

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. (Ex-Governor of Wisconsin, Former Edi-tor of "Peck's Sun," Author of "Peck's Bad Boy," Etc.) (Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Brussels, Belgium.-Dear Old Skate: "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 cranks 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 be of interest both to Belgium and up to dad real spunky

"You are going to Belgium, all right," said dad, as he took hold of my thumb palace a minute too quick, and so we in a jiu jitsu fashion, and twisted it went over, and as we were going backward until I fairly penuked, and through the park we saw an old man in held it, while he said he should never citizen's clothes, sitting on a bench, patdare go home without visiting King ting the head of a boar hound, and when Leopold's kingdom, and having a talk he saw us he said, "Come here, Uncle with an 80-year-old male flirt, who had Sam, and let my dog cnew your pants." a thousand chorus girls on his staff and



AND BEGAN TO SELL THINGS TO DAD.

could give the sultan of Turkey cards and spades and little casino in the harem 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, never saw a Belgian until to-day, and it on but a shirt, and pants held up by does you good to see a people who don't one suspender of striped bed ticking, he do anything but work. There is not a went out in a boat and fished as he did only is it one of the best, but it is loafer in Belgium, and every man has when a boy, with a bent pin for a hook, the safest point whence to study the smut on his nose, and his hands are and he was never so happy as when so black with handling iron, or something. engaged, and they could all have their There is no law against people going grand functions and balls and dinners away from Belgium, but they all like and Turkish baths, if they wanted Places down below are malarial. This it here, and seem to think there is no them, but give him the old swimming other country, and they are happy and hole. work from choice.

sell in America for 12 shillings and kill and dad held up two fingers, just as boys at both ends, but I never knew they do when they mean to say. "Come on, thing, but dad says they are better fixed said, "I'll go you," and they locked arms here for making everything used by and started through the woods to the civilized people than any country on little lake, and the dog and I followed. earth, and I am glad to be here, cause you get notice when you are going to be 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 stampede, when the floor manager said, "'Tis but the wind, or the car on the stony street, on with the dance; let joy be unconfined; no sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet, to chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

ball took place, which is described in the peace I used to speak in school, but a jump and went in all over, and came I never thought I would be here, right where the dancers got it in the neck. 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 sounded like, "I saw them first," and he

the different portions of the battle were Bonaparte, and where Blucher came up and made things hum in the German untie the knots, the king gave the American race.—Century.

found, and began to sell things to dad, until he had filled the hind end of the tabers and bayonets, old rusty rifles, the hotel alone, and waited for dad. to look it over we found two rusty Colt's | geared. revolvers, and guns of modern construcbattlefields in all countries, and propdad that the revolver was unknown at animals in the zoo." the time of the battle of Waterloo, and 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 stampeded 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 plous 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 THE KING GAVE THE GRAND HAIL to America. Well, the messenger came back and said dad couldn't get to the

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 can go, but I wouldn't be caught by that the king for breach of promise or to the king for breach of promise, or to settle for a money consideration, remarking that he had always rather pay business for your little these little matters. Dad told him he had no claim against him for alienating VASTNESS OF MOUNT ETNA anybody's affections, or for breach of promise, and that all he wanted was to Circumference of the Highest of All 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 concessions with Congo country, where he owns a few million slaves as he did when he was a barefooted boy, fishing for perch at the old mill pond, and when he mentioned his career as

the cows came home.

"Me, too," said dad, and as dad looke I always knew the Belgian guns that down into the park he saw a little lake, made things here that were worth any- let's go in swimming," and the king



THE KING BEGAN TO PEEL HIS . CLOTHES OFF.

Well, sir, you'd a dide to see dad and copold make a rush for that swimming place. The king put his hand in ying feet."

the water, and said it was fine, and began to peel his clothes off, and dad took off his clothes, and the king made up with his eyes full of water, strangling because he did not hold his nose. When dad found that the battlefield of 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.

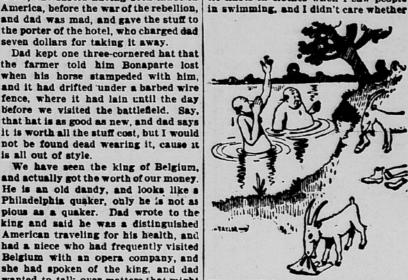
"I'll swim you a match to the other side." said the king. "It's a go," said dad, and they started porpoising across and iron, of our fat fields of corn and hay on the battlefield, saw us coming, the little lake, and then I thought it was they dropped their work and made a time there was something doing, so I rush for us, and one fellow yelled some- got busy and tied their clothes in knots thing in the Belgian language that so tight you couldn't get them untied the so tight you couldn't get them untied the so tight you couldn't get them untied the so often sweeps across the land got hold of dad and me, and the rest went ashore on the opposite side of the and sends the thermometer tumbling atood off like a lot of back drivers that lake, cause some women were driving 30 degrees in almost as many minutes, have seen a customer fall into the hands | through the grounds, and then I found of another driver, and made up faces at a flock of goats grazing on the lawn, us, and called the farmer who had and the dog and I drove them to where acts as a tonic, but, unlike any tonic caught us the vilest names. They said the clothes were tied in knots, and made by man, it carries no reaction. we would be skinned to a finish by the when the goats began to chew the No other land has cold waves like faker who got us, and they were right. clothes I took the dog and went back ours. To the cold, dry air of this pe-He showed us from a high hill where to the entrance of the park, and dad riodic cold wave, which brings extraand the king swam back to where the ordinary changes of temperature, we fought, and where they caught Napoleon clothes and the goats were, and when owe much of the keen, alert mind, the

go, and then he took us off to his grand halling sign of distress, or se farm where the most of the relics were thing, and the guards of the palace and found, and began to sell things to dad, some cavalry came on the run, and the until he had filled the hind end of the park seemed filled with an army, and I wagon with bullets and grape shot, bid the dog good-by and went back to

and everything dad wanted, and we had Dad didn't get back till after dark, nough to fill a museum, and when the and when he came he had on a suit of farmer had got dad's money we went | the king's clothes, too tight around the back to Brussels, and got our stuff un- stomach and too long in the legs, cause loaded at the hotel. Say, when we came | dad is pussy, and the king is long

"Did you have a good time, dad?" says ion, which have been bought on the I, and he said, "Haven't you got any respect for age, condemn you. The erly rusted to sell to tourists. I showed king has ordered that you be fed to the

I told him that I didn't care what they that every article he had bought was a did with me, I had been brought up to fraud, the sabers having been made in tie knots in clothes when I saw people



ING SIGN.

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

HENNERY.

Volcanoes at Its Base Is Ninety Miles.

"Just come out. Yes, it is visible!" So it was. But how different from the Mount Etna of our imagination! Its very vastness dwarfed it. We had not realized that the highest volcano in Europe was 90 miles in circumference at its base, says a Sicilian letter in the who steal ivory for him, and murder Christian Register. The slope is so ber when you could wander anywhere other tribes, he was enjoying life just gradual from base to summit that the ing 11,000 feet above the plain and sea a boy, and his enjoyments, dad told and produces something like a disapabout his youth, and how he never got pointment. Then, too, this morning so much pleasure in after life as he did | there is no smoke. The snow scarcely when he had a stone bruise on his heel, comes down more than 3,000 feet; the and went off into the woods and cut a long slopes below are clothed with foramarack pole and caught sunfish till ests. But the summit is clear and glittering in the sunlight. This for a few The king brightened up and told dad minutes only. Then the clouds wrap he had a pond in the palace grounds, themselves round the head of our disstocked with old fashioned fish, and appointment. We hope the monarch every day he took off his shoes and will uncover and show himself longer nother day.

Taormina is rapidly becoming the popular tourist resort of Sicily. Not effect of light and shade on the mighty slopes of Etna and the long and jagged coast line of the ever-foaming sea. place is high in air, above all risk of malarial fever. It is also extremely picturesque-some one called it "madly picturesque." It lies on a shelf of limestone rock, one long street with rib-like lanes ascending and descending on either side. Above and behind this one long street three tall, jagged peaks fling themselves wildly upward against the sky, like "mountains altoby "mountain insanity" let him come to Taormina.

sending a chill air or a tempest or rain almost every day. One day, to the delight of the Taorminians, he covered all the ground with snow. After nothing. a night of storm, on the morning of our last Sicilian day, he stood forth in all the glory of his majestic greatness. No single mountain we had ever seen had presented outline so simple, so grand. From the most distant upslope of his base to the dazzling whiteness of his summit not a suggestion of cloud; all the eyes that had waited so long were uplifted, fixed upon him. Taormina was not. Etna was everything. How stupendous a presence What individuality! Not one of a range, but standing there alone; not beautiful, but more than that-sublime; strong and mighty, his head clearly outlined against the brilliant sky! Nor is this the mood of an hour. All the day he stood forth shadowless. It was enough, all that we could have asked or waited for.

Our Cold Waves We Americans are always talking about our mountains of gold and coal wheat, but few of us ever realize that we have in our climate a great advantage over all other nations. In the we have a constant, a never-diminishing asset of priceless value. The wave they drove the goats away and couldn't incessant, unremitting energy of our

GOOD TIMES HAD BY STRANGER "SEEING NEW YORK."

SOME OF CITY'S MUSEUMS

The Kosher Bakers of New York Pale, Puny, Unwholesome Lot -Assemblyman Hartman Their Champion.

suburban boat, I

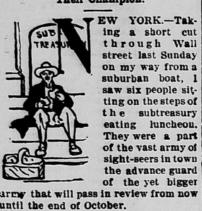
saw six people sit-

ting on the steps of

the subtreasury

sight-seers in town

the advance guard



p. m. it is the busiest corner in the world. not even excepting Threadneedle 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 upat Trinity church, dwarfed by the canyon of high buildings that now encompass it. And down before him curved 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 statues in its pediment. Of course, everybody has to decide for

himself whether they are immoral or

It's a good place to eat luncheon-on

Sunday. Of a week day before three

not-after a careful inspection. I can imagine that a "Seeing-New Yorker" has a pretty good time of it for delirious week. He rides on a rubberneck 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 gapes 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 rememthrough the weeds! He goes to Coney first impression is totally different Island, and there is nothing like that from that of an abrupt mountain ris- anywhere else on earth; that's some



ANY or most of these things are worth seeing. But they are not New York. A wise man from Savannah said to me the other day: "Whenever I am in New York there are ways see: The Bronx zeo, 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 muceum 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 gether gone mad and raving." If one ever see so much as a tree, to say nothwishes to realize what may be meant ing of any wild animal. For these the museum makes up small traveling cases of stuffed animals and birds and sends Two weeks at Taormina and Etna them about from school to school like would not be gracious! Sometimes, a book from a circulating library. Each for an hour in the early morning, his case may contain a dozen birds, small head remained uncovered. Then we animals or specimens of mineral. The had to be content with a tremendous birds are easily favorites. A descripmass of cloud, dark and far from im- tion of the habits of the inhabitants of pressive. He was a cold neighbor, enth 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

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 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.

should have led to something was that Kosher bakers. But New/York asked. which does not know New York took little interest in it. and mourns failure. Ten years ago

which resulted in will." the better tenement law which so blesses the metro olis, brought attention also to the sorry conditions under which the city's bread is baked. The commission, in- Homes for new millions of people. the cluding such men as Mr. Gilder, the standard of quality and average cost riseditor of the Century; Robert W. De ing constantly—who is to make them? Forest recommended a law limiting

the hours of work in bakeshops and caforcing sanitary requirements. Such a law was passed, but has just been declared invalid by the supreme court of the United States.

Gorki, the Russian novelist, describes

in one of his gloomy sketches, the life of a dozen Russian bakers in a miserable underground shop, where they worked long hours for miserable pay, never seeing the sun, coughing, dying of consumption. The same bakers, working under the same conditions are in New York. The worst abominations of the dirty old shops, in the material way, are prevented by the new tenement and health laws, but the comsumptive coughing still continues. The men, as one sees them in their rare leisure, arranging the affairs of their shattered union, are a pale, puny, unwholesome looking lot, whose big eyes shine out fiercely from under the heavy eyebrows of the Russian peasant or the Jewish inhabitant of the Pale.

A considerable percentage of the deaths by consumption in the city are ascribed by East side physicians to the conditions in the kosher bakeshops; a strange condition when the rabbinical rules for healthful making of bread are made to cloak quite the reverse.

The danger to public health has raised up a champion for the kosher bakers. He is Assemblyman Hartmann, a young man whose career shows what can be done in New York, when the right man tries. Hartmann is a poor teacher in a public school, a Hebrew himself, teaching Hebrews. His assembly district is the strongest socialist region in the city; it was until last year also solid for Tammany, headed by a typical district leader. The leader held the district in the hollow of his hand; he gave out patronage; he was rich charitable, as Tammany leaders have the means to be. When the votes were counted the unknown teacher had beaten him. A republican had been elected in the heart of the East side, not one mile from ??!! Sullivan's headquarters. Hartmann is about to undertake a campaign in behalf of the bakers. Seventy-five per cent. of the kosher bakers, it is said, have consumption in a dangerous degree.

The Insurance Investigation. HE insurance companies are making no effort to cast cbstacles in the way 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, agenta' commissions closely looked after. Other companies are doing somewhat similar work, though less vigorously.

Mr. Hughes, the chief counsel of the hard work. He has a giant's task; if man may be seen laboriously mowing he carries it through to the satisfaction of the people he may be heard from po-

litically. 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 anthree things I al- swered 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 expatiate 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 indorsement two years ago. That set-

tled 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 29, 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 peop!e. There are going to be 15,000,000 within the time of of some who read this. The work of providing for them

keeps the builders busy. Since January 1. only eight months. plans have been filed for \$112,000,000 worth of buildings in Manhattan and the Bronx. In Brooklyn and Queens boroughs the rate of building is still more rapid in proportion to population, hospitals so far as a visitor may. I'd but the cost is relatively much smaller, take in big Miss Liberty—I always The city is now erecting homes for 250. 000 additional residents, and the unhoused or badly housed will fill them as soon as they are finished.

The demand for building workmen is something extraordinary. Men make fabulous sums by overtime. It is a poor New York Doesn't Know New York. | trade that doesn't pay five dollars a day STRIKE which to skilled men. No contractor dare speak harshly to a workman. The man has only to go next door where any one of the East side that can swing a hammer or lay a brick will be put to work and no questions

A plumber who was doing a small tob in the house of a friend of mine slighted it. The "boss," who was also his uncle, reproved him, but mildly. The boy took not at all over its up his tools and started away. The boss looked after him in despair. "If your own nephew can walk out like that," he the great agitation | said, "you can't much wonder the others

Most people think the pressure is temporary. I do not. For ten years to come New York is going to be the golden Mecca of the building tradesmen OWEN LANGDON.

SCENES IN NORWAY OLD CITY FASCINATES

EVERY-DAY LIFE OF THE PEO- ANCIENT CAPITAL OF JAPAN PLE VERY PICTURESQUE.

It Is Not the Great Beetling Crags Nara Also Commands Attention of and Monster Waterfalls That Tempt the Tourists' Camera Oftenest.

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, sct in a frame of most brilliant green that them carefully protected from the sun slopes away to the water's edge, stamps itself indelibly on his mind as symbolical of all that is peaceful and calm. Or, as the fjord steamer brings a

breath of the outside world to one or 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 travcler is spending Sunday close to the shorer 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 toilette being completed on the beach. The large linen headcress 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 go bareheaded with their hair hanging in neat plaits. The whole costume is extremely picturesque, and may well clair, 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 or their way home from church form a very tempting subject.

Perhaps it is when one leaves 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 1edeemed from barrenness, as the heap of gathered stones can testify. An indispensable feature is the railing on which the grass is hung to dry. Stanetimes a high wind will blow all the hay away, but on the whole the system seems sensible, in view of the usual committee, is a marvel of capacity for damp state of the ground. Often a



STACKED GRAIN.

a tiny patch of grass, half-way up a precipice, or one meets him descending into the valley with half the crop upon his back, the rest to be fetched down at his leisure. The same idea of hanging up prevails in the harvest human being

and altogether leading a very healthy strangers is always charming, and the for food and shelter at a mountain farm. The lodging may be simple and the food plain, but any discomforts are amply atoned for by the beautiful scenery and the keen, bracing air of the Norwegian highlands.

Guns for Africans.

An article in a recent number of the Birmingham (England) Mail states that a factory in that city is turning out weekly about 1,200 flintlock muskets, and that a large number of this antiquated firearm are also made at Liege, Belgium. These guns are sent to Central and East Africa for use by the natives, to whom the possession of modern firearms is denied by statute.

To Make a Front. "Yes, sir," said the jeweler, "this is

the largest and purest diamond stud we have. It's worth \$7,500." "I'll take it." said Nuritch, "if you kin cut the price on it." "No, sir, that's positively the low-

"Aw! you don't know what I mean I want yer to carve the price on the stone so people kin see it."-Philadelphia Press.

CHARMS VISITORS.

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 by matted awnings. Here the finest Japanese teas are grown and prepared. only the youngest leaves or buds being nipped off by the pickers for use; and these choice teas are not exported, but other of the many unpretentious little are consumed by the court circles and landing-places, he may catch a glimpse 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



BELOW THE RAPIDS OF THE KAT-SURA-GAWA

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 Daibutsu, or Great Image of Buddha-53 feet highone 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 wild azaleas of every conceivable color are massed in front,

The Japanese, by the way, have named vistaria fuji or "peerless," 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 garedners 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 sp 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 hoatmen 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. field, where the shocks of barley six and tourists spend several days exploror seven feet high present a ludicrous ing its beauties. At Karasaki on the resemblance to a somewhat dishevelied shores of the lake, is seen "the largest pine tree in the world." with boughs The life of the Norwegian is hard. trained laterally a la japonaise so that yet it has many compensations. One they measure 288 feet by 240 feet across; is the variety of occupations. A man and very noticeable were the curibus may be a blacksmith, fisherman and arrow-shaped fish traps (eri) into which small proprietor at the same time; or the fish are driven, and being once in he may be in the winter a tailor, and cannot get out again. A visitor to Japan in the summer a tourist's guide. The says: At Mudera several hundred Ruswomen do their share of the work. sian prisoners stare visitors out of coun-One finds two or three of them or tenance, looking very joily and happy sometimes a whole family up in the in their short fur coats and caps, notlonely mountain valleys, spending the withstanding the warmth of the day. A summer months at a "saeter," often a little further on we heard sounds of hi little stone one-roomed dwelling of the larity from the dining-room of the hotel. most primitive description. Here they while we were having tea in the veranare employed tending the cows and dah, and further investigation showed goats, and making cheeses or butter, two smart Russian officers in full uniform, each with a bottle of wine in front and happy existence. Their manner to of him, and four pretty nesan (Papanese waitresses) in attendance, all smiles and tourist can be sure of a welcome if he delight. The proprietor told us that the elects to leave the beaten paths and ask Russian prisoners were allowed out on parole every day, and that the officers "always tiffined 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 thir 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'hote-Here, waiter, this hashed mutton's bad; it's gone off-it isn't fit to eat. Phew! just smell it!

Waiter-Pardon, M'sieu, dat ees not nouton, eet ees de hash Venison. Diner-Venison is it? By jove! so it is; deuced good, too. Bring me the red currant jelly.