

CUPID PLAYS PRANKS IN BOSTON SOCIETY

PRETTY ROMANCES IN WHICH MILLIONAIRES AND WORKING GIRLS ARE THE PRINCIPALS.

SETS BLUE-BLOODED TONGUES WAGGING.

A Common Occurrence Which Hub Society Refuses to Get Used To—Wealth Looks for Beauty Wherever It May Be Found—Poverty Not a Bar to Love.

Boston.—The little god, Cupid, has set this city by the ears again as only Cupid can every now and again. The pranks of the little archer have had blue-blooded Boston at his mercy time after time, but this latest escapade has beaten all other efforts, and has left society in a state of collapse from which it is not expected to recover soon.

Boston society—the society, which lives in the alphabetical streets of the Back Bay, is more exclusive than a hermit, that graduates from Harvard to State street and from the Puritan club to the Somerset—is shocked again.

It is the same old shock—the shock that hits Boston just so often and knocks its eyeglasses off—a Boston Bluestocking has gone and married a shopgirl.

According to the Boston correspondent of the New York World you would think that Boston would be used to such an occurrence by this time. Harrison Grey Otis started it when he chose the daughter of an East Boston baker for his bride, and since that day probably no less than 40 scions of old Puritan families have found their fates behind the counters at Jordan's or White's or even Houghton's.

But Boston simply won't get used to it; it insists on being shocked every time it happens, hence the fact that Marlborough street resounds with "Did-you-ever's" and "I-want-to-know's," and even the flowers in the public gardens are shaken.

This time the shockers are the usual characters; Harvard man, tall, handsome, blue-blooded, broker, rich, 22 years old.

Shopgirl, poor, beautiful, young, good, of humble parentage.

Marries Machinist's Daughter.

Names? Oh, yes, that is a detail, though the case is so like all the others of the past that any names might do. This time, however, the young man happens to be an Adams, which is very, very important among Boston names, as everyone knows.

He is only an Adams by the second marriage of his mother, however, and retains his father's name of Clapp—William F. Clapp in full, age 22, son of Mrs. Samuel G. Adams, of No. 284 Marlborough street. The bride was Miss Ellen Gertrude Reise; her father is simply a machinist at the government arsenal in Watertown.

It is the most complete of romances, for it grew out of another of the same kind, in which Miss Reise's twin sister was one of the principals. So, to tell it correctly, the first romance must be referred to first.

The father of the twin girls, Mary J. and Ellen Gertrude Reise, was a sergeant in the army, stationed in San Francisco, when the girls were born, 27 years ago. He was a good soldier, but a better father, so when he could

ing the coat-of-arms of Cupid, two hearts stuck together with an arrow, for it is from Jordan's that so many beautiful young shopgirls have emerged the brides of Boston's bluest-blooded young men.

The Reise sisters were among the prettiest girls in Jordan's, and that is saying a great deal for them. It is like saying that a young woman is the prettiest girl on Fifth avenue.



They were at the same counter, looked very much alike, and this fact and their beauty made them much talked about.

One day a young man, Horatio Bigelow—another good old Boston name—and the son of Albert S. Bigelow, the copper millionaire, saw the girls. He was attracted by their beauty, but managed to choose between them, and selected Mary as the object of his adoration at first sight.

The next thing was to get an introduction, and this is not the easiest matter when the girl is a Jordan girl. Young Bigelow knew, perhaps by experience, that he could not win his way to

the store, and went to Newport to spend it. So did young Bigelow. On September 1 it was time for him to start on his trip around the world, and off to San Francisco he went. From there he telegraphed the Bigelows in Boston that the wedding had taken place and also informed the bride's parents. Then they went aboard the vessel to Japan and let the families do all the worrying.

Of course there was something terrible in the way of worrying around the Back Bay. Also out in Watertown. But by the time Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow, Jr., got home the tempest had died down, the Bigelows and the Reises were so glad to get the youngsters home that they forgot all about being angry, and the matter was settled.

Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow went to Norwich, Conn., to live, happy and contented, and the bride's twin sister, Ellen Gertrude, was invited to pay them a visit.

This was the beginning of the second romance, the one that at present has Boston upside down.

Around the corner from the Bigelow dovecot at North lived Samuel G. Adams, a rich Bostonian, member of the big wool firm and very blue-blooded. He had married, as a second wife, Mrs. Clapp, a wealthy Boston widow, who had one son, a fine, handsome young fellow, William F. Clapp, freshman at Harvard.

Young Clapp knew young Bigelow, and went around to see him. He also saw Mrs. Bigelow's twin sister—and well, here was a scion of a Boston family and a Jordan & Marsh shopgirl. The result could have been anything but what it was. They fell in love.

Leaves College to Earn Living.

All during the summer the courtship went on, and by the time young Clapp was about to return to Boston with his parents everything was ripe for another romance. The young people said nothing about their affection to anyone, and nobody but the Bigelows knew of it. Ellen Reise went back to her place in the big store, and young Clapp went back to Harvard, for, of course, he was a Harvard student.

But he could not wait to graduate, so he left college at the close of his freshman year, little more than a boy. He entered a broker's office in State street, but soon left there and obtained an important position with the New England Telephone company, which stationed him at Taunton.

From there the courtship was continued, and one day, not long ago, Miss Ellen Gertrude Reise resigned from Jordan & Marsh's and took the train to Providence. There she was met by young Clapp, and they were married.

Whether it was love at first sight on her part as well as his nobody

knows now. At any rate it was not long before the girl found herself growing fond of the handsome young student. She knew little about him—she refrained from telling her of his father's great wealth or his family connections. When she did learn all these things, however, Mary Reise was properly staggered, and when he besought her to be his she rebelled, fearing the consequences when his family should hear that the scion had made such a messalliance.

Horatio Bigelow, though, was not to be put off in this way, for he loved Mary Reise. He told his family about it, and his family was beautifully, magnificently shocked, and when a Boston family, backed up with \$30,000,000, gets shocked, it is something worth seeing.

It should not be said the family. Never! It was a foolish idea on the part of the world. He must be sent around the world to see other places, other faces, and forget the pretty daughter of the humble arsenal machinist. A shopgirl? Ugh!

Young Bigelow was no fool. He loved Mary Reise, she loved him, and he preferred her, only too wisely, to any of the spectacled, erudite, blue-blooded Back Bay young persons who, in his family's estimation, would make the sort of a bride he should have. He knew his family thoroughly, and was aware of the fact that to cross them would be disagreeable. So he agreed to the trip around the world, but he had a trick up his sleeve all the time.

To Mary Reise alone he confided it.

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

A most unique challenge has been issued by Alfredo De Oro, who recently regained the title of pool champion of the world by defeating Jerome Keogh at Buffalo recently. The Cuban offers to play anyone a combination game of pool and billiards.

De Oro declares that he would prefer to play a combination game of three cushion caroms and straight pool, 600 points at pool and 300 at three cushion, the man having the highest number of buttons on both strings at the end of the game to be declared the winner.

The Cuban's challenge is directed at Jake Schaefer, Cure, Fournil, Vignaux and other masters of the cue, but if any of the pool players care to accept the conditions De Oro is willing to play them. De Oro's challenge is the result of his position in the pool world. The Cuban is to pool what Jeffries is to the ring. De Oro now has no opponent, and from the outlook no one will care to tackle him at continuous pool in the near future. Finding that he has no more opponents at pool, De Oro faces the choice of engaging in billiards or being idle. De Oro is a capable billiard player, but is hardly as strong as Schaefer, Fournil, Cure, Vignaux and several others. At pool, however, he is their master, and he has hit upon the idea of a compromise between the two games. De Oro is willing to play under the conditions named for a side bet of \$1,000. He declares that such a game would involve neither the pool nor billiard championships, but would be extremely interesting to lovers of both styles of game. De Oro's recent victory over Keogh makes him the undisputed champion, and while there are several topnotchers at pool, not one of them will take a chance with De Oro.

This wonderful Cuban is regarded as the most remarkable pool player of the century. For 17 years he has been champion of the world, with the exception of a few occasions when the title slipped from him by default, owing to illness. But he has never been beaten in a match, with the exception of a rather unimportant one with Al Powers. In his first match against Keogh at St. Louis during the world's fair tournament the score at one stage of the game stood 116 to 67 against De Oro. It looked impossible for the champion to win. The crowd had started to leave the hall, believing that De Oro was finally beaten. But they had not considered the genius of the cue. De Oro went to work in earnest, got the balls rolling right, and Keogh never got another shot except break shots. The score of that game was 125 to 116 in favor of De Oro. In the final game of this tournament the men met again. Strange as it may seem, practically the same thing happened as before. Keogh ran up a score of 120, while De Oro was gathering 66. Not one man in the audience thought that De Oro could repeat. One enthusiast offered to bet \$100 to \$10 against the champion. De Oro took the bet. He nervously twitched his cue, bit the ends of his mustache, and, to the surprise of everyone in the hall, De Oro performed the remarkable feat of running 59 points, shattering the world's pool tournament record. De Oro holds practically every record at pool. He has a record run of 72 at straight pool on a five by ten table. He also has the tournament high-run record of 59, and has been known to make more than 100 points without a miss on more than one occasion at exhibitions.

Australia is a rich field for racing cyclists, that is for the top-notchers. After a tour of the country Ivor Lawson and Floyd MacFarland, two speedy merchants of the cinder track, have returned to this country. While in Australia both Americans made a good showing, but Lawson particularly reached the top of fame by winning the championship of Australia and returned to this country with prizes in cash and other forms valued at \$10,000. He was in about 150 races while in the antipodes, and in course of his tour defeated the famous Dane, Thorvald Ellegard, bicycle racing in Australia has for some years past been one of the most popular forms of amusement, and at one of the recent meets there was an attendance of 24,000 people. Lawson, at these great meets, usually came out victorious, but in the opinion of MacFarland, who made a good showing himself, there was nobody like Taylor, the colored racer, for a drawing card. Australia appears to have gone mad over the black bicyclist, but he could not defeat Lawson. Lawson is an ex-Chicagoan and was one of the Lawson family which was famous in the old cycling days. John Lawson, who died some years ago, gained great fame as a long-distance rider.

N. C. Hopper, of Minneapolis, lowered the world's bicycle record for the three mile open lap race at Ogden, Utah recently. The record was previously held by W. E. Samuelsen and was 6:11. Hopper made the three miles in 6:07 3/5.

Record time was made in the third annual regatta of the American Rowing association over the Henley course on the Schuylkill river at Philadelphia. In the eight-oared junior college event the Cornell crew took first honors and broke the record for the course, which is the same length as the English Henley, one mile and 550 yards. Cornell's time was 6:34. The best previous time was that made by the Argonaut crew of Toronto in 1903, when it rowed the course in 6:26.

The Bad Boy Writes from Naples—Dad Sees Vesuvius and Calls the Servants to Put Out the Fire—They Have Trouble with a "Dago" in Pompeii.

By HON. GEORGE W. PECK. (Ex-Governor of Wisconsin, Former Publisher of Peck's Sun, Author of "Peck's Bad Boy," Etc.)

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.) Naples, Italy.—Dear Old Partner in Crime: Well, sir, we have struck a place that reminds us of home, and your old grocery store. The day we got there dad and I took a walk into the poorer districts, where they throw all the slops and refuse in the streets, and where nobody ever seems to clean up anything and burn it. The odor was something that you cannot describe without a demonstration, and after we had turned pale and started to go away, dad said the smell reminded him of something at home and finally he remembered your old grocery in the sauerkraut season, early in the morning, before you had aired out the place. Your ears must have burned when we were talking about you.

If you want to get an idea of Naples, at its worst, go down into your cellar and round up all the codfish, onions, kraut, limberger cheese, kerosene, rotten potatoes, and everything that is dead, put it all in a bushel basket, and just before the health officers come to pull your place get down on your knees, and put your head down in the basket, and let someone sit on your head all the forenoon, and you will have just such a half day as dad and I had in the poor quarter of Naples, and it will not cost you half as much as it did us, unless, after you have enjoyed yourself in your cellar with your head in the basket, you decide to have a run of sickness and hire a doctor who will charge you the price of a trip to Europe.

Well, sir, Naples is a dandy, in its clean part. The bay of Naples is a dead ringer for Milwaukee bay, in shape and beauty, but Milwaukee lacks Vesuvius and Pompeii, for suburbs, and she lacks the customary highway men to hold you up. Every man, woman and child we have met makes a living out of the tourists, and nobody that I have seen works at any other business.

We woke up the first morning and dad looked out the window and saw Vesuvius belching forth flame, and lava, and stone fences, and wanted to turn in a fire alarm, but I told him that that fire had been raging ever since the Christian era, and was not one of these incendiary barn burnings, but he opened the window and yelled fire, and the porters and chambermaids came running to our room, with buckets of water, and wanted to know where the fire was. Dad pointed out of the window towards Vesuvius and said: "Some hired girl has been starting a fire with kerosene, in that shanty on the knoll out there, and the whole ranch will burn if you don't turn out the fire department, you gosh blasted lazy devils. Get a move on, and help carry out the furniture."

Well, they calmed dad, and then I had to go to work and had dad up on the geography he had forgotten, and finally he remembered seeing a picture of a volcano or burning mountain in his geography 50 years ago, but he told me he never believed there was a volcano in the world, but that he always thought they put those pictures in geographies to make them sell. How a man can attain the prominence and position in the business world that dad has, and not know any more than he does, is what beats me.

Of course you know, having kept a grocery since the war, and having had opportunities to study history, by the pictures on the soap boxes and insurance calendars, that Nero, the Roman tyrant, after Rome was burned, while he fled for a dance in a barn, got so accustomed to fire and brimstone that he retired to Naples and touched off Vesuvius, just so he could look at it. But Vesuvius about 2,000 years ago got to burning way down in its bowels, and the fire got beyond control, and I suppose now the fire is away down in the center of the earth, and you know when you get down in the earth below the crust, on which we live and raise potatoes, everything is melted, like iron in a foundry, and Vesuvius is the spigot through which the fluid comes to the surface. You see, don't you?

Just imagine that this earth is a barrel of beer, which you can understand better than anything else, and it is being shaken up by being hauled around on wagons and cars, and is straining to get out, then a bartender drives a spigot into the bung, turns the thumb piece, and the pent-up beer comes out foaming and squirting, and there you are.

Instead of beer, Vesuvius is loaded with lava, that runs like molasses, and when it is cold it is indigestible as a cold buckwheat cake, and you can make it up into jewelry, that looks like maple sugar and smells like a fire in a garbage crematory. Besides the lava there are stones as big as a house that are thrown up by the sea-sickness of the earth, as it leaves and

peaks, and then the ashes that come out of the crater at times would make you think that what they need there is to have a chimney sweep go down and brush out the flues.

To get an idea of what a nuisance the ashes from the crater are to the cities on the plain below, you remember the time you were out in your back yard splitting boxes for kindling wood, and my chum and I threw a pail of ashes over the fence, and accidentally it went all over you, about four inches thick. That time you got mad and threw cucumbers at us, when we ran down the alley. Keep that in your mind and you can understand the destruction of Pompeii, when Vesuvius, thousands of years ago, coughed up hot ashes, and covered the town 40 feet deep with hot stuff, and killed every living thing, and petrified and preserved the whole business, and made a prairie on top of a town, and everybody eventually forgot that there had ever been a town there, for about 2,000 years. If my chum and I had not run out of ashes we would have buried you so deep in your back yard that you would have been petrified with your hatchet, and when they excavated the premises a thousand years later they would have found your remains and put you in a museum.

Well, a couple of hundred years ago a peasant was sinking a well down in the ashes, and he struck a petrified barroom, with a bartender standing behind the bar in the act of serving some whisky 2,000 years old, and the peasant located a claim there, and the authorities took possession of the prairie and have been digging the town out ever since, looking for more of that 2,000-year-old whisky.

When I told dad about what they were finding at the ruins of Pompeii, and how you were liable to find gold, and diamonds, and petrified women, he wanted to go and dig in the ashes, as he said it would be more exciting than raking over the dumping grounds in Chicago for tin cans and lumps of coal, and so we hired a hack and went to the buried town, but dad insisted on carrying an umbrella, so if Vesuvius belched any more ashes he could protect himself. Gee, but from what I have seen at that old ruin a man would need an umbrella made of corrugated iron to keep from being buried.

Well, when we got to Pompeii dad was for going right where they were digging, but I got him to look over the streets and houses that had been uncovered first, and he was paralyzed to think that a town could be covered with ashes all these thousands of years, and then be uncovered and find a town that would compare, in many respects, with cities of the present day, with residences complete with sculpture, paintings and cut marble that would skin Chicago to a finish.

We went through residences that looked as rich as the Vanderbilts houses in New York, baths that you could take a plunge and a swim in, if they had the water, paintings that would take a premium at any horse show to day, pavements that would shame the pavements of London and Paris, and petrified women that you couldn't tell from a low-necked party in Washington, except that the ashes had eaten the clothes off. I guess most of the people in Pompeii got away when the ashes began to rain down, for they must have seen that it wasn't going to be a light shower, but a deluge, 'cause they never have found many corpses. They must have run to Naples, and may be they are running yet, and you may see some of them at your grocery, and if you do see anybody covered with ashes, looking for a job, give them some crackers and cheese, and charge it to dad, for they must be hungry by this time.

Say, do you know that some of those refugees from Pompeii went off in such a hurry that they left bread baking in the ovens, and meat cooking in the pots? It seems the most wonderful thing to me of anything I ever saw. We went all through the streets and houses, and saw ballrooms that beat anything in San Francisco, and when we went into a building occupied by the officers in charge of the excavations, and dad saw a telephone and an electric light, he thought those things had been dug up, too, and he claimed that the men who were receiving millions of dollars in royalties on telephones and electric lights were frauds who were infringing on Pompeii patents 2,000 years old, and he wouldn't believe me when I told him that telephones and electric lights were not dug up, he said then he wouldn't believe

anything was dug up, but that the whole thing was a put-up job to rob tourists. But when we got to a locality where the dagoes were digging the ashes away from a house, and were uncovering a parlor, where rich things were being discovered, he saw that it was all right.

I suppose I never ought to have played such a thing on dad, but I told him that anybody who saw a thing first when it came out of the ashes could grab it and keep it, and just as I told him a workman threw out a shovel full of ashes, just as you would throw out dirt digging for silver worms, and there was a little silver urn with a lot of coins in it, and you could not hold dad. He grabbed for

it, the workman grabbed for it, and they went down together in the ashes, and the man rolled dad over and he was a sight, but the workman got the silver urn, and dad wanted to fight. Finally a man with a uniform on came along and was going to arrest dad, but they finally compromised by the man offering to sell the silver urn and the gold coins to dad for a hundred dollars. If he would promise not to open it up until he got out of Italy, and dad paid the money and wrapped the urn up in a Chicago paper, and we took our hack and went back to Naples on a gallop.

Dad could hardly wait till we got to the hotel before opening up his prize, but he held out until we got to our room, when he unwrapped the urn to count his ancient gold coins. Well, you'd a-died to see dad's face when he opened that can. It was an old tomato can that had been wrought out with a hammer so it looked like hammered silver, and when he emptied the gold coins out on the table there was a lot of brass tags that looked like dog license tags, and baggage checks, and brass buttons. I had to throw water on dad to bring him to, and then he swore he would get out of Italy, and dad sold him the treasure from the ruins of Pompeii. It was a great blow to dad, and he has bought a dirk knife to kill the dago.

To-morrow we take in Vesuvius, and when we come down from the crater we go to Pompeii and kill the dago in his tracks. Dad may cause Vesuvius to belch again with hot ashes, and cover the ruins of Pompeii, but if he can't turn on the ashes, the knife will do the business. Yours, HENRY.

UNIQUE FIGURE IN HISTORY

Mark Twain Says Joan of Arc Stands Alone in Story of World.

In Harper's Magazine for December Mark Twain, who has recently made a thorough study of the original documents bearing on the life of Joan of Arc, pays a wonderful tribute to this slight girl, whom he calls "by far the most extraordinary person the human race has ever produced."

"All the rules fall in this girl's case. In the world's history she stands alone—quite alone. Others have been great in their first public exhibitions of generalship, valor, legal talent, diplomacy, fortitude; but always their previous years and associations had been in a larger and smaller degree a preparation for these things. There have been no exceptions to the rule. But Joan was competent in a law case at 15 without ever having seen a law book or a courthouse before; she had no training in soldiering; she was a competent general in her first campaign; she was brave in her first battle, yet her courage had had no education—not even the education which a boy's courage gets from never-ceasing reminders that it is not permissible in a boy to be a coward, but only in a girl; friendless, alone, ignorant, in the bosom of her youth, she sat week after week a prisoner in chains, before her assembly of judges, enemies hunting her to her death, the ablest ministers of France, and answered them out of an untaught wisdom which overmatched their learning, baffled their tricks and treacheries with a native sagacity which compelled their wonder, and scored every day a victory against these incredible odds and camped unchallenged on the field. In the history of the human intellect, untrained, inexperienced, and using only its birthright equipment of untried capacity, there is nothing which approaches this. Joan of Arc stands alone, and must continue to stand alone, by reason of the unfulfilled fact that in the things wherein she was great she was without shade or suggestion of help from preparatory teaching, practice or environment."

AND I THREW A PAIL OF ASHES OVER THE FENCE.

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PECK'S BAD BOY ABROAD

The Bad Boy Writes from Naples—Dad Sees Vesuvius and Calls the Servants to Put Out the Fire—They Have Trouble with a "Dago" in Pompeii.

By HON. GEORGE W. PECK. (Ex-Governor of Wisconsin, Former Publisher of Peck's Sun, Author of "Peck's Bad Boy," Etc.)

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.) Naples, Italy.—Dear Old Partner in Crime: Well, sir, we have struck a place that reminds us of home, and your old grocery store. The day we got there dad and I took a walk into the poorer districts, where they throw all the slops and refuse in the streets, and where nobody ever seems to clean up anything and burn it. The odor was something that you cannot describe without a demonstration, and after we had turned pale and started to go away, dad said the smell reminded him of something at home and finally he remembered your old grocery in the sauerkraut season, early in the morning, before you had aired out the place. Your ears must have burned when we were talking about you.

If you want to get an idea of Naples, at its worst, go down into your cellar and round up all the codfish, onions, kraut, limberger cheese, kerosene, rotten potatoes, and everything that is dead, put it all in a bushel basket, and just before the health officers come to pull your place get down on your knees, and put your head down in the basket, and let someone sit on your head all the forenoon, and you will have just such a half day as dad and I had in the poor quarter of Naples, and it will not cost you half as much as it did us, unless, after you have enjoyed yourself in your cellar with your head in the basket, you decide to have a run of sickness and hire a doctor who will charge you the price of a trip to Europe.

Well, sir, Naples is a dandy, in its clean part. The bay of Naples is a dead ringer for Milwaukee bay, in shape and beauty, but Milwaukee lacks Vesuvius and Pompeii, for suburbs, and she lacks the customary highway men to hold you up. Every man, woman and child we have met makes a living out of the tourists, and nobody that I have seen works at any other business.

We woke up the first morning and dad looked out the window and saw Vesuvius belching forth flame, and lava, and stone fences, and wanted to turn in a fire alarm, but I told him that that fire had been raging ever since the Christian era, and was not one of these incendiary barn burnings, but he opened the window and yelled fire, and the porters and chambermaids came running to our room, with buckets of water, and wanted to know where the fire was. Dad pointed out of the window towards Vesuvius and said: "Some hired girl has been starting a fire with kerosene, in that shanty on the knoll out there, and the whole ranch will burn if you don't turn out the fire department, you gosh blasted lazy devils. Get a move on, and help carry out the furniture."

Well, they calmed dad, and then I had to go to work and had dad up on the geography he had forgotten, and finally he remembered seeing a picture of a volcano or burning mountain in his geography 50 years ago, but he told me he never believed there was a volcano in the world, but that he always thought they put those pictures in geographies to make them sell. How a man can attain the prominence and position in the business world that dad has, and not know any more than he does, is what beats me.

Of course you know, having kept a grocery since the war, and having had opportunities to study history, by the pictures on the soap boxes and insurance calendars, that Nero, the Roman tyrant, after Rome was burned, while he fled for a dance in a barn, got so accustomed to fire and brimstone that he retired to Naples and touched off Vesuvius, just so he could look at it. But Vesuvius about 2,000 years ago got to burning way down in its bowels, and the fire got beyond control, and I suppose now the fire is away down in the center of the earth, and you know when you get down in the earth below the crust, on which we live and raise potatoes, everything is melted, like iron in a foundry, and Vesuvius is the spigot through which the fluid comes to the surface. You see, don't you?

Just imagine that this earth is a barrel of beer, which you can understand better than anything else, and it is being shaken up by being hauled around on wagons and cars, and is straining to get out, then a bartender drives a spigot into the bung, turns the thumb piece, and the pent-up beer comes out foaming and squirting, and there you are.

Instead of beer, Vesuvius is loaded with lava, that runs like molasses, and when it is cold it is indigestible as a cold buckwheat cake, and you can make it up into jewelry, that looks like maple sugar and smells like a fire in a garbage crematory. Besides the lava there are stones as big as a house that are thrown up by the sea-sickness of the earth, as it leaves and

peaks, and then the ashes that come out of the crater at times would make you think that what they need there is to have a chimney sweep go down and brush out the flues.

To get an idea of what a nuisance the ashes from the crater are to the cities on the plain below, you remember the time you were out in your back yard splitting boxes for kindling wood, and my chum and I threw a pail of ashes over the fence, and accidentally it went all over you, about four inches thick. That time you got mad and threw cucumbers at us, when we