

# PECK'S BABY



They Run Over a Peasant with an Automobile and Climb "Glaziers" in Switzerland—Dad Falls Over a Precipice, But Is Rescued by the Guides.

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

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GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.—MY DEAR OLD MAN: By ginger, but I would like to be home now. I have had enough of foreign travel; I don't see what is the use of traveling, to see people of foreign countries, when you can go to any large city in America, and find more people belonging to any foreign country than you can find by going to that country, and they know a confounded sight more. Take the Russians in New York, the Norwegians of Minnesota, the Italians of Chicago, and the Germans in Milwaukee, and they can talk English, and you can find out all about their own countries by talking with them, but you go to their countries and the natives don't know that there is a language as the United States and they laugh at you when you ask questions. I am sick of the whole business, and would give all I ever expect to be worth, to be home right now, with my skates sharp.

I would like to open the door of your old grocery, and take one long breath, and die right there on the doorstep, rather than to live in luxury in any foreign country. Do you know, I sometimes go into a grocery store abroad, and smell around, in order to get my thoughts on dear old America, but nothing abroad smells as the same thing does in our country. If I could get one more smell of that keg of sauerkraut back of your counter, when it is ripe enough to pick, I think I would break right down and cry for joy. Of course I have smelled sauerkraut over here, but it all seems new and tame compared to yours. It may be the kraut here is not aged enough to be good, but yours is aged enough to vote and sticks to your clothes. Gee, but I just ache to get into your grocery and eat things, and smell smells, and then lay down on the counter with the cat with my head on a pile of wrapping paper and go to sleep, and wake up in America, an American citizen, that no king or queen can tell to "hush up" and take off my hat when I want my hat on.

You may wonder how we got out of Monte Carlo, when we had lost

darkness was settling down on the road, the chauffeur blew his horn, there was a scream that would raise hair on Horace Greeley's head, the automobile stopped, and there was a bundle of dusty old clothes, with an old woman done up in them, and we jumped out and lifted her up, and there we were, the woman in a faint, the peasants gathering around us with scythes and axes and clubs, demanding our lives. The bloody-faced woman was taken into a home, the crowd held us, until finally a doctor came, and after examining the woman said she might live, but it would be a tight squeeze. We wanted to go on, but we didn't want to be cut open with a scythe, so finally a man, who said he was the husband of the woman, came out with a gun, dad got down on his



DAD GOT DOWN ON HIS KNEES.

and tried to say a prayer, the Dakota man held up both hands like it was a stage being held up, and I cried. Finally the chauffeur said, in broken English, that the husband would settle for \$400, because he could pay the funeral expenses, get another wife for half the money and have something left to lay up for Christmas. As the man's gun was pointed at dad, he quit praying and gave up the money and agreed to send \$50 a month for 11 years, until the oldest child was of age.

Well, we got away, alive, got into Nice, and the chauffeur started back, and we called home for money to be sent to Geneva, Switzerland. But, say, you have not heard the sequel. A story that has a sequel is always the best, and I hope to die if the police of Nice didn't tell us that we were unbonced by that old woman and that the chauffeur was in the scheme and got part of dad's money. The way they do it is to wait till dark, and she rolls the woman in the dust and put some red ink on her face, and she pretends to be run over, and the doctor is hired by the month, and they average \$500 a night, playing that game on automobile tourists from America. After the woman is run over every night, and the money is collected, and the victims have been allowed to go on their way, the whole community gathers at the house of the injured woman and they have a celebration and a dance, and probably our chauffeur got back to the house that night in time to enjoy the celebration. I suppose thousands of Americans are paying money for killing people that never got a scratch.

Say, we think in America that we have plenty of ways to rob the tenderfoot, but they give us cards and spades and little casino and beat us every time. Dad wanted to hire a hack and go back and finish that old woman with an ax, because he said he had a corpse coming to him, but the police told him he could be arrested for thinking murder, and that he was a dangerous man, and that they would give him 12 hours to get out of France, and so we bought tickets for Switzerland, though what we came here for I don't know, only dad said it was a republic like America and he wanted to breathe the free air of mountains in the home of the Switzerkase.

Well, anybody can have Switzerland if they want it. I will sell my interest cheap. The firm wanted us to go out on the lake, said to be the most beautiful lake in the world, and we sailed on it, and rowed on it, and looked down into the clear water where it is said you can see a corpse on the bottom of the lake 100 feet down. We hadn't lost any corpse, except the corpse of that old woman we run over at Nice, but we wanted to get the worth of our money, so we kept looking for days, but the search for a corpse becomes tame after awhile, and we gave it up. All we saw in the bottom of the lake was a cow, but no man can weep properly over the remains of a cow, and dad said they could go to the dance with their corpses, and we just jumped at the hotel till our money came. Say, that lake they talk

every cent we had gambling. Well, we wondered about it all night, and had our breakfast sent up to our room, and had it charged, expecting that when the bill came in we would have to jump into the ocean, as we had no gun to kill ourselves with. Just after breakfast a duke, or something, came to our room, and dad said it was all off, and he called upon the Dakota man to make a speech on politics, while dad and I skipped out. We thought the duke, who was the manager of the hotel, would not understand the speech, and would think we were great people, who had got stranded.

The Dakota man started in on a democratic speech that he used to deliver in the campaign of '96, and in half an hour the duke held up his hands, and the Dakota man let up on the speech. Then the duke took out a roll of bills and said: "Ze shentlemen is what you call bust. Is it not so?" Dad said he could bet his life it was so. Then the duke handed the roll of bills to dad, and said it was a tribute from the prince of Monaco, and that we were his guests, and when our stay was at an end, automobiles would be furnished for us to go to Nice, where we could cable home for funds, and be happy.

Well, when the duke left us, dad said: "Wouldn't that skin you?" and he gave the Dakota man one of the bills to try on the bartender, and when he found the money was good we ordered an automobile and skipped out for Nice. The chauffeur could not understand English, so we talked over the situation and decided that the only way to be looked upon as genuine automobilists would be to wear goggles and look prosperous and mad at everybody. We took turns looking mad at everybody we passed on the road, and got it down so fine that people picked up rocks after we had passed, and threw them at us, and then we knew that we were succeeding in being considered genuine, rich automobile tourists.

After we had succeeded for an hour or two in convincing the people that we were properly heartless and purse proud, dad said the only thing we needed to make the trip a success was to run over somebody. He said nearly all the American automobile tourists in Europe had killed somebody and had been obliged to settle and support a family or two in France or Italy, and they were prouder of it than they would be if they endowed a university, or built a church, and he said he trusted our chauffeur would not be too careful in running through the country, but would at least cripple some one.

Well, just before we got to Nice, and

things, and the next morning we started. Dad wanted me to stay at the station a couple of days, while he was gone, and play with the goats, but I told him if there were any places in the mountains or glaziers any more dangerous than Paris or Monte Carlo, I wanted to visit them, so he let me go. Well, we were rigged up for discovering the north pole, and had alpenstocks to push ourselves up with, and the guides had ropes to pull us up when we got to places where we couldn't climb. I could get along all right, but they had had on a rope most of the time pulling him until his tongue ran out and his face turned blue. But dad was game, and don't you forget it.

Before noon we got on top of a glacier, which is the ice of a frozen river, that moves all the time, sliding towards the sea. There was nothing but a haru winter, in summer, to the experience, and we would have gone back the same night, only dad slipped down a crevice about 100 feet with the rope on him, and the two guides couldn't pull him up, and we had to send a lunch down to him on the rope and one of the guides had to go back to the village for help to get dad up. Well, sir, I think dad was nearer dead than he ever was before, but they sent down a bottle of brandy, and when he drank some of it the snow began to melt and he was warm enough to use bad language.

He yelled to me that this was the limit and wanted to know how long they were going to keep him there, and he said for help to pull him out, and he said for the tender to order a yoke of oxen. I told him that probably he would have to remain there until spring opened and that I was going back to America and leave him there, and he better pray. I don't know whether dad prayed, down there in the bowels of the mountains, but he didn't pray when help came, and they finally hauled him up. His breath was gone, but he gave those guides some language that would set them to thinking if they could have understood him, and finally we started down the mountain. They kept the ropes on dad and every 100 feet or so down the mountain on his pants, and the snow would go up his trousers legs clear to his collar, and the exercise made him so hot that the steam came out of his clothes, and he looked like a locomotive wrecked in a snow bank blowing off steam.

It became dark and I expected we would be killed, but before midnight we got to the station and changed our clothes and paid off the guides and took a train back. Dad said to me, as we got on the cars: "Now, Henry, I have done this glazier stunt, just to show you that a brave man, whatever his age, is equal to anything they can propose in Europe, but by ginger, this settles it, and now I want to go where things come easier. I am now going to Turkey and see how the Turks worry along. Are you with me?" "You bet your life," says I. Yours truly, HENRY.

## BEFORE THE OLD MAINE LAW

Anecdote Is Told of a Struggle for Prohibition in the Pine Tree State.

N. F. Woodbury, the Maine representative of the prohibition national committee, was talking about the political fights for total abstinence that have from time to time stirred up his state. "In the past," said Mr. Woodbury, "before Maine had been won over to prohibition, there used to be a village—a bleak, gray village on the coast—where the contest over the liquor question was always hot. In this village, an election day drew near, and each party would try to do out the other. If one side paraded 100 strong the other side paraded 200 strong. If one side held a mass meeting and employed a band, the other side would hold a mass meeting with a band and a lunch as well. There was one liquor saloon in the village, and a week before a certain election a placard as big as the entire front of the house was raised before it. This enormous placard said in huge red letters: "If the prohibition law passes this house will be closed." The saloon, you see, was cozy and inviting to such as liked a glass of beer, and the purpose of the placard was to put sorrow and fear into the breasts of drinking men, stir them up to win, lest their pleasant meeting place be taken from them. That was the idea of the placard, and it was a good idea. But in the dead of the night certain odd noises were heard, and the next morning the enormous placard covered the front of the village poorhouse."

Plenty of Palaces.  
The czar of Russia and the emperor of Germany might, if they please, dispute with each other as to which of the two owns the greater number of palaces. Each might sleep in a different house every night for a month and not exhaust the number of his various dwelling places. The czar is said to own many country seats—which are kept up in every detail, furnished and furnished, and crowded with servants—into which he has never set foot. King Edward, of England, while occupied regularly but four, has a dozen or more homes, which are ready for him at all times.

Jap Generals in the Field.  
Frederick Palmer, the correspondent, who has been with Gen. Kuroki in the field, says in his recently published book: "Gen. Kuroki spent most of his time in the shade. Gen. Fuji, the chief, went to sleep in the thick of the fight on the 2d. He had worked most of the night planning for that day. He could not make the work of our infantry any easier or make the fire of our guns any more accurate by watching them. When he was wanted he could be awakened."

Lesson from Japan.  
From the Japanese we are slowly learning not to bunch a miscellaneous lot of cut flowers in vases, but to give each flower its natural, characteristic attitude and isolation, and the result is far more artistic and beautiful.—Garden Magazine.

The Only Way.  
"If you want a thing well done—" began the Quotation Fiend.  
"Tell the waiter you want it rare," finished the restaurant victim.—Cleveland Leader.

# ATTRACTIVE HOMES

WHOLLY AGREEABLE ROOMS NEED FEMINE TOUCH.

Individuality in the Arrangement of Trifles—A Woman's Peculiar Love for Particular Chairs and Tables—Simplicity, Not Quantity of Furniture Should Be Desired—Let In Plenty of Light—Furniture Acquires a Personality of Its Own.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.  
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Home is woman's background, fortress and refuge. That would not be a real home in which was no womanly presence. A feminine touch must adorn the rooms, and dictate their arrangement to make them wholly agreeable. The setting of the home is woman's peculiar province. Business gives a man little daylight time in his home, which is woman's little kingdom.

In most women the home instinct is so strong that when traveling and stopping here and there, they proceed to give the temporary shelter something of the familiar look that makes it a dwelling place, rather than a camp. I have seen a summer tent transformed into a home by a few hangings and photographs, and by the dainty trifles that show individuality and give a charm and grace. Every soldier's wife knows how to make her quarters at an army post charmingly domestic, and the bareness of an ordinary room is relieved by the campaigner in a trice by knick-knacks and drapery which take up very little space in a trunk.

A tea tray, a half dozen cups and saucers, a lamp, a chafing dish, and a woman's smile about them give a tired man a feeling of having reached home. On the road, he felt cross and jaded, and at odds with the world, but the low mood slipped away when he turned the latch key, and entered the precincts into which his wife had been putting the sweetness of herself all day long. No man can analyze or explain the emotion, but the home itself cheers him, and stirs a pulse of delight before a word is said, when he gets back to it.

Women care immensely about things. I doubt whether a mere man can quite understand a woman's love for chairs and tables, mirrors and vases. These may have associations with happy seasons in the past, or may mean a victory over the tyranny of circumstances. One orders what she has longed for during months, and denied herself many little luxuries to purchase. One even treasures odd things that seem to the outsider of no account.

I have a little old-fashioned hair trunk, studded with brass nails. It has been in the family as long as I can remember, and came over the sea generations before my time. One day when we were moving a young person who had no reverence for what she considered trash, was bargaining with a junk-man over this trunk. I happened along just in time to stop the barter and sale, and send the man away.

"I could rather part with anything in the house than that," I exclaimed. "Money could not buy it."  
"What in the world can you want with such old rubbish?" It has been up garret for ages.  
"I know it," I replied, "and you may call it rubbish, but it is precious to me." So it was. Bottled fragrance and fadeless sunshine and the echo of merry-makings and the voices of love were in that shabby old box, for me.

We sometimes feel at sentiment, but how long would this planet go on without the tender rose-color that falls on the stony hillsides our feet so often tread? Sentiment cushions life. Because of it, a woman regards more highly an ugly old time-piece which has been ticking through centuries than the most decorative chromometer which can be bought at the shop. One ticks of money, the other ticks forever of loyalty and love.

The setting of a home should be attractive, and in the furnishing should be no discords. We multiply possessions till they become an incumbrance. They control women, consume energy, and occasion nervous prostration. The moment our things become a worry, they become a menace to health, and their sentiment is a little marred, yet how can we help it? The railing crack or nick of a piece of fine china almost breaks the true housewife's heart. An old break left out in the rain cannot be adequately replaced by a new one. Alas, the more one has, the greater is one's anxiety. Witness the solitude with which we lock and bar the house against the sneak thief and the midnight prowler.

A home may be so cluttered with a quantity of furniture, drapery and ornament, that one's time is completely absorbed in looking after the setting and the sweet secret of the home escapes like the atar of rose from the phial left unworked. If we would guard against wearing out too soon, a growing old too fast, we must strive to have simplicity as the keynote of the home environment.

The other day I spent a half hour in a woman's own private sitting-room, which seemed to me to be characterized by everything such a room should have. The walls were neutralized, and formed the best of backgrounds for a few well chosen pictures. A rug in dim, somber colors covered the floor. There was a large table, and a bookcase well filled stood at one side in an alcove; there was a divan and there were a few easy chairs. The outlook was over a bay, where the green waves were ruffled by the spring wind, and the ships went to and fro, sometimes great steamers passing on their way across the ocean, into which the bay poured its waters. The atmosphere of the place was permeated with repose.

When one is obliged to thread his way gingerly through a drawing-room that is filled to the overflow with cases and statues and busts and splendorous tables and fragile chairs and obtrusive footstools, in danger every second of stumbling or knocking something over, things are wrong with that setting.  
Another mistake is to have too little light. Why darkness and gloom should be sought in any portion of a

house where people must live, has always been to me an unsolvable problem. Mysterious corners are in order in a cob-webbed attic or an underground cellar, but they are seriously out of place in a pleasant room into which visitors are ushered, and which is supposed to be a rallying spot for the family.

Light does no harm. Although the strong rays of the sun may somewhat impair the first freshness of upholstery, yet they tone down crudeness of color, and in the end are an improvement. "Throw open the windows and glorify the room," was the cheerful order for the day of Sydney Smith. One's spirits are apt to go down in a dull, dark crypt-like room; they rise to sparkle and effervescence when the sunbeams come dancing in, and the house looks glad and gay.

It is wonderful how one's things respond to one's mood. Certain easy chairs welcome you to their embrace when you are tired out, and rest you almost as if they knew they were doing it; they seem to have caught the spirit of the house, and have a personality of their own.

Certain chairs and footstools belong to certain people. I knew a dear old lady, blind for years, who always occupied one corner of a large and comfortable sofa. Children and grandchildren were careful not to usurp this throne of the serene and beautiful matron, who dwelt in the dark, but liked to have everything cheery about her. Sometimes a stranger, not knowing the traditions of the home, would install herself in the mother's place, but was always gently conducted to another seat. The setting of that house was not perfect unless the mother took her accustomed place. When she was gone forever, the mistress of the house rearranged every room, and carried that sofa to another part of her domain. She felt that, for awhile at least, no one else could sit there; the old sofa in her thought was sacred and would almost feel profaned if used by others than the one to whom it had belonged, through so many pleasant seasons.

All this of course is sentiment, and Mr. Gradgrind does not understand it; with his incessant demand for facts and statistics, he cannot enter into the joy that comes from feeling. Yet feeling is the chrism of life.

It is possible to make too much of life's setting, as I have said, and to spend so much labor on externals that there is no time for satisfaction in the inner life, but while women continue to be queens regnant in their homes, they will take pleasure in having the homes beautiful, neat, harmonious, and to some degree sumptuous. It is their privilege thus to do. A home is not a penitentiary, nor a counting-room, nor a shop; it is, as I said at first, the background whence we issue into the open for business or pleasure. It is our fortress against all invaders, our refuge in distress. In the day of calamity and disaster we hide ourselves at home. In the day of triumph and good fortune, we invite our friends to rejoice with us there. We are within the bounds of reason in making the setting of a home as beautiful as we can.

## A CHARMING PLAY-GOWN.

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PLAY DRESS.

first of all, simple, in order to be serviceable. The dress shown here is just the thing for playing about the house and yard, wearing to school, or serving any little less upon ordinary occasions. It may be easily made and is suitable to any material. For a medium size three and one-half yards of 26-inch material are required.

Matching Collars and Belt.  
It is quite the thing to wear matching collars and belts. A fashionable haberdasher is showing a very great variety of stocks and belts to wear with shirtwaists and shirtwaist suits. With white suits nothing could be better than white linen, plain or embroidered. These are exquisitely made and, although anything but cheap, are so trim and stylish that they make the gown fine and well justify the price paid for them. A novelty in this class is a fine silk braid in a loose basket weave. The belt is wide at the back and is meant to crush. The fastening is a round buckle in brass or gun metal. The neckpiece is not a stock at all, accurately speaking, but a four-in-hand tie to wear with a linen collar.

Big Land Concession.  
G. C. Probasco, of Los Angeles, Cal., has a concession to survey all the public lands in the state of Sinaloa, Mexico, aggregating more than 200,000 acres. Under the terms of the concession the government will grant to Probasco one-third of all the lands he surveys. This is expected to be 7,000,000 acres. Probasco and associates have in view American colonization.

# Backache, "The Blues"

Both Symptoms of Organic Derangement in Women—Thousands of Sufferers Find Relief.



How often do we hear women say: "It seems as though my back would break," or "Don't speak to me, I am all out of sorts." These significant remarks prove that the system requires attention. Backache and "the blues" are direct symptoms of an inward trouble which will sooner or later declare itself. It may be caused by diseased kidneys or some uterine derangement. Nature requires assistance and at once, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound instantly asserts its curative powers in all those peculiar ailments of women. It has been the standby of intelligent American women for twenty years, and the ablest specialists agree that it is the most universally successful remedy for woman's ills known to medicine.

The following letters from Mrs. Holmes and Mrs. Cotrely are among the many thousands which Mrs. Pinkham has received this year from those whom she has relieved.

Simply such testimony is convincing. Mrs. J. C. Holmes, of Larimore, North Dakota, writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— "I have suffered everything with backache and womb trouble—I let the trouble run on until my system was in such a condition that I was unable to be about, and then it was commenced to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It made me well and strong. My backaches and headaches are all gone and I suffer no pain at my menstrual periods, whereas before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I suffered intense pain."

Mrs. Emma Cotrely, 109 East 12th Street, New York City, writes:

Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills.

She Knows.  
Why, he hasn't any idea of finance. His Daughter—Don't you believe the half of it. He stopped right in the middle of his proposal to ask how much you were worth.—Brooklyn Eagle.

To Wash Lace Collars.  
Shave Ivory Soap in boiling water; add a pinch of soda and drop the collar in, stirring it until the dirt is removed. Rinse in a pint of hot water to which has been added a teaspoonful of gum arabic and a few drops of coffee or real Indian tea. To iron, pick out and press on white flannel, press with a moderately hot iron. ELEANOR R. PARKER.

Theatrical item from the Burlington (Kan.) Jeffersonian: "The gallery in the opera house has been fastened to the wall so that it cannot possibly fall."

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July 27, via Nickel Plate Road. Long return limit and stop-over privileges at Chautauque Lake, N. Y., Niagara Falls and New York City. Full information of Agent, or address J. Y. Calahan, General Agent, 111 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

The fast young man is all right if he is going in the right direction.—Philadelphia Record.

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