

Peck's Bad Boy in Airship

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK

He Enjoys the Comforts of Home

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We have spent a couple of days at the Michigan man's ranch in darkest Africa, where he has brought civilization right into the jungle, and after spending six months with negro savages and wild animals, and menagerie people, it has been the most enjoyable two days I ever knew.

It is good sometimes to see ourselves as others see us, and not having looked into a mirror for half a year, we found that we were about the most disreputable looking tourists that ever came in sight of beads, with linen sheets, on and pillows.

I noticed that the family of the Michigan man and the servants looked at us with suspicion, and turned up their noses at us, but I never realized what it was all about until they showed us to our rooms that night, and found that my face and hands were black with dirt and smoke, and my clothes were greasy and patched with buckskin patches, sewed on with strips of rawhide, and my torn coat was pinned together with thorns. I could see Pa and the cowboy all the time, and knew that they looked like tramps, but I thought I was all right.

The Michigan man showed us to our rooms, after Pa and the cowboy had drunk a few quarts of highballs, and they were going to go to bed with their clothes on, but I knew they would ruin the beds if they did, so I insisted that we all get in the bath tubs and take our semi-annual bath, and as the man left us he said we could find clothes to put on in the morning, in a closet, and to leave our clothes out in the hall and he would have a servant take them away with the tongs and burn them in the furnace.

That sobered Pa and the cowboy a little and they decided to try the baths.

Well, we didn't do a thing to the running water, and before we retired we had washed ourselves so clean, with real soap, the first we had seen since we left Germany, that Pa and the cowboy had to be introduced to each other, and I was so clean that I didn't know myself, and we put on pajamas that we found in the room, and crawled into the clean beds and slept till morning, after putting all our clothes out of the room, to purify the air.

In the morning we dressed up in the clothes the Michigan man told us we would find in the closet, and such a transformation was never seen before.

Pa found a pair of gray pants and a frock coat and a silk hat, and when he was dressed and had on a white shirt he looked like a senator from South Carolina.

The cowboy found a golf suit, with short pants, long socks, and puttee leggings, and a Tam o' Shanter cap, and he looked like an escaped Scotchman, while I found a Buster Brown suit that fit me, and all I wanted was a dog to be complete, and we went down to breakfast, and made a hit, the family acting as though they were proud to have us in their midst.

During breakfast they all drew Pa out, and he told them of his experiences capturing wild animals in Af-



The Giraffe Didn't Have Any Bridle on and No Mane to Hold On To.

rica, and exploring the country, and being made a king of a tribe, and they called Pa "your highness," and Pa lied enough about his adventures to send him over the road for disorderly conduct.

The women drew out the cowboy, and he lied some on his own account, and the children got me to going, and you know how it is with me when I get to going.

When the breakfast was over we were all heroes, and Pa pulled out a handful of uncut diamonds and spread them on the table by his plate, and gave each one a diamond as big as a hickory nut, and left a lot of smaller ones on the table with the bread crumbs for the servants, and when we left the table the whole family bowed low to us, and stood back until the king and the cowboy and I had passed out on the veranda.

Ge, but they seemed to think King Edward wouldn't be as high to Pa, and Pa swelled up so I thought he might bust.

After smoking some 50 cigars, Pa told of how he had taken a riding whip and chase a lion up a tree, and the Michigan man proposed to have an exhibit of his wild animals, which he

kept in his private forest outside of the clearing. He had a race track in the clearing next to the forest, and told Pa that every morning his herders turned a lot of lions, giraffes, rhinoceroses and zebras into the track, and the family chased them around the track in automobiles, and Pa said he would like to enter into such a race, and the man ordered the herders to turn in the animals.

The cowboy wanted a saddle horse and a lariar rope, and they fixed him out, and when the herders announced that the animals were on the track all right, we got into the waiting autos, the man and pat sat on the front seat with the chauffeur, and some of us got in the back seats and started out.

When the animals saw us coming they started down the home stretch, and the auto gave chase, and we yelled and fired guns in the air, and the chauffeur put a charge of bird



Pa Swelled Up So I Thought He Might Bust.

shot into the hind limbs of a lion that didn't seem to be in much of a hurry, and the lion turned on us, and Pa told the chauffeur to stop, and he would settle with the lion.

Pa got out with a horse whip and started for the lion, which gave a roar like distant thunder, and as I looked at Pa with the frock coat and silk hat, walking towards the lion, I thought that was the last of Pa, and I begged him to come back, but he said: "Never you mind about me; I have seen lions before," and Pa walked up to the lion and gave him a cut with the whip, and yelled: "Get back into the jungle, you tom cat."

Well, really, that lion ought to have turned and put his tail between his legs and galloped for the woods, but Pa had made a mistake in his lion, for the animal went up to Pa and took a mouthful of his pants, and shook him like a dog would shake a rat, and Pa yelled for them to take away their lion if they didn't want the animal injured.

The animal rolled Pa over on the ground in the dust, chewed his silk hat, and Pa got loose and made a rush for the auto and crawled under it to fix something, and just then the cowboy came along on a pony and threw his lariar over the lion's head and pulled him away across the track, and Pa came out from under the machine and took a big monkey wrench and started again for the lion, bare-headed, and so mad he fairly frothed at the mouth, after he saw that the lion was choked nearly to death, and then Pa mauled the apparently dead lion until the cowboy dismounted from the pony and got his lariar rope back.

Pa gave the lion a couple of kicks, and got back into the auto, and the Michigan man patted him on the back and said: "Old man, you are a king of beasts, sure enough," and Pa said: "O, I don't know; I never did like a cowardly lion, no how."

We chased some more animals around the track, and the Michigan man said he hoped the toothless old lion would not die, as he was saving him for Roosevelt to practice on when he came to the ranch after the 4th of March.

The cowboy went across the field where a tame giraffe was grazing in a tree top and took the saddle off his pony and put it on the giraffe, and we ran up to where he was and the Michigan man asked him what he was going to do, and he said he was going to ride the giraffe, as he had hidden almost everything that walked on four legs except a giraffe.

The Michigan man told him he had better leave the giraffe out of his repertoire, because a giraffe was mighty uncertain, but the cowboy got

the saddle on, and climbed into it, and then the trouble began.

The giraffe didn't have any bridle on, and no mane to hold on to, and he was built so that the saddle slipped down by his rump, and when the animal turned around and saw he had the cowboy where he wanted him, he started off towards the forest on his heels like a bucking broncho, and the last we saw of the expedition the giraffe was jumping over a wire fence and took to the woods, with the cowboy dangling by one stirrup, swearing in the Wyoming dialect.

Then we went back to the house to play golf, and the Michigan man sent some servants into the woods with a stretcher to bring in the remains of the cowboy.

As we dismounted at the veranda Pa lit a cigarette and said to the man: "You certainly have all the comforts of home here, and all the facilities for enjoyment that anybody has outside of a traveling menagerie, except draw



IF YOU want to lead a slave's life, start out by singing your baby to sleep every night.

Many women do this because they like to do it. It is certainly a pretty picture to see the young mother crooning her first baby to sleep, and one can hardly blame her for giving way to the fascination and charm of these idle moments when the baby drops off to sleep to the sound of his mother's soft voice. But a life of martyrdom is certain to follow such indulgences, and when baby grows older and is perfectly able to sleep without accompaniment, he refuses to do so, and demands to be sung to and talked to and crooned to, and sometimes gets so interested and excited that he stays awake just to hear the grand finish of the story. And meanwhile the evening is rapidly passing and any pleasure it held in store is losing its value. Provided a mother is certain her baby is not sick, she should put the child to bed and leave it, not taking it up to induce it to sleep. She should avoid sitting in the same room, and if baby never knows any other way than this of passing into slumberland it will make no unnecessary demands.

It is better for a newborn baby to sleep in its bassinet. For one thing, curtains may be fitted to shade its eyes, and a bassinet is apt to be warmer than a crib, besides giving the child more support at the sides. And by the way, a good bassinet may be made from a large oval clothes basket. If a crib is used, the sides should be carefully lined to keep off the draught.

It is most important that the baby's bed be properly aired after it has been slept in. But it is also important to have the bed clothes warm before the baby is laid between them to sleep. As soon as the baby is taken from the room the bed clothes should be stripped from the mattress and, with the windows for an hour or more. When the child is put to bed, if the weather is cold, the sheets should be warmed before the fire. If this is done, there is no reason for the child being placed between blankets. Blankets used in this way are not apt to be as fresh and sweet as they should.

Tempting a Child to Eat.

THE guardians of a finicky child know that meal time is often more than a matter of table setting and food buying. Theorists say: "Make a child eat!" but mothers know that this is often impossible until the little one is reduced to sickness.

It will be found easier to tempt the little appetite rather than to scold or punish. Delicate children can often be coaxed into a hearty meal when force would mean a scene. Make the meal a play time. Serve bread and butter cut into thin slices and piled up log cabin wise into a house, and pretend the child is an ogre to eat it up.

Name dishes for different rhymes, as Jack Horner's pie for hollowed out rolls cooked like croissants and filled with the nourishing poached eggs. Potatoes can be molded into the form of a wall with an egg perched on top to represent Humpty Dumpty; the child will quickly eat up the egg to prevent "the great fall."

Bolled rice can be molded into snowballs, floating island can have all sorts of delightful fancies woven about it, vegetables can be cut into

odd shapes, and nourishing custards, if put in individual molds of animals, will be eaten without a protest.

Beef juice usually causes a struggle, but if the child pretends he is Jack the Giant Killer, hurrying to get rid of the delicious juice lest the giant think it "the blood of an Englishman," it is swallowed without a murmur.

The game becomes of interest to mother as well as child, as the necessity to invent new stories and fresh forms to tempt the little one to eat demands ingenuity. Insensibly the child learns to eat, so that later the practice can be discontinued.

A trouble? Yes, but not half so troublesome as to sit up half the night with a child cross from lack of food, or as to see dear ones dwindling from insufficient nourishment that a little effort could supply.

Plants for Children.

MANY children, when quite young, get interested in their school botany and nature study and want to have flowers of their own. It is foolish to give them expensive plants. They may tire of them at any moment, or forget them and let them die. They can have just as much fun with a homely sweet potato or a handful of mustard seed, with the added pleasure of "trying an experiment."

Take an ordinary quart jar and a sweet potato of sufficient size that it will not go more than part way into the jar. Put enough water in to cover the bottom end of the potato, and keep the water at this height. Roots will come out at the bottom and green shoots at the top, and presently there will be a pretty vine hanging out from the jar.

The mustard seed is pretty, too, and takes up less room. Put an old sponge in a saucer, make it thoroughly moist, and sprinkle it with a handful of mustard seed. Keep it wet. The seed will come out all green, and will look like some fresh, growing ball. Do not use a flower pot saucer. The moisture comes through that to the table, or whatever the "plant" is placed upon.



New dresses show coat effects. Artificial bouquets are a fad. Hat brims are narrowing for daytime wear.

Latest handbags are patterned after mail bags. Crows' wings trim some of the fully felt hats.

Dark colors dominate in the spring suggestions. Some tiara-like ornaments are mounted on combs.

A great many border linens appear on the counters.

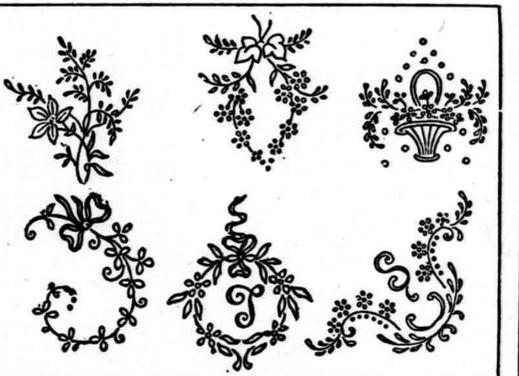
Violets and gardenias are among the favorite flowers. Fancy hosiery grows still more wonderful every day.

Gulmpres are now made of cambric as well as of net.

Side Closing in Skirts. A marked feature of the new skirts is the shifted position of the closing.

They almost invariably fasten on the left side of the back, though the bodices continue to close in the center.

Embroidery



Embroider these little sprays for handkerchief carriers in solid stitch. They may also be used on corset covers or on any article where a dainty little touch is needed.

AVOID THE INGROWING NAIL.

Are Invariably Produced by Pressure or a Blow.

Nails that have a tendency to grow sideways should be kept carefully pared. When the nail grows into the flesh it may be cured by making a V-shaped cut in the center, the broad part of the V at the top of the nail.

For ingrowing nails Moelin also advises bandaging the toe with compresses saturated with perchlorate of iron. Despite the protest of many girls who are not yet converted, ingrowing nails are invariably produced by pressure or a blow. A shoe too narrow across the toe or tread of the foot, or insufficiently large for ease and comfort, though large enough elsewhere, either cramps or distorts the fore part of the foot and toes or arrests the nails in their proper growth forward, forcing them back upon the sensitive flesh at their roots and sides and causing them to grow in width and thickness only.

A jeweled band may be worn back or front on the hair.

Topics of Conversation.

The pet subjects of today seem to be as follows: Racing, stocks and shares, politics (in small quantities), chignons, bridge, motors and motoring, with a word or two thrown in, according to taste, on art, music, books, newspapers, furniture, flowers and gardening.

This up-to-date mixture is well spiced with current small talk on the marriages, deaths, debts, distresses and divorces of our dearest friends and acquaintances, declares a magazine writer. Among forbidden themes are the weather, religion (except, perhaps, Christian Science), and such tame subjects as husbands, babies, servants and other domestic details of a like character.

Initiated Lingerie.

An embroiderer gives this rule for working initials on lingerie: Never use anything on cotton for embroidery but cotton.

If the material is linen take care to use linen thread.

Best results are obtained if, when padding is necessary, the same thread is used for this part of the work as for the embroidery proper.

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt



Give the breeding mare exercise every day.

Prune the vineyard at once if you have not already done so.

Muslin fronts for the chicken houses are winners. Try one.

Alfalfa or clover hay is good for the brood sow. Give her all she will eat up clean.

Sheep will feed together better and fatten more evenly if they are unfed in character.

During the winter months be sure that your poultry have all the grits they need.

Guess-work methods are the greatest curse to the farm, and explain more failures than any one thing.

Better prices do not make better butter, but better butter will always tend to boost prices. Try it.

Spring is upon us. Get all the odd jobs out of the way before the regular spring rush begins.

Hens do not like to scratch in wet litter. See that everything is dry as a bone and snug as you can make it.

Put wheat bran and middlings in a box where the calf can get at it. She will soon learn to eat it and it will be better for her to get it in this way than to give it to her in the milk.

The increase in the average yield of corn per acre last year amounted to only three-tenths of a bushel per acre, but in the aggregate it meant an increase of hundreds of thousands of dollars to the farmers.

Handle the cream and do your butter making away from the odors of the kitchen. Nothing absorbs the odors so quickly as cream and butter, and the poorly flavored butter does not sell well or bring a good price.

Make a chicken roost out of the discarded wagon wheel, after removing the iron tire which would prove too cold a thing for the hens' feet. Such a roost is economical of space. It can be suspended from the roof.

The squealing pig is entering protest about something. Find out what it is. If cold, provide better shelter. If hungry, increase the feed. The squealing pig brings small profit to its grower.

Caustic potash rubbed well upon the little knobs where the horns of the calf will grow will prevent development and will save dehorning later. The treatment must be given during the first two weeks, however.

For some reason thick sour skim milk seems to have a greater value for hens than sweet milk. This may be due to the milk sugar not being digested and assimilated by fowls, or, possibly, the lactic acid which is present in sour milk may have an especially beneficial effect. More experimental work is needed to clear up this matter.

It is a well-known fact that a fruit tree will set more fruit than it is capable of supporting and bringing to perfection. Prof. Sandsten of the Wisconsin experiment station suggests that to aid nature in its work growers should take away the extra fruit. The vitality of the tree is used up by the number of seeds it is permitted to ripen, not by the size of the fruit. It is readily seen that by removing some of the fruit we conserve the fertility of the land, as well as aid the tree to properly mature the remaining fruit. A tree that has thus been thinned will bring forth more fruit in bushels than other trees; and, besides this, the fruit from thinned trees is superior in color, size and quality. Such thinning should not be done, however, until the natural drop of the fruit is over.

The kind of tree to grow is coming to be an important subject for discussion and investigation. Ideas are changing rapidly as to the values and uses of certain woods. The longleaf pine is disappearing from the land, and there are few young trees to take the place of the old. Necessity for future wood material has resulted in many investigations and experiments with inferior kinds of wood. Loblobly, or old field pine, has been found to be exceedingly durable when impregnated with creosote. This has given the old field pine a new value, and to-day thousands of railroad ties are cut near the railroads and shipped to treating plants to be creosoted. Small portable mills are easily and cheaply located, and many of these are now cutting the best trees in these old field stands for lumber to be used locally among the farmers. The future lumbering will be carried on extensively in these second growth stands of old field pine. The situation in the north is very much the same. White pine is here found occupying the old fields as loblobly pine does in the south. The seeds are light and are carried considerable distances to the open fields, where they find plenty of light and suitable soil conditions to make excellent growth.

Use system in your poultry management if you want to know where you get off at, and want to show a profit.

Brutality towards the cows cuts down the milk yield and robs a farmer of his profit. Be sure your help is not abusing the faithful animals.

A good ventilating system in the cow stable would prevent dampness and keep the hay from spoiling in the loft.

The scientific farmer has found that the hog gives better returns when housed and fed in cleanly manner. Filth never did man or beast any good.

In fattening chickens for market keep in rather a dark room where they cannot see other chickens at large, and where dogs or cats cannot disturb.

Fairly good work may be done with poor tools, but how much easier and better work could be done with good tools. The best are none too good for the farm.

Dead Sheep or Live Ones.—Teacher—"How many legs has a sheep, Johnny?" Johnny—"Dead or alive?" Teacher—"Is it not the same thing?" Johnny—"Oh, no; there is a big difference. A live sheep has four legs, a dead sheep but two. The others are shoulders."

The reason sows eat their pigs is in most cases due to the fact that they have been kept too much on one ration before the litter came. Give a variety of food, especially during the last two months of the period, and you will not be likely to have any trouble with the mothers eating their offspring.

Let quiet prevail in the stable at milking time. Don't get the cow to stand over by giving her a kick or a jab with your fist. Place your hand on her flanks and tell her to get over in a kindly voice. Unless she is spoiled by brutality she will do it and do it willingly, for she wants to get rid of the milk in her udder as badly as you want to get it.

Millet is good for the laying hens. Beans are equally beneficial. Sorghum and broom corn seeds will do to add variety to the bill of fare. Barley is about of the same merit. Popcorn contains more nitrogen and phosphates than does the regular Indian corn. Buckwheat is an egg-producing food, but must be fed sparingly, as it is overfattening.

A Pennsylvania dairyman who has kept a record says it takes 150 quarts of milk to produce a calf that will weigh 160 pounds at four weeks. His record of feedings 80 calves showed 12,000 quarts of milk, and for which he received \$481, or four cents per quart, and the calves did the milking. He says the calves must be good ones—not little, runty Jerseys.

The apple tree needs care like other fruit trees, if it is going to do well. The old idea that once planted it should be able to care for itself and bring forth an abundance of fruit can no longer be maintained, since such a method is neither economical nor business-like. Fruit trees of whatever kind or nature need as much, or more, care and attention throughout the season as any crop grown.

One farmer we know of who believes in ventilation for his barn but who has not time or money to put in a ventilating system, has adopted the muslin curtain on a modified scale. His windows are made to swing in, being hinged on the lower edge of the sash. A strip of muslin at the top and around the sides lets the window open just so far. In bad weather the windows are nearly or quite closed, while on fine days they are opened as far as the muslin will permit and an abundance of fresh air is admitted to the stable without draft of any kind.

Encourage the cats to stay around the barn by giving them a little milk at night and morning. The farmer who begrudges them a little milk at milking time is stingier than the fellow who stopped the clock at night to save the wear and tear on the machinery. The cat's system needs milk when it is catching and eating rats and mice. If cats are given milk regularly at the barn, they will stay, and where they stay you won't find many rats or mice. No farmer can afford to raise grain at present prices and feed it to rats, so be good to the cats.

The best ration for the beef herd is not the best ration for the milk cows. Cows about to calve should be fed on succulent food, such as silage or roots, bran, oil meal and oats chop, but omit the corn at this time. Feeding grain of any kind just previous to or immediately after calving is not very good policy. Keep the bowels in good condition. After calving feed a warm mash, and give warm water to drink for a week or ten days. As soon as the cow has dropped the calf she should be watched carefully, and after she has made its toilet remove the calf from her stall, but keep it in sight until the milk comes in the udder, when the calf should be allowed to suck.

Rhubarb wanted for very early market can be secured by digging the roots with the first thaw. Make a frame or open box four by six feet and 18 inches deep, spread a load of fresh horse manure on the ground, cover with earth to the depth of six inches and plant the roots. Set the frame over them and bank to the top with earth and cover with sawdust all around; cover with boards and sawdust or other litter, allowing one or two holes for ventilation, which should be covered in such a manner that no light can shine in. In a short time the rhubarb will grow to the top of the box and will be a beautiful pink color. By this method you can have rhubarb before that in the open ground has started to come up.

HIS GUESTS ALL WIDOWS

Spy Old Man Banqueted 76 of Them, Young and Old.

Portland, Ore.—W. C. Brown, known in the little town of Dallas, Ore., as "Uncle Billy," entertained 76 widows at a banquet. The number included all the widows in his town and the immediate vicinity. It was strictly an invitation affair, and if any were omitted it was by inadvertence.

"Uncle Billy" is a widower and is looking for a wife. He is 84 years old, and celebrated the event with the widows' banquet. The oldest of his guests was 91 and the youngest 24. He presided at the banquet and called upon many of the guests for toasts.

Another feature of the celebration was a shower of nickels he scattered from the courthouse steps to the small boys. He distributed \$100 in this way.

He announced that a similar banquet will be an annual event the rest of his life, providing he does not marry meanwhile.

Wants the Credit.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a hypocrite?

Pa—A hypocrite, my son, is a man who publicly thanks the Lord for his success, then gets mad every time any body insinuates that he isn't mainly responsible for it himself.—Chicago Daily News.