PECK'S BAD BOY WITH THE CIRCUS

By HON. GEORGE W. PECK

Author of "Peck's Bad Boy Abroad," Etc.

Pa Takes the Place of the Fat Woman with Disastrous Results—A Kentucky Colonel Causes a Row—Pa Tries to Roar Like a Lion and the Rhinoceros Objects—Pa Plays the Slot-Machine and Gets the Worst of It.

This has been an eventful week with the show. We have had heat prostrations in Kentucky, nearly the whole show got drunk on 16-year-old whisky, and if it hadn't been for the animals keeping sober this show would have been pulled for disorderly conduct.

Nobody knows how the row started, but pa says every man in Kentucky carries a blue gun and a bottle of red licker, and they wear white hats, so the red, white and blue business is all right, only it is a combination that is death on a circus. I think one of the ushers, at the afternoon performance, told an old colonel that he must move along quicker, when the colonel began to talk back, and say, "Who is you talkin' too, sah?" And the usher stood it as long as he could, when he took the colonel by the collar and sat him down so quick he didn't come to for a couple of minutes, and when the colonel got his senses, and found that the usher had ushered him into a seat between two gaily decorated colored women the trouble began. The colonel never forgot that he was a gentleman, for he rose up, took off his hat to the colored women, and said: "You must excuse me, ladies, but I shall have to go and kill the scoundrel who sat me down with niggers," and he got down off the seats and struck the usher with his cane, and the usher yelled: "Hey, Rube!" and all the circus people made a rush for the colonel. The colonel said, "Men of Kentucky to the rescue," and before I could crawl under the seats the air was full of baggage, seats, tent pins and white hats, guns were fired, and blood flowed, and the police pulled everybody, and the evening performance was given up.

One of the proprietors of the show got a wen on his head as big as a football from being struck by a handle of a revolver, and the colonel who started the row was knocked silly by a tray of red lemonade which the butcher smashed him with, and the colonel cried because the lemonade was all water, and he was afraid it would soak into him and cause him to warp. When the lemonade butcher apologized, and the usher told him it was all a mistake his being seated with the niggers, the colonel wept on their necks and invited the whole crowd to go to his distillery and help themselves.

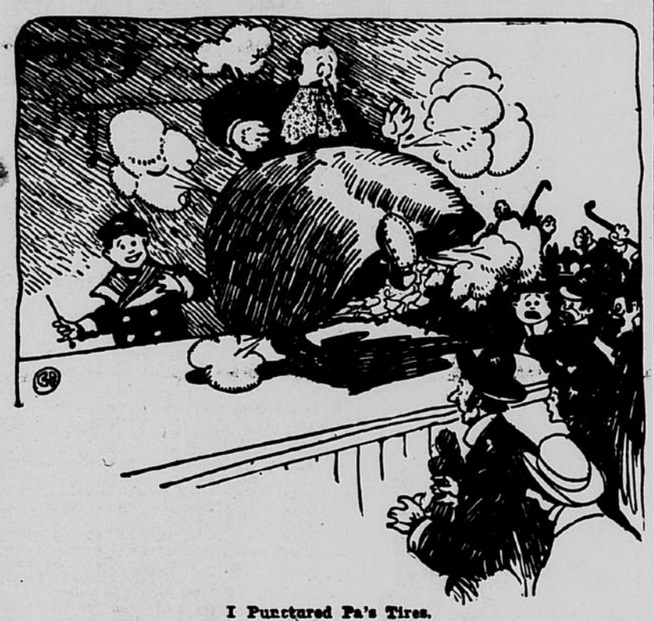
When we got to the next town every man in the show had a grouch and a Katzenjammer, and their hair was so sore it was murder and suicide combined to comb it.

The way pa escaped injury was 'cause he had to take the place of the fat woman on the platform with the freaks, as the fat woman was overcome with the heat and had to stay in the car.

The way they fixed pa up to resemble the fat woman was scandalous. They have some rubber things in the wardrobe tent that you can blow up and make a big arm, and a big leg, and a big stummick, so anybody couldn't tell the difference, and they fixed pa up with blowed up clothes of flesh colored rubber, and but for his chin whiskers you couldn't tell him from the fat woman. He said he wouldn't cut off his whiskers for anybody's circus, so they fixed a veil to cover part of his face and put the fat woman's dress on pa, and put him up beside the skeleton, the midget and the giant.

Pa said he didn't want to do it, 'cause it seemed too much like fraud, but they told him the fate of the show depended on our all being willing to take any part assigned to us, and so pa sat down and began to fan himself, and tried to look flirty like a woman.

The other freaks never noticed but wha it was the fat woman until the show was half over. It was too much for me, and I just laffed at pa. I got up behind him and told him in a whisper that I wanted a dollar to play the slot machine, and he told me to go to thunder, and get out of there. I couldn't stand it to be insulted by my own father, so I took a hat pin out of the hat of the bearded lady and punched it into pa's blowed up rubber shirt, and pa began to sis, like a soda fountain, and the wind struck the living skeleton and blew him over like a cyclone, and by that time pa was blowing off wind in a dozen places that I had punctured, and he was scared for fear there wouldn't be anything left of him, and the giant saw the fat woman slowly fading away, and the coward had heart failure and lay down on the platform. Somebody shouted that the fat woman was all melting away, and a fellow who was watering a camel out of a bucket came to the rescue and threw the bucket of dirty water all over pa, and then I thought I better go away in tother tent and see the fight, but pa was taken to the dressing room and rescued from the shrinking rubber balloons that were busted, and he said he would hunt the man that punctured his tire to his dying day, but he didn't know it was me.



I Punctured Pa's Tires.

Gee, it looks to me as though pa has been engaged to act as the easy mark in this show. Say, they got pa to practice on roaring like a lion, so he could stand behind the cage when the lion has a sore throat and roar, and scare folks, and pa has been going around behind the cages, every evening, when the ménagerie is closed, and the crowd in the main tent, making noises that have made the animals look at each other as much as to say, "Well, what do you think of that?" The rhinoceros was so disgusted at Paducah that he reached out his nose and took pa on his horn and held him up to the scorn of the other animals until pa's pants gave way and he was a sight, and he was so scared that he got out of the tent and made a run for our train, chased by the police, who thought he was a burglar that had been eat by a house dog.

The worst thing we have had on pa was at Louisville, where we stayed over Sunday. Another fellow and I got a system on slot machines, and one day we beat the machines out of a shotbag full of nickels, and when we showed up at the tent all the fellows wanted to know how we did it, and pa said it was gambling, and we ought not to do it, but he also wanted to know how we managed to win, and when we told about it pa said it was no sin to beat a slot machine, 'cause it was an inanimate thing, just a machine, and anybody who could beat a nickel in the slot machine at his own game was equal to a Rockefeller.

Chased by Police.

So after everybody had got excited about our nickels I told them how to beat the machine. I told them I didn't get excited and go rushing in where angels fear to tread, and feed the slot machine on good hard earned nickels of my own, but waited until the countrymen and tenderfeet had fed it on nickels until it was too full for utterance. When the machine swelled out like it was blowed up, and it kind of wheezed, like it was ready to cough up, and was only waiting for an excuse, I put a cough lozenger about the size of a nickel in the slot and turned the diaphram. The machine shuddered a minute and then had a regular hemorrague, and coughed up a tin cupful of nickels into my hand, and the machine seemed to rest easy, and take nourishment again from the silly fellows, who thought they could beat it.

Well, sir, the whole crowd was so excited they could hardly wait to find a slot machine, and finally they bought nearly all my cough lozengers, and went out into the night, and pa and I went along, 'cause pa said he understood all the slot machines were owned by Rockefeller, and he made more money on them than he did on Standard oil, and the money that he gave away to schools and churches was from his rake-off on his slot machines. Pa said it would be a good thing if someone could break up the reprehensible practice by beating the blasted machines to a finish.

So pa he got a bag to bring back the nickels in, and a bunch of us went to a store where one whole side of the place was filled with slot machines, and the way the people were playing the game was scandalous. Pa watched a machine until the players had fed it so it seemed as though it would die unless it got air, and he stepped up and put in a lozenger and turned the wheel, and held the bag under the spout for the coin, but it didn't come. Some more fellows put in nickels, and the machine gave little hacking coughs and coughed up three or four nickels, but nothing that seemed at all in the nature of a financial hemmorague, when pa took another lozenger and put it in, and by ginger the machine began to heave up nickels like it was in the trough of the sea.

Pa was so excited he forgot to hold the bag, and nickels went all over the floor, and everybody made a grab for them, and pa was shoved aside, and he swore he would have the place pulled, and just then a law officer took pa in charge because he had put a cough lozenger in the slot machine, and he searched pa and found a lot more bronchial trochees, and pa was in for it on a charge of malpractice, for giving cough medicine for the stomach trouble of the slot machine, instead of pepsin tablets.

They took pa in a back room and searched him some more, and found his roll, and then a man who said he was a lawyer offered to help pa, and keep him out of the penitentiary. He told pa the law of Kentucky made the crime of trifling with a slot machine the same as breach of promise, or arson, and that he would be lucky if he got off with ten years in the pen, with 30 days' solitary confinement in a Turkish bath cell, with niggers for companions.

Pa turned blue and asked the lawer if there was no way out of it, and the lawyer told him that for $120 in spot cash he would let him go, and fight the case after the show had got out of the state. A hundred and twenty-five dollars was the amount they found on pa, and he told them that inasmuch as they already had it, they better keep the money and let him go, and he would be always a living example of the terrors of gambling.

So they let pa go, and all the way to the train he told us he hoped this experience would be a lesson to us not to covet the money of the rich, and as far as he was concerned, John D. Rockefeller could go plum to thunder with his money after this.

Then we got to the car, and found about a dozen of the circus men who had been out to beat the slot machines, broke flat, and I had to divide my shot bag of nickels with them, that I had won before I let them into the game, before they would let me go to bed.

Dad says this circus life is making me pretty tough.

BEGINNING TO DOUBT.

Former Legislator Who Feels That He Sold His Vote Too Cheap.

"It beats all about this political corruption," said the old farmer as he laid aside his country paper. "Every week there is something about exposing some big man who was thought to be perfectly honest, and it's getting so you don't know whom to trust."

"Were you ever in politics yourself?" was asked.

"Once, and that's what's bothering me now. Yes. I was elected to the legislature once. While I was serving as a member a fellow-member came to me and said that my aunt in Iowa had died and left me $2,000, and he paid the money over to me. I had never heard about the aunt, and I don't know how he got the money for me, and I am just beginning to doubt."

"To doubt what?"

"Wall, I voted for a land grab and we carried it by only four majority, and I'm just beginning to doubt if I got enough for my vote. I think if I had held out a few days I'd have had an uncle die, too, and got as much as $3,000 out of the thing."—Baltimore American.

Largest Ocean Steamer.

Consul General Guenther, of Frankfort, says the world's largest steamship is the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, 684 feet long, 25,000 tons, which was launched August 24, at the Vulcan yards, Stettin. He writes that the new boat will have a net tonnage of 21,000. The engines indicate 17,200 horsepower; the speed will be 17 knots an hour, so that the trip from Europe to New York will be made in seven and one-half days. In addition to the regular dining-room, the ship will be supplied with a restaurant a la carte and with electric elevators and an electrically-lighted bathroom.

Some of Missouri's Boasts.

Missouri has 23 state institutions; it never had a general crop failure; it is the leading clover state of the union; it has more stock farms than any other state; it has the largest acreage of blue grass of any state; it has the largest permanent school fund in the United States; it raises one-tenth of all the corn raised in the world; it produces 80 per cent. of the zinc mined in the world; it has one-third more apple trees than any other state; its farm land has advanced 40 per cent. in the last four years; it has the largest yield of cotton per acre of any state in the union; it has the lowest rate of taxation of any state. —Kansas City Journal.

The Fatal Question.

"Do you think the baby looks like me?" said the fond mother.

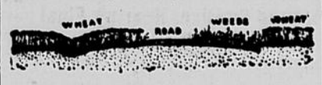
"Oh, no," replied the old friend thoughtlessly as he leaned over the cab, "I can't say as I do! What a bright little face he has, hasn't he?" —Detroit Free Press.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

FIX UP THE ROADSIDES.

How Farmers in Minnesota Utilize the Otherwise Waste Land in Crop Growing.

The law of Minnesota calls for a public highway four rods wide and it has been the general practice to leave the full four rods uncultivated. In most cases this space has been overgrown with weeds only, that were not even cut down once a year. In this way many of the most obnoxious weeds have filled the adjoining fields and been spread over the adjoining country by sticking to the wagon wheels whenever the roads were wet. This has not been the only trouble—there were thousands of acres lying idle every year, because overgrown by weeds. But Lewis Olsen writes to the Farm and Home that a gradual change for the better is being worked out by the rapidly growing tendency among farmers to utilize all waste land along the roadsides by cultivation and growing grain or grass up to the very road track actually in daily use. As the law



TWO METHODS OF WORKING A ROADSIDE.

allows the cultivation of all the land not in actual use for the road, it has by experience been found that roads are improved by having all the land, including the shallow ditches on the sides, plowed and cultivated. The accompanying sketch shows a public highway where one side of it was left without cultivation or care for years and all is overgrown with coarse weeds, while on the other side, even the ditch is carefully plowed and cultivated with a good stand of wheat, growing up to the wheel track. Of course the farmer could not collect any damages if the grain thus grown on the right of public highway should be destroyed, but there is an unwritten law which all will respect, that no one will wantonly destroy any of the grain so grown. Where this practice is continued for a number of years, the roadbed will be gradually raised until it becomes high and dry and little or no grading is required.

APPLE TREES AND RABBITS

Necessity of Protecting the Young Trees from the Gnawing of the Animals.

When rabbits run in the orchard, it is not safe to let young apple trees go through the winter without protection, declares the Farmers' Review. As other food becomes scarce the rabbits are almost sure to bark the young trees, especially when there is snow on the ground. I have seen various preventives recommended, and, among them, rubbing the trees with soap. I tried this last winter and lost some of my best trees—not by rabbits, but by the preventive, soap. It killed the bark and the trees gradually died during the summer. The best thing I have tried as a protection is wrapping the tree with common newspapers, folded to three or four thicknesses and tied on with twine or the ravelings of a tow sack. Expert hands can make the application very rapidly and it seems to be perfectly successful. If you could be sure of killing all the rabbits that would be another good plan.

GRAVEL OR HARD ROADS.

Too Expensive in Some Localities—Not Necessary If King Drag Is Used.

Something like a year ago there was quite an excitement in our county on the road question. The farmers of Knox county, Illinois., writes the correspondent of the Farmers' Review, want good roads, but gravel or hard roads are out of the question. We have no gravel or rock, and to ship stone would break up all the small farmers in the country. Our soil is such that if the roads are graded properly we will have good roads nine or ten months in the year. There are places in the United States where such roads can be built. Even oiled roads may be built in some places. But in this part of Illinois the frost goes so deep that the expense would take the big end of little farms to pave the roads it contains. [The use of the King drag has shown how the difficulties mentioned may be overcome and a good road obtained.—Ed.]

A HOT DINNER.

Arrangement for Retaining the Heat of Food and Drink on the Coldest Days.

To keep your dinner hot in cold weather, while working away from home, have a box just large enough to hold the dinner box and coffee can. Make a tight cover, put some hay in the bottom of box, then a large hot soapstone. Set your dinner box and coffee can on that, pack hay in the corners and lay two or three thicknesses of cloth on top. This, declares Farm and Home, will keep your dinner warm in the coldest weather.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

Give the hen meat.

A scent (tainted) spoils the face of a dollar.

Of course the hotbed soil has been made ready.

New land or sod land should be plowed at the first opportunity.

The farmer who uses the poorest part of his place for pasture is likely to lose by it.

You can raise the frame of a calf without milk, but not the picture of a good animal.

MAKING CUTTINGS.

Every Farmer Should Select and Prepare His Own Nursery Stock—How It Is Done.

Few people realize how simple a matter it is to propagate one's own grape vines, currants, gooseberries and most ornamental shrubs. If the work is properly done these plants may be readily propagated by means of cuttings made late in the autumn after the leaves are off of the plants, but preferably before cold weather comes on. Only well ripened, mature wood that has grown during the preceding summer should be selected for the purpose, all soft or immature parts being discarded. The cuttings themselves should be made six to ten inches long and the base of each should be cut squarely just below a bud, so the bud is retained at the lower end. They should be tied up in bundles of convenient size, say, 100 in a bundle, their butts, or basil ends, all one way, well shaken down, so as to stand level on a flat table. They may then, be packed in fresh, moist sawdust and be kept through the winter in a cellar or callus pit.

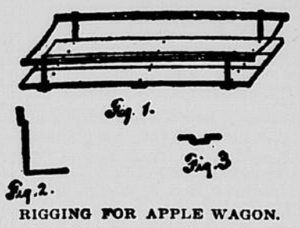
Upon the approach of spring, as early as the soil can be worked and before the buds have begun to grow on them, says Prof. J. C. Whitten, of Missouri agricultural college, they should be planted out in good garden soil. The rows should be about four feet apart, to admit of easy cultivation, and the cuttings should be set very firmly in the soil, so as to leave no air spaces about them, and set deep enough so only the uppermost bud is above the ground. They should then be given clean cultivation and hoed to keep down all weeds during the summer, when usually an excellent growth of plants will be secured.

Currants, gooseberries, the Marianna and Golden Beauty plums, some varieties of quinces, the barberry, spiera, mockorange, privet, most varieties of shrubs, willows, poplars and some other varieties of forest trees, root readily from cuttings handled in this manner.

APPLE WAGON PLATFORM.

Convenient Arrangement for the Wagon Which Will Facilitate Handling.

The style of wagon platform that is most generally used in western New York for hauling apples is made of three planks forming a platform just wide enough for two barrels standing on end, side by side, and long enough for a load of 18 to 20 barrels (see illustration). Stakes are provided on the side for a rail about half way up on the barrels, or better, an iron about one-half by two inches, bent in the form 2, same cut. A board one by four inches rests on the bend, and is provided with a clip, 3, that will slide



RIGGING FOR APPLE WAGON.

over the stake iron, so the rail can be easily lifted off, and the barrels unloaded from the side of the wagon, which is often very convenient. The plank should be stiff, and bolted together with three bed pieces two by four inches. This is a very convenient platform, as it can be used for drawing crates, and for many other purposes. Another very good rack for a hilly or rough country, and one that is in quite common use in many sections, is made by taking three poles or timbers and running them lengthwise of the wagon, equal distances apart, and secured together by cross pieces. The middle pole should be raised four to six inches above the other two. The barrels are laid on the side end to end, lengthwise of the wagon, two abreast on the bottom, and another row on the top of these two, lapping one-half on each barrel. This is a very simple construction, and the spring of the poles makes it very nice for carrying the fruit. Wagon springs should always be used with either of the above forms.

Removing Chaff from Eyes.

To remove chaff or similar substances from an animal's eye procure a small quantity of honey and have the animal's head held fast. Open the eye with the thumb and finger of one hand, dip the forefinger of the other in the honey, taking up as much as will stick on the end of your finger. Hold the finger near the eye, and give a sudden strike so it hits the chaff, which will stick to the honey and be drawn out. By giving a quick strike you hit the chaff before the animal can shut or roll the eye, as it will do if you attempt to touch it slowly.

Thunderstorms and Sour Milk.

A subscriber wants to know, says the Missouri Agricultural College Farmer, why milk often sours more quickly just after a thunderstorm than during ordinary weather. The primary cause of sour milk is the growth of certain bacteria that are always very numerous in the air and cannot be kept out of the milk. These are most abundant during damp, heavy weather, which usually accompanies thunderstorms, as such weather is particularly favorable to their development. Hence, the popular notion that thunderstorms make milk sour.

Killing Poison Ivy.

Cover poison ivy with tarred sheathing paper, overlapping the joints and weight down with boards or joist. The object is to exclude the light and air. Leave this on, possibly for two years, and it will smother out to the last root the thickest and toughest bed of ivy.

Cheap Land in Walnuts.

A farmer can make no better investment for his family than to buy a few acres of cheap land and plant it to walnuts. In 20 years the walnut timber will be worth big money, to say nothing of the nuts, which bring something.

We can improve the dairy cow only so fast as we can improve the dairyman.

WHERE GOVERNMENT FAILED

Moonshiner Thought It Was to Blame for the Escape of One Person.

After talking generalities with a Tennessee mountaineer for a time, we got around to politics, relates a writer, and he said:

"I have nuthin' agin this government, suh—nuthin' 't all, except the fact that it has not always taken advantage of the opportunities held out to it."

"Well, I don't know," I replied. "Just what instances do you refer to?"

"I was thinkin' of an event that happened four or five years ago, suh. A few of us pooled our funds and bought a still and went to makin' moonshine whisky. After a few months the government heard of it and sent a gang of revenue fellows to seize the still and capture us."

"Well?"

"The gang arrived one night and they captured me, my brother-in-law, my uncle, my cousin, and a neighbor, and every one of us got a term in the Albany penitentiary."

"But where did the government fail to take advantage of its opportunity in this case?" I asked.

"Why, suh, if them revenue fellows hadn't been in such a dog-gone hurry and had waited 20 minutes longer, they would have captured my old woman."

What has become of all the old men who could cradle ten acres of wheat a day when they were in their prime?

It is better to have children smile at your coming than to have them tremble at the mention of your name.

Before starting to build castles in the air, a man should put his mundane cottage in his wife's name.

A Turkish turban of the largest size is composed of about 20 yards of the finest and softest muslin.

Many mistake their dreams about heaven for deeds to lots up there.

Chilly Return.

"I love you devotedly, madly!" lyrically declared the ardent swain. "To be your companion through life, darling, I would gladly sacrifice everything; friends, relations, ambition, honor, fortune—"

"Didn't know you had all those nice thing!"—Sporting Times.

Both Feet in It.

Mr. Brakes—Who is that sour-looking dame over there?

Mr. Grubbins—Sir, she has the misfortune to be my wife.

"Oh—ah—er—indeed, sir: the misfortune is—er—all yours, I'm sure!"—Cleveland Leader.

Possible Explanation.

Little Willie—Say, pa, why do the members of a trolley party toot horns?

Pa—They probably inherited the habit from their fish-peddling ancestors, my son. —Chicago Daily News.

Too Much for Her.

"Mrs. Upstart is insufferably snobbish, and she used to be so nice!"

"Well, you see, she jumped from poverty to riches, and it sprained her mind." —Detroit Free Press.

Barber shop reform is rampant in Germany, one of the severe regulations being that a barber must wash his hands before attending to a customer, instead of waiting, as is usual, for a shampoo.—Puck.

People are asserting so loudly that morality has nothing to do with art that we are in danger of overlooking the fact that immorality has nothing to do with it, either.—Town Topics.

"Don't be a mischief maker," said Uncle Eben. "De mos' good you kin do in dis world ain' much, but de mos' harm you kin do is a heap."—Washington Star.

The man who boasts that he does not know defeat may some day receive a strenuous introduction.—N. Y. Times.

By judicious hustling some presentiments may be made come true or otherwise, as may be desired.—Puck.

It sometimes happens that the early bird merely succeeds in scratching up the worms for the late risers.

Ignorance of the law is no excuse, unless you have a pull.

He needs to wear wading boots who takes short cuts to success.

A. N. K.—G 2107