

# Peck's Bad Boy in a Ship

## ENLISTING IN THE NAVY

When our balloon that sailed from me back and forth through that 40 foot gun to swab it out, and when I came out alive they laughed and were crying, and then the president's yacht took a position, and all the battleships swung into line and marched past, and the bands played, and we all just cheered for patriotic joy, and I was so mad to see those Japanese standing there like bottles of castor oil, not even smiling, that I blew up a toy balloon which I have been playing air ship with, and I whacked it on the head of the meanest looking Jap, and when it exploded he was the scariest looking person



When It Exploded the Jap Was the Scariest Person I Ever Saw.

I ever saw, because he thought one of those 16-inch shells had gone off in his hat, and everybody said: "Served him right," and then he laughed, the first time since the review started, and he wanted the skin of my toy balloon as a souvenir of the first gun fired in the war with Japan.

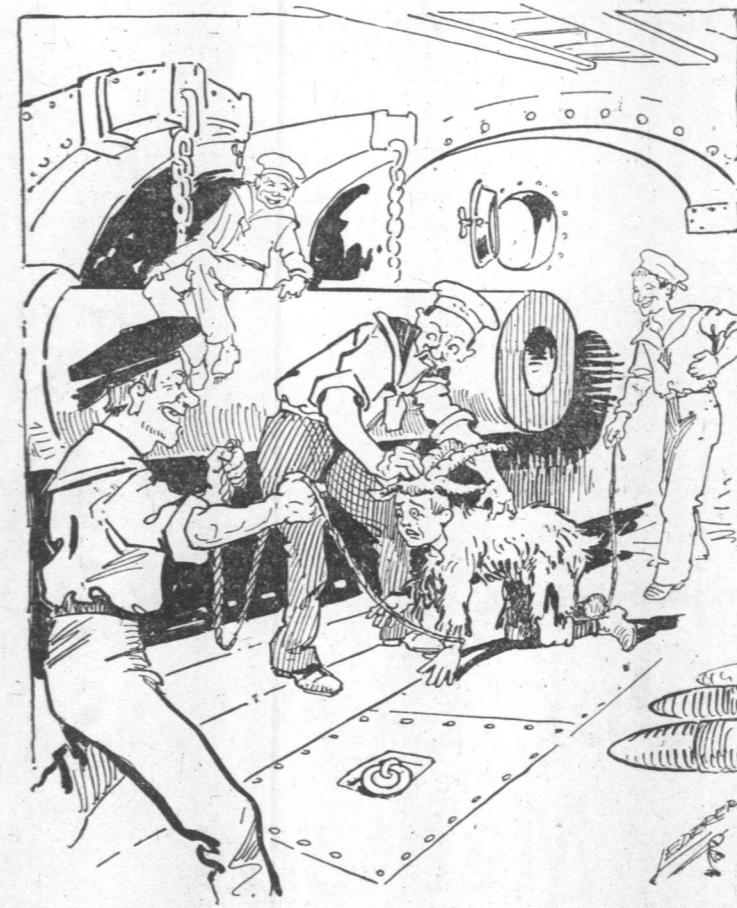
He asked me what I could do and I told him there was nothing that I couldn't do if properly encouraged, anything, from flying a flag of truce from the fighting top, to riding up in the ammunition elevator with 500 pounds of dynamite, to acting as the propeller to a Whitehead torpedo.

We talked it over for an hour and he asked about Pa, and then he said he would think it over, and he gave me a ticket with a number on, and told me to be on the front porch of the Hotel Chamberlain at nine o'clock the second morning after, and if a steam launch from the Connecticut landed there and gave two whistles for me to get on board with my baggage, and report to him before the fleet sailed.

Well, say, this was quick work, and I called a launch and visited the other vessels, promising to be Johnny on the spot at the appointed hour.

It was a great sight to see the review when the president came along and all the battleships being of iron liable to sink if the wind got out of the tanks, and was never so proud in my life as I was when I saw the jacks climb up on the rigging and

The first hour I was investigating the mechanism of a battleship and was scared silly for fear she would get ready to sink, and as I looked at the iron everywhere, which I had been taught in school would sink so quick it would make your head swim, I wondered what my nation could be thinking of to build ships of iron and depend on wind to keep them on the water, and I thought it would be just as safe to cover an iron railroad



They Pulled Me Through That Forty-Foot Gun to Swab It Out.

bridge with building paper, and launch hang on like monkeys, lined up like they were drilling on deck, and when all the officers and men seemed to enjoy it, and forgot about the danger, then the Connecticut began to fire a salute to the president out of those great iron sewer pipes, and all the rest of the fleet began to shoot at the air, the noise was so loud that it made your head feel like you do when you take sedditz powders, and it gallops up your nose, and the smokeless powder made the smoke so thick you couldn't see anything but the president's teeth, as he sailed along on his yacht, and put on airs, and mashed the girls who came on board at thought that it was only a matter of time when the ships would sink, and they seemed to congratulate themselves that when they went down with the ships a time lock would close them up hermetically so sharks and devil fish couldn't eat the crew, and they could float around for all time and eternity safe from the resurrection as they would be buried in a safety deposit box in the vault of a trust company.

Some of the jacks played it on me. They took me and wrapped an angora goat skin around me, with the hair outside, and tied a string to my feet, and run it out of the breach of the big 16 inch gun, and another string on my legs, and they pulled

The fowls ate their grain in Mexico, and then walked across the line into the United States to lay their eggs. The transaction was, of course, perfectly legitimate; for the proprietor of the henry smuggled neither grain nor eggs. But he availed himself of high prices on one side and low prices on the other.—The Sunday Magazine.

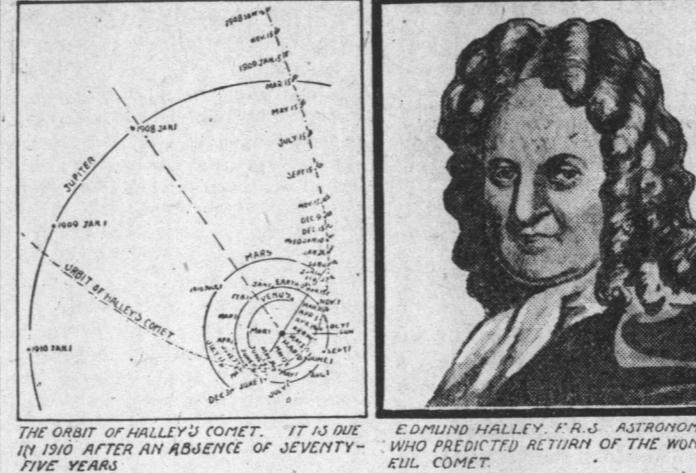
Yearly Coal Output. The 350,000,000-ton coal in the United States each year, if piled together, would make a cube having sides 714 yards long.

## INTERNATIONAL HENS

The advantages that people who live on the line between two countries have in escaping the customs and other regulations of both countries have often been recounted. Probably the most picturesque instance of this kind of evasion occurred in the town of Nogales, which lies exactly on the boundary between Mexico and Arizona.

On the United States side of the line in this town eggs were at one time made costly by the revision of

# HALLEY'S COMET DUE IN 1910



EDMUND HALLEY, ENGLISH ASTRONOMER WHO PREDICTED RETURN OF THE WONDER-COMET.

No one need be at all surprised if, two years hence, the nations of the world suddenly become a family of ardent skywatchers, for in 1910 the return of a certain periodic comet is promised, one lost to mortal eye since 1835. The recorded apparitions of this celestial object are endowed with a hoary antiquity, since they stretch back over eight centuries of the lives and deeds of puny man. At the date of its recurrence in 1682 it was observed and studied by Edmund Halley, a famous English astronomer and colleague of the illustrious Newton. After laborious research he reached the conclusion as the result of arithmetic calculations relating to its perturbations, that the comet was a thing in space identical with the comet apparatus of 1531 and 1607. He framed a table of the motion of comets, "in the making of which I have spared no labor that it might come forth perfect as a thing consecrated to posterity, and to last as long as the science of astronomy itself."

By reason of the fact that the comet's reappearance once again to human vision was predicted by Halley for the end of 1758, or beginning of 1759—"I dare venture to foretell that it will return again in 1758," were his words—it is universally and properly known as Halley's comet. The author of this grand and novel discovery appertaining to the pedigree and identity of a comet (from which so much knowledge in cometary astronomy has since sprung) did not himself live to scan the heavens on that memorable Christmas day in 1758 when, true to prediction, the comet appeared, visible to the naked eye, and seen in many lands.

Halley died at Greenwich in 1742 at the ripe age of 86, and was buried at Lee, in Kent. An inscription on his tombstone records that with his deceased wife there repose by far the chief astronomer of his age, and adds these pregnant words: "That you may know, reader, what kind of, and how great a man he was, read the multifarious writings with which he has illustrated, adorned and amplified nearly all the arts and sciences."

The records of history provide us with a variety of details respecting the apparitions of the comet we are led to expect in 1910. In 1666 its appearance was considered to be an omen in the sky presaging England's conquest by William of Normandy. In 1456 it was a wonderful object, and covered nearly 70 degrees of the heavens, being visible for a month; moreover, it was for a time circumpolar, so that it could be seen above the northern horizon all night. When it came again in 1531 it found America discovered, printing invented, and the Reformation begun. As we already know it was foreseen for its cycle of 1758. At its last return in 1855 it was first observed at Rome on August 5, and afterwards was visible to the naked eye throughout October, possessing a tail from 20 degrees to 30 degrees long. It passed within 4,500,000 miles of the earth.

That was the nearest I came to seeing one of the most famous Virginian origins.—W. D. Howells, in Harper's Magazine.

**A Taste for Necrology.** The east side school teacher had been telling her small class some facts concerning the life of Lincoln, and she was now asking the children to repeat to her such incidents of the story as they had understood and remembered. One little boy volunteered the information that President Lincoln was dead. Immediately a very small girl in the front row raised her hand and waved it energetically.

"Well, Sarah," asked the teacher, "what did you want to say?"

"Please, ma'am," exclaimed Sarah, "Mr. Lickelstein in our street, he's dead, too!"

**To Protect American Patents.** Arrangements will soon be perfected for the proper protection of American patents in Japan. At present my back like when you have the grip coming on, and when you the smoke cleared away and when a million American flags were flung to the breeze, I began to choke up like you do when you are sick and the callers say, "Well, brace up, boy, you may pull through, but there are a hundred chances against your living till morning," and the tears rolled down my cheeks, and my throat got full like I had the tonsilitis, and everybody else

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"This method may be as old as the Chinese—at least I learned it in China when I made a trip through the east more than a year ago. I happened to run into the American consul general at Shanghai while over there and when I left he presented me with what he said were eggs.

"Although they didn't look like eggs at all—looked, indeed, more like elongated mud pies with a stone stuffed in them—I faithfully brought them home, and at last opened one.

"Sure enough, there was an egg inside and when it was broken it proved to be entirely fresh, although it may have been in that mud for a year or more. Well, with that knowledge of how the Chinamen keep eggs fresh I

sold a whole barrel of them to see how they would do under American mud."

"I bought them at the time of year when they were cheap, not caring much whether they kept or not, but willing to try the experiment. I buried them under more than a foot and a half of earth and left them for several months."

"When winter came along and eggs went up to some enormous figure I just dug down into the earth and pulled out that barrel. Opened to the light of day the eggs looked as they had just been laid. They tasted, too, as if they had never been put away in the earth for many weeks."

**Passed Male Competitors.** Three women were among the 89 applicants who recently took the examination for postal clerks at Buffalo. The highest grade, 89.70, was obtained by Miss Mary Pfann. All of the women applicants were successful, while only 35 per cent of the men passed.

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