

# Peck's Bad Boy in His Ship

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK

## LIFE ON THE CATTLE BOAT

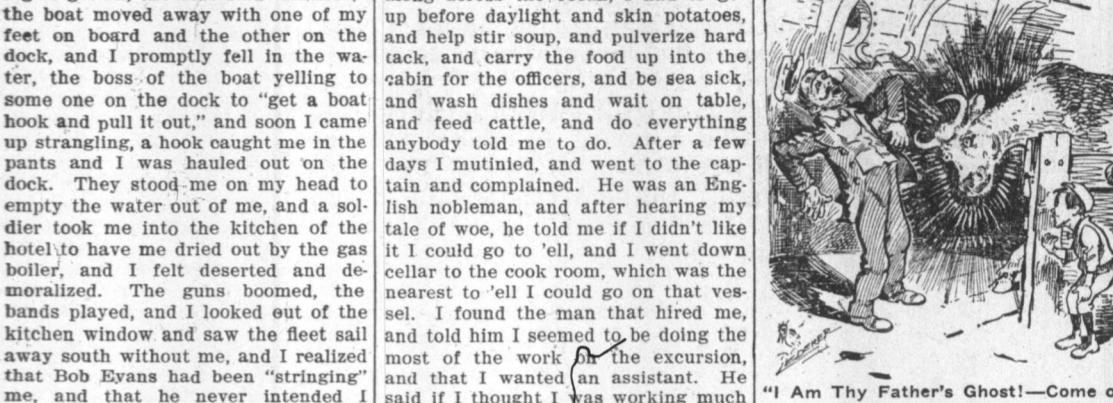
I felt like a bridegroom that had been left waiting at the church, with no bride appearing, and the crowd scoffing at him, and commenting on his clothes.

I waited on the porch at the hotel at Fortress Monroe all the forenoon for Mr. Evans' launch to come and get me and take me aboard his flagship, holding my ticket in one hand and my bundle of clothes in the other.

Launches came by the dozen, bringing people ashore, but no one was allowed to go out to the ships. Finally the last launch came, and it was manned by "Connecticut" men, and when I showed my ticket and was going to get on, the boss said "skidoo," the boat moved away with one of my feet on board and the other on the dock, and I promptly fell in the water, the boss of the boat yelling to some one on the dock to "get a boat hook and pull it out," and soon I came up struggling, a hooligan caught me in the pants and I was hauled out on the dock. They stood me on my head to empty the water out of me, and a soldier took me into the kitchen of the hotel to have me dried out by the gas boiler, and I felt deserted and demoralized. The guns boomed, the bands played, and I looked out of the kitchen window and saw the fleet sail away south without me, and I realized that Bob Evans had been "stringing" me, and that he never intended I should go around the horn with the fleet, and I thought that maybe, if he was a liar, and used profane language, and was subject to rheumatism, it was better that I did not go, as I might be spoiled. But they can go plumb with their old fleet, and if the Japs get Bob Evans and roast him over the coals, all I hope is that he will sorry for treating me as he did.

But I always light on my feet. After I got dried out, I met a man who was picking up a crew to go to Europe from Baltimore on a cattle ship, and he pictured to me the easy life of the ocean wave with a load of steers, and hired me to go along, and I thought it was the chance of my life to meet up with Pa, who is over there, hunting airships for his government, so we went to Baltimore, and that night we were in the cattle ship and I slept in a hammock and ate my bread and beef out of a tin basin.

Gee, what a change it was—over my former trip to Europe with Pa, on a regular liner, with a bed and meals in the cabin. But when a boy goes out in the world to gain his own living, and travel on his face, he has got to take what comes to him.



"I Am Thy Father's Ghost!—Come on In, the Water's Fine!—I Smell the Blood of an Englishman!"

be a pillow for the stomach of a sea-sick thousand-pound steer.

When I got my breath so I could yell it was night, and I had probably been under that steer for several hours. I tried to kick the steer in a vital part, where ox drivers kick oxen to make them "haw" and "gee," but the steer had gone to sleep and never paid any attention to me.

I guess everybody had gone to sleep on the ship, except the watchman and the pilot, but I could lay there all night, so I began to make a noise like a ghost, and I wailed so the watchman heard me, and he peered down the hatch, and I mumbled, "I am thy father's ghost," and I rubbed some phosphorus I had in my pocket on the hair of the steer that was acting as my bed clothes. The man skipped, and pretty soon he came back with the English captain, who had told me if I didn't like my job I could go to "ell," and when he saw the shining steer with the phosphorus on its hair, he wailed and said: "This is 'ell, come in, the water is fine, and I smell the blood of an Englishman."

Well, the captain weakened, and wouldn't come down, but I heard bells ringing all over the boat, like a fire alarm, and pretty soon the whole crew came down cellar with hose and began to squirt water on the steer and me, and the steer was so scared it broke the rope on its legs and go up off me, and then the animal stamped out of the stall and charged the firemen, and rubbed its phosphorus side against the English captain, and he thought he was in hell, for sure, and he made them turn the hose on him, and then a man hit the steer in the head with an ax, and the trouble was over, except that the captain laid it all to me, and told the crew I was a "odo," and they searched me and found my phosphorus, and that settled it.

They were ordered to put me in the dungeon, and when they were going upstairs I heard the captain say: "At daylight 'oist it h'out of the 'old, and chuck it h'overboard to feed the sharks," so I guess I can see my finish all right.

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Dogs May Not Bay the Moon.

The new Kent control of dogs order, 1908, provides that no dog shall be allowed out between the hours of sunset and sunrise without being under proper restraint, and the first summons under this order was heard at Bromley yesterday when Edward Gillham of St. Anne's Lodge was summoned for allowing his dog to be out alone at night.

The defendant said that the dog must have either broken loose or have been decoyed away. He hoped that now they would have proper police protection, and that it would be necessary to keep a dog. His place had been broken into and nothing had been discovered about the perpetrators.

The bench said that it was a new order, with which the public were not generally acquainted, they would only order the payment of costs, but it would be well for the public of Kent to make a note of the order.—London Mail.

The Human Thermometer.

"No, sir," protested the bottle-nosed monthly nurse to the youthful father, "I don't say as your suggestion for taking the temperature of the dear little hifan's bath with a thermometer ain't sensible enough on the part o' some nurses, but I don't require anythink o' the kind."

The hifan is sufficient intimation to me.

If the water's too hot, he turns red;

if it's too cold he turns blue.

You can't have anything plainer than that."

a spring in one direction before the bird had changed his course.

The South Africans believe that the instinctive waltzing movement of the ostrich is useful in perfecting the bird in the art of suddenly twisting and turning, which is most likely to assist it to elude its natural enemies, the larger carnivora.

Oysters Wild Animals.

Oysters are wild animals, according

to a Queensland judge, who held that there was no penalty for stealing them.

## The Boss of the Boat Ordered Me Pulled Out with a Boat Hook.

The next morning, my work began. Our vessel went up to the stock yards, and began to load steers for shipment, and all I had to do was to act as a "twister." When the cattle came through the chute, and landed on the deck, and refused to go into the dark places, we had to take hold of the tails of the cattle and twist them so they would move on, and of all the bellowing you ever heard, that was the worst.

Whether the bellowing was caused by the tail twisting, or because the cattle were homesick, and did not want to be kidnapped or "shanghaied" on board a foreign-bound vessel, I don't know, but it was more exciting than the sea fight at Santiago and about as dangerous, for the cattle hooked with their horns and kicked, and I was kicked more than 40 times, and would have quit, only the man that hired me said that if any of us were injured we would be put on the government pension list, and be supported in luxury the balance of our lives, so I worked for two days, and

## WHY OSTRICHES WALTZ

The so-called waltzing performance of the ostrich is familiar to all in South Africa, but few outsiders have ever heard of it. It consists of a rapid whirling movement, the wings spread out and alternately elevated and depressed. It is a fascinating sight when induced in by a large flock.

This gay behavior is in no doubt instinctive, and, as with other instincts, it is perfected by experience. Ostrich chicks begin the whirly even when

reared away from other ostriches, and without having seen the performance.

The South Africans have the following theory of the significance of this playful activity:

The wild ostrich can protect himself against lions and leopards in no other way than by flight. When chased by a beast of prey the ostrich, starting to run, jerks so quickly from side to side that no beast would be likely to have time to set himself for

## NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt



It's the singing hen that is the layer.

Slick up around the place before the snows fly.

The neglected hen is an indifferent profit maker.

Overcrowding means under profits with the poultry.

Open furrows through the grain field to carry off the surplus water.

Take a little pride in your place and have it trim and tidy on the road side.

Sunlight for the calf pens! Remember that, if you would have them thrifty.

It is a mistake to keep ewes that are over five or six years old. Fat them and market.

Do not breed the ewes before they are from a year to 18 months old, if you would have large sheep.

The better farmer is evolved from the farmer that sees his mistakes and tries to do better next time.

Certified milk is simply clean milk whose quality is vouched for by the producer and some accredited party.

Whatever it is that you have not done that you have intended doing will put your prosperous attitude and DO IT NOW.

Put new planks in the approaches to the barn before the horse gets his foot through the cracks made by the decaying of the edges of the board and causes himself serious injury.

Flow the ground this fall that is infested with wireworms, cutworms, etc., and then let the chickens at 'em. An occasional harrowing will keep the worms where the chickens can get them.

No two horses require the same amount of feed to keep them in good condition, any more than do two persons. Intelligent feeding must be based upon knowledge of the individual traits of the animals fed.

Have you tried getting a stand of alfalfa? Prof. Ten Eyck declares his belief that alfalfa is going to do more for the western farmer during the next 50 years than any other crop which he may be able to grow.

The farmer who does not read a good farm paper and take the bulletins of his state experiment station cannot hope to raise the standard of his farming any more than the man who takes hold of his own boot straps can hope to raise himself from the floor.

Money in raising colts if you do the same thing by mare and offspring from start to finish. But don't think you can get a good animal from a scrub stallion. Remember that blood will tell.

When weaning two or more colts at the same time take care that one does not become the boss and rob the others of their food. In many cases of unthrift it is due to lack of nourishment from this cause.

A sup of milk for the cots will keep them tied to the dairy barn and make them good partners in keeping the place free from rats and mice. Remember that many a farmer loses a tidy sum in providing board for the colts.

Never let the cream become overheated or overripe if you wish to pack the butter made from it. Remember that the best butter can only be made from cream that is in the best of condition, and that the keeping quality of butter depends upon the condition of the cream from which it was made.

If you use hay carts and have been bothered with inconvenient weights for the corners try cement weights next season. They can be easily made by molding a ball of soft cement weighing about eight ounces into which inch and a half wire staples are set. Cords can then be used to tie the cement balls to the hay cart corners.

Where Saturday night ends every bit of farm work save that which is absolutely necessary—such as stock feeding and milking—and Sunday is enjoyed as a day of rest and attendance upon the house of worship, the farmer begins the week's work Monday morning with a clear brain to plan, a vigorous body to make light work of every task, and a hopeful, cheery heart that fills all the hours of the day with sunshine.

White wash the henhouse. It will not only kill off the lice but will act as a disinfectant. It is a mistake to suppose that lice must only be fought during the hot months. The vermin are ever present, though during cold weather they are not so active—and that is just the best time to catch them. The more carefully you do this in the fall, the less trouble you will have in the spring.

Where cheese is made on the farm, a new tin washbowl will serve as a cheese vat, and a clean, splint basket will do for a drainer. The mold can be made from a discarded peek measure. If rennet tablets cannot be secured from a butcher, since it comes from the lining of the fourth stomach of a calf. Tablets are the most convenient, and can be secured from most drug stores, or any dairy supply houses. One tablet will make 200 pounds of cheese.

Alfalfa is the dairyman's friend, surely, if the figures of D. H. Otis are correct. He figures that a ton of alfalfa contains 220 pounds of digestible protein, which at six cents a pound would be worth \$13.20, and, if we got four tons to the acre, we could have a value of \$52.80. Of course, for a dairyman to realize this much from an acre of alfalfa, he must feed judiciously and in proper combination with other feeds; but if he is getting only one-half of this amount, he is getting excellent returns from his land. Wheat bran, long the standard feed for dairy cows, contains only 12.2 pounds of digestible protein in every 100 pounds.

The highest yields of the so-called "Alaska" wheat which the Colorado and Idaho experiment stations were able to obtain under the most favorable conditions were from 20 to 30 bushels per acre. This is a great disappointment to those who were advised that a yield of 200 bushels to the acre was the usual result. Moreover, Prof. Hyslop of the Idaho station insists that this much-heralded Alaska wheat is nothing but the Egyptian wheat of old.

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