



PECK'S BAD BOY
The Bad Boy Makes Friends with Some Italian Children—Dad Is Chased by Lions from the Coliseum—Not Any More Borne for Papa, Says Dad.

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK
Ex-Governor of Wisconsin, Former Editor of Peck's Sun, Author of "Peck's Bad Boy," etc.

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ROME, ITALY.—MY DEAR OLD "PAPA": Well, sir, if you could see me now, you wouldn't know me, because foreign travel has broadened me out, so I can talk on any subject, and people of my age look upon me as an authority, and they surround me everywhere I go, and urge me to talk. The fact that the boys and girls do not understand a word I say, makes no difference. They do not wear many clothes here, and there is no style about them, and when they see me, with a whole suit of clothes on, and a hat, and shoes and socks, and a scarf-pin on my necktie, they think I must be an American that is too rich for any use, or something that ranks with a prince at least, and the boys desire to be with me, and to do errands for me, and the girls seem to be in love with me.

There is no way you can tell if a girl is in love with you, except that she looks at you with eyes that are as black as coal, and they seem to burn a hole right into your insides, and when they take hold of your hand they hang on, and squeeze like almond-leaf, in a dance at home, and they snugg up to you, and are as warm and cheerful as a gas stove.

Say, I sat on a bench in a plaza with a girl about my age, for an hour, while the other girls and boys sat on the ground and looked at us in admiration, and when I put my arm around her and kissed her on her pouting lips, it brought on a revolution. An Italian soldier policeman took me by the neck and threw me across the street, the girl scratched me with her finger nails and bit me, and yelled some grand hailing sign of distress, her brother and a ragged boy that was in love with the girl, and was jealous, drew daggers, and the whole crowd yelled murder, and I started for my hotel on a run, and the whole population of Rome seemed to follow me, and I might as well have been a negro accused of crime in the states. I thought they would burn me at the stake, but dad came out of the hotel and threw a handful of small change into the crowd, and it was all over.

After they picked up the coin they beckoned me to come out and play some more, but not any more for little Henry. I have been in love in all countries where we have traveled, and in all languages, but this Italian love takes the whole bakery, and I do not go around any more without a chaperone. The girls are ragged, and wear shawls over their heads, and there are holes in their dresses and their skin isn't white, like American girls', but is what they call olive complexion, like stuffed olives you buy in bottles, stuffed with cayenne pepper, but the girls are just like the cayenne pepper, so warm that you want to throw water on yourself after they have touched you. Gee, but I wouldn't want to live in a climate where girls were a torrid zone, 'cause I should melt, like an icicle that drops in a stove, and makes steam, and blows up the whole house.

Well, old man, you talk about churches, but you don't know anything about it. Dad and I went to St. Peter's in Rome, and it is the grandest thing in the world. Say, the Congregational church at home, which we thought so grand, could be put in one little corner of St. Peter's, and would look like 30 cents. St. Peter's covers ground about half a mile square, and when you go inside and look at grown people on the other side of it, they look like flies, and the organ is as big as a block of buildings in Chicago, and when they blow it, you think the last day has come, and yet the music is as sweet as a melodeon, and makes you want to get down on your knees with all the thousands of good Christians of Italy, and confess that you are a fraud, that ought to be arrested.

Dad and I have been to all kinds of churches, everywhere, and never turned a hair, but since we got to this town, and got some of the prevailing religion into our systems, we feel quaky, and it seems as though everybody could see right into us, and that they knew we were heathen, that never knew there was a God. Sure thing, I never supposed there were so many people in the world that worshipped their Maker, as there are here, and I don't wonder that all over the world good people look to Rome for the light. Dad keeps telling me that when we get home we will set an example that will make people pay attention, but he says he does not want to join the church until he has seen all the sights, and then he will swear off for good.

He said to me yesterday: "Now, Henry, I have been to all the pious places with you, the pope's residence, the catacombs and St. Peter's, where they preach from 40 different places, and make you feel like giving up your sins, and I have looked at carvings, and decorations, and marble and jewels, and seen the folly of my ways of life, and I am ripe for a change, but before I give up the world and all of its wickedness, I want blood. I want to go to the other extreme, and see the wild beasts at the

Woman's Emancipation Drawing Nearer

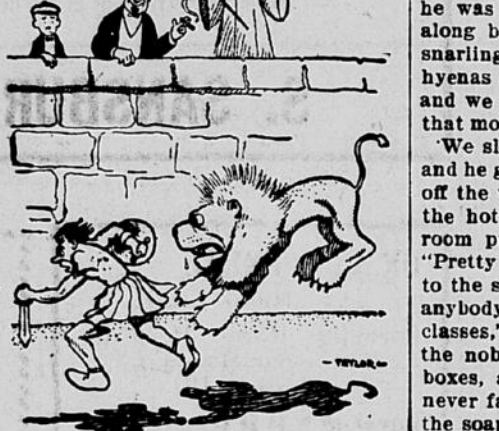
BY MRS. LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

The cause of "the advancement of woman" is steadily gaining ground. Every year brings its triumphs. In the coeducational colleges it is the girls who have carried off all the honors. In the older universities women are not admitted in competition with boys, but safely excluded in annexes. They are afraid of them.

Victor Hugo said that "the nineteenth century was the woman's century," and it is probable that the rise of woman will date from the work done in that cycle, and the twentieth century will see the fruition of our hopes, the achievement of all that we have struggled for. The women of the present and of the coming generation will reap the harvest, the seeds of which were sown by the pioneers of the latter half of the nineteenth century.

Woman has been in the past and will always be in the future the guardian of the home, the conservator of virtue, and her emancipation will mark a bright era in the evolution of the world.

It is preposterous to suppose that the women working for suffrage have ever approved of the singular financial measures or social conditions that have been advocated from time to time by fanatics. It is not just to hold the leaders in the woman's movement responsible for the peculiar views that have been entertained by some people who have also favored woman suffrage.



WHAT DAD WANTED TO SEE.

Coliseum tear human beings limb from limb, and drink their blood, and see gladiators gladiate, and chop down their antagonists, and put one foot on their prostrate necks, like they do in the theaters, and then I am ready to leave this town, and be good."

Well, sir, I have been in lots of tight places before, but this one beat the band. Here was my dad, who did not know that the Roman gladiator business had been followed by the villains playing lion and tiger, and dad asked the Chicago man what seemed to be the matter, and he said: "Matter enough; there has been an earthquake, and the Coliseum has fallen down, killing more than 10,000 Romans, and the animals' cages are busted and the animals are loose, looking for fresh meat, and we better get right back to Rome, too quick, or we will be eaten alive. Come on if you are with me! Do you hear the lions after us?" said he, as the hired villains roared.

Well, you'd a died to see 'dad get up out of that prickly cactus, and take the lead for good old Rome. I didn't know he was such a sprinter, but we trailed along behind, roaring like lions, and snarling like tigers and yip-yapping like hyenas and barking like timber wolves, and we couldn't see dad for the dust, on that moonlight night.

We slowed up and let dad run ahead, and he got to the hotel first, and we paid off the villains, and finally we went in the hotel and found dad in the bar-room puffing and drinking a high-ball. "Pretty near hell, wasn't it," said dad, to the soap man. "Did the lions catch anybody?" "O a few of the lower classes," said the soap man, "but none of the nobility. The nobility were in the boxes, and that part of the Coliseum never falls during an earthquake," and the soap man joined dad in a high-ball. After dad got through puffing and had wiped about two quarts of perspiration off his head and neck, and the soap man had told him what a great thing it was to persevere in Rome, on account of the Roman fever, that catches a man at night and kills him before morning, dad turned to me and said: "Henry, you got pack up and we get out of this in the morning, for I feel as though I had been chewed by one of those hyenas. Not any more Rome for papa," and the high-ball party broke up, and we went to bed to get sleep enough to leave town.

Do you know, the next morning those hired villains made the soap man and I pay ten dollars extra on account of straining their lungs, roaring like lions? But we paid for their lungs all right, rather than have them present a bill to dad.

MARKETING POTATO CROPS.

How the Railroads Made It Possible for the Growers to Get Fair Prices.

In line with the classic case of the oyster shippers, cited by President Hadley, of Yale University, in his book on Railroad Transportation, is the case of the Aroostook potato growers brought by President Tuttle, of the Boston and Maine Railroad before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce. Nothing could better show how a railroad works for the interest of the localities which it serves.

A main dependence of the farmers of the Aroostook region is the potato crop, aggregating annually eight to ten million bushels which find a market largely in Boston and the adjacent thickly settled regions of New England. The competition of cheap water transportation from Maine to all points along the New England coast keeps railroad freight rates on these potatoes always at a very low level.

Potatoes are also a considerable output of the truck farms of Michigan, their normal market being obtained in and through Detroit and Chicago and other communities of that region. Not many years ago favoring sun and rains brought a tremendous yield of potatoes from the Michigan fields. At normal rates and prices there would have been a glut of the customary markets and the potatoes would have rotted on the farms. To help the potato growers, the railroads from Michigan made unprecedentedly low rates on potatoes to every reachable market, even carrying them in large quantities to a place so remote as Boston. The Aroostook growers had to reduce the price on their potatoes, and even then could not dispose of them unless the Boston and Maine railroad reduced its already low rate, which it did. By means of these low rates, making possible low prices, the potato crops of both Michigan and Maine were finally marketed. Everybody had all the potatoes he wanted.

While the Michigan railroads made rates that would have been ruinous to the railroads, had they been applied to the movement of all potatoes at all times, to all places, they helped their patrons to find markets. The Boston and Maine Railroad suffered a decrease in its revenue from potatoes, but it enabled the Aroostook farmers to market their crop and thereby to obtain money which they spent for the varied supplies which the railroads brought to them. If the making of rates were subject to governmental adjustment, such radical and prompt action could never have been taken, because it is well established that if a rate be once established by a railroad company, it cannot be restored through the red tape of governmental procedure. If the Michigan railroads and the Boston and Maine Railroad had been subjected to governmental limitation they would have felt obliged to keep up their rates, as do the railroads of France and England and Germany under governmental limitation, and let the potatoes rot.—Exchange.

OVER THE OCEAN.

Four-fifths of Zululand has been declared unfit for European habitation by the British delimitation commission. "To calm public excitement" the Hungarian Jockey club has paid the debts of a Buda-Pesth bookmaker, who lost \$41,500 over the Austrian derby. A British board of trade return shows that during 1904 453,877 emigrants left the United Kingdom, nearly half of whom went to the British colonies. Twenty-six per cent. of the number went to Canada.

Three rare specimens of male tree fern, *Osunda regalis*, of more than 1,000 years' growth, have been procured for the Imperial botanic gardens of St. Petersburg from the virgin forests on the Black sea coast, near Adler. Mrs. Frederick Krupp, widow of the famous gunmaker, has given 200,000 marks for a convalescent laborer's home, to celebrate the fifth anniversary of the opening of the great Grynus works, near Magdeburg, Germany. The Egyptian government has decided upon postponing—and this may mean abandoning—the scheme for raising the Assuan dam, and thereby increasing the supply for the irrigation of the country in the summer, and has taken this decision mainly because two mathematicians in London have developed a new theory regarding the stresses upon masonry dams.

"Smoking races" are the latest development of student life in Germany. They are usually held at drinking bouts and copy a novel feature of these occasions. Hugs pipes are made especially for this purpose, having a capacity of from one to three ounces of tobacco. All pipes must be identical in shape and construction and are filled with the same quantity of tobacco to a grain. Unique was the wedding which took place at a village near Dover, England, the other day, the bridegroom being a gentleman engaged in China, who had inserted a matrimonial advertisement in a London journal, resulting in a correspondence and exchange of photos with the daughter of a professional gentleman in the Kentish village. The bridegroom has traversed the thousands of miles separating China from Kent to claim the bride.

CURIOUS AND INTERESTING. In a Pittsburg office building a system of washing the air and removing all dust has been introduced. Peter Henry Chevanter, who made a fortune in toy balloons, is said to be in poverty, and has joined a street cleaning gang in New Jersey. Spain has a lawsuit that has been before the courts since 1517. It is the most conspicuous legal example of "manana" in the history of the world. Two historic names appear in curious proximity in Spring street, near Macouloug, New York. Over a restaurant window is a sign bearing the name Aaron Burr; almost directly appears the inscription, "Alexander Hamilton, carpenter and builder."

It is claimed by Henry Decker, of Rome, O., that a single beehive, used as an incubator as well as for the ordinary purpose of producing honey, can be made to do the work of eight hens in hatching chickens, while at the same time it yields 100 pounds of honey annually.

IN DARKEST AFRICA. The French government intends to make experiments in its Congo colony in the cultivation of a wild coffee tree discovered by the explorer, M. Chevalier. Miss Jane Nathan, who is the first South African-born girl licensed to practice as a dental surgeon, has returned from her successful studies in Europe to begin her profession at Handover, Cape Colony. She is also believed to be the first South African girl to take any medical degree. Dr. Robert Koch had a caravan, consisting of 70 men, when he visited Morogoro, in German East Africa, last month. The natives called him "the great medicine man" and were astonished at the size of his expedition, which had for its object the study of the plague and of a kind of fever which is communicated by the papasi, or bedbugs, and which has made one road almost impassable. It is not readily, but makes invalids of the victims for weeks.

TOLD OF THOSE WHO WAIT.

Ernest Trenton, a writer of serial stories, has lately told of the young woman amateur who chanced to get an unfinished story accepted by a weekly paper for immediate publication. Months passed and the thing went on. A desperate editor wrote later after letter imploring her to wind up. The unhappy girl wrote despairingly that she couldn't stop it; the elongating thing had wound round her as the sea serpent wound about Laocoon. Finally the editor himself ended it.

Miss Betham Edwards in her "Home Life in France" writes: "The best contemporary French writers often use English words not as yet naturalized, without italics or quotation marks. Thus Cherbuliez wrote of the hall instead of 'le vestibule' in one of his novels; Brizeux makes a lady conjugate the verb 'luncher' in one of his plays. Flirt, croquet, garden party, five o'clock, and a variety of similar expressions are employed as if belonging to the French tongue. English names and pet names have an especial attraction for French ears."

There is a pitiful story of Philip Bourke Marston, the blind English writer. One day a particularly good idea came to him and he set down to the typewriter with enthusiasm. He wrote rapidly for hours and had nearly finished the story when a friendly came in. "Read that," said Marston proudly, "and tell me what you think of it." The friend stared at the happy author and then at the blank sheets of paper in his hand before he was able to understand the little tragedy. The ribbon had been taken from the typewriter and Marston's toil was for nothing. He never had the heart to write that story again.

Hall Caine thinks that the novel of the future will become more and more the religious novel and that it will only be accepted, whether by the plowman or the philosopher, in the degree in which it unites with the simplest pictures of human life the deepest problems of humanity. "I think it will be realized," he says, "that the capacity of the novel for any work whatsoever, whether of simple entertainment or of deep teaching, is entirely without limit; that there is no vehicle so capable of reaching a wide area, no medium so adaptable to the needs of man in all his stages of intellectual development; in a word, that there is no pulp with a sounding board that will send the human voice so far."

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Humors, Eczemas, Itchings, Inflammations, Burnings, Scallings and Chafings Cured by Cuticura.

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One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease. A certain cure for swollen, sweating, hot, itching feet. At all Druggists, 25c. Do not substitute. Trial package FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

CONSTANT ACHING.

Back aches all the time. Spoils your appetite, weakens the body, worries the mind. Kidneys cause it all and Doan's Kidney Pills relieve and cure it. H. B. McCarver, of 201 Cherry St., Portland, Ore., inspector of freight for the Trans-Continental Co., says: "I used Doan's Kidney Pills for backache and other symptoms of kidney trouble which had annoyed me for months. I think a cold was responsible for the whole trouble. It seemed to settle in my kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills rooted it out. It is several months since I used them, and up to date there has been no recurrence of the trouble."

Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers, price 50 cents per box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Two Great Qualities.

"Is it possible," asked the passenger on the Mississippi river steambot, looking at the turbid, boiling water, "that people ever drink this water?"

"Sir," said the lanky passenger with the broad brimmed slouch hat, "you take a glass of that water, let it settle, pour off the clear fluid at the top, and it's the best drinking water in the world."

"But the sediment at the bottom?" "You don't need to throw that away, either. By George, sir, it makes the best and richest soil you ever saw!"—Chicago Tribune.

There never was a gasoline can standing around with its lid off, but that some where in the universe, some one with a lighted match looking for it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Arriving at a Verdict.

Kushequa, Pa., July 10.—(Special)—In this section of Pennsylvania there is a growing belief that for such Kidney Diseases as Rheumatism and Lame Back there is only one sure cure and that is Doan's Kidney Pills. This belief grows from such cases as that of Mrs. M. L. Davis of this place. She tells the story herself as follows: "I have suffered from Rheumatism for thirty years and find that Doan's Kidney Pills have done me more good than any medicine I have ever taken. I was also bothered with Lame Back and I can only say that my back hasn't bothered me since I took Doan's Kidney Pills."

Considering that Mrs. Davis only took two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills, the result would be considered wonderful if it were not that others are reporting similar results daily. Kushequa is fast arriving at a verdict that "Doan's Kidney Pills are the one sure cure for Rheumatism."

Every time conceit is punctured character is strengthened.—Chicago Tribune.

The White River Division.

St. Louis, July 8.—The White River division of the Iron Mountain Route, between Newport, Ark., and Carthage, Mo., is rapidly approaching completion, and reports of representatives of the general passenger department, who recently made a complete trip over the line, indicates that through trains will be running inside of sixty days.

"While several thousand tourists have already made the trip from each end of the completed line, and we have hauled during the month of June over forty fishing parties from Carthage, who desired to make the five-day float from Galena to Branson, returning on train in 50 minutes, for the complete daylight run over the new line," said Mr. H. G. Rowland, general passenger agent, "there will be a tourist travel unprecedented over any line in this part of the country. The fishing proposition is becoming so well known that a number of club houses on the James river, between Galena and Branson, are now completed and are taxed to their capacity."

"The romantic features of the new line are naturally the ones to attract the most general attention, but the agricultural and mineral possibilities of this new region are remarkable."

"The road itself is a marvel of engineering, and the 85-pound rails, with rock ballast, promises the highest degree of speed and safety."

If a man is a coward he always claims to be conservative.—Chicago Sun.

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You can't always tell a milk train by its cowcatcher.—Chicago Sun.

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