aspen and cherry wood; they are turned by men; polished and painted by girls. The most simple and common are three times painted, and must pass through the hands six times before they are complete. I am sorry not to tell you more of this interesting branch of the toy industry, but, as I am telling you only what I actually saw, I cannot write from hearsay.

Our next visit was altogether a pleasant one; it was to the factory of military toys, a large house situate in the midst of a beautiful garden outside the walls of the city. It looked so peaceful that it was difficult to connect it with any warlike action; yet we were assured that in this and a similar factory at Fürth, four or five miles off, an army of 100,000 men could be got ready in a single day with artillery, horses, weapons, in fact everything necessary for its equipment—a feat which even Moltke would find it difficult to imitate.

The articles made here come of very ancient lineage, dating back to the early part of the 14th century; but, although made of the same material, in the same manner, and for the same purpose, they are no more like their ancestors than the exquisite wax doll of the present day is like the old wooden Dutch doll of the past, or the papier-maché skin animal with its perfect form and finish is like the straight bit of wood put on four wooden legs, which represented an animal to our grandparents when they were children. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine that these well-formed, handsome soldiers, in their uniforms so true to nature both in colour and cut, could have any relationship with the lead figures of the last century, or even of fifty years ago, when one model served for every race and country, the same tub and plume for a hat, the same long-tailed blue coat, large epaulettes, and tight-fitting breeches, and whose only distinguishing mark was the colour with which they were painted, white, blue, green or red, according to the country they were supposed to serve.

The show-room (or Muster-saal) in this factory was quite unlike any that we had previously seen. The walls were covered with little lead figures, arranged in groups and in chronological order, showing the battles from the Trojan to the Afghan in 1880. Space was also allowed for the figures of great warriors and men of mark, together with the various regiments of different countries. The distinctive features of all these were so admirably depicted that it was easy to distinguish them. In this room were to be seen weapons of all ages, and a variety of groups representing ambulances, caravans, Indian hunting, and life in the Polar regions. Half an hour in this show-room did much to call to our minds history and geography long forgotten, besides teaching us something of the life of nations and the art of arrangement and order.

If any of you should ever enjoy the privilege of visiting this factory you will quite understand the love which boys have for military toys, and will be rather inclined to encourage it as a means of creating in them a desire for knowledge of a higher character than they would otherwise have chosen. An intelligent boy will never be content to possess a figure of Frederick the Great, for example, without wanting to know all about him and the time in which he lived, or figures representing the Trojan wars without a desire to satisfy his curiosity as to the cause, the time, and the circumstances of these wars; and, beyond this, the exceeding beauty and accuracy of detail which these toys exhibit must possess an influence over those who play with them to draw them from the crude and the ungainly to the beautiful and the harmonious.

It is the master himself who designs and draws these military toys, which, he says, must be done with the greatest care and precision, otherwise they would lose their distinctive character in the casting. These toys are made of lead and tin, and the more tin they contain the more pliable, durable, effective, and bright they are.

The number of people employed in this factory is not large—about seventy inside and sixty out—and the way the work is done is by minute division of labour. Each room has its special work. Take the first we enter; the men are sitting with the shallow moulds before them, two of which are fastened together, leaving a hole at the side through which the molten metal is poured. The next process is performed by women and girls, who trim off the superfluous lead from the figures, and put it aside for remelting. They then place the figures side by side on strips of wood which, being slit, hold them fast. These long rows are then ready for the painters, who can turn them about to paint them without touching them with their fingers. Another room is occupied by artists, who draw and paint on a card the exact representation of the figures as they are to appear on the metal toys when finished. These are beautifully done, with strict regard to the colour, dress, armour, and peculiarities as represented in the best portraits extant. Unless one is on the spot it is difficult to imagine the pains taken to produce a single toy.

The painting of the toys is done in oils and varnish, and forms part of the house industry, whereby many women and girls obtain a living.

These people come to the office of the factory, and receive in a basket a week's work, consisting of figures to be painted according to a pattern given on cardboard. Girls can earn seven or eight shillings a week at this work. All the painting on cardboard for patterns is done in the factory by experienced hands. The colours used are in all cases non-poisonous, but I hear they lack the brilliancy and beauty of many of the poisonous, which the work-people regret not being allowed to use. The toys, when complete, are able to stand, and to take their places in any group or regiment, and can be packed in boxes or on very thick cardboard. I wish I could show you one of these last; it is quite a study.

The price of these toys varies according to the metal of which they are made, and the amount of labour bestowed upon them. Of the inferior you may get as many as 900 foot soldiers for five shillings, while of the superior you would probably not get more than four or five specimens of horsemen for the same money.

The average yearly production of toys in this factory and the one at Fürth is estimated at £25,000. The workpeople here are all of a superior well-to-do class, very intelligent and thoroughly interested in their work, and the sympathy between employer and employed is very marked.

As we walked away from Heinrichsen's Fabrik, we could not help thinking it the pleasantest we had visited; its situation was peculiarly beautiful, and not a sound of out-door life to disturb the quiet which reigned there. We went without an introduction and were received with the greatest politeness by Herr Heinrichsen, who spared no pains to make us acquainted with the manufacture of these charming toys.

Before leaving Nürnberg I should like to call your attention to something which interested us greatly. It has nothing to do with toys, nor is it a church, museum, bridge, or fountain. It is neither more nor less than an eating-house.

It is a curious and interesting building, adjoining the Moritz Kapelle, and may almost be said to be under the same roof. It is known by the name of the Blaue Glöcklein (the Little Blue Bell.) It is quite close to the Church of St. Sebald, and to Albrecht Dürer's house. It is a long one-storied building, except at one end, where a second story has been added. You enter the door and find yourself at once in a fairy sort of kitchen, where a couple of pretty girls, daintily dressed, are cooking sausages, sour kraut, potatoes, and soup; you pass through into the chief room, which is enough to turn the heads of antiquaries, and sufficient to send an artist wild.

It is a picturesque, long, low room, the ceiling supported by oak beams, and the walls wainscoted and polished; the latticed windows filled with old stained glass representing certain armorial bearings, and almost covered on the outside with ivy; the chairs and tables of an antique massive old-time pattern and make. All this the eye takes in at once, but on looking a little more closely you see some curious old books, which, on account of the print and old-fashioned German, are almost incomprehensible; and on shelves high up round the walls are mugs and jugs of quaint blue and white china, and among them, in the place of honour, the identical mug used by Albrecht Dürer. Lower the eyes, and they will perceive hanging on the wall a series of old-fashioned pictures representing scenes in Albrecht Dürer's life from the cradle to the grave. Various antique prints and verses there are; among the latter, date 1400, we found the word Gerathen spelt without the *h*, so that the new method of spelling is not so new after all.

This is all very interesting, and worthy a visit if you should ever be in Nürnberg, but its chief interest consists in this, that the Little Blue Bell was known throughout the land in the Middle Ages; that it was here in this very room that the Meister-Sänger used to meet; here that Hans Sachs, shoemaker and poet, and Adam Krafft, the stonemason and sculptor, used to come for refreshment; here that the clever wood carver, Veit Stoss, and the great smith, Peter Vischer, spent many an hour over their sausages and beer; and it was here that Albrecht Dürer came to refresh mind and body. Surely the room is eloquent with the history of the past.

It is not usual for English people to come to this room, for it is frequented now by market women and people of that class who go for refreshment; yet people of every rank and nation, except English, visit it for its association of the past, and do not in the least mind sitting down to a meal there.

It was only in the July of last year that Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania, paid it a visit, and wrote some verses while there, which are framed and hung up in the room, and which the proprietor allowed us to copy—

"Ich las was hier geschrieben stund
Und weil ich die Herrn nit finden kund.
So hab ich auf ihrem Platz gesessen,
In ihrem Geiste mich satt gegessen."

SOMETHING MORE ABOUT SOUPS.

By PHILLIS BROWNE.

MANY months ago I drew the attention of the girls of our cookery class to the subject of soups. I spoke of the different varieties of soup—clear soups, thick soups, and purées—and of the methods to be employed in making them. I did not however, if I recollect rightly, give actual recipes for making more than one or two particular sorts of soup. I was obliged, partly on account of want of space, to confine myself to general principles, and leave my friends to make particular applications of the same for themselves. I propose, therefore, now to furnish a supplement to these former remarks of mine and to supply a few clear directions for

making half a dozen appetising and nourishing yet simple and inexpensive soups.

For, be it understood, I have a great idea of good soup, and a great respect for those who can make it. I have found that soup making is a very weak point with the majority of amateur cooks. Young people who can make jellies, creams and sweet dishes most skilfully, and who can accomplish the fine art and ornamental part of cookery most cleverly, come to grief deplorably when they try to turn out a little good soup. They either produce a compound which is too salt or too peppery, too watery, too pasty, or too insipid, or they make use of materials the cost of which would go a long way towards paying for the rest of the meal. This is really quite unnecessary.

Soup which is to be served at the commencement of dinner and to be followed by substantial viands is not required to consist of essence of meat, it needs only to furnish light liquid nourishment which shall be easy of digestion and shall be sufficient to relieve the feeling of exhaustion with which so many people in these hard working days sit down to dinner. Those who feel, as it is called, past their food, and consequently in a state of depression and despair and quite unable to grapple with a slice from a joint of beef or mutton, find that a spoonful or two of soup is just the thing for them, and after they have swallowed it, they feel that after all there is something in life worth living for, and that roast beef is exactly what is wanted next. This is what we wish to get people to acknowledge —the wonderful restorative power there is in soup. We hear of the restorative power of alcoholic beverages. Good soup can restore exhausted nature almost as quickly as sherry, and it is not harmful. If I could have my way, I would make it a law of the dining room that instead of certain wines being served with soup, no wine at all should be permitted, even amongst the most moderate of moderate drinkers, until after the soup had been removed. If this rule could be universally observed, we should have fewer victims to intemperance than we now have.

It is in attention to details of this kind that good cookery assists morality. I hope that the girls of our cookery class will see that when they are learning to provide food which will make people strong, heavy, and healthy they are also very materially advancing the progress of the race. For my own part I try never to forget this. I could not have reconciled it with my conscience to give all the time and thought I have to cookery, if I had had no other aim than that of providing something nice for people to eat. However, it has not been so. As the good George Herbert said:—

"Nothing can be so mean, but, with this 'tincture for Thy sake,' may not be great, helpful, and glorious." Certainly it is so with cooking food, and if we only do it in the right spirit "for thy sake," we may infuse what a great writer has called "the lifting power of an ideal element" even into a dish of hash, and while humbly getting dinner ready join in setting up a Jacob's ladder which will enable men, women, and children to climb to what is best and highest.

When I was writing before about clear soup, I gave one recipe for making stock and then clearing the liquid with raw meat, and another for making it with extract of meat. I will now give a very excellent recipe for making it straight away, without clarifying it at all. If carefully prepared exactly as I shall describe, this soup will be quite sufficiently bright, clear, and delicious, and the meat of which it is made can be eaten separately and with satisfaction and advantage. Only, if this result is to be attained, the small details must be strictly attended to—that is, the liquor must be thoroughly skimmed at the right time, for if the scum is not removed in the first instance no pains which may afterwards be taken will make the soup clear; and also no bones containing marrow must be put into the stewpan.

Clear Soup.—Take two pounds of fleshy beef, without fat (silverside, buttock, or thick flank will answer excellently for the purpose); procure also two pounds of fresh bones, being careful that there is not a particle of fat about them, and especially that they contain no marrow. Tie the beef compactly together, rub the inside of the stewpan with butter, lay the meat in it, and set it over a clear fire to brown it and draw out the juices. In about ten minutes it will be ready, and it must be moved once or twice, turned over once, and watched closely during the time to see that it does not burn or stick to the pan. Put the bones under the meat, pour on three pints of cold water, and add a small tablespoonful of salt. Bring the liquor gently to the boil, and as the scum rises take it off carefully. Throw in a teacupful of cold water and skim again; do this three times. When no more scum can be obtained, throw in two carrots, a turnip, four bay leaves, two onions, one leek, a bunch of parsley, and four cloves. Let the soup simmer gently for four hours, then take out the meat and strain the liquor through a fine cloth which has been laid in a hair sieve. It will be like sherry. Keep back the vegetables which have been stewed in the soup, and put in a spoonful or two of prepared mixed vegetables, which have been cut into shreds and cooked separately. A few asparagus points, a little Italian paste or savoury custard, cut into small diamonds or dice, will be a suitable addition.

To use the meat employed in the preparation of this soup, let it go cold, then cut it into very thin slices and mix it just like a salad, with oil, vinegar, pepper, salt, and mustard. Cut the vegetables taken from the soup into small neat slices, and lay these prettily in rows to cover the meat, alternating the colours to improve the appearance of the dish. Cold meat thus prepared is known to the initiated as cold meat à la vinaigrette, and it supplies an acceptable and appetising addition to the luncheon or supper table.

The liquor in which meat has been boiled supplies excellent stock for soup, while that in which a couple of rabbits and a piece of bacon have been boiled is really quite a treasure, for it possesses a good flavour to begin with, which cannot so easily be obtained from anything else. When, however, this stock is not to be had, very good soup, especially white soups, may be made from water, the nourishing and flavouring elements being supplied from milk and other ingredients. I will give recipes for two or three of these soups.

Milk Soup.—Put on the fire in a clean stewpan two quarts of water; peel four large potatoes, or six small ones, and as they are peeled throw them into cold water till wanted; prepare also and cut up small two leeks or two small onions. When the water boils throw into it the potatoes and onions, add half an ounce of salt and two ounces of butter, and boil for one hour. Strain off the water into a bowl, rub the vegetables through a sieve, return both to the saucepan, and add a pint of boiling milk. Stir the soup till it boils, sprinkle in by degrees three ounces of crushed tapioca and a little white pepper, and boil for fifteen minutes, or till the tapioca is clear. Keep stirring after the tapioca is added, or it will get into lumps. The tapioca in this case forms what is called a *liaison;* it binds the thickening ingredients with the soup and helps to keep all together.

If we were to give this soup its French name (and many people very much prefer to use French names for their preparations), we should call it "Soupe maigre au lait." Like other white soups, however, it is much more appetising in appearance when it is really white, and not drab; therefore, an enamelled stewpan should be employed for it. Of course, one would scarcely take this soup to build up the strength of anyone who was needing the best nourishment which could be supplied, but it would furnish an excellent soup for the commencement of dinner for all that, and would not cost more than fourpence a quart. If a quarter of a pint of cream might be added to it it would further be enriched and improved.

Another white soup, *Palestine Soup*, is one of the most delicious which can be made. Wash and pare two pounds of Jerusalem artichokes, and put them into an enamelled stewpan with a slice of butter, two or three strips of bacon rind which have been scalded and scraped, and two bay leaves. Put the lid on the stewpan and let the vegetables "sweat" over the fire for eight or ten minutes, shaking the pan occasionally to keep them from sticking. Pour on water to cover the artichokes, and stew them gently till soft. Rub them through a sieve, mix the liquor they were boiled in with them, make the soup hot, and add boiling milk till it is as thick as double cream. Add pepper and salt to taste. If permitted, and just before serving, mix with the soup a quarter of a pint of hot cream. The addition will be a valuable one, but may be dispensed with.

Kidney Soup.—Take half an ox kidney, cut this into very small pieces, season with salt and pepper, dredge a tablespoonful of flour over, and fry in hot dripping, stirring the pieces about for a few minutes. Put two quarts of hot water into a stewpan and turn the fried kidney into this. Have ready prepared (that is, cleansed and cut up very small) a moderate sized turnip, a large carrot, a small onion, two outer sticks of celery, and fry these in the dripping; then add them to the soup with a bouquet garni (that is, a bunch of parsley, a sprig thyme, and a bay leaf tied together); boil gently for three hours. Mix a tablespoonful of flour to a smooth paste with cold water, add gradually a pint of the hot liquor, and turn the whole into the soup; stir the soup once more to prevent its getting lumpy, let it boil for a few minutes, then add salt and pepper to taste, a teaspoonful of ketchup, and a few drops of browning, if this is needed. Remove the bouquet garni and serve very hot.

Ox-Tail Soup is a great favourite with English folks (deservedly so!) and I will conclude with giving a recipe for making it. Divide an ox-tail into lengths of an inch and a half; melt an ounce of butter in a stewpan, and fry the pieces in this, turning them about for five minutes; add two quarts of stock or water, bring this gently to a boil, throw in a teaspoonful of salt, and carefully remove the scum as it rises; add a small carrot, a turnip, an onion with two cloves stuck into it, a little celery, a blade of mace, and a small bouquet garni. Stew gently for two hours and a half, strain the soup, and put the pieces of ox-tail into cold water to free them from fat. Mix an ounce and a half of flour smoothly with a little cold water, and add the stock gradually; simmer for twenty minutes; add a little cayenne and a few drops of lemon juice, with a glass of port if approved; then serve.

Clear ox-tail soup is made just in the same way, but the thickening is omitted, and the soup is clarified. The same recipe may be followed for giblet soup also, if the giblets, instead of being fried in butter, are, after being carefully cleansed, blanched by being put into cold water, boiled, and then strained, the water being thrown away.