground foot by foot without result, and at last abandoned the three stones and went on to his new home.

Years afterward a pathetic letter was sent by him to the Abilene authorities, asking that the three stones be forwarded to him in Washington, that he might set them up there. Abilene had forgotten them, but the town was searched. At last two of the stones were found—one serving as a doorstep. The third had disappeared.

But something better than the stones was found. An old settler remembered, when the thing was agitated, that years before a sexton had pointed out a certain hollow in the graveyard to him, and had told him that that was where some children were buried, off by themselves. He hunted for the spot, and at last found a solitary stone marker, with the letters "S. H." cut in it. They stood for Sarah Hersey, the oldest girl.

The town, moved by pity for its aged founder, made out a deed to the lot in his name and sent him word of the finding of the graves; but almost at once news of his death came back.

It is said that more than thirty towns were founded by Hersey, but not one is named for him.

A Hero of Dundee.

To-day Sandy Mitchell is a cripple and totally blind, but he is loved and cared for, as every brave and helpless hero should be, says Youth's Companion. One evening a few years ago, as two men were approaching the town of Dundee on foot, the suddenly noticed a small cottage standing back from the wayside, evidently on fire. Smoke was issuing from the windows and open door, but no one was in sight.

The two men hurried forward. By the time they reached the cottage door the roof was alight. Rushing through, they stumbled across the prostrate form of a woman with a child in her arms. One man lifted the unconscious woman and child and bore them out; the other groped his way into the living room, where he was quickly joined by his companion. The room was empty, and they made their way to the floor above, whence, they reasoned, the woman and child had come; and there, in the low cottage chamber, stood a man supporting upon his shoulders a burning beam that glowed and flamed, as he struggled to keep it from falling upon the bodies of two little children lying in a cot beneath.

"The bairns!" gasped the man, when he perceived their presence. The men snatched the little ones from their perilous position, and together they led the poor, great hero to the open air.