

# Victorian Times

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September 2017



*Peculiar Playing Cards (Part 2) • New Ways of Making Money  
Some Overdue Inventions • A Canoe Journey on the Thames • Moorland Quails  
Grouse-Hunting in September • Novel Military Inventions • "Society"  
American Chafing Dish Cookery • The Roles and Duties of Servants*

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\*The Girl's Own Paper \*\*Cassell's Family Magazine

# The Face of the Future

One of the more enjoyable (and often amusing) aspects of reading Victorian articles is being able to look back from the future, so to speak, at Victorian speculations on what that future might hold. Were they right? Were they even close? Were they utterly clueless? It's lovely to have the benefit of 20/20 hindsight!

In this issue we have three charming attempts to predict what lay ahead for Victorians. I suspect that these predictions, like so many in our own era, were prompted by the realization that the century was drawing to a close, and folks would soon have to get used to writing "19—" on their correspondence.

Our first article, which purports to offer women "New Ways of Making Money," really is more of what I'd call a "head-shaking piece"—the author seems to be shaking his head over changes in his lifetime that he could never have imagined. Key among these are changes in the roles of women. "Quite recently," he bemoans, "I saw one lady... She was smoking a cigar in the corner of a second-class compartment... the lady did not attempt to hide the weed." (Well, actually, we still wonder at the sight of a woman smoking a cigar, rather than a cigarette, and I imagine that we'd be just as startled by, say, a woman smoking a pipe as our Victorian author would have been.)

This author notes that "There is no need to catalogue the callings once monopolized by men into which women have effected an entry." One day soon, he suspects, there will even be women judges and (gasp) women on juries. There will be female bishops, and there are already "female choirs." (I hadn't realized that there was a time not so terribly long ago when women *didn't* sing in the choir...) Female shoppers are already on the scene, as well as door-to-door salesladies—though it is "a lower class of woman" who "intrudes... in the hopes of selling furniture polish." Women compete in professional sports, and serve as living advertisements for a barber's hair tonics. I could go on, but read the article to discover what trades are thriving and which are on the way out.

The next article looks at some possibilities of what is to come in the military. Now, to be honest, this author probably doesn't *really* believe that the remarkable inventions he catalogs will truly be used—because this author delights in presenting the bizarre and unlikely. So perhaps we should not take seriously the proposition that soldiers might wear a type of helmet that would both collect rainwater for future use, and provide a dispensing system so that the soldier might easily drink it. And there is no mention, in the charming idea of setting up "spinning fans" in front of the lines to deflect bullets, just how these fans are to be powered—it would require some very long extension cords, not yet invented, or else an endless supply of batteries!

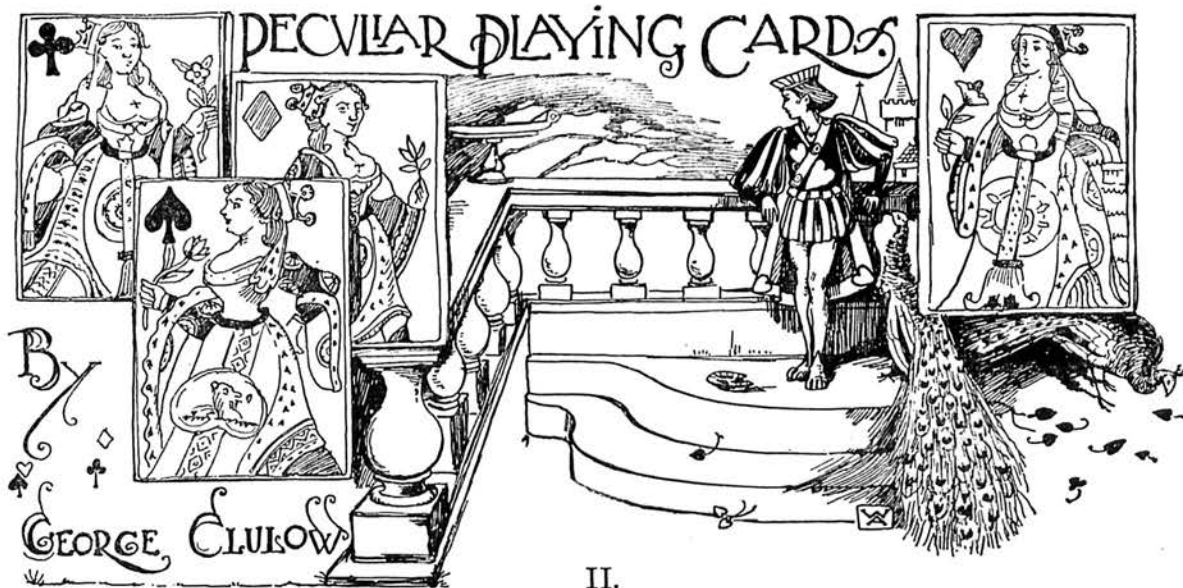
The interesting side-note in this article is the concern over a basket-like "shield" that could be worn by individual soldiers to deflect bullets. The question isn't so much whether this would work (or whether a soldier could actually maneuver wearing essentially a laundry basket slung across his body)—but whether, if it *did* work, it would cause soldiers to be less "courageous." Evidently it was thought more important to have "plucky" soldiers willing to face almost certain death (no shield) than soldiers who might have a better chance of staying alive. No one seems to have questioned whether the knights of old were less courageous for bearing shields... In any event, this article provides a host of delightful examples of predictions and inventions that were never destined to be.

The final piece, "Inventions Overdue," is primarily facetious. With so much inventing going on, this author wonders, why haven't some of the essential problems of humanity been resolved? This author would like to see better towels, dress materials that would enable one to wear only a single garment, and instant transportation around the world so that he can enjoy a better breakfast selection.

His "requests," however, are interesting. He postulates the idea of a device that would break matter into its constituent elements and transmit it over vast distances, to be reconstructed at the other end—in short, a transporter. He'd like to see a telescope that could give a true picture of the canals of Mars. He'd like to see some form of universal language, and a system of indexing books that would give readers a concept of their contents. And... he'd like to see colour photography. Oh, and a flying carpet.

So here, at least, is a Victorian prediction, made however light-heartedly, that has at last come true. (No, not the flying carpet.) We have colour photography and we have the Hubble telescope. We're still awaiting the transporter. And if we have any humility at all, we may take a moment to wonder how our own predictions about the next 100 years will stand the test of time!

—Moira Allen, Editor  
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II.

**T**HE "foolish business" of Heraldry has supplied the motive for numerous packs of cards. Two only, however, can be here shown, though there are instructive examples of the latter half of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries from England, Scotland, France, Germany, and Italy. The example given in Fig. 16 is English, of the date of 1690, and

the fifty-two cards of the pack give us the arms of the different European States, and of the peers of England and Scotland. A pack similar to this was engraved by Walter Scott, the Edinburgh goldsmith, in 1691, and is confined to the Arms of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, and the great



FIG. 16.

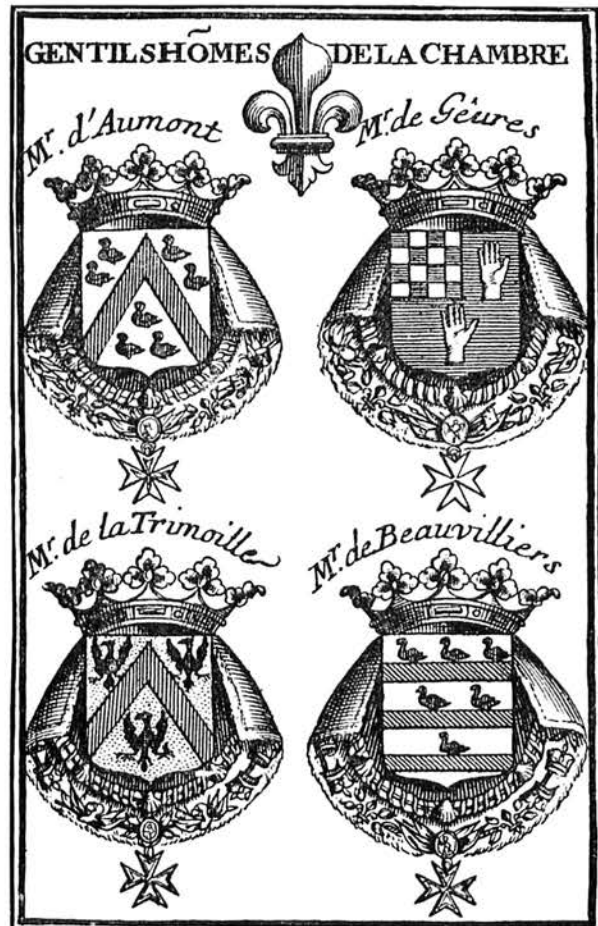


FIG. 17.

Scottish families of that date, prepared under the direction of the Lyon King of Arms, Sir Alexander Erskine. The French heraldic example (Fig. 17) is from a pack of the time of Louis XIV., with the arms of the French nobility and the nobles of other European countries; the "suit" signs of the pack being "Fleur de Lis," "Lions," "Roses," and "Eagles."

Caligraphy, even, has not been left without recognition, for we have a pack, published



FIG. 18.

in Nuremberg, in 1767, giving examples of written characters and of free-hand pen drawing, to serve as writing copies. We show the Nine of Hearts from this pack (Fig. 18), and the eighteenth century South German graphic idea of a Highlander of the period is amusing, and his valorous attitude is sufficiently satisfying.

Biography has, too, its place in this playing-card cosmography, though it has not many examples. The one we give (Fig. 19) is German, of about 1730, and is from a pack which depicts a series of heads of Emperors, poets, and historians, Greek and Roman—a summary of their lives and occurrences therein gives us their *raison d'être*.

Of Geographical playing cards there are



FIG. 19.

several examples in the second half of the seventeenth century. The one selected for illustration (Fig. 20) gives a sectional



FIG. 20.

map of one of the English counties, each of the fifty-two cards of the pack having the map of a county of England and Wales, with its geographical limitations. These are among the more rare of old playing cards, and their gradual destruction when used as educational media will, as in the case of horn-books, and early children's books generally, account for this rarity. Perhaps the most interesting geographical playing cards which have survived this common fate, though they are the *ultima rarissima* of such cards, is the pack designed and engraved by H. Winstanley, "at Littlebury, in Essex," as we read on the Ace of Hearts. They appear to have been intended to afford instruction in geography and ethnology. Each of the cards has a descriptive account of one of the States or great cities of the world, and we have taken the King of Hearts (Fig. 21), with its description of England and the English, as the most interesting. The costumes are those of the time of James II., and the view gives us Old London Bridge, the Church of St. Mary Overy, on the south side of the Thames, and the Monument, then recently erected at the northern end of the bridge to commemorate the Great Fire, and which induced Pope's indignant lines:—

"Where London's column, pointing to the skies  
Like a tall bully, lifts its head and—lies."



FIG. 21.

The date of the pack is about 1685, and it has an added interest from the fact that its designer was the projector of the first Eddystone Lighthouse, where he perished when it was destroyed by a great storm in 1703.

Music, too, is not forgotten, though on playing cards it is seen in smaller proportion than other of the arts. 'To the popularity of the "Beggar's Opera" of John Gay, that satirical attack upon the Government of Sir Robert Walpole, we are indebted for its songs and music appearing as the *motif* of the pack, from which we give here the Queen of Spades (Fig. 22),

*Tune of Now ponder wellye Parents dear.*  
*Sung by Polly Peachum*

*Oh ponder well! be not Severe;  
So Save a wretched Wife!  
For on the Rope that hangs my Dear  
Depends poor Polly's Life.*

Flute.

FIG. 22.

and the well-thumbed cards before us show that they were popular favourites. Their date may be taken as nearly coincident with that of the opera itself, viz., 1728. A further example of musical cards is given in Fig. 23, from a French pack of 1830, with its pretty piece of costume headgear, and its characteristic waltz music.

France has been prolific in what may be termed "Cartes de fantaisie," burlesque and satirical, not always designed, however, with due regard to the refinements of well-behaved communities. They are always spirited, and as specimens of inventive adaptation are worth notice. The example



FIG. 23.

shown (Fig. 24) is from a pack of the year 1818, and is good of its class.

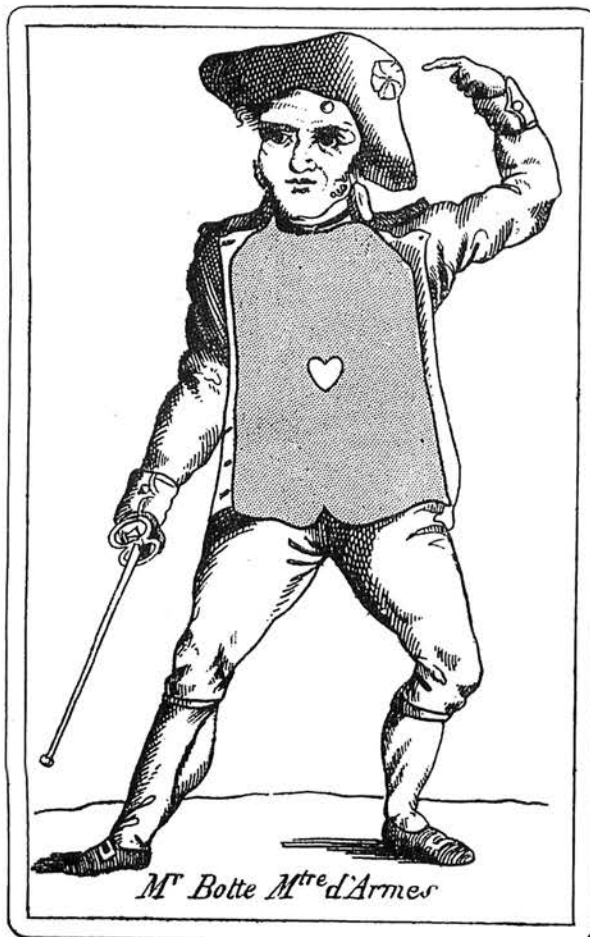


FIG. 24.

Of these "Cartes de fantaisie," each of the card-producing countries of Europe has at different dates produced examples of varying degrees of artistic value. Although not the best in point of merit, the most generally attractive of these are the packs produced in the years 1806-7-8 and 9, by the Tübingen bookseller, Cotta, and which were published in book form, as the "Karten Almanack," and also as ordinary packs. Every card has a design, in which the suit signs, or "pips," are brought in as an integral part, and admirable ingenuity is displayed in this adaptation; although not the best in the series, we give the Six of Hearts (Fig. 25),



FIG. 25.

as lending itself best to the purpose of reproduction, and as affording a fair instance of the method of design.

In England numerous examples of these illustrated playing cards have been produced of varying degrees of artistic merit, and, as one of the most amusing, we select the Knave of Spades from a pack of the year 1824 (Fig. 26). These cards are printed from copper-plates, and are coloured by hand, and show much ingenuity in the adaptation of the design to the form of the "pips."

Of the same class, but with more true



FIG. 26.

artistic feeling and treatment than the preceding, we give the Deuce of Clubs, from a pack with London Cries (Fig. 27), and another with Fables (Fig. 28), both



FIG. 27.

of which date from the earlier years of the last century, the former with the quaint costume and badge of a waterman, with his cry of "Oars! oars! do you want a boat?" In the middle distance the piers of Old London Bridge, and the house at its foot with overhanging gallery, make a pleasing old-time picture. The "Fables" cards are apparently from the designs of Francis Barlow, and are probably engraved by him; although we find upon some of them the name of J. Kirk, who, however, was the seller of the cards only, and who, as was not uncommon with the vendor of



FIG. 28.

that time, in this way robbed the artist of what honour might belong to his work. Both of these packs are rare; that of the "Fables" is believed to be unique. Of a date some quarter of a century antecedent to those just described we have an amusing pack, in which each card has a collection of moral sentences, aphorisms, or a worldly-wise story, or—we regret in the interests of good behaviour to have to add—something very much the reverse of them. The larger portion of the card is occupied by a picture of considerable excellence in illustration of the text; and notwithstanding the peculiarity to which we



have referred as attaching to some of them, the cards are very interesting as studies of costume and of the manners of the time—of what served to amuse our ancestors two centuries ago—and is a curious compound survival of Puritan teaching and the license of the Restoration period. We give one of them in Fig. 29.

The Ace of Clubs, shown in Fig. 30, is from a pack issued in Amsterdam about 1710, and is a good example of the Dutch burlesque cards of the eighteenth century. The majority of them have local allusions, the meaning of which is now lost; and many of them are of a character which will not bear

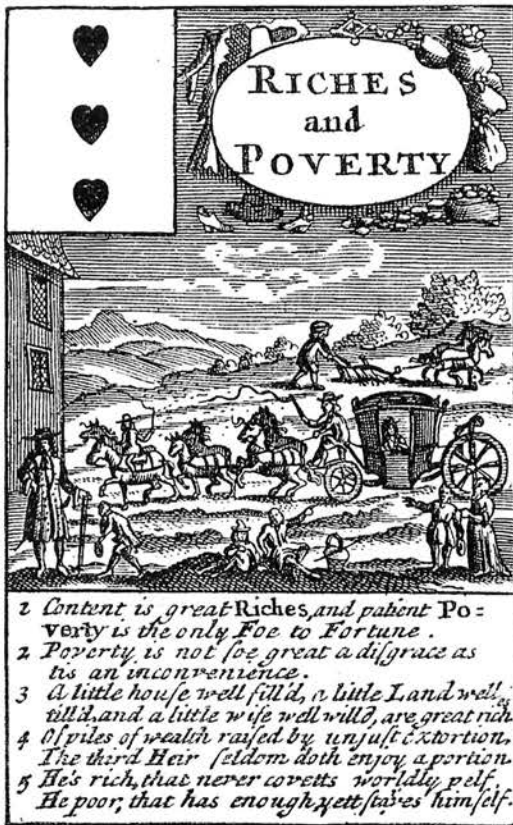


FIG. 29.

reproduction. A better-known pack of Dutch cards is that satirizing the Mississippi scheme of 1716, and the victims of the notorious John Law—the “bubble” which, on its collapse, four years later, brought ruin to so many thousands.

Our space forbids the treatment of playing cards under any but their pictorial aspects, though the temptation is great to attempt some description of their use from an early period as instruments of divination or fortune telling, for which in the hands of the “wise man” or woman of various counties they are still used, and to which primary purpose the early “Tarots” were doubtless applied; but,



FIG. 30.

as it is among the more curious of such cards, we give the Queen of Hearts from a pack of the immediate post-Commonwealth period (Fig. 31). The figure is called Semiramis—without, so far as can be seen, any reason. It is one of a mélange of names for cards in



FIG. 31.

which Wat Tyler and Tycho Brahe rub shoulders in the suit of Spades, and Mahomet and Nimrod in that of Diamonds!



FIG. 32.

In the pack we find the Knave of Clubs named "Hewson" (not the card-maker of that name), but he who is satirized by Butler as "Hewson the Cobbler." Elsewhere he is called "One-eyed Hewson." He is shown with but one eye in the card bearing his name, and as it is contemporary, it may be a fair presentment of the man who, whatever his vices, managed under Cromwell to obtain high honours, and who was by him nominated a member of the House of Lords. The bitter prejudice of the time is shown in the story which is told of Hewson, that on the day the King was beheaded he rode from Charing Cross to the Royal Exchange proclaiming that "whoever should say that



Ihr hochzeit gästelombl herbe y  
damit v: freude vorkom sey .

FIG. 33.



FIG. 34.

Charles Stuart died wrongfully should suffer death." Among the *quasi-educational* uses of playing cards we find the curious work of Dr. Thomas Murner, whose "Logica Memorativa Chartiludium," published at Strassburg in 1507, is the earliest instance known to us of a distinct application of playing cards to education, though the author expressly disclaims any knowledge of cards. The method used by the Doctor was to make each card an aid to memory, though the method must have been a severe strain of memory in itself. One of them is here given (Fig. 32), the suit being the German one of Bells (Schnellen).

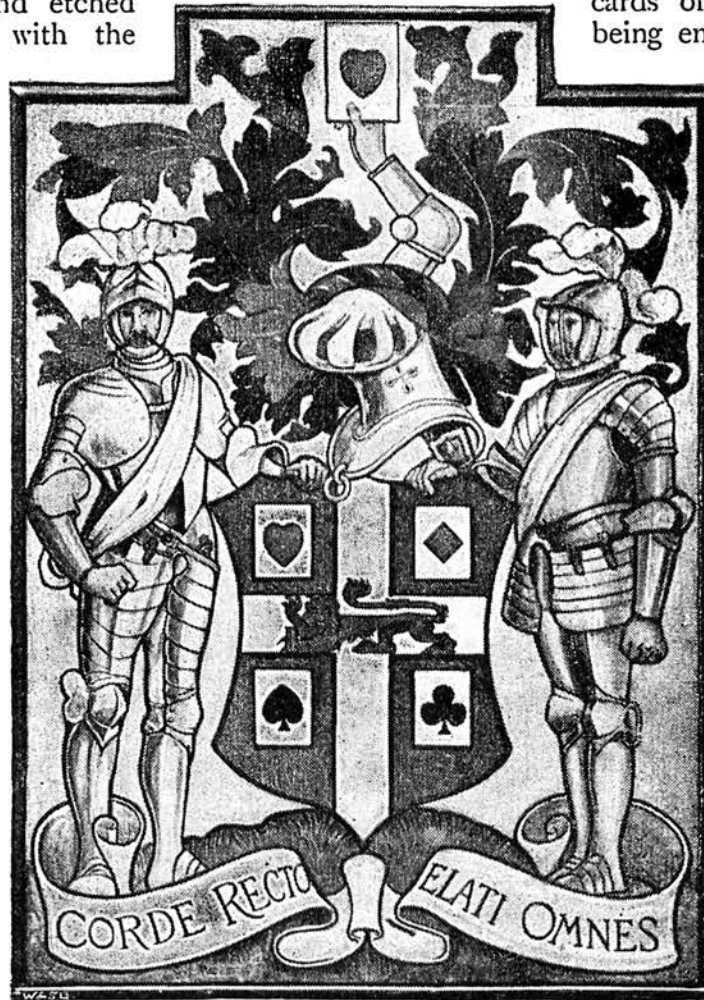
It would seem that hardly any branch of human knowledge had been overlooked in the adaptation of playing cards to an educational purpose, and they who still have them in mind under the designation of "the Devil's books," may be relieved to know that Bible history has been taught by the means of playing cards. In 1603 there was published a Bible History and Chronology, under the title of the "Geistliche Karten Spiel," where, much as Murner did in the instance we have given above, the cards were used as an aid to memory, the author giving to each of the suit signs the distinctive appellation of some character or incident in Holy Writ. And more recently Zuccarelli, one of the original members of our Royal Academy, designed and etched a pack of cards with the same intention.

In Southern Germany we find in the last century playing cards specially prepared for gifts at weddings and for use at the festivities attending such events. These cards bore conventional representations of the bride, the bridegroom, the musicians, the priest, and the guests, on horseback or in carriages, each with a laudatory in-

scription. The card shown in Fig. 33 is from a pack of this kind of about 1740, the Roman numeral I. indicating it as the first in a series of "Tarots" numbered consecutively from I. to XXI., the usual Tarot designs being replaced by the wedding pictures described above. The custom of presenting guests with a pack of cards has been followed by the Worshipful Company of Makers of Playing Cards, who at their annual banquet give to their guests samples of the productions of the craft with which they are identified, which are specially designed for the occasion.

To conclude this article — much too limited to cover so interesting a subject—we give an illustration (Fig. 34) from a pack of fifty-two playing cards of *silver*—every card being engraved upon a thin

plate of that metal. They are probably the work of a late sixteenth century German goldsmith, and are exquisite examples of design and skill with the graver. They are in the possession of a well-known collector of all things beautiful, curious, and rare, by whose courteous permission this unique example appears here.



THE ARMS OF THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF MAKERS OF PLAYING CARDS, 1629.

## NEW WAYS OF MAKING MONEY.



THE fortunate few with settled incomes can get more for their money to-day than ever before, but as the population increases, the difficulty of earning money becomes greater. All the old walks are crowded with persons making haste to get rich. The majority will never reach the desired goal unless they strike out new paths for themselves. Let us consider what new opportunities there are for making money. Civilisation has restricted these opportunities for end-of-the-century mortals, although its march cleared the ground for pioneers.

*Place aux dames.* Women have far greater means of earning a livelihood than formerly; but they get money not so much in fresh channels as at the expense of men. In only one industry, as shown by the census report recently issued, have the number of the women engaged decreased and the number of men increased—namely, glove-making; and this is to be explained by the fact that machinery has superseded sewing by hand. There is no need to catalogue the callings once monopolised by men into which women have effected an entry. Women dentists are gaining ground among us every day, as well as women doctors, and women parsons and lawyers have acquired a firm footing in America. It can only be a question of time before we have women judges who shall address juries of matrons—now sometimes empanelled—and women bishops: for already the office of deaconess is magnified, and there are surpliced female choirs. We have women commercial travellers—in perambulators and half-a-dozen other lines. Quite recently I saw one lady, whom I judged to be “on the road.” She was smoking a cigar in the corner of a second-class compartment of a western express. The train was standing still at a junction platform, but the lady did not attempt to hide the weed. There are lady book-cavassers, who call on the proper “at home” afternoons, and are ushered into the drawing-room. Canon Ainger felt constrained to complain of this new practice only the other day. A lower class of woman intrudes similarly in the hopes of selling furniture polish; and I have heard of one of these who, while the lady of the house was being fetched, polished one of the chairs to show the merit of her nostrum. Lady guides flourished for a season, but are now, I believe, a thing of the past. In their stead we have professional chaperons, who sell their position in society (and their friends) to ambitious Americans. We have also ladies who relieve hostesses of all trouble in providing an

entertainment when giving a party. This suggests, of course, that ladies are not above dining out for a fee, or calling in faultless carriages and pair at suburban “at homes.” This last is expensive, but paying. Those who remember Mr. Du Maurier’s picture of a suburban afternoon “at home” will readily understand that this novelty fills a long-felt want. There are women, too, who call from house to house to arrange the flowers on the dining-table and in the window-boxes, to superintend the cooking, to look after the pet dog, or to trim the lamps.

The number of girl clerks has increased enormously, especially since the typewriter has come into common use. Lady inspectors, imperial and municipal female officials, excite no comment now, except such as is written by the facile pens of the growing band of women journalists, who really are more enterprising than male members of the fourth estate. But women do not so much invent as adopt. That they should encroach upon the domain of professional sport is not surprising, and we have lady cricketers, cyclists, divers, swimmers, and scullers—all of whom compete for money—to say nothing of female teachers of gymnastics. Another sport they indulge in is telling the fortunes, reading the bumps, or palms, or the handwriting of the impressionable sex. We have lady pavement artists, flower-sellers (who do a great business in “button-holes” for City men), women who earn money by shaving, massage, and manicure. Everybody has seen in barbers’ windows women knitting, with their magnificent hair over their shoulders, advertising somebody’s hair restorer; and if they have a “smart” figure, they try on new bonnets and dresses, so that customers may see how novelties look when worn. Common to the two sexes are the occupations of window-dressing and of advising how to lay out a garden or furnish a house in the most artistic fashion. The autograph hunter who sells his ill-gotten gains is a disgrace to both sexes.

Men guests at dinners and dances are always in request, and Mr. Anstey’s sketch of “The Man from Blankney’s” is no great exaggeration. Men earn a livelihood by being connoisseurs in horse-flesh, wines, and what not; but parasites are no new breed, as any reader of old plays knows. A fresh departure in hygiene is inspecting for a fee the sanitary arrangements of houses for intending occupants. Professional men, doctors and lawyers, both enjoy large retaining fees. Neurotic old ladies pay medical men to call on them every day to keep them well—much as the Chinese do: only the celestials stop the fees when they fall ill; and lawyers are retained *inter alia* by newspaper proprietors who have the fear of the law of libel before their eyes. Signor Tosti’s engagement to sing daily to the late Duchess of Cambridge was a novelty, too, and so is earning money by organising charity. Then newspaper cutting agencies, and such

a thing as the universal information bureau, are of mushroom growth. But my list in this direction threatens to be far too long.

All forms of sport are over-run with professionals. The Association game of football has become ruined by the inrush of paid players, who are bought and sold by rival clubs like so many head of cattle. Since 1881 the number of showmen (other than actors) and professional sportsmen, who are classed together in the census, has been augmented eighty per cent. We are all familiar with the pseudo-amateur cyclist—the maker's amateur—who receives a large retaining fee for always racing on a certain make of machine. This is a comparatively new calling. The whole cycling industry, indeed, has grown as fast as Jack's beanstalk. In 1881 there were 1,072 bicycle makers and dealers in this country; in 1891 there were 11,524. Billiard champions, too, enjoy a yearly stipend for only playing on certain tables, or with certain cues, balls, etc.

The profession of teaching is expanding rapidly; but, of course, within well-defined limits. University extension lecturing provides a livelihood for a deserving and able class. Technical education brings new grist to the mill. For instance, the County Councils have to employ secretaries for organising technical education. Again, the Northumberland County Council has been training fishermen in the mysteries of their craft—in coastal navigation, etc.—and after a few weeks "at school" these men have been sent home to impart their learning to their fellows in classes assembled. Then the education of deaf-mutes has at last been set on a proper basis, and new teachers are required for this department at schools. The specialisation of educational work tends to make this country—where, of course, State endowments are less liberal—resemble Germany, the land where professors in plenty be—

The land which produced one Kant with a K,  
And many Cants with a C.

Similarly the profession of journalism, which is advancing in importance and dignity with rapid strides, affords many occupations of a new character. This suggests more dubious means of living by one's wits. If I were to treat of *chevaliers d'industrie*—old foes with new faces—at all adequately, this MAGAZINE would not contain the tale. There is little novelty in swindling, after all, although application of old principles are often novel. For example: a man was about to be sent to prison in Paris the other day, when it was discovered accidentally that he was personating the real offender, and had been supplied by an agency established for the very purpose. "Philanthropic finance," which has been so much before the public of late, is a very old thing. Street hawkers have increased very largely—with the population—but the class of wares which they sell presents no great novelty. Cheap toys and fal-lals have long been profitable merchandise, and the inventor of a new "line" in them, if he has been a business-like man, has generally reaped a good harvest. The penny-in-the-slot machines have interfered somewhat with hawkers' profits. The latest application of the penny-in-the-slot

principle is to the electric light supply in the underground railway trains of London; and the mention of electric light suggests a large industry, expanding every week. Edison, who is so conspicuously associated with latter-day invention, has provided the class of men who used to give mild electric shocks for a penny with a new and profitable toy—the phonograph, which may be met with in the most unlikely places.

The census affords much food for reflection. In the first place, it shows that machinery has ousted men from the factories, and that more than ever the English may be described as a nation of shopkeepers. From 1881 to 1891 shopkeepers—among whom the peerage figures—increased 27.9 per cent. Yet here every walk of life is being crowded out. Look at the tobacco trade. The hands employed in tobacco factories are nearly twice as many as ten years or so ago. This throws a side-light on cigarette consumption, for it is noteworthy that the total number engaged in the pipe trade has remained almost stationary. There are already far too many tobacconists. The number of male and female agricultural labourers (I know one gentleman who employs women gardeners under a male head gardener), on the other hand, has fallen off more than ten per cent.

The largest increase of all is in those following financial pursuits. Lotteries having been abolished, people gamble instead by means of the Stock Exchange. The country is suffering from a plethora of companies. Everything nowadays is turned into a limited liability company. "Bucket-shops" are no new institutions, but they have developed proportionately—with financial journals. The most remarkable increase is in the direction of insurance companies. Life and fire insurances have multiplied amazingly, and it is now possible to insure against burglary, frozen pipes, broken window-panes, burst kitchen boilers, and employés' dishonesty. Those who are unable to gamble in stocks and shares bet on sporting events. There never was, perhaps, more general betting than now. There is an enormous class of sporting men, as opposed to a very different set—sportsmen (a nice distinction, which most will fully appreciate)—who will wager on anything under the sun. A reader of sporting papers will be familiar with the challenges published in them to clean pewter pots, to wheel a barrow, to match singing canaries or linnets, to play mouth-organs, etc., for stakes to be held by representatives of the papers in question.

Not long ago an excellent authority in the East End, in the course of some conversation with me on present-day evils, laid emphasis on the disappearance of the apprenticeship system and the mischievous specialisation of labour. Mr. John A. Hobson, in a recent lecture on "Over Specialisation," wittily said:—"Once there was such a being as a watchmaker; now one man is about the three hundred and seventieth part of a watchmaker. Once it was said it took nine tailors to make a man; now it takes more than nine men to make a tailor. There is no such thing as a tailor—there are only 'cutters,' 'busters,'

'button-holers,' etc." When a man made a whole chair the article cost more to the general public; and as he could not make every part equally easily, from want of practice, there was a certain amount of time wasted in the process. Now, however, the man only makes—say—the legs; and as he does nothing else, he becomes as much a machine as the painters who in the Italian art galleries do nothing but copy over and over again the same work of some old master.\* There is only one thing to be said in favour of excessive specialisation—it enables more men to earn wages, provided the demand for the articles produced is maintained.

I referred just now to the march of civilisation. An old sea captain of my acquaintance was deploring the departure of the days when steamboats and means of land transport were few. I remember that in one voyage this captain took out from England hundreds of ladies' ready-made dresses, for which he gave 30s. apiece. He sold them in various ports on the west coast of South America, obtaining from twenty-five dollars (£5) upwards for every one of them. The good old days when colonists could make fortunes without capital in very few years are gone for ever. Money is the true begetter of money now.

Where are we to look for new outlets? Inventors and discoverers are the saviours of society. The photographic art is modern enough to be a useful case in point. Photographers increased 41 per cent. from 1871 to 1881, and 59 per cent. in the following decade. New industries give rise to new wastes; and it was long before it was discovered that the precious metal used in the developing solutions could be recovered, or that the yolk of eggs, whose white was employed in providing albuminised paper, need not be thrown away as valueless, but would realise handsome prices from pastry-cooks. The history of waste products, indeed, is extremely instructive, and very pertinent to this article. Lord Palmerston declared that "dung was only gold in the wrong place." In some cases by-products have become the main products. Gas-tar—truly an unpromising material—now yields numberless products, as any science primer shows. From even more unlikely sources scents are obtained. As Lord Playfair once said: "Many a fair

\* A grim instance of specialisation is that of a man who ties down ginger-beer bottles—25,000 a week.

forehead is damped with the *huile de mille-fleurs* without knowing that its essential ingredient is derived from the drainage of a cow-house."

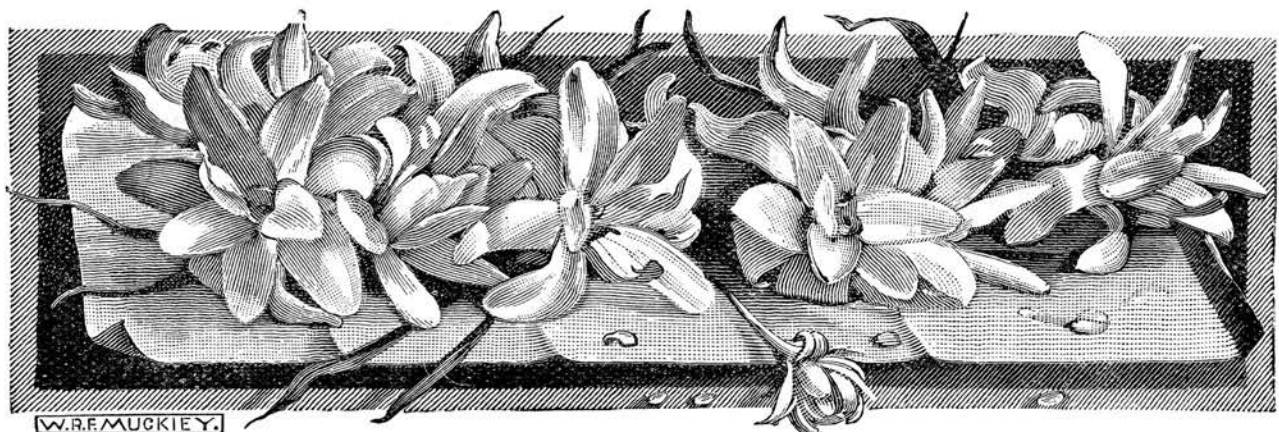
To the French belongs the greatest credit in discovering new means of making money. The Parisian *chiffonnier* is much sharper than his London brother, who does a queer trade in cigar ends and old hats, boots, etc., which are "faked" to look as good as new. It was a Parisian who first utilised old sardine tins, long regarded as worthless. He extracted the solder, and utilised the tin in the manufacture of toys and for beating into furniture. Another Parisian, an old soldier, collected old crusts and made them into bread-crumbs for cooks, and in time started a place of business, whence were supplied *croûtes au pot*, so dear to connoisseurs in soups. One of the latest novelties reported from across the Channel is a process for washing packs of playing-cards and renewing the edges. Unless the Government interfere, this industry is likely to become a large one, for the duty on cards makes the constant purchase of new packs a considerable item in the accounts of restaurants and other places of public resort.

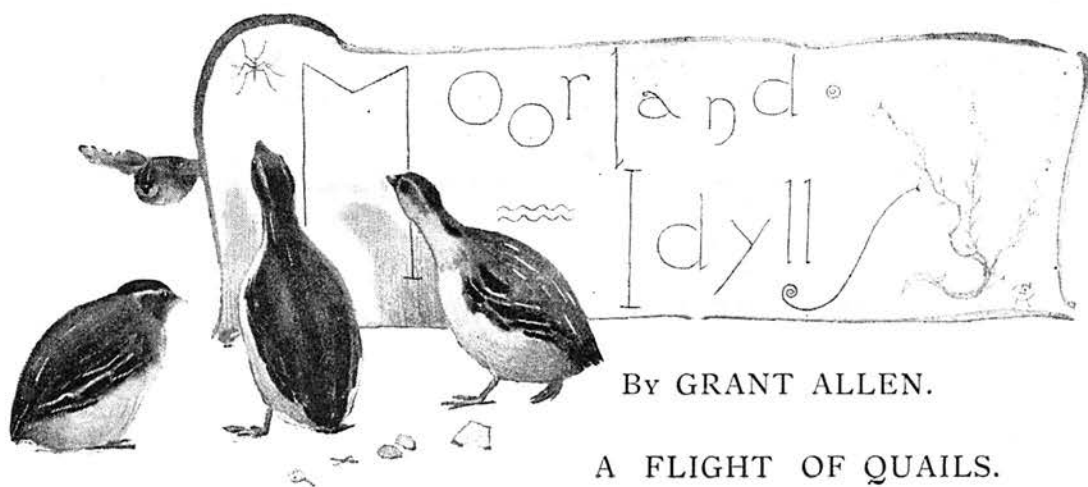
Remember how trade has been affected by inventions such as Arkwright's spinning-frame or Howe's sewing-machine; and think what has followed from discoveries such as Sir Titus Salt's—that alpaca wool was not wholly valueless. Explorers abroad are constantly finding new worlds to conquer. We have it on Lord Salisbury's authority that Sir John Kirk, Her Majesty's minister at Zanzibar, discovered within his jurisdiction a plant that has yielded £200,000 worth of indiarubber a year since. To-morrow the handsome premium—many thousands of pounds—offered by the Indian Government, for a machine that shall extract the fibres from the ramie plant may be won, and the textile industries revolutionised.

It is easy to point the moral which adorns this tale. There is no royal road to riches, but there is one way of making money as new to-day as it was thousands of years ago. I mean by down-right hard work—the "gospel of grind." Carlyle's noble praise of work will be familiar to all, but none the less are Kingsley's sad words true:—

"Men must work, and women must weep,  
And the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep."

R. M. L.





By GRANT ALLEN.

### A FLIGHT OF QUAILS.

**I**T is one of the wonders and delights of the moorland that here alone nature pays the first call, instead of demurely waiting to be called upon. Near great towns she is coy; and even in the fields that abut on villages, she shows but a few familiar aspects; while aloof on the open heath she reveals herself unreservedly, like a beautiful woman to her chosen lover. She exhibits all her moods and bares all her secrets. This afternoon late, we were lounging on the low window-seat by the lattice that gives upon the purple spur of hillside, when suddenly, a strange din as of half-human voices aroused our attention. "Look, look!" Elsie cried, seizing my arm in her excitement. And, indeed, the vision was a marvellous and a lovely one. From the lonely pine-tree that tops the long spur above the Golden Glen, a ceaseless stream of brown birds seemed to flow and disengage itself. It was a living cataract. By dozens and hundreds they poured down from their crowded perch; and the more of them poured down, the more there were left of them. What a miracle of packing! They must have hustled and jostled one another as thick on the boughs as swarming bees that cling in a cluster round their virgin queen; while as for the ground beneath, it seethed and swelled like an ant-heap. For several minutes the pack rose from its camp, and fluttered and flowed down the steep side of the moor toward Wednesday Bottom, flying low in a serried mass, yet never seeming to be finished. They reminded me of those cunning long processions at the play, when soldiers and village maidens stream in relays from behind the wings, and disappear up the

stage, and keep moving eternally. Only, that is clever illusion, and this was reality.

"Lonely," people say! "No life on the hilltop!" Why, here was more life at a single glance than you can see in a whole long week in Piccadilly; an army on the march, making the heather vocal with the "wet-my-feet, wet-my-feet" of ten thousand voices!

But you must live in the uplands to enjoy these episodes. Nature won't bring them home to you in the populous valleys. A modest maid, she is chary of her charms; you must woo her to see them. She seldom comes half-way to meet you. But if you dwell by choice for her sake in her chosen haunts, your devotion touches her: she will show you life enough—rare life little dreamt of by those who tramp the dead flags of cities, where no beast moves save the draggled cab-horse. For you, the curlew will stalk the boggy hollows; for you, the banded badger will creep stealthily from his earth and disport himself at dusk among his frolicsome cublets; for you, the dappled adder will sun his zigzag spots, and dart his tremulous tongue, all shivering and quivering; for you, the turbulent quail will darken the ground in spring, or spread cloud-like over the sky on cloudless summer evenings.

And what poetry, too, in their sudden entrance on the scene, dropped down from heaven, one would think, as on Israel in the wilderness. Small wonder the marvellous Hebrew annalist took those multitudinous birds for the subject of a miracle. But yesterday, perhaps, they were fattening their plump crops among the vine-





shoots of Capri, the lush young vine-shoots with their pellucid pink tendrils; and to-day, here they are among the dry English heather, as quick and eager of eye as by Neapolitan fig-orchards. Swift of flight and patient of wing, they will surmount the Apennines and overtop the Alps in a single night; leave Milan in its plain and Lucerne by its lake when the afterglow lights up the snow on the Jungfrau; speed unseen in the twilight over Burgundy or the Rhineland; cross the English Channel in the first gray dawn; and sup off fat slugs before twelve hours are past, when the shadows grow deep in the lanes of Surrey. Watt and Stephenson have enabled us poor crawling men to do with pain and discomfort, at great expense, in the chamber of torture described with grim humour as a *train de luxe*, what these merry brown birds, the least of the partridge tribe, can effect on their own stout wings, in rather less time, without turning a feather. If you watch them at the end of their short European tour from Rome to England at a burst, you will find them as playful and as bickering at its close as if they had just gone out for an evening constitutional.

Quails are the younger brothers of the partridge group. But unlike most of their kind, they are gregarious and migratory. They spend their winters in the south, as is the wont of fashionable invalids, and come northward with the spring, in quest of cooler quarters. Myriads of them cross the Mediterranean from Africa with the early siroccos, and descend upon Calabria and the Bay of Naples in those miraculous flights which Browning has immortalised in "The Englishman in Italy." Quail-netting is then a common industry of the country about Sorrento and Amalfi; thousands of the pretty little gray and buff birds are sent to market daily, with their necks wrung, and their beautiful banded heads, "specked with white over brown like a great spider's back," all dead and draggled. Many of the flocks stop on during the season among the vineyards in Italy; but other and more adventurous hordes, tired of southern slugs and fat southern beetles, wing their way, still further north to Germany, Scandinavia, England, and Scotland. At one time they were far from uncommon visitors in our southern counties; but brick and mortar have disgusted them, and their calls are

nowadays liker to angels' visits than in the eighteenth century. Yet a few still loiter through the winter in Devonshire or Kerry; while in summer they still reach to the Orkneys, Shetland, and the Outer Hebrides.

Beautiful as quails are, both to look upon and to eat, they are not personally amiable or admirable creatures. Their character is full of those piquant antitheses which seventeenth century satire delighted to discover in the human subject. They are gregarious but unsociable; fond of company, yet notoriously pugnacious; abandoned polygamists, with frequent lapses into the strictest monogamy; fighters destitute of the sense of honour; faithless spouses, but devoted, affectionate, and careful mothers. I fancy, too, they must have a wonderful instinct in the matter of commissariat, increased, no doubt, by ages of strategical evolution: for it can be by no means easy to find supplies for so large an army on the march; yet quails seem always so to time their arrival at each temporary stopping-place as exactly to fall in with some glut in the insect-market. Only a few days before they came here, for example, not a beetle was to be seen upon the parched-up heath; but day before yesterday, it rained insects, so to speak; and last night one could hardly take a step down the Long Valley without crushing small beetles underfoot against one's will by the dozen. The quails must somehow have got wind of the fact that there was corn in Egypt, be it by scent, or scouts, or some mysterious instinct; and here they are to-night, swarming up in their thousands, to enter into possession of their ancestral heritage. You should see them wage war on the helpless longicorn! I hope they will nest here, as it is amusing to watch them. Each little Turk of a husband keeps a perfect harem of demure brown hens, looking slyly askance from the corners of their eyes, and watches over them close by with all the jealousy of a Mahmoud or a Sultan Soleyman. The rival who tries to poach on his lordship's preserves has, indeed, a hard time of it; he will retire, well pecked, from his rash encounter. Quails, in fact, are still in the Mohammedan stage of social evolution, while our more advanced and enlightened English partridges have attained already to a civilised and western domestic economy.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To utilise scraps and ends of soap, make a small bag of thin porous material, fill it with the little pieces, sew up the mouth, and use it as you would use a washing-glove. In this way all the odd pieces can be used which are often thrown away.

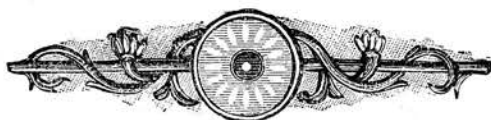
Never wear high heels to your shoes or boots, they not only make you more liable to trip on the stairs but are most injurious to health. Medical men have traced diseases of the brain, eyes and knees to the high heels, and cases of spinal complaint and epileptic fits have also been caused by them.

Dreams and sleeplessness are often the result of want of sufficient solid food before going to bed, but they are also caused by the head being uncovered. It is of course, unhealthy to put one's head under the bed-clothes, but it is a natural instinct and induces sleep. In cold weather a small shawl or triangular piece of flannel should be tied over the head at night. This applies specially to ladies who dress their hair on the top of the head by day, or those who wear caps.

Never go to sleep with a lozenge or sweet in your mouth, or allow children to do so.

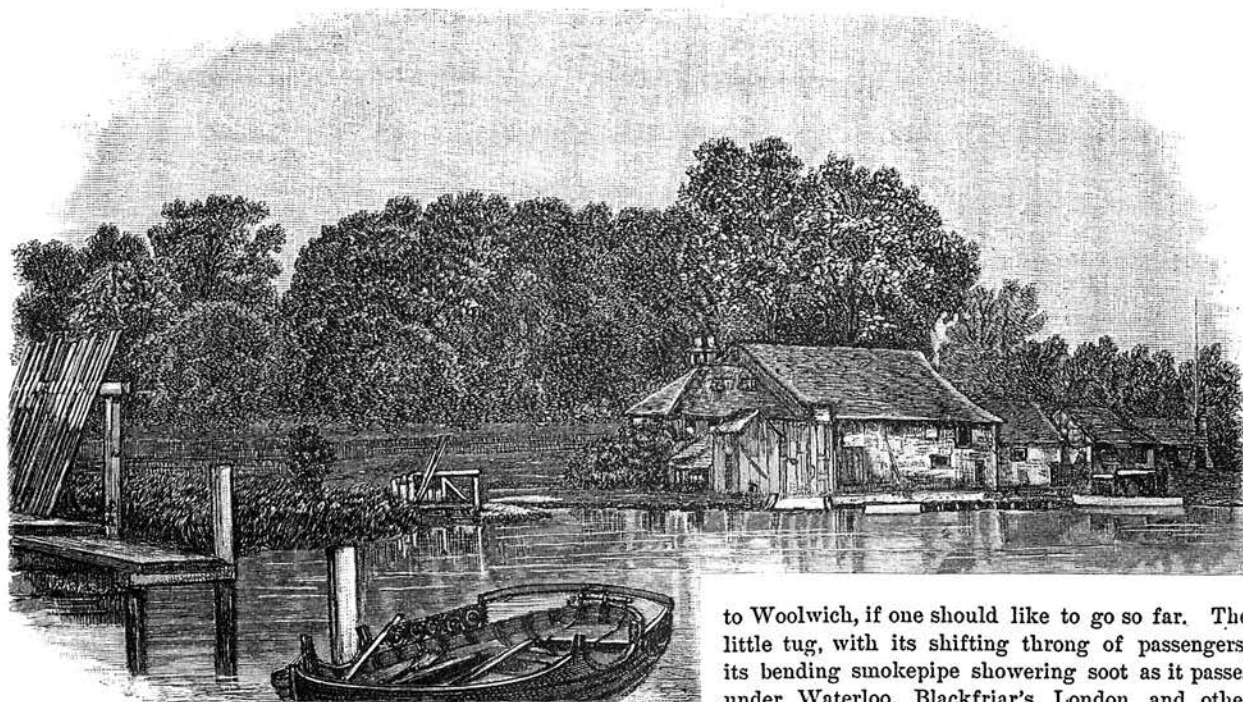
Honey on bread is a valuable food for children, and is a nice substitute for bread and butter, and makes a change. It is more wholesome than jam.

Oil lamps will always smell if turned too high so that they smoke, or too low when the smoke is not consumed, or if any oil is left outside the burner. Never turn down a lamp when you leave a room, as you do with gas, and never blow down a chimney. Turn it down steadily till it goes out, and then turn up the wick to make sure that it is out before you leave it. Always buy the best oil.



## ON THE THAMES.

“What is so rare as a day in June?”



THE SWAN INN, PANGBOURNE.

**B**UT few of the many foreign or American visitors who crowd London during the season have the slightest conception of the luxury of repose and rest that is within their reach, when, worn out and exhausted by the toil and drag of gallery and museum, they long for some “boundless contiguity of shade.” Into such knowledge we were initiated by the kind courtesy of an English friend; and while we would fain preserve the seclusion and silence that guard the classic sanctity of the Upper Thames from the penetrating tramp and inane gabble of the professional tourist, we would gladly place upon the appreciative lover of nature a debt of gratitude for the revelation of a new shrine.

It is quite “the thing,” as suggested by the faithful guide book, to take a sail from Westminster to Kew, passing Lambeth, Vauxhall, Battersea, and the well-known stretch from Putney to Mortlake; or down the river from the same point

to Woolwich, if one should like to go so far. The little tug, with its shifting throng of passengers, its bending smokepipe showering soot as it passes under Waterloo, Blackfriar's, London, and other bridges, is a matter of no small interest. But this noisy trip is the meed of the eager traveler who “sees everything and looks at nothing.” The Thames, overhung with mist and smoke and grime, with the weary din of toil echoing everywhere, is not the rhyme-sung river of English bards, as the towers and domes of London represent not the land of Birket Foster, Seguin, and Leslie.

Far up in the heart of England, among the Cotswold hills, beneath a moss-covered boulder, a little stream gushes forth and starts a long journey. Companions, timid, yet eager and as venturesome as itself, join it from time to time. Swelling and growing in importance, it winds its way beside the academic groves of Oxford, through field and meadow, lock and weir, rustling the long grass where the sedge bird makes her nest; gliding beneath the terraced bastion of royal Windsor—rippling by the gray walls of old Eton; widening and deepening past Runnymede, Hampton, and Richmond, until a swift and oftentimes soil-laden

current, it sweeps from the darkening shadow of the Temple and the Tower, to the purifying waters of the North Sea. How many stories it might tell of Roman, Dane, or Saxon who, somewhere on its banks in that long course of two hundred and twenty miles, in bloody strife or quiet conference, had in turn given a stroke for the making of England!

So faithful has been the pen and pencil of English poets and artists to their country, even though it were theirs by adoption only, that but little is left for a later hand, save to chronicle some new experience among nooks and corners already well known.

Hollar and Hogarth, though foreigners, both found patronage and favor from their well-executed views of Thames scenery, and both rest on its banks; the one at St. Margaret's, Westminster, the other in Chiswick churchyard.

There is, too, a touching sadness in the story of the great Turner's devotion to his beloved river, a devotion that ended only with his life. It was his delight, we are told, to watch from the windows of his little room at Chelsea the beauty of the dawn, the shifting lights of the day, the glory of the sunset, all reflected in turn from the smooth surface of the water. In later days, even the mysteries of gloom and shadow that Mr. Whistler evolves from the land of art and fancy as "Nocturnes," incomprehensible as they seem, find those who admire them for the love of the subject from which they are said to be drawn.

Returning from a day's wandering among the shadowed aisles and cloisters of the great abbey, we found on our table a modest-looking envelope, the contents of which, after the preliminary compliments, were as follows: "Having been in England before, you doubtless know already the principal beauties and points of interest. But I doubt if Americans, who have not been schooled on the subject, are aware of a little excursion to a certain part of the upper Thames which is the ideal of rural beauty. To-day is *un peu brumeux*, but let us hope that it will be fine on Wednesday, when we will, if you consent, meet at a quarter before ten A.M. at the Great Western Station, Paddington, where we take train for Taplow, the station next beyond Windsor. We walk down a

pleasant road about eight minutes—to Maidenhead; take boat there, row up the river to Cookham, where we lunch; *same route home in the afternoon*. Let me hear from you. P. S.—Fail not at your peril. I being of the Star Chamber! and there still exist the Tower and the block!!!" This last clause, if nothing else, helped us to an immediate decision. An acceptance was at once dispatched, and Wednesday morning found us faithful to the appointment.

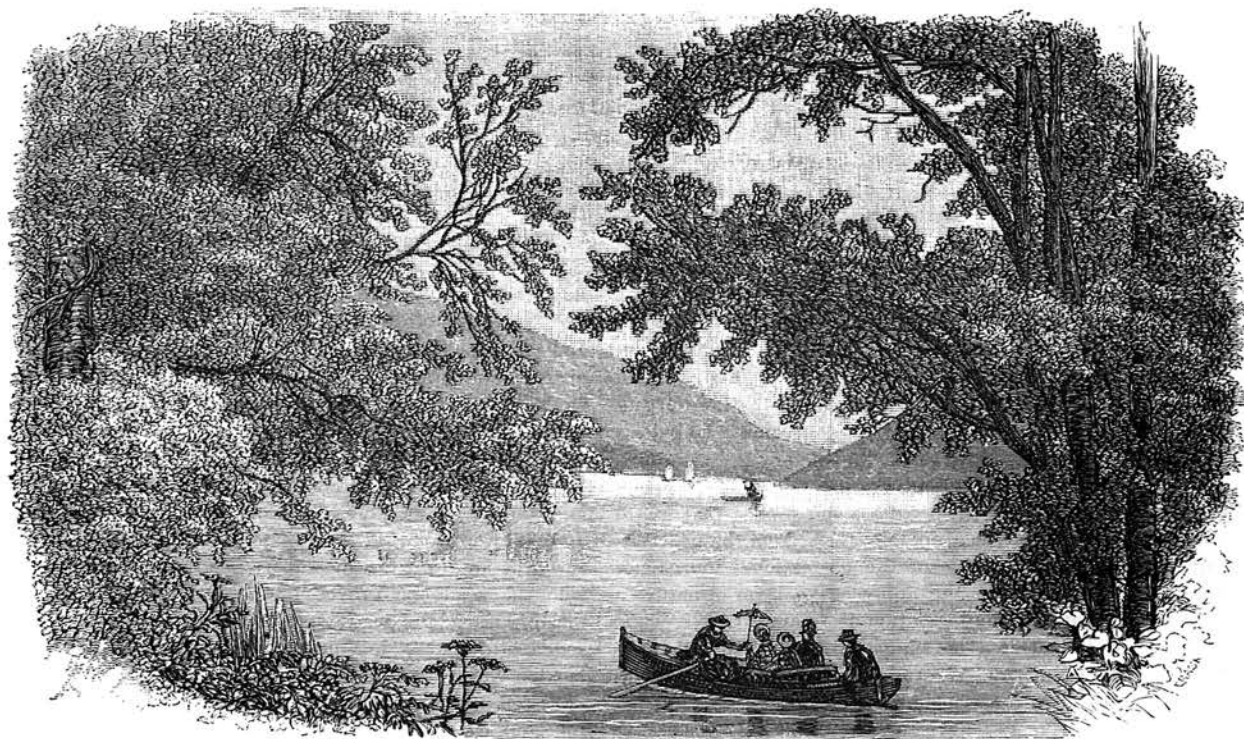
Our friend, besides being a man of much culture and a popular lecturer, had on one occasion, by his devotion to an Englishman's *vade mecum*, won for himself the humorous title of "Guv'ner with the h'umbrella." As we followed the crowd down the long platform that led into the station, sure enough, there was the well-known black-silk friend raised aloft. This characteristic signal led us to the "Guv'ner" at once.

The train for Ascot was to leave just before the one we expected to take. It chanced to be "cup-day" at the races, so the ten minutes in the waiting-room were far from tedious. Here a pretty well-preserved sire had in charge the young ladies of his family—daughters two—whose pink silk frills peeped persistently from beneath the smothering gray alpaca dusters, with which they had prudently covered their dainty costumes. They evidently have something on their minds, and torment papa, who is trying to keep his place in the line that stretches from the ticket office.

Their anxiety comes to light. "Where on earth is Thomas with the lunch? He has disappeared entirely; are you getting a ticket for him too? Do hurry, papa! There now, we are left! I'm sure our train is moving. Where *is* Thomas?"

Poor papa, in his confusion and bewilderment, drops his change, is entirely ignorant as to how many tickets he *has* bought, and at last is hurried helplessly along by the young ladies to the compartment already secured by the missing Thomas, who, in all the glory of top boots and buttons, is patiently guarding the precious hamper on the platform within.

Young gentlemen—shade of Beau Brummell, be present!—arrayed in the latest—faultless in harmony, style, and color



NEAR MAIDENHEAD.

from gloves to gaiters, crowd through next. More ladies, more Thomases, more papas. At last they are all in place, and with puff, shriek, and smoke, are borne away. Then we of the higher culture, pilgrims to a holier shrine, find the way to our quiet compartment, and roll out from London town.

The luxurious freedom of a private compartment was soon appreciated. With childish eagerness we changed from window to window, on either side, attracted by some new feature. It was an ideal day. Clouds enough flecked the blue sky to relieve its intensity a soft sunshine permeated and pervaded all things, creating an atmosphere of peace and rest.

We sped through smooth stretches of field and meadow, where the green waves of growing grain chased each other until lost to sight; where red and white clover and the ox-eyed daisies, guarded by blossoming hedgerows, nodded and whispered through the long hours of the day; where

The story was finished; the noble heart of Prince Albert had ceased to beat.

As we sped along the picture was recalled, for there to the south was the stately pile, the flag to-day proudly floating over the stony battlements of the Round Tower, as signal that the Queen was in residence.

Hardly had the castle faded from view, when the call of "Taplow!" told us our destination was reached.

We left the train, and the question at once arose, should we walk or drive to Maidenhead, some two or three hundred yards distant? The run from London had taken about fifty minutes, so there was no need of rest, and the bit of roadway before us, with crimson poppies, daisies and buttercups on one side, and a wooded park on the other, was very inviting.

We decided in favor of the walk, and eight or ten minutes later were turning into the well-kept garden in front of "Skindle's," a famous old inn, well patronized by the boat-



WHITCHURCH LOCK.

browsing cattle and spirited thoroughbreds held solemn conclave—all seen for a moment, but deeply impressed. An English landscape, with its exquisite finish, however limited in extent, has a peculiar charm for the American eye accustomed to the wilder, freer scope of nature in the western world. But the expressions of delight that cannot always be repressed are ever met with some gracious answer. "Ah, but in America, everything is so large, so grand." The courteous flattery has its weight.

"Slough! All out for Slough!"

It is our first stop, and the watchful guard peers in to see that no careless traveler shall go beyond his destination; then the key turns in the door, and we are off again.

One of our party remarked, as we left the station, that when Mr. Sala lectured in New York, he mentioned that at the time of the last illness of the Prince Consort, when the end was hourly expected, the lecturer, full of anxious expectation, rose before the dawn and looked from the window of his home at Slough, and in the early light of the morn he discerned the flag on the distant towers of Windsor Castle, where the royal sufferer lay, floating at half mast.

ing men from all parts of England. Only a step farther was the river itself, spanned by the substantial bridge of the Great Western Railway.

A small armada of boats, punts, shells, and other craft was moored at Bond's boat-house in the foreground. On the opposite side of the river a pretentious villa, ivy covered, stood at the head of a sloping lawn. Masses of crimson geraniums glowed in the sunlight, and rustic seats and benches were placed conveniently about.

It was nearing high noon. The row up the river, though only a matter of three miles, would take at least an hour. We did not wish to anticipate what might be in store for us at Cookham, yet something done to sustain nature, under the extra drain upon sentiment and enthusiasm, might be prudent; so we went in at Skindle's for a bit of cheese and biscuit, to which, for the stronger members of the party, was added a tankard of beer.

We found no difficulty in securing from Mr. Bond a boat suited to our party. An honest-looking English lad—one of the young Bonds, perhaps—was to manage the oars, while our friend sitting in the center would do the steering by

means of a couple of ropes attached to the rudder. A long crimson velvet cushion added a touch of luxury and a deal of comfort to our little craft. Soon all was in readiness, we turned our faces up stream, and at last were to know in truth,

“—THE CHRISTALL THAMES WONT TO SLIDE,  
IN SILVER CHANNELL, DOWNE ALONG THE LEE;”

the inspiration of Milton and Spenser.

A few strokes of the oars send us flying ahead, and before we realize what our young boatman—whose name we find is Joe—means to do, we are drawn up beside a short flight of stone steps on the left bank. A moment later and Joe has a long line out, and following the beaten path on the edge of the river is vigorously towing us toward the lock, some distance ahead.

Joe brings us faithfully and quickly to Boulter's Lock, and while he winds up his line and joins us in the boat again, the lock-keeper, seeing us, comes out of his picturesque cottage, and begins to turn the crank by which the great wooden gates in front of us are opened. Joe dips his oar, and we seem lost to all the world, the closed gates behind and the damp, moss-covered stone walls on either side. When the upper gates open, it is a curious sensation to feel one's self borne upward by the rising waters until the level of the stream above is reached. The descent of the Thames is so great that these locks are quite numerous from Oxford as far down as Teddington, and with the usual accompaniment of the keeper's cottage and garden, the rushing weir, and weather-beaten mill, they add much to the natural beauty and simplicity of the river. Artists complain of the substitution of solid wrought-iron structures where the old locks have gone to decay; but it is very natural that the Thames Conservancy, charged with the care of the river, should think more of the study of practical economy than artistic effect.

The lock safely passed, on our right is a beautiful islet of willows, beyond which we see and hear the waters of the dangerous weir rushing and tumbling—a wicked enough maelstrom if by any chance a luckless boat should be drawn into its whirling current.

The long regular stroke from Joe's sturdy arm has brought us in sight of Cliveden on the right—a noble country seat, belonging to the Duke of Westminster. Our sense of courtesy did not permit the thought of landing, though one or two rustic boat-houses were temptingly convenient. We had already visited Eaton Hall, a baronial pile near Chester, owned by this nobleman, and the finished beauty of its well-tended gardens and parterres was in striking contrast with the luxurious richness of the park and wood here. The original mansion at Cliveden, burned in 1795, was said to have had its foundation by George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. We could get only occasional glimpses of the towers through the bowery trees, but, looking back over the course we had come, taking in the beauty of island and shore, we were willing to add our testimony to the record, that this little stretch was truly the gem of the Thames. Henley and Marlowe, and the reaches of the river beyond Cookham are better known to the enthusiastic crowds whom the regattas attract; but for a quiet day of rest and satisfaction the row from Maidenhead to Cookham fills every desire.

Now, on the left, is a mysterious island, hedged closely about with lilac bushes. Bending low, we catch glimpses of a garden, bright, blossoming flowers and growing plants. Soon a villa, whose light stone chimneys tower above the trees, comes in sight. A broad piazza overhung with roses, India jars blue and yellow standing about, rustic baskets filled with *begonia* and trailing *tradescantia*, hanging between the pillars, completes the study. In the foreground, a flight

of steps leads from the garden to the water. At the foot of these, a gentleman, some five or six and thirty, in a negligé suit of flannel, hands a lady, young and fresh, into a little boat. She seats herself near one end, arranges her frills and flounces, and raises a pink parasol; he seizes the oars with an accustomed hand, and they dash across our bow, their little shell speeding down the river like a flying bird.

We are wild with curiosity.

“Joe! You must know, what place is this;—who are these people?”

“This is Formosa,” said Joe very dryly; “h'it's a h'island. H'an old lady with 'er daughters lived 'ere last season. I dun-no who's let it this summer. H'its a purty place though.”

Indeed it is, and well named Formosa—Beautiful! Surely, it was from subject such as this, seen from Cliveden wood, that Calderon drew his picture “Sighing his Soul into his Lady's Face.”

Cookham Lock, just beyond Formosa, is said to be the most beautifully situated of any on the river. The fall here is about three and a half feet. The lock is built of wood. Reeds, flags and rushes, dashed with brilliant color by purple and yellow weeds, form a bordering on the weather-stained edges. The view ahead is shut off by overhanging willows, but passing these there is a smooth stretch to Cookham, which we see in the distance on the left bank.

The swans that are hovering about the landing-place descry us; gathering themselves into a white winged convoy, they come with stately dignity to welcome us. A few moments more and we have reached the wooden pier, where Joe makes our boat fast alongside many others.

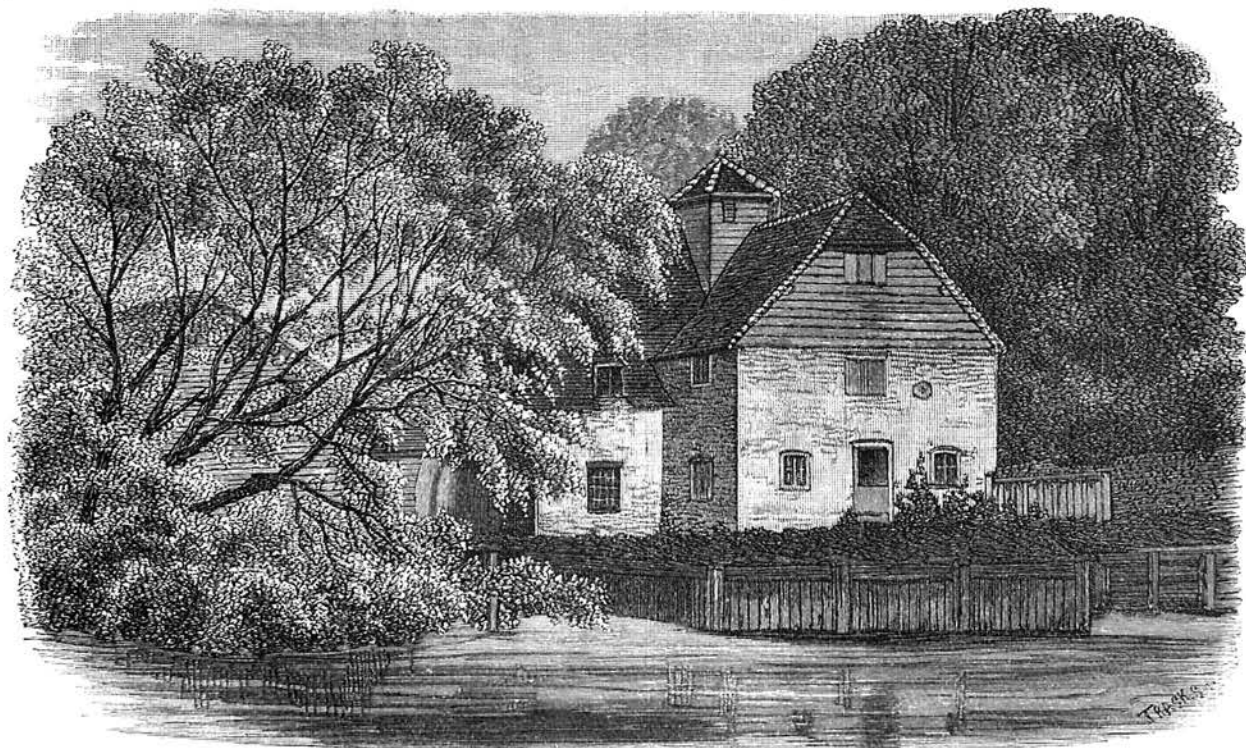
We direct our steps at once to the little inn on the bank; as we are to have but an hour there will be no time for explorations. The landlord greets us on the piazza, here are the roses too, and with gentle apology ushers us in.

“Luncheon? Certainly; our dining-room is occupied, unfortunately, by a large party from Marlowe, just now, but would you come into this little parlor? We can lay the table in a moment here. And what would you like? Shall we bring a bit of the cold lamb, or perhaps the lady would like some meat-pie? We have some nice fresh strawberries too, to-day!”

The questions were soon answered. Cold lamb, meat-pie, peas, salad, strawberries, etc., etc., the menu extended itself to the good host's perfect satisfaction, and he disappeared like mother Eve, “on hospitable thoughts intent.”

The windows of our little parlor overlooked a well-kept lawn that sloped to the river's edge. Our friends, the swans, skimming back and forth, along the garden, seemed to invite us to come out and be sociable, so taking some bread, which had already been placed on the quickly arranged table, we stepped through the low casement, and crossing the lawn seated ourselves on one of the rustic benches that stood under the shade of a great tree in one corner.

The swans are quite a feature on this part of the Thames, and are said to be much disliked by the fishermen, who think they eat the spawn. They are owned by two companies, the Dyers and the Vintners, to whom the privilege of owning swans was granted, as a mark of royal favor, years ago. Each corporation has its own mark, one or two nicks in the bill, and all swans unmarked by a certain age belong to the Crown. The operation of Upping or Marking, takes place in July or August, and is usually made a gala day, people coming out from London to watch the process. It is done by men in boats, and is quite painful. The poor swans make great resistance, and are said to be quite depressed for days afterward. It is estimated that in all there are five or six hundred on the river. We had a fine opportunity, in this half hour spent in their company, to study the selfish imperious-



OLD MILL, MAPLEDURHAM.

ness of the cock-bird. No sooner did poor Madam possess herself of a tempting bit of bread than her lord and master, by a series of nips and pinches with his hard bill, compelled her to drop it and take herself away, for the moment, at least, while he enjoyed a double share. Sounds of merriment from the party in the dining-room remind us that the supreme moment of the day must be near for us too. We are not mistaken; the landlord is beckoning to us from the window. As we enter, he assists each to their place at the table with an air of no small triumph. The spread before us is certainly attractive. The fresh cloth, the fragrant bouquet of garden-flowers in the center, the sparkling salad, the luscious berries, formed a combination to be appreciated, and brought keen sympathy for those well-known lines of Shenstone, that could, with equal truth, have been written here instead of at Henley.

"Whoe'er has traveled life's dull round,  
Where'er his stages may have been,  
May sigh to think he still has found  
His warmest welcome at an inn."

There was, certainly, nothing lacking in the reception at Cookham.

Time speeds. The luncheon is over. The shadows on Cliveden wood are growing deeper. From the window we see Joe untying the boat, and shaking up the cushions. The actions are suggestive. Reluctantly we gather together our things and make ready to depart. We had entertained a faint hope that time would, at the least, be found to wander up the street a little, and visit the church, with its old brasses and quaint inscriptions. Above all, we hoped to have seen the marble bust of the lamented artist Frederick Walker, R. A., who did so much to make this portion of the river familiar. It cannot be so; the sacrificial moment comes. Joe dips his oar for the homeward journey. Cookham soon stands in retrospect. The graceful swans follow in our wake, and we glide on—and on, until, in dreaming fancy, we seem to hear the song of Lohengrin, as with wistful backward gaze he waves a long farewell. We sweep around the curve of the willows and Cookham is lost to sight.

Going with the stream required but little labor, and in

the quiet drifting it was pleasant to take in again the scene of the morning. My companions, in the bliss of an afternoon cigar, talked of everything; of the Pyrenees, of Spain, of a new translation of Don Quixote. We listen for a while, and then, with full liberty of musing, begin to dream of "green fields farther off." Cliveden and Formosa are passed while we picture to ourselves the many windings and turnings of old "Father Thames," through sheltered nooks and grassy meadows beyond the sequestered spot on his banks to which we had penetrated. Oxford is nearly sixty miles beyond Cookham, and between the two points we know are famous stretches. Wooded heights crowned with handsome country seats, ivied churches, where under old brasses rest knights and ladies of "lowde Renowne." Between Henley, nine miles above Cookham, and Wallingford, the river is made most picturesque by more than a half-dozen locks. The old mill at Mapledurham is as choice a bit for the pencil as an artist could desire, and beyond the lock at Whitchurch, rises Pangbourne, that tempts the oarsman irresistibly to try the hospitality of its old inn. The trial matches of the Oxford University crews are annually rowed just below Wallingford, about twenty miles from Oxford. It was our good fortune, a week later, to stand on Folly Bridge, at Oxford, and witness the "procession of boats," as it is called, on the grand triumphal day when the victor crew stand in their boat, at the head of the river beneath the shadow of the University Barge, and receive, in turn, the salute of their less fortunate rivals. Both banks of the river—here a small stream, indeed—are lined with spectators. Every point that commands a view is filled. Christchurch Meadow is gay with citizens and visitors in holiday attire. Invited and honored guests crowd the University Barge, from which floats in proud disdain the colors of the winning crew. A band of music wakens the "under-grads" to more than their usual enthusiasm, and their shouts are loud and long as the Exeter, or Baliol, or Magdalene boat, in which they may be interested, emerges from beneath the bridge. The salute is made by the crew standing, with elevated oars, and is a curious spectacle when seen for the first time. It was rather too vigorously given by one crew, and, whether

purposely or not, ended in a capsizing of the tiny shell, a bath for the oarsmen, and a general splashing of the spectators near.

We are digressing. Joe does not approve of abstraction. He cannot distinguish it from melancholy. With kind intent he recalls us to consciousness by some remark of personal bearing. A conversation rather jerky on Joe's part follows, and we find that Joe too has seen something of the world.

He lived in France for two years; was groom at the *château* of a baron. "Did he like it?" we ask. "If he could 'a learnt to talk like the others he w'ud 'a liked hit well 'nough; but he ben't no scholar, so he could no mor'n ask for sume'n to eat, when he cum away;" and we retraced the morning's course.

We parted with Joe where we had met him, at the boat-house—he expressing a desire to go to America, and we hoping we should find him just here again some fine summer's day in the future.

The train was on time at Taplow, and an hour later brought us again to Paddington Station. The drive homeward led us between Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park. The stately carriages with blazoned crest kept up the giddy whirl. On Rotten Row, the devotees of fashion, members of parliament, and people about town met in blind equality. The setting sun mirrored itself in the smooth waters of the Serpentine, the last rays gilded the statue of Achilles, and lent a deeper tint to the blush of the rhododendrons.

Months of winter and storm and sleet have passed since that day, but when memories of old England, resting beyond the great water come to us, the glitter and the glare, the fashion and the folly, quickly give place, and we see instead, a quiet river, an old inn, and the rooks wheeling and flying over Maidenhead Bridge. EMMA M. TYNG.

### A Cheerful Spirit.

I'M a hopeless, unfortunate creature,  
I'm tortured with sorrow and pain,  
I'm twisted in figure and feature;  
However, I never complain.

My wife is a termagant truly,  
She treats me with scorn and disdain,  
My children are bad and unruly;  
However, I never complain.

My business is sadly declining,  
My efforts to prosper are vain,  
I've reason for constant repining;  
However, I never complain.

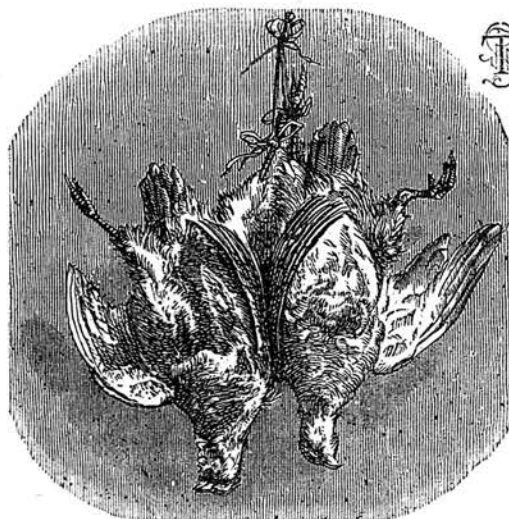
I'm neglected by friends and relations,  
The snubs which I oft entertain  
Might justify loud protestations;  
However, I never complain.

This fact will attract your attention,  
And this I will always maintain,  
Of my woes I make *casual* mention;  
However, I never complain.

Stanley Wood.



### SEPTEMBER.



THE first of this month is the most welcome day in the calendar to many a country gentleman and many a hard-working man of business in the City. It is not

every one who can afford a moor, or who is intimate

with a person so blessed; but almost all who are fond of shooting, even if they do not possess an acre of their own, must know friends who own broad acres, and are only too glad to ask acquaintances to shoot over them in their company. For partridge-shooting is eminently a social sport, and when pleasant fellows have shot during the noonday sunshine with an old college-friend or mess-room companion, the snug dinner, and the cozy fireside chat after it, are rendered doubly grateful by the chill afternoon hours and early-gathering mists of September. The stubbles of the present day are very different to those of thirty years ago. The reaping-machine cuts them much lower and more uniformly than did Irish sickles in the past, but partridges still choose them for their favourite haunt, even if they are occasionally driven in rough weather to shelter under the hedges, themselves cut to regulation height in every well-garnered district, very different

to the picturesque hedgerows of departed farming days. Like every other art, partridge-shooting has had to adapt itself to the changed times. If we read with satisfaction that Sir Roger de Coverley possessed a room piled with guns of divers forms and fashions, wherewith he had "made great havoc in the woods,



and destroyed many thousands of pheasants, partridges, and woodcocks," it is with some trembling for his character as an orthodox sportsman that we soon after hear of his having "in his youthful days taken forty coveys of partridges in a season." That word "taken" almost looks like trapping, but we gladly give the worthy knight the benefit of the doubt. It was not until the second half of the century that the refinement of shooting birds flying was introduced. A poem called "Pteryplegia, or the Art of Shooting Flying," published in 1767, enables us to approximate to the date of this improvement. The flint-cock fowling-pieces lasted well into the present century. That celebrated sportsman, Sir R. Sutton, is said to have been the last man to use them. They gave way to the percussion-cap guns, which in quite recent times have in their turn yielded to breech-loaders. Almost more pleasant than dinner after shooting, is luncheon during shooting; not the formal meal, with hot viands and champagne, spread by powdered flunkeys in some pre-arranged stack-yard, which is very well for cockney gourmands; but the honest crust of bread and cheese, washed down from the little beer-keg or the pocket whiskey-flask. This is the true sportsman's lunch, and is taken in any impromptu shelter, the lee side of a fence or inside the plantation. Hunger is in this case the only, but the best, sauce.

As for the partridges, it is touching to hear them calling to each other in all innocence at eve during the week which precedes "the first." They almost seem to give themselves airs, and to presume on the protection man has rendered them since their birth. How kindly too does the keeper daily shoot down hawks and trap those horrid weasels! Every arrangement is made for their comfort. Alas! what a

bloody morning is at hand for them when "the first" dawns, a very massacre of Glencoe in its certainty and swiftness!

Another rural sport which begins in September is cub-hunting. It bears the same relation to hunting proper, as practising at cricket with a professional bowler does to playing in a match. None but enthusiasts care to ride in the dusky mists of an autumnal morning amongst covers wet with dew, while the young dogs are being broken in, but these early-risers report that it is a pleasant and jovial pastime. An old sportsman relates with great glee that he once engaged to meet the hounds at a cross-road, some eight miles from the kennels, during cub-hunting. He gained his position in the dark before morning broke, and heard, ere long, the tramp of hounds and horsemen advancing to him. At the appointed spot, the huntsman observed to his comrade, "Mr. So-and-so ought to be here now." "And here Mr. So-and-so is," exclaimed our friend, delighted at his own punctuality, as he rode forward out of the darkness. The great recommendation of cub-hunting seems to be that it insures a good appetite at breakfast; hence it probably had no small share in the rise of the proverb, "As hungry as a hunter."

Thatching of stacks is a rural occupation very general at present. The condition of a district's farming may be fairly divined from the construction of its wheat-ricks. What wretched, rickety objects are they on small holdings, or in parts of the country where tall hedges and narrow fields prevail! Amongst the precarious harvests on the Borders, the stacks are jaunty, little, and circular, rising to a peak, with straw bands wound over it in ornamental spirals. The huge rectangular stacks of a Lincolnshire farm-yard are emblematical of its large farms and immense fields,



where the story is told of a farmer observing that "his turnips looked well, except about a hundred acres in the corner of one of his fields." In some parts the local agricultural society offers a prize of two or three guineas for the best-trimmed stacks, and keen is then the emulation among the yard-men. The six monster



stacks in a competing farm-yard are accurately built, and then trimmed, next all projecting straws are cut level with a hook, bits are clipped off here and there, and all refuse around the yard carefully swept up. The judges drive round to inspect the different stack-

they are so soon to give place to the angry storms of autumn. The sparrow-hawk often becomes very bold at this season, when she must find sustenance for her young, and may be seen in the country skimming over farm-yards with an eye to young chickens. In August,



THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER CUTTING THE FIRST SHEAF.

yards—on which occasion they have excellent opportunities for testing the sherry and cigars of the district—and the winning collection of stacks will be found almost mathematically correct, with such beautiful precision have they been built.

The bright mornings and sunny noons of this month are especially delightful as being the last gleams of summer, fraught with a melancholy beauty, because

1874, one of these fine birds, attracted by the sparrows in the ivy round our house, swooped fiercely through the glass of the drawing-room window, and was picked up mortally injured from the floor, but still sufficiently ready to use his beak and talons. We have known another of these birds, in a similar way, dash through a nursery window to attack a child's bare arm, who was sitting close to the glass. Probably the bird took it in the uncertain glare for a canary or some other domesticated pet. Other cases of this habit are also on record. Pheasants too have been known to fly through windows at night, attracted by lights within, and the keepers of lighthouses constantly find birds so killed in the gallery surrounding the lantern. A woodcock in this manner once broke the thick plate-glass surrounding the arrangement of

lights at Flamborough Head Lighthouse, being doubtless borne on in the teeth of a strong north-eastern gale. Mentioning the birds of this month, reminds us that partridges are not uncommonly picked up by the plate-layers on railways, having been killed by flying against the telegraph wires.

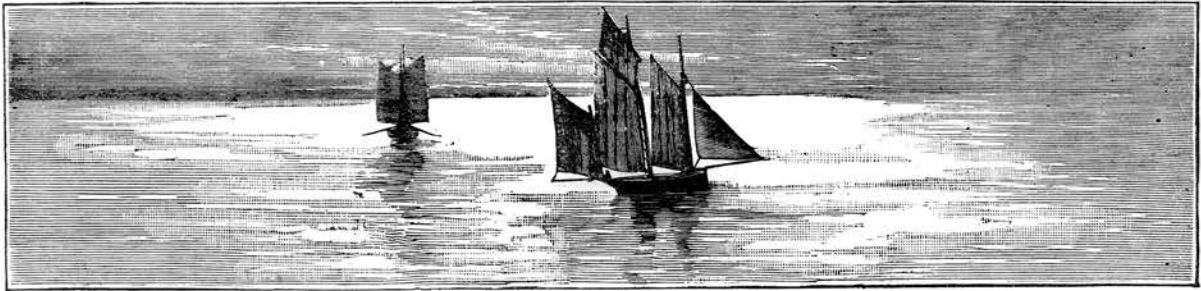
The herring fishery on the eastern coast is generally in full activity during this month. Few fish are more capricious, however, both in their coming close to the land from the deep water to spawn, and in their preference for certain spots, when others seem to our eyes equally favourable to them, and are yet deserted.

The chief employments in the garden at present are gathering and storing fruit, preserving that left on the trees from the attacks of wasps, and taking up potatoes. It is essential that these be well protected from frost when placed under shelter. Multitudes of those who stored potatoes last autumn, lost them during the severe frost which closed 1874. Bulbs for next spring must be planted at once. It is just possible that roses budded even thus late may succeed. They have no fiery summer heats to withstand. Bedding plants begin to look yellow and miserable, but hollyhocks and dahlias, to say nothing of asters, will maintain their beauty until the first sharp frost.

In the kitchen-garden the crops intended to stand

during winter must be attended to. Celery will require its final earthing up. Some place a draining tile over each root, and then roughly pile up the soil. This plan possesses the undoubted advantage that none of the earth can penetrate to the crown of the plant. Cabbages, parsnips, and beet must be taken up and carefully stored when their leaves turn yellow. Apples are best preserved by placing them on shelves in a dry room, taking care that they do not touch each other, and occasionally wiping off the moisture from them. As for pears, it is better in the northern parts of the kingdom to gather them some time before they are ripe. This precludes all danger of their being bruised in falling by the severe gales which must be expected this month. They can then be "smothered" in the orthodox fashion. Of course, it is not pretended that these pears can acquire the flavour of a Jersey or French pear, but they are not utterly ruined, as too often happens if suffered to remain on the tree.

The mulberry's leaves are beginning to fall early in the month. Whether its fruit is liked or not, its fine head of foliage and the picturesqueness of it, when it attains any age, ought to insure a tree being planted in every garden. We have known persons who made it a sacred obligation to set a little one in every garden they successively possessed. M. G. WATKINS.



## PLANTAGENET PIGS.



gather from *The Guildhall White Book*, lately translated and published by the suggestion of the Master of the Rolls, the following curious regulations as to the City Pigs in the fifteenth century:—

"Pork seems to have been (1412) more extensively consumed than any other kind of butcher's meat, judging from the frequent mention of swine, and the laws about them, living and dead. 'Lean Swine' are named as frequenters of Smithfield Market, apparently as a means of improving their condition. In Edward Longshanks's days, persons living in the City were allowed to keep swine 'within their houses,' with as free a range as that porcine pet of the Irish schoolmaster. But these Plantagenet Pigs were not to occupy sites that encroached on the streets. At a later day, the permission to keep them even within one's house would seem to have been limited, as we have seen, to master-bakers; and it seems to have been at all times a standing rule that swine were not to be allowed to

roam about the streets, fosses, or suburbs of the City. If an erring specimen was found grunting along his solitary way, defiant of statutes and ordinances in such cases made and provided, then might such vagrant porker, whether straying in the mere naughtiness of his heart, or compelled by hunger, be lawfully slain by whatsoever citizen lighted on him in his vagabondage, said citizen being also at liberty to retain what had been pig but was now pork, the carcase whole and entire; unless, indeed, the pig's sometime owner bought it of him at a stipulated sum. Not even this license for any citizen to kill any stray pig was considered effectual enough to answer the legislative purpose. The vagrant propensity that emptied so many a sty of its denizen became a nuisance; for we read that early in the reign of Edward I., four men were 'chosen and sworn to take and kill all swine found wandering within the walls of the City, to whomsoever they might belong.' We find, however, that the Renter of St. Anthony's Hospital (the patron Saint of swine) was 'a privileged person' in this respect, though his honesty was impeachable, since he had to make oath that he would not avow any swine found at large in the City, nor 'hang any bells around their necks, but only around those pigs which have been given them in pure alms.'"

# THINGS IN SEASON, IN MARKET AND KITCHEN.

By LA MÉNAGÈRE.

SEPTEMBER, the hunter's moon, brings us such an abundance in our markets that it is difficult to say just what is peculiar to the month. Undoubtedly the most prominent feature is moor game, and now is the time when even moderate purses may safely indulge in this. Hares, rabbits, grouse, partridges, and wild duck give an excellent choice, and poultry also is prime and not dear.

Fresh-water fish come in this month, and are often most useful to country hostesses, as well as affording sport to her guests. The orchards are laden now with fast-ripening fruit, and if this harvest is a fairly plentiful one we may indeed be glad. Nuts will find an excuse for many delightful nutting parties among the children, and the storing of fruits and vegetables from the garden will keep the housekeeper busy. Damsons should be plentiful towards the end of this month, and will want making into jam and cheese, and we expect also to gather blackberries—another excuse for picnicking—nor must we leave mushrooms out of the list. Indeed, September is the harvest-month in many senses, for we have the wild crops ready for garnering, as well as the cultivated ones of garden and field.

The poorest country-dweller may make a profit now who has the wit and the energy to seek for nature's bounty, as these wild things invariably meet with a ready sale in towns.

Besides these we have other things provided by a bountiful providence which we ought to appreciate better than we do. See the glorious colouring that the leaves of the hedgerow trees take on; note the rushes swaying in the brook, the berries of the mountain-ash, as well as of the dog-rose; all these are profitable to town florists, who will generally pay a fair price for such things. To the home decorator all these are very valuable—or will be in the days that will come all too soon, when no flowers are to be had for the table. If slightly dried and brushed over with a very weak solution of gum arabic, then dried again, these will keep for a long time without losing their colour. Some of the very prettiest table decorations ever seen have been made with coloured leaves and berries. For tall jars in the corners of rooms, purple thistles, white honesty, brown bulrushes, copper beech boughs, and scarlet ash-berries combined, make a truly lovely show.

In the garden we have dahlias and sunflowers defying the wane that seems to make everything else look dreary, and by and by we shall have chrysanthemums in all their brave glory to brighten house and greenhouse. What a glory do these give to the last days of the dying year.

But the year is far from ending in September; we have many things yet to enjoy, and possibly many guests to entertain, and always much to see to, as prudent housewives.

A plentiful crop of wild mushrooms proves a great help to us now, and we are glad to

remind ourselves of different ways of using them. For instance, with bacon or eggs at breakfast, *au gratin* at dinner, on toast at all times, they are acceptable. With field mushrooms we have need to be very careful lest we inadvertently give ourselves some that are poisonous and unfit for food. Dr. Badham, author of the *Esculent Funguses of England*, enumerates no less than forty-eight species of edible fungi, all of which are good to eat. According to him the majority of fungi are harmless, but his account of the effects of the poisonous minority is enough to alarm the most trustful.

The easiest way to detect whether fungi are wholesome or not is to insert a silver spoon into the stew in which they are present, and if poisonous it will quickly turn black; a peeled onion will also turn blue or bluish-black, and is an even easier test. If either of these on being withdrawn shows their own natural colour, the mushrooms may be regarded as harmless.

Mushroom ketchup is regarded by all housewives as one of the treasures of the storecupboard, and that which is home-made is generally better than any that can be bought.

It is best when made of the large flap mushrooms, fresh, but fully ripe. They must be gathered during very dry weather, if the ketchup is to keep properly. Do not wash or peel them but wipe them clean, and remove all decayed pieces and part of the stalks. Put them into a gallon stone jar, and strew salt liberally over them. Let them remain a night, and the next day stir them up, and repeat this for two or three days. At the end of the third day put the jar into the oven and let them stew a short time, then gently pour off the liquid, but do not squeeze them at all. To every quart put an ounce of Jamaica and black peppercorns, two or three pieces of rase ginger, and a blade of mace. Boil again for perhaps half an hour, let it stand aside until cold, then put into dry bottles, and cork it up tightly. It is well to use small bottles, so that when one has been opened it may be used up before it has time to lose its virtues.

table at the same time. Luncheon parties are generally very common during this month in the country, and the guests who come to partake of them are not noted for their small appetites.

*Salmi of Partridges.*—Put the birds into the oven as for roasting, and partially cook them. When about half done cut them into neat pieces, and remove the skin and sinews, and place them in a clean saucepan. In another pan put a quarter of a pound of uncooked ham minced finely, with a good piece of butter; add a dozen small mushrooms, three or four minced shallots, a grated carrot, a spoonful of chopped parsley, a few sprigs of savoury herbs and some pepper and salt. Cover closely and let them cook on the top of the stove, shaking the pan to prevent burning; when cooked dredge a little flour over them, let it brown a little, and pour in about a pint of good brown stock. Add also a glassful of sherry. Stir until the gravy has thickened nicely, then put in the pieces of the birds, and let them slowly simmer, but not boil, for at least half an hour. Dish the game in a pile on a hot dish, strain the sauce, and see that it is well seasoned and of a nice brown colour, then pour over all. Garnish with fried sippets of bread.

*Fillets of Beef with Mushrooms.*—These should be cut from the undercut or fillet of beef, and be neatly shaped. Fry them quickly on both sides, but only enough to slightly brown them, then place in a stewpan and cover with peeled mushrooms, one or two shallots, some pepper and a glassful of red wine with also a small lump of butter. Stew these for quite an hour in a rather slow oven, then lift out the meat and the mushrooms, and thicken the gravy with *fécule*, also add salt and a tablespoonful of sharp sauce, then pour boiling hot over the dish.

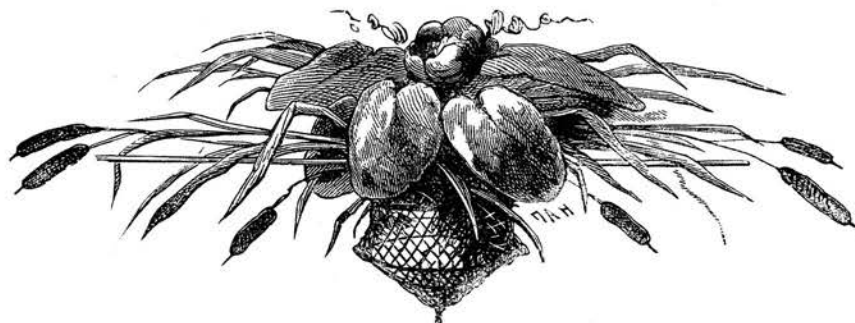
*Quince Jelly and Damson Cheese* are both preserves that should be found in readiness in the store cupboard. For the first, take a quart of quince juice obtained by boiling the fruit with a very little water and then straining it through a bag; add a pound of lump sugar to every quart, and then an ounce of gum arabic previously soaked in water. Boil well for quite half an hour, then put into moulds.

*Damson Cheese.*—Put several pounds of freshly-gathered damsons into a stone jar with a very little water. Stand this on the top of the stove to stew gently for some hours, or until the fruit is perfectly soft. While still warm turn out the damsons into a wide-meshed sieve or colander, rub until nothing but skins and stones are left. Put half a pound of loaf sugar to every pound of pulp, and boil together into a stiff paste. Some of the stones should be cracked and the kernels taken out, as these give a very pleasant flavour to the cheese. Put into shallow dishes or moulds, and cover with brandied papers. This cheese is usually cut into fancy shapes and put into glass dishes to serve at dessert.

## MENU FOR SEPTEMBER.

- Rabbit Pie.
- Cold Roast Goose.
- Salmi of Partridges (hot).
- Fillets of Beef with Mushrooms (also hot).
- Cold Pressed Beef.
- Potato, Beetroot, Tomato and Endive Salads.
- Hot Potatoes.
- Quince Jelly. Damson Cheese.
- Apple and Blackberry Tart. Cream.
- Cheddar and Gorgonzola Cheese.
- Oatcake and Butter.

Our menu this month might be one suited for a luncheon party, where the chief dishes would be required cold, with two or three hot ones as a set-off, and all others placed on the



## OUR FRIENDS THE SERVANTS.

By EMMA BREWER.

### CHAPTER V.



AMONG mistresses who earnestly desire the welfare of their servants there is no question which causes more trouble and anxiety than that of allowing visitors in the kitchen, men visitors especially. It is in-

deed a difficult question, and cannot be solved for every one alike.

I know several ladies who have thought it right that such of their maids as were engaged should be permitted to receive their sweethearts from time to time in the kitchen; but in every case where this has been granted that has come under my notice, the results have been so disastrous as to necessitate the withdrawal of the privilege. It was found utterly *destructive of harmony* in the kitchen, and gave no real pleasure to any one. In some cases the fickle men forsook their old love in favour of some younger and more attractive of the fellow-servants, and it is not difficult to imagine the bitterness, anger, and sharp words which became the fashion after such faithlessness.

In others the sweethearts borrowed money of all the foolish girls in order to lay it upon horses in which they were interested; in others, where more stimulant had been taken than was good for them, they have boasted among other men of the beautiful silver, etc., in the houses where their young women lived, with what results may be guessed.

In simple fairness the privilege cannot be granted to one without extending it to all; this, in many houses, would fill the kitchens of an evening; for no maid would acknowledge that she had no young man, and would get one on the spot without considering his character, and such an one would scarcely add to the *safety or morality* of the kitchen.

To illustrate the evil of receiving men visitors without the knowledge of master or mistress, I am going to tell a true story; but before relating it, I want to beg of our friends the servants not to think themselves badly used because the rule is strict against young men being admitted into the kitchen, while at the same time the young ladies' sweethearts are received upstairs. The comparison does not hold good here, because there is a mother or father in the drawing-room, whereas it often happens that there are only young girls downstairs, without any staid or responsible person to look after them and guard them from evil.

Neither should it be expected that women visitors may come when and how they please. In many instances they are servants out of place through their own folly, and in this case are bad friends and advisers for girls who desire to be good and steady. It is always better to mention to the mistress or house-keeper that such a person has come to see you, and may you ask them in? it makes all things so much easier and safer, and it is no more loss of self-respect to go to the mistress in *such a matter*, than it would be to consult the mother at home; and my experience is, that no good mistress ever withholds a favour from her maids if she can possibly grant it. And now for my story—

We were sent for one evening, just as we had settled down for a quiet hour or two with books and work, by a dying woman, whose home, if such it could be called, was in one of

the worst parts of London, inhabited mostly by criminals.

We started off at once, and at length found ourselves in a court with a row of squalid-looking houses on both sides. We had difficulty in discovering the one we wanted, for all looked much alike, and the numbers were partly or wholly obliterated from the doors. We were successful at last, and stumbled up the dark filthy staircase. Receiving no answer to our knock, we pushed open the door. The room was cold, wretched, desolate, and lighted by one small candle; a rickety table and a broken chair were the only articles visible, and these were occupied by a ferocious-looking unkempt man. He evidently expected us, for he got up, and without speaking took up the candle and led the way into the next room; he drew down the sheet, and there in a corner of the room, on a few rags, lay a woman and her baby dead. The flaxen curls hung limp about her head, and lent a strange kind of gilded framework to the picture of want, exhaustion, and misery of all sorts, which, even yet, kept hold of the dead mother. There was something about the face which was familiar and puzzling, but our utterance was choked by emotion, and we could not ask a question.

The man replaced the sheet, and we went back to the room adjoining. At length he said, "She wanted you badly just at the last. I don't know why, except perhaps you knew her years ago, for she comes of a better sort." He was right; memory came back, bringing with it a picture of a bright intelligent girl, daughter of tenant-farmers, who were very proud of her, and who, having given her a good education, sent her to be nursemaid in a family of good position in London. "Was her name Mary Fleming?—and did she come from near Norwich?" we asked. He nodded. It seems that for a time she was happy and respected in her situation. Unfortunately, among her fellow-servants was one who had made the acquaintance of a civil-spoken, well-dressed man, whom she knew nothing about, on one of her Sundays out. This man followed her up, showed her many attentions, and at length easily gained admittance to the house one Sunday morning, when the family were all at church, except this girl and Mary Fleming. The latter was so distressed at what she knew to be wrong, that she remonstrated seriously with her fellow-servant. The only result of this was that on the following Sunday the man brought a friend with him to engage Mary's attention. The two ticket-of-leave men, for such they were, induced the girls to go with them the following Sunday afternoon as far as Epping Forest, to hear, as they said, "some famous ranter."

Mary had wit and courage enough to slip away from her evil companions and reach home by the proper hour; the other girl was not so fortunate. A few days subsequent to this Sunday outing the house was robbed, and some of the stolen property found upon the man who first came to the house, and he was transported. The second man, who for this time escaped punishment, so frightened and threatened poor Mary that she was afraid to speak and say what she knew to the mistress; and when a second attempt was made to rob the house she was in some way suspected and dismissed from her situation. With loss of character and self-respect she could not face her kind parents, and when this man, Elihu Palmer, offered to marry her she consented. Ill-usage, association with criminals, and starvation had been her lot from that day to

this on which we saw her lying dead with her baby beside her. Poor Mary! she might have been happy and loved but for the reckless way servants have of making acquaintances and disregarding rules which are made for their safety.

We were too late to help her, poor thing, but we did what she so earnestly desired, viz., see her parents and tell them she had not been a thief, and that she had suffered bitterly for the wrong she had done; and secondly, to see that she was not buried in a pauper's grave. She had written a few of the above facts on a soiled piece of paper, which the husband had promised the dying woman to give us, and he told us the rest. This is not a solitary case by any means, but it was one in which we felt deep interest and compassion.

While writing these articles I have received several letters and various communications from masters, mistresses, and servants, and one received yesterday is such an exceedingly good, thoughtful letter, that I give one or two quotations from it.

"The servants we have," says the writer, "are nearly always beginners, and our experience is that their greatest enemies are their relations and friends, who are always worrying them to 'better themselves' before they are in any way fitted for a better place. The consequence is that if they do get the better place, they are simply dismissed after being there a week or a fortnight, and this sort of thing, often repeated, makes them lose heart and go to the bad.

"My sister-in-law went the other day to see one of these poor girls who was dying in the Brompton consumption hospital. She said, 'Oh, ma'am, if I had only listened to you and remained in your house it would never have come to this. It was my friends who were always worrying me to go in for higher wages, but I could never keep a place more than a week or two, and you can't think the misery I have gone through; and when I told my friends what bad advice they had given me they only laughed and gave me still worse advice.'

"Servants who have done badly themselves are not good companions to steady, well-intentioned girls, to whom they do a pitiful amount of mischief. In all cases where servants who formerly lived with us turned out badly, the cause was to be traced to the influence of unworthy *female* acquaintances."

The last quotation I give is, "The want of training and the impatience while undergoing instruction is at the root of a good deal of the evil." The writer then gives an example of the opposite:—"We once had a girl who was rather stupid and slow, but patient. She remained with us for three years and slowly learned all that could be taught in such a house as ours. She called upon us a few days since and told us that she was in a place as cook and getting £45 a year. This girl had no brains, but she was so patient, respectful, and anxious to do her best that in the end she quite succeeded in making up for the want of them."

There are a few things in the relationship between mistress and maid which distress me greatly, because I know they are utterly destructive of home-peace and comfort; one is a mistress reproving her servant in public, another is a maid answering her mistress rudely, and a third is a mistress finding fault with servants out of the room to one who is waiting in the room.

No good servant would endure the first nor

be guilty of the second, but one and all are evil in their result, and it is easy to see that, let the fault be what it may, it cannot be remedied in this fashion.

Servants have feelings to be wounded and rights to be respected, and when these are ignored they feel that their occupation is compromising to their respectability and freedom.

We lose many good servants in this way, and get in their place large importations of very inferior ones from the Continent. It gives one a feeling of sadness that while the mother country stands in increased need of good and trustworthy servants, she cannot retain them or make friends of them, but has to look on while her Colonies attract those she herself would so gladly keep.

I do not know if all are aware that every month ships leave England with a number of servants on board; indeed, as many as fourteen vessels go over to Queensland alone, carrying on an average, two hundred servants on each ship. Any young woman with good health and good character can get a free passage to Queensland if she is under thirty-five years of age. This colony, even above others, values highly our friends the servants, whose success is undoubted. They try to live up to the high opinion formed of them, but it is grievous to see them leaving the old country which wants them even more than the Colonies.

It is a curious thing that now, when many of our servants are under-rating their position, gentlewomen are turning their attention to domestic service as a means of earning their living, and up to this have been very successful. They go systematically to work, apprenticing themselves for a certain number of years to the Aid Home, Zeals, Bath, or like teaching institutions, and go through a thorough course of training in the special branch they select, so that at the end of the term they can enter the ranks of domestic servants as "duly qualified." They go out as "aids," or as permanent servants, and very good and reliable ones they are. I have visited in houses where they have served, so can speak with knowledge. This training has turned out very happily in cases where whole families of what are called a superior class have, through misfortune, had to emigrate. The women and girls used to be of no real service in the home, but now with this training they are valuable and steady helpers to the fathers and brothers; and where there

are too many girls to find occupation at home, they hire themselves out as domestic servants to other families in the Colonies, often getting very high wages, and naturally, later on, make thoroughly good wives. The way some of our general servants, who were snubbed here in the Old Country, have prospered in the Colonies savours more of romance than reality.

There are good positions waiting to be filled not only in London, but in all parts of England in one branch of domestic work, and that is laundry work. I hear there is the greatest difficulty in obtaining laundry matrons in many of the great institutions. Miss Steer,\* a great authority, says:—"The post of laundry matron is one of great importance in an institution, and there is often difficulty in obtaining women of the right stamp; hearts as well as heads must be thoroughly in the work, and I cannot understand why, with the great desire expressed on all hands for Christian work, women with ordinary health should not get themselves properly trained as laundry superintendents. In their daily work, and while earning a fair salary, they would have many opportunities of influencing and guiding those under their care. It seems a matter of surprise to me that women should cast about them to find a field for their services when here is a splendid work waiting to be done."

I thought this announcement might prove of service to every class of domestic servant; it is something to know of an occupation still calling for workers.

There is scarcely any subject which one touches in the relationship between mistress and maid that does not bristle with difficulties, and for the reason that no two cases are the same—that which would be quite correct in the one would be a serious evil in the other; take, for example, that of rigid locking up from the servants. It is one of their great grievances, and one of which they speak in no measured terms. One said to me the other day, "I do not think I can stay in my situation, but I will try." "Why?" I asked. "Mistress takes out her keys to give me even a little salt from the cupboard, and locks it up again; there is not a thing in the house that is not tightly locked. Why, ma'am, it makes a servant feel ashamed. If I am a thief I ought not to be in her house at all; I am not trusted a bit."

\* Bridge of Hope Mission, Ratcliff Highway.

I myself never lock up from the servants, but trust them entirely, and I do not think I am robbed of the smallest particle of anything. They are on their honour, and would resent a breach of trust on the part of any one of their number. Still, I am quite aware that in many houses this would be folly.

I remember two instances in which my plan of leaving things open acted in a curious manner, and which I ought to mention. The one occurred during my absence from home. My husband bought a small quantity of very choice tea, put it into my tea-caddy, and locked it up, intending to make his own tea (bachelor fashion) while I was away. This so roused the anger of our old cook, who had been with us many years, that she gave him a bad time, and was as nearly as possible dismissed from her service by him. She wrote me a long letter complaining of the master's want of trust in her, and it was long before she forgot what she was pleased to call a "slur upon her honour." The second was curious. My child's cabinet, which contained all the pretty pieces of jewellery she had had given her, was, and is always, kept locked by her. We had an under-servant who had been with us a year, and who was, on the whole, a very good girl. Judge of my astonishment when she came up to me in charge of an upper-servant, who said, "Annie has something to say to you, ma'am," and left her with me. "What is the matter?" I inquired; but it was long before I could get an answer. At length it came out that *the one thing* persistently locked up had been to her a veritable Blue Beard's chamber, and she had been trying all the keys in order to unfasten the cabinet, and had broken one of them in the lock. "But, indeed—indeed, ma'am, I did not want to steal anything, only to look at what was inside." And I believed her; and after a serious talk she went downstairs a happier and a wiser girl. She remained with us three years after this incident, and now fills a very important situation, and she is reckoned quite among our friends.

Hard-and-fast rules which may apply to everyone alike cannot be made or kept with regard to domestic service. Everything depends upon the relationship between mistress and maid; and where faith and trust bridge over the gulf between the one and the other, the difficulties of housekeeping will be minimised.

## VARIETIES.

### HOW TO ARRANGE WILD FLOWERS.

The prettiest arrangement that girls can make of wild flowers is to secure a thick piece of bright green moss, and fit it into a dish with a little water under it. Then make little holes down through it with a skewer, and thrust down the stems of the flowers—hepaticas, anemones, dog-tooth violets, etc.—pressing the moss around them again to hold them in place.

Do not put them too thick, but just as they might grow on a mossy bank, and they will keep fresh, and continue to bloom for a week or two, if you have secured any buds, and will delight everyone who sees them by their delicate fragrance and beauty.

HIGH AND LOW NOTES.—Fine high or low notes produce a very good effect if used with discretion, but if abused, to the detriment of the rest of the voice, they are better left alone, for good singing does not depend on extraordinary notes, but on the proper use of the ordinary ones.—*Charles Santley.*

### A WRONG READING.

"May I kiss you?"

It was in the orchard.

She answered him not. Picking a leaf from a pear tree near by, she handed it to him.

He thought he read her answer—"Leave." Turning, he went his way.

She gazed at him in astonishment, for she meant her answer to be, "You have leaf."

And so it all ended.

A CHINESE COMPLIMENT.—In China, where fans are carried by men and women of every rank, it is a compliment to invite a friend or distinguished guest to write some sentiment on your fan as a memento of any special occasion.

### THE GRADUATING GIRL.

'Twas not her essay we admired,

Though 'twas of "Earth's perfection;"

But how the way she was attired

Just suited her complexion.

HAPPINESS.—Happiness is not an easy thing; it is very difficult to find it in ourselves, and it is impossible to find it elsewhere.—*Chamfort.*





## OUR FRIENDS THE SERVANTS.

By EMMA BREWER.

### CHAPTER VI.

THE WAY TO HONOUR LIES OPEN TO ALL.



As this is the last chapter upon the subject of "Our Friends the Servants," I am anxious to utilise it to the utmost for, like one taking leave of friends, I feel there are

many words yet to be said and only a few minutes in which to say them.

I have been so often asked if this or that particular work is the correct thing to demand of cook, housemaid, lady's-maid, or parlour-maid that I will try to answer these questions in the way I myself understand the matter.

Everyone will, I think, agree with me that of all occupations in the world open to women, domestic service seems to possess the greatest variety of work, position, and condition; and beyond any other it defies the laying down of rigid rules for the carrying-out of the duties of each situation within its range, because in every class of household they are different; but a good girl or woman will, if she care to do so, recognise what is required of her and fulfil the hopes centred in her whether she find herself one of thirty servants, eight, three or single-handed.

Domestic service is not without its prizes, and it is no small encouragement to a girl beginning life to know that although she may commence service in the meanest situation and by performing the roughest possible work, yet that by the exercise of self-discipline, industry, and attention she may in time reach the highest rung of the ladder of domestic service; and this realises a great deal that a good woman values and which it has been her great object to attain. It means that she has gained the respect of the whole household, a position of comfort—even though it be one of great responsibility—and lastly, it is one which gives her the power of being a true friend to all the young servants under her.

Let us look at a house sufficiently large to require the services of a high-class cook, kitchen-maid and scullery-maid. To begin with the kitchen-maid. Her duty is to assist the cook by preparing everything for her use; she makes the sauces, cooks the vegetables for upstairs, prepares the servants' dinners, makes the cakes for luncheon, tea and dessert, as well as the rolls for breakfast; she is almost what we may call second cook. She and the scullery-maid are up at six and have everything in kitchen and housekeeper's room spotlessly clean and breakfast ready by eight o'clock both in the servants' hall and housekeeper's room. The rough work being in every case performed by the scullery maid.

In such a house as this the cook is most particular about punctuality and cleanliness. She is often heard to say that it is an insult to cooking to come to it from anything but clean water, and she never permits the kitchen-maid to cook by guess work which rarely turns out well, but in everything to go by rule and weight and measure. The wages for such a maid would be from £20 to £23, and for the scullery-maid from £14 to £22.

These two servants would be strictly under the supervision and at the order of the cook.

A girl who has been thoroughly well-trained as kitchen-maid often makes a very good cook single-handed. She knows how things ought to be done, and how they should taste and look, and as a rule is much less extravagant than a professed cook.

A poor little kitchen-maid came to me a short time ago, and said she had been under a good cook for a whole year, and had really learned nothing because the cook did not like that any one under her should learn her methods of cooking. Let us hope that this kind of thing does not often occur, for it is neither kind nor helpful.

In such a household as we are looking into, the head of the kitchen, being a professed cook or at least high-class, is a very important person indeed. The kitchen-maid and scullery-maid are strictly her servants, and only the cooking proper is done by her.

She is not expected down in the morning until a few minutes to eight, when everything is ready for the upper servants' breakfast at which she presides. This being over she attends to and superintends the cooking for the upstairs breakfast. She next makes out a menu for the day's luncheon and dinner, ready to submit to the mistress of the house for her approval or alteration. It is much more satisfactory for the mistress to see the cook daily, no matter how clever and reliable she may be.

This being settled she arranges the servants' dinner and supper, and leaving it to the kitchen-maid to carry out, writes down her orders for the tradespeople and gives out the stores. The remainder of the morning is usually taken up by her in making the soup for the morrow—it is never used the day it is made—and in making jellies, creams, and pastry.

After her own dinner she dishes up the luncheon, and then the afternoon is pretty free for her. From five to nine o'clock she is extremely busy, and during the "dishing-up," which is a serious business, the greatest order prevails in the kitchen, not a word is spoken except to give a command, and there is no such thing as confusion.

There are many good regulations observed in a house such as this which might be followed with great advantage in smaller ones for example, silence, strict punctuality and cleanliness would be of great value and

materially improve both the comfort and work of households.

After dinner is served the cook's work is practically over. The wages of a cook in such a house would vary from £40 to £60.

We shall see later on another class of cook, and the following which I saw the other day in a French paper describes the difference of work and wage between the two classes.

A person is described as applying for the situation of cook. The lady who was young and timid asked mildly, "What wages do you require?"

"That depends, madam, upon your style of housekeeping; if I am to attend to everything—cooking, cleaning, and scullery-work, I require £25, but if, as I hope, you require me only to superintend the cooking, my wages will be £50."

We will take next the duties of a housemaid, which also depend altogether upon the kind of household in which she is engaged. For example, in a large and fashionable one the actual work of the head housemaid is not so great as her responsibility. It is her duty to look after the linen and give it out, to see that each room is supplied with its requirements, whether of pens, paper, ink, candles, soap, towels, etc.

The chintzes, curtains, wardrobes, drawers, are all in her charge, and she is answerable that the work done by those under her is thoroughly well performed. The undermaids are expected to do the needlework of the house under the supervision of the head-housemaid. The wages for the head maid would be from £20 to £30; the second £14 to £20; the third £12 to £18.

There is no situation in domestic service that varies so much in its duties and position as that of lady's maid. In a fashionable household she must be thoroughly experienced, a good dressmaker, milliner and hair-dresser, a good packer—in fact, she must know and be able to do everything that a lady in society requires.

Such a maid waits upon the mistress in every circumstance of her daily life; she washes and gets up her laces and fine linen, and sits up for her at night no matter how late she may return. She is constantly up till three or four in the morning, and if it were this last duty alone, it renders the situation of lady's maid more open to temptation than any other in domestic service. A maid such as I am speaking of would not take service in a quiet family because, beside her wages, she expects many perquisites, which can only be obtained in the service of a lady of fashion, and which often exceed her wages, which vary from £25 to £30 a year.

As a rule ladies' maids are more highly educated than other servants and are often quite good linguists. *Punch* says they are the "rarest articles of female domestic service, and

being in the nature of luxuries are the best paid." I do not know if Mr. Punch is right, but of one thing I am quite certain, that they are more exposed to temptation than other servants, and far oftener come to grief. I have very rarely seen cooks or housemaids in a special ward of our workhouses, but I have unhappily seen many ladies'-maids.

Of course it is very important for the comfort and well-being of our homes, whether grand or simple, that we should have good servants in each department, but in none is it so absolutely necessary as in the nursery, and most emphatically so in a fashionable household, where the mother, as a rule, sees little of the children, who are almost wholly in the care of the nurse and her subordinates.

The head nurse should be a person of education with a pleasant voice, and more, she must be truthful, trustworthy and good-tempered, for she is a teacher without knowing it. The little ones from their earliest infancy are learning from her, copying her and taking impressions from her.

Of course it is no easy matter to obtain a nurse possessing all these qualifications, not one of which should be dispensed with.

Her duties are comparatively light, but her responsibility is extremely great.

Young ladies, daughters of clergymen and doctors, members of large families, have taken up this branch of domestic service with great success; they have been accustomed to assist their parents in the care and education of the younger children, and are therefore experienced in all that concerns little folk.

A nurse is always supposed to be up and dressed by seven, and with the help of a second maid, if there be one, to have the children bathed and dressed by eight o'clock, which is the breakfast hour in the nursery, and is prepared by the second nursemaid or housemaid. Generally the nurse has all her meals served in the nursery except in the case of the young lady-nurse, who dines with the family at their luncheon.

Servants do not as a rule in well-regulated houses go out without leave asked, but if a nurse should do so it would be regarded as a grave offence indeed.

The under-maid's duties are very practical; she has to obey the orders of the nurse and do her work well and conscientiously. She rises at six, sweeps and dusts the day nursery, lights the fire and brings the water for the baths, and in all things waits upon the nurse. About £25 is the sum received by the head one; £16 by the second and £13 by the third.

The majority of people, however, have not the means to keep up such an establishment as we have been looking into, and consequently only a comparatively small number of servants are occupied in them.

An overwhelmingly large number are to be found in households where three servants only are kept, consisting of cook, house-parlour-maid, and a young one under her.

The duties of these servants vary considerably from those we saw in the grander houses, but I am not sure that the situations are not more comfortable in these less-pretentious ones; many servants, I know, prefer them.

The cook has very much to do beside the actual cooking; neither can she lie in bed until eight o'clock. She must or ought to be up at six, and having lighted the kitchen fire, her duty is to clean the dining-room, hall, and doorstep—for all, from the dining-room downward, is her territory, and has to be kept clean by her. Her next step is to prepare the kitchen breakfast, which should be ready punctually at half-past seven if it is to be taken in peace, and when that is over all her attention is given to cooking the upstairs breakfast. Of course the amount and style of cooking is very different and much less complicated here than in a large fashionable

household, but for the health and comfort of the family upstairs, and downstairs, that which is required should be cooked in the best manner possible, and it is just this that is so difficult to obtain. In a large number of cases the cook is altogether ignorant of the science of cooking, and gathers knowledge as she goes along; she is not to be blamed for this, for what is she to do? If she has not had any opportunity of training under a good cook there is no means, or at least she does not know of any, by which she can learn accuracy and economy in cooking.

Now and then a mistress is fortunate enough to get a girl who has been kitchenmaid under a good cook, and then the household is in clover as regards the food.

She is required to answer the door until twelve o'clock, at which time the parlour-maid is supposed to be dressed, and, however tempted to do so, she should never go into the area first to see who it is at the door, but answer it as quickly as possible. It is her duty also before going to bed to see that everything is safe, from the hall downwards, whether windows, gas, or fire.

A house-parlourmaid's position is a very responsible one. The whole of the house not undertaken by the cook is in her charge, and she has the care of plate and linen beside.

Waiting at table and answering the door are also her duties; in all of these except the two last she is assisted by the under-maid.

The way a maid answers the door is a good indication of the way a house is managed; indeed it is almost possible by this to tell the character of both mistress and maids.

A visitor's knock attended to at once by a clean neat maid, who opens the door wide and answers politely and definitely any question asked as to whether the mistress is at home or can be seen, are very good signs of a cared-for home.

The way she waits table indicates whether she be thoughtful and has a head on her shoulders. She will not, if she be good, have to run in and out of the room for things forgotten.

In these days so many prefer to be waited upon by a maid in her pretty cap and apron rather than by a man-servant. Her wages would be about £22, and those of the under-maid £14 or £16.

The difficulty of obtaining a good cook, and the inability of many mistresses to give the large wages lately demanded, are acting in a curious way, and will result, I fear, in making our English homes more like those on the Continent.

Let me give one or two examples as illustrations of what I mean.

A master and mistress of a house such as I am describing like to give now and then a small dinner-party; the practice in such a case is to engage a lady who has been thoroughly trained, and has obtained her diploma, to come to the house, take all responsibility of the little dinner with the help of a girl, wait until everything has been sent up and then take her leave. Those who are in the habit of doing this tell me it answers really well, and is quite economical.

The second example is that where there are master and mistress only in a house, many of them shirk the trouble and expense of a cook, and take their dinners daily at a good restaurant, of which there are now so many; here they get good food, are well waited on, and it is less expensive than dining at home.

Cooks must look well to it that they are not superseded on the one hand, and on the other that they be not blamed for the breaking up of our English home-life, which has hitherto been held up as an example to all peoples of the earth.

I think, too, in my capacity of friend of servants, I may be allowed to say that the

upper class of ladies' maids sometimes stand too much on their dignity. The following is quite true and will serve to show what I mean. A lady of title, one of the most kind and considerate of mistresses, was one morning busy writing in her morning-room, when her maid came in with something required. Looking up and seeing the fire was low, the lady said, "Put on a few coals." The maid answered, "I will send the footman to put them on, my lady."

"No, do not trouble to do that, I will see to the fire myself."

This same maid received her dismissal, married a footman, and became so poor that in a couple of years she was glad to work in the hop-fields.

Again, I would say whatever your situation in the house may be, do not forget that sometimes giving up willingly what you consider a privilege is a kind thing to do. A girl in whom I am greatly interested ran the risk a short time since of losing a situation which in every way suited her by the following incident. The lady, who takes a deep interest in her maids, said to them, "As you know, we do not as a rule receive visitors on Sundays, but some foreign friends are in London for a few days, and have appointed Sunday to take tea with us, so I must ask you to be at home to help me, and for once give up your afternoon out." One looked very displeased and said, "I don't think I can, ma'am, I have made arrangements to take tea with a friend." "Write," said the lady, "and say you will come later." "No, thank you, ma'am," was her answer.

A little yielding would have been graceful and would also have strengthened the tie of friendship between mistress and maid instead of weakening it.

Little as they may think it, the happiness and welfare of our country lie very much in the hands of our servants, and I wish I could impress upon them their great responsibility, which is quite equal to that of the mistresses. Many young people among our acquaintances would like to marry, but the sum required for domestic service is so much in advance of what it was a few years since, that it forms a real obstacle.

That good servants have been and are greatly valued by their employers we have ample proofs. The celebrated Earl of Chesterfield left by his will legacies to each of his domestics equal to two years' wages; and a venerable and godly man, by name John Claude, when dying, said to his son, who, with an old servant was kneeling by his bed, "Be mindful of this domestic, as you value my blessing, take care that she want nothing as long as she lives."

There are many things I would like to speak of, such as the great value of family prayer, and its power of sending all the members of the household to bed restful and at peace one with the other.

And again, of the evil resulting from the habit of mistresses giving their left-off clothes and finery to their servants. It is no help to them, and only creates in them bad taste, and one which is beyond their power to afford.

The large body of domestic servants is, as a rule, intelligent and clever, and it rests with them to determine their position in the world. I would say to them, Be self-respecting; be kind and helpful, and in all things conscientious; let the work be done in the best possible manner, and remember that an account will have to be rendered as to the use of talents and opportunities of doing good.

Let no reproach or shame ever attach itself to the name of servant, for it is one of honour and privilege, and one we all bear to our loving Father; and I take my leave by wishing earnestly that God would bless our friends the servants.

## LEAVES FROM AN OLD RECIPE BOOK.

**Apple Cream.**—Take the pulp of one dozen large baked apples, and bruise smoothly with a spoon. Add the whites of two eggs well beaten up, and add powdered sugar by degrees until sweet enough, also a little brandy. It must be well beaten for a considerable time.

**To Preserve Oranges.**—Take the fairest and finest oranges you can get. If Seville oranges, grate them and steep them in cold water for three days, changing the water twice a day. Then put them down to boil in water, and lay a board on them to keep them down; and as the water wastes, fill it up again with boiling water. This must be repeated until the oranges are soft enough for a wheaten straw to go through them. Then take them up, put them into a cloth, and lay them by till the next day. Then cut a small hole in the middle of each orange and carefully scrape out the seeds. Weigh the oranges and put them into white sugar, one pound to each pound of fruit, and enough water to wet it, in a preserving pan. Set it over the fire, skim it well, and when clear, put in the oranges. Let them boil until they look clear, and then put into glasses.

**Orange Jelly.**—Take the juice of ten China oranges and two lemons, a little lemon-peel, one quart of water, six ounces of sugar, two ounces of isinglass dissolved in a small quantity of water. Boil altogether and strain into shapes. A small quantity of saffron improves the colour.

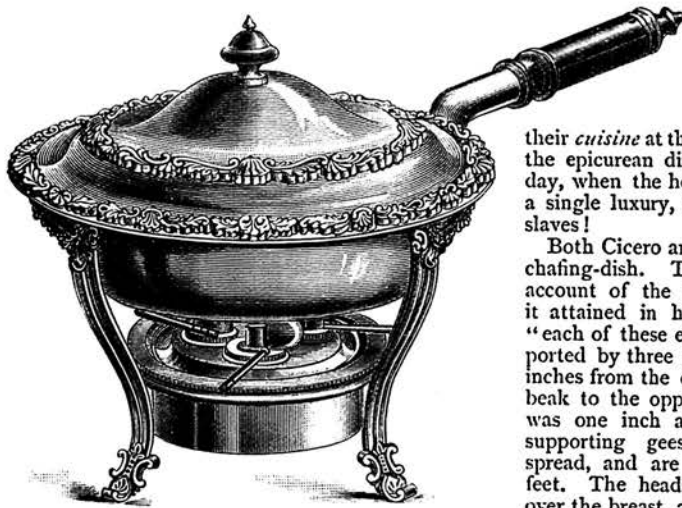
**Two Receipts for Cheese-cakes.**—No. 1. Half a pound of sweet almonds, one ounce of bitter, blanched and pounded not too fine, yolks of five eggs well-beaten, three-quarters of a pound of white pounded sugar. These ingredients must not be mixed until just going into the oven. Half-an-hour bakes them. This quantity makes twenty small cheese-cakes. The paste round them should be thin and not very rich. No. 2. Blanch and pound finely four ounces of sweet almonds and a few bitter with a spoonful of water. Then add four ounces of pounded sugar, a spoonful of cream, the whites of two and the yolk of one egg well-beaten. Mix quickly and bake in a pretty warm oven about a quarter-of-an-hour. Cover the patty pans with light pastry, and don't fill them too full, as the almonds rise very much.

**Prune Shape.**—Stone one pound of prunes, blanch the kernels and boil them with the fruit, a little water, and two or three spoonfuls of port-wine, half-an-ounce of dissolved isinglass, and a table-spoonful of brown sugar. Put it into a shape, and when cold turn it out. A mould with a false centre answers best. Fill the centre with good whipped cream.

**Irish Rock.**—Blanch one pound of sweet almonds, one ounce of bitter. Pick out a few sweet almonds and cut them like straws. Pound all the rest in a mortar with one spoonful of brandy, four ounces of loaf sugar pounded and sifted, and half-a-pound of salt butter well-washed. Pound all together until the mass looks very white, and set it in a cool place to stiffen. Then dip two table-spoonfuls into cold water, and with them form the paste as much like eggs as possible. Place the eggs as high on a dish as possible, putting a small saucer turned up under the napkin, ornament with the cut almonds some green sweetmeats and a spray of myrtle. It is a very pretty dish.

## CHAFING-DISH COOKING.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.



I HAVE no doubt that many of my readers will be surprised to hear that the word "chafing-dish" (with a hyphen) is to be found in all the large English dictionaries, and that "chafer" is given as a dish or a pan. The term was originally *chaufe*, an old English word obtained from the French *chauffer*, which came, in its turn, through the provincial *calfer*, from the Latin *calefacere*, to "make warm." Chafing-dish means a dish or vessel to hold coals for heating anything on it; but to-day the meaning has widened, and comprehends not only the means of warming but the thing warmed as well. The word "chafing," as applied to the method of warming the feet and hands by means of friction, is in common use, and familiar to all.

The history of the chafing-dish extends probably back not less than three thousand years. We find traces of it in the domestic life of the Egyptians, when it was used in the way of a heating-dish. There is no doubt that it was a very familiar object at

the tables of the ancient Greeks and Romans, where it performed the office of keeping the choice and costly dishes of their *cuisine* at the proper heat, to please the epicurean diners-out of that classic day, when the hosts wasted fortunes on a single luxury, and fed their fish with slaves!

Both Cicero and Seneca speak of the chafing-dish. The latter gives a full account of the magnificence to which it attained in his time, and says that "each of these elegant utensils is supported by three geese measuring seven inches from the extremity of one bird's beak to the opposite edge. The tray was one inch and a half deep; the supporting geese have their wings spread, and are terminated by neats' feet. The heads are raised and bent over the breast, and form handles; and these dishes, he concludes, arranged on the *sigma*, produce a delightful effect." Now this description, a little less magnificent perhaps, would fit the Swiss dinner-table of to-day, where in private families the silver chafing-dish remains as a family treasure and heirloom in daily use.

The writings of Soyer, the famous French cook, who did so much towards feeding our starved soldiers in the Crimea, mention the chafing-dish frequently; and he wrote a book called *Patropheon*, a history of the culinary art in all times. In this you will find a description of a Roman kitchen of two thousand years ago, in which it is said that the slaves were cleaning the bronze chafing-dishes, used to prevent the plates from becoming cold before they were needed. It is evident from this that we get our ideas about hot plates from the Roman occupation of Britain. On the Continent, however, the Romans do not seem to have inculcated the lesson; or, at least, it has not remained unto this day.

In our English writers before and after the fifteenth century, we find mention of the

chafing-dish as a familiar object, and the word is spelt either chafer or chaffer, the latter being mentioned as a vessel used for frying, which seems to have been done at table, when the guests were seated. In the form of an article to keep meats and vegetables hot, the chafing-dish has always been in use in England; and it may be seen to-day, in one form in the windows of the eating-house, where they keep the sausages always at frizzling point thereby. The frame for the lamp which constituted the chafing-dish in England may be found still cherished by many old-fashioned families, and we illustrate a beautifully fine silver one, which came from Ireland not very long ago. Plenty of similar things used to be found in Switzerland, both for sale in the shops, and used at private tables; and we should do well to introduce them here. When we are worried by the advent of chilled meat and vegetables from the kitchen, the presence of the chafing-frame and its lamp would set all straight, and make our meat hot and palatable.

The heat for the chafing-dish has been supplied in various ways. Hot embers even now form the heat-supply in Russia; charcoal in the brass braziers, the *calderajo* of Italy, and our hot-water dishes are another well-known form. The spirit-lamp, however, is more useful and practical than any other kind of heat-supplier, and I am sure we shall all recall various excellent forms of patented lamps and food-warmers.

Another method of warming-up was the old-fashioned bed-warmer, which is now most generally seen in museums, or hanging up in the halls and dining-rooms of collectors of quaint and curious articles. Some of these are of very fine brass or copper, beautifully chased, and evidently they were, as we know, a very cherished article of household comfort and kitchen decoration, when the latter were more beautiful than they are now, with bright coppers, and lovely big clocks. The bed-warmer used to be called a "bed-chafer," a word which may be found in the dictionaries of the last century.

And now that we have cleared the way by



an explanation of what the chafing-dish is, and the history attached to it, we may proceed to the modern adaptation of the term which, after all, is not new, for what is called an oyster-cooker, *i.e.*, a tin dish on a tin frame, with a small lamp for stewing oysters at table, has always been used, and sold in the tin-smiths' shops in Canada, and most likely in America too. I can myself recall the stewing of oysters for supper many a time. This form of cooking was generally performed by masculine hands. Men considered that they only could give the appropriate flavour and the exact degree of thickening needed to the big American oysters, so popular there, and so plentiful. It must be remembered that the cooking of oysters is a great art, as they so easily shrivel if over-boiled, as well as lose their flavour, and a tough oyster is, alas! a thing that we are perfectly acquainted with in England, where really good oyster-sauce is rarely to be tasted, and where the habit of taking off the "beard" quite ruins the oyster, by adding to the sauce the remembrance of the previous manipulation of the cook's fingers.

In a land where service of the best kind is scarce and dear, a luxury for the rich, and quite unknown to those of even modest means, where the mistress is often the servant as well, or has only occasional help to depend upon, it

a serving-dish, a hot-water dish, and a sauce-pan, in which the things are cooked, either placed in the hot water to be stewed, or else heated directly over the lamp. The best lamp has an asbestos burner, which distributes an equal heat all over the pan placed on it. The size varies from ten inches, holding five half-pints, to the same size, rather deeper, holding six. Smaller ones, eight inches, hold only three half-pints. They may also be procured with two or three ordinary small spirit-lamps, the one we illustrate has three, it will be seen. The nickel-plated, or "planished" copper ones are the most moderate in price on this list, being sold at about £2, and they are beautifully designed, and quite fit occupants of a prominent position at table.

The American recipes, which I have copied as I found them, are, of course, different to our own. For instance, the sweetbreads are not mentioned as having been put through the parboiling in milk and water, which we think is needful to blanch and cook them, before further cooking. In the next recipe the cupful of rice must have been cooked already, or it could not have been done in the five minutes allotted to it. Nor is anything said about the picking or shelling of the shrimps in the next recipe. Toast and soda biscuits we are well acquainted with here;

*Maryland Oyster Roast.*—Put into the chafing-dish one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, half a saltspoonful of pepper, and a little celery salt. Add one pint of oysters, and cook for two minutes, or until the edges begin to curl. Have ready hot slices of toast, buttered, upon which serve the oysters, adding a little hot water if necessary.

*Oysters en Coquille.*—Put into the chafing-dish as many oysters in the shell as it will hold. Steam thoroughly for twenty or thirty minutes, or until the shells will open. Remove the upper shells, season with butter, salt and pepper, and serve immediately, with slices of lemon.

*Cream Oysters.*—Add to half a pint of cream, one tablespoonful of flour, which has been mixed with a little water until smooth, and the liquor from which a pint of oysters has been drained. Heat this until boiling, with two tablespoonfuls of butter, a little salt and pepper, and mace if desired. Lastly, add the oysters, cooking only until heated through. To be eaten upon toast, or with cold rolls and chutney sauce.

*Sweetbreads.*—Wash the sweetbreads thoroughly and wipe with a dry cloth. Roll alternately in fine "cracker" crumbs and beaten egg, and cook until done through in melted butter; or fry with slices of bacon in the chafing-dish, serving the two with "*petits pois*" (French peas) which have previously been heated with butter, salt and pepper for about ten minutes.

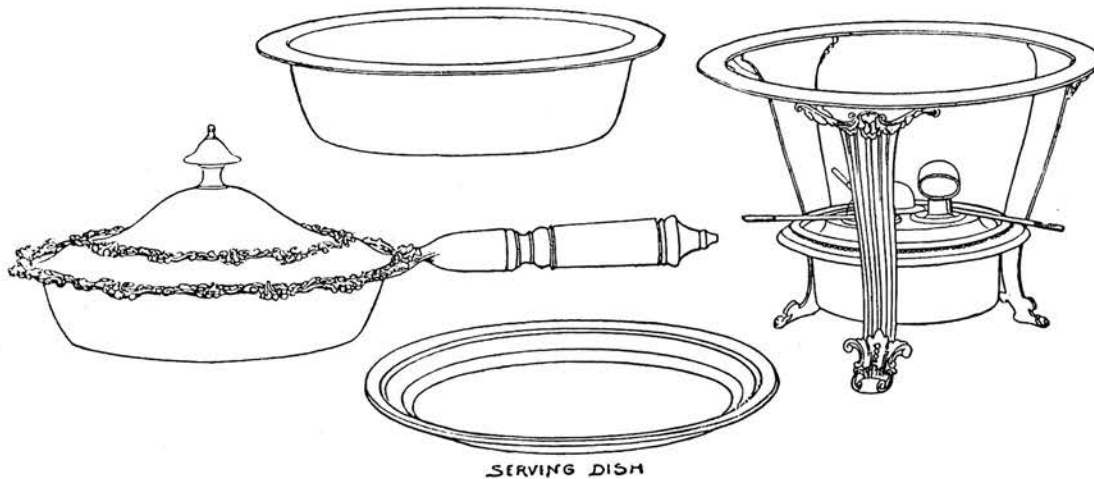
*Chickens à la Creole.*—Take one can of tomatoes, strain, adding salt, pepper, small piece of butter, curry powder, and onion juice if desired. Put into the chafing-dish and boil with one cupful of rice for about five minutes. Add the contents of a can of chicken or about a pint of cold chicken cut into square-inch pieces, heat thoroughly and serve at once.

*Blanquette of Shrimps.*—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, and to this add half a pint of cream, one saltspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of tomato sauce, and half an onion, grated. Let it come to a boil, and then add one can of shrimps, or one pint of fresh ones, and slowly heat for five minutes.

*Scrambled Eggs.*—Beat up half a dozen eggs, and add half a pint of milk, salt, pepper, butter, and curry-powder, if liked. Put into the chafing-dish, in which a tablespoonful of butter has been melted. Stir constantly for two or three minutes. Serve and garnish with parsley; and eat with hot buttered toast, or cold rolls.

*Stewed Lobster.*—Cut up the lobster as for salad. Put it in half a pint of milk, and let it boil up at once. Add a tablespoonful of butter, pepper and a small pinch of salt, and let it simmer gently. Serve on "crackers."

*Rechauffé of Fish.*—Take a pint of cold boiled fish, cut in small pieces. Put into the chafing-dish with two tablespoonfuls of butter, half a cupful of milk or cream, a cupful of fine "cracker," or bread crumbs, a little pepper and salt, and one egg slightly beaten. Let it simmer for five or six minutes.



is natural that the popularity of the chafing-dish should have become unbounded, and that it should have sprung into a perfectly wonderful and extended use. To those who live alone, the spinster or the widow, the student, and the other workers, it offers a valuable method of procuring nourishment at a moderate cost, and I hear that recipes and models for it are in much demand. Here, in England, we have been acquainted with spirit-lamp cookery for many years, and the chafing-dish answers the same purpose, only far better in practice and principle.

Through the kindness of the American manufacturers of the chafing-dish, of Meridere, Connecticut, I am enabled to give a sketch of its most modern form, some recipes, and a full description. So far as I can find out there are none manufactured as yet in England, but the American ones seem beautiful, and varied enough in price to suit the dimensions of every purse; as in England silver is the material for the best dishes, and these are the most costly, from £16 to £20 being paid for them. Then follow very artistic patterns in copper, brass, nickel, aluminium, agate ware, and porcelain-lined. It is evident from an inspection of the catalogue of the "Britannia Company," that the elegant and artistic dishes represented in it are intended for table use, and not for the lower sphere of the kitchen. The chafing-dish consists of a stand and lamp,

but we do not know the true American "cracker," which is a small, round, and rather thick biscuit, of the shape of an old-fashioned "captain's biscuit," only of a very small size. Both the "cracker" and the soda biscuit are used to thicken where we should otherwise use bread-crumbs; and for delicate things like oysters, they are far better and lighter, as they seem to melt away, and if once used would always be preferred to bread-crumbs. Where we buy oysters by the dozen, in America they are bought "in bulk," as it is called, by the quart or pint; and I have added a sketch of one of the paper boxes or baskets which are used in the shops, for the purchasers to carry home the oysters. It is said that they may be cooked in them also, but I never tried this feat.

The first chafing-dish recipe that I shall give, is that of a

*Welsh Rarebit.*—Melt one tablespoonful of butter, and add one pound of cheese, grated, or cut in small pieces. Beat an egg thoroughly, and with it mix one small teaspoonful of mustard, half a teaspoonful of salt; a pinch of cayenne, and add this to the cheese when nearly melted. Lastly, stir in slowly one cupful of ale or beer, or milk can be used, with a teaspoonful of sauce. Cook until it thickens, stirring constantly, and taking care that it do not curdle. Serve hot on toast or soda "crackers."

*Lobster à la Newbery.*—The meat of a two-pound lobster cut in small pieces, two tablespoonfuls of butter, season with pepper and salt. Add a gill of sherry. Cook for ten minutes, and then add three well-beaten eggs, and half a pint of milk or cream. Serve as soon as it comes to a boil.

*Plain Omelet.*—Break four fresh eggs into a bowl with four tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, whip very thoroughly. Put a walnut of butter in the chafing-dish when very hot; run the eggs into it. Use a thin-bladed knife until the bottom is loosened, but do not stir. When done carefully roll the edge over until all be rolled up. Serve on a hot plate.

*Smelts.*—Take two dozen smelts which have been properly prepared, thoroughly washed and drained. Take half a cupful of flour, and half a cupful of Indian meal; salt the fish, and roll them in it. Put two or three strips of pork dripping, or an ounce of lard (the dripping is preferable) into the chafing-dish, and when hot, drop in the smelts, and fry brown. Do not put in too many at a time, or they will not crisp well.

*Creamed Potatoes.*—One pint of cold potatoes, cut into cubes, or thin slices. Put them

in the chafing-dish, cover with milk, and cook until the potatoes have absorbed the milk. Then add one tablespoonful of butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a saltspoonful of pepper, and a little chopped parsley.

Reading the life of G. A. Sala the other day, I was much amused by his account of the cookery which he was taught in his youth, and of that which he afterwards did with his wife; and I wished that all boys could share a little in this kind of sensible training. I also believe a man would enjoy his dinner doubly if he knew something about the dishes he was eating, and the trouble they cost the cook. In these days of incompetent household help it is not enough to be a critic, it is needful and wise to be fully qualified to tell other people how to do things, and to give clear directions in plain language which even the dull and slow-witted can understand.

In England, though the beautiful chafing-dish seems to be almost unattainable, we can still do much, if we wish it, with a good spirit-lamp of tin—one of those made for travellers—and one or two of those delightful fireproof saucepans which are so easy to handle, and clean. The dressing of eggs is quite

within our powers, and of mushrooms, and tomatoes—excellent with curries of cold meat. There are so many recipe books now for people of small means and purses, that it is easy to select some to try, and chops, cutlets and steaks are all possible, even the renowned pork chops and tomato sauce, so fatal to Mr. Pickwick!

The following is a simple way to make curry with either a spirit-lamp or a chafing-dish. Slice a small onion and half a small apple in the kitchen before you need them, if you were going to cook in the dining-room, and fry for a few minutes till the onion colour with half an ounce of butter. Add a teacupful of gravy, a squeeze of lemon-juice, and a tablespoonful of good curry-powder (or paste). If a hot curry-powder, a dessertspoonful of it and the same of flour will be sufficient. Stir all together for a few minutes, and then lay in whatever cold materials you may wish to curry—fish, meat, chicken, or eggs, or the remains of vegetables, and let it get very hot, without boiling, and then serve. If you need the rice which, to my mind, is necessary with curry, you should boil it first, and have it kept hot in the kitchen, or keep it hot by covering it over while you make the curry.



A DAINY COURSE.



GLANCING over my former article on this subject, of July, 1896 (No. 858 of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER), I find I have very carefully gone into a description of the chafing-dish itself, as well as its history, which is an

interesting one, and of great antiquity. I must now reiterate what I have already said about the difficulty of adapting the American recipes for it to our English tastes and ideas. The dozen or more recipes given there are excellent and have been well tried.

It is hardly needful to give directions for the making of any soups in the chafing dish, for the canned ones come in most delightfully; and if you want to have soup, you have only to select the kind you like and get it. Do not, however, heat it in the can, as is usual in most families, but turn it into your chafing dish, add about half-a-pint of water, and flavour as you desire. You will find a little tapioca, cold rice, or even a cold potato carefully mashed up with a fork, excellent additions to some kinds of soup, and the French make great use also of bread, and to advantage. Vermicelli can be used likewise, as well as macaroni and sago. All these are added to give a little body to soup, and most people enjoy it more when it has something of the kind to thicken it. The dried mixed vegetables are most useful for this purpose, but require boiling for at least half an hour; and when tender you can add your tinned soup to them, and thus take advantage of the flavour the water has acquired.

My last American cookery book is very careful in its directions about preparing beforehand for the chafing dish cookery; and when one reads to what very high flights they aspire and indulge themselves, this preparation is evidently most necessary. In order that you may comprehend what I mean by "high flights," I will give you the account of a dish made at a chafing-dish lecture, before a large audience, and by a very well-known cookery lecturer.

**Chestnuts and Oysters.**—Take as many oysters as chestnuts, the yolks of four eggs, half a grated nutmeg, the peel of half a lemon, two sprigs of parsley, a spoonful of spinach juice, six spoonfuls of milk or cream, flour, bread-crumbs, half a pint of thin stock, half a blade of mace and three ounces of butter. Make a thick batter with the yolks of two eggs, the nutmeg, the lemon peel finely minced, the spinach juice, a little flour, and two spoonfuls of the milk. Dip the oysters one by one into this batter, roll in bread-crumbs, and fry with butter quickly to a bright brown, and then set aside to keep hot. Take the chestnuts (shelled and skinned) and fry in batter. Pour the fat out of the pan and dredge in some flour. Rub a piece of butter over it with a spoon, put in the liquor of the oysters, the mace, the chestnuts, and the half-pint of thin stock. Let them boil, and thicken the liquor with the yolks of two eggs, beating up with four spoonfuls of cream; and when it is thick pour it over the oysters and serve. The chestnuts must, of course, be partially boiled before use, and the oysters should be of the large kind, peculiar to America.

Now this recipe seems very difficult, but it is really more in the quick and skilful manipulation of the ingredients, in the use of the chafing dish, than in anything else. When first I used it, I found both bravery and decision were needed, in fact, exactly the same qualities as are said to make a good cyclist. The blaze of the spirit lamp, the necessity for speed, and the celerity with which it all becomes cooked in the pan are rather alarming,

and the inexperienced are sure to fail. It all seems so much more difficult than it is to cook on a gas stove or at the kitchen range; and the very closeness of the chafing dish to you is rather dreadful. I am now writing to the inexperienced, but I have been told that even the old hands at cooking feel exactly as I do, and are almost equally fearful and nervous at first.

As I have mentioned about the tinned soups, I must also enumerate the vegetables prepared in the same manner, i.e., corn, tomatoes, green peas, and beans, which are all well adapted to the service of the chafing dish. These vegetables may be all prepared by simply heating them through, and then seasoning with butter, pepper and salt. The green peas are rendered much more of a treat if you can afford to add a little cream to them; and the corn, if carefully prepared by the instructions given on the outside of the tin, cannot be surpassed, though I find that most English people require to be educated up to this when served as a vegetable. It can also be used as a white soup, with milk and thickening added to it; and perhaps a little clear stock. In making every kind of soup, the cook must bear in mind the instructions of the celebrated Savarin, viz., that good soup must never boil—only simmer in the pot, for boiling spoils it in every period of its manufacture.

A dish which was a favourite one with this distinguished Frenchman was a *fondue*. This is of Swiss origin and is quite easy to make, and is most savoury, and quickly dressed.

Take as many eggs as there are guests, and then about a third as much of the best Gruyère cheese, and the half of that of butter. Break and beat the eggs well in your saucepan, then add the cheese and butter, cut up into small pieces. Place the saucepan on the fire, and stir till the mixture become thick and soft; add salt and plenty of pepper, the latter being the special feature of this ancient dish. Serve in the saucepan of the chafing dish, or in a hot-water dish if you have it.

**Sweetbreads with Green Peas.**—This is one of the dishes you meet with the oftenest at the chafing dish suppers, which are so much the rage in the United States. If the sweetbreads be prepared in advance, there is no difficulty about making it. They must be put into cold water and well washed; then par-boiled in milk and water, half of each; and all the tough skin must be removed. Then put them into the lower dish, with butter the size of a walnut. Let them fry for a few minutes; add half a pint of good beef gravy, a little celery salt, and some pepper, and rub in a teaspoonful of browned flour. Stir it a little, and then put the handled pan on, and empty into it a tin of French peas, with a tablespoonful of butter, salt and pepper, and serve when hot through.

**Scotch Woodcock.**—Into a small stewpan break three or four eggs, with one tablespoonful of cream, a pinch of salt, a little cayenne pepper, and add one ounce of butter. Stir these without ceasing over the fire until the mixture become thick. Have ready a square of buttered toast, cover lightly with anchovy paste, and then spread the eggs over all and serve very hot. In some recipes the yolks of the eggs only are used.

**Thackeray's Recipe for Bouillabaisse.**—This I found in an American book. It is quite easy enough for a chafing dish. Put a gill of olive oil into the dish, one clove of garlic finely minced, a tablespoonful of chopped onion, two cloves, and six whole peppercorns. Fry till nicely browned, and then put in the contents of a tin of salmon with its liquid. Lastly add a pinch of salt, a bit of bay-leaf, two slices of lemon, a pint of tomato pulp, a pinch of curry-powder, with enough water to cover the fish. Simmer for twenty minutes.

Line a deep dish with toast, remove all the seasoning from the salmon that is in sight, and pour the contents of the pan over the toast.

I must remark here (which I should have done sooner perhaps) that all the recipes, unless otherwise specified, are always to be cooked by moist heat over the water pan, which should have half or three-quarters of an inch of boiling water in it. Be careful to fill up the lamp with spirits or alcohol before you begin to cook; and remember to put the boiling water into the pan before the lamp be lighted.

I gave a recipe in my last article for Welsh rabbit, but I am about to give another which I have personally found excellent. One pound of a new, rich American cheese, well cut up into small pieces or even grated. First put into the dish immediately over the fire a piece of butter of the size of a walnut, and stir this round the pan till it begin to simmer, then add to this half a saltspoon of white pepper and two tablespoonfuls of milk, and mix well with a spoon. Empty the cheese into this by degrees stirring till it melt. Put in a little salt, and one tablespoonful of mixed mustard, and stir well as the cheese begins to bubble. It must be of the consistency of thick cream. Now, at this stage you may be afraid of the cheese becoming stringy, if you do not stir it very well. If you prefer it, use cream instead of milk; it is quite as nice, and red pepper is preferred by many people to the black or white. If you were cooking this rabbit for several people, you would be well advised to have the pieces of toast nicely cut and squared all ready, and you can then dip them into the toasted cheese with a fork. Cover thoroughly with the mixture on both sides, and serve on a very hot plate. As a piece of personal experience, I would advise you never to try to cook a Welsh rabbit before any strangers, till you have had some practice in doing so. The old way of making it was quite different, and in Doctor Kitchener's celebrated book we find a recipe which reads more like toasted cheese than what we should now call a Welsh rabbit; and in those days they had an article which they called a brazier, which they held over the Welsh rabbit to brown it. We have something of the same kind, but it is more usual to brown before the front of the fire.

Welsh rarebit, as made in the olden time, and also at the present day in Wales, was not the same as we make it; and instead of being used for supper was a breakfast dish. Cheese would seem to be far too strong a thing to eat for breakfast in these degenerate days in this country, although often seen on the breakfast table abroad; and one can only fall back on the idea that our forefathers, if Welsh, had much better appetites and digestions than their descendants. The following is an old Welsh recipe, which has not, it is said, appeared before in print. But of this fact of course I cannot be sure,

Thick slices of bread, cut from the round of the whole loaf, and then spread with a layer, at least half as thick as the bread, of rich cream-cheese. Crumbled finely on the top of this was a layer of bacon chopped up very finely; a sprinkling of pepper was added, and then a wineglass full of milk, or at least enough to wet the bread, was poured over the whole. The slices thus prepared were placed in a very hot oven, and left till done, which meant that the bread was dried through, the cheese all melted, and the bacon made quite crisp. In America the milk is omitted in families of Welsh extraction. My objection to this recipe is, that I do not see how cream-cheese, as we now know it, could have been used; so I believe the word is employed with reference to the quality of the cheese, i.e., made with cream, and not milk.

Smoked salmon is a very good breakfast

dish that can be managed without difficulty in a chafing dish. Make a mixture of about two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, one of lemon juice and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and put into this some slices of smoked salmon about an eighth of an inch thick, and let them stand for about a quarter of an hour in the mixture. Then put them in the chafing dish and let them get quite hot through. This may be

served plain or with a little *maitre d'hotel* butter spread over each slice of salmon.

Turning over the leaves of the very excellent cookery book from which I have taken the above, I see many easy and delicious dishes which could be cooked either with the chafing dish or else with the aid of the spirit lamp and a tiny saucepan. Amongst these are stewed mushrooms, curried eggs, eggs *sur le plat*,

ham toast, omelets of all kinds, macaroni *à la Milanese*, an Italian *risotto*, sweetbreads *à la suprême*, and I think some kinds of *soufflés* could be managed. Lobster in tins can be turned in many shapes, and so can tinned salmon; and many a *frittura*, as the Italians call any fried up dish, can be rendered appetising and good with the aid of tomato sauce or paste.



## OUR BELONGINGS : THE GIRLS.



The  
Heedless  
girl

IN a long schoolroom, with windows overlooking a rather untidy garden, are a number of girls. It is "Work holiday"—a monthly festival, when a story-book is read aloud and clothes are mended. Carrie Hatherwood has her fist nearly through the heel of a stocking, and is proceeding with a very large needle and coarse cotton to fill up the gap in a fashion of her own. Presently the stocking is twitched from her grasp, and the clear voice of Miss Kirkewhite says: "Girls, girls! Come and see how Carrie can darn!" The girls, with the innate cruelty of their sex, rush from all corners of the room to inspect the article the head mistress holds up to view. Poor Carrie! She sits with crimson cheeks and swelling heart—a palpitating mass of indignation. In

the particulars of stocking-darning the heedless girl speedily amends her ways; but her faults are too many, and her temperament too excitable, for the change to extend to other departments. She is invariably to be seen with a rent somewhere in her frock, large ink-stains on her apron and fingers, her hair a ribbonless tangle, and her shoes often down at heel. If she carries a number of books from one room to another, they slide from her grasp, and when she hands the bread and butter or passes the tea, some portions are to be found on the table, or in the laps of neighbours. She tumbles up stairs, slides down, walks into puddles, trips over the grass, loses her handkerchiefs, upsets the chairs, bruises

herself against furniture, and never finds anything for which she is sent to look.

These heedless ones are trials at home: mother despairs, and father laughs; while at school Carrie is a sign-post to show the way wherein walking is not good. The heedless girl has often unusually large hands and feet, her limbs are long, and loosely knit, and she is frequently short-sighted: her defects may now and again be remedied by a good course of calisthenics, and a visit to the optician. Occasionally she develops a considerable talent for music, drawing, or languages, and this throws her awkwardness into the background. It causes her much hard work and many tears to conquer her vexatious faults; but if she grows into a neat and careful woman, she has in the process acquired self-control and discipline which make her of sterling worth.

A different type is the "beauty." In every assemblage of girls there is one pre-eminent for good looks, and a pretty girl between the ages of fourteen and sixteen is a very beautiful creature. She is gracefully formed, as well as lovely of face; the smooth cheeks, red lips, soft masses of hair, bright clear eyes, and pearly teeth have the *beauté de jeunesse* as well as



The Sharp  
girl

that of form and colour. The masters do not scold her, her schoolfellows call her by pet names, her brothers say she is "awfully decent to look at," and the "beauty" does not remember a time when the small world of her surroundings did not bow to her



THE BEAUTY.

will. She is not often intellectual, and rarely grows into such loveliness as might be expected from present promise; but she is always a pleasure to look at, marries when quite young, and walks gently through life's daisy-spread paths.

We meet nowadays more often with the girl-genius, who is going to Girton after the High School, and to whom the study of mathematics, the intricacies of algebra, and the rules of grammar are pleasing diversions. She conquers difficulties by instinct, and cannot explain her mental processes. It is well for this girl if she be incited to play games and take to reading story-books. She very rarely cares for music, and frequently has no romance in her composition and no eye for colour. She develops, perhaps, into a clever, useful pioneer on the road for the higher culture of her sex; but the brightness and lightness, the hurry, fun, and bustle of life pass her by, and old-fashioned friends of her mother's still regard her almost as one of a race apart.

The girl with an overpowering sense of humour interests us immensely. She remembers her lessons by making jokes of their important facts: "King John was not a nice young man for a small tea-party"; "James the First was a prig and a duffer"; "Alfred the Great 'caught it hot' from the neatherd's wife"; and so on. She invents terribly appropriate names for governesses and schoolfellows, sets a whole class laughing by some grimace of imitation or caricature, turns reproofs inside out to make fun of, and laughs

her way through schoolroom and home. She is not always a favourite, for she sees too clearly Tommy's absurdities and Mildred's foolish little ways. Her powers of mimicry lead her into scrapes sometimes—notably when she pranced across the lawn behind Mrs. Toplofty, in exact imitation of her gait and demeanour, unaware that one of that lady's daughters (having got out of the carriage a minute or two after her mother) was following her, filled with amazement and wrath. Troubles will sober this maiden, and her elastic temperament will stand her in good stead as she makes her way among the thorns and briars of the world.

The domestic girl is to be found on half-holidays making toffee and cakes over the schoolroom fire, and from slender materials turning out delicacies which delight her small brothers and sisters at tea-time. On the happy days when cook is gone for a holiday she is allowed to reign in the kitchen, and the puddings she makes and the cakes she prepares for afternoon tea surprise her mother, who often wonders whence came Mary's housewifely ways, while her father perhaps recollects his sister Joan did exactly the same. Mary will probably be a dragon of economy when she marries, and no cook or housemaid will be able to delude her in the smallest matter; there never was a time when she did not know how much suet, flour, and raisins it took for a pudding, and how many eggs go to make three pancakes. She looks very bewitching with her sleeves rolled up to her elbows, her round arms whitened with flour, her great apron, and her cheeks coloured a lovely pink from the heat of the fire. We will hope that her husband will not expect her to belong to the



The Athletic girl

Browning Society or to read Shelley with him in the evenings ; for to the paths of learning she does not incline.

A great contrast to her is the girl with imagination—who reads Wordsworth and Shakespeare when her comrades are immersed in “Beauty and the Beast” or “Cinderella.” She has apt quotations for every storm and sunset, every event of the passing day, and astonishes her elder sister, who scolds her for something, by saying, “My faults lie open to the laws ; let them, not you, correct them” ; and tells one of her brothers he is “as prone to mischief as able to perform it” ; while she writes poetry and helps to get up a magazine with two or three young friends. She lives in a world of her own, and the people about her, with all their deeds, are shadows, while in her realm of cloudland abide the only realities.

The sharp girl has a decided character : she is always ready with a criticism, an answer, a remark—jumps at conclusions (often correct ones) while others are just taking in the subject in debate. Her rapid brain works at lightning speed, and she makes enemies and friends in scores, as she epitomises their faults or virtues with a sarcasm or an epigram. She needs careful training, and requires to remember always that “the tongue is a fire.” She does not know the power of speech, nor how chance words live and rankle. She is usually bright and merry, and almost always a centre of attraction wherever she is, but more feared than loved.

The placid girl is a great comfort at home ; at school, too, she gets a large amount of commendation. Her books are neat, her lessons ready to time, her dress tidy, her hair an example, her temper unruffled, and her speech measured. She is not very interesting, perhaps, for her character seems devoid of salient points ; but she is useful, gentle, homely, and never in extremes. In the nursery she is a treasure ; she amuses the little ones, and her presence brings calm to the fiercest turmoil between Jack and Jennie or Mollie and Bertie. She is usually of fair complexion, plump of figure, and with blue or light-grey eyes—not very pretty, but fresh and pleasant-looking, and it seems to be her *métier* to walk through life without exciting remark.

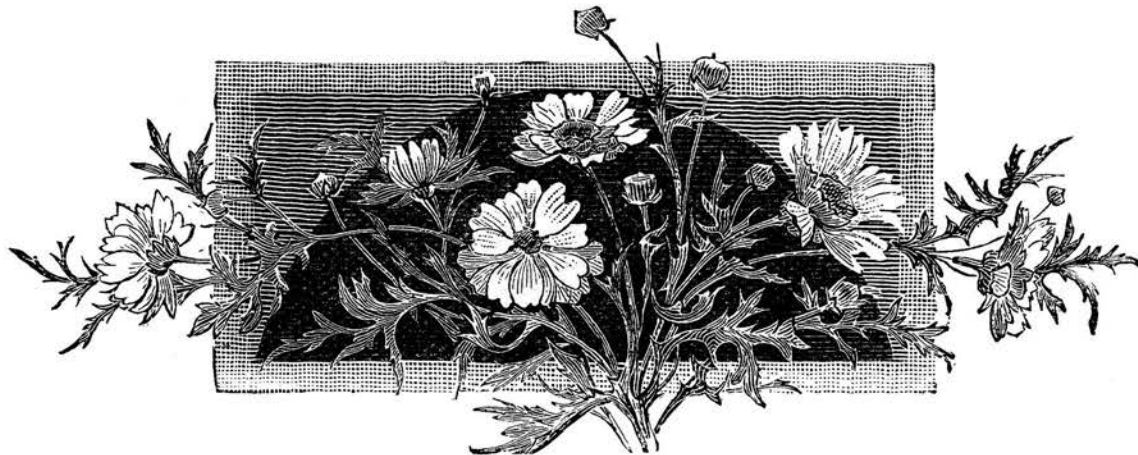
The girl who can climb trees and play cricket with

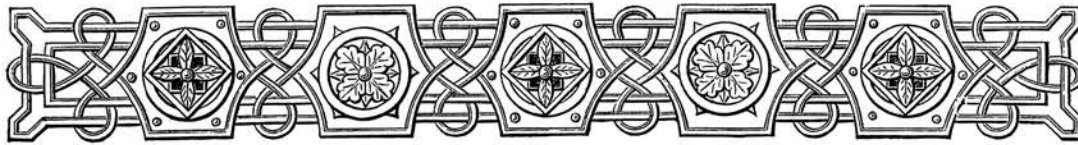


her brothers is a charming variety. How lightly she scuds along, and how wildly enthusiastic she is with her shouts of “Well played there !” “Keep it up !” “Hold on !” She can jump a ditch, vault a gate, swarm up the oaks, and bat or bowl with any of her brothers ; she gets into trouble very often for damages to dress or person ; but by and by she will develop into a young lady “more than common tall,” who can row, swim, play tennis, climb mountains, and ride across country without fear or fatigue. A happy girl is she, and a healthy life she leads. She usually turns out to be a most lovable and domestic woman, with sympathy for and interest in her children’s pursuits, which cause her to be adored by them.

The girls—how we love them ! How much their presence helps to make a home delightful. We often say of tiresome boys, “Poor things ! they have no sisters,” and of nice ones, “You can tell there are girls at home.” Fathers spoil them, mothers often lose count almost of their present in longings that the future may be bright for them ; and their hopes and fears, their pain or their pleasure, their well-doing and their well-being, colour the world in which they live for their loving parents.

M. R. L.





## SOME EMBROIDERY STITCHES.

By MRS. J. H. NICOLSON SHEARMAN.

Of late years a very decided movement has been made in favour of having all our surroundings pretty and artistic. In the last generation the great majority of houses had the principal decorations only in the drawing-rooms or other sitting-rooms, whereas in the present day we like to have pretty things everywhere about our houses, not only in the sitting-rooms, but also in our halls, boudoirs, or bedrooms. Prettiness does not always mean lavish expenditure of money, and therefore none of us who have a little time on our hands need despair of having tasteful things around us.

In many houses where the house-mother has so much to think of and see after concerning the more substantial comfort of the family, the decoration of the home is frequently to some extent left to the care of the grown-up daughters; and numerous and marvellous are the achievements which can be wrought by loving young hearts, coupled with nimble fingers, even though the many drains upon the general income leave but little to be spent upon costly materials.

But even when the daughters have not much influence over the general decoration of the home, there is no one who cannot have some influence over the arrangement of her own bedroom; and who will say that it is a matter of no importance to have prettiness in the room in which the greater part of our lives is spent. Granted that much of the time spent there is in unconscious slumber, still, what our eyes rest upon the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning cannot be without some effect upon us during the day.

Now, amongst all the decorative arts that come within the sphere of women's work, embroidery must always hold a very prominent place; and as most of us have received some instruction in the use of the needle during the years of our childhood, it is an art in which we may all attain to some degree of proficiency if we have the wish to learn and the patience to practice it.

A very noticeable feature in some of the embroideries of the present time is the tendency to make the best possible appearance with the least amount of work, and therefore for many purposes large, bold designs, carried out in coarse materials, are much admired. Another characteristic of the present fashion is the introduction of a very great number of stitches into some styles of embroidery.

Some fifteen or twenty years ago, when art needlework was revived, not more than about half a dozen stitches were employed, but by degrees one stitch after another was added to the number, until now at least fifty entirely different stitches are in use, with endless variations of the same.

My purpose in writing these articles is to give our girls an opportunity of learning these stitches, many of which are much too complicated even for experienced workers to learn without some instruction. Probably most of my readers are quite familiar with those stitches most commonly in use, such as outline

stitch, chain stitch, herring-boning, etc., but as I have frequently found when instructing classes in art needlework, that there is no stitch, however common or simple, that is known to all the pupils in a class, I therefore think it better to begin from the beginning and omit none.

### OUTLINE STITCH.

To learn outline stitch, draw a perpendicular line upon a piece of material, and commence by bringing the thread from wrong to right side of the material at the end of the line which is nearest to you. Make a stitch by taking a small quantity of the material on the needle a little further along the line, pointing the needle directly towards you and keeping the thread to the right-hand side of it. Proceed thus, taking more stitches along the line, each one a little further from you than the preceding one (see illustration.) The wrong side of outline should have the appearance of back-stitching.

### SPLIT STITCH.

Split stitch is worked very much like outline stitch, only that instead of keeping the thread to the right-hand side of the needle, the point of it must pierce right through the centre of the thread close to where it came out of the material in each preceding stitch. This stitch must be very evenly worked to look well, but it is valuable for anything which requires a fine, smooth and unbroken outline, and it is much used for fine flower stems or for outlining the features of classical figures, so much in vogue for panels, etc.

### BUTTON-HOLING.

Button-holing is an exceedingly useful stitch in various kinds of embroidery, and admits of so many variations that it would not be well to pass it by without some explanation, although doubtless many of our readers may be quite familiar with it. To learn it, draw two horizontal lines upon a piece of material about an eighth of an inch apart, and bring the thread from back to front of the material on the lower line at the left-hand end of it. Make a stitch by inserting the needle into the upper line and bringing it out directly towards you on the lower line. Before drawing out the needle, place the thread (where it comes out of the material) under the point of it from left to right (see illustration). Make the next stitch in the same way, close to the preceding one, and to the right of it. In many places button-holing should be strengthened by previously running one or two threads along the line upon which it is intended to be worked, and sometimes it is very much padded to give it a raised appearance. Although button-holing is very simple to learn, one often sees it very indifferently worked. If the needle be not inserted and withdrawn in exactly the right places the upper and lower edges will be uneven, and great care should be taken to work the stitches at even distances from one another, touching but yet not overlapping.

### BLANKET STITCH.

Ordinary blanket stitch is merely button-holing worked rather coarsely, and with spaces of from an eighth to half an inch between the stitches, according to the fancy of the worker, and the kind of materials used. Many very elaborate blanket stitches are now much used for finishing off the edges of rugs, etc., some of which shall be explained further on, but most of these are only varieties of the common kind.

### BATTLEMENT STITCH.

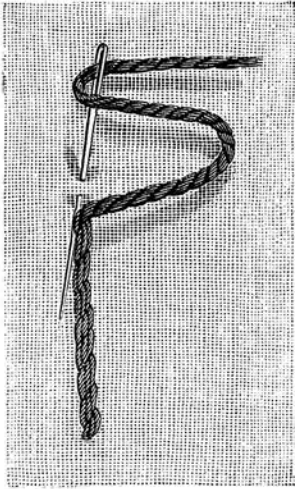
This pretty stitch is suitable for laying down hems or for edging leaves, scrolls, etc., in conventional designs. It looks best when worked in several shades of the same colour, but may be worked altogether in one shade or in contrasting colours with good effect. Commence by working a row of blanket stitch, the stitches to be half an inch in height and half an inch apart. This proportion is for coarse wool on thick material; for finer materials the stitches should be worked in suitable proportion. This first row of blanket stitch should be very carefully worked, for upon its evenness depends the regularity of the following rows, and consequently the effect of the completed work. When the first row is finished, commence again at the left-hand side, and work a second row of blanket stitch on the top of the first, but a little to the left of it, and a little below it. Then work a third row a little to the left of and a little below the second row. Work a fourth row in the same manner. In the last row the tops of the stitches should touch the horizontal threads of the first row (see illustration).

### PALING STITCH.

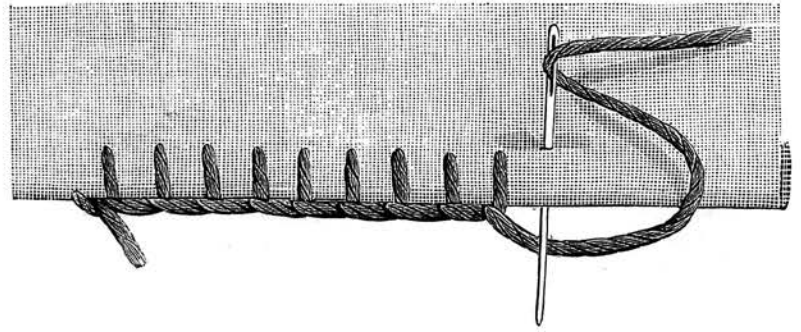
Paling stitch, like battlement stitch, is commenced with a row of blanketing; but in it a second and third row of blanketing are worked a little above and a little to the right of each preceding row. Care should be taken to work the tops of all the stitches in every row on the same level; thus the stitches in the last row will be taken much shorter than those in the first row. Paling stitch may be used for the same purpose as battlement stitch, and should also be worked in several shades or colours when convenient.

### BARB STITCH.

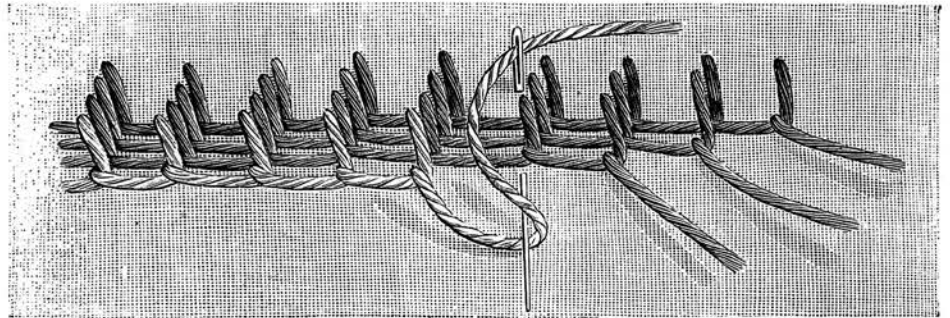
Barb stitch is principally composed of two rows of blanketing, placed back to back, and not too coarsely worked. First make one row of blanketing along a line, and then turn the work and make a second row, stitch for stitch, along the first. When these two rows are completed, it should present something like the appearance of a fish's backbone. Then take a thread of wool or silk of a contrasting shade or colour, and unite the two rows of blanketing by working an overcasting stitch into each couple of horizontal threads along the centre (see illustration). When working the overcasting, do not take up any of the material upon the needle, but only the two threads.



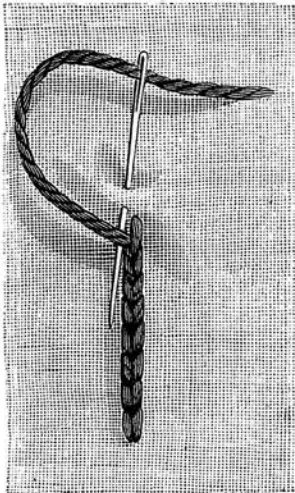
**OUTLINE STITCH.**



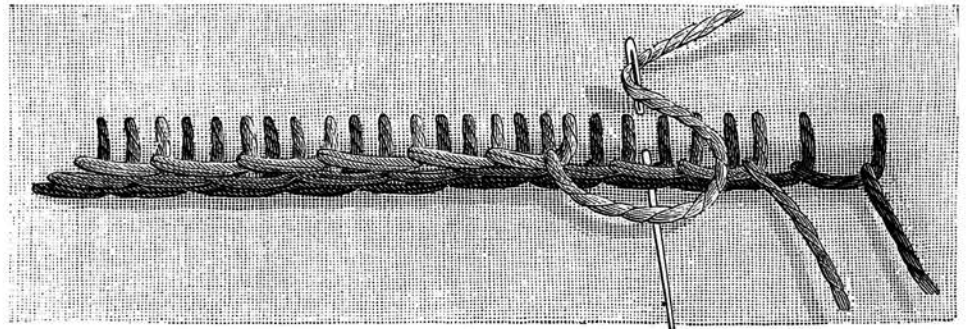
**BLANKET STITCH.**



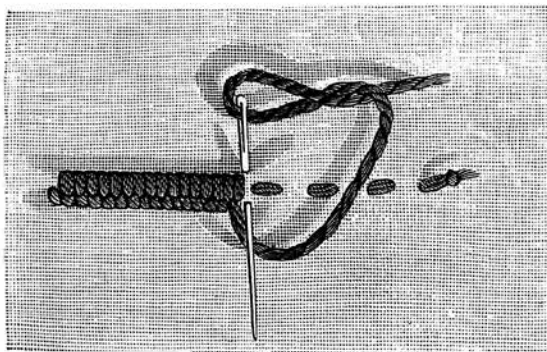
**BATTLEMENT STITCH.**



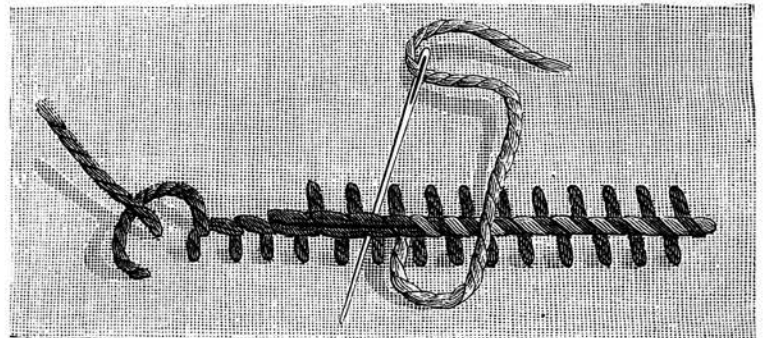
**SPLIT STITCH.**



**FALING STITCH.**



**BUTTON-HOLING.**



**BARB STITCH.**



## Military Novelties.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES SCOTT.



WHEN any great matter affecting a nation's welfare arises it is sure to stir into action the latent potency of many individual minds. So it has proved in connection with the lamentable war which has for so long a period ravaged South Africa. As fast as disasters or inconveniences accumulated men were ready with schemes by the adoption of which future misfortunes of a like character might be avoided.

In the mechanical and inventive aspects of the matter keen and wonderful projects have been laid before military officers and others in kindred employment, patent agents, and journalists who interest themselves in these subjects. It has been my purpose to bring together for survey many objects of which the germs have proceeded from a variety of minds, and I think that the series embraces quite a unique assortment of ideas, to which without further prologue I will devote some attention.

In the natural course of things the outfit of Tommy Atkins acquires first importance, and perhaps boots might be regarded as deserving of initial consideration, especially as it was once reported that many soldiers were practically barefooted during certain periods of their protracted wanderings.

In Nos. 1 and 2 we have a boot which can claim many merits. Consisting essentially of a pivoted and detachable sole, furnished with springs at the front and back, it is supposed to reduce materially the exertion demanded in marching and to enable worn-out soles to be easily and quickly replaced by others. Between the proper and the extra heels is a coiled spring, whilst a horse-shoe spring occupies a portion of the area between the toes. As the boot stands when off a foot it would appear as in No. 1, both heel and toe being slightly elevated above the additional sole. In use the hinder spring would tend to soften the tread as the heel

met the ground, and during the lifting of the heel the expansion of the spiral would help to relieve the tiresome weight occasioned when the body is supported merely on the toes and a clear space necessarily exists below the heel. The effect of the front spring would be to lend assistance during the movements of the foot. Regarded from the cobbling point of view, it appears to offer substantial advantages. It is a weary and often impossible matter to attend to the repair of footgear during a march; and here we have a neat solution of the difficulty. A stock of extra soles of various sizes should be selected for transport, and as fast as they became destroyed through hard wear they could be immediately replaced by new ones pivoted into proper position.

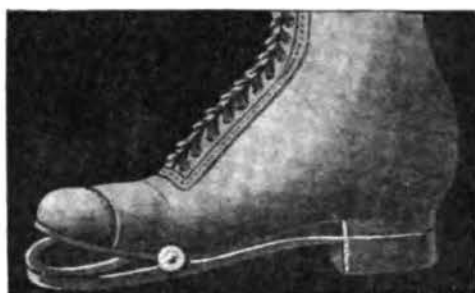
Having dealt briefly with the feet we will ascend to a discourse concerning a quaint helmet.

One of the acutest sufferings to which fighting men are subjected is undoubtedly the prolonged deprivation of that essentially necessary commodity, water. The awful parched throat is a most agonizing thing for a marching soldier to endure. The wounded warrior, too, knows how

frightful is the experience of an absence of water, for usually his first call is for something to quench his intolerable thirst. This being the case, all ideas which have for their object the alleviation of this form of suffering deserve due attention, however far-fetched they may appear at first sight.

The suggestion embodied in Nos. 3 and 4, for instance, appears at first to be an outrageous and ludicrous one; but the apparently repellent features disappear when we fully consider its claims.

The helmet may be so constructed that the lower portion of it really represents a narrow reservoir, this effect being produced by the addition of a secondary connection which fits over and outside the fundamental head-gear, being joined to it only along the base line, thus providing an intervening space.



1 AND 2.—A SPRING-BOOT FOR MAKING MARCHING EASY.



3.—HELMET FOR COLLECTING RAIN.

Midway down this cunningly contrived cavity is to be a ring of carbon (or similarly suitable substance) entirely surrounding the helmet.

In districts where, during long marches, it was the exception to meet with water, but where an occasional shower of rain presented itself, a sufficiency of the liquid, in a purified condition, would be secured automatically, and without detrimental halting of the troops.

There is another merit borne by the contrivance, which is not an inconsiderable one. In hot countries a helmet so partially filled with water would serve as a beneficial cooling agent to the throbbing head of the soldier wearing it. The life-sustaining liquid would be accessible by means of a tiny tap inserted beneath the under-rear of the helmet. If the device be regarded impartially I think that it may justifiably be said to be worthy of adoption, either as it stands or in a modified form. A cup to hold the water might be screwed on to the top of the helmet, from which position it would be readily detachable.

Why the soldier's body should not be amply protected where possible, even at the sacrifice of dignity, is a question presenting a queer phase of mystery. Warriors, during battle, are not seen by spectators as they are

during a review, and mere outward appearance should be regarded as trifling compared with the opportunities offered by the provision of a shield of some kind or other, however grotesque it might be. After all, a living soldier, however ludicrous he might appear to the caricaturists and other people with an eye for comicalities, would be far more valuable to those whom he served than a dead one.

It may be argued that the use of shields would tend to diminish a soldier's personal courage; but I think we need fear no effects of this kind. As a



4.—THE HELMET GIVING OUT PURE FILTERED WATER.

matter of fact, the recipient of a bullet does not know who fired it (as a rule), so that the pluck required to face a shower of bullets is far different from that demanded to meet a bayonet charge. This being a feature concerning which many arguments for and against could be adduced, I will refrain from continuing my meditations, and

take the illustration No. 5 in hand.

There, the shield buckled to the front of the soldier's body covers the most vulnerable spots, and, if the surmise of the inventor be correct, would prove a most beneficial protection. It is not intended to be composed merely of a sheet of netting, but is to be provided with small spiral coils at the junctions of the wires, the whole apparatus being overlaid with fine wire. The impact of the bullet would be toned down immediately it touched the resilient surface of the shield. In other words, the bullet would be thrust back by the springs.

The climbing of forts and steep declivities is one of the most dangerous and hazardous tasks which fall to the lot of soldiers during war time, and any ideas



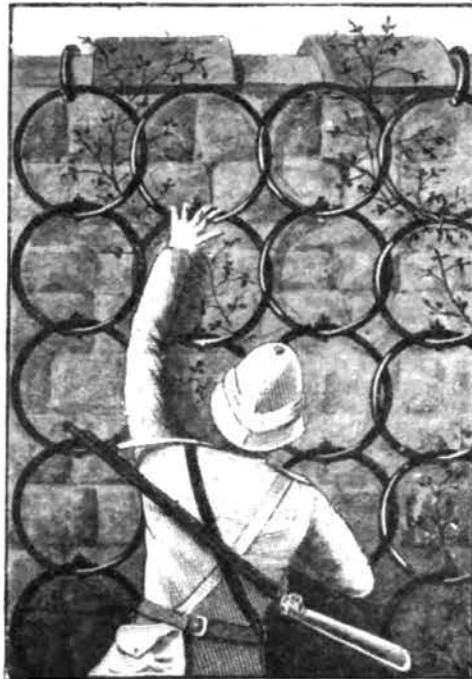
5.—A SPRING-FITTED WIRE SHIELD.

which might be available for reducing difficulties of this nature deserve a warm welcome. Whether the strange notion pictured in No. 6 comes into a useful category or not is a point around which much difference of opinion will probably arise.

The leather belt now used by a military man acts as an indispensable adjunct to his outfit, enabling many articles to receive a secure and steady attachment, which would be impossible in the case of its absence from the fighter's waist. We will, therefore, regard the suggested item as a kind of *secondary* belt, to be composed of some strong and light metal. It is intended to be a kind of circular spring (somewhat similar to many patterns of ladies' bracelets) fitted so that its ends, when united, could be locked immovably together. The formation of the trellis-ladder would proceed by one belt or hoop being linked into a fellow one, and, after having been brought round as flat as possible with it, to be screwed up tight. In this manner each hoop would interlace with others in its own immediate vicinity, and, when several dozens had been so treated, a tolerably firm and convenient ladder would result, up which several men at once could swarm. Used as belts, extreme portability would, of course, be insured, in contradistinction to the nuisance occasioned by cumbrous ladders. An additional advantage may be cited on behalf of the contrivance. Being worn continually upon the person, no delay would be caused, as might happen when ladders went astray, or failed to be brought up in time to the spot where they were required. We will suppose that under cover of the darkness the troops had successfully reached

a coveted portion of the exterior of a fort. Silently the belts would be detached from the waists, and each soldier would quickly interweave his belt into position with those adjacent to him. When men had been efficiently drilled into the methods of attachment the task of building up a trellis-ladder many feet high and several yards long would occupy only a few moments of time, and dozens of attackers be enabled to ascend to advantageous positions along the battlements.

Important and powerful improvements are continually being effected in rifles, and it may be reasonably expected that at some time in the near future the long range attainable will exceed the limit to which clear vision will be enabled to seek an object to aim at. In such a case something similar to the peculiar device illustrated in No. 7 may be used. It



6.—A TRELLIS-LADDER, MADE OF BELTS.

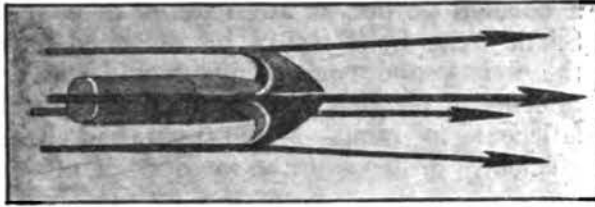
consists, as will be seen, merely of a telescope affixed in an uplifted position to the rifle, so that sight and aim may be taken simultaneously at the otherwise invisible enemy. Of course, other parts of the rifle would need careful development in order to meet the alteration caused by the added features; but this would not prove a very formidable task for inventors of military contrivances.



7.—A TELESCOPIC RIFLE.

While on the subject of rifles I should like to direct the reader's attention to a notion for the existence of which, in a materialized form, there would seem to be scarcely any justification,

even when judged from the brutal point of view. It is suggested that an object like that depicted in No. 8, having barbed frontal extensions, should be placed loosely over the muzzle of a rifle preparatory to firing it. The conical portion of it would



8.—A COMPOUND ARROW, TO BE DRIVEN FROM THE MUZZLE OF A RIFLE BY THE BULLET.

come immediately over the muzzle of the gun. It is anticipated that a discharged bullet, as it sprang from the rifle, would carry the object impaled upon it, and impart equivalent energy to it. Seeing that a bullet itself can inflict effectual damage upon arriving at its desired destination, such an addition appears to be somewhat superfluous; but it has been added to this catalogue on account of its unique formation and purpose.

The crossing of streams is one of the most formidable obstacles encountered during an army's progress, and the delay caused by the incidental awkwardness of the experience oftentimes results disastrously, giving undesired opportunities to the enemy.

Much ingenuity has been developed in efforts having for their object the provision of some worthily serviceable contrivance with the aid of which quick, safe, and easy passage may be made across rivers; but I think that the suggested

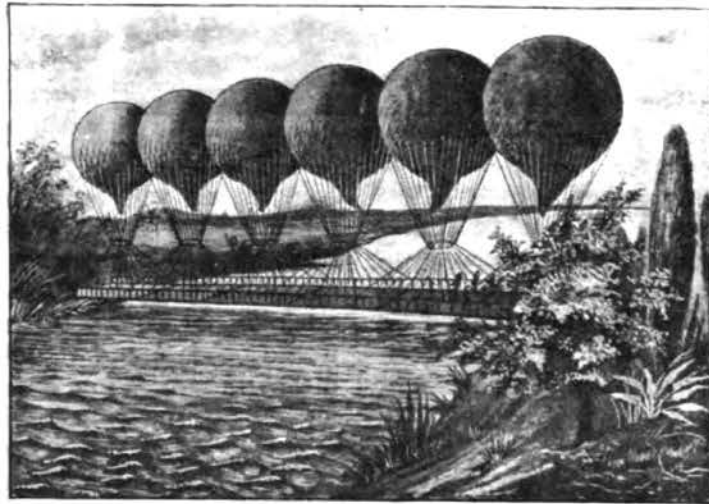
balloon bridge (No. 9) can claim novelty as a predominant feature of itself.

Let us examine the thing thoroughly. To small balloons would be suspended strong and light, open-ended, oblong cars, instead of circular ones, built in such a way that one could be bolted and locked to a companion car, which in its turn could be similarly treated in connection with a third car, and so on. Upon the arrival of the troops at a spot suitable for the purpose the balloons would be inflated and the cars attached. Extremely careful ballasting would necessarily be a most important requirement on the part of the operators; but such capabilities are not impossible. When one car had been

so securely and properly fixed to the river's bank that the floor of the car was tolerably steady and level, the operators would guide a second balloon into position, and rigidly fasten its car to that already prepared for use. At this point there would be practically a single car, twice the size of the normal ones, supported by *two* balloons. In like manner a third one would be joined in line with the first two; and then a fourth, fifth, sixth, and others successively until the opposite bank was reached, when the last one would require firm attachment to the land. During the construction of this quaint bridge the flooring or roadway, as it became resolved into shape, could be utilized as a platform for the continuance of the work. The very delicate and varying ballasting required could be considerably aided by means of ballast-bags suspended from the balloons and resting on the river's bottom, serving really as anchors. In this way it would be possible to hold a balloon stationary at any desired altitude. If needed a

few feet higher, the mooring-rope would be allowed to lengthen; whilst if the men wished to reach a lower elevation, the rope would be gathered in.

Once formed, there would exist a solid, compact gangway over the river, the gas-bags having sufficed instead



9.—A BALLOON BRIDGE.

of scaffolding to support the various sections of the bridge during their manipulation. Torrential currents, which render pontoon bridge building unmanageable, would not prove very serious in connection with the kind of work with which I am now dealing, and this fact alone is worth some consideration. With modifications, not only rivers, but ravines, and gorges, and similar geographical torments, which are now regarded as absolutely impassable, could be negotiated. Strategic movements would thereby receive an advantageous impetus.

It would need actual experiment to demonstrate the efficiency or futility, as the case might be, of the extraordinary contrivance



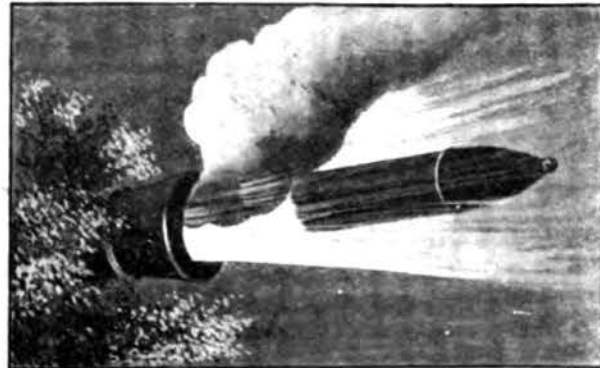
10.—A "BULLET-DEVIATOR," MADE BY A WHIRLING WHEEL.

depicted in No. 10, and naturally such experiments would demand a risk to which few people would care to voluntarily expose themselves. Theoretically, however, the invention seems to possess unusual merits, being destined to serve as an obstructor to sundry bullets whose billets would otherwise be the human body in proximity to the apparatus. It is a very simple affair—nothing more, indeed, than a rapidly rotating wheel. It is supposed that should a soldier occupying a position behind it be fired at, the bullet would, immediately upon arrival at the wheel, be struck aside by the revolving fans. Whether such a desirable result would really ensue in connection with such a thing as a swiftly travelling bullet cannot be definitely declared; but that apparently it would be quite possible may be understood by a simple experiment. If the reader will remove one of the wheels from a discarded clock (or, in fact, use any kind of open wheel), and spin it briskly upon a table, he will find that when a small object is dropped down on to the rotating wheel it is thrust violently aside, instead of falling through the meshes of the wheel. From analogy, something similar in effect might be expected on the part of a bullet coming into contact with one of the revolving wheels illustrated in No. 10, provided that the motions of the latter were made with extreme speed. The motive force operating a series of these barriers might reasonably be electricity, a power which will undoubtedly

be extensively utilized in future warfare. When quickly revolving this contrivance would not interfere with the view of a soldier, as there would appear before him seemingly a mere circular mist. His own bullet would, of course, be fired from between a pair of the wheels, in the angle caused by their close proximity one to the other.

Here, finally, is a newly devised shell of extreme originality. When fired from the gun it would resemble the object portrayed in No. 11. It consists of a hollow cone, to which are hinged a number of tubes like miniature cannons, each capable of

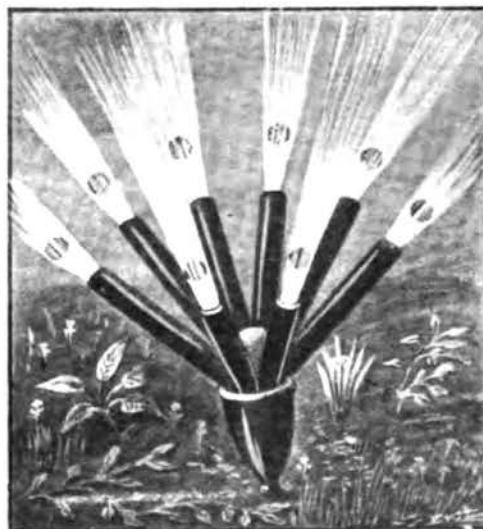
discharging an explosive shell on its own account. Upon the shell arriving at its destination it would fall point downwards, the tubes would open out and point in every



11.—A NOVEL COMPOUND SHELL.

direction, and from them would issue the explosive shells scattering to all points of the compass, as shown in No. 12. In this manner a more disastrous result could be secured than by using a single large shell to explode where it fell, for a vast area could be swept by these means.

A soldier fully equipped in a uniform comprising the helmet, belt, shield, and boots illustrated would certainly present a curious spectacle; but from a utilitarian aspect there can be no denying his increased efficiency, and, after all, the soldier exists for quite a different reason than that of gratifying the eyes of artistic people.



12.—THE SHELL BURSTING.

## INVENTIONS OVERDUE.

BY ARNOLD WHITE, AUTHOR OF "PROBLEMS OF A GREAT CITY," "ENGLISH DEMOCRACY," ETC.



MIDDLE-AGED people have a serious grievance against scientists and inventors. Thirteen or fourteen years ago, when the division of the electric light was accomplished, the transmission or reproduction of sound at a distance successfully effected, and the vintage of eminent men's voices actually bottled off for use after their decease—we were told that the field of scientific possibilities was only trodden at its entrance.

The rest was virgin soil. We were assured that this generation should not pass away before vast social and economic changes would be brought about by harnessing Nature to the chariot of progress. Inventors in the early eighties seemed to be engaged in a *battue* of natural phenomena. The crackle of their fire was a pleasant sound, for every man with four or five hundred a year, and even the artisan, was led to expect that when electricity emerged from its infancy, and from the electrical equivalents to measles and croup, his income would buy him in travel, comfort and health, all that a revenue of thousands had hitherto been necessary to obtain.

All these expectations have been bitterly disappointed, and many of us feel that we are the ageing victims of a heartless deception. It is true that the Maxim gun, in its way, is an invention that has made a considerable impression on many families among the coloured races. But for the average father of English sons and daughters, the Maxim gun fails to satisfy any deep desire, or to fill any want that can be honestly described as "long felt." Speaking as a middle-class *paterfamilias*, I decline to accept the Maxim or any other destructive implement even as an instalment of Inventions Overdue.

Our appetite is still sufficiently whetted for favours to come to expunge the word "impossible" from the schedule of our desires. The question is not, What is possible? but, What is wanted? By eliminating, therefore, all question of the possible or the impossible, the expectant legatees of scientific achievement are able to concentrate themselves on the palpable needs of the community, and point out to the managers and secretaries of the Bank of Nature, the forms in which their disbursements are invited. It is quite clear that there is no such thing as creation in an inventor. All he does is merely to knock off the manacles from matter, just as Praxiteles, the sculptor, chipped away the superfluous marble that obscured the pretty Venus coyly hiding inside ever since Carrara was raised from the sea by volcanic action. Now let us get to work. We must begin at the beginning.

To spend half an hour every morning and evening in dressing and bathing is a monstrous waste of time.

Three hundred and sixty-five hours, and more, annually taken from man's short span of life! The first thing wanted in these days of high pressure is a soap that shall cleanse without water, remove the nascent beard without razor or apparatus, and without injury to the skin.

The second is a new dress material, elastic, warm, and beautiful, combining the softness of angola, the beauty of cambric, the solidity of broadcloth, and the cheapness of calico, which would enable us to wear one garment and a pair of boots, instead of the round dozen, not counting the scarf pin, into which most of us have to wriggle before we can descend to breakfast.

For bathing purposes, water may still be retained, pending a better substitute, but the bath towel is an obsolete anachronism. There is a surgical wool which absorbs moisture with eager alacrity. We require a towel with more purpose in it. The torpid uselessness of the so-called Persian towel steals a slice from every man's life. Quicker dressing, easier shaving, greater cleanliness, and more absorbent towels, are the first *desiderata* in the day.

Coming down to breakfast, after a man is forty years of age, who can face the same old fare—tea, coffee, eggs, bacon, bread, butter, soles and parsley, without a sense of the hollowness of life? I like mangosteens from Singapore, caviare of sterlet from Moscow, canvas-back ducks from Washington, and the larded venison you still get in some houses of the Dutch Cape farmers.

Had science kept pace with her promise of 1880, and transport cheapened so that every spot on earth was in easy, instantaneous, and regular communication with every other spot, we should not be fobbed off with new-laid eggs produced a fortnight ago by a Russian hen, or Irish bacon that has seen no more of Ireland than the latest "bull."

However, since the means of communication have not been materially cheapened or abbreviated, and the structure of ether and matter are still as mysterious and as far beyond our ken as the origin of evil, it can hardly be denied that it is about time that inventors gave us a new vegetable, a new meat, and a new beverage. The potato is all very well, but, like literature, it is a good walking-stick and a bad crutch. We know all about it. There is a book devoted to the dressing of it in a hundred ways. I remember Professor Holub telling me in Africa, that in the Mashokolumbwe country there was a tasty vegetable that he thought might be introduced as a new invention in Europe. Let us have it. We want the flavour of the mangosteen combined with the nutritious quality of oatmeal and the cheapness of mangold-wurzel.

And the meat and poultry! Who is not weary of the eternal gamut of ox, sheep, pig, hen; hen, pig,

sheep, ox ; sheep, ox, hen, pig? The thing cannot go on much longer. We English are not dainty as a race, but we have stood the monotony of our diet long enough, and we want a new edible flesh. Something between a donkey and a peafowl is what is needed. Both are delicious.

I am convinced that there is both money and fame for the inventor who will mend our fare, and take from us the reproach cast on us by His Majesty George the Second, who said in just indignation—

“Wherever I go, it is always ze zame, cock and hog, cock and hog.”

Fowl and ham are better than beef and mutton, but all four are somewhat ancient history. With a new bird we may fairly look for a new egg. As to the new drink, we want an exhilarating, delicious, and cheap non-intoxicant, that shall combine the stimulus of good claret, the delicacy of fine tea, the medicinal value of milk, at the price of small beer.

The evils of existing fuel are the commonplace of our philanthropic reformers. Coal is dirty, dear, dangerous to get, and has recently been the cause of a very disagreeable strike. We want a sanitary, non-political fuel. Anthracite coal would be excellent, but there are three objections. It is expensive: it is difficult to win underground, and when you get it, it refuses to burn in the Englishman's fireplace. It is well-known that within a few miles of the earth's surface volcanic fires exist in abundance, and with suitable treatment they might be coaxed into the service of men who live in great cities. An artesian well penetrating the fire stratum might be sunk in every quarter of London, and the heat thus wrung from the bowels of the earth conducted by the County Council on progressive principles into the houses of the taxpayers.

The probability is that the energy thus obtained might be harnessed to municipal accumulators, and the costly cab, the haughty serving maid, and even the tyrannous tramcar of profit-mongering capitalists, might be dispensed with if a controllable and inexhaustible source of energy, with constant flow, were always at the service of the community.

Out of doors, a noiseless, durable, and healthy pavement for the roadways is a felt want. For the space of a few feet, when passing under the hotels at Euston or the Midland Railway, there is such a pavement. Perhaps it is indiarubber, and we are told that gutta-percha is so many shillings a pound, and the thing cannot be done.

Well, let it be done. The wooden pavements destroy our throats, asphalt ought to be proscribed by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and as to macadam—our nerves, nowadays, simply will not stand it. As to the granite setts that still linger in some parts of London, they are always associated in my mind with polygamy, community of

goods, and other signs of a frankly barbarous society.

My space grows brief. I must crowd into a column all that might fairly bulge a book. In short, we need—

A non-conducting metal.

A carpet material unaffected by gravitation. This would cheapen travel between England and India, not between India and England.

A process that shall effect for matter that which the telephone has done for sound:—viz., resolution into its constituent elements, and accurate synthesis at the other end of a wire. This would be an alternative to the suppression of gravitation for travelling purposes, and would develop the Parcel Post.

Colour photography.

The utilisation of earth-currents for telephony, so that (a) ships at sea could always communicate with their ports of departure and destination; (b) registered earth-currents could be devoted to cheap international communications; (c) the evils of exile would be so diminished as to popularise emigration.

A new material for coating ships, so that the cumulative friction now retarding ships, but not porpoises, would accelerate existing passenger vessels from 17 to 51 knots per hour.

The extraction of energy direct from coal without the intervention of steam, so that (a) ten times the energy might be available for the present cost of one horse-power; (b) the same energy as now might be available for one-tenth of the present cost; (c) ten horse-power might be developed from a given weight of machinery now sufficient only to develop one horse-power.

Four results of this invention would be: Practical flying; the abolition of war; the decay of great cities; further restrictions in the dynamite trade.

A new telescope that shall give us an insight into the actual structure of the canals of Mars.

A cure for sea-sickness.

A graduated sleeping draught, free from deleterious consequences, and enabling us to utilise in sleep odd moments of time, and to wake with certainty at a given time.

Five hundred words of a universal language, compulsory on all European and American children.

Cheap aluminium.

A barrel organ that shall give the effect of Joachim on his Strad.

A system of indexing books that shall give to critics and busy students a fair conception of the whole.

A method of converting good men and women of fifty years of age into two of twenty-five, or three of seventeen.

These things are enough to begin with. Inventors, hurry up, please!



## TALKS WITH WOMEN.

LETTERS TO MY DAUGHTER.

BY JENNY JUNE.

### GOING INTO SOCIETY.



**D**ROTESTS against customs to which, at the same time, we yield a blind obedience, are very little worth. Simple adherence to the principles which form the rule of our own conduct, irrespective of the verdict of society, is much better.

Every one laughs at Society; every one abuses Society; yet few who are amenable to its criticism, dare do anything which Society does not sanction.

Among other absurdities is the popular fiction that young girls know nothing of Society until they are launched upon it at a certain age, and that, from this time until they marry, they must subordinate all other claims to those of Society, or rather, in plain English, to their chances of securing the attentions of young gentlemen, with a view to matrimony.

Such ideas are false, such a course is degrading; it is subversive of honor and dignity, and it leaves out of sight altogether the human uses which Society was intended to answer, or subordinates them to selfish, individual instincts.

Society is the outgrowth of the family; its use is to broaden our sympathies, expand our ideas, and extend our efforts beyond the limits of our own household circle; and to use it merely as the instrument of personal gratification and vulgar display, or as a trap to catch a husband, is evidence of gross ignorance, or a very low conception of life, and of our duties towards all those who share with us its gifts and its responsibilities.

The first glimpse of Society which girls truly and wisely obtain is in their own home—in the house of their parents—which should be a centre for the interchange of such thought, the development of such ideas, the strengthening of such sympathies, as are most in accordance with them and their surroundings.

The first glimpse, beyond her own home, which the girl naturally gets of Society, is in the houses

of the friends of her parents, each one of which is a world in miniature, and prepares her for that larger experience to which she is admitted when observation has increased her knowledge of human motive, and the development of moral power has crystallized impulse into principle, and made it the guide of life.

But under none of these aspects does Society become a mistress to whom all other considerations must be subordinated.

Under no circumstances does it become necessary to sacrifice to it any higher duty, or in other words, any ordinary daily duty, which is part of the routine of family household life, and upon which the comfort of the family, or any member of it, depends.

It is only in very exceptional cases that the cultivation of Society needs to be made a business of, and it is never so in the case of young girls, whose inexperience unfits them for it, whose duties are waiting for them, and which duties ought to be of the first importance.

These consist mainly of caring for and brightening the lives of those who have struggled and labored for their sakes, and of preparations for the future, of patient effort and willing endurance, such as falls to the lot of most women.

Nor are they to consider this necessity exceptionally hard—it is the lot of life—it comes in some form or other to those who are seemingly favored, as well as those who are neglected by fortune, and is either borne or fought against, or made the excuse for perpetual complainings by all.

There is no such human life—as it has been the habit of novelists to portray—in which existence is a perpetual round of gay *fêtes* and summer pleasures, broken in upon by a few mishaps, which all end in marriage, as does also the interest which attaches to the parties according to this code.

Marriage is the beginning of living, not its termination. It grows out of the instinct for companionship, and should not condemn either of those who are party to it, to isolation.

The deeper interests of life grow out of the struggles of men and women for bread, for home, for children, and also for money and power; not out of whether Miss So-and-so can coax a dress out of her papa, to attend Mrs. So-and-so's party, and how often Mr. Jones or Mr. Robinson calls upon her.

Undoubtedly those little preliminary facts are important to her, but they should not interfere with her duty to others: they are not the corner-stones upon which the fabric of our social life depends.

The modern method of launching girls upon society, and allowing them half a dozen seasons more or less of social dissipation, before entering upon the duties of life, is utterly absurd and highly injurious.

The interval between girlhood and womanhood is a golden time, which should be improved to the utmost by acquiring knowledge of useful arts, of sweet household ways, and giving something back for the love and care which have guarded and guided so far, and are still engaged in the task of providing for and protecting.

The "society-girl," on the contrary, is of necessity idle and selfish. Her nights are spent in heated rooms, her mornings in bed; her afternoons in the street, parading the last cut of polonaise or the newest Grecian bend. The result is despicable, and at the same time pitiable. All that is brightest and best and noblest in her withers, and perhaps is lost forever; her health is sacrificed, and her future rendered valueless to herself and injurious to others.

Not that the girl has no part to play in society, but it should be a subordinate one. Society, to be worthy of the name, should consist of the mingling together of the best, and most opposite elements, led by experienced women who have the happy art of putting all these elements in solution, and making a draught refreshing, cheering, inspiring alike to the philosopher, the man of science, the poet, the artist, the busy woman, and the woman of fashion.

In a circle like this, the girl, if she knows how to take advantage of her opportunities, receives an important part of her education. She gets the result of the study, the labor, the experiences of the best, and the wisest, and she gives them in return association with her youth, her freshness, her interest in what no longer possesses for them the charm of novelty.

A woman of society must possess wealth, tact, social position, intelligence, quick perception, and rather ability to comprehend and appreciate the ideas of others, than originality of her own.

Originality generally means assertiveness and individuality, to an extent which hardly admits of that complete self-forgetfulness re-

quisite to success as a society leader. Few indeed have achieved this success. Madame Recamier is one of those whose name has passed into history, simply, and solely on account of her genius in this respect.

Married to a man much older than herself, who gave her the most perfect freedom, as well as his entire respect and confidence, she added wealth, and the dignity of a commanding position, to beauty, a quick intelligence, and remarkable amiability of character. That was all; yet she was honored by sages and potentates, counted her friends among all classes of people, and has been more talked about, and written about, than almost any other woman that ever lived.

Few women are born to the peculiar circumstances requisite to constitute a queen of society, and out of the number only a small minority possess the sympathy, the kindness of heart, the appreciation of ideas, the intuitive knowledge of human nature, necessary to harmonize different elements, and make them show their brightest side. Alice Cary, the good, possessed these characteristics. She had not great wealth, she had not leisure, but she had an all-embracing kindness, and the warmest appreciation of whatever seemed to her noble and praiseworthy. It was this that made her house for years the cherished resort of men and women of the most varied culture and activities. She made no special effort. She did not dine or wine her guests, but, with the help of her sister Phebe, in the midst of her constant literary work, and the harassing inroads of a mortal disease—she kept her house, and her heart open to any who could find a natural place there. She created an atmosphere of warmth, in which the best things grew and flourished, in which the gifted found recognition and companionship, and the discouraged hope, and consolation.

To have attended for any length of time her réunions, where nothing more than a modest walking-dress was necessary in the way of toilette—distinguished women, and the wives of distinguished men, setting an example in this respect, where visitors slipped quietly in and out gravitating easily and naturally to their place—would indeed have been an education to any girl, if not in the technical branches of the schools, in grace, in charity, in truth, in purity, in the arts of a gentle life, in the cul-



tivation of the highest form of womanhood.

Compare society such as this with the rapid gathering of a couple of hundred newly fledged young men and women whose interest centres directly in themselves and their belongings, remotely in the supper, and the chances for leading in the "german!"

It would be much more advantageous to young girls on entering society, if they were less anxious to display their own attractions and acquirements, and more desirous of learning from what they see that is new around them. Even the customs of an enlarged circle are not wholly familiar to them, and they should seek to acquire ease and self-possession in the practice of them, before trying to become prominent, or venturing outside of them in any odd or eccentric way. Ignorance sometimes tries to make itself respectable by affecting oddity, by professing contempt for usages of which it knows nothing. This is very shallow; there always is, or has been a good reason for an established custom. Persons who live under different circumstances cannot always see it, but to condemn it without knowing, only advertises their ignorance to those whose experience has taught them the necessity or propriety of the observance.

Not that I would advise a slavish adherence to blind or unnecessary forms, but I would advise acquaintance with them, with the condition of society which produced them, before condemning them. When the people who are bound by them have outgrown them, or find them no longer what they want, they are dropped without difficulty, like an old and worn-out garment.

When I was a girl in the country, I thought there was a virtuous necessity in breakfasting at seven, dining at twelve, and taking tea at six. Late dinners had a flavor of profligacy and dissipation, incompatible with ideas of quiet family life and domestic happiness. I indulged, like many others, in profound reflections upon the wickedness of city-living, until experience taught me that our customs, primarily, grow out of our necessities, and that men and women may be conscientious, and try to do their duty, even though their dinner hour be six, or seven, instead of twelve o'clock.

The point, therefore, which I wish to make is this: hold in re-

serve your opinions and your judgments; do not be eager to express them for the sake of showing your smartness. The smile which greets you, and which you consider one of admiration, is more likely to be one of pity or indulgence.

I remember two inglorious occasions, when I expressed myself to my own intense after-mortification and shame. One was, after first listening to an opera; the second, when trying first to read Shakespeare. Unfortunately, I did not begin with Hamlet, which is, to most persons, the key to the sublimer glories of the Bard of Avon, at least it proved so in my case, but drifted aimlessly about, and finally set him down as vulgar. Yes, I, a girl of fifteen, considered Shakespeare unfit reading for young ladies of refinement and taste, and did not hesitate to express my opinion to that effect. Of what constituted his genius and his greatness, I had hardly an idea; I saw only peculiarities of expression, which belonged to his age, and were part of the language of the time.

So of opera, I was too ignorant of art to understand and appreciate the music; so I echoed an opinion which I had heard, declaring opera to be a systematic attempt to render musical sounds hideous! Yet a recognition of the innate power, and beauty, and grandeur of the work rebuked me while I said it, and made me wish I had been silent.

It is common with men and women both, to regret lost opportunities for saying what they consider clever things; but if they have no more cause to regret having said foolish ones, it is happy for them.

I have heard my own crude and unformed opinions echoed many times since by persons whose age entitled them to respect; but the expression of such opinions is only an evidence, to more cultivated minds, of their ignorance and want of power to comprehend.

While, therefore, it is not necessary to accept and admire anything because other people accept and admire it, yet in instances where it has received high and universal appreciation, reserve a critical estimate until you are able to give a reason that is based upon your knowledge, not your ignorance of the subject.

Young girls are very apt to be the reflectors of the opinions they hear, without much reference to their soundness. They wish to please—to be considered bright and vivacious, and echo what they

think "smart," without thought or even care for its correctness.

But this is an evidence of want of inlucient truthfulness, as well as superficiality, of which they would be ashamed if they could see it as others see it. Form as many opinions as you please, but be careful about expressing, and do not let them become prejudices to stand in the way of acquiring knowledge which may induce you to change them.

Moreover, if you meet a person whose habits of life or study have made them acquainted with a particular subject, embrace the opportunity to learn as much about it as you can. People are always interested in their own hobbies, and will consider you much more agreeable as a listener than a talker, while you will be acquiring a fund of useful information, or adding to the stock of facts which will serve you for future reference, and make you something more than one of the small talkers of a brainless Society.

## Diamonds of Thought.

**DRAWING A BEE LINE.**—This is a native Americanism. When a bee has filled itself with honey and wax, it is supposed to go home to deposit its gatherings by the shortest route, flying to its nest as a bullet leaves the rifle for the target. The honey hunters in the backwoods are said to find the hollow tress in which the wild bees have their combs by watching and tracking the flight of a homeward-bound bee. To "draw a bee line," therefore, means to go straight to one's destination.

**THE RICH AND THE POOR.**—What is wealth? Wealth is whatever men can realize from nature for their sustenance and enjoyment. Labor is what realizes it. Prudence saves from it, and the savings become capital, which helps to extend and multiply the operations of labor, and thus creates more capital. The wealthy are composed of those who have inherited property from others, those who have acquired it accidentally, and those who have realized it for themselves. The poor, in like manner, are composed of those who have inherited poverty from others, those who have become poor through accident, and those who have brought poverty upon themselves. The most familiar mode of producing poverty is by idleness. A man will not work; he realizes no wealth; he is of course poor. Or he squanders in some absurd manner the earnings which he does realize, and thus remains equally poor as if he did not work. The poverty arising from idleness will only be curable, as it has ever been since the beginning of the world, by industry. That which comes from wastefulness will only be cured by economy.

**THE MOTHER OF A FAMILY.**—It is an astonishing fact (says Mr. Herbert Spencer) that though on the treatment of offspring depend their lives or deaths and their moral welfare or ruin, yet not one word of instruction of offspring is ever given to

those who will by-and-by be parents. Consider the young mother and her nursery legislation. But a few years ago she was at school, where her memory was crammed with words, names, and dates, and her reflective faculties scarcely in the slightest degree exercised. . . . The intervening years have been passed in practising music, in fancy-work, in novel-reading, and in party-going, no thought having been given to the grave responsibilities of maternity, and scarcely any of that solid, intellectual culture obtained which would be some preparation for such responsibilities. And now see her, with an unfolding human character committed to her charge; see how profoundly ignorant she is of the phenomena with which she has to deal, undertaking to do that which can be done but imperfectly with the aid of the profoundest knowledge.

## Our Spice Box.

WHAT comes once in a minute, twice in a moment, and once in a man's life? The letter M.

It has been decided that a cook's perquisites do not extend to the ownership of her master when he comes home in the wet, and is dripping.

"WANTED, by a hearty boy of fourteen, a situation in an eating-house. He understands the business."—That is a well-worded advertisement.

**A HINT TO WIVES.**—A lady administered a severe beating to her husband the other night over the banisters, with a broom. She made him believe that she took him for a burglar.

**NO ROOM.**—A five-year-old, staying at the seaside, and obliged to sleep three in a bed, narrated her dream, which, being unfinished, she accounted for fully by not having room to dream the rest of it.

**A WASHERWOMAN'S CERTIFICATE.**—A defendant in a New York court produced a letter from a washerwoman testifying to his good character. This witty stroke of flat irony produced his release.

**WARNING.**—One cold winter morning a very pretty girl stopped and bought a paper of a ragged little Irish newsboy. "Poor little fellow!" said she, "ain't you very cold?" "I was, ma'am, a minute ago," was the reply. The young lady bought his whole supply at double the ordinary prices.

**LOGIC.**—"Eat your bread, Charles—do not fling it away," said a learned and good judge to one of his family the other day; adding, "for who knows, in the vicissitudes of this life, if you may not some day; want it?" The old gentleman had to cough, look learned, and go away, when his youngster answered, more logically than his parent, "If I eat it, how can I have it when I want it?" This is the result of a learned judge having children.

**A HINT TO AUTHORS.**—A would-be author was advised to try the effect of one of his compositions on the folks at home, without confessing its authorship. His mother fell asleep, his sister groaned, his brother asked him to "shut up," as they had had quite a sufficient shower of words without wit; and at last his wife tapped him upon the shoulder, with the sweetest possible "Won't that do?" He then saw how it was himself, buried his portfolio, recovered his digestion, and has been a happy man ever since.

## Odds and Ends.

THE Bébé Jumean doll with its movable and unbreakable limbs is made in thousands in the village of Montreuil near Paris, where the majority of the villagers of both sexes are employed in the manufacture. The factory was founded in 1843 by the father of the present proprietor, when the dolls were made of sheep-skin stuffed with sawdust, and were given china heads. A few years later they were made of turned wood, and despite the suggestions of his two sons, Jumean *père* refused to make any others, content to make a profitable business of the then clumsy productions. It is to the second son, M. Emile Jumean, who gave up his career as an architect to follow that of a doll-maker, when his father and elder brother died, that latter day children owe the Bébé Jumean which he brought out in 1878. Not only do the Jumean dolls serve as a delight to the nursery, but they are used by Parisian dressmakers to send to all countries dressed in the latest fashion, each doll being supplied with a complete wardrobe for every possible occasion, in the making of which as much skill and delicate workmanship has been lavished as upon the dresses they represent.

EVERY year in China a national festival is held in honour of the Empress Si Lung Chee, who is worshipped as the goddess of the silk-worm. She was the first person in the world to raise silk-worms for the purpose of taking the silk from the cocoon, and upon her festival day the reigning Empress and her attendants repair to the temples that have been erected in her honour and lay oblations of flowers and money upon her altars. More people wear silk in China than in any other country, as in its plain raw state it is as cheap as cotton. Layers of wadding placed between the lining and the outside of silk garments make them warm enough for winter wear, and as fashion never changes in the Flowery Land, new clothes are never bought until the old ones are worn out. The tailors are naturally not very prosperous, but as they are always fat from lack of exercise, they are regarded by the Chinese as a high type of humanity, fatness being the desired condition of all Chinamen. Their workrooms are generally open on all sides, as many as ten men squatting round a low table in the centre, covered with matting, sewing and cutting busily all day long, for an average wage of about one pound a week.

THE Duchess of Orleans is a clever musician, and has composed several pretty pieces. Some time before her marriage she was staying with her family at one of their country châteaux, and one day a band of strolling musicians arrived, and asked for permission to play in the courtyard. The permission was granted, and the Duchess's father, the Archduke Joseph of Austria, went down to talk to them. The bandmaster told him that they were very badly off, as they had to pay such exorbitant royalties upon the songs and pieces they played. "Why don't you write something to help these poor people?" the Archduke said to his daughter. And sitting down she immediately composed "Après la pluie, le soleil"—sending it to the bandmaster with all rights and powers. Some little time afterwards she received a letter from the musicians saying that the piece had met with tremendous success, and was bringing them in a great deal of money.

RAILWAY engines like human beings have ailments, some of which baffle all the efforts of those who have charge of them. Two good locomotives may be made upon exactly the same plans and may each cost the usual price £2,200, and yet one will be a good one, and the other always out of order. A first-class railway engine of 300 horse-power is expected to travel 200,000 miles during its existence, that is to say, 13,000 miles every year for fifteen years, but over and over again engines are found that are so strong and so well-made that they go on for many years after their allotted decade and a half has been passed.

A BELGIAN naturalist tells an extraordinary story of the monkeys of Java. The crabs in that island, he says, live in holes on the edge of the sea, and the monkeys, when driven by stress of hunger, kill and eat them in the following manner. Creeping close to one of these holes the monkey lets his tail fall into it. The crab naturally at once seizes hold of the tail in his claws, and the monkey, sometimes screaming with pain, pulls his caudal appendage quickly away and with it the crab holding tightly to its end. Then, twisting it round and round in its paws, it dashes the crab violently against the rocks until its shell is broken and it obtains the reward of a considerable amount of suffering by eating the flesh. The writer points out that the monkeys only eat the crabs when they are unable to get other food.

THERE is a charming legend with regard to the origin of lace-making in Venice. A Venetian fisherman was, some centuries ago, engaged to a pretty and industrious girl who gave him a finely-woven fishing-net, made with her own hands, and the very first time he threw the net into the sea he drew to land a beautiful piece of petrified seaweed. Soon afterwards war broke out, and all the young fishermen of Venice had to go with the fleet and fight in the East, the girl's lover amongst them. Every day after her betrothed had gone the young weaver sat at her work, the petrified piece of seaweed close beside her, and as she plaited the meshes of the nets, she was constantly looking at this souvenir of her lover. Unconsciously her fingers reproduced the thin and delicate fibres of the seaweed in the fishing-net; and this first lace-making, primitive and coarse as it was, finally led to the invention of pillow lace.

THE expression "blue blood" had its origin in the Middle Ages. Then the aristocracy were the only class who washed themselves with any regularity, and consequently the veins, especially in the hands, showed through the skin. Veins contain impure blood which is of a bluish purple hue, and those which lie just beneath the skin appear quite blue in comparison with the delicacy and whiteness of the rest of well-kept hand. Hence the term "blue blood," and its always being applied in indication of noble birth.

"LIFE is no idle dream, but a solemn reality based on and encompassed by eternity. Find out your work and stand to it; the night cometh when no man can work."

"WHATEVER withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings."

WHEN gilt picture-frames have become discoloured they may be brightened, if not altogether restored, by washing them with a preparation of flowers of sulphur and water. Enough sulphur should be used to make the water yellow, then two cut-up onions should be put in it and the mixture boiled upon a fire. When the liquid is cold, it should be strained from the sulphur and onions and applied to the picture-frames with a soft brush.

"How simple great men's rules are! How easy it is to be a great man! Order, diligence, patience, honesty—just what you and I must use to put our dollar in the savings-bank, to do our school-boy sum, to keep the farm thrifty, and the house clean, and the babies neat. Order, diligence, patience, honesty! There is wide difference between men, but truly it lies less in some special gift or opportunity granted to one and withheld from another than in the differing degree in which these common elements of human nature are owned and used. Not how much talent have I, but how much will to use the talent that I have? is the main question. Not how much do I know, but how much do I do with what I know? To do their great work the great ones need more of the very same habits which the little ones need to do their smaller work. They share not achievements, but conditions of achievement with you and me. And those conditions, for them as for us, are largely the plod, the drill, the long disciplines of toil. If we ask such men their secret, they will uniformly tell us so."

IN the Natural History Museum at South Kensington there is a large section of a pine tree which has been cleverly used as a means of teaching history. The age of a tree can always be told by the number of rings disclosed when it is cut down, and this particular tree shows 533 rings and must be of the same number of years. It was therefore born in 1352, and has existed from the reign of Edward III. to within two years of the Jubilee of Queen Victoria, since it was cut down in 1885. The rings have been marked off in white paint, and the dates of the important events which occurred whilst each ring was growing are also indicated, showing that when the Battle of Poitiers was fought the pine was four years old; it was twenty-five when Edward III. died. When Caxton introduced printing the tree had seen 119 summers and winters, and when Columbus discovered America it was 140 years old. Two hundred and twelve rings had appeared when Shakespeare was born, and 240 when Raleigh colonised Virginia. At the time of the Great Plague, this tree was 14 years over its third century of existence, and within six years of its fourth when the Battle of Culloden was fought. The Independence of America was proclaimed in the 424th year of this remarkable tree, and it was 485 when Queen Victoria ascended the throne, the stirring events of the greater part of the present reign being enacted during its existence.

COUNTRY SCENES.-SEPTEMBER.



Illustrated London Almanack, 1848

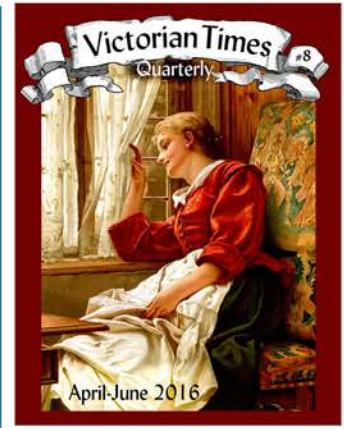
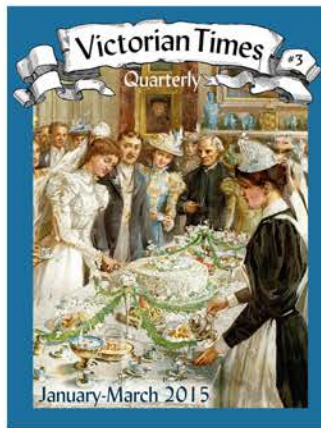
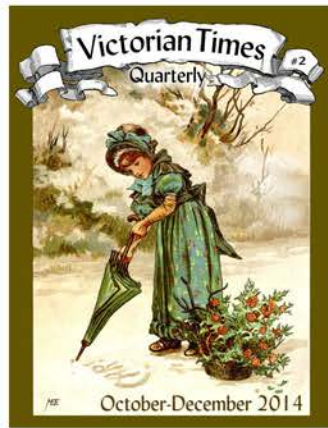
With ruddy fruit the orchard now is hung;  
The golden hop droops pendent in the breeze.  
For Autumn from her ample hand hath thrown  
Her richest treasures on the laden trees—*Hawthorndale Revisited.*

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