

HEADS HAD BOY

The Bad Boy Goes to Belgium—Dad Buys Fake Souvenirs at Waterloo—He Goes Swimming with King Leopold and the Bad Boy Ties Up Their Clothes.

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK
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Brussels, Belgium.—Dear Old Skating: "What is the matter with our going to Belgium?" said dad to me, as we were escaping from Germany.

"Well, what in thunder do we want to go to Belgium for?" said I to dad. "I do not want to go to a country that has no visible means of support, except raising Belgian hares, to sell to crackpots in America. I couldn't eat rabbits without thinking I was chewing a piece of house cat, and rabbits is the chief food of the people. I have eaten horse and mule in Paris, and wormy figs in Turkey, and embalmed beef fried in candle grease in Russia, and sausage in Germany, imported from the Leutgard sausage factory in Chicago, and stuff in Egypt with ground mummy for curry powder, but I draw the line on Belgian hares, and I strike right here, and shall have the International Union of Amalgamated Tourists declare a boycott on Belgium," said I just like that, bristling up to dad real spunky.

"You are going to Belgium, all right," said dad, as he took hold of my thumb in a jiu jitsu fashion, and twisted it backward until I fairly peneued, and held it, while he said he should never dare go home without visiting King Leopold's kingdom, and having a talk with an 80-year-old male flirt, who had a thousand chorus girls on his staff and

could give the sultan of Turkey cards and spades and little casino in the barem game.

"You will go along, won't you, bub?" and he gave my thumb another twist, and I said: "You bet your life, but I won't do a thing to you and Leopold before we get out of the Belgian hare belt," and so here we are, looking for trouble.

It is strange we never hear more about Belgium in America, but actually, I never heard of a Belgian settling in the United States. There are Irish, and Germans, and Norwegians, and Italians, and men of all other countries, but I never saw a Belgian until to-day, and it does you good to see a people who don't do anything but work. There is not a loafer in Belgium, and every man has smut on his nose, and his hands are black with handling iron, or something. There is no law against people going away from Belgium, but they all like it here, and seem to think there is no other country, and they are happy and work from choice.

I always knew the Belgian guns that sell in America for 12 shillings and kill at both ends, but I never knew they made things here that were worth anything, but dad says they are better fixed here for making everything used by civilized people than any country on earth, and I am glad to be here, cause you get notice when you are going to be robbed. They ring a bell here every minute to give you notice that some one is after the coin, so when you hear a bell ring, if you hang on to your pocketbook, you don't lose.

This is the place where "There was a sound of revelry at night, and Belgium's capital had gathered there." You remember the night before the battle of Waterloo, when Napoleon Bonaparte got his "You must remember about it, old man, just when they were right in the midst of the dance, and "soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again," and they were taking a champagne bath, inside and out, when suddenly the opening guns of Waterloo, twelve miles away, began to boom, and the poet, who was present, said: "But hush, hark—a deep sound like a rising knell," and everybody turned pale and began to stampe, when the floor manager said, "This but the wind, or the car on the stony street, on with the dance; let joy be unconquered; no sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet, to chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

Well, sir, this is the place where that ball took place, which is described in the peace I used to speak in school, but I never thought I would be here, right where the dancers got it in the neck. When dad found that the battlefield of Waterloo was only a few miles away, he hired a wagon and we went out there.

Well, sir, of all the frauds we have run across on this trip the battlefield of Waterloo is the worst. When the farmers who are raising barley and baled hay on the battlefield, saw us coming, they dropped their work and made a rush for us, and one fellow yelled something in the Belgian language that sounded like, "I saw them first," and he got hold of dad and me, and the rest stood off like a lot of hack drivers that have seen a customer fall into the hands of another driver, and made up faces at us, and called the farmer who had caught us the vilest names. They said we would be skinned to a finish by the baker who got us, and they were right. He showed us from a high hill where the different portions of the battle were fought, and where they caught Napoleon Bonaparte, and where Blucher came up and made things hum in the German

language, and then he took us off to his farm where the most of the relics were found, and began to sell things to dad, until he had filled the hind end of the wagon with bullets and grape shot, sabers and bayonets, old rusty rifles, and everything dad wanted, and we had enough to fill a museum, and when the farmer had got dad's money we went back to Brussels, and got our stuff unloaded at the hotel. Say, when we came to look it over we found two rusty Colt's revolvers, and guns of modern construction, which have been bought on the battlefields in all countries, and properly rusted to sell to tourists. I showed dad that the revolver was unknown at the time of the battle of Waterloo, and that every article he had bought was a fraud, the sabers having been made in America, before the war of the rebellion, and dad was mad, and gave the stuff to the porter of the hotel, who charged dad seven dollars for taking it away.

Dad kept one three-cornered hat that the farmer told him Bonaparte lost when his horse stamped with him, and it had drifted under a barbed wire fence, where it had lain until the day before we visited the battlefield. Say, that hat is as good as new, and dad says it is worth all the stuff cost, but I would not be found dead wearing it, cause it is all out of style.

We have seen the king of Belgium, and actually got the worth of our money. He is an old dandy, and looks like a Philadelphia quaker, only he is not as plump as a quaker. Dad wrote to the king and said he was a distinguished American traveling for his health, and had a niece who had frequently visited Belgium with an opera company, and she had spoken of the king, and dad wanted to talk over matters that might be of interest both to Belgium and to America. Well, the messenger came back and said dad couldn't get to the palace a minute too quick, and so we went over, and as we were going through the park we saw an old man in citizen's clothes, sitting on a bench, patting the head of a bound dog when he saw us he said, "Come here, Uncle Sam, and let my dog chew your pants."

Dad thought it must be some lunatic, and was going to make a sneak and get out, when the man rose up and we saw it was the king, and we went up to him and sat down on the bench, and he asked dad if he had come as a relative of the opera singer, to commence suit against the king for breach of promise, or to settle for a money consideration, remarking that he had always rather pay cash than to have any fuss made about these little matters. Dad told him he had no claim against him for alienating anybody's affections, or for breach of promise, and that all he wanted was to have a little talk with the king and find out how a king lived, and how he had any fun in running the king business, at his age, and they sat down and began to talk as friendly as two old chums, while the dog played tag with me. We found the king was a regular boy, and that instead of his mind being occupied by affairs of state, or his African conquests with Congo country, where he owns a few million slaves who steal ivory for him, and murder other tribes, he was enjoying life just as he did when he was a barefooted boy, fishing for perch at the old mill pond, and when he mentioned his career as a boy, and his enjoyments, dad told about his youth, and how he never got so much pleasure in after life as he did when he had a stone bruise on his heel, and went off into the woods and cut a tamarack pole and caught sunfish till the cows came home.

The king brightened up and told dad he had a pond in the palace grounds, stocked with old fashioned fish, and every day he took off his shoes and rolled up his pants, and with nothing on but his shirt and pants held up by one suspender of striped bed ticking, he went out in a boat and fished as he did when a boy, with a bent pin for a hook, and he was never so happy as when so engaged, and they could all have their grand functions and balls and dinners and Turkish baths, if they wanted them, but give him the old swimming hole.

"Me, too," said dad, and as dad looked down into the park he saw a little lake, and dad held up two fingers, just as boys do when they mean to say, "come on, let's go in swimming," and the king said, "I'll go you, and they looked at each other and started through the woods to the little lake, and the dog and I followed.

The king began to peel his clothes off.

Well, sir, you'd a dide to see dad and Leopold make a rush for that swimming place. The king put his hand in the water, and said it was fine, and began to peel his clothes off, and dad took off his clothes, and the king made a jump and went in all over, and came up with his eyes full of water, strangling because he did not hold his nose, and then dad made a leap and splashed the water like an elephant had fallen in, and there those two old men were in the lake, just like kids.

"I'll swim you a match to the other side," said the king. "It's a go," said dad, and they started porpoising across the little lake, and then I thought it was time there was something doing, so I got busy and tied their clothes in knots so tight you couldn't get them untied without an act of parliament. They went ashore on the opposite side of the lake, cause some women were driving through the grounds, and then I found a sock of goats grazing on the lawn, and the dog and I drove them to where the clothes were tied in knots, and when the goats began to chew the clothes I took the dog and went back to the entrance of the park, and dad and the king swam back to where the clothes and the goats were, and when they drove the goats away and couldn't untie the knots, the king gave the

grand halloo sign of distress, or something, and the guards of the palace and some cavalry came on the run, and the park seemed filled with an army, and I hid the dog good-by and went back to the hotel alone, and waited for dad.

Dad didn't get back till after dark, and when he came he had on a suit of the king's clothes, too tight around the stomach and too long in the legs, cause dad is puffy, and the king is long geared.

"Did you have a good time, dad?" says I, and he said, "Haven't you got any respect for age, condemn you. The king has ordered that you be fed to the animals in the zoo."

I told him that I didn't care what they did with me, I had been brought up to tie knots in clothes when I saw people in swimming, and I didn't care whether they were crowned heads or just plain dubs, and I asked dad how they got along when their clothes were chewed up. He said the soldiers covered them with ponchos and got them to the palace, and they had supper, he and the king, and the servants brought out a lot of clothes and he got the best fit he could.

I asked him if the king was actually mad, and he said no, that he always enjoyed such things, and wanted dad and I to come the next day and go fishing with him, barefooted. Say, dad can go, but I wouldn't be caught by that king, on a bet. He would get even, sure, cause he has a hook in his eye like they have in a sanitarium. Not any king business for your little HENRY.

THE KING GAVE THE GRAND HAILING SIGN.

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IN THE METROPOLIS

GOOD TIMES HAD BY STRANGER "SEEING NEW YORK."

SOME OF CITY'S MUSEUMS

The Kosher Bakers of New York a Pale, Puffy, Unwholesome Lot—Assemblyman Hartman Their Champion.

NEW YORK.—Taking a short cut through Wall street last Sunday on my way from a suburban boat, I saw six people sitting on the steps of the subway eating luncheon. They were a part of the vast army of sight-seers in town the advance guard of the yet bigger army that will pass in review from now until the end of October.

It's a good place to eat luncheon—on Sunday. Of a week day before three p. m. it is the busiest corner in the world, not even excepting Thirteenth street by the Bank of England. For there the buildings are not so high. Right where Silas or Elijah sat, a chin-bearded, elderly man chewed vigorously a ham sandwich, Washington from his balcony addressed the cheering throng at the close of the revolution. Diagonally across from Silas and his women folk was J. P. Morgan's office, modestly enough housed in a building which cannot last much longer, because it is only eight stories high, and the land there is worth not less than \$30,000,000 an acre. To the right the sandwich eater could look up at Trinity church, dwarfed by the canyon of high buildings that now encamp Broad street, where the curb market on week days howls to the left and to the right rises the beautiful marble facade of the new stock exchange, with the hotly debated statue in its pediment. Of course, everybody has to decide for himself whether they are immoral or not—after a careful inspection.

I can imagine that a "Seeing-New Yorker" has a pretty good time of it for a delirious week. He rides on a rubber-neck coach through Chinatown, where they may murder some one any time for his especial amusement, he is permitted to understand. He strolls or rides up Fifth avenue and gazes at the costly houses of the millionaires—every bus driver names them for a trifling fee to those who ride on top. He goes to Bedlow's island and climbs up the Statue of Liberty, something that neither I nor any other nine of ten New Yorkers have ever done. He sees the navy yard as far as they will let him—well, I remember when you could walk anywhere through the woods! He goes to Coney Island, and there is nothing like that anywhere else on earth; that's some comfort.

The Real New York.

ANY or most of these things are worth seeing. But they are not New York. A wise man from Sa v a n n a h said to me: "Whenever I am in New York there are three things I always see: The Bronx zoo, the museum of natural history and the Metropolitan museum." That was a pretty good list to begin with.

The zoo is by long odds and beyond all comparison the finest in the world, the animals being especially fortunate in having plenty of space. The natural history museum is also unsurpassed in many lines.

It would be no bad idea for the visitor, if he has time, to study what the museum is doing for the school children. Thousands of the little people scarcely ever see so much as a tree, to say nothing of any wild animal. For these the museum makes up small traveling cases of stuffed animals and birds and sends them about from school to school like a book from a circulating library. Each case may contain a dozen birds, small animals or specimens of mineral. A description of the habits of the inhabitants of each case goes with it, and the children write little stories of such common things as the kingfisher and the owl. It is rather pathetic, but it is better than nothing.

The third of the trio named by my friend from Savannah stands upon a lower plane. The Metropolitan museum cannot compare in famous pictures and great statues with the old collections of Europe, but in some special lines of collection it has priceless treasures.

"If I were going to 'see New York,' knowing what I know of it, I should not omit Fifth avenue or the navy yard, but I'd put in the museums. I'd get some little conception of the great charities of the town. I'd look at one or two of the hospitals so far as a visitor may. I'd take in Miss Liberty—'I always have meant to go down there some day—but I should by no means neglect seeing a big ocean steamer. And I wouldn't go near Greenwood cemetery; one gets there soon enough."

SCENES IN NORWAY

EVERY-DAY LIFE OF THE PEOPLE VERY PICTURESQUE.

It Is Not the Great Beetling Crags and Monster Waterfalls That Tempt the Tourists' Camera Oftener.

Many a tourist in Norway with an eye for the picturesque will find that the scenes which tempt his kodak most frequently, and linger most pleasantly in his mind, are not the typical fjord scenes—great beetling crags, monster waterfalls and the like—but humble, human, scenes of the every-day life of the people. Some little homestead, set in a frame of most brilliant green that slopes away to the water's edge, stamped indelibly on his mind as symbolic of all that is peaceful and calm.

Or, as the fjord steamer brings a breath of the outside world to one or other of the many unpretentious little landing-places, he may catch a glimpse of strange fellow-passengers—here a patient cow, there a dozen frightened sheep, a goat or a calf, all making use of the water-way for lack of other means of transportation. If the traveler is spending Sunday close to the shore of the fjord, he may witness the arrival for church of a large part of the congregation in boats. In the Hardanger district, where a picturesque costume is still worn by the women, it is no uncommon sight to see the Sabbath toilet being completed on the beach. The large linen head-dress is an elaborate affair, spotlessly white, starched and stiffened, and apparently only capable of being satisfactorily adjusted by the nimble fingers of a friend. It is the badge of matrimony, and may not be worn by spinsters and little girls, who drape their heads in modest shawls, or so bareheaded with their hair hanging in neat plaits. The whole costume is extremely picturesque, and may well claim the photographer's attention, though the camera fails to do justice to the pleasing combination of black skirt, white chemise and bright scarlet bodice, bordered with quaint embroidery. In among the birch trees, with a background of precipitous gray mountains, the little groups of women on their way home from church form a very tempting subject.

Perhaps it is when one leaves the fjords and the beaten tourist track and wanders up into the hills that one comes across scenes the most attractive and most typical of the country.

Hay-making here has its peculiarities. The field is probably a narrow patch of soil on the mountain-side redeemed from barrenness, as the heap of gathered stones can testify. An indispensable feature is the railing on which the grass is hung to dry. Sometimes a high wind will blow all the hay away, but on the whole the system seems sensible, in view of the usual damp state of the ground. Often a man may be seen laboriously mowing

THE INSURANCE INVESTIGATION.

HE insurance companies are making no effort to cast obloquy on the way the members of the legislative investigating committee. That stage may come later. Meanwhile practically every great company has been busily cleaning house in preparation for the storm which may descend upon them. Paul Morton is causing a thorough examination of the affairs of the Equitable. Petty graft is being abolished, salaries of ornamental officials cut, agents' commissions closely looked after. Other companies are doing somewhat similar work, though less vigorously.

Mr. Hughes, the chief counsel of the committee, is a marvel of capacity for hard work. He has a giant's task; if he carries it through to the satisfaction of the people he may be heard from politically.

And political material in New York is scarce. All summer long the fusionists who have been considering possible candidates for mayor have hit upon no name. If they had inserted an advertisement, "Wanted—A bright, young Brooklyn democrat; magnetic, a good speaker, not connected with the Ring, not tangled up with trusts in any way, to run for mayor" no one could have answered it. Edward M. Shepard is all that is here stated, and a man of much ability on the stump or at his desk; a man who may yet be heard from; but he has yet to expiate having run as a Tammany candidate against Seth Low, Comptroller Grout, honest, able, ambitious, non-magnetic, a good, but not a rousing speaker, accepted Murphy's endorsement two years ago. That settled him.

It sounds absurd to say that William Travers Jerome was badly wanted both for the district attorneyship and the mayoralty nominations, because he was the only man—really needed in both places, but that was the absolute truth. New York is shy of capable politicians. Young Burton Harrison may be such a man in time; he is only 23, and not as yet tactful. New York city has no able man in congress. Metropolitan talent doesn't seem to run to politics. If Hughes can "make good" he will be available for all sorts of things.

Building a Greater City.

HERE are in the metropolitan circuit of 50 miles about New York 6,000,000 people. There are going to be 15,000,000 within the time of some of those who read this. The work of providing for them keeps the builders busy.

OLD CITY FASCINATES

ANCIENT CAPITAL OF JAPAN CHARMS VISITORS.

Nara Also Commands Attention of Tourists—Is Still Regarded as Holy Place of Pilgrimage—Famous Rapids Delight Sightseers.

There are many charming expeditions in the neighborhood of Kyoto, the old capital of Japan, and one of the most fascinating is the ancient city of Nara, still a holy place of pilgrimage.

The railway between the two places runs through the famous tea plantations of Uji, where whole hillsides are covered with low, thick bushes, most of them carefully protected from the sun by matted awnings. Here the finest Japanese teas are grown and prepared, only the youngest leaves or buds being plucked off by the pickers for use; and these choice teas are not exported, but are consumed by the court circles and rich Japanese. All this, is, so to speak, garden cultivation, for each family works independently in quite a small way, more japonica, and there are no

large firing or selling establishments, as in Assam and Ceylon.

At Nara one wanders between lines of moss-covered stone-lanterns, along a grand old avenue of tall, needle-like cryptomerias, up to the temple of Kasuga, where the young Shinto priestesses perform with slow gliding movements the sacred Kagura dance, to music provided by an orchestra of three priests with drums and flute. Then after feeding the tame deer that roam about the temple grounds, and visiting several other Shinto shrines and Buddhist temples—not forgetting the Dabutsu, or Great Image of Buddha—53 feet high—one finally picnics out in a lovely park amidst ideal surroundings, seated under a trellis of wistaria, whose giant festoons four feet in length hang from above, while azaleas of every conceivable color are massed in front.

The Japanese, by the way, have named wistaria fuji or "pearless," after their sacred mountain, and they train it over bamboo so that it forms a roof or canopy. Sometimes an open-air teahouse consists of nothing but a frame, with purple or white wistaria growing over it, and visitors marvel greatly that English gardeners do not treat wistaria in the same way when erecting arbors, for it is economical as well as ornamental, and as all know "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever!"

Another delightful day may be spent in shooting the famous rapids of the Katsuragawa, an exciting experience after heavy rains. The boats take about an hour and a half to make the descent of 13 miles, and the scenery throughout the passage is charming, the river rushing between numerous rocks and islets, with precipitous wooded hills rising abruptly on either side, bright in May with scarlet azaleas, wistaria and the beautiful iris japonica. These flat-bottomed boats are called "squeezers," because their thin, elastic boards bend with every motion of the water, and "give" when they meet a sunken rock, and they are guided by boatmen with bamboo poles in front and one yula (Japanese oar) at the stern.

Lake Biwa, a beautiful sheet of water with an area equal to that of Lake Geneva, is within a short distance of Kyoto, and tourists spend several days exploring its beauties. At Karasaki on the shores of the lake is seen "the largest pine tree in the world," with boughs trained laterally in a Japanese so that they measure 288 feet by 240 feet across; and very noticeable were the curious arrow-shaped fish traps (traps) into which the fish are driven, and being once in cannot get out again. A visitor to Japan says: At Madera several hundred Russian prisoners stare visitors out of countenance, looking very jolly and happy in their short fur coats and caps, notwithstanding the warmth of the day. A little further on we heard sounds of hilarity from the dining-room of the hotel, while we were having tea in the verandah, and further investigation showed two smart Russian officers in full uniform, each with a bottle of wine in front of him, and four pretty nesan (Japanese waitresses) in attendance, all smiles and delight. The proprietor told us that the Russian prisoners were allowed out on parole every day, and that the officers "always dined and spent the afternoon at his hotel. He added with fervor: "They are all gentlemen—these Russians—they drink nothing but champagne and the best cognac," and from his beaming expression one could see that he will greatly regret their departure for their own country.

Wouldn't Be Missed.

A London Chronicle reporter who was fully alive to the dangers of his situation wrote as follows from the scene of the recent automobile races at Brighton, England: "Motor cars at racing speed sometimes run out of the course, and to prevent the possibility of any loss of valuable lives the ground level of the promenade will be occupied only by representatives of the press."

What's in a Name?

Diner at Table D'Hotel—Here, waiter, this hashed mutton's bad; it's gone off—it isn't fit to eat. Pshaw! just smell it!

Below the rapids of the Katsuragawa.

Stacked grain.

Building a Greater City.

Stacked grain.

Stacked grain.

Stacked grain.

Stacked grain.

Stacked grain.

Stacked grain.

Stacked grain.