

Victorian Times

Vol. V, No. 11

November 2018



Future Fashions: Victorian Predictions for the 1900's • Curious Shoes of History
How to Cook a Pumpkin • Etiquette for Our Brothers & Sisters
How to Make a Paper Model House • Restaurants of London • Pet Portraits
A Detective's View of Detective Stories • Fiction: "A Motor in the Bull-Ring"

Victorian Times

Volume V, No. 11
November 2018

- 2 Editor's Greeting: Happily Ever After, by Moira Allen
- 3 Future Dictates of Fashion, by W. Cade Gall (*The Strand*, 1893)
- 12 Useful (Toiletory) Recipes (*GOP*, 1898*)
- 13 How to Cook a Pumpkin (*CFM*, 1883**)
- 14 Our Brothers and Sisters (*GOP*, 1901)
- 17 Paper Modeling, by H.J. Vernon (*Peterson's*, 1858)
- 20 Curiosities of Footgear (*CFM*, 1889)
- 22 Poem: "The Rainy Day," by Roger Riordan (*Century*, 1883)
- 23 Poem: "The Summer's Aftermath," by Beth Day (*Demorest*, 1885)
- 24 Dogs and Cats as Sitters, by Nellie Hadden (*Windsor*, 1902)
- 32 Household Hints (*GOP*, 1897)
- 33 A Detective on Detective Stories, by W.E. Grey (*CFM*, 1895)
- 37 Fiction: "A Motor in the Bull-Ring," by R.B. Townshend
(*The Strand*, 1903)
- 43 Round the London Restaurants, by W.J. Wintle
(*Windsor*, 1896)
- 49 Animal Actualities: Cuckoo, the Little Police Constable
(*The Strand*, 1900)
- 53 Home Cookery: Thanksgiving Day Menu, by Laura Lathrop
(*Ingalls' Home Magazine*, 1888)
- 55 Poem: "The Birds' Farewell," by O. Herford (*St. Nicholas*, 1888)



p. 3



p. 20



p. 37



p. 43

A publication of VictorianVoices.net
Moira Allen, Editor - editors@victorianvoices.net
To subscribe to the free electronic edition, visit
www.victorianvoices.net/VT/index.shtml
Print editions available quarterly on Amazon!
Copyright © 2018 Moira Allen

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

Happily Ever After

When I was a child, some of my best friends were Victorians. Granted, I didn't really think of them that way—I just looked forward to coming home from school and spending time with buddies like Sara Crewe of *A Little Princess*, or Heidi, or Mary and Colin and Dickon from *The Secret Garden*, or the Bastables of E. Nesbit. Even Dorothy of Oz and Tom Sawyer qualify, technically, as Victorians.

Flashing forward to a point in my childhood's future (though still more than 20 years in my past!), I can't help but recall (reluctantly) a book that holds the distinction of being the book I most sincerely wish I had never read. It was billed as a "sequel" to *The Secret Garden*. The cover had a lovely picture of flowers and reviews declaring the work to be "charming" and "delightful." A more accurate adjective would have been "icky."

I won't go into details. Suffice it to say that all the characters would have benefited from a massive dose of therapy—though I suspect the author might have benefitted even more. She seemed compelled to point out that, regardless of the progress made by the characters in the original novel, what lay ahead of them would literally shoot it all to heck. Because, of course, what lay ahead of a turn-of-the-century child was... World War I.

This comes to mind now because I've just come across another book in a similar vein. This one takes E. Nesbit's children from *Five Children and It*, and, through various convoluted methods, shows what will happen to them when *they* run smack dab into World War I.

Wow. Is it possible that living happily ever after is... gasp... a myth? Were Victorian authors truly so naïve as to imagine that everything was going to end well for our favorite characters, after we'd turned the last page on their "official" biographies? The tone of these "sequels" implies just that.

Well, here's the thing. Everyone dies, eventually. No matter how wonderful life is for Sara Crewe after she's rescued from her dismal garret, eventually she's going to get old. It's certainly possible that, after spending most of her life in the fog and smoke of London, she dies of tuberculosis by 65. Perhaps Oswald Bastable, whom you met in our March 2017 issue, dies in a car smash-up; he's the sort of boy who would love fast cars. Perhaps Dickon never reaches adulthood at all, having been bitten by a rabid fox on the moor. If so, I don't want to know.

Except... wait... that's *real* life. In real life, we don't reach "the end" until we literally reach *the end*. But the wonderful thing about fictional characters is that they do, literally, live forever. My grandmother, and probably my great-grandmother, read *A Little Princess*. My mother read it. I read it. I've passed a copy to my niece, and I hope she'll pass it on to her own children one day. And through, by that time, nearly two centuries, Sara will never change. She won't die a horrible death. Dickon won't be drafted. Heidi won't fall off an Alp. We won't live forever—but because *they will*, our lives and our children's and grandchildren's lives will be better for it.

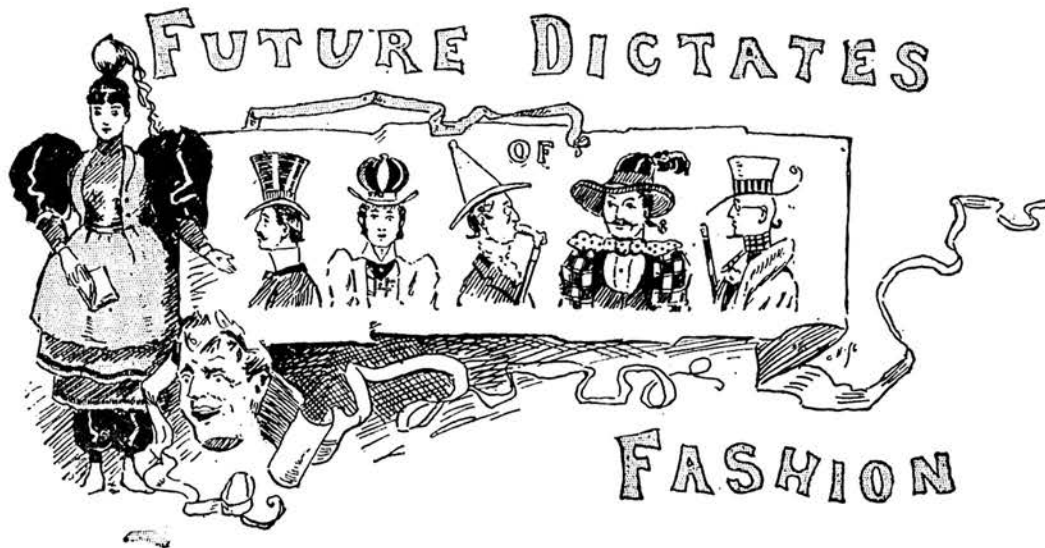
I can't help but wonder what these authors are actually trying to kill. Is it merely a fictional character, or is it an idea? Is it the notion of hope, redemption, and triumph over adversity that troubles these writers? Are these elements lacking in the writers' own lives, so that they feel they must shatter our illusions by pointing out that "happily ever after" doesn't really exist? We know that! That's why we read fiction!

Conversely, were Victorian authors truly as naïve as their modern sequelizers imply? Was it foolish of them to "imagine" that their characters would not endure further horrors in life? I suspect that it is, in fact, today's authors who are naïve, for I doubt they can truly imagine the horrors Victorian authors were aware of. The children in Victorian novels weren't blithe innocents, unaware of the evils of life. They were survivors of a world that was brutal to children. Child mortality rates were astronomical. Victorian stories and poetry are filled with the reality of dead children—and dead parents. The fact that all the children I mention in the first paragraph are lacking at least one, if not both, parents wasn't an unusual characteristic in Victorian days; it was commonplace.

Victorian writers understood quite well the reality that surrounded their characters. So they wrote of children who managed to survive and "beat the odds." No, they probably never foresaw something as horrendous as World War I—but if they could have foreseen it, I doubt it would have changed the outcome of their books. For those children, life freezes when the book ends—and for us, they live forever. That's how it should be.

Today, when we write novels of our own, we can't foresee what lies in our future, or the future of our characters. It may be horrendous. Authors of the 22nd century may look back on our "happily ever afters" and shake their heads, thinking "how naïve" and "if they only knew..." But sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof... so thank goodness we *don't*!

—Moirra Allen, Editor
editors@victorianvoices.net



BY W. CADE GALL.

AN elderly gentleman of our acquaintance, whose reading has been rather desultory than profound, and tending rather to the quaint and speculative, was astonished recently at coming across a volume in his library of whose very existence he had been completely unaware. This volume was oblong in shape, was bound in mauve morocco, and was called "Past Dictates of Fashion; by Cromwell Q. Snyder, Vestamentorum Doctor."

Glancing his eye downwards past a somewhat flippant sub-title, the elderly gentleman came, with intense amazement, to understand that the date of this singular performance was 1993. Other persons at a similar juncture would have pinched themselves to see if they were awake, or have tossed the book into the street as an uncanny thing. But our elderly gentleman being of an inquisitive and acquisitive turn of mind, despite his quaintness, recognised the fact that if he was not of the twentieth century the volume obviously was; seized pen and paper, and began to make notes with the speed of lightning. Being also something of a draughtsman he was able to embellish his notes with sketches from the engravings with which "Past Dictates of Fashion" was copiously furnished. These sketches appear with the present article.

Fashion in dress, according to the twentieth century author, notwithstanding its apparent caprice, has always been governed by immutable laws. But these laws were not

recognised in the benighted epoch in which we happen to live at present. On the contrary, Fashion is thought a whim, a sort of shuttlecock for the weak-minded of both sexes to make rise and fall, bound and rebound with the battledore called—social influence. But it will interest a great many people to learn that Fashion assumed the dignity of a science in 1940. Ten years later it was taken up by the University of Dublin. By the science as taught by the various Universities later on were explained those points in the history, manners, and literature of our own ancestors which were formerly obscure and, in fact, unknown. They were also, by certain strict rules, enabled to foretell the attire of posterity. Here is a curious passage from the introductory chapter to the book:—

"Cigars went out of fashion twenty years ago. Men and women consumed so much tobacco that their healths were endangered. The laws of Nature were powerless to cope with the evil. Not so the laws of Fashion, which at once abated it. It will, however, return in thirty-one years. In 1790 Nature commanded men to bathe. They laughed at Nature. In 1810 Fashion did the same thing. Men complied, and daily cold baths became established. In 1900 it was pushed to extremes. The ultra-sect cut holes in the ice and plunged into the water. The fashion changed. For forty years only cads bathed."

The following table is also interesting, and should be borne in mind in considering the

accompanying cuts. It professes to exhibit the sartorial characteristics of an epoch :—

TABLE OF WAVES.

	Type.	Tendency.
1790 to 1815 ...	Angustorial	... Wobbling
1815 ,, 1840 ...	Severe	... Recuperative
1840 ,, 1875 ...	Latorial	... Decided
1875 ,, 1890 ...	Tailor-made	... Opaque
1890 ,, 1915 ...	Ebullient	... Bizarre
1915 ,, 1940 ...	Hysterical	... Angustorial

The first plate in the book is dated 1893, and serves as a frontispiece. The costumes



of the lady and gentleman are familiar enough, although we note with surprise that the gentleman's coat-tails seem to have a crinoline cast, and if the turned-up bottoms of his trousers are a little mortifying, it is



atoned for by a triumphant attitude which disarms hypercriticism. Also the lady's posture makes it difficult for us to tell whether it is a stick or an umbrella she is carrying.

There is a pictorial hiatus of some years, but the text notes that crinoline for women enjoyed a sway of some years' duration. For, taking the tracings from the plates in the order in which they are given in the book, we find a subdued form of the article in the female costume for 1905. The ladies may well regard this plate as astounding. There is even a suggestion of "bloomer" about its nether portion, and if the hat is not without precedent in history, the waist is little short of revolutionary.

The next plate displays a gentleman's habit for the year 1908. The tailors, fifteen years hence, seemed to have borrowed, in the construction of the coat, very liberally from the lady's mantle of 1893. Apropos of this and the ensuing three plates, it is pleasing to be told, as we are by the author of this book, that the long reign of black is doomed.





1902

Towards the close of April, 1898, Lord Arthur Lawtrey appeared in the Park attired literally in purple and fine linen, *i.e.*, in a violet coat, with pale heliotrope trousers.

Yet, in spite of the opposition to Lord Arthur, the wave was due, and the affection for colour spread. The new century, at its birth, saw black relegated to the past—also to the future. This was midway in the Ebullient Age. Pent up for decades, mankind naturally began to slop over with sartorial enthusiasm. In 1920 its *bizarrerie* became offensive, and an opposition crusade was directed against it. Something had to be conceded. Trousers, which had been wavering between nautical buttons and gallooned knees—or, in the vernacular of the period, a sail three sheets in the wind



1911-12

the male attire. Silk bows have been worn about the neck for nearly, if not quite, a century, but never in the body of the attire. It is true the gentleman as early as 1910 adorns his nether garments with a plain silk band, but in the elderly party of



1912



1912

1911 he has assumed gay ribbons for his shoes as well as at his knees and throat. In this plate we greet the presence of an unmistakable umbrella as a good omen. But it is only a short-lived rapture, for the spruce young party in the next sketch is balancing lightly between thumb and forefinger what we take to be nothing more or less than a shepherd's crook. This is hardly an edifying prospect. Yet if we do not altogether mis-

and a flag at half-mast—were the items sacrificed. Knee-breeches enjoyed vogue for a time, but only for a time; for they vanished suddenly in 1930 and were replaced by tights or shapes. Boots made way for Elizabethan slippers. Hats had long since gone the way of the superannuated. Taught by the Darwinian theory, society discovered whence its tendency to baldness originated. They had recourse by degrees to flexible tiles of extraordinary cut.

A further glance at the costume for the swells between 1902 and 1912 reveals the existence of an entirely novel adjunct to

take the two wing-shaped objects projecting from his person, it is not the only feature of gentlemen's fashions twenty years hence which will occasion a shock. Nor must we overlook the frivolity of the lady of the same period who is doing her utmost to look pleasant under the most trying conditions. Yet it must be confessed that in spite of its intricate novelty and perplexity, the costume must still be called plain. One might be forgiven for surmising that the kerchief-shaped article covering a portion of the lady's bust is formed of riveted steel, for surely nothing else could support the intolerable load she is so blandly carrying off.

Female costume seems to have always been regulated by the same waves and rules which governed male costume, but in a different degree. In the Ebullient period it is chiefly distinguished by head-dress and the total abolition of stays. Crinoline, in spite of certain opposition, enjoyed a slight revival in the present day, and in 1897 the divided skirt threatened to spread universally. But it passed off, and nothing of a radical order was attempted in this direction until the revolution which brought in trousers for women in 1942.

Meantime, in the next plate of a lady's costume, which is dated 1922, we have presented a very rational and beautiful style



of dress. The skirt, it is true, is short enough to alarm prim contemporary dames, and it is scarcely less assuring to find in the whole of the remaining plates only three periods when it seems to have got longer. But doubtless the very ample cloak, which is so long that it even trails upon the ground,

extenuated and in some degree justified its shortness.

The plate dated 1920 exhibits a very gorgeous and yet altogether simple set of



garments for the male of that period. We are told that the upper portion was of crimson plush, and the lower part of a delicate pink, with white stockings and orange boots. It were well had the leaders of fashion stopped at this, but it would appear that either their thirst for novelty was insatiable or the Hysterical Wave too strong for them, for in the incredibly short space of six years fashion had reached the stage depicted in the following plate. Yet, even



then, the depth of folly and ugliness does not appear to have been sounded, for three years later, in 1929, we are favoured with a plate of



what is presumably a husband and wife on their way to church or perchance upon a shopping excursion. The lady is evidently looking archly back to see if anybody is observing what a consummate guy her spouse is making of himself, for with all her sartorial shortcomings she has certainly the best of the bargain. The prudes, too, seemed to have gained their point, for the skirt is considerably less scanty in the region of the ankles.



adopted by the women at the same time that they were discarded by the men.

A further detail which might interest

This skirt seems to have been rather a weak point with our posterity of the female persuasion, for in the next three or four plates we find it rising and falling with the habitual incorrigibility of a shilling barometer. The Oriental influence is easily traced in the fashions from 1938 to 1945, but it cannot but make the judicious grieve to note that trousers seem to have been



the student concerns the revival of lace, which transpired so early as 1905. Curiously enough, this dainty adjunct to the attire had fallen into desuetude among women. More curiously still, it remained for the sterner sex to revive it. For it was in that year that the backbone of stiff white collars and cuffs was broken. A material being sought which would weather the existing atmospheric conditions, it was yielded in lace, which continued in vogue for at least two generations.



If we look for the greatest donkey in the entire collection, it is obvious that we shall find him in the middle-aged party of 1936, who is gadding about in inflated trunks and with a fan in his hand. If it were not for the gloves and polka-dot neck-wear we should



assume that this costume was a particularly fantastic bathing-suit. The youth of the ensuing year, in the next plate, is probably a son of the foregoing personage, for it is not difficult to detect a strong family likeness. As to the costume itself for 1937, barring the shaved head and Caledonian cap, there is

plate for 1945. The confidently asinine demeanour of this youth is hardly relieved by the absurdity of a watch suspended by a chain from the crown of his hat. That society protested against this aspect of idiocy is evinced by the harmonious costume for 1950, in which a complete revolution is to



nothing particular to be urged against it. It seems clearly a revival of the dress of the Middle Ages.

It is at least consoling to feel that only a very small minority of those who read this is destined to enliven our thoroughfares with such grotesque images as is furnished by the

be noted. We hasten to observe that the latter plate — the one for 1948 — is that of a clergyman.

There is very little beauty about the lady's costume for 1946, or in that of the child in the plate. That for 1950 is a great improvement. The exaggerated chignon has disap-



1950



1952



1955-6

peared, and two seasons later we find the costume fascinating to a degree, although certainly partaking more of the male than of the female order of dress. Without the cape it is not so captivating, as shown by the plate dated 1955-6, where both a lady and

for no man's person can be considered in danger from the mob who habitually offers so many *points à saisir* as this policeman's head displays. We may likewise suspect the military gentleman depicted in the plate for 1965. It is not customary in the present



1960



1965



1965

gentleman are shown, although to accord praise to either's hideous style of head-dress would be to abandon permanently all reputation for taste.

The policeman shown in the drawing for 1960 seems to have a very easy time of it,

day for army officers to affect umbrellas, but seventy years hence it may be found necessary to protect one's head-dress.

Mawkish describes the attire of the civilian of the same year, but in 1970 we notice a distinct change for the better, although

personally many of us would doubtless strenuously object to wearing neckties of the magnitude here portrayed. In 1975 costume



1970

seems to have taken a step backward, and the literary young gentleman, who is the hero of the engraving, may well be carrying about his MSS. inside his umbrella. Whatever may be the merits of the spring fashions for 1978,



1978

are dressed precisely alike. Of the three remaining designs, that of 1984 appears to us to exhibit the contour of the lady's figure most generously, and to have certain agreeable and distinctive traits of its own which are not only lacking in the gentleman's apparel, but are absent from the inane conception which appears to have obtained vogue five years later.

As to the last plate in the series, we can only remark that if the character of our male



1975



1984

it would appear to have been universal (to speak of the future in the past tense), for both these young gallants

posterity after four or five generations is to be as effeminate as its attire, the domination by the fair sex cannot be many centuries distant. The gentleman appears to be lost in contemplation of a lighted cigar. If he possessed the gift of seeing himself as others now see him, he would probably transfer his

nineteenth we term the black century. I am asked my opinion of the twentieth. It is motley. It has seen the apotheosis of colour. Yet in worshipping colour we do not confound the order of things. As is the twentieth, so was the fifteenth."

The author furthermore observes that



attention to another and not less contiguous quarter.

In a general review of the costumes of the forthcoming century the Doctor observes:—

“The seventeenth is famous as the brown; the eighteenth is with us the yellow; and the

“the single article of apparel which stands out most silhouetted against the background of the 19th century’s dress is its hard, shiny, black head-gear. It is without a parallel. It is impossible for us to conceive of a similar article surviving for so long a

period; and I venture to say, versed as I am in the science, nothing more absurd and irredeemably inappropriate, or more openly violating in texture and contour every rational idea on the subject, was ever launched. In 1962 the neck was left bare, in the *négligé* fashion, in imitation of Butts, the

aesthete who the year previously had discovered the North Pole. In 1970, however, ruffs were resumed and are still worn, and I regret to say are growing in magnitude, until they threaten to eclipse precedent."

At this juncture the notes and nap together terminated, for our elderly gentleman woke up.



USEFUL RECIPES.

ORIENTAL FACE CREAM.

Six grains of powdered tragacanth, six drams of pure glycerine, nine ounces of triple rose water. Mix well, and add two drams of simple tincture of benzoin. This makes a splendid white emulsion, which leaves no greasy stain upon the skin.

HAIR RESTORER (IN POWDER).

Two drams of pure sugar of lead, three drams and a half of pure milk of sulphur, five grains of powdered cinnamon. Mix. To be added to twenty ounces of rose water.

LAVENDER PERFUME FOR SMELLING SALTS.

Six drams of oil of lavender aug., five drops of oil of cloves aug., ten drops of oil of rose geranium, ten drops of attar of roses, one dram and a half of essence of ambergris, two drams of essence of bergamotte, one dram and a half of essence of musk. Mix and shake well before dropping on the salts.

MACASSAR OIL.

Ten ounces of oil of sweet almonds, three drams of oil of bergamotte, two drams of oil of rose geranium, sufficient alkanet root to colour. Digest.

COCA TOOTH PASTE.

Four ounces of powdered precipitated chalk, three ounces of powdered orris root, one ounce of powdered white soap, half an ounce of powdered cuttle fish, two drams of powdered carmine, half an ounce of tincture of coca leaves, thirty drops of oil of ligu aloe, thirty drops of oil of peppermint, five drops of oil of castarilla, sufficient pure glycerine to make a paste.

BLOOM OF ROSES.

One dram of pure carmine, one dram and a half of strong solution of ammonia, three drams of pure glycerine, one dram and a half of white rose triple perfume. Sufficient triple rose water to make up four ounces; rub up the carmine with the ammonia and glycerine, add an ounce of rose water, and heat to drive off traces of ammonia. When cold add the white rose, and make up to four ounces with rose water, and filter.

FRECKLE LOTION.

One dram of sulpho-carbolate of lime, two ounces of pure glycerine, one ounce of spirits of wine, one ounce and a half of orange flower water, three ounces and a half of triple rose water. Mix well; to be applied morning and evening, and also after exposure.

LIME-JUICE AND GLYCERINE.

Two drams of white curd-soap, two ounces of distilled water, eight ounces of fresh lime-water, eight ounces of oil of sweet almonds, one dram of oil of bergamotte, half a dram of oil of lemon-grasse, half an ounce of essence of lemon. Well mix the oil and the lime-water in a large bottle, dissolve the soap in the distilled water by aid of heat, add the solution to the emulsion, shake well, and, lastly, add the essential oils.

MOUTH WASH.

Half an ounce of salts of tartar, four ounces of honey aug. opt., thirty drops of oil of peppermint, thirty drops of oil of wintergreen, two ounces of spirits of wine, ten ounces of triple rose water, sufficient liquid cochineal to colour. Mix well. To be used morning and evening.

WHITE HELIOTROPE.

(A.) One dram of heliotropin, one ounce of extract of jasmine, one ounce of extract of white rose, two ounces of extract of ambergris, sixteen ounces of spirits of wine. (B.) Thirty drops of oil of bergamotte, three ounces of extract of neroly, three drops of essential oil of almonds. Mix. Allow (A and B) to stand separately for a week, then mix them and filter.

HOW TO COOK A PUMPKIN.

BY A HOUSEKEEPER.



PERHAPS few of my readers know how the pumpkin—that favourite article of food amongst the Americans—ought to be cooked; as it is very delicious as well as inexpensive, I will describe one or two good ways of using it. I must first tell you what the fruit is like. It resembles a very large round vegetable marrow, with a rather thick skin of a pale salmon-colour. The seeds, when ripe, can be sown in a frame, in the same manner as cucumbers are grown,

and planted out in soil with plenty of manure in it, when the frosts are over. The fruit often grows to an enormous size, some specimens having been raised in this country weighing over 200 lbs. Of course in hot countries they are much larger. One very nice way of cooking it is to make it into a pudding. Take one pound of pumpkin, which costs about twopence, and boil it in water, with a very little salt, for an hour; then take it off the fire and mash it, as you would turnips, till it is smooth enough to rub through a colander; put the pulp into a pie-dish, add to it one egg, beaten very lightly, a table-spoonful of sugar, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and a little grated lemon-peel, and pour in sufficient milk to fill the pie-dish. Bake in a moderate oven till it is a light golden colour. A little paste round the edge of the dish is a great improvement.

Pumpkin Pie.—Pare your pumpkin, cut it up into small pieces, and cook it gently over the fire, with a very little water, for about half an hour; then fill your pie-dish with it, sprinkle a little ground ginger and sugar over, and pour in some water. Have ready some nice puff paste, cover the fruit with it, and bake.

Pumpkin Tart.—Boil the pumpkin in the same way as for the pudding, and rub it through a colander, beat two ounces of butter, with a little sugar, to a cream, stir in the yolks of two eggs beaten lightly, the juice of one lemon and half the grated rind, and, last of all, the whites of the eggs beaten. Line a dish with pastry, pour in the mixture, and bake a nice brown.

If you wish to cook it as a vegetable, you must cut it in slices about six inches long, peel them, and boil them in a saucepan of water with a little salt and two ounces of fresh butter. When done sufficiently, drain them on a sieve, and serve them on a hot dish with

some melted butter poured over them; or, after they are boiled, fry them in a little lard or dripping. Pepper and salt should be eaten with them. They are also very delicious mashed; they should be boiled, then drained, and mashed smoothly with a wooden spoon; heat them in a saucepan, add a seasoning of salt and pepper, and a small piece of butter, and serve them with small pieces of toasted bread placed round them.

In making preserve, take three pounds of pumpkin, peel it, and slice it into pieces about an inch thick, and two or three inches long; add the juice of two lemons, and the rind very finely grated, three pounds of loaf-sugar, and one ounce of ground ginger. Put all these ingredients into a preserving-pan, and boil all together till clear—about one hour. Put it in jars and tie it well down.

Soup made with Pumpkins.—Boil the pumpkin and rub twelve or thirteen ounces through a sieve; add gravy, soup, or good stock to it—it will take about one quart for the above quantity of pumpkin; mix it gradually, and season with salt and a little cayenne; let it boil up, add a very little corn-flour to it, and serve it very hot, with fried bread cut into small pieces.

The stock for the above receipt need not necessarily be made with meat, as this is expensive. The liquor in which a piece of meat has been boiled makes very good stock; bones of any kind can also be used. All sorts of bones may be mixed together—beef, mutton, veal, and game. Game bones give a very delicious flavour to soup. When large joints of meat are to be used for dinner, they will require a little trimming; take all these pieces of fat and gristle which have to be cut off, add a slice or two of bacon and some herbs and vegetables, with any bones you have left from other joints, and keep them over the fire a short time, taking care to shake the saucepan occasionally, that they may not set to the bottom. You must keep the pan closely covered. After it has been on the fire about ten minutes, pour in some boiling water, so as quite to cover the meat, &c., and let it stew gently till it is rich. Take off the fat when it is cold. This sort of stock will make very good pumpkin soup.

Before concluding, I must give you two more receipts to which pumpkins are a very great improvement. One is a "Buckland stew," and the other a "Trifle." This is how the "Buckland stew" is made:—Have ready a very clean pan, and some nice gravy; now take about a pound of meat—beef or mutton is the best for this purpose—cut it either in thin slices or square dice; peel a pound of potatoes, and cut them in small pieces, with two carrots, two turnips, and two onions, all cut up small, and half a pound of pumpkin which has been boiled for about half an hour previously. Put the meat and vegetables in the pan, season them well with pepper and salt, adding a little Worcestershire sauce, and pour in your gravy, which must

have a little flour added to it to thicken it. Put the pan on one side of the fire ; then make some good suet crust, allowing four ounces of suet to one pound of flour, put in a little baking-powder, and mix it tolerably stiff ; roll it out an inch thick, and cut out a piece the size of the top of your pan, so as to exactly fit it, lay it over the meat and vegetables, cover the pan, and boil all together for three-quarters of an hour, or an hour. This is a very economical dish, as so little meat is required.

The "Trifle" is made in this way :—Scald six large

apples, peel and pulp them ; boil one pound of pumpkin for an hour ; rub it through a colander, and mix it thoroughly with the pulped apple ; sweeten it well, and grate the rind of a lemon over ; then place this pulp in a deep glass dish, about half filling it ; scald half a pint of milk, half a pint of cream, and the yolks of two eggs over the fire, stirring it all the time till it boils ; add a little sugar ; let it stand till cold ; then pour it over the apples and pumpkin ; and, last of all, make a little whip, either with cream or white of egg, and lay it over the whole.



OUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS.



I SHOULD like to be able to address a large proportion of this paper to the brothers, for, when one is speaking of mutual duties and can only get hold of half the performers, it is rather like having to take up a pot with two handles by one of them. However, though all girls like to read the boys' books and the

boys' magazines, I am afraid that the boys never take up those intended for the girls except to jeer ; so there is no use my writing here, "My dear fellows, what are you thinking about in letting your sisters fetch and carry for you like that, and expecting them always to give in to your will and pleasure? Don't you know that it is exactly in proportion

as men are low down in the human scale that they allow women to wait on them, that it is the most debased class of peasantry who make their wives and sisters toil in the fields while they preserve a lordly idleness, and that it is the unmitigated savage who marches at the head of his tribe with his womankind following submissively, carrying the burdens?"

No, my address can only be made to reach the girls, but before suggesting their own separate parts and duties I should like to sketch what I think the family relations should be, for am I not speaking to the future mothers of boys and girls?

That there is something faulty about the long-accepted system of making the boy Number One in the house must, I think, be acknowledged when we reflect how universally it is allowed that men are selfish creatures, while self-abnegation and patience are considered the special prerogatives of women. Now, I think a great deal of the selfishness and domineering spirit of the average Englishman is in a large measure due to the way in which his sisters have been expected, as a matter of course, to do what their brothers want them to and put their convenience first, to be obliging and good-natured and set aside their own wishes for the wishes of Jack and Tom, while anything the brothers do for them is looked on as an exceptional favour—"so good of the dear fellows!"

Very unselfish women are produced by this means, no doubt, but I am too fond of boys not to resent their being so completely sacrificed to the girls—their characters I mean, the importance of which stands surely on a higher level than that of their comfort.

So it comes about that nearly all the nicest men I have known, those really unselfish, courteous and considerate to women, have either had no sisters at all, or selfish sisters, or sisters so few in comparison with the brothers that they

occupied the position of importance in the household attendant on rarity.

Do I want the sisters to give up being unselfish and good-natured to their brothers? you will ask. Not at all, for there would be again the sacrificing of one half of the family to the other; what I urge is that these things should be mutual. By all means let the girls mend their brothers' socks, and be always ready cheerfully to perform any little feminine office asked of them; let them allow their own especial pursuits to take a secondary place for the short time that Jack and Tom are at home; let them write their brothers the long chatty letters everyone loves to get, when they are away again.

But why should not Jack and Tom answer these letters? Why should not they consider whether, while they are with their sisters, they cannot make life more cheerful for them, and devise such festivities or expeditions as would make a pleasant break in the comparative monotony of a girl's existence?

Boys have generally more pocket-money than girls. Might not a little of this be spent on their sisters, instead of all on their own gratifications? When Molly has spent her morning putting new pockets in Jack's trousers, why shouldn't Jack take her over in the afternoon to the golf links and introduce some of his friends to her, and give her tea? If Grace leaves the reading-up for her exam. till Tom has gone back to Oxford, because he likes to have her cycle and play tennis with him, and she is sure she can make up for it afterwards with a little extra work, why shouldn't Tom arrange to get her up there for "eights," and let her have a little fun?

And if the girls show so much consideration—which means the highest form of courtesy—to them, would it not show nicer feeling in the brothers if they were more considerate, more courteous, in fact, more gentlemanly to the girls? The ideal sister would have all the affectionate thoughtfulness for her brother she would have for the man she loved. The ideal brother would show his sister all the little attentions he would to the woman whose preference he wanted to win.

It is a generally acknowledged privilege of brothers to be brutally frank, and the process is usually considered good for the sisters as tending to "take the nonsense out of them." Unfortunately, it is not only the nonsense that is apt to be knocked out of women by brutality of any kind, but some desirable qualities as well. Rough treatment on the part of brothers, as of parents, brings out a roughness in return. Girls accustomed to receive it learn to hide and suppress not only their sensitiveness, which may often be the better for keeping under, but all their feelings; they adapt themselves to their environment, adopt manners as anti-sentimental, off-hand and downright as the boys. "And very sensible too," will be said. True, but sense is not the only excellent attribute of woman; there are also

tenderness, sympathy, graciousness, all that is comprehended under the term *womanly*, and which gives to womanhood its greatest charm. The girl who grows up with these characteristics dwarfed and stunted, as every characteristic systematically suppressed is almost certain to become, will be lacking in one of the essential qualities of an ideal wife and mother. According to my experience this especial womanly charm is rarely possessed to any marked extent except by brotherless girls. The girl who has no "brutal" brother, but is the companion of masculine cousins, "almost the same as brothers," is, to my mind, the one most happily situated for the development of her attractive womanliness, for, in the case of cousinhood there is just that touch of difference which generally prevents that familiarity excluding respect, at least of outer bearing, which is apt to make the intercourse between brothers and sisters a common, unlovely thing.

The relations between *nice* cousins who see a good deal of each other without being under the same roof, and "get on capitally together," are precisely those I should like to see established between brothers and sisters. There is the intimate knowledge of each other—so good for both sexes, so necessary in this world, where men and women are made to live together—the exchange of ideas, the interest in each other's pursuits, the recognition of the lines of demarcation between the boy's sphere and the girl's, the mutual consideration, kind offices, and unselfish ways that give the brightness and beauty to life.

So much for the two handles of the pot. But if Jack and Tom have never learnt to do their part, how about that of Grace and Molly?

Well, as far as one can see, that cannot be greatly altered. The attempt to get things out of people for oneself, even if it be only fair dealing and common courtesy, is but poor work, and apt to be destructive of more than it acquires. But there is no reason Grace should not use her influence to make Tom more considerate of Molly's feelings in the kind of things he says to her. There is no reason Molly should not suggest to Jack—her own especial brother—that Grace would be pleased if he asked her to go out riding with him sometimes; there is no reason either should not occasionally say with a laugh to the boys, "Yes, I will do this for you, if you will do that for her," and the plan is not unlikely to succeed. After all, the boys are rude and selfish mainly from habit and from some vague impression that to be so is the manly thing. And brothers are much less apt to resent an attempt to influence them on the part of their sisters than on that of their parents, just as sisters are generally better pleased to acknowledge themselves under the influence of their brothers.

And now comes the question of influence, that most important point in the whole subject of the relation between the different members of a family. There is an old tradition that the woman at home, be she wife, mother or sister, should be the man's good angel; it has been taken for granted that that is her *role*. In these days, when all the old traditions are being broken up and accepted ideas required to be tested, the question is asked why should this be the relative position of the man and woman? What right has he to expect her to be any better than himself and take her saintly conduct towards him as a matter of course? And in consequence of these questionings the modern woman is inclined to decide to go her own way and leave her mankind to sink or swim as it pleases without relying on any influence from her.

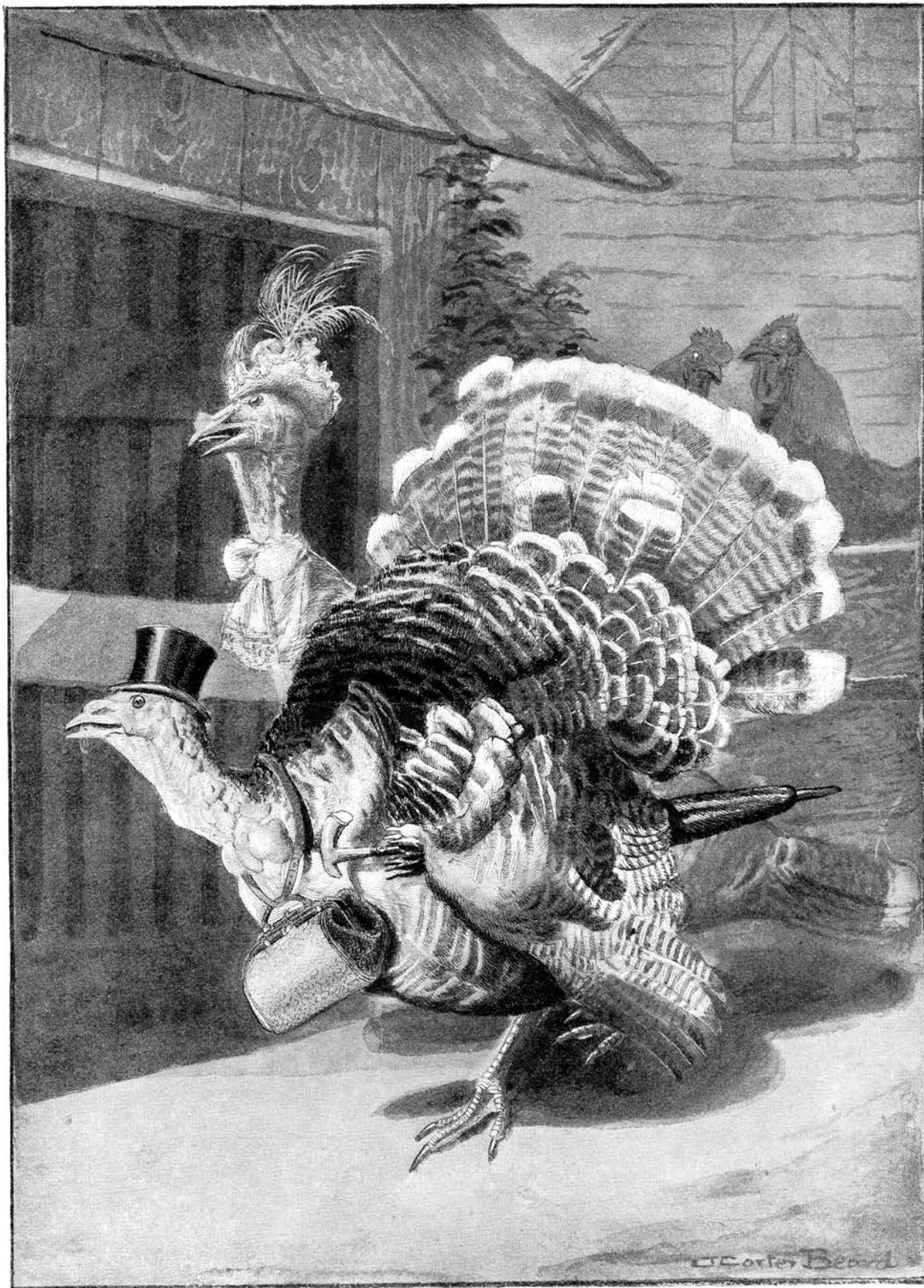
Now, as it seems to me, it is an insult to Him who made man in His own Image to take it as the right and natural thing that men should be less good than women, and the accepting of any lower standard for them than for us is fundamentally wrong. It is no more right for a boy to torture an animal, or in any way act cruelly to the weak than it would be for a girl, just as—for in certain points the male standard is higher than ours, one must not forget this—it is just as despicable for a girl to do a dishonourable thing or say a spiteful one as it would be for a boy.

But the fact that our brothers, or lovers, or husbands, are not so good as we should like them to be is no reason that we should level ourselves to their standard. On the

contrary, it makes the duty the more pressing for us to hold the torch of faith and hope aloft, to be living witnesses of the beauty of holiness, of the possibility and the grandeur of an ideal life. Who is to do it if not we, the women who have been brought up in refined loving homes, taught from childhood the highest principles, the purest forms of belief, sheltered from the temptations into which our brothers are thrust so early, kept from contaminating influences, encouraged in religious habits, where our brothers can only keep to the saying of their prayers and reverent conduct in church in the teeth of that form of opposition most unendurable to the boy or young man? The English girl, of a rank above that subject to the temptations incident to ignorance and poverty, brought up in a religious house and by loving parents, is surely the possessor of the ten talents from whom much shall be required. So let us set ourselves to our task.

Home influence, the influence of mothers, wives and sisters is, as most men will acknowledge, the most valuable there is in life, and like most valuable things, it is not to be had cheap. In the influence exercised at home nothing but the absolutely solid and genuine will pass muster. There is no question here of fine preaching on Sundays and pleasing oneself for the rest of the week. The religion that tells at home must have "more deeds than words to grace it." Those who live in the same house with us are painfully sharp in detecting any pretence or unreality. We may impose upon the nice, pleasant friends who see us occasionally and think us very unselfish when our kind deeds and sacrifices for others happen always to be exercised in a direction where they finally will pay, very sweet-tempered if we have enough self-control to hide for the moment our vexation, while we make up for it afterwards in grumbles or well-directed reproaches. Our love of religious observances and a habit of speaking authoritatively in matters of faith may gain for us an outside credit for being "good," while formal self-denials on certain days do not prevent our being greedy on others, and our defence of dogmas goes hand in hand with a painful lack of charity, but we cannot take in those who live in the house with us, who see us every day at all times of the day. It is only when they see us—not faultless, of course, for that nobody ever will—but so far as in us lies thorough, with self-knowledge enough to be humble and throughout wholly genuine and sincere, that we begin to have any influence for good. But under these conditions influence always does exist; it may be resisted, in fact, any member of a family who sets herself to live up to a higher standard than contents the rest is almost certain to meet with some opposition, to her own benefit and strengthening if she only knew it, as vegetation is benefited by the keen winds of spring, but she becomes a quiet power. Little by little the power begins to make itself felt; one brother or sister perhaps follows the example of the first, and then another. It is curious to watch how, in the progress of years, every member of a family more or less assimilates the lived, if unspoken, teaching of the pioneer, who at first was in her spiritual life alone with her Master.

Some time of especial stress arrives and the courage and unselfish devotion of the religious girl, learnt imperceptibly in the quiet of ordinary life, shows what her religion has made of her. A heavy sorrow falls, and all instinctively turn to her who knows the secret of transforming sorrow into peace. The brothers have gone forth into the world, but they have their hold on home in the lovely memory of sweetness and purity and faith, the certainty of sympathy, whatever life may bring, the knowledge that someone is praying for them, to be their inspiring influence, their shelter in moments of overwhelming temptation. The brother, with a sister worthy of the name, can never feel that, now he is away in the world, he may do what he likes with his life, throw it away as he will, since it now concerns nobody. He can never lose the respect for women, which forms the very salt of the character of a man, he cannot learn to believe the theories which meet him that religion is a pretence, and the creeds an old superstition that has no power left over men's hearts and lives: for has he not at home—his sister!

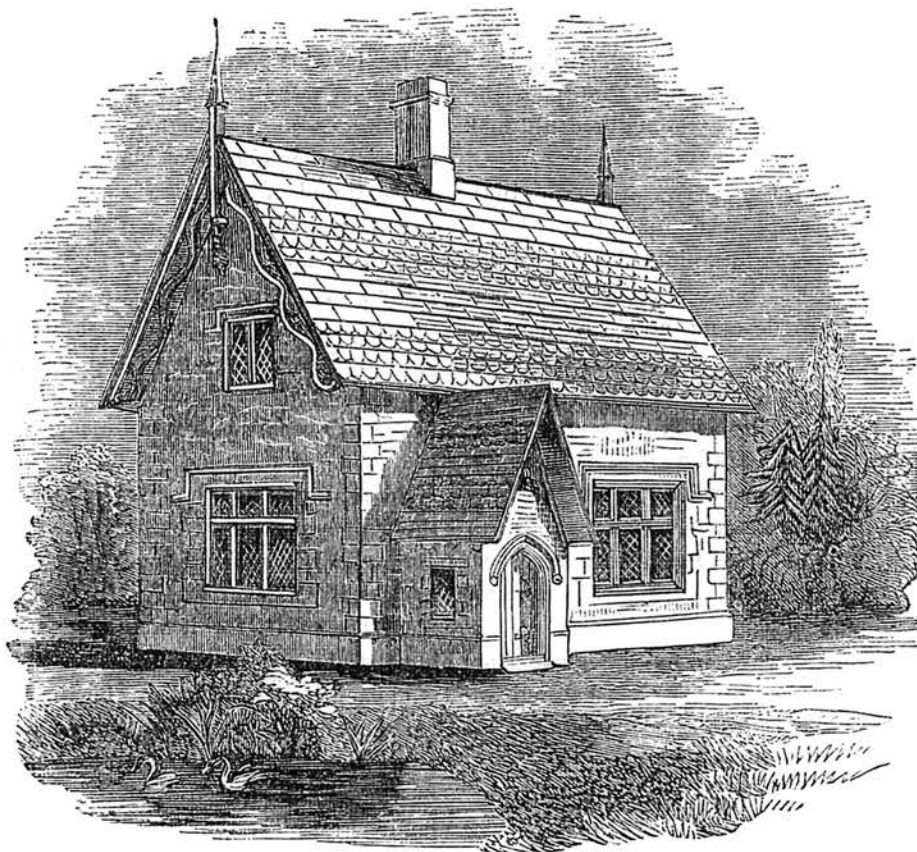


Youth's Companion, 1898

"WE'LL COME BACK AFTER THANKSGIVING."

PAPER MODELING.

BY H. J. VERNON.

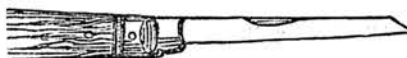


THIS elegant and useful art is but little known and practiced, owing, we imagine, to the want of a simple, practical, and illustrated account of its manipulation; and yet it has several qualities which recommend it, which are not possessed by some other branches of imitative and decorative art. Its cleanliness, for instance. Instead of the oils, colors, and varnishes, needed by the artist; the glue, wet leather, and coloring matter required by the leather modeler; the various pigments, balsams, plaster-of-paris, moulds, &c., used in the manipulation of wax fruit; and the powders, patterns, leaves, and other expensive adjuncts, required by those who work in wax flowers; all that is wanted in Papier-Plastique, is a penknife, a ruler, a few punches, a piece of lead, and a little thick gum, and clean card-board. Again, there is no disagreeable smell to contend with, arising from the nature of the materials employed, and yet ornaments of a first-class description may be produced, the production of which is neither difficult nor costly; the value of any piece of modeling being propor-

tionate to the time spent upon it. One other advantage paper modeling possesses, is its durability. Leather work is, generally, too large to cover with glass shades, and soon the dust takes off its freshness and beauty. Wax flowers, alas! soon "fade as a leaf," and their leaves are always falling; but an article once made in cardboard is liable to none of those disadvantages.

The sketch introduced (fig. 1,) represents a neat Gothic Lodge or Cottage, and can be executed in about a day. We shall proceed to speak of the tools and materials needed for its formation, and describe its construction, so as to enable any one possessing ordinary taste and intelligence to form it for themselves.


THE MATERIALS AND IMPLEMENTS.—1. Provide yourself with a penknife which is fast in its handle when opened, and not what is called "rickety." The blade should be shaped thus (fig. 2,) for a straight-edged beveled front cuts



2.

with greater certainty and precision than any other shape.

2. Have a piece of willow (or soft pine wood will do) planed perfectly flat and smooth: it should be about one foot wide and two feet long.

3. A piece of hard wood should be procured for a straight-edge, otherwise the knife would be apt to cut it when the work is being executed: it should be about one foot long and two inches broad with the edges beveled down thus .

4. Procure a piece of lead, cast in a mould, about four inches square and half an inch thick.

5. In modeling church work a few round punches, like fig. 3, are required to pierce the



3.

foil-work of the windows. They may be obtained from No. 1 to any desired size.

6. Dissolve one ounce of the best white gum in as much water as will cover it. It should be rather thick, or considerable annoyance may arise from it not adhering well and quickly.

7. The card-board used is either "Bristol" or "Turnbull's," the latter is a little the whitest. It may be had in various thicknesses to suit the purpose for which it is required. Three leaves thick will do for small models, but four thicknesses are best for larger ones. It is best to have two, three, and four, for the thin is required for light ornamentation.

The cottage may thus be formed. Take clean white card-board, No. 3, and draw upon it a representation of the pattern, as fig. 4, only double every dimension (the size of our pages does not admit of full-sized drawings.) The lines which are dotted thus are to be half-cut through from the outside. The lines marked thus are to be half-cut from the inside. The black portions are to be cut entirely out. The dotted lines, where the porch comes, are not to be cut, but they merely show where the porch which is to be formed, as fig. 5, is put on. The



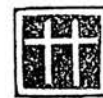
5.

marginal pieces serve to secure it to the larger building when bent into form, as well as to secure the roof to it.

The window and door openings are to be backed by pieces cut to fit, as figs. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12:



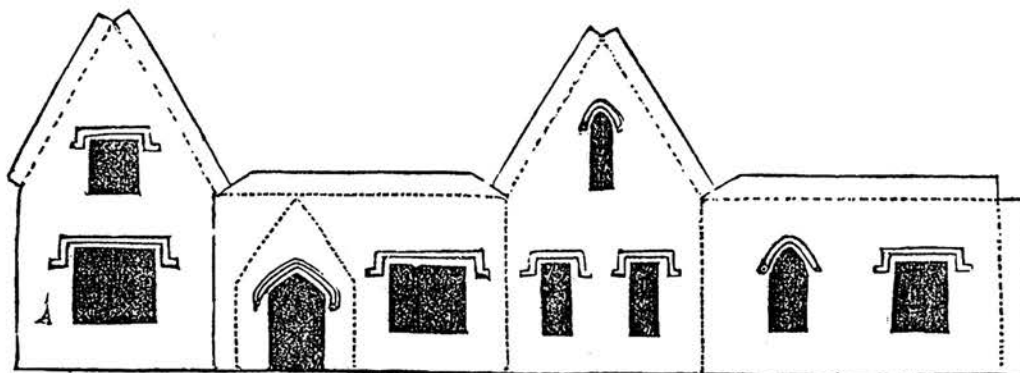
6. 7. 8. 9. 10.



11.



12.



4.

Care must be taken that the hands are always dry and clean on commencing work, and too much attention cannot be paid to the manner of joining the different pieces of board together; the manipulator should not put on so much gum as will ooze out when the pieces to be joined are pressed together, but by applying the brush to portions along the intended joint, these portions may be lightly spread by drawing the finger along. The gum should appear to cling to the finger rather than to wet it only.

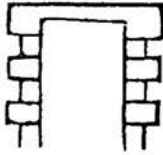
the black portions of which are also cut out, and behind them small pieces of glass, or what answers much better, thin talc—the diamond panes being scratched lightly upon it previous to fixing, as in fig. 13. When these are dry, they are to be placed in the four elevations, and



13.

weighted down in their proper place until dry; the labels over the windows are to be cut as represented and gummed on. Then, when all is dry, mark the quoin-work round the

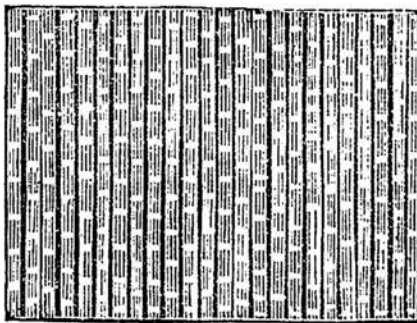
windows, fig. 14, in a very irregular way, as also at the angles of the building; and then it



14.

may be bent at the angles and the flap, A. joined to the back of B. and secured thus by setting the house on end, inserting the straight edge over the joint, and leaving it for ten minutes undisturbed. The porch may now be fixed to the main building; its doorway is open, but the door shown in the drawing must be put to the house, being bent a little open; it can be secured by the flange.

The next thing to be done is to form the roofs to porch and to main building, which is done thus: procure a piece of card double the size of fig. 15, half-cut through the centre, but only



15.

very faintly; cut the lines which are intended to represent the tiles or slates; these slight scratches are to be reversed, as shown on fig. 15. A similar piece should be made for the porch of the requisite size (see fig. 16); these may now be secured to the side walls and gables, to the flanges left, and suffered to dry. During this time cut four patterns, like fig. 17, and



when ready put them on the ends or rather a little under the projections of the roof, as shown in the perspective drawing; a pendent should be cut of the shape shown, of tolerably thick board, and inserted at the point where the barge-boards mitre. These small

things are best applied by a pair of spring pincers, similar to fig. 18, which can be

formed of a piece of tin or brass, bent into the required form.

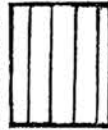


17.



18.

We now come to the chimneys. These are formed of No. 2 board, half-cut, like fig. 19, doubled, and gummed. Small portions like these are best secured while the gum is drying, by wrapping round them a piece of cotton.

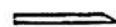


19.

As many of these must be formed as will represent the number of flues. A base



20.

must then be cut (fig. 20,) making the sides C D, so large as to admit the number of flues; this is to be bent round the flues, the portions notched out being fitted to the pitch of the roof, before bending. A small fillet , half cut at the corners, is now to be put near the top of the chimney; and, when the whole is dry, it is to be secured to the roof. A small band, to represent the plinth of the building, must be neatly put round the whole; but care must be taken that it should stand on a level surface while this is being done; this will give a neatness to its finish, for should the building not be exactly true on its lower edge, it may be rendered so by the plinth. The whole should now be fixed on crimson velvet, or on a black polished stand.

Never color any portion of the work; it is not æsthetic in principle, nor good as a matter of taste. Many a tolerably good model has been spoiled by color being put upon the slates, doors, &c.

The work is done in card-board; and no attempt should be made to make it appear what it is not. No skill will ever make the card-board roof convey to the mind the idea of its being slate, nor the doors wood: indeed, the beauty of the work is its whiteness and sharpness of outline.



CURIOSITIES OF FOOT-GEAR.



FIG. 1.—EGYPTIAN SANDALS.

THAT costume is incomplete if due attention has not been paid to the clothing of the feet, is an admitted fact; yet, I think that our ancestors would be filled with astonishment, could their superbly clad feet carry them again through the stately

homes, halls, and courts in which they once had their place, so that they might be enabled to observe the simplicity of design and material, in the *chaussure* which satisfies the *élégantes* of the present day; unless, indeed, they were to be carried back to those remote ages, when their forefathers had only just discovered the inconvenience of going barefoot. The date of this discovery I have been unable to arrive at, but that sandals were worn by the Egyptians more than three thousand years ago, is amply proved by the fact that they have been found upon the feet of mummies preserved since that time, and that they were evidently worn by Moses, for he was commanded, "Loose thy shoe from off thy foot," &c. There is an even earlier mention of the shoe than that just quoted, when Abram declared to the King of Sodom, "I will not take from a thread even to a shoe-latchet" (Gen. xiv. 23). The Egyptian shoe alluded to in Exodus was doubtless a sandal, as the one word used in the original is translated both ways. It was probably made from the same preparation of papyrus as that used for writing upon, examples of this primitive foot-gear being still in existence; sandals were also worn made from palm-leaves—they must have been delightfully cool and light for a hot climate—the idea is recommended to the notice of shoemakers of the present day for the soles of indoor shoes for summer wear, and although the material might possibly not be found very durable, yet that would hardly be regarded as a disadvantage from their point of view). These sandals were kept in place by two thongs, one across the instep, and another passing between the great and second toe, and joining the first at the instep: not a very perfect method of attaining the desired object, but adopted, probably, that the feet

might be easily withdrawn from them: a custom denoting reverence to Deity and respect to superiors—practised in the East even now—which has been so ably and humorously illustrated by Robertson's "The Shoes of the Faithful," a picture that attracted a good deal of attention from visitors to the Academy Exhibition of '82.

The sandal of the Egyptians denoted the caste of the wearer; that reserved for the upper classes being

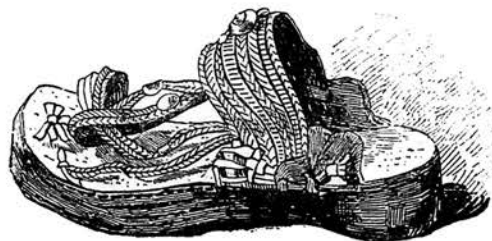


FIG. 2.—ROMAN SANDAL.

long, pointed, and turned up at the toe, not unlike the skate of the present day. The lower classes were forbidden to wear them shaped in this manner, but what they lost in the supposed elegance of the fashionable foot-gear, was compensated by the greater convenience of the commoner short-toed sandal. The Egyptian belles seem, after a time, to have paid great attention to the beauty of their sandals, which we find made of rushes, palm-tree bark, and even leather, dyed and variously ornamented.

An extremely curious custom was practised by the men of Egypt in order to gratify their hatred of their enemies; upon the cloth lining of the sandal a figure was painted representing the hated nation or person,

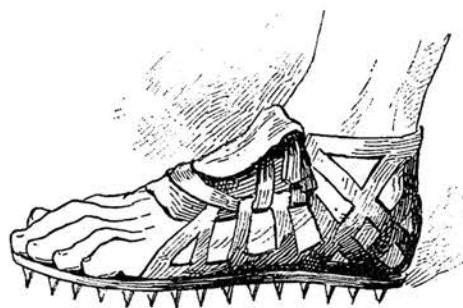


FIG. 3.—ROMAN SOLDIER'S SANDAL.

"that so they might continually tread the enemy underfoot" (Fig. 1).

The Romans ordinarily went barefoot indoors, and the earliest examples of the sandals used by them are extremely simple, until their far-reaching conquests introduced them to the luxurious foot-gear of other nations, which they adopted and improved upon to such an extent that Cato, as a protest against the usage which compelled their wear, and the extrava-

gance of decoration his countrymen indulged in, often went barefoot. The ancient Greeks, as well as the Romans, shod themselves with great simplicity, except in time of war, until they, too, advanced as they increased in riches and luxury, to an elaboration of style, and richness of decoration in their foot-gear,

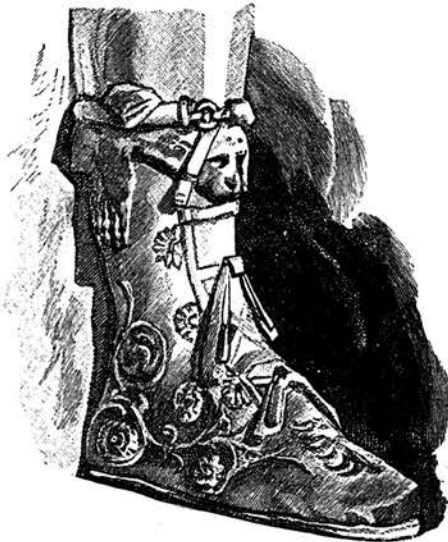


FIG. 4.—ROMAN PATRICIAN'S SHOE.

(From an Iron Statue of Hadrian in the British Museum.)

which raised shoe-making to the dignity of an important and artistic handicraft.

Amongst them, as well as the Egyptians, the foot-gear indicated the class of the wearer. Slaves were not allowed to wear anything on their feet. Priests and philosophers often adopted the foot-gear of the lower orders as a sign of humility. One of the kinds in use amongst rustics was called the *crepida*, on account of the noise (*crepitus*) made by the wearers in walking. Fig. 2 represents a very curious kind of sandal belonging, it is supposed, to the period of the conquest of Britain; the high soles are of cork, and the straps are most wonderfully elaborate. In the time of Caligula, the Roman soldiers wore a kind of shoe, the sole of which was studded with spikes, to give them a firm foot-hold when marching over rugged ground, or climbing steep places: a device the value of which cricketers of the present day can appreciate (Fig. 3). It was because he wore a lighter and more elegant variety of this kind of shoe (*caliga*) while with the army of his father Germanicus, that the soldier gave to the young Caius the surname of Caligula.

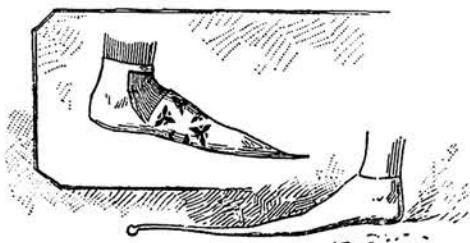


FIG. 5.—PYKES.

The shoe was so called from the number of straps (*ligulae*) used to fasten it round the leg.

The *campagus*, a sort of half-boot not unlike the *caliga* in shape, was usually worn by the Emperors, but it was adorned with the embroidered figure of an eagle, and enriched with jewels. Heliogabalus is said to have worn exquisite cameos on his shoes; and as it is related of him that he never wore a pair twice, it is to be hoped that the costly adornments of the cast-off shoes were sometimes transferred to the new ones. Cyrus, the great Persian monarch—who, by the way, must have been rather a fop—advises short men to wear something between the sole of the sandal and the foot, in order to increase the dignity of their appearance; a hint which was adopted, centuries later, by the Roman ladies, who also copied the example set them by Heliogabalus, of adorning their *chaussures* with gold, silver, and precious stones, some having even the soles made of gold. It is difficult to understand why they were at length forbidden by him to ornament their shoes in this costly fashion, unless he wished to establish a monopoly of the privilege.

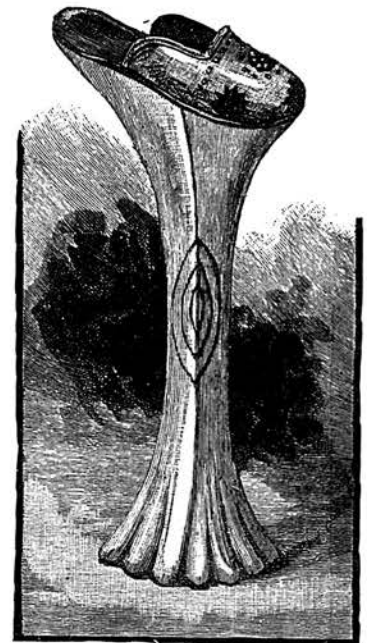


FIG. 6.—CHOPINE.

When luxury and extravagance in the adornment of the feet had arrived at its greatest height, the wealthy and fashionable Romans began to prefer half-boots made of purple leather, to those enriched with gold and precious stones; but these were by no means inexpensive, on account of the enormous cost of the dye used to give the desired tint, and the time taken to produce the exquisite embroidery with which they were embellished. It is said that the shoes of the Roman maidens were so ornamental, that lovers preserved the soles of those worn by the beloved one, in the same manner as they now treasure locks of hair, ribbons, &c.

I have said that the foot-gear indicated the wearer's rank; this indication was made decisive by sumptuary laws, the senators wearing black shoes, with a crescent of gold or silver, or other elaborate ornament on the top (Fig. 4), the patricians being allowed shoes with four straps, while the plebeians were forbidden to wear more than one.

We must pass on to the eleventh century, when the Normans began to wear long, sharp-toed shoes—a fashion which was carried to such an extent, that Archbishop Anselm deemed it necessary to preach furiously against it. His eloquence seems to have

been wasted, for we find one of the courtiers of the day improved upon the prevailing mode, by stuffing the toes of his shoes with tow, and having them twisted like rams' horns. Amongst the eccentricities of the Plantagenet period, was the fashion of wearing a differently coloured stocking on each leg, the shoes being adorned with designs cut from the upper leather, to show the stocking, each shoe itself being of a different colour; thus the right leg and foot would be clothed with a red stocking and a white shoe, while the left would display a purple stocking and a green shoe. The long-toed shoes then reappeared, the common people being permitted by law, to wear "pykes on their shoon" half a foot, rich citizens a foot, and princes two and a half feet long (Fig. 5); those who could afford it fastened them to the knee with gold or silver chains. It was in vain that Popes and Councils remonstrated against this absurd fashion—that "persons of any condition whatsoever" were forbidden, "on pains of being mulcted in a penalty of ten florins," from using the "long-peaked shoon, as contrary to good manners, and a mockery of God and His Church," until Parliament in 1643 prohibited shoemakers from making them with "beakes" more than two inches long, enforcing their prohibition with heavy fines, and the curse of the clergy. Fashion then ran to the opposite extreme, requiring the shoe to be a foot in breadth across the toes. One of the greatest follies ever perpetrated by the *beau monde* was the adoption, during the sixteenth century, of the "chopine," a device for increasing the wearer's stature. Shakespeare alludes to it when he makes Hamlet

address one of the lady actors thus: "Your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine." These chopines, as worn by the ladies of Venice, were "made with wood covered with leather or various colours . . . many of them curiously painted . . . some gilt . . . and by how much nobler a woman is, by so much higher are

her chopines. All . . . gentlewomen . . . that are of any wealth, are assisted and supported either by men or women, when they walk abroad . . . otherwise they might quickly take a fall." Raymond says they wore these "wooden scaffolds" as "high as a man's leg." One writer says that "one being asked how he liked the Venetian dames," he laughingly answered "that they were *mezzo carro, mezzo ligno* (half flesh, half wood), and he would have



FIG. 7.—CAVALIER'S BOOT.

none of them." (Fig. 6.) During the seventeenth century high boots were worn, the tops of which were turned down when walking, to display the costly lace with which they were lined. The top of one style of boot worn at this time was so broad as to compel the wearer to assume a most ridiculous "straddle when walking." (Fig. 7.) Then high red heels, and buckles of an enormous size, became fashionable, which subsequently were worn richly ornamented, sometimes with real diamonds. After a time the heels became lower, and were slanted towards the middle of the foot; the discomfort of this mode was probably the reason why heels for a time almost vanished. Then came a period which was marked by nothing very remarkable in the history of foot-gear, until the introduction of machinery for the manufacture of boots and shoes.

The Rainy Day.

BLEST drizzle that keeps prudent people
 Shut tight in-doors,
 And blots the town roofs and the steeple,
 And builded shores,
 Wipes out all bounds and limitations,
 And leaves but vaguest intimations
 Of his or thine! My old vexations
 Depart by scores;
 Abstract, I am, without relations,
 Whene'er it pours.

What are to me the wretched changes
 Of human life?
 Here, hemmed by mists, my being's range is
 All closed to strife.
 Despair may tackle me to-morrow,
 And I may share the whole world's sorrow,
 Or others woe from me may borrow,
 But not to-day,
 The sphere I walk in is too narrow
 To breed dismay.

The woods and fields I roam about in,
 Wet as an eel,
 At every step the water spouting
 From toe and heel,
 The traveling seeds of weeds and grasses
 I furnish gayly with free passes,
 They board me singly and in masses,
 By hook and crook,
 And, being of the clinging classes,
 Cannot be shook.

But night comes on; I'm stiff and weary,
 The storm grows rude,
 The landscape all is wild and dreary,
 And so's my mood;
 The task assigned by the Creator
 To me, as weed-disseminator,
 Is done; I'm ready now my fate for,
 And I would fain
 A gust of wind exchange my state for,
 Or drift of rain.

Roger Riordan.

THE SUMMER'S AFTERMATH.

No more above its verdant robe, like dainty jewels pink and blue,
The morning-glory's slender cups are held to catch the shining dew;
No more the lily's graceful stalk holds bells which every zephyr rings,
No longer in the happy breeze the rose her fragrant censer swings.

But purple pansies, here and there, uplift brave faces toward the sky,
And mignonette its perfume flings, like gold, among the passers-by;
The cardinals in sheltered spots disclaim the coming winter's gloom,
And autumn asters, many-hued, make bright the garden-beds with bloom.

The stately corn in regiments uplifts its serried blades on high,
And ghosts of summer's thistle flowers on gauzy wings go sailing by;
The white-robed frost has not yet laid, with chilling touch, his mantle brown
On solidago's golden head, or meadow clover's crimson crown.

Still sings the robin in the wood, and, from some corner out of sight,
The quail his mellow call repeats for that unknown, long-lost "Bob White."
The blackbirds chatter in the tree, the crickets chirp beside the path
Where drowsily the cattle stand knee-deep in fragrant aftermath.

A darker green is on the pine, a deeper blue is in the sky,
From where embowering willows bend, with sweeter song the stream slips by.
In shadowy hollows by its side the partridge beats his muffled drum,
And autumn apples blush beneath the lusty kisses of the sun.

The gold that binds the birch's brow, the rubies from the maple's crown,
Through mellow depths of slumb'rous air in lazy spirals settle down;
The Autumn trails her azure robe across the mountain's ample breast,
And overlays the level land with blessedness of perfect rest.

BETH DAY.





A CHRISTMAS CARD FROM LIFE.

By permission of Hon. and Rev. P. Dutton.

TO many people there is no greater ordeal than that of sitting for a portrait—yet very few ever take into consideration the fact that it may be even more of a trial to the artist. Anxious, as he may well be, to do the utmost justice both to his subject and to his art, what can the artist find more dispiriting than a sitter who speedily becomes restive or easily bored?—and, alas! the majority of people fall easily under one of these two headings.

DOGS AND CATS AS SITTERS.

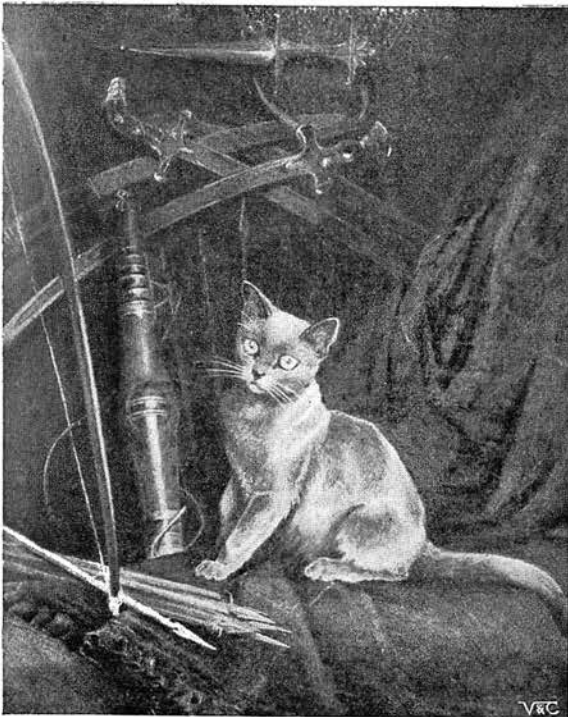
BY NELLIE HADDEN.

My own experience goes to prove that animals on the whole are far more satisfactory sitters than human beings. For instance, what elderly gentleman could you keep not merely awake, but also exhibiting a lively intelligence, by so simple a device as a live hedgehog rustling beside him in a paper bag? True, it might make him sit up at first, but the novelty would soon wear off. Whereas I found this device most successful in the case of a phlegmatic little terrier, "Bobbie," who was once posed in my studio. He was a keen sportsman, with a marked predilection for hedgehogs; hence it



I.—"BOBBIE": A SPORTING CHARACTER.

By permission of Lady Isabella Keane.



II.—THE ONLY CAT FOUND IN CHITRAL.

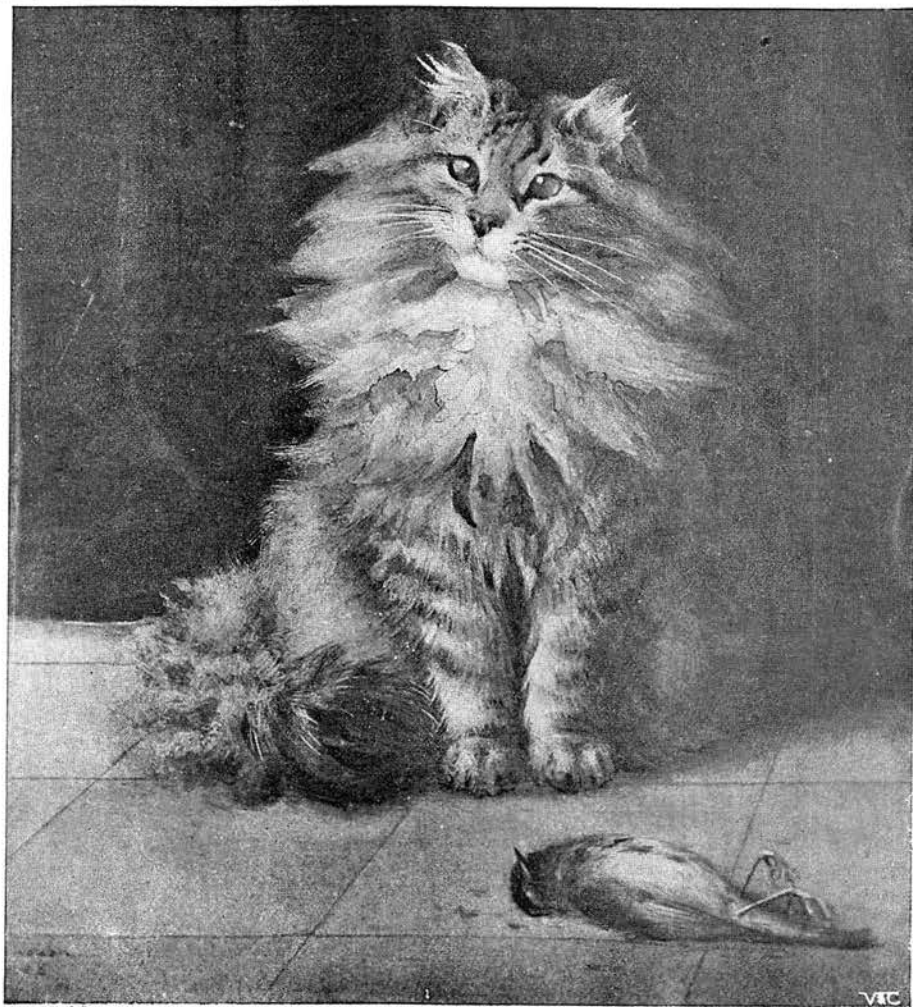
By permission of Sir William Gatacre.

was an easy matter to keep him on the *qui vive* throughout the whole length of each sitting, without actually gratifying his curiosity; moreover, the animal in the paper bag unconsciously played its part with praiseworthy perseverance, leaving me free to devote myself to the work in hand.

Though I have had many odd experiences with animal sitters in general, I have only space now to refer to the dogs and cats of my acquaintance. Perhaps one of the most interesting of these was a curious little cat, with a mole-like skin, that

was brought by Sir William Gatacre from Chitral in 1895. She was the only cat discovered in that place. I found her a most difficult subject to deal with, as she had none of the reserve and dignity of the home-made article. She was all life and activity, and would run up the curtains with a zest that was distinctly distracting—from the artist's point of view. At other times she would give vent to the most pitiful little cries, more like those of an infant than of an animal. She soon succumbed to our climate, dying in little over a year, despite the utmost care bestowed on her by her devoted mistress.

For studio purposes cats are much more difficult to manage than dogs. They have an exasperating habit of curling themselves up in a comfortable position, when the mood seizes them, and turning their backs on the portrait painter with a most perfectly studied show of indifference; or they will look contemptuously at any dainty that may be placed



III.—“BOGIE,” OR “WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?”

By permission of Miss H. G. Williams.



IV.—“CORINNE.”

By permission of Mrs. Lockwood.

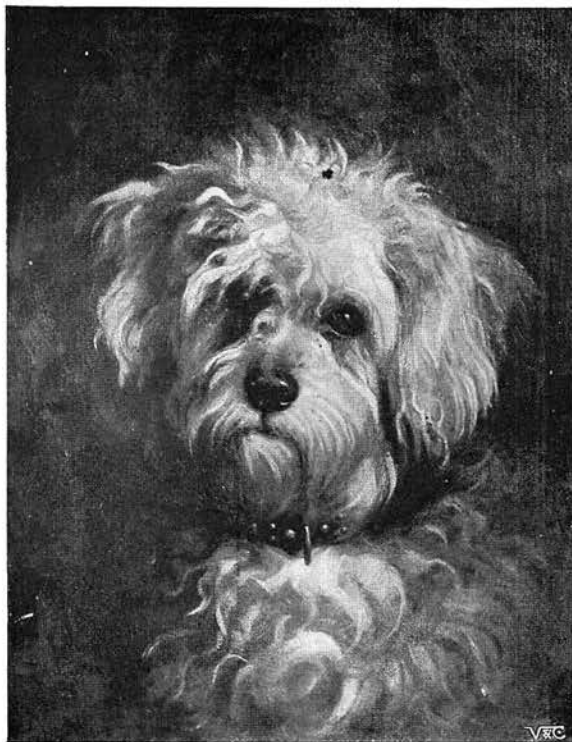
before them, and walk off nonchalantly, as though their habitual attitude were a bland disregard of food. I tried an experiment with our own cat, “Bogie,” which proved most successful. He was a splendid specimen of a silver-grey chinchilla (stolen, alas! and never since recovered). The first time he sat to me I put him on a table and attached him, by means of a collar and a string, to a bar running across the studio ceiling. After a while he got bored and jumped down, only to find himself swinging in mid-air. Of course, I rushed to the rescue; but “Bogie”

took the lesson promptly to heart, and never again attempted to jump down after he had been posed. I doubt whether a dog would have taken in the situation quite as quickly.

As a general thing I have found it much easier to manage animals in the absence of their owners. There are, however, exceptions to this rule. “Corinne,” the handsome poodle whose portrait I painted in miniature on ivory, turned her back on me the moment we were left alone, and howled dismally without stopping. Could anything be more

disconcerting? In the end her master or mistress had to assist at every sitting.

A model sitter was the dog I have designated "Jock No. I." He was well known in many parts of London, sedately trotting after his master in Piccadilly, or giving a *ton* to St. James's Street. He had a paw in all his master's pies—this busy



V.—"JOCK NO. II."

By permission of Miss Lucy Hadden.

"Jock." Until that master married, he saw him to his work every morning. He accompanied him on his wedding tour (after being shown the marriage lines), and on their return felt it his duty to remain at home and guard the house which contained his mistress. After his portrait was finished, he would sit up and "pose" every time he met me, for sitting meant biscuit.

"Jock No. II."



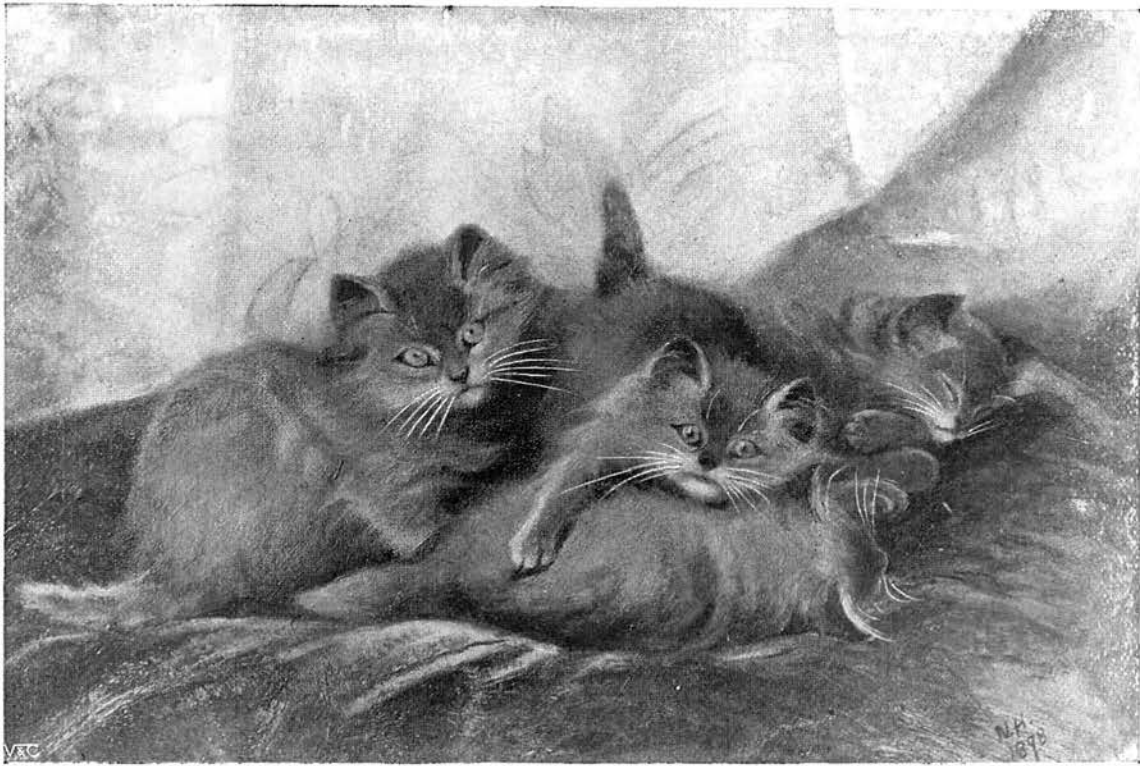
VI.—"JOCK NO. I."

By permission of William Sayer, Esq.

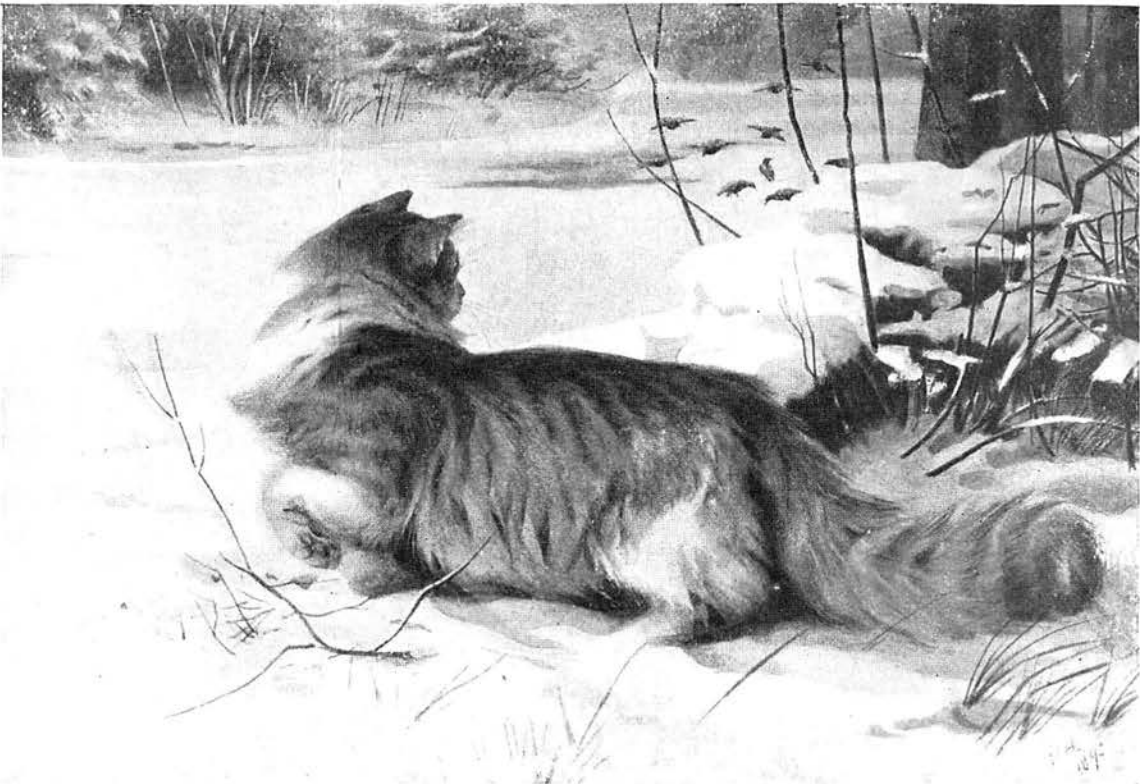
had a pathetic little face, but he was not so interesting as my own old friend and model, "Jock No. III." The latter began to sit at the early age of six weeks, and how he hated



VII.—"JOCK NO. III.": "THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS."



VIII.—BLUE PERSIAN KITTENS, "PROMISING BUDS."
By permission of John M. Wood, Esq.



IX.—"GAMBOGE, THE BIRD-FANCIER."
By permission of Miss H. G. Williams.



X.—“VENUS.”

By permission of John Devereil, Esq.

it at first! Later he became so accomplished in the art, and was so jealous of other sitters, that I had to shut him up when they arrived. He loved his food, as most dogs do, and a greedy dog is the easiest to keep quiet and alert; but he would also sit and “look on” (as in the illustration on page 300) while his friends lapped, in spite of the remarks published with a reproduction of this picture in one of the papers to the effect that no dog could be made to look on while a cat fed. Good little “Jock”! He is gone to the “happy hunting grounds!”

Perhaps one of the most difficult subjects I ever had to paint was the handful of Blue Persian kittens shown in illustration VIII. “Promising Buds” they were called; but to the artist they were anything but promising, for the little electric atoms were all over the place.

bulldogs. Whether seated in a row in their respective baskets or rushing out barking at the chance caller, this trio invariably struck terror to the heart of the timid stranger. In reality “Venus” was the most good-natured and confiding of dogs, and became so much attached to me that when I left the house she wanted to come with me. “Victor” was a perfect

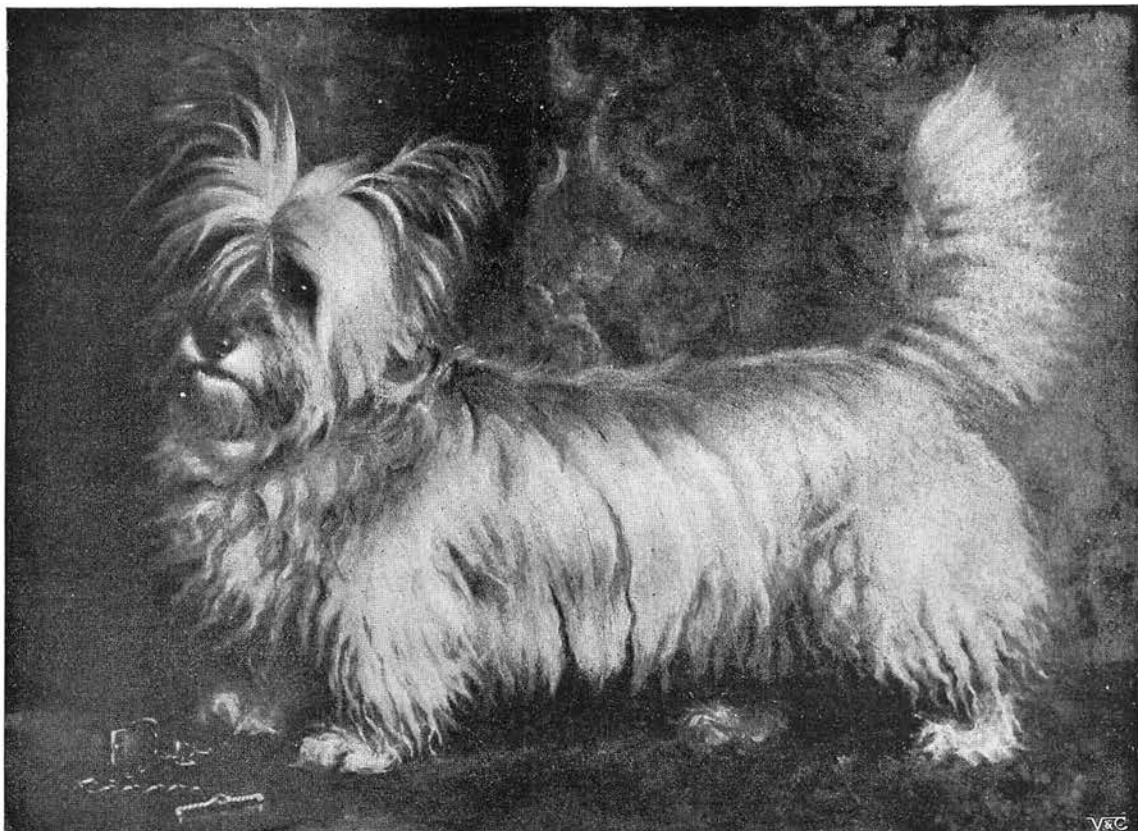


XI.—“VICTOR.”

By permission of Col. J. C. Dalton, R.A.

“Gamboge” is a large yellow gentleman, like a tawny tiger. Most cats object to walking in snow, and when compelled to do so from the force of necessity they shake each paw as they lift it, with an air of marked disgust at finding themselves in such circumstances. But “Gamboge” is an exception, and looks particularly handsome against the white background when prowling stealthily after the birds.

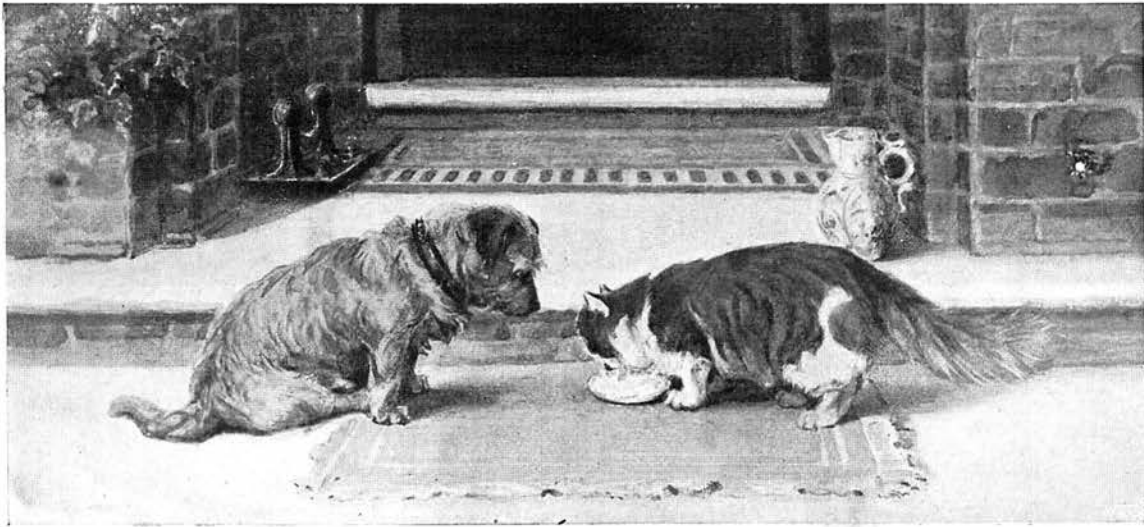
“Venus” was one of three beautiful



XII.—“THE WITCH OF BRIGHTON.”
By permission of H. Senior, Esq.



XIII.—“ROMETTA.”
By permission of Lady Willes.



XIV.—“THE ONE WHO LOOKED ON.”

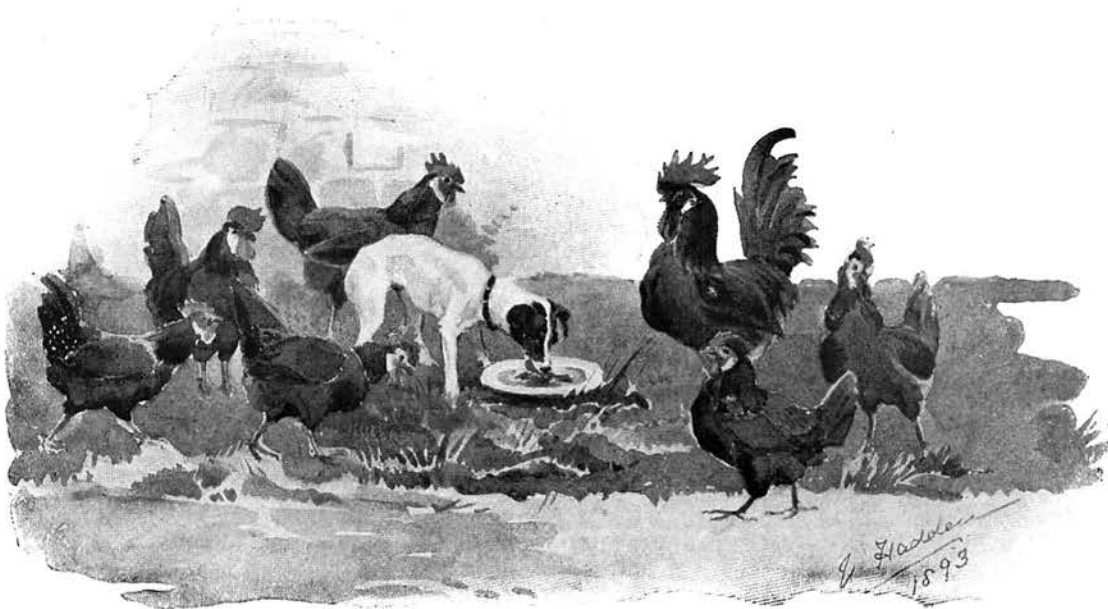
By permission of Mrs. Whitfield.

gentleman. He usually sat “with his arms crossed,” as an old servant described him. He and I lunched together during the sittings at an A. B. C. shop in London, and his manners, as he gravely mounted a chair opposite me and partook of sponge cake, might be copied with advantage by some humans.

The “Witch of Brighton” was well known there, and quite a professional beauty. It is a great pleasure to paint a beauty who is not self-conscious, and this lady gave herself no airs, though she was most openly flattered and praised to her very face.

Another very dainty sitter was “Rometta,”

a native of Rome. She would pose with all the ease of an Italian model. Perhaps no greater contrast could be presented than this graceful little foreigner and the bulldog “Venus.” It seems strange that both should come under the heading “dog”; yet each in its way was equally interesting. And it is amazing what character and individuality will reveal itself in animals as one cultivates their personal acquaintance and devotes all one’s attention to their idiosyncrasies during a number of sittings. With their lack of affectation, and their general intelligence, it would be difficult to find more entertaining sitters than cats and dogs.



“THE BLACK WATCH.”

By permission of W. P. Ker, Esq.



Illustrated London Almanack, 1851

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

If the hands are stained with fruit juice, do not wash in hot water and soap, but only rinse in cold water, when the stains will disappear.

The best way to light a kitchen fire, is to pack the coals and cinders carefully and closely, and then light it on the top with a fire-wheel or wood and a little small coal. This will then burn downwards and make a glowing fire which will need no further attention for a long time. If the bottom of the grate is not fitted with a shaped piece of tin or iron to stop the bottom draught, a piece of brown paper should be cut to shape and put in position before the coals are laid.

To cut a piece of indiarubber easily, wet the knife with water before using it.

WHALEBONE may be very easily cut if warmed first over a lamp-glass or by the fire, when it will become quite soft.

To remove fruit-stains from linen, pour boiling water over the stain as soon as possible.

WHEN passing a bad smell in the road, do not open the mouth to speak of it, but close it immediately and pass quickly on. Children should be taught to do this.

WHEN making an open treacle tart or tartlets, mix two tablespoonfuls of very fine bread-crumbs with the treacle. It makes it much nicer and prevents the treacle soaking into the paste and making it sodden.

STEWED fruit is nicer if a small quantity of sago is boiled separately and then mixed with the stewed fruit before sending it to table. The proportions should be two ounces of sago boiled in a pint of water to a quart of fruit.

EGGS that are to be kept should be stood on the small end of the egg, and not the broad end.

To prevent made mustard from drying and caking in the mustard pot, mix a little salt when making it, and it should always be made with boiling water.

CHAMOIS leather should never be washed in hot water, which hardens it, but in cold water, with either a little ammonia or a lather of soap.

BOOTS and gloves wear longer and better if kept for some time before wearing them. It is well to have a pair or pairs of each kept for some months before use.

SUET puddings are much lighter and better if plunged into boiling water if they are to be boiled.

To keep the feet warm in cold weather, cut a sole to the size of the boot or shoe in thick brown paper and wear it.

BAKING powder of superior quality can be made of three ounces of tartaric acid, four ounces of carbonate of soda, and half a pound of ground rice. Pound the tartaric acid in pestle and mortar till quite smooth; do the same separately with the carbonate of soda; mix all three well together in a basin and keep in a close-fitting tin in a dry place.

A TEAR in a dress, or the worn seams of umbrellas, may be neatly and effectually mended by bringing the edges together and putting over them on the under-side a piece of sticking-plaster, or tissue made for the purpose, cut in a strip to the size of the tear. In the case of thin muslin being torn, only gum or thin paste need be used.

FLANNEL should not be used in needle-books for sticking needles into, as flannel is often prepared with sulphur, which will rust the needles; a piece of fine linen or chamois leather is better.

THE best lemonade is made with one lemon, one quart of water, and ten lumps of sugar. Peel the lemon, taking great care not to get any of the white under-skin, cut the lemon in half, take the pips out and squeeze out all the juice, add the sugar, and pour the water over it quite boiling, adding the thin yellow peel at the last. This can be drunk hot or cold.

ABERDEEN sausage is a very nice breakfast- or supper-dish, made according to the following recipe:—One pound of lean buttock-steak, half a pound of fat bacon, two small teacupfuls of grated bread-crumbs, one dessertspoonful of Harvey or Worcester sauce, one egg, one teaspoonful of salt, and half a teaspoonful of pepper. The beef and bacon to be finely minced and well mixed, then add the bread-crumbs and other ingredients, and lastly the egg. Form it all into a roll, not too long, and boil in a floured cloth tied at the end (not too tightly) for two hours. When done, cover it while hot with crisp bread-crumbs, and serve cold at the table.

WHEN hanging meat in the larder, it is well not to put the metal hook through the meat itself, but through a loop of string tied on to the joint.

Too much care cannot be taken about constant changing of the water in which cut-flowers are placed in rooms, as also to empty out and clean the ornamental china bowls in which flower-pots are placed, and these should always be a couple of sizes larger than the pots, so as to allow of free ventilation; they are non-porous, and are not good for the plants unless there is room for ventilation. Plants should never stand in stale water.

To keep off rats, put tar round the holes they come out of. They are very clean creatures, and will not tolerate anything dirty or sticky on their fur.

A DETECTIVE ON DETECTIVE STORIES.



HE was an expert in crime. There was no doubt about that. But he regarded it not from the point of view of the criminal, habitual or otherwise. His was the vantage-ground of a member of the detective force at headquarters, and he was of rank in this calling—a skilled man, with admirable patience, a knowledge of men and matters, a cool courage and a ready wit which had many times saved him. The rules of the service prevent my naming him, and he would not himself like it. Our conversation had turned on detective stories and some glaring legal absurdities which I had remarked in one of the tales I had picked up for a railway journey.

My friend stretched himself still more luxuriously in the club chair, hugely enjoying his after-dinner cigar and a lengthened moment of leisure, and proceeded to reason with me on my fondness for reading that class of literature. "Not," he said, "that I suppose you would call those stories literature any more than I would call them true accounts of a detective's methods."

"Every man to his trade. I don't believe they are entitled to be called literature, not even when they are written by Conan Doyle. Not that my opinion is worth much on the subject; still, I feel pleased he has stopped writing them. You should know best about their other side, for I am friendly enough to be aware of your experience and your constant success in a difficult branch. That is for your private ear; publicly, I shall feel bound to say that New Scotland Yard is an utter failure in the more delicate line of rogue-catching. It's a genial fashion of the newspapers."

"I know it is, and I don't mind it. No matter; if we don't go hunting about for criminals with a microscope, nor write essays on the varieties of tobacco ash, we get our men much more frequently than the public choose to imagine."

"You don't read detective stories?" I said, with a touch of malice, for I thought I had him.

"Have I time?" he said reproachfully. "I have seen some of them, and they have given me an amount of amusement which

their authors didn't intend when they wrote them—at least, not in that direction."

"For instance?" I said inquiringly.

"They magnify crime too much; they make it *grand*. Now I read a story the other day in which the mystery turned on the proceedings of a gang of coiners. There were three of them in the gang, two men and a young woman, and they were described to have taken a big country house, say, in Kent. Here they had fitted up a hydraulic press with a chamber big enough to hold a man, which was used for stamping. Now the whole thing is impossible. The hydraulic press will never be heard of in that business, because it is useless. Coining is a mighty small and ill-paid occupation, and is only done in one way. It has gone down to very small dimensions in this country. The chief coiners here—it is a curious story, and you may hear it—were a family named Kelly. They all died in prison—father, mother, and son."

"And what of them?"

"They made a discovery which put them in the front rank. It was how to make false money ring. I won't tell you what the secret was. It is not a very great secret, but you would put it in a paper, or perhaps try the game on yourself—"

"Thanks. Have another cigar?"

When this was well lighted he went on.

"It's a certain substance which is cheap enough and readily got. All that is needed apart from the various moulds to enable hundreds of pounds' worth of bad money to be made is an ordinary crucible. That is easily got. The chief and most difficult things to get are the moulds, of which no mention is made in this famous story. They are made of plaster-of-Paris, and are subsequently baked and pass through another process, after which they can be filled with the metal in a molten state. Clamps are used to keep the two heads of the moulds together, and when these are released the coin is ready for the milling process—you know, that which gives the serrated edge to the coins."

"Could the press not have been used as a stamper to press the coins out of metal?"

"They would not need a die stamper of that size. Besides, there are a great many substantial reasons why a stamp could not be used. No, it could not be used to compress the alloy. The truth is the author did not study his facts."

"Well, but apart from that, the idea is feasible enough?"

"I fail to see its feasibility. Take another point. You have a powerful hydraulic press fitted up in a private house in the country, and nobody takes any notice of it or is aware of its existence. Why, such a thing would not have been there for twenty-four hours in a small country place without everybody knowing of it. Workmen must have been employed for some time to fit it up, and they must have lodged close by. Gossip, my friend, is a great institution. It's been the key to the convict establishments to many a clever criminal. Nobody knows how great is gossip, and how useful to society, as does the detective."

"You forget the London correspondent, but go on."

"Note this, that here are two men working a powerful hydraulic press, and yet neither of them has sense enough to put a collar right on one of the working parts, and has to call in an engineer for the purpose. Mind you, I don't say the story is not a good one. All I say is that the author has no practical knowledge of the subject. Besides, there is the money to be disposed of. It is no easy thing to get rid of bad coins. There is a regular procedure involved. It is notorious that the man who makes the money never passes it unless under very rare circumstances. The business is in the hands of a very low class, and is not a flourishing means of living, I assure you. The trade is dying out. Ever since Inspector Brennan set himself to stamp it out it has been dying down every year. About twenty-five years ago he cleared the country of the best of the gangs. It was a noticeable thing that at that time the trade ran in certain families, of which the Kellys I mentioned were the biggest operators. Each group had its own little secret of making the coins; but they were all a very low class. The care that has to be taken of the coins is very great. Each has to be wrapped in tissue paper so that it will not 'rust.' The chief place of 'parting,' as they call it, with it, and was, Seven Dials. It's a most instructive fact that none of those engaged in the trade were ever very successful. I have never found that they were ever able to hire a house, and few have got beyond one room, and a miserable one at that."

"A great deal is often made in these stories of forged notes. I believe that is a more difficult art even than coining?"

"It is. The great difficulty is to get the paper, and certainly bank-note forgers have displayed great ingenuity in getting over that trouble. We have not had many cases

lately, and they have been mostly forgeries on foreign banks. It is only recently that Dombroski was sentenced at Winchester to ten years for the offence, and there have been others from time to time; but in our own country note-forgery is largely defeated by the use of special paper, which only one firm is allowed to make, and if a note is not of that paper, it can be detected even by the most inexpert. It is many years ago since Austin succeeded in forging a Bank of England note, and since then we have been free from that class of forgeries."

"Your reference to a Russian rouble-note forger reminds me of another detective story in which the forger leaves his trade and takes to stealing the plans of a new torpedo which is going to play Rule Britannia among the enemy's ships next war."

"I fancy I remember the story; you sent it me when I made the capture of that foreigner," referring to an arrest of a man wanted abroad, which had attracted the attention of two nations to his captor.

"Yes, that was the case. If you will recollect, the plans were hid in an iron rod, painted to resemble a malacca cane, such as I carry when I can afford to brave the risks of the weather, owing to having hopes of possessing sixpence next day wherewith to pay a hat ironer. They were taken away in the cane, photographed, and brought back, and left in the office umbrella-stand. I thought the idea rather smart."

"Now I didn't, nor would you if you had thought for a minute. Just imagine what the plans for a torpedo of that sort would be like. I am reminded that the writer himself lays stress on their minutiae, and yet he would pack them into the inside of a sham malacca cane. They would be too bulky to go near the inside. It is too absurd to be thought of seriously. Those stories, to me, always fail in one crucial point, and that spoils them for my enjoyment."

"But look at the romance, my dear sir; think how able all these criminals are!"

"That is another thing. All the high falutin' about crime and criminals is so much wasted breath. I have told you before that there is no romance about crime. It is a very rare occasion indeed in which a man of any education whatever has been engaged in ordinary crime. What has attracted them has been such things as embezzlement and trifling forgeries. These are chiefly done by clerks led away by betting and drinking."

"Don't they join the criminal classes after their first experience?"

"I should say not. As far as I have observed, they very often rejoin the ranks of

honest citizens and do well, probably not where they made their lapse from honesty, but elsewhere, free of old surroundings. It is quite different with the man who has been a common thief. I really think you never can reform him. He goes back to his old games as soon as he is released, in spite of prison-gate organisations. I have known many cases where men just out after a seven years' sentence have been back in prison within a week. A moment's carelessness, after his first spree with his old comrades, and he is back again."

"That is rather a striking notion about men of education. Nearly all the detective-story law-breakers are rather romantic, intelligent persons, and, of course, now I think of it, you don't hear of them in real life."

"Very seldom indeed, and then it is impressed on your memory by the fuss the newspapers make about it."

"Still, there have been many cases."

"Yes, but they have always been in the direction of swindles. A man with a decent education may be engaged in bigger things, so to speak, when he does take up crime; often he swindles very meanly, but it does not follow that he escapes."

"Any real story on the point?"

"Yes, I can give you one of a clergyman and his son. The Rev.—well, after all, never mind his name. It's enough to say he was the rector of a church in Brixton. He was committed the first time for stealing money from collecting boxes. He was caught more than once, and then, plunging deeper, he forged a name to a cheque, for which he got a long sentence. Then his smartness came in. Soon after going into prison he managed to ingratiate himself with the prison doctor, and the doctor—how, I really don't know—consented to be a party to an attempt to get him freed. The parson induced the doctor to bring in some sheep's liver. He then complained of blood-spitting, managing the symptoms by chewing the liver, and the doctor ordered him to the hospital. There he pretended to be very ill indeed, and the doctor wrote to the authorities, representing the man as dying and not having many hours to live. He recommended that he should be released at once and conveyed home to die, the doctor offering to attend him to the bosom of his family. It was done, and the parson taken carefully home. As soon as he arrived there he turned on the doctor and demanded £20 as the price of his silence. He pointed out how easily he could ruin the doctor, and perhaps benefit himself by doing so, and the doctor weakly yielded. That parson, sir, bled the doctor dry, till the poor

man died broken-hearted. It was a smart trick, but an ungrateful one."

"What happened to the smart parson?"

"It was another case of clever tricks. He went to Islington and started in the money-lending line. There he became known to ladies as ready to lend money on their jewellery without their husbands knowing of it. A great many, naturally, have objections to going to the ordinary pawnshop. The rev. gentleman raised his money by putting everything into the pawnshop and letting it remain there. Pawn-tickets expire in time. He would be pressed to return the articles, and then he wrote something in this strain—

"Dear Madam,—If you again annoy me with regard to the article to which you refer I shall be under the painful necessity of disclosing the whole of our intimacy to your husband."

"Yes, that was what you would call a mean swindle."

"You see, none of them would say a word for fear of what the old villain might write to their husbands. His son turned out in a similar way. I had him in custody myself. And as a contrast, if you like, I will tell you how I caught him. He was a collector for a sewing-machine company. He was found to have been cheating the firm and was discharged, but managed to keep a book, and still went on collecting. He was a most slippery customer, and I had great difficulty in catching him. I got him finally through a woman he had collected money from, and who was not afraid, as so many of them are, to assist the police. I saw her and arranged with her that she should tell him to call at one o'clock another day because her husband was in the country, and she would not have money till he returned. Now the trick with those fellows is to go to the place before the time appointed; they never keep the exact time. This woman was equal to the occasion. He called at eleven o'clock, and I turned up at twelve. But the woman knew what she was about, for she seemed surprised at his calling so soon, reminded him that she said her husband would not be there before one, and told him to come back. I thought I had lost my man, but he had been taken in, and the woman showed him into the little front room, and ostensibly called her husband downstairs. I had nothing to do except put the handcuffs on. It was marvellous how that man collapsed when I appeared. Both father and son were in the dock together."

"By the way, what sort of man was this criminal parson in appearance?"

"Tall, with a fine figure and a beautiful

voice—a clever man and a good preacher, the sort of man women like to hear. He could look very pleasing when inclined, to smooth his own way to roguery, and could produce a good impression before he spoke.”

“Well, he seems to have had a curious warp in him and apparently some versatility.”

“There is another thing for which little or no allowance is made by detective story writers, and that is the specialisation of crime. It is a most noticeable fact that criminals generally keep to the same line. I knew one man, a fellow named Amos, whom I had under observation for years. I have followed that man and his wife for a whole day, from nine in the morning till eight at night, when I knew they had nothing in their pockets and were hungry, thinking they would have done a little shoplifting. But no. They would stand outside shops where goods were displayed and look at them or gaze in windows, yet they never touched a thing. They were watch-snatchers, and I captured them red-handed at the end of the day, and the man got ten and the woman seven years. It has always struck me as strange that they should have gone about a whole day hungry and yet never attempted to steal handkerchiefs or clothing, of which they could have readily disposed, to buy food. They just stuck to their one line. There are few all-round felons. All try to strike a special line.”

“It’s the nature of things, I suppose. Everybody is a specialist now.”

“Yes; and there is another fact in the nature of things which knocks spots out of the detective story as a transcript from life. It is that crime is nearly always as low and squalid as the criminal. Their ways are as nasty as their lives, and no magazine would admit the true story of crime into its pages. It’s a story of wretchedness, worry of mind, and often disease of body. I have seen them by the thousands, and I know. I assure you there is no man so much to be pitied as the criminal, no matter whether he is successful or not.”

My detective friend expressed himself with emphasis and some indications of disgust. “Not that there have been no exceptions— notable exceptions—but that is the general rule. Crime is not romantic, but squalid. I did know a case where an element of romance might be imagined. It was that of a man who robbed the mails between Ostend and Dover. He devoted time, money, and address to the job. It occupied him two or three years. He travelled frequently during that time, as an independent gentleman, between London and Ostend and Paris. He was friendly and chatty, and in time became

well known to the people who were in charge of the strong boxes. He managed to sound them, and was enabled to rob the mails of a large sum. He was almost immediately suspected, and in the end arrested.”

“The result—penal servitude, I suppose?”

“A curious point of law arose about the case. It was made a plea that it could not be proved where the crime was committed, whether in English or Belgian waters, and the question of jurisdiction was raised. The same plea could have been raised in Belgium, and the man, had it been successful, would have got off. He got seven years. He lived, I found, in good style, kept a ten-roomed house, and had a fine library.”

“And what on earth was he?”

“He had been trained as an engineer. Very soon after being out of his time he turned to crime, mixing up with some of the worst characters. It was long before he was found out, for he performed his exploits, principally burglaries, at a distance from his home.”

“You did not say how he was arrested. I should like to hear how so able a man was trapped.”

“You should know that in England we only take account of facts. The law won’t allow us to imagine much, and, I think, rightly, because I am sure the result would be disastrous. This man was suspected and watched. There was nothing more romantic or mysterious about it than that. He was watched for months very close, for the booty had not turned up. He was traced to a firm of jewellers in a big way in the City. They were a firm about which I don’t wish to say anything. They were known to the police, and it was arranged that the man should call there at a certain time. When he did call, and was making his purchase, he was arrested and was in actual possession of the bulk of the proceeds of the robbery. It was no more than that, but it was effective enough.”

“It would not read so prettily as some of the elaborate arrests of which I have read.”

“I dare say not. There was one story I was rather struck with, because it fitted together. Mr. Springfield was the author, and he gets his mystery by causing a secretary guilty of forgery to attempt to poison his employer. The employer drinks the poison, but is unharmed, while the secretary dies. The employer has a fad for collecting curios, and has some poison used by Indians somewhere to poison their arrows. It is pretty harmless taken into the stomach, but fatal in a wound. The secretary puts it into a glass of port, and in getting it out of the jar has some enter a wound on his hand and dies.”

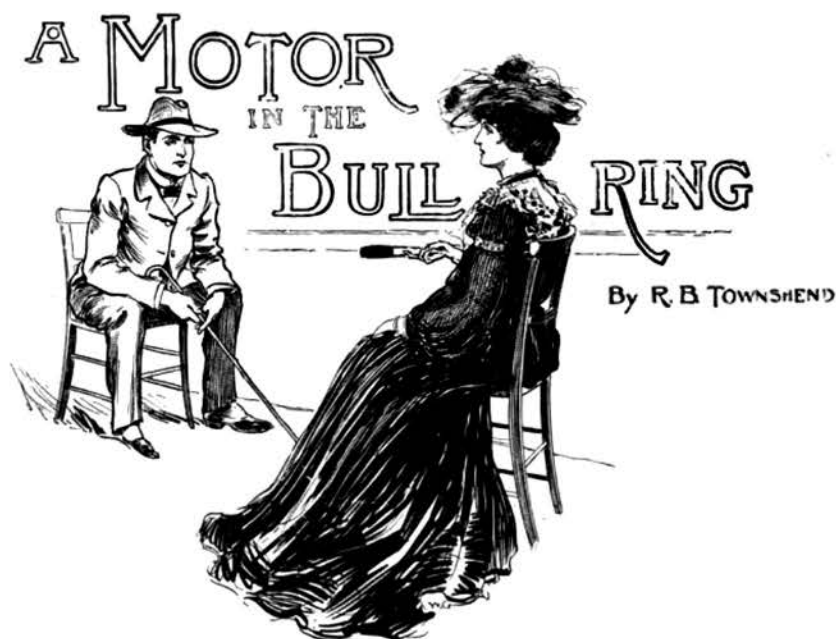
"Yes, that is not an improbable mystery, which would work up into a pretty story, and the post-mortem would reveal the facts."

"It is facts we have to deal with all the time. We must not hearsay or fancy, and it is always 'from information received' unless the prisoner is there. All the favour is shown on the side of the accused—a marked contrast to the state of things in France, where the *juges d'instruction* makes it his business to drag the very inside out of an accused man. They go further and hear everything. It is good enough evidence if 'a woman told me that a woman told her.' But there is no

room for romance in our system. It fits crime, for in that also there is no room for romance. We have no parrots trained to steal jewellery, and have not to trace the thief by the marks of a bill on a wooden match. I think there is no reason to complain because of that. We are as successful as most men, and crime is year by year going down in amount. I am afraid if it was all on the lines of the detective story it would be going up."

Whereat my friend departed the smoke-room to resume his duties, whether in or out of the New Central Offices it was no business of mine to ask.

W. E. GREY.



"**A**H, you do not like the sight?" said the marquesa, with a flash of her dark eyes. "You have no taste for our *toreros*."

There was a touch of supercilious coldness in her tone that stung the American. "It is the horses, marquesa," he said, briefly. "I can't stand that."

He was sitting in the marquesa's box in the bull-ring, envied of most men, for the marquesa was as difficult as she was beautiful, and her victims were more in number than those of the most celebrated *torero*. Perhaps it was a sort of fellow-feeling that made the beautiful woman so fond of her national sport. Perfect skill and perfect courage might win anything in the ring, and only such qualities could find favour in her eyes—and both in the bull-ring and in the marquesa's drawing-room it was *va victis!*

The visitor turned to face her with his

back to the plaza. Out there in the sunshine one of Spain's most distinguished *espadas*, with the red cloak in one hand and his long, straight sword in the other, was coolly luring a sullen bull to his death. The marquesa put up her fan as if to shut off a view of a part of the bull-ring where three horses were lying.

"Oh," she answered, indolently, "life is not long enough to let one dwell on the disagreeables. If you look for them," she shut her fan with a click, "you can find them in the house as well as out there—but why look for them?"

It was rumoured that the lady had learned philosophy during the life of the late lamented marquis, who had not been a model husband.

"But, my friend," she continued, "the skill and the courage of the man, can you not even admire them?"

"Oh, the men, of course," returned the American. "I'm not saying anything against

them. They're all right. Besides, it's their trade, anyway; and I will say they're real smart—quick as cats, and their nerve just splendid."

"Well," she took him up quickly, "what more would you have? What is there more admirable than address and courage? And where can we see it as in the bull-fight?"

A thrill passed through him at the proud challenge in her eyes.

"What would I have?" he answered, quickly. "I'd have them show their courage by something better than forcing blindfolded plugs only fit for the knacker on to a bull's horns. I'd have them come in on fancy cowponies and beat the bull at his own game of twisting and turning. That's worth doing, and I guess our Texas cowboys could do it, too."

"Ah, I knew you were right at heart," she smiled, with a look that for the first time seemed to admit him to the secret intimacy of her soul. "You should have been here when our King was crowned. Then the proudest nobles in Spain themselves rode their best steeds into the ring and met the bull with the lance in full career. Ah! that was a truly splendid sight!"

"Did they, by gum?" said the Transatlantic millionaire. "Wal, I'd have given a thousand dollars to see that. Wish I'd been here. Why, if I'd only known it was on I'd have hired Colonel Cody's best vaqueros to enter for the show and keep our end up."

"You would not then have ridden in the ring yourself?" she said, with a drop of her eyelids. "Before the King no one was allowed to ride but the nobility—no vaqueros could have entered. I suppose you great millionaires are the nobles of America?" she added, with a tinge of malice.

He flushed darkly. "No," he answered, "I'm no nobleman; we don't keep a nobility in my country. And I don't brag that I'd have ridden in the ring myself. I was raised in New York and didn't get much of a chance to ride when I was young. If I'd been raised a cowboy out in Texas, it would have been different with me. You see, I wasn't born rich, and I didn't inherit any millions. I had to rustle around and make them for myself, every solitary cent."

"It appears, then," she insinuated, "that in America the men who make the millions are too busy to be heroes, and so it is your cowboys who have the horsemanship and the—how do you call it?—nerve?"

"I guess in America a man without nerve don't gather many millions," he retorted.

"And if our city folks don't ride much they kin drive. It takes some nerve to drive a two-twenty trotter, and heaps more to drive a sixty horse-power motor. Nerve!" he laughed, scornfully. "There's more kinds of nerve than one, but they all mean that a man's got grit."

"Someone said you had a stable full of motors," she observed. "Do you, then, guide them yourself, or sit beside your chauffeur and let him steer the teuf-teuf?"

"Wal, that's as may be," he returned. "Sometimes one drives and sometimes the other. But if you ask me what I really like it's a sixty horse-power Panhard, a clear track, and a mile every fifty-five seconds. And I prefer my own hand on the steering-wheel every time."

He was interrupted by a roar of cheers from all round the ring. The gaily-harnessed mule-team had already dragged out the carcass of the bull whom the *espada* had duly dispatched and also those of the three horses who had fallen in the fray. Was it not Théophile Gautier who said of the steeds slain in the bull-ring, "They are not carcasses; they are corpses"?

Ringing cheers greeted the advent of a second bull, full of fire, who dashed round the ring like a tornado, sending the gold-bespangled *toreros* flying to the barrier.

"Ah, what a lively bull!" cried the lady, her eyes sparkling. "He moves like a whirlwind. Even your Texas cowboys might find it hard to evade his swift rush—that is, supposing they had the nerve to enter and challenge him." He met her eyes, as hard as steel and as bright, and found there a challenge to his nation. Was there a personal one to himself, too? A sudden inspiration darted through his mind.

"I can rack that little ten horse-power Daimler round and turn it on a blanket just as good as a cow-pony. And a golden key, they say, opens any gate in Spain, including even that of the *Toril*. B'gosh, I believe a thousand dollars wadded at the man who keeps the door will let me inside, and, once in, I guess I can find the nerve for the rest of the show. 'Twill take lightning steering, but I reckon I can show her a thing or two, if I am a New Yorker." He was watching the sharp rushes of the bull as the *toreros* called him and played him with their dexterous turns and twists. "Anyway, there's no great chance of my wheels skidding on that sandy surface, and I'll gamble I can do the quick turning and dodging as well as those fancy-dressed

fellers." He turned to the lady. "Marquesa," he said, aloud, "I've got to ask you to excuse me a few minutes. See you again soon. What's the pretty phrase you have? '*Hasta otra vista,*' and '*Beso sus manos.*'" And like a flash he was gone.

Five bulls had entered one after another the floor of that wide amphitheatre, round which rose to the sky row upon row of eager faces and bright costumes, and after their

innovation on the sacred traditions of the great national institution of Spain; while others yelled "*Olé! Bravo! viva!*" ("Well done, bravo, hurrah!") cheering the novelty of this entirely unexpected turn given to the performance. The puzzled *toreros* ran this way and that, for they were more taken aback than the bull. They were used to bulls, but not to a wild motor driven by a mad American. An enraged *banderillero*



"HIS HOOTER GAVE THREE LOUD, DERISIVE TOOTS."

brief madness of rage and desperate fighting had in turn sunk on the sand before the unerring thrust of the great *espada*.

But as the sixth and last bull bounded from the darkness of his pen into the bright arena and stood there a moment bewildered by the light, the circling crowd, and the cheering, a new thing happened. Another door was hastily half opened and then closed again, and through it in that half-second there darted in, not a gaily caparisoned *torero* on horseback, but a very small motor-car with a single occupant. The swiftly whirling wheels were so low, and the whole machine so tiny, that the man, who held a red flag in one hand and the guiding-wheel in the other, seemed almost as exposed as if he had been on a bicycle. As he rushed past the bull his hooter gave three loud, derisive toots, the motor swung swiftly round the centre of the arena, and then came back full speed straight at the astonished beast. A great clamour went up from the no less astonished audience, some shouting "*Fuera, fuera*" ("Out with him"), indignant at this most unheard-of

made a spurt for the car as if actually meaning to plant his barbed darts in the bold charioteer; but avoiding him by a rapid swerve the American left him behind as if he were standing still, and the yells and cheers of the audience changed in a moment into a burst of laughter. It tickled the spectators to see how the skill of the *torero*, trained solely to baffle the bull, had been as skillfully baffled in turn by the adroitness of the intruder. And now again the laughter ceased and the audience held their breath as the little motor, heading for the bull, speeded straight on to what seemed certain destruction. It came close, the red flag shot out at arm's length to the left, the bull charged blindly at the flag, and with the least possible swerve to the right the motor sped triumphantly past, and again swung round in swift obedience to the guiding hand of the American, now safe in the rear of the outmanœuvred bull.

Round the edge of the barrier were being held hasty and excited conferences of the *toreros*. Taken at a disadvantage like this they hardly knew what to do. The laws of

the Spanish bull-ring have come down from antiquity as sacred and as inviolable as those of cricket in England; doubtless there may indeed have been certain variations tolerated in bygone days, such as the use of bulldogs, nay, even of the lasso. But this dreadful intrusion of the motor-car was a thing utterly beyond precedent. What was to be done? It was all very well to say, "Arrest the intruder," but to run in between a motor going thirty miles an hour and a furious bull was like running in between the devil and the deep sea.

But while the *toreros* hesitated, the audience made up its mind. It had been used to seeing six bulls killed, in the regular fashion, once a week from time immemorial, and it had seen five so killed to-day. Now there was offered the novel chance of seeing an up-to-date motor demolished by a bull, and the audience rose to the occasion. Shouts of "*Bravo, motorero; bravo, motorero,*" rent the air. The childish pun in "*motorero*" caught their fancy, and their laughter was as loud as their cheers. The American *motorero* had succeeded in tickling the imagination of the people, and those ten thousand shouts spoke their decision in his

multitude of spectators, and steering for a moment with his left hand he took off his hat and bowed right and left. The cheers were redoubled, and he heard innumerable cries of "*Otra vez! que se repita!*" ("Encore, encore"), while the jesters of the audience encouraged his car with the Madrid cabman's cry of "*Arre, arre!*" ("Gee up!"). Never before in his life had Mr. Elihu P. Hanks performed on the public stage, and the effect on him of these cries was curious. He suddenly was aware that he, by nature the most masterful, self-controlled, and independent of men, was rapidly becoming the mere slave of a crowd. He was conscious of an insane desire to obey—yes, to please them, to do any mortal thing they wanted. Individually he rather despised, or even disliked them—all but one; as a mass, they set alight in his heart a new fire—the love of applause; and he half-hated himself for feeling it.

Round swung the car till it once more headed straight for the bull and at its highest speed. The bull saw it coming, knew his enemy, and with a savage roar charged headlong forward to meet it. Swiftly the gap between them closed up, as the gap might



"THE AMERICAN GAVE HER FULL SPEED AGAIN, AND A DESPERATE RACE ENSUED."

favour. In Spain, above all places, it is a dangerous thing to thwart the fancy of the people, and the much and justly irritated authorities (authorities are always irritated by a change of programme) saw that the people must be allowed to have their way.

As the American swung his "*teuf-teuf*" round in a large circle on the far side of the arena he divined in a flash the new feeling towards him that had come over that great

close between two locomotives encountering on a single rail: but just before the crash came the motor-car slowed up, swerved, and curled away to the left. But the bull, not hampered this time by the flag in his face, turned almost as quickly, and in a moment was galloping right at the tail of the little car. The American, with one hasty glance over his shoulder, gave her full speed again, and a desperate race ensued. For fifty yards

there was nothing in it, and the bull, barely two feet behind, was furiously trying to gore the petrol tank at the rear. The little car was one of those for only two people, where both sit right in front. But inch by inch the car drew away and the American signaled his success by a volley of derisive toot-toot-toots on his hooter. Nearing the barrier the car swerved sharp to the right and the bull dashed past it and almost into a stately but startled municipal guard who, hesitating between his duty as a public official and his extreme disgust at this monstrous irregularity, had ventured inside the barrier. He was absolutely grazed by the unexpected swerve of the car, but a quick leap aside saved him by a hair's breadth, and springing to the barrier he went up it like a lamp-lighter, having had quite enough of the unwonted combination, while the bull, who had suddenly turned after him, roared with disappointed rage as he dashed his horns against the solid wood just below the fugitive.

At this same instant the bull was astonished to find himself spanked from behind with a flag. The American had turned instantly to succour, if need be, the hunted official, and, seeing him already safe, dashed past the bull's heels and flapped him as he went by. A round of cheers greeted the neatness of the trick, which the American acknowledged by another volley of toots; to the bull it seemed as if those toots were the challenge of a rival, and, forgetful of the municipal guard, he sped once more after the motor. For a moment it seemed as if he must catch the audacious *motorero* this time. The motor was running in a circular course close to the barrier, and the bull, who cut straight across and ran on the inner circle, had the advantage of a shorter track, an advantage which practically more than equalized their speeds. Now, now, he was all but up with the motor, which was, as it were, penned between the bull and the barrier, when lo! on went the brake hard, the car stopped within twice its length, the bull shot helplessly past, and the car glided gracefully out behind him into the middle of the arena. The *motorero* had scored again.

Then at last the American ventured to take his eyes from the ring and glance up at the box where he had been sitting half an hour before. The marquesa had risen and come forward and was leaning over the edge of the box. He had interested her. She would not hint again that American millionaires had no nerve. And yet was she pleased?

Was not that look upon her beautiful face one of mere expectancy, as if she were waiting for the real business to begin? Could it mean that she was unsatisfied because the final business of the *espada*, the death of the bull, was lacking? Did she expect him to produce a weapon and thrust home with it to win her favour? If so, he would be no *matador*—she might expect.

But while he thus debated in his own mind other people were active. The *espada* himself in particular was furious at this invasion, and his first wrath had fallen upon the unlucky wight at the gate, on whom he fixed the responsibility of having admitted the stranger and whom he trounced soundly therefor. Now, followed by his whole *cuadrilla*, he sprang into the ring, determined at once to stop the unseemly performance and to take ample vengeance for what he looked on as an insult to himself and his profession. But before he and his men could reach the middle of the arena there was a startling change. Hanks had started off after the bull again and had been waltzing round him in a sort of secure ecstasy. He had now found out exactly how near he could shave a collision without being caught; the car flickered this way and that under his sure touch on the steering-wheel, and the exhibition of his amazing dexterity brought cheer after cheer from the crowd. He had skilfully drawn the bull to the far side of the arena just below where the marquesa sat, and proud of his success glanced up at her once more. But just in front of him there stood one of the sweepers, those humble servants of the arena whose inglorious duty it is to rake smooth the sand and hide the gory traces left by the last victim. Theirs is no fancy gold and velvet costume; they win no plaudits from the excited crowd. They only sweep the floor. The man sprang aside to avoid the car, and in so doing put himself right in the path of the bull.

In a moment the unhappy victim was tossed high in the air, and as he fell the furious animal turned, to gore him through and through as he lay. Hanks heard the stricken man's cry of despair and, whirling his car, took in the situation in a flash. The *toreros*, as he perfectly well understood, had entered the arena after him and not after the bull, and in any case they were too far off to be of any use for a rescue. There was only one thing to be done and he did it. Without an instant's hesitation he headed the car full speed straight at the bull, and this time there was no swerving aside. He had

no sword, no lance in his hand ; but to save the life of the poor *chulo*, imperilled by the American's rash action, he would dare the uttermost. Right headlong into the bull he drove the car full smash, just as the

with the presence of the King of Terrors. Was he not claiming this rash foreigner as his own? One man shook his head, another shrugged his shoulders, as they skilfully raised the senseless form to bear it out of the



"RIGHT HEADLONG INTO THE BULL HE DROVE THE CAR."

terrible horns were within a yard of the prostrate sweeper. There was a terrific thud as they collided. The bull's legs were knocked clean from under him, and his great body crashed heavily down upon the car and its occupant. The farce had ended in a tragedy. The petrol from the burst tank caught fire and a great tongue of flame and smoke went up as from a holocaust.

The *toreros* darted to the spot, eager now not to punish, but to save. Some bore away the unconscious sweeper, others hastened to put the crippled but struggling bull out of his pain with the *puntilla* or dagger before they were able to drag out from under him and from under the burning wreck of the shattered car a piteous figure.

As they disengaged the stricken man with careful swiftness and raised him from the ground, his hanging head and nerveless limbs filled them with dismay. These men had spent their lives in the bull-ring and were familiar

ring. "It is possible," said one to the other ; "he is tough ; he still breathes ; by a miracle he may live. But I do not believe it. Look at his face" ; for indeed the ghastly pallor that overspread it was but too like the ashen hue of death.

The marquesa watching from her box saw it, and the ring of admiring young Madrileños who were gazing at her feared for a moment that her cheek grew paler.

Then she furled her fan languidly.

"I think, on the whole," she said, "that the old fashions please me best. They are more artistic."

Yet some people ventured to doubt the marquesa's artistic taste when, three months later, she petrified society by giving her hand to a bridegroom with a cork leg ; but the disappointed gallants finally consoled themselves by swearing that she did it for the honour of Spain, for no one could doubt that it needed more daring to marry a mad Americano than even to take a motor into the bull-ring.

ROUND THE LONDON RESTAURANTS.

By W. J. WINTLE.

Illustrated by WILL OWEN.



Nation newspaper of New York ventured thirty years ago upon the statement: "There are no restaurants in England. There are one or two eating-houses in London which have

the air of restaurants, until a fair trial shows the hollowness of their pretensions. There is no nation in Europe where there is so much bad cookery and so little good as in England." If this were ever true—and the writer apparently held a brief for a famous American house—thirty years have made a change, and to-day the catering of London has no need to fear comparison with that of any city in the world.

To estimate the number of establishments devoted to the replenishment of the outer man is a bewildering task indeed. The



ROMANO'S.

London Directory gives a list of 414 refreshment-rooms, 762 dining-rooms, and 1712 coffee-houses, making a total of 2888 eating-houses, without including the great host of

hotels and public-houses. Allowing each of these establishments two hundred customers a day—a very moderate estimate—we find ourselves faced with the startling total of nearly 600,000 meals a day supplied by the London caterers. That this estimate is but a fraction of the reality there is abundant evidence.

The houses are as varied as they are numerous. Between the turtle soup of

Romano's and the humble kipper of Shadwell are many stages and degrees of culinary excellence, or its reverse. A hungry man may lounge in marble halls and dine to the



IN SHADWELL.

tune of high-class music and a five pound note, or he may wedge himself between the table and the straight high-backed partition of a coffee-house in Pentonville, and feast his eyes upon a flaming placard bearing the equivocal inscription, "Dine here once, and you'll never dine anywhere else." If his purse be a long one he may relieve its weight at any of the restaurants in Regent Street or Piccadilly; if he suffer from the *res angusta domi* he may test the qualities of Harris's sausages or Lockhart's cocoa. But if he has any pretensions to a working knowledge of the great metropolis he will wend his way to Soho and take his place at a modest *table d'hôte*, where for a shilling he will get five courses admirably served and plentiful in quantity. It is a pleasant little place, is the *Restaurant aux Bons Frères*—though that is not its real name—and the company remind one of the Latin Quarter as they chat with Madame, who presides behind the tiny bar, while Monsieur

waits upon his patrons. But I must not give away its real name, for I sometimes go there myself, and have no wish to see the "Good Brothers" crowded out by the inrush of a London multitude.

How London feeds is a problem wreathed in mystery. The attempt to solve it ends in desperation and brings one to the state of mind to which I reduced a caterer by the single question, "What is a Vienna steak?" When he recovered from the shock he piously replied, "Heaven only knows." One cannot measure up the sea, but one may deal with samples of it, and so the catering of London may be dealt with in departments.

Resolving to make a good beginning, I called on Messrs. Buszard of Oxford Street,



OUTSIDE BUSZARD'S.

and was soon deep in conversation with their genial representative Mr. Ansell. The air was redolent of cake. Stacks upon stacks of bridecakes stood around us piled upon shelves from floor to ceiling. Some were disguised in wondrous robes of gleaming sugar, others were simply coated with thick layers of almond icing, and some were still *in puris naturalibus*. They were of all sizes, though uniform in shape, and ranged in price from 13s. 6d. to infinity. Towering in the midst stood a replica of Princess Beatrice's wedding cake. Built in tiers and weighing half a ton, it was a perfect marvel of confectionery. Passion-flowers formed the staple decoration, and the leaves,

which numbered several thousands, were each one carved from solid sugar. The monograms and heraldic designs, all wrought in many-coloured sugar, bore witness to the fact that genuine artists had employed their skill upon them. Hard by were several assistants busily packing pieces of bridecake in the familiar three-cornered boxes. In answer to a question Mr. Ansell said, "No, we never have complaints of the cake disappearing in the post. Our method is very simple; we cut a slice that will fill the box and so make a solid parcel. Now most people put a morsel in a large empty box, tie a piece of ribbon round it, and then consign it to the post. Of course the box breaks beneath the stamping process, the fragment escapes, and the disappointed recipient talks about the dishonesty of postmen. The trouble is entirely due to the carelessness of the public. I may add that we have sent pieces of bridecake to all the Courts of Europe. The custom shows no sign of becoming obsolete in exalted circles."

Upstairs we found the large refreshment saloon, a place much frequented by lovers of turtle soup. Many come solely to taste the dish beloved of aldermen. Occasionally a novice is disappointed, and once in a way remarks have been overheard about "such a confounded lot of beastly fat," much to the amusement and contempt of the initiated. The soup here is made exclusively from fresh turtle, the dried article being strictly tabooed, and as a consequence it is greatly in demand for city banquets. Notwithstanding the reputation for solid feasting which attaches to these occasions the caterers find but little call for substantial old English fare. Light made dishes and entrées have displaced the time-honoured joints, and men eat less than did their fathers.

Descending to the public department we found a vast assortment of sweet things on every side. Piles of chocolates of many flavours, forty kinds of *petits fours*, rout biscuits in endless variety, crystallised fruits and flowers, ices designed to closely mimic fruits and vegetables, and cakes without number were spread before us, mingled with side dishes of every kind. There is a busy scene here at eight o'clock on week-day mornings. Sometimes as many as 200 children and poor folk attend for the purpose of buying yesterday's pastry and the odds and ends of dainty food for trifling sums.

De haut en bas. It is a long stride from Buszard and turtle soup to Pearce and Plenty, though the distance is not great from

Oxford Street to Farringdon Road. Here I found Mr. John Pearce, the managing director of Pearce's Refreshment Rooms, Limited, and of the British Tea-Table Company.



THE BEGINNING OF "PEARCE AND PLENTY."

Sitting in the board-room, surrounded by framed photographs of the forty-six houses under his control, Mr. Pearce was very willing to chat about his remarkable career.

"You see," he said, "I went to work when I was nine years old, through the loss of both my parents, and I have had to work hard all my life. In 1866 I started with a coffee-stall at the corner of East Road and the City Road, and for thirteen years I was there every week-day morning at four o'clock. I always had a notion of trying to attract the working classes, so I called my stall 'The Gutter Hotel,' and the name caught on famously. You see I keep a drawing of the concern hung up in my office to remind me of the pit from whence I was digged. Well, by being very careful I managed to save a little money, and in 1879 I opened a shop in Aldersgate Street, but moved in 1882 to Farringdon Street, where I started the big place with the two bent mirrors in front, to show the public how they looked before and after trying my beef-steak puddings.

"I ran this place myself for four years, and supplied 6000 meals a day, so I fancy I know a little about how the working-classes feed. But in 1886 a few wealthy gentlemen,

who were interested in the experiment, formed a company, and now we have twenty-two houses, while the British Tea-Table Company, which is an outgrowth of Pearce's Refreshment Rooms, Limited, and is under the same management, has twenty-four houses, making a total of forty-six establishments. Fourteen of these have temperance hotels connected with them.

"In Pearce's Refreshment Rooms we supply 50,000 persons every day, consisting almost entirely of workmen. You will be interested to know that my experience proves that they live up to their income. Here is a curious fact. If you show me our takings for any day, I can at once tell the day of the week. On Monday we get plenty of large silver, but it gradually dwindles from day to day, until on Friday we take more half-pence than anything else. Monday is our worst day, because so many of the men bring cold meat with them to their work, but the next worst day is Friday, when we find a great demand for haddocks and eggs. I used to put this down to religion, for many of our customers are Irish Catholics, until I noticed that the men who have such a light dinner on Friday often come back in the evening after paytime and indulge in a good square meal. So it is evidently more poverty than piety.

"In our class of business we find no falling off in the demand for solid food. The



THE COMIC MIRRORS.

working-man likes to know what he is eating. Though our sausages are home-made and thoroughly genuine, we have comparatively little call for them. Our customers prefer

to see their dinner cut from the joint. We make a speciality of beef-steak puddings, of which we sell an enormous number during the year. We give our customers half a pound of thoroughly good beef and a well-made crust for fourpence, and if you were to try one you would find it filling at the price. When I first commenced in a shop the largest of the three urns was kept for coffee, but now we find that tea is the favourite beverage, probably because, owing to its greater cheapness, we are able to supply a better article. The demand for cocoa has also largely increased of late years. You will notice that we only use Fry's Concentrated Cocoa, and at first our customers thought it was poor stuff because the spoon would not stand up in it, but they have learnt better now.

"Of course the weather makes a great difference in such a business as ours. A fall in the temperature means a rise of twenty-five per cent. in the sale of bread and butter. So much is this the case that we take careful note of the temperature every morning, and regulate our supplies accordingly. Our annual output is scarcely credible. The weight of beef, mutton, pork and veal consumed by Pearce's Refreshment Rooms during the course of a year would equal the weights of a drove of oxen numbering 995, a flock of sheep numbering 1002, a herd of pigs numbering 1415, and 121 calves. Here are some more startling figures for the year. We consume 990 tons of potatoes and 902 tons of flour. The eggs total up to 1,870,000, and as we sell them slightly under cost price, taking the year as a whole, this represents a very considerable loss in our annual accounts. We use 99,000 gallons of milk, 13½ tons of cocoa, 58,300 pounds of tea, and 385,000 pounds of sugar, while we get through 110 tons of jam, 2½ tons of pepper, 4½ tons of mustard, and 2640 gallons of vinegar. As a small offset against the profit of all this I may mention that we break 30,060 cups, 27,432 plates, and 12,648 saucers every year. You will bear in mind that these figures refer to Pearce's Refreshment Rooms only, and do not include the British Tea-Table establishments.

"As to order, we rarely have any trouble with the genuine working-man. When difficulty occurs it is usually with someone who fancies himself a little superior to the ordinary run of the community."

"And now, Mr. Pearce, will you tell the readers of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE something about the British Tea-Table Company?"

"Yes; that was started in September 1892 in order to cater for young City clerks and others who, while requiring something superior to the arrangements of 'Pearce and Plenty,' yet found themselves unable to pay high prices. We have now twenty-four houses, and supply 15,000 meals every day. The catering is distinctly lighter than in the other establishments. Eggs on toast, ham, and salad, are most in demand during the summer, while in winter we do a brisk trade in soup, chops and steaks.

"Most of our cooking for both companies is done at Farringdon Road, where we keep forty bakers hard at work. Our total staff numbers over 800, and I am proud to say, from close personal observation, that there are not two idle ones amongst them. We try to treat them well, and they repay us by faithful service. On an average we have twelve fresh applicants for positions as waitresses every day, most of them from domestic service, and I should like to take this opportunity of saying to the public, as the result of a long experience with young women of this class, that the one great reason why they so often neglect their work and finally go to the bad is that their lives are spent in practical slavery. If they had

more time for themselves they would devote far more energy to their employers' service.

"One other fact may be of interest," Mr. Pearce added in parting, "we take all our employes to Ramsgate for a day in July,

and the whole of the funds are provided by the sale of our kitchen refuse, grease, bones, and the rest. There is a lesson in domestic economy for you!"



From the heat and bustle of the crowded establishment in Farringdon Road it was a decided change to find myself in the spacious coolness of Olympia. The afternoon performance had commenced in the arena, and the long arched corridors and the gaily-decorated gardens were well-nigh deserted.

Outside, in the crystal walk, many thousands of cut-glass lustres kept up a musical tinkling as they were stirred by the breeze, and in the lofty grill-room the many waiters were enjoying a welcome rest after the exertions of the luncheon hour.

Here I found Mr. Isidore Salmon, the enterprising secretary of Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., whose great reputation for popular catering in London seems to have sprung up in a single night. Every *habitué* of the London streets is familiar by this time with the graceful arrangement in white and gold which distinguishes the restaurants of the firm. Though fifteen years old in the provinces, they have only appeared in London during the present decade, yet already the refreshment houses number seventeen, in addition to Olympia and the Trocadero.

Mr. Salmon had some interesting figures ready to hand. It was in the height of summer when our talk took place, and at that time the daily consumption of strawberries reached 900 lbs., while 3000 lemons were converted into squash and 500 quarts of ices were disposed of every day. One may call to mind in passing that no part of the business of a caterer yields a more surprising profit than does this. A recent case in the courts showed that a profit of from 200 to 300 per cent. can easily be made from ice cream and ginger beer. To return to Messrs. Lyons, they very justly pride themselves upon the vast resources which enable them to undertake, at short notice, feats of catering which are fairly astonishing. Last year they arranged practically all the great balls in connection with the University of Cambridge. At Trinity College they actually built a bridge across the river for the convenience of the 5000 guests, while at the opening of the Imperial Institute at South Kensington they catered for 25,000 guests at a bar 500 feet in length, and served by 400 waitresses. At Olympia they are able to boast that they cater for the public at lower rates than is the case at any other high-class place of entertainment in the country.

Three times a day the various refreshment houses are supplied with goods from the bakeries at Cadby Hall, Kensington, notably with the far-famed batons of bread which are regularly used by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. For private catering the firm possess an immense stock of silver and other goods, and are prepared at a few days' notice to undertake anything, from serving light refreshments at a small reception to carrying out the enormous pre-

parations for a Lord Mayor's banquet. They have indeed performed the latter feat with great *éclat* on the last two occasions.

Reminding Mr. Salmon of this, he at once produced a large folio volume of statistics and plans, from which the entire romance of the great civic festivity, from its inception to its triumphant consummation, might be compiled. Selecting only a few of the many startling figures, it may be noted that on the last occasion the thousand guests consumed 100 gallons of turtle soup, 500 lobsters, 120 turkeys, 200 partridges, 100 pheasants, 300 plovers, 200 chickens, and 20 hams. 700 calves' feet were used for jelly, 2400 ices were in readiness, 350 lbs. of grapes were consumed, and 250 dozen of choice wines proved not greatly in excess of the demand. The service required 15,000 plates, 10,000 silver forks, 9000 knives, and

6500 glasses, while the tables were decorated with 3000 yards of smilax, besides countless roses and lilies.

Once more the scene changes. Not very far from the Guildhall, where the civic banquet takes place, stands a

modest restaurant with windows filled with fruits and pulse, and near the door a conspicuous inscription, "Three courses for sixpence." This is

one of the vegetarian restaurants, of which there are now thirty in London, supplying 20,000 luncheons daily. As the oldest of them started only fifteen years ago it is evident that the kind of diet they provide has largely grown in popularity. From conversations with the managers I learn that this is not due to any very widespread acceptance of vegetarian principles, but simply to a preference for light and economical luncheons, the heavier meal being taken in the evening. When the vast number of suburban residents who spend their days in City houses is taken into account, it is evident that the luncheon

3 COURSES 6^d
VEGETARIAN DUCK



question is one of no small importance and magnitude. The fact that a satisfying if not very stimulating meal can be obtained



AT SLATER'S.

for a trifling sum is necessarily a recommendation to those who have to watch closely their expenditure.

At one of these establishments I tried the experiment, and received in return for sixpence a plate of oatmeal porridge, a savoury omelette with green peas, and a portion of raspberry jelly with two slices of tinned pineapple. Yet somehow, after one of these meals, a man never quite feels that he has dined, and we are not surprised to learn that twelve out of the thirty vegetarian restaurants have found it advisable to set apart a room in which those who look back with sighing to the flesh-pots of Egypt may solace their backsliding appetites. The general experience seems to be that customers attend regularly for about a fortnight, and then relapse for awhile, and that the favourite dishes are those which are most disguised to resemble meat, as for example, Vienna steaks, vegetarian ducks, and food reform turkeys. But it is some consolation to know that there is a profit of considerably over a 100 per cent. on vegetarian catering.

In St. Martin's Lane stands a restaurant called St. George's House, mainly frequented by officials from the Government and County Council offices, which offers a kind of half-way house between the two extremes of diet.

Neither fish, flesh nor fowl can be obtained, and yet the bill of fare differs widely from that of the vegetarian restaurant. Egg cookery and Italian dishes are the speciality here, and the coffee claims to be the best in London. It is made on the Vienna system, and a well-known Austrian count may be seen here any morning sipping his favourite beverage. The courteous proprietor, Mr. Hodges, claims that the customers who crowd the house to inconvenience at midday are brought together solely by the lightness of the food and the excellence of the *cuisine*, while certain dishes of tropical origin and fiery character attract a good many Anglo-Indians. In Lent especially the tables are well filled.

We have but space to mention the Cyprus restaurants, now becoming better known as Slater's. Started seventeen years ago by Mr. W. Kirkland, who still manages them with great success, the four City houses now provide 2000 luncheons daily. Each seat is filled six times between 1 and 3 p.m., showing that City men do not linger long over their meals. The houses are conducted on strictly temperance lines, and the manager announces

with gratification that the sale of non-intoxicating beverages has increased three-fold during the past ten years.

We have been the round, and our task is ended. If anything more than another will help the problematical New Zealander to appreciate the vast population which



THE NEW ZEALAND EXPLORER.

once filled the City upon whose ruins he will gaze, it will surely be the great collections of cups and saucers, plates and dishes, knives and forks, *et hoc genus omne*, which he will dig up from the crumbling remains of the erstwhile busy restaurants of London.

Animal Actualities.

NOTE.—These articles consist of a series of perfectly authentic anecdotes of animal life, illustrated by Mr. J. A. Shepherd, an artist long a favourite with readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. While the stories themselves are matters of fact, it must be understood that the artist treats the subject with freedom and fancy, more with a view to an amusing commentary than to a mere representation of the occurrence.

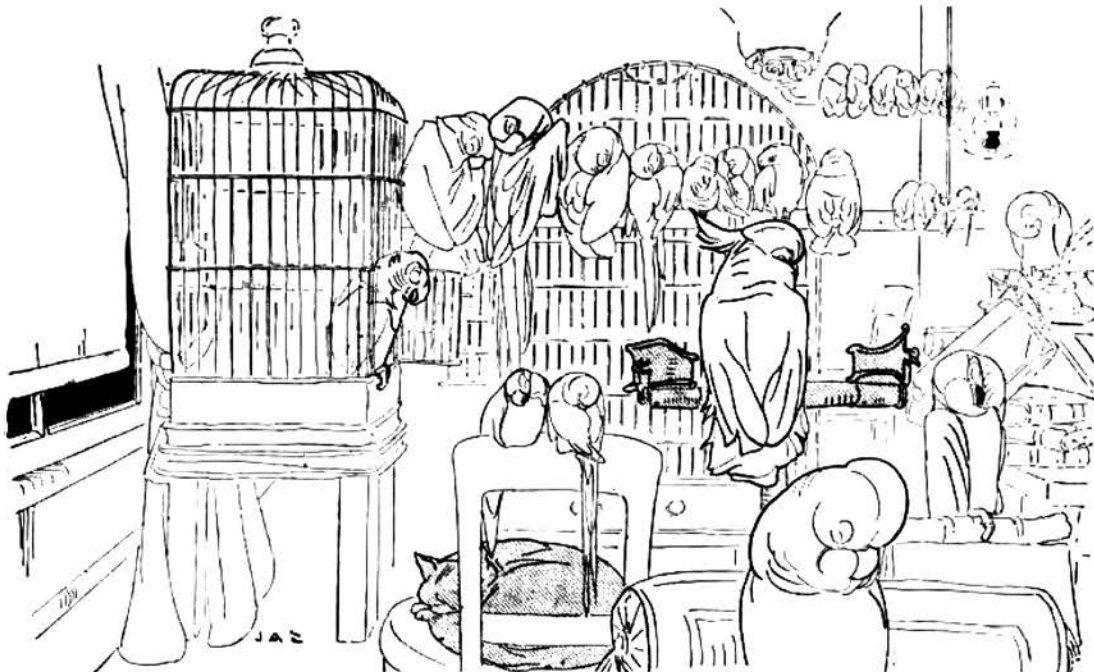
XVII.



MISS EDITH HAWTHORN, a very well-known bird lover, has a cockatoo which once upon a time distinguished itself brilliantly in police duty, and repelled single-handed—if one may say so when the bird

used both claws and a beak—the attack of a burglar; more, the gallant bird arrested and kept prisoner as much of the criminal as he could manage to detain—that is to say, a good large piece of his ear.

“Cuckoo” was the cockatoo’s name, and



THE BIRD-ROOM.



THE ATTACK.

he lived, mostly, in Miss Hawthorn's bird-room—a sitting-room on the third floor, containing an aviary and several cages—all left wide open—certain perches, and many birds; parrots, love-birds, and various others, as well as "Cuckoo" himself.

It chanced on a gloomy November day, just before six at the beginning of a dark evening, that the enterprising housebreaker

made his attack on Miss Hawthorn's house, choosing, such was his ill-luck, the bird-room as a convenient place wherein to start business. He came silently in at a window, when the house was quiet, and when the birds were all composing themselves for a pleasant sleep. Mrs. Midge, also, the bird-room cat, was taking her repose among the many birds, against not one of whom had



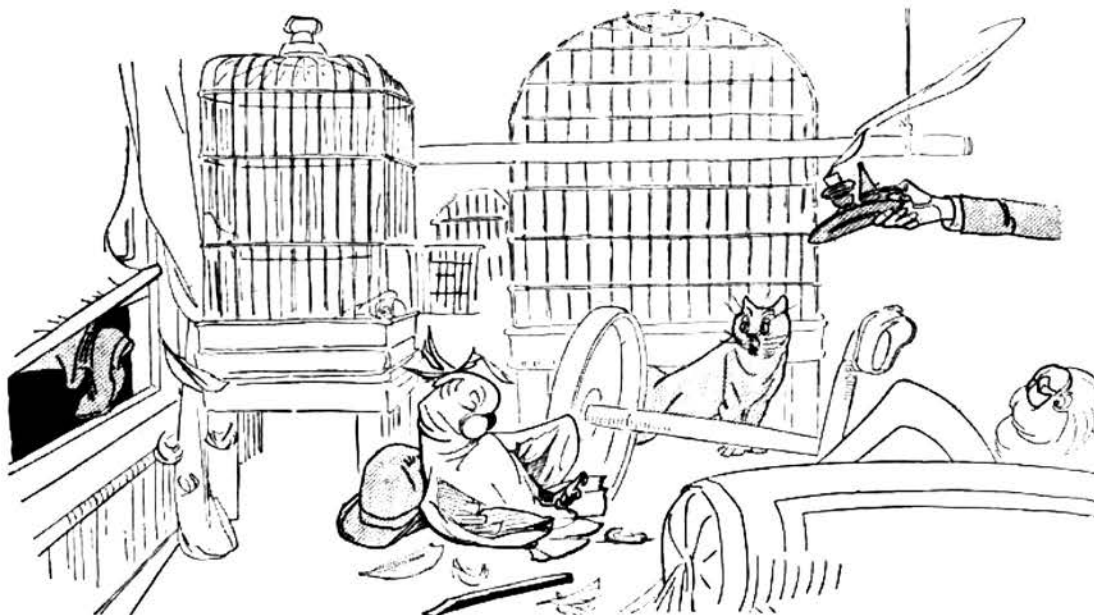
THE ALARM.



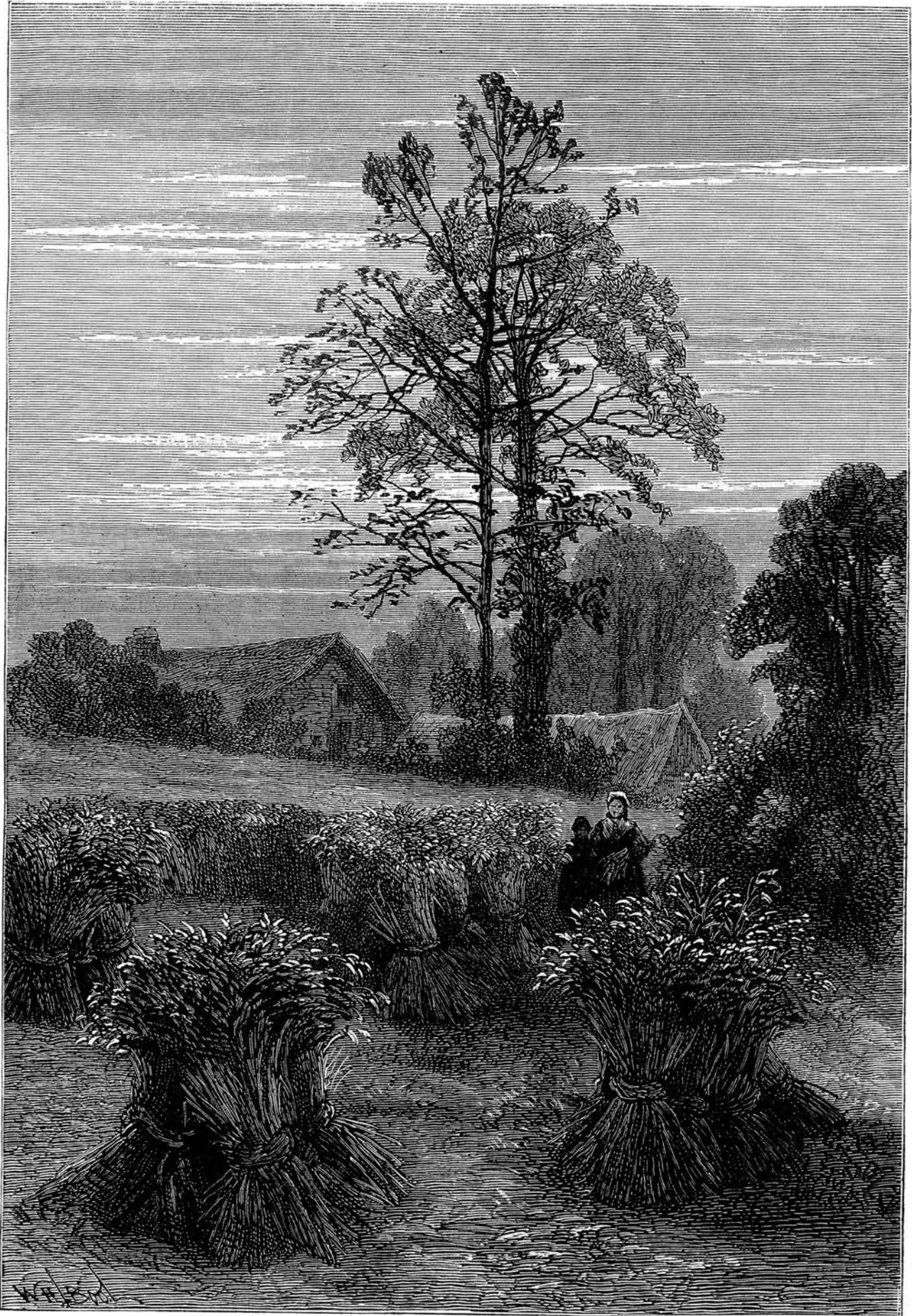
THE BATTLE.

she ever lifted the paw of anger. At the sound of the intruder, however, every head was raised, every eye was opened, and every feather stood on end. The next instant Mrs. Midge had sought refuge under the sofa, and every bird had crammed itself into what corner it could; all except "Cuckoo," who met the foe right stoutly, pecked and clawed, and buffeted like twenty fiends incarnate in one cockatoo. The burglar fought also, though it is something of a surprise for

any burglar of quiet habits to find himself suddenly attacked in the dark by such an amazing Thing as was clawing at him now. But "Cuckoo" triumphed, and when the noise brought help he was found, exhausted and bloodstained, but victorious, in a disordered room, with the piece of burglarious ear already mentioned and several locks of grey hair as trophies of his hard-fought battle. And that is why they call "Cuckoo" the Policeman.



THE VICTOR.



Chatterbox, 1875

Autumn. By W. H. Boot.



CONDUCTED BY LAURA LATHROP.

HOME COOKERY.

AS the days of chill November creep along, the busy housewife, ever on the alert, thinks of the coming anniversary, our national Thanksgiving; and recognizing all the causes for thankfulness enumerated in the presidential proclamation — her own heart, meanwhile, glowing with gratitude and pleasure as she thinks of the coming re-union of dear friends, remote and near — bestirs herself to provide betimes the necessary good cheer, which shall form one means of expressing that gratitude.

Allowing her the traditional bill of fare, as established by our New England ancestors, and without which no Thanksgiving feast would be deemed worthy the name, we give one containing all the regulation requisites, but formulated with more latitude than would have accorded with the rigorous customs of our Puritan forefathers.

THANKSGIVING DAY MENU.

- Raw Oysters on the Half Shell.*
- Cream Soup.*
- Boiled Fish, Egg Sauce. Boiled Potatoes.*
- Roast Turkey, Brown Sauce.*
Cranberry Jelly.
- Baked Sweet Potatoes.*
Whipped White Potatoes.
- Mashed Turnips. Beets.*
- Scalloped Chicken.*
- Celery. Cheese.*
- Mince Pie. Pumpkin Pie.*
- Orange Pudding. Almond Cake.*
- Fruit. Nuts. Raisins.*
Coffee.

RAW OYSTERS. — Raw oysters are nice served on the half shell, previously cleaned to a nicety, or on little shell-shaped majolica plates for the purpose. These brighten the table wonderfully.

CREAM SOUP. — Take a quart of either good mutton or veal stock, cut an onion in quarters, slice three potatoes very thin, and put them into the stock with a small piece of mace. Boil gently for an hour, then pass through the strainer. Add a pint of rich milk (half milk and half cream) with enough corn starch added to make the soup almost as thick as cream. Add a piece of nice, fresh butter, and just before serving, a little finely chopped parsley.

EGG SAUCE. — Egg sauce is simply drawn butter (butter, flour, water, salt, and pepper, boiled together) with a few hard-boiled eggs cut up and added, after removing from the fire.

BOILED POTATOES. — Small boiled potatoes, peeled, dropped into hot lard to brown quickly, and drained.

BROWN SAUCE. — The gravy should be strained, returned to the fire, and thickened with nicely browned flour. Add finely chopped giblets, previously boiled tender in salted water.

BAKED SWEET POTATOES. — Sweet potatoes are much nicer to be steamed until they can be penetrated with a silver fork, then browned for fifteen minutes in a quick oven.

WHIPPED POTATOES. — Peel, quarter, and boil, until tender, in salted water. Beat until light and creamy; then, with a heavy fork, whip in a large spoonful of melted butter and enough hot milk to soften to the desired consistency. Pile lightly on a dish, and place in oven to keep hot. If lightly browned, it makes a very pretty dish.

BEETS. — Boil nice red beets until tender; scrape off the skins, chop quite fine, and pour over them a tablespoonful of melted butter. Add vinegar, salt and pepper to the taste, and serve hot.

SCALLOPED CHICKEN. — For one cold boiled chicken, use one egg, beaten light, one cup cracker crumbs, half a cup drawn butter, pepper and salt. Mince the chicken fine, re-

moving all bits of bone; stir in the egg and seasoning, and then beat the chicken into the hot drawn butter. Fill an earthen baking dish with this mixture, cover with the cracker crumbs; pour half a cup of cream or very rich milk over the top; dot with bits of butter, and brown lightly in the oven.

CELERY AND CHEESE. — Celery is now passed with dishes of grated cheese, into which the celery is dipped while being eaten. In England, this forms the last course at dinner.

ORANGE PUDDING. — One pint of milk, nine eggs, nine oranges, half a cupful of nice butter, one large cupful of granulated sugar, three heaping tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and a tablespoonful of ground rice. Mix the ground rice with a little of the cold milk, heat the remainder to the boiling point, stir in the moistened rice, and continue stirring for five minutes; add the butter, stirring it in well, and set aside to cool. Beat together the granulated sugar, the yolks of nine eggs and whites of five; squeeze the juice of the oranges into this, add the cooked mixture, and pour the whole into a pudding dish holding about three quarts, and previously lined with a nice paste. Bake forty minutes in a moderate oven. Beat the whites of the four eggs to a stiff froth, and then beat in, slowly, the powdered sugar. Cover the pudding with this, place in the oven for about ten minutes to cook, being careful to leave the oven door open. It should be very cold when served.

ALMOND CAKE. — Two cups sugar, three-fourths of a cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour and one cup of corn starch mixed together, whites of six eggs, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar in the flour, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved and added to the milk. Cream the butter and sugar by beating well together, add the milk gradually, then the stiffly beaten whites of eggs, and gradually the mixture of flour, corn starch and cream tartar, all having been passed through a sieve together. Bake in jelly tins. *Filling.* — Take two pounds of almonds, blanch and pound fine in a mortar, or beat fine in a stout cloth; beat whites and yolks of two eggs together lightly, add a cup and a half of powdered sugar, then the almonds with one teaspoonful of vanilla. This is a delicious cake. Shelled almonds are more

economical for use in cakes. One pound of unshelled almonds makes only six and one-half ounces, or one coffee-cupful when shelled, while the shelled are generally only double the price per pound, and sometimes not that.

GARNISH. Before using parsley as a garnish for meats, place in ice water for a while, then dip quickly in and out of very hot lard, when it will be found

“As crisp as glass,
And green as grass.”

Seasonable Hints.

BEFORE the ground is frozen for the winter, everything about the home, both inside and out, should have most careful attention. Whatever repairing needs to be done, should be done at once; all rubbish of every description should be cleared away, so that untidiness may not be added to the bleakness of winter. Now is the time to cover with coarse litter or straw the beautiful pansy beds, which are still green in spite of frost and straying snowflakes. Let the half hardy roses and other plants of the same class be well cared for.

In the general clearing up the cellar must not be forgotten. Whatever collects dirt or breeds offensive odors, should be removed, for the air of the cellar penetrates the whole house, sometimes quite noticeably, as one may perceive in the shaking of draperies, the removal of carpets, etc.

Let the little ones at this season be warmly clad, their little feet enveloped in good, warm hose to prevent frost-bitten toes, and sent out into the bracing November air to grow rosy and strong with healthful exercise, and to become gradually accustomed to the now rapidly changing atmosphere.

In looking over the supply of warm and comfortable clothing, that which is outgrown or a trifle overworn should not be left as food for the moths, but given to some less favored creature than yourself, some poor, pinched child of adversity. For “the poor have we always with us.” Amid all our busy cares, let us not forget to be charitable.





THE BIRDS' FAREWELL.

BY O. HERFORD.

OUR DEAR LITTLE MAID:

We must bid you good-bye,
For November is here, and it's time we should fly
To the South, where we have an engagement to
sing.

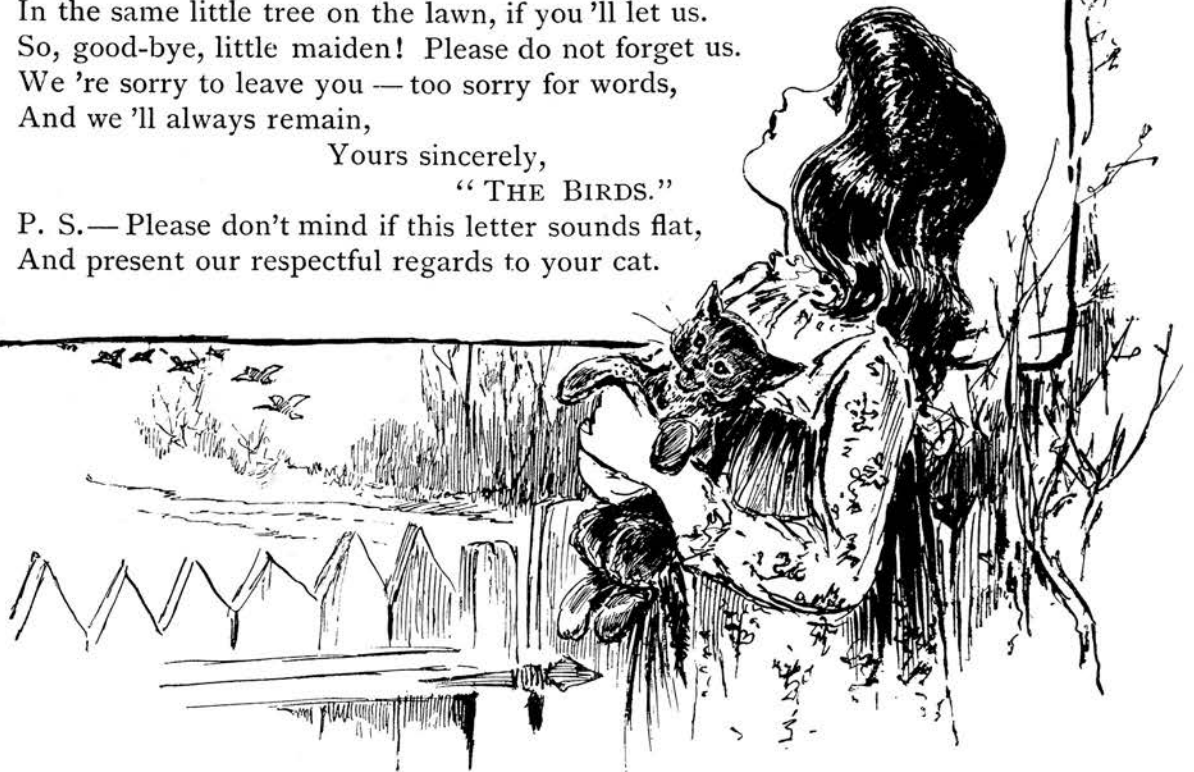
But remember this, dear, we'll return in the spring.

And if, while abroad, we hear anything new,
We'll learn it, and sing it next summer to you
In the same little tree on the lawn, if you'll let us.
So, good-bye, little maiden! Please do not forget us.
We're sorry to leave you — too sorry for words,
And we'll always remain,

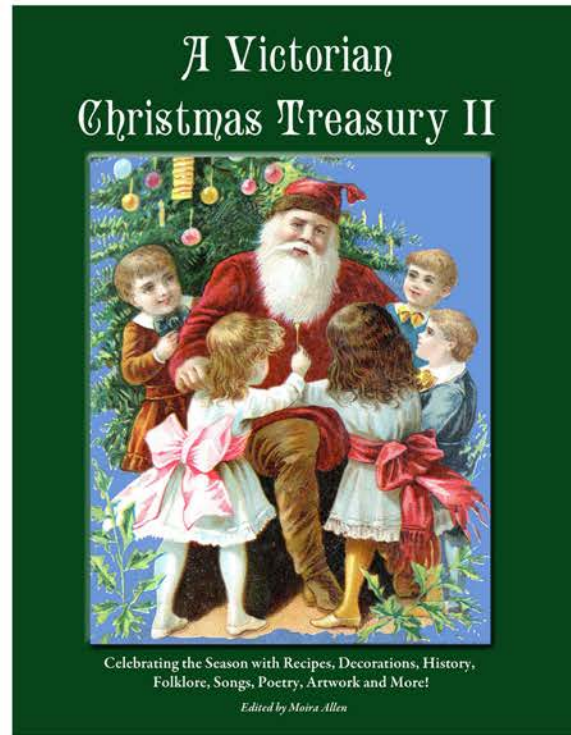
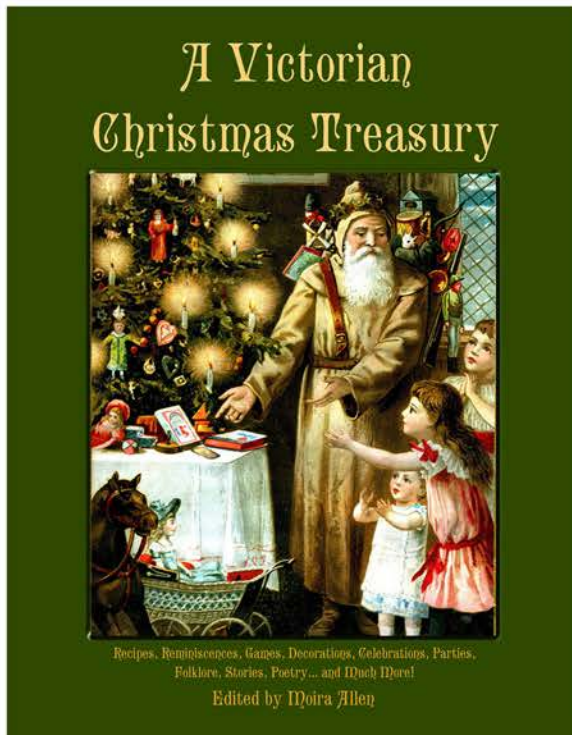
Yours sincerely,

"THE BIRDS."

P. S. — Please don't mind if this letter sounds flat,
And present our respectful regards to your cat.



We Wish You a Victorian Christmas...



A festive tree... sparkling baubles... the holly and the ivy... glowing candles and firelight... cards and greetings from those we love... So many of the things we love best about Christmas, from Jolly Old St. Nick to Ebenezer Scrooge, come to us from Victorian days!

Now you can bring an authentic Victorian touch to your holiday celebrations with *A Victorian Christmas Treasury* and *A Victorian Christmas Treasury II*. Discover mouth-watering recipes, unique ways to decorate your home, “new” Christmas carols, and delightful parlor games. Host the perfect Victorian holiday tea! Enjoy tales of holiday celebrations from the blizzards of the American prairie to the blistering sun of the Australian colonies. Plus, discover Christmas as depicted by the wonderful artists of the Victorian world - visions guaranteed to put you in the holiday spirit!

These beautiful collections take you inside the Victorian home and around the world. If you love Christmas, you'll love our *Victorian Christmas Treasures* - so make them a part of your holiday traditions today! (They make great gifts, too.)

Find out more at:
[VictorianVoices.net/
books/Christmas.shtml](http://VictorianVoices.net/books/Christmas.shtml)

Available from Amazon

