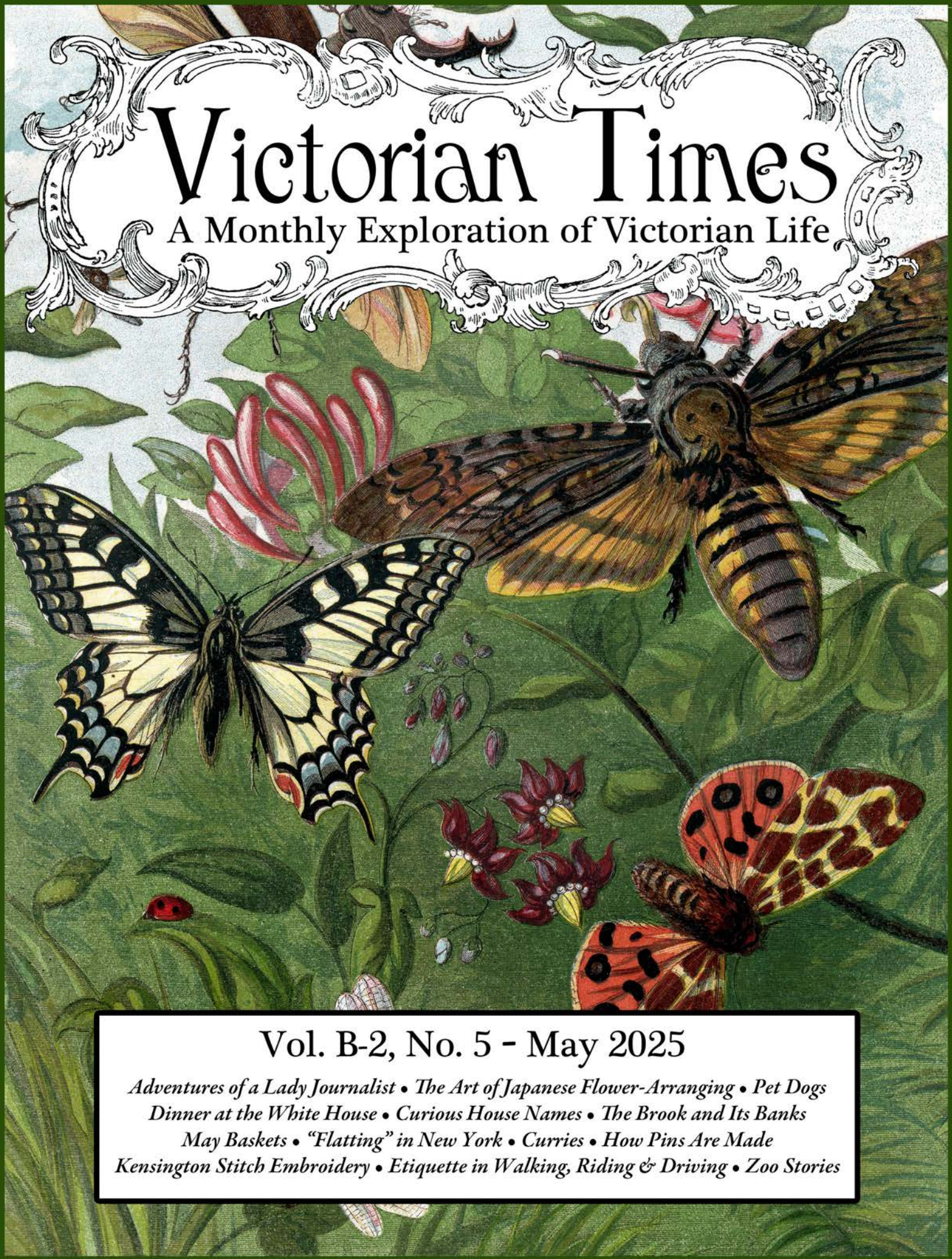

Victorian Times

A Monthly Exploration of Victorian Life

Vol. B-2, No. 5 - May 2025

Adventures of a Lady Journalist • *The Art of Japanese Flower-Arranging* • *Pet Dogs*
Dinner at the White House • *Curious House Names* • *The Brook and Its Banks*
May Baskets • *"Flatting" in New York* • *Curries* • *How Pins Are Made*
Kensington Stitch Embroidery • *Etiquette in Walking, Riding & Driving* • *Zoo Stories*

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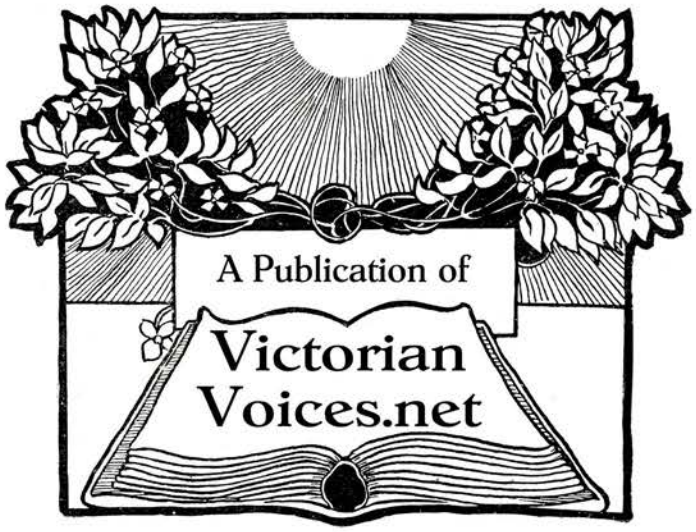
edited by Moira Allen



Print Edition Independently Published
Print Edition ISBN 9798319485069

Cover Image: Print from *The Illustrated London Almanack,* 1860.

www.victorianvoices.net • editors@victorianvoices.net

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Be Careful Out There!

As I began work on my forthcoming book, *How to Survive in Victorian Britain* (plug, plug!), I often needed to search online for a quick answer or fact-check. Until this point, I hadn't browsed the multitude of blogs and websites purporting to be about "Victoriana" or "Victorian Life"—and what I found out there is a bit horrifying. Why? Because so much of it is just plain *wrong*.

A still bigger problem is the endless repetition of inaccurate information, through dozens of blogs that simply copy what they found on some *other* blog. So, if a blogger wants to write about, say, Victorian Christmas traditions, she simply searches for other blogs on the topic, and repeats what she reads there. The next blogger goes to *this* blogger's site, and so on, and so on. It's like reading a chain letter—be sure to pass this on to ten friends or no one will read your blog! It's impossible to tell where the misinformation starts, and it never ends.

One example is Victorian postmortem photos—photographs taken of people after they died. Lots of people like to post on this topic because of its shock value—ooh, look, creepy photos of dead people! Many of these blogs post photos of people who are, in fact, alive (at least when the photo was taken) and *claim* that they're dead, mainly because a bunch of other blogs said so. Fortunately, several sites do a good job debunking this—see https://rarehistoricalphotos.com/debunking-postmortem-photographs/ as an example.

How can you tell if a blog is presenting inaccurate information? One clue is when you come across, say, five different blogs that say exactly the same thing in *exactly the same words.* Leaving aside the issue of plagiarism, this indicates that the bloggers aren't doing any independent research or even writing; they're just repeating what someone else said. The more often you see something phrased in the same way, the more likely it is to be false.

Another clue is the question of *references.* Does a blogger cite sources? There are many truly excellent blogs and websites that provide detailed, accurate information about the Victorian era—and they tell you where it came from. They don't make claims that can't be supported.

A good way to double-check information is to cross-check it against Wikipedia. Wikipedia isn't perfect, but it *does* have standards in place regarding referencing source material. Wikipedia is also more likely to give you the *whole* story, where, quite often, a blog will misrepresent something by telling only *part* of the story.

Today, when you search on Google, chances are that Google's AI function will pop up with an answer. This can be tremendously helpful when you're looking for an answer to a quick and easy question, like "when was the first ice cream freezer invented?" (1843—though that was actually when it was *patented*.) For more complex questions, however, Google's AI will pull together a summary based on the most *frequently* published information on the web—so if fifteen blogs repeat the same misinformation in the same language, that's what the AI is going to give you. Fortunately, it also provides a list of links from which it derived its response, enabling you to check to see whether the sources are reputable or just a bunch of rip-off blogs.

If you're reading this magazine, chances are you have an interest in the Victorian era, and may seek more information about how Victorians lived, what they did, what they thought, and what happened in their era. Lots of bloggers promise to give you this information, but not all of them go that extra mile and check their facts. That leaves it up to us to figure out what's true and what isn't—and it isn't always easy. So if you're researching the Victorian era online… be careful out there!

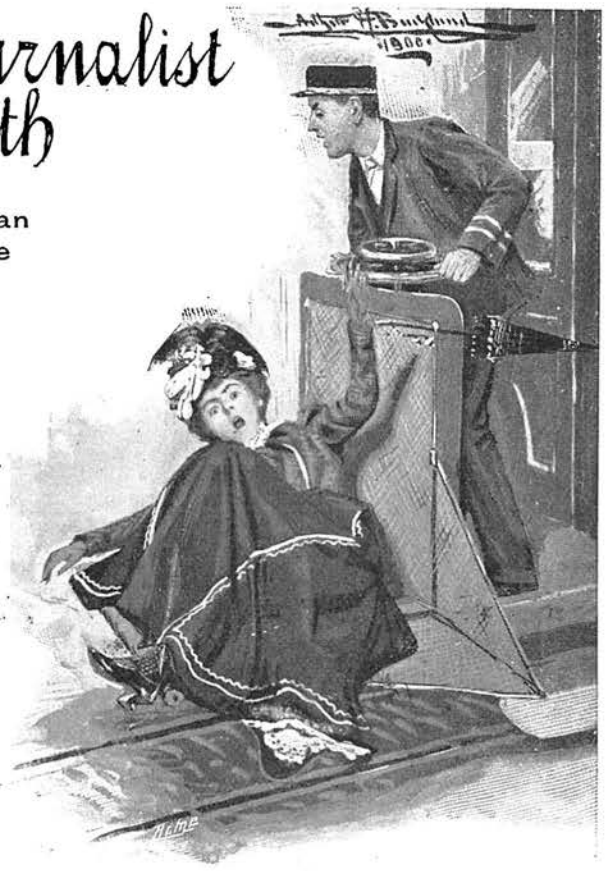
—Moira Allen, Editor
editors@victorianvoices.net

How a Woman Journalist Faced Death

The Extraordinary Adventures of a Woman Reporter in Search of Copy for one of the Great Dailies of New York.

By

Charlotte Wharton Germaine.



The invasion of the active ranks of journalism by women a few years ago was generally regarded by the "hack" writers and more conservative editors with distrust and suspicion. The success of the advance guard of newspaper women, however, made it possible for many bright, clever, intelligent members of the sex to find congenial work on the great dailies, and proved again that, given the same conditions, the woman's brain and executive ability are equal to the man's, even in his own territory. Yet there never has been a place made and filled by women in the general reportorial work of a newspaper which was not given and held under protest, tacit and subtle though it may have been, and the prejudice at the bottom of the protest has never been entirely eliminated.

The impression that women are not "strong" enough as writers, and have not the physique necessary to stand the constant strain on brain and nerves, has helped to sustain this prejudice. Assuming that this impression is correct so far as physical strength is concerned, it is yet true that what women lack in pure virile strength they make up in endurance, intuitive qualities; and, generally speaking, they are able to present a deeper, more human side of life in their newspaper writing than men. Consequently women occupy a place in the journalistic affairs of to-day that is not to be gainsaid.

In the field of so-called sensational journalism, "Nellie Bly" was the pioneer woman-writer. Her success, in fact, was phenomenal. That a woman should break through the rank and file with meteoric rapidity and carry off the honours, was the last straw and not to be thought of. Immediately after Nellie Bly began to attract attention, therefore, there went up to high heaven a howl of protest against "sensationalism." There may be some diversity of opinion regarding the value to a newspaper of just the style of reportorial work which she did, but long before Nellie Bly's "light went out in a blaze of glory," it was known by the authorities in the *New York World* office that her work had increased the circulation of that paper to an astonishing degree.

It was a difficult matter at that time to find any one woman who was physically able to keep up to the standard which the exigencies of such work required. The steady drain on the nervous system was enormous, and for that reason the policy of the paper demanded a *nom-de-plume* that should become "office property," that all women writers of sensational matter who might be employed on the paper could use.

At the time I began doing work for the *World* I was immediately assigned to a

difficult and complicated exploit, and given the name of "Meg Merrillies" to use as a *nom-de-plume*. I was successful enough in carrying out my instructions to be encouraged to continue, and from that time I wrote continuously for a year on sensational assignments for the *New York World*, undertaking very little but the most dangerous, difficult, and hazardous expeditions. Some of the titles of my articles were :—"A Woman in a Diving Suit," "Half-an-Hour in a Lion's Den," "A Woman Usher at Hermanns." "In Guise of a Street Sweeper," "A Week in Trouserettes," "Another Week in Trouserettes in Boston," "A Night with the Harbour Police," "Down Under the East River," "A Queer Nest of Cranks," "Faced Death Before the Trolley," and "She Posed as a Wax Figure."

It seems unnecessary to state that the temptation to undertake work containing so many elements of danger to life and limb was the price received.

I had been employed in the business department of the *Recorder* for a year and a half on a small salary and a commission on all the advertising I influenced, which was increased after the first six months. After that I signed a year's contract with the *Illustrated American*, at an advanced salary as editor of a page for woman's fashions, etc. When that paper went into the hands of a receiver I returned to the *Recorder* on the old terms, and worked up from the place of "ad." getter and writer to the city department, doing general reportorial work and Sunday "specials."

I found it a very precarious way of living, however, as I had a family to support and children to educate. When the opportunity offered I began doing syndicate matter and sensational work for the other New York dailies. When I speak of the price received for such work being a temptation, I do not wish to give the impression that any fabulous sum was ever paid to me; but I found that, given an unlimited degree of courage, perfect physical development, and the knack of recording events in a vivid and interesting manner, it was possible for a woman who could write to earn a very good income as long as her strength lasted, or until an accident happened.

Each "story" of the character to which I refer was made a "feature" of the Sunday edition, and generally occupied a full front page of the special supplement issued on the first day of the week. The pay was generally double "space" rates (so much per column), and an extra bonus for "risk" money, which varied according to the amount of danger involved, and the value the Sunday editor considered himself justified in placing on a human life.

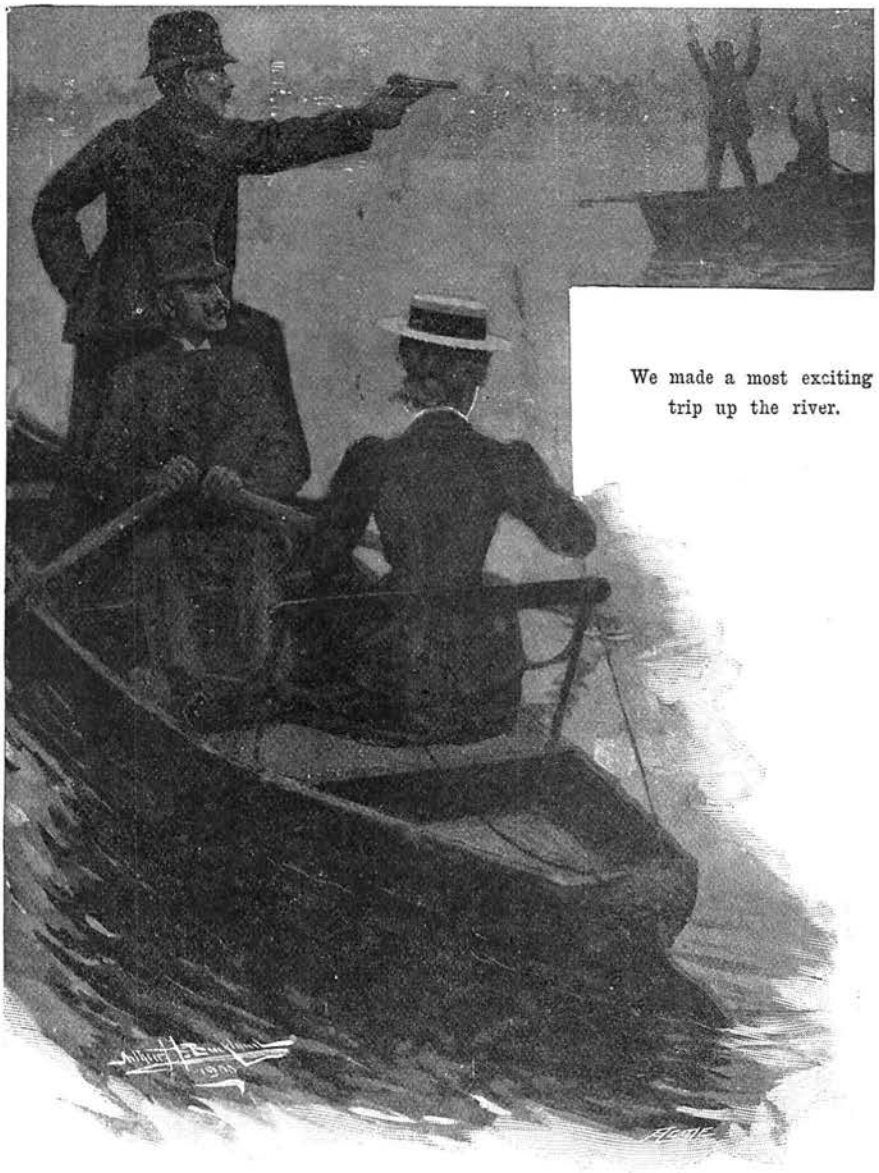
The generally accepted idea seems to be that most of the sensational articles purporting to be done by women are gigantic "fakes," more or less, the writers being employed to exercise their imaginations exclusively. I wish to make myself clearly understood that what meagre credit should accrue to me for work of that nature must come from the fact that every single recorded exploit of mine was performed absolutely as I wrote of it, the articles invariably being authentic in every particular.

I shall endeavour to give as many facts in support of this assertion as possible. If I had allowed myself to produce a "fake" story on a certain occasion (and this would surely have been much the easier and pleasanter way), I should have escaped the terrible accident which befel me while trying to perform one of the most dangerous feats which I was ever directed to undertake.

The method of giving out an assignment for a dangerous expedition varies according to the nature of the enterprise. Occasionally it becomes necessary to have a consultation concerning the ways and means to be employed. More often in my case the order was given briefly: "Go out with the harbor police at midnight, and have the story ready for Sunday."

The thousands of people who cross the rivers or the harbour by day on comfortable ferryboats see nothing of that phase ot water life which makes necessary the harbour's nightly patrol by armed officers of the law. It is their duty to row up and down the East and North rivers, well armed, and provided with dark lanterns, to search for thieves, river pirates, and thugs. Many of the darkest chapters of criminal life in New York are enacted along the river front, for there, lurking

by night under and about the big docks where ships with valuable cargoes are tied up, stealing out from shore in row-boats under the friendly shadow of the darkness, resort a class of criminals who do nothing honestly in pursuit of a livelihood.

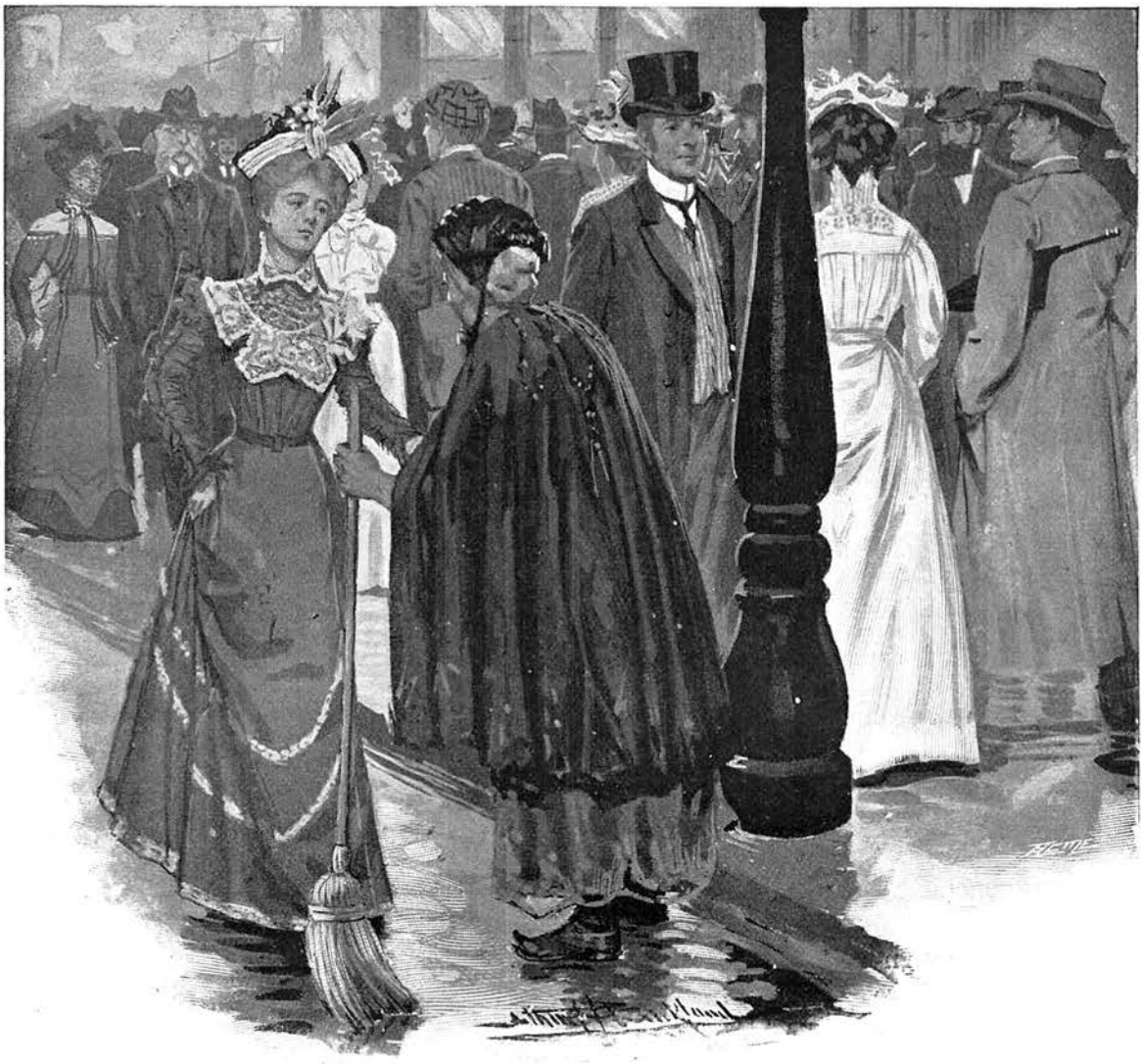


We made a most exciting trip up the river.

Although I knew nothing of the habits and character of the "river rats," as they are called, when I was asked to write about them I was somewhat at a loss to know just what I might be able to make out of the assignment. That there was believed to be some danger was a foregone conclusion. Had not that element existed, the assignment would not have been given to me. I went down to Pier A, at the Battery, to see Captain Copeland, who had charge of the police boat *Patrol* at that time. After introducing myself, I told him I wanted to go out with his men on the second watch at midnight for the *World*. I had to do a good deal of talking before he would consent, but after a while he reluctantly gave in, admitting at the same time that his forces were on the watch for a particularly troublesome set of thieves, and that they expected to get at them that night.

I knew that meant good material for a "story," and at twelve, warmly clad, I joined the river police for a few brief hours only. We made a most exciting trip up the river, where we captured a couple of "rats," with their plunder, incidentally nearly wrecking our little boat (which was a Whitehall model) by my inattention to the steering, I was so absorbed in the chase. In the grey light of the early dawn we made a landing at the end of the beat, and I was escorted to my house by six big, strong, fine fellows, members of the Harbour Police, who had followed us up, moored their boats, and were going to see the woman who was "all grit," as they expressed it, to her home.

Such adventures might be thought extra hazardous in more ways than one, but going, as I had to do, into the byways as well as the highways of life in my search after vivid and startling material, I always found that my courage commanded the respect of the roughest class of men I was ever brought in contact with. In other words, the very nature of my work was my protection. In no case did I ever need any other.



I managed to get enough old clothes together to dress up as a respectable, old beggar woman.

I remember very well my first serious effort to disguise myself. I had been assigned to do a "crossing sweep" story, and, having chosen a location where possibly many whom I knew would pass, I was anxious for the disguise to be as complete as "art" could make it. There had been a good deal of talk that winter about "misdirected charity" and its attendant ills, and I was to test the general public to see if it would respond generously to an apparent case of great need.

With the combined help of all the members of my family I managed to get enough old clothes together to dress up as a nice, respectable, old beggar woman. With those clothes on, and after I had been put through the hands of a wig-maker who understood the art of "making up" to perfection, I felt pretty sure of my disguise. However, I decided to go down to the office and see if anyone would know me there, before venturing to act the part in public.

The entrance and the private lift for the employees were protected by a gate and a guard, and a big sign which read: "No Beggars or Pedlars Allowed." No one was ever permitted to go through that gate but the staff and employees. Without thinking, and as a matter of habit, I started to rush by as usual, when the porter took hold of my arm and said:

"You can't go in there, old lady. Nobody but reporters goes in there."

For a second I was speechless with indignation; then I realised the situation, and felt very much elated that my "make up" was so complete.

"Oh, I wouldn't bother about that," I replied in my natural voice.

He started, glancing quickly at my face and at the broad smile it bore. All wrinkled and worn as I was made to look, I was a veritable "Meg Merrillies" indeed, and, dropping my arm, he allowed me to pass. As I entered I heard him mutter sheepishly to a bystander:

"Them woman reporters would fool the very devil himself."

In the office no one penetrated my disguise, and so I started up town, taking my stand in front of Delmonico's, our most fashionable restaurant, sweeping the crossing for three hours, and taking in over fifteen shillings. That night I wondered why the streets were not full of "sweeps"—it was such an easy way to earn money.

On another occasion I was given only a few hours' notice to prepare for an adventure that brought me to an appreciation of the full significance of "the nice hazard of one doubtful hour." I received a telegram from my editor one afternoon about three, to call at the office before four. I was at home working on a "story," but I left at once and hurried to see what was wanted. When I entered the room, he asked, without looking up: "Are you afraid of wild beasts?"

"That depends," I answered. "What is it?"

"I want you to meet me to-night at Barnum's Circus, Madison Square Garden. Put on a Turkish costume, and go into the den of wild beasts with the trainer during their act, which lasts nearly thirty minutes. No woman has ever been in there before, and there are twelve wild beasts in the cage together."

I could see he was watching for any flinching on my part. But I had been trained not to flinch, and not a muscle of my face moved.

Whatever qualms I may have had (and really my heart almost stood still on more than one occasion) I never allowed them to show in any way, if I could help it, so I answered quietly: "I will be there."

"Oh, I must tell you one thing which I think it only fair you should know before undertaking the assignment," he said. "'Big George,' one of the lions, killed his keeper a year ago, and is still very cross."

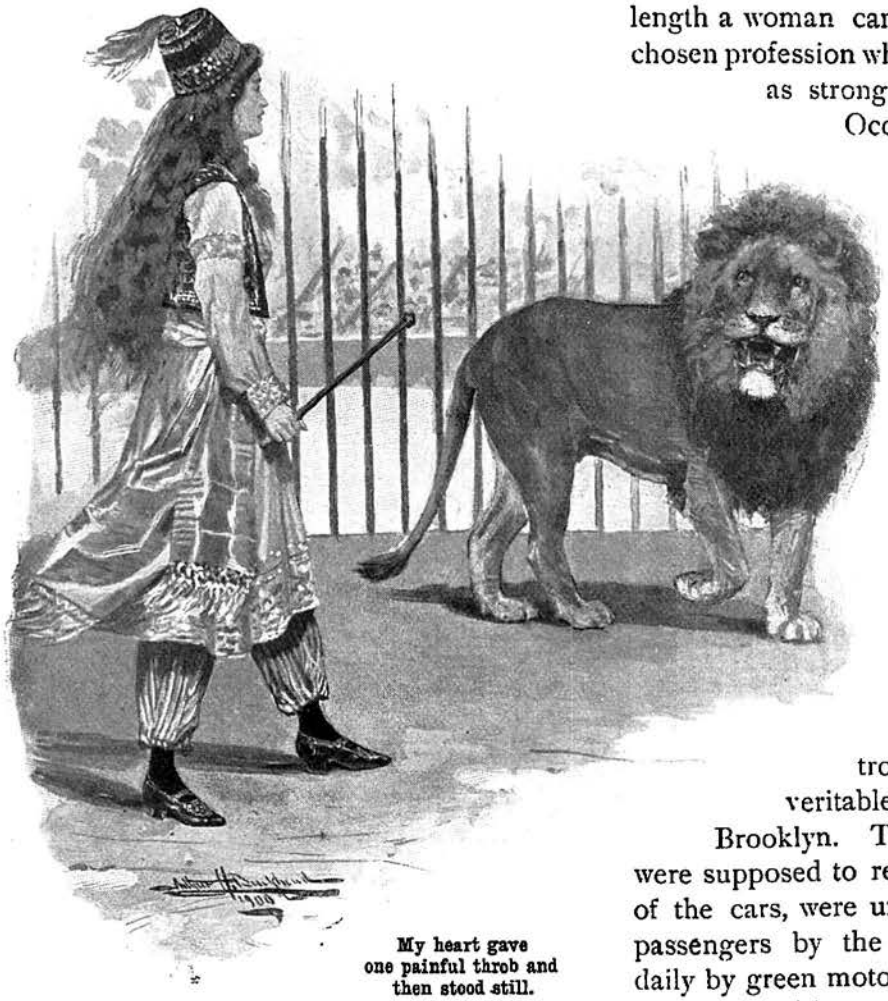
"He won't kill me," I answered.

On my arrival at the circus I was introduced to the trainer, and the object of my visit explained. Evidently it had been spoken of before, for he said, without the slightest hesitation: "There is no danger at all, miss, if you don't show any fear and lose your head. Just hit any of them a whack over the nose with this loaded stick if they come too near, and you will be all right."

I assented cheerily enough to all the advice he was inclined to give, but my inner nervousness increased when I went up to the dressing-room to change my costume. The women performers and riders flocked around me with exclamations of admiration for my courage, and all united in saying that none of them, despite long familiarity with the beasts and their tricks, would have ventured to enter the cage, and I saw clearly that they all thought I would back out at the last moment. I have discovered since that the courage and nerve of the average women circus performers stop at the particular kind of work they are accustomed to do. Outside their regular acts they are the most timid, unassertive class of women in existence.

I had many friends in the audience that night, and most of them knew what I was going to attempt. When I entered the cage I tried to see if I could recognise any of them, but failed. In a dull sort of a way I realised the effect of my presence on the beasts in the charged atmosphere around me, and even the trainer found them less obedient than usual. I do not know anything more terrifying than the playful gambols of a perfectly harmless lion, or his so-called purr, which is so deep-toned that it seems to issue from the bowels of the earth, but I tried not to show my fear, and, grasping my stick, stood perfectly motionless while the inmates of the cage were put through their tricks. I knew that my editor, who stood behind the cage, had a pistol in his pocket ready to use if necessary. He had explained its presence on his desk in the afternoon by saying he might have use for it to protect me, and I feared an over-zealousness on his part in that direction more than anything else.

Suddenly I heard the quick command "Here!" and the sharp crack of a whip.



My heart gave one painful throb and then stood still.

One of the lions came bounding toward me, with distended jaws and a deep, sullen roar. My heart gave one painful throb and then stood still, and I raised the stick instinctively, when I heard a voice behind me say sharp and quick: "Don't be afraid—don't hit—he is all right."

By that time I was conscious that the lion was only playful, and would settle to his place in the great pyramid in a second. My arm slowly dropped to my side, and I answered, without any apparent change of voice: "All right, I won't."

Frankly and truthfully, I was so frightened I could hardly speak, but the man outside who had warned me went to my editor and told him he didn't know what I was made of, but that there wasn't a quaver of my voice, and, as he expressed it: "She never turned a hair."

An adventure of this kind has no "moral" whatever. It was simply an exhibition of courage, pure and simple, showing to what length a woman can be forced to go in her chosen profession when dominated by motives as strong as mine were then.

Occasionally I was asked to give a practical test illustration of some modern invention, and I was always glad to feel that if I had to do such things for a living they could be turned to some advantage for the benefit of mankind, and that thus I would be able to do a public service.

Soon after my lion adventure the prevalent fatal accidents due to the then newly introduced electric trolley cars had made a veritable "reign of terror" in Brooklyn. The city ordinances, which were supposed to regulate the rate of speed of the cars, were unheeded, and the lives of passengers by the score were jeopardised daily by green motor-men, who did not know enough to drive a slow-moving horse car. That was before the days of "fenders," contrivances placed in front of the cars so as to pick up any person struck in the street without hurting him.

Their introduction was urged on every hand, however, and it was clear they would have to be put on, providing their efficacy could be shown. At that juncture I was asked to allow myself to be run down by a car fitted with a fender, the idea being that the value of the invention would be apparent if I were not killed or maimed. So far as anyone could say positively, the conclusion that I would remain unhurt had yet to be proven. However, I accepted the assignment as usual, went personally to the inventor of a new fender, who, I had been given to understand, was going to give a public trial the next week in Brooklyn, and asked to be allowed to make the test.

He gave his consent very reluctantly, after hearing my name, and invited me to the office of the company to see the model of his

fender. It was arranged so that any person coming in contact therewith would be protected by the "automatic collapse" of the contrivance. It was provided with a system of wire network at either side, which completely covered the front of the car, and which, when "collapsed," was intended to prevent the person struck by the car from falling off and passing under the wheels. The action throughout was automatic, nothing being left for the motor-man but to stop the car.

When the day of the trial arrived I was on hand to make my test in the only practical way—by standing just in front of a trolley car moving at a rapid rate, and allowing myself to be struck with a fender. In doing this my life was in danger at the moment of contact, but I received the blow and escaped without injury. The only ill-effect I felt at all was a slight bruise on my hip, where I had struck the iron cross-bar as I fell.

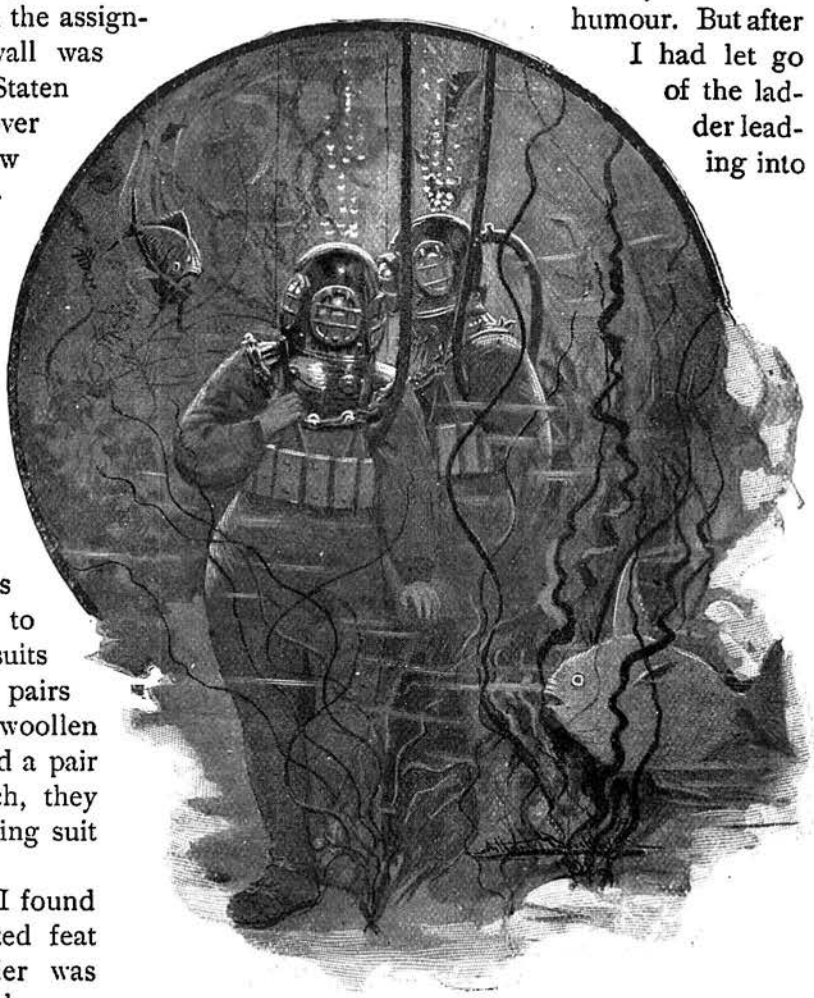
One of my most interesting adventures was the trip made in a diving-suit to the bottom of the harbour. When the assignment was given a new sea-wall was being built at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, and I was told to go over there to see if they would allow me to go down. Lieutenant-Colonel D. P. Heap, who was in charge, was extremely kind about the matter, and did everything in his power to make it a pleasant and easy trip. He consulted the engineer in charge, Mr. O. H. Kilne, who is an expert diver, and they arranged to take me down the next day.

At the time appointed I was on hand. I was instructed to bring with me three heavy suits of woollen underwear, three pairs of woollen stockings, one woollen sweater, a heavy army shirt, and a pair of men's trousers, all of which, they said, I must wear under the diving suit to keep me warm.

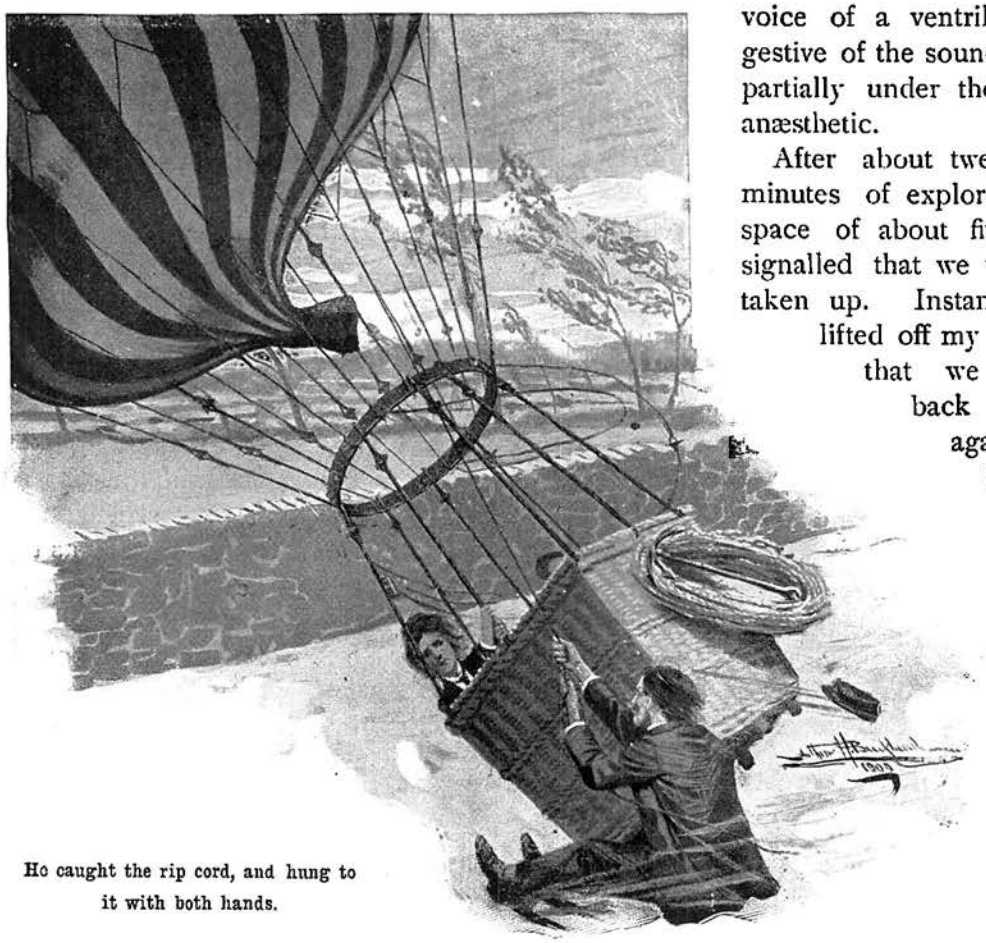
When I reached the station I found the news of my to-be-attempted feat had leaked out, and the pier was black with people curious to have a look at the "woman diver." It is not my intention to give a full account of the trip, as it was published in the *World* at the time it occurred, but a few points about the suit and the time I spent under water may be of interest.

The diving suit is a hideously unhandsome and complicated contrivance, made of watertight, vulcanised canvas, with a belt of lead and huge shoes with weighted soles and bands of iron to help the diver sink. The most important, and the ugliest, part of the whole outfit is the helmet, a big, globe-like cage of brass and glass and wire that fits a brass collar on the neck, and is fastened with a great variety of brass thumbscrews, so as to keep out the water and make all as tight as a drum.

The total weight of the suit I wore was over two hundred and fifty pounds. Its weight made my spirits proportionately heavy, and even my awkwardness in putting it on hardly aroused my sense of humour. But after I had let go of the ladder leading into



A trip in a diving-suit to the bottom of the harbour.



He caught the rip cord, and hung to it with both hands.

the water and had begun to go down, down, so gently and so quietly, I realised the fascination the life of the diver has for most professionals.

My first sensation under the surface was one of buoyancy. I had supposed that I would drop into the black depths like an inanimate mass, but I seemed to be a bit of cork, tossed about against my will. A strange, shivery feeling crept over me as I thought of myself down there in the bed of the briny deep; the horrors of the sea and the inexplicable mystery of its power came forcibly to my mind now that I was at its mercy.

As we settled quietly into place at the bottom, I remembered the injunction of Mr. Kline, my companion, to signal him if I wanted to talk, and he would put his helmet against mine, when we could hear as distinctly as though we were talking over a telephone. I wanted to ask how far down we were. His answer, "About fifty feet," sounded far, far away, but the articulation was quite distinct. It was somewhat like the voice of a ventriloquist, and suggestive of the sounds one hears when partially under the influence of an anæsthetic.

After about twenty-five or thirty minutes of exploration, covering a space of about fifty-seven feet, he signalled that we were ready to be taken up. Instantly I felt myself lifted off my feet, and realised that we would soon be back to light and air again.

Such an exploit is of some value, as showing what a woman can do if necessary, and the experiment was generally conceded to have been the most interesting of any that I ever undertook. But my assignments did not all end as happily; I met my "Waterloo" in the next one that was given to me.

The impression which seems to prevail among the general public, that an editor assumes any or all responsibility in the matter of assignments, is entirely an erroneous one.

It would hardly be justifiable, in the first place, as the risk should belong entirely to the one willing to undertake such work. If a newspaper, through an employee, took charge of the arrangement of detail for each exploit, in case an accident or death resulted the publisher would be liable to heavy damages, and the assumption is that no one could be more vitally interested in surrounding themselves with every possible precaution than the one who intends to accomplish the feat.

It is fair to presume that if the reporter takes any chances the publisher should not be held responsible.

On the occasion of my coming to grief, I was told to arrange to go up in a balloon,

and make a good full page "story" of it for Sunday.

I had never seen an ascent, much less made one, and the prospect rather "fazed" me for a moment. However, I remembered having heard of a coming ascent somewhere near New York, and proceeded at once to look it up, with a view to sharing the aeronaut's peril for one trip only. When I finally located him he tried to dissuade me, offering to get all the data I needed on his next trip, and I could write the article as though I had made the ascent.

As I had not been educated to that standard in journalism, I declined, insisting on his allowing me, for a consideration, to make the trip in his place. The reprint matter below was published in the *New York World*. It details the painful result of my adventure much better than I can. I should add that the aeronaut's name was McKim, and that the ascent was to have been made from Congers, Rockland County, N.Y. After a preliminary paragraph the *World* said :—

The balloon was almost filled. McKim saw that it was "standing on its feet," to use the aeronautic term, and directed Mrs. Germaine to step into the basket. She was attired in a modern edition of the bloomer suit, and followed the instructions with an air of absolute calm, giving an exhibition of fearlessness such, as McKim says, he has never seen equalled in his fourteen years' experience with balloons and balloonists. As she stood in the basket, grasping the ropes, and smiling an anticipated adieu, the crowd cheered. A minute more and the order to "let go" would have been given by McKim, when a squall struck the oscillating sphere.

It was four o'clock, and the crowds who felt the wind's fury in this city an hour later, when its force was well-nigh spent, can realise the effect.

The balloon began to sway violently. It jumped and reared. There were forty men holding it down. Some were thrown to the ground, others released their hold in sheer fright. The air was filled with dust, stones flew about, and dark clouds turned the day almost into night. Released, the balloon began its wild gyrations to move. It did not rise, but bumped and scraped along the ground, the basket whirling.

The fair aeronaut did not flinch. She did not scream. She did not cry for help. She crouched in the basket, with a firm hold on its rim. Her cheek was blanched, but she set her teeth and waited.

There was a stone wall on one side of the lot, and towards it the balloon was speeding. McKim realised that contact with it meant death to the woman. He had not let go his hold, and was being dragged along. He saw that there was but one way to save his substitute, and that was to rip the balloon. He caught the rip cord, and hung to it with both hands. He tugged at it convulsively, and finally it did its work. The crown of the balloon was torn off and the sphere collapsed. It was done just in time—the wall was only a few feet distant.

From the wreck Mrs. Germaine was taken. One of her shoulders was dislocated, and her back was bruised and cut. Her face had luckily escaped damage. She was taken to the residence of Mr. J. McGinnis, of Congers, and attended by a local physician. He found on examination that a large stone, one and a half inches in length, had been embedded in the young woman's back. He extracted it, and then reduced the dislocation. Morphine was given to the patient to relieve the pain, and she was then, under the care of friends, brought to her home. At a late hour last night she was resting quietly.

McKim escaped with a few bruises. He says that the fury of the squall exceeded anything he had ever seen outside of the tropics.

Mrs. Germaine.

When the balloon was finally captured and I was picked up in a semi-unconscious condition, I was helped into a carriage and driven three miles over ploughed ground to the nearest physician, where I had my injuries attended to. I have never attempted any further assignments involving life and limb, and probably never shall.

THE IMPS OF THE HOUSEHOLD

And They Who Believe in the Supernatural.

THERE are certain fundamental laws underlying most physical phenomena, such as cohesion, gravitation, momentum, etc.; and if we might go comfortably on assigning laws for every happening, our delightful tales of the marvelous would soon be one diversion less for lovers of mystery. Things which a century ago were deemed unaccountable are now satisfactorily explained on purely scientific principles, and mayhap some future Newton will arise and proclaim the *raison d'être* for the tricks and wiles of those household imps variously designated by the comprehensive titles of "bad luck," "total depravity," and "pure cussedness."

No one but a housekeeper knows the tricks and wiles of the imps of pots and kettles, fire and water, pins and needles. No one can say what sours the cream on a clear, cool day with no thunder abroad, or what makes the water boil away in the pot, and leave the vegetables burning when we were sure as sure could be that the usual quantity was supplied. What but total depravity, and the kerosene demon, turns up the wicks of the oil-stove the minute we leave the room—the very wick that we have watched burning steadily and unflickeringly for an hour or more—to greet us with the delightful surprise of an atmosphere of smoky gray on our return, and an apartment coated to the very ceiling with a delicate film of lamp-black?

What bids the old, cracked pitcher, with a half-nose and numerous gray dogs-ear dents about it, remain intact, while the delicate little wedgewood and the choice majolica slip one by one from our fingers and perish at our feet? Why will the bread *always* fall butter-side down, and the piece of music we search for in the rack be invariably the one at the bottom? No, there is no chance in these things: a fiendish spirit of malice is too evident.

Pins and needles, and related species, hold more of this quality in a small space than do most other household implements. Did you ever, when you were comfortably seated at work, see a small, shining object glittering on the floor, and with a mind, perhaps, preoccupied, walk across the room to secure it, and arriving at the spot in question forget what you went there for? You resume your seat—and, again that small, enticing gleam from the floor. "Oh," you say, "it is that needle," and you cheerfuly and buoyantly essay the second time to secure it. Will that needle be there, think you, awaiting your movements? No, it will vanish and enjoy your discomfiture. It was only on my third essay, in a recent experience, that mind triumphed over matter and revealed to me the perfidious steel. I looked at it as it lay there—so blank, dumb, unresponsive a thing!

What depth of malice could it hold—a tiny, pointed lance, with its only distinguishing feature, an eye? But the eye looked sinister, and I fancied it winked. No wonder: a human being baffled by a needle! It is so exasperatingly beyond the reach of retaliation, and it knows it. All that you can do is to break it in two, but if you do that, no matter what you do with the pieces, whether you throw them in the coal-hod or out of the window, you will get one of them in your foot some day.

Did you ever at the dining-table, while listening to the brilliancy of your companion, awake to a vague sense of disappointment, somewhere about the mouth, and find yourself tasting, with the air of a connoisseur, the tines of a silver fork and nothing else?

Give me no explanations. It is my firm conviction that that elusive morsel of food watched its opportunity, and with malice aforethought and evil propense, glided off the fork at the critical instant.

Why, when we have on a new garment, does a nail somewhere about the premises, that has refused all enticement of calico wrappers, reach maliciously and insinuatingly out to tear a long, jagged rent therein? Why, when we are knitting, do stitches remain submissively and stoically upon the needle so long as we give our undivided attention to the work, and when we turn our eyes, for ever so brief an instant, why will one wriggle off and go gliding and speeding down to irreclaimable depths before we discover its loss?

Little demons lurk in our boots, too, and gnaw off the buttons, and when we sit down to sew them on again summon all their unseen forces and hold high carnival. Depravity actuates the needle, the thread and the buttons. If you call up all your will and fortitude to make the needle pierce the point of attainment and nothing else, that needle will turn again and rend you. If you succeed in stringing the button on a particularly long thread, and, securing it by a stitch to the boot, pause to view your progress, there will be no button there. After a vain and protracted search for it about the carpet, it will be found in the toe of your boot next morning, after you have got that article on and are walking down-street in some haste.

I have always fancied there was something uncanny about hair, and I know now what it is. It is this impish spirit of depravity that pervades the house. I wonder how many times, when I have constructed an especially elaborate coiffure and procured a hand-glass that I might view it from the rear—I wonder how many times I have discovered one long tress waving gayly down my back—just too large to be plucked out in wrath, just too small to be utilized as a curl. And who of you cannot recall a moment when you stood in helpless bewilderment before a mirror, gazing abstractedly into the back of a hair-brush, while the hand-glass dealt you a smart blow on the back of your head!

Scoff as the unbelievers in the supernatural will, let some inspired one invent powder or potion that shall banish these imps of the household, and the women of the land will rise up and call him blessed.

—Mariana M. Tallman.

MISCONCEPTION.

There's a bugle sound on the distant plain,
Borne on the air in a plaintive strain;
I hear its tones in the hush of night,
And wake and wonder, with strange delight,
At the bugler bold,
Who, in storm or cold,
Times nature's fancies manifold.

It comes in a faint and tremulous tone,
That seems like a wail or a dying moan;
Through the shades of night on the western breeze
It murmurs and moans through the leafless trees;
With a sorrowful sigh,
As the nights go by,
We pity the piper, you and I.

With slipperless feet and clad in white,
I rise from my couch and into the night
I peer through the window, longing to see
Who this piping piper may chance to be.
It is then made plain
That the weird refrain
Is the wind through a loosened window pane.

—Mrs. J. S. Loud.

May Baskets

By Annie Willis McCullough

THE custom of hanging May baskets with offerings to one's friends, during the month of May, is a pretty and poetic one, but not universal. It has become, primarily, a sport for boys and girls —a merry game of hide and seek. Often they will come some distance to help form a party to hang one or two baskets upon the bell knob of some house where a favorite companion lives.

When the basket has been hung, — it is usually done at night, in such cases, —the recipient is expected to run out and search for those that brought it, who are in hiding near by.

In its simplest form, and really its prettiest, the May basket was intended to hold a floral offering, the wild flowers of the season among the rest. But as the baskets have grown more elaborate, the offerings have become more extended, and the various receptacles called "baskets" now hold fruit, candy, and all sorts of goodies; also, perhaps, little gifts.

A few suggestions for "basket" devices will be seasonable. They can all be fashioned from stiff paper or cardboard, covered with tissue, gilt, and silver paper.

One pretty device is a canoe covered with red, white, and blue paper. It can be hung to a bell knob by ribbons attached to either end, or simply set down upon the doorstep. A cornucopia makes a nice May basket pattern, and neatly covered will be useful afterward as a bureau catch-all. The narrow boxes in which books are sold, singly or in pairs, make good May baskets. They can be covered with tissue paper laid smoothly on in narrow plaits, a fringe of paper being put around top and bottom. The open side of the box, where the book is slipped in, is of course the top of the May basket.

Little colored pictures, gay seals, the tinsel cord that comes around candy boxes, also the lace paper within, are all useful for making May baskets.

A dainty offering to hang instead of a basket would be a little pot into which a fern or bunch of wood violets had been transplanted. Set this in a box, for safe carrying, after wrapping the pot with pale pink tissue paper tied around with cord or ribbon.

A shopping satchel, the sort with a plain panel on either side, and puffed silk or cotton goods all around it, caught with a shirr string at top, makes a unique May basket pattern and one not hard to copy. The strap handles are imitated by winding cord with a narrow strip of gilt paper. This makes strong but flexible handles. The puffed sides are of tissue, of course, and are pasted into gathers. Tissue is hard to sew but easy to paste. The panels are covered with crepe paper.

A stocking made of white net, trimmed with flowers, may suggest Christmas, but it is an excellent receptacle for May basket offerings, and easy to hang. It would please a child.

For a little girl a doll may be concocted, the head being an orange wrapped in white tissue, with features marked in black. This head is set in the top of a jam jar, which serves as a

body and also to hold nuts and candy. A hood of tissue paper and a long skirt and shawl of the same will cover all defects; the whole is hung by a ribbon.

A cluster of little dolls may be made by using white Japanese napkins with colored borders, and sugar plums or any round candies of suitable size. Put a candy in the center of a napkin, fold the latter around it, and tie a bit of cord or ribbon below the candy. Another sugar plum tied in the same manner below the first will form a body. Four or five of these attached to a cluster of tiny ribbons will make a new sort of May offering.

Dolls of this sort may figure as "children" in an elaborate May basket made to represent a large low shoe. It is covered with gilt paper and has a bow and buckle in front. At the back, a banana standing on end and dressed crudely in a tissue shawl, with face and spectacles marked in the proper place, represents the "old woman who lived in a shoe." When this May basket is filled with goodies, the paper napkin dolls are put in at the top.

Janitors I Have Met, and Some Others

IV.—OUR FIRST MOVE

By Albert Bigelow Paine

IT was the Little Woman who selected our next habitation. Education accumulates rapidly in the Metropolis. I could see that she already possessed more definite views on "flats and apartments" than she had acquired on many another subject familiar to her from childhood.

Politics, for instance, do not exist for the Little Woman. Presidents come and go, torchlight processions bloom and fade and leave not so much as a wind-riffle on the sands of memory. The stock market, too, is but a name to her. Shares may rise and fall, and men clutch at each other's throats as ruin drags them down. The Little Woman sees but a page of figures in the evening paper and perhaps regards them as a sort of necessary form — somewhat in the nature of the congressional reports which nobody ever reads. Yet all her life she had been amid these vital issues and now, behold, after two short months she had acquired more information on New York apartment life than she would ever have on both the others put together. She knew now what we needed and she would find it. I was willing that this should be so. There were other demands on my time, and besides, I had not then contracted the flat-disease in its subsequent virulent form.

She said, and I agreed with her, that it was a mistake to be so far from business. That the time, car fare, and nerve tissue wasted between Park place and Harlem were of more moment than a few dollars' difference in the monthly rent. We regarded this conclusion somewhat in the light of a discovery and wondered why people of experience had not made it before. Ah, me! we have made many discoveries since that time. Discoveries as old as they are always new. The first friendly ray of March sunlight; the first green leaf in the park; the first summer glow of June; the first dead leaf and keen blast of

autumn ; these, too, have wakened within us each year a new understanding of our needs and of the ideal habitation ; these, too, have set us to discovering as often as they come around, and we shall still discover so long as seasons of snow and blossom pass and the heart of youth seeks change.

As I have said, the Little Woman selected our next home. The Little Woman and the Precious Ones. They were gone each day for several hours and returned each evening wearied to the bone but charged heavily with information. The Little Woman was no longer a novice. "Single and double flats," "open plumbing," "tiled vestibule," "uniformed hall service," and other stock terms, came trippingly from her tongue. Of some of the places she had diagrams. Of others she volunteered to draw them from memory. I did not then realize that this was the first symptom of flat-collecting in its acute form, or that in examining her crude pencilings I was courting the infection. I could not foresee that the slight yet definite and curious variation in the myriad city apartments might become a fascination at last, and the desire for possession a mania more enslaving than even the acquirement of rare rugs or old china and bottles.

I examined the Little Woman's assortment with growing interest while the Precious Ones chorused their experiences, which consisted mainly in the things they had been allowed to eat and drink, and from the nature of these I suspected occasional surrender and bribery on the part of the Little Woman.

It was a place well down town that we chose. It was a second floor, open in the rear and there was sunlight most of the day. The rooms were really better than the ones we had. They could not be worse, we decided — a fallacy, for I have never seen a flat so bad that there could not be a worse one — and the price was not much higher. Also, there was a straight fireplace in the dining room, which the Precious Ones described as being "lovely," and the janitress was a humble creature who had won the Little Woman's heart by unburdening herself of numerous sad experiences and bitter wrongs, besides a number of perfectly just opinions concerning janitors, individually and at large. Altogether the place seemed quite in accordance with our present views. I paid a month's rent in advance the next morning, and during the day the Little Woman engaged a moving man.

She was packing when I came home and the Precious Ones were racing about among boxes and barrels in unalloyed happiness. It did not seem possible that we had bought so much or that I could have put so many tacks in the matting. The moving men would be there with their van by daylight next morning, she said. It seems that the man at the office had told her that we would have to get up early to get ahead of him, and she had construed this statement literally.) So we toiled far into the night and then crept wearily to bed in our dismantled nest, to toss wakefully through the few remaining hours of darkness, fearful that the summons of the forehanded and expeditious moving man would find us in slumber and unprepared. We were deeply grateful to him that he did not appear before we had finished our early and scrappy breakfast. Then presently, when we were ready for him and he did not appear, we were still appreciative, for we said to each other that he was giving us

a little extra time so that we would not feel upset and hurried. Still, it would be just as well if he would come now so that we might get moved and settled before night.

It had been a bright, pleasant morning, but as the forenoon advanced the sky darkened and it grew bitterly cold. Gloom settled down without and the meager steam supply was scarcely noticeable in our bare apartment. The Precious Ones ran every minute to the door to watch for the moving van and came back to us with blue noses and icy hands. We began to wonder if something had gone wrong. Perhaps a misunderstanding of the address — illness or sudden death on the part of the man who had made the engagement — perhaps —

I went around at last to make inquiries. A heavy, dusty person looked into a soiled book and ran his finger down the page.

"That's right!" he announced. "Address all correct. Van on the way around there now."

I hurried back comforted. I do not believe in strong language, but that heavy individual with the soiled book was a dusty liar. There is no other word to express it — if there was, and a stronger one, I would use it. He was a liar by instinct and a prevaricator by trade. The van was not at our door when I returned. Neither had it started in our direction.

We had expected to get down to our new quarters by noon and enjoy a little lunch at a near-by restaurant before putting things in order. At lunch time the van had still not appeared and there was no near-by restaurant. The Precious Ones began to demand food and the Little Woman laboriously dug down into several different receptacles before she finally brought forth part of a loaf of dry bread and a small, stony lump of butter. But to the Precious Ones it meant life and renewed joy.

The moving man came at one o'clock and in a great hurry. He seemed surprised that we were ready for him. There were so many reasons why he had not come sooner that we presently wondered how he had been able to get there at all. He was a merry, self-assured villain, and whistled as he and his rusty assistant hustled our things out on the pavement, leaving all the doors open.

We were not pleased with his manner of loading. The pieces we were proud of — our polished Louis-XIVth-Street furniture — he hurried into the darkness of his mighty van, while those pieces which in every household are regarded more as matters of use than ornament he left ranged along the pavement for all the world to gape at. Now and then he paused to recount incidents of his former varied experience and to try on such of my old clothes as came within his reach. I realized now why most of the things he wore did not fit him. His wardrobe was the accumulation of many movings.

His contempt for our furniture was poorly concealed. He suggested, kindly enough, however, that for living around in flats it was too light, and after briefly watching his handling of it I quite agreed with him. It was four o'clock when we were finally off and the shades of evening had fallen before we reached our new home.

The generous and sympathetic welcome of our new janitress was like balm. She was low-voiced and her own sorrows had filled her with a broad understanding of human trials. She looked weary herself and suggested *en passant* that

the doctor had prescribed a little stimulant as being what she most needed, but that, of course, such things were not for the poor. I had a bottle of material, distilled over the peat fires of Scotland. I knew where it was and I found it for her. Then the moving men came up with a number of our belongings and we forgot her in the general turmoil and misery that ensued. Bump, bump up the narrow stairs came our household goods and gods and were planted at random about the floor in shapeless heaps and pyramids. All was up at last except a few large pieces.

At this point in the proceedings the moving man and his assistant paused in their labors and the former fished out of his misfit clothing a greasy piece of paper which he handed me. I glanced at it under the jet and saw that it was his bill for moving me.

"Oh, all right," I said, "I can't stop just now. Wait till you get everything up, and then I can get at my purse and pay you."

He grinned at me.

"It's the boss's rule," he said, "to collect before the last things is taken out of the van."

I understood now why the pieces of value had gone in first. I also understood what the "boss" had meant in saying that we would have to get up early to get ahead of him. While I was getting out the money they made side remarks to each other on the lateness of the hour, the length of the stairs, and the heaviness of the pieces still to come. I gave them each a liberal tip in sheer desperation.

They were gone at last and we stood helplessly among our belongings that lay like flotsam and jetsam tossed up on a forbidding shore. The Precious Ones were whimpering with cold and hunger and want of sleep; the hopelessness of life pressed heavily upon us. Wearily we dragged something together for beds, and then crept out to find food. When we returned there was something dark in the dim hall against our door. I struck a match to see what it was. It was a woman, and the sorrows and wrongs of living and the troubles of dying were as naught to her. Above and about her hung the aroma of the peat fires of Scotland. It was our janitress, and she had returned us the empty bottle.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To Boil an Egg.

Method.—Have ready a saucepan of boiling water and put in the egg carefully with a spoon, taking care not to break the shell. Boil three minutes and a half for a soft-boiled egg, six minutes for a moderately hard one, and ten minutes for a hard-boiled egg.

To Poach an Egg.

Method.—Break the egg into a cup, take away the tread, slip the egg quickly and carefully into a pan containing boiling water, holding the cup near to the side of the pan as you put it in; see that the egg is well covered with the boiling water; as soon as the white begins to set, raise the egg on a fish-slice, let the water drain away and slip it on to a small piece of hot buttered toast.

Brown Thickening.

Method.—Melt a pound of dripping slowly in a large frying-pan and stir in by degrees a pound of flour; let this cook very gently over a slow fire until it is a good dark brown; stir well from time to time and do not let it burn. This will take about an hour to make. It will keep a very long time.

Browning.

Method.—Put half a pound of brown sugar in an old tin or saucepan and let it burn nearly black over a fire, stir in a gill of boiling water, let it cool, and bottle for use.

To Blanch Barley.

Method.—Put it in a saucepan of cold water, bring to the boil, and throw the water away.

To Boil Rice.

Method.—Wash the rice well, and cook it in fast boiling water with the lid off for twelve minutes. Pour some cold water into the saucepan, and then drain the rice off on to a sieve. Return to the saucepan, and let it dry well on or near the stove. Shake the saucepan well, and take care that the rice does not burn or stick together.

To Make Tea.

Method.—Warm the teapot by pouring in a little boiling water; empty it out and put in the tea, allowing about two teaspoonfuls to every three people, if the number requiring tea be more than three. For two allow three teaspoonfuls. Pour on the boiling water, and and let it stand three minutes.

IN THE SICK-ROOM.

SENSIBLE AND SERVICEABLE DRINKS FOR INVALIDS.

The terrible thirst that torments the sufferers from many forms of disease is one of the things a nurse has to exert her thoughts to relieve. Pure, cold water, even when iced, does not relieve thirst so well as when there is some sort of substance added. Lemonade, toast and water, apple tea, or barley water, are preferable in many cases, as they all have a slight degree of nourishment.

Lemonade.

Two lemons to a pint of water. Cut the rind very thin and put it in a jug, pare the white and throw it away; squeeze the juice and then cut up the pulp, add it to the rind, with sugar to taste, and pour boiling water over it, let it stand for some hours. It need not be strained. Second, rub two or three lumps of sugar on the rind of the lemon, squeeze the lemon juice through a strainer into cold water and add the sugar.

Dinner Lemonade.

Boil one pound of sugar in one gallon of water with the rest (the yellow rind grated) of eight lemons for three or four hours. Then let it cool and add the juice of the lemons.

Concentrated Lemonade.

A pleasant table drink. One drachm of essence of lemon, one ounce and a half of citric acid, two and a half pounds of sugar, one pint of water. Put the sugar into the water when cold and let it boil gradually, then pour it hot on the acid. One tablespoonful to a tumblerful of water.

A bottle of the common bottled lemonade added to home-made lemonade improves it.

Lemon squash is a bottle of soda water poured on the juice and pulp of a lemon and crushed ice, no sugar.

Lemonade Milk.

Mode: Dissolve half a pound of loaf sugar in three-quarters of a pint of water, add three-quarters of a pint of cold milk, a quarter of a pint of strained lemon juice, and a quarter of a pint of any light wine; mix thoroughly and pass the liquid through a jelly bag.

Lemon Tea.

Pour off tea and add slices of lemon, sugar and ice. Mind the tea has not stood long.

Fruit Vinegars.

Fruit vinegars are very pleasant drinks and may be easily made by adding vinegar (white wine vinegar is best) to any of the fruit syrups that can be got of any grocer—raspberry, strawberry, currant, etc.

Rhubarb Sherbet.

Boil six or eight sticks of clean rhubarb 10 minutes; strain, add the peel of a lemon, two tablespoonfuls of clarified sugar. Let it stand five hours.

Apple Water or Tea.

Apples sliced and boiling water poured over them. Baked apples may be used, but must be strained. The American dried apple-chips can be used and are very tidy, as there are no pips or peel.

A child may be amused for a long time by watching an apple tied to a string before the fire roasting, and gradually dropping into a cup of water placed underneath. The apple tea thus prepared will be much preferred by the patient.

Toast and Water.

Toast slices of bread very thoroughly but do not burn them, then pour boiling water over them. It may be flavored with lemon peel if liked. Another way is to pour cold water on the toast while hot.

Crust Coffee.

A delightful drink is crust coffee. It is made thus: Bake in the oven, to a *very dark brown* color, some thin slices of bread; roll or pound quite fine, keep in a corked up bottle. While a breakfast cupful of water is actually boiling, put into the little sauce-pan a heaped up dessertspoonful of baked crumbs (crust coffee); let it stand a few minutes, then pour into a cup through a strainer, and sip while hot. This is infinitely preferable to the flat, often sour, mess called "toast water," and is so easy to make fresh each time. Ice may be added to any of these drinks, and if sugar is forbidden saccharine may be used. Its sweetening powers are said to be many times that of ordinary sugar.

Whites of eggs may often be used with advantage but they must be carefully prepared. The speck must be taken out, and the white beaten up with water very thoroughly and passed through fine cambric.

Milk we have considered more as a food, but whey is sometimes ordered, and can be made by adding rennet to milk when lukewarm.

Barley Water.

Two ounces of pearl barley to a quart of water. The recipes for this differ principally in the time allowed for boiling. Francatelli, usually a good authority, says 20 minutes, while four to eight hours are recommended by experienced nurses and cooks. Like all other sick-cookery it must be a matter of the patient's individual liking. When boiled it must be allowed to cool, then strained, and lemon peel and sugar added, if the flavor is liked.

When merely a drink is wished for, three hours is a fair time to boil, but as barley contains a large proportion of gluten it is often ordered specially for infants when milk cannot be borne, mixed with veal tea or sometimes with milk. This should be cooked for eight or even twelve hours.

A Persian Recipe.

Take twelve pounds of strawberries (or other fruit), put five ounces of Tartaric acid in two quarts of spring water, when dissolved pour over the fruit. Let it stand 24 hours, strain it off, taking care not to bruise the fruit. To each pint of clear liquor add a pound and a half of sugar finely pounded and sifted, stir it frequently, and when dissolved, bottle it. The whole process must be done cold.

Jelly in Ice.

Pound ice about the size of a pea, stir in to it two-thirds its quantity of calf's foot jelly, and pour a little sherry (if allowed) over it.

Almond Milk Beverage.

Scald two ounces Jordan almonds and six bitter ones, after washing them in cold water pound them with a dessertspoonful of orange flower water and two ounces of loaf sugar in a mortar, till they are reduced to a smooth, creamy pulp; a few drops of water must be added while pounded. When finished, take it up in a white basin, add a pint of cold water, cover with a plate, and allow the whole to stand in a cool place for an hour. The milk may then be strained through a clean napkin and kept on ice.

Ginger Beer.

One gallon of water, two pounds of lump sugar, two ounces of cream of tartar, one of pounded ginger; boiled together for three-quarters of an hour. Add the juice and rind of two lemons. Spread a little yeast on toast, let it work and when cold bottle it. It is drinkable as soon as cold, but not up for two or three days.

Oatmeal drink is much recommended to those who are undergoing great bodily labor. Boiling water poured on oatmeal and flavored with lemon peel.—*The Trained Nurse.*

Cracked Ice in the Sick-room.

Finely cracked ice, administered in a teaspoonful of champagne or brandy, has been the rallying point for many a sinking patient. Or the ice alone, finely crushed, so that it simply melts away in the mouth, trickling down the throat, rather than being swallowed as a draught, is a most useful stimulant.

People who take cracked ice get the stimulus of ice upon the nerves of the mouth and tongue, and not flooding by water of the feeble throat and stomach.

The uses of cracked ice in cholera cases are familiar to some. It is possible that with hot water bags at the feet, hot mush poultices on the stomach and a constant diet of cracked ice no further treatment might be needed to complete a cure. Nursing skill counts for much, and every woman should have as much knowledge of it as will be sufficient to keep patients from sliding down hill until the proper officials arrive.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

When the boat-shaped vessel used in Japanese floral decoration is turned to the right, the guest understands that she has outstayed her welcome, and forthwith takes her leave.

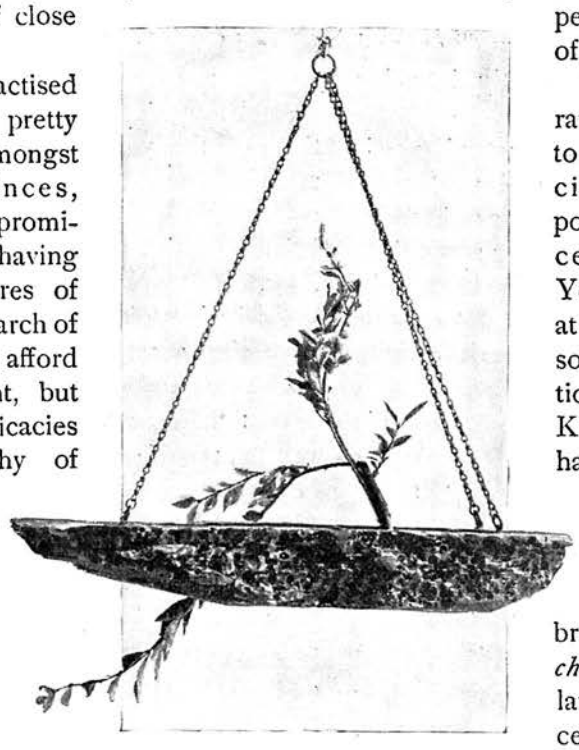
By Athol Maude.

Our thanks are due to Professor William Anderson, F.R.C.S., for his kindly assistance in the preparation of the following article; to Mr. J. Conder's paper on "Japanese Flower Arrangements," and to Mr. Eida, who was good enough to arrange the flowers which were photographed for the purpose of illustrating the article.

The chief difference between the arrangement of flowers in this country and in Japan is that whereas in this country the art is merely considered as a pretty accomplishment for gentlewomen, in Japan it ranks as a science and a philosophy, which can only be mastered after several years of close study.

Far from being practised only by ladies, this pretty Japanese art has amongst its devotees princes, scholars, and other prominent men, who, having retired from the cares of political life, are in search of a hobby which will afford not only amusement, but will also offer intricacies and obstacles worthy of their trained minds.

All cultured people in Japan are proficient in the science, just as the better classes amongst Western nations cultivate taste in dress, or in the artistic arrangement of their household gods.



The "Iri Fune," or homeward-bound ship, with prow pointing to the left, conveys the idea of a hearty welcome to the incoming guest.

The Japanese *élite* look askance at the haphazard massing of flowers in vases by their poorer brethren. In short, to be able to arrange flowers according to the very strict rules laid down by the authorities on these matters is a part of the education of every person in the higher classes of Japanese society.

This art of flower arrangement owes its origin to a somewhat peculiar circumstance. A great politician of the fifteenth century — the Shogun Yoshimasa by name—was at his wits' ends to devise some new kind of occupation for the people of Kioto, who for several years had spent their spare time in raising civil wars and riots throughout the countryside.

He commenced by bringing into fashion the *cha-no-yu*, the literal translation of which means "Tea ceremony," but which really indicates the drinking of tea in all possible and impossible ways. This idea

caught the fancy of the Feudal nobility immediately.

Encouraged by his success, Yoshimasa soon gave vogue to another science, the art of arranging flowers.

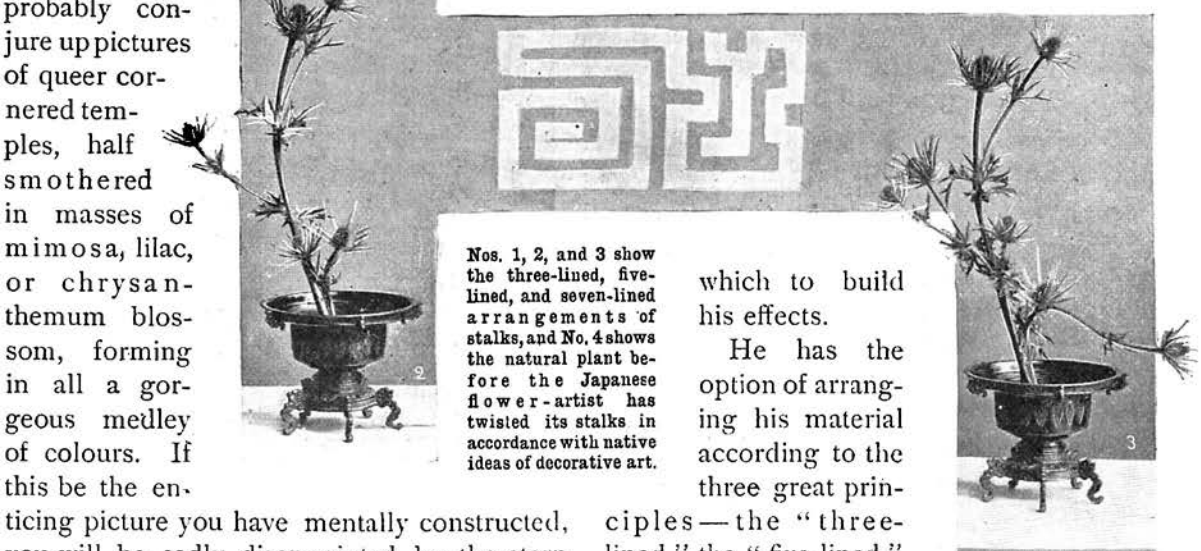
If one does not know the Flowery Land, the expression "Flower arrangement in Japan," would probably conjure up pictures of queer cornered temples, half smothered in masses of mimosa, lilac, or chrysanthemum blossom, forming in all a gorgeous medley of colours. If this be the enticing picture you have mentally constructed, you will be sadly disappointed by the stern reality. Your mass of bloom will be thinned out until only the stalk, a few leaves, and one flower remain, and the intermingled colours will be ruthlessly separated, for the mixing of colours at hazard is as abhorrent to the flower artist as is the mixing of wines to an epicure.

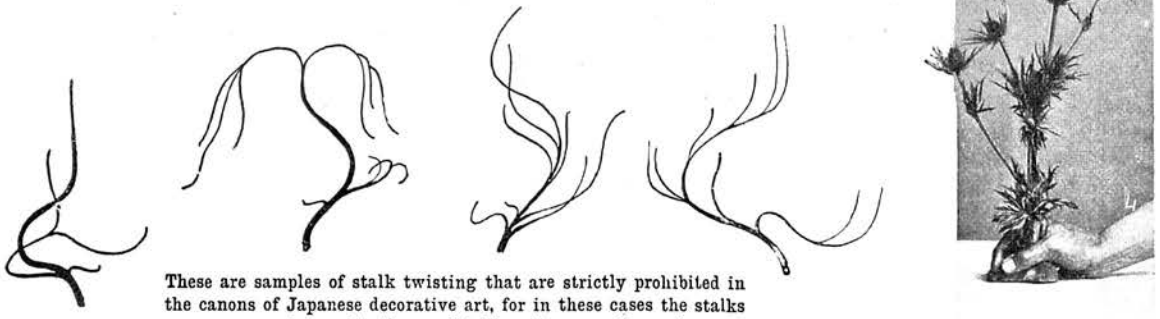
The Japanese term for a flower—*hana*—also implies a blossom-clad stem, and even the stumps or branches of *flowerless* trees and shrubs; and their science of flower arrangement consists not only in grouping the flowers, but more particularly in grouping their leaves and twigs according to prescribed formulæ. The blossom is looked upon as a minor detail in the artistic composition, and of very small value if separated from the parent stem, whose sweeping, though artificial, curves emphasise its beauty. The whole science is, therefore, reduced to obtaining curves which, though really distorted, have the appearance of being true to nature.

A Japanese, looking at his blossom-clad stem, notes its natural curves, its architectural formation, its wealth or paucity of leaves and twigs, and after several minutes of careful study forms a plan upon which to build his effects.

He has the option of arranging his material according to the three great principles—the "three-lined," the "five-lined," and the "seven-lined." Upon these he may elaborate to his heart's content; but from the

Nos. 1, 2, and 3 show the three-lined, five-lined, and seven-lined arrangements of stalks, and No. 4 shows the natural plant before the Japanese flower-artist has twisted its stalks in accordance with native ideas of decorative art.

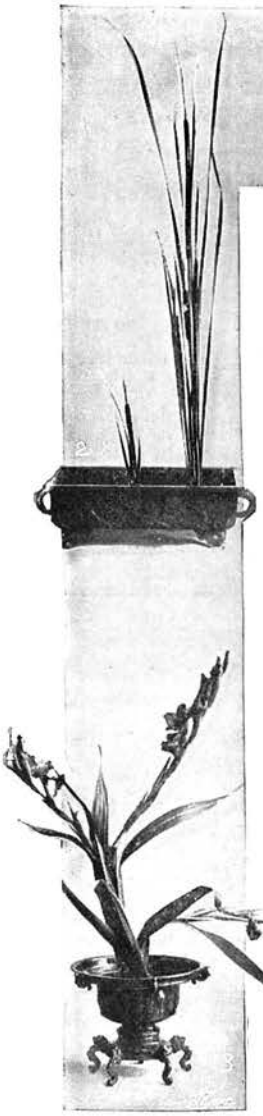




These are samples of stalk twisting that are strictly prohibited in the canons of Japanese decorative art, for in these cases the stalks are seen crossing each other, and taking the same lines of curve.

main ideas he must not deviate, if he have a reputation to keep up.

The favourite principle is the triple arrangement, consisting of three main lines. The central and longest of these, represented by the main stem, is made in a double curve, with its upper part vertical and perpendicularly in line with its base; the other two lines are branches placed always upon opposite sides, the one curving vertically, the other laterally. In the five and seven lined arrangements the extra lines are placed according to rule between the curves of the three lined composition.



(1.) A Japanese expert twisting a stalk. (2.) How a vase of bulrushes is always arranged in Japan. (3.) Gladioli arranged on the triple-lined principle, with their leaves artificially twisted.

The Japanese have a quaint conceit in the naming of these various lines The triple composition is indicated by "Father, Mother, and Self"; the quintuple as "Center, North, South, East, and West"; the seven-lined composition is made up of the "Earth, Fire, Water," and other elements.

There are some curious errors which learners are cautioned against committing. The most heinous of these, called "cross-cutting," is to allow the different lines to intersect one another so as to form cross angles; this fault is but one degree worse than that of "view-cutting," or allowing the smaller stems to run across the parent branch. None but the veriest tyro would be guilty of falling into such indiscretions, for they would immediately brand him as an unscientific individual — a most insulting charge.

To obtain the desired directions of the lines, and at the same time to avoid these errors, it is first essential to obtain suitable material. As flowers and trees have not the knack of growing in accordance with Japanese ideas of art, they must needs undergo a special treatment.

With the practised hand of a surgeon, the flower-artist bruises and forces both leaves and branches into arbitrary shapes by cutting and bandaging. While these operations shorten the branches' life, yet the rules of his art insist that he shall thus aid nature.

One of the most important points to remember is the fact that only certain flowers may be used in certain months. Such opprobrious epithets as *Zankwa* (past flowers), or *Shikwa* (dead flowers), are flung at the innocent heads of plants used after their proper month, or those that are entirely out of season. It is also forbidden to mix the flowers of the mountain with the flowers of the valley, or those of the sea with those of the land. Again, all floral compositions must be appropriate to the seasons. Thus, a spring arrangement should be light and fresh, while a winter composition should give the idea of dreariness and decay.

To convey hidden meanings is an art in itself. It is easy enough to indicate a season, such as dreary winter, but the difficulty begins when some complicated theme has to be made apparent.

By changing the position of one of your stalks by the breadth of an inch you may indicate the reverse of what was intended before. Suppose you have invited a guest to

dine with you, for instance. Your first care would be to arrange the flowers in a boat-shaped vessel, to indicate the *Iri fune*, or homeward bound ship. In this representation the vessel faces towards the left, and the whole idea of the arrangement is to convey a hearty welcome. If you turn this vessel so that it faces to the right, it immediately indicates *De fune* (outward bound ship), which is as much as to say "it is time you left." If, therefore, when your guest arrived he found you had placed your flowers in this position, he would immediately leave, feeling somewhat naturally that he had received the greatest possible insult.

There are several different sorts of ships, the ship in port, in a mist, coasting, or stationary, and the meaning conveyed by each can be shown by the twisting of the stalks. The suggestions are chiefly indicated by the different directions taken by the lines of the composition. The chief streamer or hanging twig sloping towards the stern is supposed to represent the long oar so often used in Japanese boats, both for propulsion and guidance; the highest stem looks for all the world like a mast, while the other lines all show the fulness or otherwise of the sails. It is easy to understand, therefore, that the cramping or puffing out of these twigs will make all the difference between a ship under full sail and a ship in port.

These examples are only a few of the many meanings which the flower artist is able to convey by his compositions. At a wedding or a burial, or any other ceremony, the arrangement of the flowers is as important as the ceremony itself. Often the ceremony has to be stopped at its most critical point while the floral decorations are changed to suit the occasion. In the tea-ceremonies, for instance, the guests solemnly file out at certain appointed times, while the host rearranges his vases; and as this is a lengthy operation, the pauses must become somewhat wearisome after a time. Even when the guests return they are not allowed to go on with the business in hand, but must needs pause to be polite, and to praise the beauty and poetical sentiment of their host's art.

(1.) A lily, with its stalk and leaves twisted according to the laws of Japanese floral arrangement. (2.) A guest in a Japanese house designing a floral composition, to show his skill, as is the native custom. (3.) A group of lilies as usually arranged for table decoration in this country, as a comparison to the beauty of the Japanese style seen in the top photograph.

Between the first and the fifteenth anniversaries of a death, the floral compositions in memory of the occasion should be quiet and sedate. Afterwards the arrangements may become gayer and more complicated until the forty-ninth anniversary be reached; upon this date the Japanese again use withered branches and yellow flowers.

The laws of etiquette by which a guest is guided in his admiration for his host's knowledge of "the art" are distinctly curious. Mr. J. Conder, F.R.I.B.A., the great authority on Japanese flower arrangements, says that the proper manner for a visitor to regard a floral composition, is to take his seat in the old ceremonial attitude, about three feet from

(1.) In Japan floral arrangements must be appropriate to the season. This example signifies Autumn by its dead leaves and dreary appearance. (2.) An example of leaf arrangement. (3.) A branch twisted on the seven-lined principle, from which the blossoms have been plucked to convey an idea appropriate to funerals.

the daïs upon which the flower vase stands, and to place one hand on the knees, while the other respectfully touches the mats. Having bestowed his admiration on the background of the scene, he may examine the floral composition in the foreground. In doing so, he should first observe the main line of the design, and then gradually examine right and left, from top to bottom. It is, however, considered impolite to put the face behind the branches, or to peer too closely into the composition. In expressing admiration, it must be done in a gentle, quiet manner, as it shows bad taste to use loud and indiscriminate expressions of approval.

The guest having thus acquitted himself, it remains for the host to perform his duty, which he does by inviting his friend to make an extemporary arrangement of flowers. On these occasions the host brings forward his most valuable vase, three-quarters filled with water, and a quantity of newly-gathered flowers, a pair of scissors, a knife, and a small saw. It is polite for the guest to examine the valuable vase closely, and then to decline to use so beautiful a work of art, on the plea of insufficient skill. The host invariably pooh-poohs this idea, and presses for an exhibition. Should the guest find insufficient flowers, he must not on any account ask for more, but must do his best with the material at his disposal. Moreover, should the stalks or branches be covered with thorns, the unfortunate visitor is not allowed to remove them unless specially invited to do so by his host.

When the guest has finished his decoration he calls the host—who has meanwhile remained with the other guests in an adjoining room—taking care to leave the scissors near his handiwork as a sort of mute appeal that any slight irregularity may be altered by those present. He asks his host to excuse the really lamentably bad way in which he has arranged the flowers, and hopes that he will look leniently upon his shortcomings. He then begs that so disgusting an exhibition shall be removed. The host promptly refuses, saying that the effect is all that can be desired, and gently insinuates that never has so brilliant an arrangement of flowers been made.

In making a present of cut flowers, one has to be careful not to trim the stems, as this gives them the appearance of having been used before. It is a recognised rule that the bottoms of the stems shall be wrapped up in special paper made for this purpose alone. In sending flowers, it is the correct thing to inclose at least one specimen of cherry blossom, which is the King of Japanese flowers, and should accordingly form the centrepiece of any composition in which it may be placed.

Owing to the peculiarity of arrangement, the flowers cannot be simply placed in a vase, for they would not keep in the desired positions.

They are therefore held in their places by a series of clips, made in all kinds of fantastic shapes.

HOW THE JAPANESE ARRANGE FLOWERS FOR DECORATION.

A BOOK reaches me from Japan which is undoubtedly "a thing of beauty," and if it would only lie open, would be "a joy for ever." But the Japanese binding, artistic though it be, renders it pre-eminently inconvenient for reading, or for studying properly the extremely beautiful plates with which Japanese artists have illustrated it. The work treats of the art of arranging flowers in Japan—an art which in that country has always been regarded as an elegant accomplishment, and by no means an effeminate one. True, the education of ladies of rank is not considered complete without the acquisition of some skill in composing flowers; but the art has been more generally practised by men of culture, whose occupations have spared them leisure for æsthetic pursuits. Priests, philosophers, and men of rank, who, on account of declining years, or from political causes, have retired from a more *active life*, have been its most enthusiastic patrons and devotees.

The writer of the book in question, Mr. Josiah Conder, who for many years past has been architect to the Imperial Government of Japan, has devoted a long period of study in order to master this most intricate art; an art entirely unknown in Europe, and which it is even difficult to explain to Western minds, for it frequently treats of ideas unfamiliar to them.

There are in Japan a number of different schools for flower arrangement, all of which have rigid rules more or less elaborate or artificial, and are frequently strongly opposed to each other. In his book Mr. Conder has treated principally of the Enshiu style of flower arrangement, this being at the same time the most elaborate and the most popular of the more modern schools.

To give an idea of the high esteem in which the art is held, we will cite the following ten virtues, or merits, which are attributed to those engaged in its pursuit, namely:—(1) The privilege of associating with superiors; (2) ease and dignity before men of rank; (3) a serene disposition and forgetfulness of cares; (4) amusement in solitude; (5) familiarity with the nature of plants and trees; (6) the respect of mankind; (7) constant gentleness of character; (8) health of mind and body; (9) a religious spirit; (10) self-abnegation and restraint.

It must be premised that the Japanese term "Hana," translatable as "flower," is applied, in the art under consideration, in a somewhat extended sense compared to that in which it is used in Western countries. It means not only the blossom, but includes the blossom-clad stems and branches of flowering trees and plants, and even the stumps and branches of flowerless trees and shrubs; nay, the branches of certain evergreen trees and flowerless plants hold the highest rank among flowers, such, for example, as the pine, the cedar, the fir, and the maple.

The balance and beauty of line in combination is *par excellence* the distinguishing feature of Japanese floral compositions, and one which gives much scope for the display of skill and character in design. The stems play a part quite as important as the flowers and leaves. There is not, it seems, in Japan that profusion of wild flowers to which the inhabitants of Western Europe are accustomed, though it produces many beautiful flowering trees; hence probably arose the use of branches as an integral portion of floral arrangement.

Line in Japanese, more than in any other style of painting, has developed a distinctive power of its own, and has become a vehicle for conveying the spirit and character of the artist. And these people possess the keenest perception for the lines of beauty and harmony which underlie natural forms. The European florist concerns himself with no such lineal disposition in his flower compositions: mass, colour, and geometrical arrangements of the stems according to certain arbitrary rules of harmony and taste alone receive his attention.

The artistic arrangement of flowering branches and plants in vases and other receptacles is attributed by certain Japanese writers to an Indian origin; the same Buddhist doctrine which forbids the wanton sacrifice of animal life is said to have suggested the gathering of flowers liable to rapid destruction in a tropical climate, and prolonging their life by a careful preservation. The flowers are always arranged with regard to the season, and some arrangements are only permitted at certain hours of the day. The arrangements for certain celebrations and for all the great feasts of the year are prescribed with great minuteness.

Variety in harmony is the leading principle of Japanese design, as it was in Early Christian and even in Pagan art. In the flower compositions the central lines of each group of stems receive first attention. There are three, five, and seven-lined arrangements. Legends of the early times of Buddhism exist, tending to explain the use of seven lines as the most perfect number for floral disposition, and also to illustrate a certain philosophical spirit which underlies the whole of the art. One very charming feature of this Japanese method of flower treatment is, that the natural locality of production is never lost sight of, and that there is an attempt to reproduce it as nearly as possible.

The earliest form of arrangement, called a "Shin-no-hana," is formed of a stiff central vertical stem, around which the flowers are arranged. It is still in use for flower offerings placed before religious shrines. An arrangement called "Rikkwa" was in use at the same time, of which the central stem was curved. Flowers are classified according to their seasons, and also to certain associations attributed to them. The plum is called the oldest of flowers; it is very important, and greatly esteemed. A beautiful illustration in Mr. Conder's book shows the "Plum Viewing," which is one of the spring diversions of the Japanese, who go out in companies at different seasons when different flowers are in bloom, to look at them growing in all their beauty. In this picture the strong and rugged character of these trees is most excellently given, as, indeed, throughout the Japanese artists seem to catch the very character and individuality of the various trees and plants they represent.

Poets and artists in Japan are fond of comparing the plum with the cherry, which comes rather later in the spring—the cherry being prized chiefly for its blossom; the plum for its picturesque form of growth. Dwarf plum trees are a favourite ornament for rooms in spring. There was for many years a spot in the north of Tokio where grew a most wonderful plum tree, which was called "The Recumbent Dragon," from its strange shape. Fruit from this tree was annually presented to the Shogun. It has now succumbed to extreme old age, but has been replaced by others chosen for their strange and crawling form. The boughs of these curiously shaped trees enter greatly into the composition of the "Rikkwa," or crooked, arrangement. The plum is, in Japan, an imported flower; the cherry is indigenous, though the importance of the cherry as a flower is of later date.

At the "Cherry Viewing" wine is drunk, in allusion to the legend of its petals having fallen into the cup of the Emperor Richim as he was disporting himself in a pleasure-boat, this incident calling his attention to the beauty of the hitherto neglected flower.

The wistaria is another favourite flower in Japanese arrangement. On account of its purple colour it is not used at weddings, purple being considered as mourning. It is usually painted in combination with the pheasant. The peony is the flower of rank and aristocracy, with which the peacock and the lion are combined. The lotus is the flower specially dedicated to the spirit world, and used at the festivals of the dead. The iris is also largely used, being combined in art with water birds. The chrysanthemum, often wrongly considered as the national flower of Japan—a position which really belongs to the cherry—is also greatly esteemed as the principal flower of autumn. There are said to be two hundred and sixty-nine colour varieties of chrysanthemums in Japan. Some of these are called by very poetical names, such as "Silver World," "Companion of the Moon," "Blessings of Majesty," "Die of the Dew," "Waves in the Morning Sun," and so forth. In art this flower is associated with the crane, which is regarded as the royal bird of Japan.

The paucity of flowering trees and plants in autumn has led the Japanese to make much of certain simple plants, comparatively unimportant in themselves, but gathering importance and interest in combination. Since every month in the year is associated with a special blossom, some flowers had also to be found for the autumn months, and of these the chief are the morning glory, the eularia japonica, two species of valerian, and a species of carnation. The deer is specially associated with the autumn time. Maple trees also belong to autumn, and their reddening leaves cause them to be regarded as flowers. The snowy landscape, by a pretty Japanese fancy, is also regarded as a flowery scene, and parties go to view such scenes in winter.

Certain flowers are used at particular feasts. Others, chiefly poisonous, are considered ominous, and not used in floral decorations, of which the fundamental idea is that the whole character of the plant or tree used should be considered. The treatment adopted may be likened to the method followed in distributing curved foliage in architectural panels. The surface of the water in which the flowers are placed is supposed to represent the soil in which they grow; there must therefore be an appearance of strength and stability in this part of the arrangement, as floral growth and vitality must be expressed. In the distribution of the composition an equal-sided arrangement must be avoided, although an idea of balance must be subtly conveyed.

The original model for all forms of arrangement is the three-lined one. In this the principal line, as its name imparts, is the central one, and the longest; the other two are called secondary and tertiary, the former of which should be about half, the latter about a quarter, as long as the principal. These are arranged in double curves on either side the principal. The five-lined arrangement

has two lines arranged between these three, one between the principal and secondary, called the "support," and one between the principal and tertiary, called the "sub-principal." The seven-lined arrangement has two more lines, one between the support and the tertiary, called the "trunk" line, and one between the sub-principal and the secondary, called the "side" line. Balance and harmony without repetition are always required.

A list exists of all those errors which should be carefully avoided in floral arrangements. Among these are :—Cross-cutting—that is to say, where the different lines of a composition intersect each other; view-cutting, where the smaller stems of a branch cut across the parent stem. Exception to this rule is made in the case of the plum, of which this is a characteristic. Another error is parallelism, *i.e.*, when two or more stems of equal length run parallel to each other. It is called "window-cutting" when stems or branches form looped openings. "Lattice-cutting" is when numerous stems cross each other so as to produce an impression of lattice-work. Every one of these is regarded as a mistake.

A trailing appendage, called a streamer, forms part of many arrangements; but there is to be on no account a streamer on each side. These lines have various poetic and allegorical names, alluding to the philosophy on which the art is based.

The Japanese apply the terms male and female to various inanimate objects — the stronger and more powerful being called male; the weaker, female. These must always be carefully balanced in floral design.

The various lines or directions imparted to plants and branches of trees on the above principle of disposition are obtained, first, by a careful selection of suitable material; next, by twisting, bending, and building together; lastly, by cutting and clipping off defective parts. To those who object to such bruising and forcing as a violation of nature, the partisans of the Enshiu school reply that the conditions and surroundings of branches are entirely changed when they are divided from their parent tree, and used for the embellishment of architectural interiors; and art must aid nature in such cases, even at the risk of shortening vitality. Some arrangements must last only a short time.

Intimately connected with the character of the floral design is the form of the vessels used to hold the flowers, these vessels being of various shapes and of different materials. The most ancient form in use was a long-necked earthen or bronze vessel; but the difficulty of balancing such high arrangements led to the use of broader and shorter vases, and to a corresponding lowering of flower composition. The ordinary wide-mouthed bronze vessel, of which there are an infinite number of different shapes, is called a "Hana-ike," and is said to have been suggested by certain Buddhist characters. Shallow vessels are also used, chiefly for the arrangement of water plants and grasses. Some of these shallow vessels are called "horse-tubs," and resemble them in miniature, from a tradition that a great Japanese general once, when on the march, used an ordinary horse-tub for arranging flowers.

The famous Regent, Yoshimasa, is said to have been the first to employ bamboo baskets as receptacles for flowers, and these are not placed on stands like the porcelain and bronze vessels, but are generally adopted for suspended arrangements of flowers. To the Regent's patronage is also attributed the use of bamboo vases for holding flowers, which are of most varied shapes, and are called by most fanciful names.

There are many forms of vessels and baskets used for hooking against the wall or for suspension from the ceiling. The boat-shaped vessel plays a most important part in Japanese life; thus, one is called the "homeward bound" boat; another the "outward bound"; a third the "stationary"; and in each of these a different class of floral arrangement must be made. The first of these is used when the occasion is one of welcome; the second, when it is one of farewell; the third, when a guest is staying in the house, to give him the feeling that he is not expected to remove. The form and character of the design and decoration of the vessels is carefully selected with reference to the nature of the flower composition.

A list of artistic virtues is given, said to have been pointed out by Yoshimasa. Thus, for instance, a character of affectionate attachment is expressed by a bronze sand bowl containing a pine branch entwined by a wistaria; a character of serenity is expressed by a hanging boat-shaped vessel of bronze containing white chrysanthemums, supposed to suggest a loaded boat stationary in port; a character of veneration is expressed by a pine or evergreen placed in a bronze vase engraved with a stork, both stork and pine being associated with the idea of venerable old age. Receptacles, however rare and valuable they may be, if intended for other uses, must not be employed as flower vessels.

Various forms of fasteners are employed to hold the flowers in position, and there are rules for their employment. Some of these are purely ornamental, the real fastener being hidden under the water. The bronze crabs, dragons, and other strange forms that we often find in Japanese shops in Europe, are really flower fasteners in their native land. There are also rigid rules prescribing the amount of water for use in the vessels at different seasons. In spring, vases should be about nine-tenths full, and in summer they should be full to overflowing; in winter only four-fifths full, and in very cold weather only seven-tenths. The position of the flowers used in decorating apartments is also carefully prescribed.

All important rooms in Japanese houses, large or small, are provided with an ornamental recess, called "tokonoma." The floral composition is always placed on the floor of the "tokonoma," unless it be a hanging arrangement, in which case it is suspended to a side pillar of this recess. The rolling pictures, called "kakemono," which always decorate Japanese rooms, invariably hang upon the back wall of this "tokonoma," and correspond, like the floral decorations, to the seasons of the year, being changed accordingly.

It is held of the greatest importance that the floral arrangement should not clash with the pictures, and there are rules laid down as to the relations which exist between them. For example—If the picture is long, the floral decoration must be kept low; but when a broad low picture is used, the floral composition must be high and full. If the flowers are allowed to cover any portion of the picture, they must never hide the signature of the artist. The centre, ends, and tassel of the ornamental roller forming the bottom of the picture must be left visible. If the picture represent figures, the faces must not be hidden by the flowers. Harmony must also be carefully observed between the character of the picture and the flower, and it is absolutely necessary to avoid using the same flowers as those represented in the picture. If the painting represents flowering plants, the floral decoration should be made with branches of trees, and *vice versâ*.

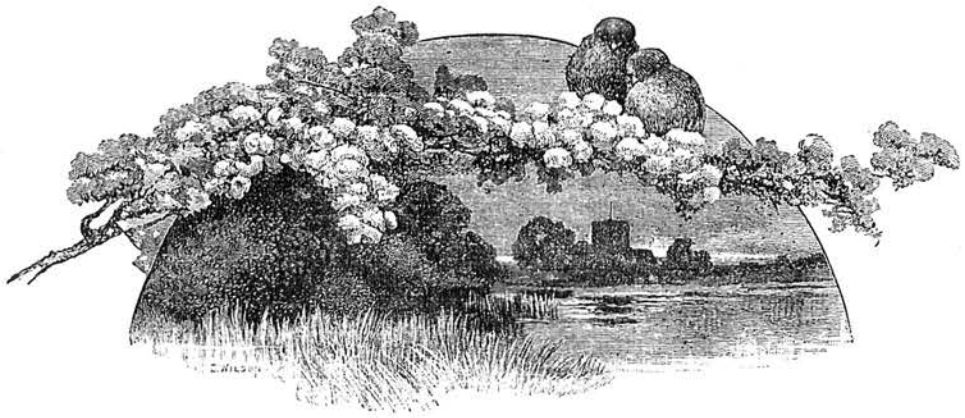
The association of flowers with certain birds and animals, before alluded to, must be preserved. A painting of eagles requires maples; of horses, wild grass and flowers; tigers must have bamboos; dragons, pine branches; and paintings of children require many coloured flowers. The bamboo, it may be noted, is used both as a tree and as a plant. It should never be placed in bamboo vases.

There are several points of ceremonial and etiquette insisted on in connection with the art of arranging flowers, and a sort of ritual is prescribed with regard to the examination of floral designs, which must be carefully adhered to. Certain epithets are considered to belong to certain classes of flowers. It is improper to hold a fan in the hand when regarding a floral composition. A guest is often invited by his host to make an extempore arrangement of flowers, for which purpose he is presented with suitable stems and branches, and all needful utensils and implements. If the vase provided to hold the flowers is exceedingly rare and valuable, it is polite for the guest to show diffidence in making use of it. If a small quantity of flowers is provided, the guest must do his best, and on no account ask for more. When the arrangement is completed, the host and the other guests, who have remained in the adjoining room, return and inspect the work. The guest must leave the flower scissors near to the arrangement, as a silent request to correct faults. He must also apologise for the imperfection of the work, and beg that the whole should be removed. The host must refuse, saying that the result is everything that could be desired. Before departing, however, the guest must destroy the arrangement unless especially requested not to do so. In making presents of cut flowers for floral arrangements, they should not be trimmed, or they will look as though they had been previously used. The sender must consider how they are capable of arrangement, and must send plants and other materials which are necessary accessories. The stems of plants sent should be wrapped in paper.

There are special forms of paper-wrappings used, the one for trees and the other for flowers. Certain flowers are used at certain festivals. At weddings, red and white flowers are used in combination, red being a male colour and representing the bridegroom, white being female, and representing the bride. Yellow branches are not used at weddings, nor any purple flowers. For coming of age festivals, strong and vigorous arrangements are used with a large proportion of young branches and boughs. For festivals of promotion in rank, full-blown flowers are placed above boughs. At tea ceremonials floral arrangements should be exceedingly small and simple, and usually of a rustic character.

The colours of flowers have both respective rank and sex. The idea of respective rank is applied principally to coloured flowers of the same species. In most cases the white ranks first; but there are exceptions to this rule. Among the colours, red, purple, pink, and variegated colours are male; blue, yellow, and white are female. Colours which do not harmonise must be separated by green leaves or white flowers. The idea of sex is applied also to the direction of branches in floral compositions; the right hand of the arrangement is east, the left west, the front south, the back north, and the east and south direction are regarded as male, the west and north as female.

Any change that would lead to the decay of this beautiful art of flower arrangement would indeed be a misfortune; but changes in a Western direction are proceeding so rapidly in Japan that we cannot know how long this art may continue to flourish unspoiled. For the present it certainly conforms most accurately to Ruskin's definition of design, as—"That power in any art work which has purpose other than that of imitation, and which is designed, composed, and separated to that end. It implies the rejection of some ends and the insistence upon others with a given object." HELEN ZIMMERN.



THE BROOK AND ITS BANKS.

By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A., Author of "The Handy Natural History.

CHAPTER VI.

My previous remarks on the life-history of the campagnol show how one creature is dependent upon another, and how, when the habitation of the campagnol is abandoned by its excavator, a tenant is sure to be found as soon as the dwelling is vacated.

Such is also the case with the burrow of the water-vole, should the animal fall a victim to the pike or heron, and a more fitting or picturesque tenant cannot be found.

This is the KINGFISHER (*Alcédo hispida*), a bird which is far more plentiful than is generally suspected.

It may seem somewhat strange that the most brilliantly coloured of our British birds should be able to pass its life and rear its young in the vicinity of human habitations, and yet that its existence should be unknown to the resident population.

Yet I have seen this to be the case, even the country people who lived within a few hundred yards of a Kingfisher's nest hardly being able to believe their eyes when I showed them a handful of the eggs.

To the frequenter of the Brook and its banks hardly any sight is more familiar than that which is so admirably described by Faber:—

"There came
Swift as a meteor's shining flame,
A kingfisher from out the brake,
And almost seemed to leave a wake
Of brilliant hues behind."
FABER: *The Cherwell.*

As the bird darts along its horizontal course just above the surface of the water, its flight is so swift that it looks just as if a blue streak had been drawn through the air.

Fortunately for us, the Kingfisher is one of the few brightly-coloured birds which lose none of their brilliance in flight.

Those who have watched the humming-birds when darting through the air with speed even more rapid than that of the Kingfisher, or hovering before some flower into which they are plunging their long tongues, say that they give scarcely any indications of their gemlike plumage, but look as sombre of hue as the brown humming-bird moth, which is so plentiful in the autumn.

But the Kingfisher looks, when on the wing, as bright, or, if anything, even brighter, than it does when at rest.

Possessed though it may be of the most vivid blues, greens, red, and white, these colours are so artistically blended that even those who know the bird intimately can seldom state the exact colouring of each part, but are obliged to give a general idea of it, and say that it is green above and red below.

I know the bird well enough, and have more than once described its colours; but even now I should not choose to write the details of its hues without reference to the bird itself, or some description which had been written by a competent observer.

No one afflicted in the least degree with colour-blindness, a malady which is far more common than is generally supposed (as is shown by the reports of examinations in colour which have to be passed by candidates for the army, navy, and appointments on the railways), would make anything of the description of a Kingfisher.

Without going into needlessly minute details, we may say that the head and back of the neck are deep green, relieved by a number of blue spots upon the tips of the feathers. The shoulders are dark green, and the rest of the back is verditer-green, the tail being dark blue. The wings are coloured like the head. When the bird is darting along on its arrowy flight, the eye cannot separate these colours, and, brilliant as is the tinted streak when the sun is shining, it is impossible to say whether the hue be green or blue.

If we turn the bird over, and examine the under surface, we shall see that the throat is nearly white, and the remainder is ruddy chestnut. There is also a conspicuous white streak passing from the eyes to the back of the neck.

Though these colours are so remarkably arranged, the general effect is that of bluish-green upon the back and red below, and it is very strange to find so many people who must have seen the bird make the most extraordinary mistakes when they mention its colour. No one would expect that Mary Howitt, for example, who is essentially a poet of the country, would have written of the "scarlet plume" of the Kingfisher. I fancy that at the time she must have been thinking of the woodpecker.

Now let us try to watch the Kingfisher as we have watched the water-vole, the campagnol, and the water-shrew.

There is not the least difficulty in doing so, as the Kingfisher is, when understood, a bird which has but little fear of man, and, indeed, seems to prefer the neighbourhood of human habitations.

I have seen it darting over the surface of the water in the desolate "creeks" of the mouth of the Medway, and rather wondered to see it so far from human habitations. But, I afterwards learnt that upon some of the many islands which are formed by these creeks, and which, from the level of the water, appear to be totally deserted, there is a series of small settlements, only approachable by boats at high water, on account of the deep mud which surrounds their banks.

If, while sitting quietly on the bank of our brook, we catch a glimpse of the blue-green flash of a Kingfisher's back, and will remain where we are without moving, we shall be tolerably certain to see the bird again, and probably be able to track it to its nest, or at all events to its favourite fishing spot.

As its name implies, the bird lives almost entirely on fish, which it catches in a very ingenious manner.

Selecting some object which overhangs the water, it takes its perch upon it, and with its big beak sunken on its breast, awaits the approach of its prey.

Suddenly, it may be seen to drop from the perch into the water, and to emerge with a fish in its beak. Returning to the perch, it bangs the fish against it, throws it up in the

air, catches it with its head downwards, and swallows it.

When anyone sees for the first time the Kingfisher catching its prey, and has taken his ideas on the subject from illustrated books, he is always surprised at the manner in which the bird catches the fish.

Artists invariably represent the Kingfisher as darting at its prey with its head downwards, just as if it were a diver taking a "header" into the water. Whereas, the bird simply lets itself drop into the water. Then there is a great splashing, and presently the bird emerges with its prey.

It always has some favourite perch, so that when it is once seen in the act of fishing, it may be watched whenever the observer can spare an hour.

It might be imagined that on account of its brilliant hues, the Kingfisher must be very conspicuous on its fishing perch. This, however is not the case. I have often passed a place where the bird was sitting, and have been startled by its sudden rising.

Brilliant as it may be, it is singularly inconspicuous. Though the statement may seem a paradox, all practical lepidopterists know that there is nothing so difficult of detection as a white moth on a black fence, and *vice versa*, and perhaps on the same principle, the brilliant colours of the Kingfisher are a safeguard to the bird.

I have already stated that just as a thrush has a favourite stone on which to break the shells of his snails, so the Kingfisher always has his favourite perch from which he watches for the fish first, and against which he can bang them into insensibility when caught. Seated on this perch, he really seems to feel that he is "monarch of all he surveys." Another passage from Faber's "Kingfisher" (containing a playful allusion to the bird's name) may be appropriately quoted here:

"Thou hast a fair dominion here, Sir King,
And yon tall stone beneath the alder stem,
Seems a meet throne for a gay crowned thing
That wears so well its tawny diadem."

It is to be wished that all poets had been equally observant, for they really seem to vie with each other in depicting the bird in so absurd a fashion that no one could recognise it.

Perhaps we need not be very much surprised when Cowper (essentially the poet of the town) describes the Kingfisher as catching its prey in the ocean, or when Savage, another poet of the town, ranks the Kingfisher among the songsters; but, it is more than startling when Shelley, of all poets, represents himself as having seen two Kingfishers clinging with their backs downwards to a branch, and *feeding upon its berries*.

Poetry and fact are as much at variance with each other regarding the nesting of the bird. Many of my readers will remember the graceful legend of Alcyonë, the daughter of Neptune and wife of Ceyx, who for love of her drowned husband plunged into the sea, and was changed into a Kingfisher, together with him. Since that time, the Kingfisher has always lived near water, and always with a single mate.

Around this legend many others were accreted, especially as regards the manner in which the bird makes its nest and rears its young.

It was thought to build on the sea-shore a very light and fragile nest, which, when finished, was launched upon the waves. As so fragile a structure would be shattered to pieces by the slightest storm, it was thought that from seven days before the winter solstice to seven days after it, the weather was perfectly calm. This period was known by the name of "Halcyon days," a term which is frequently used by those who have no idea of its derivation.

When the bird had hatched its young and abandoned its nest, the mysterious nest itself (which, from the description was evidently the empty shell of the sea-urchin, surrounded with its multitudinous spines) was considered a very valuable medicine.

Those of my readers who would care to follow out the subject will find much quaint and interesting information in Pliny's Natural History, Book 10, and in Ovid's Metamorphoses, Book 2, "Ceyx et Alcyone in Aves."

The real nesting place of the Kingfisher is in a singularly prosaic locality, namely, in a hole in the ground, mostly, but not always, in the bank of the brook. Still more prosaically, the Kingfisher will always, if possible, take advantage, as I have already mentioned, of the deserted hole of a water-rat, so as to save itself the trouble of burrowing.

Within this burrow, and at no great distance from its mouth, the nest of the Kingfisher is made. The material is supplied by the bird itself, being nothing but the bones of the fish which it has eaten, and which have been ejected as is the custom with predacious birds. These bones are arranged into a circular shape, and upon them the eggs are laid. I have seen an assertion to the effect that the object of this bony platform, for it scarcely deserves the name of nest, is to keep the eggs from being swamped in case the river should rise after heavy rain. But, as the thickness of the nest is seldom more than an inch, and often much less, it could be no protection to the eggs in case of a flood, which might raise the level of the water several feet. It is simply intended as a platform on which the eggs and newly-hatched young may be kept from contact with the cold ground.

Those who care for making collections of birds' eggs always consider that a Kingfisher's nest is a prize. The bird is wonderfully prolific, hatching seven or eight young, and being capable of furnishing twice that number of eggs, if they be taken a few at a time. The colour of the eggs is almost invariably said to be glossy white. So it is in a cabinet, but not in the nest. When newly laid, the eggs are of a delicate pinky hue, the yelk being partly perceptible through the diaphanous shell. But when the eggs are "hard set" they are whitish-grey, and when "blown" for the cabinet they become white, like notepaper. I have, however, contrived a plan by which the lovely translucent pinkness can be perfectly restored. Here is the plan.

First, empty and thoroughly wash out the interior, not by a hole at each end, a practice which destroys the exquisite contour of the egg, but through a single hole in the middle of one side. This is very easily done. Get a piece of common glass tube from a chemist, about fourteen or eighteen inches in length. About three inches from one end hold it in the flame of a spirit lamp, if you have one, or, if not, in the flame of a gas burner. You must bring it very gradually to the flame, or it will break. When it is red hot, draw your hands apart steadily and rather slowly, and you will be able to draw out the tube in two pieces, each with a pointed end. Take the longer of the pieces, and break off the point at any spot which will leave an aperture sufficiently large to admit an ordinary darning needle. This we will call the "washing tube."

Now make in one side of the egg a hole just large enough to admit the point of the washing tube easily. For this purpose there is nothing like a sailmaker's needle, which is triangular and can be used as a drill by being twirled between the finger and thumb.

Next, with a long darning needle (which is easier of management if the eye end be thrust into the handle of a camel's hair brush) break up the yelk entirely, and stir it up with the white. Now suck some water into the washing tube, introduce the end a very little way into the egg, and blow the water into the egg. This must be done very gently and steadily, and by degrees the entire contents will be washed out by the same hole. Put the egg aside until it is thoroughly dry, which will probably occupy several days.

Now take some white wax, melt it, and mix it very thoroughly with powdered lake or carmine. It should be several shades darker than the intended colour of the egg, as the shell will lessen the depth of hue. When it is well mixed, heat it nearly to boiling point, and heat also the egg and a washing tube. Now draw up some of the hot wax into the tube, and blow it into the egg. A very little wax—say the third of a saltspoonful—will be amply sufficient for one egg.

Next hold the egg over the spirit lamp or gas, or before a fire, and keep turning it between the fingers until the coloured wax is equally distributed over the inner surface of the egg. When you see that all streakiness has disappeared, withdraw it very carefully from the heat, and allow it to cool, taking care to keep turning it until the wax has set.

The effect is magical. The opaque, dead whiteness, which was as the pallor of a corpse compared with the glowing tints of the living being, will have disappeared, and in its place will be found the original pinkness, restored as it was before the egg was emptied of its coloured contents.

The same process will restore the colour of the eggs of the swallow tribe, wrens, etc., the ground hue being naturally a delicate pink, which degenerates into dead white when the eggs are emptied.

Now, if the reader should wish to prepare an object which will be an ornament to any museum, he can do as the late Mr. J. Gould did many years ago, and procure a perfect nest of the Kingfisher, with the eggs. Here is the plan which he employed, and which the reader can adopt.

By means of a stick measure the distance of the nest from the entrance of the burrow, and then cut down carefully upon it from above. Should there be any portion of a nest in the hole, remove it, so as to force the bird to begin afresh. Replace the sod carefully, and take precautions that it shall not be broken in by anyone inadvertently treading on the spot.

Watch the burrow, so as to be quite sure that the birds are still at work, and wait for at least three weeks. Then take with you an abundant supply of cotton wool, a small dark-coloured plate, and an ordinary butcher's knife, such as can be bought for sixpence. Now with the stick fill the whole of the burrow with cotton wool, and then remove the sod above the nest. When Mr. Gould did so, he found that he had secured the parent bird, as well as the eggs and nest. By means of the knife scrape away the earth under the nest, and gradually insert the plate. With judicious handling you will then have been able to remove the nest uninjured. Empty the eggs, and line them with coloured wax, as has already been described, replace them on (for we can hardly say in) the nest, cover them with a suitable glass, and you will have an object of much beauty and surpassing interest. It will be as well to place the eggs very carefully on their sides, so that the single hole through which they were "blown" shall not be visible, and also to fasten them to each other with a tiny drop of diamond cement or gum tragacanth, so that they shall not be shaken apart by any casual jar.

The chief obstacle to success lies in one word—

Boys.

Should the nest be made in any bank to which boys can have access, your operations cannot escape their prying eyes, and, even though they gain nothing, they will take a mischievous delight in thwarting you. So, unless the brook should run through your own grounds or through those of a friend, I do not recommend the attempt at procuring a perfect nest of the Kingfisher.

Now for a word as to the nature of the hole in which the Kingfisher makes its simple nest. Some observers have said that the bird always employs the deserted burrow of the water-rat, while others are as positive that it always makes its own burrow, one writer stating that he has watched the Kingfisher for thirty years, and has "never seen an instance of its taking up with the abode of its most deadly enemy, the water-rat."

As is often the case in Natural History, the Kingfisher here plays the part of the shield with the gold and silver sides. The bird can and does make its own burrow, but it also does avail itself of the deserted burrow of the water-rat. Why the water-vole, which, as we have already seen, feeds on vegetable substances and has been execrated by the river-side agriculturist for robbing his stores of beets, turnips, beans, grapes, etc., should be termed the most deadly enemy of the Kingfisher, is more than I can understand.

Here again is an example of the wonderful manner in which the life-history of one animal is linked with that of another. We have seen how the swoop of the kestrel upon the fieldmouse gives a home to the humble bee, and we now see how the stroke of the heron's beak upon the water-rat's head assists the Kingfisher in preparing a dwelling-place for her young.

It is scarcely necessary to mention that the material of the nest must necessarily depend upon the nature of the food. Although a bird which inhabits the bank of an inland brook will find an abundant supply of fish, and therefore will form its nest wholly of their bones; another bird, which lives under different conditions, is obliged to accommodate itself to them. Thus, when the Kingfisher inhabits the banks of tidal rivers, the "shells" of shrimps are found to be mixed with the fish-bones. I have no doubt that if we were to open the burrows of the Kingfishers which I have so often seen among the creeks of the Medway, we should find that the nest was constructed almost entirely of the remains of shrimps and other small crustacea.

We have not yet quite finished with the Kingfisher, concerning which there still survives a superstition quite as remarkable as that which once existed respecting the "halcyon days" and the wave-borne nest. When the bird is killed and stuffed, its skin is supposed to possess the power of denoting the direction of the wind. I have several times seen in rustic cottages the stuffed skin of a Kingfisher suspended from a rafter by a thread fastened to the point of its beak, and, on inquiry as to its object, have been told that the breast always pointed in the direction of the wind.

Some centuries ago a similar custom prevailed, except that the bird was stuffed with extended wings, and suspended by the middle of its back. Its beak was then supposed to point to the wind. Dryden, for example, alludes to this superstition in his "Hind and the Panther."

"And here his corpse, unblessed, is hanging still,
To shew the change of winds with his prophetic bill."

Many such passages might be quoted; but I will content myself with one from Shakspeare. In *King Lear* time-servers are described as men who

"Turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters."

The Kingfisher is one of the birds which, as far as is known, sings only upon the wing. Perhaps some of us might not be likely to call the sharp, quick cry of the bird by the name of song. But we must not judge other creatures by ourselves, and the short scream of the flying Kingfisher may be as sweet a melody to its mate within her burrow as is the song of the soaring skylark to his spouse upon her nest amid the grass.

I have never been fortunate enough to see the brood of young Kingfishers sitting near the nest, and hungrily piping for their food. But those who have done so have always been delighted with the sight, and I only hope that my readers may watch the Kingfisher in its haunts with better success in this respect than has hitherto fallen to my lot.

I cannot take leave of the Kingfisher without an allusion to the diminution of its numbers, which is caused by the fashion of using the stuffed skin as an article of feminine adornment.

The humming-birds suffer greatly from the demand for their skins. I have before me a figure drawn from the specification of a fashionable milliner for a lady's evening dress. It is trimmed with long rows of stuffed humming-birds, and there are even several humming-birds on her fan. This is bad enough. But the skins are those of the male birds only, the females being too dull of colour to be used as ornaments. Consequently, none of the skins are those of mother birds, whose young are left to die of hunger. But as the plumage of the female Kingfisher is quite as beautiful as that of her mate, a Kingfisher's skin on a lady's dress, or in her hat, may well be the representative of seven or eight young birds which have been starved to death.

(*To be continued.*)

A CHAPTER ON CURRY.

BY A. G. PAYNE, M.A., AUTHOR OF "COMMON-SENSE COOKERY," "CHOICE DISHES AT SMALL COST," "THE HOUSEKEEPER'S GUIDE," ETC.

HOW very seldom is it that we meet with really good curry, and yet perhaps few dishes are more popular. Many years back, housekeepers laboured under the impression that curry was a dish off which people could make their dinner, but the dish, as usually served, had no resemblance to a dish of curry properly so called. In fact the old-fashioned method of making curry was simply this. The cook opened a bottle of curry powder, and then proceeded to make some hashed mutton from the remains of, say a cold leg of mutton; having boiled some rice—usually into a clammy and sticky mass—she placed a border of it round a large dish, and then moistened about a table-spoonful of curry powder in a little water and mixed it with the thin gravy of the hash; the whole of the hashed mutton, with the now yellow

gravy, was poured into the centre of the dish and was sent to table.

It was an awful mess. I remember in my earliest school days we had it served us once a week. It has made an impression upon me, just as we never forget our early days of castor oil. Fortunately society is getting more civilised. Curry is an Oriental dish, and those who have tasted it in its perfection, at the Oriental Club, or on board a P. and O. boat, will know how delicious an addition it makes to a little dinner, for it must be remembered that curry is not a dish that ought to make a dinner in itself. In speaking of curry Sir Henry Thompson observes : "The enjoyment of a curry—and when skilfully made it is almost universally admitted to be one of the most attractive combinations which can be offered to the senses of taste and smell —is only possible at a limited repast. When freely eaten, very little is acceptable to the palate afterwards, exhausted as it is by the pervading fragrance of the spice and other adjuncts. Hence a curry should form the climax of a short series of dishes leading up to it : when presented, as it sometimes is, among the entrées of a first course, it is wholly out of place."

Probably the majority of English cooks have no idea of the various kinds of curries that are served abroad. In a voyage from London to Calcutta and back, the following dishes of curry appeared in the bill of fare : Nabob, Bombay, Madras, Poonah, Nepaul, Surat, Bumlow, Cabul, Calcutta, Singapore, Bengal, Penang, Allahabad, Sykabob, Cingalese, and Goa.

It is needless to say that all of these are very similar in character. Some are drier, such as Madras, than others ; some hotter ; some, again, owe their name to the meat that is served in the curry sauce, for curry can be divided into two distinct headings, the curry sauce, and the meat that is served up in it. The chief characteristic point in which what is called real Indian curry differs from the curry obtainable in this country, is that abroad the curry paste is made fresh from the spice, while in England curry is made from curry powder or curry paste made previously.

As may naturally be supposed, the fresher the paste, the better the curry, and therefore if housekeepers have by them a bottle of curry powder that has been in their possession perhaps a year or more, it will make very indifferent curry indeed, especially if it has been insecurely corked.

I will first describe how to make ordinary curry sauce, which will serve as the basis of every kind of curry we can make. The first requisite is some really good brown gravy—gravy that when cold forms a firm jelly, and when hot looks a bright brown mahogany colour. It is perhaps needless to say that the gravy should be free from grease.

Take six good-sized onions and a small carrot ; the carrot in bulk should be equal to about one onion, and a similar quantity of a head of celery. Cut these up and fry them, in an ordinary frying-pan, in a little butter, till they are tender. I may here add that they should be fried in curry fat. I will explain what I mean by this later on. The vegetables should be fried till they are tender, and of a light brown colour, but should not be burnt. Now add to all these fried vegetables a pint of good gravy, let the vegetables boil in the gravy for a short time, then add a dessert-spoonful of curry powder and a brimming tea-spoonful of Captain White's curry paste. Let the whole boil together for some time, say half an hour, then strain off the liquor into a basin, and rub the onion, carrot, and celery through a wire sieve with a wooden spoon. This requires perseverance and patience, but without it the curry sauce will not be perfect. This forms what we may call the basis of all curries, and this curry sauce can be varied in many different ways.

One very great improvement is to introduce a good-sized dessert-spoonful of Indian chutney. This must be rubbed through the wire sieve with the sauce. It will be found also that if, as is very often the case, you have only curry powder and no paste, a spoonful of chutney will form an excellent substitute for the paste. Another very good substitute for curry paste is a sour apple, which should be peeled, the core cut out, and fried with the vegetables. When, however, you have the paste, the addition of apple is not necessary.

The curry sauce should be of a good consistency, and if the gravy is properly thickened at starting, the addition of the vegetable pulp will be sufficient to make it of a proper thickness. Should the curry be preferred still hotter, more curry powder, or cayenne pepper, can be added. This, however, is a matter of taste, and must be left to the discretion of the cook, who is supposed to know his master's taste. I may, however, observe in passing that the general fault of English curry is that it is too hot.

Next let the curry sauce be brought to a boil and the fat skimmed from the top. When all the fat has been removed by careful skimming, the sauce can be put by till wanted ; but whatever you do, do not throw away the skimmings, for we have now obtained our curry fat, and this fat should be carefully preserved and used for frying the next dish of curry that we may make, and can be used instead of the little butter I mentioned previously. This is not only more economical, but is an absolute improvement to the curry itself; it is one of the many instances that prove that first-class cooking and economy go hand in hand.

Next we will consider the meat that is to be served in the curry, and here let me observe that as a rule every kind of curry should be eaten with a fork. I mean, no knife should be necessary. Suppose, for instance, as is very often the case, the dish of curry is made from the remains of a cold leg of mutton. The mutton should be cut from the bones and the meat shredded. To make really good curry, however, the meat should be expressly cooked for the purpose.

In our description of making curry sauce I may as well mention that there are two exceptions for which the sauce should be varied, and these are fish and vegetables.

When we have fish curry or a vegetable curry, the onions used for making the sauce should not be allowed to get brown at all, nor should they be rubbed through the wire sieve. Instead of brown gravy, a light-coloured gravy should be used, the onions should

be cut up small and mixed with the gravy, powder and paste added, and the fish, which has been previously cooked, should be shredded and made hot in the sauce.

Vegetable curry is exceedingly nice, and is not so often met with in this country as it deserves. Every kind of vegetable can be used mixed together, and a very nice simple dish can be made by merely opening a tin of macédoins. The curry sauce should be very pale, that is, every kind of colouring matter in making the gravy beforehand should be avoided. In making vegetable curry, you can use for it stalks of cabbages and lettuces, cauliflower, carrot, turnip, beans—in fact, every kind of vegetable may be added. It is a great improvement in making vegetable curry to add a little garlic, and half a dozen or more bay-leaves should be put in whole, and sent to table in the curry.

In making fish and vegetable curry it is a great improvement to fry the onion in curry fat, as the onion, not being rubbed through the sieve, is apt to have an all-predominant flavour of its own. This curry fat has the appearance of a yellowish-green oil.

One very favourite form of curry is known as Madras or dry curry. This is drier and darker than the others and is made simply by allowing the shredded meat to soak up the curry sauce. After the meat has soaked in the sauce so that no gravy runs from it, a little curry powder can be shaken over the meat. It is not a bad plan, if the curry powder you have used has been in hand a long time, to sprinkle over it a little powdered coriander seed. This will have the effect of making the curry a little more "spicy," and you will avoid the danger of making it too hot.

I cannot remember all the characteristics of the numerous curries I have mentioned, but I can call to mind a few. The feature of Nabob curry is that it consists of small pieces of minced meat, which are rolled into balls about the size of a marble. These marbles are then floured and fried (if possible in the curry fat) and sent to table with the curry sauce poured round them.

Sykabob curry consists of slices of meat, potato, onion, and green ginger, stuck on a skewer. These are served up in the curry, thus skewered together. This is a sort of dish that boys at school would be certain to nickname "cats'-meat."

One of the most delicious curries known is the Cingalese prawn curry. This dish can be made very nice in England from fresh prawns—which, however, are unfortunately very expensive—or from tinned or potted prawns, which are cheaper, but not so good.

In making curry from fresh prawns the white meat of the prawn is served up in the curry sauce, but be sure and take all the heads off the prawns and pound them in the curry sauce, so as to extract what may be called the goodness out of the head—the little lumps which correspond to the green part of a lobster.

There are, of course, several exceptions to the general rule that curry should always be taken with a fork. I will mention a few. Curried sausages form a very nice breakfast dish, which simply consists in pouring curry sauce over some fried sausages.

Curried sweetbread is a very nice dish, and I think the sweetbread is best fried whole, but then again sweetbreads hardly require a knife. Curried eggs are made by boiling eggs till they are quite hard, cutting them into slices while hot, and pouring the curry sauce round them.

A very economical dish can be made by simply currying rice. The rice should be treated as a vegetable. The onion should not be burnt, but should be fried tender in the curry fat, cut up and mixed with the rice. The whole should be made into a sort of well, and the curried sauce poured in the middle. This is a very cheap and agreeable dish in hot weather.

Boiled rice should always be served with every kind of curry, and, as a rule, it should be served separate, and handed before the curry. The orthodox fashion of helping oneself to curry, is to take a spoonful of rice and place it on a plate, making a well in the centre. The curry itself should then be placed in the middle, and the whole eaten with a fork. The rice should be so boiled that every grain is not only tender, but separated from every other grain. To boil rice correctly is not so easy as some cooks imagine.

Like everything else, boiled rice to be served in perfection requires care. First of all the rice should be washed in several waters, and those cooks who have been accustomed to boil rice anyhow will be astonished to see what a quantity of dirt they have been in the habit of serving up with their dishes of rice for years past, by observing the colour of the water in which the rice has been washed. When the rice is thoroughly clean, sprinkle it gradually into a saucepan three-parts full of *boiling* water. The water should be slightly salted. Allow the rice to boil thoroughly for ten minutes, then strain it off through a colander, and put the rice back in the empty saucepan, and place the saucepan by the *side* of the fire, putting a cloth in at the top and leaving the lid half open, exactly as if you were straining off boiled potatoes. The rice should be allowed to remain in this state for twenty minutes or more. It will be found that the rice will gradually swell, and it is advisable now and then to mix it up gently with a fork, as the rice very often dries at the top and remains moist at the bottom of the saucepan. A wooden or silver fork is better than steel. Recollect, however, you must not put the saucepan on the fire, as in that case the rice would stick to the bottom and burn, and very likely the whole would be spoilt. As there always is a danger of it sticking, I would recommend cooks after they have strained off the rice to put a little piece of butter in the dry saucepan. As the saucepan is hot, the butter melts of itself and runs over the bottom of the saucepan. This will prevent the rice sticking.

Some persons like the rice a little hard. In fact, they like a grain of rice to correspond with an Irish potato, that is, to have a "bone" in it. This is purely a matter of taste. Probably rice is more nourishing rather under-cooked than over-cooked, for we must not forget the famous siege of Arcot, where the natives told Lord Clive that they were willing to live on the water in which the rice had been boiled, and let the Europeans eat the rice.

A Paper of Pins.

ALTHOUGH the use of pins for the toilet may be said to have been coëxistent with that of dress, it is nevertheless a fact that for many centuries, among all but the most highly-civilized people, only such simple substitutes as Nature afforded were used. The thorn of several tropical plants furnished, for want of a better, a very convenient pin; in the tombs of Mexico those of the agave have been found; and it is probable that in that first attempt at dressmaking in the Garden of Eden we might read "pinned" for "sewed." So recently as the sixteenth century the ladies of England, except the very richest, were content to use skewers of wood. But the ancients had pins of gold, silver, and bronze, none of which, however, were much short of six inches in length, while the average length was about eight inches. Doubtless the loose, flowing costume of the time demanded a larger implement than our modern dress; and then it must be remembered that these pins were generally displayed as ornaments, having large heads oftentimes studded with jewels. The Romans used pins of various shapes, with large fancy heads, and made entirely of ivory, bronze, bone, and wood. In the Abbot Collection in New York are a number of pins from some Egyptian tombs at Thebes. They vary in length up to seven or eight inches, and some, those with very large heads, were probably used for the hair.

It was not till the end of the fifteenth century that the manufacture of pins was commenced in England. Previous to that time dependence was placed upon various parts of the continent for an adequate supply, but the importation was stopped in 1483 by a prohibitory law, with a view to encourage the home manufacture. But even then, and for many years thereafter, only the rich could afford their purchase, and the sale was hampered by some foolish restrictions. For instance, only once a year could the pins be sold, namely, at certain fairs. Consequently, at those stated times the ladies of the vicinity would go to the place designated, there to lay in a stock of pins for the ensuing year, the money for which was given them by their husbands; and in this way arose the term "pin-money" as applied to that furnished a woman for her toilet expenses. Of course the absurd restriction did not exist very long, and as pins rapidly became cheaper, the remainder of the money was diverted to other purposes of dress, although the name remains.

In 1543 the manufacture was again regulated by an act of parliament, which provided penalties against those who should place improperly made pins in the market, but in three years after the manufacture had so greatly improved that the statute was needless. In 1626 the industry gave employment to 1,500 persons in the town of Gloucester, and in 1636 London and Birmingham became centers of the trade.

In 1812 the scarcity of pins in the United States, owing to the importation having been interrupted by the war, was so great that an attempt was made by some Englishmen to establish the manufacture in America. The experiment was made in the state prison at Greenwich village, now a part of New York City. Such was the dearth that a paper of pins that can now be bought for five cents readily fetched a dollar then, and of a far inferior quality at that. The enterprise was abandoned, however; was tried again in 1820, and again proved a failure; and it was not till 1836 that the industry may be said to have become established at Birmingham, Conn., which, in common with its namesake in England, has become one of the centers of the manufacture.

By the old system of hand manufacture no less than fourteen distinct processes were required to make a perfect pin. And in addition there was the process of sticking the pins in the paper, which was usually distributed among the women and children at their homes in the vicinity, but which involved great waste and loss of time. The improved machines now in use at Birmingham, Poughkeepsie, and Waterbury, conduct all the processes with scarcely any attention; the wire goes in at one end, and comes out a finished pin at the other. The same with the machine for filling the papers; all that is necessary is to keep it supplied with paper and pins. Black pins are simply the ordinary brass ones japanned.

ETIQUETTE IN WALKING, RIDING, AND DRIVING.

THE question of how we should conduct ourselves, and order our words within the precincts of a friend's house or our own home, when meeting our equals in society, and comparatively sheltered from public notice, we have already considered. We now turn to the question of out-door comportment in the public roads and streets, and exposed to the observation and coarser comments of a mixed crowd of spectators; and it will be seen that the rules that good feeling or the custom of the time prescribe for our guidance under these circumstances, apply with but trifling variation to walking, riding, and driving alike.

Until within less than half a century ago, no young unmarried gentlewoman could walk through the streets and parks, or go on a little shopping expedition, unattended by a footman. It was his business to guard his young mistress, and carry her shawl, umbrella, and parcels. Even when two accompanied each other, unless in their own square, or the distance to be traversed were very short, they were equally attended by a man-servant, who followed at a distance of about eight or ten paces. Even now, amongst the "upper ten," young unmarried women do not appear in the streets alone. They have a *dame de compagnie* or maid in attendance upon them, and it would be quite out of the question for them to be seen in an omnibus shoulder to shoulder with "all sorts and conditions of men." This is the rule which "society" imposes on those who claim to be within its upper circles.

But habits and opinions are subject to modifications, according to the exigencies of the times, or individual necessity, and the pressure now felt by multitudes amongst the gentry, and even the untitled members of the aristocracy, who are so rigidly bound by the laws of etiquette, is very great. The necessity for sending their daughters to training schools with a view to their becoming self-supporting has forced itself on their unwilling recognition, and wrought a change in various respects. The restraints which the conditions of birth formerly imposed have been loosened, if not unavoidably abolished, and the claims of bread-earners for a still greater freedom of action must be patent to every reflecting mind.

But an increasing weight of personal responsibility accompanies this increase of liberty, and to you, my young readers who enjoy the latter, and whose reduced circumstances, or whose condition in life leave you so much unguarded, I must give a few kindly hints. You must learn to guard yourselves, and the ways and means are within the reach of all.

In the first place, I must charge you, when walking in the streets, on a public promenade or garden, always to avoid looking at any man in passing. Let it suffice to do so at a distance, merely to distinguish between strangers and acquaintances, and to bow if need be. Remember that one of the "rules of the road" is that pedestrians take to the right; a precaution found indispensable in crowded thoroughfares. Otherwise, your way is impeded and you obstruct that of others. Where there are but few passengers meeting each other, we often see an idiotic-looking pair see-sawing from side to side, their faces almost touching, and always at cross-purposes, each apparently endeavouring to stop the progress of the other! You may easily avoid making such a silly spectacle by keeping steadily to your own side. An exception may, however, arise, where a man and woman meet in a spot free of any great concourse of persons, when—be it to the right, or to the left—he must give her the inside of the pathway. This he may even manage to do when taking the right side of a great thoroughfare. In fact, it is the man that should take the initiative in selecting the side on which he and a lady are to pass each other, that he may the better consult her comfort and safety.

It is possible that you may meet someone whose notice you would prefer to avoid, or whose recognition by yourself circumstances would render objectionable. What is called "cutting" is highly objectionable, but the avoidance of an exchange of looks may be equally feasible, as desirable. If likely to meet such an individual in the street, keep your eyes about you before approaching too near for polite avoidance. Turn to speak to a companion; take out your handkerchief, or arrange some portion of your dress; go into a shop, if need be, or look in at the window. If on a public promenade, turn back some moments before meeting while still as far from the individual in question as possible.

In passing acquaintances more than once on the same day, it is not necessary to bow a second time; should your eyes meet, a slight smile of recognition would suffice. At a flower show, or other exhibitions, you might make some little appropriate observation *en passant*, which would be in good taste.

It is not usual, although optional, to give introductions out of doors, when casually meeting an acquaintance, whether a man or woman, on which account the more brief the interview the better. Your companion need not leave your side from any feeling of delicacy, as no confidences are exchanged in public highways, but lest they should feel "left out in the cold," as I said, let the exchange of salutations be of short duration. Were you and your companion parent and child, brothers or sisters, or any such near relations, the case would be different, and to introduce them would be natural.

Again. Should you meet a male friend or relative with whom you are sufficiently intimate to allow of your joining company, if he or a companion were smoking you would be lacking in tact if you did more than make a mere friendly remark, such as "I hope you are all well at home?" or, "Shall we meet at So-and-So's?" "I won't stop you now," and then pass on. If you delayed to converse, it would necessitate their throwing away their

cigars, a sacrifice to the making of which you should not expose them.

In reference to these out-of-door meetings, I will venture to offer a word to the "girls' brothers." Suppose that two men were walking together, and that one of them raised his hat to a lady, the other should raise his likewise in a formal manner, without smiling, as the salutation should not be repeated were he to meet them again without an introduction. In accordance with the same rule, should a man meet two ladies, with one of whom only he were acquainted, he should raise his hat to both. Supposing that he wished to speak a few words to his lady friend, it would be better bred to turn and walk back a few steps with them than to keep them standing in the road or street. Were his friend alone and young, unless on very intimate terms with her family, it would not be etiquette to walk more than a short distance with her, unless with their knowledge of such an eventuality and sanction. If he desire to cultivate a still closer intimacy, it should be under the protection of her home, that of his own parents, or a mutual friend's house. Out of doors, the girl would be exposed to unnecessary comment and the mischievous tattling of idle tongues.

That a man should always change places with a lady with whom he is walking, no matter how often, so as to place himself on the outside of the foot-way, it seems scarcely necessary to remind "our boys;" the naturally courteous would do so intuitively. It might not, however, occur to them that they should not flourish a stick, whirling it round and round like a wheel (as I have often seen young fellows do) when standing to talk with women, and so running the risk of striking them, perhaps, in the face.

But to return to my girl-readers. Remember that your dress, voice, and general deportment when walking should be very quiet. Subdue your voice, refrain from laughing, and hold yourself erect and steady. Never stumble about, and roll over on your companion; be as dignified and self-possessed as may lie within your power. You may not dress as brightly when taking a walk as when driving. A bright dress attracts attention, and you have not the same protection in walking amongst "the madding crowd" as when in a carriage. As to your voice, it should be almost inaudible to any passer-by. Do not invite the observation of strangers, nor make old apple-women, "cabbies," and crossing-sweepers parties to your opinions and pleasantries. Vulgar people have an unaccountable fancy for talking loud, expressly to be heard by strangers; and a proclivity for telling all their private affairs for their information.

A few words now on the subject of riding and driving. But before giving any suggestions I must remark on the habit which so much obtains amongst half-bred people, and is sufficient in itself to stamp them as such, namely, the confounding of the terms to "ride," and to "drive." You ride any description of animal (and you may, after the same style, ride a bicycle), but, whether personally or by proxy, you "drive" in a carriage, or any similar vehicle, be it in a sledge, waggon, or railway carriage. It is useless to adduce examples of the use of the term "ride" by distinguished authors; learning and talent are one thing, and the modes of expression and code of manners obtaining amongst the aristocracy is another. In many instances "fashion" is not bound by rules of grammar, nor by pronouncing dictionaries. In the present case, however, she may claim to be correct, and this without at all impugning the general good-breeding of some who take exception to her rule on the point in question.

I will now suppose you to be on a visit in a country house, and a horse placed at your service, say for the space of a week. Although unnecessary, as a rule, for ladies to fee indoor man-servants, a gratuity to the groom must be given, from half-a-crown to five shillings, according to your age and position.

With reference to driving, the question of fees to the coachman is regulated thus. Supposing that you drive alone unaccompanied by a member of the family, you will have to give him, perhaps, a couple of shillings or half-a-crown before leaving. In some foreign countries fees are given on every such occasion.

When invited to a pic-nic, the promoter of the entertainment will probably give the orders for vehicles; but those who avail themselves of them pay for them, as also their railway fares. But the rules in reference to such entertainments are subject to variations, and you should compare notes with others likewise invited, so as to arrive at a general agreement.

Simple as it may seem to those who have been accustomed to the use of a carriage from childhood, it may be expedient for others to tell them how to enter and where to place themselves. The choice of the foot to be placed on the carriage step must be determined by the seat to be taken. If that facing the horses, place the right foot on the step and the left into the carriage; if with the back to the horses, the left foot should be placed on the step and the right into the carriage.

The "place of honour" is at the back of the carriage, facing the horses, and it is reserved for the person of highest rank, the elderly, or the matrons of the party. The front seat, with the back to the horses, is called that of "youth and beauty," and if there be a gentleman it is here that he must sit, married or unmarried, so long as there are two ladies to occupy the back seat. Age and infirmity, however, may be accepted as an excuse for the infringement of the rule. If the carriage be closed, it is usual for a man to remove his hat.

Should your hostess or friend request you to precede her, and to get into the vehicle first, do as you are desired at once, without further complimenting about it.

Should your friends hire a carriage and invite you to accompany them, you may accept the attention without offering to share in the expenses. But, should the expedition be by public train, steamer, or otherwise, pay your own fare quickly. If your male host be first in paying for all, your own tact must be your guide as to how far you may press your claim to pay for yourself, and when it would be in better taste to accept the attention gracefully. You should never let anyone imagine that you were too "high and mighty" to accept a trifling obligation from a friend. This does not, however, apply to the case when the favour is from a young or unmarried man.

When seated in a carriage you should not sit as you would in a chair, of which you appropriate the entire use; because you should so sit as to turn towards your next neighbour, and move your shoulder out of the way. Were you on a chair you should sit quite straight in it; but then you can move it, so as to face your companion, whereas you cannot move the seat of the carriage, and on that account should place yourself in the corner.

We will suppose that one of the girls' brothers is riding, and that he meets some lady acquaintances. Should there be any reason for stopping to speak with them, he must dismount, and stand between them and his horse, if unattended by a groom, who would take the reins. Where this act of polite consideration is neglected, the horse moves about, stamps, turns round, and tosses his head, and switches his tail, and I have seen ladies jumping out of such an animal's way. On this account you should bow and pass on, and avoid any appearance of wishing to detain the rider, and oblige him to dismount, perhaps on a muddy road.

If returning home on a country road, in company with friends, all driving in open carriages in single file, you should not break the order of procession, and drive past them, without asking them, *en passant*, to excuse your so doing, "as you were obliged to hasten home." Again, were you to meet a funeral procession, leave as much space for it as possible, and halt; if walking, face the *cortège*, and (if a man) raise your hat as the hearse and the first carriage pass; after which continue your walk or ride. Were you in a carriage bid the coachman to wait until all have passed. In crowded thoroughfares such seemly acts are *not easily observed, and you* must do what you can. Those in sorrow are sensitive to every indication of sympathy, and of respect for their dead; and my readers must recognise in them the principle on which good breeding is founded. No little act which kindliness may dictate is too trifling for observance, or, like the poor "cup of cold water," for acceptance, for they may be classed amongst those graceful and gracious things that are "lovely and of good report."

SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

ADVICE TO GIRLS INTENDING A PEDESTRIAN TOUR.

Go to bed before dark,
Be up with the lark;
Have your breakfast at seven,
Then walk till eleven.

Get your dinner at one
(Unless you'd have none,
But luncheon prefer
On a bank in the air).

Take tea about four,
Then walk three hours more;
Have your supper at eight—
That will not be too late.

When your Bible you've read,
And put down *how you've sped*,
Betake you to bed;
There rest till the morrow
Without care or sorrow.

Awake at the dawn
Of the following morn,
And your journey pursue
Through the morning dew.

With "Da Capo" I end
And am truly your friend,
Unknown though I be,
Unless you can see
Who is meant by— S. G.

P.S.—If the weather is fine
These counsels of mine
Will fit to a "T";
But if wet it be,
You must alter your plan,
And walk—when you can.

PET DOGS, AND HOW TO TRAIN THEM.

By "A MISSUS."

It is certain that among the many thousands of readers of the "G. O. P." some of them have, at some time, either bought or received a puppy as a gift. Having bought, reared and sold a great many myself, and having in some cases received news of the subsequent careers of those that I had sold, few things have surprised me more than the amount of ignorance as to the nature or needs of the "friend of man."

Of course, many "girls" know as much as or more than I can tell them, or their experience may differ from mine. It is to the "girls" who do not know anything or only a little on the subject of the training and keeping of pet dogs that I would offer these notes, which are the fruits of long experience.

Here let me say that of the larger breeds, many of which are now recognised as pet dogs, I know nothing. Pomeranians have long been my favourites, for they combine so many of the best qualities that we look for in a "house" or "pet" dog. Clever, gay, faithful, clean—"snappy," did I hear you say? That depends upon yourself, or whoever has the training of him in his puppyhood. Training is such an important and interesting matter—the repressing and eliminating of bad traits of character, the encouraging and developing of all that is good. I therefore propose making it the subject of this paper. Did you ever think of the duties and responsibilities that the possession of a puppy involves? That it depends upon you whether it is to be known in the future as "Such a charming, clever little creature! So obedient! No trouble whatever, but quite a companion!" or else as "That horrid, yapping, dirty little thing! So mischievous and disobedient!" Yet that is how the matter really stands.

Believe me, a well-trained dog makes, in its puppyhood, as many claims upon the unselfishness, patience, wisdom, and forbearance of its "missus" as any young baby. A puppy, only a few weeks old, can be taught to love and then to obey because he loves. But that lesson is not learnt in a day, nor is it taught by decking him with ribbons, holding him up and kissing him, and exclaiming ecstatically, "Isn't he too sweet! Isn't he lovely!" while the charm of novelty lasts, and then, when some fresh interest arises, or he has reached the "awkward age," which comes to most puppies as it does to most girls, neglecting him and relegating him to the kitchen or stables.

If he be high-spirited and of a sturdy nature, the loss will be yours, for the faithful love that might have been yours for the winning will be lavished on whoever has had the care of him. But if your puppy be delicate and highly nervous (and most pet dogs nowadays are just a bundle of nerves), anything like uneven or harsh treatment will ruin him for life, making him snappish and treacherous, not from bad temper but from fear and distrust.

As a rule a "man's dog" is better trained than that of a woman. Not necessarily that the training is more rational, but it is more consistent. A "man's dog" may, possibly, not show the same individuality, but its fidelity and obedience are usually perfect. Generally speaking, a man expects only one thing from his dog—prompt and unquestioning obedience. According as the dog gives it or not he is, in the man's opinion, a "good" or a "worthless" dog, and on that strong foundation of obedience his future training, whether for sport or companionship, rests. If we are to get the same result, we must be as firm. Teach your puppy as many "tricks" as you please, they help to develop both his obedience and his intelligence, but do not let him, even in fun, acquire bad tricks, such as worrying slippers or rugs, or hanging on to your dress. Let him have his own "toys" which he may worry, for this habit often arises from the irritation caused by cutting teeth, and is rather a help in dentition, as it knocks out the old loose teeth. Amongst bad habits there is one that I should not have thought of mentioning had I not heard on unimpeachable authority that a dog belonging to a high dignitary of the Church was guilty in this respect. Never, oh, never let your dog, whatever his size or beauty may be, walk about on the table at meals! The dog I have alluded to above was neither small nor beautiful, at least, not in the opinion of the guests. Besides, you would be teaching your dog to steal, so do not blame him if some day, when his appetite is keen or his patience exhausted, you should find him on the rug discussing that nice roast chicken or those daintily-frilled cutlets! I admit it is often convenient, but personally I think it a mistake to feed dogs during meals; it makes them restless and troublesome. My sister and I once lunched with a very "happy-go-lucky" family that were not of that opinion. The neat way in which they inserted their forks under the half-picked bones on their plates and sent the bones flying over their shoulders to their expectant dogs, who promptly carried them under the table to discuss, showed plenty of "training" of a sort.

There are two important factors in training a puppy—praise and punishment. Neither can be dispensed with. The training must consist of a judicious admixture of the two with a preponderance of praise. Never stint praise when your dog has done well or thought of something clever. Always remember that he is a very sensitive creature; that your ideas and wishes are to him, at present, an unexplored country; that it takes him time to "get into your ways"; therefore, when he does hit upon one of those "ways," praise him. A very amusing illustration of the value of praise in the training of dogs happened to me some years ago at Cannes. The *concierge* (literally "porter," actually gardener and general factotum) of the villa we had taken owned a dog with two young puppies. Having no dog of my own at the time, of course I adopted Diane and her puppies. In course of time Diane was sold and one of the puppies given away; only "Jumbo" remained, and very devoted he became. One day I dropped my handkerchief in the garden; Jumbo found it and brought it to the drawing-room window unsoiled and untorn. He was so praised and petted that ever after he would steal any dusters put out to dry on the bushes, or, failing them, any dirty bit of rag that he could find and bring them to the same place.

Another dog, a Pomeranian given to my sister and me when we were children, and which we had for nearly fourteen years, was a very clever little thing, and learnt every trick that we tried to teach her. One day we urged her to take some water against her will. We insisted, she objected. At last she threw herself down and pretended to "die." Whether she meant to say "Sooner perish!" or "You'll be the death of me!" I don't know, but she got her own way and was so applauded that she invariably repeated the trick whenever her will crossed ours.

Punishment must be administered sometimes, but never (if you can help it) when you are angry. Give as few orders as possible, but never let them be disobeyed even in

fun. Nothing is more ignominious than trying to catch an offending puppy in order to punish him. Never go after him; he will certainly get the best of it if you do. If you are in your garden or anywhere where such treatment is possible, call the dog and wait till he comes up to take his punishment, though it's more than probable that you may have to wait some time. Therefore, if you are walking with friends or are in any public place when such a course would be impossible, wait until you get home, but don't let him forget in the meantime that he is in disgrace, for it is cruel to punish a dog for some naughtiness that he has forgotten. For such heinous crimes as chasing fowls or sheep or frightening children the punishment should be as prompt as possible and also severe. If this be done the first time, before the dog has acquired the bad habit, there is rarely any need for a repetition.

In the matter of cleanliness, so essential in a house dog, many a poor puppy gets branded as "dirty" when it is his mistress who should be branded instead as "lazy" or "inconsiderate." Few seem to know that, until a puppy is four or five months old, it cannot learn clean ways unless it is constantly put outside, especially after eating or drinking, or a long cosy sleep in his basket. I never care to bring any of my puppies into the house until they are six months old, then a week suffices to teach them the elements of good manners. Of course the puppy should always be put outside the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning.

Of course, the severity or otherwise of the punishment must be regulated by the age, size and also disposition of the dog. No two are really alike. Our old collie, for instance, resents punishment, a sullen "glower" comes into his eyes, and he is long in forgiving; while one of my brothers once said of a bull-terrier pup, "What I like about that dog is, that he comes up and takes his punishment like a man and never bears any grudge."

An affectionate and well-trained puppy rarelyr requires the whip in later life. It is quite misery and punishment enough for him to know that he has offended you, for by that time he has learnt your point of view even though his own may not always coincide. I have a large white Pomeranian familiarly known as "Bobs" or "Bobby." Sometimes his spirits get the better of him, but he is annihilated and grovels at once if sternly addressed as "Robert!"

One word, before closing this paper, on the subject of training a dog to go on a "lead," an absolutely necessary accomplishment for any valuable pet dog in a large town. How trying to be rushed from side to side of the road by choking, spluttering Fido, or else to be obliged to drag the unwilling victim in your wake! Well, it is always better, if possible, to let Fido have a little scamper before you put on his lead. Let the lead be a light leather one and keep it quite short, so that he is kept in close at your side; talk to him, let him play with the other end of the lead, anything to prevent his feeling frightened and hanging back. If, on the other hand, he should jump up or rush forward, check him at once by putting your whip or umbrella in front of him. He will very soon learn to behave on the lead if you do not either spoil or frighten him.

THE NAMES OF HOUSES.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

THE names of houses have always seemed to me a most interesting study. In England especially they are full of suggestions, for their origins are drawn from all parts of the globe, and bear full testimony to the "globe-trotting" propensities of the Anglo-Saxon, and the wide-spreading tendencies of the race. Not only this, but we may also gather the opinions, political and otherwise, the favourite authors and books, and even the employments of the owners or present occupiers if they be the givers of the names. On this last question I am rather in doubt, for it appears that some of the names are given by the builder, some of them by the ground landlord, and others by the owner or the tenant; so perhaps they may be said to represent more fairly the opinions and thoughts that are "in the air" at the time, into which we all must, more or less, enter if we would be at all "up to date."

Others may be named from sentimental causes, and represent some especial "light of other days," and the romantic side of some one's nature is shown by the selection of "Rosebank" for a spot where roses are distinguished by their absence; "The Limes," where that tree is non-existent; and "Sunnyside" for a house which faces the north.

Any watering-place will furnish one with numberless examples of the popularity of saints' names. They seem perhaps rather more popular on the south coast, where, during a walk of very moderate length, I made a note of seven or eight. The most popular are St. John, St. Hilda, St. Ursula, St. Cyprian, St. Alban, St. David, and St. Olave's. Nor are these connected in any way with the names of churches in the vicinity; they are simply chosen because the name sounds well and is imposing. St. Catherine's Villa, it is needful to say, is probably occupied by a young lady who is by no means desirous, nor even likely, to braid St. Catherine's tresses.

If we wanted to gauge the fervour of political championship we should be rather astray however, for, unless the name happens to sound pretty like Harcourt, or grand like Cavendish, you will not find them popular; I have seen Rosebery and Primrose, but not often a Gladstone Villa, though I notice a name that resembles it in Gledstone, which is a Yorkshire name. There are many aristocratic names, apart from politics, which are popular, as Warwick, Greville, Beaufort, Devereux, Vernon, Pembroke, and Brandon; and Shirley and Rochester may be gleanings from Charlotte Bronté, or may be chosen only because they sound well.

In places like Cheltenham or Malvern you will find a great tendency to adopt the names of great soldiers or battles—Douro, Blenheim, Alma, Raglan, Trafalgar, Oudenarde, Anglesea, and Inkerman, even Agincourt, Cressy, Hawkesbury, Evesham, and Glendower—memorials of ancient history as they are—have a turn; and a walk in St. Leonards or Hastings is an expedition into the "making of England"—Saxon, Norman, Mercia, Harold, Senlac, Stamford, Battle, Gundreda, and Godwine—all jostle each other in every road, to say nothing of Pevensey, Lanfranc, Anderidæ, Wedmore, and Anselm.

Several well-known names of bishops, professors, and martyrs are commemorated in various parts of England—Selwyn and Pattison, Newman and Melanesia Houses or Villas can all be found, and so can the older martyrs, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer; also Atterbury and Sidney. A great many Gordons testify to the sympathy felt with the hero-martyr; and the other day I found a Khartoum Villa and also one called Mahdi, and another Darfour, I have also seen as well as Coomassie. And in Southsea I recognised the house of a Canadian friend at once, because it was called after the Indian hero and warrior, Tecumseh. Kurrachee, Trebizond, Bellary, Alcira, Gwalior, Poona, Malabar, Honduras, Orinoco, Quetta, Belize, and Queretaro I have found applied to houses—the latter being the place where Maximilian was executed.

When we come to Italy we find a great many recruits to our "residential nomenclature." I found Alassio and Quisisana in the Isle of Wight, and plenty of Florences everywhere. I have also a note of San Remo and Sorrento; also Marino, and the Portuguese Marinka. Marica is the name of a place in Brazil, and the origin of Mariposa will be found in California. Bellvue and Bella Vesta, Belvidere, Belluno, and Belaggio are all names of Italian origin. Thelasse I have seen as the name of no less than three villas at various seaside watering-places. Cannizaro, a name that appears to be of Italian origin, belongs to a beautiful villa near Wimbledon.

The poets and writers of fiction have all a place in this world of out-door names. Melrose and Maida, Abbotsford and Montrose, Kenilworth, Waverley, Rokeby, and St. Ronan all speak to the remembrance of Scott; Newstead to Byron; and Tennyson—in various spellings, with and without the "y"—to the memory of our late Poet Laureate. Rydal

Mount and Grasmere recall Wordsworth, Aldworth the house of Tennyson in Surrey, and Hathaway House is evidently a reminder of Shakespeare. One of the names which astonished me the most was, I think, Roxabel House, the name being that of one of Mrs. Sherwood's least-known but most able stories.

The names of houses, when we come to the more sentimental description, are full of a different kind of interest; and to understand the method of their formation, and their meaning, we must betake ourselves to very early days, and a perusal of some of the writers on words and their histories. In Taylor's book we find a list of words which he calls "Teutonic suffixes," which will explain their origin. This list is as follows: Borough, by, den, bourne, don, ton, have, thorpe, cote, hurst, hill, ley, stow, sted, wick, fell, law, dale, holm, gay, ey, stone, and beck. This element in names is called by the great German writer Förstemann, the *grundwort*, or groundword, the other component part being that which distinguishes one river, island, or village from other neighbouring islands and villages.

Thus you will see that many of the names to which you have become accustomed are generally "made-up" with an honest desire to suit the locality in which the house is situated, or at least to suit the tastes of its occupants with something a little original, or a little descriptive of them, their tastes, or their interests in the past. Taking the words from our list indiscriminately, we will begin with hurst. This is from the Anglo-Saxon *hyrst*, and means a thick forest, and we find Penshurst and Lyndhurst amongst the English names of places made from it, while it allies itself to many words which may be descriptive of a private house: Inglehurst, Glenhurst, Pinehurst, Maplehurst, and Oakhurst are all pretty, and may be safely chosen by any one. "Wood" and "holt" are nearly the same in meaning as "hurst," and the first can be turned in hundreds of pretty designations for a house: Blythewood, Beechwood, Elmwood, Roughwood, Woodcliffe, Woodlands, and Ravenswood, with its reminiscences of the master and his fate. Orchardwood, a good name for a farm, and Rotherwood must certainly be a Sussex wood situated by the Sussex river, while Merlewood or Maviswood as certainly shows us a wood where, as Drayton says—

> "The merle upon her myrtle-perch,
> There the mavis sings."

Sir Walter Scott also has a verse on the merle and the mavis, and in Scotland I found a house the other day called Mavisbush.

In that vast tract of Kent and Sussex which is now called the "Weald," are the remains of a Saxon forest called the *Andredesleah*, which was 120 miles long and 30 miles in breadth. There almost every local name ends in hurst, *ley* or lea, *den* or field. The hursts and charts were the denser parts of the forest; the leas were the glades where the cattle loved to lie, the root of this word being the *verb* "to lie." The word "chart" is allied to a proper name, as Chart-Sutton in Kent, and would be a good name for any house near a wood, with the owner's name following it. The word "holt" is also found here, and means a copse, and the Holt, as the name of a house, is not uncommon in any parts of England, as well as Overholt, Northholt and Ryeholt. The dens were the deep wooded valleys where the swine pastured, and is, not improbably, a Celtic word, adopted by the Saxons. You will remember that the Ardennes is the great forest in Belgium, and the use of nearly the same word in our Arden, which great forest tract was in Warwickshire, where we find the name. This word den is a popular house name in England, where many people, I have no doubt, connect it with the den of the lion or the tiger; as I find "the Den" a name much affected by gentlemen as suitable for a bachelor residence, or for the special chamber which is devoted to their use at home. The name with an "e" added to it is rather a favourite, as I have found Brook Dene, Fern Dene, Deepdene, and Willow Dene amongst my notes. The word "by" is from the Norse "byer," and means an abode, and I find many house-names made from it—Enderby, Westby, and others. Bourne or burn means a stream, and we find it is rather popular, as Hackbourne, Millbourne, Winterbourne, and Oakbourne.

"Ton" is the Anglo-Saxon word for an enclosure. From this we have Alderton, Ashton, or Acton. "Ham" means a home, and thorpe is Norse for a village. In England you find many names in which thorpe is used as a prefix, as Thorpe St. Andrew, Thorpe-Ashton. "Cote" seems to be nearly as popular as hurst, and means only a mud cottage; but we see it applied with an addition to the finest and biggest of houses—Northcote, Southcote, the Dovecote, Woodcote, Walcot, or Waldcote, or The Cote alone.

"Holm" is an island in a river, and "eyre" means the same thing; "ey," you will, I am sure, immediately associate with the eyots (which is pronounced "aits") of the Thames. Any of these are available if you own an island; but I have found the Holm, Holmby, and Holm Clyfe as names of houses.

And now I may turn to the names of houses which seem peculiar to certain places. In Yorkshire I have found the "Edge," as the name of a house in the country, also the "Clough," a word which means a stone; the "Hatch," a word meaning a door, or half-door, common in England where the great forests were located; the "Haigh," a park or park-like enclosure; the "Chase," the "How," a mound, or the "Howlet," which is said to mean more properly an owl; the "Knoll," the "Gables," the "Craig," the "Knoll," a small round hill, the "Knock," a hill also, the "Krall," which is quite South African, the "Bungalow," the "Hoo," a spit or point of land, the "Shaws," the "Glen," the "Birket," the Arabic name for a lake, the "Mere," a marshy lake, the "Croft," the "Court." The large number of houses named from trees, plants, and flowers—Elms, Oaks, Poplars, Chestnuts, Myrtles, Ivies, Maples, Lindens, Ferns, Roses, Rosary, Lilacs, Clover, Willows, Alders, Larches, Ivy, Holly, Pines, Beeches, Brown Beeches, and Four and Seven Oaks, are all pretty names.

Amongst purely romantic names or names of this order, we find the Ingle Nook, Fernside, Mossy Hollow, or Ivy Dell; but in this branch the Americans appear to beat us "hollow." In a list of the houses of the wealthy people at a fashionable watering-place, I find some very fanciful examples, *i.e.*, Aldersea, Ocean Breeze, Sea Breeze, Nor-Nor-West, Sou-Sou-West, Blue Bay, Mossy Hollow, Grassmead, Shady Nook, Heartsease, Clovernook, Happy Heights, and Lowland Ledge.

Any locality blessed with original local colour, as it may be called, the possession of a ruined abbey or monastery, is happy indeed, for then we can have Abbey Woods, Abbey Lands, Abbey Lanes, or Gray Abbots, Grey Friars, Friars' Gate, Brown Friars, White Friars, or White Ladies, in case of an ancient nunnery. Grey Ladies and Grey Priory have also been known; and one of the prettiest of alliterative names is Grey Gables. There are also Greystones, Greystead, and Greymead, which are pretty; but we must use the word "clere," Highclere, Burghclere, and Beauclere, with a certain reverence, as they properly belong to a Royal, or Episcopal residence on a high hill, and said to be our only Norman suffix. The use of the word "gate" is also not uncommon. Thor's Gate, Norman's Gate, Edge Gate, and a pretty Sussex name is Faygate, near which was an ancient house, called "Carylls," a delightful old name.

The word "over" has been made use of in England as a means of forming some musical names. It means a "shore," and is Anglo-Saxon, I am told. From it we have Westover, Southover, Landover, Shotover; and as a suffix, Overton, Oversea, and Overbrook. For a house on a hill, we have Claymount, The Highlands, The Crest, The Blue Ridge, Stoneedge, and Rockledge.

In Chester we find the famous "God's Providence House," so named from the text engraved on its face; and a somewhat unfortunate selection in Regent's Park seems to be North Aspect. In Ireland a beautiful old country place is named Favour Royal, because it was given by a reigning sovereign as a reward for faithful service. The Rookery and Scarcity Cottage seem names of evil omen. Idlewild we get from America, and so we do Houselet and Homelet, the Button, and Small Quarters. *Mon Répos*, *Pré Choisie*, and *Bien Content* all sound pleasant places, and I have found *maisonnettes* in France, Switzerland, and England.

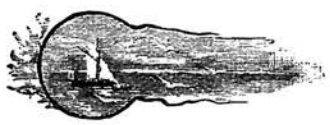
There is an old family residence in Quebec which has been called for many generations Darnoc, and if we spell this over we shall find that it makes the name Conrad, a Christian name which has been bestowed on the eldest son of the house for the many years the family have been dwellers under its roof. This idea seems to have taken in America, and Senga, Trebor, and Aidyl, are amongst the names found; the name Trebor I have seen in England as Trebor House. At the sea-side I have recently found "Nilbud House," which you must translate for yourselves, I think. In Scotland some of the names made from women's names are very pretty, such as Gracelands, Marylands and Maryville, Blanchelands and Blancheville, Ellenlea, Helenslüst, and Anne Arbor, are all from Irish or American houses, as well as Shirley, Bryn Alice, and Altadora.

I see in an American paper that the name of a celebrated villa at Cape May Point, is one made up from the names of the two daughters of the house. It is called Lillenmyn, the names being Lillian and Minnie. Another name of this sort is mentioned, Kajim Lodge, made up of the two names of the master and mistress, Kate and Jim. Edwyl sounds well, also made from Edith and William.

Amongst peculiar names I have recently found in London are *Grata Quies*, *Quembè Misiesta*, this last evidently meaning "my nap"; not a bad name for a real house of rest and peace.

To conclude I will give the inscription on the simple house of Ariosto the poet, which he built for himself and occupied for the last years of his life in Ferrara; it is his own composition—

> "*Parva, sed apta mihi, sed nulla obnoxia, sed non*
> *Sordida, parta meo sed tamen acre dormus.*"



THE OLD HOME.

THE GARDEN.

Beneath the brow of a wild breezy down
  Studded with yellow gorse and feathery fern,
  Between two grassy paths, that winding turn
And merge together just above the town—
There, sheltered by a leafy belt of trees,
  Whose well-trained boughs entwine and interlace,
  A little garden, rich in summer grace,
Slopes down to meet the soft, warm southern breeze,
And revels in a wealth of fragrant flowers,
  Whose petals hum with buzzing of the bees
That make the honeyed cups their sunny bowers,
  And thither swarm from far-off downs and leas—
A garden this where languor overpowers,
  And dreamy murmurs tell of rest and ease.

THE COTTAGE.

Above the garden, where the steep incline
  Ends sharply, merging in the level down—
  There, facing southwards towards the busy town,
A cottage stands embowered with trailing vine,
Rose, honeysuckle, and sweet eglantine,
  That round the lattice windows climb and creep,
  And hang in clusters o'er the porch, and peep
Through every casement pane, and close entwine
  Blossoms and fruit in thick luxuriant grace;
And all the house within is glad and bright,
And dancing rays of golden-tinted light
    Flicker about the rooms; while borne along
  The sound of bees and birds wafts through the place,
    And fills the burdened air with drowsy song.

G. W.

THE USES AND ABUSES OF GAMES.

"Come, let us live with our children."—*Froebel.*

OOD games and social amusements are as essential in their place as good reading and may be made to inspire an early taste for a profitable class of reading in the minds of the children. There is a sociability in a game which unites all the family, old and young, around the library table of a winter evening, which is found in few places besides. The oldest and broadest definition of the word game would cover much more than its present use implies, which is merely that class of amusements in which there is a definite contest for some stake, prize or honor, *i. e.*, in which some one or some side wins. In addition there is a large class of puzzles, charades, tricks, etc., some of which are entirely separated from and others very closely allied to a game in its more limited sense.

All the quiet indoor games may generally be divided into two classes, those played with cards and those played on boards, by moving men or pieces. These two classes, however broadly construed, may not cover all in common use, but they include such a large majority as to be sufficiently universal for our present purposes, and we will consider in this paper the first of these divisions.

The origin of card games can not probably be traced with any certainty. It has been generally believed that "playing cards," as they are known at the present day, were invented by a French painter named Gringonneur, for the amusement of his imbecile king, Charles VI, and it is evident from the following extract from an account of this king's treasurer, that this artist did make for his weak-minded sovereign some elegant sets of cards: "Paid Jacquemen Gringonneur, painter, for three packs of cards, in gold and colors, of divers devices, to present to said lord and king for his amusement, sixty sols-parises." But it is claimed that he merely made copies, possibly in new designs, of cards already well-known, and that playing cards came from the east, their origin being lost in remote antiquity. The Gypsies may have been the first to introduce them into Europe, but these were very different in design and purpose from the cards used in France. They had in the accidental combination of their emblematical figures, a fancied interpretation of the will of the unknown Gods, the games being a series of questions addressed to fate, and to the results of which the players bowed with reverential awe. As early as A. D. 1120, China had playing cards, said to have come from India.

The emblems on the cards now in use and the games played with them seem to have been devised by the Italians and Spaniards. The earlier cards were of course drawn and painted by hand and were made of plates of wood and ivory. It is said that engraved wooden blocks for printing, were first used for making playing cards and that at a somewhat later date wooden types were used in printing the Holy Bible. These cards were the origin of nearly all the more modern games played with cards of any kind, and for many years they held almost supreme sway in the realm of card games, through good and bad repute, their reputation being so bad in the early days of this country, that the asceticism of the age considered them emissaries of the evil one. So great was the effect of this almost universal feeling among the reputable people that all games of chance or skill came more or less under the ban, but more especially all games played with cards of any kind.

During the last generation public opinion has been very materially modified on this question, but still there is a great difference of opinion among those who have the moral improvement of the community at heart regarding the use of playing cards in the standard form and designs. Of course all allow that there is nothing specially harmful or demoralizing in the peculiar pictures of Kings, Queens and 'Squires or Knaves, or of the hearts originally representing the clergy, the spades representing the points of banners, emblems of the nobility, the trefoil alluding to the husbandmen, or the diamonds representing the wealth of the merchants. The objections as far as they have any foundation other than tradition and education, are based on the association connected with these particular designs. In the limits of this paper it is useless to make any analysis of this feeling which but one short generation ago was so almost universal in New England at least; in fact all argument on either side is of little avail so fixed are we in the convictions of education and our belief in the right and wrong of things, which is the most valuable safeguard to the social interests of our community.

So allowing each and every family to decide for itself whether within the sacred precincts of the home shall be admitted, whist, euchre, cribbage or bezique, we will consider the more modern games of cards that are almost universally allowed to be innocent, but which in their methods are nearly all copied after some of the old games or are combinations and modifications of them.

The city of Salem, Mass., is celebrated for her witches, and their persecutors, and her East Indian commerce in the past; and for the Indian Museum and "oldest church" at the present day and to these we may add the honor of publishing the first modern social games that achieved any considerable popularity in this country. In 1843 Miss Annie W. Abbott of Beverly, a clergyman's daughter, offered for publication to Mr. S. B. Ives of Salem, a new game of cards which she called "Dr. Busby." Although the price asked was very low, there was no recognized demand for such merchandise and the manuscript was declined, but later Mr. Ives decided to undertake its publication which proved an immense and unexpected success. This game will be remembered by many of the parents of the present day as among the earliest ever learned and possibly played at first on the sly, fearful of a reprimand should the report reach headquarters that they were "playing cards."

Soon after the publication of "Dr. Busby," a teacher of a young ladies' school in Salem, devised a game of letters which has since become standard and popular under the various names of spelling puzzle, word-making, and work taking, war of words, anagrams, logomachy, words and sentences, etc. Later, in 1861, Messrs. Whipple & Smith, booksellers, of Salem, published a game of "Authors," originated by some young people of the city, and in method of play copied from "Dr. Busby," but having an element of instruction and profit not found in the older game. This achieved a success which had not been secured by several other efforts that had been made since the publication of "Dr. Busby." The popular educational features of "Authors," and some improved methods applied to it have given to the various editions of the game, during the past twenty years a permanance and an aggregate sale, probably never equalled by any other modern social game. Previous to the publication of "Authors," this class of manufacture and publication had not been made a special business, but various booksellers had occasionally published a single game or two, having them made in a very rude and simple way by printers and bookbinders. Since then, like many other specialties, this manufacture has formed a considerable part of the business of several large establishments in various parts of the country, and within the last two or three years,

has received a new life, due largely, no doubt, to the increasing attention that is each year being given to all natural methods of general education, outside regular school work.

All games with cards may be roughly classified under four heads.

First: Calling games as represented by "Dr. Busby" and Authors.

Second: Drawing games, as in old maid whether played with playing cards, or with specially prepared cards bearing this name.

Third: Playing games, as whist, euchre, or any other game in which a card is played to the table and to which each player in turn plays a card or declines to play.

Fourth: Matching games represented by dominoes. In addition there are reading games, as Peter Coddle's trip to New York—if this may be called a game—and various modifications and combinations of all these.

Of the calling games "Dr. Busby" is supposed to have been the original in modern times at least, and "Authors" to be the next successful example. In these, success depends somewhat on chance, of course, but largely on memory, and this feature by which the memory is cultivated and strengthened, is of great value, while in the Author games the constant repetition of the names of authors and the association with the names of their works, serves to fix them all in their proper relations in the minds of the players.

Other facts may be similarly arranged in this class of games, as, for example, the names of the various books of a single author and the characters of the several books, and many such very interesting and useful games on various subjects have been published, but for some reason none have been nearly as successful as Authors.

In the "drawing games," the cards are usually grouped in pairs, and after being dealt to the players, are drawn from hand to hand at random, each player making a pair and laying it away as often as possible.

These are entirely games of chance, requiring no thought or attention and may often be played by children too young to read, by simply matching pictures, but in games designed to impart instruction, much good is secured by the natural attention to the cards necessary in forming the pairs or sets, as, for example, where one is a question and the other an answer, or when the several cards forming a set have relations to each other that become fixed in the minds of the players by association.

The "playing games" are much more varied, and may be very scientific and difficult, requiring a good memory and good judgment, as each player has the choice of the card which he may play, within the restrictions of the rules of the game in hand.

In general the first player plays a card to the center of the table, face up, and each other player in turn plays a card on to it, the entire lot going to the one playing the highest card. This class often affords opportunity for the display of great skill, more so than any other class, because each may choose his own play, and, by keeping close watch of the game and keenly judging of the chances, may help a friend or injure an opponent, as such games are usually played with partners. These games are open to more objections on the part of those who oppose games of all kinds, because there is more opportunity in them than in some others for cheating in various ways, but this point must be disposed of at once by the assertion that, if a person is not above cheating in a social game, it is useless to give his case much importance in any discussion of the question, and there is no better place to teach young people to be honorable in the little affairs of life than in the games of the home, where the entire interest of the playing depends on the honesty of each player, and where there is every opportunity for petty cheating. But just here is where many parents and others fail, because they do not hesitate to take little unfair advantages themselves, and seem to think it smart in the children if they are able to imitate the examples of their elders. If a parent encourages or tolerates a child in cheating in a social game, he or she must not be surprised if, in later life, the larger child comes to public notice as a forger or defaulter, should he escape earlier detection as a petty thief.

In "matching games" the well-known game of Dominoes is a simple example. This class may be played with cards of various styles and designs. In all such the play depends on the ability to match some figure, letter or design to a corresponding device already played. This may be extended to the matching of the parts of a picture according to certain rules and in this direction has interesting possibilities. Somewhat allied to this class are the various games of patience especially when played with numbered cards and in a social way instead of as a solitaire.

Reading games are not strictly games at all, as there is not necessarily any winning about them, but they are just simple nonsense which in plain phrase should now and then be enjoyed by the best of men and women as well as the boys and girls. The plan is very simple, and may be carried out by any one. First write any simple narrative in which the names of a large number of articles occur, but represent each one of these names by a dash. Then write on small cards of uniform size the names of an equal or greater number of articles, one on each card. In selecting these names the interest of the game is enhanced if very odd and funny selections are made. The story and cards having been prepared one member of the company takes the book—while the cards are distributed to the players—and reads aloud, stopping at each dash for a member of the company to read at random some name from a card in his hand. The comical and absurd combinations that will occur may be imagined without a trial, and they will be different at each reading. This is merely an illustration of recreations that may be devised, in which cards in some form have a part and which are not covered by either of the four previous classes—which however embrace in their various modifications a very large majority of all the games of cards which have thus far been devised.

With these general principles in mind, it is a very simple matter to arrange any class of facts into a game of considerable interest, and of much value to a local circle whose members are specially interested in the subjects embraced. In no other way can more instruction be gained with pleasure than in some form of social game, and it is this view of the subject which makes it a duty of parents to give some time to the devising and playing of good social games with their children. Children can play games with pleasure and profit long before they can learn them from printed rules, hence some older person must teach them. But one great trouble at this point is that from lack of practice and thought on the subject, the parents are but little better able to interpret the rules than the children, and if unable to understand plain instructions, how can they expect to invent or devise new games? The subject, however, of understanding written directions and of forming new games will be much more simple if the few general principles involved in all games are kept in mind, as in such case, if one method does not seem suited to the case, another may be adopted. Games should not be allowed to infringe on the more serious work or studies of the children, but if properly directed may be made very profitable as well as pleasurable, alike to young and the old. In the words of Froebel, "Come, let us live with our children."

—*Milton Bradley.*

Decorative Embroidery & Painting

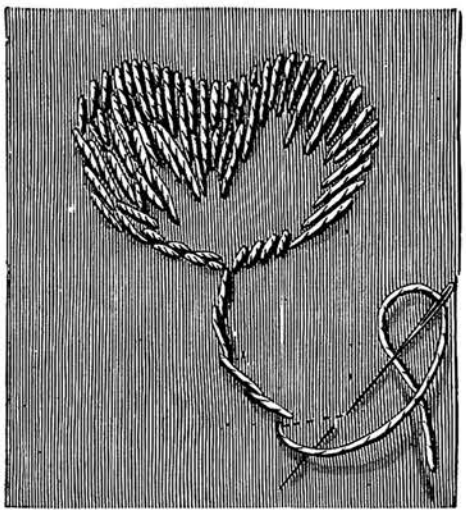
CONDUCTED BY LIDA AND M. J. CLARKSON.

KENSINGTON STITCH, OR NEEDLE PAINTING.

LAST month we promised more explicit directions to beginners in embroidery, and we shall begin with that branch of needlework familiarly known as Kensington stitch, or needle painting, because it is best calculated to interest, as well as to cultivate the eye for harmony and color.

This stitch did not orginate in the Kensington school, for it can be traced back for hundreds of years under various names, in fact it has assumed so many different titles that it is puzzling to know sometimes which is the most proper one. That it is a modification of stem stitch is however very evident, but as it is so well known now as Kensington stitch, we shall hold to that name in order to distinguish it from other kinds of embroidery.

It is simply back-stitching without regularity, except in the direction in which the stitch



KENSINGTON STITCH.

is taken, long and short alternately, yet not terminating at the same line, which would give a stiffness and precision to the work which should be particularly avoided, as it destroys entirely the effect aimed at.

The little illustration introduced here will give a better idea of our meaning than any mere verbal description.

The outer edge of a leaf or petal is first worked with alternating stitches, long and short, care being taken to follow the regular shape or slant of the form which is thus filled in. The second row of stitches now go in between the others *(see illustration)* still following the general shape of leaf or petal until it is completely filled in. At first it is advisable to work upward turning the work for each new line, and not trying to reverse the needle as a more experienced worker would do. The illustration shows an easy method for beginners, that is the edge of the petal is first worked in outline into which it is very easy to work the center afterward. The stitches should blend so neatly that no abrupt color will be apparent, that is, the shading should be uniform and in the right place as in the natural leaf or flower, in fact, the work should be smooth and continuous, without being stiff or mechanical, the most difficult point with the beginner. It will be well at first to practice the stitch alone until you become accustomed to it before trying to shade, or follow out a regular design in color. Any soft yarn or crewel will do for this first practice. Use short pieces of wool as it soon becomes frayed. Ordinary thread will do in order to get the stitch correctly.

Remember always that it is a simple back stitch, and this of itself requires but little skill. It is the blending of color which calls for study and careful attention and can be had only by observation and practice. This style of work has often been condemned as too frivolous for earnest workers, as it is pictorial and evidently sprang out of a desire to imitate painting with the needle, but as it serves its purpose admirably in many features of decorative work, it has met with

much favor, and we think deservedly so. In our next paper we shall try to show you how a design in color may be worked out, with further particulars necessary to its execution. The following extract from *The Ladies' Home Journal* of Philadelphia may give a clearer idea of the stitch in some points we may have overlooked: —

"The stitch should always be worked with the thread to the right of the needle. Knots must be avoided by running the outline back a few stitches; the stitch is worked away from you, and on the wrong side the appearance is that of a long back-stitch. Care is needed on three points; First: do not make the stitch very long, an eighth of an inch is generally long enough, and the shorter it is the more even the work is and the better it will look and wear. Secondly: do not make the stitch so tight as to draw the material, neither must it be loose enough to "pop up" away from the stuff. Third: fasten off (as you begin) by running the design for a few stitches in front of the next stitch to be taken.

"To give a serrated edge to leaves, the stitches are slightly more at an angle. It will take but little time to master this stitch, and to acquire sufficient skill for very good work, but it must be well mastered before another stitch is possible. The best materials for it are crewels and filoselle; both of these wash if properly handled, and the last may be so divided that the outline is the merest hair-line drawn on the fabric. In this case the finer the silk, the smaller and closer the stitches should be.

"The next stitch, called 'long and short,' and sometimes 'half solid,' is much more difficult, though it is only the development of the last, and used like it for outlining. It consists in taking first a long and then a short stitch at an angle with the outline, radiating from the center of a flower or the stalk end of a leaf or petal. Start from the narrowest part of the petal making a close, even line around the edge and a broken one on the inner side. Take care to make the long stitches at the widest part, of even length and equal distances apart. The chief difficulty will be to make the curves smooth and regular, and to make both sides of the leaf or petal, the left hand side being at first very troublesome; but practice makes perfect in this, as in other things. You can study this stitch by trying it on bits of waste material, first learning to work one side, then the other, till you can make a perfect outline with all the stitches radiating from the center to the edge.

"Avoid long needlefuls, they are apt to pucker the work, and drawing them through too often frays silk and weakens crewel, making great waste in the end.

"The stitch is especially appropriate for thick crewel or heavy, loose strands of silk and filoselle. When worked on plush it is charming, as the stitches hold down the pile of the material at the edge of the flower, but allow it to rise in the center, thus producing a rich effect with comparatively little work."

Here it will be seen that a distinction is made between the outline stitch and the long and short filling-in stitch. Many workers indeed outline several stitches in beginning until they reach the upper edge of a petal, then reverse the needle, run back several stitches, then turn and work up again, while others prefer to work the whole petal in the long and short stitch, back and forth, as already described.

THE LANGUAGE OF BIRDS

I DISCUSSED this subject with another learned Professor who has spent a life time in studying animals and their ways, and I must say that he rather startled me by what he said. "You may not use my name," he said, "for I fear that even my brother scientists would be inclined to laugh at me. Yet I will say that in my opinion very many birds and animals not only have a language of their own, but that they have the power to learn our own tongue and to articulate ordinary words with considerable clearness.

"It is said that a dog was once trained to speak thirty words in plain English, and when you consider that notwithstanding its great intelligence the dog is one of the most forgetful of animals. Those canary birds that come from the Harz Mountains in Germany, the best of their specie, learn to pipe full tunes without any difficulty. A bullfinch will learn from three to five tunes if he be of the right intelligence, and will be perfect in them. The nightingale is of another sort entirely. He is a natural songster, but will sing no melodies save his own. But you may develop his powers until his music becomes almost within the realm of humanity." *-Ladies' Home Journal, 1892*

DINING AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

FIRST STATE DINNER OF PRESIDENT AND MRS. HARRISON.

ETIQUETTE OF THE EXECUTIVE MANSION.

PRESIDENT BENJAMIN HARRISON.

THE advent of the social season, when the real business of society begins in Washington is ushered in by New Year's day; on that occasion, the pageant of official and resident social life passes in review before the President in the order of established rank or precedence. After this event the state dinners follow a glimpse of which I hope will be of interest to the readers of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING. A description of one will suffice for all as they do not differ except in a few essentials of arrangement and decoration. The first entertainment of this character was given by President Washington in May, 1789, in honor of the arrival of Mrs. Washington in New York. The code of etiquette established then has been continuously adhered to by the succeeding Presidents, except in the exigencies of war or other circumstances which prevented its adoption.

Upon the occasion of the first state dinner of the present administration, Mrs. Harrison, in observance of the usual rule of the executive circle, which forbids private grief to interfere with official duty, appeared and participated as presiding lady. The invitations were sent by messengers, those of this year being engraved upon bristol cards 56—8x4½ inches. The cards bear the crest of the United States in gold, beneath which the invitation is engraved in script, and reads thus:

The President and Mrs. Harrison
Request the Pleasure of the Company of
Senator and Mrs. ——
at Dinner on
Tuesday Evening, at 8 o'clock.
January 7th, 1890.

An envelope of corresponding size with the same crest upon the flap held the cards of invitation, which are sent a week beforehand and must be accepted or declined within three days. From a list of those who accept, the private secretary arranges the seating of the guests.

The table for the ordinary state dinner is an extended square one, rounded at the corners and seating thirty-six persons. The President sits in the center of one side (not at the head) and the presiding lady opposite. The seat of honor for the first and second ladies are on the President's right and left respectively, and for gentlemen the corresponding position is upon the right and left of the presiding lady. The remaining guests are seated alternately in the same order, according to the accepted degree of official rank, but if practicable, always with a gentleman as the vis-a-vis of the lady.

The preparation of a state dinner is a matter demanding both skill and artistic conception of design in florist and caterer. The caterers, Madame Demenet and her son, have taken charge of these affairs since the administration of Buchanan. The menu served by them on this occasion consisted of fourteen courses, served as follows:

MENU

Raw Oysters Served on Fancy Shell Plates.

POTAGE.
Green Turtle Soup.

POISSON.
Boiled Salmon. *Sauce Hollandaise.*
pom Duchess Cucumber Salad. *Hors D'oeuvre.*

BOUCHE FINANCIERE.
Cheese Straws. *Olives.*

RELEVE.
Filet of Beef a la Jardiniere.

ENTREES.
Supreme de Veli. *Terrapin Maryland Style.*
Petit Aspic de Foie gras.

SORBET.
Kirche Nasser of Punch.

ROTI.
Canvas Back Ducks. *Currant Jelly.*

SALADE.
Celery. *Lettuce.* *Mayonnaise.*

LEGUMES.
Asparagus.

ENTREMENTS.
Gateau St. Honore.

GLACE.
Pomfetta Ices in Roses and Chrysanthemums.

DESSERTS.
Bon Bons. *Macaroons.* *Nuts.* *Confections.*

CAFE.
Coffee and Liquer.

The executive mansion was elaborately and beautifully decorated in floral designs. Before each window of the east room large palms arose in masses to the ceilings; beneath these were crotons and plants of varied foliage whose particolored leaves displayed every tint known to florists. The four mantels were banked in the same designs. In the outer corridor, whose glass doors partially conceal the Marine Band that discourses sweet music while these entertainments are in process, palms and large plants were placed in every available nook. The mantels of the state dining-room were banked with cut flowers, carnations, tulips, azaleas, and camellias fringed with long-stemmed Bonsilene roses. Trees of white blooming azaleas stood in the window recesses. The table displayed the usual designs. The ship of state that appears at the cabinet dinners was made entirely of white carnations, the rigging was twined with smilax and the chrystal chandeliers were also draped with the delicate vine. The mirror lake upon which the vessel seemed to float had two round pieces of roses, pale yellow and white, and at either end of the table were placed oval cushions of white roses. The tapers were shaded in white and yellow, these being the prevailing tints of the table decorations.

At each plate were the glasses for water and four or five wines, three forks and knives, a napkin and caraffe with iced water; upon the latter rests the plate card, with the name of the guest who occupies the seat thus indicated. A bouquet of alternate Marechal Neil and Niphetos roses tied respectively with yellow and white ribbon for the ladies, and boutonnieres of the same for the gentlemen, with a small basket of salted almonds at each plate, completed the arrangement of the table.

As the hour for the dinner was announced to be eight, the guests began to arrive at from twenty to fifteen minutes be-

fore that time. They were shown to the rooms up stairs for the removal of their wrappings, after which they descended by the private stairway to the grand corridor, and proceeded to the east room, where the President and Mrs. Harrison with Mrs. McKee awaited them. Mrs. Harrison wore a superb toilet of white faille. The front of the dress was veiled in white pearl embroidery, and white ostrich feather trimmings divided the front from panels of silver brocade. The full court train was of white plain faille. The low cut corsage

President with the first lady guest who was of course the Vice-President's wife, Mrs. Morton, led the way into the state dining-room, followed by the other guests, Mrs. Harrison with Vice-President Morton, closed the line, while the Marine band played a march.

In the dining-room the guests found their places and took the seats assigned to them by the aid of the plate card. The courses in their order were served upon silver platters, the guests helping themselves. The chief waiter serves the

WHITE HOUSE STATE DINING-ROOM.

was filled in with white tulle, and the edge of the gown was wrought with a Greek pattern of pearls and silver. Mrs. McKee wore a quiet gown of brown silk simply made. Each gentleman upon entering the room was handed a card by the usher; the card was in a small envelope in the shape of the plan of the table and the number indicating his seat, with the name of the lady he was to escort to dinner inscribed thereon. After being received by the President and ladies, he examined his card and immediately joined the lady he was to accompany to the dining room.

All the guests being present at the appointed hour the steward announced that the dinner was in readiness. The

President first and then proceeds towards the right and the second waiter towards the left. The same course is observed on the opposite side of the table, beginning with the presiding lady. No one is ever served twice. The plates of one course are removed as soon as each guest has finished and the plate for the next is put in its place. At the close of the dinner, which lasts about three hours, it has been the custom of late years for the gentlemen to leave the table with the ladies and not return. The custom during the earlier administrations of serving coffee to the ladies in the drawing-room, and the gentlemen returning to the dining-room to drink a single glass of wine to the health of the President, has gone

out of vogue. Gentlemen wishing to smoke a cigar retire during the last course to the corridor at the foot of the private stairway, but join the ladies when the presiding lady makes the motion to retire. After one promenade through the suite of parlors the gentlemen surrender their ladies to their original escorts and with their own ladies take leave of the President and his ladies. They receive their wrappings, while without one of the watchmen is summoning their carriage that rolls up under the *porte cochere*, under which so many notable men and women of American history have passed, and within thirty minutes after the sumptuous state dinner, each guest has left the family in the historic mansion with its white doric columns faintly gleaming in the yellow glare of outer lights to settle down to its own quiet life.

PRESIDENT'S PRIVATE DINING-ROOM.

—*Lucy Page Stelle.*

A LAY OF EGGS.

A worldly wise egg-bearer laid a nest chock full of eggs,
Then rising from her eggery, stood erect upon her pegs,

Eggs-ultantly eggs-claiming as to what she'd been about,
While chanticleer in echo said "an eggs-cellent lay out."

"A good eggs-ample," biddy said "for others'" imitation,
"Eggs-actly" chorused all the brood, in one grand cackle-ation.

Then chanticleer broke in again, with shrill "Eggs-cel-si-or,"
In cock-a-doodle lingo, heard anear and known afar.

And then again, with flapping wings and air of eggs-altation,
He eggs-ceeded all authority in a sweeping eggs-clamation,

Which these eggs-centric lines, in rhyme, but feebly may eggs-press,
Said that his egg eggs-chequer was full to an eggs-cess.

Eggs-citedly eggs-plaining his eggs-traordinary eggs-hibition,
Eggs-plicitly, eggs-ulting and assuring eggs-pedition,

In eggs-tracting from this one eggs-ert an eggs-citing chicken match,
For biddy, in eggs-pectancy, would eggs-plicate and hatch.

Then they went to "counting chickens," thus, one, and two, and three,
One egg, one chick, two eggs, two chicks, as many as may be.

But Farmer Brown in eggs-tacy came across this eggs-tra nest,
And eggs-tradited all the eggs,—the reader knows the rest.

EVERY-DAY DESSERTS—PART XII.

AND DESSERTS FOR EVERY DAY.

TUESDAY, APRIL 30.

Almond Fritters.

Cut square pieces of yesterday's pudding, and fry in deep, hot lard. Strew powdered sugar over. Sauce 7. (Omitted in last list.)

WEDNESDAY, MAY 1.

Custard Pie.

Bake, in open shell, custard of one pint of milk, three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one teaspoonful of vanilla.

THURSDAY, MAY 2.

Cracker Pudding.

One cupful of cracker crumbs soaked in one and one-half pints of milk, yolks of three eggs, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one teaspoonful of mace, the whites of three eggs beaten stiff. Bake. Sauce 8.

FRIDAY, MAY 3.

Iced Pudding.

Bake, in a loaf, one cupful of sugar, one-half of a cupful of butter, the yolks of three eggs beaten stiff, the whites of two eggs, one cupful of milk, one pint of flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Iced when baked, with boiled icing. Eat hot with sauce 7.

SATURDAY, MAY 4.

Charlotte Russe Pudding.

Line the dish with sliced, sponge cake and fill with custard of four tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, smooth, and stirred in one quart of milk *simmering*, then, the yolks of four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sugar; boiled together two minutes. When cold, cover with meringue of four whites, and dot that with red jelly.

SUNDAY, MAY 5.

Cocoanut Pie.

Bake in one crust, two eggs, one-half of a cupful of milk, the grated rind of one-half of a lemon, butter the size of a walnut, one cupful of powdered sugar, and one-half of a small cocoanut grated.

MONDAY, MAY 6.

Cream Puffs.

One pint of milk, the whites of four eggs beaten stiff, one cupful of powdered sugar, one teaspoonful of vanilla, one saltspoonful of salt, flour for soft batter with one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in pattypans. Sauce 8.

TUESDAY, MAY 7.

Steamed Pudding.

One egg, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of milk, one-half of a cupful each, butter and suet, one cupful each, of currants and raisins, one teaspoonful each, of cinnamon, cloves and soda, one-half of a cupful of sliced citron, flour for stiff batter. Steam three hours. Sauce 3.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 8.

Essex Pudding.

Bake in a loaf, cake of one and one-half cupfuls of powdered sugar, one-half of a cupful of butter, one-half of a cupful of milk, two cupfuls of flour, the whites of five eggs, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Cover with lobes of seeded oranges all over the cake and cover that with boiled icing. Eat with sauce 6.

THURSDAY, MAY 9.

Sherry Pudding.

Two cupfuls of powdered sugar, one cupful of butter, four eggs beaten stiff, three cupfuls of flour one-half of a cupful of milk, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half of a glassful of sherry. Bake in a loaf. Sauce 8.

FRIDAY, MAY 10.

Rice Pottage.

Boil six tablespoonfuls of rice in one pint of water, add one quart of milk, one saltspoonful of salt, the yolks of two eggs, one cupful of raisins. Boil ten minutes, add one teaspoonful of vanilla. Sauce 10.

SATURDAY, MAY 11.

Almond Sponge (good).

Beat the whites of ten eggs stiff, one gobletful of flour sifted ten times—the last time with one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one and one-half gobletfuls of powdered sugar sifted ten times, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Bake in two layers. Put between boiled icing with one-fourth of a pound of blanched almonds stirred in.

SUNDAY, MAY 12.

Rhubarb Pie.

Bake, in two crusts, one cupful of skinned rhubarb, cut in one-inch pieces, one cupful of sugar mixed with one-half of a cupful of water, one-half of a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, bits of butter the size of a walnut.

MONDAY, MAY 13.

Chocolate Eclair.

Bake, in two layers, cake of five eggs beaten very stiff, one and one-half cupfuls of powdered sugar, one and one-fourth cupfuls of flour. Spread between boiled custard of, one-half of a cupful of sugar, one-fourth of a cupful of flour, one egg, one-half of a pint of milk. Make chocolate boiled icing for top.

TUESDAY, MAY 14.

Bride's Pudding.

Make a layer cake of one and one-half of a cupful of sugar, one-half of a cupful of butter, one-half of a cupful of milk, two cupfuls of flour, the whites of four eggs beaten stiff, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Spread with boiled icing made with the whites of two eggs, omitting vinegar, and adding the juice of one orange, and the juice of one half of a lemon.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 15.

Cocoanut Custard.

Boil, in a kettle of hot water, two tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, and one quart of *simmering* milk, yolks of four eggs, six tablespoonfuls of sugar. Boil three minutes, add, when cold, one teaspoonful of vanilla and cover top with grated cocoanut. Serve with plain cake.

THURSDAY, MAY 16.

Summer Snow.

Soak one-half of a box of gelatine in one-half of a pint of water one hour, add three cupfuls of boiling water, two cupfuls of sugar, juice of one and one-half lemons. Set on the back of the stove till dissolved. Strain, beat in the whites of three eggs beaten stiff and mould. Pour sauce 10 around.

FRIDAY, MAY 17.

Ambrosia.

Slice eight oranges in a dish, in alternate layers with one and one-half cupfuls of powdered sugar, and half of a grated cocoanut.

SATURDAY, MAY 18.

Sweet Omelet.

Five eggs beaten stiff, two tablespoonfuls of milk, two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Put butter the size of an egg in a hot sauce-pan, pour in the egg and keep from sticking by lifting with a broad-bladed knife. When thick, add a pinch of salt, turn over in half, and serve.

SUNDAY, MAY 19.

Lemon Custard Pie.

Juice and rind of one lemon, yolks of three eggs, one cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of cornstarch, three-fourths of a cupful of hot water. Mix together, bake in one crust of pastry.

MONDAY, MAY 20.

Biscuits Glace.

Bake, in oblong, small tins, batter of yolks of five eggs and one and one-half cupfuls of powdered sugar, stirred till *very* pale yellow, one and one-fourth cupfuls of flour, the whites of five eggs beaten stiff, juice of one-half of a lemon, all beaten in lightly. Ice all over with Recipe *C*.

TUESDAY, MAY 21.

Kisses and Cream (delicious).

Beat in all the powdered sugar the white of one egg beaten stiff will take. Bake, in patty pans, in a slow oven. When cold, invert, scoop out the inside and fill with whipped cream.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 22.

Snow Balls (good).

Make cake of one and one-half cupfuls of powdered sugar, sifted six times, one cupful of milk, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one pint of flour sifted six times, five tablespoonfuls of melted butter. When cold cut away all crust, cut in squares, dip, all over, in boiled icing and then grated cocoanut.

THURSDAY, MAY 23.

Rice Blancmange.

One quart of boiling milk, one-half a cupful of rice flour, rubbed smooth, powdered sugar to taste. Boil till thick, when cold, add one teaspoonful of vanilla. Pour in a mould. Set on ice. Sauce 10.

FRIDAY, MAY 24.

Tipsy Cake.

Soak one loaf of sponge cake in one glassful of sherry one hour. Cover with jam and that with sauce 10. Make meringue of the whites, and brown. Serve very cold.

SATURDAY, MAY 25.

Rhubarb Cream Pie.

Make rhubarb sauce, by stewing soft with plenty of sugar; beat in each cupful two teaspoonfuls of smooth corn-starch and the yolks of two eggs. Bake in an open crust, and make meringue of the whites of three eggs.

SUNDAY, MAY 26.

Cocoanut Meringue.

Soak three-fourths of a cupful of rice two hours, add to three pints of boiling milk, boil thick, add one cupful of sugar, the yolks of four eggs, one cupful of grated cocoanut, one-half of a saltspoonful of salt. Bake, and spread with meringue made of the whites of four eggs.

MONDAY, MAY 27.

Cup Custards.

Bake, in cups, mixture: three beaten eggs, two and one-half cupfuls of milk, six teaspoonfuls of sugar, one-half a saltspoonful of salt, beaten well together. Sprinkle nutmeg over in cups.

TUESDAY, MAY 28.

Orange Tartlets.

Heat, in boiling water, the juice of four oranges, grated peel of one, juice of half a lemon, sugar to taste. Add two teaspoonfuls of smooth corn-starch. When cool bake in shells of pastry.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 29.

Pineapple Cake.

Bake in a loaf the cake for May 13. Then spread with chopped, fresh pineapple, and cover all with a stiff meringue and brown.

THURSDAY, MAY 30.

Compound Pudding.

One-half pint each of stale bread and cake crumbs, one cupful of sugar, one quart of milk, yolks of four eggs, grated rind of one lemon, butter the size of a walnut, all baked in a deep dish. When brown cover with jelly or jam and that with meringue of the whites of eggs, and brown.

FRIDAY, MAY 31.

Cocoanut Pudding.

Line the dish with piecrust and fill with a mixture of three tablespoonfuls of flour, one cupful of sugar, two cupfuls of milk, two stiff eggs, one cocoanut grated. Bake one-half hour.

—*Ruth Hall.*

THE PROPER HOUR FOR DINNER.

The proper hour for dinner is still matter for discussion outside the city of New York. There, we think it may be said, it is as settled as it is in London. The orderly procession of daily events is arranged with a view to a seven or half-past seven o'clock dinner. Business closes in time for a walk or a drive before that graceful hour. The theaters open at half-past eight. Lectures begin and engagements are made with a view to the ceremony of the day. The busy man closes his front door on the exacting world, with its cares and worries, and sits down hungry, as a properly constituted person ought, to his dinner. He takes his important meal, when he has time to eat it, slowly, and with a proper regard for the welfare of his digestive apparatus. He has the evening and the night before him. He can smoke his cigar, and he can unbend his mind in familiar and pleasant talk, or he can read good novels, and can go to bed with that cheerful self-contentment which is an essential pre-requisite to sound sleep. This is the theory, and although late dinners do not always do the good which they might, we think that, on the whole, they are conducive to happiness and long life.

There are too many of our business men who dine in the middle of the day. They have old-fashioned habits and old-fashioned dyspepsia. They are holding on to customs which were more sensible forty years ago. They do not do business as their fathers and grandfathers did, when the merchant reached his counting-room at 7 o'clock in the morning and was through the heaviest part of his day's task by noon. The merchant of to-day gets down town at about 10 o'clock and is busy until 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon. This mid-day dinner is eaten on a jump, and the direful result is inevitable. It is always better to dine late, but it is absolutely necessary for the merchant, if he is to retain his health, to eat his heartiest meal at a time which brings him repose and contentment.

—*Boston Post.* *1886*

LOFTY LONDON.

THE OLD QUEEN'S BENCH PRISON, SOUTHWARK.

ATTENTION is continually being drawn from time to time to the ever-growing size of London. The "vast area covered with bricks and mortar," as it is often termed, is a familiar enough phrase, and this idea of constant extension of boundaries is clearly recognised. There is another aspect, however, of the great increase of London, which is not generally so much noticed. This is the increased density of population of certain localities, owing to the gradual change of comparatively small individual houses for great block dwellings five and six floors high. To the ordinary passenger along the main thoroughfares this change in building arrangements is not conspicuous.

These block dwellings, being mostly for people of very limited incomes, are usually placed up side streets, and behind good business frontages. Still they exist, and are increasing, in almost every London district, north, south, east, and west. Many residents of the districts even do not know of their block neighbours just round the corner. The inhabitants of the Grand Hotel, Charing Cross, know little of the inhabitants of the Bedfordbury blocks, almost within stone-throw. Perhaps even the majority of the permanent householders and residents in Russell Square and Brunswick Square are not aware of the large group of blocks situated between these two places, and but little visible from the main streets. Yet there they are, filled with human beings, and built on what once was back gardens. And it is the same in many other districts: Aldersgate, Strand, Westminster, Lambeth, Southwark, Bermondsey, &c. &c.

This change from small houses of two or perhaps three floors to great blocks of buildings five or six floors high, so arranged as to "house" the largest possible number of persons in the smallest possible space, is an important factor in the changed conditions of London life. The increase of London not only means a great extension of area covered with houses, but it also means a greater compression of people into certain small areas by means of higher buildings. It is the same in the City for offices as in other places for residences—huge blocks of many rooms, placing a much larger number of people in the same area, till London is becoming like a collection of monstrous bee-hives, full of combs, with two or three bees in every cell.

Of course the new blocks are in many respects better than the old. They are built with the intention of packing people like sardines in a box. There is order and arrangement in the business. Provision is made for a large number, while the old houses were not intended for half the number of their final tenants. Still, with all this method in our madness, the fact remains that if a large number of people in a small area is bad, the new state of things is about three times worse than the old, as the new blocks contain in varying proportions a much larger number of people per square acre than the old houses. Here they live and breathe, and cook and clean. Where before there was one kitchen chimney, there are now six, for every two or three small rooms is a separate household, with all the domestic manufactures in full operation.

When Queen's Bench Prison was pulled down a few years ago, an effort was made to have the site cleared, and turned into a public garden for what was then

described as the "densely populated district of Southwark." This effort failed. Where the Queen's Bench Prison stood there is now a large group of block dwellings, containing above three thousand separate rooms. These are let out in suites of two or three rooms. Thus every five rooms represent two distinct households. If this district was "densely populated" while this spot was a prison, surely it will better merit such description when all these rooms are occupied by tenants. And this is not all, for part of the "Mint improvements" means the pulling down of many old houses, and building great blocks in their place, all of which is in the aforesaid "densely populated district." Some of the old houses are only *one* or *two* floors, all the new ones are five or six. If this goes on, where shall we end, unless better precautions are taken to secure pure air, light, and cleanliness? When these buildings have grown old and dirty, what then?

Tall houses in themselves are not bad. Every one admits the dignity of lofty castle-towers and imposing public buildings, although they may demur to the severe simplicity of Peabody Blocks. But many of the newer blocks have really handsome front elevation. Their chief want is air-space. The natural complement to tall houses is a correspondingly large open space all round. This is usually deficient in London. With the increase of block dwellings, the citizens and the local authority should insist on increased open spaces between the blocks. In these open spaces a few trees might be planted. One or two groups of the block dwellings already have this boon.

Then there is the question of smoke. With two households for every five rooms, three thousand rooms give twelve hundred distinct households, with, of course, twelve hundred kitchen fires and chimneys, without counting occasional other room fires. The number may be more than this, as several blocks are two-room dwellings only, four rooms making two households. It is not at all likely that Queen's Bench Prison had twelve hundred separate fires burning; consequently, the smoke nuisance will be much worse under the new arrangement. Of course, comparison with a prison is not quite so appropriate as comparison with the same area of small houses. But the argument is the same. The inhabitants of these blocks are supposed to dry their washing on the flat roof. The drying process is usually accompanied by a dyeing process from the rows of chimneys.

It is possible to imagine that some time in the future electricity may be "laid on" to our houses, to supply light and heat without smoke. But this is not likely to take place in reference to block dwellings of the poorer classes within a few years. Meantime, certain districts of London are being re-built on the block system, and the smoke nuisance increases. It becomes a question whether it would not be possible to tax chimney-pots, and allow exemption to all hotels, large buildings, and block dwellings whose flues were conducted into a central "smoke chamber" to purify the smoke before being discharged into the atmosphere. This has been successfully done in the case of particularly black and noxious smoke from a factory, and some compulsion might be used to extend the purification of all smoke.

QUEEN'S BUILDINGS, SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD.
(On the Site of the Old Queen's Bench Prison.)

The block system of dwellings makes this comparatively easy. When you have one hundred and forty households in one house under one roof, and that roof flat from end to end, a central smoke chamber and spray purifier is not difficult. It would require to be paid for, as every improvement must be. But it is better to pay a little directly for cleanliness and health than a great deal more indirectly for dirt and disease. We have got beyond the time when people were allowed to throw household slops and refuse into the streets out of their windows. It is worth considering whether people should not be prevented from throwing refuse out of their chimneys into the atmosphere and the lungs of their neighbours. A tax on smoky chimneys, that is, every chimney that simply takes the smoke out of the house and discharges it into the air without purification, might gradually help to make our towns more healthy and habitable.

HOW TO BE POOR.

HAT a queer title, I fancy I hear my readers say. "How to be poor." I should have thought that was easy enough. Do you? Well, then, just try the experiment. Knock off your little luxuries, give up a few of what you think necessaries, and let me know the result in a few weeks. No, my friends, it is not so easy to be poor—respectably poor. It is easy enough to be a tramp or a pauper; you have only to let everything go—respectability, self-respect, etc.—and there you are, but that is not being poor. One of the very hardest lessons a man or woman has to learn is how to be poor after having been rich—to have to economise in the little things which seem to be absolutely necessary. The bigger things, such as carriages, bouquets, men-servants, silk dresses, etc., are obviously unnecessary, and they are the first to go. But there are countless smaller things with which it is not easy to part: the summer holiday, which is supposed to be absolutely necessary for health, a pew at church, which made us appear so eminently respectable and differing from our poorer neighbours, the fresh-cut flowers, that made our tables look so pretty, the dainty lingerie and fresh ribbons and sashes, even the unconsidered postage stamps. All these have to be carefully adjusted to one's new position.

One of the most imperative and the most disagreeable curtailments must be retrenchment in the domestic department. No more ladies' maids, valets, parlour-maids or page-boys. At one fell swoop away they must go, and let me say (*par parenthèse*) that you will be amazed at the result. It is not only the wages, but the cost of board which makes it real economy to pay one good servant rather than three or four indifferent ones. But then, you must do many things yourself that you never did before. You must make your own beds, dust your own china, mend all your household linen as well as your personal apparel, and not mind opening your own hall-door when occasion requires. Moreover you must buy one dress where you bought three or four, one bonnet or hat of serviceable material, and alter the trimmings instead of buying new ones. Never allow yourself to buy rubbishy material because it is cheap (it is very dear in the end); and you must put out of your head once and for ever the idea that you can be in the latest fashion at any time. You need not necessarily be quite out of the fashion; a little common sense and taste will make it possible to pass muster even at garden and evening parties with old dresses; but then you must adapt and make the best of what you have got.

Cotton dresses must be banished, and blouses and skirts take their place, and every bit of dress and underclothes-making, and of course all millinery, must be done at home if possible.

The economy in men's clothes is not so easy. They must have the stereotyped black coat and tall hat and other clothing, none of which can be made at home; so, as usual, the self-denial presses most upon the women of the family. But the men can do something; they can travel third class instead of first or second class as formerly, they can smoke fewer pipes or cigars, and knock off their club subscriptions and help a little more in the household, and not mind little necessary economies. Much more they cannot do, but they should do that cheerfully.

You will soon find, if taken up in the right spirit, that the riches of a man or woman do not consist in the abundance of their possessions, and that the comfort of knowing that you owe no man anything but to love one another is a state of things worth striving after; that your fires are not less bright because you use cinders where formerly you used recklessly all live coal, that your dinner-tables are not less attractive because arranged with intelligence by yourself instead of your parlour-maid, and that your bonnet pleases your husband's or brother's eye none the less because you are your own milliner.

It is worth while to be "brought low" and made poor to learn this priceless lesson—a lesson that nothing but adversity can teach. And I am tempted to add that no one can really enjoy the good gifts of God who has not had to earn them, and above all, who has not learnt how to sympathise with the friend and neighbour who is poor in this world's goods yet rich above all telling in the good opinion and affection of their family and friends—a state of poverty which kings and princes may envy and millionaires may strive after.

A QUILTING MEMORY.

REDOLENT OF OLD-TIME CUSTOMS.

IN these days of cheap counterpanes, "comfortables" and spreads of all kinds, the old custom of piecing quilts is becoming somewhat obsolete, and with the decline of the quilt piecing comes, of course, the decline of quilting parties. But there are still, in rural districts, some thrifty and very economical old and middle aged ladies who are zealous in the patchwork cause. I have before me a letter from a dear, quaint old aunt of mine who lives in one of the rural districts of the West. I copy one extract:

We had a quilting yesterday. I finished up that green and red double Irish chain of mine and put it in the frames and made a quilting. There was fourteen of the neighboring women folks come in and they kept at their work so stiddy they got the quilt out just before supper. Then all the men folks come in at night and we had a play party, with cider and apples and pie and doughnuts passed round before the folks went home. Everybody had a right good time and I really needed another quilt.

I smile at that last clause. Aunt Priscilla has, to my certain and absolute knowledge, no less than twenty-nine quilts that no soul has ever yet slept under. She has shown them all to me time and again; she has told me just how many pieces there are in each one and what each piece is like,—whether it is a scrap of Mary Jane Green's "polynay" or Lyddy Ann Jenkins' baby's double-gown. I know the full and complicated history of the "settin' sun" monstrosity that gave me the nightmare the first night I was forced to sleep under it. I know the year and the days and all the thrilling circumstances connected with the production of the "hen and chickens" quilt on the bed in the spare room; the "touch-and-take," the "Marthy Washington," the "double nine-patch," the "log-cabin," the "hit-and-miss," the "album," the "basket" and a dozen other patterns are fresh in my memory.

There is one of the "set on" description that has for years been the glory of Aunt Priscilla's life. To it belongs the distinction of having taken the premium "'leven times hand-runnin' at the county fair." "It is of my own make-up," Aunt Priscilla has often said to me with vaunting pride; "I didn't have no pattern nor nothin' to go by, but I just made it all up out of my own head. I don't s'pose there's arry other quilt like it in the country. And I quilted it all myself, too, and maybe you think it didn't take me one while to quilt all them herrin' bones an' feather patterns?" The quilt is rural in design. It represents a scene in the country. In the center is a brown calico house, with green calico curtains and indigo blue calico smoke coming in a straight stream out of a red calico chimney. A very rigid and jointless calico female is standing in the door with arms outstretched like the arms of a guideboard. Her cheeks are puffed up with cotton and are slightly florid in color, being made of pink calico. She has eyes made of two blue glass beads. Her turkey red calico lips extend from ear to ear and between them are rows of white muslin teeth cut in imitation of the teeth of a hand-saw. This charming but giddy looking lady of uncertain age is supposed to be throwing grains of yellow calico corn to a flock of pink and blue and green calico chickens. There is a black dog seated on a triangular tail. The dog has red eyes, and a red tongue, quite as long as his tail, hangs stiffly from his black jaws. A purple calico cow, with a fan-shaped tail and perfectly straight legs, is being chased by a blue and green calico dog twice as large as the cow. The tail of the animal stands out like a pump handle. "Posy beds," sunflowers, horses, wagons and everything generally seen on a farm are represented on this work of art. Aunt often tells me that if I am good I shall have this quilt when she is gone. My wife thinks that is why I am so bad.

I hate quilts. The most elaborate "crazy-quilt" is not, in my opinion, half so pretty for a bed as a cotton spread that can be bought for a dollar, and what I hate most of all is a cheap lace rag over a blue or pink cambric cover. Mrs. Dane and I had one for a wedding gift—it must have cost $1.50—and it has ever since done duty as a curtain in our girl's attic bedchamber. Aunt Priscilla labored faithfully five months on a rainbow colored calico and muslin quilt of her own design for our wedding gift. When the good soul comes to see us that quilt is topmost on her bed; when she goes away—well, I m glad Auntie don't know what becomes of that quilt the moment she is out of the house.

But O, for one of Aunt Priscilla's good old quilting bees! No "high teas," no "coffees," no "*soirées*," no receptions, no "Germans," no dinner parties, no luncheons that I have ever known in the days of my fashion and prosperity, have ever given me the pure and unalloyed bliss I have enjoyed at one of those old-fashioned quilting bees, where the quilters came early and stayed late, making their tongues and their needles fly. Sometimes they would sing hymns, and they always gossiped. But it was always a harmless, good natured sort of gossip without the under-current and sting of venom that makes gossip so deadly in its results. And the dinner! Oh, crowning joy of all! There were toothsome dishes there that Miss Parloa and Catherine Owens never heard of. There were pies and cakes and puddings and roasts and stews and jellies and jams, the like of which I have never seen before or since. The preparations for it were commenced a week before-hand, suggestions of it in the shape of sweet and spicy odors had filled the house for days. And when it was all ready; when all the tables in the house had been set end to end in the long kitchen; when there was everything on that table mortal and gluttonous man could wish for, then would Aunt Priscilla's flushed and triumphant face appear in the "settin'"-room where the quilters were, and then would she say, "Well, this poor excuse of a dinner is ready. Put up your needles and come out to it, such as it is." And then came the chorus of protests and the many and truthful declarations that Aunt Priscilla was the best cook in the whole country, all of which the proud and happy soul strenuously denied, her heart swelling the while with this meed of praise.

I am not one of those who constantly lament the "narrow cheerless lives of country people." They have sources of enjoyment of which we in our heartless cities know not.

—*Zenas Dane.*

Some Curious Public School Customs.

By Thomas Staveley Oldham.

ETON is admittedly the chief rowing school in England, as anyone can tell who scans the lists of the oarsmen who have taken part in the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Races. But at Eton it is by no means a matter of course that a new arrival may start on his aquatic career without the authorities knowing all about it. No boy is allowed to go on the river till he has learned to swim, and it is necessary to pass a regular examination before two masters, who are very particular in requiring a good "header," as well as plenty of swimming power.

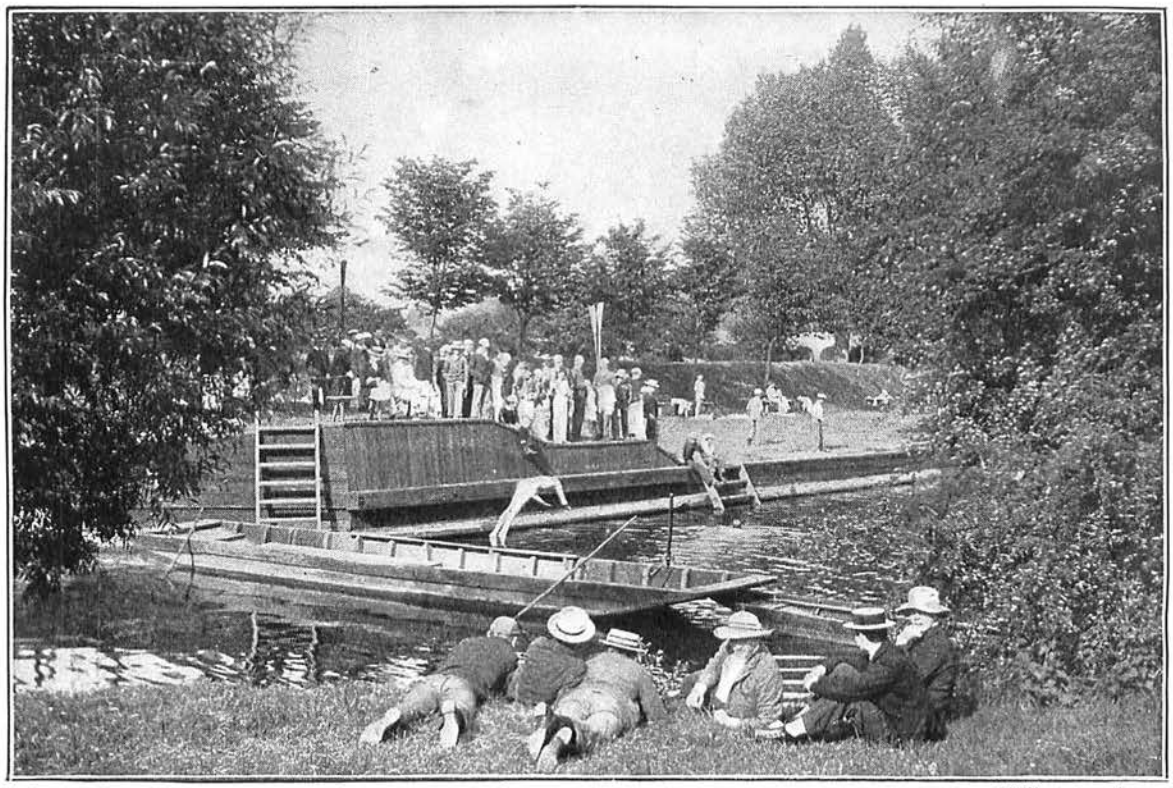
A punt full of naked candidates is moored, near Cuckoo Weir, about 25yds. from a pole planted to serve as a goal, and in presence of the two "passing masters," and generally also a crowd of spectators, each boy in turn has to swim to and from the pole, to turn on his back, and show that he knows how to float. A boy who makes a bad dive, and falls flat on the water, is always turned back.

This custom of "passing" in swimming dates from 1839 or 1840, when a boy was drowned by being thrown out of his boat by a barge rope nearly opposite the Eton College Boat Club, formerly Tolladays. The accident happened on a Saturday, and before Monday morning the late Bishop of New Zealand, G. Selwyn, and Mr. Evans, two of the masters, drew up, at Dr. Hawtrey's request, the rules for "passing," which have continued in force ever since.

Speaking of the river at Eton reminds us of a very curious and absurd custom which formerly prevailed at the school, called "shirking." Boys were allowed to boat on the Thames, but all the approaches to it were "out of bounds," and so were the streets of Windsor leading to the Castle terrace, although it was quite lawful to walk on the said terrace. So that if you wanted to have your hair cut, or cash a money order at the post-office, or go to the tailor for a new coat, for which your tutor had given you an order, you had to go "out of bounds."

College boundary was marked by what was known as the "shirking stone," let into the wall on the Eton side of Barnes Pool Bridge, of which we give an illustration on the next page.

This contradictory system led to "shirking," which meant that if when you were out of bounds you met a master, you promptly popped into the nearest shop, and the master thereupon pretended not to see you and

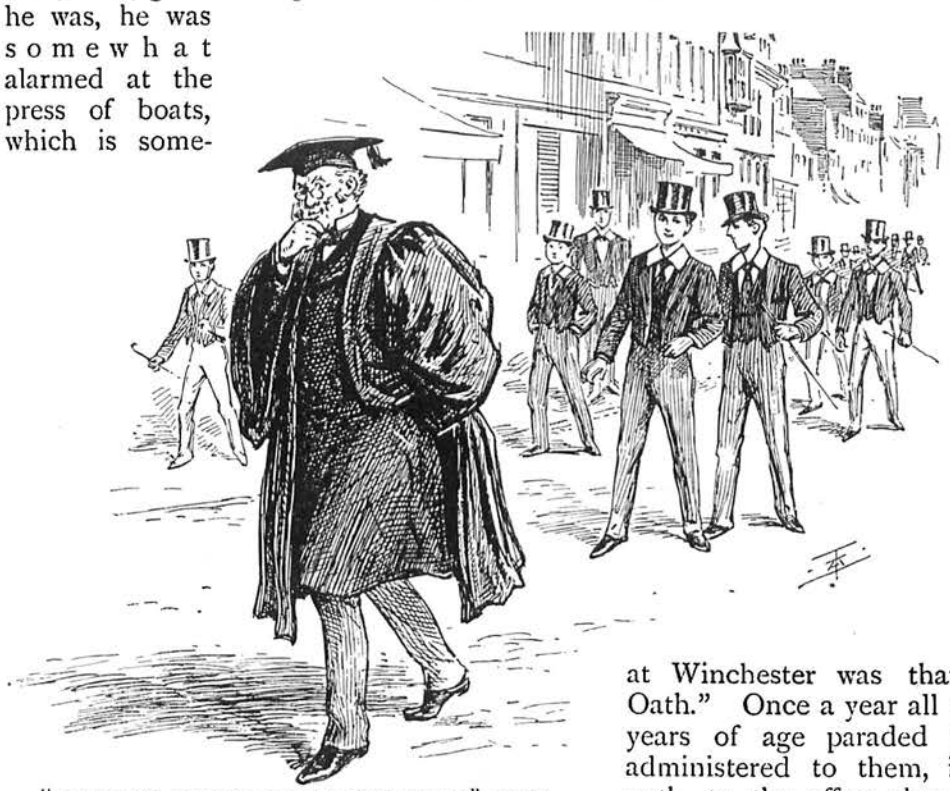


From a Photo. by] "PASSING"—ETON. *[Hills & Saunders.*

passed on. Or, if boys were hurrying back to college and a master chanced to be in front of them, they would not dare to pass him, and although he might be perfectly well aware of their presence, etiquette forbade him to look round. This ridiculous and humiliating state of affairs was abolished by Dr. Goodford in 1860.

"SHIRKING-STONE"—ETON.

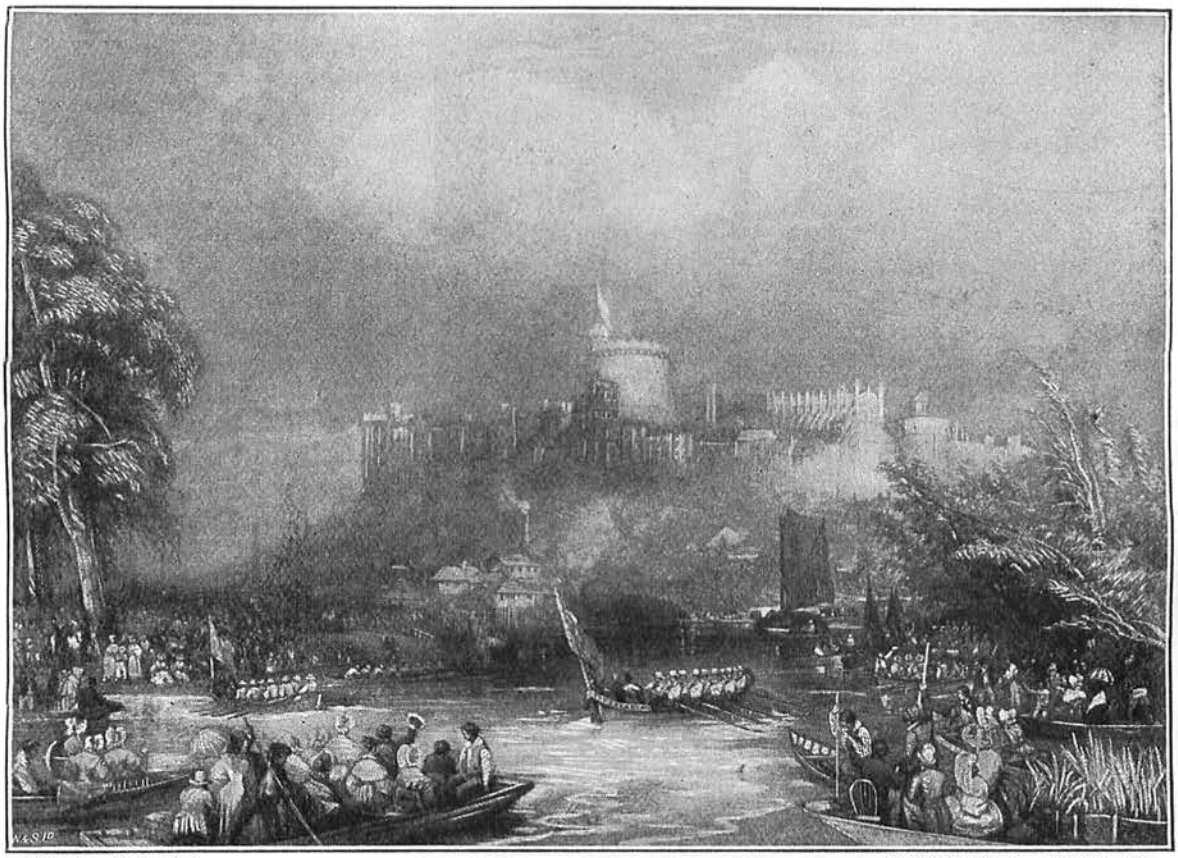
One of the best known of Eton customs is the celebration on the 4th of June, a very pretty scene being afforded by a procession of the school boats rowing up to Surly. It used to be the practice before outriggers came into vogue, and when the long boats were "tubs," for each boat to carry a "sitter" to dine with the crews at Surly. The "sitters" were generally well-known old Etonians or distinguished strangers. It is recorded that George Canning, the famous Prime Minister, went up as "sitter" in the *Monarch* 10-oar, in the year 1824, and, great and powerful statesman as he was, he was somewhat alarmed at the press of boats, which is sometimes tremendous, as they row round the eyot near Windsor Bridge, when the fireworks are let off in the evening.


"ETIQUETTE FORBADE HIM TO LOOK ROUND"—ETON.

WHEN a boy made a start in school-life at Winchester, he used always to be the unwilling subject of a number of more or less playful customs. For instance, when young Greenhorn makes his first appearance, some wag asks him, in the kindest way, if he has a certain book, without which he is assured it will be impossible to get through his lessons. Of course, Greenhorn does not possess this imaginary volume, but his tormentor offers the use of his own, which he has lent to Smith, to whom Greenhorn accordingly goes. Smith has lent it to Jones, so Greenhorn goes to him, only to find that the invaluable work in question is in the sick house, whence he is again sent back to school, and after a peregrination of this sort round the entire precincts, he is ultimately referred to one of the masters, who gently acquaints him with the fact that he has been made a fool of.

Another proceeding with a new boy is to ask him if he is of "founder's kin," *i.e.*, of the family of William of Wykeham, the illustrious founder of the college in the fourteenth century; and whatever the reply, its accuracy is put to the test by the investigator trying to break a plate over the victim's head, the theory being that if the plate breaks first his ancestry is clearly proved.

Another peculiar custom (now done away with) at Winchester was that of "Taking the Oath." Once a year all the boys over fifteen years of age paraded in chapel and had administered to them, in Latin, a solemn oath, to the effect that they would defend and befriend the college through good and evil report. In connection with this, it is interesting to record that, according to an old and well-authenticated tradition, Oliver Cromwell, in his high-handed way, had resolved on the destruction and disestablish-



From the Picture by] FOURTH OF JUNE CELEBRATION—ETON. *[William Evans, painted in 1837.*

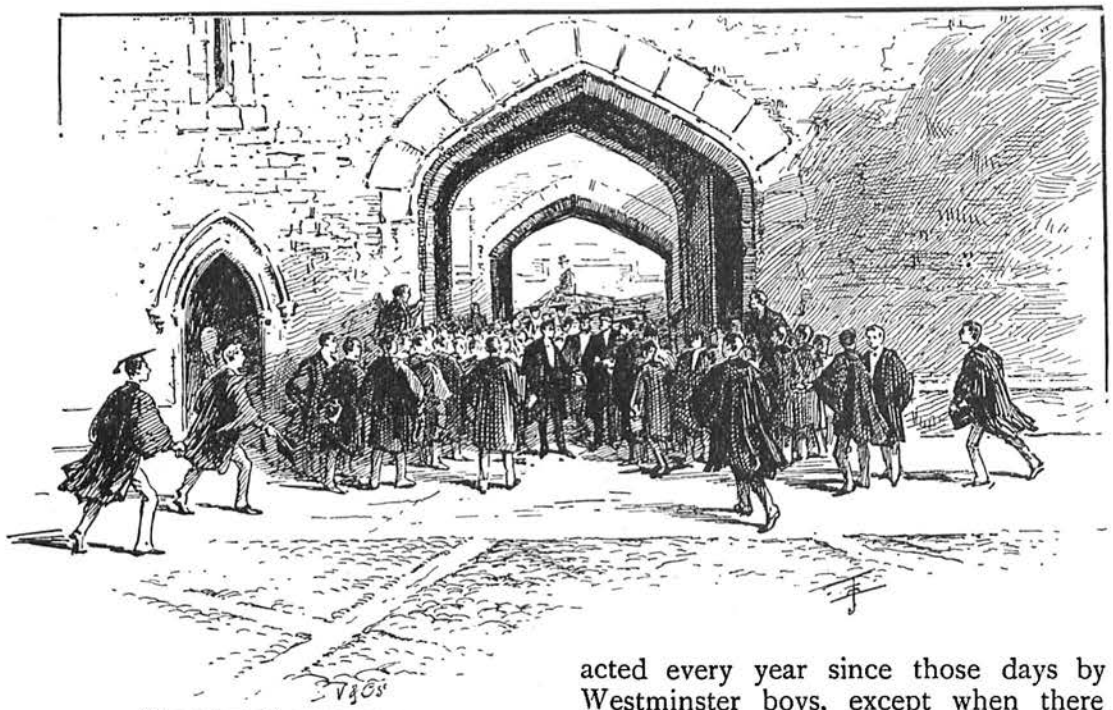
ment of the college, but was turned from his purpose by the strenuous representations of two of his officers, Colonel Nathaniel Fiennes and Colonel Nicholas Love, who, being old Wykehamists and mindful of their oath, succeeded in saving the school from the fate to which it had been decreed by the Lord High Protector of the Commonwealth, and which would certainly have overtaken it but for their timely intervention.

"Standing-up" was an annual institution by which boys were tested in their knowledge of the Greek and Latin lines learnt during the preceding twelve months. One boy is recorded to have successfully repeated no fewer than 10,000 lines.

Another boy, of less studious habits, escaped disgrace by a stratagem. He and his brother were twins, and the latter got through his "standing-up" with much credit, but, on coming away from the school-room, met his brother, who was wholly unprepared. The boy who had already gone through the ordeal undertook, in a truly fraternal spirit, to do it again, and having altered his hair a little and stuck a piece of plaster on his nose, by way of varying the family likeness, he presently appeared again before the unsuspecting master, and triumphantly represented his scapegrace of a brother. The last week of Long Half was known as "Election Week," when the Warden and two Fellows of New College, Oxford, came down for the examination of candidates for admission to Winchester and of Winchester boys who wished to go to New College. These high dignitaries were received at Middle Gate by the boys, headed by the Præfect of Hall, who addressed them with a Latin oration (*ad portas*). A representation of this solemnity is given on the following page. It saw the beginning and the end of the careers of two generations of Wykehamists, and was naturally a day of the greatest interest and excitement in the school.

COMING to Westminster, the third in order on the list of great schools dealt with in the "Public Schools Act, 1864," perhaps the best known custom is that of the "Westminster Play," which is given once a year in the old dormitory, transformed into a theatre for the occasion. It is probable that these performances began in the reign of Henry VIII.; but it is quite certain that very soon after Queen Elizabeth came to the throne Latin plays were acted by the boys. We give a translation of one of Her Majesty's statutes relating to this ancient custom :—

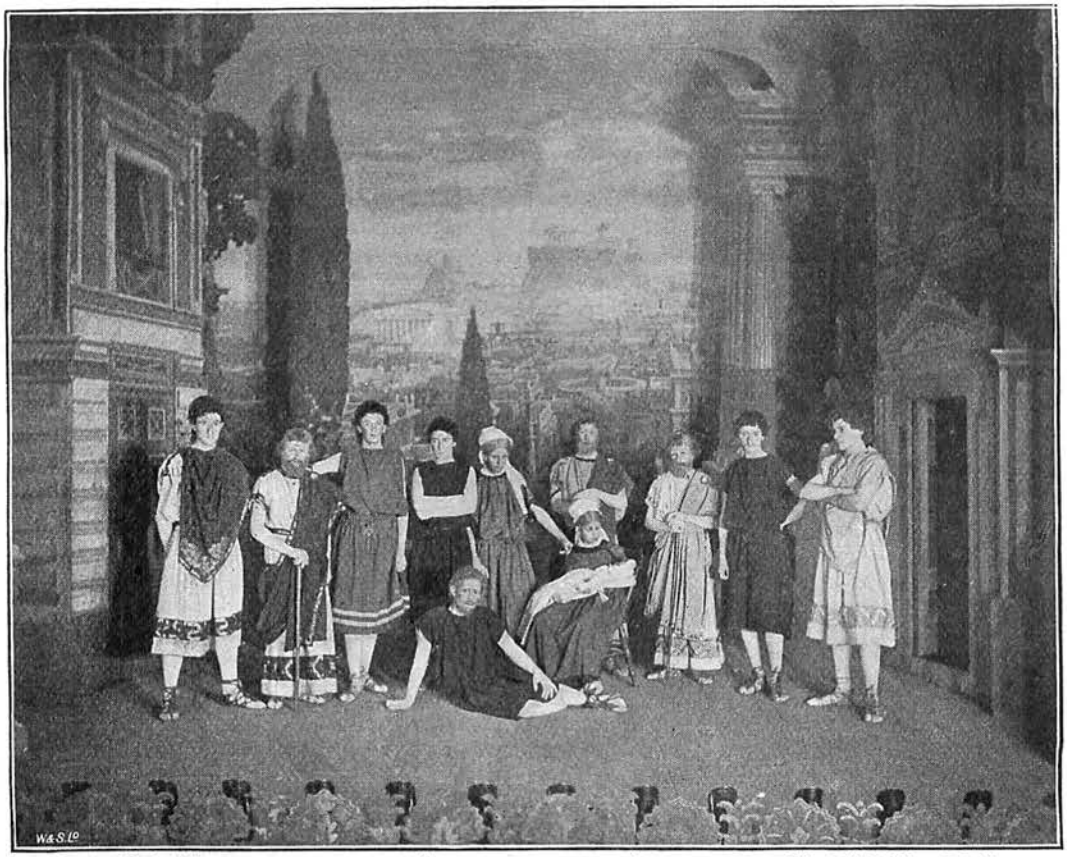
In order that young people may spend Christmas



"AD PORTAS"—WINCHESTER.

time more profitably, we enact that every year within 12 days after Christmas, or subsequently at the Dean's discretion, the Head Master and the Under Master shall jointly see that one play in Latin is acted. If they fail in this duty a fine of 10s. is to be imposed on the party at fault.

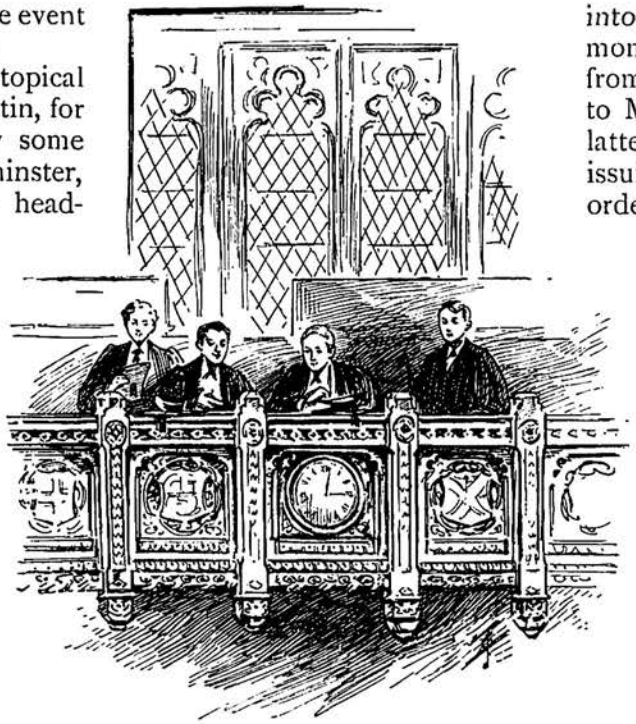
And accordingly a play in Latin has been acted every year since those days by the Westminster boys, except when there has been a death in the Royal Family during the year. When the Prince of Wales was so dangerously ill in December, 1871, fags were sent from time to time to bring to the school copies of the bulletins, which were placed during the day and night at Storey's Gate, so that the elaborate preparations for the play



From a Photo. by] "WESTMINSTER PLAY." *[W. & A. H. Fry, Brighton,*
(Cast of the "Andria," of Terence.)

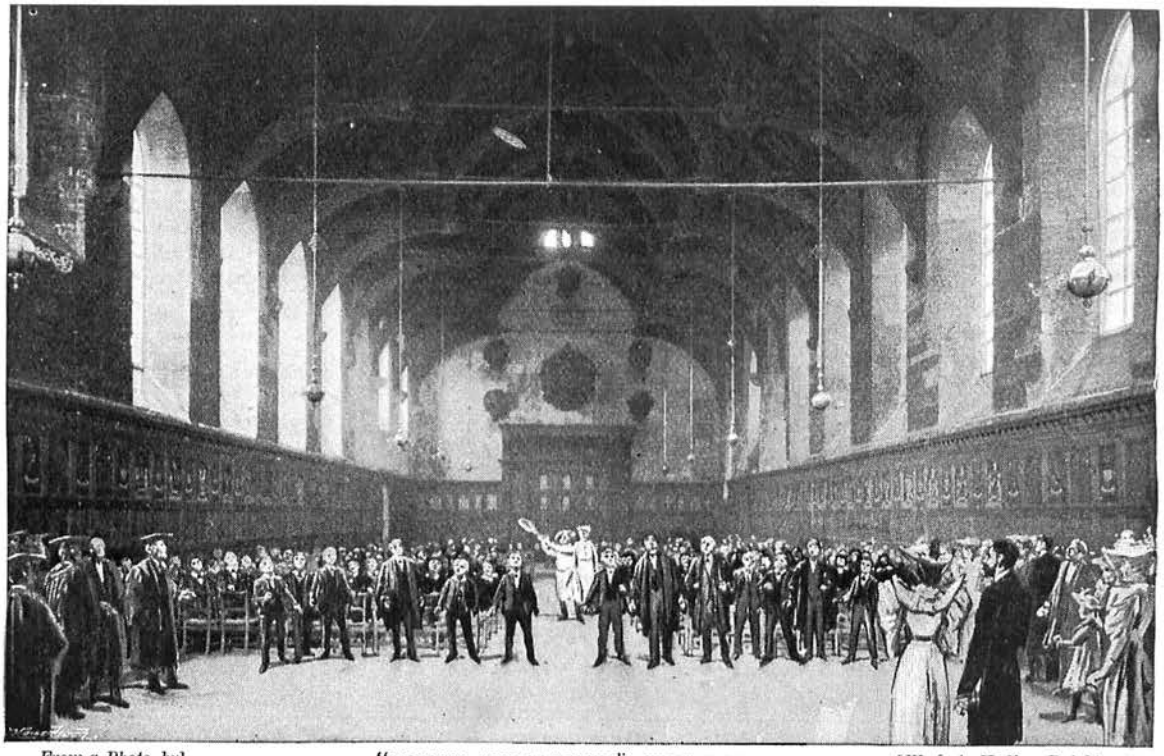
might be stopped in the event of the Prince's death.

The "Prologue," a topical effusion, written in Latin, for the current year, by some classical Old Westminster, or sometimes by the head-master, is always delivered, before the play commences, by the captain of the school, faultlessly arrayed in knee-breeches, silk stockings, shoes with buckles, and white tie. The scenes of the play used to be kept in the triforium in the north transept of the Abbey.



"ATTENDING THE DEBATES."
From a Sketch by a Westminster Boy.

Westminster boys, if duly attired in cap and gown, have the privilege of attending debates in either House of Parliament. No balloting or other formality is required, but an arrangement is made by which seats are retained for a certain number of boys up to a specified time. This is one of the most jealously-prized customs of the place, and some years ago, when some little difficulty arose about the boys going into the House of Commons, a communication from the then head-master to Mr. Speaker led to the latter exalted personage issuing fresh and stringent orders in confirmation of the ancient usage. Westminsters, also, have the long-established privilege of being present at Coronations. In ancient and mediæval times the Coronation Rite contained elements of a democratic nature, such as the election of the Roman Emperors by the Imperial Guard, and the old German usage of popular election; such also as the taking by the Sovereign of an oath to observe the rights of the subject. The oath, of course, remains now, and it is perhaps not wholly a fanciful parallel to follow Dean Stanley, and to assert that the assent of the people of England to the election of the Sovereign has found its voice, in modern days, through the shouts of



From a Photo. by] "TOSSING THE PANCAKE"—WESTMINSTER. *[W. & A. H. Fry, Brighton.*

the Westminster scholars "from their recognised seats in the Abbey" ("Memorials of Westminster Abbey").

At Westminster there is a famous bar across the great school-room, from which used to hang a curtain dividing the upper school from the lower. Over this bar the annual "pancake tossing" takes place. Always on Shrove Tuesday the college cook appears in white apron and with his frying-pan, on which rests a specially made pancake, which he throws over the bar to be scrambled for by the boys. Whoever secures it in fair fight carries it in triumph to the Dean, who in conformity with long tradition rewards the successful champion with a guinea. In 1864, the cook, who had failed for several years to elevate the pancake right over the bar, so exasperated the boys by again depriving them of their fun—for there was no scramble if the pancake did not go over the bar—that they hurled at his head a shower of books, dictionaries, as being heaviest, by preference. He retaliated by flinging his frying-pan into the midst of the boys—and, in fact, there was a pretty quarrel, which was eventually adjusted by the Dean, with judicial impartiality, and to the satisfaction of all concerned.

"Epigrams" at Westminster are recited at school on a certain day every year on subjects duly announced beforehand by the head-master. Boys are allowed to write their epigrams in any language—Latin, Greek, French, or English—and the reward, consisting of Queen's Maundy money, specially furnished from the Mint for the purpose, is then and there bestowed by the head-master, according to merit of each particular production.

Cowper, the poet, himself an "Old Westminster," thus refers to this custom:—

At Westminster, where little poets strive
To set a distich upon six and five,
Where discipline helps opening buds of sense,
And makes his pupils proud with silver pence,
I was a poet, too.

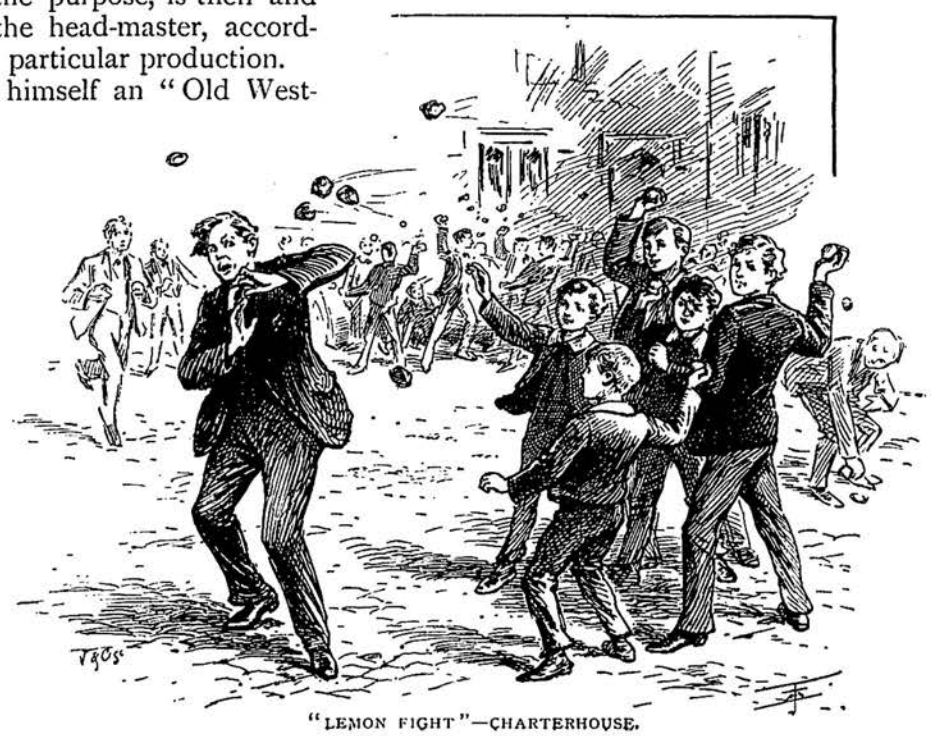
In the case of a school so old as Harrow it is remarkable that there are few, if any, ancient school customs, but there is much quaint local colour in the life of the boys in the different Houses. There lies before the writer a memorandum drawn up and signed by the authorities of one of the Houses, which is so curious in its detail that we think it may be interesting to give a few extracts; for instance:—

Only those who have been three years in the House may

1. Wear any but the regulation school dress (except blue flannel coats in the summer term).
2. Come into Hall, or Lock-up, Supper, etc., by the door next the Pantry.
3. Stand or loiter near the House door within or without.
4. Wear white waistcoats or have their umbrellas rolled up.
5. Wear a cap or fez in the House courts.
6. Whistle or sing in the House or in the courts.
7. Cut or carve their name anywhere in or about the House.

These regulations were evidently framed with a view to keeping new boys in their proper place, and petty and absurd as they seem, they doubtless were effective as a sort of discipline for unruly spirits.

At Harrow one of the great features is what is known there as "house singing," in the evenings of the Christmas and Easter term. The greatest zest is shown in the house glee competitions—a most admirable institution, the example of which has been well followed by a more modern school, Clifton, where a similar custom prevails. The school songs of Harrow have done, and continue to do, much to engender that love of the old place which, to say the least of it, is no less marked in Old Harrovians than in other public school men.

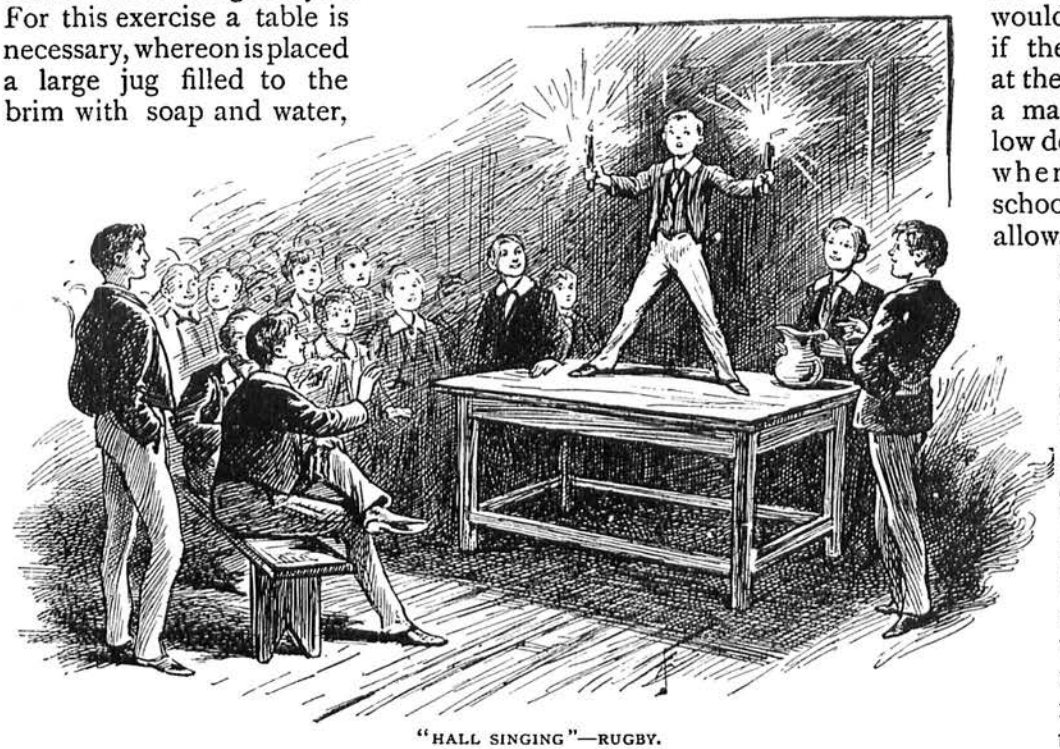


"LEMON FIGHT"—CHARTERHOUSE.

At Charterhouse, Shrove Tuesday, as at Westminster, brings its annual excitement in the shape of an institution known as the "lemon fight." Each boy at dinner is provided with half a lemon, wherewith to flavour the customary pancake; but it is a point of honour not to use the lemon for this very ordinary purpose, but to save it up for the spirited warfare which follows. "Gown Boys" range themselves against "The Rest," and each side pelts the other with a vigour and persistency which leave little to be desired. It is a good opportunity to pay off old scores, and an unpopular bully has often found to his cost that his day of reckoning has come at last.

At old Charterhouse the bell rang daily for chapel, and always sounded just so many strokes as there were pensioners in the establishment. The first announcement of a death has sometimes been conveyed by the striking of one sound less than the number on the previous day.

At Rugby, as elsewhere, great attention is paid to the "new boy." "Hall Singing" is a pleasing ceremony to which his due introduction is not long delayed. For this exercise a table is necessary, whereon is placed a large jug filled to the brim with soap and water,



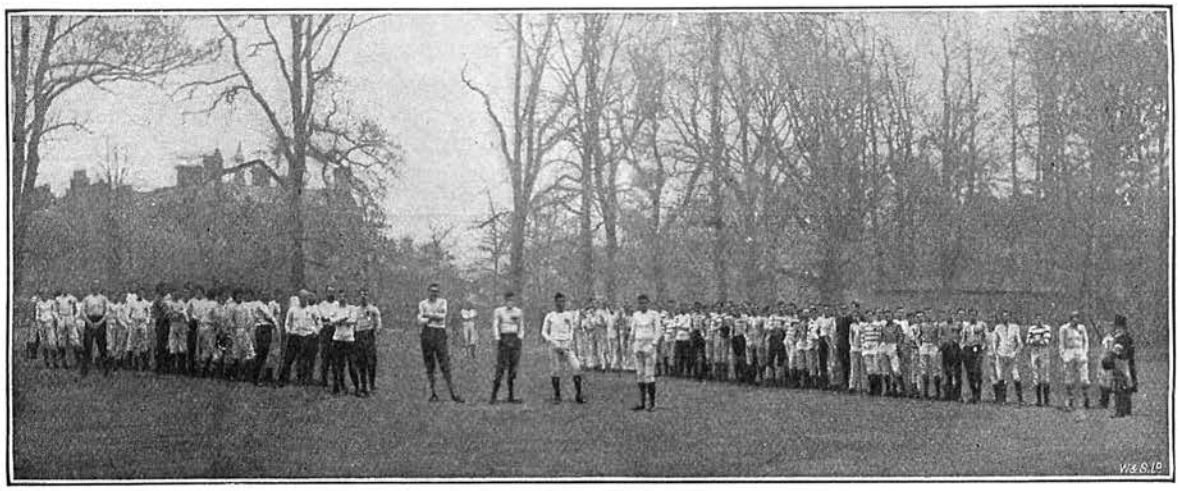
"HALL SINGING"—RUGBY.

beer, tea, sugar, salt, mustard, pepper, milk, and other appetizing ingredients too numerous to specify. The novice is directed to stand on the table with his legs as wide apart as possible, and to hold a lighted candle in each hand. Thus established, he is invited to sing a song. In most cases he does manage to carol forth some sort of song, the penalty of non-compliance with this ancient custom being the necessity—promptly enforced—of taking a good gulp of the mixture just described.

But at Rugby *the* great thing is football; and when a boy receives a polite note from the captain of his House fifteen saying he may "take his cap," he is, or ought to be, happy for the rest of his school career. And when that career is ended his interest in Rugby and in football by no means ceases, for there are no fewer than three annual matches in which it is the regular custom for past members of the school to take part. The matches are :—

Sixth Match, *i.e.*, VIth Form *v.* the School.
Old Rug. Match, *i.e.*, Past *v.* Present.
Two Cock Houses *v.* School.

The attendance of old Rugbeians at these matches is not specially arranged for by any organization in London, though post-cards are sent out to some old "Rugs" by the heads of House fifteens, to remind them of the dates. The peculiarity in the matter is that all old "Rugs" in these matches play on that side for which they would do battle if they were still at the school, *e.g.*, a man who was low down in form when he left school has no allowance made for any accession of learning that may have come with later years. He may be a Senior Wrangler, or have won the Ireland or the Craven, but he nevertheless may not join the sacred band of the VI., and must perforce take side with the "school." In the same way, he plays for the House he formerly belonged to. A well-known Rugby player, in his day a member of H. Vassall's famous Oxford XV., to whom we are indebted for these parti-



A "BIG-SIDE" AT RUGBY SCHOOL.
From a Photo. kindly lent by Mr. A. G. Guillemard, ex-President of the Rugby Football Union.

culars, tells us that he has seen as many as forty or fifty old "Rugs" come down to join these great yearly festivals.

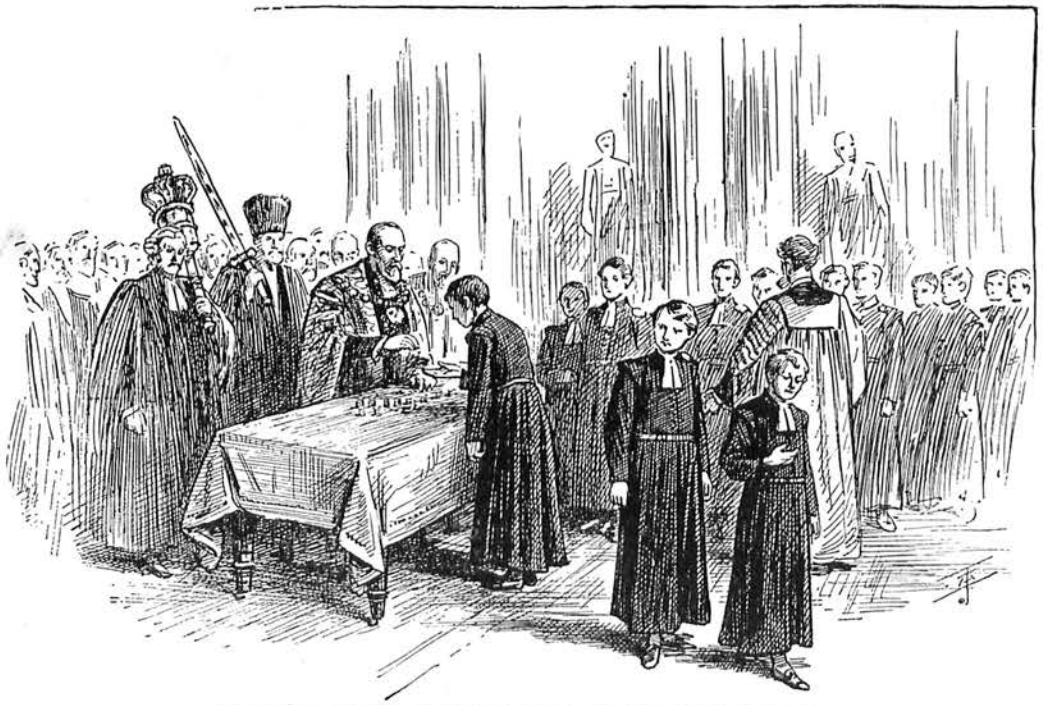
A curious regulation prevails at Rugby, forbidding boys, unless they are "swells," from walking about more than three in a group, and also compelling such groups to walk arm-in-arm. Swells, such as the "caps" and the VIth, may walk about four or forty in a party if they like, and are not obliged to take arms. The "Holder of School Bags" is, of course, a swell, being generally the winner of the "Crick," *i.e.*, the cross-country run from school gates round Crick Church and back. Theoretically, he is supposed to carry the bags of torn-up paper used as "scent," but practically his duties are to generally arrange and supervise all matters relating to the cross-country runs, which have always been such a feature at Rugby.

At Wellington, so called after the Great Duke, which is, of course, quite a modern establishment, all the dormitories are named, as is fitting in a military school, in memory of great commanders, such as Anglesey, Blücher, Orange (William III.), Hopetoun, Hill, Lynedoch, Murray. Here there has not yet grown up any specially curious custom, but one peculiarity in connection with the place which we may mention is the great gathering of the boys for singing on the night before the school breaks up. It is quite an unwritten rule, but by some mysterious influence, as the customary hour approaches, every boy finds his way to the foot of the "Hopetoun" stairs —always the same place—where every variety of youthful voice may be heard at its best.

At Marlborough it is the custom for every boy each term to have an order for a cushion. What a boy wants with such an article, a thin cushion about 2½ft. long, it is difficult for an ordinary outsider to see, but it seems they are carried about by the boys almost wherever they go, and are used to sit on in class or when watching a cricket match, to wrap round books, as weapons of offence or defence, or in a variety of ways as occasion requires. Sometimes a dandy would bring a cushion from home, beautifully embroidered, but this was considered effeminate, and has never become a popular habit.

"THE MARLBOROUGH CUSHION."

With regard to the picturesque dress worn at Christ's Hospital, we may explain that the coat is blue with bright metal buttons, and the stockings yellow. The waist is encircled by—not a belt, no Blue Coat calls it that—but by a girdle, *i.e.*, a plain leathern strap with a buckle, the breadth and embellishment of which depend on the boy's position in the school. They wear no head-dress of any sort now, though formerly a cloth cap was used. The result of this regulation, strange to say, seems to be that "Blues" are by no means liable to colds in the head, and never seem to feel cold weather.

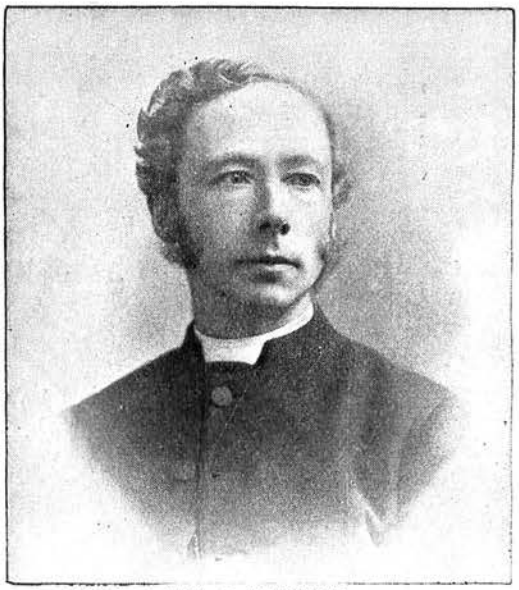


CHRIST'S HOSPITAL—"EASTER BOBS" AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

Of old customs still observed we may refer to the going to the Mansion House for the "Easter Bobs" (as the boys call it), and the Public or Lenten Suppers. The former ceremony annually attracts a good deal of public attention, as the boys march "in fours" through the streets of the City to the Mansion House, where they are forthwith regaled with two buns apiece. Thus fortified, they file before the Lord Mayor, who, from sundry piles of new money on the table before him, presents each "Grecian" with a sovereign, and all the other boys, according to their standing, with coins of lesser value. Before they retire the boys have a glass of lemonade, and we are sure it will be news to some to hear that at one time the alternative of sherry was permitted. This form of "local option," however, has now been abolished.

The public suppers are held on four Thursdays in Lent in the Great Hall, and the public are admitted to the ceremony, which always begins with prayer, and is presided over by the Lord Mayor or one of the Sheriffs of London.

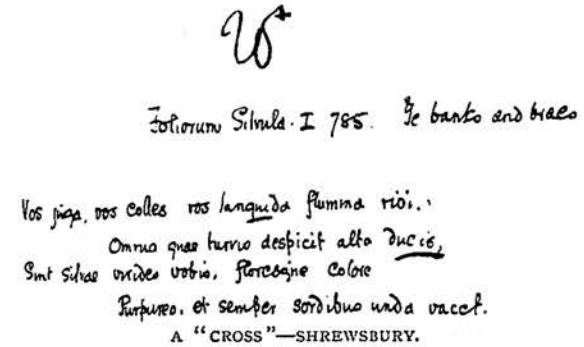
In the first quarter of the present century the boys were not allowed to go out of the gates without a "ticket of leave"—a small brass tablet attached by a string to a button of the coat—and it was generally understood that any person seeing a boy out without a ticket would receive a reward on bringing him back.



REV. J. H. SKRINE.
(The present "Gru" at Glenalmond.)
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

We may mention an interesting feature at Glenalmond, the well-known Scotch public school, whose youthful riflemen, in their kilts, make such a picturesque figure at the great annual rifle shooting gathering at Bisley. The Warden of Glenalmond, whether or not he has any personal peculiarities, is always christened and known as "Gru"—just as every king of ancient Egypt was called Pharaoh. It appears that one of the early Wardens once put a question to the sixth form to which no one was able to give any answer whatever, and, disappointed at the silence of his scholars, he was heard to mutter in Greek, "ὀμδέ γρῦ," not even a grunt. The "Gru" was fastened on by the boys, and has remained as a sort of dynastic title ever since.

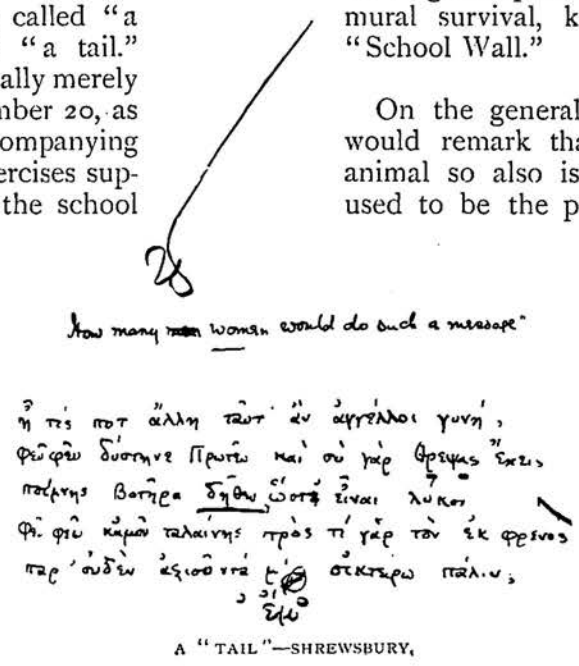
At Shrewsbury it is the custom, on a given day, for the head of the school to ask the



A "CROSS"—SHREWSBURY.

head-master for a half-holiday for the sixth form, basing his appeal on the number of exercises which have been given the highest mark during the week.

The highest mark is called "a cross" and the second "a tail." These marks were originally merely developments of the number 20, as explained in the accompanying facsimile of original exercises supplied to us by one of the school authorities. Thus, when marking an exercise with 20, a tick was added when there was special occasion for satisfaction, and when a composition seemed absolutely flawless the sign of *plus* was added to the number. These curious marks date from the time of Dr. Butler, 1797 – 1836, and having gradually become recognised symbols, have continued to be used till the present day.

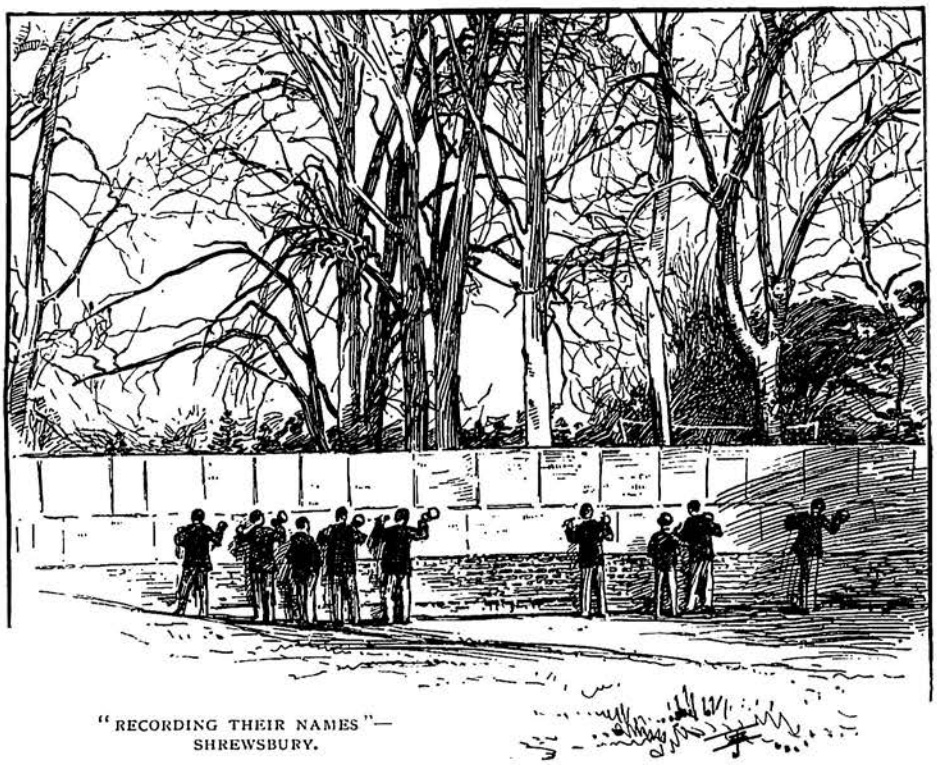


A "TAIL"—SHREWSBURY.

The occasion on which a sixth form boy gains his first "cross" is always looked upon as a red-letter day in his school career.

When University, Parliamentary, or other honours are gained by old Salopians, a half-holiday is usually asked for, and also whenever a bishop or a judge can be discovered in the town. On the two latter occasions a Latin letter is addressed to the dignitary in question by the head of the school, asking that the head-master may be applied to for the desired indulgence. In this ingenious and simple manner respect alike for the episcopal and the judicial Bench becomes a matter of habit with all but the most ungrateful of Salopian youth. When the school left its old habitation it brought away bodily the old boundary-wall between the Castle gates and what used to be called "School Gardens." This relic now stands between the Fives Court and the bath, near the cricket ground. It bears many names of old Salopians, but space having become doubly precious, it has been enacted that in future names are not to be of more than a certain limited size, and must be cut by the boys themselves, and not, as was formerly allowed, by a professional stone-cutter. On a fine afternoon, towards the end of the summer term, it is not unusual to see a line of boys, each with hammer and chisel, occupied in recording their names for the benefit and example of future generations. We are much indebted for the courtesy which enables us to give a photograph of this interesting mural survival, known to Salopians as "School Wall."

On the general question of fights, we would remark that if man is a fighting animal so also is a boy; and it always used to be the practice for boys at the public schools to settle their differences by a regular stand-up battle, conducted with due solemnity under the authority of properly selected "seconds" to see fair play. At most schools a particular spot was always held sacred for these youthful contests. At Westminster, in olden days, it was



"RECORDING THEIR NAMES"—
SHREWSBURY.

a recognised privilege that the boys might fight in the cloisters. The late Earl of Albemarle relates in his book, "Fifty Years of my Life," that the Princess Charlotte, who had driven down to Westminster to take him out on a half-holiday, found him forming one of the ring at a fight between John Erskine, afterwards Earl of Mar, and another boy. Her Royal Highness had to wait till the battle was over before her young friend could be brought away. At Eton a particular corner of the playing fields called "Sixpenny" was used. On this spot both the great Duke of Wellington and the poet Shelley had fought as boys, and long after those days it was the custom to challenge a schoolfellow by saying, "Will you fight me in Sixpenny?"

We do not propose to offer a disquisition on the vexed question of "fagging," but it may be permissible to remark that most men who have been brought up under the system of authorized "fagging" speak well of it as, on the whole, a good working arrangement.

At Charterhouse, the juniors had to fetch and carry water, and then go for their superiors' clean linen across an open court in the early mornings, which was not any particular joke in winter, when it was pitch dark, and perhaps a snowstorm or a torrent of hail and rain was coming down.

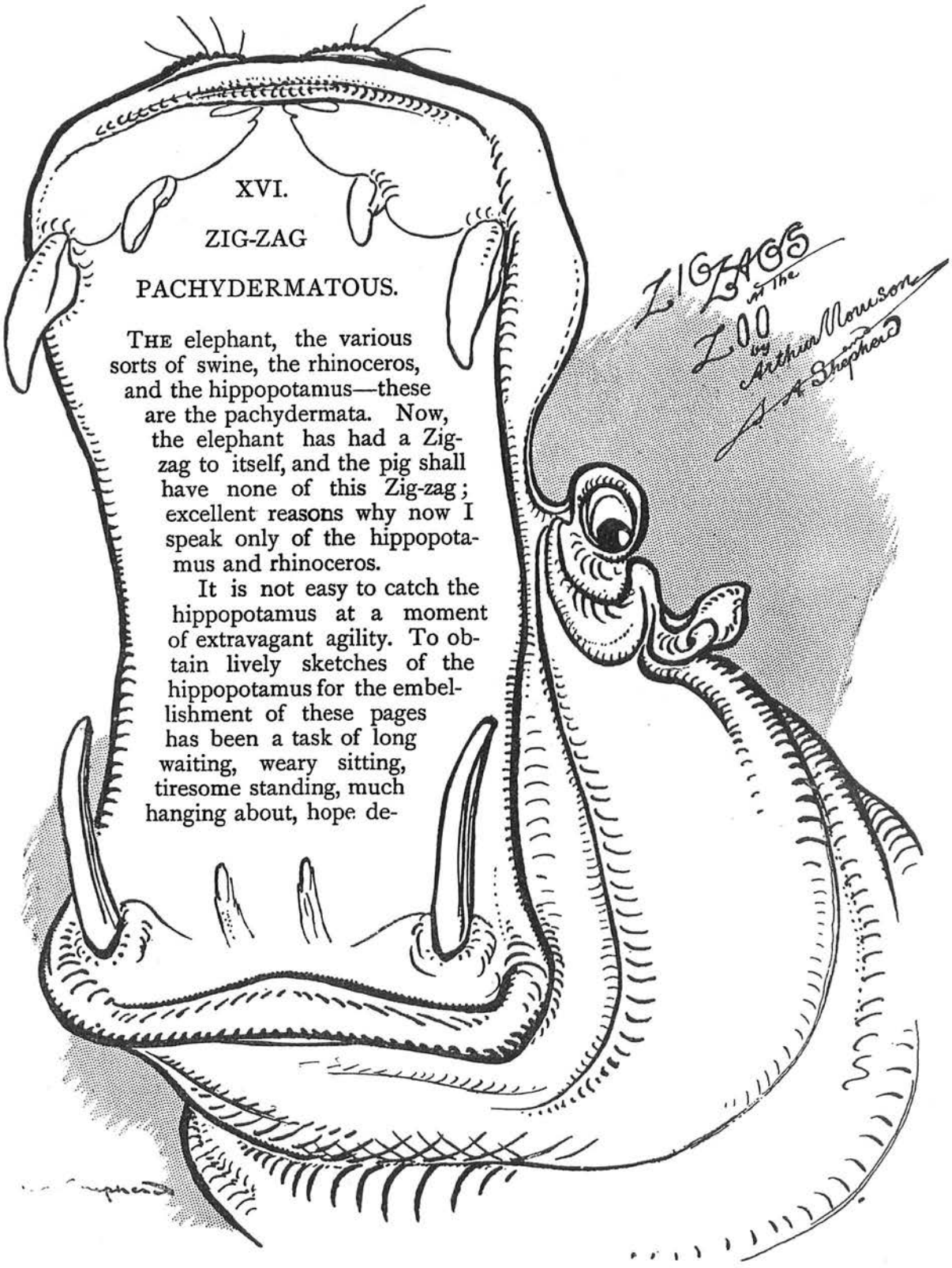
At Westminster the fellows in the sixth form had book fags, whose duty it was to keep a list of the dictionaries, lexicons, and books generally which their particular seniors required "up school," and woe betide a defaulter who failed to bring up the right books at the right time.

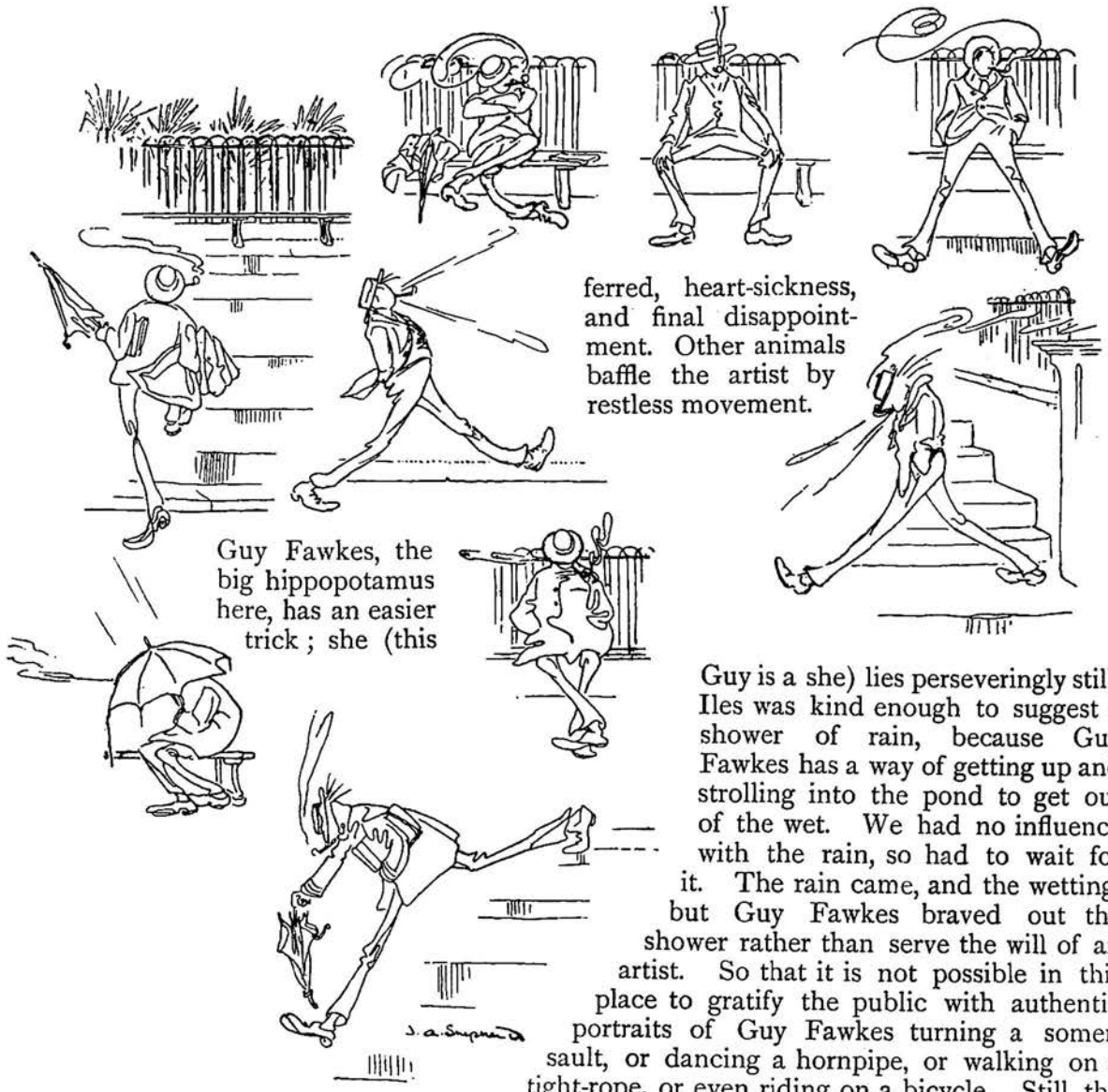
Cricket fagging, of course, is common to many schools, and consists chiefly in being told off to "field out" when the fellows in the first eleven are practising batting.

At Harrow, the cricket fagging is managed by functionaries known as "slave-drivers," three or four boys specially appointed to carry out these important duties.

"Watching out" at football is also a form of fagging common to many schools. "Kicking in" it is called at Winchester.

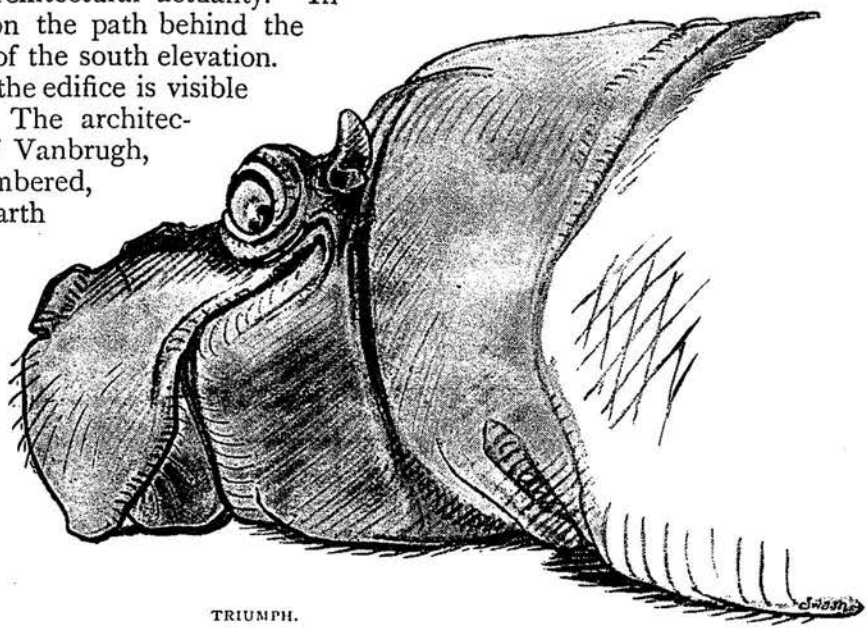
At Glenalmond the term is "keeping terrace," which an old Glenalmond boy thus explains. The football ground was bounded by a gravel terrace, beyond which came a steep bank, sloping down to the River Almond. An iron railing runs along the top of the bank, but this is hardly enough to prevent an erratic football from finding a short cut to the river level, and it is to obviate this possibility that the "small game" boys, when big matches were being played, had to "keep terrace," *i.e.*, to look out for the ball and send it back to the players if it came towards the bank. The youngsters turn out in great coats and Highland capes of every description, as in the immediate vicinity of the Grampians in mid-winter it is cold work standing about. If the ball did go right over and down the bank, of course it went into the river, and into the river, ice or no ice, it had to be followed by some unlucky fag, who contrived to dry and warm himself as best he could on his return. An unpleasant interview with a monitor, as a matter of course, awaited any junior who cut "terrace keeping" without leave.


XVI.
ZIG-ZAG
PACHYDERMATOUS.
THE elephant, the various sorts of swine, the rhinoceros, and the hippopotamus—these are the pachydermata. Now, the elephant has had a Zig-zag to itself, and the pig shall have none of this Zig-zag; excellent reasons why now I speak only of the hippopotamus and rhinoceros.
It is not easy to catch the hippopotamus at a moment of extravagant agility. To obtain lively sketches of the hippopotamus for the embellishment of these pages has been a task of long waiting, weary sitting, tiresome standing, much hanging about, hope de-
ZIGZAGS in the ZOO by Arthur Morrison & A. Shepherd

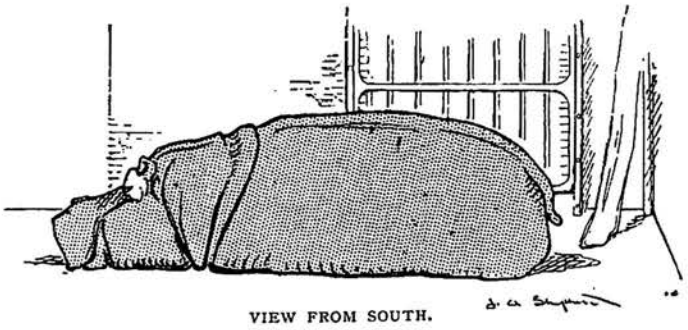


PATIENCE AND DEFEAT.

ferred, heart-sickness, and final disappointment. Other animals baffle the artist by restless movement. Guy Fawkes, the big hippopotamus here, has an easier trick; she (this Guy is a she) lies perseveringly still Iles was kind enough to suggest a shower of rain, because Guy Fawkes has a way of getting up and strolling into the pond to get out of the wet. We had no influence with the rain, so had to wait for it. The rain came, and the wetting, but Guy Fawkes braved out the shower rather than serve the will of an artist. So that it is not possible in this place to gratify the public with authentic portraits of Guy Fawkes turning a somersault, or dancing a hornpipe, or walking on a tight-rope, or even riding on a bicycle. Still, the views which are possible have the undeniable merit of accuracy and architectural actuality. In the first place, standing on the path behind the paddock, we enjoy a view of the south elevation. Here the whole length of the edifice is visible in its simple grandeur. The architecture is of the manner of Vanbrugh, on whom, it will be remembered, the poet exhorted the earth to lie heavy, in retaliation for the heaviness of his buildings. Nothing of Vanbrugh's ever lay heavier per cubic foot on the groaning earth than Guy Fawkes lies here. I defy even a ghost to rise from the earth under Guy Fawkes. Let her but lie on it and she would extinguish a volcano,

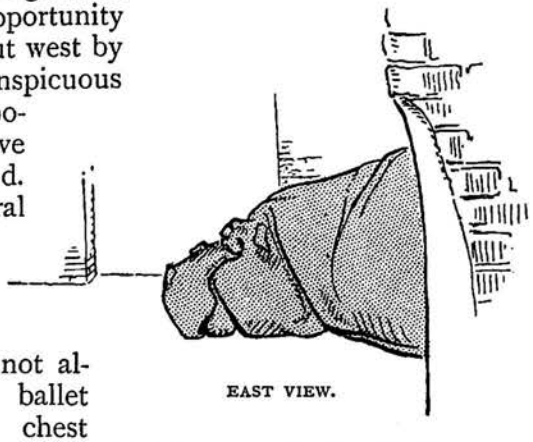


TRIUMPH.



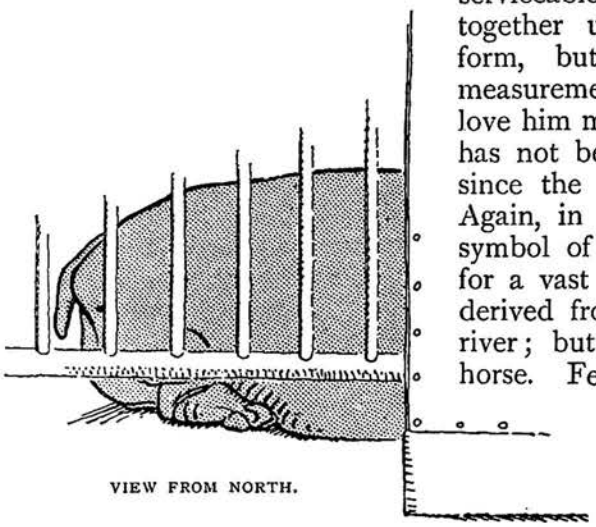
VIEW FROM SOUTH.

and drive an earthquake discomfited away to some part where the earth's crust was less immovably suppressed. It is a humiliating thing in most cases to be sat upon, but when Guy Fawkes is the sitter, little room is left in the sittee for humility or any of the other virtues. The east view of the structure is obtained from near the gazelle sheds, and the view from the north (only a partial one, but still picturesque) you get from inside the house. If you can get into the ostrich paddock (you can't) you will have an opportunity of surveying the venerable pile from somewhere about west by south. This is a sort of end elevation, with a conspicuous display of the west wing, if anything about a hippopotamus can be called a wing. Then you will have seen and admired Guy Fawkes pretty well all round.



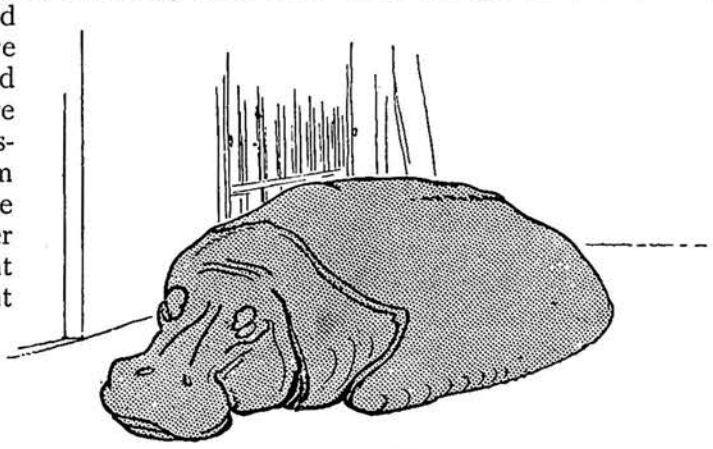
EAST VIEW.

The hippopotamus in general is admired for several causes. His (or her) mouth is indisputably the biggest extant, and has long been acknowledged to exceed even that of the Philanthropic Reformer, while his hide is almost as thick. His legs, although serviceable, are not altogether up to ballet form, but his chest measurement anybody might be proud of. Perhaps we love him most, though, as an old Londoner, although he has not been a familiar wanderer in the London streets since the tertiary epoch, which was some time ago. Again, in old time the hippopotamus was installed the symbol of impiety and ingratitude, which may account for a vast deal of popularity. His name, of course, is derived from the Greek *hippo* a horse, and *potamos* a river; but he cannot be regarded as a very successful horse. Few people who admire a handsome Cleveland, with good knee-action, would, as a habit, harness him with a hippopotamus to a landau. The hippopotamus has no points; no more points, and no sharper ones, than a German sausage.

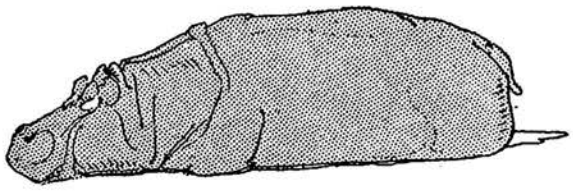


VIEW FROM NORTH.

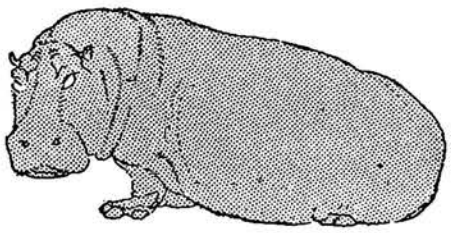
Still, it cannot be too widely known that the hippopotamus does move sometimes. Even Guy Fawkes does, and some insignificant proportion of the visitors (about ¼ in 10,000, I believe) witness the feat. But even then she rarely does more than change her elevations—just brings her north elevation round south, for a change of air. It is a grave and solemn rite, this turning about, and it proceeds with properly impressive deliberation. She rises by a mysterious process, in which legs seem to take no part; she anchors her face against the ground, as regarding her head in the light of a great weight (which it is) dumped down to prevent the rest of her being blown away by an unexpected zephyr. Then, with her weighty muzzle as pivot and centre, she executes a semicircular manœuvre suggestive of

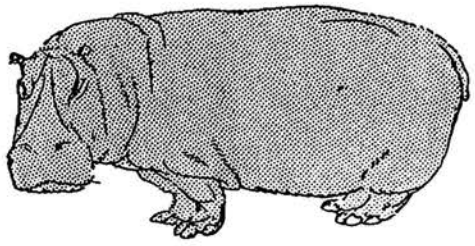


WEST BY SOUTH.

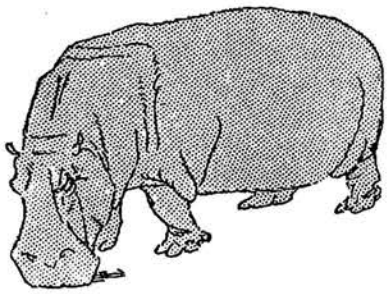


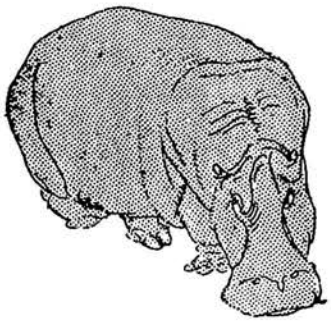
elevation faces south, when immediately she becomes a sausage again, turned about. All this is done with such perfect modesty that you immediately forget whether you saw her legs or not—indeed, whether she had any. As a matter of fact, I may here inform a doubtful public that Guy Fawkes *has* feet; her legs—if she has them—she, with propriety, veils in certain lashings of fat.

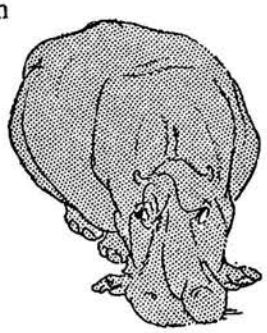


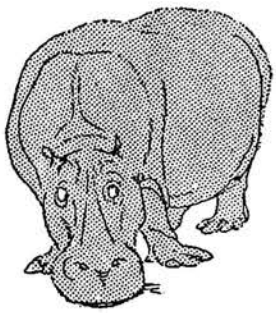


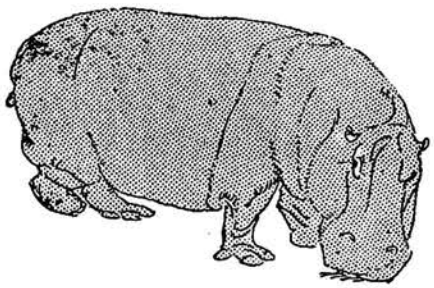
Guy Fawkes was so called in defiance of her sex because she was born (here in the menagerie) on November 5th, 1872. Next door to Guy Fawkes lives Jupiter, who is only a small hippopotamus, some way from being fully grown. Jupiter, however, has ambitions. He admires and envies, beyond all things, the placid repose of Guy Fawkes. He does his best to imitate her. But as yet he is little more than a beginner—a mere amateur in inertia. He is so inordinately proud of lying perfectly still for twenty minutes or so that he must look round for admiration, and spoil the effect at once. His mental attitude toward Guy Fawkes is that of the boy to Sidi Lakdar in Daudet's *La Figue et le Paresseux*—but Jupiter is far, very far, from being the equal of the boy in the noble craft of the *paresseux*. The fact is that Jupiter, in his ambition to become a creditable hippopotamus, an immobile vastness, a venerable pile, tries a little too much at once. Guy Fawkes, he considers, can smash anything earthly by lying on it, and herein he is right.

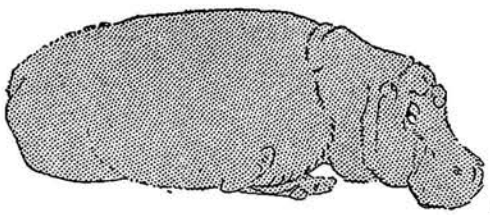


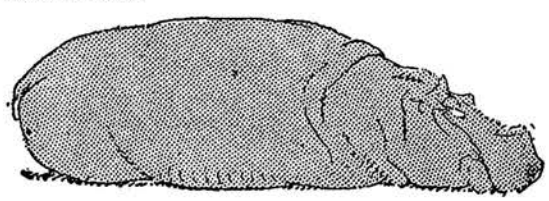




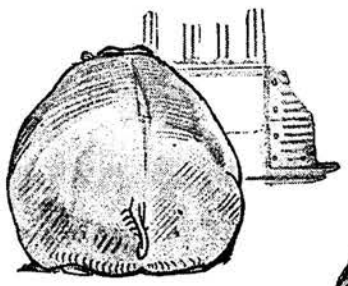




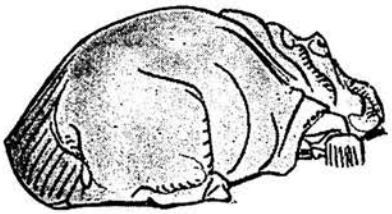


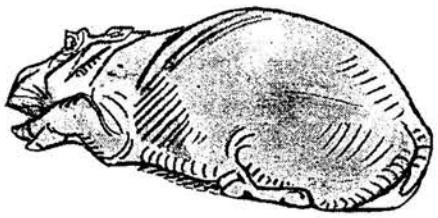


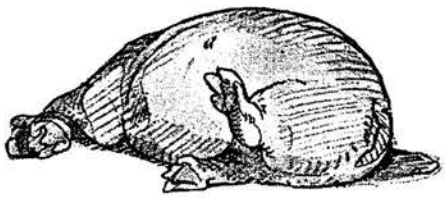
CHANGE OF ELEVATION.

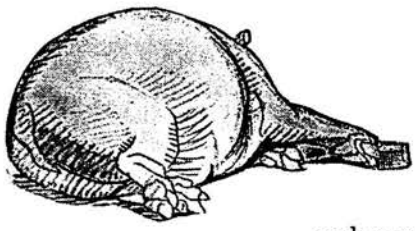


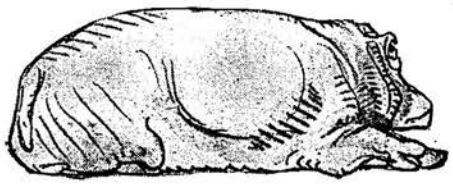
Aspiring to the crushing power of Guy Fawkes, he is continually troubled by one or two hard iron knobby projections from the ground, which serve to keep the door of his den in place. Try as he will, these pieces of iron won't be suppressed; on the contrary, they discompose his surrounding atmosphere of fat—must reach, in fact, to within a very few feet of his ribs—and this is uncomfortable. Still he pegs away, combining his attempt at the placidity of Guy Fawkes with that upon the obstinacy of the iron knobs. So that on the whole he does not succeed, comes as near perpetual motion as a hippopotamus may (about three moves an hour), and frequently betrays his possession of legs. He is never mistaken for a sausage, but presents the general appearance of a succession of cartloads of mud of varying shapes and designs. Jupiter, however, from his very perseverance, will get on, and some day, when full grown, he will take sausage rank and suppress earthquakes as well as Guy Fawkes. Then he will have north, south, east and west elevations, and, leaving behind the ignominy of resemblance to a cartload of mud, became a Venerable Pile, and shroud his legs.

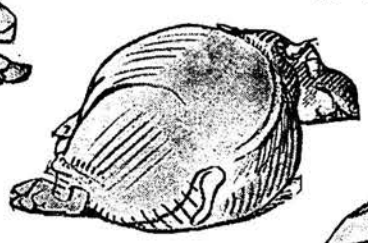




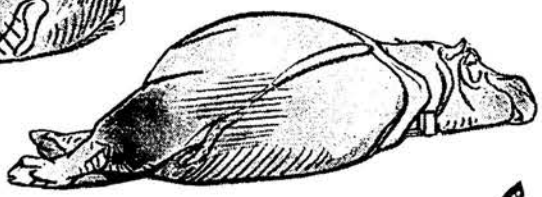


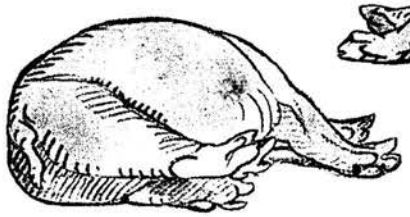


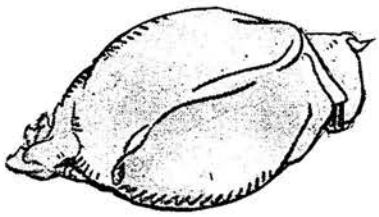


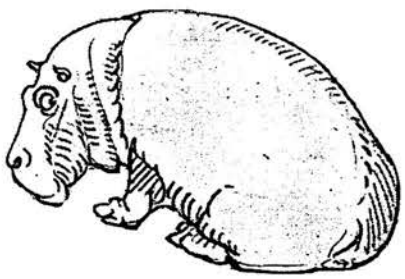


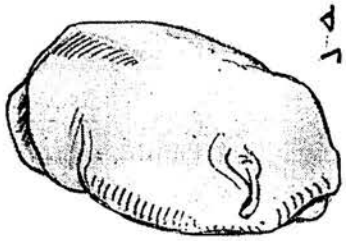
There are times when neither Guy Fawkes nor Jupiter will condescend so far as to exhibit themselves architecturally; on careful scrutiny a broad nose-tip is observable, apparently floating on the



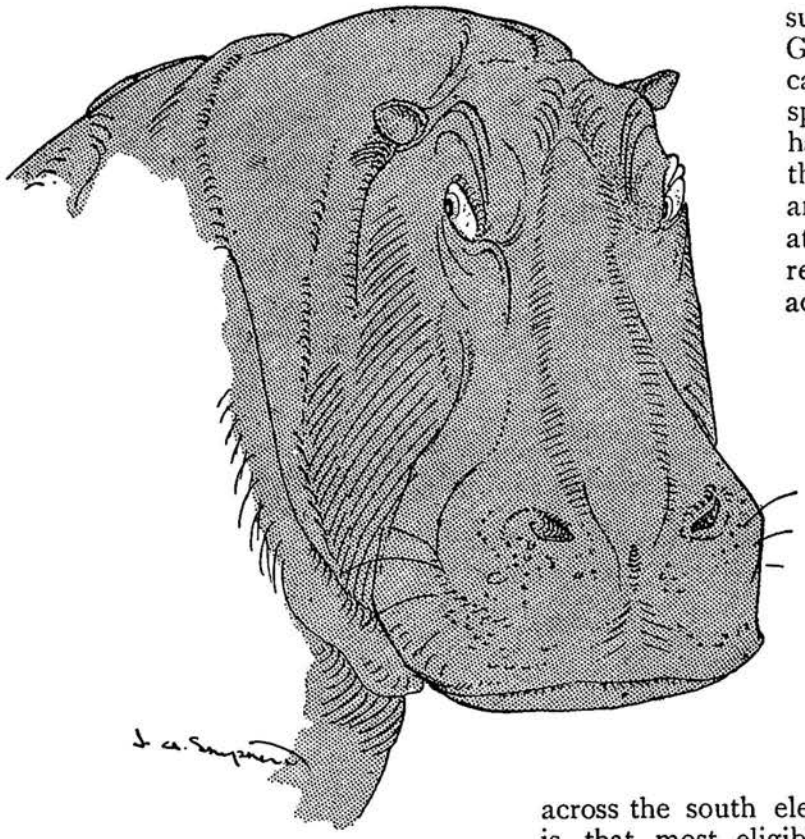








A MERE BEGINNER.

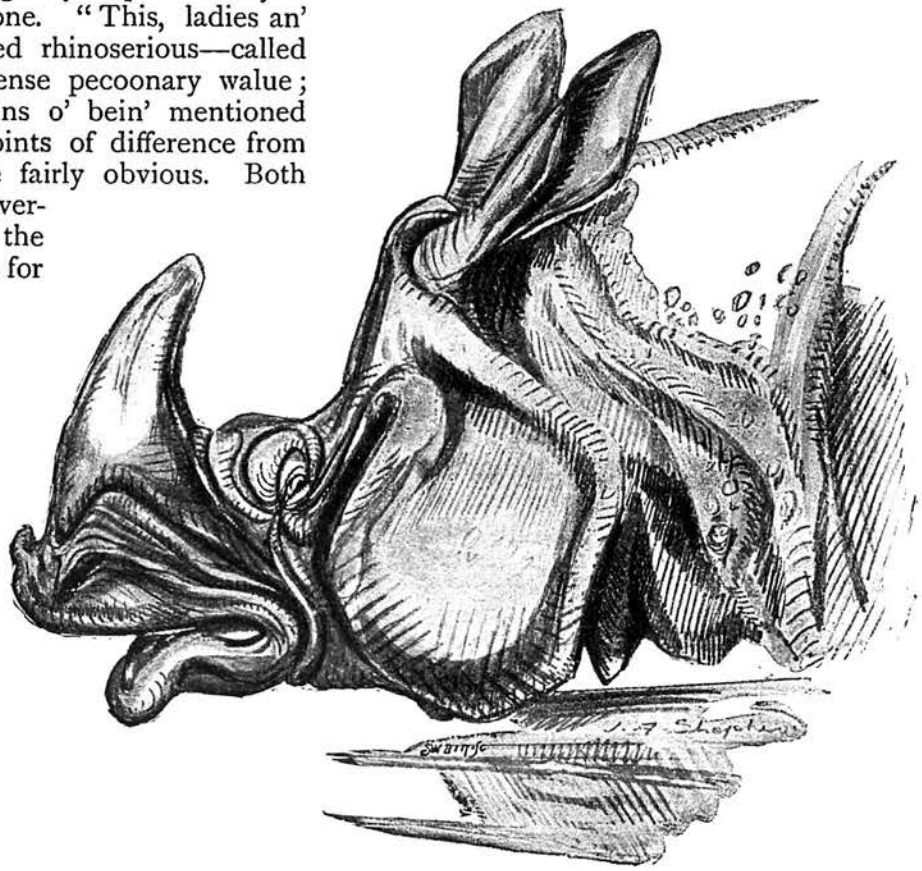


I AM THE HIPPOPOTAMUS!

surface of the pond. This is Guy Fawkes or Jupiter, as the case may be. Inexperienced sparrows, strangers to the place, have been known to alight on the small island thus presented, and to go away again immediately, doubtless to carry the report that the island was of an actively volcanic character.

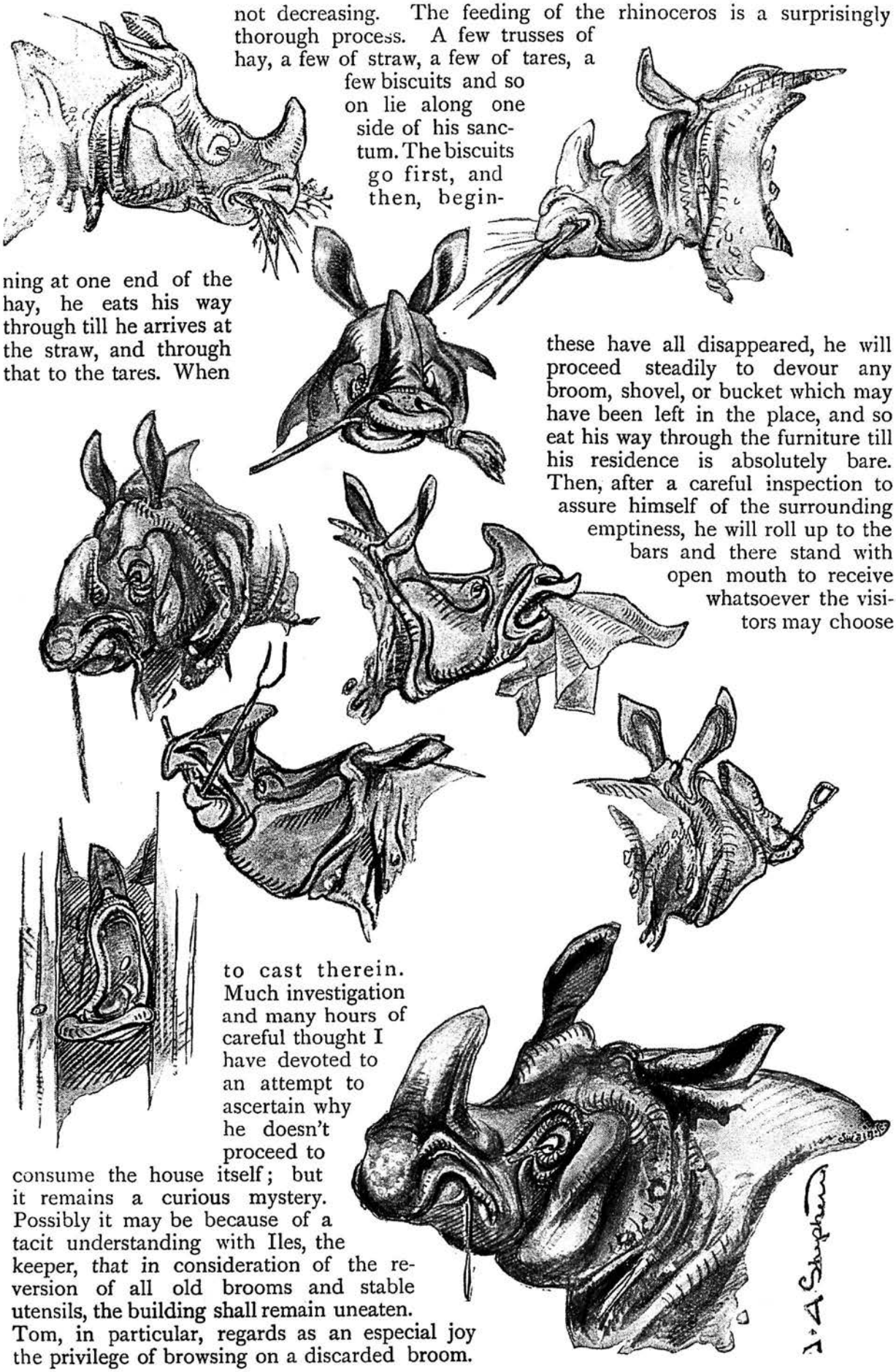
The hippopotamus has now been a familiar object in the Zoo for forty-three years, and the rhinoceros for longer; but still one hears occasionally the remarks (usually for the instruction of toddling youth) of worthy old ladies, who confuse the one with the other. It might conduce to the spread of more exact knowledge if an announcement of identity were painted in large white letters across the south elevation of Guy Fawkes. As it is, that most eligible advertising space is wasted completely.

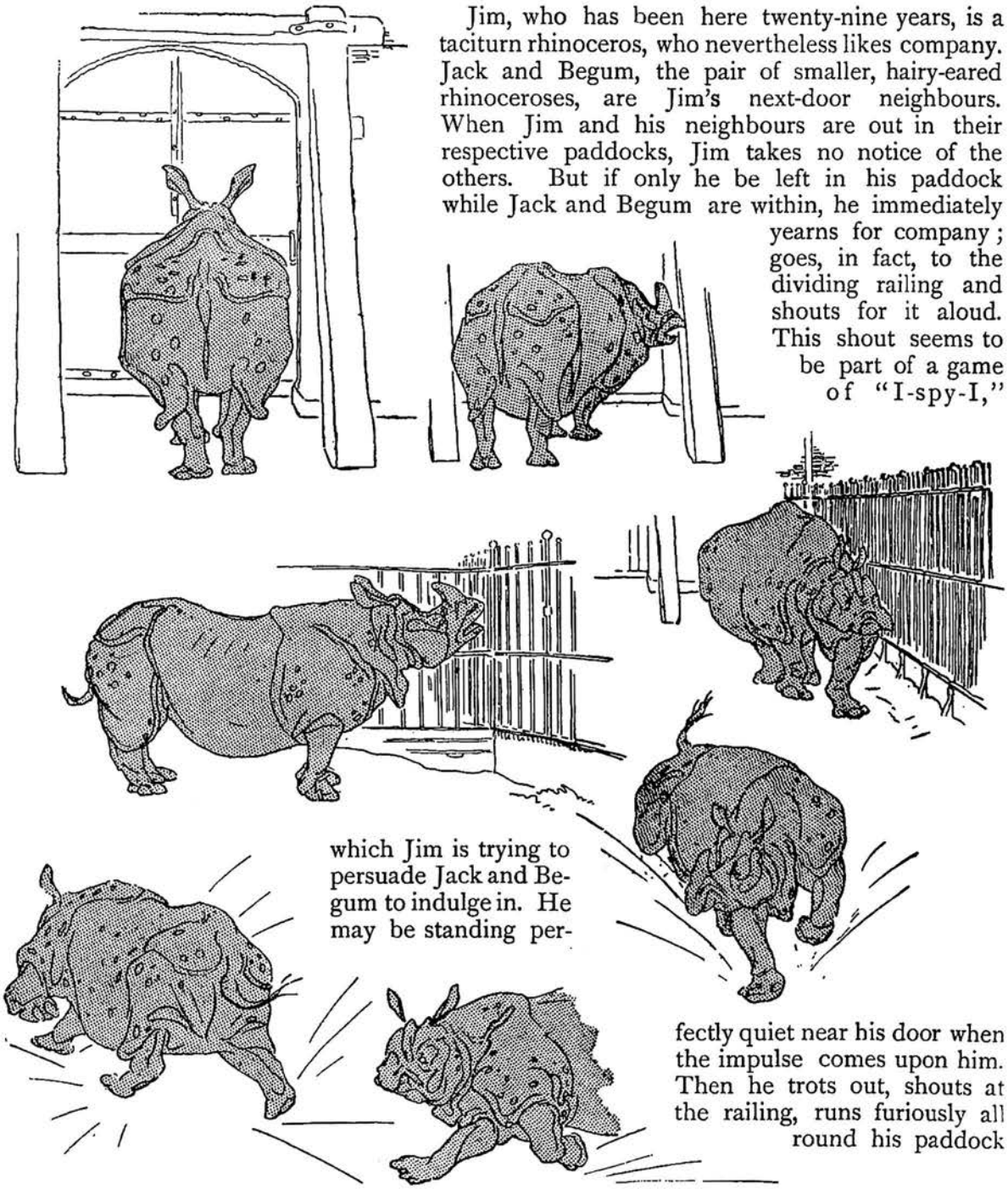
The derivation of the name of the rhinoceros was once most intelligently explained by a showman exhibiting one. "This, ladies an' gents, is the cellerbrated rhinoserious—called rhino 'cos of 'is immense pecoonary walue; called serious consekins o' bein' mentioned in 'Oly Writ." His points of difference from the hippopotamus are fairly obvious. Both have a good thick overcoat, certainly, but the hippopotamus, anxious for a good fit, fills all baggy spaces with fat, while the rhinoceros, preferring the free and easy appearance of a caped ulster, lets the garment hang in folds: not that the rhinoceros starves or wastes. Jim here, the older of the two Indian rhinoceroses (the other is Tom) measures more than twelve feet in girth, and, if eating will do anything, is certainly



AND I AM THE RHINOCEROS.

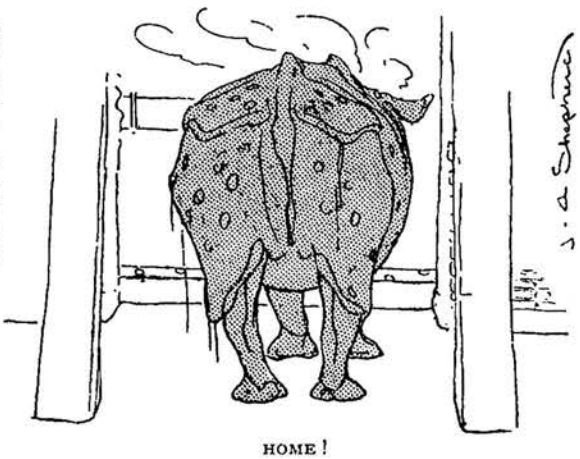
not decreasing. The feeding of the rhinoceros is a surprisingly thorough process. A few trusses of hay, a few of straw, a few of tares, a few biscuits and so on lie along one side of his sanctum. The biscuits go first, and then, beginning at one end of the hay, he eats his way through till he arrives at the straw, and through that to the tares. When these have all disappeared, he will proceed steadily to devour any broom, shovel, or bucket which may have been left in the place, and so eat his way through the furniture till his residence is absolutely bare. Then, after a careful inspection to assure himself of the surrounding emptiness, he will roll up to the bars and there stand with open mouth to receive whatsoever the visitors may choose to cast therein. Much investigation and many hours of careful thought I have devoted to an attempt to ascertain why he doesn't proceed to consume the house itself; but it remains a curious mystery. Possibly it may be because of a tacit understanding with Iles, the keeper, that in consideration of the reversion of all old brooms and stable utensils, the building shall remain uneaten. Tom, in particular, regards as an especial joy the privilege of browsing on a discarded broom.



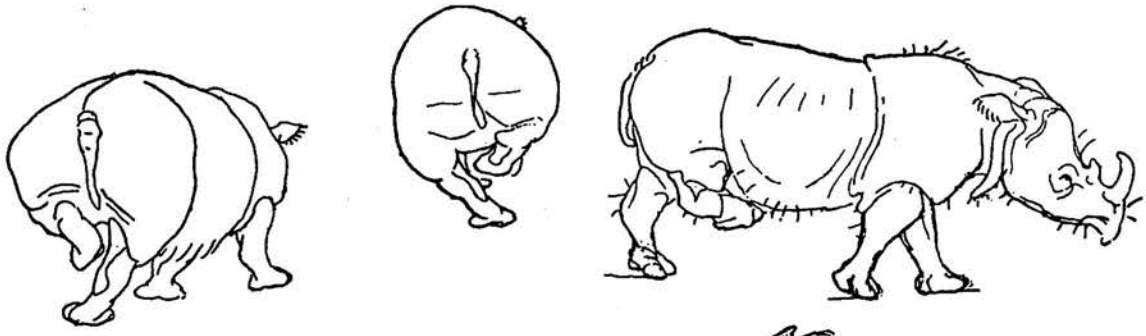


Jim, who has been here twenty-nine years, is a taciturn rhinoceros, who nevertheless likes company. Jack and Begum, the pair of smaller, hairy-eared rhinoceroses, are Jim's next-door neighbours. When Jim and his neighbours are out in their respective paddocks, Jim takes no notice of the others. But if only he be left in his paddock while Jack and Begum are within, he immediately yearns for company; goes, in fact, to the dividing railing and shouts for it aloud. This shout seems to be part of a game of "I-spy-I," which Jim is trying to persuade Jack and Begum to indulge in. He may be standing perfectly quiet near his door when the impulse comes upon him. Then he trots out, shouts at the railing, runs furiously all round his paddock (with a noise as of a trotting troop of cavalry with loose accoutrements), and finally bounces "home" in triumph, and waits there for Jack and Begum to appear —defeated. If they do not come—usually they do not because the door is shut—he repeats his shout and run; if they happen to be let out, Jim promptly loses all interest in them. He yearns but for the absent.

Jack and Begum are an extremely affable pair, most excellent and intimate friends of mine. You may go fearlessly and pat Begum—although she



HOME!



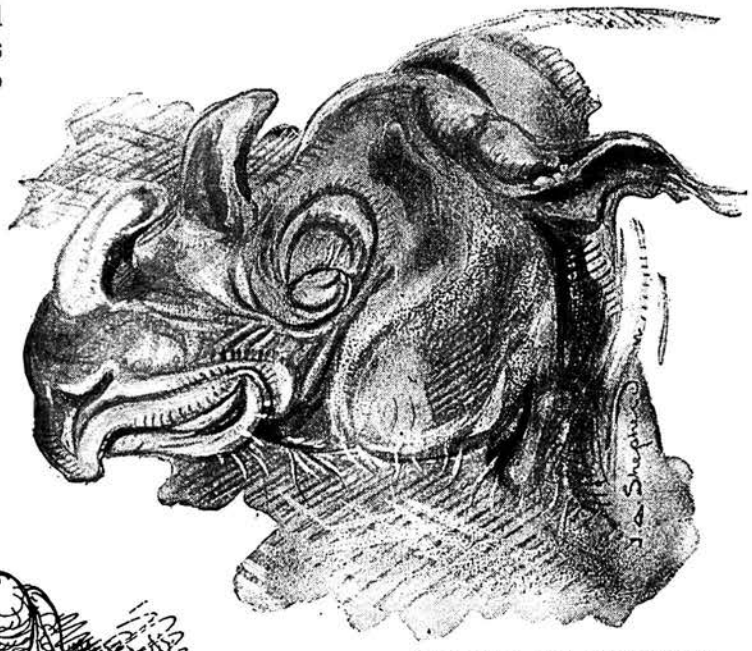
would prefer being fed. You may also pat Jack if he be near enough to the bars. If not, you may shut your eyes and pat a brick wall—it is just the same thing, if only you select a sufficiently rough wall. I am sorry to have to report, as a result of careful observation, my conviction that Begum tyrannizes over her husband. They run a sort of circus, wherein Jack does the whole performance, while Begum personally surrounds the entire receipts. For some cause of which I am ignorant, Jack always walks with a quaintly high-stepping action of the hind legs. It was this, I am certain, that first suggested the circus to the financial genius of Begum. Jack solemnly goes through his high-stepping march round, by way of opening procession. He presents himself to various points of view, so as to give the spectators full measure for their contributions. Then he flounders into the water and gloomily clowns for the amusement of the vulgar. He goes through a series of rhinoceros trick-wading feats, finishing up by splashing over on his back, and spilling most of the pond. That is the performance. It isn't a very great one, but it draws contributions of biscuits and buns, which Begum eats as fast as they accrue. As soon as the business is over, Jack rolls lugubriously into a corner and sits down to weep drips from the pond, with an expression of dismal recognition of the hollowness and mockery of all this glittering theatricality and sham

THE ARTIST.

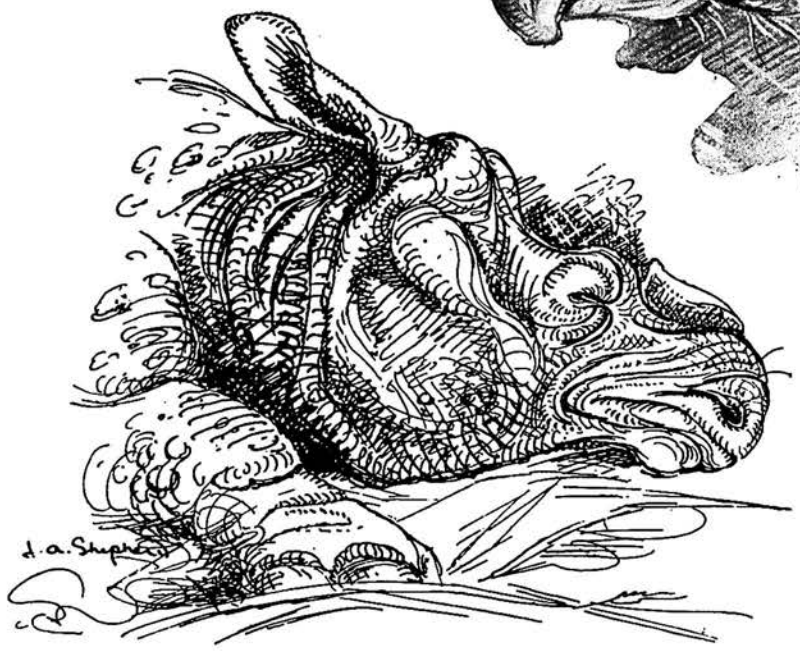
THE PAY-BOX.

J. A. Shepherd

gaiety. But Begum still goes round with the mouth. Jack never comes to the rails for a share, feeling too deeply the vanity of mere earthly buns; also having long ago been convinced that it is his business to earn while the missis eats them. Jack and Begum have opposite opinions in the matter of Monday. Monday is the sixpenny day, and Jack has to clown his hardest; while Begum collects a vast toll. Sometimes



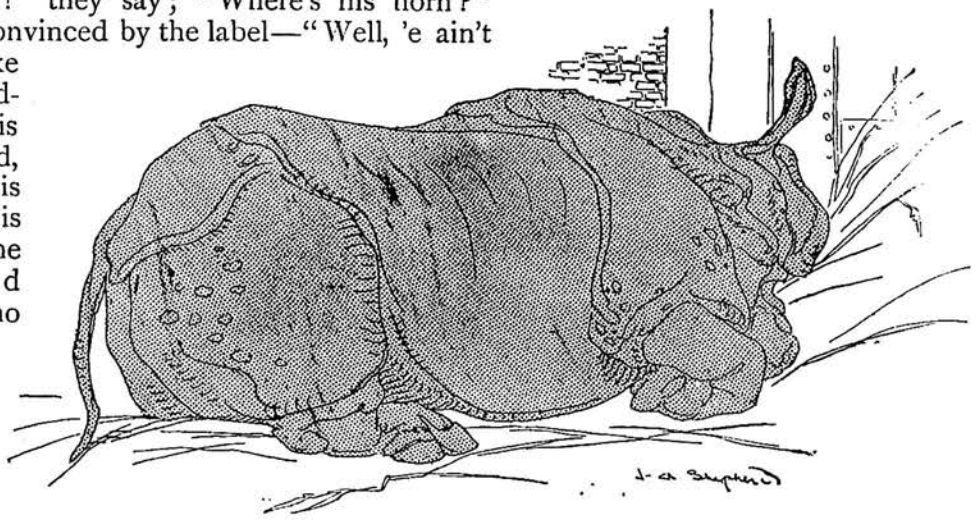
TO-MORROW WILL BE MONDAY!



HORNLESS.

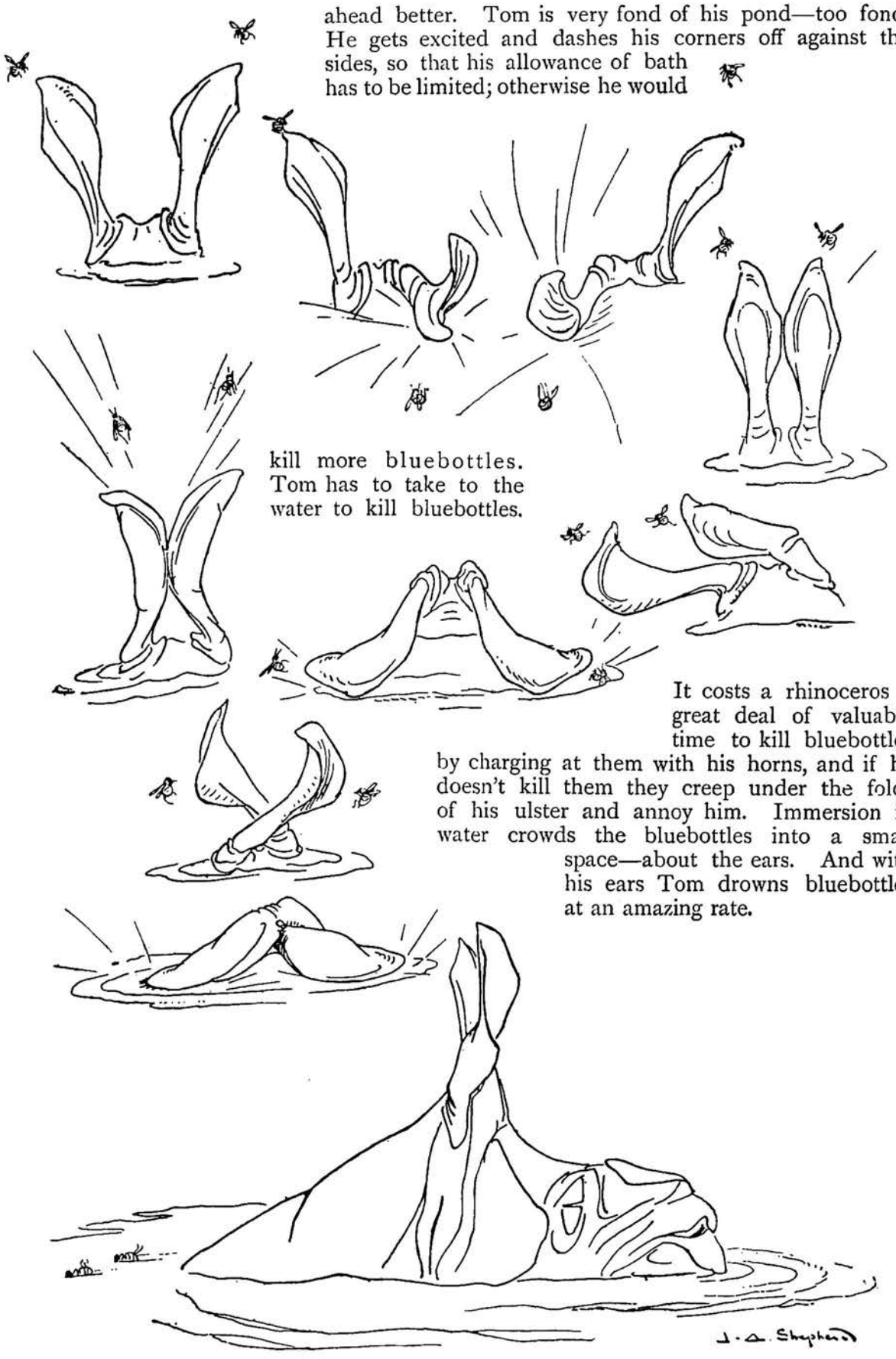
a bun has been thrown directly under Jack's muzzle, while Begum has been busy at the farther end of the paddock. Then Jack has gazed for a moment reproachfully at the thrower, as who would say: "My friend, you should know better than thus to cast temptation before a weak and erring rhinoceros"; then at the bun, as who would add: "Ah, a bun—a worldly bun. All buns is vanities. Nevertheless, lest peradventure some weaker vessel be tempted—perhaps even the missis—if I leave it there, I will proceed to surround it with what grace I may"; which he does.

Tom, at the further end, is an excitable sort of rhinoceros. His fidgetiness has resulted in the almost complete rubbing away of his horn. This circumstance lays Tom open to a deal of slighting criticism from unzoological visitors. "'*E* ain't a rhinoceros!" they say; "Where's his horn?" And then, when convinced by the label—"Well, 'e ain't got a fine 'orn like the other"—alluding to Jim. This annoys Tom, and, as trampling his enemies out flat is an impossibility, he turns about and sulks. He is no bad fellow though, on the whole, and it is just possible that he has rubbed down his horn to see



SULKY.

ahead better. Tom is very fond of his pond—too fond. He gets excited and dashes his corners off against the sides, so that his allowance of bath has to be limited; otherwise he would kill more bluebottles. Tom has to take to the water to kill bluebottles.



It costs a rhinoceros a great deal of valuable time to kill bluebottles by charging at them with his horns, and if he doesn't kill them they creep under the folds of his ulster and annoy him. Immersion in water crowds the bluebottles into a small space—about the ears. And with his ears Tom drowns bluebottles at an amazing rate.

JELLIES AND JELLIED FRUITS.

Some Dainty Dishes.

A DISH OF JELLIED FRUITS.

SIX even-sized, deep-colored oranges, three lemons, rather large with perfect skins, three fine, yellow bananas, three red bananas, firm and free from blemish, four perfect large apples brilliant in coloring, two yellow skinned, two rich red, four lady apples. Cut, with a sharp knife, from the top of each orange a round piece the size of a dime, or not larger than a twenty-five cent piece. With a small spoon (a coffeespoon) or the handle of a teaspoon, detach and remove the pulp from the skin, being very careful not to split the opening. A little practice will make the work easy. The opening should be as small as possible to more perfectly keep the shape of the sections when the "jellied oranges" are cut. Carefully scrape out the skin and pulp, leaving the inside skin as smooth as possible. The forefinger may be used to advantage in the work of "excavation." Rinse the skins thoroughly in cold water, and leave them in a pan of cold water until ready for use. Prepare the lemon skins in the same manner.

Cut an end from each banana, and scoop out the inside with a long handled spoon, like an olivespoon, or use any utensil that will best do the work; a small-sized table knife can be used at first. Cleanse and lay in water.

Cut the apples in halves, and with a sharp knife dig out the apple, cutting as closely to the peel as possible. Do not break the skin. Place in water.

Fill the fruits with their different jellies made thus:

ORANGE JELLY.

One pint of orange juice, half boxful of Nelson's gelatine, one cupful of boiling water, one cupful of sugar, one scant cupful of cold water, two tablespoonfuls of white wine. Soak the gelatine in the cold water for half an hour. Pour one tablespoonful of hot water over the thinly grated rind of two oranges and let it stand for one-half hour. Mix the orange and lemon juices and sugar; stir until the sugar is dissolved. Pour one pint of boiling water over the soaked gelatine, and stir until it is thoroughly dissolved, placing over the fire if necessary. Remove from the fire, add the juices and sugar, strain water from the rind. Stir all well together, and strain twice through a flannel bag. Allow the jelly to filter through without squeezing. Color one half a deep ruby color with carmine coloring, a recipe for which will be found elsewhere. Drain and wipe the orange skins, place them upright in a pan of rice, or bran, or anything that will hold them in position, and fill *full* with the jelly, pouring from a pitcher. Reserve some of each to fill in as the jelly shrinks, keeping it in a warm place. The oranges may be prepared two or three days before using if they are kept in a cold place. If needed the same day, place the skins in a pan of pounded ice, and cool rapidly. When very firm wipe dry, and with a sharp thin-bladed knife cut in halves with a clean stroke, and divide each half in quarters. Cut one or two of the oranges in sections, leaving about one-half of the skin undivided.

LEMON JELLY.

Half boxful of Nelson's gelatine, heaping measure, three-quarters cupful of cold water, one pint of boiling water, half pint of lemon juice, grated rind of two lemons, or better, the "zest," one cupful of sugar, half teaspoonful of coarsely pounded or crushed cinnamon. Put it in a piece of muslin, and steep in the lemon juice ten minutes. Place on back of range. Rub lump sugar on the lemons until the oil is extracted, pulverize and mix with the cupful of sugar. Soak the gelatine in cold water till soft. Mix the lemon juice with the sugar. Pour boiling water to the gelatine, stirring over the fire until it is dissolved. Add sugar and lemon juice, and strain twice through a flannel bag without squeezing. Add the wine and mould in the skins, following the directions given for orange jelly. Cut in halves only.

BANANA JELLY.

Half boxful of Nelson's gelatine, one small cupful of cold water, one pint of boiling water, one gill of apple juice, one gill of angelica wine, or half a pint of the wine, sugar to taste, juice of two lemons. Peel the lemons before squeezing and thus avoid any flavor of the *rind*. Chop one banana, add to the wine. Steep one hour in a warm place. Mix as in the preceding, straining the banana from the wine when ready to use. Fill a large pail with bran or rice and place the bananas in that. Fill with the jelly.

APPLE JELLY.

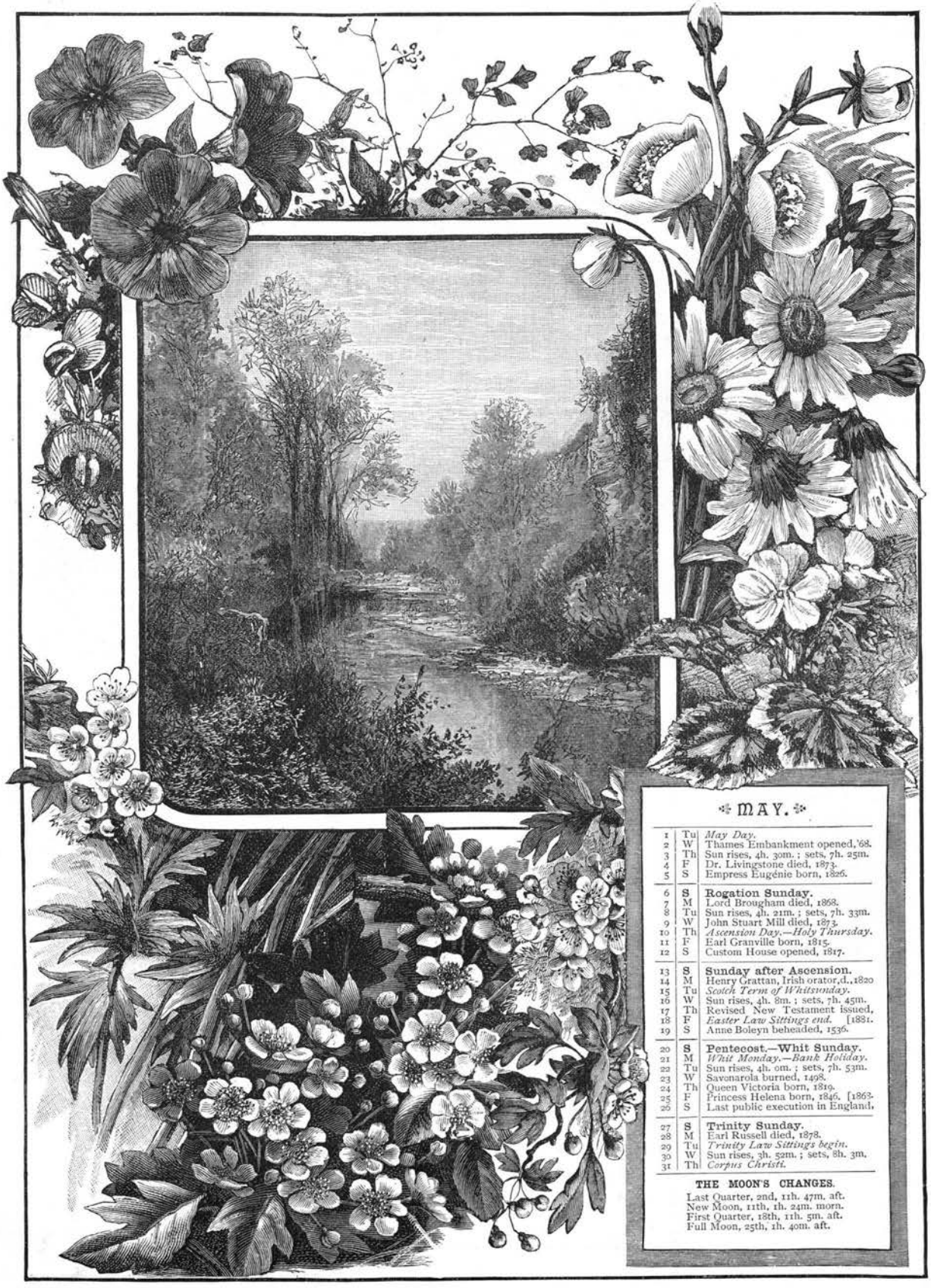
"One dozen tart well flavored apples, two cupfuls of powdered sugar, juice of two lemons, half a package of gelatine soaked in scant cupful of cold water. Pare and slice the apples, putting each piece in cold water as it is cut, to preserve the color. Pack them in a glass or stoneware jar with just cold water enough to cover them, put on the top loosely that the steam may escape, set in a pot of warm water and bring to a boil. Cook until the apples are broken to pieces. Have ready in a bowl the soaked gelatine, sugar and lemon juice. Strain the apple scalding hot over them; stir until the gelatine is dissolved; strain again, this time through a flannel bag without squeezing it." *Marion Harland.*

Have ready the apple skins and fill with jelly, adding more as the jelly cools and shrinks. The jelly remaining may be put in a mould; or make half the above quantity. It is better to fill the apple and banana skins as soon as possible after they are ready. They discolor by standing.

When all the fruits are thoroughly firm, arrange them tastefully on a glass platter or other low dish. Perhaps group the oranges in the center and place the other fruits about them, with an eye to pleasing and harmonious contrasts of color. Edge the dish with orange leaves if possible. In California or the South small banana leaves may be placed in the bottom of the dish (canna leaves would be a very good substitute) and orange blossoms used as a garnish. Cut the bananas in halves, lengthwise. Divide the apples in quarters and place to show the rich colors of the skins.

The above dish of jellied fruits is a truly beautiful and artistic "dainty," and, for a special occasion, an attractive novelty, which we heartily commend. It may be still further elaborated. Select a medium sized muskmelon, or a spicy nutmeg. Cut out the center to within one-eighth of an inch of the skin. Make a melon jelly, using juice and pulp and wine for flavoring. Half fill. Select fine strawberries with the stems on, blackberries ditto, grapes in small clusters, some varieties of small plums, crab apples, or any small fruits suitable and available. Dip them in the stiffening jelly, arrange prettily, adding more jelly, and heaping the bright fruits in the center. All the above jellied fruits may be glaced or frozen.

—Nellie M. Littlehale.



MAY.

1	Tu	*May Day.*
2	W	Thames Embankment opened,'68.
3	Th	Sun rises, 4h. 30m. ; sets, 7h. 25m.
4	F	Dr. Livingstone died, 1873.
5	S	Empress Eugénie born, 1826.
6	S	**Rogation Sunday.**
7	M	Lord Brougham died, 1868.
8	Tu	Sun rises, 4h. 21m. ; sets, 7h. 33m.
9	W	John Stuart Mill died, 1873.
10	Th	*Ascension Day.—Holy Thursday.*
11	F	Earl Granville born, 1815.
12	S	Custom House opened, 1817.
13	S	**Sunday after Ascension.**
14	M	Henry Grattan, Irish orator,d.,1820
15	Tu	*Scotch Term of Whitsunday.*
16	W	Sun rises, 4h. 8m. ; sets, 7h. 45m.
17	Th	Revised New Testament issued.
18	F	*Easter Law Sittings end.* [1881.
19	S	Anne Boleyn beheaded, 1536.
20	S	**Pentecost.—Whit Sunday.**
21	M	*Whit Monday.—Bank Holiday.*
22	Tu	Sun rises, 4h. 0m. ; sets, 7h. 53m.
23	W	Savonarola burned, 1498.
24	Th	Queen Victoria born, 1819.
25	F	Princess Helena born, 1846. [1863.
26	S	Last public execution in England.
27	S	**Trinity Sunday.**
28	M	Earl Russell died, 1878.
29	Tu	*Trinity Law Sittings begin.*
30	W	Sun rises, 3h. 52m. ; sets, 8h. 3m.
31	Th	*Corpus Christi.*

THE MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quarter, 2nd, 11h. 47m. aft.
New Moon, 11th, 1h. 24m. morn.
First Quarter, 18th, 11h. 5m. aft.
Full Moon, 25th, 1h. 40m. aft.

FIXED AND MOVABLE FEASTS, 'ANNIVERSARIES, &c.

Trinity Sunday .. .. .. May 27.
Corpus Christi .. .. .. „ 31.

Accession of Queen Victoria .. June 20.
Proclamation Day .. .. .. „ 21.

St. John Baptist. — Midsummer Day .. .. June 24.

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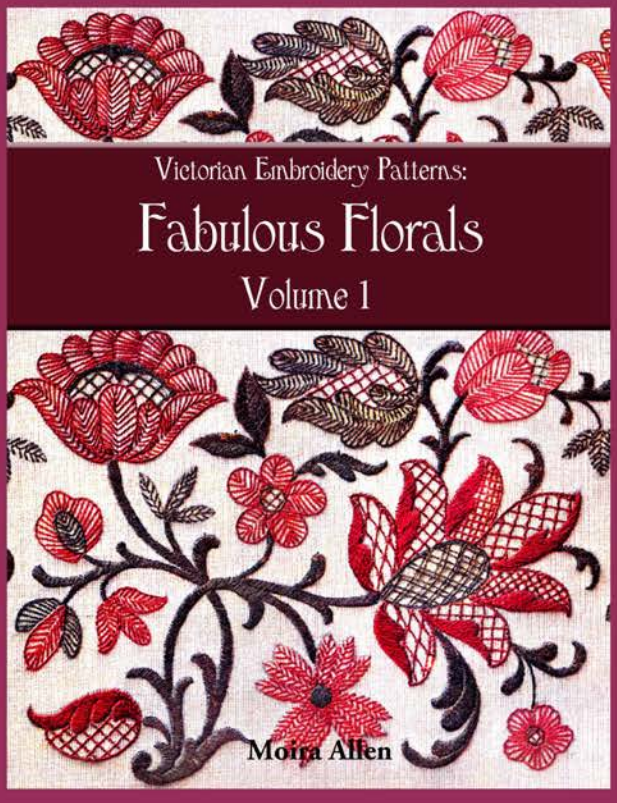

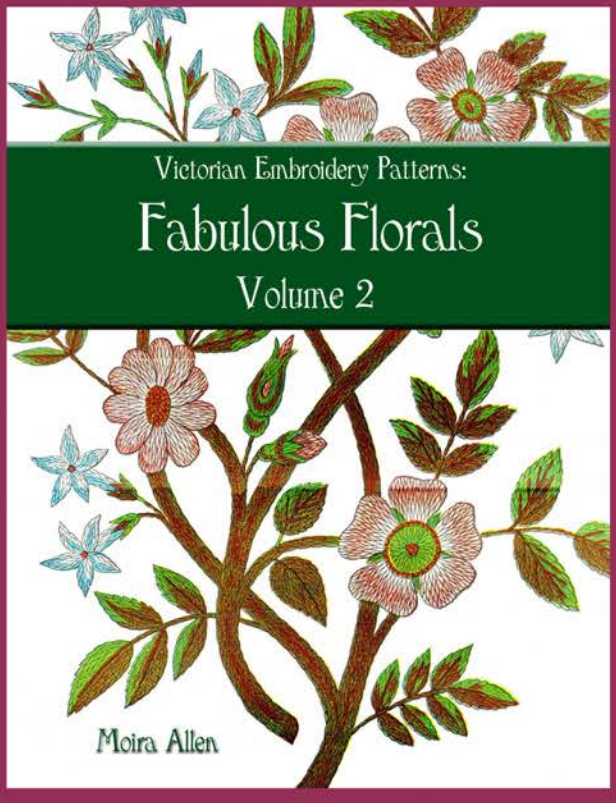

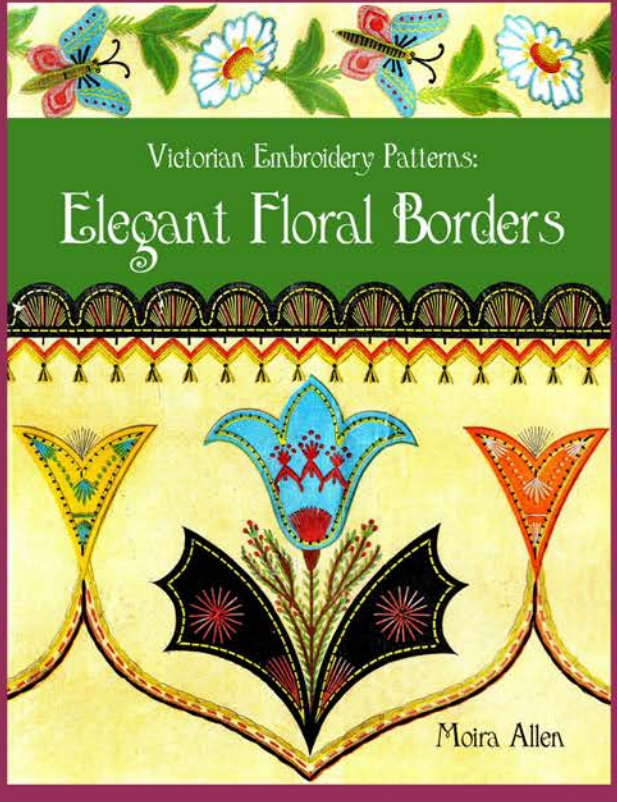

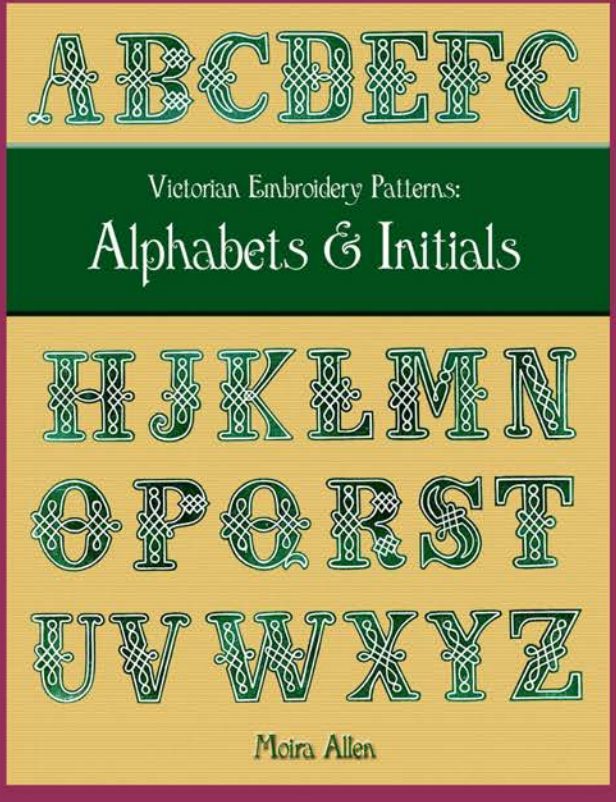

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