

## FEAS AND ONIONS



**Fleas and Onions Trouble the Bad Boy and His Dad—'Little Henner' Treats the King of Spain to April Fool Candy—Dad Tries to Stop a Bull-Fight.**

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK  
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Madrid, Spain.—My dear Uncle: You probably think we are taking our lives in our hands by coming to Spain, so soon after the Cuban war, in which President Roosevelt charged up San Juan hill, in the face of over 30 blood-thirsty Spaniards, and captured the blockhouse on the summit of the hill, which was about as big as a switchman's shanty, and wouldn't hold two platoons of infantry, of 12 men to the platoon, without crowding, and which closed the war, after the navy had everlastingly paralyzed the Spanish vessels, and sunk them in wet water, and picked up the crews and run them through clothes wringers to dry them out; but we are as safe here as we would be on South Clark street, in Chicago.

Do you know, when I read of that charge of our troops up San Juan hill, headed by our peerless bear hunter, I thought it was like the battle of Gettysburg, where hundreds of thousands of men fought on each side, and I classed Roosevelt with Grant, Sheridan, Sher-



AND WENT OUT FOR SOME FRESH AIR.

man, Meade and Thomas, and all that crowd, but one day I got talking with a veteran of the Spanish-American war, who promptly deserted after every pay day, and re-enlisted after he had spent his money, and he didn't do a thing to my ideas of the importance of that battle. He told me it was only a little skirmish, like driving in a picket post, and that there were not Spaniards enough there to have a roll call, not so many Spanish soldiers as there were American newspaper correspondents on our side, that only a few were killed and wounded, and that a dozen soldiers in an army wagon could have driven up San Juan hill with freecrackers and scared the Spaniards out of the country, and that a part of a negro regiment did pretty near all the shooting, while our officers did the yelling, and had their pictures taken, caught in the act.

See, but dad got his foot in it by talking about the blowing up of the Maine, and looking saucy, as though he was going to get even with the Spaniards, but he found that every Spaniard was as sorry for that accident as we were, and they would take off their hats when the Maine was mentioned, and look pained and heartsick. I tell you the Spaniards are about as good people as you will find anywhere, and dad has concluded to fall back on Christopher Columbus for a steady diet of talk, 'cause if it had not been for Chris, we wouldn't have been discovered to this day, which might have been a darn good thing for us. But the people here do not recall the fact that there ever was a man named Christopher Columbus, and they don't know what he ever discovered, or where the country is that he sailed away to find, unless they are educated, and familiar with ancient history, and only once in awhile will you find anybody that is educated.

The children of America are more about the history of Spain, than the Spanish children. This country reminds you of a play on the stage. The grandees, in their picturesque costumes, though few in number compared to the population, are the whole thing, and the people you see on the stage with the grandees, in peasant costume, peddling oranges and figs, you find here in the life of Spain, looking up to the grandees as though they were gods. Every peasant carries a knife in some place, concealed about him, and no two carry their road stabs in the same place. If you see a man reach his finger under his collar to scratch his neck, the chances are his fingers touch the handle of his dagger, and if he hitches up his pants, his dagger is there, and if he pulls up his trouser leg, you can bet your life his knife is right handy, and if you have any trouble, you don't know where the knife is coming from, as you do about an American revolver, when one of our citizens reaches for his pistol pocket.

Spaniards are nervous people, on the move all the time, and it is on account of fleas. Every man, woman and child contains more than a million fleas, and as they can't scratch all the time, they keep on the move, hoping the fleas will jump off on somebody else. When we came here we were fearless, but every person we have come near to seems to have contributed some fleas to us, until now we are loaded down with

them, and we find in our room at the hotel a box of insect powder, which is charged in with the candles.

The king, who is a boy about three years older than I am, is full of fleas, too, and he jumps around from one place to another, like he was shaking himself to get rid of them. He gets up in the morning and goes out horse-back riding, and jumps fences, and rides up and down the marble steps of the public buildings, as though he wanted to make the fleas feel in danger, so they would leave him. Seems to me, if every man kept as many dogs as they do in Constantinople, the fleas would take to the dogs, but they say here that fleas will leave a dog and get on a human being, because they like the smell of garlic, as every Spaniard eats garlic a dozen times a day. They are trying to teach dogs to eat garlic, but no self-respecting dog will touch it.

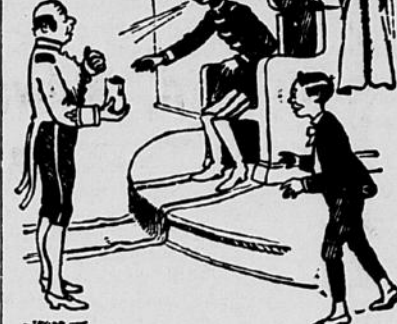
We have to eat all up on garlic in order to be able to talk with the people, 'cause dad got seasick the first day here, everybody smelled so oniony. Dad wanted a druggist to put up onions in capsules, like they do quinine, so he could take onions and not taste them, but he couldn't make the man understand. There ought to be a law against any person eating onions, unless he is under a death sentence. But you can stand a man with the onion habit, after you get used to it. It is a woman, a beautiful woman, one you would like to have take you on her lap and pet you, that ought to know better than to eat onions. Gee, but when you see a woman that is so beautiful it makes her ache to carry her beauty around, and you get near her beauty and breathe the odor of roses and violets, it makes you tired when she opens her mouth to say soft words of love, and there comes to you our nostrils the odor of onions. Do you know, nothing would make me commit suicide so quick as to have a wife who habitually loaded herself with onions?

Dad was buying some candy for me at a confectionery shop, of a beautiful Spanish woman, and when he asked how much it was, she bent over towards him in the most bewitching manner, and breathed in his face, and said: "Quatro-real, seigror," which meant "four bits, mister," and he handed her a five-dollar gold piece and went out doors for a breath of fresh air, and let her keep the change. He said she was welcome to the \$4.50, if she would not breathe towards him again.

Well, we have taken in the town, looked at the cathedrals, attended the sessions of the Cortez, and the gambling houses, saw the people sell the staple products of the country, which are prunes, tomatoes and wine. The people do not care what happens as long as they have a quart of wine. In some countries the question of existence is bread, but in Spain it is wine. No one is so poor they cannot have poor wine, and with wine nothing else is necessary; but a piece of cheese and bread helps the wine some, though either could be dispensed with. In some countries "wine, women and song" are all that is necessary to live. Here it is wine, cheese and an onion.

We went to see the king, because he is such a young boy, and dad thought it would encourage the ruler to see an American statesman, and to mingle with an American boy, who could give him cards and spades, and little casino, and beat him at any game. I made dad collect a lot of badges we had collected in our town when there were conventions held here, and when they were all pinned on dad's breast he looked like an admiral. There was a badge of Modern Woodmen, one of the Hardware Dealers' association, one of the Wholesale Druggists, one of the Amalgamated Association of Railway Trainmen, one of the Farmers' Alliance, one of the Butter and Cheesemen's convention, one of the State Undertakers' Guild, and half a dozen other brass, bronze and tin, on various colored ribbons.

Say, do you know, when they ushered us into the throne room at the palace, and the little king, who looked like a student in the high school, with dyspepsia from over study and cake between meals, saw dad, he thought he was the most distinguished American he had ever seen, and he invited dad up beside him on the throne, and dad sat in the chair that the queen will sit in when the boy king gets married, and



THE KING CHEWED HIS PIECE FIRST.

I sat down on a front seat and watched dad. Dad had read in the papers that the boy king wanted to marry an American girl, who was the possessor of a lot of money, so dad began to tell the king of girls in America that were more beautiful than any in the world, and had hundreds of millions of gold dollars, and an appetite for raw kings, and that he could arrange a match for the king that would make him richer than any king on any throne.

The boy king was becoming interested, and I guess dad would have had him married off all right, if the king had not seen me take out a bag of candy and begin to eat, when he said to me: "Come up here, Bub, and give me some of that." Gosh, but I trembles like a leaf, but I went right up

the steps of the throne and handed him the bag, and said: "Help yourself, Bub."

Well, sir, the queerest thing happened. I had bought two pieces of candy filled with cayenne pepper, for April fool, and the king handed the bag to the master of ceremonies, a big Spaniard, all covered over with gold lace, and if you will believe me, the king got one piece of the cayenne pepper candy, and the spangled prime minister got the other, and the king chewed his piece first, and he opened his mouth like a dog that has picked up a hot boiled egg, and he blew out his breath to cool his tongue and said: "Whoosh," and struggled and sputtered, and then the prime minister he got his, and he yelled murder in Spanish, and the king yelled for water, and put his hands on his stomach and had a cramp, and the other man he tied himself up in a double bow knot, and called for a priest, and the king said he would have to go to the chapel, and the fellows who were guarding the king took him away, breaking hard, and red in the face, and dad said to me: "You have poisoned the whole bunch of crowned heads, and we had



"BRAVO, AMERICANO!"

better get out," and so we went out of the palace while the king's retainers were filling him with ice water. Well, they got the cayenne pepper out of him, because we saw him at the bull-fight in the afternoon, but for while he had the hottest box there ever was outside of a freight train, and if he lives to be as old as Mr. Methuselah, he will always remember his interview with little Henner.

The bull-fight ain't much. Bulls come in the ring mad as wet hens, 'cause they stick daggers in them, and they belloo around, and the Spaniards dodge and shake red rags at them, and after a bull has ripped a mess of bowels out of a few horses, then a man with a sabre stabs the bull between the shoulders, and he drops dead, and the crowd cheers the assassin of the bull, and they bring in another bull.

Well, sir, dad came mighty near his finish at the bull-fight. When the second bull came in, and ripped the stomach out of a blind horse, and the bull was just charging a man who was to stab it, dad couldn't stand it any longer, and he climbed right over into the ring, and he said: "Look here, you heathen, I protest, in the name of the American Humane Society, against this cruelty to animals, and unless this business stops right here, I will have this place pulled, and—"

Well, sir, you would of thought that bull would have had sense enough to see that dad was his friend, but he probably couldn't understand what dad was driving at, for he made a rush for dad, and dad started to run for the fence, and the bull caught dad just like he was sitting in a rocking chair, and tossed him over the fence, and dad's pants stayed on the bull's horns, and dad landed in amongst a lot of male and female grandees, and everybody yelled: "Bravo, Americano," and the police wrapped a blanket around dad's legs and were going to take him to the emergency hospital, but I claimed dad, and took him to the hotel. YERRS, HENNER.

**Peace-Time Armies.**  
Of all great nations the United States of America has in its peace-time standing army the smallest number of soldiers in proportion to extent of population, namely, one soldier to every 1,000 citizens. The opposite extreme, curiously enough, is reached by another republic—France—which has one soldier to every 72 of its population. Italy has one soldier to every 100 subjects; Germany, one to 107; Austro-Hungary, one to 125, and Great Britain one soldier to every 225 subjects. Belgium, having a population of not more than 7,000,000, has one soldier to every 130 inhabitants. Russia has one soldier to every 140 of its subjects; Japan, one to 350.

**Milk Cans Become Lifebuoys.**  
A farmer's wife, who had been to Llandipoli, Cardiganshire, to sell milk, had singular escape from drowning while returning to Carmarthen. A small boat in which she was crossing a river was upset and she was thrown into the water. Fortunately she had with her two milk cans, now empty and securely closed, and these acted as life-buoys. Clinging to the cans, the woman floated along for some distance until passersby saw her plight and rescued her.—London Express.

**Disreputable Club.**  
There is a little club in London called the Froth Blowers' club. The organization meets in "public houses" and every member is bound to swear and curse at every meeting or be fined 25 cents.

**Yardstick of Summer Time.**  
Mrs. Knicker—How long will you be away this summer?  
Mr. Bocker—I don't know. I shall stay \$1,000 at the seaside and \$500 at the mountains.—N. Y. Sun.

"'Stop!' cried the negro policeman. 'I'm God, and I command you to stop!'"  
The knife fell from the hand of the insane man, as he turned his eyes to the sky from whence he supposed the voice had come. Before he learned how he had been tricked, the policeman had handcuffs on him.

**Age of Congo Dwarfs.**  
The Congo dwarfs, six specimens of whom have been taken to London, never reach a greater age than 40 years.

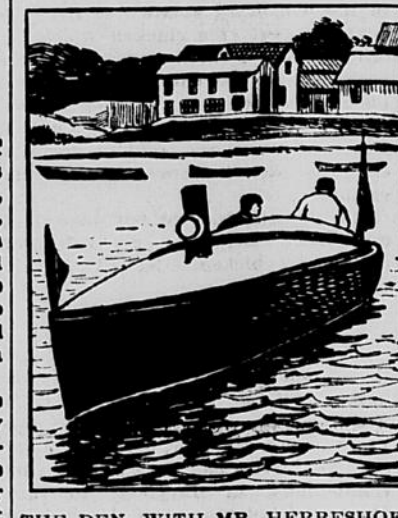
## SEE NEW NAVAL ERA

**FAST MOTOR-BOAT AROUSES COLOSSAL POWERS.**

Herreshoff, Its Constructor, Has Orders from Two Great Nations for Torpedo Boat, With a Phenomenal Speed.

Few people to-day realize what the famous motor boat, The Den, built by Charles F. Herreshoff, means to the naval world. Already rumor has it that Herreshoff has orders from two of the great powers for torpedo boats built upon the same plan with a speed of 46 knots an hour, a third faster than the speediest vessels ever constructed. They will be fitted with hydro-carbon engines, of the type now the motive power of the Den, but with the addition of mechanism that will permit the use of fuel oil at low speeds, increasing the radius of action by the saving of mephs until the time that high speed is necessary. By this system the cruising radius of the torpedo boats will be in the neighborhood of 3,000 miles, and they will be as seaworthy as the most successful models in use at the present time. At the works of the American and British Manufacturing company, the plans have already been prepared, it is stated, but where the fleet is to be constructed is yet a mystery.

The Den lies at the Park City Yacht club, Bridgeport, Conn.—a big mahogany fish not a bad misnomer. There is little to show that the boat possesses such remarkable speed qualities. There is the absence of the torpedo stern, so-called, upon which so many high powered boats depend to prevent them from dragging a big sea after them. Quite



THE DEN, WITH MR. HERRESHOFF AND HIS ENGINEER.

the contrary, The Den is lean and graceful in her lines.

The boat is on the go from the first start, and the most skillful navigation is required to get her in and out of the harbor without damage. Onlookers have watched with apprehension several close calls for the designer and his one man crew, and a recent capsizing of the Den was not altogether in the nature of a surprise.

Believing that the tiller ropes had been strained by previous turnings of corners at high speed, boatmen say that a sudden swerve when off the breakwater caused the break. The escape from a more serious happening than the wetting was extremely gratifying to his friends.

While workmen have been engaged in mending the shattered stem and others have created a new aluminum stack, dad in shape, to fit over the exhaust pipe from the engines, not the slightest repairs or changes have been made to the motive power of the Den. No time recorder ever kept up the pace established by the wonderful engine that makes of the Den the fastest craft afloat. Looking down into the bottom of the craft amidships, and beneath the aluminum hood that acts both as a cover and a wind break for the engine driver, the curious can see an engine that can easily be hidden under a dry goods box three feet in each dimension. It does not resemble other types of high power engines of the explosive type, and although there are two cylinders they are so covered that they are not noticed and the engine appears on the exterior as a one-cylinder machine.

There is nothing to show that in the compact mass of bronze and steel there are four explosive chambers—despite it is a two-cylindered engine—except that there are four exhaust pipes running to the pipe that serves as a single stack on the outside of the metal hood. For over a month the Den has astounded the naval world by her wonderful performances in Long Island sound, and now, the dispatches from Bridgeport, Conn., say, there is a constant stream of curious but interested naval men to the boathouse to view the vessel which will, doubtless, revolutionize warfare. With the fastest boat ever built traveling a maximum speed of less than 25 miles an hour and the Den attaining a speed of 35 miles an hour, it can be easily seen that the powers of the world possess primitive methods with their slow vessels. The engine used in the boat is 100-horsepower, and the Den does not vibrate in the least from the powerful strain. Herreshoff has no doubt marked an era in fast naval craft and his friends declare that he has approached nearer the construction of a flying machine than the great numbers who are experimenting in aerostatics.

**No Haircuts.**  
"What a grand thing it would be if every man on earth was a poet!" remarked the young man with the beard of Avon features.

"If that ever happens," replied the stranger in the smoking car, "I will starve."

"Indeed? What business are you in?"

"I'm a barber."—Chicago Daily News.

**Ready to Do His Part.**  
Jaded Looking Customer—Have you anything that will put some ginger into a man that's feeling rocky and all out of sorts?

Druggist—We can sell you the gin-gin, and then it's up to you whether you put it in or not. Want the Jamaica kind?—Chicago Tribune.

## SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

Increasing weight has caused George Odum, one of the veterans of the saddle to return his jockey's badge, and he will hereafter devote his entire time to training a stable which he and his father will collect. Probably there is no rider on the American turf to-day who has ridden as many races on as many tracks in this country and re-



ceived less censure for mistakes or questionable riding than his boy, George Odum. He has always been a top-notch rider, and his honesty has never been questioned. Odum rode his last races on July 4 at Sheephead Bay and was not successful. He never rode much in the west. In 1901 he piloted His Eminence in the American derby for Clarence Mackay, but he got nothing. Probably the most sensational race he ever rode or the one for which he was strongly censured was when he piloted McChesney in the Montgomery handicap two years ago at Memphis. The big son of MacDuff-Manolia Mason was a great favorite and enough money had been wagered on him in Chicago to sink a battleship. The fact that big Mac was never anywhere in the race showed no speed at the start or at the finish and was finally pulled up in the extreme rear caused no end of gossip. No one, however, dared question Odum's ride. Subsequent defeats proved that McChesney had gone back and was no longer the bulldog of the west. He was never able to "run a lick" on the sandy uphill track at Montgomery park. Furthermore, Odum was told to take a good hold of the horse and nurse him along with kind words. Instead Odum lost his temper and whipped McChesney without a let-up the first quarter of a mile. Sam Hildreth, who had trained him, has always contended that Odum broke McChesney's heart by using the whip on him so unmercifully that day, and the big horse never got over it. Hildreth to this day will say that McChesney is broken-hearted, all because of the undeserved beating. Odum, however, was protecting himself. He knew he was on a red-hot favorite and there was much talk over the way the money was being wagered on his mount. He had never ridden the big horse before, and did not know that he was a notorious slow beginner, and at once went to the whip. After that McChesney gave it up, and Hildreth says he has never been the same horse since. There has never been a whisper against Odum's honesty, and he retires from the saddle respected by Whitney, Belmont, Duray, Madden, Thomas, Smathers, Farrel and all the leading turfmen of the east, horsemen say.

Although H. Chandler Egan again won the national amateur golf championship at the recent tournament at Wheaton, Ill., the lay during the play during the en-tri-tourney showed the fallacy of the esternal's contention that there was but one golfer in the west, and that was Egan.



The final saw two Chicago men, "Ned" Sawyer and Egan, striving for the coveted honor, and although the former champion again won out, Sawyer put up an acceptable game. The verdict of the eastern men was nearly set aside by Egan, Sawyer and another western entry not noted so much by the experts, but whose games brought him to the semifinals, Harold Weber, of Toledo. W. C. Fownes, of Pittsburg, another "conqueror of Travis," lives off Broadway, and may be called a western man, some say. The talk of the tournament was young Sawyer's uphill fight for a place in the finals after being three down at the seventh hole. Hitting the ball everywhere but the right place, driving out of bounds and finding bunkers that hitherto he had not charted, he let out some speed on the homeward way, negotiating holes for three several times and missing as many more by inches, hard puts stopping in the caddie's heel-marks at the edge of the cup. Fownes put up the same game that beat Travis and the result was no fluke. Sawyer simply outlayed his opponent coming home. From amateur caddie to a finalist in the national championship is the record he has to be proud of, and though he did not win, it is no small honor for a golfer to come—the honor of meeting Chandler Egan, the peer of any American golfer, in the finals. The westerner's strenuous "shirt-sleeves" golf overcame the more "correct game" of the men from the east. The youthful enthusiasm of the "lads" proved better in tournament play than the tried experience of the "old guard."

James J. Jeffries, retired champion, is reported to have closed a deal for ten acres of land belonging to "Lucky" Baldwin, at Arcadia, Cal., on which a big amphitheater will be built for boxing contests. The first show Jeffries' new club will give will be a 20-round contest for heavy weight championship of the world between Marvin Hart and Jack Jeffries, brother of the ex-champion. Arcadia is an incorporated city, Baldwin's Oakwood hotel is included in the deal, and it is Jeffries' intention to establish a physical culture sanitarium in conjunction with the athletic club. The southern committee of the British Amateur Athletic association has refused permission to Alfred Shrub, the British champion runner, to go to America to compete in the championships at New York and Montreal. C. C. Cox, of Malden, Mass., won the national roque championship for the third consecutive time at the national tournament at Norwich, Conn.

**World Not Bad.**  
The world is by no means as bad as the pessimists would like to have us think. There are plenty of things that gold will not buy, and among them are love and loyalty.

## TRAILING A DEER

**HOW THE LITTLE HOOF PRINTS WERE FOLLOWED.**

The Observant Naturalist Finds His Reward in a Charming Woodland Scenery of Which Doe and Fawn Are the Center.

For a few minutes after starting on the trail of the white-tailed deer, I was able to go in a straight line, for it was some hundreds of yards away that her white flag had disappeared. But from this point I must follow her trail, for there was no sign of her in any direction, and even the sound of crackling twigs had died away. At first the work was easy enough. Apparently she was the only deer which had been that way for some time, and at every jump she had disturbed the dry carpet of the forest enough to enable one to follow her freely. But presently the trail had led me into hard-wood forest, where the ground was soft and damp, and by the disposition of her footprints, it was easy to see that the doe had stopped, no doubt to look around back to see if she were being followed. Perceiving, no doubt, that I was on her trail, she had dashed away again, evidently at great speed, as indicated by the length of her jumps and the deep marks of the dew claws in the earth. Then she had dropped into a walk, and shortly afterwards had left the woodland entirely, passing out on an open grassy hill-side. Here, the following of the trail was a much more difficult matter, especially as many deer had passed over this open ground, often in different directions. However, I assumed that the deer I had just seen was the last to pass that way and that consequently, the freshest trail was hers. Nor was it always easy to tell just which one was the freshest, except in one way. When a deer treads upon grass, its hoof depresses the blades with such force that they are apt to remain depressed for a time, springing back gradually, or with little jerks, to its original upright position. By watching carefully I could see grass blades rising thus from certain foot-prints, and I knew that these were the ones I wished to follow. And I followed them, but very slowly, on my hands and knees, and often looking ahead and round about to see if the doe had stopped to browse. The trail led me straight to a clump of spruces which were growing in the open, and at the foot of this clump I found a depression in the grass, evidently made



THE FORM OF THE FAWN.

by some animal which had been lying down. Here also, the grass blades were rising slowly, and when I put out my hand the spot was warm. It was too small to have been made by a full-grown deer; it was about the right size and shape for a fawn, and a fawn had probably made it, as I discovered a moment later.

Peering cautiously about, I saw, between the lower branches of a spruce, a big doe, grazing in the open. Doubtless it was the deer I had been following. The wind was in my favor, and I had come so slowly and quietly over the latter part of my journey, that she was quite unaware of my presence. But as I watched her, I noticed a curious movement of her hindquarters, and suddenly her hind feet were for a moment, lifted clean off the ground. An instant later she turned half round, and I saw the cause of these curious movements; it was a fawn taking his milk, and every now and then butting her so vigorously as to almost carry her off her feet. He was a beautiful little fellow, reddish-brown, spotted with white, and he shook his white-bordered tail vigorously as though he was enjoying himself. Every now and then his mother would turn her head as though to see that he was all right, and then fall to grazing again. But in a few minutes he had had all the milk he wanted for that time, and as his mother walked along, he stopped to try a little grazing for himself. For a moment my eyes followed the doe as she walked slowly along, nibbling a weed here and a tuft of grass there, occasionally stopping to scratch her nose or her ear with her hind foot. Then I looked back to see what the fawn was doing, but he had disappeared. I could hardly believe that he would deliberately run off and leave his mother, so I looked again and very carefully, but not a glimpse of him could I get. Then I noticed something small and white move very rapidly from above the tops of the grass, and on looking hard in that direction, I made out the form of the fawn, whose tail was switching rapidly from side to side. It happened that he was standing where he was surrounded on all sides with ox-eye daisies, pearly everlasting and other small white flowers, and that his own white spots caused him to look simply like a part of the landscape.

Then, as it was time for me to return, I arose to my feet. The Doe started in alarm, and her fawn ran bleating to join her. Then she snorted like a small explosion, and sprang away toward the woodland, followed by her spotted baby, their white tails waving their adieu.

**Fear Will Vanish.**  
If the treasury bill hand out the \$20 bill to all comers, fear that their arist qualities will not come up to expectations will vanish quickly. Such a plan will popularize them instantly.

## DARING BOY AERONAUT

**18-YEAR-OLD ENTHUSIAST WHO FLIES BIG AIRSHIP.**

Directs Flights of the Baldwin Craft at the Portland Fair—Believes Secret of Air-Navigation Will Be Solved.

Portland, Ore.—Beachey, the Boy Aeronaut. That sounds something like the title of an old-fashioned dime novel, doesn't it? But there is no fiction about the story of Lincoln Beachey, 18 years old; the boy aeronaut, who has made half a dozen daring flights in the big Baldwin airship at Portland, and who declares that he will keep on going up in this craft or some other until he proves to the world that it is possible and practicable for man—even for a boy—to navigate the air.



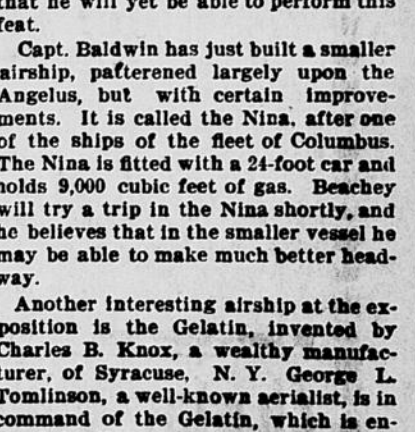
JUST READY FOR A FLIGHT.

Lincoln Beachey is a blue-eyed lad of retiring disposition, so far as contact with the general public goes; but he is by no means retiring when it comes to going up in the air a mile or so and cavorting around in the empyrean like a yearling calf with the freedom of the ten-acre lot. In that sort of thing young Beachey is a stayer, and has proved his

qualities. It appears to be just as natural for Beachey to "aerialize" as for a brook trout to swim against the current or for a squirrel to climb a tree. Give Beachey a big gas bag with a fragile framework underneath, to which are attached a little engine, a big rudder and some propeller blades, and the boy is quite in his element. He takes to the air like a gosling to the horse pond. The enthusiasm of Santos-Dumont and other adult airship experimenters is as cold air beside the enthusiasm of this boy from California, who declares that his appetite is fully as good as that of any boy of his age, but that he would rather "airship than eat." No matter whether you believe in airships or not, you will believe in Beachey. If you stand by him in the aerodrome at the Lewis and Clark exposition, alongside the huge gas bag of his airship, and hear him talk about his ambitions, The boy does not boast at all; he simply says he believes in the possibilities of aerial navigation, and intends to demonstrate that air craft can be made practicable. But unless you lead him on he will say nothing further as to his hopes, for his enthusiasm lies rather in action than in words.

Beachey lives in San Francisco, where he attended the public schools until he was 13 years old. Then he entered the employ of an airship entrepreneur, was bitten by the bug of aerial navigation, and has done nothing since except to work around airship shops.

Beachey has already made flights in his airship, the third venture being very picturesque. With a whizzing, whirling sound the propeller operated beautifully, taking the ship for some distance full against the wind at a ten-foot clip and about 2,000 feet up in the air. But the force of the wind increased and Beachey was driven slowly but surely to the south and east. For some reason



BEACHEY, THE BOY AERONAUT.

his propellers stopped and he descended to within 60 feet of the ground, right in the heart of the city, intending to land; but just as his drag rope began to touch the earth the propellers "got a move on." In the language of Beachey's first assistant, who stays on the surface, and the boy aeronaut scorned the earth, and shot up again a thousand feet into the air, far above the towering heights to the south of the city. Finding the wind too strong for effective work, he drifted off across the Willamette river and made a very graceful landing. It was his intention when starting out to encircle the exposition grounds and return to the Aeronautic concourse for his landing, and he declares that his experience while aloft gave him assurance that he will yet be able to perform this feat.

Capt. Baldwin has just built a smaller airship, patterned largely upon the Angelus, but with certain improvements. It is called the Nina, after one of the ships of the fleet of Columbus. The Nina is fitted with a 24-foot car and holds 9,000 cubic feet of gas. Beachey will try a trip in the Nina shortly, and he believes that in the smaller vessel he may be able to make much better headway.

## LIFE SAVED BY QUICK WIT.

**Policeman Impersonated God to Keep a Crazy Man from Killing His Wife.**

"Quick wit is of more value to an officer than being a good shot," said a policeman in Kansas City, Kan., recently, reports the Kansas City Star. "I know a negro policeman who saved a woman's life by knowing what to say at the right minute. It was this way: A man became crazy one morn-

ing with a knife in his hand and he ran into the kitchen where his wife was at work. The woman ran into the yard, screaming for help. The crazy husband caught her, and was standing over her with upraised knife, when a negro policeman came around the corner about 20 feet away. He could not reach the man in time to save the woman, for the knife was in the act of descending, and to shoot might result in injury to the woman. "God Almighty tells me to kill you," the crazed man said.