

PECK'S BAD BOY



He Writes the Old Groceryman About Paris—Dad Almost Fights a Duel—He Is Arrested a Good Deal.

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK. (Ex-Governor of Wisconsin, Formerly Publisher of Peck's Sun, Author of "Peck's Bad Boy," Etc.)

Paris, France—My Dear Uncle Ezra: Dad is in an awful state here, and I do not know what to do with him. We struck this town all in a heap, and the people seemed to be paralyzed so they couldn't speak, except to make motions and make noises that we could not interpret. This is the first time dad and I have been in a place where nobody understood our language. Ordinarily we would take pleasure in teaching people to speak the English language, but in coming across the English channel dad and I both got something we never got on the water before. Ordinary seasickness is only an incident, that makes you wish you were dead—just temporary, but when it wears off you can enjoy your religion and victuals as well as ever, but the seasickness that the English channel gives you is a permanent investment like government bonds that you cut coupons off of. I expect we shall be sick always now, and worse every other day, like chills and fever.

Say, a boat on the English channel does not roll, or pitch, at intervals, like a boat on ordinary water, but it does stunk like a broncho that has been poisoned by eating loco-weeds, and goes into the air and dives down under, and shakes itself like a black bass with a hook in its mouth, and rolls over like a trained dog, and sits up on its hind legs and begs, and then walks on its fore paws, and seems to jump through hoops, and dig for woodchucks, and all the time the water boils like "pollinarium," full of bubbles, and it gives you the hiccups to look at it, and it flows every way at the same time, and the wind comes from the fourteen quarters at once, and blows hot if you are too hot and want a cool breeze, and if you are too cool, and want a warm breeze to keep you

alive, it comes right from the north pole, and you just perish in your tracks. Gee, but it is awful. When you get seasick on an ordinary ocean, you know where to locate the disease, and you know where to go for relief, and when you have got relieved you know that you are alive, but an English channel seasickness is as different from any other as an alcohol jag is different from a champagne drunk. This English channel seasickness begins on your toes, and you feel as though the toenails were being pulled out with pincers, and the veins in your legs seem to explode, your arms will like lettuce in front of a cheap grocery, your head seems to be struck with a pile-driver and telescoped down into your spine, and your stomach feels as though you had swallowed a telephone pole with all of the cross arms and wires and glass insulators, and you wish lightning would strike you. Gosh, but dad was hot when he found that he was sick that way, and when we got ashore he wanted to kill the first man he met.

He thinks that it is a crime for a man not to understand the English language, and when he tells what he wants, and the man he is talking to shrugs his shoulders and laughs, and brings him something else, he wants to pull his gun and begin to shoot up the town, and only for me he would have killed people before this, but now he takes it out in scowling at people who do not understand him. Dad seems to think that if he cannot make a man understand what he says, all he has to do is to swear at the man, but there is no universal language of profanity, so the more dad swears the more the nervous Frenchman smiles, and acts polite.

I think the French people are the politest folks I ever knew. If a Frenchman had to kick a person out of doors, he would wear a felt slipper, and after he had kicked you he would place his hat on his heart, and bow, and look so sorry, and hurt, that you would want to give him a tip.

O, but this tipping business is what is breaking dad's heart. I think if the servants would arrange a syndicate to rob dad of two or three dollars a day, by pocket picking, or sneak thieving, he would overlook it, and say that as long as it was one of the customs of the country we should have to submit to it, but when he has paid his bill, with everything charged extra, and the servants line up and look appealingly, or mad, as the case may be, dad is the hardest man to look at that ever was, but if they seem to look the other way, and not, apparently, care whether they get a cent or not, dad would go and hunt them up, and divide his roll with them. Dad is not what you would call a "tight wad," if you let him shed his money normally, when he feels the loosening coming on, but you try to work him by bowing and cringing, and his American spirit gets the better of him, and he looks upon the

servant as pretty low down. I have told him that the tipping habit is just as bad in America as in France, but he says in America the servant acts as though he never had such a thought as getting a tip, and when you give him a quarter or other tip he looks puzzled, as though he did not just recall what he had done to merit such treatment, but finally puts the money in his pocket with an air as though he would accept it in trust, to be given to some deserving person at the first opportunity, and then he smiles, and gets away, and blows in the tip for something wet and strong.

I told dad if he would just ignore the servants, as though he did not understand that they expected a tip, that he would be all right, so when we got ready to move from the hotel to private rooms dad never gave any servant a tip. Well, I don't know what the servants did to our baggage, but they must have marked it with a smallpox sign, or something, for nobody would touch it for several hours, but finally a baggage man took it and started for our apartments, and got lost, and didn't show up for two days, and when it was finally landed on the sidewalk nobody would carry it upstairs, and dad and I had to lug it up two flights, and I thought dad would have apoplexy.

We found a guide who could talk New Orleans English and he said it would cost three dollars to square it with the servants at the hotel, and have the boycott removed from our baggage, and dad paid it, and now he coughs up a tip every time he sees a servant look at him. He pays when he goes in a restaurant and when he comes out, and says he is cured of trying to reform the customs of anybody else's country.

We have engaged a guide to stay with us day and night. The guide took us out for a bat last night, and dad had the time of his life. Dad has drunk a good deal of spirituous and malt liquors in his time, but I don't think he ever indulged much in champagne at three or four dollars a bottle at home. Maybe he has been saving himself up till he got over here, where champagne is cheap and it takes several quarts to make you see angels. The guide took us to one of these bullyards, where there are tables out on the sidewalk, and you can eat and drink and look at the dukes and counts and duchesses and things, promenade up and down, flirting like sin, and we sat down to a table and ordered things to eat and drink, and dad looked like Uncle Sam, and felt his oats.

When he had drunk a few thimblefuls of absinthe, and some champagne, and had a plateful of frogs, he was just ripe for a trouble. A woman and a man at an adjoining table had one of these white dogs that is shored like a hedge fence, with spots of long hair left on in places, and dad coaxed the dog over to our table and began to feed him frogs' legs, and the woman began to talk French out loud, and look cross at dad, and the count that was with her came over to our table and looked at dad in a tone of voice that meant trouble, and said something sassy, and the guide said the man wanted to fight a duel because dad had contaminated the woman's dog, and dad got mad and offered to wipe out the whole place, and he got up with a champagne bottle and looked defiance at the count, and the waiters began to scatter, when the woman came up to dad and begged him not to hurt the count, and as she spoke broken English dad could understand her, and she looked so beautiful, and her eyes were filled with tears, and dad relented and said: "Don't cry,

"That is what we call a Palermo dollar," he said. "Do you remember some years ago that western silver miners were caught taking about \$7,000,000 worth of silver into the Nevada City mint and having it turned into money without being recorded? Well, that is just what is going on in Palermo to-day, with variations. Silver is brought in, shipped to Paris, taken to Palermo, and minted with reasonable privacy. The dollars are jumbled with stones to nick them and laid in greasy clay; then come over here in third-class baggage for distribution. They cost about 43 cents and defy detection, except that the nicks are too similar, and it is said that the 'M' on the neck is not quite deep enough, and that the 'P' in plurius is a thousandth of an inch crooked. You know every counterfeit makes some little mistake."

Modern Ways in Japan. Japan long since copied European methods of warfare to excellent purpose. To-day she is adopting the frivolities. Until recently jewelry, for instance, was tabooed, but now even gentlemen are often seen with a thick gold ring, made out of an old Japanese coin called "koban." The study of the introduction of a new custom is interesting. As to kissing, it is rather a delicate subject to touch upon, but it cannot be dismissed with a general statement that "in affection and love the Japanese are outwardly undemonstrative." All depends upon circumstances. Kissing as practised in the west is still strange to them, but no one who knows about it would wonder if a young couple of modern Japan should take to it to express their love. —N. Y. Herald.

At the Rectory, Too. A pleasant girl answers the ring of all callers at a certain rectory in Brooklyn. She is a daughter of the Emerald Isle and is capable of as many good Irish bulls as any son of "the old sod." To the inquiry of a recent caller if Father was in, she replied in the negative. The caller, however, rather than be disappointed, was content to see one of the curates and told the girl as much. "Well," she replied, "there's only one in and he's just gone out."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Making Money for Others. Our nations are now coining money for nations that have no mints of their own. For example, last year the Philadelphia mint coined money for Colombia and Venezuela. The Philadelphia and San Francisco mints executed the coinage for the Philippine government.—Boston Transcript.

AND SHE LOOKED SO BEAUTIFUL AND HER EYES FILLED WITH TEARS AND DAD RELENTED AND SAID: "DON'T CRY, DEAR."

avenge an insult in blood, stop and think of the sorrow and shame that will come to you if you draw your gun too quick, and have a widow on your hands as the result. Suppose I had killed that shrimp, the face of his widow would have haunted me always, and I would have wanted to die. Don't ever kill anybody, my boy, if you can settle a dispute by shaking the dice."

Well, dad ordered some more wine, and as he drank it, he allowed the populace to admire him and say things about the great American millionaire, who spent money like water and was too brave to fight. Then dad called for his check to pay his bill, and when he felt in his pocket for his roll of bills, he hadn't a nickel and the woman, when she was in his arms, weeding with one hand, had gone through dad's pockets with the other. Dad felt for his watch, to see what time it was, and his watch was gone, and the waiter was waiting for the money and dad tried to explain that he had been buncoed, and the head waiter came and began to act sassy, and then they called a policeman to stay by us till the money was produced, and everybody at the other tables laughed, and dad turned blue, and I thought he would have a fit. Finally, the guide began to talk, and the result was that a policeman went home with us, and dad found money enough to pay the bill, but he talked language that caused the landlady to ask us to find a new place.

The next morning the guide showed up with an officer who had a warrant for dad for hugging a woman in a public cafe, and it seemed as though we were in for it, but the guide said he could settle the whole business by paying the officer \$20, and dad paid it and I think the guide and the officer divided the money. Say, this is the greatest town we have struck yet for excitement, and I guess dad will not have a chance to think of his sickness.

This morning we went into a big department store, and by gosh! I found the count that dad was going to fight was a floor-walker, and the countess was behind a counter selling soap. When dad saw the count leaning at him, he put his hand on his pistol pocket and yelled a regular cowboy yell, and the count rushed down into the basement, the soap countess fainted, and the police took dad to the police station, and all day the guide and I have been trying to get him out on bail. If we get dad out of this we are going to put a muzzle on him. Well, if anyone asks you if I am having much of a time abroad, you can tell them the particulars.

P. S.—We got dad out for \$20 and costs, and he says he will blow Paris up before night. We are going up to the top of the Eiffel tower this afternoon, to count our money, as dad doesn't take out his pocketbook anywhere on the ground, for fear of being robbed. Yours full of frogs, HENNERY.

COIN DOLLARS IN PRIVATE.

Italian Tells of Money Which Is Minted in Palermo—Shows Samples.

One evening I was sitting with an Italian friend in a restaurant, relates an Everybody's Magazine writer, and we were discussing American laws and restrictions, at which he was very much inclined to scoff.

"Did you ever see a dollar that is not a dollar?" said he. I shook my head, and he rolled across the table to me a silver coin. It seemed to me to be a dollar. I examined it with every care, and getting another from the cash register, compared the two. They were exactly alike in weight, sound, color, milling and all. At last I got them confused, and only my friend was able to point out which was which.

"That is what we call a Palermo dollar," he said. "Do you remember some years ago that western silver miners were caught taking about \$7,000,000 worth of silver into the Nevada City mint and having it turned into money without being recorded? Well, that is just what is going on in Palermo to-day, with variations. Silver is brought in, shipped to Paris, taken to Palermo, and minted with reasonable privacy. The dollars are jumbled with stones to nick them and laid in greasy clay; then come over here in third-class baggage for distribution. They cost about 43 cents and defy detection, except that the nicks are too similar, and it is said that the 'M' on the neck is not quite deep enough, and that the 'P' in plurius is a thousandth of an inch crooked. You know every counterfeit makes some little mistake."

AND NOW HE COUGHS UP A TIP EVERY TIME HE SEES A SERVANT LOOK AT HIM.

DONT'S For Speaker and Writer

Ready Reminder of Errors in the Use of Common Words, Arranged Alphabetically

By EDWARD E. WARMAN, A. M. (Author of "Practical Orthoepy, and Critique," "The Voice: How to Train it; How to Care for It," Etc.) (Copyright, 1905, By Joseph B. Bowles.) Author's Note.—It is one thing to record errors, quite another to avoid them. He who waits for the faultless one to cast the first critical stone waits in vain; therefore, as one of many working for the betterment of the English language, I shall be pleased to receive kindly criticism, if, perchance, I, too, have erred. One theory often better than one's practice. This was exemplified by the teacher of language when he said to his class: "Never use a preposition to end a sentence with."

Many years ago I began to be watchful of errors. I noted them in a little book; the book grew as the years passed. I now record them that I may benefit others as well as myself. Many of them are recorded for the first time.

Don't say "banister" for "baluster." Example: "He leaned over the banister." Should be "He leaned over the baluster."—Worce.

Don't say "barely escaped with their lives." Example: "Seventeen out of the 40 that were inmates, barely escaped with their lives." Should be "Seventeen out of the 40 that were inmates, barely escaped."

Don't say "beautifuly" for "beautifully." Example: "She looks beautifuly." Should be "She looks beautifuly."

Don't say "beg," for "beg leave." Example: "I beg to inform you." Should be "I beg leave to inform you."

Don't say "behave" for "be good." Example: "I shall expect you to behave." Should be "I shall expect you to be good."

Don't say "better of the two." Example: "Which apple is the better of the two?" Should be "Which apple is the better?"

Don't say "between" for "among." Example: "The fight was between seven of them." Should be "The fight was among seven of them."

Don't say "bl" for "any." Example: "Will you not take a bit less?" Should be "Will you not take any less?"

Don't say "blamed it on," for "blamed." Example: "He blamed it on the conductor." Should be "He blamed (accused) the conductor."

Don't say "blowed" for "blew." Example: "He blowed the bugle when in the army." Should be "He blew the bugle when in the army."

Don't say "both alike" for "alike." Example: "They were both alike." Should be "They were alike."

Don't say "both recalled" for "recalled." Example: "The two boys both recalled having met." Should be "The two boys recalled having met."

Don't say "bound" for "determined." Example: "He was bound to interfere." Should be "He was determined to interfere."

Don't say "bravery" for "courage." Example: "He is a brave man." Should be "He is a courageous man."

Example: "No other reason but this was given," should be "No other reason than this was given."

Don't say "by" for "when." Example: "The fender will be liberally rewarded by leaving the same at this office." Should be "The fender will be liberally rewarded when leaving the same at this office."

Don't say "calculates" for "intends" or "purposes." Example: "He calculates going to college." Should be "He intends, or purposes, going to college."

Don't say "can" for "may." Example: "Can I close my school earlier to-morrow in order to get there in time?" Should be "May I close my school earlier to-morrow in order to get there in time?"

Don't say "can't complain." Example: "I can't complain." Should be: "I have no reason to complain." "I cannot reasonably complain."

Don't say "can't live in here." Example: "The woman can't live in here." Should be: "The woman, in here, can't live."

Don't say "capacity" for "ability." Note.—One may have the capacity, but be lacking in ability. Capacity is the receiving, ability the application. Capacity is passive; ability is active. The millionaire said of his daughter (when told that she did not have the capacity to enter a certain college): "Why, I'll buy her the capacity."

ROUNDING UP BANK THIEVES

Arrests by Detectives in the Employ of the Bankers' Association in Five Months.

Col. James R. Branch, secretary of the American Bankers' association, has just submitted a report to the association detailing the effective work of its detectives in handling bank robberies. The Pinkertons, from September 1, 1904, to February 1, 1905, have arrested 27 forgers and swindlers, of whom 11 have been convicted, 15 are in jail awaiting trial and one has been released, reports the New York Sun.

Thirty-three burglars have been arrested in the same space of time, two have been sentenced to 17 years, and 31 are in jail awaiting trial. Two hold-up robbers have been arrested and are in jail awaiting trial.

Fifty-one banks were attacked from September 1, 1904, to February 1, 1905. Thirty-eight of these were non-members of the association, and 13 were members, although the membership of the association includes at present 7,500 of the most progressive and active banks in this country. The loss to non-members was \$2,933,23, and to members the loss amounted to \$7,777.18. Loss to members from September 1, 1903, to February 1, 1904, was \$11,177.61.

Through the efforts of the association Alonzo J. Whiteman and Phillip McIntyre have recently been recaptured. Both of these men are graduates of law, and, knowing what evidence is, have been able to make it very difficult to convict them of their crimes.

During the period covered in the report there was great activity in apprehending "yegg" bank, vault and safe burglars in different sections. Raids by the police in Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia resulted in the capture of 28 of this class, many of whom were identified as ex-convicts.

The Pinkertons recommended that an effort be made to have laws enacted in each state of the union making bank burglary with explosives, especially where human lives are endangered, punishable by from 25 to 40 years' imprisonment.

More than 125 general complaints by members of operations by forgers, swindlers and worthless check and draft operators were investigated, resulting in 19 arrests and eight convictions.

Debt in Siam. The worst thing that can happen to a man in Siam is to get into debt, from which there is never any escape, owing to the exorbitant interest charged. Once in debt there is no appeal, the debtor being stripped of his clothes and compelled to work in fetters, generally for the rest of his life, to pay the interest. Drunkards are not permitted to give evidence in the law courts of Siam. The Buddhist priests, clad in yellow robes, are to be seen everywhere in Bangkok, and it is quite common for young men to enter the priesthood, which affords them an easy and luxurious existence, owing to the liberality of the populace toward any one sanctioned to the service of Buddha.

A smooth tongue has caused many a man to slip.—N. O. Picayune.

MOTHERHOOD

Actual Sterility in Women Is Very Rare—Healthy Mothers and Children Make Happy Homes.



Many women long for a child to bless their homes, but because of some debt or displacement of the female organs they are barren. Preparation for healthy maternity is accomplished by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound more successfully than by any other medicine, because it gives tone and strength to the entire female organism, curing all displacements, ulceration and inflammation. A woman who is in good physical condition transmits to her children the blessings of a good constitution. Is not that an incentive to prepare for a healthy maternity? If expectant mothers would fortify themselves with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which for thirty years has sustained thousands of women in this condition, there would be a great decrease in miscarriages, in suffering, and in disappointments at birth.

The following letters to Mrs. Pinkham demonstrate the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in such cases. Mrs. L. C. Glover, Vice-President of Milwaukee Business Women's Association, of 614 Grove Street, Milwaukee, Wis., writes: Dear Mrs. Pinkham— "I was married for several years and no children blessed our home. The doctor said I had a complication of female troubles and I could not have any children unless I could be cured. For months I took his medicines, but they did not cure me, but at last my husband became disgusted and suggested that I try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Many women have been benefited by Mrs. Pinkham's Advice and Medicine.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham— "I was married for five years and gave birth to two premature children. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me, and I am so glad I took it, for it changed me from a weak, nervous woman to a strong, happy and healthy one within seven months. Within two years a lovely little girl was born, which is the pride and joy of our household. Every day I bless Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for the light, health and happiness it brought to our home."

If any woman thinks she is sterile, or has doubts about her ability to carry a child to a mature birth let her write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., whose advice is free to all expectant or would-be mothers. She has helped thousands of women through this anxious period. Women suffering with irregular or painful menstruation, leucorrhoea, displacement, ulceration or inflammation of the womb, that bearing down feeling or ovarian trouble, backache, bloating or nervous prostration, should remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound holds the record for the greatest number of actual cures of women's ills, and accept no substitute.

Truths that Strike Home

Your grocer is honest and—if he cares to do so—can tell you that he knows very little about the bulk coffee he sells you. How can he know, where it originally came from, how it was blended—or with what—or when roasted? If you buy your coffee loose by the pound, how can you expect purity and uniform quality?

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A woman thinks her husband is a splendid business man when he can straighten out her bank balance for her by going to see the cashier and making up the overdraft.—N. Y. Press.

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A man's affidavit as to his own character is not evidence.—N. Y. Times.

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W. J. Hill, of Concord, N. C., Justice of the Peace, says: "Doan's Kidney Pills proved a very efficient remedy in my case. I used them for disordered kidneys and backache, from which I had experienced a great deal of trouble and pain. The kidney secretions were very irregular, dark colored and full of sediment. The Pills cleared it all up and I have not had an ache in my back since taking the last dose. My health generally is improved a great deal." POSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers, price 50 cents per box.

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