

PECK'S BAD BOY



The Bad Boy and His Dad Call on King Edward and Almost Settled the Irish Question.

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

Copyright, 1904, by Joseph B. Bowles. London, England.—Dear Uncle Ezra: The worst is over, and dad and I have both touched a king. Not the way you think, touching a king for a hand-out, or borrowing his loose change, the way you used to touch dad when you had to pay for your goods, but just taking hold of his hand, and shaking it in good old United States fashion.

The American minister arranged it for us. He told somebody that Peck's Bad Boy and his dad were in town, and just wanted to size up a king, and see how he averaged up with United States politicians, and the king set an hour for us to call.

Well, you'd a dide to see dad fix up. Everybody said, when we showed our card at the hotel, notifying us that we were expected at Marlboro House at such a time, that we would be expected to put on plenty of dog. That is what an American from Kalamazoo, who sells breakfast food, said, and the hotel people said we would be obliged to wear knee breeches, and dancing pumps, and silk socks, and all that kind of rot, and men's furnishes began to call upon us to take our measure for clothes, but when they told us how much it would cost, dad kicked. He said he had a gold suit he had made in Oshkosh at the time of the tournament, that everyone in Oshkosh said was out of sight, and so he got enough for any king, and so he rigged up in it, and I hired a suit at a masquerade place, and dad hired a coat, kind of red, to go with his golf pants, and socks, and he wore canvas tennis shoes.

I looked like a picture out of a fourteenth century book, but dad looked like a clown in a circus. One of dad's calves made him look as though he had a mill leg, cause the padding would not stay around where the calf ought to be, but worked around towards his shin. We went to Marlboro House in a hansom cab, and all the way there the driver kept looking down from the hurricane deck, through the scuttle hole, to see if we were there yet, and he must have talked

with other cab drivers in sign language about us, for every driver kept along with us, looked at us and laughed, as though we were a wild west show.

On the way to the king's residence it was all I could do to keep dad braced up to go through the ordeal. He was brave enough before we got the invitation, and told what he was going to say to the king, and you would think he wasn't afraid of anybody, but when we got nearer to the house, and dad thought of going up to the throne, and seeing a king in all his glory, surrounded by his hundreds of lords and dukes and things, a crown on his head, and an ermine cloak trimmed with red velvet, and a six-quart milk pan full of diamonds, some of them as big as a chunk of alum, dad weakened, and wanted to give the whole thing up and go to a matinee, but I wouldn't have it, and told him if he didn't get into the king's room now that I would shake him right there in London, and start in business as a Claude Duval highwayman and hold up stage coaches, and be hung on Tyburn Tree, as I used to read about in my history of Sixteen-String Jack and other English highwaymen.

Dad didn't want to see the family disgraced, so he let the cab man drive on, but he said if we got out of this visit royally alive, it was the last Tommyrot he would indulge me in.

Well, old man, it is like having an operation for appendicitis, you feel better when you come out from under the influence of the chloroform, and the doctor shows you what they took out of you, and you feel that you are going to live, unless you grow another vermiform appendix. We were driven into a sort of Central park, and up to a building that was big as a lot of exposition buildings, and the servants took us in charge and walked us through long rooms covered with pictures as big as side show pictures at a circus, but instead of snake charmers and snakes, and wild men of Borneo, and sword swallows, the king's pictures were about war, and women without much clothes on and the roar of battle and smell gun powder, and dad acted as though he wanted to get right down on the marble floor and dig a rifle pit big enough to get into.

They walked us around like they do when you are being initiated into a secret society, only they didn't sing, "Here comes the Lobster," and hit you with a dried bladder. The servants that were conducting us laughed. I had never seen an Englishman laugh before, and it was the most interesting thing I saw in London. Most Englishmen look sorry about something, as though some dear friend died every day, and their faces seem to have grown that way. So when they left it seems as though they wrinkled their faces with massage. They were laughing at dad's dislocated calf, and his scared appearance, as though he

was going to receive the thirty-second degree, and didn't know whether they were going to throw him over a precipice, or pull him up to the roof by the hind legs. We passed a big hall clock, and it struck just when we were near it, and of all the "hark from the tombs" sounds I ever heard, that clock took the cake. Dad thought it sounded like a death-knell, and he would have welcomed the turning in of a fire alarm as a sound that meant life everlasting, beside that doleful sound.

After we had marched about three mile heats, and passed the chairs of the noble grand and the senior warden, and the exalted ruler, we came to a bronze door as big as the gate to a cemetery, and the grand conductor gave us a few instructions about how to back out fifteen feet from the presence of the king, when we were dismissed, and then he turned us over to a little man who was a grand chambermaid. I understood the fellow to say,

"The door opened, and we went in, and dad's misplaced calf was wobbling as though he had locomotor attacks." Well, there were a dozen or so fellows standing around, and they all had on some kind of uniforms, with gold badges on their breasts, and in the midst of them was a little, saved-off fat fellow, not taller than five feet six, but a perfect picture of the cigar advertisements of America for a cigar named after the king. I expected to see a king as big as Long John Wentworth, of Chicago, a great big fellow that could take a small man by the collar and throw him over a house, and I felt hurt at the small size of the king of Great Britain, but, gosh, he is just like a Yankee, when you get the formality shook off.

We bowed and dad made a courtesy, like an old woman, and the king came forward with a smile that ought to be imitated by every Englishman. They all imitate his clothes and his hats and his shoes, but he seems to be the only Englishman that smiles. May be it is patented, and nobody has a right to smile without paying a royalty, but the good-natured smile of King Edward is worth more than stomach bitters, and the English ought to be allowed to copy it. There is no more solemn thing than a party of Englishmen together in America, unless it is a party of speculators that are short on wheat, or a gathering of defeated politicians when the election returns come in. But the king is as jolly as though he had not a note coming due at the bank, and you would think he was a good, common citizen, after working hours, at a round beer table, with two schooner loads in the hold, and another schooner on the way, frothing over the top of the stein. That is the feeling I had for the king when he came up to us and greeted dad as the father of the bad boy, and patted me on the shoulder and said: "And so you are the boy that has made more trouble than any boy in the world, and had more fun than anybody, and made them all stand around and wonder what was coming next. You're a wonder. Strange the American people never thought of killing you."

I said yes sir, and tried to look innocent, and then the king told dad to sit down, and for me to come and stand by his knee, and by ginseng when he patted me on the cheek, and his soft hand squeezed my hand, and he looked into my eyes with the most winning expression, I did not wonder that all the women were in love with him, and that all Englishmen would die for him.

He asked dad all about America, its institutions, the president, and everything, and dad just was so flustered that he couldn't say much, until the king said something about the war between the States, in which the southern states achieved a victory. I don't know whether the king said that just to wake dad up, cause dad had a grand army built on his coat, but dad choked up a little, and then began to explode, a little at a time, like a bunch of frecklers, and

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she asked for, he would see that the Irishmen in America would sing 'God Save the King. I guess dad and the king would have settled the Irish question in about fifteen minutes, and signed a treaty, only a servant brought in a two-quart bottle of champagne, and the king hadn't drank a quart apiece before dad started to sing "My Country 'Tis of Thee, Sweet Land of Liberty," and the king sang "God Save the King," and, by thunder, it was the same tune, and tears came into dad's eyes, and the king took out his handkerchief and wiped his nose, and I believed right out, and the king rose and in it, and they America and everybody in it, and they swelled it, and dad said, "there was enough juice left in the bottle for one more round, and he proposed a toast to all the people of Great Britain, including the Irish, and the king who loved them, and down she went, and they were standing up. And I told dad it was time to go.

Say, it was great, Uncle Ezra, and I wish you could have been there, and there had been another bottle. The only thing that happened to mar the reunion of dad and the king, was when we were going out backwards, bowing. There was a little hassoock back of me, and I kicked it back of dad, and when dad's heels struck it, he went over backwards and struck on his golf pants, and dad said: "Barny, I've broken my blooming back, but who cares, and when the servants picked dad up and took him out in the hall, and marched us to the entrance, dad got in the cab, gave the grand hailing sign of distress, started to sing God save something or other, and went to sleep in the cab, and I took him to the hotel. Yours,

HENRY.

CORN BREAD IN AMERICA. Not So Common an Article of Food Nowadays as It Was Fifty Years Ago.

Our exports of corn to European countries have risen from 24,000,000 bushels in 1888 to about 300,000,000 bushels at the present time, and to-day Belgium at least is using more Indian corn per capita as food than the United States, in which it is a great native cereal, says the Birmingham Age-Herald. In Belgium the bakeries put about 25 per cent. of corn flour in the bread they make, and such bread is readily sold lower than wheat or rye loaves. It is considered more nutritious and more easily digestible. In Germany the favorite loaf consists of one-third corn and two-thirds rye, and a five-pound loaf thus made is sold at a saving of about 25 per cent.

The change in the European bread supply was started by C. J. Murphy, who was sent abroad as a commissioner by the department of agriculture. He began the propaganda in 1888, and he maintained it until the use of corn as food was well started and even established, and to-day Europeans are more familiar with corn bread than Americans themselves. Mr. Murphy asserts that both in Belgium and Ireland the per capita consumption of corn as human food is higher than it is in the United States. The value of the Indian corn as food is not appreciated in this country. Years ago children thrived and grew strong through the consumption of johnny cake, ash cake, hominy and pudding, but in recent years cornmeal has fallen into comparative disuse, although it is cheaper, more wholesome and more digestible than wheat flour. The preparation of corn for the table can be more varied than that of wheat, and yet for some reason Indian corn is not freely used. Mr. Murphy says the consumption of American corn in crowded Belgium is higher than it is in this country. It is difficult to account for the dislike of this country for corn in its various forms. We grow it, and we should not look with an unfavorable eye on our own excellent and abundant production.

The subject deserves careful attention. With a view to a visit to some of the American corn to the place it held on the tables of our ancestors. Corn was not a rejected article of food a century ago, and it was freely used as late as 50 years ago. We may have progressed backward in this matter. Mr. Murphy thinks we have.

Belief for Sale. In strong contrast to the ceremonies lately taking place in Belgrade is the pilgrimage to London and Paris of the ill-fated Queen Draga's nephew, a young Serbian officer, George Petrovich, who is endeavoring to dispose of the Alencon lace wedding gown and diamond of the jewelry that belonged to his aunt. He was on the black "list" on that fateful June 11, and owed his life to the fact that the soldiers sent to arrest him mistook his address.

Novel Use of Rays. A novel application of the Roentgen rays to the testing of submarine cables has recently been made in Europe, and has been found useful in determining defects and imperfections which might cause a break-down of the cable and involve considerable expense for repairs. Foreign substances, air bubbles or bad joints in the rubber or gutta-percha insulation are readily detected and may be remedied at the works.—Science.

The Present Duty. Let us do our duty in our shop or our kitchen, the market, the street, the office, the school, the home, just as faithfully as if we stood in the front rank of some great battle, and we know that victory for mankind depended on our bravery, strength and skill. When we do that, the humblest of us will be serving in that great army which achieves the welfare of the world.—Theodore Parker.

It Didn't Burn There. "You're always talking about the 'poetic fire,'" she said, "I wish you'd put a bushel of genius into that empty grate there, and see if the children will be able to get any warmth out of it!" And then he went out into the cold streets of the city and wrote a rhymed advertisement for a basket of coal.—Atlanta Constitution.

Some Easy Ones. The Alhambra Music hall, London, placed at its door a box with a slot in it for the receipt of suggestions from patrons for the name of a new exhibition to be given. When the box was finally opened a number of coins were found in it, contributed by people who thought it had been placed at the door for some charitable purpose.

MATRIMONIAL RUIN

WHY WEDDED LIFE SO OFTEN PROVES A FAILURE.

Business, the Professions and Politics Can Claim as Great a Proportion of Failures—Don't Choose a Man for His Fascinating Mustache or His Deferential Manner—Don't Marry a Man to Reform Him—Treat Each Other White.

BY KATE UPSON CLARK. (Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.) The subject "Is life worth living?" became rather stale some years ago. There seems to be danger that "Is marriage worth while?" will soon grow to be equally trite and unattractive. In the appalling mass of testimony against the institution of matrimony, one would seem to be almost reckless to attempt to advance the other side of the controversy. One deeply-religious woman, when asked if she were going to speak in favor of matrimony, replied with a look of lofty scorn: "You will be asking me next to defend the divinity of my Maker."

But there seems to be no such impregnable faith in the wisdom of the central institution of modern society. Even taking into consideration the feverish desire to say a new and startling word, and the similarly feverish passion to make everything ridiculous, no matter how sacred, there is evident a widespread dissatisfaction with the result of marriage.

You may reply that this is an age of discontent. The chronic grumbler is a recognized institution nowadays. During the recent terrible "blizzard" in New York, several residents in suburban sections, where the sidewalks were not broken out for eight days afterward, sent complaints to the post office that "the postmen were late in delivering the mail on the day after the storm!"

Such people are capable of addressing written expostulations to Providence upon its conduct of affairs, and there are many who are quite as unreasonable and as little worth serious attention. But when reverend clergymen, and leading doctors of literature, begin to show a tendency to think that the idea of marriage is not sound, it seems as though there were really a basis for a genuine discussion and, as though everybody ought to "take an interest" and contribute his point of view.

Well, suppose a good many marriages prove to be failures. Is there any sort of business in which there is not a large proportion of failures? We are told that 96 per cent. of the men who set up in business for themselves, fail one or more times, which is one of those misleading statistics of which we hear so much; for the same man gets counted every time he "sets up" and fails. Therefore one man who has a constitutional aptitude for failure may contribute a frightful proportion of that 96 per cent.

Granted, that in commercial life failure is the rule, and success the exception. In professional life, no doubt the proportion of sufferers is quite as great. Ministers, doctors, lawyers, musicians, artists, actors, writers—how many, compared with the whole immense number, can be said to achieve success?

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The trouble seems to be with human nature. It does not seem to be able to do anything perfectly. The average human being seems to be an untidy, selfish, hypocritical, lazy, untrustworthy creature—a sort of a cross between a sheep, an oyster, a bear and a treacherous leopard or tiger. When you really stop to think of it, the wonder is, not that so many married couples are divorced, or live on, jangling, profoundly tired of each other, or merely in dumb, patient, uncomplaining misery; but that the proportion of truly happy couples is as high as it is.

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"I have told him this," she said, sadly. "He knows perfectly well that he can have me if he will behave himself. I never expect to like anybody else so well as I like him. But I have sense enough to know that a man who does not keep his word, who contracts debts which he does not propose to pay, who drinks too much wine once in awhile, will never make me a good husband. If we should have children, what sort of a father would he make?"

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The young woman, a brilliant girl of 24, much courted and flattered, meant what she said. Her good sense conquered her personal preference, strong though it was. The prospect now is that she will never marry, but how few there are who would have argued as wisely as she does!

Have you tried the young man whom you are beginning to love, and who seems to love you, to see whether he is strictly honorable? Is he careful in keeping every appointment? If he does not regard his word how, be sure that he will regard it still less after marriage.

Does he drink too much occasionally now? If he does, the chances are that he will drink too much considerably oftener after marriage. Do you observe that he is careless with money now? Do you see indications that he is in debt? Be sure that he will hardly manage his finances better after marriage.

The trouble with most girls is that if a young man is good looking and devoted and full of compliments, they shut their eyes to everything else. They want to get married, and as soon as possible. They marry without any adequate idea of the sort of real character which is hidden under that fascinating mustache and that deferential manner, and then the mask drops off, and there is misery. Of course, many an honest man finds the same sham and mockery in his wife. Young people put the best foot foremost during courtship, and the hidden foot may prove to be very bad indeed.

Your ideal husband must, first of all, be a man of honor. Find out to your satisfaction that he is this. He will pretend that he is, but get unprejudiced opinions. If he is an honest man, and you do your best to live up to everything which you have professed, then, if you truly love each other, your married life will be happy.

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"If I had not seen that tried in the case of Rosa T—," naming a well-known society girl, who had married a gay society fellow, with a large fortune and a choice assortment of bad habits, and who had had to come home to her

father, with her two small children, "I might have more faith in it. Rosa said: 'Oh, I know Jack is a trifle wild. But wait till we are married. He will sober down then and make a model husband.' I believe Rosa did her part. She is as good as gold. But he could not 'change his spots,' and she might have known it. Once in a great while, a man does that sort of thing, but a girl is a fool to count on it."

The young woman, a brilliant girl of 24, much courted and flattered, meant what she said. Her good sense conquered her personal preference, strong though it was. The prospect now is that she will never marry, but how few there are who would have argued as wisely as she does!

Have you tried the young man whom you are beginning to love, and who seems to love you, to see whether he is strictly honorable? Is he careful in keeping every appointment? If he does not regard his word how, be sure that he will regard it still less after marriage.

Does he drink too much occasionally now? If he does, the chances are that he will drink too much considerably oftener after marriage. Do you observe that he is careless with money now? Do you see indications that he is in debt? Be sure that he will hardly manage his finances better after marriage.

The trouble with most girls is that if a young man is good looking and devoted and full of compliments, they shut their eyes to everything else. They want to get married, and as soon as possible. They marry without any adequate idea of the sort of real character which is hidden under that fascinating mustache and that deferential manner, and then the mask drops off, and there is misery. Of course, many an honest man finds the same sham and mockery in his wife. Young people put the best foot foremost during courtship, and the hidden foot may prove to be very bad indeed.

Your ideal husband must, first of all, be a man of honor. Find out to your satisfaction that he is this. He will pretend that he is, but get unprejudiced opinions. If he is an honest man, and you do your best to live up to everything which you have professed, then, if you truly love each other, your married life will be happy.

A TRAINED NURSE

After Years of Experience, Advises Women in Regard to Their Health.

Mrs. Martha Pohlman of 55 Chester Avenue, Newark, N. J., who is a graduate Nurse from the Blockley Training School, at Philadelphia, and for six years has been Nurse at the Philadelphia Hospital, writes the letter printed below. She has the advantage of personal experience, besides her professional education, and what she has to say may be absolutely relied upon.

Many other women are afflicted as she was. They can regain health in the same way. It is prudent to heed such advice from such a source.

Mrs. Pohlman writes: "I am firmly persuaded, after eight years of experience with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, that it is the safest and best medicine for any suffering woman to use."

"Immediately after my marriage I found that my health began to fail me. I became weak and pale, with severe bearing-down pains, foetal backaches and frequent dizzy spells. The doctors prescribed for me, yet I did not improve. I would blot after eating and frequently become nauseated. I had an acrid discharge and pains down through my limbs so I could hardly walk. It was as bad a case of female trouble as I have ever known. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, however, cured me within four months. Since that time I have had occasion to recommend it to a number of patients suffering from all forms of female difficulties, and I find that while it is considered unprofessional to recommend a patent medicine, I can honestly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for I have found that it cures female troubles where all other medicine fails. It is a grand medicine for sick women."

Money cannot buy such testimony as this—merit alone can produce such results, and the ablest specialists now agree that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most universally successful remedy for all female diseases known to medicine.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles.

No other female medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles.

The needless suffering of women from diseases peculiar to