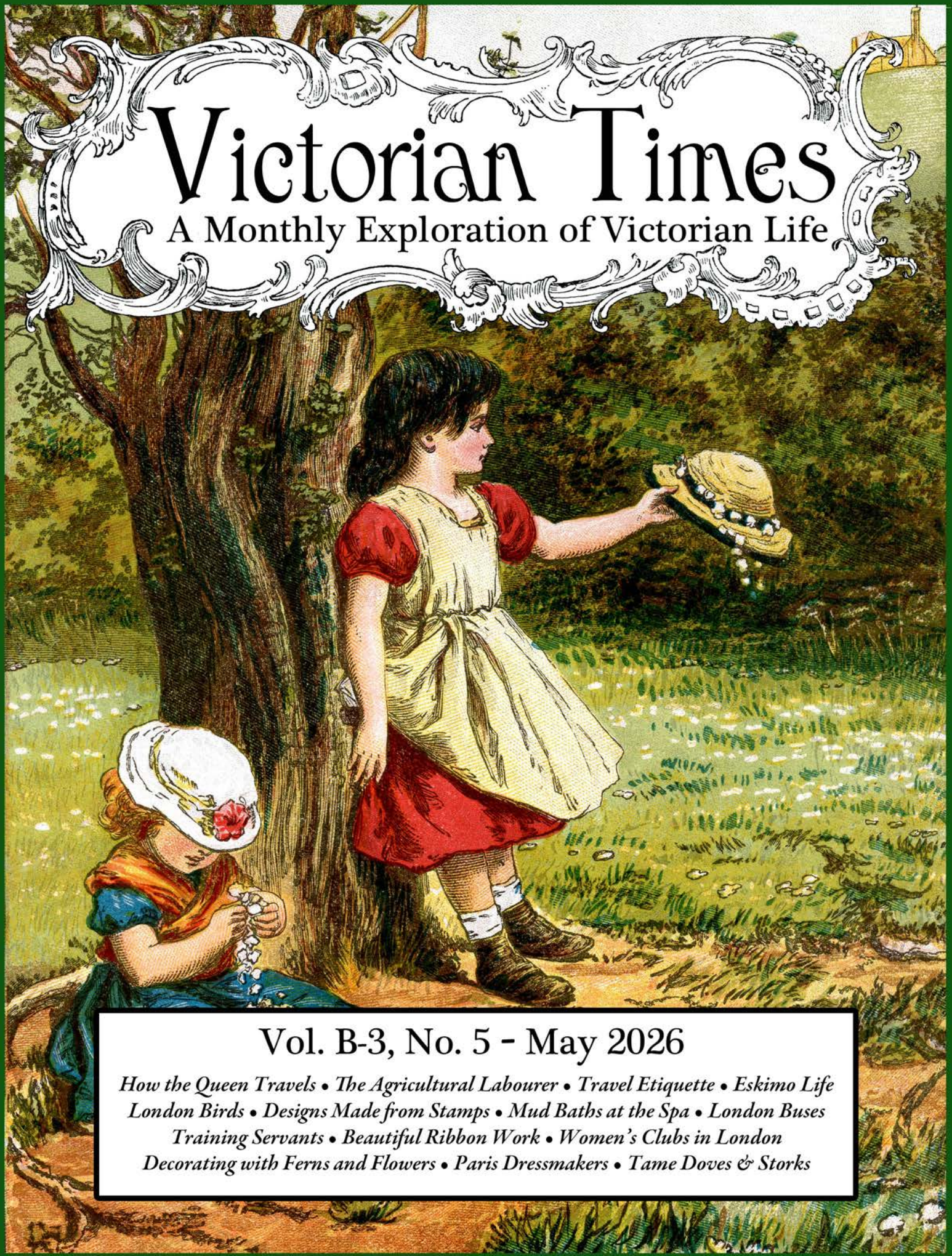

Victorian Times

A Monthly Exploration of Victorian Life

Vol. B-3, No. 5 - May 2026

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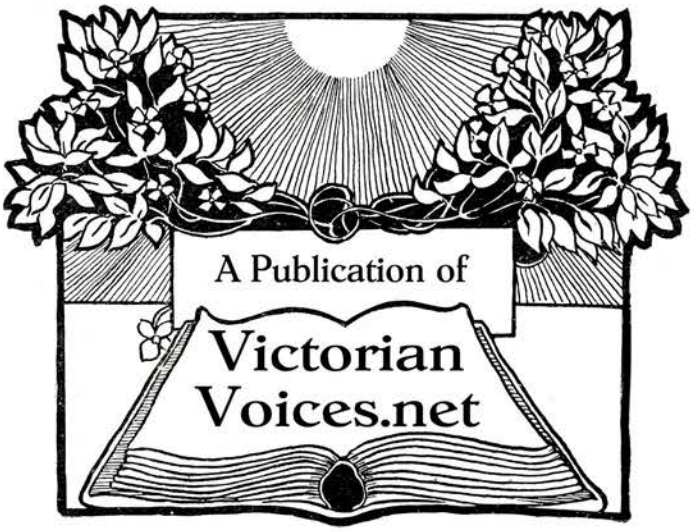

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Victorian Times

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In Praise of Paper

Today, many view "paper" with a degree of scorn. It's so old-fashioned… so… *physical.* When you can carry your entire life around on your phone—books, magazines, news, photos, games and entertainment—who needs paper? Who writes *letters*, when it's simpler to send an e-mail or a text, or a message on one of a thousand platforms? You're probably reading *this* on an electronic device. Surely that proves how unnecessary paper is. Except… if it weren't for paper, you wouldn't be reading this at all.

While printing existed long before the Victorian era, it wasn't until the 1800s that printing and paper production became so economical that the printed word could literally be made available to anyone and everyone. It was also the era when every child—*and* every adult—was being taught to read. As a result, Victorians were practically drowning in a wealth of books, magazines, newspapers, pamphlets, advertising, diaries, letters, and anything else that could be put on paper.

Paper does more than spread information. It preserves it. Today, we have that wealth of information *because* of paper. While much of it is being digitized (and I've had a hand in that myself in a small way), vast amounts still remain *only* in paper form. Organizations like Google and Archive.org have focused primarily on scanning material from U.S. sources, generally from university libraries. Books and magazines published in Britain are far less likely to be digitized, let alone materials published elsewhere in the world.

Just because something *is* digitized, however, doesn't mean it's protected for eternity—or in a form that is more permanent than paper. Electronic data suffers from a variety of problems. One of the most obvious is the rate of technological change. Anyone remember floppy disks? I mean the *really* floppy kind, which started at 8 inches and then shrank to 5.25 inches, before the little 3.5-inch diskette. If you stored data on one of these, you'd have a difficult time today retrieving it. From there we moved to CDs and DVDs—and now it's hard to find a computer that even has a CD/DVD reader. Now we favor flash drives or save our work in the Cloud, but we can be sure that those, too, will be replaced by something else. The problem is, if we don't keep transferring our data each time a new system comes along, it's lost. Forever.

The second problem is that of "curation." Electronic data has to be *managed* by someone. Someone has to maintain the database, the archive, the website, or wherever the data is stored and/or made available. Archive.org is great, but if it goes away tomorrow, what happens to all those books and magazines stored in its database? Many of them may vanish without a trace.

A third problem is, quite simply, censorship. In recent years, we've learned how easy it is for words, ideas, and online accounts to be erased or silenced—particularly in the world of social media.

The wonderful thing about paper is that it doesn't require a "keeper." It exists all on its own. It won't vanish just because *paper* is no longer our storage mechanism of choice. Piles of paper remain in all sorts of repositories, from public libraries to private attics, ready to share their knowledge and secrets with anyone who comes across them. Sure, books have been banned and burned—but they just don't seem to go away. And the beauty of paper is that regardless of what mechanism is being used to store my electronic files, you can still pick up a book published over 150 years ago and read it as if it were posted yesterday. Victorian books have already outlived their authors by over a century, and are likely to outlive us. Better still, if the world loses power and we go back to reading by candle-light, paper will still be there for us. So don't scorn paper; it's a bit like cockroaches, and will outlive us all—and by doing so, it will keep our words, our dreams, our inspirations and our wisdom alive for generations to come. Praise be to paper!

—Moira Allen, Editor
editors@victorianvoices.net

THE BIRDS OF LONDON.

By BENJAMIN KIDD.

With Engravings by GEORGE LODGE from Drawings by J. WYCLIFFE TAYLOR.

THE rooks no longer build their nests in the Temple Gardens, and the thrushes and redbreasts, which, even fifty years ago, were wont to haunt the suburban gardens in the neighbourhood of what are now the main arteries of London traffic have long since retired before the ever-rising tide of bricks and mortar. Nevertheless what is left of London bird-life has not ceased to be interesting. On the contrary as the fog-pall has thickened over modern Babylon it has acquired a new interest which is peculiar to itself.

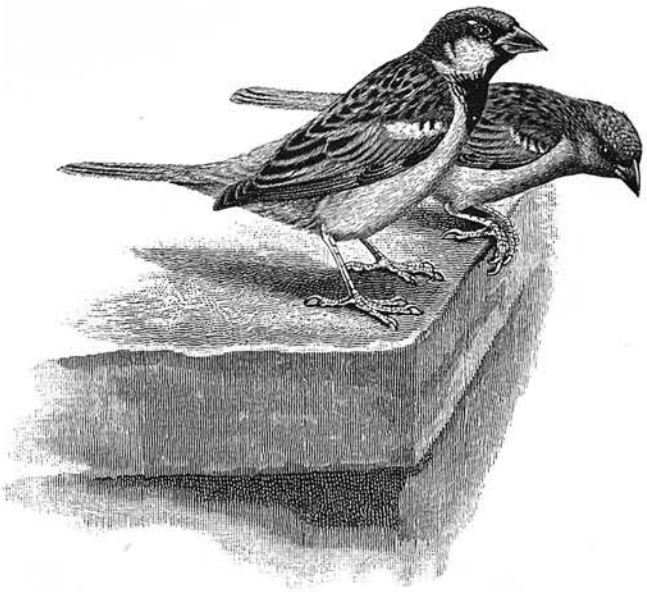
It is early morning in the month of May, and I am leaning against the window casement. It is light, but still some time before sunrise, and the air has that feeling which is peculiar to London air only at this time of year and in this hour out of twenty-four. The faint fresh odour brings into the mind for a moment a vision of a far off lake amongst my native hills from whose still surface the mist is just now beginning to rise, and the familiar cry of the coot as she sails out from the sedge, where during the night she has added another speckled egg to the store in her floating nest among the tall bulrushes. As I lean out of the window and catch the rumble of a belated cab my ears are filled with a peculiar noise which Londoners do not often listen to; for it is only to be heard about this time, and this is just the hour at which the great city falls into such short and fitful sleep as she gets. In the still air it sounds not unlike an army of stone-cutters at work with chisels and mallets on hard stone; but strange to say it does not come from anything so harsh as steel and stone, but from the throats of innumerable sparrows.

It is everywhere, along the street, on the slates overhead, in the trees in the gardens below, and a good deal of it comes from the sooty ivy on the wall where the birds have their nests. As the grey light grows brighter the eye begins to follow the movements of the birds in the back gardens below, and the sight is one worth seeing. It is the London sparrow at work in the breeding season during the first hour after the dawn. The incessant chirruping which goes on comes principally from the young birds. Some of them are still fledglings in the nests hidden away out of sight; others are standing about in lines and groups, along the ledge under the roofs, on the walls and palings, and on the branches of the trees. They are cold after the night and sit huddled up in their feathers, and they are all hungry. Their impatient cries drive the old birds frantic; I can see these going and coming in short quick flights over the opposite house to and from the deserted cab-rank in the adjacent street; they are hopping with

quick anxious gait over the gravel below exploring everywhere for food; they are round the doors, on the window-sills and in the dust-bins. Few morsels will escape their sharp eyes; the city is asleep and they have the world to themselves.

An interesting study in bird life is the London sparrow now. All the birds are not looking for food. Some are collecting building materials and are making short flights backwards and forwards, returning with straws, bits of rag, and odds and ends in their beaks. This is not the first venture in housekeeping with these; they have already reared one brood this year, and now they have begun again, and they will rear another before the season is out. The London sparrow is a by-word and proverb among birds for his breeding propensities; poor little fellow! it is the only way in which he can manage to make headway against the risks which continually beset his life, and the consequent high death-rate amongst his tribe.

Look at the crowd of eager nest-builders around that heap of house-sweepings against the dust-bin yonder. One after another of the little odds and ends of rubbish are taken up, weighed in the tiny bills, and found wanting according to some occult standard of the sparrow mind, until at last one suggests some element of fitness and the owner flies merrily away with his find. To give them their due these nest-builders look a somewhat disreputable lot. Sooty they are, hard worked, and with many a feather missing. The cab-horse has a luxurious and well-to-do look compared with a London sparrow in the height of the breeding season. The latter quarrels with his comrades for straws, loses his tail-feathers in duels and love-affairs, plucks out his breast feathers himself to line his nest, and works himself to the bone for his family in the intervals of quarrelling and love-making.



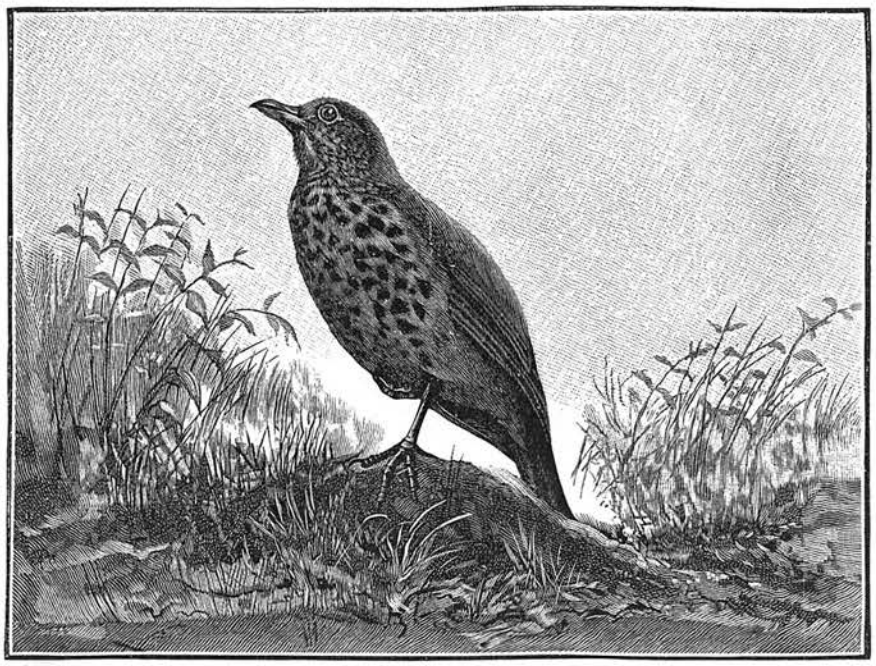
COCK AND HEN SPARROWS. DRAWN BY GEORGE LODGE.

A quick harsh note and a flutter of wings. Every sparrow has left the ground. One looks round to find the cause of the alarm, but sees nothing at first. But we have been on the brink of a tragedy. A familiar form comes out from behind the wooden paling which tops the brick wall of the garden; it is my own cat, and he slinks into the open with that foolish sullen look peculiar to all the members of the feline tribe when they have been balked of their prey. I call him softly by his name and he looks up and blinks his grey eyes at me. The marks of nocturnal dissipation are upon him. As he walks along the wall one may see the advantage of that grey fur striped with dark lines which is so common among the London cats; in the half light he is almost invisible on the dull back-ground. The London cats mostly go their own ways and natural selection is only slightly tempered by human interference. This one walked into our house as a kitten and we took him in; he was housed and fed and petted; but a street arab he was born and will remain. From an early age he took to sparrow-hunting; we tried to break the old Adam in him, but after he had tasted blood and the pleasures of the chase the attempt had to be given up in despair. Some one sat in the room with him and a young tame sparrow for four hours scarcely taking eyes off him. Blandishments were tried, but he was deaf to them; the attempt was given up and a stick was tried, but his spirit was unaffected. He feared the stick but he meant to have the sparrow—and he had it, under our eyes. He killed it with a stroke of his paw at a distance of some two feet even while he crouched down in fear from the punishment he knew would follow. I do not think any power could curb the lust for sparrow-killing in that grey blinking creature on the wall.

He is off now after some other mischief and the sparrows come back again. Along the flower border there is a dark discoloured patch. It has been raining recently and it was here that the water collected in a shallow pool. The water is gone, absorbed

by the sandy sub-soil beneath, and the surface is covered with a thin film of black mud, on which here and there the blades of a tiny bunch of grass lie stretched out, whitened now with the heavy dew they have gathered in the night. It is just the spot the earthworms like to come to the surface to feed in, and last night has been a night such as they love ; one can see the fresh casts which have been thrown up since the rain. One of the blue and pink burrowers has evidently come to the surface to stay, and he wriggles feebly and aimlessly on the moist ground. Presently a sparrow hops this way, the early bird is about to have his worm you think. But no he passes by and almost over it without appearing to see it.

The sparrow is no lover of creeping things, but it comes quite as a surprise many of his admirers to to learn that he is a vegetarian. Yet this is the trait in his character which will probably earn for him a place in history. It is because he is a vegetarian that the English sparrow has followed in the wake of the great Anglo-Saxon invasion of the world's wildernesses, even as his ancestors probably followed long ages ago in the wake of the Aryan invasion of Europe. The sparrow does not love the wood and the silent haunts of nature. He follows the settler with a very practical purpose in his head ; he comes to steal his corn, and to hang about the homestead to pick up scraps. He is no solitary hunter of winged and creeping things in waste places, but has always grown fat amongst the sheaves and pig-troughs of his patron. Nor has the revolution in our habits affected the sparrow. In these days some of us, alas ! no longer keep flocks and herds or grow our own corn ; we show an unmistakable tendency to crowd together in towns ; we shut out most of the sky and cover the face of nature for league upon league with bricks and asphalt ; nearly every feathered thing retires before the desolation we make. But the sparrow remains, for our habits suit him better than ever.



THE SONG THRUSH.

It is because the sparrow is a vegetarian that he is the only wild bird which really lives in London. We have many occasional feathered visitors to favoured spots in London, but none of them except the sparrow can truly be said to inhabit the great circle twelve miles in diameter whichs tretches outwards from St. Paul's. Here it is that the sparrow has the world practically to himself. For him our hundreds of miles of streets spread daily a bounteous feast ; even the poorest neighbourhoods find him a congenial home, and their dust-bins and cab-ranks spread a table continually before him in the presence of his enemies the cats. No wonder the London sparrow endures the soot and risks the cats, few others of the feathered tribe have their daily bread provided so regularly.

Frank Buckland used to say that the London sparrows went out of town in August and took to the corn-fields. Some of the sparrows in the outskirts of the city may do this, but it cannot be true of the London sparrow proper for he has no reason to migrate, and he is certainly never absent from his usual haunts. Did the London sparrow take it into his head to strike wing for the country it would be a vast exodus and the Kentish farmer might almost as hopefully prepare for a flight of locusts.

The song thrush and the blackbird are still visitors to the open spaces and private

gardens in suburban London. The thrush may occasionally be both seen and heard in Kensington Gardens and Regent's Park, especially in the early morning. The thrush though a shy bird loves the earthworm and he likes to hunt it amongst the short grass or under the fallen leaves, one reason doubtless why he still finds so many spots which suit him in and about London. It would be hard to find earthworms anywhere so plentiful as they are in many of the open spaces in London. Whether this is the result of abundant food and a favourable soil, or of the absence of the enemies which keep them in check, or of the great age of the turf which is not broken up from time to time as it would be if under cultivation, it is difficult to say. Probably all three conditions have something to do with it. Kensington Gardens in particular is at the present time a splendid hunting ground; all through last winter, even in frosty weather, I was able to get a constant supply there for some frogs with no further aid than the point of my umbrella.

The starling is another bird which hunts the earthworm and which is occasionally to be seen on the turf in the Parks and open spaces in London. There is no bird which goes to work in such businesslike fashion; his constant swingings from side to side so as to work the ground on both sides of him, the incessant jerking of his head up and down as he drives his beak inquiringly into the earth, and his motions varied every now and then by a short quick run as he seeks a more favourable spot, all combine to give one the idea that the bird feels he has not got a moment to lose over his work. The starling breeds in large numbers round London and is said to be on the increase in some neighbourhoods, Chislehurst for instance. He frequents the better class villa-residences a good deal, and likes to build in holes in trees or about houses. He particularly affects a hole in the wall out of reach or a broken roof. Starlings are generally to be seen in the open spaces in London in flocks of three or four birds to a dozen. Last January I counted twenty-five birds in a single flock on the turf in Gray's Inn Gardens.

THE STARLING.

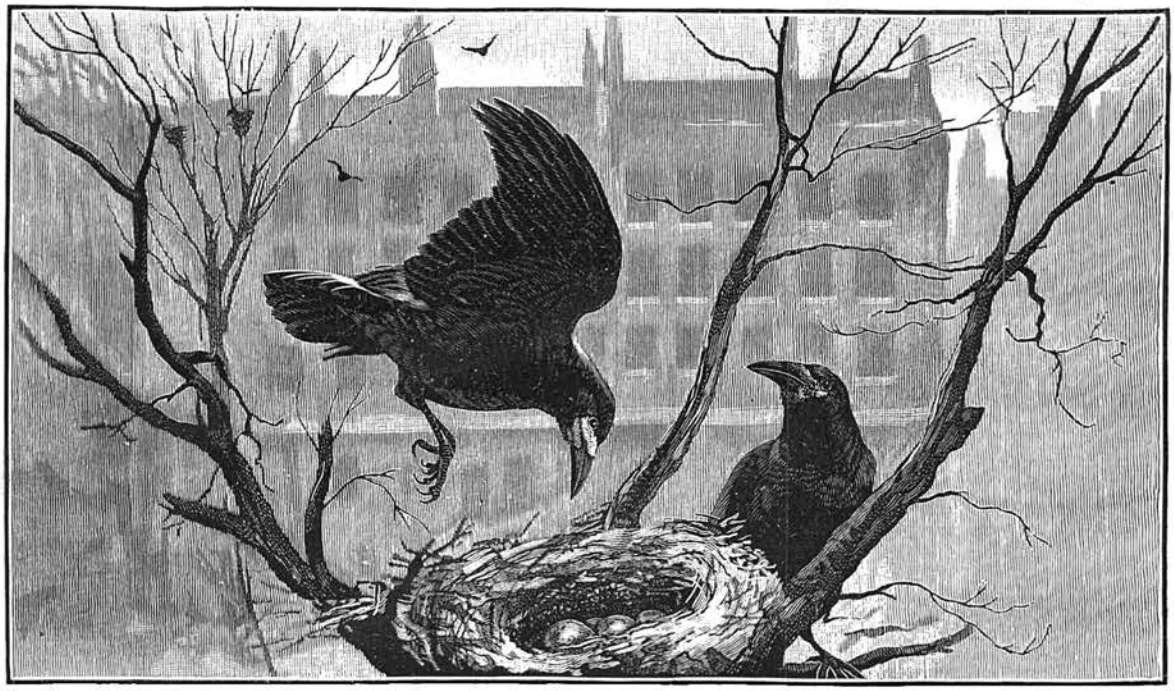
One of the most interesting birds which still figure in London bird life is, beyond doubt, the rook. His connection with London is historic. We are all familiar with Goldsmith's experiences of the rooks which he watched at work on their nests in the Temple Gardens. The rook has however long since forsaken the precincts of the Temple and even living memory cannot now connect him with the place. But it may surprise many Londoners to hear that we have still a rookery in the very centre of London, a sight which certainly constitutes one of the greatest curiosities connected with the city.

Almost within a stone's throw of the heart of London, a little to the east of where Chancery Lane debouches into High Holborn, one may notice on the opposite side of the way a low archway. Through it a passage leads between high buildings to an open space nearly surrounded on all sides by legal offices. The place is known as Gray's Inn Gardens, and is well kept and little frequented. The sooty stretch of grass which looks as green and fresh as it is possible to look in the centre of London, is studded with a large number of tall plane trees in good condition which give the place a charmingly rural aspect quite unexpected in such a quarter. It is here, separated

by some miles on every side from the open country, that there still exists in dwindling numbers one of the most ancient colonies of rooks ; the nests still hang in the branches of the plane trees and up to the present the birds have always returned in the spring to put them in repair and hatch out their young.

At one time this rookery was far more extensive than it is now. Even in 1878 there were twenty eight full nests in the breeding season ; this year I count eighteen nests only. An interesting feature of the place, and one which, doubtless, tends to attach the colony to it, is the care which is taken of the birds. They are fed regularly, the food given being dog-biscuit steeped in water. It is spread by the gardener on an enclosed mound in the centre of the gardens, and it proves very attractive to a host of sparrows as well as to the rooks.

The rook, most conservative of all birds as he is, is now almost driven out of London. Even twelve years ago there were still several fairly extensive rookeries in London. Writing so recently as 1878 Dr. E. Hamilton gives in the *Zoologist* an



ROOKS IN GRAY'S INN.

account of the rook in London which seems to separate the time by a long interval from the present. The rookery in Kensington Gardens was then still in existence and was said to contain thirty-one nests, which makes the writer recall with regret, the year 1836 when the rookery extended from the Broad Walk to the Serpentine and contained close on one hundred nests. Since some of the higher trees were cut down in the gardens some years ago the birds have left the gardens, doubtless never to return, and there is not now a single nest in the place. Dr. Hamilton also mentions other places which the rooks then frequented but which they have since forsaken. He says : " In 1875 a rook's nest was built and the young hatched out in a tree at the back of Hereford Square, Brompton. The following year the birds returned with others and ten nests were built in the fine elm and plane trees there." But in 1879 there is a note in the same paper stating that the rooks' nests near Hereford Square, Brompton, which had been for several years frequented in the spring, had been that year deserted, the result being attributed to the noise of the workmen in the numerous buildings which were being erected in the vicinity.

This or a similar fate has now befallen nearly all the rook settlements in London. That the birds cling so long to their old haunts, despite many incongruous surroundings, is due to the well known conservative instincts of the family. The rook is like the salmon : when he grows up he goes abroad far afield to sow his wild oats and seek his fortune, but when he settles down in life and elects to take upon himself parental responsibilities he always returns to the haunts of his youth. So it is that the family breeding grounds are tenanted from generation to generation until it becomes impossible to hold them any longer. Richard Jefferies once suggested the planting of the Thames

Embankment thickly with trees in the hope of attracting the rooks to build there ; but it is much to be doubted if this plan would now be successful, such feeding grounds as are within reach in London, are now very restricted, and are much too frequented for the rook's taste.

The rook is however still occasionally to be seen in London. He used to affect the grounds of Lambeth Palace as much as anywhere, probably because of the seclusion. He might sometimes be seen there at work on the sward, or perched on a sooty branch of one of the trees that have become almost as black as his own plumage. In his visits to town he may be seen at times accompanied by his friend the jackdaw. It would be interesting to know the grounds of the friendship which everywhere seems to prevail between the rooks and the jackdaws. In the winter time in the country a flight of rooks is usually seen thickly interspersed with jackdaws. Starlings and other gregarious birds often fly with rooks too and mingle with them on the ground, but when they take to the wing the former always keep together. The jackdaws however mingle with the rooks indiscriminately both on the ground and on the wing and even in the roosting places. White of Selborne suggested that perhaps the jackdaws followed the rooks from interested motives : " because rooks have a more discerning scent than their attendants and can lead them to spots more productive of food. Anatomists," he quaintly adds, " say that rooks, by reason of two large nerves which run down between the eyes into the upper mandible, have a more delicate feeling in their beaks than other round-billed birds, and can grope for their meat when out of sight. Perhaps then their associates attend on them from motives of interest, as greyhounds wait on the motions of their finders ; and as lions are said to do on the yelpings of jackals."

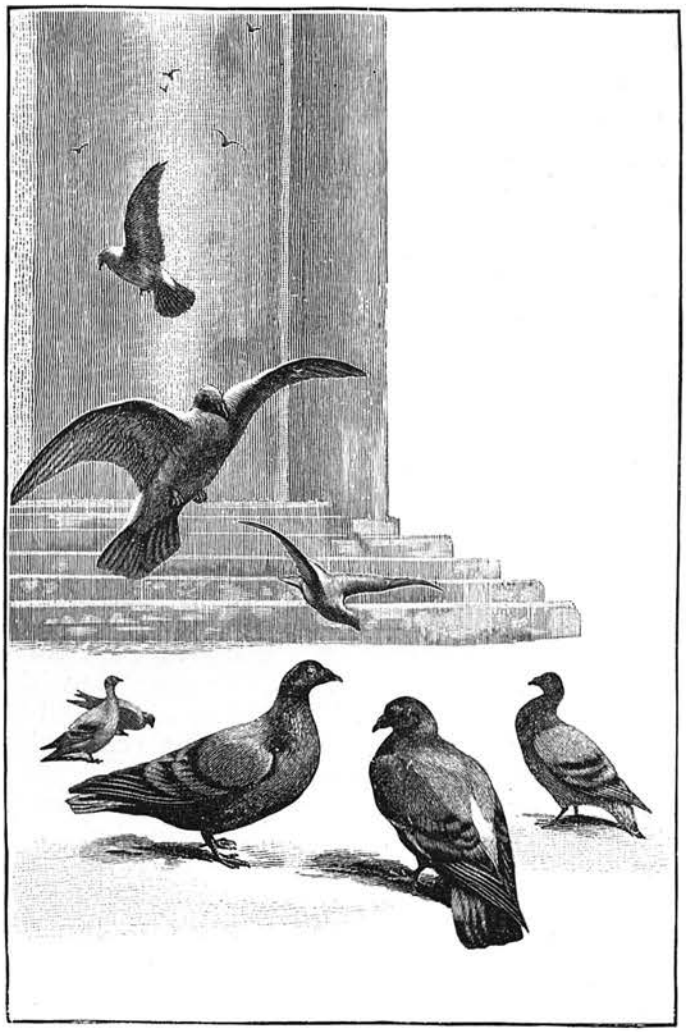
The jackdaws like the rooks used to be much commoner about London than they are now. They go in flocks in the winter but pair off in the breeding season. If they bred in London they would probably keep the sparrow down, for the jackdaw is rather an awkward neighbour for the smaller birds ; he robs their nests and carries off the unfledged young as dainty morsels. Church steeples and ivy-covered ruins within easy reach of the open country are the jackdaw's favourite breeding places. In the absence of such he has forsaken London at present ; but he will doubtless return to await the advent of Macaulay's New Zealander, for the promised sketch of the ruins of St. Paul's would not be complete without him. Cathedral towns he is generally associated with. The birds also build in the disused chimneys and continue dropping the twigs down until one lodges crosswise and holds the others, so enabling the foundations of the nest to be laid.

Although the rooks have forsaken Kensington Gardens some interesting country birds have recently established themselves there. In recent years some wood-pigeons have built their nests and reared their young in the Gardens, and these extremely shy birds may now be seen almost any day flying from tree to tree or on the ground feeding. These birds must not be confused with the true London pigeon of the blue-rock blood, which never takes to the trees and from which the wood-pigeon is quite distinct.

The term wild bird would technically exclude what is perhaps the most truly London bird after the sparrow, namely the pigeon, without which no description of bird-life in London would be complete. The London pigeon may not be called a wild bird but he is so in reality. He makes his nest where he pleases, and like the sparrow and the street arab, he lives in the streets. One of these days the London County Council may claim suzerainty over him ; at present he owns allegiance to no man. Nearly all the larger public buildings and many of the churches in London are inhabited by pigeons ; the birds make their nests in the inaccessible nooks and corners of the roofs and they increase and multiply from year to year. St. Paul's cathedral, the British Museum, the Houses of Parliament, Somerset House, the Guildhall, the Law Courts, and nearly every building of the kind, has each its own particular flight of pigeons. These places with their carved masonry and wide spacious roofs with many an aërial nook and cranny offer just the kind of retreat which every descendant of the rock-pigeon loves. The pigeons which frequent some of the buildings are fed regularly, others forage for themselves, and it is one of the pleasantest sights of the city, and not an uncommon one, to see the London cabby emptying the remains of his nose-bag in the middle of a flock of pigeons which show every sign of appreciation of the largess.

One of the most interesting things about the London pigeon is the way in which he is working out and confirming one of the most striking of the Darwinian

theories. The wild pigeons in London are beyond doubt the descendants of stray birds which, finding food plentiful, took to their present mode of life, and their numbers are still occasionally recruited by tame birds which join them with the usual instinct of pigeons in such cases. The present pigeons are in fact the descendants of a motley crew of birds of many breeds and all colours. It is generally acknowledged that all varieties of our domestic pigeon came originally from one wild species, the common blue-rock, still found wild on many parts of the coast. This bird has a characteristic colour and very peculiar markings which distinguish it from all other species of pigeons throughout the world. The colour is slaty-blue, and the wings are marked with two dark transverse bands, the tail feathers having also a dark band across the end, while the outer tail-feathers are edged with white at the base. Despite the many distinct breeds of domestic pigeons at the present day, not only is it held that they are all descended from a common stock, but it is asserted, that if all the varieties were turned loose and allowed to inter-breed freely, their descendants would, in course of time, all once more return to this blue-rock type in which they all originated. The London pigeon is doing something to work out this experiment. Any one who watches a flock of the pigeons which frequent the buildings in London will certainly see amongst them traces of many breeds and will find nearly all the colours represented. The blue-rock is, however, the predominant type and there is little doubt that if uninterrupted it would be only a question of time till it extinguished all minor peculiarities.



BRITISH MUSEUM PIGEONS.

One result of the crowding of buildings in the central parts of London is that winged insect life is driven away, and as it has failed the swallows have retreated to the suburban fringes of London. The swallow like the rook has no objection to town life in itself, but insect food must be abundant to enable it to thrive. Early last September, great numbers of swallows were to be seen in the Crystal Palace neighbourhood circling high up in the air previous to their annual flight. For some days previously they were to be noticed from the South Eastern Railway, between St. John's and Grove Park stations, perched together in groups on every available roosting-place and chattering loudly as they always do in these yearly meetings.

The swallow breeds freely round London. It is indeed curious to see the attachment of this shy gentle bird to the places frequented by man and the buildings used by him. The rafters of a roomy shed is the place which, above all others, the swallow loves to build in, failing this he is content with a place under the eaves or he will make shift as best he can with any other corner about the house. Like the sparrow the swallow has always been with us, and he probably twittered from his clay built nest beneath the roof-tree of our Aryan forefathers ; he has clung to us through all the varying phases of our architectural progress, and he takes to the capital of the Corinthian column as a nesting place as familiarly as he probably did to the crevices in the roof of the family cave in primeval times. Even our habit of living in towns

does not drive him away, and it is only when his food supply fails that he retires from the London smoke and leaves us alone with the sparrow.

It may have occurred to others, as it has to me, to question whether some explanation is not to be sought of the curious habit which the swallow so persistently clings to, of building its nest about our houses. There is no reason why we should expect to find the swallow, like the sparrow, in association with man. It is by nature a shy bird ; we do not provide for it in any way, for it subsists on a diet of insects which it hunts abroad on the wing ; and, above all, it is a migrant, leaving us after a short interval for strange quarters in distant lands. Why is it that such a bird should come and build its nest familiarly round our windows and under our eaves? I have often wondered whether there may not be some connection between the instincts of the swallow and the rock-dwelling habits of our ancestors the cave-men. Judging by the relics which he has left behind him, primeval man must have occupied and for enormously long periods most of the suitable caves within reach in the greater part of the world. The swallow is naturally a cave-frequenting bird ; it builds and breeds in great numbers about the roofs and walls of caves at the present time, and beyond doubt it must often have been the sharer of these rocky shelters of early man.

THE ENEMY.

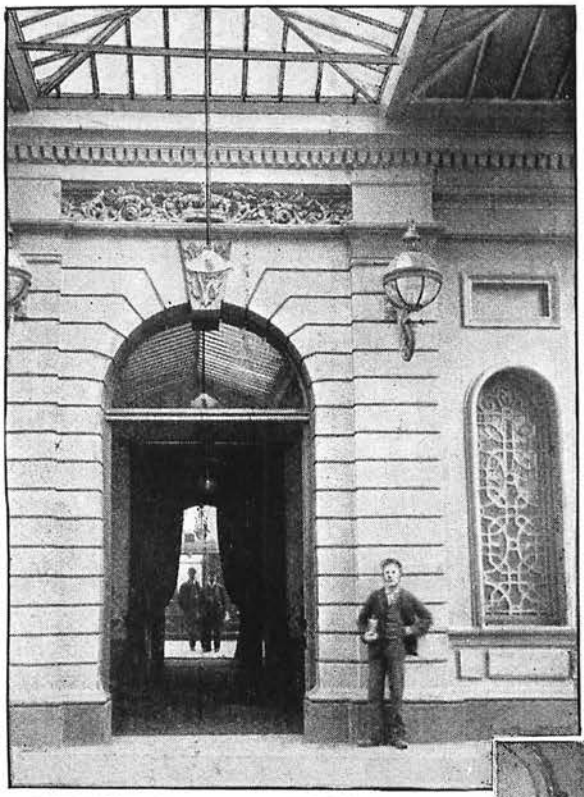
The sparrowhawk is a casual visitor to London and the neighbourhood, and like all his kind he is often mobbed by the swallows and other birds. Here on a southern Common just outside the smoke zone one may see him sometimes. The swallows have been flying all the afternoon over the smooth surface of the pond, dipping occasionally into the tepid water, and in the still air sending the tiny wavelets travelling all the way to the distant edges. The house-martins distinguished by the white patch on the lower part of the back fly in and out amongst them. But what is this excitement which has suddenly come amongst the birds? They have forsaken the water and are flying overhead, the swallow's shrill excited note—tweet—tweet—coming from several throats at once. The eye travels inquiringly round. There is a flash of wings at the corner of the copse where the furze ceases and the white-thorns grow thickly, followed by a little bird-like cry of agony. A sparrowhawk has swooped down among the bushes and some little nest of half-fledged yellow-hammers hidden in the gorse, has been orphaned. Now you may see the meaning of the swallow's note of alarm ; the air is full of birds which seem to have gathered as if by magic. The hawk has secured his prey and stands for a moment holding it beneath him in his talons on a branch of the stunted oak. The swallows dash down furiously at him within an inch of his head screaming loudly as they pass and rise again on the wing. He is off now with his prize in the direction of the wood mobbed by the whole troop of birds which continue screaming in anger and making dashes at him the whole of the way. Nature is still red in tooth and claw even in these quiet neighbourhoods close to London. The excitement amongst the swallows does not calm down for a long time.

The great city grows apace and the feathered tribe retires steadily before it. Even our parks and open spaces do not seem to tempt the birds to linger with us. The nightingale still sings on Hampstead Heights, and the blackbird pipes on the fringes of Clapham Park ; but even there they are in retreat before the speculative builder. Only the sparrow and the pigeon remain with us.

How the Queen Travels.

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR—REGINALD H. COCKS.

(By special permission of the Railway Authorities.)



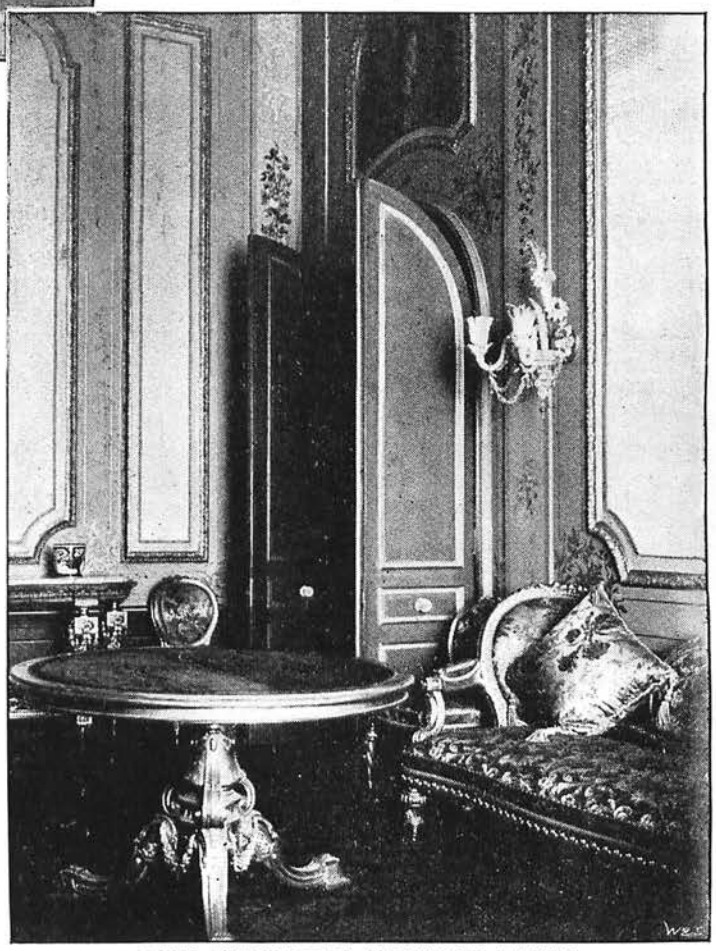
ENTRANCE TO ROYAL WAITING-ROOMS AT PADDINGTON STATION.

THE winding and seemingly interminable lengths of burnished steel rails which we see extending through city, hamlet, hill and dale, throughout the kingdom, are a medium for the conveyance of many valuable lives, but none more so than that of Our Gracious Sovereign, about whose journeys I propose to narrate a few details.

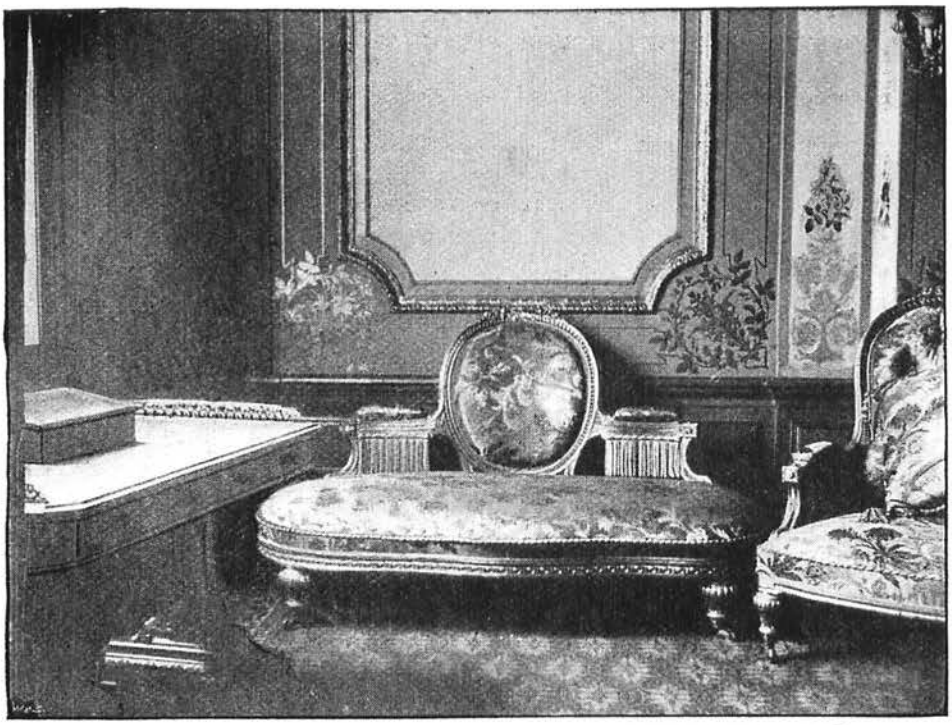
The two Royal journeys which have the most significance are, firstly, that to Balmoral from Windsor, and, secondly, when the Court adjourns south to Osborne. The first, namely, that to Balmoral, is traversed in the Royal saloons provided by the London and North-Western Company, and being by far the longer journey of the two—some 589 miles—I shall devote more space to an account of it. The journey to Osborne, on the other hand, which is undertaken in saloons the property of the Great Western Company, is, of course, in comparison, a very much shorter distance. There is a popular error that special signalmen, pointsmen, engine-drivers, etc., are employed on these occasions, but such is not the case. Suffice it for the present to say, that all the ordinary officials concerned are at their accustomed posts, but under very stringent regulations.

Let us first, in the case of the journey south to Osborne, make a visit to the Royal waiting-rooms at Paddington Station. Although these magnificent apartments are in the very centre of this immense terminus, they are so located that a casual observer would pass them by without notice.

The entrance is at the front of the station beneath the glass covering on the departure side, and the illustration is taken from this point, giving a view directly through the hall on to the departure platform.



ROYAL WAITING-ROOM, PADDINGTON STATION.

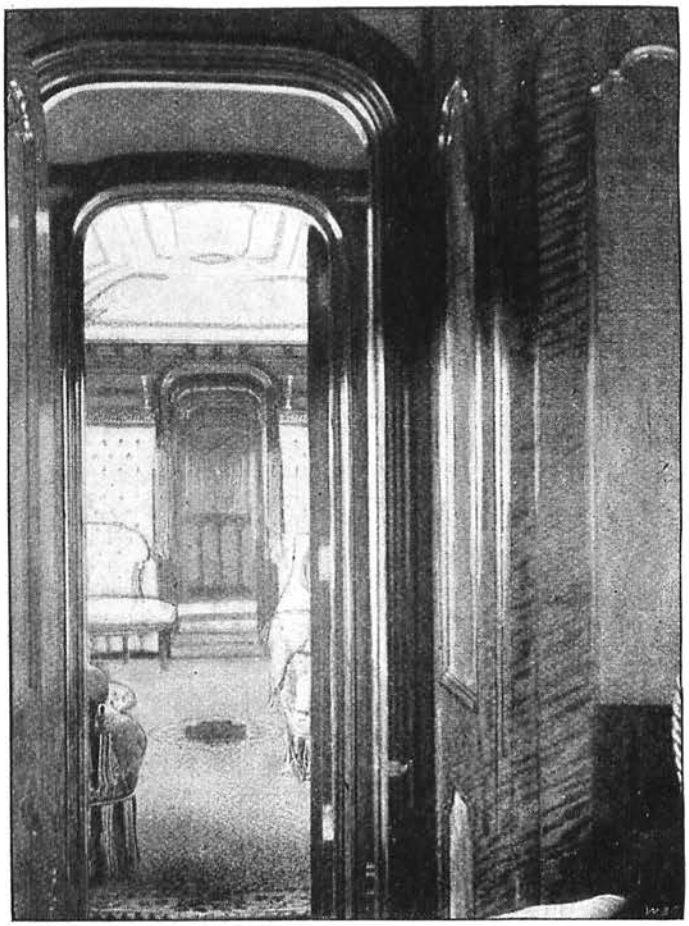


A CORNER OF THE ROYAL WAITING-ROOM, WITH WRITING-TABLE—PADDINGTON.

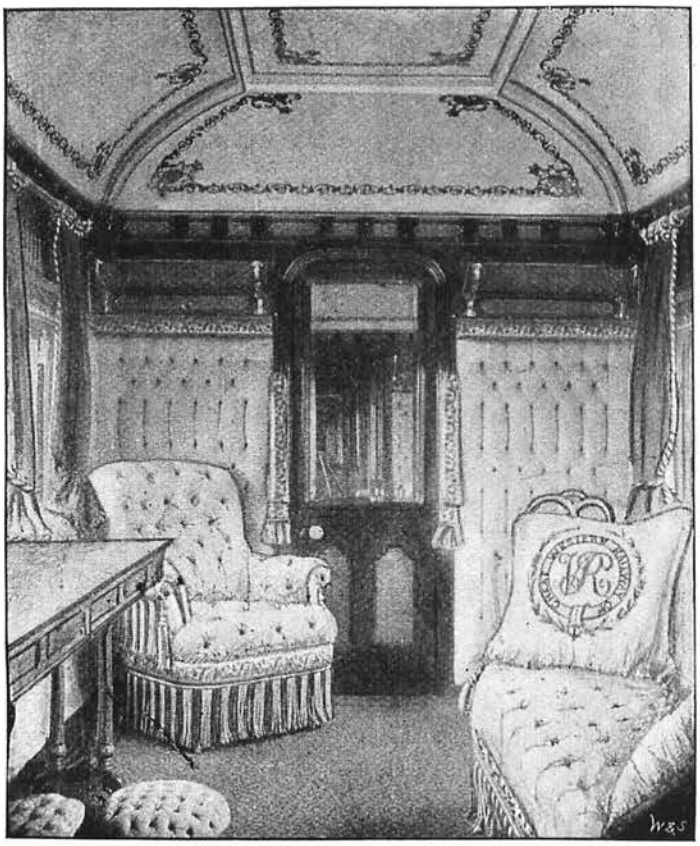
To the left of this hall (as we face it from the entrance) is the waiting-room, luxuriously furnished, and, on entering, we are struck with the loftiness of its proportions, and notice a portrait of the late Prince Consort over the doorway on one side, and that of Her Majesty corresponding on the opposite side. This room is lighted by one window filled with ground glass facing the front, and barred on the outside with artistic iron-work. The upholstering of the furniture is very handsome, and when not in use is carefully protected by covers, which render it impervious to dust or London fog. The walls are panelled with a material of silken texture, surrounded by a hand-painted floral border. Then there is the writing-table, situated against the window, which is, for the most part, utilized by Princess Christian, who patronizes this room sometimes as often as twice in the week; the Queen, as a rule, only passing straight through the hall.

The Great Western Company's Royal saloon must next be admired. From the exterior, in contrast to those of the North-Western Company's, it would appear at first glance to have nothing unusual about it differing from an ordinary first-class saloon, but on close inspection there are these points: Firstly, it is 40ft. in length, and at both ends the buffers are covered with thick vulcanized padding to obviate any concussion. Then at each bottom corner there is the carved head of a lion, and the steps leading out from the four doors fold out to twice the breadth of an ordinary carriage footboard.

The whole saloon is supported by laminated springs of bright polished steel, which are sensitive to the slightest oscillation The cost of making



G.W.R. ROYAL SALOON. LOOKING THROUGH FROM GENTLEMAN'S COMPARTMENT.



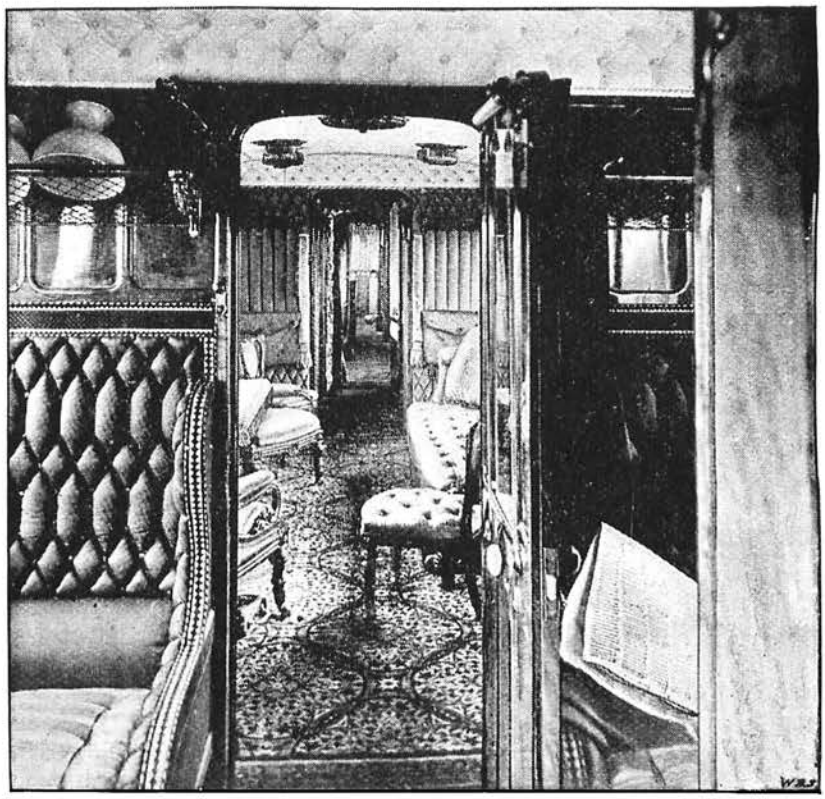
G.W.R. ROYAL SALOON. HER MAJESTY'S COMPARTMENT.

this magnificent coach is estimated at about £5,000—and although it has been running for some seventeen years, it looks as though it had just been turned out from the Swindon works.

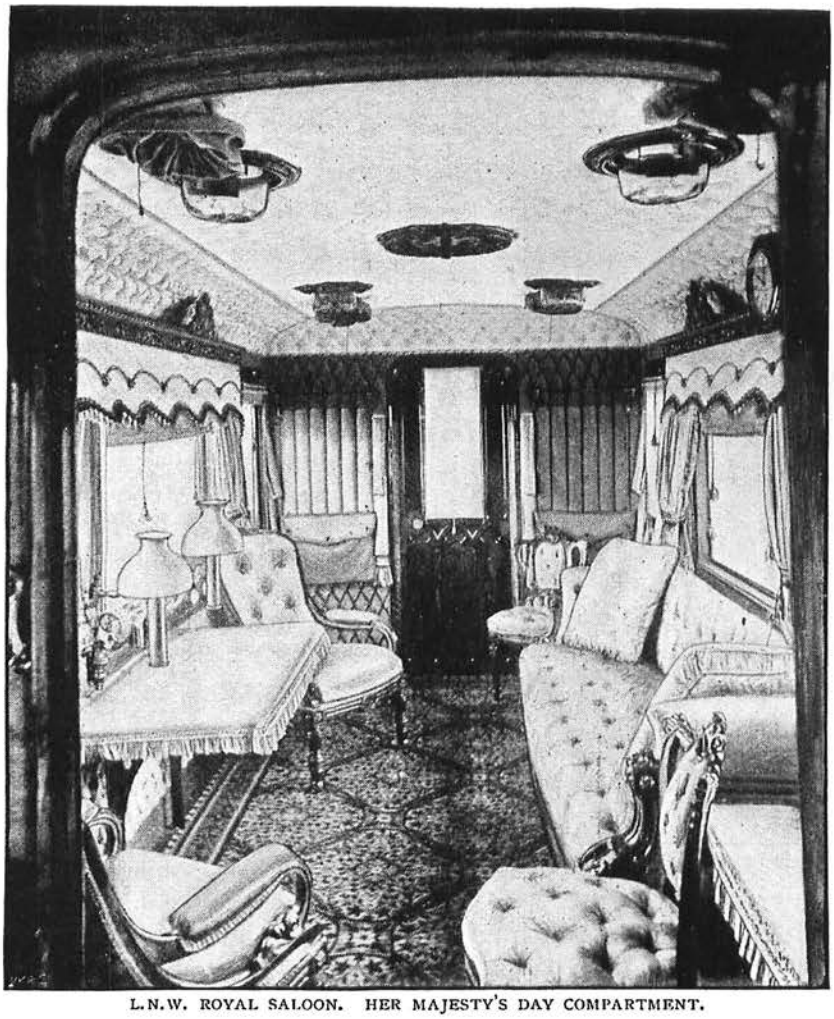
We will next glance round the interior, which has three main divisions, Her Majesty's compartment being central, and those of the lady and gentleman attendants are on either side. Electric bells are in the central boudoir, which ring when required continuously until stopped by the attendant.

Entering first Her Majesty's compartment, we notice that it resembles a private drawing-room rather than a travelling saloon. There are easy chairs (that on the left being the one usually occupied by the Queen), and a couch which extends to twice the breadth shown in the photograph. These are covered in English cream-coloured morocco, which matches the sides of the compartment, cushioned with the same material. The doors are made of sycamore, with satin-wood mountings, and the handles, as well as the key latches, are of carved ivory. The border design in silk round the furniture consists of the rose, shamrock, and thistle, which also figure conspicuously on the window-sashes and arm-rests, which again have the crown worked in silk upon them. In the centre of the carpet and on the cushions we notice the Royal Coat of Arms. The roof has a border of hand-painted work, and oil is the artificial illuminant when daylight is shut out by the blinds and curtains made of cream teddy silk.

Let us next view the North-Western Company's Royal saloons. The great length of these several saloons, as seen from end to end, is very striking, together with their handsome fittings throughout. The upholstering in these saloons is for the most part in a darkish blue silk, which my photographic readers will recognise as being represented white in the illustrations.



L.N.-W. ROYAL SALOON. VIEW LOOKING THROUGH FROM THE GENTLEMAN ATTENDANTS' COMPARTMENT.



L.N.W. ROYAL SALOON. HER MAJESTY'S DAY COMPARTMENT.

Her Majesty's day compartment, with its handsome ceiling of cushioned satin partitions covered with the same material, displays much splendour. The lighting of these saloons, as in the others mentioned, is also effected by oil lamps, and electricity is the agent for the bell communication throughout.

Now that we have inspected the Royal saloons, a few details about the Royal journeys will not be out of place. It may be here mentioned that the journey to Osborne is by far the heavier of the two narrated, by way of extra luggage, for which a special train is chartered, taking some twenty-nine truck-loads, including the Royal carriages, horses, etc.

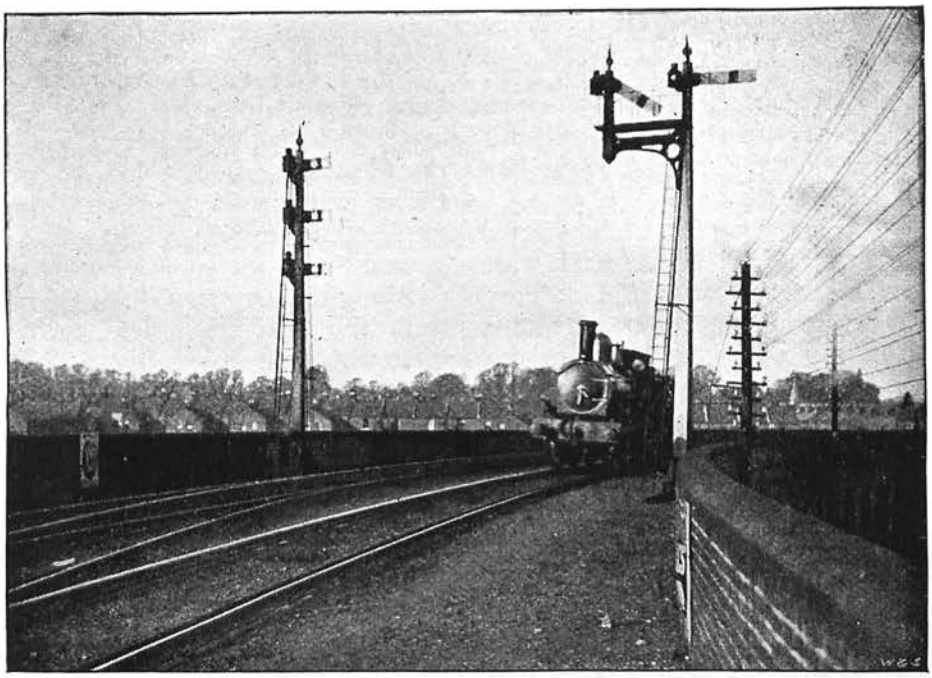
The Royal train from Balmoral to Windsor usually consists of sixteen (L.N.-W.) coaches including the Royal saloons, which always occupy a central position in the train, and is, as far as Wolverhampton, drawn by the company's own engines (the "pilot" engine also belonging to this company); but after this point is reached (where a stay of seven minutes is usually made), the Great Western Company's locomotives take it in hand, but the London and North-Western officials superintend their train throughout the entire journey.

The "pilot" engine, as represented in the photograph on the next page, is running into Windsor Station, and the signals are "down" for the Royal train, of which the "pilot" is fifteen minutes in advance.

The Royal train, which, by the way, runs at an average speed of from forty to forty-five miles an hour, requires the lines cleared of all traffic some thirty minutes before it is due. Every precaution possible is taken to insure a comfortable, safe, and undisturbed journey. At the level crossings nothing is permitted to cross after the pilot has run through, and men have to be on duty at all these points thirty minutes before this. Then all shunting operations on sidings near the main lines must be suspended at least half an hour before the train is due to pass, and all drivers of trains waiting are required to prevent their engines "emitting smoke, making a noise by blowing off steam, or whistling" at this precise moment.

The approach over the viaduct to Windsor is strictly guarded, for beneath every arch men are stationed, and no one is permitted on any pretence whatsoever to be near the line or stations, except, of course, the officials and servants on duty, who are also forbidden to cause any demonstration. These regulations are in force at every point on the journey. To everyone who is in any way employed in connection with the working of this train, a special time-table is given, stating the exact time that the Royal train will pass or stop at each station, along with full particulars for the stoppage of certain trains —and some twenty other regulations.

Every station-master is required to be on duty to see both the "pilot" and train pass through his station, and it is also his business to see that men are stationed wherever there



THE PILOT RUNNING INTO WINDSOR STATION. THE ROYAL TRAIN SIGNALLED.

are points (which in some cases are padlocked). He is, in addition, responsible for the signalman's knowledge of the special block telegraph instructions in use on these occasions; he has to satisfy himself that everyone under his employ is thoroughly acquainted with the full arrangements; and, lastly, to see that goods on luggage trains do not protrude so as to be near the Royal road.

The Royal train, in addition to having electrical communication throughout each saloon and carriage to the two guards (who have, of course, the usual cord attachment to the whistle of the engine), conveys a telegraph instrument superintended by competent officials, who, in case of emergency, are able to establish a communication or connection at any point on the line.

There is no dining-saloon or kitchen on the Royal train, as the distance between stopping points is at no period of the journey sufficiently long to require refreshment other than that supplied at the station buffets; and the customary stay of seven minutes at the prescribed stations *en route* allows an opportunity for the necessary provisions to be conveyed to the train, the refreshment-room authorities having had due notice to prepare all in readiness.

In the "baby" saloon (so-called on account of its being especially adapted for the conveyance of the Royal children) there is a kitchen attached, but the saloon is seldom in use, and, although the pseudonym might suggest a diminutive coach, it is even larger than its *confrère*, the Queen's saloon (of which mention has been made before), and this, too, is the property of the Great Western Company.

An incident may be narrated as showing how, at one time, the idea of building these State railway carriages, and embellishing them, blinded the eyes of their designers to their practical utility. So much attention was paid to magnificence and grandeur that, shortly before the trial trip of the saloon in question, it was discovered that no one had thought of testing the height, and it was then discovered, to the chagrin of the builders, that the saloon would pass under all arches with the exception of one, and on these grounds it was found expedient to reconstruct it, with a low-pitched roof.

In conclusion, I am much indebted to the several authorities by whose kind courtesy and attention I have been enabled to give a few details of the Royal train; and that our Sovereign may long be spared to undertake these journeys in the enjoyment of good health, is the true wish of each and all of her loyal subjects.

Altruism.

(A TALE.)

THE *Lovely Mary*, on her way
From Singapore to Boston Bay,
Had cloudless skies and glorious weather,
With favoring winds for days together;
And everything was going well,
When, near the Cape, it so befell
That, with a most decided shock,
The *Lovely Mary* — struck a rock.

She sank; but as the night was clear,
The ocean calm, an island near,
All who could keep themselves afloat
With cask, spar, life-preserver, boat
(In short, whatever came to hand),
Put off, and safely reached the land;
Leaving the gallant ship to sleep
Beneath the waves nine fathoms deep.

Now, as it chanced, upon that ship,
Returning from an Eastern trip,
Two scholars sailed, of great renown,
Jones, and the yet more famous Brown;
And when 'twas plain that naught could save
The vessel from a watery grave,
As Fate or Chance would have it, each
Espied within convenient reach
Something that both desired to own,—
A life-preserver, which, 'tis known,
Can never be relied upon
To hold up safely more than *one*.
Yet on this life-preserver *both*
Seized in an instant, nothing loath;
And all of it Brown couldn't clasp
Was quickly locked in Jones's grasp;
And Jones's keen, determined eye
In grim resolve was equaled by
The stern, uncompromising frown
Upon the lofty brow of Brown.

But lest you think that selfish thought
In those two noble bosoms wrought,
I will relate, from first to last,
The high, heroic words that passed
From Brown to Jones, and Jones to Brown,
While the good ship was going down.
Dear Reader, bear them well in mind,
And think more nobly of your kind!

Quoth Jones: "Dear Brown, pray do not think
'Tis selfish fear that makes me shrink
From yielding up this wretched breath
To save a fellow-man from death.
I long to cry, 'Dear friend, oh take
This life-preserver, for my sake!'
But this, alas! I cannot do:
I am not free, dear Brown, like you.
You may enjoy the bliss divine
Of giving up your life for mine;
But ah! 'tis different with *me!*
I have a wife and children three;
And, for their sake, I must control
The generous impulse of my soul.
Yet trust me, Brown, most willingly,
Nay, with unfeigned alacrity,
This life-preserver I'd resign,
Were my case yours, or your case mine!"

"Dear Jones, your reasons," Brown replied,
"Are good, and cannot be denied.
All that your words imply is true:
I have no wife nor child, like you.
But, Jones, I have a tie to life
Far stronger (do not start) than wife
Or child, though dear, could ever be:
I mean my great 'Cosmogony,'
Of which, as you have doubtless heard,
One volume is to come — the third.
Oh, were that mighty task complete
Down to the last corrected sheet,
Believe me, Jones, to save your life
To your dear family and wife,
I'd yield to you, unmurmuring,
This frail support to which we cling!
But what are wife and children three
Compared with a Cosmogony?
Or what — confess it, dearest Jones —
Are *many* wives' and children's moans
To that loud cry of grief and woe
With which the learned world shall know
That it can never hope to see
The long-expected Volume Three?"

"Quite true," sighed Jones. "And yet — and yet —
I think, dear Brown, that you forget
The theory of Average
As held in this enlightened age.
Had all the mighty men of old —
Kings, scholars, statesmen, heroes bold —
Suffered untimely taking-off
With measles, croup, or whooping-cough,
Think you that this great earth would then
Have nourished only common men?
Had Homer died a stripling lad,
Should we have lost the Iliad?
Would Shakspere's early, timeless death
Have cost us Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth?
The voice of reason answers, 'No;
Wrong not prolific Nature so!'
Now, if this theory is true,
It must apply, dear Brown, to you;
And, fearless, you may leave behind
This master-product of your mind
(Though all unfinished, as you say),
Assured that, at no distant day,
Another will be found to do
The work so well begun by you.
But I ——"

"Allow me!" struck in Brown.
"The ship is plainly going down;
And, ere she sinks beneath us, I
Would most decidedly deny
The theory of which you speak.
It is ingenious, but weak —
A vain though pleasing fallacy,
That never has deluded me.
Besides, the theory, if true,
Applies with equal force to you;
For, dearest Jones, if you are drowned,
Doubtless *another* will be found
To comfort your dear wife, and be
A father to your children three!"

"Nay, nay!" cried Jones, "you jest, dear Brown ——"
But at this point the ship went down:
The arguments of both, you see,
Balanced to such a nicety,
So fine, so subtile, so profound,
That both held on,—and both were drowned!

Robertson Trowbridge.

OUR STORKS.

It was for long our desire to keep tame storks but we were afraid they might hurt the children, and there was no convenient stream, or even pond, in the country garden, full of odd nooks and old-fashioned flowers, with sunny lawns, and long paths which looked such a happy home for bird-life, that when, by accident, we heard of some young storks for sale in London, we could no longer resist buying one: we soon found we had a most delightful pet; he would walk up to anyone who entered the garden and follow them about, or if the intruder took a seat, the stork would walk backwards and forwards getting nearer each time, full of curiosity or hope that food was forthcoming, or if no one came he would go into the kitchen garden to spend a long day with the gardeners, and if one of them was digging the stork would be sure to find him out and beg for the worms, which he very soon took from the hand.

The bird never seemed to miss the pond that we had thought needful for his health, but kept in splendid plumage, and it was a constant pleasure to see such a lovely creature standing on one leg in the hot sun, and his head twisted on one side, and his large black eye fully alert; he proved most cleanly and did no harm except in one small spot he chose for a sleeping-place, which gave rise to the saying that the stork has gone to roost on a geranium! Suitable as we thought this garden home was for the stork, he thought otherwise, his constant ambition being to live in the drawing-room, for whenever the French window was open, so sure was his tall and graceful figure to be seen, very slowly marching in; first a careful inspection would be made of each piece of furniture, particularly a little table of curios with glass sides which was a never failing interest, and many a dab he made at the contents to be seen through the glass; if the intruder was not hustled out, as was generally the case, he would, after his tour round the room, tuck up one leg, make a slight remark, or what sounded as such with his clattering bill, for no stork can utter a note, and thus comfortably settled would twist his head about in the most wonderful manner, watching with keen interest the movements of anyone who was in the room, or if he was driven out, and the window shut, he would settle himself in the same comfortable manner as close as *possible* to the glass.

In the garden was an aviary for small birds, the front of which was made of the smallest size nest wire-netting, each hole being not larger than a shilling piece. One day all the little birds were found dead but one, and all of them had lost one leg! This strange disaster could not be at first accounted for, till suspicion fell on the stork, who it was supposed, finding the afternoon rather dull, had amused himself by darts at the frightened birds fluttering against the wire front, the holes of which were so small that they would not admit more than part of his long thin beak, which however proved only too sadly destructive.

When the winter came a warm shed had to be found for a sleeping place, for the stork did not seem to mind cold or even snow in the day-time; the months wore on, and spring began, when there came a most unexpected wind frost; this proved too much, a severe chill was caught, and though the poor bird was removed to a greenhouse, and tempted with a mouse—his favourite morsel—he got rapidly worse and died a few hours after.

This stork having proved such a charming pet and, with the exception of the murder of the little birds, such a harmless one, we determined to get another when the summer came: this time we bought a pair younger than the first, which were directly named Hans and Gretchen. Gretchen was very feeble on her long legs, and as soon as anyone approached would sink down in the most absurd and helpless-looking manner, stretching out her thin long neck as if begging for mercy. After a few weeks she became more courageous, and the young pair took many walks; they thus found out the greenhouses, and by getting on the lights could slowly walk up the slippery sides to the roof, which perhaps reminded them of the parental roof-tree by the Danube. As the glass was thought too dangerous for their long legs they were often driven away, but it was some time before they could be induced to forsake their favourite roof for a fresh look-out, which they at last satisfactorily found on a great heap of garden mould. Gretchen never seemed strong, and only lived a few months. Hans, on the contrary, grew larger and larger, and became a splendid bird, his beautiful white plumage always glossy, and his beak and legs of the brightest red; the long black feathers of one wing had to be cut off to prevent his escape; but so light and airy was he, that when he could get room for a long run to start with, he could generally manage a low skimming flight for a short way: in that manner, Hans more than once crossed the park, but upon stopping his flight he always returned on his feet, striding along as quickly as possible to the garden gate, with evident trepedition at having seen so much of the world.

All these storks had a good breakfast of odds and ends from the butcher, and a second meal later on, of a couple of rats, or mice, or little birds, which was needful to keep them in health, and was always greatly enjoyed; fish was difficult to procure, and required great care lest some hidden hook should be swallowed; frogs were still more difficult to get, and, strange to say, the two last storks, which doubtless had been taken at a very early age from their nest, would never eat one; their favourite manner of taking food was to catch it, when thrown to them: they would thus receive a frog, but after one or two bites, generally, and I believe always, reject it.

Hans lived happily through two winters, and his death was unaccountable, as he seemed in such perfect health.

I must close by a story of another stork kept by a friend long ago, which used in some clever manner to mount the many roofs of an old country house, till he reached the chimneys, in one of which a pair of swallows nested. Great was the delight of the stork to stand on the chimney; meanwhile the swallows would fly frantically round and round till at last they would attempt to dash through his legs to their nest, when down would come the long red beak in a dangerous dig at the unfortunate birds!

TAME DOVES.

It is always interesting to note how gentle kindness shown towards our pet animals and birds will bring out various traits of character in them.

Curious differences will be observed even between specimens which are of the same age and family and have been treated exactly alike from their earliest years.

A pet creature can only show its true nature when it is brought up so kindly as to be without fear. Alas, how seldom this is the case!

Almost all captive song-birds I have seen, excepting canaries, are sure to flutter more or less when anyone approaches their cage, and this instinctive effort to escape shows timidity and unhappiness. I confess I could never find any pleasure in keeping a tiny captive which I knew was breaking its little heart in fruitless longings for fresh air and liberty.

To show what thoughtful kindness will do in creating happy confidence, I should like to relate the history of my tame doves, Peace and Patience.

These birds used to belong to a poor woman in our village, her only means of housing them was in a wooden box with a wire front. It was a wonder that they continued to live in such discomfort; yet, without a bath, a nest-box, or anything to make their lives pleasant or healthy, they showed the grace of patient endurance by living on with merely their bare allowance of food and water.

However, they were redeemed at last from their hard bondage, placed in a large wicker cage with plenty of suitable provender, enabled to sun themselves in a pleasant verandah, and to take a bath in pure water whenever they felt inclined.

Their plumage soon began to improve, and became as smooth and soft as grey satin.

After a time they were let out to fly about in the dining-room, and the male bird, Peace, might often be seen sitting on the marble clock gazing at himself in the looking-glass over the mantel-piece. I suppose he admired his own reflection, for he would go again and again to bow and curtsey and coo most lovingly to the bird he saw in the glass, and never seemed to find out it was himself all the while.

In spite of this foppishness he was a most devoted mate, paying all kinds of tender attentions to his gentle little wife, following her about and often feeding her with any special dainty he might come across.

Under these new and happy circumstances Peace and Patience began to think of rearing

a family, and we found them searching everywhere for materials wherewith to build their nest. Not finding much that was suitable in my sitting-rooms, they went to the flower-vases and began pulling out the orchids and maiden-hair fern to line their nest.

It looked very pretty to see the little grey bird flying across the room with a great pink flower in her beak; but we thought a more suitable substance might be offered to them, and very gladly they welcomed some little twigs and dried grass, with which, after much cooing and confabulation, they constructed the family home.

In a day or two a pair of snow-white eggs appeared, and then for a fortnight the little hen-bird sat patiently brooding over them, scarcely leaving them long enough to take her necessary food.

In due time we found two little doves were hatched, small, pink feeble-looking creatures they were; it seemed quite wonderful to think that they could ever grow up to be like their parents.

Patience was so tame, that she would let me peep under her soft feathers to see how the tiny birds were progressing, and even if I took one of her children away to show to my friends she was in no way perturbed.

It is a great surprise to see doves feeding their young ones. They take the tender little beak within their own and then pass the soft food, with which nature provides them at that time, from their own crop into the beak of the fledgelings.

The young birds seemed to have excellent appetites and grew rapidly, developing tiny quill-feathers all over their bodies, and in a few weeks they were clothed with soft grey plumage, so that we could hardly tell parents from children.

I have often heard doves spoken of as being less intelligent than other birds. On the contrary, my birds seem to think and almost to reason, as I believe my readers will agree when I tell them some of the clever things they have done.

One day when I was sitting in a room some distance from the verandah where the doves were, Peace found me out and came tapping with his bill against the window. I am always accustomed to attend at once to any such appeal from a bird or animal, since I generally find it to mean that they urgently require something.

In this case, as the evening was chilly, I let the three doves into their cage and brought it indoors; but I soon found all was not right, for the male bird was greatly excited, apparently longing to get out again, so I opened the cage door and the window of the room, and away he flew. Presently I heard Peace cooing loudly, and, following the sound I found him under the verandah with the young dove that was missing; he was evidently trying to show me his truant child, and as soon as I took them both up and carried them to the cage, Peace was quite happy and content.

When the weather became warm and sunny the little pair decided that their next nest should be built in some clematis growing up the pillars of the verandah.

It was a charming spot to select, for the little mother-bird had flickering sunbeams shining upon her whilst she sat, and leaves to shelter her from the heat.

Now again a domestic difficulty arose and Peace came to tell me about it. What was he to do for building-materials? I provided small flexible birch twigs and was amused to find that when I offered one, the little builder took it gladly, and flying off to the nest presented it to his wife, and she wove it into the family dwelling.

Later on in the day it seemed to me that the comfort of the home would be improved by some softer material than interlacing twigs, so I added a carpet of fine soft shavings; these also were quite approved, and after a time the nest was considered perfect. I felt inclined to call it our nest, as I provided the materials and was allowed to help in the building.

Two snowy eggs soon appeared, and then the parents took it by turns to sit upon the nest for about four hours at a time. This should teach us a beautiful lesson of unselfishness, for it must seem a little hard to have to sit still hour after hour and see another bird able to fly about enjoying the air and sunshine. I think my dove was well named Patience, but doubtless the strong feeling of mother love made it easy, and the affectionate little father-bird seemed always ready to take his turn in the domestic duties.

The first heavy shower after the nest was built made me rather anxious for the comfort of the sitting bird; she would soon have been soaked with rain, so I racked my wits to devise a shelter. With some contrivance I managed to fix a slanting roof of stiff cardboard so as to keep off rain and scorching sunshine.

By talking quietly to my pet she seemed quite to understand that she was not to be alarmed, and sat calmly on her nest whilst I fixed her shelter.

The bird that is off duty is fond of coming to visit me in the house. I am quite accustomed to see a dove sitting amongst my working materials, I have even found an egg lying on my writing-table as a modest gift and token of affection from my gentle Patience.

Peace looks very pretty when he perches on a white marble bust in the drawing-room. He dearly likes investigating anything fresh, and I once found him in the museum busily pulling an old nest to pieces, because it contained some materials he thought would be desirable for his own home.

I learn many lessons from my little doves. I see how affection begets confidence.

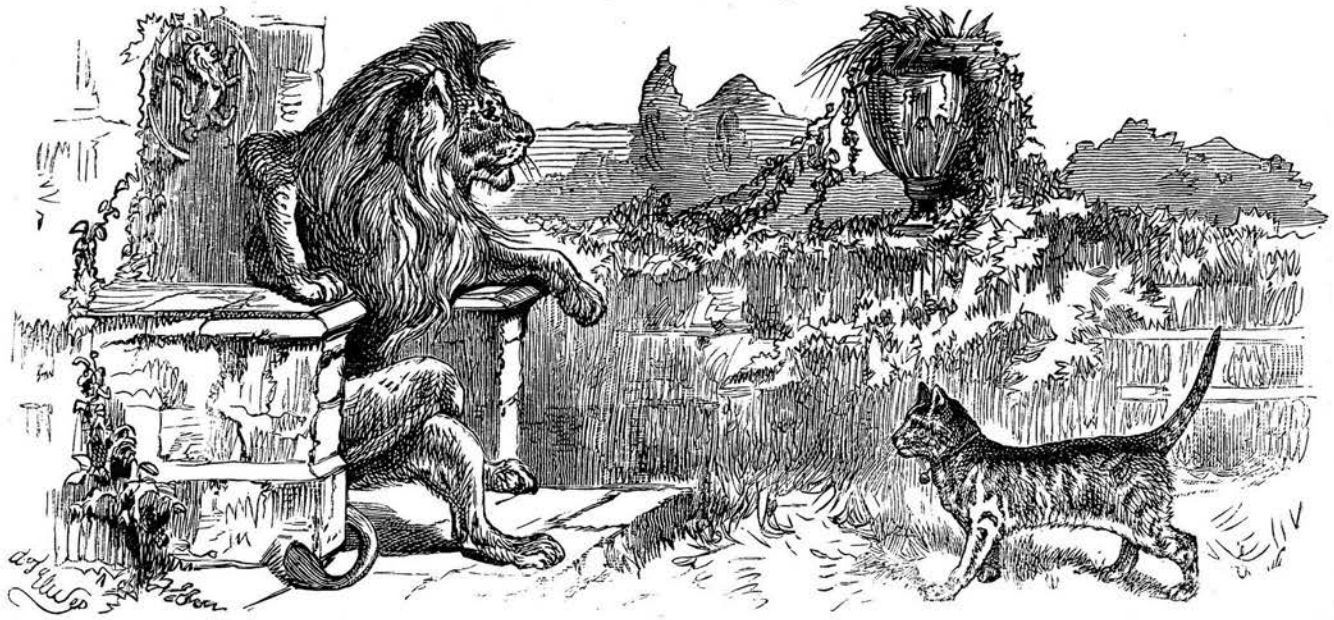
These little creatures trust me perfectly, and that gives me true pleasure, and makes them very dear to me.

I think it is thus our Heavenly Father would have us show our love to Him. He says, "I love them that love Me," and the text goes on to say, "and those that seek Me early shall find Me."

Then let all the dear young people who read about my doves try to learn, from their history, how they can please God by showing their love and trust in Him, by going to Him continually with all their difficulties, not doubting that He will hear, and abundantly answer their prayers.

E. BRIGHTWEN.

A cat may look at a king.



SCIENCE AND ART OF MODERN ETIQUETTE.

ARRANGED FOR THE FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND.

Traveling.

THE etiquette of traveling is an art that has not been cultivated to any startling extent by the people of this country. The man who might well be considered, when at home, an understudy for Lord Chesterfield, seems to become imbued with Jekyl-Hyde characteristics as soon as he enters a railroad car. Then it is that he gives his undivided attention to looking out for No. 1, to the exclusion of all the other numerals. If he can gain possession of two seats in the car he will manage to occupy them both, and would, doubtless, pre-empt a third one if his legs were long enough to reach over into it. The entrance of a pretty girl may cause him to telescope himself into a portion of one seat, if she will deign to accept of the other half, otherwise nothing short of a collision and wreck of the train will cause him to move, while the lady who accepts a seat from a gentleman is as careful about expressing her thanks as if the utterance of the words "Thank you" might cause him to drop dead with heart disease. It is for these and other reasons, that a chapter on The Etiquette of Traveling may not be out of place.

It has been said, and with considerable truth, that a lady could travel from New York to San Francisco unattended by an escort or chaperon, and meet with nothing but courtesy from her male *compangons de voyage*. Such is not a fact abroad, particularly if the lady be young and pretty. Then it is a case where homeliness is at a premium.

A man who is traveling, particularly on long journeys, should be polite toward those with whom he is thrown in contact, although when thrown in violent contact with them, as in the event of a general smashup, it is not necessary to enter into prolonged apologies, particularly if the car is in flames. *Per contra*, he should refrain from being too officious, as was the man who, when his seat-mate left the car as the train neared a station, supposed that the stranger had reached his journey's end. As the train started on, the officious one noticed that the other man had left his valise and overcoat behind. It was but the work of a moment to gather them up, rush to the car door and throw the articles out on the station platform. It was, however, the work of several moments to explain matters to the stranger when he returned from the "smoker" in search of his personal effects.

In entering an already crowded car, a little tact may obtain one a good seat. As an example of this, a gentleman entered a car at a certain depot, and noticing that all the seats were occupied, exclaimed, "This car isn't going!"

A wild rush was made for a forward car by the passengers, while the late arrival comfortably ensconced himself in a seat on the "shady side." In time the train started, and soon after a man who had participated in the rush forward entered the car.

"I thought you said this car wasn't going?" he said indignantly to its solitary occupant.

"It wasn't when I spoke," replied the other in the coolest possible manner.

Let us suppose that a person is preparing for a journey to the Antipodes or elsewhere. It is well to purchase a railroad ticket—unless the person in question proposes to walk—and secure a berth a few days in advance. Engage the lower half of a section when possible, particularly if the traveler be what is commonly termed a heavy-weight. Nothing is more saddening than the sight of a large, wide, colonial built man or woman in undress uniform, making frantic endeavors to swarm up to his or her perch on the top shelf of a "sleeper," unless it be the misdirected efforts of the same person to get down again. It is a case where their berth is liable to be the death of them.

It is unwise to more than partially undress before retiring in a sleeping-car, as in case of a wreck and the subsequent burning of the coach when the stove gets in its work, it is embarrassing to make one's début among the other survivors, after having stumbled over the body of an overdone porter, wearing nothing save a nighty and a thoroughly frightened expression. Apropos of the porter, make friends with him at the earliest possible stage of the game, and in a buffet car, see that he is well feed if you would be well fed yourself.

A trip on an ocean steamer is apt to bring to the surface the true inwardness of the average human being, particularly during a rough passage. Your thousand and one friends will offer you so many different cures for or preventives of sea-sickness when they learn of your anticipated voyage. Etiquette suggests that you receive—not take—them all with thanks, but unless you are a good sailor, before you have been more than a day out you will have reason to believe that if the ship does not "heave to," you will. Having recovered from the *mal de mer*-murings of your digestive organs incident to the first few days of a life on the ocean wave, endeavor to make yourself agreeable to the other passengers. Join in their recreations, such as carrying huge slabs of salt pork to the state-rooms of the sea-sick voyagers; betting on the daily run of the ship (in which you will be allowed abundant latitude if not longitude), as well as watching the sailors weigh the anchor and guessing on its weight. If possible, strike up a friendship with the captain. This can be accomplished by evincing an interest in his occupation. Ask him if the steward gets his fresh eggs from the hatch-way? When the banks of Newfoundland are reached, inquire if it is always foggy there? He will probably reply that as he don't live there he don't know, but it serves as a sort of can-opener to conversation.

During an ocean voyage a man has the opportunities to make many acquaintances. He should, how-

ever, be very chary—steamer-chairy, if you will,—in presenting his intercontinental friends to his wife and daughters, for men do not always exhibit their little weaknesses on shipboard. They are not apt to be out until all hours, returning home with the explanation that they have "only been down to the club," nor are they liable to indulge their proclivities for fast horses on the deck of a Cunarder, nor for leaving their seats in the bald-headed row at a skirt dance to go out between the acts to see a man, while on the ruffled bosom of the broad Atlantic. Instead, they keep those undesirable qualities out of sight, cabined, as it were, if not cribbed and confined, and will at all times endeavor to appear well—as soon as they get over being ill. Should one, however, desire to present one of these quondam acquaintances to the ladies of his party, he should make the introduction in an ordinary tone of voice, except it be during a storm, when the captain's trumpet can be called into requisition. Having once mentioned the names of the parties, the introducer should stop where he is. To continue to repeat his formula over and over, like a doortender at a dime museum, might suggest a hint at vinous exhilaration. Before making such an introduction, endeavor to ascertain the social status of the gentleman whom you are honoring, and thus avoid the regret that will ultimately make itself felt when it is discovered that your Italian count is of no account, but instead is only somebody who, having amassed a fortune of $400 in this country, is on his way home with the idea of purchasing a back-number title, preparatory to returning to America to wed the daughter of one of the bluest, blooded, purse-proudest families in "our own, our native land." On the other hand, the gentleman who desires an introduction should prepare himself for the presentation. On board ship, whether he be or be not of a literary turn of mind, he should wait until he finds himself released from all further contributions to the Atlantic. It would be in poor taste for him to present himself attired in bathing costume, with a life-preserver under his arm, filled with the idea that he is presenting a nautical appearance.

When the usual vaudeville entertainment, which is often one of the features of an ocean trip, is gotten up, if you can sing, play, recite or do some other act of a like nature, or are good in amateur theatricals, and are invited to participate in the affair, signify your acceptance at once; but if you are not blessed with the necessary qualifications, refuse firmly and be satisfied with a thinking part; somebody must go through the ordeal of being "audience." Remember that the man who can't sing and will sing, should be, and generally is, ostracized in polite society. How much more to the point was the reply of the gentleman who, when asked if he sang, replied, "Those who have heard me say I do not."

And now a few words regarding hotels. Though the happy bridegroom on his wedding journey is willing to "do the elegant" without regard to expense, he need not ostentatiously demand to be assigned the bridal chamber—sometimes called the "harness room" by facetious hotel clerks—it will only cause him to be singled out by porters, bell-boys and other birds of prey as their legitimate victim. Though he and his bride plan never so wisely to masquerade as an "old married couple," the fact is bound to make itself evident that they nave but recently been united by the "knot there's no untying"—save by death or the divorce court. Never register as "so and so and lady," unless you happen to be a lord. John Smith and wife is as bad; the approved form is Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, Jones or Robinson as the case may be.

If a gentleman has a female relative under his protection, he need not usher her into the main entrance, and thence to the office, on reaching a hotel. All well ordered hotels have a "Ladies' Entrance," to be sought in emergencies of this description. Having left the lady in the public parlor, the gentleman should seek the office—this being one of the instances where the office does not seek the man—register, and obtain the required room or rooms.

While ladies may appear in the hotel dining-room wearing their bonnets, the man who dances in with his hat on his head presents the idea of being overcautious and distrustful of the other guests or fearful that some of the employes might be tempted to purloin the lining.

Although hotel parlors contain, among other articles of furniture, a piano, unless a lady is an expert performer she should leave the instrument severely alone. The octogenarian Maiden's Prayer and the ubiquitous Monastery Bells have been relegated to the past, and the lady whose repertoire is limited to these and contemporaneous compositions, should reserve her energies for the parlor organ at home.

To sum up: In traveling, be obliging to all, confidential with none (meaning strangers), and hang on to your pocketbook.

—F. H. Curtiss.

AUNT MARY.

There's a time at the close of day,
When the tea things are put away,
When Aunt Mary thinks and winks and blinks,
And what does she think of, pray?

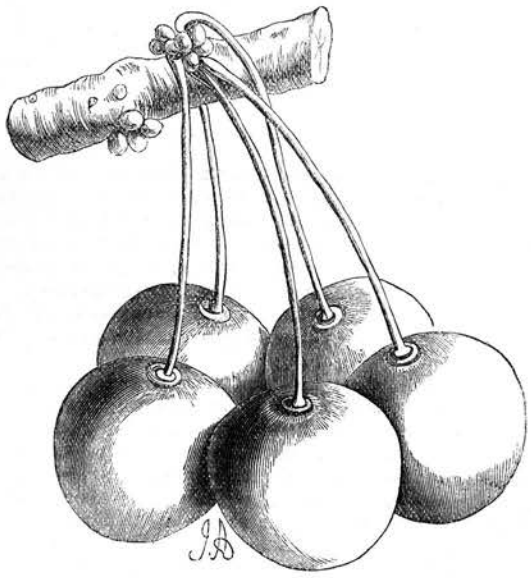
Does she think of the days gone by,
And is every breath a sigh
For the hours she spent in merriment,
When quick were foot and eye?

Do those nights, long gone, return,
And love's old passion burn?
Of faraway June does memory croon,
And make her poor heart yearn?

Or is it of other things
Her memory busily sings—
Of troublesome mice and boys not nice,
Of the cupboard door that swings?

If her thoughts are of this or that,
For the gift of a brand-new hat,
She would not tell, I know right well—
Aunt Mary's the household cat.

—William S. Lord.



FRUIT AS A FOOD.

Its Value, Its Characteristics, and Some Ways in which It May be Appetizingly Served.

I.—The Cherry and the Strawberry.

ONE of the great delights of the springtime and early summer is to watch the unfolding of leaf, bud and flower—in many instances the flower even preceding the appearance of the ordinary leaf; the forming of the embryo fruit, its gradual growth, perfection and ripening. The whole forms one of Nature's most wonderful processes; and that whether we look upon it with the critical technical eye of science, or merely from the standpoint of ordinary curiosity. What could be more wonderful, in fact?—or we may go further, and admit that every process in Nature's vast laboratory, from life and growth of the highest form to that of the lowest, is simply and altogether wonderful and incomprehensible.

But we are speaking now of fruit as a food product; and in so doing we come to consider one of the choicest boons "to mortals given." Students of hygienic subjects, as well as all thoughtful observers, have long been convinced of the value of fruits as a large element in the human dietary.

Physicians of the present day are very largely, if not almost unanimously, believers in fruit eating; not only as a means of promoting the health of the people at all times, but very often as a remedial agent. Students of the temperance question are almost a unit in declaring that the use of a fruit diet in place of the heating and abnormally stimulating food habitually placed upon too many tables, would be a powerful agent in abolishing the craving for stimulants which so often has its inception and nutrition from the abuse of over-seasoned food.

Those important portions of the human machinery, the liver, kidneys and bowels, are incited to healthful action in a measure almost wonderful, by the generous use of properly ripened, wholesome fruit. And when we consider that the action of these organs means the condition of the blood, and so of the health and strength of the whole system, it will be realized how important a matter is this, looking toward the general health of the nation.

Whatever, therefore, shall promote the use of these important food products will be a means toward better living; and surely one method will be the dissemination of a carefully compiled collection of recipes for the use of some of the more common and economical fruits in various appetizing forms not generally known or practiced. These will be presented from time to time, at the moment when the several fruits are at our doors.

Among the first of the home-grown fruits, throughout most of our states, the cherry and the strawberry may be counted. Right royal fruits are they both, delightful in flavor, positive in quality, beneficial in action, as though designed especially for a thorough reaction from the influences of the winter season, with its restricted range of diet—though fortunately a great deal of the restriction has been removed through the progress of these nineteenth-century days in canning and preserving, drying and evaporating.

America was not fortunate in its native cherries; we all remember having come across them in our youthful experiences in the country; whether living there in childhood, or simply going out to call upon some friend whose home was there. There were three of the principal sorts—the early wild or bird cherry, the somewhat later chokecherry, and the black cherry, ripening quite late in the autumn. None of these were particularly luxurious; yet who that has tasted them but would like to repeat the experiment, just to see if the flavors known to childhood had changed in the years which have intervened!

The cultivated cherries are probably mostly of Asiatic origin, though they thrive here as though to the climate bred through untold ages. They vary largely as to size and degree of acidity; but still more as to color, in the latter respect running through about all the shades from a nearly pure white to an intense black. They are injured by shipment, and do not retain their qualities very long unchanged after being gathered; but they are excellent for canning and cooking, owing to the manner in which they retain their flavor.

The Morello or sour cherries are very excellent for

pies, tarts and the like, and are very good for canning. Of course where the two kinds can be used indiscriminately (as in most dishes into which cherries enter) the Morello requires more sugar than the larger and sweeter sorts, classed under the general name of Ox Hearts.

Cherry Pie.

Line a deep pie dish with plain paste, and brush the latter over with white of egg, to prevent soaking. Fill the dish nearly full of pitted Morello cherries, and over them spread evenly from a half to a whole cupful of sugar, according to the size of the dish and the acidity of the fruit. Cover carefully after dredging with a light layer of flour, and prick the crust, though not sufficiently to allow the juice to escape. Bake for half an hour. On taking from the oven the upper crust may be lightly covered with powdered sugar.

Baked Cherry Pudding.

Beat with the yolks of two eggs two tablespoonfuls of butter and four of sugar; stir in two cupfuls of sweet milk, the beaten whites of the two eggs, and one pint of flour into which two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder have been carefully mixed. Into the bottom of a large pudding dish put a layer of pitted cherries an inch or more in thickness, and after sweetening the cherries, turn off the juice. Then pour over the batter, and bake immediately.

Sauce for the above.

Take two cupfuls of the cherry juice, stir into it a heaping tablespoonful of cornstarch, and bring it to a boil in a granite or porcelain kettle. Sweeten to the taste, which will probably require from a half to three-quarters of a cupful of sugar.

Boiled Cherry Pudding.

Beat together the yolks and whites of three eggs, then stir in two cupfuls of milk, and from three to four cupfuls of flour—enough to make a smooth batter. A tablespoonful of melted butter or drippings is then added, with a slight sprinkling of salt and two heaping tablespoonfuls of baking powder. Take a pint of stoned cherries, drain off the juice, dredge them with flour, and stir thoroughly into the batter. Then turn at once into a buttered pudding mold, and cook for three hours in a kettle of boiling water. The water must not stop boiling. Serve with the pudding sauce above.

Cherry Tapioca.

Soak a cupful of mashed tapioca in twice its bulk of cold water for several hours, then simmer slowly in a pint of water till clear. Then stir in a cupful of stoned cherries, and sweeten to taste. Turn it into a dish and set away to cool; serve with sweet cream.

Cherry Cups.

Stir together and sift a pint of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, making it into a soft dough with water. Having buttered some large cups, drop into each a little dough for a foundation, then a tablespoonful of stoned cherries, covering with dough to half fill the cups. Place them in a pan of hot water, set that in the oven, cover it, and steam for half an hour. Cherry sauce or sweet cream may be used as a dressing.

The strawberry, which is the first of our small fruits, needs no laudation. With scarcely a dissenting voice, it holds the proud position of the most delicious growth of all the vegetable world. It has, however, certain limitations which must be recognized in considering how it may best be used as a food. Unrivaled in delicacy of flavor as it is when plucked in its ripeness from the vine, it cannot long be stored before use, and its delicate structure renders it a difficult task to transport the berry for any considerable distance without serious impairment of its best condition. To be sure they are now shipped for hundreds of miles, handled about, and still reach the consumer in *fair* condition; but it must be admitted that the best estate is when the berries have been freshly gathered, and are eaten with at the most no other treatment than the addition of a little sugar and cream.

Strawberry Shortcake.

One of the most delectable methods in which the berry can be used is in making a shortcake. This depends mostly upon the making and baking of the pastry, for which the following will be found a reliable method: Take a pint of flour with which has been mingled a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, and into it rub an even tablespoonful of butter. Use sufficient milk to make a very soft dough, for which a half-pint will be about right. This dough is not to be rolled at all, but should be kneaded lightly and pressed out even with the hands. About three-quarters of an inch will make the right thickness when baked, where there is to be but a single layer of berries in the center of the cake; when the upper portion of the pastry is to be turned, and two layers of berries used, the dough may be made an inch in thickness before baking. It will be twice as thick when it comes from the oven. When the pastry comes from the oven it should be cut in large squares with a hot knife, and the two crusts are pulled apart with the fingers (do not undertake to split them with a knife). Butter each, spread on the bottom crust a layer of berries, either whole and sprinkled with sugar or crushed and sweetened, replace the top crust, and serve while warm. Cream may be added if desired. The work of separation may be facilitated by spreading the dough to half the thickness just mentioned. Put one layer in a baking tin, butter lightly, then add the second layer. When baked the two thicknesses will separate very readily.

Strawberry Pie.

Line a pie plate with thin paste, as made for the crust of any ordinary pie, set in the oven and bake till nearly done. Take it out, quickly fill with sugared berries, dredge with flour, cover the top, using narrow strips of paste, arranged in diamonds, and finish baking.

Strawberry Dumplings.

Into a pint of sifted flour rub two ounces of butter, add a teaspoonful of salt, a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, and about a gill of milk—sufficient to moisten. Mix quickly and roll out into a sheet a quarter-inch in thickness. Cut out with a round biscuit cutter, place three or four berries upon each sheet, fold the edges over, and steam for twenty minutes. Serve with

Strawberry Sauce.

Beat two ounces of butter, adding gradually a half-cupful of powdered sugar. Then add twelve strawberries, one at a time, crushing each and beating till the whole is light. If a slightly curdled appearance should be noticed, acidity is indicated, and a little more sugar should be added. Let it stand in a cool place till wanted.

—Mrs. Minerva Van Wyck.

FERNS AND FLOWERS FOR THE HOUSE IN SUMMER.

OF all the revivals which have come upon us in these latter days, none has been more delightful, and none has imparted more pleasure to our lives, than the increased taste for the decoration of our homes. Experience alone can reveal to us the infinite "possibilities" for beauty which reside in each house, needing only artistic feeling and some little skill to call it forth, and we shall find a delight and pleasure in our own simple contrivances which no bought decorations could afford. It must be confessed, however, that the usual attempts at plant-culture are eminently disappointing, and the results vexation and annoyance to the novice in the art. Everything appears to die so soon: the blossoms fall, and the plant fades, without either "rhyme or reason." Our poor little endeavours to decorate our empty grates, too, are such sorrowful failures, the limits of plant-life in that position being apparently reached in little more than a week. Several reasons may be given for the disappointments. We do not know how or when to water our fragile friends; we forget to guard them from draughts; they lack light and air, or we have not the necessary knowledge and experience to choose the proper plants for in-door culture.

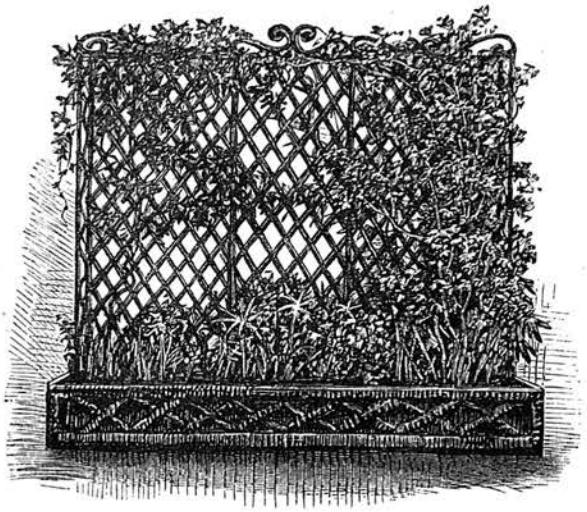
Our grand stand-bys must always be palms and ferns; the last-named are sometimes the best resource of the dwellers in town. "They will grow," says a recent authority, "where flowering plants will perish." They only require moisture and shade, and—perhaps better than all to some people, with but a small share of this world's wealth—they may be gathered freely by all: in the woodlands, in the common hedgerows, indeed in almost every locality where Dame Nature spreads her carpet of greenery. The secret of successful fern-culture, of taking up ferns in the open air for home decoration, seems to consist in securing a good ball of earth round the roots, and carefully noticing all the smaller circumstances of their position—soil, water, and shade—that you may give your best endeavours to imitate them at home. Fern soil is composed of loam, peat, and leaf-mould; in case this cannot be procured, the ordinary soil from the garden can be mixed with sandy loam, and some chemical fertiliser added instead of the leaf-mould.

The commonest ferns are the most suitable for our purpose, for they are the most hardy, and will flourish best in the atmosphere in which we shall place them. They will require no heating apparatus to keep them healthy in a cold place, and they will not mind either hot rooms or gas, provided they be given sufficient moisture and kept free from insects. They will thrive better in pots than when planted in beds, and require but little attention.

One of our most charming auxiliaries in our efforts at home decoration is virgin cork; its soft grey colouring is delightful, especially in close vicinity to the fresh green of ferns, and its moderate price brings it within the reach of every one's purse. On paying a visit to a friend, we found her busy with hammer and nails in her library, turning an ugly window, looking out on a back yard, into a perfect bower of beauty. The window had been taken out, and a roughly constructed frame placed on the outside, which was being covered with cork, making a pleasant vista like our pretty illustration, the small fountain only excepted. The ferns used were the common British ones, which grow wild, and had in most cases been collected with her own hands. The very large ones are, perhaps, of too robust habit, except during their youthful days, for a small window; but the amateur fern-grower will have the best success with them, so had better try them first. They are the male fern, lady fern, triangular buckler fern, and mountain buckler fern. The other common varieties are the hard fern, the black maiden-hair spleenwort, the common maiden-hair spleenwort, the mountain parsley fern, the brittle bladder fern, and the common polypody; these are all dwarf-growing varieties. A selection of both large and small will be needed to make a window or an alcove look well. Into the question of greenhouse ferns we need not to enter, as I do not consider that they come within the scope of our cheap decorations.

Amongst the hardy flowers and plants which it will

be easy to cultivate for our home purposes, I may mention the ivies, jasmine, Virginian creeper, hops, ivy geraniums, maurandia, periwinkle, wallflowers, violets, primroses, mignonette, geraniums, heliotrope.

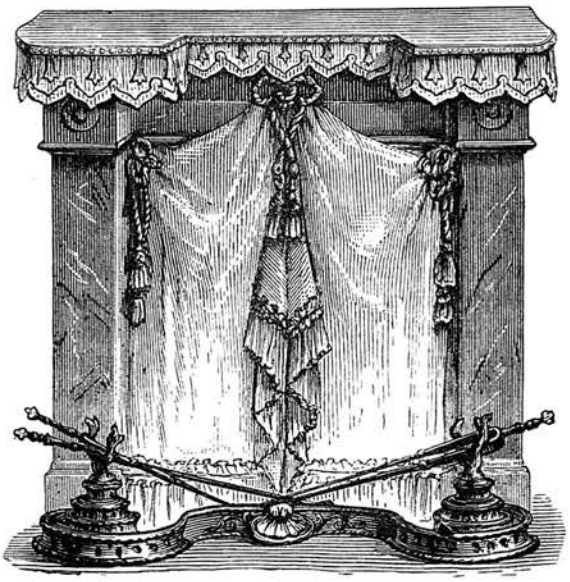


Amongst shrubs there are plenty to be selected, which will be permanent ornaments to the house. It will be seen that I have only selected the best known and the simplest to manage, as well as the most moderate in price, for it is no part of my desire to recommend extravagance in their selection. If it can be afforded, nothing is so beautiful as a few palms or expensive ferns, but they need much care and some knowledge. It should be remembered, with reference to flowering plants, that those with smooth shining leaves last longer than others in the house, as the dust which settles on them can be removed without injuring the leaves. This washing should be done in the cool of the evening with a damp sponge. No plants in hot rooms should be sponged, and they should be watered so that the water will not touch the leaves. Pot-plants thrive best when they are rather pot-bound.

The fireplace is one of our summer anxieties, and after much experience I have come to the conclusion that curtains are the most suitable, many bed-rooms especially having such draughty chimneys that they prove a very considerable addition to their comfort. Where there is no more air than is needed for health, the curtains should be drawn back at night. If the furniture of the bed-room be chintz, the curtains may be of the same material, and lined. They are sometimes made to match the toilet-table cover, of white sprigged muslin and coloured calico.

We give an example of an ordinary window-blind screen made of wicker ; in front of it is a long box in which flowering plants may be grown, such as tropacolums, sweet-pea, or canariensis, and trained over the screen. Artificial ivy-wreaths are also used for this purpose, as natural ivy does not flourish without much air and light. Hardy ferns and some of the foliage-plants, such as *Euonymus japonicus*, *Dracæna magnifica*, or *Grevillea robusta*, will answer in a cool and empty fireplace, and the curtains can then be festooned into graceful hangings, which will add much to the general effect.

When fireplaces are decorated with ferns and flowers, it will be found an excellent plan to dismiss the steel fender, and supply its place with a square-shaped,



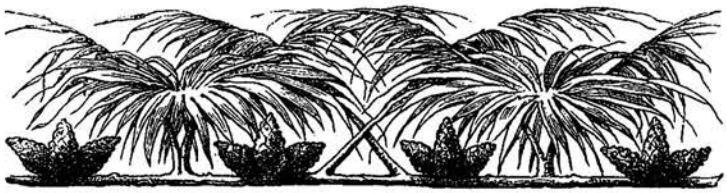
velvet-covered fender, which may even match the curtains of the fireplace. The mode of its manufacture is very simple. First, a flat frame of wood is made of the required shape, and over it are placed small arches of wood, with a lath from end to end supporting them ; over this is stretched canvas, which is slightly padded ; over this is put the velvet, very smoothly placed, with the oblique join at the two front corners, very neatly folded in ; round the lower edge a row of handsome gilt-headed nails is placed. Within this fender the ferns and plants are arranged with much additional effect.

The decoration of flower-pots is just now attracting much attention. Of course, a china painter will be able to do it for herself, but there are several simpler methods which may be described. The common clay flower-pots have great capabilities in them, and may be painted with little trouble or expense. Two or three coats of oil-paint are required, of any colour selected : light red or black, if Greek or Egyptian subjects were selected for the decoration. The design

is then outlined by means of black tracing-paper, which may be filled-in in ivory-black with a fine camel's-hair brush. The colours for this should be those sold in tubes by the artists' colourman. These common pots can also be decorated, without the preliminary coats of paint, on the light-red clay foundation of the pot, which must be well rubbed with sand-paper, and then brushed clean from dust, and all roughness removed. The designs most suitable are trailing sprays of ivy, Virginian creepers, or branches and fronds of fern. They may be drawn as described, and then filled up with green, or shaded in white and black. If these pots are to be very hardly used, they should be varnished, and the last-named can be permanently fixed by baking at a pottery.

The water bouquet is an old fashion of drawing-room decoration just revived. It consists of flowers, leaves, and buds immersed in water beneath a glass shade, which owes its peculiar beauty to the sparkling appearance which the vegetable forms assume, and the lovely effects of the refraction of light. In addition to the glass shade, a plate must be provided to fit the bottom of the glass shade exactly. In the centre of this the bouquet is arranged, tied to a stone to give the needful weight and prevent its rising to the top of the glass. A tub of water is procured, in which the plate with the bouquet is placed, and the glass shade is introduced into the water sidewise, so as to leave no air within it, and placed in position over the flowers. The whole is then lifted from the tub, when, as there is no atmospheric pressure from within, the shade will remain full of water, which will not flow out, although a little water should be left round the edge of the glass to keep it thoroughly air-tight. This bouquet remains beautiful for about a week in summer and for ten days in the winter.

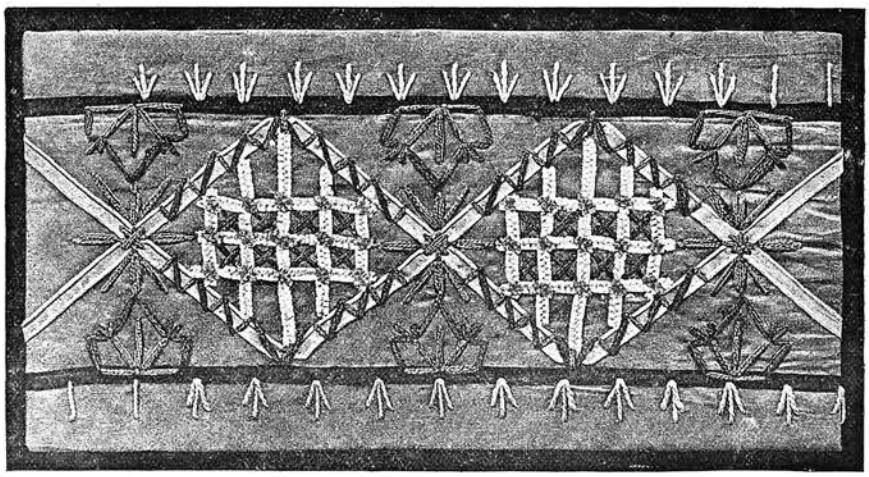
DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.



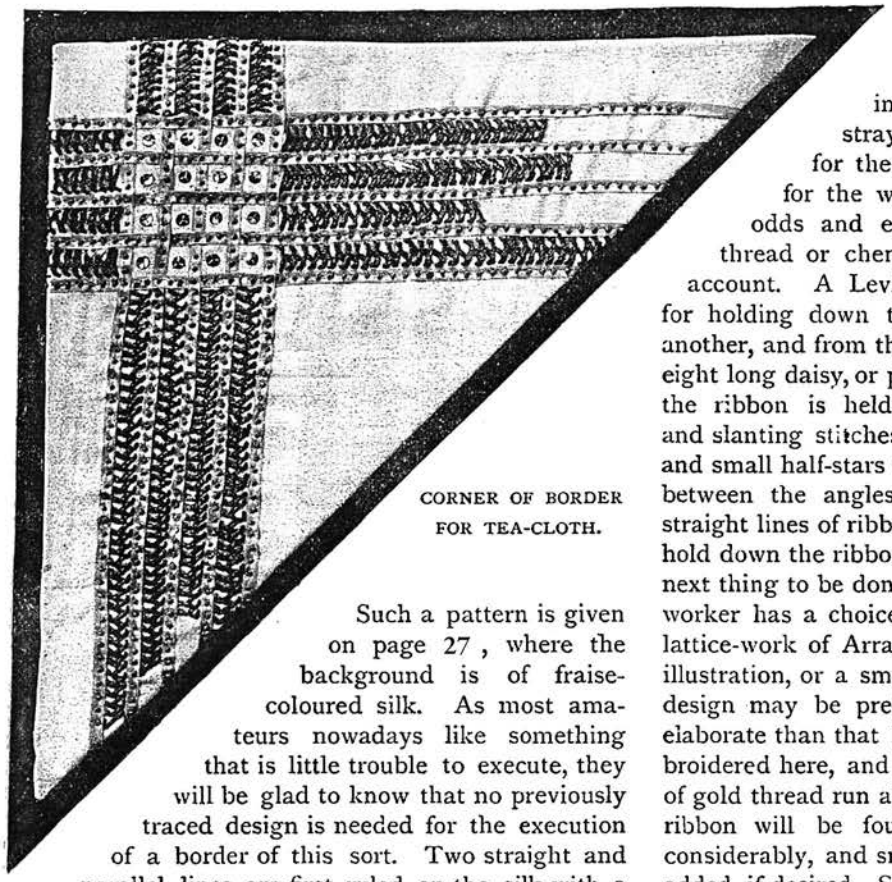
NEW RIBBON WORK.

INGENUITY is now busy devising various ways in which skilful fingers can utilise the baby ribbons, for which there has been such a rage of late, in the adornment of embroidery and fancy knick-knacks of all kinds. This is scarcely to be wondered at when the enormous variety of colours and shades in which these ribbons are to be had is remembered, and they certainly seem better suited for the decoration of fancy work than for using in hats and bonnets, and on dresses, where they had decidedly a straggling and weedy appearance. Many baby ribbons are of dull silk merely corded, others are satin; more frequently than not, whatever may be the centre, the edge is corded, or is more fanciful, but the width seldom exceeds a quarter of an inch. Velvet is to be had in about the same width; and in many cases, when used with the silk, contributes greatly to the richness of the effect.

Ribbon work, as it is at present, may be divided into two classes: that executed with ribbon pure and simple, and that in which the ribbons, while still forming the main part of the decoration, are employed upon silk, velvet, or linen, and held in place with fancy stitches of coloured silks. In the ribbon embroideries executed by our great grandmothers, it is the finer makes still that were utilised, such as could easily be drawn through the material with the aid of a large needle. Except when the coarsest kinds of canvas are employed, baby ribbons are unsuitable for this class of work, and the designs worked are consequently of a very simple nature without many curves and windings.



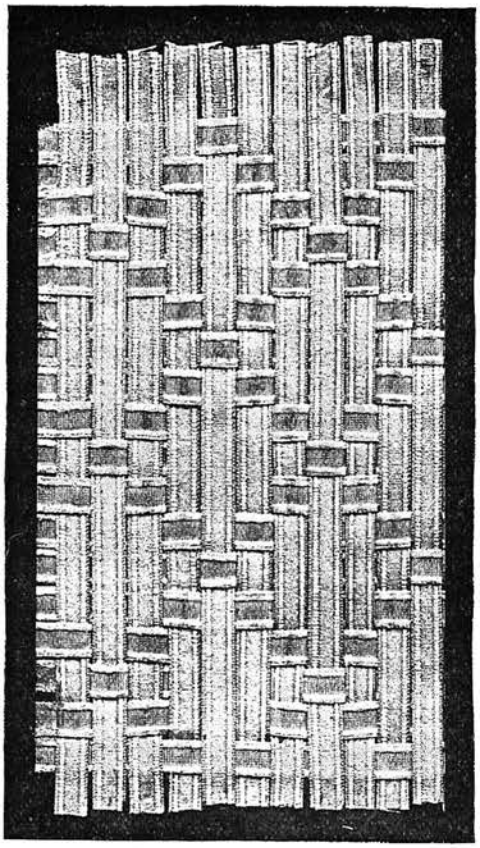
BAND EMBROIDERED WITH SILKS AND BABY RIBBON.



CORNER OF BORDER FOR TEA-CLOTH.

Such a pattern is given on page 27 , where the background is of fraise-coloured silk. As most amateurs nowadays like something that is little trouble to execute, they will be glad to know that no previously traced design is needed for the execution of a border of this sort. Two straight and parallel lines are first ruled on the silk with a piece of white or coloured chalk, about three inches apart. Then along each of these lines is tacked a piece of the ribbon, of any colour fancy may suggest, care only being needed to ensure its being quite straight. At half-inch intervals along these two lines dots of chalk are made, to serve as a guide for placing the groups of three stitches which hold down the ribbon. Along the outer edge of the border it is as well to place the stitches rather further apart to avoid a crowded appearance. The eye of most workers is, or should be, sufficiently well-trained to allow these stitches to be made all the same length, and no guide should be needed either for the placing of the side stitches which, while about an eighth of an inch from the longer and middle stitch at the top, are passed through the same hole at the bottom. These three stitches are taken just over the corded edge of the ribbon, and so one side of it becomes firmly held down to the silk. Now the worker must take her piece of chalk again, and make dots at intervals of three inches along the inner edge of the straight lines of ribbon. The dots on each band should be opposite each other. Some baby ribbon of another colour should now be laid upon the silk diagonally between the two straight bands : that is, from a dot on one line to the next dot towards the left on the opposite line, then to the next mark on the first line towards the left, and so on all along. Where the ribbon touches a dot it must be folded over so as to set flat before starting on its next journey across the material. Thus is formed a zigzag pattern which in the original was turned into a series of squares by a similar set of vandykes, the ribbon for which touches all the dots that were left unnoticed in the last part of the pattern. Any stray needlefuls of silk may be used for the embroidery—no small advantage for the worker who has a large hoard of odds and ends—and short lengths of gold thread or chenille may also be turned to good account. A Leviathan cross-stitch is convenient for holding down the ribbons where they cross one another, and from the angles beyond it should spring eight long daisy, or picot, stitches. Beyond the picots, the ribbon is held down with alternately straight and slanting stitches worked with silk of two colours, and small half-stars of the same two colours are placed between the angles of the squares and against the straight lines of ribbon. Any stitches that can help to hold down the ribbon must be arranged to do so. The next thing to be done is to fill the open squares. The worker has a choice of many ways of doing this. A lattice-work of Arrasene may be employed, as in the illustration, or a small leaf or flower of some fanciful design may be preferred, while a star rather more elaborate than that between the squares may be embroidered here, and gives an excellent effect. A line of gold thread run along the middle of each band of ribbon will be found to brighten the work very considerably, and small beads and spangles may be added, if desired. Such work as this is suitable for the ornamentation of many fancy articles, such as work-bags, book-covers, or glove and handkerchief sachets.

The second example represents the corner of a simple, but very effective border, suitable for a tea-cloth. It is worked upon Tussore silk, the brownish cream-colour serving admirably as a background for the embroidery in shades of yellow and brown. Here the ribbon, of a bright tone of yellow, is run along in straight lines, rather less than half an inch being left between each. In the original there are five lines of ribbon, and they are accurately darned alternately over and under each other at the corners, as can be seen in the illustration. The only difficulty in such a piece of work as this consists in spacing the ribbons equally ; but anyone accustomed to run tucks will understand the convenience of measuring distances with the help of a piece of card. If a still more detailed guide is required, the material may be stretched out upon a board or table, and the necessary lines ruled upon it with a piece of chalk. The worker will find the business of working the French knots with which the ribbon is held down greatly simplified if she has been very particular in tacking the bands upon the foundation. The more stitches used for this the less will be the chance of puckering the work, and so hindering the ribbon from setting flatly upon the silk. The knots should be about one-eighth of an inch apart, and should be worked with silk a shade darker than the ribbon. As far as can be, it is advisable to avoid placing the knots upon the tacking threads, as this renders them more easily removed. Hence the tacking should be rather to the side than exactly in the middle of the

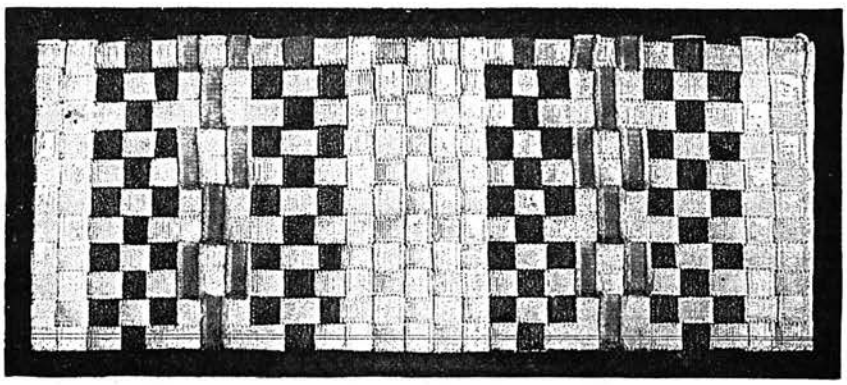


SIMPLE DESIGN IN RIBBON PLAITING.

ribbon. Between each band is worked a line of fancy stitching, which, while filling the space, does not actually touch the edge of the ribbon on either side. There are several ornamental stitches suitable for this part of the work, such as herring-bone, coral, feather, fish-bone, and oriental stitch ; indeed, if a variety is desired, a different stitch may well be placed in each division. The small squares left between each band of ribbon at the corners have next to be filled. In the original work, spangles were employed here, one being placed in the centre of each space, but, if preferred, French knots, jewels, or a little lace wheel, may be substituted. Even so simple a design as this may be greatly varied. The ribbons, for instance, may be different in colour instead of all alike, or the five bands may be each of a different shade of the same colour, the outer one being the darkest. Or the centre and two side lines may be of narrow velvet, which mixes charmingly with the satin. Or again, the middle band may be wider than the two on each side of it. A further addition may also be made in the shape of a line of gold thread along the outermost edges of the ribbon on each side of the border. The gold should be used double, the outer strand being sewn down in a series of loops at half-inch intervals. Art serge, Sicilienne cloth, or linen, can be used as a background, if desired, but the silken ribbons are by most people considered worthy of being laid upon a foundation of silk. They look handsome, too, upon a background of velvet or velveteen.

The next three illustrations show a way of utilising baby ribbon that is totally different from the first, inasmuch as that the design itself is formed with ribbons only, no foundation material being needed. The work recalls the paper plaiting used in Kindergarten teaching. The small pattern at the top of this page is the simplest of all given here, and would make up into charming little scent sachets, photograph and card-cases, note-book covers, and similar small things for bazaars. Ribbon of two colours should be used, and by preference these should be light in tint, such as pale pink and heliotrope, green, or blue. The easiest way of managing the work is as follows :— Take a drawing-board, and arrange upon it a number of pieces of ribbon all of one colour, and of the length required for the work with about two inches over. Set these bands side by side longitudinally, and hold them down to the board at each end with a pin or a tin-tack driven in so that it can be easily removed. Drawing pins answer better than anything else, but so large a number as are required for good-sized patterns is not always at hand. Now begin the weaving, darning the second set horizontally over and under the first set of ribbons, taking the bands over certain lines and under others, according to the requirements of the pattern. To give an example :—In the top row in the pattern shown here, the horizontal heliotrope lines are taken alternately under five pink ones, and over one. In the second row, under three, over one, under one, over one, under three, and so on. In the third row, under three, over one, under one, over one, and in the fourth row, under five, and over one. The fifth, sixth, and seventh rows are like the third, second, and first respectively. If possible, the wrong side of the ribbons should set uppermost while the work is being executed, the right side resting against the board. The reason for this will be seen hereafter. As each band of ribbon is threaded, it should be pushed up so that it rests evenly by the side of that which was laid last, and should be held down at each end with a pin.

When all are placed, they must be secured in one of two ways, the former being the best when the plaiting

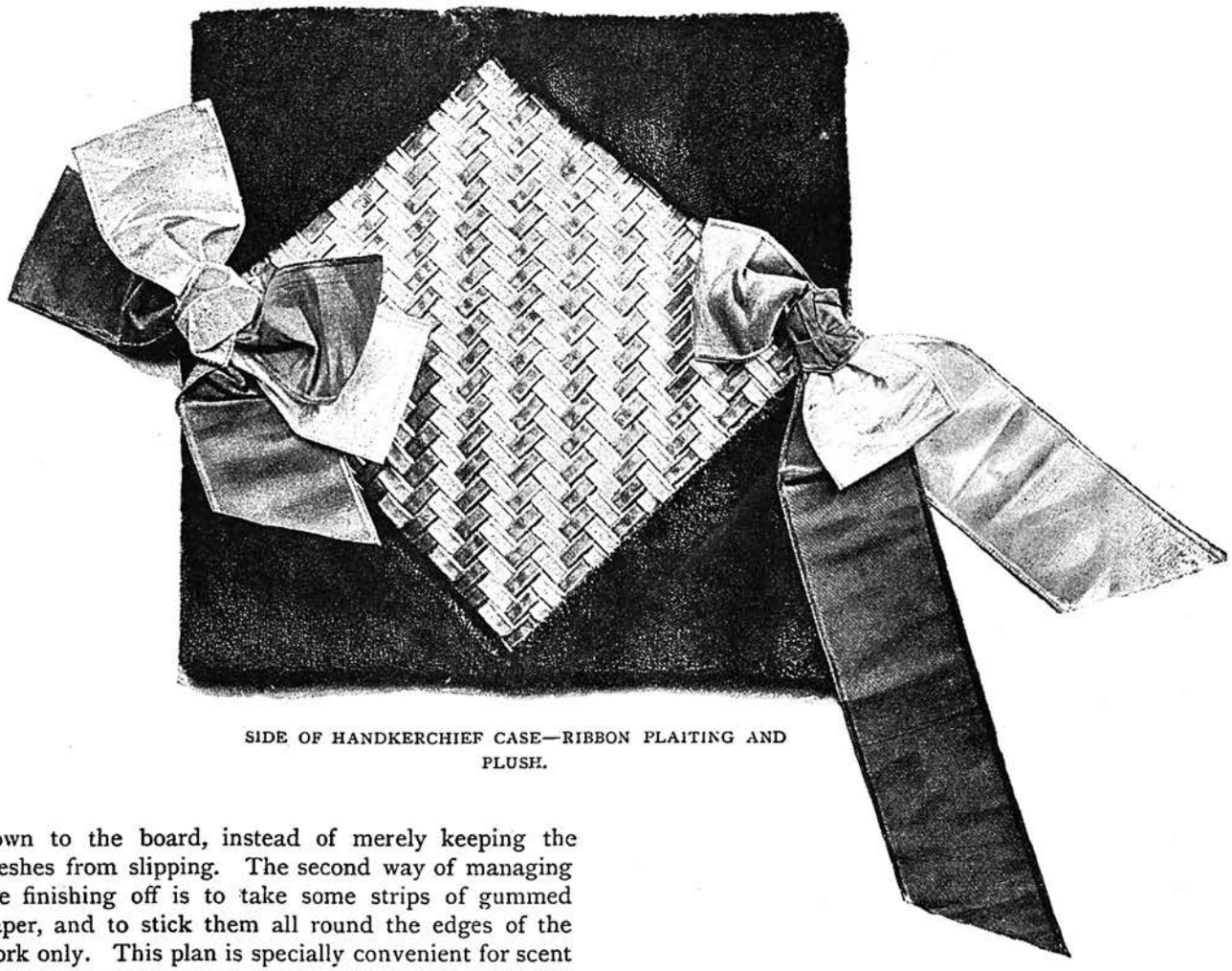


RIBBON PLAITING IN THREE COLOURS.

is to be laid upon a second material, and held down with embroidery stitches. The first plan is to take a brush and a very little paste—it is scarcely possible to get too little—and spread this over the ribbon. Then lay a piece of tissue-paper over the work *inside* the rows of pins, which are removed when this is dry, and the plaiting is thereby released from the board. It can now be seen that this backing could not be done without disturbing the plaiting by removing the pins if the ribbons were used with their right side uppermost. Also, that if too much paste is taken, or if it is too moist, it would have the effect of holding the work down to the board, instead of merely keeping the meshes from slipping. The second way of managing the finishing off is to take some strips of gummed paper, and to stick them all round the edges of the work only. This plan is specially convenient for scent sachets, as the meshes of the ribbon will allow the perfume free passage, and for any other fancy article for which the plaiting is required soft instead of stiff.

The second piece of weaving on page 29 shows the effect of three colours: red, white, and blue. Here the vertical strands are white, the colours being added in horizontal lines. All the bands, with the exception of the blue cover, are under only one of the longitudinal strands, the blue being taken over two. Hence this is a particularly easy pattern to manage, and at the same time one which lends itself as well to the decoration of large articles as to that of small ones. It can be made up into very pretty book-covers, the stripes being arranged so that they run vertically down the sides of the book.

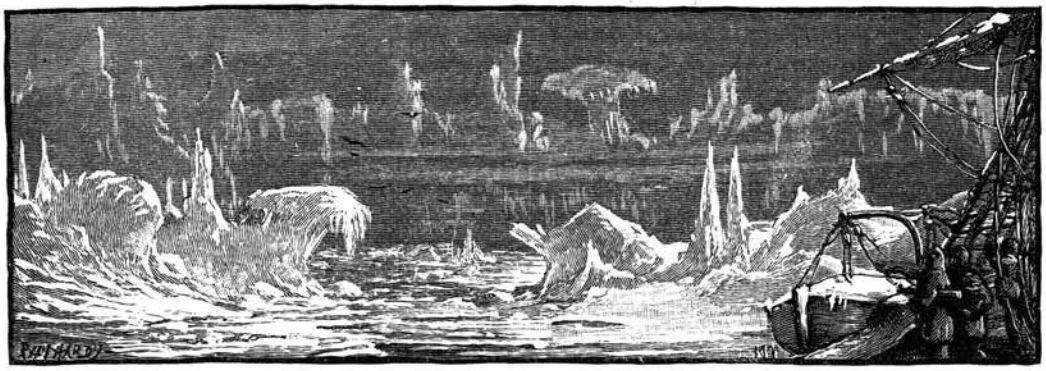
The side of a handkerchief case, shown here, proves how effective is the ribbon weaving when made up as a panel in a frame of coloured plush or velvet. The plaiting here is executed with two colours, cream and green, either of which can be used for the longitudinal strands. The plaiting is composed only of simple darning alternately over two and under two bands, the pair picked up in each row being just one band further to the left than was the case in the preceding row. Nothing could be easier, and the effect is quite as good as that of many of the patterns which require more care and attention. When it is necessary to make up the plaiting upon a tolerably firm foundation, as in the case of a handkerchief sachet, it should be backed with thin paper, as above described, and can then be handled, and indeed embroidered upon, without any fear of disturbing the weaving.



SIDE OF HANDKERCHIEF CASE—RIBBON PLAITING AND PLUSH.

Enough has now been said to show the worker what a large field is open for her ingenuity in devising new and complicated patterns in this ribbon weaving. She will find it a most interesting occupation, and one that will pass many a winter evening pleasantly, provided only that she label her ribbons according to tint, that her work may not be hindered by the necessity of waiting for daylight to distinguish the colours.

ELLEN T. MASTERS.



HOUSEKEEPING IN FOREIGN LANDS.

THE HOME LIFE OF THE ESKIMO, ILLUSTRATED WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

IT seems very much like giving the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out to give an account of Hyperborean Housekeeping without a description of the most curious abodes in which the Eskimo women keep house. I shall give these descriptions, of course, as I saw them, for the Eskimos are a very widely-scattered race, reaching from the shores of the Atlantic ocean to those of the great Pacific, and no one traveler has ever been over all of the vast but thinly-settled line they occupy along the frozen coasts of the Northern seas. My descriptions shall be especially pertinent to the Eskimos of North Hudson's Bay and those on and near King William's Land in the Arctic Ocean, although I have met these most singular people at some other points of their extended country.

As all these Eskimos are of a nomadic character, wandering around to find the different kinds of game which supplies them with food and clothing at the various seasons, their houses are necessarily of a temporary sort and vary much with the season of the year.

The summer house is made of sealskins—not the valuable ones of fur from which the fair sex make their beautiful sacques and jackets in lower climes, but from the skin of the hair seal, not worth one-tenth as much. A single pole in the center, with a sort of T-shaped spreading-board two or three feet long at the top, gives the tent walls enough spread when held down at the flaps by small stones used in lieu of tent pins, to allow considerable room inside. Other upright poles with guy-ropes, as shown in the figure, complete its simple construction. The rear two-thirds to three-fourths of the tent is made of heavy untanned sealskin with the hair on and is impervious to light, and the few gentle showers that characterize the polar summer. The front part of the tent is made of thin split walrus-hide, almost as transparent as glass, and gives the inmates in the dark portion in the rear quite as much light as would a large window in the front. This parchment-like part of the tent is so thin that even the slight summer showers will pelt through, and anything that can be injured by the rain will be kept in the rear. The housewife often sits in this light portion of the tent to do her sewing or cooking when the weather is fine and favorable, but if squally or severe, they always withdraw under the friendly shelter of the heavier part of the *toó-pik*, as they call this summer abode. About the only useful protection this thin part really gives is from the wind, for at all other times when it can be used the same work or play can be done as well, if not better, out of doors. This tent does not weigh over forty to fifty pounds and can be readily carried on a dog's back when they are moving, a very frequent occurrence in the summer when they are traveling after the reindeer in their migrations. The prevailing color of the sealskins are dingy browns and blacks,

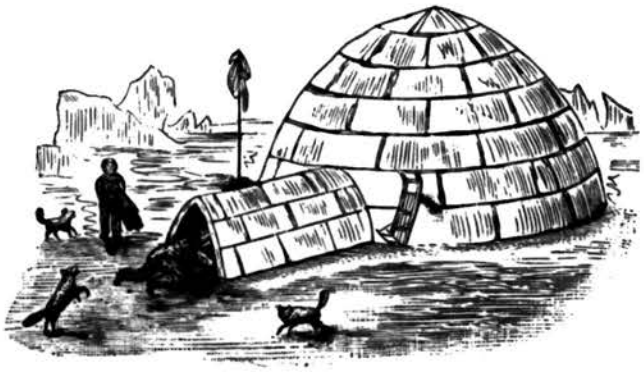
and as this is also the color of an Arctic summer landscape, with its black rocks and brown patches of moss and lichens, a traveler with unpracticed eye will stumble right on top of one of these summer villages of the Eskimo before he sees it, unless the hubbub of the people and the dogs apprise him of its presence before, and he begins searching for it from these noisy signs. When I first visited North Hudson's Bay in the fall of 1878, we approached the shore with our vessel to within less than a mile, but could see no signs of Eskimos, where in the past they had been very plentiful, although we had the aid of good field-glasses to assist us. Presently a *kiak*, or Eskimo skin canoe was seen on the blue water and in a little while a whole fleet of them magically

sprang into existence from the lonely looking shore. In a moment after the first native crew had landed on our decks they managed to point out to us their summer sealskin tents, but it was an almost typical case of looking for a needle in a haystack.

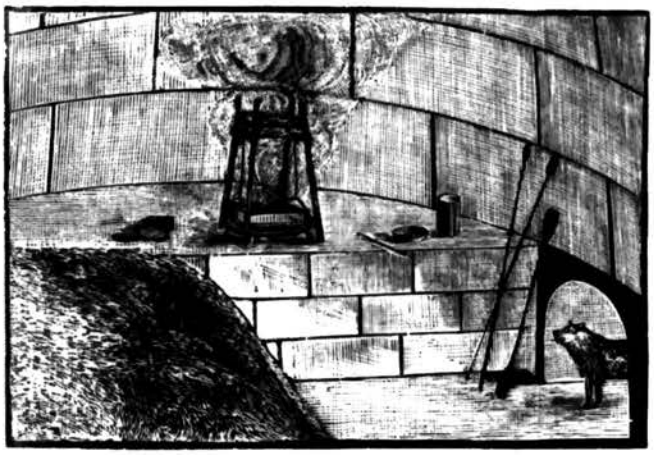
Their houses of the fall and winter are called *igloos*. The *igloos*, if there be an insufficiency of good snow, are made of ice. Large rectangular slabs of ice, about the size of a common house-door are cut from some neighboring fresh

water lake when it has formed to about six inches in thickness, and these are then placed upon their ends and joined edge to edge, forming a circular pen of ice of from ten to fifteen feet in diameter, according to the number of intended occupants. Over this house of ice, the summer sealskin tent is tightly lashed for a roof, supported upon its poles converging to the center, while an entrance hole is cut in the ice-slab facing the south, which is protected by a small entrance-way of ice-slabs as shown in the illustration.

The snow-house, or true *igloo*, while by far the most important and interesting, has been so much oftener described



that I will only give a very short account of it here. The half of an egg-shell resting on its rim is almost an exact counterpart of its shape, while, like the *igloo* of ice, it has a long entrance-way or snow-tunnel leading to its door, through which the native inmate can just squeeze when crawling in on his hands and knees. A snow-bank, from two to three feet high, takes up from two-thirds to three-fourths of the interior plan, and upon this are spread the reindeer skins which form the bed. A continuation of this snow-bed forward on the woman's side makes a little platform which holds the native



stone-lamp over which the food is cooked and the skin clothes are dried. The only ventilation of the *igloo* is the slow permeation of the air through its porous walls, but should it get too warm inside—that is, should it get above the freezing point of the Fahrenheit scale, the heat incident thereto ascends to the top and soon cuts its way through the crevices of the snow-blocks, and lets in an ample supply of fresh air. The true *igloo* is made of snow-blocks much smaller than the ice-slabs, probably one-fourth to one-sixth that size, as can be seen in the illustration, while as to weight, every one knows that for the same bulk, snow is in no wise so heavy as ice. When the *igloo* is built and the snow-bed finished inside, the housewife's duty begins with the unloading of the sledge. The reindeer skins used for the bedding are on the outside of the load over everything else, and if the day has been a little bit stormy, or the sledge has upset anywhere, the fur of the skins is full of snow and this has to be brushed off or it will make a very uncomfortable bed for even an Eskimo. The "brush" is a stick about the size of a policeman's club, bluntly sharpened on an edge, and with this every skin and article of clothing is beaten, like we so delight to beat carpets in our own country, until not a flake of snow remains in them. The remainder of the sledge is usually unloaded by the men, while the housewife makes down the bed on the bedstead of snow, her future work being all indoors now until the whole family moves again, which is not near as often as in summer, an *igloo* often doing for two or three months, and probably averaging a month in age. The first thing put over the snow-bed is a big piece of canvas, if they can trade for it with the occasional visiting whalers from the land of civilization. Canvas being absent they substitute a piece of heavy tanned *ook-jook* (the great seal), which is impervious to water. Then comes a great shaggy untanned musk-ox robe or two, or if they are not to be had the robe of the polar bear is substituted, which does quite as well, but being far more valuable for trading with the whalers it is only in cases of necessity, or when they have a poor robe on hand that they will use it for their own simple wants. So far the bedding is useful only in keeping the moisture from their bodies and the readily absorbing reindeer skins, when the warmth of the former melts the snow under them while asleep. Nearly always, in awakening after a night's rest, the form of the sleeper is plainly impressed on the snow-bed underneath. And yet they are the warmest and most comfortable beds I have ever slept in. All my miserable nights on account of cold have been spent in civilization. The finely tanned reindeer skins, the hide as soft as the best tanned chamois and the fur as pleasant to the skin as that of a $500 sealskin sacque, make up the sheets and covers of this Boreal bed. The Eskimos have two suits of reindeer clothing, one—the inner—with the hair turned towards the body, the other with the hair turned outwards. When they come into a comfortably warmed *igloo*—that is, one with the temperature between zero and freezing; for higher than that the snow-house would melt down—they take off the outer suit, as one would take off an overcoat coming into the houses of our latitude, and rolling them into a bundle put them between the reindeer skins of the bed and the ascending walls of the snow-house. These prevent the feet of the sleeping Eskimo from resting against the snow of the *igloo*. The inner clothing, rolled into a similar bundle, when retiring, and put under the head, forms the pillow. The reindeer stockings are put over the native lamp to dry during the night, otherwise the perspiration, after a hard day's walk, freezes into a sort of hoar frost that is not at all pleasant next morning when putting in the bare foot, as I can vouch by personal experience. There is no "making up" or "making down" of the beds after the first time.

And now a word in regard to this Eskimo lamp, which occupies so much of the time and care of the Hyperborean housewife. Imagine a huge clam-shell on a scale that would make the straight edge of the shell from six inches to a foot in length. In the shallow part is placed from a quart to probably a gallon of oil, according to the size of the lamp, while along the edge, just touching the oil, is the moss that is used as the wicking. To prevent this wicking from smoking is the most difficult part of the lamp tending. It is a very compact moss that is rubbed in the hands, as a lover of the pipe rolls the whittlings of his plug tobacco, before being placed along the lamp's edge, and it is further trimmed or patted down by a small stick about the size of a lead pencil. Once fixed in this way the fire usually lasts about an hour or two before it needs attention again, but I have seen such perfection reached

in some of the old women of the tribe that a fire attended to at night on retiring was still burning fairly and without smoke next morning upon rising. The oil used is that from the seal and walrus. One of these—I cannot recall which just now—gives the clearest, brightest light and flame, but is the hardest to regulate as to smoking, making a choice between the two of no material consequence, and especially for the easily satisfied Eskimos.

The kettle which belongs over the lamp is much easier to describe, being a rectangular vessel of stone as long as the flame or straight edge of the lamp, and about four to eight inches deep and wide. Its bottom just touches the flame, and the food within never boils but only simmers as a result of the best fire that can be made. Consequently the food is some time in cooking, but when done, it is the most palatable of any I have ever tasted prepared by boiling if the little eccentricities of Eskimo cooking can be avoided, such as a too liberal supply of reindeer hair, seal and walrus grease, if the meat be reindeer or musk oxen, etc., etc. I have often thought that some of our boiled meats could be greatly improved by putting them in a thick stone kettle and allow them to simmer for half a day over a thin flame like that given by a small coal-oil stove. The Eskimo stone kettle is from three-fourths to an inch in thickness. Both of these stone kitchen utensils are often broken when traveling or roughly handled, but are easily mended with a cement made of peculiar ingredients, and so firmly is this done that a second break can be made directly along the first and in no way follow it, showing that the mending is stronger than the original stone, or at least equal to it.

If they are along the coast the meat mostly cooked in these curious kettles is that of the walrus, with the seal seldom far behind; if inland the reindeer predominates with the musk-ox occasionally in a few localities. The method the northern house-wife follows is the same with all of them. The kettle is filled about half full of water, generally about a gallon, and then pieces of meat of the size of one's fist are thrown in the kettle until it is full. This mass simmers from one to three hours (one if reindeer and possibly three if old walrus), when the meal is ready, breakfast, dinner and supper being all alike. The first course is to give each person present a quart or two-quart cup, made of musk-ox horn, about full of the meat. This is devoured by the recipients when the soup, resulting from boiling the meat, is dished up to them. This has from a half inch to two inches of grease on top of it, and is considered by the Eskimos the most delicious part of the meal, especially in the dead of winter.

All of the clothing of the Eskimos I knew was made from reindeer skins, which the men prepare and which the housewife makes into garments. The sewing is done with sinew thread stripped from the superficial dorsal muscles of the reindeer, and is much stronger than anything we have in the same line. A spool of thread, therefore, in Eskimo land, is a bunch of dried sinew, and looks like a bundle of dried tobacco leaves. This the men prepare. In fact they do all the work that laboring men do in our own country and much household duty besides. All the hardships imposed on the housewife in Hyperborea is that due to the terribly severe climate of that region, not to her liege lord, as so frequently occurs with savage races. The men are very considerate to those dependent on them, as well as to all others. The slave-like condition of the female sex so universal among the American Indians is unknown among the Eskimos of my acquaintance. Thus their home-life is simple and easily described, but none the less interesting, coming as it does from the curious and most singular country in which they are forced to carry it on.

—Frederick Schwatka.

THE MANUFACTURE OF MIRRORS,

And their Closely-Guarded Trade Secrets.

PROBABLY few of those who find the mirror so essential an article in the home know that its manufacture is one of the most closely guarded secrets in the industrial world. It is asserted on high authority that, simple as would seem the few processes required, even those who have worked for years on one portion of the production, know nothing of the other branches. There are but few manufactories in the country; in fact, in all the great manufacturing region lying between New York and Chicago but one firm produces plate-glass mirrors.

So closely is the secret of fine mirror-making kept, it is said, that many of the most valuable processes are not even covered by patent, the procuring of which would be attended with more or less publicity, even in those cases where patent might legally be claimed, and the knowledge lives close locked in the breasts of but very few people in the whole country. The plate glass which is used for mirrors must of course be of the choicest description, as the slightest flaw would be fatal. It is taken in the unfinished form to the factory, where it is cut, beveled, polished and silvered. The time required in the manufacture has been greatly shortened by the recent develop ments of the art of working, so that what only a few years ago required nearly a month in the accomplishment may now be completed within a single day.

The bevels are cut, first by the action of sand and water followed by the emery wheel, which is the last stage open to public inspection till the polishing, through several additional processes, has been completed. But it is in the silvering that the most delicate and important steps are taken, as the most carefully prepared glass is valueless if the silvering be anywhere defective. Formerly the back of the glass was coated with mercury, or quicksilver, from which the name of the process was derived; but the name is now even more true, since the backs of fine mirrors are generally coated with sheets of pure silver—or it would be more proper to say that they are backed with a plate of silver. This is a great improvement in many ways, to say nothing of the economy in the use of quicksilver. Not a few good housewives will recall how provoking it has been to find that a patch of the coating had peeled from the mirror in the "spare room," the loss not being discovered till a valued and perhaps slightly critical guest was expected as an occupant for that very room, and when there was no time, and perhaps not the means, to replace the now worthless looking-glass. This cannot happen, of course, when the backing is a solid sheet of metal. Another advantage is in the greater reflective powers of the pure silver, as now prepared. Formerly a reflection of two-thirds the light received was a very flattering result, and as low as sixty per cent. was satisfactory; now at least ninty-five per cent. of the light is reflected from first-class glasses.

—Newton Norton.

A Perennial Fever.

THE world hears much of the dangers of typhoid and yellow and scarlet fever, and the skill of physicians is ever employed to reduce those dangers to a minimum; but in every country, at all seasons of the year, there is a fever that numbers its victims by the thousand, and yet no doctor has ever prescribed for it, nor is there any drug in the pharmacopœia that will alleviate it.

The malady to which I refer is hen fever.

If a city woman intends marrying a city man, and then moving out a little way into the country, as she values her peace of mind, let her make sure that he is immune. Unless, indeed, both are prepared to come down with it at once. For it is unlike all other fevers in that a man and his wife may have it together and be happy; but if he or she have it alone, then woe be to that house.

The germs of hen fever are carried in a chance conversation, in a picture of gallinaceous activity, in the perusal of a poultry-book. A man hears or looks or reads, and the mischief is done. The subtle poison is in his blood, although he knows it not.

Hen fever takes various forms. With some it is manifested in a desire to keep a few blooded fowls and breed for points; with another, to keep a few birds for the sake of fresh eggs and broilers: but in whatsoever form it come, it will cause the upheaval of its victim's most cherished plans and habits.

He may have been an ardent admirer of Shakspere, and in the evenings it has been his wont to read aloud to his wife while she knitted; but now, little recking what she does, he reads to himself "Farm Poultry" or "The Care of Hens," or - -and this is the second stage of the disease—he reads aloud to her that hens cannot thrive without plenty of gravel, that cracked wheat is better than whole corn for growing pullets, that the best way to cure a hen of eating her own eggs is to fill one with mustard, etc.

Time was when he had an opinion on politics, on finance, on literature, on the thousand and one things that make for conversation, and his neighbors dropped in to hear him talk engagingly of what he had read or seen; but now, when they come, he tells them that his brown Leghorn hen laid twenty eggs in twenty-five days, while his buff Cochin laid only eight in the same time; that his white Plymouth Rock is crop-bound, and his Wyandotte rooster has the pip.

Lucky indeed is his wife if he stick to the good old way of hatching chickens by hens instead of kerosene-oil; for if he get an incubator she had better get a divorce. How many homes have been wrecked by patent incubators will never be known.

But even if the fevered one stick to the natural method of hatching, there will be many times when his wife will wonder why she left a comfortable and sociable home to spend her evenings alone; for he will be in the hen-house, setting hens, or washing soiled eggs, or divesting nestlings of the reluctant shell, or dusting his whole flock with the snuff-like insecticide, or kerosening their roosts.

With some the fever never abates; with some it is intermittent; some have it hardest in the spring of the year, when hens are laying their prettiest, and profits may be figured in money as well as on paper. But whether it be light or heavy, hen fever will run its course without let or hindrance; and, as I have hinted, happy is the wife who comes down with it simultaneously with her husband; for, though their neighbors will shun them as they would a deadly pestilence, yet they will be company for each other, and will prate ceaselessly, yet cheerily, upon the best foods for laying hens, the best exposure for coops, how many hens can live in one house with best results, when a chicken should be weaned of bread, what breed of hens is least idiotic, and kindred topics.

As for me, I am free to come and go among hens; to look on their markings with unmoved eye; to view their output with normal pulse; to hear "the cock's shrill clarion" without pricking up my ears; to read of the latest thing in incubators without turning a hair: for I have survived the fever; I am an immune.

Charles Battell Loomis.

Ballade of Poor Book-Worms.

THE book-stall on the corner bleak,
  Its grinning keeper knows us well;
As we pass by we never speak,
  But often linger for a spell.
  We ken the kernel by the shell,
And oft our slender purse is led
  Its grudging silver down to tell:
Books we must have though we lack bread!

Great stores we pass with glance oblique—
  Our coins their coffers seldom swell;
We wend to second-hand shop meek:
  We heed not dust, nor dirt, nor smell.
  The creaking door a cracked old bell
Sets jangling, and the hinge is red
  With rust, but bargains here they sell:
Books we must have though we lack bread!

We haunt book auctions week by week;
  Sweet music to our ears is yell
Of «Going, going,» and the shriek
  Of «Gone!»—since unto us it fell,
  «Lot 3.» One cast us down to hell
With Dante, one to heaven sped
  Our souls—his namesake's Damozel:
Books we must have though we lack bread!

ENVOI.

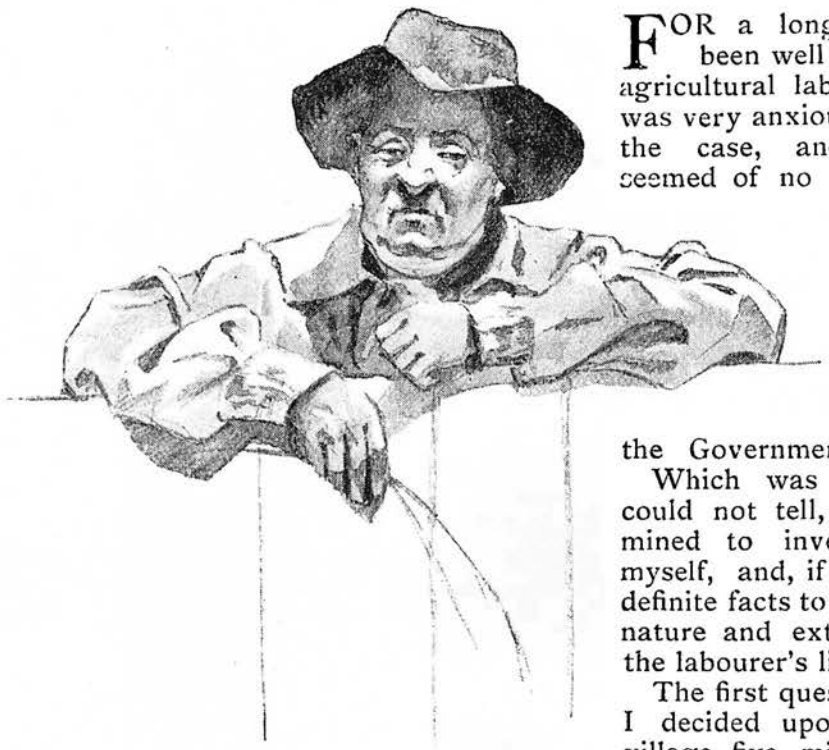
Love, when our plenishing we 'd seek,
  We bought the bookcase ere the bed;
And this is still the purse's leak:
  Books we must have though we lack bread!

Alice Williams Brotherton.

HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES.

THE AGRICULTURAL LABOURER.

By H. G. PEARCE.



FOR a long time my mind had been well exercised as to how the agricultural labourer really did live. I was very anxious to know the facts of the case, and newspaper accounts seemed of no use, one leading daily asserting that never had the labourer been so well off, while another contended that his condition was a truly deplorable one, and demanded the active interference of the Government.

Which was the true assertion? I could not tell, and straightway determined to investigate the matter for myself, and, if possible, obtain a few definite facts to go upon concerning the nature and extent of the hardships of the labourer's life.

The first question was, where to go? I decided upon a remote Dorsetshire village five miles or more from the nearest railway station, standing in the midst of wild moorland and common. Here I hoped to find the true Dorsetshire labourer as described by Professor Fawcett and others, and, by comparing his condition with that of his more favoured brother in the north, be able to draw my own conclusions.

Inspired with an ardent desire after truth, I managed to catch an early train at Waterloo and went off gaily on my tour of investigation. After some hours of travelling I reached my destination. It was pouring with rain and getting rather dark. The only person I could see on the little wayside platform was the station-master, and he seemed to be there quite by accident. He was gazing with a depressed air after the departing train and appeared quite unconscious of my presence, and quite unimpressed by my great mission. I walked up to him, and presented him with my ticket very much with the air of the "Dodo" in *Alice in Wonderland*, and asked where I could get some vehicle to carry me and my traps to the remote village.

He gazed at me for some little time without answering, and then asked me in broad Dorsetshire to repeat my question, which I did with some impatience.

"Nedmore, did you say?"

"Yes; Nedmore."

"Never heard of such a place, and I've lived here these six years. Nedmore, did you say?"

"Yes; Nedmore!" I shrieked again. "Never mind, I won't trouble you. I daresay I can find it." And I walked away very conscious of his suspicious gaze, and angry with myself for not making arrangements beforehand to be met at such an out-of-the-way place.

I had not gone very far when I heard a shout, and, looking back, I saw the station-master gesticulating. He told me there was a man with a trap who would very likely drive me anywhere for a consideration, if I didn't mind driving with a load. I cheerfully scout the idea and scramble up into a rather dilapidated trap, the back part of which is already occupied by a full-grown sheep, while a sack of corn is at our feet.

I tell my friend where I want to go, and to my joy I find he lives near, and will take me to a friend of his whose wife takes in lodgers during the summer—at least she always puts up the late Vicar's son when he wants to do a bit of quiet reading ; he he is about the only person who knows of such a lonely place.

After a long drive on a road running for five or six miles between the heath we stop at a gate leading into a potato patch, and my companion tells me I shall find a cottage at the far end, where his friends live.

I soon found the abode, a long, low cottage with a thatched roof and creepers trained over the rustic porch. I explain my errand, and am assured by Mrs. Cole that I can have a bedroom and the parlour, and she will do her best to give satisfaction if I can content myself with very plain fare, as the butcher only calls once a week, on Saturday, and she does not happen to have any meat left in the house.

This is my first introduction to a Dorsetshire cottage, and I note everything with much interest.

The kitchen, which is used as the family dining and sitting room, is a good-sized room with a brick floor and large open grate. I could see the stars as I looked up the chimney. Two sides of bacon were drying here. The walls of the room were papered, and hung with gaily-coloured almanacs presented by baker and grocer, portraits of friends in various positions of startling ferocity, "death cards," with a lavish display of "weeping willow" and urn clasped by a distracted white-robed figure, framed in funereal black, and over the mantelpiece is a "sampler" worked by Mrs. Cole's grandmother as a specimen of her skill and diligence when eleven years old.

One corner of the room is occupied by a large eight-day clock with a brass face. A chest of drawers and a kitchen dresser (two pieces of furniture invariably found in a well-to-do Dorsetshire cottage) take up one side of the room, and are covered with treasures of different kinds. The dresser, with its best china, glass, and rows of jugs, is a great feature of every cottage, and no bad indicator of the social position of its possessor.

The parlour into which I am presently shown is a small room about six feet eight in size, made stuffy by carpet, window-curtains, and a superabundance of furniture. The window, of course, is hopelessly blocked by flowering plants in a rather anæmic condition, and the round table is artistically laid out with gaily bound volumes, photograph albums, bibles and hymn books. A stuffed puppy and canary under a glass shade give a further air of unreality to the room. It is obviously a room to be used only on special occasions, and never by the family.

My bedroom is over the parlour. Here everything is beautifully clean and neat, with a faint smell of apples, because "it is the best room in the house to keep them, and the children don't dare venture in." I feel convinced I should have spent a comfortable night here had not Mrs. Cole, when wishing me "good night," informed me that the bed had been kept well aired by "Gramp" (a terrible old man of eighty), and that she hoped the thatched roof would not inconvenience me, a remark fraught with terrible meaning, as I was soon to discover; thatch apparently being the cherished home of earwigs and their kind, who gave me no rest, at any rate the first night I spent with them.

The next morning my zeal as a rural investigator had somewhat cooled, and my spirits did not rise when I discovered that I was to breakfast upon two large *slices* of fried bacon (it looked like salt pork) and some rather dubious-looking butter from the small village shop. I ask for a time-table to discover what chance of escape there is from the agricultural labourer, and my hostess, after much searching, produces one for January, 1890, with many of the leaves gone.

I then turn my attention to the breakfast table, and petition for some of the mushrooms I can see growing in the field outside, to be cooked with the bacon, and suggest that a fresh egg or two would also be a welcome addition to the meal.

When my humble wants are supplied I feel distinctly happier, and able to take a quite intelligent interest in Mrs. Cole's conversation and remarks. She tells me her husband is a carpenter and earns

AFTER A LONG DRIVE WE STOP AT A GATE LEADING INTO A POTATO PATCH.

very good money. Lately he has been employed in the restoration of a church near, and has been in steady work for some time. That it is not every one in the village who is so well off. Many of the labourers find it hard work to make both ends meet, and that last winter there was much distress.

Most of the cottages in Nedmore belong to the lord of the manor, who is seldom at home, an agent living some miles away transacting all necessary business.

"You see, ma'am, that's bad for the village. There is no one, as you may say, to take an interest in nobody. The clergyman is no good beyond preaching his two sermons on Sunday (not but what the one before him was a good man and did a lot for the people), and the Great House shut up, and no other gentry living anywhere near, why you can't wonder that the people takes to drinking and bad ways when there's nobody to care. It's very dull here, too, specially in the winter ; when the snow lies thick on the ground, and there is nothing going on like, the young chaps gets spiteful like, and a lot of quarrelling goes on."

At this point I suddenly realised my responsibilities as investigator, and threw in a question as to the movement of the rural population into the towns.

"Oh, labour is plentiful enough here, ma'am. Very few of our young men have gone away. It's uncommon difficult for them to get to London, you see, unless they happen to have a relation living

A ROOM IN
A DORSETSHIRE
COTTAGE.

there or something of that sort; it's so far away, and they would feel scared like with the noise and bustle after living on the heath here for so long, and W—— (the nearest market town) has no work to spare for any of our men. I sometimes think it would be a good job if some of them would clear out; may be the fewer left would get a higher wage."

I intimated to my hostess that I should like to see the village, and, if possible, talk with some of the cottagers, and she was good enough to come with me just to show me the way.

The first cottage we stopped at stood in a good garden well stocked with fruit trees—a great help in making both ends meet. I was introduced to the wife as "a

young lady from London who don't know nothing about the country and its ways. I said as p'r'aps you could tell her something about it, Mrs. Webb, seeing you've lived in the country all your life."

Mrs. Webb looked doubtful but flattered, and invited me to take a seat. She would tell me anything she could. She didn't know much; there were no Board Schools when she was a girl.

"You have a nice kitchen, Mrs. Webb," I remarked in my character of investigator. "It seems a nice cottage on the whole?"

"Yes, ma'am, it's a very tidy one. There is this kitchen and a scullery and two bedrooms, and we pay 2*s*. 6*d*. a week rent; it has a good garden, too, you see. The worst of it is there is no water near except in that ditch outside, and that is often dried up in the summer. All our drinking water we have to fetch from the well in a neighbour's garden, a tidy step from here."

"When do you pay your rent? Could you not complain and get something done?"

"The agent has promised to see to it, ma'am. I daresay he will do something before long. We pay our rent to him every half year at the 'Flying Dutchman,' and he gives us a ticket back, which entitles us to have so much beer or spirits, whichever we prefer, for the good of the house, he says."

"And what happens to those tenants who chance to be teetotalers, Mrs. Webb?"

THE AGRICULTURAL LABOURER.

"Oh, they goes without," replied Mrs. Webb simply.

"Are wages pretty good here?"

"My husband he works for that farmer who lives over there. He gets 11*s*. a week now, but it will drop to 10*s*., I expect, before very long; it generally does

in the winter. Of course he gets more pay at harvest time; we generally buys our pig then. Some of the masters here object to their men keeping pigs—says it leads to dishonesty, but they allow them a piece of ground in one of their fields to grow potatoes on. Then, you see, it gets manured along with the rest of the field. The potato crop lasts from May to September, the bit of land is then returned to the farmer."

"You must be a good manager, Mrs. Webb, to keep house on that money, and with a family, I suppose?"

"Yes, ma'am, six children. It will be better now Jim is getting old enough to earn, but it was a hard pinch sometimes when they were all little and Elsie always ailing. She was so ill once we had to have the doctor to her for three weeks or more, and every time he came my husband had to pay him 7*s.*—ah, and did it, too; he was that fearful of getting behindhand with the payments; but you can guess what it meant to us out of his pay, and I was too weak just then to earn much myself by washing, like some women can."

"How do you manage about food so far from any town?"

"Well, you see, we don't require much meat beyond bacon. The butcher he do come once a week of a Saturday night to his regular customers, but there is very little taken in this village. Rabbits are plentiful enough, and you can get one for Sunday's dinner at 4*d.* or so. Coal was 1*s.* 6*d.* a cwt. during the winter, it's 1*s.* 3*d.* now. Bread we pay 5*d.* a loaf. Flour 1*s.* 8*d.* a peck. Oddments and groceries we can get at the village shop, but things do seem dear there. You see there is no one to say them 'nay,' as you may say."

"And is your husband in any club, Mrs. Webb?"

"Well, yes, ma'am. He's in what they call a slate club. It's supported by the farmers round a goodish bit, and they sort of expect their men to put into it. But it's not what I call a sound one. The old club broke some years back; lots of the old men were in that, and it came rather hard on them. After sixty a man looks to his club, you see. He so often ails at that age and can't do much more work. Then what can he do if his club fails him?"

"And what about amusements, Mrs. Webb?" I asked, feeling rather depressed.

"Oh, there's church and chapel for those who like them, ma'am, and there's a reading-room our member has just given us, and a cricket club, and a lot of talking and drinking goes on at the 'Flying Dutchman.' My husband, he's one for reading, is he, and he'll read the few books we've got over and over again. He's not one for being away much from home, so we gets on pretty comfortably. There ain't much going on for us women, in the way of amusement," added Mrs. Webb reflectively, "but then that always is the way. The men do get out in the fresh air every day to their work, and they see their mates and hear any news that may be going, but as for the women, we're so taken up with the children and the house, and getting the meals ready, why, when we *do* get a bit of time to sit down and enjoy it, we find we have got old somehow, and don't care about it any longer."

After this conversation with Mrs. Webb I often found my way to her cottage, and received much help from her in my investigation into the condition of the agricultural labourer. Before I left the village I had a much clearer view as to the precise difficulties and drawbacks of his lot, though at the same time I could heartily agree with the verdict of several of the oldest inhabitants of the village, which was "that though there was much a-wanting to be done in the villages and only waiting for some strong man to come forward to do it, yet things had wonderfully improved all round these last fifty years, and the man who had his regular place on a farm had not half as much to complain of as his father afore him had," and "that mayhap the coming generation would have still less."

ABOUT 'BUSES.

BY F. M. HOLMES.

WAS it a trick? Was it a little dodge on the part of the lady to escape another fare? The conductor seemed to think so, and spoke strongly.

Now, when passengers pass certain points travelling in a 'bus, of course extra prices are charged; and the lady in question quietly passed the point up to which she had paid, and when, some little distance on, her attention was drawn to this fact by the conductor, she seemed quite innocent of the matter. Thus she had a longer ride for her penny than she had paid for—presumably on the way she wanted to go!

From the conductor's manner and language we imagined he was used to this trick—if such it was in this case. But it is to be feared that some conductors themselves sin in a similar manner by—keeping back, shall we call it?—some of the money they take in fares. It may be urged that they and the drivers have to fee the horse-keepers at the yards whence the 'buses start, and that this curious development of the tipping system may be held to justify the peculations—at least, to some extent. But that the system is thoroughly wrong we suppose none would deny. However, if the conductor taxes his fares, he apparently objects very much to his fares—in human form—taxing him.

Another trick we have seen practised on a conductor was the stopping of the 'bus by a roguish street-boy. The conductor was busy on the top collecting his fares, when up on the foot-board jumps the mischievous little urchin, sounds the gong, and pulls up the unsuspecting driver. The 'bus stops. What is it? Street-boy pulls again, and on rumbles the vehicle. Down comes Mr. Conductor, and on this occasion leaps from his 'bus, and, chasing the boy, inflicts condign punishment; then has to tear along the crowded street to catch his carriage.

'Buses were once called "Shillibeers": for the simple reason, we suppose, that they were started in London by an enterprising individual of that name. He was an undertaker in the City Road. We do not know what gave him the idea. Perhaps he copied it from France; perhaps he originated it. In any case, the date of the running of the first 'bus was the 4th of July, 1829. Quite a "glorious fourth," indeed, for the numbers who now make use of this cheap and convenient means of conveyance. Yet of the number who do so, how many know of Shillibeer?

That first 'bus was a large three-horse affair, and plied, not "up and down the City Road," as the song says, but from Paddington to the City. It provided for twenty-two passengers inside, but it was not until 1849 that a seat was added on the roof.

The 'bus is significant of the growth of great cities. Its popularity is characteristic of changes in the habits of their citizens. When persons lived at their places of business they did not require the morning 'bus. But when they radiated from the centre to the suburbs, when Clapham, Islington, Canonbury, and Paddington rose into great and increasing request as residential localities for men whose business led them to the City, then was required the useful 'bus.

Charles Dickens makes but few references to the conveyance destined to become such a feature in metropolitan life. But one of his "Sketches by Boz" is devoted to the subject, and another tells of "The last Cab-driver and the first Omnibus Cad." Cad here is not, we believe, intended as a term of opprobrium, but as short for conductor, as cadging or touting for passengers. The particular "Cad" mentioned was a certain Mr. Barker—an "assistant waterman to the hackney coach stand," who perceived the injury that eventually would be inflicted on coach and cab stands by the new system, and, like a shrewd man, made terms with the enemy, and got an engagement on an omnibus. This appears to have been the "Royal William," running from Lisson Grove to the City. But though the new system has grown far more than the real or supposititious Mr. Barker, or possibly Dickens himself, surmised, yet there are cabs enough still left in London!

From Dickens, too, we gain an idea of the speedy

THE FIRST 'BUS.

increase in the number of 'buses. He speaks of their "rapid increase in the Paddington Road." This supports references from other sources, that the demand for them grew, and they multiplied accordingly. We find it said that about 1844 there were some 1,400 omnibuses, and 200 on various ways to Paddington. And when, in 1855, the association now known as the London General Omnibus Company was started, there were numerous proprietors of 'buses in existence, of which several were bought up, though some few of the others remain even until this day. That so many should have been in existence within about twenty-five years of that first 'bus of the enterprising Shillibeer shows how popular the vehicles had become.

There were several Frenchmen connected with that scheme of the London General, but they gradually left the concern. Two of the directors, however, now reside in Paris. The scheme was started "under French laws," but in 1859 was altered as at present. Some improvements it may be said to have effected, but it was the Road Car Company, started in 1880, which made the most change. They introduced the garden seats on the top of the vehicle, and, better still—especially for ladies—the staircase-way leading to the dizzy heights above. Previously men had to clamber up almost as they could.

Yet a third company has recently appeared, "The London Omnibus Carriage Company," which places the wheels under the 'bus, an arrangement that permits the body of the vehicle to be wider. Certainly this company's 'buses are handsome, light, and airy. To some of these carriages inner wheels have been ingeniously fitted, so that should the outer wheel come to grief no disaster need be feared. An enthusiastic conductor was one evening at great pains to explain this to me. What would our friend Shillibeer think of 'bus enterprise in London now?

And though the fares are very low, yet the profits are good, since the London General Omnibus Company pay a ten per cent. dividend, and the Road Car Company four and a half per cent. for 1889. We suspect the cheapness, however, in many cases really yields a better return, because with the ever-popular penny for a fare, many persons ride for short distances and the passengers are constantly changing. Thus along a penny distance three or four passengers may occupy the same seat, and the lucky company receive fourpence, whereas, had the "five sous" been the rule, the seat might have been vacant the whole way. They do not seem to have learned this in Paris even yet. It is one of the things they do *not* do better in France, even if they did give us the idea of the omnibus.

That name "omnibus" is, of course, a Latin word, signifying "for all." It exactly describes a vehicle which is not a private carriage, but literally "for all" who pay their fare.

And now about wages. From the report of the last Road Car Company's meeting, we find that, according

to the chairman, the company gives better wages, while its men's hours are not longer than those of other similar companies. The London General's drivers get 6s. a day ; the Road Car men, from 6s. to 6s. 6d. The former's conductors, 4s. per day ; the Road Car conductors, 4s. to 5s. The horse-keepers of the former company, 3s. ; while those of the Road Car Company receive 3s. 5d. Perhaps the latter do not levy black-mail on conductors and drivers. Certainly the tickets which the conductors give to the passengers indicate there is a check on the receipts.

Food for the horses, however, is quite as great, if not a greater, charge than wages. From the London General's accounts for the latter half of 1889, it seems that the average charge for food for each stud—*i.e.*, we understand, eleven horses belonging to each 'bus in work—was only £130 for the six months. This was much less than in 1888, when the cost was £145, and in 1886, when the cost was £134 ; but in 1889 maize was cheap, and the price of food-stuffs generally was low.

THE RAILWAY 'BUS.

A similar reduction appears in the Road Car Company's accounts. The cost of feeding per horse, per week, was 9s. 10d. in the latter six months of 1889, while in the year preceding it was 10s. 5d. How closely expenses follow on income is seen in the fact that the average earnings of each car were £16 18s. 1d., and the expenses £16 4s. 1d., giving a weekly profit of 14s. per car ; while in the same time of 1888 the average profit was but 6s. 9d. per car ; and this, though the average earnings were £17 1s. 4d., for the expenses were £16 14s. 7d. The difference of profit appears to be almost entirely due to the reduced cost of food. Small as this profit seems to be, yet there must be a good many penny passengers to make up a total of £17 in receipts.

But there are lower fares still ! There are one-horse vehicles plying for short distances for one halfpenny. How can they pay? Well, they have no conductor, and, as we have just said, but one horse. Such a 'bus plies regularly up and down Tottenham Court Road, and passengers, for instance, by tramcars which end at Euston Road, find it, no doubt, a convenience for conveyance to and from Oxford Street. It was a shrewd idea for the London General to cut in here and reap something from the competing tram-traffic.

But to whom are the fares paid? To no one. There is a box which the driver's eye can see through an opening or window in the roof. Each passenger rattles his halfpenny into this box. There seems to be a code of honour among the passengers that each shall pay. If a person has not the nimble brown halfpenny, he must seek change from his fellows or from the driver. These vehicles are so convenient, and we imagine answer so well, that we should not be surprised at the great multiplication of their number.

The railway companies are now running 'buses for the convenience of their passengers, though those conveyances compete with the cabbies rather than with other omnibuses. On giving notice, paterfamilias, who may have to convoy a large family, with baggage galore, to the seaside, can have for a fixed charge a well-appointed vehicle at his door, ready to transport the whole in comfort to the station. And, as we are speaking of the various kinds, there are the large three-horse 'buses of the Metropolitan Railway plying between Portland Station and Regent Street. The drivers of these important-looking carriages are favoured above their professional brethren by having a curious umbrella fixed over their heads. As the ponderous machine rolls along, the umbrella seems to shake as though it would fall, but it never does overwhelm the Jehu it is placed to protect.

Then there are the "Pirate" 'buses. Of these beware. They fly no black flag with skull and cross-bones ; their designs are not murderous, but mercenary. They appear like other 'buses, and quite innocent and useful. But the luckless passenger may find he has to pay sixpence instead of a penny, or at least double fares. This may not be ruinous, but it is annoying. It causeth the man to mutter, and the woman to speak out a bit of her mind. It breaketh the cheeriness of the jolting journey ; you feel you have been "done" or "had," deprived of your money unjustly, and no one likes that.

There is no help for it. No law, of course, prevails, fixing the rate of fares, and these private speculators running their vehicles along well-known routes can legally charge as they choose. We have seen a story somewhere that Mr. Gladstone was thus taken in once by a pirate 'bus, and the ex-Premier revenged himself by warning all unsuspecting passengers about to enter

THE LUBBERS' LADDER.

of the true state of the case. Whether true or not, it shows how the pirate may be punished in a very practical way. But as prevention is certainly better than punishment in this case, the unaccustomed passenger should see that the name of some well-known company or proprietor is on the 'bus, or inspect the table of fares on entering the vehicle. This last resource, however, is an awkward one, as it is unpleasant to have to stop the 'bus and leave amidst the abuse of the conductor, who will probably demand his fare all the same. What is required for the public protection is that the table of fares be posted in a conspicuous position *outside* the vehicle, near the entrance.

On the difficult question of the men's hours we shall say but little. They are too long. At a meeting held not so very long since, it was stated that the men worked from fourteen to eighteen hours per day. From investigations we have ourselves made this seems about correct, though we should have said seventeen hours.

Times for meals, too, are said to be irregular and inadequate. This grievance, again, can be remedied by shorter shifts of hours. It will, perhaps, surprise some people to learn how many men are engaged in the 'bus and tram traffic of London. Mr. T. Sutherst, at the meeting referred to, said there were five omnibus and twelve tramway companies in London, and some 10,000 men were altogether engaged; the capital employed was about four million pounds, while the profits were some £250,000 a year. An enormous development this—including the trams—of the venture of the enterprising Shillibeer in 1829. The men engaged would, with their families, make quite a respectable-sized town. Yet so vast is London, that their numbers are but as the proverbial drop in the bucket to the myriads of the mighty City.

The use of 'buses seems to be increasing. The traffic receipts of the London General amounted to £12,578 0s. 4d. in a week in March, 1890, notwithstanding the lowness of fares; while in the corresponding week of the preceding year they were £11,805 6s. 9d. The Road Car Company's receipts for the same week were £3,520 0s. 2d., and in the preceding year £2,402 9s. 1d., showing in both cases a substantial increase. In fact, London is so large, and the advantage of cheap conveyance so great, that these vehicles meet an immense public want, and meet it, too, in a fairly satisfactory manner.

In the rural districts, 'buses connecting with railways are sometimes dignified by the name of "coach." Some are, indeed, different from the London 'bus, in that much of the space at the top is fairly level for luggage, while there is but a second seat behind the driver, capable of accommodating four or five persons.

We remember a ride on one, when piled with luggage and persons somewhat mixed on the top; the two horses were thought unequal to the task of dragging it up certain hills, and finally a fiery steed, used to shunting on the railway, was attached in front, and a porter sitting jolting astride, the 'bus made a start; but, alas! now and again the fastenings gave way, and on went the gaunt, bony beast with his jolting rider, leaving us behind. It was a sight, no doubt, to make the Jehus of the City shout with laughter, but all the same that 'bus sometimes required the most careful driving—and got it. When returning, it was again very crowded. It was well there were no lynx-eyed City police on the watch, or some passengers might have been left behind.

THE SIRENS' STAIRCASE.

SIX CUPS OF COFFEE.

PREPARED FOR THE PUBLIC PALATE.

By Maria Parloa, Catherine Owen, Marion Harland, Juliet Corson, Mrs. Helen Campbell, Mrs. D. A. Lincoln.

The Best Known Authorities on Coffee-Making.

COFFEE.

AS PREPARED BY MARIA PARLOA.

IN war times, after a battle or a long march, how the soldiers enjoyed their coffee! And in many cases it was pretty poor coffee, too, though to them it seemed fit for the gods. The delicious aroma which arose made their feelings of weariness or depression vanish for a while, and the beverage itself cheered them in a marked degree. Nothing could take its place; nothing can take its place to-day. The consumption of coffee in this country is enormous. Rich and poor alike must have it. But it is a common complaint that a cup of good coffee is the exception rather than the rule. Considering the low price of the raw material, this should not be the case. People are prone to think that they know all there is to be known about coffee, and do not take pains to learn what special qualities different brands possess and what the most approved modes of making coffee are.

Time was when a Mexican or South or Central American coffee was considered an inferior article. To-day some of the best coffees come from these places. For example, one of the most delicious coffees which is brought into this country comes from Guatemala. It bears the name of "Las Nubes" (the Clouds), which it takes from the plantation where it is grown. There is an odd bit of history connected with this plantation. A Scotchman named Nelson owned it and was coining money from it when he was banished from the country by President Barrios, and his property was confiscated. It is now owned by the widow of Barrios. The annual yield from it is four hundred and fifty thousand pounds. A large proportion of this goes to England, where it brings a higher price than here.

There are two kinds of coffee,—the strong and the mild. To the first class belong the Rio and Santas, and to the second, the Java, Mocha, Maracaibo, and, indeed, almost all the other kinds. When a rich, smooth beverage is desired, a combination of Mocha and Java—or some coffee that has the qualities of Java—should be used, but when a very strong flavor is liked, Rio or Santas should be taken. The supply of Java meets only about one-fifth of the demand. For this reason many other mild coffees are sold under the name of "Java." Good Maracaibo is equal to Java, and is constantly sold under that name. A combination of one pound Mocha, one pound Rio, and two pounds Java or Maracaibo will give a rich, strong-flavored drink, but not so smooth as if the Rio were omitted.

When buying the berry, pause for a moment to think how you like your beverage. Do you want it smooth and of delicate flavor? Take one-third Mocha and the rest Java or Maracaibo. Do you want it strong? Use all Rio, or temper that brand by combining it with some one of the mild kinds.

A large proportion of housekeepers buy their coffee roasted, and many also buy it ground. If coffee, while still hot from the roaster, were put into vessels almost air tight, and kept in them until ground for use, the improvement in the drink made from it would amply repay for the trouble taken. Much of the fine aroma is lost before the roasted bean reaches the housekeeper, and there is even a greater loss if the coffee has been ground for a considerable time. These are some of the disadvantages which must be endured when one buys coffee already roasted. But, on the other hand, unless the roasting be done very carefully, the coffee will not be good. A few burnt beans in a quart will ruin the drink. When careful attention to roasting cannot be given at home, it will be better to buy a supply already roasted, but never ground. A French small mill, which can be regulated to grind coarse or fine, can be bought for about a dollar and a half. With care it will last for ten or twenty years. Some firms put up coffee in tin cans. It costs more, but retains so much of the aroma as to be well worth the extra price.

When green coffee is bought, be careful that it is well seasoned. It should have a brownish or yellowish tint, which comes only with years of seasoning. The best way to do, when it is possible, is to buy green coffee by the sack and keep it stored in a sweet, dry place—say the attic—for two or three years. In that time it will have become sufficiently mellowed.

To roast coffee, put the green beans into a large dripping-pan, being sure that the pan is perfectly clean. Have the coffee about an inch deep. Place the pan in a moderate oven. Stir frequently, and at the end of half an hour increase the heat of the oven. From this time until the beans are sufficiently browned, there should be a stirring every three or four minutes. When the coffee is almost a chestnut color remove the pan from the oven, and for every quart add one tablespoonful of butter. Stir well; and while the coffee is still hot, put it into cans, and cover closely. Coffee absorbs moisture and odors. It should, therefore, be kept in a sweet, dry place.

There are so many ways of making coffee and so many kinds of coffee-pots that young housekeepers often are perplexed in choosing either a mode of preparing the drink or a utensil in which to make it. If a few principles be carefully observed, a perfect result may be counted as a certainty—provided, of course, that the ground coffee be good. The berries should be heated before or after grinding. The coffee-pot should be entirely clean, without a particle of old coffee-grounds in it. The coffee should not be subjected to long boiling, as this will dissipate the aroma and produce a rather bitter drink. Coffee that is not boiled at all is very smooth and free of bitter flavor. All coffee should be served hot, and as soon as possible after being made. Always serve cream or hot milk with it. Heat the milk to the boiling-point, but do not let it boil.

Tastes vary as to the proper strength of coffee. The rules given in this article are for a strong drink; and where only moderate strength is desired, use but half the quantity of dry coffee for the quantity of water stated. Coffee made with cold water always is stronger than that made with boiling water, and in the opinion of many people it is better; but some folks think that no coffee is equal to that which has been boiled with an egg. No matter what mode of making the drink is followed, the result will be pleasing if good material is used, the work done quickly, and the coffee served fresh and hot.

Here are four rules, any one of which will give perfect coffee, but each of a different flavor:—

Filtered Coffee Made with Cold Water.

Put one cupful of fine-ground coffee in a small saucepan and on the fire. Stir constantly until hot. Put the hot coffee in the filter of a coffee-biggin. Place the coarse strainer on top, and then add half a cupful of cold water, pouring it in by tablespoonfuls. Cover it, and let it stand for half an hour—though less time will do. Next add three cupfuls and a half of cold water, a cupful at a time.

When all the water has passed through the filter, pour it from the pot, and again through the filter. Cover closely; and at serving-time heat it to the boiling-point and serve at once.

This coffee will be perfectly clear, and of a fine color; the flavor will be rich, smooth, and delightful.

One advantage in using cold filtered water is that the coffee may be made at any time in the day, and heated when required. If to be served after dinner, it will be better if made with three cupfuls of water instead of four.

Filtered Coffee Made with Boiling Water.

Heat one cupful of fine-ground coffee in the manner described in the preceding receipt, and put it in the filter of the coffee-biggin. Put the biggin in a pan with a little boiling water, and place it on the stove. Pour a gill of boiling water on the coffee. Cover, and let it stand for five minutes. At the end of that time add half a pint of boiling water; and continue to add boiling water by the half-pint, at intervals of three minutes, until a quart of water has been used in all. Serve the coffee at once. Or, the coffee may be passed through the filter a second time, giving a stronger cup.

Filtered coffee never should be boiled. Placing the pot in the pan of boiling water keeps the coffee at the boiling-point, and yet protects it from a boiling.

Boiled Coffee Made with Cold Water.

Heat a cupful of coffee, ground rather coarse, and put it in a bowl with one pint of cold water. Cover closely, and let it soak for an hour or more.

Break an egg into the bowl with the coffee, and stir well. Put this mixture into the coffee-pot and place on the fire. Heat slowly to the boiling-point; then add a pint of boiling water, and boil gently for five minutes. Now add a gill of cold water, and set the pot back where its contents cannot boil. At the end of three minutes strain into a hot pot, and serve at once.

This coffee will be stronger than that made with boiling water; the flavor, too, will be somewhat different.

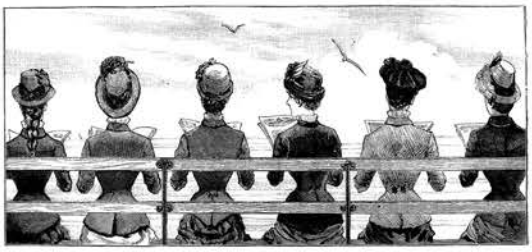
Boiled Coffee Made with Boiling Water.

Heat one cupful of coffee, ground rather coarse. Put it into a coffee-pot, and add an egg. Stir well, and add a quart of boiling water. Place over the fire, and stir until the coffee boils up. Now stir the coffee and egg down, and then shut down the cover, and set the pot where its contents will only simmer during the next five minutes. At the end of that time add a gill of cold water. Let the coffee stand at the side of the stove for three or four minutes; then strain into a hot pot, and serve at once.

The rules for making coffee might be multiplied almost indefinitely, but what has been given here will insure a good beverage every time.

—*Maria Parloa.*

COFFEE BERRIES AND PLANT.
Girl's Own Paper, 1883



OLD MAIDS.

The old maid has become an honorable institution. Not that celibacy is particularly honorable, for the day will never come when that will rank above marriage, above the family of husband and wife and son and daughter. The time was when an old maid was a blighted being. There was then but slight disproportion between the sexes in number, and the population being sparse, every unmarried woman was conspicuous among so few people, and especially among so few of her kind. She then had no excuse for her state of singleness, or, at least, none that the public recognized.

There was a man to every woman and if she did not marry, the inference was drawn that no man would "have" her. The opinion of the day was that a woman was in haste to marry and not at all particular about the man she accepted, so that the acceptance was regarded as virtually by the man instead of by the woman. Hence the old maid was reproached with being unattractive, with having a sour temper, with being so repulsive that no man would live with her.

But old maidhood is not now, *prima facie*, a reproach. In the East, there are not enough men to go around—they have gone to subdue the West, to search for filthy lucre, or to chase the bubble, reputation, in a new country. The average age at which marriage takes place is becoming later in life and the size of the average family is falling away, so that it now has two members less than it had fifty years ago. Women were entirely dependent then, but now they have become the possessors of probably a fifth to a third of the wealth of the community in which they live, so that such of them as are unmarried now have among them a smaller proportion of dependents than ever before.

Then again women know more than they used to, along with the rest of the race; they have finer and more cultivated feelings, they are more discriminating, and have more of a choice about a home and the man that shall dwell in it. They appreciate a higher state of happiness than their great-grandmothers did and marriage must offer a higher state of gratification than it once did, before they will embrace it.

The old maid now has an excuse for her existence and is quite commonly a lovable person and an intelligent one. Who has not often seen a handsome old maid? To be sure, she may have had the wrinkles which some persons cannot appreciate as an element of beauty, but she may nevertheless be beautiful. The beauty of the mind is the sublimest of all human beauty, and an old maid who has lived a life of goodness, of self sacrifice, of charitable disposition toward others and of intellectual cultivation, will have a countenance and intonation of voice and a manner that will bear the imprint of that life.

The day has gone by when an old maid is to be spoken of disrespectfully or slightingly, or when she is to be looked upon as one disappointed in life, and a misanthrope. Old maids are more likely of the salt of the earth, endeared to many friends, happy in helping others and radiating upon those around them a cheerful geniality.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

THERE is a disposition in many households to let things go and have no fixed days or times for anything. This must end in squabbles and disaster. Each member of the household should have her work planned out and regulated, and a written list kept in each department for her guidance.

IF you have any precious china ornaments in your rooms, always dust them yourself, and no one else will be to blame if they are broken.

STAFFORDSHIRE Cannock Chase coals make the hottest, cleanest, and clearest fires, and scarcely ever need the poker.

LET every child have some practical training in work by which, if necessary, it can earn a living in later years. There is no more miserable creature in this world than the one that can do "nothing" when the pinch of poverty comes, and none happier than the one that is "resourceful" in case of emergency.

A PIECE of white American baize cut to measure for kitchen dresser shelves is much nicer than newspaper or cloths, and can be kept very nice if wiped over with a damp flannel.

THE very smallest ends of candles which are no use for lights can be kept in a tin box, and some used to quicken a fire when it burns low. A little sugar will do the same thing.

REGISTERS of the fireplaces in a bedroom should never be closed.

THOUGHTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON NATURAL HISTORY.

BY H. B. M. BUCHANAN, B.A.

PART V.

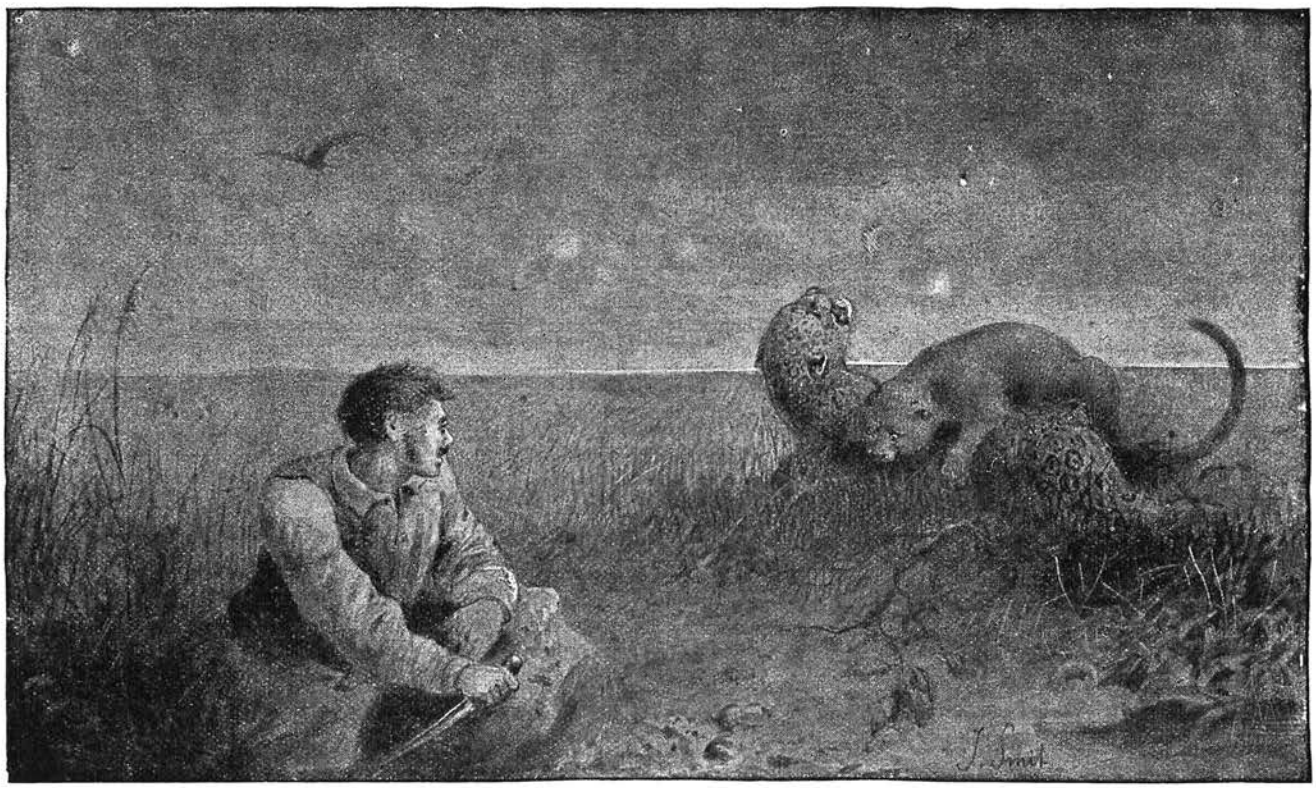
FOR ages past man has fondly dreamt the dream that all things—trees, flowers, fruit, and the great *kingdom of* animal life—were principally fashioned for his special benefit and happiness. The exact research, the patient gathering together of facts, the closely-reasoned deductions from these accumulating facts that are specially marking these modern days, is dissipating the dream, and showing in its stead a picture more worthy of this great and mysterious Universe. It is being realised more and more that the bird's colour and swiftness of wing, that the tree's green leaf and ripened fruit, that the wayside flower's colour and smell, that the snake's hiss and poison, that the lion's flesh-tearing fang and sharpened claw, that the deer's quick danger-sense and fleetness of foot, that these and all the innumerable forms, ways, and doings of Nature, have arisen to preserve more effectually the life once granted to their ancestors in the far-off past, and to develop through time the most suitable, and therefore the most perfect, forms of life.

It is being realised more and more that every form and process, that every colour, scent, and taste exists primarily to conserve the life of the race; and that while each individual of its race obeys the great law to live as best it may, cannot live to itself alone, but must, consciously or unconsciously, administer to the needs and well-being of others, and that in this magnificent scheme man takes his higher and more conscious part.

When this revealing insight dawns upon the vision of man, then will a deeper reverence for all things permeate his being; then he will inflict no unnecessary pang of suffering upon the lowliest worm that crawls, but, instead, the Universe will be to him full of sacredness, full of meaning, full of hope. Then will a primrose be to him more than a primrose.

PUMA THE FRIEND OF MAN.

The lesser lion of the New World, as the puma is called, is a carnivorous animal, fawn-coloured, without a mane, and much smaller than the lion. It is very courageous, active, and skilful, and attacks its enemy the jaguar—an animal much larger than itself—by jumping on to its back and inflicting terrible wounds with its teeth and claws. The puma of South America has an uncontrollable desire for horseflesh, and kills all its victims instantaneously, which it does by jumping on to their backs, and with one claw on the chest and the other on the head gives a violent and sudden wrench that breaks the neck. The natives can always recognise the work of the puma by these broken necks. The ass, when attacked by the puma, does not lose its presence of mind, but puts its head well down between its forelegs, and by kicking violently drives the animal off. Although the puma is so skilful and courageous in attacking animals both smaller and larger than itself, it, curiously, will not only not attack but not even defend itself against man. A man or child can sleep on the open pampa of South America without fear from the puma. When the natives throw



SAVED BY A PUMA.

their lasso around its neck and approach it for the purpose of killing it, the poor beast will lose its fierce bearing, moan and cry piteously, and great tears will pour out of its eyes. Mr. Hudson, in his *Naturalist of La Plata*, gives some interesting stories of this disinclination on the part of the puma to harm men. A gauchos of South America had fallen asleep in the open, and on waking during the night saw two full-grown pumas with their little ones close to him. This sight did not in the least alarm him, and he watched them playing about him, jumping over him, till he fell asleep again, and when he awoke in the morning they were gone. Another story of Mr. Hudson's. A man fell off his horse and broke his leg, and, while lying on the ground helpless, to his horror he saw a jaguar approaching him, and realised in a few awful moments the beast's great fangs and cruel claws slowly pulling him to bits, when to his agonised heart came the blessed relief of a puma growl. His deliverer at once engaged the jaguar in deadly combat and eventually drove it off.

A very pretty tradition was current amongst the early settlers of Buenos Ayres. A young girl had committed an act of treachery against the white people, and was condemned to be tied to a tree for two nights and a day as a punishment. At the end of the time some soldiers went, expecting to see her bones picked, but, to their surprise, they found her unharmed. A puma had defended her, she said, against all comers. The girl was at once released and pardoned, as her life being spared was looked upon as a direct interposition of Providence. So convinced are the gauchos that the puma will do them no harm, that, although they will kill them in defence of their horses and sheep—they will not touch cattle—they consider it a crime to kill them in the open, very justly looking upon them as the friend of man. Mr. Hudson speculates as to the reason for this unusual characteristic, and says that colour, scent, noises, affect different animals in strange ways, and suggests that there may be something in man of this nature that safeguards him against the puma; but he ends his speculations by quoting the wise words of Humboldt, "There is something mysterious in the hatreds and affections of animals."

The Cry of the Birds.

When the white flakes cover tree and ground with a thick snow-blanket, and the pools of water are solid with the winter's ice, then do the birds plead with a dumb pathos for the few scraps that are left after we have eaten well, and for a little water fresh each day, and hard is the heart that can resist such an appeal.

It is difficult to understand how so many birds live through a long winter's frost and snow. The few remaining berries of the mountain-ash and hawthorn are gone, insect-life is dead or sleeping in concealment, the ground is too hard for the worms to move where the birds can get at them. A few birds that winter with us migrate to any part of the country where the conditions are more favourable for obtaining their food, but a faithful few will cling to their locality come what may; for these (at the expense of a little thought and trouble) we can do something to lighten the severity of their winter's life. A freshly-picked bone, not too well picked, tied by a string to tree or bush, will help the tits; scraps of meat and bread, collected after each meal, will be a merciful charity to the sparrows, robins, starlings, thrushes, blackbirds, and the stray chaffinch. That true observer and beautiful writer on what he noticed, Richard Jefferies, says, that in every garden there should be placed a plank, at a height beyond the clean jump of a cat, supported by two uprights, with the edges of the plank at a sufficient distance from the uprights to prevent the cat from crawling up the uprights on to the plank, and then on the plank place food and water.

All such kindly thoughts for the birds will be rewarded by their nesting next spring in the locality, and making us the happier by singing their beautiful hymn to life.

Last spring, in this Surrey suburban garden, were planted some corn-flowers. About the middle of June they began to seed. One day, to my surprise and delight, two bullfinches, cock and hen—they are very rare in this part of Surrey—perched on the corn-flower stalks and greedily devoured the seeds. They came each day for about a fortnight, and gave me many moments of pure enjoyment in watching their beautiful colouring and quick, happy movements.

Snake Stones.

A firm belief prevails in the East that a certain stone applied to the bite of a poisonous snake will prevent any fatal results. This stone is a kind of bezoar, or biliary concretion, found in the stomach of various animals. It is about the size of a bean, an absorbent, and chiefly consists of phosphate of lime. I had many doubts as to whether the stone can really do what it is said to do, but the evidence both of scientific Europeans and trustworthy natives is so strong that I think there can be little room to question it. The blood is first induced to flow towards the punctured parts, to which the stones are applied; they hang on for two or three minutes, imbibing the blood that oozes from the bites into their porous texture, and if they have been applied soon enough the bitten person recovers. In some places the stones, after their application, are thrown into milk, which seems to make them disgorge their poison, as until this is done they are useless for further service. In my next set of observations I shall give a wonderful instance of the intelligence of a cobra.

SUMMER NOON.

The dust unlifted lies as first it lay,
When dews of early morning dried away;
The spider's web stirs not with gentlest gale,
Nor thistle-down may from its mooring sail.

Only by spastic shutting of their wings
We know the butterflies are living things;
The grasshoppers with grating armor prone,
Vault low and aimlessly from stone to stone.

If blooms of mead or orchard lure the bee,
He journeys thither buzzing drowsily;
At last the humming-bird is pleased to rest—
All but the shifting brilliance on its breast.

The fern-leaves curl, the wild rose sweetness spends
Rich as at eve the honeysuckle lends;
While scattered pines and clustered spruces deep
Within grave boughs their exhalations keep.

Absorbed in sole fruition of the cool,
The heron steadfast eyes the reeded pool;
While overhead the hawk, till lost from sight,
Pursues the failing circles of its flight.

The rabbit brown peeps panting from the hedge,
The fawn-hued field-mouse from the haycock's edge;
The creeping cattle feed far up the hill,
The birds have hid, and field and wood are still.

John Vance Cheney.

MUD BATHS

Public mud-bath room at St. Amand-les-Eaux.

By Mary Fermor.

There is something peculiarly uninviting, nay, even revolting, to the clean-water loving mind in the thought of a mud bath.

But the idea is not a modern fad, born of a craze for a new experience in the healing art. It has had the sanction of science for many generations. Pliny advocated the use of sea weed and moss soaked in spring water as an external application for the cure of gout and swelling at the heel. Galenus, the celebrated physician (130—200 A.D.), described and approved a similar process, which he had witnessed in Alexandria. In the fourteenth century Giacomo de Dondis, an Italian scholar, recommended the use of the sediment deposited by natural springs. It was to be plastered over the affected parts and then the patient was to allow it to dry in the sun. In the eighteenth century medical authorities, writing of the somewhat primitive open-air mud baths at Dax, in the south of France, speak of the cure as one practised there since the Roman occupation.

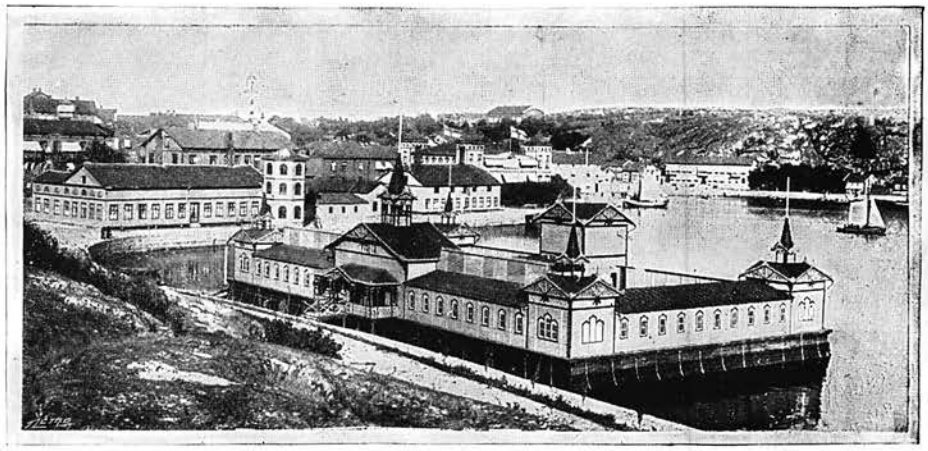
Nature has been prolific in her supply of this healing medium all over the continent of Europe. It is to be found in Sweden and on the shores of the Black Sea; in the department of Landes in the south of France and at St. Amand-les-Eaux in the north; in Piedmont, Venetia, and other parts of Italy; in Hungary, Poland, and, best known of all, in the famous German and Austrian spas.

Speaking generally, a mud or "moor" bath, to use a less objectionable and quite as accurate title, is composed of peaty, boggy turf, which contains stimulating chemical properties, and which, after being carefully prepared, is mixed with the mineral waters of the locality where it is used. For the comfort of intending bathers it may be mentioned that the mixture is not adhesive, but leaves the skin easily under the warm douche which precedes the cleansing bath.

At St. Amand-les-Eaux, on the line between Lille and Valenciennes, the baths are open from May to December. I am indebted to the courtesy of the Director, Monsieur A. Poirson, for the photograph of the large

public bath-room in " L'Etablissement Thermal." The building stands at an altitude of one hundred feet on the borders of a large forest. The temperature of the springs is 98° Fahr., and the earth used is dug out from the vicinity of these natural fountains. The baths are heated over night and taken in the early morning, mostly in the large circular building, divided into compartments by means of curtains, which can be drawn back and thrown over the rods when the patients wish to enjoy each other's society.

The divisions below the floor are filled with heated mud, and the cover of the bath serves as a table for refreshments or amusements, a loose garment being thrown over the upper part of the body. As the period of immersion ranges from half-an-hour to five hours, it may be gathered that some diversion is desirable. The same mud serves the patient throughout the course; you are not obliged to use anyone else's; but this is in strong contrast to the Austrian spas, where the contents of a bath are never used twice.



The salt mud-baths at Strömstad.

Private bath-rooms can, of course, be obtained at St. Amand, and, as elsewhere, cold or hot douches, friction, and massage accompany the mud cure. Chronic rheumatism, joints stiffened by injury, early stages of paralysis and locomotor ataxy, certain skin diseases, and nervous disorders have been cured or considerably alleviated. The immersion is only partial for the first few days, increasing in extent and duration according to medical orders. Patients of sixty years of age and upwards have benefited as materially as those in the first flush of youth or the vigour of middle age.

Dax, in the south of France, is available for baths all the year round, and claims superiority over others from the fact that the hot springs (122-150° Fahr.) flow constantly and directly through the mud, giving it natural warmth and an even temperature throughout, whereas in other places the heat is obtained by artificial means. It will be noted also that places, like Dax, situated near the sea, get an admixture of sea-weed and marine deposits, which the inland moor earth does not possess in the same degree. Dax is provided with its mud by the inundations of the River Adour flowing through the low marshy district near the coast. A little way out of the town there are the " Bains de Joannin " (open air mud baths), where mixed bathing is the fashion.

At Strömstad, a prettily situated town on the west coast of Sweden, salt mud-baths are procurable. The process employed differs from both the French and Austrian methods in certain details. After having divested himself of his garments in the dressing-room the patient goes to an adjoining apartment, where he seats himself upon a stool and is douched with warm water. The body is then covered with warm mud, which the attendant rubs and brushes into the skin. A second coating is then applied, and the friction continued with special attention to the affected parts, and another douche with warmer water removes the remainder of the mud. A mineral water bath follows in due course, in which the patient is rubbed with sea-weed, and a final douche brings matters to a close.

The season at Strömstad is from June to the end of September.

We now come to the three sister spas of Bohemia, Franzensbad, Karlsbad and Marienbad, where moor baths form one of the important cures. There are many other health

resorts both in Germany and Hungary where this treatment is given, but the above-named towns are undoubtedly the most familiar, and are frequented by an enormous number of visitors from all parts of the world.

The moor earth of Franzensbad consists of a thick, tangled, spongy, decomposed mass of stalks and roots found in an area measuring three miles in length, half a mile in width, and nearly three feet in depth. This soil, which is saturated with mineral springs bubbling up all over the surface and dyeing the ground with rich and brilliant tints, is dug out in the autumn and piled up in heaps till the spring, being left exposed to powerful oxidation from the action of the atmosphere during the winter months. The result is that, while the fresh moor earth resembles yellowish-grey matter, having no taste and a strong smell of sulphuretted hydrogen, the earth, after being dried and exposed, is a dark brown, friable substance, with a bituminous odour and inky taste, and a strong acid reaction.

When required for use, the earth is ground to a fine powder, and then carefully mixed and kneaded with mineral water charged with carbonic acid, till the desired consistency is obtained. Thus compounded, the moor earth will exert a strong influence on the nervous system and general circulation, essentially promoting the resolution and absorption of the products of inflammation.

The treatment at Franzensbad is milder than that of the other two spas, and for the benefit of those who wish to try its effects at home, I may say that moor salt, an extract from the earth in solid form, and moor lye, a liquid extract, can easily be purchased. The dietary restrictions are not so many as at Karlsbad and Marienbad, but as most of the visitors are there to regain their health, they are of necessity compelled to submit to the *régime* laid down by their physicians. The hours are healthy, and the diversions more health-giving than exciting, while the cure is effected or attempted in a pleasant, tree-planted town amid varied and beautiful surroundings.

Karlsbad receives its moor earth from Franzensbad, but its action is intensified by being mixed with the mineral water of the famous *Sprudel*, which has a temperature of 163·6° Fahr., and which is spoken of as "the index point, the life-pulse of Karlsbad." This spring has practically made the town; but, by its frequent and violent outbursts during the last century and beginning of this, it was more than once in danger of unmaking it altogether.

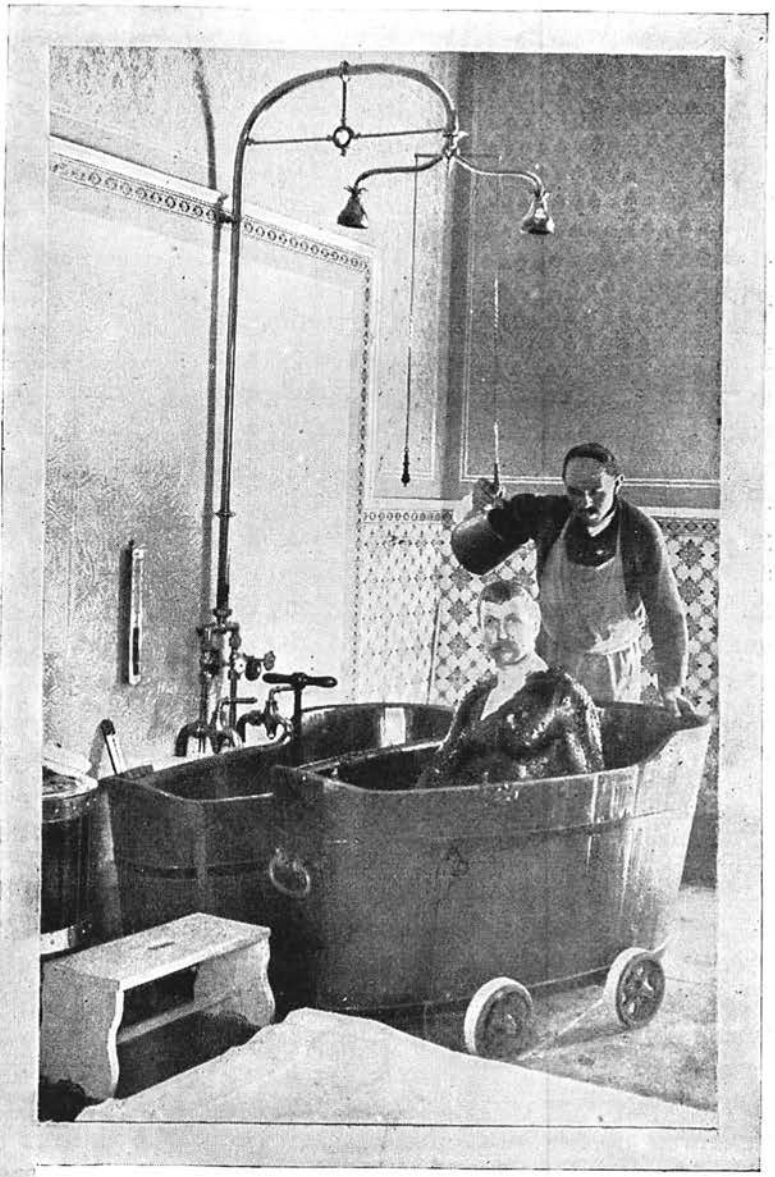
(1.) Mixing the mud to the required consistency with mineral waters.

(2.) Taking the temperature of the bath.

The moor bath arrangements at this spa have

been brought to a high degree of excellence. The photograph reproduced on the last page of this article, for which I am indebted to the courtesy of the directors of the *Städtisches Sprudelsalzwerk*, shows one of the twenty-seven bathrooms at the *Kaiserbad* which are arranged in a semi-circle opening upon a fine corridor.

The moor and cleansing baths are sunk in the floor side by side, the latter being a fixture, while the former is fitted into the marble-rimmed aperture from below by means of a hydraulic elevator, which hoists it from an intermediate storey. This plan obviates the necessity of exposing the patient to draughts by opening a door to admit of the bath being wheeled in from the mixing yard.



In the bath—preparing for the cleansing process. The attendant is about to pour water on the bather.

An arm-bath.

From Photos taken at Marienbad.

The building in which the moor earth is prepared is detached from the main structure with which it is connected by an underground passage. When the prepared earth arrives it is first driven to the moor earth elevator, which is propelled by steam, and raised to the moor magazines at the top of the house, where it is again cleansed and sifted. From the upper storey it falls into the moor preparing-room beneath, that is, into the engine-driven moor mixing vats, where it is brought to the proper consistency by an admixture of mineral water and steam, and whence it flows into the actual baths placed to receive it. By a final process of either manual treatment or additional water and steam, it is brought to the medically prescribed consistency and

temperature for each patient before being conveyed through the communication passage to the manipulating yard.

When the moor bath has been used the contents are thrown into the moor pits below the building, where the water is drained off by sewers prior to the remaining sediment being carted away to the dumping places.

In the sixteenth century the methods at Karlsbad were so drastic that the cure was known as the "skin eater," and the physicians of to-day claim special merit for the vigorous and stimulating effects of the water and moor earth upon the capillaries and general circulation of the blood. One of the advantages of the moor bath is that it takes far less heat from the body than any other curative baths wherein a constant giving-off of warmth is occasioned by the equalisation of temperature which takes place between the body and the water even when the bather is motionless. It also has a soothing influence on the nervous system when once the aversion to the uninviting appearance of the bath has been mastered, and, as such a course should in no case be undertaken except under a doctor's orders, special modifications as to heat, consistency and length of immersion are made to suit each individual case.

The system and appliances at Marienbad much resemble those of Karlsbad, with local distinctions in the composition of the mineral earth and water. The moor here is not so soft and velvety as at Franzensbad, and the treatment is specially beneficial to those whose "too, too solid flesh" shows a tendency to undue increase. It is a proof of the strange awkwardness of things that a course at Marienbad has been found to disprove the statement that prevention is better than cure. A lady who wished to avoid an increase of weight found that she gained flesh by the very means she took to prevent it, and after much experience she gives it as her opinion that thin people put on flesh at this spa, and retain it after the cure.

What does it feel like in a moor bath? Such a question is natural, and shall be answered by Miss A. S. Levetus, through whose kindness I have been able to procure the photographs of Marienbad. She is not a case for invalids to judge by, inasmuch as she confesses to having violated medical orders, and taken the baths more in the nature of an experiment upon a healthy subject than as a cure for disease.

After a course of "champagne baths" at Marienbad which resulted in an addition of 4lbs. to her weight, Miss Levetus revisited the spa the following year. She says: "I had learnt a few hints as to the necessary temperature, consistency, height, and length of time one ought to remain in a moor bath. I wanted to reduce my weight, so I took them first, of course, according to the prescriptions of my many friends, and having proved to my own satisfaction that they did me good, went to my medical man who had previously forbidden them. I laid the case before him, and he, being of a forgiving nature, allowed me to take a course, giving me *strict orders to rest after each bath* for at least half-an-hour." This the patient neglected, owing to the alluring surroundings of pine woods with enchanting walks, whereupon Nemesis took the form of another increase in weight.

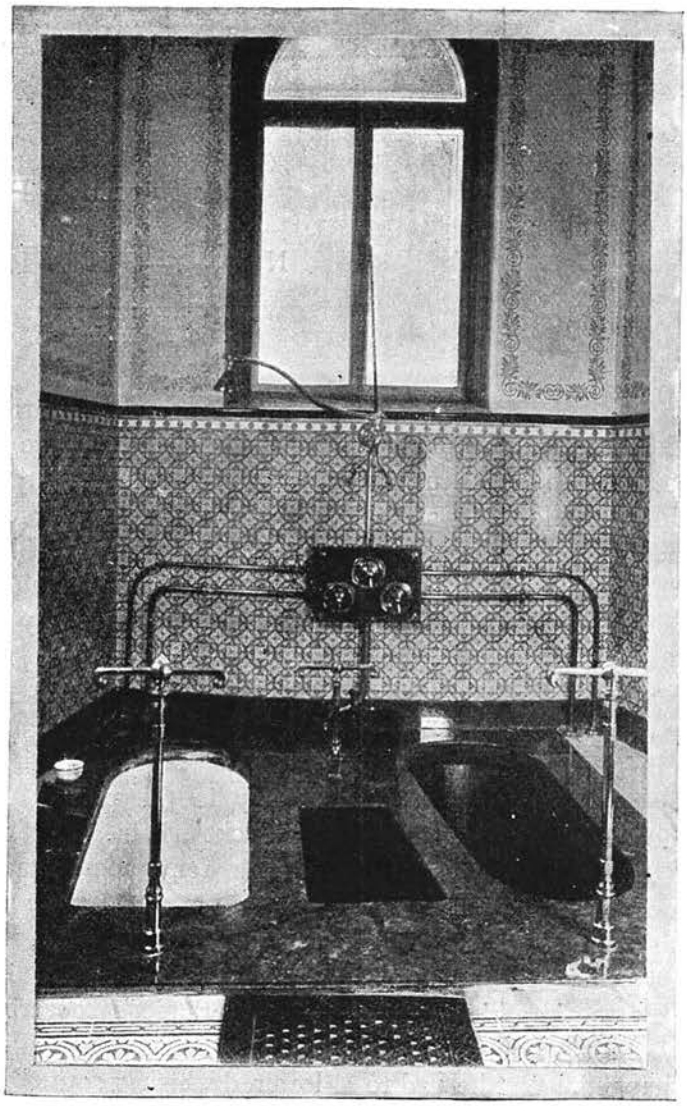
Now for the actual bath. Miss Levetus thus describes it:

"I went into the bath-room, the windows of which opened out on to a long corridor pervaded with a faint, boggy odour. I gave my instructions boldly in spite of my qualms about tasting forbidden fruit. The bath did not look at all tempting as it was rolled in by the man who had prepared the mixture, but I put my foot willingly into the bath and could not return. The other foot followed, and as I sank into the shiny compound and was comfortably settled I gave forth an involuntary cry of pleasure, the sensation was so delicious. Once the disagreeable feeling of having to get in was overcome, I felt a delight which continually increased at the enjoyable sensation of warmth, as my body became more and more impregnated with the moor.

"All my nerves tingled. I forgot to look at the sand-glass, and, instead of the twenty minutes prescribed—for my friends—I remained fully half-an-hour before ringing for the attendant to douse me with luke warm water

preparatory to stepping into the clean warm bath placed next to the moor one. I dressed quickly. I was all of a glow; a new life seemed born in me as I rapidly walked home —to rest. Every time I took a moor bath I enjoyed it more, and I went to Marienbad a third and a fourth time. The sensation in all three sister spas is to me pretty much the same, for whichever I patronise I have the same feeling of exaltation after the bath, and it is never followed by the prostration which I hear occurs in the majority of cases, and which renders absolute rest a necessity, for this rest brings one back to a normal condition."

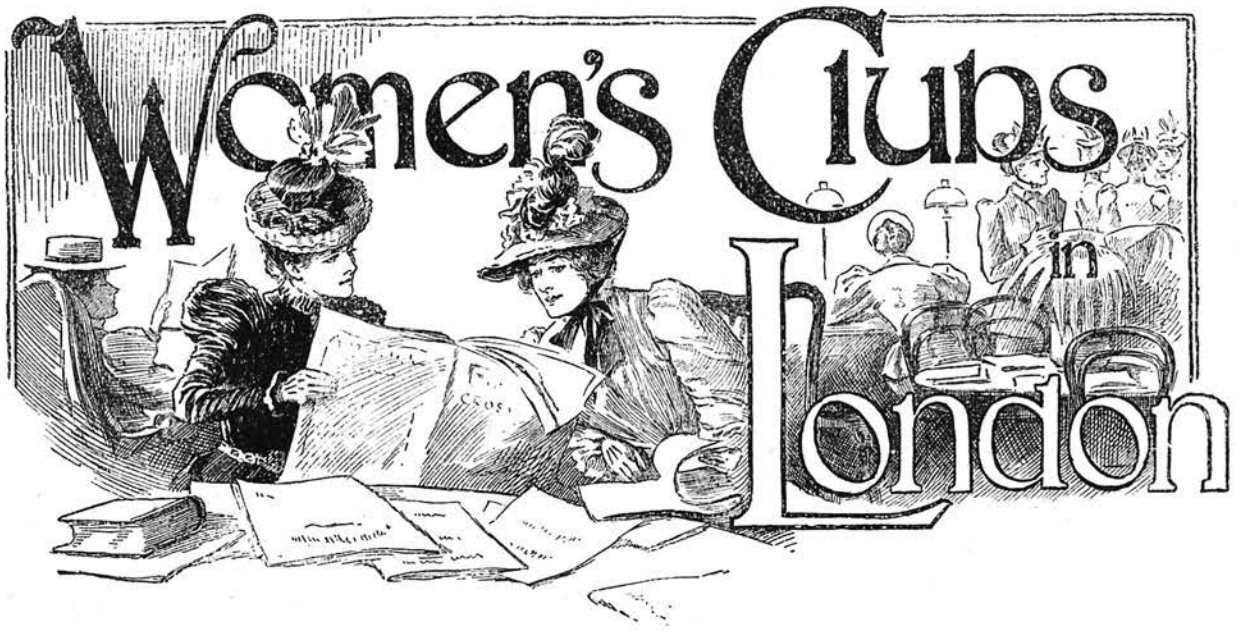
Miss Levetus does not advise others to act upon their own responsibility, as she did, in the matter of this cure, but enjoins entire confidence in and obedience to the judgment of the physician in charge of the case. There are 117 doctors in Karlsbad alone to choose from.



Interior of a bath-room at Karlsbad, with the cleansing bath on the left, the mud bath on the right.

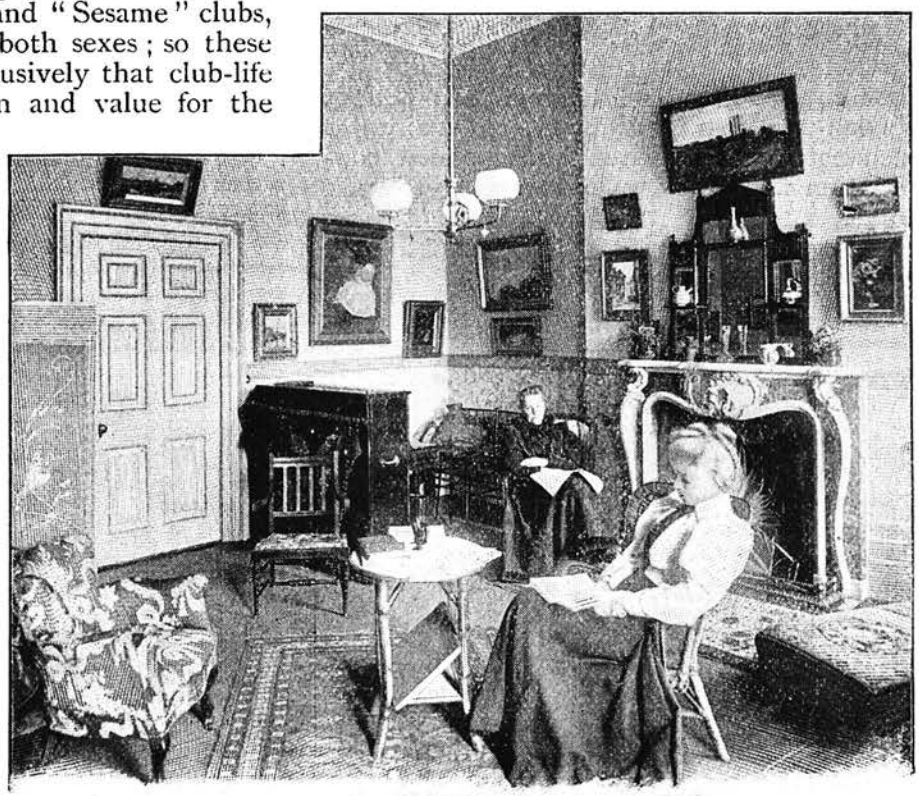
Specially magnificent bath-rooms are set apart for the use of royal visitors, many of whom have tried the cure; and, judging from the lengthy visits of distinguished patients, and the cosmopolitan nature of the assemblage at these Austrian health resorts, it would seem that the inevitable repugnance felt towards this unsavoury-looking remedy is easily overcome. Of course, many who frequent the spas only take the water cure with internal and external applications, but out of the 9000 who visit Franzensbad, on an average, during the season from May 1st to September 30th, and the 47,000 who annually go to Karlsbad, a large proportion avail themselves of the celebrated Moor Baths.

It may be interesting to note that in the return for 1898 Great Britain contributed only 908 visitors as compared with 18,275 from Austria-Hungary and 11,929 from Prussia, who found their way to Karlsbad. This can be easily accounted for by the fact that it comes as naturally to Germans and Austrians to "take a cure" in the summer months as it does to an Englishman to go to the seaside. It may be that insular prejudice makes the British, as a nation, indifferent to this time-honoured healing agent, which acts upon multifarious maladies with unpronounceable names, a list of which reads like a page of a treatise on pathology to the lay mind, and leaves a haunting doubt as to whether one is not afflicted with at least two or three of the diseases which only yield to the soft persuasion of the Mud Bath.



A WELL-ROOTED prejudice dies hard; and though it is considerably more than a dozen years since the first of the clubs for gentlewomen was established, there are still many people who cherish the idea that such places are unfeminine and objectionably "advanced." A rough calculation shows that some eight to nine thousand women belong to the various London clubs, excluding from the list the "Albemarle," "Baths," and "Sesame" clubs, formed for members of both sexes; so these figures prove very conclusively that club-life has some real attraction and value for the nineteenth-century woman.

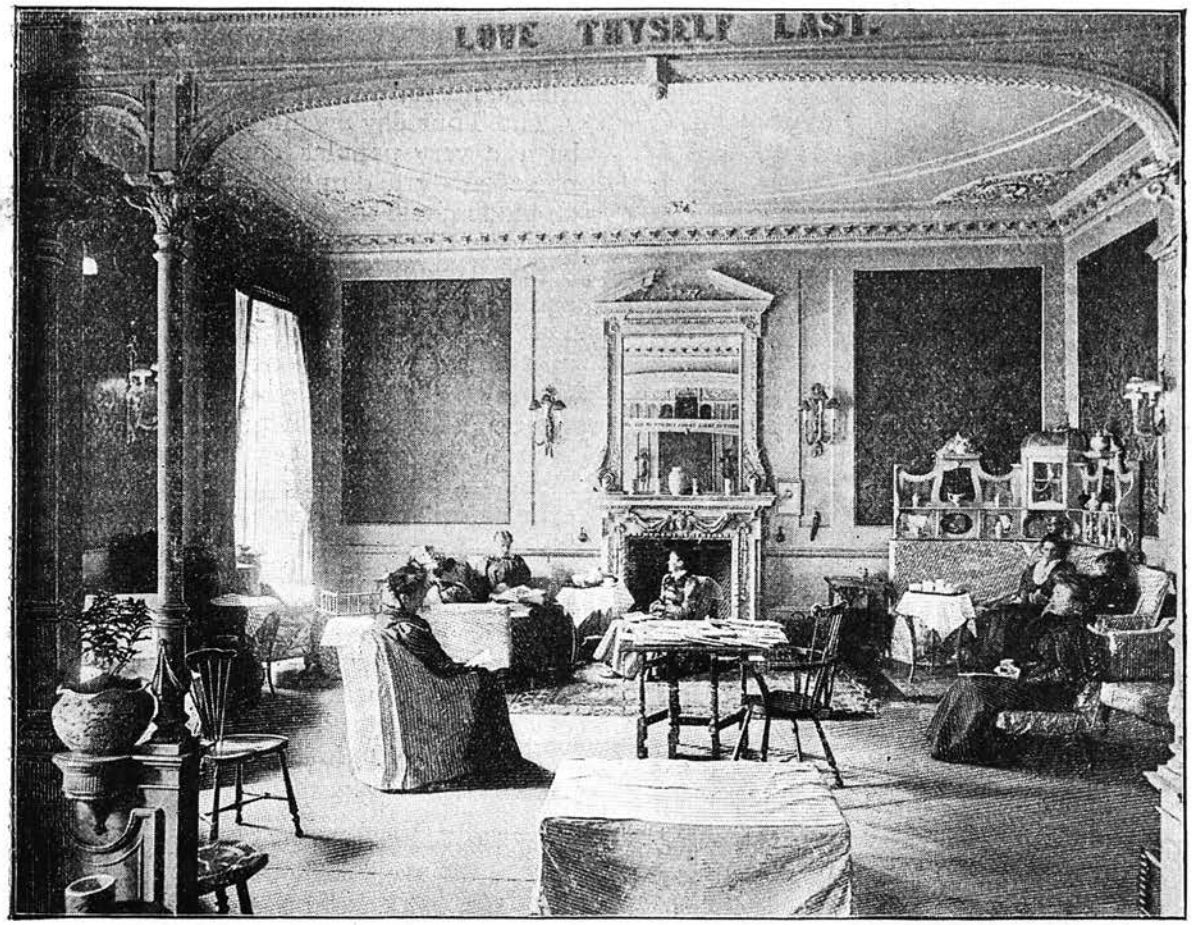
Unfortunately, men can never quite grasp what it is we want in a club—not a heavy dinner, a capacious arm-chair, nor a place in which to read the papers. Though all these things are now given unto us, the club appeals to a woman on other grounds, as a place where she can adjust her veil and wash her face after an afternoon's shopping; take lunch or tea in pleasant seclusion; spend a few hours, and even change her gown in an interval between West-End peregrinations and a visit to a concert-hall or theatre. These are the primary advantages which appeal alike to the society and professional woman. Formerly, a lady living in a remote suburb, or out of town, if she went west for the day, had no place where she might rest the sole of her foot between one appointment and another, nowhere to deposit packages, or make a rendezvous; and when hunger overtook her,



SOMERVILLE CLUB.
(From a photograph by Messrs. Cassell & Co., Limited.)

not caring for the restaurant, she generally fell back on the pastrycook's shop, and lunched luxuriously on bath buns and lemonade !

If only to have saved us from these and other minor ills, women's clubs have proved an immense boon ; but they have further brought together women of varied interests, and helped to break down some of the narrow barriers which walled in the British matron.



THE DRAWING-ROOM OF THE PIONEER CLUB.
(From a photograph by Messrs. Cassell & Co., Limited.)

The Somerville Club, which has recently moved into new and commodious premises in Hanover Square, was established as far back as 1878, and though in that period it has undergone various changes and vicissitudes, it has always boasted a goodly array of members. It began very modestly with subscription and entrance fee alike fixed at five shillings, and catering arrangements designed more especially to appeal to the woman whose purse was not long. The intellectual side was, however, better fed, for since the beginning, there has been a reading-room particularly well-stocked with current papers and magazines, and supplemented by a free lending library. Once a week there is a gathering, when an address or lecture is given, followed by discussions, every fourth gathering being arranged on the lines of a social evening. With its removal into larger and more fashionable premises, the Somerville has raised its subscription and entrance fee each to a guinea, whilst it now emulates the more expensive clubs in its cuisine.

A pathetic interest attaches to the Pioneer Club, in Bruton Street, founded by the late Mrs. Massingberd, who was also its proprietor and the guiding spirit till a few days before her death. The inception took form in a modest way less than half a dozen years ago in Regent Street over a perfumer's shop, but increase of members soon led to a removal to Cork Street, and once again the ever-growing Pioneers, now numbering several hundreds, made their habitation in their present handsome residence. The Pioneer has always been something more than a club—the embodiment of a large-hearted woman's ideal ; and Mrs. Massingberd was ever ready with a generous purse to make her club a very home.

Each Pioneer wears a small axe, the club badge, and is known by a number, in lieu of her name, as a symbol of perfect equality. The advocates of women's suffrage have been

LADY HAMILTON, SECRETARY OF THE PIONEER CLUB.
(From a photograph by Byrne & Co., Richmond.)

strongly represented here. Anti-vivisection, temperance, and vegetarianism are other subjects appealing to some Pioneers, whilst writers, actresses and singers have been from the first included in the list.

As you enter the hall of the house in Bruton Street you read their mottoes graven on the glass: "They say. What say they? Let them say." And again Walt Whitman's lines—

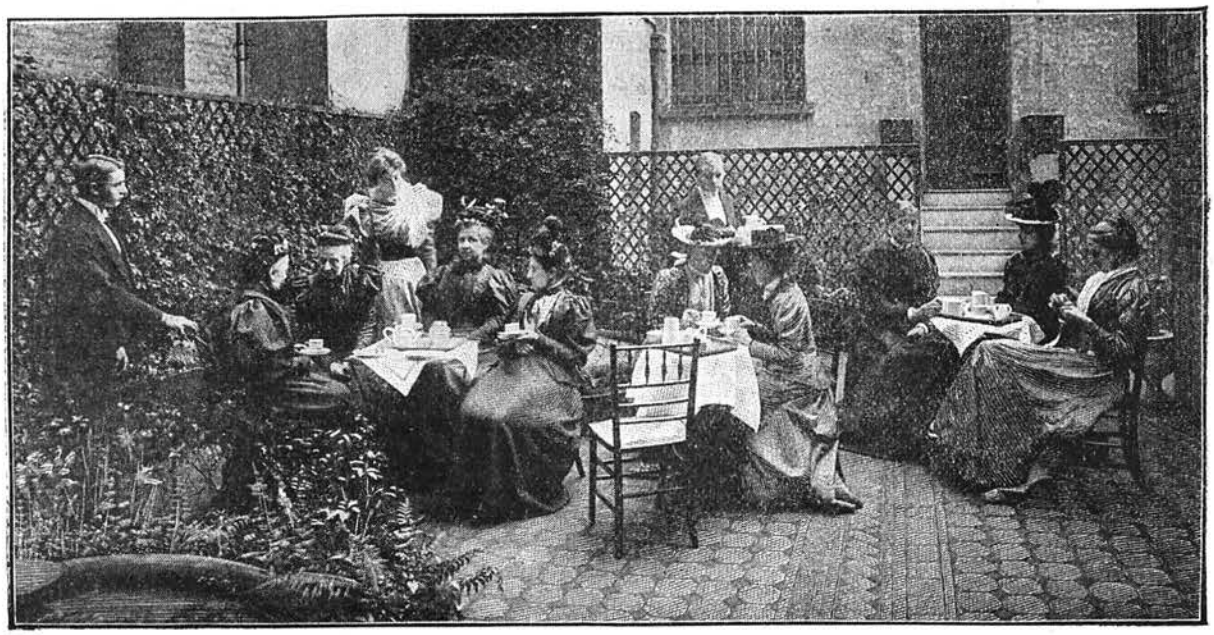
"We, the route for travel clearing, Pioneers, O Pioneers,
All the hands of comrades clasping, Pioneers, O Pioneers."

Upstairs in the drawing-room, a luxurious apartment with panels of soft yellow silk tapestry and white woodwork, elaborate marqueterie furniture and handsome electric light chandeliers, one reads the late president's favourite text, "Love thyself last," and again the legend, "In great things, unity; in small things, liberty; in all things, charity."

The Thursday evening debates have always been a very popular club feature; they are preceded by a dinner, to which guests may be bidden, and in the past a variety of topics has been discussed.

Social evenings are given from time to time, and the weekly "at homes" on Tuesdays from 4.30 to 6 are very popular, the first Tuesday in the month being devoted to music. Of the future of the Pioneer Club it is as yet too early to speak. Established as a club for progressive women, it would be a disappointment to Mrs. Massingberd's followers if it ever loses its *raison d'être*. Her motto, "Love thyself last," was blazoned on the floral tribute laid on her grave, whilst the Pioneer axe and the club ribbons were put with her cremated remains in the casket. The club is now carried on with a number of guarantors, whilst Lady Hamilton is the energetic secretary.

Facetious people have always found some



AFTERNOON TEA IN THE GARDENS OF THE PIONEER CLUB.
(From a photograph by Cassell & Co., Limited.)

amusement in the fact that smoking was allowed in this rigid temperance club—a smoking-room, sacred to members only, being provided. The evening dress aforetimes sported by the Pioneers has been another source of comment, a black satin jacket, white collar and tie taking the place of low-cut evening toilettes.

THE RECEPTION ROOM AT THE WRITERS' CLUB.
(From a photograph by Cassell & Co., Limited.)

Second to none in interest is the Writers' Club for Women, Hastings House, Strand. Members must be engaged in literary, journalistic, or black-and-white work, consequently the constituency is of necessity limited, although in the beginning of 1897 there were over two hundred and sixty members. The Writers' Club, just a few months older than the Pioneer, began nearly as humbly as the Somerville, high up over an Aërated Bread Company's shop in Fleet Street, and its first president was John Strange Winter. With lady journalists and black-and-white workers yearly becoming more needed in the newspaper world, the Writers' Club met a very urgent want, and three years ago, with increased funds, it migrated to more roomy premises at Hastings House, Norfolk Street, Strand.

Except for the weekly Friday house teas there has never been any luxuriance or social display to characterise this club, but the lunch, well served at a moderate price, the convenient little writing-room and the dressing-room are all boons for the lady journalist who has no time to make her homeward way between the attendance at one function and the chronicling of another. The subscription for town members is one guinea, with a similar amount as entrance fee, and the club has been very fortunate in securing the services of Miss

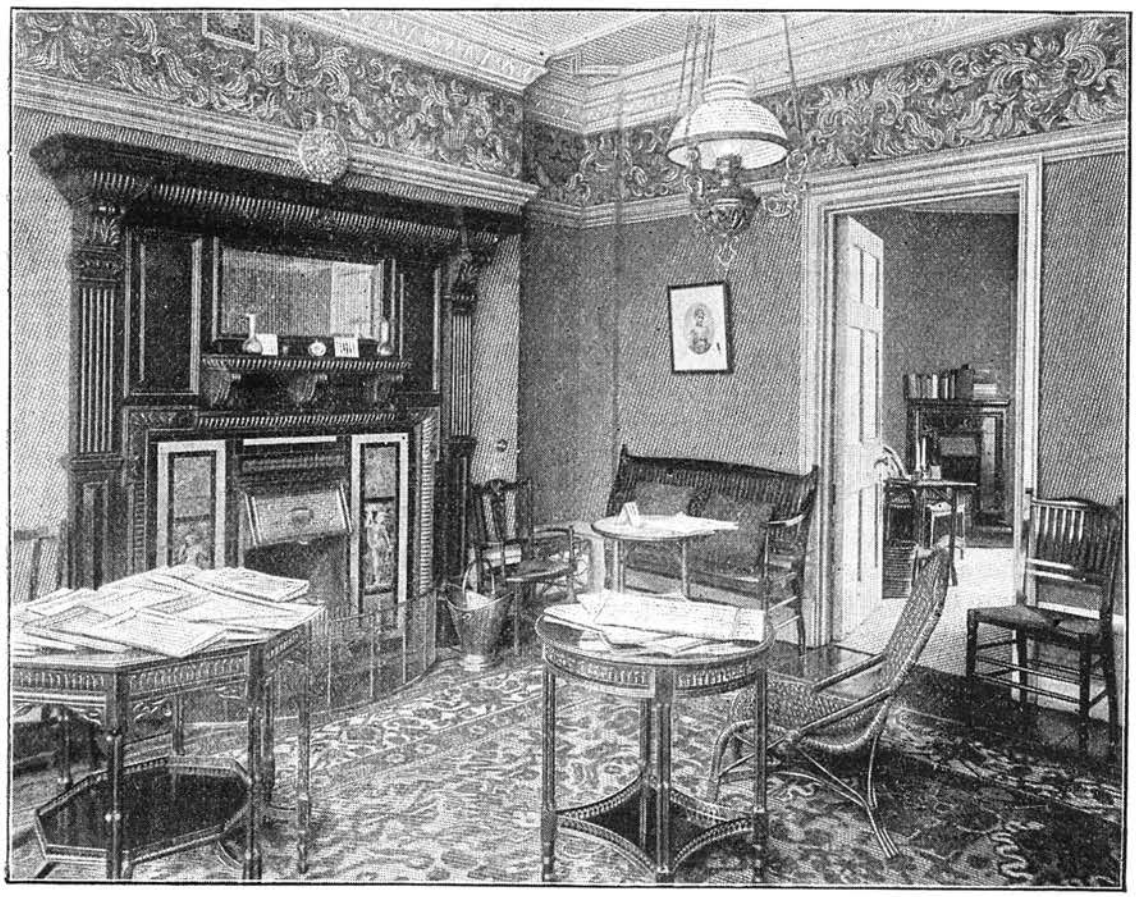
MISS ROUTLEDGE, B.A., HON. SECRETARY OF THE WRITERS' CLUB.
(From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, Baker Street, W.)

MRS. WYNFORD PHILIPPS.
(From a photograph by Daniels & Blaber, Tachbrook Street, S.W.)

Florence Routledge, B.A., as honorary secretary, an office demanding much time and work. Princess Christian holds the office of President, and at the present time the list of officers includes Mrs. John Richard Green, Mrs. Wilfrid Meynell, and Miss Montrésor, whilst Lady Jeune, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Miss Flora Shaw, of the *Times*, and other literary ladies, have served in bygone years.

The University Club in Maddox Street is, as its name implies, open only to University women, registered medical practitioners of the United Kingdom and women students who have passed the first professional examination of any medical corporation. With the same fee as the Writers' Club, it has an equal number of members. Here man is not allowed to enter, nor may he view the tastefully-furnished drawing-room with its cosy settees, its pretty inlaid fireplace, and its goodly stock of periodicals.

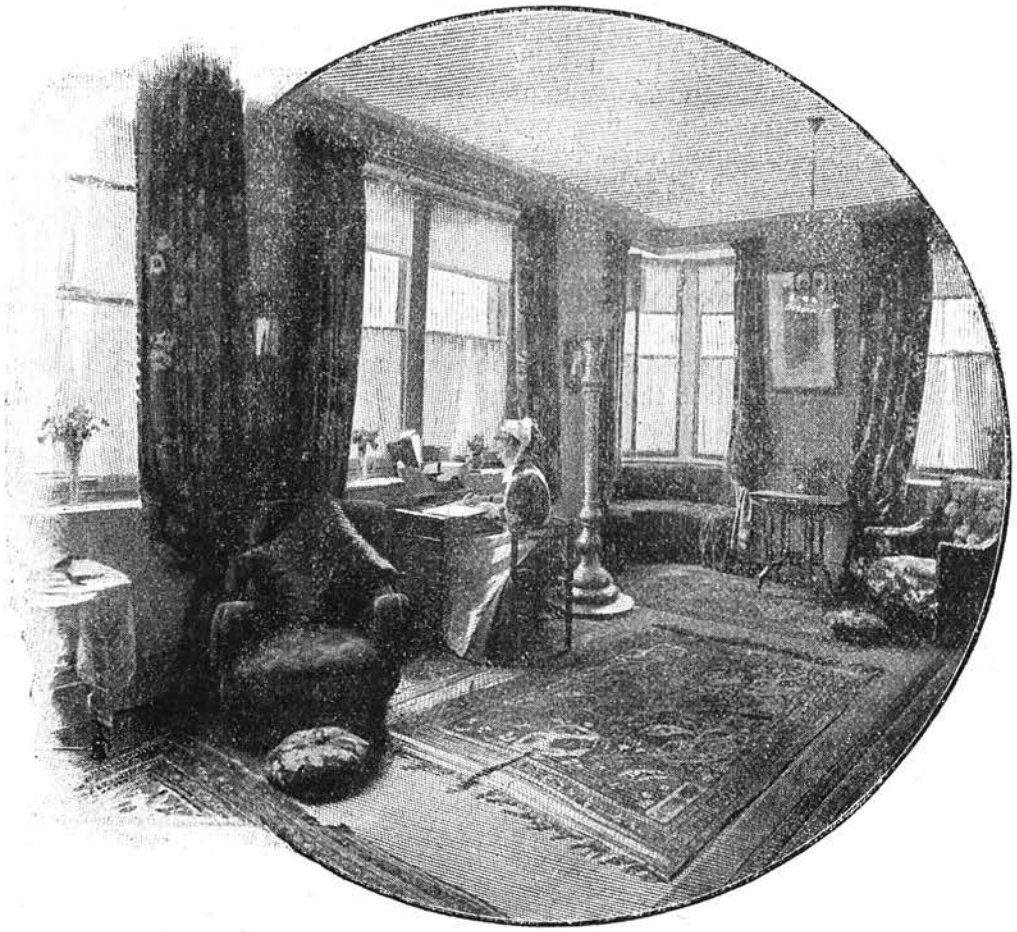
The "Grosvenor Crescent Club," recently established by Mrs. Wynford Philipps, will possibly, in time to come, be somewhat unique because of its connection with the Women's Institute—a great and philanthropical institution under the same management, and domiciled in the same luxurious premises in Grosvenor Crescent. The object of the club is to furnish a social centre for women interested in literature, art, science, philanthropy, and social questions of the day. There are dining-rooms for members only, and for members and visitors, a large room devoted to games, some sleeping accommodation, and space available for the inevitable cycle. Musical and social "at homes" will also



THE UNIVERSITY CLUB, MADDOX STREET.
(From a photograph by Cassell & Co., Ltd.)

be a feature when the club is in working order, and its close connection with the Women's Institute brings to its ranks many distinguished people connected with the woman's movement, such as the Countess of Aberdeen, Mrs. Russel-Cooke, Mrs. Scharlieb, M.D., B.Sc., Lady Henry Somerset, etc.

The very newest club designed for a special class of women is the Victoria Club for nurses, and is situated in Southampton Street, Strand. For these hard-working professional women with their very scanty leisure it seems particularly agreeable and desirable, but is too young yet to have any history. This closes the list of women's clubs established with any special object, and brings us to the purely social ones established in the interests of My Lady in Mayfair and Madame in Suburbia. "The Green Park" Club, 10, Grafton Street; "The Empress," Dover Street; "The Alexandra," Grosvenor Street; the "New Victorian," 30a, Sackville Street; "The Ladies' County Club," 21, Hanover Square; The "Ilchester," Kensington; and the "Sandringham," Old Bond Street, make up a fair total of social clubs, and it is curious to note that they are all situated within a very small radius.



THE VICTORIA CLUB FOR NURSES.
(From a photograph by Cassell & Co., Ltd.)

LADY VINCENT, PRESIDENT OF THE FINANCE COMMITTEE, ALEXANDRA CLUB.
(From a photograph by Debenham & Co., Weston-super-Mare.)

For elegance the palm is borne off by the proprietary "Green Park Club," 10, Grafton Street, Bond Street, ably managed by the proprietress, Mrs. Luther Munday. It is scarcely four years old yet, but the members amount to nearly five hundred, and include the Princess Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein and Princess Aribert of Anhalt. The entrance fee and the annual subscription are five guineas and four guineas each, the highest figure among the women's clubs except the Alexandra and Empress, which have precisely the same condition of membership, namely no lady is eligible who

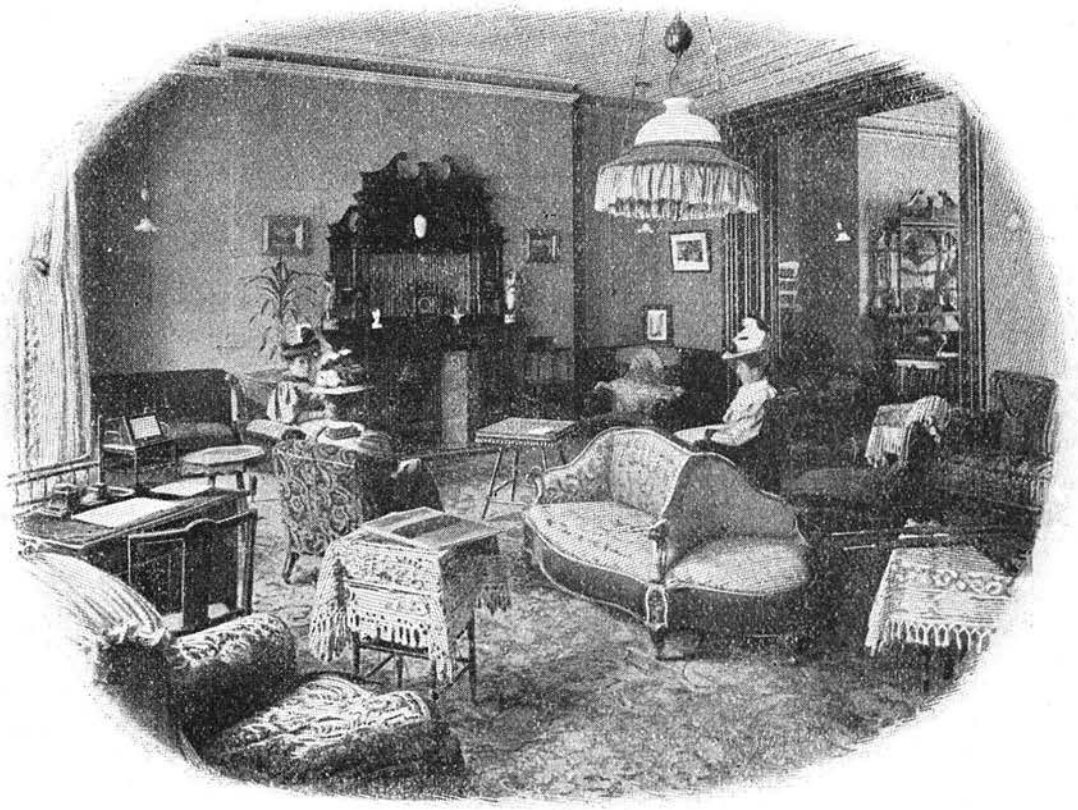
has been, or would probably be excluded from attending her Majesty's Drawing Room. There are some half dozen cosy bedrooms which members may engage for a night or a short period, convenient dressing-rooms, a beautiful drawing-room with gilded chairs, a brilliantly-flowered carpet, and handsome pictures on the walls, and a comfortable dining-room just behind. The musical and dramatic entertainments are given fortnightly, from four o'clock to six during the season, when many of the best artistes are heard, and when members can invite their friends.

Taken as a whole, the Alexandra Club is, perhaps, subject to the most drastic regulations; election, as I said, is conducted in the same way as at the Green Park, but the nine hundred members have closed their doors against men, and at 12, Grosvenor Street, except by special arrangement, not more than two friends may be brought in at one time, nor more than two children, who are only admitted to the second coffee-room, with the further condition that they remain perfectly quiet. Boys over seven rank as men, inasmuch as their company is declined, and infants in arms may penetrate no further than the retiring-room! So it is to be hoped that these young guests will not be seized with a wild desire to explore. The Alexandra has ten bedrooms for the use of members, and can further accommodate three ladies'-maids; it is very select and exclusive, but particularly comfortable, and impresses one as the resort of the well-to-do.

Second to none in social distinction is the newly established "Empress" in Dover Street, which, though only opened in the summer of 1897—a jubilee commemoration in its way—already boasts over two thousand members, all of whom belong to the upper ranks of society. The club rooms are beautifully furnished and thoroughly luxurious, there is a delightful winter garden, stables, and cycle houses at the disposal of members, seventeen bedrooms, a music-room, and all the usual reception apartments.

A novel feature is the annual payment of a shilling royalty on each subscription to the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund. The club, which is worked on the same lines as a masculine one, save for the admission of the other sex within certain precincts, does not attempt to provide any amusements or entertainments for its members, and rests on the solid basis of an unexceptionable cuisine, and ample regard for the comforts of the *fin de siècle* woman. The Countess of Westmorland, the Countess Bathurst, the Hon. Helen Henniker, and other members of the upper

"GREEN PARK" CLUB DRAWING-ROOM.
(From a photograph by Cassell & Co., Ltd.)



THE ALEXANDRA CLUB.
(From a photograph by Cassell & Co., Ltd.)

ten thousand are included in the list of vice-presidents.

Somewhat distant from the usual radius is the "Ilchester" in Kensington, which aims at providing a residential home, on very moderate terms, for ladies who, having no fixed abode in town, shun the hotel and boarding-house. Bedroom accommodation is, therefore, a feature, and there are over thirty sleeping apartments, as well as bath and living rooms. Visitors of both sexes are admitted—within bounds; but the precocious infant and the pug-dog are alike taboo. By way of entertainment there have been some excellent theatrical performances from time to time arranged by one of the presidents, the Hon. Mabel Vereker.

The Ladies' County Club has sprung up with the speed of a mushroom. It is now three years old, boasts nearly twelve hundred members, and has already moved once, and extended its premises once. Somewhat curiously, it was founded by a gentleman, Mr. Gilbert Oliver, and, under the name of the Ladies' Tea and Shopping Room, gave its members very comfortable accommodation in Regent Street for the humble subscription of five shillings per annum. After a short time the name of the Club was changed, and, more appropriately, it passed into the hands of the present proprietress, Miss I. R. Taylor (Mrs. C. H. Abbot). With the exception of an occasional birthday-party it does not lay itself out for any special gaiety,

LADY KNIGHTLEY OF FAWSLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE GENERAL COMMITTEE, ALEXANDRA CLUB.
(From a photograph by F. Kingsbury, Wandsworth Common, S.W.)

but, having an extensive suite of rooms, members can engage some of them for private parties and receptions, a convenience which

is greatly appreciated. From the beginning of 1897 the subscription has been four guineas, alike for town and country members, with three guineas entrance fee for the former and one for country members.

"Small, smart, and select" characterises the Sandringham, which has this year sprung into being from the ashes of the Kettledrum Restaurant, originally founded by Miss Emma Cowen (a sister of the composer) about four years ago. When the well-served little restaurant moved from New Bond Street to larger rooms in Old Bond Street some of the apartments were reserved as the Ladies' International Club: and this seeming to meet with much favour, in the beginning of this year Miss Cowen, the proprietress, with her partner, Mrs. Crace, formed the Sandringham with an aristocratic committee.

Last, but by no means least, comes the New Victorian Club in Sackville Street, with every comfort, including an elaborate dressing-room, with a well-fitted bath for the use of members sleeping a night, or even a week in town. The two proprietresses, Mrs. Smart and Miss Johnston, have each a cosy sanctum of their own, whilst the Club, which is run on the same lines as all the other social clubs, asks no higher terms than a subscription of £2 2s., and entrance fee of £2 2s. At the Victorian there are various mild dissipations such as picture exhibitions, musical and dramatic entertainments, and debates.

It is distinctly favourable for the future of women's clubs, that all those existing (with the small exceptions I mentioned) have been founded and conducted by women, and all are managed on satisfactory and successful business principles. Men visitors are, perhaps, inclined to urge that catering is still somewhat of a minor feature, but this arises from the fact that the average woman, taking lunch or dinner out, chooses her *menu* with a view to economy. The facilities which most of the clubs offer for the girl who wants to sleep a night in town are particularly convenient; the bachelor-woman (I think the term is now a recognised one) derives great advantages and much pleasure from her club.

Improvements and larger aims will spring up as women's clubs grow older and their managers gain more experience, but already they compare very favourably with those so largely patronised by the opposite sex, and are certainly cheaper and more utilitarian.

LEILY BINGEN.

AFTERNOON TEA AT THE NEW VICTORIAN CLUB.
(*From a photograph by Cassell & Co., Ltd.*)

THE MORALE OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

One Woman's Treatise.

IN your issue of August 3 "Mrs. J. C. C." asks for rules which prevail in regard to servants in a household—wages, duties, etc. I have never kept house in the valley of the Connecticut, but have done so in various parts of the Middle States, from Virginia to Nebraska, New York to Missouri, and I have found that under the direction of a moderately good housekeeper, servants in all places adopt the tone of the household, and are careful or slovenly, amiable and courteous, or disagreeable and saucy in conformity with the conduct of the persons for whom they work. I have kept house with one woman whom I employed to do "general housework" at twelve dollars per month (and in all my changes of location I have found twelve dollars the average, and, as I think, quite enough), and have had no manservant to assist her. My family at the time consisted of my mother-in-law, my husband, my daughter of ten years and myself. The house had two parlors, dining-room, kitchen, on the lower floor; four bedrooms and bathroom on the second, and two servants' rooms in the attic.

Beginning Monday morning, the servant rose at 6 o'clock, made the fire and filled the clothes-boiler with water to heat, dusted and arranged the dining-room for breakfast, and prepared coffee, any hot bread that had been ordered over night, potatoes, etc., for breakfast, and put them on the range to begin cooking. At 7 o'clock I went down to the kitchen, and the servant commenced at once her washing. I, from that time, attended to the breakfast, which was served at 7.30, the family always assisting by being ready for meals at the stated hours. After breakfast I cleared off the table and, putting the dishes on the kitchen table, called the servant to eat her breakfast, while I went up stairs and opened windows, beds, etc., for thorough airing. Then descending, I washed the dishes and cleaned the kitchen—always neatly kept—it required only sweeping, scalding out sink, etc. Then it being about 9 o'clock I took off the large apron which protected my dress perfectly, and was ready for market, it being my usual practice to go every day. On my return, at 10 o'clock perhaps, I finished the work up stairs, including the servant's room, and by 12 o'clock was ready to sit down and look over the morning paper for a half hour. At 1 o'clock a simple lunch of my preparing was eaten, the servant following as at breakfast. By 2 or 3 o'clock the washing was finished, and the 6 o'clock dinner, consisting always of soup, meat and vegetables and dessert, was prepared and served by the servant, who also cleaned up all after dinner. The usual sprinkling and preparing of clothes was done at night, and the servant retired at 9 o'clock, having had a *busy* day, but not a *hard* one.

On Tuesday the same routine was observed, and for the rest of the week I did very little, assisting the servant with the bed-making or in some small ways such as are or *should* be always pleasant for a woman to do in her home.

On Wednesday, after attending to breakfast dishes and the house work, the servant cleaned the silver and then went home, it being her regular "day off." She returned in time to prepare the 6 o'clock dinner, which was selected with a view to being prepared in about an hour. The soup, always on hand in the form of stock, broiled meat, plain vegetables, and preserves perhaps, for dessert.

On Thursdays the upper floors of the house were swept and cleaned. On Fridays, the parlor floor. On Saturdays, the windows washed and a general overhauling, and doing of work to save Sunday work. Soiled clothes assorted and put in the laundry, dessert made for Sunday, my little flower garden weeded perhaps, or some out of door work in the way of cobwebs and dust swept from window-sills and shutters; in fact anything that was needed.

This is the *outline* of the servant's work. Of course there were many small things, and large, done by her which were quite out of the routine.

I lived five years in the house in that city and in that time had but two servants. The first one, a negro woman, daughter of a Virginia slave, lived with me two years. To her succeeded a young German who remained during the three that I stayed. So that it is shown that neither was an exceptional woman, or case. In fact, when living in a larger city house and having three women servants I have found things go no more smoothly than when with but one servant.

In hiring a woman I give her the outline of the work and then tell her I require that she should do whatever I wish. Her rights are strictly observed. All the members of the family are courteous and kind to her. She is more often *asked* than *told* to do a thing. Being *asked* by a superior is, in effect, an order, but in a more pleasant *form* than being "ordered."

Our summer outings have usually been for four or five weeks, and I always, even if I have three good servants, pay the full amount of wages during our absence. A holiday seems the "right" of all workers. I write to the servant a few days before our return and send her a key of the house so that she may go to it and have fires made and house well open to the sun and air before our return. For, although *all* the windows are open about an inch at the top, the shades are drawn down and a *general* opening is necessary.

It seems to me that the "servant girl question" is *not* a vexatious one. From my observation I think the *mistress* question is the more so. I began my married life with *no* housekeeping experience. My mother, a Southern woman, was doubtless, an excellent housekeeper, and I may have, and probably did, imbibe from her some knowledge insensibly, but much of my youth was spent in hotels and traveling, so that I saw little of it.

The trouble I believe to be that many women live without the least system in their lives. I fancy that many housekeepers employ young women to do the work of the house, and paying the stipulated amount monthly consider their part of the contract done. If the other part is not satisfactorily done, fault-finding is too often their only remedy, or a change of servants is decided upon. A little careful thought and kind advice or instruction from time to time, together with a little timely assistance will make things go smoothly.

Sometimes one employs a servant who unfortunately proves to be a vicious woman. This happened to me once. I dismissed her immediately and so saved trouble with the other servants, and with her. But a careful observetion of a woman's face, dress, etc., will usually give an insight into her character and enable one not to go so very far wrong in the selection of a servant. And then *firmness* and *kindness* are two good watch-words.

—Mrs. Julia C. Sharpe.

THE KITCHEN TABLE.

Egg Omelet.

Take two eggs, separate yolks and whites. Put with yolks a tablespoonful of milk, one-half tablespoonful of corn-starch, and a pinch of salt. Then beat each separate, the white so it will stand up. Then put yolk with white and beat up light, just enough to mix it. Have spider warm, not hot. Have medium fire, not too hot a fire. Put a piece of butter in spider; when melted put in omelet, and when brown turn over each side and then turn omelet over and it will rise up when done.

—F. G. Jensen.

Postage Stamp Designs.

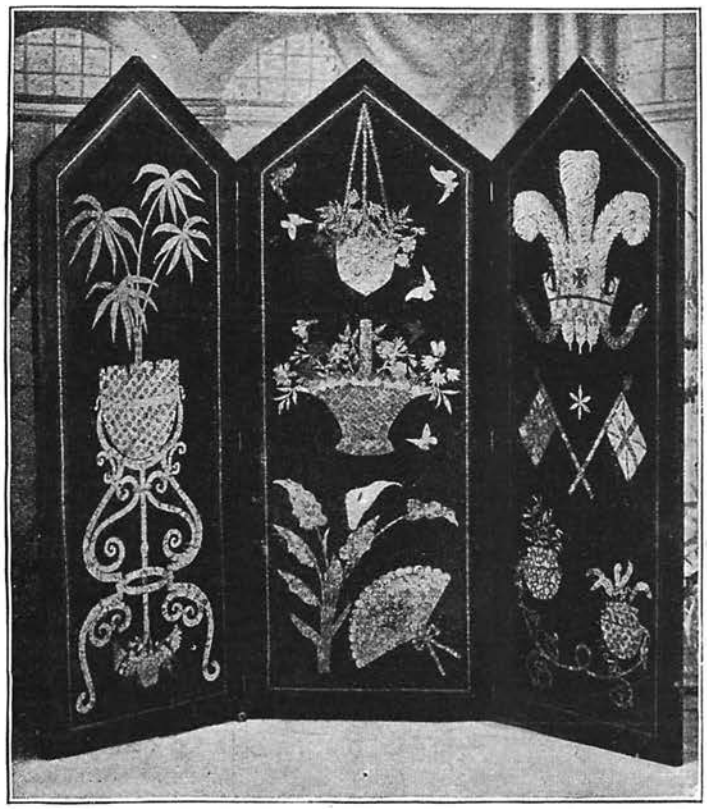
By George Dollar.

IT may look easy, but it's really very hard to do, especially when the postage stamps are used for purely decorative purposes, such as the screen and plate shown later in this article. It takes a lot of stamps, a deal of time, and a maximum of patience. But lovers of the curious are not to be put off by such obstacles, and postage stamp designs are becoming more popular every day. France and Germany are very fond of them, and there is hardly a philatelic exhibition on the Continent which does not contain one or more of these interesting curiosities.

As a not uncommon illustration of the time and labour spent in such work, let us take the splendid map of England and Wales shown on this page. It was made by D. M. Murrow, Esq., 74, Finsbury Road, Wood Green, N., and although it took Mr. Murrow only two months to draw the outline of the map and to affix the stamps, yet the entire collection, which is valued at two hundred guineas, was begun at the age of seven years. The exact number of stamps in the map is 2,139, and no two stamps are alike. All the coast and prominent inland counties are formed of contrasting colours. Mr. Murrow has sent us an accurate list of the nineteen shades used in the map, as well as the number of stamps of each shade, and adds: "The map and frame weigh 1¾ cwt., and is 6ft. by 5ft." Quite an armful—certainly a cleverly-executed idea.

From a Photo. by] MAP OF ENGLAND AND WALES, MADE WITH STAMPS. *[George Newnes, Ltd.*

The "Jubilee Screen," one side of which we show on the next page, is one of the most carefully thought out and delicately-executed stamp designs which we have seen. It was designed by Mrs. Willis, 35, Colveston Crescent, West Hackney, to whom we are indebted for the photograph. The amount of work in such a decorative screen may be judged from the following details. The wire stand shown on the left-hand panel is made of English penny stamps, banded with red halfpenny stamps. The pot is made of English halfpenny stamps, and contains a graceful palm made of Indian and French green stamps. Hanging from the centre of the middle panel by a triple cord of



A SCREEN ORNAMENTED ENTIRELY WITH STAMPS.
From a Photo. by John J. Avery, Kingsland, N.E.

halfpenny stamps is a pot made of English "pennies," containing flowers and ferns. Underneath is a fancy basket of French stamps, filled with flowers made of English and foreign denominations. The butterflies are also made of English and foreign stamps. In the left corner is an arum lily, the flower of English and the leaves of Colonial stamps. In the right corner is a fan made of English stamps with green and orange centres.

The Prince of Wales's plumes at the top of the right panel are made of Indian blue stamps, the crown showing old English blues and various others. The motto "Ich Dien" is written in old penny red English stamps, and the Star of India in red Indian stamps. Below this is the Union Jack of English stamps, with the staff of halfpenny wrapper stamps. The other flag is composed of old English red, cornered with Malta, Hong Kong, New Zealand, and Victoria stamps, while the centre is made of Cape of Good Hope denominations. The fancy wire stand at the bottom of the panel is made of halfpenny wrapper stamps with pots of red halfpenny stamps throwing out green ferns, etc.

The other side of this screen, the panels of which are 5ft. 8in. long by 2ft. 3in. wide, shows a massive jar of bulrushes, a bamboo-table from which are hanging pots, and a patriotic 1837—1897 design suitable to last year's Jubilee, showing the crown, trident, rose, shamrock, and thistle, as well as the familiar monogram, "V.R.," all done in British stamps. The screen, as may be seen from our illustration, is remarkably effective, and reflects great credit on the patience and skill of the designer.

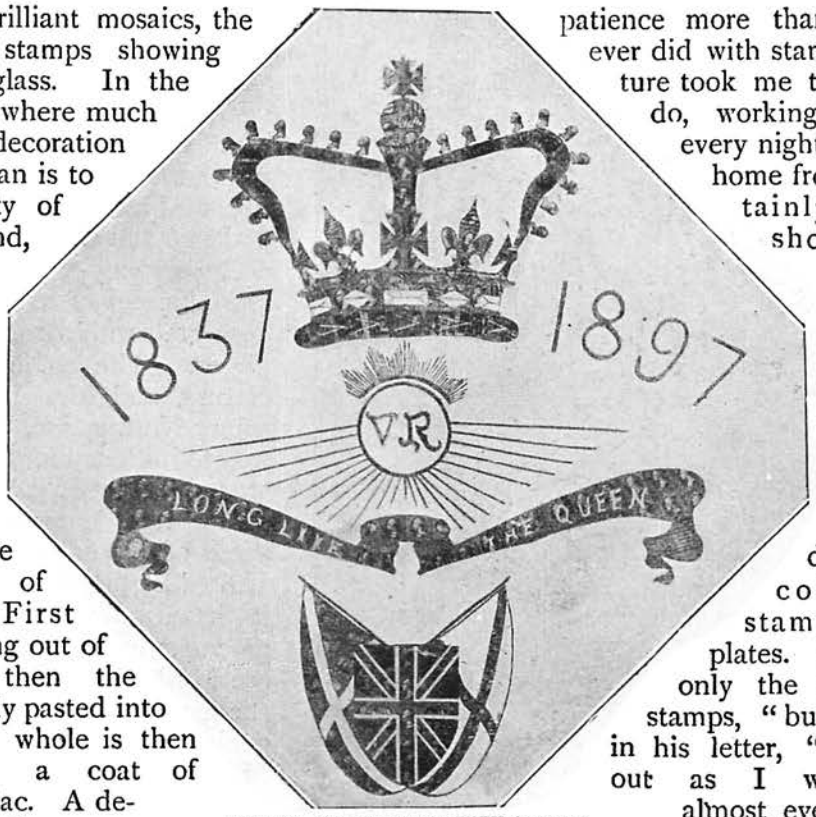
Accompanying the screen is a reproduction of a plate beautifully decorated with stamps cut into tiny pieces. The colours are true to Nature, and Mrs. Waugh, of Midsomer Norton, near Bath, to whom we are indebted for the photograph, says, in a letter, that "the trunks of the trees consist of many hundreds of pieces of brown five-cent United States stamps." The foliage is beautifully shaded in various green stamps, the flowers and birds are brilliant in colour, various stamps being employed most ingeniously. "The whole," adds Mrs. Waugh, "was designed and carried out by a poor man, an invalid—Thomas Chivers—of Midsomer Norton, who is prevented from earning his living owing to the state of his health."

The idea of decorating china in such a way is not new, but is capable of much variation, and it is a pretty work. In its earliest form, which is fairly old, stamps of various countries were selected and carefully matched on the back of glass plates, forming

PLATE DECORATED WITH POSTAGE STAMPS.
From a Photo. by Mr. Charles Shearn, Midsomer, Norton.

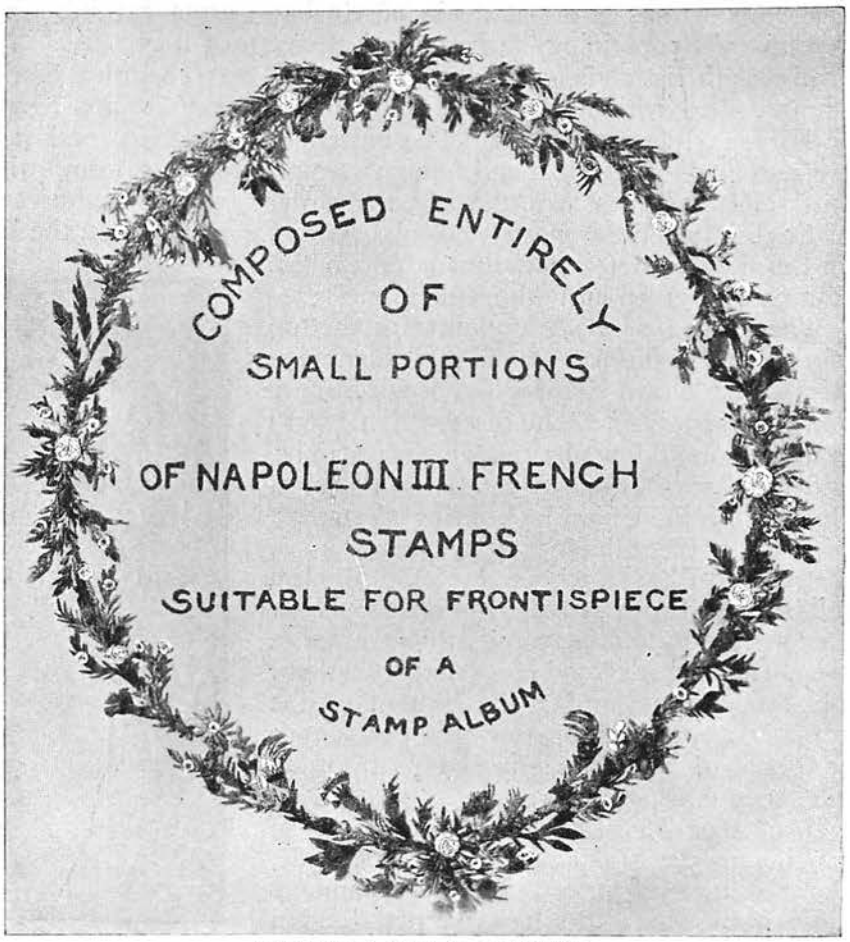
curious and brilliant mosaics, the face of the stamps showing through the glass. In the United States, where much of the modern decoration is done, the plan is to have a variety of U.S. stamps, and, after clearing the back from paper, cut out various portions of the stamps, which may be arranged effectively, according to the artistic ability of the worker. First comes the laying out of the design, then the pieces are neatly pasted into place, and the whole is then covered with a coat of colourless shellac. A demand has recently sprung up for these plates, and they are now manufactured expressly for this purpose.

The interesting Jubilee design reproduced at the top of this page is the work of Mr. Robert Callander, of 16, Moncrieff Terrace, Edinburgh. Every detail in the design is made with stamps, the crown being composed almost entirely with one and two cent American stamps. The bottom part is made with English 2½d. stamps. The scroll is made of two-cent stamps, in red and blue. The shields and flags are made of one and two cent red and blues. The figures "1837—1897" are made up of one-cent newspaper stamps. Mr. Callander writes: "The most trying work in the whole picture was the making of the rays round the 'V.R.' It tired my fingers and my eyes, and tired my patience more than anything I ever did with stamps. The picture took me two months to do, working three hours every night, after coming home from work." Certainly the design shows minute labour, but its effectiveness was worth the trouble.

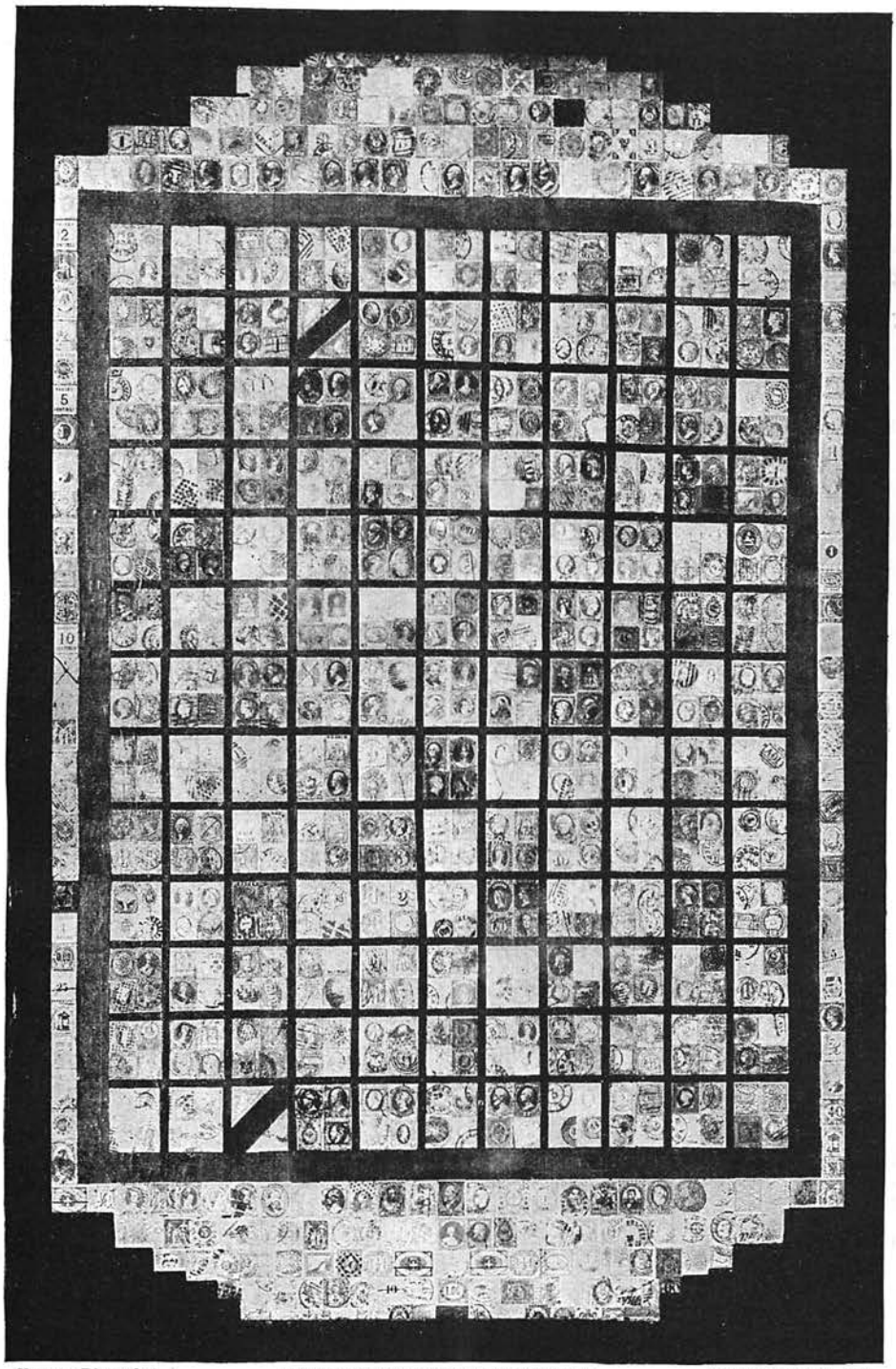


JUBILEE DESIGN, MADE WITH STAMPS.
From a Photo. by Mr. James Smith, Edinburgh.

It may be added, in passing, that Mr. Callander has a fine collection of stamp-decorated plates. He first used only the heads of the stamps, "but," as he says in his letter, "I soon found out as I went on that almost every part of the stamp could be used."



ORNAMENTAL WREATH OF STAMPS.

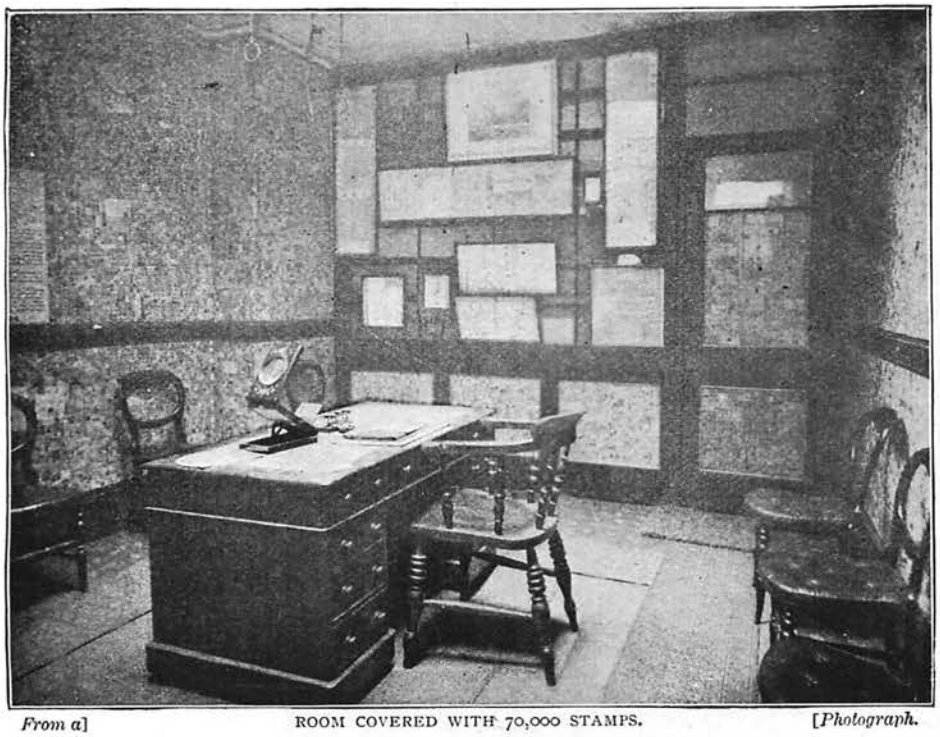


From a Photo. by] MOSAIC ENTABLATURE OF STAMPS. *[George Newnes, Ltd.*

Nothing could show this more successfully than the remarkable postage stamp wreath that has been lent to us for reproduction by Mr. W. S. Lincoln, the well-known stamp dealer, of 2, Holles Street, W. The wreath was made in France of French Empire stamps, and, although the niceties of the design may not be seen from the reproduction, they are very patent when one is looking at the original. Mr. Lincoln keeps this design on exhibition in his rooms, and he has been offered large sums for it by philatelists with an appreciation of the beautiful. It was done more than a quarter of a century ago, probably by a French lady, but no trace now exists either of the lady or her name.

The postage stamp design on this page is merely a collection of stamps made during his school-days by Mr. Murrow, the designer of the map of England shown at the beginning of this article. It is composed of 823 different stamps, with four stamps of like colour forming a square. "As a whole it looks like a mosaic entablature," writes Mr. Murrow, and we may well believe it, although our reproduction can give no idea of the variety of colour in the design. The collection is used for a wall ornament.

One of the genuine curiosities of London is the room papered with stamps at 281, Strand, where Mr. J. W. Palmer, the well-known stamp-dealer and forgery-fighter, has been situated for years. The room is now called a "museum," and the "stamps" on the wall are all forgeries and reprints, to the number of 70,000, which, if genuine, would be worth £1,000,000. There have been numberless rooms papered with stamps, and the rooms are always very effective, but this room, with its overwhelming exposure of open-faced frauds, is certainly the most remarkable. It is interesting to know that the impending demolition



From a] ROOM COVERED WITH 70,000 STAMPS. *[Photograph.*

of the old building which contains this room will not injure or destroy this curious collection, as the " stamps " have been attached to removable canvas, and will soon decorate Mr. Palmer's new home.

Probably the strangest of all stamp collections used for ornamentation is that of Mrs. George Wilson, of 191, Vestal Avenue, Binghamton, New York. Not so much does the oddness lie in the stamps themselves as in the method of arrangement. They completely cover every portion of a bedroom set, consisting of bedstead, dresser, commode, and chairs. The stamps are secured to the set with the aid of glue, and then covered with heavy spar varnish. The stamps can be washed, in their present condition, without injury.

The beginning of this strange collection dates back many years. The first chair of the set that was decorated was owned by a coloured family in Virginia in the middle of the last century. Gradually the chair passed from hand to hand and from cabin to cabin, until at last it came into the possession of Mrs. Geo. Yancey, a coloured woman, who now lives at Ovid, New York.

Since this ancient relic of colonial days has been adorned in the unique manner shown in the picture, thirteen other articles of furniture have received similar treatment, until now the whole forms one of the most peculiar results of the curio-collector's art that is extant. There are nearly 2,000,000 stamps in the entire collection, and this set of bedroom furniture has become famous throughout the United States. Cornell University, it is said, has offered $200 for it. The set is constantly increasing in value, for Mrs. Wilson is constantly adding to the pieces.

COMPLETE SET OF BEDROOM FURNITURE DECORATED WITH 2,000,000 STAMPS.
From a Photograph.

PARIS DRESSMAKING AND DRESSMAKERS.

Artists Who Guarantee Their Work.

IT is unfortunate for the average American woman in Paris that the Parisian dressmaker has a fixed, unwavering idea that all Americans are rich, and that a higher price can be asked and obtained from an American customer than from their own countrywomen, but such is undoubtedly the fact. There is no good reason why the United States should monopolize the term "American," but when this word is used alone, without others explaining which America is meant, it always signifies, at least here in Europe, the person from the United States, and in that sense it is used in this article.

There are all grades of dressmakers in Paris, but when the American woman asks for one she is invariably sent to the most expensive; and as a rule these are the best, though good moderate-priced ones can be obtained through the agency of certain reliable dry goods houses. And a still cheaper grade, though quite good workwomen, can be obtained by applying to almost any convent where the Sisters keep lists of the needy seamstresses of their parish, as well as those who do embroidery and fancywork.

The highest grade of dressmakers in Paris consider themselves artists, and quite justly, too, for the work turned out from their hands is often a dream, a poem in tone, color and form.

The great establishments of Paris may be divided into two classes: those that keep models of dresses and wraps on constant exhibition, and those that do not. Certain leading houses like Worth's will have almost no models for the visitor's inspection; nothing is made on speculation or simply because it is the prevailing color, style or material, but every dress is a special order to suit a particular person who has been well studied as to adaptability of color, style, form and material. This makes the dressmaker something of a dictator, and the average woman wishes to be a little more independent and to study for herself the combinations and styles; so for these most dressmakers keep parlors where suits are exhibited, always on young women of good figure and pleasing countenance, who walk back and forth, showing the costume to the best advantage. If the buyer is pleased, and the costume can be changed to fit easily, she may have her suit in an hour or two, but, if the fitting is entirely out of the question, the dressmaker usually guarantees to duplicate the costume in a perfect fit, to be delivered at the customer's hotel or pension in from three to seven days.

The modiste wishes to furnish all the materials. No doubt there is profit for her in all this, but the custom is universal, and in the end it would make really very little difference in the price, and may save much trouble or annoyance in finding just what is wanted, especially for the shopper who speaks only English. All dressmakers keep sample books in their parlors. These are filled with samples, three by six inches in size, obtained from the firms where they deal; samples of every kind of dress and cloak materials, from the cheapest of muslins to the most expensive pieces of brocaded velvet for opera cloaks. Besides these books, they usually have a large case full of laces, jets and other garnitures; in fact a large dressmaking establishment is also a store full of valuable merchandise, so that without leaving the room one can select the trimmings most suited to the costume and to the person who is to wear it.

There are dressmakers in Paris who take many measurements of the form and cut pattern and lining by these measurements, as the majority of our dressmakers do at home, but the higher-priced ones always use the crinoline, pinning it against the form and cutting it with the utmost care; often two persons work at the same time, one fitting the corsage while the other fits the skirt. In large establishments there are always separate cutters for waist and skirt, and frequently for the sleeve also; for the fitter of a perfect corsage may make, and sometimes does make an ill-fitting sleeve, and one may have a perfect genius for skirt drapery and for nothing else. These three work only for form; colors and combinations depend on the trained eyes of the heads of the establishment. These women, usually two or more, stand by during cutting, fitting and draping, offering criticisms and suggestions, and the "poem" or "dream" of a dress is the result of this careful criticising from the hands of an artist. All this is of course expensive, but if one has the money it is an excellent investment, for such a costume is perfectly satisfactory till worn out.

From the crinoline pattern, which is fitted first, a paper pattern is cut, and these two patterns are kept in a large envelope bearing the address of the customer, that other orders may be filled, if she desires, without trouble to her.

For women who do not live in Paris, and who order many costumes, a wire form is constructed according to the measurements taken, dresses can be fitted to

this form and sent to their destinations, leaving the under-arm seam only basted; this can be sewed afterward and a perfect fit secured.

A lady living in the south of France, desiring a handsome trained dress for a wedding, and not being able to go to Paris to be fitted, sent to her dressmaker in that city one of her dress waists, measures for waist and skirt, her photograph and a description of complexion, eyes and hair. The result was most satisfactory, the dress needing no alterations whatever, and this the lady acknowledged in a letter that the dressmaker took a pardonable pride in showing. Any of the good dressmakers of Paris who work for American and English customers can show letters acknowledging the reception of dresses that have been fitted to wire models, and that have been perfectly satisfactory. Usually in such cases style, color and combinations are left entirely to the Parisian modiste, and it is better so, for from such a distance and living in perhaps quite another atmosphere, the advice and ideas of one would not harmonize with those of the other. Even here in Paris, where one can see the dressmaker at will, it is better to leave it all in her hands. In fact, after the first great discussion as to general color, material and cost, she usually says: "Now leave the rest to me, I guarantee you will be satisfied; the details are mine. I can study that which is suited to your face and figure better than you can; you must trust to me." And she is right; if one insists on grafting her ideas on those of the dressmaker, who has a picture in her mind, not of one item only, but of the *tout-ensemble*, the result will not be pleasing and may be much out of harmony, and the buyer wonders what is the matter, and believes the Paris modiste does not have the amount of taste she has been credited with possessing.

This is an important fact for the customer to remember, for so much depends on the draping, the arranging of the lace, the twisting of a ribbon, or the tying of a bow, and all amateur dressmakers know what that means, for so few persons can make a tasty bow of ribbon, lace or chiffon, and the finish of a dainty collar or sleeve may depend on this very knot of ribbon or bow of lace.

A first-class dressmaking establishment does not make simply dresses, but jackets of all kinds, a tailor-making department being indispensable; they furnish, also, different styles of capes, cloaks and mantles, from the lace shoulder cape to the full-length opera cloak with its double trimming of lace and pearl for summer, and handsome fur for winter. These articles are to be found mostly in the establishments that have models of costumes. An opera cloak on exhibition in one of these houses was of white velvet with gold embroidery. This garment could be duplicated in any pale tint to suit the complexion of the wearer, and having seen the model, one can have a very definite idea of how the wrap will look when finished. In this particular the model establishments have a decided advantage over those without, where it is necessary to choose from samples and trust to the taste of the presiding artist for final effect.

Besides dresses and wraps, many establishments supply hats and bonnets, and those that do not keep them in stock have a millinery store near with which there is some partnership arrangement, and they will send to this place for a hat or bonnet to match the suit just finished. Of course a certain percentage of the price of this article will rest in the dressmaker's hands as middleman, but, again, time and trouble are saved and suitability found with the usual resulting satisfaction. Then, too, this arrangement may be economical for the buyer who does not understand the elasticity and contractibility of Paris prices. A few firms, like the Bon Marché, have fixed, unvarying prices; each article is marked and he that runs may read, and it is useless to attempt any bargaining there; but the ordinary millinery stock is seldom marked and may be subject to great variation, dependent on the cleverness of the buyer. For instance, a hat, for which at first forty francs was asked, was at last sold for ten francs, a bargain surely but not a robbery on the part of the customer, for straw and silk are manufactured here cheaper than in America, and the hat consisted solely of these two materials, arranged with much taste. Within the past few years have sprung up in Paris the one-price millinery stores, all the hats and bonnets in the establishment having the same price. One store on the Avenue de l'Opera has every article marked twenty francs; another in the Rue de Rivoli, sixteen francs; but the more expensive houses never mark their goods.

The Paris dressmaker desires above all others the American woman for a customer; but how to secure this prey becomes an important question, and much cleverness is diplayed in its solution. The American tourist generally registers at his bank and also at the office of the Paris edition of the New York Herald, which publishes every day a list of those who have registered, with their addresses, and the modiste goes to these registers for the list of the new arrivals. The next morning bright and early, while Madame Americaine is taking her coffee in bed, a tap at the door is quickly followed by the entrance of the dressmaker, accompanied by a large box filled with "confections," consisting of a wool walking suit, a carriage dress, a dinner dress, a ball dress and an assortment of corsages, all in the latest style as to color, garniture and form.

The establishments that keep models send out in this way their very latest for inspection, and those that pride themselves on keeping no models, but make everything to suit the individual, do not hesitate to take their last orders from the workroom to the hotels and pensions, that the American customer can get some idea of the work done by them. So while Madame Americaine luxuriates in bed with her coffee and rolls, the clever modiste displays her wares to the best advantage, and in picturesque English, with the strongest French accent, extols their virtues. The hour and the surroundings are pro-

pitious. This the dressmaker knows very well, and seldom fails to reap her harvest. Few American women who make a stay of two or more weeks in Paris, but are visited by half a dozen of these modistes, provided they have registered.

The keepers of hotels and pensions frequently furnish the dressmakers with addresses of the persons who are boarding with them, and in any such case, or at any time when permission is given the dressmaker to bring her costumes into a pension for display, it is more than probable that a certain per cent. of the price of those gowns rests in the hands of the keeper of the hotel or pension. It is astonishing how many persons live in Paris off of a certain per cent. gained entirely by their wits, and a per cent. is frequently demanded for a service that in the United States would be amply rewarded with a hearty "thank you," while all parties concerned would be satisfied and would consider such a reward sufficient recompense for the service.

The other great sources of information for the Paris modiste are the banking firms, which have correspondence with the celebrated London houses and the best-known banks of New York, Boston and Philadelphia, for no matter how large or how small the letters of credit may be, no matter how far and how expensive the trip has been, the Paris dressmaker reasons, and correctly, too, that as a final dissipation before sailing for home, the average American woman has saved enough money from all this expense to gratify her desire to take home one or more dresses made in the latest Parisian mode, with which to dazzle the eyes of her less fortunate neighbors.

—Mary Elton McClellan.

WOULD YOU HAVE PEACE AT HOME

And a Good Name Abroad?

When you don't know what to say, say so.

Nurse good habits, and wet-nurse bad ones.

Open doors quietly and shut them without a bang.

Use the door-mat, instead of the floor carpet, for a foot scraper.

Live sociably with your family, and peaceably with your neighbors.

Let your manners at home be a little better than they are abroad.

Be as agreeable to your wife as you would be with "other men's wives."

Speak as pleasantly to your husband as you would to "other women's husbands."

When the "last word" is likely to be an unkind one, let some one else say it.

Look out for the claws of the family cat when its paws are fairly let out of the bag.

If it must be a kiss or a blow, let the kiss come first—the blow will take care of itself.

Have soft answers always ready as a bulwark to set up against the overflowing stream of wrath that may chance to be flowing by.

(Good Housekeeping, 1892)

CHAFING DISH RECIPES.

Welsh Rarebit.

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

Maryland Oyster Roast.

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

Oysters en Coquille.

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

Creamed Oysters.

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

Sweetbreads.

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

Chickens a la Creole.

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

Blanquette of Shrimps.

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

Scrambled Eggs.

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

Stewed Lobster.

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

—Miss A. Stetson.

SUMMER DRINKS.

"Good things for which God hath given us the use of drink."—*Jeremy Taylor.*

IT is surprising that so little attention is paid to summer drinks outside of drinking-saloons. Man does not subsist by food alone at any season of the year, much less in summer, and yet, however the housekeeper may vary her bill of edibles to suit it to the change of temperature, she continues to offer to drink only the regulation tea, coffee and chocolate—chocolate, coffee and tea. In a day's journey a lucky traveler may find a housewife considerate enough to serve tea and coffee iced, but she is rare, like all jewels.

Ice-cold drinks in appreciable quantities are not of course the best thing to take into one's stomach, but if one will drink them "whether or no," he better find them at home than in some more questionable spot. Chopped ice figures largely in all special saloon drinks for hot weather. With this, some slices of lemon, cold water, and a little of any one of the fruit shrubs, one may concoct a "punch," harmless and delicious.

To make currant or any acid fruit shrub, boil the juice of the fruit and sugar in the proportion of one pound of sugar to one pint of juice, five minutes. Stir it constantly while cooling; when cold, bottle it. One or two spoonfuls of the shrub in a glass of water makes a nice drink.

The merits of good lemonade should be better appreciated. For all those troubled with biliousness, sick headache, nausea, and so on, acid drinks are especially wholesome. Lemonade is improved for many tastes by adding lime juice (sold in bottles) in the proportion of one tablespoonful of lime juice to one quart of lemonade.

Those fond of the flavor of ginger will find the following recipe for English ginger beer very nice: Pour four quarts of boiling water on one ounce and a half of ginger, one ounce of cream tartar, one pound of brown sugar, and two lemons sliced thin. Put in two gills of yeast, let it ferment twenty-four hours, and bottle it. Unless the weather is very hot keeping it two or three weeks improves it. Keep in a cool place, and stand bottles that are to be opened on the ice for some time beforehand.

Those who do not like yeast-fermented drinks will find Dr. Pereira's ginger beer delicious. White sugar, one and one-fourth pounds; lemon juice, four scant tablespoonfuls; honey, one ounce; bruised ginger, one and one-fourth ounces; water, one quart and a pint. Boil the ginger in part of the water for half an hour, then add the sugar, lemon juice and honey, and the rest of the water and strain through a cloth. When cold add the least bit of the white of an egg, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of essence of lemon. Let it all stand four days in a cool place, and then bottle. This will keep for months. The honey lends a peculiar softness, and from not being fermented with yeast the beer is less violent in its action when it is opened.

A most strengthening and refreshing drink is made from oatmeal. Into a large pan put four ounces of fine, fresh oatmeal, six ounces of white sugar, and half a lemon cut into small pieces. Mix all together with a little warm water, then pour over it one gallon of boiling water, stirring all together thoroughly. Use when cold. If preferred, raspberry vinegar or any other flavoring may take the place of the lemon.

To make raspberry vinegar, mash the fruit in an earthen bowl; to every pound of raspberries add one pint of good vinegar; cover and let it stand two or three days, then press it through a jelly-bag. To every pint put half a pound of loaf sugar. Set the juice on the fire to come to a boil, take off any scum that rises; allow five minutes' gentle boiling. Set it to get cool, then pour into small bottles and cork tightly.

A delicious drink is made with water, ice and orange syrup. The latter is easily made and most convenient to have "in stock." When oranges are plentiful and cheap it is a very economical syrup to make, as well. Select ripe and thin-skinned fruit. Squeeze the juice through a sieve, and to every pint add one and one-half pounds of powdered sugar, a little of the grated orange peel and the juice of one lemon. Boil for fifteen minutes and remove every particle of scum as fast as it rises, straining the syrup at last if it be not perfectly clear. Bottle and seal tight. Ices, custards and creamed butter for sauce are all nice flavored with this syrup.

Toast water for invalids and those wishing a delicate drink is prepared nicely by toasting a slice of stale bread, from which the crust has been broken, to a nice brown. Break the slice in to three or four pieces in a pitcher, add a slice of lemon, and pour on one pint of boiling water. When cold strain off for use.

Barley water for infants and others is prepared in France, where the children of rich and poor alike are half fed upon it, in this manner: To a cupful of pearl barley washed clean add three cupfuls of cold water; boil till the barley is soft, then strain and sweeten.

This is but the barest outline of what one may conscientiously offer his neighbor to drink, and drink himself, in hot weather. Once add varied summer drinks to one's "little list" and their possibilities, like those of desserts, are limitless. One last word as to ice. It is not always necessary in order to serve liquids cold that they should contain ice. Standing them, covered closely, upon ice for a time before serving them brings the temperature down quite enough to make them agreeable to sensitive stomachs.

—*Dinah Sturgis.*

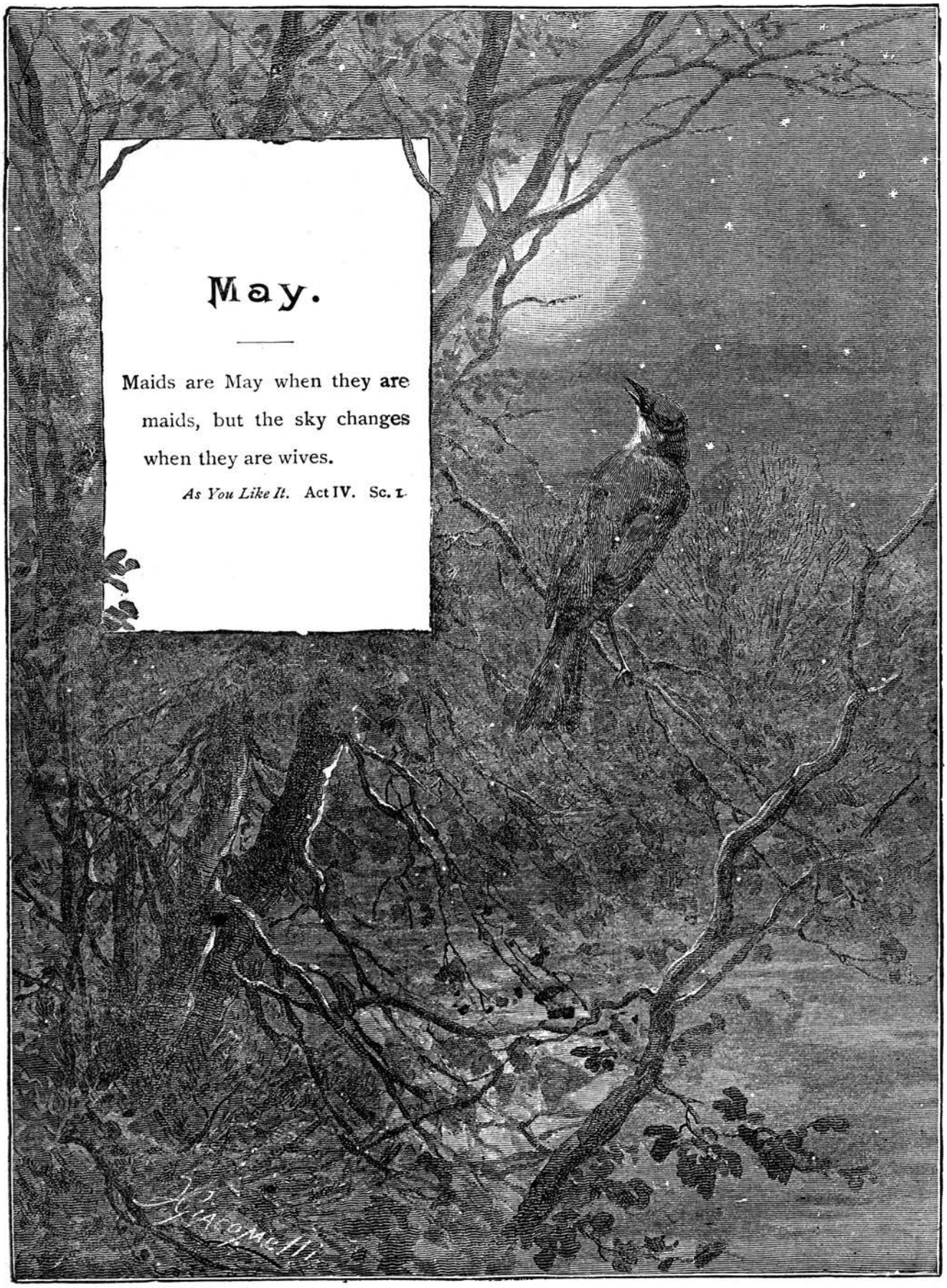
"The Morning After."

I HEARD a rustle in the hall
  Where erst we stood 'mid waning tapers;
She met me in her breakfast shawl,
  Her crimps all twisted in curl-papers.
The night before she looked a queen
  In satin sheen aud fluffy laces,
But now just where the rouge had been
  Her powder-puff had left its traces.

Beneath the blazing chandelier
  I felt so shy and she so wary;
My brain reeled with a sudden fear
  That she might prove a lissome fairy
And vanish in a golden dream
  On gauzy wings, if zephyrs wooed her,
Away from aught that she might deem
  The hateful bane of gross intruder.

Alas! a tantalizing shade,
  A cheat, she was, a vain delusion!
Is beauty ever thus to fade?
  My mind had reached this sad conclusion.
"O face of nature, always true,"
  The poet sang who never chaffed her;
But, lovely women, ye are few
  Whose faces lure "the morning after."

Harold Van Santvoord.



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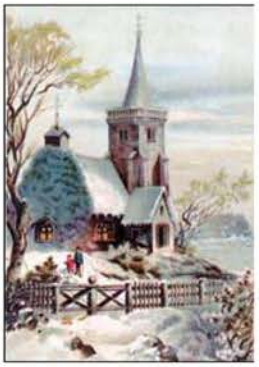

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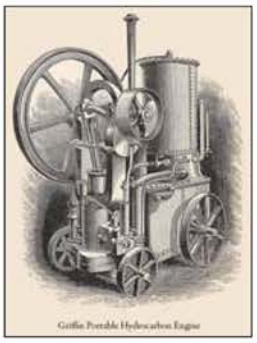

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