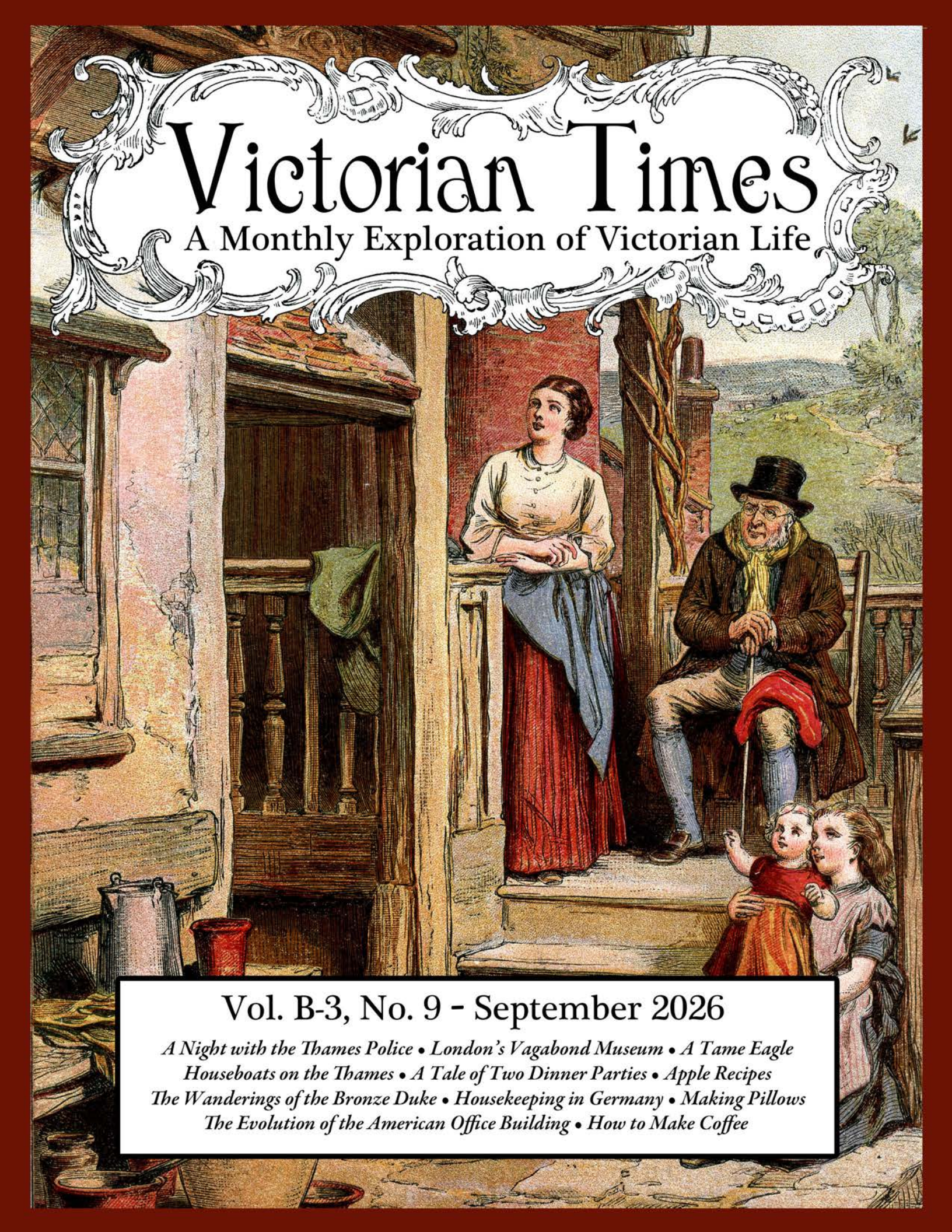




Victorian Times

A Monthly Exploration of Victorian Life

Vol. B-3, No. 9 - September 2026

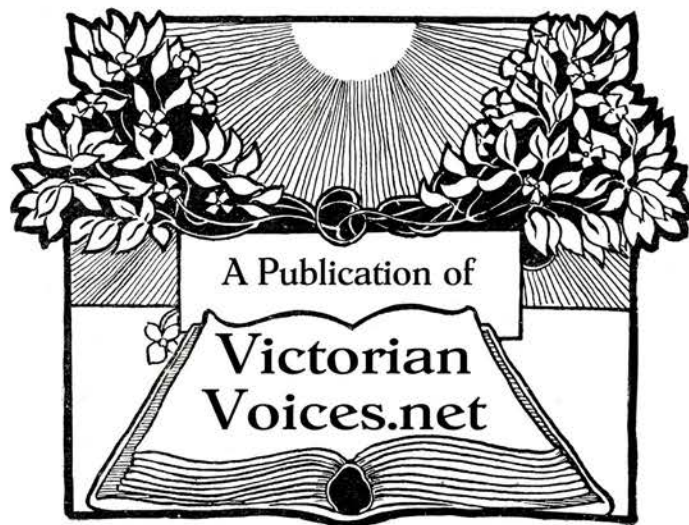
*A Night with the Thames Police • London's Vagabond Museum • A Tame Eagle
Houseboats on the Thames • A Tale of Two Dinner Parties • Apple Recipes
The Wanderings of the Bronze Duke • Housekeeping in Germany • Making Pillows
The Evolution of the American Office Building • How to Make Coffee*

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of Victorian Life

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edited by Moira Allen



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Cover Image: "Return of the Swallows," from *The Illustrated London Almanack*, 1875.

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Storing for the Winter

September is the month for a proper Victorian housewife to prepare her “stores” for the winter. Victorians, like squirrels, knew the importance of keeping a well-stocked pantry against the colder months. Women’s magazines abounded with recipes for the fall canning, pickling, and preserving season, with recipes for jams, jellies, preserves, marmalades, pickles, sauces, whole fruits and vegetables, and more.

But why not just buy these at the store? For many, that wasn’t an option. Much of America’s population lived in relatively isolated rural areas; a winter drive to the store was a serious undertaking. Many British country homes didn’t have ready access to a store either. Even in the city, there were no “supermarkets” as we know them; a shopping trip meant visiting the butcher, baker, cheesemonger, fish-monger, greengrocer, dairy, poulterer, and dry-goods merchant. Thus, stocking the pantry meant laying in supplies that would literally last the family through the winter and well into spring.

It also meant being aware of the seasonality of fruits and vegetables. While September was perhaps the busiest month for filling the pantry, preserving foods went on all year ‘round, depending on when such foods were available. If you wanted apple jelly in December, you prepared for that in September – but you might be preserving cherries in June and blackberries in July.

A more serious issue, however, was one of quality. If you made your own supplies for the winter, you knew exactly what went into them. The same couldn’t be said for supplies purchased in the shops. Victorian foods were fraught with adulterations. Today, we bemoan the fact that we pick up a jar of this or that, and find that it is filled with ingredients we’ve never heard of and can’t even pronounce. Victorians faced a similar problem, without the advantage of government-mandated labels that would at least tell them what the ingredients *were*. In fact, what a jar said on the label might have little to do with what was inside.

According to an 1893 article in *Good Housekeeping*, jams, jellies and marmalades “are largely made up of gelatin, colored with aniline and other dye-stuffs, and flavored with various essences. Many of these contain not a particle of the fruit after which they are named. A less harmful, but no less fraudulent, form of adulteration is the use of apple jelly flavored to suit the different varieties for which it is sold.” Manufacturers could chemically recreate the flavor of nearly any fruit; apple, for example, was made from sulphuric acid, fusel oil, and valerianic acid. Orange marmalade might be a mixture of apples and turnips. Those seeds in “berry” jam might be millet (if you’re lucky) or wood (if you’re not).

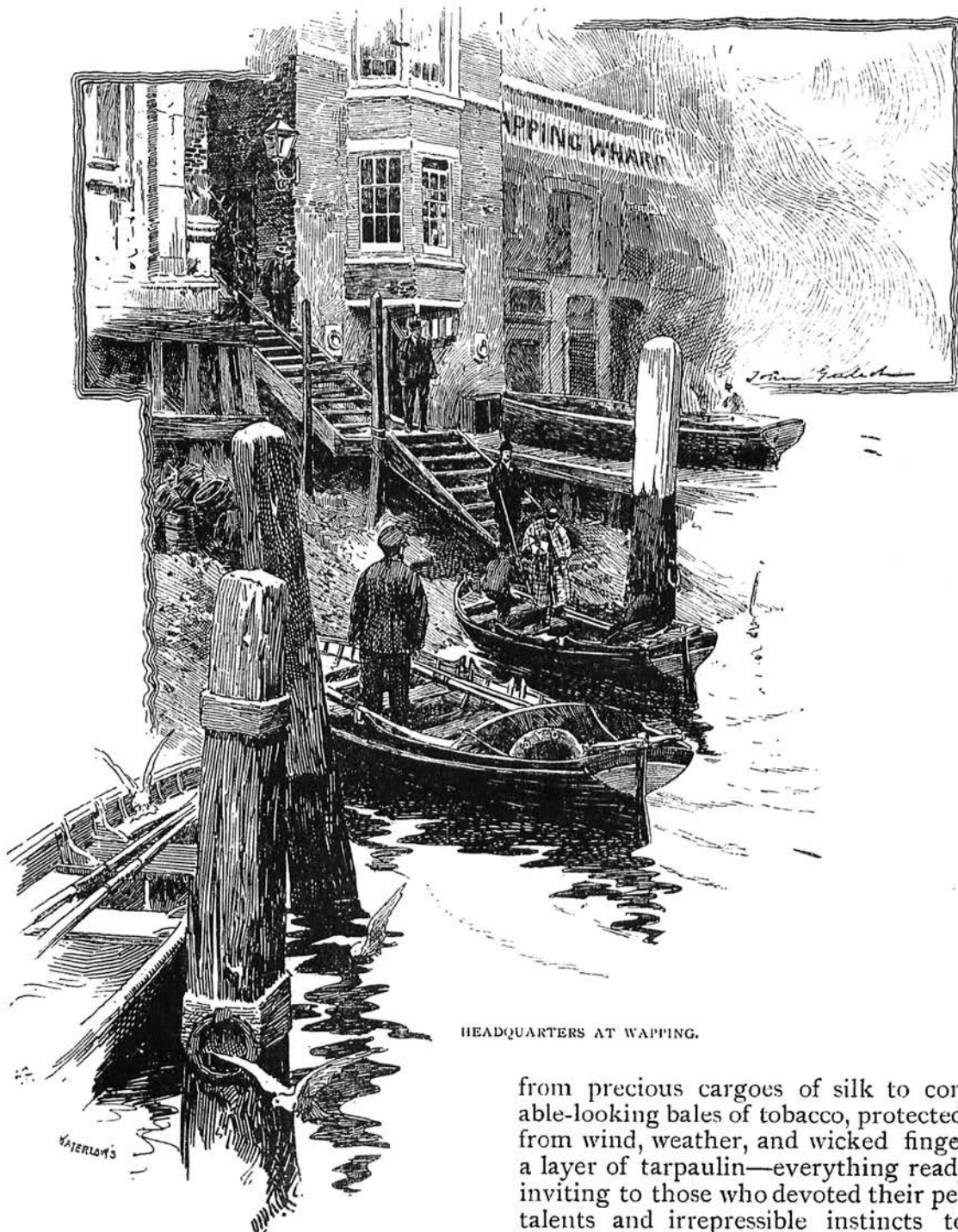
Coloring was a more dangerous form of adulteration. Manufacturers quickly learned that bright colors attracted buyers, so pickles were often colored bright green with acetate of copper (which is poisonous), or by preparing them in a copper vessel. Housewives were advised to drop a few copper pennies into their pickling mix – don’t try this at home!

Whole fruits and vegetables might come in jars or pots, but were more likely to be in tins (cans) – and most Victorian housewives agreed that tinned foods couldn’t compare to fresh, or home-preserved. Though tins were used extensively by the later part of the Victorian era, many still regarded them with suspicion, and were concerned about the safety of their contents. (There were no “sell-by” dates in those days!)

Today, more and more people are coming to the conclusion that they aren’t thrilled with food that is filled with unpronounceable chemicals whose purpose seems dubious at best. Unlike the Victorians, we are assured that these “adulterations” are perfectly legal and perfectly harmless – but we still wonder if they are perfectly necessary. For many, the solution is simple: Do as the Victorians did, and spend September stocking the pantry!

—Moirra Allen, Editor
editors@victorianvoices.net

A Night with the Thames Police.



HEADQUARTERS AT WAPPING.



HERE was a time when the owners of craft on the Thames practically left their back-doors open and invited the river-thieves to enter, help themselves, and leave unmolested and content. The barges lay in the river holding everything most coveted,

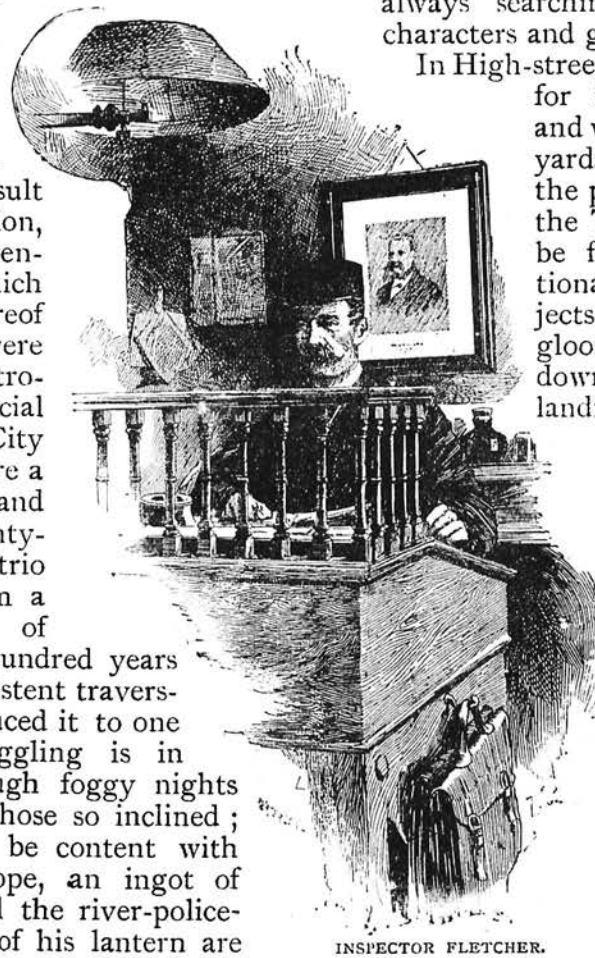
from precious cargoes of silk to comfortable-looking bales of tobacco, protected only from wind, weather, and wicked fingers by a layer of tarpaulin—everything ready and inviting to those who devoted their peculiar talents and irrepressible instincts to the water. Goods to the value of a million sterling were being neatly appropriated every year. The City merchants were at their wits' end. Some of the more courageous and determined of them ventured out themselves at night ; but the thieves—never at a loss in conceiving an ingenious and ready means of escape—slipped, so to speak, out of their would-be captors' hands by going

semi-clothed about their work, greasing their flesh and garments until they were as difficult to catch as eels.

So the merchants held solemn conclave, the result of which was the formation, in 1792, of "The Preventative Service," a title which clung to the members thereof until 1839, when they were embodied with the Metropolitan Police with the special privilege of posing as City constables. Now they are a body of two hundred and two strong, possessing twenty-eight police galleys and a trio of steam launches. From a million pounds' worth of property stolen yearly a hundred years ago, they have, by a persistent traversing of a watery beat, reduced it to one hundred pounds. Smuggling is in reality played out, though foggy nights are still fascinating to those so inclined; but now they have to be content with a coil or two of old rope, an ingot of lead, or a few fish. Still the river-police-man's eye and the light of his lantern are

always searching for suspicious characters and guilty-looking craft.

In High-street, Wapping, famous for its river romances, and within five hundred yards of the Old Stairs, the principal station of the Thames Police is to be found. The traditional blue lamp projects over a somewhat gloomy passage leading down to the river-side landing stage. To us, on the night appointed for our expedition, it is a welcome beacon as to the whereabouts of law and order, for only a few minutes previously half a dozen worthy gentlemen standing at the top of some neighbouring steps, wearing slouched hats and anything but a comforting expression on their faces



INSPECTOR FLETCHER.

gruffly demanded, "Do you want a boat?" Fortunately we did not. These estimable individuals had only just left the dock of the police station, where they had been charged on suspicion, but eventually discharged.

It is a quarter to six o'clock. At six we are to start for our journey up the river as far as Waterloo and back again to Greenwich; but there is time to take a hasty survey of the interior of the station, where accommodation is provided for sixteen single men, with a library, reading-room, and billiard-room at their disposal.

"Fine night, sir; rather cold, though," says a hardy-looking fellow dressed in a reefer and a brightly glazed old-time man-o-war's hat. He is one of the two oldest men in the force, and could tell how he lost his wife and all his family, save one lad, when the *Princess Alice* went down in 1878. He searched for ten days and ten nights, but they were lost to him. Another of these river guardians has a never-to-be-forgotten reminiscence of that terrible disaster, when the men of the Thames



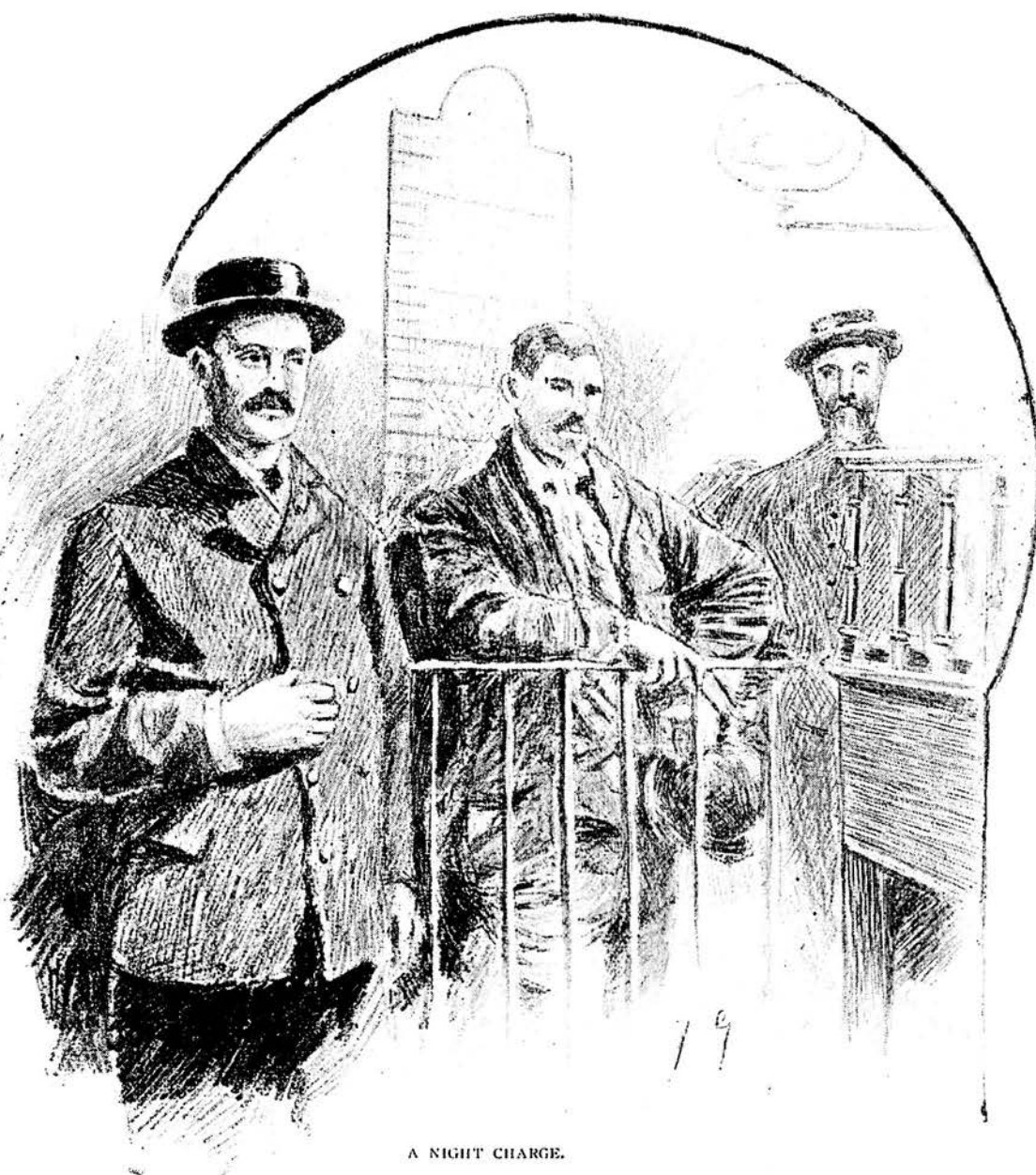
IN THE CELLS.

police were on duty for four or five nights at a stretch. He was just too late to catch the ill-fated vessel! He was left behind on the pier at Sheerness, and with regret watched it leave, full of merrymakers. What must have been his thoughts when he heard the news?

strapping fellow, buttoning up his coat to his neck.

"Aye, aye, skipper," we shout, becoming for the moment quite nautical.

Inside the station-house you turn sharply to the right, and there is the charge-room. Portraits of Sir Charles Warren and other



A NIGHT CHARGE.

You may pick out any of these thick-set fellows standing about. They have one and all roamed the seas over. Many are old colonials, others middle-aged veterans from the navy and merchant service—every one of them as hard as a rock, capable of rowing for six or eight hours at a stretch without resting on the oar.

"Don't be long inside, sir," shouts a

police authorities are picturesquely arranged on the walls. In front of the desk, with its innumerable little wooden rails, where sits the inspector in charge, is the prisoners' dock, from the ground of which rises the military measurement in inches against which the culprit testifies as to his height. The hands of the clock above are slowly going their rounds. In a corner, near the

stout steel rails of the dock, lie a couple of bargemen's peak caps. They are labelled with a half-sheet of notepaper. Their history? They have been picked up in the river, but the poor fellows who owned them are—missing! It will be part of our duties to assist in the search for them to-night.

Just in a crevice by the window are the telegraph instruments. A clicking noise is heard, and the inspector hurriedly takes down on a slate a strange but suggestive message.

"Information received of a prize-fight for £2 a side, supposed to take place between Highgate and Hampstead."

What has Highgate or Hampstead to do with the neighbourhood of Wapping, or how does a prize-fight affect the members of the Thames police, who are anything but pugilistically inclined? In our innocence we learn that it is customary to telegraph such information to all the principal stations throughout London. The steady routine of the force is to be admired.

There are countless coats, capes, and caps hanging in a room through which we

and a drinking cup. Heat is supplied through hot-water pipes; a pillow and rug are provided for the women; and, like "desirable villa residences," the apartments are fitted with electric bells.

Here the occupier is lodged for the time being, allowed food at each meal to the value of fourpence, and eventually tried at the Thames Police-court. Look at the doors. They bear countless dents from the boot-tips of young men endeavouring to perform the clever acrobatic feat of kicking out the iron grating over the door through which the gas-jet gives them light. Those of a musical nature ring the electric bell for half an hour at a time, imagining that they are disturbing the peace of the officer in a distant room. But our smart constable, after satisfying himself that all is well, disconnects the current, and sits smiling at his ease. Some of the inmates, too, amuse themselves by manufacturing streamers out of the blankets. They never do it a second time.

Now we are on our way to the riverside.



GOING ON DUTY.

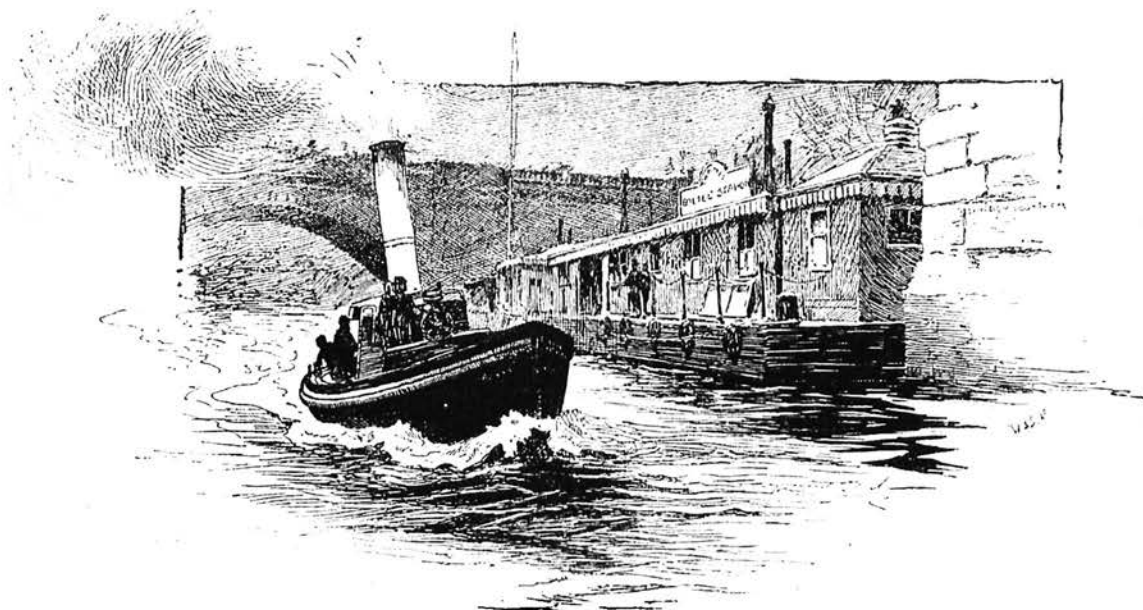
pass on our way to the cells—cosy, clean, and convenient apartments, and decidedly cheap to the temporary tenant. There are two of them, one being specially retained for women. They are painted yellow, provided with a wash-basin, towel, a supply of soap,

We descend the wooden steps, soaked through with the water which only a few hours previously has been washing the stairs. Our boat is in waiting, manned by three sturdy fellows, under the charge of an inspector. It is a glorious night; the moon

seems to have come out just to throw a light upon our artist's note-book, and to provide a picture of the station standing out in strong relief. The carpenter—for they repair their own boats here—looks out from his shop door, and shouts a cheery “Good-

of ingenuity was rewarded with ten years' penal servitude.

Our little craft has a lively time amongst the fire-floats—for fires are just as likely to occur on the river as on the land, and accordingly small launches are dotted about here



POLICE LAUNCH “ALERT.”

night.” Our galley receives a gentle push into the water, and we start on a long beat of seven and a half miles.

Save for the warning of a passing tug, the river is as a place of the dead. How still and solemn! But a sudden “Yo-ho” from the inspector breaks the quietude.

It is the method of greeting as one police galley passes another.

“Yo-ho!” replies the man in charge of the other boat.

“All right. Good-night.”

These river police know every man who has any business on the water at night. If the occupant of a boat was questioned, and his “Yo-ho” did not sound familiar, he would be “towed” to the station.

A simple “Yo-ho” once brought about a smart capture. The rower was mystified at the magic word, got mixed in his replies, and accordingly was accommodated with a private room at the station for the night. It transpired that this river purloiner had stolen the boat, and, being of a communicative disposition, was in the habit of getting on friendly terms with the watchmen of the steamers, and so contrived to gain an entrance to the cabins, from which money and watches disappeared. This piece

and there, fulfilling the same duties as the more formidable-looking engines on *terra firma*. A red light signifies their whereabouts, and they usually lie alongside the piers, so as to be able to telephone quickly should a fire occur. If the police saw flames, they would act exactly as their comrades do on land, and hurry to the nearest float to give the alarm.

It blows cold as we spin past Traitor's Gate at the Tower, but our men become weather-beaten on the Thames, and their hands never lose the grip of the oar. They need a hardy frame, a robust constitution, for no matter what the weather, blinding snow or driving rain, these water guardians come out—the foggiest night detains them not; they have to get through the fog and their allotted six hours. At the time of the Fenian scare at the House of Correction, thirty-six hours at a stretch was considered nothing out of the way.

Now the lights of Billingsgate shine out, and we experience a good deal of dodging outside the Custom House. The wind is getting up, and the diminutive sprat-boats are taking advantage of the breeze to return home. Some are being towed along. And as the oars of our little craft touch the water, every man's eyes are fixed in order

to catch sight of anything like the appearance of a missing person. A record of the missing, as well as the found, is kept at the station we have just left a mile or two down the river. Ten poor creatures remain yet to be discovered. What stories, thrilling and heartrending, we have to listen to! Yet even in such pitiful occurrences as these, much that is grimly humorous often surrounds them. Many are the sad recognitions on the part of those "found drowned." Experience has taught the police to stand quietly behind those who must needs go through such a terrible ordeal, and who often swoon at the first sight. Where is a more touching story than that of the little girl who tramped all the way from Camden Town to Wapping, for the purpose of identifying her father, who had been picked up near the Old Stairs? She was a brave little lass, and looked up into the policeman's face as he took her by the hand and walked with her towards the mortuary. As they reached the door and opened it, the bravery of the child went to the man's heart. He was used to this sort of thing, but, when he thought of the orphan, the tears came to his eyes; he turned away for a moment, lest his charge should see them and lose what strength her tiny frame possessed. He hesitated before he let her go in.

"You're not frightened, are you, policeman?" she asked innocently.

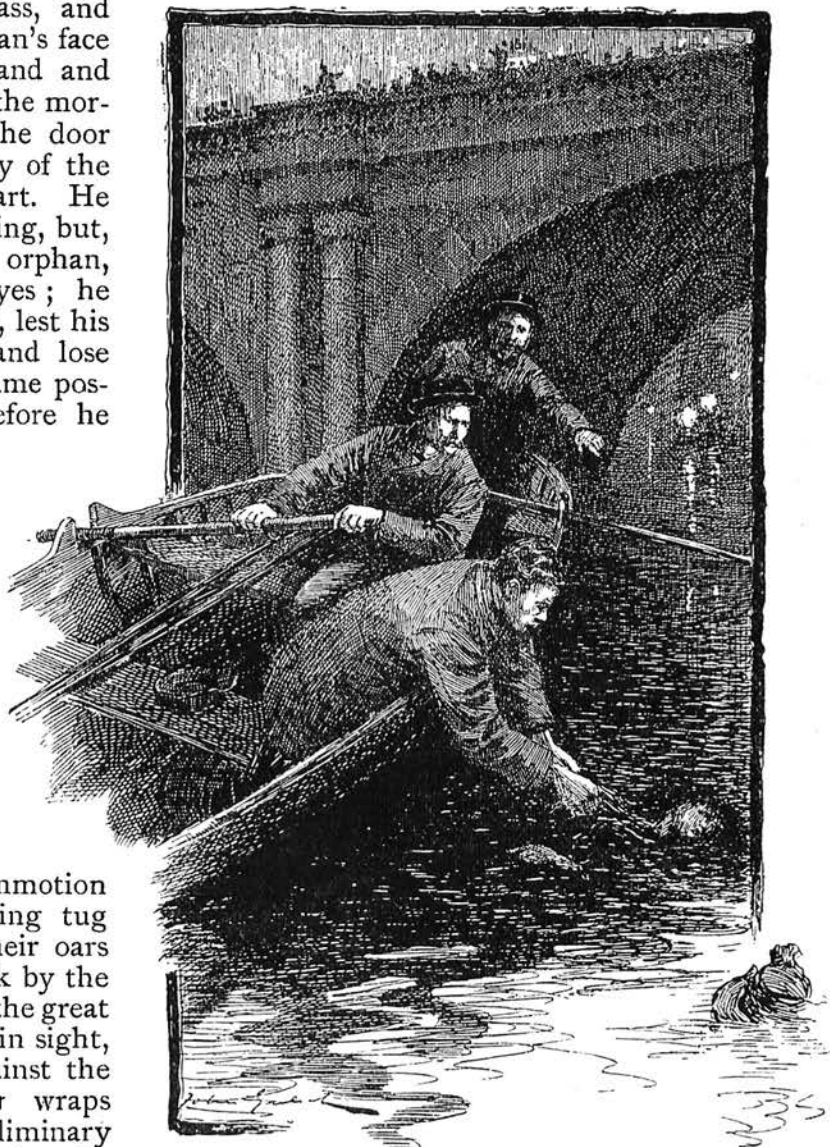
He could not move, and she went in alone. When the constable followed, he found the child with her arms round her dead father's neck, covering his face with tears and kisses.

We shoot beneath London Bridge, and the commotion brought about by a passing tug causes our men to rest their oars as we are lifted like a cork by the disturbed waves. And as the great dome of St. Paul's appears in sight, standing out solemnly against the black night, we pull our wraps around us, as a little preliminary to a story volunteered by the captain of our crew. The river

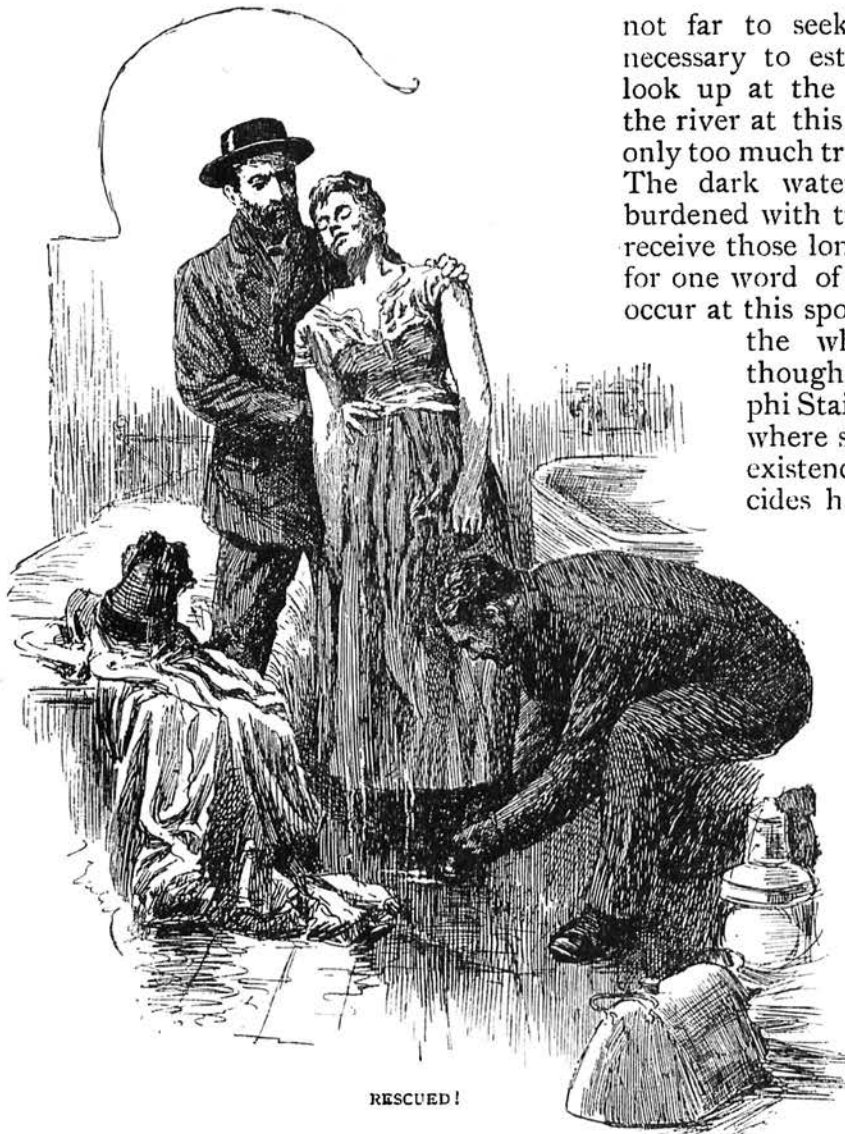
police could tell of many a remarkable clue to identification—a piece of lace, or the button of a man's trousers. But the inspector has a curious story of a watch to relate—true every word of it.

"Easy!" he cries to his men—"look to it—now get along," and to the steady swing of the oars he commences.

"It all turned on the inscription engraved on a watch," he says. "When I came to search the clothing of the poor fellow picked up, the timekeeper was found in his pocket. It was a gold one, and on the case was engraved an inscription, setting forth that it had been given to a sergeant in the Marines. Here was the clue sought after—the drowned man had evidently been in the army. The following morning I was on my way to Spring Gardens, when in



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS,



RESCUED!

passing down the Strand I saw a marine, whom I was half inclined to question. I did not, however, do so, but hurried on my sorrowful mission.

"On my arrival, I asked if they knew anything of Sergeant —. Yes, they did. I must have passed him in the Strand, for he had gone to Coutts' Bank! I was perfectly bewildered. Here was the very man found drowned, still alive!

I could only wait until his return. Then the mystery was soon explained. It seemed that the sergeant had sold his gold watch in order to get a more substantial silver one, on condition that the purchaser should take the inscription off. This he failed to do, and he in his turn parted with the timekeeper to another buyer, who had finally committed suicide with the watch still in his pocket.

Our police galley is now alongside the station, just below Waterloo Bridge. It is

not far to seek why it has been found necessary to establish a *depôt* here. We look up at the great bridge which spans the river at this point, named alas! with only too much truth, "The Bridge of Sighs." The dark water looks inviting to those burdened with trial and trouble, a place to receive those longing for rest and yearning for one word of sympathy. More suicides occur at this spot than at any other along the whole length of the river, though Whitehall Stairs and Adelphi Stairs are both notorious places, where such poor creatures end their existence. Some twenty-one suicides have been attempted at this point during the past year, and twenty-five bodies found.

As we step on the timber station the sensation is extremely curious to those used to the firm footing of the pavement. But Inspector Gibbons—a genial member of the river force—assures us that one soon becomes accustomed to the incessant rocking. Waterloo Police Station—familiar to all river pedestrians during the summer months, owing to the picturesque appearance it presents with its pots of geraniums and climbing

fuchsias—is a highly interesting corner.

Just peep into the Inspector's room, and make friends with "Dick," the cat, upon whose shoulders rests the weight of four years and a round dozen pounds. Dick is a capital swimmer, and has been in the water scores of times. Moreover, he is a veritable feline policeman, and woe betide any trespassers of his own race and breed. When a cat ventures within the sacred precincts of the station, Dick makes friends with the intruder for the moment, and, in order to enjoy the breeze, quietly edges him to the extreme end of the platform, and suddenly pushes him overboard. "Another cat last night," is a common expression amongst the men here.

The Waterloo Police Station on occasion becomes a temporary hospital and a home together.

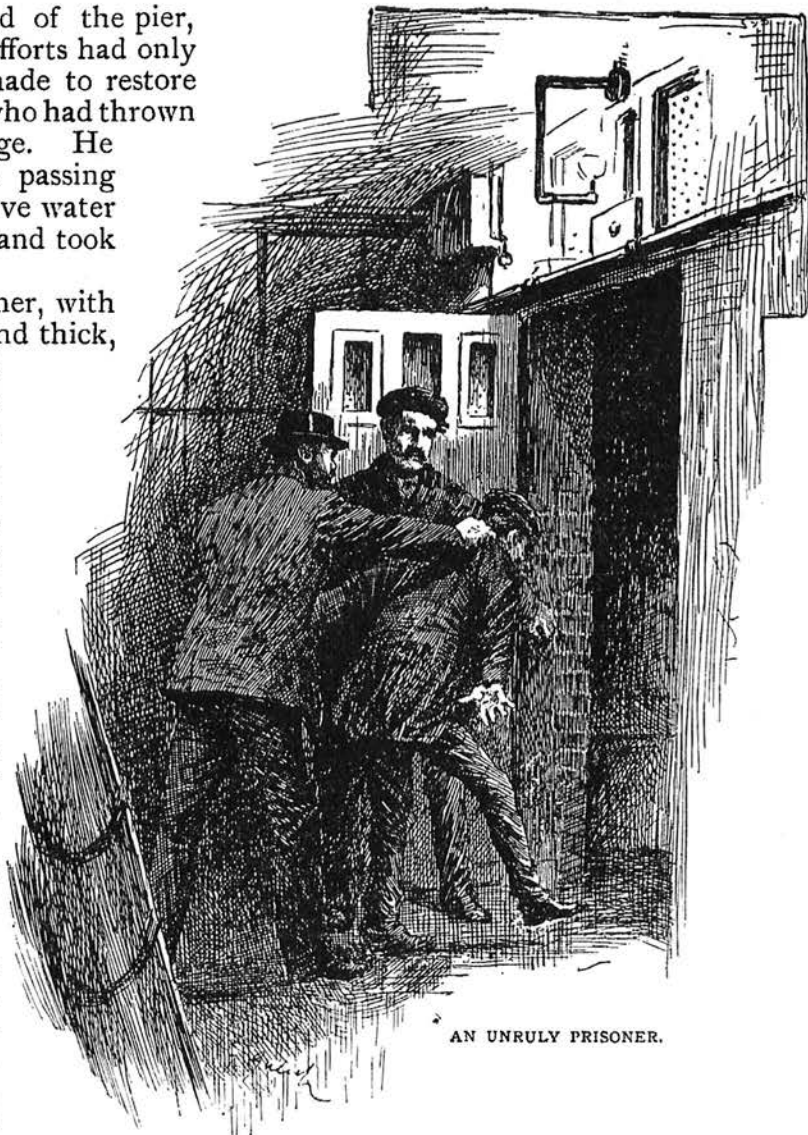
Only half an hour previous to our arrival there had been an attempted suicide, and in

a little room, at the far end of the pier, there was every sign that efforts had only recently been successfully made to restore animation to a young fellow who had thrown himself off Blackfriars Bridge. He had been picked up by a passing skiff, and his head held above water until a steamboat passed by and took him on board.

Here is a bed in the corner, with comfortable-looking pillow and thick, warm blankets, where the unfortunate one is put to bed for a period, previous to being sent to the Infirmary, and afterwards charged. Close at hand is a little medicine chest, containing numerous medicine phials, a flask of stimulants, and a smelling-bottle. A dozen or so of tins, of all shapes and sizes, are handy. These are filled with hot water and placed in contact with the body of the person rescued from the river.

It is often an hour before anything approaching animation makes itself visible, and even four hours have elapsed before any sign has been apparent. The rescued one is laid upon a wooden board, below which is a bath, and rubbed by ready hands according to Dr. Sylvester's method, whose instructions are prominently displayed upon the wall, and are understood by all the police.

It will be noticed in the picture that two men are apparently about to undress the hapless creature who has attempted her own life. The first thought that will occur to the reader on looking at the illustration is, that a member of her own sex ought to do this work. It must be remembered, however, that weeks may elapse without any such event, and there is no place at Waterloo Bridge where a woman could be kept constantly in waiting. Still, it is clearly not right that the men should do this duty, and we think they might be enabled to go to some house in the neighbourhood, in which arrangements had been made for the services of a woman in cases of emergency. We do not forget that great promptness is required at such times in order to resuscitate the body. But, when we remember that every branch in the



AN UNRULY PRISONER.

police system on the Thames is so perfect, it seems a pity that some means cannot be devised.

Many remarkable things might be told about people who have been in this room. One poor fellow was once an inmate who was humorous to the last. When he was brought in, a pair of dumb-bells were found in his pocket, and a piece of paper on which was scrawled in charcoal the following:—

“Dear Bob,—I am going to drown myself. You will find me somewhere near Somerset House. I can't part with my old friends, Bob, so I'm going to take them with me. Good-bye.”

The man was evidently an athlete, and the “old friends” referred to were the weighty dumb-bells.

Many have been picked up with their pockets full of granite stones or a piece of lead. One was found with the hands tied together with a silk handkerchief—a love-token which the forsaken one had used

so pitifully. A woman, too, was discovered with a summons in her pocket, which was put down as the cause of her untimely end.

Remarkable are the escapes of would-be suicides. In one instance a woman threw herself off one of the bridges, and instead of falling into the water, jumped into a passing barge. She had a child in her arms. The little one died at Guy's Hospital, but the mother recovered. Some time ago a woman jumped off Westminster Bridge, and floated safely down to the Temple Stairs, where she was picked up. She had gone off the bridge feet first, the wind had caught her clothes, and by this means her head was kept up, and she was saved.

Perhaps, however, the strangest case and one of the most romantic, was that of Alice Blanche Oswald. Previous to committing suicide she wrote letters to herself, purporting to come from wealthy people in America, and setting forth a most heartrending history. Her death aroused a vast amount of public sympathy. A monument to her memory was suggested, and subscriptions were already coming in, when inquiries proved that her supposed friends in America did not exist, and that the story contained in the missives was a far from truthful one. She was nothing more than an adventuress.

As we glance in at the solitary cell, built on exactly the same principle as those at Wapping, in which eleven enterprising individuals have been accommodated at one time, we learn of the thousand and one odds and ends that are washed up—revolvers and rifles, housebreaking instruments which thoughtful burglars have got rid of; the plant of a process for manufacturing counterfeit bank-notes, with some of the flimsy pieces of paper still intact. A plated cup was once picked up at Waterloo, which turned out to be the proceeds of a burglary at Eton College; it is probable the cup floated all the way from the Thames at Windsor to Waterloo.

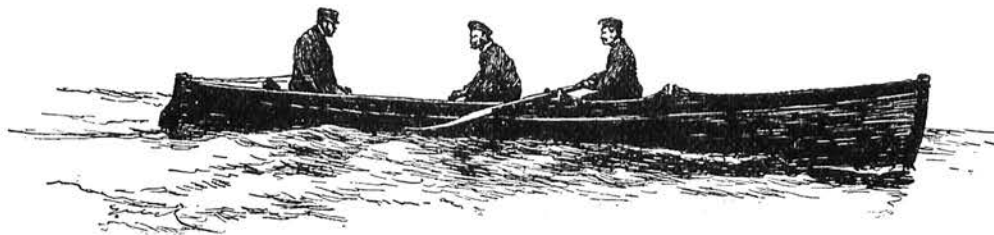
Forty-eight men are always on duty at this station, including four single men, whose quarters are both novel and decidedly cosy. This quartet of bachelors sleep in bunks, two above the others. The watch of

one of the occupants is ticking away in one berth, whilst a clock is vying with it next door. These men have each a separate locker for their clothes, boot-brushes, teapot, coffee-pot, food, &c. The men do all their own cleaning and cooking; if you will, you may look into a kitchen in the corner, in which every pot and pan is as bright as a new pin.

But our time is up; the chiming of "Big Ben" causes the genial inspector gently to remind us that we must be off, and once more we are seated in the boat, and, cutting right across the river, move slowly on our way to Greenwich, where the old *Royalist* is transformed into a station, a familiar institution some sixteen or seventeen years ago at Waterloo.

The whole scene is wonderfully impressive—not a sound is to be heard but the distant rumbling of the vehicles over London Bridge. Our men pause for a moment and rest their oars. The great wharves are deserted, the steamers and barges appear immovable as they lie alongside—there is no life anywhere or any sign of it. Again we get along, halting for a moment to look up at the old man-o'-war, the famous *Discovery*, which ventured out to the Arctic regions under Captain Nares. The old three-mast schooner—for the vessel is nothing more now, being used as a river carrier of the stores from the Victualling Yard at Deptford to the various dockyards—had on board when she went to colder regions a future member of the Thames Police: hence he was called "Arctic Jack" by his companions, a near relation to "Father Neptune," a cognomen bestowed upon another representative of the force, owing to the wealth of white beard which he possessed.

Past Deptford Cattle Market, the red lamps on the jetties light up the water; a good pull and we are at Greenwich Steps, near to which is "The Ship," ever associated with the name of "whitebait." Our beat is ended, and a hearty "Good-night" is re-echoed by the men as we stand watching them on the river steps whilst they pull the first few strokes on their way home to Wapping.





HOSE boat?"

"It's all right, sir."

"What, is that Allardyce?"

"Yes, sir."

A flash of light was turned on the speaker, and a youth was seen bailing a boat in the darkness of the night. The inspector

was satisfied, and the police boat passed on, threading its way among the barges and lighters and other craft by the river bank in a most dexterous manner.

"You knew the lad by his voice?"

"Ay; we get to know pretty well all on the river in our district, and we can mostly tell 'em by their voice. Easy, Charlie!"

The boat slowed, and again the bright beam flashed forth, this time on some mud left by the ebb tide.

"On'y an old basket," was the contemptuous verdict; and the light was closed, and the boat resumed its easy pace. In and out among the barges and the stately ships we glide, peering up the dim stairs leading down to the river and watching the craft that go by.

"River thieves mostly steal from barges, I suppose?"

"And from lighters—a lighter we reckon bein' a big open barge. The thief creeps up alongside, shoves back the tarpaulin, heaves

out a box o' salmon or a bag o' coffee, or whatever it may be, and is off in a jiffy. There's hundreds o' thousands o' pounds' worth o' property lying about the Thames in craft quite unpertected 'cept for the river police."

"Waiting for the Red Cross," interrupts a young man standing at the end of a causeway running down to the water's edge. "I think I can see her light now."

And he raises himself a-tiptoe, hands in pockets, and glances over the tops of barges and vessels lying about.

"No, it's the Navy!" exclaims one of the constables in the boat; "and there's the friends o' the passengers waitin' on the wharf on the other side."

To the river police everything on the Thames seems as easy to read as a book, even in the darkness of the night. They know the ships and the wharves as well as the town policemen know the houses.

"There go the bascules! There are the green lights! See the lights change!"

The noise of the paddles of an approaching steamer can distinctly be heard. In the dim, dusky light on the water, the constable had seen the bascules of the Tower Bridge slowly rise, and when quite open for the vessel to pass, the red light of danger had changed to the green signal of safety, and in a minute the steamer was through. He was quite right; the vessel was one of the General Steam Navigation Company's boats—or, in river phrase, the Navy—going to land her passengers at the wharf by London Bridge.

We are on the other side, in the whirling eddies about the southernmost piers. "Hi! hi!" shouts the inspector—a shout which is faintly answered. "There is a watchman

there," says he, "and we generally gives him a chy-ike as we pass."

But otherwise the boat creeps along, silent almost as the grave, the lantern darkened, ever ready to the inspector's hand, as he dettly steers his little craft along the shore. Two constables row the boat, and, of course, face one way, while the inspector faces the other.

"I saw a man jump off that bridge once," said he as we are gliding along by Bankside, Southwark. "He came down off there just by that lamp. The tide was running pretty strong and washed him against one of the piers. We got up as quick as we could, and dragged him into the boat, and I had to kneel on him to prevent his getting out again."

"He was so determined on suicide?"

"Yes; and I found he'd tied his neck down to his trouser buttons, so as to keep it bent."

"That he might drown the easier?"

"Ay; and I whipped out my knife and cut the cord at once. We took him to Guy's Hospital, and the last I heard of him was that a gentleman connected with the Church Army took charge of him. He was an old soldier, I think, and was hard up, and he'd got the idea that there was always people follering him about."

"Suffered from illusions, then. But did he take a clear dive off the bridge?"

"No; he come down all of a lump, as you may say."

"The ingratitude o' some people you

rescues is awful," says another member of the force. "I saw a man fall off a wharf, and we rowed up to him sharp, and pulled him out. No, he wouldn't go to no hospital, he said; and when we landed him, and someone told him he ought to be thankful to the police, he mumbled out that we were only doing our duty."

"So saving life, as well as protection of property, is quite a part of your work?"

"And the rescue of dead bodies. We have sometimes nine or ten a month."

Everywhere the river police tell you the same thing—at Waterloo, the western station; at Blackwall, the eastern; or at Wapping, the central—this, the most ghastly, is also one of the most important parts of their work. And Superintendent Chisholm would tell you that he does not remember any year when so many have been found as the year 1894.

What is the cause of it? Apparently it is usually poverty.

"I was concerned in one only on Saturday morning last," continues the inspector. "I saw something floating along, and we rowed up to it and took hold of the clothes with a boat-hook, and passed a line under the arms and towed it to the nearest stairs. Dead bodies are always taken to the mortuaries of the parishes in whose district they are found."

"And do they look large, floating on the water?"

"Often not; sometimes you see a speck, as it were, like the top of that lantern, or it may be an elbow sticking up."

"Yes," said another, "I have found a body upright in the water, as though he was walking. It was the body of a man, and just the top of his head was showing."

"But sometimes more can be seen; anyhow, there's something seems to tell you it's a body. There's no buoyancy about it. It don't come floating along like a basket."

"The superintendent tells me he has had seven letters already about the body you found on Saturday?"

"Yes; a description is sent round to all the police stations by telegraph, and the newspapers publish accounts, and so a lot o' people get to hear of it."

"And if the body is not identified at once, it is photographed?"



A DREDGER.

"Ay, they photographs 'em, and sometimes they are recognised by their photographs long after they are buried."

I had seen that book of gruesome photographs at the Wapping station, and it was one of the most ghastly of sights—all those hundreds of drowned faces, men, women, and children, one after the other, page after page.

There is a rush and a roar. It is a steam-tug tearing along the silent highway to meet an incoming vessel at the Nore. Yet another rattle and roar, and a flaring light. Coals are being unloaded out of a big steamer so that she may be ready for departure at the next tide. Again some distance, and there sounds the whirl of machinery at some lead mills. Once more, further down the stream, and a big fish-carrier comes speeding through the night with a thousand boxes of fish from the North Sea fleets for the early morning market at Billingsgate. Spells of silence come over us on the river, yet they are soon broken, as if to show that life on the Thames never wholly sleeps.

"Easy, Charlie; we'll inspect these barges."

They are clustering about the entrance to one of the docks. The flash of the lantern reveals piles of empty barrels; and, again, a thin line of smoke is seen issuing from another craft. On to this one c'limbs the constable, flashing his light hither and thither. As he suspected, the smoke is from a fire in the stove to cheer the watchman during his night vigil. This barge contains a valuable cargo of tea, and the owners have placed a watchman on board to guard it. A few words pass, and then onward again glides the police boat.

The shores of the river are full of craft containing more or less valuable cargo going to or from the docks and wharves.

"Easy a minute! There's some barges o' tallow up there, and we'll see that there's no boys liftin' a pound or two to sell at the marine store dealer's round the corner."

"The corner" was in a street near one of the numerous flights of stairs leading down to the water's edge in these reaches of the Thames; and to reach the stairs we cross the mud at low tides by causeways of stone, more or less ancient in appearance, and re-



IN TIME.

minding us of the length of days that London has been a port. But no boys to-night are "lifting" grease, and we continue our watery beat.

"There's a dredger!" exclaims the inspector, as we creep by a dim object on the bank. You can see nothing but the dark outline of a boat. Yet, as you row near and flash a light on the craft, there is seen to be something like a trawl-net within, and, more curious still, some pieces of discoloured coal.

"The man gets his livin' dredgin' up coal from the river," explains the policeman. "There's lots of 'em do it, and they sell it shillin' a hundredweight, summer and winter, in the streets o' Greenwich."

"Do they find enough to make a living out of it?"

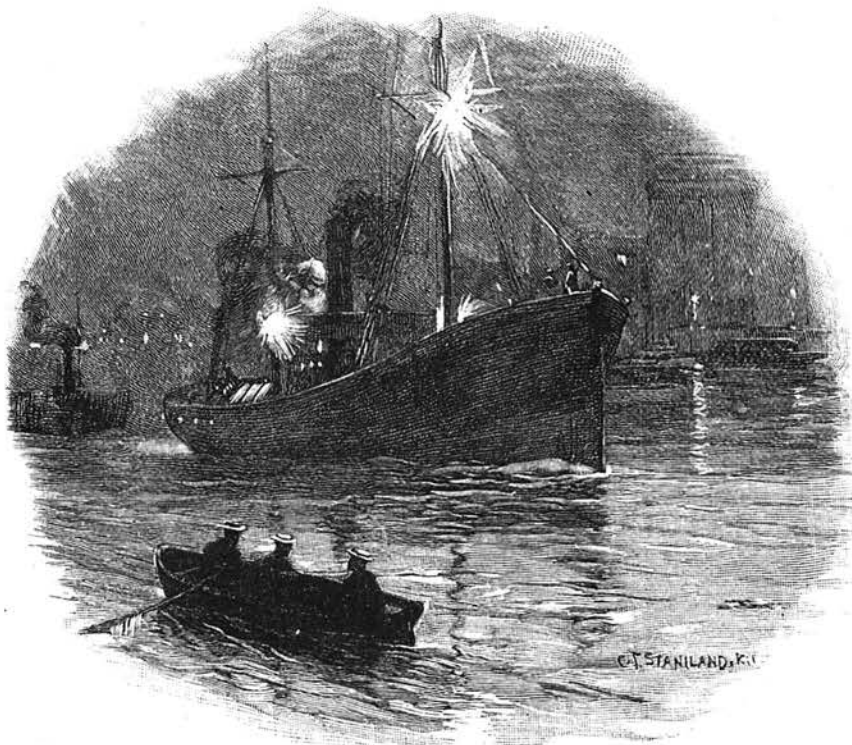
"Sometimes. I expects when nobody's looking some of 'em will throw their dredger over a coal barge and add to their takings that way."

"Steal it, in fact?"

"Ay, and they'll dip the coal in the water to make it all wet, as tho' they'd dredged it up. Anybody may dredge things up from the Thames, and when we sees a man with a dredger and a lot o' wet coal in his boat, how are we to tell that he hasn't come by it honest?"

Not being able to answer this conundrum, you reply, "Just so."

"No; it is very difficult to prove before a magistrate, unless we have actually seen a man take the coal out of a barge. Dredgers get to know where they are likely to find the most coal—where ships are unloaded, and so on; and, of course, when a barge gets sunk,



A FISH CARRIER.

why, they looks on that coal as quite a wind-fall. So they go cruisin' about."

The dredger, as we inspect it by the police lamp, resembles a small and light trawl-net, with an iron rod to keep its capacious mouth open as it skims the bottom of the river.

"They pick up a boat cheap," continues our policeman; "perhaps buys it at the Queen's Tobacco Ground for a few shillings. Any boat that is found wanderin' about without an owner is taken there, and if it is not claimed it is sold by auction."

"The Queen's Tobacco Ground! That is where contraband goods are stored, I suppose?"

"Used to be, sir; but all wreckage is taken there now, and one o' these dredgin' men can pick up a boat there very cheap sometimes."

We have been patrolling below our proper district. The length of river patrolled from Wapping extends from Blackfriars Bridge on the west to Surrey docks entrance on the east, and is again divided into "beats," called the upper and lower, east and west of Wapping police station.

In like manner, the river is patrolled from Waterloo police station, which is a pier moored by the Embankment near to Charing Cross, the "Waterloo" district extending from Blackfriars westward to Fulham; again, on the other side of the Wapping district, the widening Thames is watched by the river police from Blackwall, or, more strictly speaking, East

Greenwich station—which used to be an old navy ship on the shore—from the Surrey Dock entrance right down to Dartford Creek, by Erith.

Morning, noon, and night, the boats go out, at intervals of two hours, all through the day and night. Each boat remains out for six hours at a time. Thus, every two hours a boat puts out and comes in at each station, and with the supervision boats a dozen police boats, in round numbers, are usually patrolling the Thames.

"And when you've got to turn out on a winter's mornin' for your two or four o'clock watch, you wants a good linin'!" exclaimed the policeman; and he spoke with the intensity born of experience.

"There's the Forty Thieves there," remarked another constable as we pass by a low, shelving slope of shore on the southern side, by Deptford.

"Why! it seems gravelly and shingly—a strange thing for the Thames."

"Shingle and mud; it is a right o' way to the water, and, o' course, folks may put their boats there and land goods free o' charge—it is what we call a public draw-dock."

"It looks like a bit o' the seashore popped down among the wharves."

"Well, o' course, being free, a lot o' people resort here, and it is the head-centre of a lot o' roguery, no doubt. Fellows hang about and steal anything. We had information once that four casks o' butter had been stolen out of a barge; so down we came here and searched all the lighters and barges about, and found the casks at last. They were tucked up in another barge ready to be rowed away; but we could not bring it home to the thieves. We gen'rally get out of our boat and explore this place."

And in another minute the dim form of the inspector could be seen on the crunching gravel, disappearing among the boats on the Lower Watergate.

"Well, well," says he, returning presently and resuming his seat, "nothing to-night; the great thing is when there are no complaints; we think, then, we are keepin' the thievin' down."

"Sometimes you get unfounded complaints. One of your officials was telling me you had information one day that ten bottles of quick-silver had been stolen."

"Funny thing for folks to steal!"

"Yes; so your people thought. But they inquired into the matter, and the lightermen declared their counting was correct; so the river police continued their examination. They found the iron bottles at last at the place whence they ought to have been removed, covered up with a lot of other stuff."

"So they had been lost sight of?"

"Yes, that was it. Ah, here comes the rain!"

The cloudy night had burst into a storm at last, and down pelted the heavy shower. If anyone would like to know how sharply rain can fall, let them face it in an open boat in the middle of the Thames below bridge, at the dead of night. There is not a shred of shelter. They would be satisfied that the police need all the oil-skins the service allows them.

But rain is not the worst enemy for the Thames police. Fog, the dark demon, is the greatest aversion.

"How do you manage to find your way in the fog?"

"The boat somehow seems to find her own way. O' course, we knows the shore very well, and every now and then we see a gleam of light from some building that tells us where we are—Ah! whose boat?"

A dim shadow darts across a line of light that fell from the shore.

"It is the supervision boat," said one of the men, and the inspector looking closely, was satisfied, and we passed on.

"That is where we have to look for them you see, sir, cutting the light from lamps on the ships, or the shore; and any suspicious

boat we hail. This was the police supervision boat, that is, another craft that visits us, as it were, on our beats."

A few minutes more and the watch of six hours will be over, and you will land at the old-fashioned waterside-looking house, used as the Wapping police-station.

The Thames police are a branch of the Metropolitan Police, and are under the Chief Commissioner, their immediate superintendent being Mr. Colin Chisholm.

Legally, he tells you, the Thames is a highway, just like any thoroughfare in London, and the police have jurisdiction over it in a somewhat similar manner, within the bounds of the Metropolitan Police district.

The river force, numbering some two hundred men, is drawn from various classes and handicrafts, but mostly from watermen, sailors, navy reserve men, and so on. They have to pass two slight examinations, one in swimming and rowing, and the other of a more scholastic description.

"We had a man once," said the superintendent, "who offered himself as a candidate, and when we took him down to the Thames to see how he could row, he exclaimed—

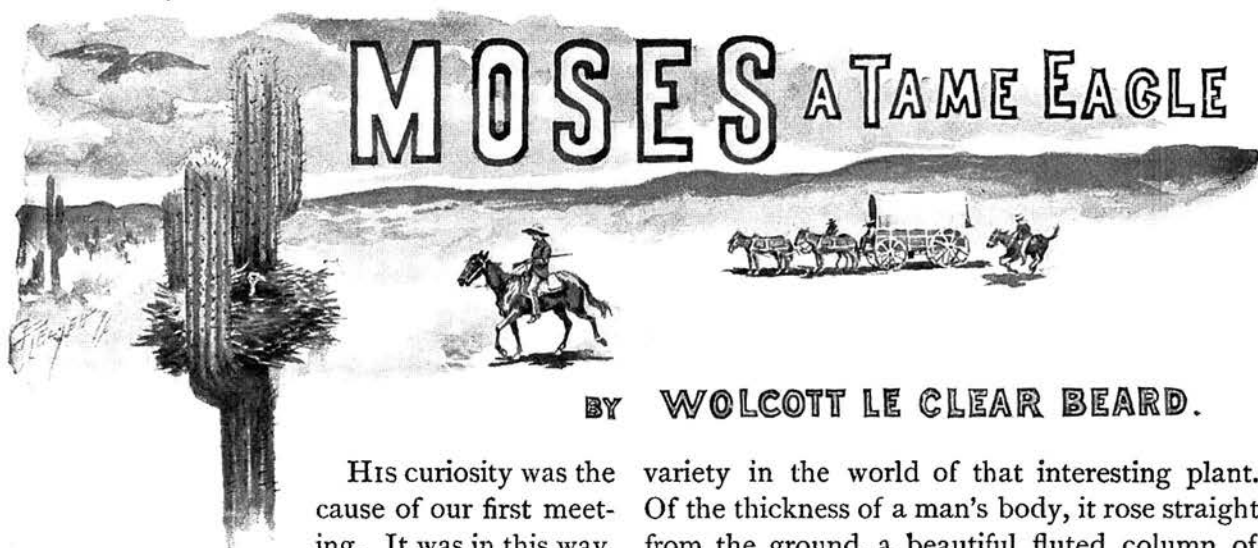
"'Tain't no use your putting me in a boat. I never rowed in my life.'"

Needless to say, his fate was sealed at once. But what a sign of thoughtless effort, to offer himself for the Thames Police! Their duty is in the boat. The highway they patrol is the flowing highway of the Thames.

And so from dark to dawn, and from dawn to dark again, the watchers of the river keep their ceaseless vigil. Unnoticed and unknown perchance to thousands in the mighty city, their boats yet glide continuously in and out of the crowded shipping, and keep watch and ward with sleepless care. F. M. HOLMES.



WATER THIEVES.



BY WOLCOTT LE CLEAR BEARD.

His curiosity was the cause of our first meeting. It was in this way.

I was serving at the time as a civil-engineer in building a system for bringing water to some of the arid plains of southern Arizona, the region where Moses first opened his eyes.

Early one June morning our little band started out to make some surveys across the sandy desert of which that country is so largely made up. Along the trail, a foot deep with alkali dust, the four-horse wagon containing my nine men and their instruments slowly plodded, now and then hidden by the choking cloud which surrounded it; while by its side, trying to avoid the worst of it, I rode on horse-back. Although the sun had not long risen, it was already burning hot, and we were all feeling particularly cross and uncomfortable in consequence, when suddenly our driver spoke:

"What-fer kind er bird is that?" he said.

Following the line of the whip with which he pointed, I saw, on the rounded top of one of the giant cacti with which these deserts are thickly studded, an eagle the like of which, though familiar with the fowls of that region, I had never before seen; and I may here add that we never did with any certainty discover the species to which she belonged. I rode near to get a better view, but she desired no closer acquaintance; for, after unfolding her wings once or twice in a hesitating sort of manner as I approached, she finally spread them and flew heavily away, a couple of pistol-shots from the wagon having only the effect of increasing her speed. The cactus on which she had been resting was a very fair sample of the largest

variety in the world of that interesting plant. Of the thickness of a man's body, it rose straight from the ground, a beautiful fluted column of vivid apple-green, to a height of twenty-five feet, where a cluster of branches nearly as thick as the parent stem grew out from it and turned upward, while the main trunk, without a bend, rose several feet higher.

Between two of these branches and the trunk there was built a nest of good-sized sticks, about twice as large as a bushel-basket; and on this my eyes happened to be resting when the noise of the shots brought above its edge a little head covered with grayish-yellow fuzz, out of which peered two big round eyes with an air of anxious inquiry.

"A young one!" cried a rod-man who had seen the head at the same moment. The team was stopped, and the cactus was surrounded by all, eager for a sight of the bird; but though we waited in silence for some minutes, its head did not again appear.

In that desert country, far from railways and towns, we led rather dull lives; so the several pets we possessed in the big permanent camp miles away served in no small measure to amuse us; and to these we wished to add our young friend of the cactus. But how to get him down was a problem.

Somebody suggested that a volunteer climb the cactus, but no one thrust himself forward to do so. The Spanish name by which it is known is *sujuarro*, which, put into English, means "that which scratches"; and as the spines which thickly cover the outer edges of the ridges are from one to four inches long, and as sharp as needles, it will be seen that the name gives a good idea of the plant.

We did not like to cut it down, for fear the fall might injure the fledgling; but after some debate no better method presented itself, so the two axmen set to work. As the first blows made the green shaft tremble, the head appeared once more, trying, with an expression of concern, to see what was going on below; but this the thick sides of the nest prevented. Then it looked at me and said, "Jark!" This was the first remark "Moses" ever made to us, and there was no time for more then; for the axes had eaten through the pulpy mass, which now began to bend to its fall.

As the nest tilted we could see the thick body belonging to the head, with two big claws clutching wildly, while the weak, featherless wings flapped madly in an instinctive effort to support their owner.

The cactus came down with a crash, and running up, we looked for our bird; but only a little gray down was visible, with one leg helplessly extended from under a big branch which, broken by the shock, had fallen across and almost hid him. We feared he was killed; but when, by means of an ax-head hooked around the prickly stuff, it was pulled aside, he gathered himself together, quite unhurt, and then, surveying the strange beings who surrounded him, made up his mind to them with that philosophy we later learned to be one of his traits, and opening his great mouth to its fullest extent, hinted that he was hungry and wanted something to eat.

Here was another puzzle. Eagles are meat-eaters, and fresh meat we had not; so what to give him we could not think, until at length one of the rodmen, a silent youth, said: "B'iled eggs might go. Moses could surely eat them things all right enough." This is how he got his name. The reasons for thus christening him, given some days later, were that a *sujarro* looked as much like a bulrush as anything in that desert would be expected to; and, further, because the Oriental cast of countenance caused by the hooked beak seemed to warrant it.

However, the name and the "b'iled" eggs both "went"; for, selecting one of the latter from our luncheon, it was placed, bit by bit, in the cavity yawning to receive it. When it was

nearly all gone, the cavern closed, and, filled to the brim, the youngster showed a desire to sleep. In a barley-sack carefully placed in the wagon this privilege was given to him, while we went about our work. On gathering for the noonday meal, however, harsh shrieks from the bag proved that further provisions would be acceptable. Another egg followed the first, and this lasted him until, the day's task being finished, we started to return to camp. Then he woke up and from his barley-sack loudly demanded more; but we had no more to give him then: we had eaten it all ourselves. When we arrived at the home camp some fresh beef was at once procured, but Moses was asleep then; he did n't want to be disturbed, and when we tried to feed him, behaved so like a cross child that we put him in an old soap-box in which we had arranged a nest of straw, and left him until morning.

The half-breed in whose charge he had been left told us that he was far better than an alarm-clock, for no one could sleep through the cries with which he greeted the rising sun and his notion of breakfast-time; and while an alarm would ring for only half a minute, Moses was wound up to go all day, or until he got something to eat. But his guardian treated him kindly, and Moses grew and thrived, soon putting on a handsome suit of brown and gray feathers, which he was very proud of, and spent most of his spare time in preening; and he was beginning to think seriously of trying his wings when an accident put off his flying for a long time. Having known, thus far, nothing but kindness from man, he was absolutely without fear, and, as it turned out, rather too much so.

A rock which jutted out from the high cliff on which our camp was built was a favorite seat for the half-grown bird; and one morning, as he was enjoying the view from this place, a Mexican strange to the camp, thinking he saw a wild bird, stole up as close as he dared, and, being without firearms, began throwing stones. Moses turned and looked after each rock as it whizzed past, until one struck him fairly, and sent him fluttering over the cliff. A couple of our men approaching at that moment, the Mexican narrowly escaped following Moses; but his frantic statements that he did n't know

that the eagle was a tame one finally convinced them, and he climbed down to where Moses was lying on a ledge forty feet below, and brought him to the top again. The poor bird was found to be quite badly hurt. The sight of one eye was gone forever, and a wing drooped.

This last we thought was broken, but a careful examination showed no fracture; and though for many weeks it could not be extended without pain, it at length began to heal, and even to be of use on the few occasions when rapid locomotion was, in the opinion of Moses, desirable. These were chiefly when he was taken "coursing," as we used to call it. He was very fond of the lizards with which these plains abounded, and one large variety, called "swifts" from their remarkable speed in running, seemed to be especially coveted.

Whenever one of these was caught, which was not often, Moses would be brought out, and after the swift had taken ten feet start, would be set free. The lizard would promptly resolve itself into a white streak across the desert, and screaming with excitement, half running, half flying, Moses would pursue, followed by the laughing crowd, of which only those on horseback had much chance of keeping up. It was in no sense a cruel sport: it amused Moses and us, and did n't hurt the swift, for he got away every time; and if the feelings of our pet were a trifle injured, as he returned, perched on some one's wrist or saddle-horn, from his fruitless hunt, these were speedily soothed by the prompt gift of a nice bit of fresh beef, so no one was the worse. The lizards, however, he seemed to view as a sort of dessert, and, as he could absorb an unlimited quantity, they were always in demand.

A certain stick kept on the veranda of our office was generally under his eye; and when any one picked this up and started for a walk across the desert, Moses would hop gravely along behind, sure that some of his favorite dainties would soon be forthcoming.

Of course, Moses was perfectly well able to catch the smaller kinds of lizards for himself, but there was less exertion in allowing some one else to do it for him; and exertion, at this period of his life, was a thing to which Moses was violently opposed. These occasions were

almost the only ones when he would be silent for any length of time; for he seemed to understand perfectly that at the first note of his voice every lizard within hearing would run for its life to the nearest refuge; and only when a blow of the stick failed for the second or third time to reach its mark would he give utterance to his deep disgust at such clumsiness.

The big red *ollas* (porous earthenware jars) swinging under the eaves of the veranda, in which our drinking-water was kept cool by evaporation, were also objects of his closest attention; and when any one took down the dipper for a drink, he would go, with his peculiar racking run, and post himself directly under the jar, all the while uttering his harsh cry of entreaty. Every one knew what this meant; so the first dipperful would be poured slowly between his wings, while he wriggled his body and stuck each feather in a different direction, in order that the cool water might reach every part. This was the only kind of bath he ever would take; but as it was a thirsty country, the thermometer often registering above a hundred degrees the twenty-four hours round, his opportunities were so frequent as to enable him to keep himself in a more or less soaked condition for a good part of the time.

Moses had a language of his own, which, by the constant practice he gave us, we soon learned to understand. It consisted of a series of cries, all harsh and nerve-rasping, but perfectly distinct, each one expressing a different emotion. Thus, rage, entreaty, excitement, and pleasure were each easily distinguished by those who knew him well. His one syllable note of greeting was more explosive and perhaps a shade less disagreeable than the rest: and he had also a low, crooning sort of murmur: but this he used only in soliloquy, so to us it expressed only the fact that Moses was talking over things with himself.

We never knew when he learned to fly. If he practised as most young birds do, it must have been in private, for the first hint to us of his having acquired this new accomplishment was one day when we were sitting on the veranda of the corps barracks. Moses had been playing in his peculiar way, which consisted in fighting a handkerchief that one of us would

flap at him. He had reduced this to shreds, and grown tired of the sport, when suddenly, spreading his wings, he shot away over the plain as if he had been flying for years. Two hundred yards or more away, across the plaza formed by the camp buildings, stood the canvas office of a contractor. The door was open, and through it sailed Moses, and alighting on the edge of the high desk where the proprietor was engaged in adding up a column of figures, greeted him with his cry of salutation, which I have tried to render by the word "jark." The man was startled, but thinking that our bird had escaped, picked him up and carried him back to us. This made Moses furious. He did n't like this person, to start with; for on one occasion, when asked for a bath, the man had poured over the bird the whole eight gallons the olla held, with a force which nearly flattened him. Then, only members of the engineer corps were entitled to take liberties with Moses; and finally he would allow no one to carry him save when perched on the wrist. So when he was brought across the plaza hugged in the contractor's arms, though he never thought of trying to escape, he objected to the indignity in his own way, as the man's bleeding hands and torn shirt testified.

His new power of flying opened to Moses a whole range of new amusements. There was the cook-house, down under the cliff, where the laborers ate. Formerly this had been quite outside of his ken, but now he soon discovered that meat was kept there. Fresh beef, such as Moses loved, was in the charge of Chinese cooks whose nerves were rendered sensitive through excessive opium-smoking; so all Moses had to do in order to procure a meal was to perch himself on top of one of the poles which supported the thatched roof, and begin his rasping cry. His voice would soon bring him the coveted morsel! This, if he really was hungry, would be torn in pieces by his strong bill and claws, and eaten at once; but if he only feared he might become faint, as was frequently the case, he would reject with scorn the offered dainty until somebody had cut the meat into small bits for him; then, after eating these very slowly one by one, he would leave the cooks in peace for a while.

One day, however, Moses shrieked in vain. The fresh meat was out, and salted flesh he could not eat. It was in winter, and though not what we would consider cold, it was sufficiently so to drive all the lizards underground; so the poor bird, accustomed to regular food, must really have become very faint. All the morning he yelled industriously, but finding that it would bring him nothing, finally ceased, and sat on the ridge-pole of the office, apparently wrapped in thought. Two half-grown kittens playing on a plank-walk leading to the office door finally attracted his attention, and Moses "pricked up his ears," so to speak, directing his keen gaze upon them for some time. Then, evidently saying to himself, "They 'll do," he swooped down, pouncing on the spot; but the



"TO SAY THAT THE MAN WAS STARTLED WOULD BE TO PUT IT VERY MILDLY."

cats, guessing his hostile errand, had scampered under the walk. Still, nothing daunted, he paced over the surface in his funny way, his one eye turned down to the wide cracks

between the sunken planks to sight his prey. Discovering their whereabouts, he hopped down to the ground, lay on his side, and straining his leg to its utmost, reached to where he had last seen them; but at the approach of the big sharp open claw they prudently retreated to the opposite side of the walk. Thus foiled, Moses mounted the planks for a second attempt, found the cats, and descended on that side with a suddenness that he hoped would win; but of course they, seeing this flank movement, returned again to their first place. Then he tried to tear up a plank with his beak, and finding that this would n't do, returned to his old tactics; and so the game went on until, weary and disgusted, Moses flew to the wheel of a lumber-wagon standing hard by, determined to have them when they came out. He waited for hours, but the cats seemed very well contented where they were, and so remained still until the advent of the butcher, with his beef-laden donkeys, set them once more free, with assured safety.

The calm belief of Moses that everything he could see about our camp existed only for his pleasure was sometimes productive of amusing results.

From the top to the bottom of the cliff a staircase, perhaps two hundred feet long, extended. It was a weary climb, and one day, as the eagle was wheeling about in the air overhead, it happened that one of the laborers from below was slowly ascending the long stairs.

He had nearly reached the top, and was bending well forward, helping himself along by the hand-rail, when Moses suddenly took it into his head to rest himself. The climber's neck happened to be the first object suited to his purpose which met his eye, and upon it he accordingly settled. To say that the man was startled would be to put it very mildly. With a terrified yell he straightened up, and, somewhat thrown off his balance by this, Moses naturally, in order to keep his place, tightened the hold of his big claws.

This completed the fright of his unwilling perch, who, with another and still wilder yell, plunged under the banisters, landing on a ledge of rock some ten feet below. He rose, save for a few bruises and his scratched neck, none the worse; while Moses, perched on the railing, regarded him with an expression of grieved surprise.

Another time it was a horse, wandering with a sad air over the arid plains in his search for a stray bit of bunch-grass, that Moses selected for a resting-place.

It was a cow-pony, and a vicious one,—a confirmed “bucker,” which few cared to mount; but now he had met one who could ride him with ease. Startled by the alighting of the

big bird, and spurred by the claws, the bronco began to pitch in a manner that threw his former exploits of this kind into the shade.

This was delightful, and with one claw entwined in the mane of his steed, the other closely gripping his withers, and gracefully balanced by his extended wings, Moses shrieked with joy. Twice round the plaza he rode,



“GRACEFULLY BALANCED BY HIS EXTENDED WINGS, MOSES SHRIEKED WITH JOY.”

and then, flying to the top of a cactus near by, he watched the horse, frightened almost to madness, galloping away over the plain at a speed attained by him only on one other occasion, and that was on the following day, when Moses repeated the performance.

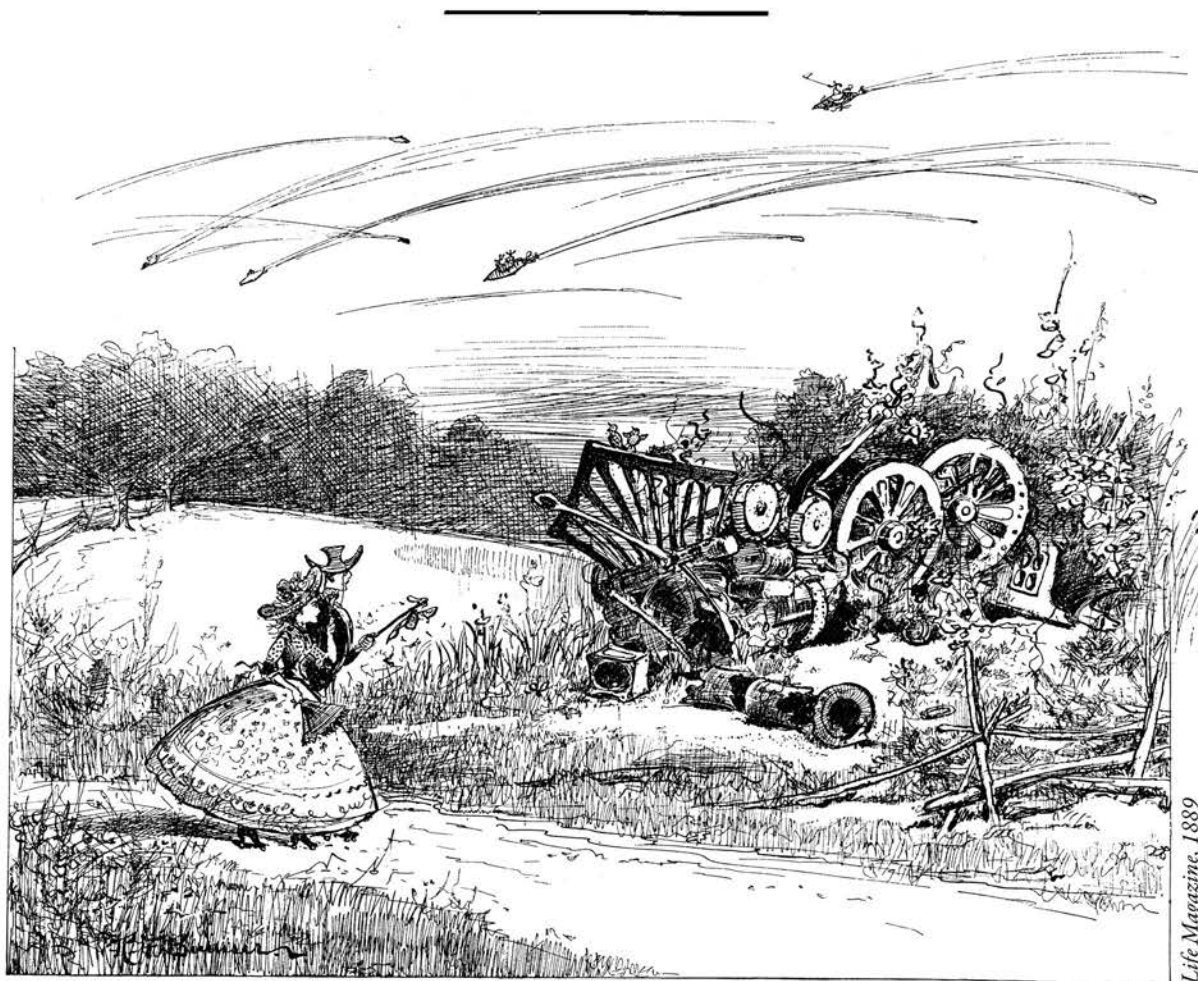
His flights about this time began to be longer, sometimes keeping him away for several days, and so his fame spread. The scattered settlers for many miles up and down the sluggish Gila recognized his cry for food, and readily answered it by the offer of the best they had.

He was always perfectly tame, and if a bit of beef or a lizard was held up in the air and a whistle sounded to attract attention, a speck far up in the ever-blue sky, would soon resolve

itself into Moses, who, descending like a bullet, but landing gently as a feather on the extended wrist, would take his provender, and, retiring to his old perch on the ridge-pole, would devour it as of yore.

But at last the spring came; and once when he presented himself for his rations, we noticed that he was accompanied by one of his own kind, who waited for him while he ate.

It never seemed to occur to him to offer his companion any share in his repast, but the other eagle apparently did not notice this omission; and when he had finished, they flew away together, disappearing in the direction of old Mexico; and from that time on, his former haunts knew Moses no more.



Life Magazine, 1889

1950.

Arabella: OH, GEORGE, DEAR, I NEVER SEE ONE OF THOSE OLD ABANDONED LOCOMOTIVES WITHOUT THINKING HOW PICTURESQUE THEY ARE! HOW ROMANTIC IT MUST HAVE BEEN WHEN PEOPLE WERE WILLING TO TRAVEL QUIETLY ON THE EARTH INSTEAD OF RUSHING THROUGH THE AIR AS WE DO NOW!

George: YES, MY DEAR; BUT THINK OF THE GRINDING POWER OF THE MONOPOLIES OF THOSE DAYS, AND CONSIDER HOW IN THE PRESENT EVEN THE POOREST FAMILY CAN AFFORD A PRIVATE AIRSHIP.



HOUSEBOATS AND RIVER IDYLS.

By LEILA SOUTHARD FROST.

AN excursion on that "stream of pleasure," the Thames above London, discloses to the stranger and sightseer many pleasing and marvelous sights.

Descending the river of royalty from Oxford to Richmond in no matter what sort of craft—fussy steamer, swift canoe, white-winged yacht, electric launch, punt or racing shell—the impressions of the excursionist and tourist are always delightful. The charming, reposeful, wooded landscape affects the sense like a caress of affection. There

the traveler may well fancy himself in some superb park belonging to an ideal castle of romance, and the historic Thames a limpid stream flowing solely for the pleasure of a princely entertainer and his favored guests.

And here also are seen, "by the margin willow-veiled," such "heavy barges trail'd by slow horses" as Tennyson's Lady of Shalott viewed in her magic mirror; and "trail'd" in like manner, among all sorts of modern craft propelled by sail, steam or oar, floats that peculiarly English



MR. PIERRE LORILLARD'S HOUSEBOAT "CAIMAN."

Length, 120 feet. Beam, 26 feet. Draught, 30 inches. Twin screw 200 horse power triple compound engines. Speed, 10 statute miles per hour.



BY THE MARGENT OF THE THAMES.

river vessel of which Noah's ark must be the prototype, the houseboat.

This remarkable vessel, invented by the English, to whom we are indebted for so many delightful outdoor amusements—for the British Islander has a positive genius for the open air—this vessel, the houseboat, is, as its name suggests, a clever combination of a house and a boat, retaining many of the most desirable features of both, although perforce omitting some of their usual characteristics.

On a houseboat you may dwell in safety, enjoy the water views exempt from seasickness, and travel, if slowly, at least surely, and with every opportunity to be comfortable as well as gay.

As William Black says, in his charming novel, "Strange Adventures of a Houseboat," "There is all the freedom and remoteness and landscape surroundings of a picnic, but then you have comfortable seats to sit on, and the unmistakable convenience of a table."

The houseboat is a comparatively recent invention, and, being unpatented, its multiplication and improvement go on yearly, until now some of them are veritable floating palaces, and a prince might envy the London sybarites who live in this style "upon the river" during the season.

Lovers of fast yacht sailing will, perhaps, fail to see much to admire or desire in the commodious and slow-proceeding houseboat, but the seeker for genuine enjoyment and luxury will find more comfort "to the square inch" aboard one than on the swiftest-speeding and most perfectly appointed yacht.

An average Thames houseboat may be twenty, thirty or forty feet long "over all," as yachtsmen say, and is drawn like a canal boat by horses plod-

ding along a towpath by the river. Small-sized houseboats are drawn by hand, which requires some skill on the part of the substitute for equine labor, and also are propelled by poling.

The boat itself is a sort of barge, a large flat boat upon which is constructed the "house," a cabin of several apartments, comprising, according to the dimensions of the houseboat, one or two sleeping rooms, a dining saloon and sitting room, kitchen, bath and necessary offices, and a roofed veranda, front and back. A flight of steps leads from the forward deck up on to the flat top or "roof" of this one-storied house, and here, as on an upper deck, sheltered by a gay, multicolored awning, the passengers sit and amuse themselves variously, reading, chatting, sewing, sketching, singing, as pleases individual fancy.

Some of these Thames houseboats cost a "pretty penny," and are fitted up with every elegance and luxury that a fastidious and extravagant taste can require and modern art and ingenuity supply; yet "houseboating" is not necessarily an expensive luxury.

A renovated old canal boat, or barge, with the hold planked over, is sometimes made to do duty as a houseboat. Upon the body of the boat a long room, some fifteen or twenty by seven or eight feet, is built, allowing passageways of about two feet at each side, so that the coxswain may pass safely from bow to stern of the boat. Lockers, which also serve as seats, are built around the inside. In the centre the dining table, with folding leaves, is secured to the flooring, and at either end of the cabin or saloon are contrived state-rooms of moderate size, with hinged berths, wire frames for washstands, and square, cushioned seats which are lockers in disguise. When the house is built and the roof tinned the whole boat is painted a glossy white or some attractive light color, her name lettered in bright colors across the stern, and the national colors run up the tow-pole, which rises about five feet above the roof.

Such is the construction and appearance of an ordinary houseboat, and, considering its simplicity of manufacture and the fun to be had out of it, it is almost a wonder that it is not to be seen on the waters of our lakes and canals as well as upon the Thames.

Much increase of pleasure might be estimated if the houseboat, with all its comforts and delights, were floated upon our American waters. The wealthy American, like the English millionaire, could well afford one of those floating palaces similar to that reproduced in our illustration. For two thousand dollars a fine one could be built large enough to accommodate a whole family, no matter how numerous, and a few friends

besides. A smaller one would make a charming honeymoon nest for two young wedded lovers—or for a luxurious bachelor. On the Thames houseboats of all sizes can be rented, like a cottage by the sea, at so much per month, or by the season. The letting of houseboats may yet become a lucrative industry here as on the Thames.

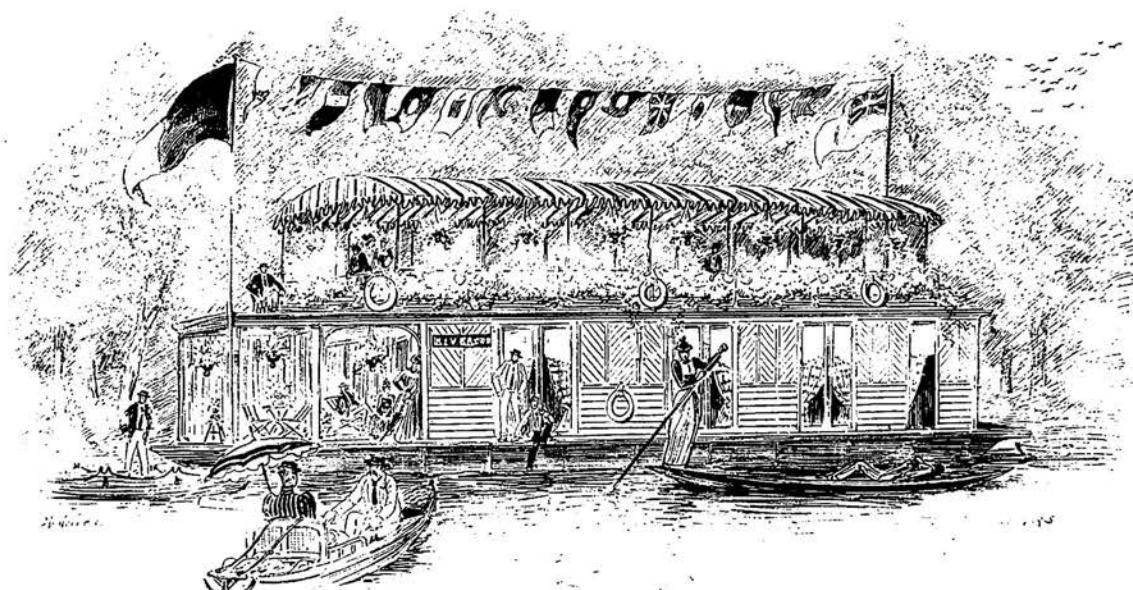
A few years since a gentleman from New York on a visit to friends in England became favorably impressed with houseboating as an amusement, and upon his return home had a fine boat, somewhat larger and heavier than the English river boat, built after the model of a regular houseboat. He had a tug to transport it wherever it was desired along Long Island Sound, and when winter came had it shipped to Florida by sea, and there it floated amid the orange groves and ever-living green of the tropic woods along the St. John, the Indian and the Ocklawaha Rivers. Of course it cost him a fortune, and was only a millionaire's novel amusement.

But all are not millionaires like Mr. Lorillard, and the pleasurable novelty of just such a boat could not be compassed by everyone. Even on the Thames, where tugs are not needed, to own a handsome houseboat "costs money," chiefly for the furnishing and fittings, some of them being as resplendent with polished brasses and oiled decks as one of the "White Squadron." And then the exquisite saloons, with rich carpets and hangings, and all the magnificence of the London drawing room on a lesser scale. And the flowers. English ladies of fashion and fortune squander whole fortunes on their cut flowers, perpetrating real extravagances, and the perfumed

cargo which a fine houseboat will sometimes carry would suffice to supply the market of a great city.

The most cogent charm of this mode of summering out is in the possibility of domiciling at any part of the river according to fancy. Having pitched upon a place to his liking, the proprietor of the floating palace steers toward the desired location through the thousand and one locks of the Upper Thames, and moors his residence beside a shaded, grassy bank. Here the happy "crew" pass the bright summer months of "outing." If familiar with the place, they may be deluged with visitors; if the anchorage is new to them, there will be places to explore, friends to cultivate, parties and excursions to organize, in a way novel in every respect. The girls and boys will be wild with joy, and with good reason: it is a matter for rejoicing to have an opportunity to fill the lungs with plenty of fresh air and create robust health.

It is a charming excursion on the eve of a Henley regatta, along something like two hundred houseboats and steamers all laden with flowers. Take a skiff and row along the file of houseboats, and you will see all the panorama of their family life unroll. Here is the saloon where the "governor" (*Anglicè* for paternal parent) sips his grog and reads the magazines, the mamma crochets, the girls play the piano and the banjo and sing, Charlie lies off in an armchair smoking his silver-mounted pipe, and the whole party are enjoying also the fresh evening air. Farther along are the chambermaids "laying down" the beds. Elsewhere steaks are broiling, and the fashionable



A FLOATING ROOF GARDEN.

Chinese tamtam sounds the dinner hour. Here, again, is baby going to sleep by the open window, to which he owes his rosy cheeks.

And the day ends under the veranda or on the roof deck in gay conversation, sometimes flirtations amongst the young people, while in the saloon their elders court sleep over a last hand of whist.

What a luxury of summer living! And did not the Pennells, in their last delightful book, rightly christen the Thames the "stream of pleasure"?

In our prosaic United States economical considerations deter many of us from thinking much of any such prolonged summer pleasure on the water. Yachting, as goes without saying, is an amusement for millionaires only—the million are "not in it." Steamer travel is not inexpensive if carried on to any extent. Why shouldn't we try houseboating for a change? Not the floating-pal-

ace arrangement, but the everyday ordinary houseboating.

Our larger rivers—the Hudson, Mississippi, Missouri, Ohio, and others—are too broad, have too strong currents, and no suitable paths along their banks for towing; but we have fine canals innumerable, and plenty of lesser streams with low shores, and in every State are lovely lakes where the houseboat might harbor a gay set of summer girls and boys. Life in a houseboat moored on a placid, lily-grown lake would surely be idyllic, even if the traveling was rather circumscribed.

If anyone feel inclined to try houseboating on an economic plan, let him procure an old barge, not too cumbrous, nor yet unseaworthy, and have a carpenter build the "house" upon it in the shape of a neat cabin, some twenty by nine feet, putting in two or three windows in the side walls.

Have the flat roof covered with tin, and a flight of light steps to lead up to it. The house should be about eight feet high. In the four corners the individual cabins must be built. For two or three hundred dollars such a boat could be built, large enough for four to live in all summer. A smaller boat could be built at less expense. Second-hand stuff can be used, and a fresh coat of paint will make all "spick and span."

All the furnishings—cocoa matting for the floor, denim or scrim for *portières*, chairs, stools, bedding, crockery, glass and kitchen apparatus—can be furnished from home, or, if not convenient, fifty dollars is a sufficient outlay for such necessities. Have hooks for tea-cups and racks for plates, etc.

Take along a few rugs and pillows for use on deck, and there is your houseboat, all "compact and comfortable."

If on a river, tugs or passing steamers can be hired to tow the boat from place to place, instead of horses. On a canal horses can be had. So you will have an inexpensive floating home, and at any time can "tie up" alongshore and explore the surrounding country, go a-fishing, kodaking, sketching, flirt-



"A SNATCH OF SONG."



FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

ing, or otherwise disport yourselves all the long summer days.

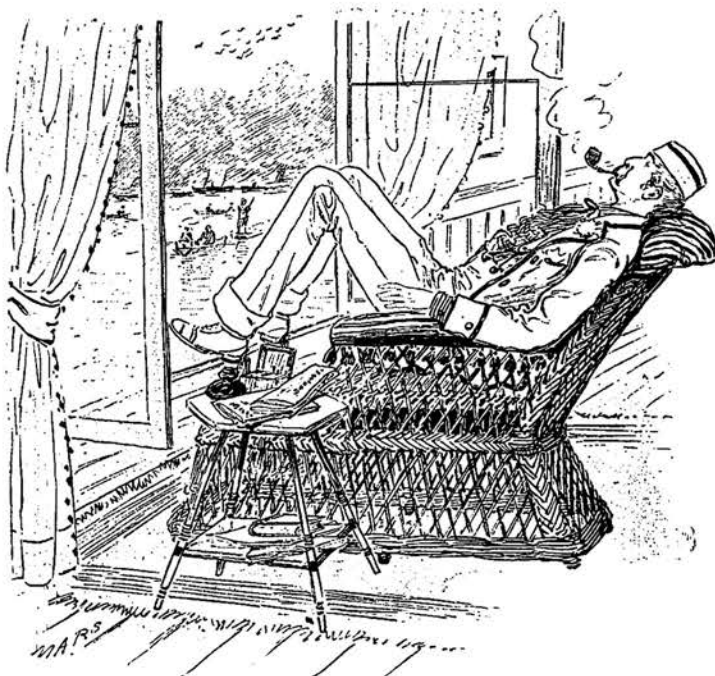
And how delicious the soft, still nights, when the river glitters with brilliant moonlight and the few scattered stars veil their bright eyes, envious and dazzled by the silver splendor of the lovely summer moon sailing in gentle queenliness across the vague blue of the night sky! She smiles softly at her fair mirrored image in the glancing river, and the river quivers with eager delight and smiles back, flattering with every sparkle the beauty and brightness of its divinity. The shores are dark masses of wreathed greenness; the water depths mirror shadowy, graceful shapes, as well as the moon's radiant face; the air is astir with soft zephyrous sighings and mysterious breaths of intangible fragrance. The softness, the fragrance, the languor of the vague sweet summer night, the musical undertone of the lapping river, the rustle of the trees, lull us to reverie, and thence to sleep, under the watching stars and the passing moon, and we dream of never-ending summers and simple, ever-happy life amid the sweet surroundings of nature.

"But what do you do when it

rains?" queries some unsentimental one, with no thirst for the unattainable. It is a little strange, but there really are just such people, who can't appreciate poetry or romanticism, or be moved by sentimental considerations for a moment; the practical, the utilitarian and the necessary so pervade their mortal mind as to leave no room for the soul to expand into the ineffable.

However, it must be admitted that unfavorable weather is certainly doleful. Leaden skies, dripping trees, dark meadows, coffee-colored water, with a heavy current almost always hard to steer against, and naturally this stress of weather occurs at the very prettiest and most romantic point of the trip. Well, in such a predicament there is nothing to do but to do as they do in Spain, let it rain!—pour torrents if it wants to, and while this all-powerful "it" wreaks "its" own sweet wet will without, gather "crowsily" into the little saloon, light up the oil stove, tell Polly to "put the kettle on, and all take tea." Sort out playing cards, wind worsted, and show how charming your naturally amiable disposition really is under such untowardness of weather.

By and by you look out, and lo! all-outdoors has undergone a magic transformation. Where are the black trees and the brown water? Masses of silver-white clouds sail slowly through the opening blue; the water is glancing and shimmering, and all the elms, or chestnuts, or willows are swaying and rustling and scattering diamonds in the breeze. Your *fin-de-siècle* edition of Christopher Columbus takes heart of grace and the



THE HOUSEBOATER'S DAYDREAM.



HANGING GARDENS.

tiller, and away you steer for fresh discoveries. Naturally much of the comfort of the expedition depends on a judicious supply of the things you "take away." You will need everything your daily habits call for in the way of food—fresh vegetables, milk, eggs and meat can be purchased *en route*—and the necessary utensils for preparing and cooking. Here is where the oil stove or alcohol lamp and canned delicacies come in with telling effect.

But don't, on your life, forget the can opener. To struggle with a hermetically sealed can when the palate is tempted and tortured to vain desire by hunger and the appetizing picture of savory vegetable or luscious fruit outside the can, and

find it (the can) defy pocketknife, scissors, boat hook, sharp stones, and every available bit of sharp metal aboard, is not only maddening for the moment, but enough to shed gloom over an entire boating party for the space of one whole day's working hours.

And when defeat ends the struggle, and in despair you wildly cast the battered, shapeless hulk of a once smooth, rounded can into the water's depths, and watch it sink with all its hoarded store of daintiness within, you mentally register a noble resolve to discipline your weak memory yet more, so that no necessary adjunct of comfort may be lacking to mar such an excursion hereafter.

Besides the indispensable can opener, you will want plenty of oil for the stove, candles, soda water, novels, stationery, telegraph blanks and towing rope. The young ladies will remember to bring along their own banjos and crochetwork, and a young man or two to make fun of by way of killing time.

But don't in any case make the error of taking too much. What on earth is the use of packing trunks full of finery and boxes of cloying sweetness, and lots of foolish things which you think essential to your pleasure and comfort, but which are all only useless lumber—surplusage?

A good many will load their houseboats as they do their vessels for the voyage of life—lots of gorgeous apparel, hosts of fine friends that they don't care anything for and who don't care anything for them, only for what

they can make out of them—with fashion, show and etiquette, until the boat is so loaded and so cumbrous and hard to manage that you never know a moment's respite from care and anxiety, never have time to lie watching the wind-swept clouds and the sparkling river, to see the white and yellow lilies nod, and the blue forget-me-nots smile at you. No! you must dress fine and air your jewels, and entertain your friends and take care not to fail to flatter their pet foibles, and "trim ship" and keep all well under way, with an ever-watchful eye to avoid disaster.

Don't do it! Let your houseboat and your boat of life be packed with simply a comfortable home, a few friends whom you love and who love you,

your cat and dog, enough to eat, and something to wear that will wash and keep its looks. Then you will find your boat easy to pull, and if it should strike a snag and upset, nothing will take much hurt, you will have a little time to enjoy yourself and think as well as work—and it won't cost so much; and of an evening you can tinkle the banjo a little and hum an old song or two, instead of bothering your head figuring up expenses.

Though, as we have said, our American rivers are for the most part too rapid and wide for such boating as enlivens the Upper Thames in England, yet on our magnificent canals, with their many locks, a houseboat can find sufficient scenery and adventure to entertain the most eager of novelty seekers, notwithstanding most of the neighbor craft will be the commercial and sluggish canal boats.

Towing and poling are the houseboat's methods of locomotion, and though some can be rowed, it is almost too hard work.

A moderate-sized boat can be pulled by the different members of a party in turn; if one has to do all the towing his trip will be much like the Irishman's first voyage on the "ragin' canawl."

"Shure a Yankee is srewder thin a fox," said the poor fellow. "I undhertuk to wurruk me passage on their owld canal boat, and, do yez moind, thim divils of Yankees put me to dhrivin' the horses along the towpath. Bedad, but fur th' name o' the thing, I'd as well gone afut." It would seem as if accidents were impossible with primitive methods of locomotion, and the timid and nervous can congratulate themselves accordingly on their choice of a pleasure craft. But yet accidents have occurred. The locks are sometimes quite exciting places. Carelessness about the steering gear has been known to send a happy boat load of pilgrims flying or sprawling in various undignified and uncomfortable attitudes around the quiet houseboat.

Then the towing line will catch on stumps or unyielding, low branches of trees, or, if slack, tangle itself up as hopelessly as Lucy's crochet wool, and never an end be getatable. Never set a spooney couple to tow you. They will want to do it, but take timely warning—a well-meaning youth and maid went ashore to tow their aunt and chaperon, and behold! in the sweet mysteries of betrothal conversation they idly let the tow-line become unhooked from the boat without noticing it, and strolled two or three miles on shore dragging the loose line unconsciously after them, while auntie took her afternoon siesta in unwonted peace, seeing not that the boat was drifting placidly back in the opposite direction to where the lovers were tending. Finally they were rudely roused from their daydream, and their attention called to the unattached towing rope.

Poling, too, has its dangers. Sometimes an experienced poler will get engrossed in thought or conversation, and put the pole in a hole, throwing him off his balance; or, as one dreamy young man did, calmly stroll off the boat into the water,



SLOW, BUT SAFE—A SUGGESTION FOR MEN WHOSE WIVES ARE NERVOUS ON THE WATER.

with only the pole to hang on to, for all the world like a toy monkey on a stick.

In this instance the heartless company aboard actually laughed at their unlucky poler.

"Help, help! I am drowning!" cried the victim of daydreams, as he ignominiously sank into the muddy water.

"Stand up, you idiot!" yelled his brother. And so he did, and the water being about two feet deep, his life was spared, and he waded after the boat, and got aboard, "a sad and sorry sight for gods and men."

Also the steersman needs to be very cautious when horses are towing, and not try to be too clever, especially if on a river and the stream is in flood. Of course, everyone who undertakes to manage the tiller wants to be able to display all the skill and careless grace possible to the situation, and not let the boat get too much mixed up with the towpath, which is very surprising and annoying, not to say disconcerting, to an amateur, especially if there are ladies aboard. To pull the wrong line and send the boat into the bank with a violent shock affects the nerves of all aboard, and will make sad inroads on the unwary steersman's popularity. Even an unskillful tower is less looked down upon than a 'prentice hand at the tiller ropes, for any novice knows it is less trouble to stay aboard and steer, with horses to do the actual pulling, than to plod along afoot, tugging a perverse towline, with all the interesting passengers enjoying the trip very satisfactorily

without your society. But, as usual, "the post of honor is the post of danger," and thus it is with the tiller post.

The ladies have much the advantage in a houseboat outing. Seldom is much required of them except to look lovely in dark-blue serges or cottons made up in natty nautical styles, and to attend to the commissary department, which is supposed to be their peculiar province. Their duties fulfilled in this respect, they are at leisure all day, and have their reward in unlimited opportunities for fancywork, fishing or flirtation, lily gathering or landscape sketching, or making the air musical with vocal melodies of pretty pathos or dainty comicalities.

Probably the most enjoyable part of the time on a houseboat is when she is calmly anchored in some lovely nook, and all the crew and passengers free from cares or duties of any description.

Then, when lying at full length on your rug under the shady awning, with the prettiest girl you know assuring you musically that

"If you want to get to heaven
On the nickel-plated—(etc.)—
You must push dem clouds away,"

tinkling out a dainty accompaniment on the banjo, you feel as if heaven was near enough without either "pushing or shoving," and that for the present you have no desire to exchange your delightful life on a houseboat for any more active pleasure than you are enjoying.



THOUGHTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON NATURAL HISTORY.

By H. B. M. RUCHANAN, B.A.

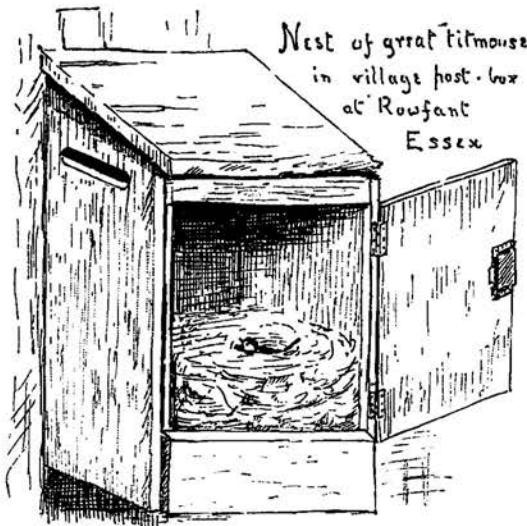
PART IX.

How diversified are the processes and appearances by which the great life principle in the world of matter makes itself apparent to our bodily senses, and how numberless are the methods it employs to hand on its never-dying energy. It is enclosed in the living protoplasm within the hard covering of a seed. In due season, in the ground under the influence of suitable conditions; it bursts forth into the first tender green leaves, and adds cell to cell, tissue to tissue, layer to layer, branch to branch, twig to twig, high up in the air, and wide on all sides; it bursts forth into countless green leaves to gather the aerial food that the parent plant requires. A little later it appears in a profusion of flowers of many shapes, hues of colour, and kinds of smell, to attract the pollen-bearing insect, which effects the needful cross-fertilisation. When this is completed the beautiful petals, their work done, fall to the ground, and it appears in the fruit of many colours, shapes, and tastes, so that the seed should not in the end be lost, but through the agency of birds and wind be conveyed to suitable spots where room can be found for the great mystery to be carried on.

Life on all sides so abundant. Life, nature's supremest and most precious gift, must not cease to be, but must continue, hidden within its clothing of matter through manifold and devious paths to work out its unknown but lofty destiny.

THE USE OF COLOUR AND TASTE IN FRUIT.

In a previous note I stated that the scent and smell of a flower were not primarily intended for man to enjoy, but had been developed to effect the all-essential cross-fertilisation of the vegetable world. After the fertilisation of a blossom is completed, the fruit appears in many colours, shapes, and tastes, for the purpose of securing the distribution of the seed. If the fruit simply fell



to the ground from the tree on which it had ripened, plant after plant would spring up only to kill one another in the fierce fight for room to live. If by chance a sturdy plantlet came off victorious and began to grow, it would shortly have to succumb, because under the shade of its parent tree it would lack many conditions necessary for its life.

It is essential, therefore, that some means of disposal should be employed, and so the seed is protected by a hard or stony covering which in its turn is enclosed by a succulent pericarp mostly of red or black colour. This ripened fruit is swallowed by the bird, but the precious seed, the life within the sweet morsel, being guarded by its hard covering cannot be digested by the bird, and so it is dropped in some spot where one day its hard covering falls away and it springs up to carry on the life of its kind.

The following are some of the British fruits distributed by birds in this manner: strawberry, blackberry, dewberry, cloudberry, barberry, arbutus, privet, spindle-tree, guelder rose, buckthorn, holly, ivy, honeysuckle, bryony, yew, mistletoe, sloe, arum, bird cherry, haw, wild rose, mountain ash, white bean tree, wild service tree, crab tree, juniper, etc.

Cultivated fruit must now be distributed by man, as owing to its size birds cannot effect the distribution. Birds can thrive on many poisonous fruits that would cause the death of mammals, and so some fruits have developed a nasty flavour and poisonous properties as a warning to animals who cannot distribute them to leave them alone.

ABOUT BIRDS' NESTS.

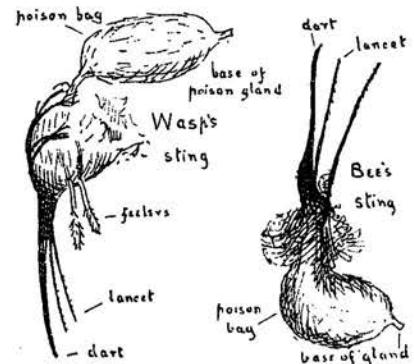
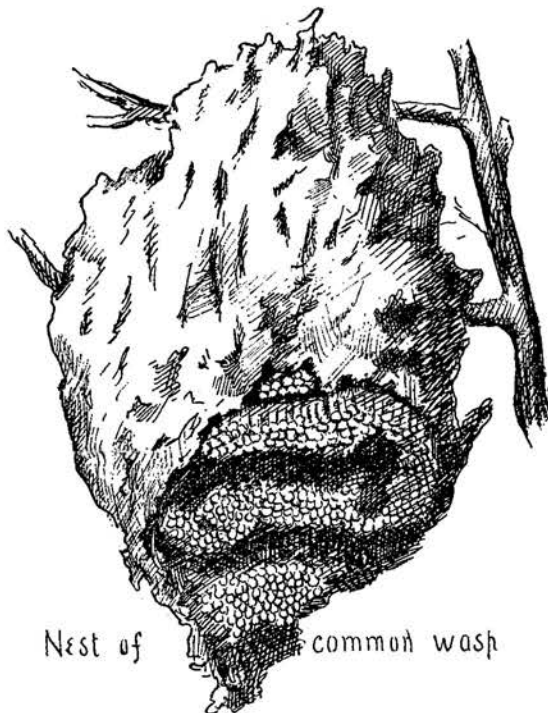
It is interesting to note that when male and female birds are rich in plumage and nearly alike in colour, such as our kingfisher, woodpecker, tits—they build their nests in banks and holes of trees, or in any situation that conceals the bright colours of the sitting bird from its enemies. But when the female is a dull colour and the male bright, the nest is mostly built in open and exposed places, and

nest, eggs, and sitting bird blend in hue with the surroundings so that perchance nest and bird may escape the notice of the destroyer.

Birds are born with the instinct to build a nest, but seemingly learn the pattern from the nest in which they have been reared. Younger birds are said to mate very considerably with the older and more experienced birds in nest-building. All of this is borne out by these facts, "that the less perfect nests are built by younger birds and the more perfect by the older;" that birds brought up from the eggs in cages do not make the same construction of nest as their species, even though the proper materials are supplied to them, but put together a nest of the rudest structure; that some young chaffinches were taken from England and turned out in New Zealand, and instead of building the beautiful chaffinch nest so well-known to us, they built a nest loosely put together, lined with feathers, with its walls hanging down loosely about eighteen inches below the supporting branch.

Wrens fit about in hedgerows, low thickets, and so build their nests of moss. Rooks dig in pastures and ploughed field for grubs, and in so doing come across roots and fibres with which they line the inside of their nest. Crows feed on carrion, dead rabbits, etc., and frequenting sheep-walks and warrens line its nest with fur and wool. The lark frequents cultivated fields, and so makes its nest on the ground of dry grass stems lined with finer grass and rootlets. The kingfisher makes its nest of the bones of fish which it has eaten. Swallows make a nest of clay and mud taken from the margin of the ponds and rivers where they seek insect food.

In 1888 a pair of great titmice began to build their nest in the post-box which stood in the road, and into which letters were posted and taken out by the door daily. One of the birds was killed by a boy, and the nest was not finished. In 1889 a pair completed the nest, laid seven eggs and began to sit, but one day, when an unusual number of post-cards were dropped into and nearly filled the box, the birds deserted the nest, which was afterwards removed with the eggs. In 1890 a pair built a new nest, laid seven eggs, and reared a brood of five young, although the letters posted were often found lying on the back of the sitting bird, which never left the nest when the door of the box was opened to take out



Stings of Wasp and Bee
(not on same scale)

the letters. The birds went in and out by the slit for the letters.

A WASP PROVIDES FOR ITS YOUNG.

Mr. H. W. Bates, F.R.S., consumed with a burning zeal and unselfish desire to acquire more facts for science, spent some eight years away from his fellow white men, and lived amongst the half-castes and Indians on the Amazon. He is now dead, and science has lost a devoted son not easy to replace. The record of these years of observation, collection of specimens, and privations is most interestingly told by himself in *The Naturalist on the Amazon* (Murray). It is a book worth reading, simple in style and yet vivid with life and earnestness because, it seems to me, the writer was possessed of a wide sympathy, and with truthfulness and knowledge wrote

about the things he loved. In spirit it reminds me of White's *Natural History of Selborn*, and I could give no higher praise than that.

Bates in his book tells us that during one hot summer afternoon he watched a sand wasp about its parental duties. The female worked alone, and with forefeet furnished with a fringe of stiff bristles dug out of the sand a gallery two or three inches in length. Coming out of the hole it closed the entrance, and flying round a few times as if to take note of the locality, flew off. In a short time she returned with a benumbed fly in her grasp which she placed in the hole, and then proceeded to lay an egg in it, so that when her young grub was hatched it would find a plentiful supply of food ready to hand. After this was all finished she emerged from the hole, closing the entrance. Her wisdom in benumbing the fly

is evident, for were she to kill it outright it would shrivel and dry up and be useless as food by the time her young grub required it.

The sting of a wasp or a bee is a sharp dart, grooved on its under surface, along which groove work up and down two long narrow lancets which protrude beyond the dart. The dart and free end of the lancets are notched with teeth that point backwards like the end of the spear of a savage, so that when the insect is alarmed, as it generally is when it stings a human being, in the endeavour to extricate itself quickly it leaves behind the whole sting in the wound.

According to one naturalist, if a bee be allowed to sting a soft piece of leather or indiarubber, it will tear itself away leaving the sting behind beautifully dissected. Another naturalist says a wasp cannot do this, but will remain a prisoner till it is set free.



MRS. MUDDLE'S PARTY, AND HOW IT FAILED.



MR. and Mrs. Muddle were going to give an evening party.

Mr. Muddle was a very moderately successful barrister, whose income from all sources amounted to but little over three hundred pounds a year. His amusement was painting, and in his leisure hours he laid colours on to canvas, and the result was what he and his friends called pictures, and what his enemies called by a less pleasing name.

His wife was a well-meaning little woman, anxious to show off, and inclined to do her best, but with not much idea of how to do it. They had been married some few years, and had entertained but little, though they had themselves been out a great deal. But Mr. Muddle was getting on now, and his wife wanted people to know it, "so the best thing we can do," she said, "is to give an evening party, then we can ask every one at once."

"Will it cost much?" he asked, "and won't it be a great deal of trouble?"

"Not nearly so much as anything else," she answered. "We have only to give them supper; that's all they will need. I should like it to be a really handsome supper," she added. "It is the first party we have ever given, and it must go off well."

"Yes," he said approvingly.

"So," she went on triumphantly, "let's give a really stylish affair."

And Mr. Muddle, who had also secret longings to astonish the weak nerves of his friends, gave his gracious assent.

The next day Mrs. Muddle bought some printed forms, and filled them up, and this was the effect:—

"14, Silvergilt Terrace,
"Bayswater."

"Mrs. Muddle requests the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Blank's company at an evening party on Wednesday evening, January 21st, 187-, at nine o'clock."

"[R.S.V.P.]"

"This is the 6th," said Mrs. Muddle, "so we have given them good notice. Now we must see about ordering in things for the supper. Of course the eatables will do the day before, but what about the wine?"

"Well, let's see; suppose we have—how many are coming?"

"Oh, I am sure I don't know. I never counted, and they have not all replied. I should say about forty—oh, no, there must be fifty."

"Well, we'll have a dozen of sherry, for we have only four bottles left in the house. I wonder if it should be 'good.'"

"It doesn't matter a bit about that, so long as we have plenty. I think it would be as well to get very cheap wine. No one will find it out. I am sure I don't know the difference as long as it tastes sweet and nice."

"Well, a dozen of sherry, say at twenty-four shillings; and I think we ought to have a little port, just for the old folks—say three bottles."

"We had better have half a dozen."

"Well, then there's the champagne" (Mrs. Muddle

gave a long sigh of relief. She had been so afraid her husband would refuse her champagne, and she remembered that the Browns, and the Crawfords, and lots of people had given *them* champagne). "It will want a good deal of that, for it doesn't go far."

"Yes," said Mrs. Muddle eagerly.

"You say perhaps fifty people coming. Well, we'll have two dozen and a half—on an average, half a bottle a person. Do you think we want anything else? Suppose we have a little hock and a few bottles of claret, half a dozen of each."

"It will come in useful afterwards."

"Well then, say three bottles of port at two and six, two dozen and a half of champagne at four shillings, six bottles of claret at one-and-six, and six of hock at two-and-six."

A week passed. The wine arrived, and Mr. Muddle brought home four dozen crackers, with which to garnish the table, and then Mrs. Muddle and her husband had a consultation as to what must be ordered in the eating way.

"Do you think we had better have in a supper at so much a head, and have done with it?" he asked.

But this, she said, would be very expensive, and, moreover, if they provided the things themselves, they would certainly have enough left to live upon for two or three days afterwards.

"We must have a turkey."

"Are we going to have a sit-down supper?"

"Oh, yes; it's so much more comfortable."

"But we can't seat fifty people at once."

"Then they can come down in two sets; we'll divide them."

"Then the first lot will gobble up the turkey."

"So they will. We must have two turkeys, two tongues, a ham, a large piece of sirloin of beef—about sixteen pounds, to look handsome—and some fowls—we shall want quite four fowls—and a piece of collared veal would look nice. Then we shall want some lobster salads—I should say four—and we had better have these from the pastrycook's, for I really don't know how to make them. Then we must have a raised veal and ham pie, and three dozen oyster patties—they pile up on dishes and look so nice. That will do for the solids and savoury things, unless we can get a couple of dishes of prawns—they look so nice."

"My dear Annie! There'll be too much."

"No, there will not; indeed, I think we shall want six fowls. Remember, only half this will go on table at once, and the other half will be left for the second batch. We have fifty people coming."

"Yes, but not fifty wolves, seeking what they may devour."

"Well, now for the sweets; it will be best, I think, to cook the other things at home, all but the patties and raised pie, which we must order from the pastrycook's, and also the salads. As for the rest, I can't bear home-made sweets, every one can tell them, so we must order them in. The Charles Muddles, remember, ordered in their entire supper, and it cost ten shillings a head. This won't cost anything like that."

"Well, let's do it well while we are about it. Young Carrington has accepted, you know."

"But, to continue the sweets, let us make out the list, and then I can order them," and then she continued—"Two trifles, two tipsy-cakes, four jellies, four blanc-manges, four creams, and then we might have a cold plum-pudding, as it's Christmas time, and plenty of mince-pies—say three dozen—and three dozen other tartlets, and those sort of things, which we'll tell them to mix. And we might have a twelfth-cake, and a couple of sponge or pound cakes; and that will do, with the crackers and fruit. We will have any amount of fruit—that will make a good many more dishes—almonds and raisins, oranges, apples, grapes—plenty of grapes—and that's all," and she said the last words quite regretfully, and wondered if she *could* think of anything else, and suddenly recollected "two dozen boiled custards in glasses, and some dishes of macaroons, and those sort of things."

The house in which the Muddles lived was at Bayswater—one of the type common enough there. Let us briefly describe it. The rent was sixty pounds. On the ground floor was the dining-room; next to it the study, sacred to Mr. Muddle and litter; at the end of the hall was a little off-room, in which Mrs. Muddle commonly stowed away boxes. Up-stairs on the first floor were drawing-rooms with folding doors (thrown open). On the second floor were two bed-rooms; the front one, being that occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Muddle, was the most imposing as to furniture and appearance.

Now to proceed. Mrs. Muddle concerned herself with little but receiving answers to her invitations till three days before the 21st. Then she bestirred herself.

Her first trouble was that all round the neighbourhood she could not find a confectioner to undertake the order for the sweets, &c., at so short a notice; and when at last she did discover one, it was at so grand a shop, that she felt she was putting herself under an everlasting obligation to the proprietor thereof, and did not dare to inquire the price of a single article beforehand.

The beef and the tongues were ordered, and then she had a grand consideration about the fowls.

"Four fowls," she thought, "will only give eight wings, and there are fifty people, I think—though I have never counted them, by the way—and every one likes the wing of a fowl. I shall order six—it's as well to be on the safe side."

So six were ordered. The day before, the ham and the tongues were boiled, and the beef was roasted; and then Mrs. Muddle found that by the time these were done and put away, and two of the fowls roasted, she was tired with trotting in and out of the kitchen; so she decided it would be best to get up very early, and cook the turkeys and remaining fowls next morning, which was done accordingly; and then she got out all the knives and forks and spoons she possessed, and all the glasses; but, alas! of the latter she had only two dozen of each kind—a very good stock, but not enough for fifty people.

"Jane," she said to the housemaid (her domestic force numbered two), "you must go to Mrs. Fanshaw's, and ask her if she would mind lending me two dozen glasses of all kinds.—Mrs. Fanshaw is the only one I really would ask," she thought, "for she is so good-natured."

Then Mrs. Muddle had a brilliant notion. She would have all the supper things put into the little room at the end of the hall. She had decided that she would not go to the expense of rout seats, so all the chairs she could muster in addition to the dining-room ones might also be placed there. Tea and coffee were to be placed in the dining-room first, for the benefit of the guests when they arrived. All this was settled to her satisfaction, and the servants carefully instructed how to lay the cloth; and then Mrs. Muddle felt greatly relieved, and went to lie down for an hour.

At seven o'clock Mr. Muddle came home, and was implored to dress himself; but it was remembered that he had to open and decanter the wine; so Mrs. Muddle made her own toilette, and had just accomplished it at a quarter past nine, and then the first double knock came to the street-door.

"Oh dear me!" cried Mrs. Muddle, as she rushed into the drawing-room; "it is very inconsiderate of people to come so early. I am so afraid the house smells of those horrid fowls and the turkeys. I wish I had had them cooked yesterday; and look at that drawing-room fire: it won't burn up; and the room feels like a vault." Then, as she heard the street-door open, she had a thrill of horror. Muddle was in the bed-room dressing, and there was no other cloak-room for her lady guests! Moreover, of course the room was horribly untidy!

"Oh, dear Mrs. Fanshaw!" she said, with a sigh of relief, "I am so glad it's only you. I was afraid it was Mrs. Charles Muddle come early on purpose to quiz. Would you mind waiting here a minute?" and she ran up-stairs, turned Muddle and his belongings bodily into the back room (which was not grand enough for visitors), banged her old dresses and everything else that looked untidy into the back room after him, and called out, "Come up, dear Mrs. Fanshaw;" and then she stayed chatting with her a minute or two in the bed-room, and descended to find that half a dozen guests had arrived, and found no one to receive them.

"I must tell Jane to show them up-stairs," she thought, and did so; and the cook poured out the coffee, and opened the door, but found it was impossible to continue doing both; so in the end Muddle had to descend (bad-tempered, of course, because he had no looking-glass before which to tie his white choker) and to pour out the coffee.

"If you please, sir," whispered the cook, "where am I to put the gentlemen's hats and coats?"

"On the hat-rail in the hall, of course."

"But, please, sir, it's full."

"Then pile it up."

By a little after ten every one had arrived. The

front drawing was crammed, and the back drawing was crammed, and there were only seats enough for half of the people in the two rooms, so the remaining two-thirds stood. The atmosphere got very close, and the room was badly lighted, and somehow the people would not talk to each other; and before even an hour had passed Mrs. Muddle looked fagged and tired, and her guests seemed bored, and altogether in doubt as to what to do with themselves, or what was going to be done with them. Mr. Muddle had shown them his pictures; several were hung round the walls, and others he had fished up from his studio (as he loved to call the room sacred to litter on the ground-floor); but people did not seem to care for them. There was a little music at first, but it died away, and there was no attempt at anything else.

Somehow, too—how, Mrs. Muddle could not make out—the whole thing dragged. The people stared blankly at each other, the men doing a little feeble small talk, and the women wondering if their dresses were getting torn off their backs or not. Mrs. Muddle, to do her justice, did her best; but she found that her time was all taken up chatting a moment here and a moment there; and she made the mistake of being too polite to just a few of her guests—those she wanted to propitiate—and neglecting the general body. If she had only endeavoured to think of something that would have amused the majority, it would have made another affair of it. Then, too, she was so anxious about the supper, and so afraid the servants would not lay it properly.

"I think we might have a little more music," she said to Marian Hill; who thereupon sang a song with an inscrutable accompaniment, and apparently no melody and no words.

"I think, dear, we must be going," said Mrs. Wilmot. "It's getting quite late."

"Oh, no; pray don't," implored Mrs. Muddle. "We are going to have supper directly;" but Mrs. Wilmot thought of the dreary two hours she had spent, and would not be persuaded till Mr. Muddle, truly miserable, added his entreaties; and then a pale-faced young man, with straw-coloured hair and a plaintive look about the eye-lids, commenced to play a long, long piece of the tinkle-tinkle-up-in-the-treble description. Every one listened for the first five minutes, and for the second five minutes wondered when it would end, and during the third five minutes came to the conclusion that it *never* would, and resigned themselves to their fate.

At last there were two sensations.

The first was the ending of the piece. Then Mrs. Muddle whispered to her husband—

"What do you think? Those idiots down-stairs had put both trifles on table at once. I've told them to reserve one till afterwards. Take Mrs. Charles down when I give the sign."

Saddened and damped Mrs. Muddle at last entered the dining-room. Her next grief was that no one seemed to eat much; and as for two turkeys being wanted, after the first twenty people had supped, the first one had not half gone, and she was certain

there could not be more than five-and-thirty people. How stupid of her not to have counted them !

As for Muddle, he was a miserable man. His brother Charles had tasted the wine, shaken his head, and tasted no more.

"Where did you get your wine?" he whispered. "It's poison. My dear fellow, give a little or none, but never bad wine ; and always buy it at a trustworthy place."

So the first batch went up-stairs, and the second batch descended at once, and had to wait till clean things came ; and then Jane—that unfortunate Jane !—entered with a tray of glasses, and put them down on the stand of the butler's tray, and forgot that the centre strap was broken ; and the result was that, with a crash that made people actually shiver, they fell through to the ground.

"Oh, Jane, it's too bad of you !" poor Mrs. Muddle said, with almost a sob—seeing, however, with relief that they were her own, and not Mrs. Fanshaw's glasses that had suffered.

At last everybody was fed, and the drawing-room had been cleared, and Mrs. Muddle asked some one to play a quadrille ; but most of the people declared they must go.

Meanwhile those that were left (about twenty) tried to dance ; but the quadrille didn't "go"—no one knew why.

"We'll have a waltz next time," said Mrs. Muddle. "That will set them on their feet."

But when the waltz was played, it was no better.

"I can't get into step," said Jack Crawford, who had stayed behind to dance with Nelly Roberts.

"No," she said, "no more can I, because the music is out of time."

"This carpet does nothing but ruck," said another.

"And I begin to feel quite choking," answered his partner.

Then suddenly it dawned upon every one that it was impossible to dance to music out of time, and on carpet that was not tightly put down, and that was moreover very dusty, so that people were choking, and getting smothered.

In half an hour's time Mr. and Mrs. Muddle were alone.

"Oh, Walter !" she gasped, "I am sure everything was dreadful."

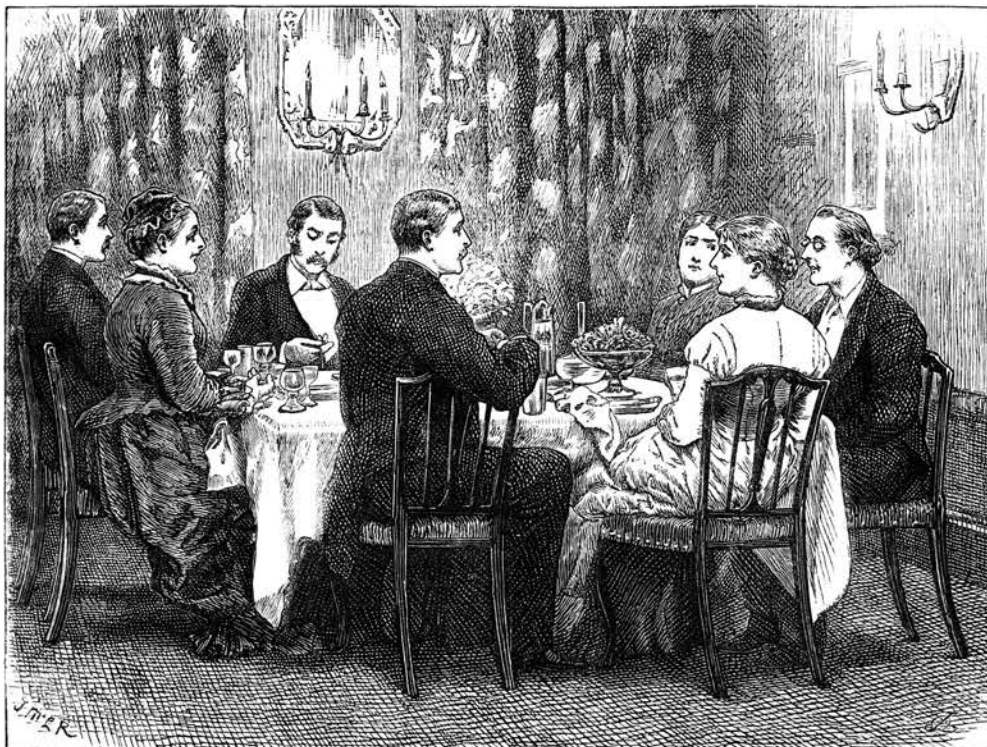
"There was a great deal too much supper," he said crossly. "I have just been and looked in. Why, there were only two fowls cut, and one tongue. You didn't even count your heads, for there were only thirty-seven people."

"Oh, Walter ! don't blame me," she said ; "everything was wrong—everything was ridiculous ; but I shall know better next time."

"So shall I," he said softening at that ; "and I'll give them good wine another time, or else none at all."

So Mrs. Muddle's party failed, and left her with provisions that would spoil before they could be eaten, with wine that was undrinkable, and with the knowledge that instead of giving her friends a pleasant evening, she had given them the reverse ; and all this was through want of management, and want of thought, and a desire to show off rather than to consider the comfort of her guests.

We have followed Mrs. Muddle in all the details of her party, and seen how and why it failed ; let us by-and-by endeavour to show how, with the same means at her command, and at far less expense, Mrs. Fanshaw gave a party, and made it a success.



Cassell's Family Magazine, 1879

MRS. FANSHAW'S PARTY, AND HOW IT SUCCEEDED.



IT was Mrs. Fanshaw's turn to give a party now. She lived in the same terrace as Mrs. Muddle, so that the capabilities of the house were precisely the same. She sent out her invitations about ten days in advance.

"We'll have a nice party," she said to her husband, "but we'll aim at having things well done and pleasant rather than grand. So, to begin, I shan't have printed forms for the invitations; written ones

cost less and look less pretending." And, considering all things—the size of the house, the depth of her husband's purse—he was "something in the City," and had about £350 a year, the same amount as Mr. Muddle—Mrs. Fanshaw was right.

"Thirty-two acceptances, Charley," she informed Mr. Fanshaw; "just even to a shade, sixteen couples including ourselves. They are pretty well assorted, too—married and single, young and old."

"What do you want me to do in the way of helping you?" he asked.

"You must order in some wine, let me turn out your smoking-room the day before, and—well, that's all, dear; you are at work all day, and deserve to enjoy your party at home, and not to be bothered about it."

Mr. Fanshaw's smoking-room was the back dining-room; the little off-room at the end of the hall was Mrs. Fanshaw's work-room—*i.e.*, the place in which she kept the sewing-machine, and made the new frocks and mended the old ones belonging to Tommy and Carrie.

"Very well," he answered with a sigh, for his retreat would be washed and scented and dusted, and made to look generally respectable, he thought, and the prospect made him sad. "I think we'll order in some wine for the occasion, and not touch what we have in the house."

And then they came to the conclusion that they would give unpretending wine, and that good.

"And as I do not think, for the sake of our pockets—nor for the sake of the example it would be setting others in our position—we should give champagne to a party of thirty people, why, we'll do without it." Mr. Fanshaw was given to moralising on a small scale.

"Certainly," answered his spouse. "It is absurd for poor folk to do badly what, without being extravagant, they cannot do well; but as for the example, why, there's no one to be affected by it."

"Examples, like our servant-maids, have followers when least expected"—and Mr. Fanshaw was suddenly made to realise for his pains that ears were not merely made to hear with.

	£	s.	d.
½ doz. Sherry, at 42/-	.	.	1 1 0
½ doz. Claret, at 24/-	.	.	0 12 0
½ doz. Chablis, at 36/-	.	.	0 18 0
2 Bottles of Port, at 48/-	.	.	0 8 0
	£2	19	0

This was the wine list which Fanshaw carried off with him to a wine merchant on whom he could rely, and three days later there was a comely row of bottles in the wine-cellar of No. 15, Silvergilt Terrace.

Mrs. Fanshaw said nothing more to her husband about the details of the coming party. "He's in the office all day long," she thought to herself, "and it is a shame to bother a man about household affairs."

She thought over her plans one morning, however, and having decided how things were to be done, and what things were to be had, and the time to commence operations, she went on her daily way as usual, feeling that it would never do to upset all the house because three days hence a party was to be given in it. Just a week before, she went to the confectioner's and ordered to be sent on the morning of the 23rd (the festive day) a couple of shapes of cream, a large handsome trifle, a couple of high sponge-cakes, some tartlets and fancy cakes, a few light confectionery dishes, and a raised pie of veal and ham; and some rout-cakes and pound-cake, &c., for the evening.

Two days before the 23rd, Mrs. Fanshaw had her little work-room turned completely out, and made ready for the hats and coats of her gentlemen visitors; and the same day the drawing-room was put thoroughly "to-rights." She knew that the carpet was neither loose nor dusty, but in order to make it pleasanter still to dance upon, she got down the holland drugget, which made the drawing-room look so white and clean in the summer time, and had it put tightly down. Then she saw that the anti-macassars and trifles about the room were in their usual spotless order, and put a couple of small tables into the back room, and moved the large table in the front one altogether out of the way, and had it sent up-stairs; and the couch which went along the fireplace was put into a less obtrusive position. On that day, too, Mrs. Fanshaw had a small ham and a tongue boiled, and instructed her husband to bring home some crackers, which he did; and remembering they had some pretty little glass dishes, he also brought home some candied fruit and a few tins of preserved ditto, to fill them with, all of which put Mrs. Fanshaw in high good-temper.

"You must get back as early as you can on Wednesday, Charley dear," she observed, "so as to get dressed in good time; and mind you introduce the people who don't know each other. I have put a couple of card-tables into the back drawing-room, so

that the old folks may enjoy a quiet rubber if they please."

"Mind old Clayton has a pretty girl to talk to."

"Oh yes! he shall be provided, the arrant old flirt; and you must take care poor Mrs. Gomez has the easy chair, because she can't see very well, but likes to be comfortable, and hear all that's going on; and let little Mrs. Taylor have some one bright and full of talk near her, because she's so shy."

"What are you going to do with the people—I mean in the way of amusement? Remember what a mess the Muddles made of their party."

"Poor little woman! She didn't know how to manage. Why, she never even laid her supper beforehand; and as for amusing her guests, such a thing never occurred to her. Yet it is very easy: we have only to get the people who are likely to amuse each other near together, then we'll have a little talk, a little music, and the first dance while the first batch (which, mind, must be chiefly the married folks) are having supper; then more dances, the old folks will have their cards, and the whole thing will go off all right, I am sure."

"What do you want with my smoking-room?"

"Why, the dining-room will be all ready for supper, everything on table, and the key in my pocket; so the back room will be first a tea and coffee room, and afterwards I shall have refreshments there—just cakes and biscuits, and sherry and port, and claret-cup, and lemonade: people who are dancing like these things."

"Can you make claret-cup?"

"Oh, yes, dear—a couple of bottles of claret, a couple of bottles of soda-water, and some sliced lemon and loaf-sugar make it well and simply."

The next morning Mrs. Fanshaw saw that a couple of fowls, a turkey, and a large piece of beef were well roasted, and the smoking-room was thoroughly turned out and put in order.

When the eventful Wednesday came, there was not so very much to be done. The wine was opened and decanted before Mr. Fanshaw went out, and an hour later the confectionery came. Then Mrs. Fanshaw was very busy. First she got out a couple of bottles of jelly, and having put them down near the fire for half an hour, so that the contents might dissolve, she poured the jelly into a couple of moulds, and put them to cool. Then out of some corn-flour, milk, loaf-sugar, and some vanilla for one and essence of almond flavouring for the other, she made a couple of shapes of blanc-mange.

"Jellies and blanc-manges cost only half the price when one gets them in this way, and are more wholesome into the bargain," she said, and proceeded to mix the lobster salad—enough for two dishes she made, and it cost her four shillings. (Mrs. Muddle had paid seven-and-sixpence each for those she ordered of her grand confectioner.) Mrs. Fanshaw's next performance was to blanch a great many sweet almonds, and to stick them *all* over the two sponge-cakes she had ordered in for the purpose. Then she placed them each in rather a deep glass dish, poured a good deal of sherry over them till they were well

soaked, and wound up by making some boiled custard, and pouring that over them; and then she had the tippy-cakes ready. While all these (*i.e.*, cakes, jellies, &c.) were arriving at cool perfection, she got out the things, laid the supper-table, put everything ready, and placed relays in the side-board, and piles of plates and forks and spoons handy. The table looked exceedingly well, what with tall dishes of fruit, and the trifle, the creams and jellies, and crackers, and fowls, and turkey, and beef, and salads, and the coloured Chablis glasses. The effect was quite grand.

By half-past eight Mr. and Mrs. Fanshaw were both dressed, and in the drawing-room; the front bed-room above was ready for any one who wished to apply a few finishing touches before the glass. The supper-room was locked up. There was a neatly-dressed servant (the general servant) ready to open the door, and show the ladies into the smoking-room, where the nurse-maid retailed tea and coffee, or to direct them up-stairs; and everything was ready. Mrs. Fanshaw had even remembered to have the pretty little brass guard placed before the drawing-room fire, in case of an accident to the dancers; and cards were placed on the tables in the back room, and the piano opened in the front.

"The room looks exceedingly well. It's nicely arranged, and gives plenty of room," said Mr. Fanshaw approvingly—"and you look exceedingly well, dear—quite enough dressed to be complimentary to your guests, and not enough to out-shine them."

Whatever was it that made the whole affair so different from her own party, poor Mrs. Muddle wondered, though she was soon able to tell herself as she noticed the clear hall, with the hats and coats stowed away in the room beyond; and the tea-room, in which later there were light refreshments placed, and a sofa on which people could sit and chat. The stairs too were patronised, and a couple of chairs favourable to flirtation placed on the landing. The old folks soon took to their whist, and the rest chatted. "The right people all chance to get together here," she thought, though it was not chance but a little management that did it. Mrs. Fanshaw, too, seemed to have no anxiety, and to be enjoying herself as much as anybody, and so she was.

There was some music at first, while the people strolled about; a little later, and sooner than she had intended it, Mrs. Fanshaw proposed a dance; and in a few minutes Carrie's music mistress, who had been among the guests (for she was a lady, and Mrs. Fanshaw felt for her), and who *did* play at quadrille parties, was seated at the piano, and soon many pairs of feet were going over the nice smooth drugget with a great amount of satisfaction.

It was a bright, pleasant party, and when supper-time came, and the room was unlocked and lighted up, people could not help thinking what a nice and well-filled table it looked. Everything was good, the wine altogether drinkable, and the two servants waited well; and when one or two had finished they went up-stairs, and one or two others came down, so that there was

a gentle stream of well-dressed gobblers until all the multitude had fed.

There was plenty and to spare of everything, enough left to fill the larder for a few days to come, and yet Mrs. Fanshaw had not spent more than half what Mrs. Muddle spent.

After supper there was some more dancing and some more music, a last hand at whist, and a final chat; and when, at three in the morning—for it was such a jolly party, they said, and *would not* go before—every one went, they declared it had been the pleasantest evening they ever remembered.

"It was the management that made it go off so well," Mrs. Muddle owned to her husband. "I shall know what to do next time."

"Oh, dear Mrs. Fanshaw," said Nelly Roberts, all excitement, "it *has* been so nice—and," she whispered, "I'll tell you a secret to-morrow."

"I guess it—Mr. Crawford has pro—" the rest of the speech is lost to the ears of posterity for ever.

"A very nice party; I have spent such a pleasant evening," Mrs. Gomez said, and so they all said; and when they were alone, Mr. and Mrs. Fanshaw congratulated each other with smiling faces, put out the lights, agreed that Tomny and Carrie should have a good stuff off the remains next morning, and then trotted off to bed to sleep the satisfied sleep of the givers of a very SUCCESSFUL EVENING PARTY.

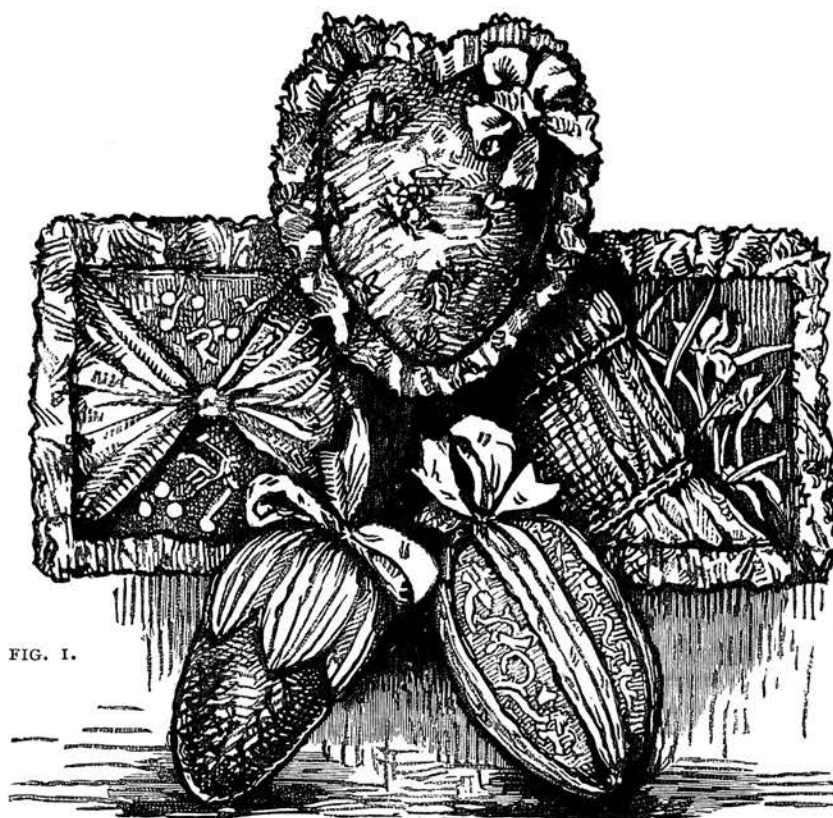
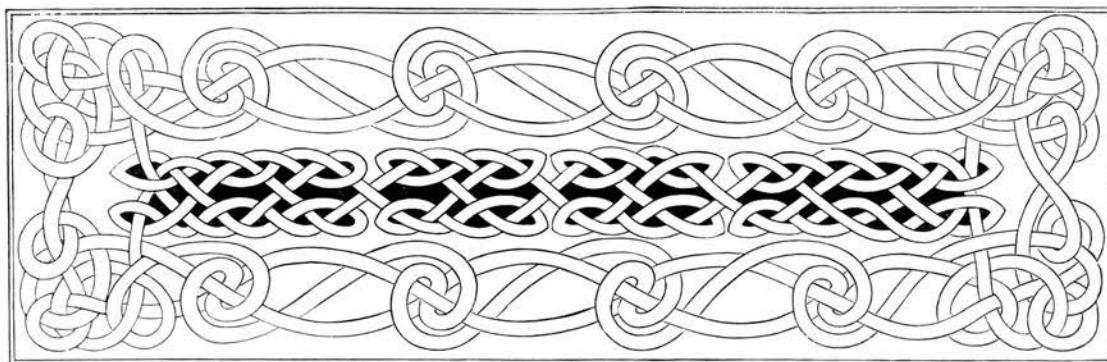


FIG. I.

PILLOWS AND PILLOW-MAKING.

IN the days of our grandmothers, with their stately manners, upright figures, and backs that never required support, it was treason to think of a cushion otherwise than as an ornament to the drawing-room. Well do we remember, in our youthful experiences, the solemn uncovering of the best chairs and cushions that preceded any festivity, and the feeling of awe the wonderful handiworks then displayed inspired us with. How dire would have been the consternation of our elders if the marvellous cut velvet flowers or bead-work ditto then brought to light, had been treated with levity. Fancy flattening down velvet pile by contact with a substantial pair of shoulders! or, looking at the subject from the side of the patient, conceive the comfort to a tired and grief-worn cheek a knobby, beady surface would impart!

The modern more easy-going manners (although not always to be commended) have taken away from our living rooms many "fetishes" in the way of useless furniture, and the imperative demand for what is useful as well as ornamental has robbed us of the impossible cushion. A pillow nowadays must look well and bear rough usage; and as it is used by lazy as well as tired people, it has to be constantly changed. There arises from this a constant demand for new shapes and



FIG. 2.

new combinations of ornament, and this demand has been met by the many fanciful and pretty pillows to be seen in such abundance, not only in the drawing-rooms, but in a girl's own bedroom or boudoir.

These pillows are made of any shape and any size, and of a wide range of material. Delicate brocade, and silk foundations decorated with needlework wrought in fine silks, are intended for indoor use, while surah silk, blue jean, cotton-back velvet, India muslin, washing linen, etc., are suitable for harder wear. Let the pillows but be chosen with an eye to colour, and embroidered with suitable designs, and they will find a place and work cut out for them, no matter whether it is in a room furnished with Oriental magnificence, and full of an atmosphere suggestive of luxury and repose, or whether the surroundings are worn and faded, and recall to mind a summer day upon the river, or the lazy content of a well-arranged hammock.

In the group of cushions shown in Fig. 1, which are all intended for drawing-room use, and are made of good materials, the heart-shaped centre pillow is both ornamental and useful. The pillow itself is made of grey-green velveteen, the frill of grey-green Indian silk, and the embroidery is a powdering of flowers worked with Filo floss silks. To make this pillow it is necessary to cut out two heart-shaped pieces of strong linen,

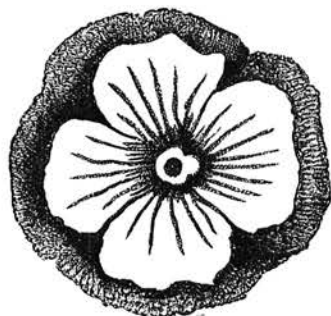


FIG. 3.

eighteen inches long and sixteen inches wide, and to join them together with a narrow strip of linen two and a half inches wide between them. This strip of linen gives the thickness necessary to the shaping of such a pillow. Make the whole foundation up and shape it, leaving a three-inch opening to insert the stuffing of down; and stuff it very fully and carefully, passing a packing-needle and thread through it in places where the stuffing is complete, to keep the down from shifting into one corner and becoming uneven. Having made the foundation, cut out two pieces of velveteen large enough to meet and overlap over the stuffed pillow. Put one piece in a frame and embroider detached sprays of conventional flowers upon it. Do not work these flowers in their natural colouring, but in shades of art blue, with a little primrose yellow intermixed upon a grey-green ground; upon a blue ground work with pale yellows and oranges; upon a terra-cotta ground, with soft greens. Make the frill round the pillow of silk; let it be two and a half inches when hemmed, and double the length of the edge it surrounds. It should be piped to the foundation. The ribbon bow which finishes the ornamentation should match the velveteen.

The vegetable marrow-shaped pillow, also shown in Fig. 1, is intended as a shoulder pillow on a rocking-chair. It is made melon-shaped, but longer than the ordinary melon-shaped pillows. To give it its proper appear-



FIG. 4.

ance, the foundation, which is of strong linen, is cut into six strips, wide in the centre and narrowing at the base and top. These are piped together and stuffed out with down. The ornamental covering is sewn on to this, not made up separately, and it consists of four bands of embroidery, over which is fastened four bands of fluted silk. Any colour can be used for the foundation colour to the embroidery—either terra-cotta, orange, a deep-toned yellow, or an art blue; but it must be of a deep shade of the same colour as the silk flutings above it. The bands of embroidery are worked with Leek silks and gold thread, with Oriental embroidery, reprist, or ordinary silk embroidery. When finished, they are tightly sewn to the linen, and make a flat foundation. Strips of plain Liberty silk make the flutings (half a width making one series). These are arranged in long narrow folds, ironed to keep their folds, and then firmly sewn to the top and bottom of the pillow. A tacking thread carefully run down the centre fold helps to keep the flutings in place. The bows finishing this pillow are made of ribbons of the two shades used for the embroidery and plain silk. A plain silk cord passed over the back of the chair, and attached to the cushion top and bottom, keeps it in position.

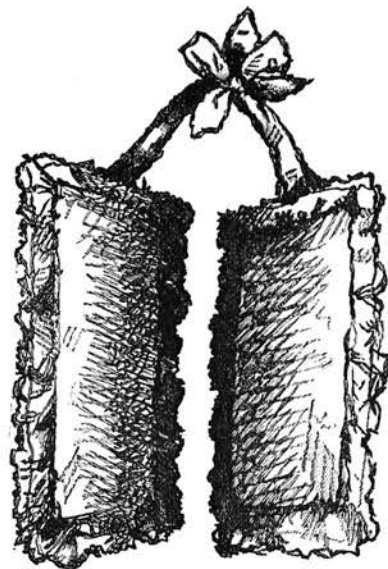


FIG. 5.

The acorn pillow shown in Fig. 1 somewhat resembles the vegetable marrow, but the shape is easier to make, as it is not a pure oval, but larger at the base than at the end. The foundation linen for this should be egg-shaped, and cut in two pieces, sewn together, and stuffed. The acorn part of the cushion is of a pale yellow silk or brocade, worked over with powderings of single flowers in Oriental embroidery silks. The cup is made of a very soft shade of pale green velveteen, which is shaped as shown, and gathered in rather fully at the base of the cup. It is there finished with green velvet bows lined with the same kind of pale yellow silk of which the acorn is made.

The square cushion with the silk crossing it, upon Fig. 1, is of a very beautiful type. The part that is plain is made of white brocaded silk, with the pattern outlined with gold thread, the silk crossing the cushion of buttercup yellow Liberty silk put on very fully, and gathered in two places with running lines. The frill is of the same buttercup silk. This cushion for hard wear can be made of blue sateen for the frill and the gatherings, and of white Irish linen covered with blue and white braiding for the centre. The other square cushion shown upon the same design is of the same description, but made up with the crossing material coming from the sides and meeting in the centre, while the embroidered part beneath shows at the top and bottom. The foundation of this pillow is of cherry coloured silk, worked over with sprays of detached white flowers with green leaves. The silk that crosses it is of a delicate grey, and the frills are of the same grey tone.

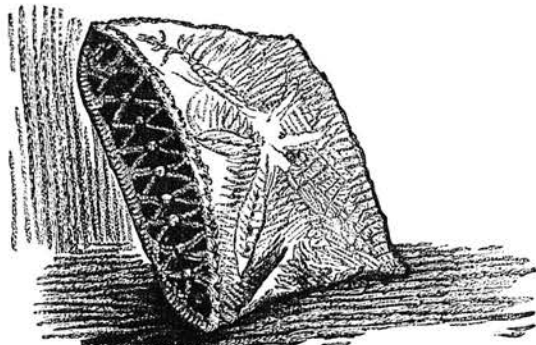


FIG. 6.

There are so many ways of embellishing square-shaped cushions that it is impossible to give a picture of all the designs. One quite new decoration is made as follows: Take an ordinary-sized cushion and cut its shape out in a strong rep silk, either of indigo blue, terra-cotta, or pale green colour. In a frame work in fine tent or cross-stitch a design of an old-fashioned character such as is seen upon tapestries and old cross-stitch work. This design should be of a tree with branches of stiff leaves, or the branch of a tree covered with cherries, apples, or lemons, and their leaves. Having carefully worked the pattern in thin crewel wools and in natural colours, cut it free from its canvas and *appliqué* it on to the rep silk, turning in the canvas round every outline of leaf or branch and concealing the edge with a line of very fine cord, stitched carefully down. Another kind of square cushion can be made with the centre of the square of crazy patchwork, very highly embroidered so as to imitate Indian work, and a broad band of silk or velvet round it as a finish.

The long-shaped pillow shown in Fig. 2 is a good variety for the centre of a sofa, or of less ornate materials as a punt cushion. Its size is eighteen inches deep by thirty inches wide. In our design the centre panel is embroidered with a spray of oak leaves, etc., in Arrasene silks upon a crimson red foundation. The oak leaves and acorns are worked in shades of green running to yellows. The panels on each side of the centre are of green brocade, whose outlines are defined with crimson silk, and centres slightly touched in with blue and yellow shades. A dark crimson velvet surrounds the panels, and a narrow gold braid forms a finish to each panel and to the edge of the pillow. The edging of this pillow is of Indian silk, matching the centre panel, or of coarse *écru* coloured lace.

The flower pillow shown in Fig. 3 is made up upon a background of brown velveteen or plush. The leaves are formed of *crêpe de Chine*. They are cut in the shape of a fan, and are gathered together in the centre and hemmed round the edges. Eight leaves are required, as the under one, though not shown, is required to puff up and raise the upper one. The centre is made of a piece of yellow Liberty silk embroidered with brown silk, and the rays round it and the rays on the petals made with the same silk. The flower is arranged on the velveteen before the pillow is stuffed, and looks well either in brown, blue, or soft pink shades of *crêpe*.

A variety of this flower-shaped cushion is made by imitating large roses in *crêpe de Chine* or thin silk, and sewing these roses to pillows that are round in shape and nearly flat. These pillows are not intended for use, and in our eyes are not particularly ornamental; but as they are one of the products of the day, we describe them. Three large roses, with about twelve petals to each rose, are

required for each pillow. One rose will be made in shades of crimson, another in pale yellow, deepening to buttercup yellow, and a third with white silk running into blush rose. Each leaf is shaped like a rose leaf, and is about six inches long and nine wide for the largest size. They are laid flat on the cushion, with the deeper shades undermost and with the lighter and smaller leaves in the centre, and as upright as possible. The heart of the rose is made of a little puff of silk. Any colours can be used as a variety to the ones mentioned, three crimson roses looking the least objectionable.

In Fig. 4 an attempt to return to the old Brioche shape is indicated. This pillow is made of velvet and handsome Leek embroidery, or of a scarlet ingrain cotton material and a design upon white linen worked in satin stitch with coloured cottons. A perfectly round cushion is required as the foundation, and these can always be procured ready stuffed from a shop at a small cost; they are troublesome to make at home, and rarely succeed. To cut out the cover to the round foundation, fit together six pieces of paper cut as triangles; cut out from these three plain plush or velvet pieces, and three pieces for embroidery. When these are worked, join them with pipings to the plain materials. With a big needle and strong thread sew them tightly down to the centre of the pillow, making a good dent there; then stitch the outside edge to a piece of plain brocade or coloured linen back. The advantage of this Brioche shape is, that in making it, odds and ends of embroidery and material can be utilised. It is not necessary that the three worked triangles should be alike, as long as they tone as to colouring; they can be of different patterns and different coloured foundations. Then with regard to the plain dark triangles, they need not be all one colour, but should be all of one material. An indigo blue, an olive green, and a deep russet red would work in together, as would mouse-colour, cinnamon, and a citron yellow.

In Fig. 5 a very comfortable pillow is shown, intended for throwing over the top of a high-backed chair. It is formed of two long, narrow, and well-stuffed pillows fastened together with ribbons. It may seem waste of material and labour to make two pillows where one might do; but the advantage of this double pillow is, that the weight is adjusted, and that the pillow never slips down when the head moves, or falls on the floor when the guest rises from the chair. There is no particular embroidery especially adapted to these articles: they can be made of plain surah silk, of Liberty art muslin, or of blue butchers' linen. To ornament these pillows, narrow bands of embroidery are suitable. These bands are placed diagonally across the length, two short bands and one long band being required. Leek embroidery is used, or very fine cross-stitch worked upon red Turkey twill.

Turning to cheaper descriptions of covering,

nothing surpasses Irish linen for washing covers; but besides this material there is butchers' blue linen, good sateen, Bolton sheeting, and awning cloth or ticking. Awning cloth, with its broad red and *écru* coloured strips, has a very gay effect, and will make admirable hammock and river-side pillows. The size for a hammock pillow is twenty-one inches long by fifteen inches wide; for a large square pillow, twenty-four inches by twenty-two inches; for an ordinary square pillow, twenty-two inches by twenty inches. Pillows made of Bolton sheeting and white linen need some decoration, and require embroidering in satin and rope-stitch with coloured and washing cottons and coloured cords. Blue butchers' linen and other coloured washing materials need white flax threads embroideries, or the yellow and pale blue flax threads made by Harris & Co., and warranted to wash. The finishing-off of all these plainer pillows are either frills of the material or thick, heavily-twisted cord, buttonholed down to the edge of the pillow with wide apart buttonholing.

A superior kind of washing pillow cover is made of white linen, into which are inserted broad strips of coarse lace insertion. These insertions are generally of Cluny lace, and as a finish to them the linen threads of the foundation material are drawn out, and a pattern formed of drawn linen work. To show off the lace insertion, instead of the under covering of the pillow being white, it is made of Turkey red, deep blue, or russet yellow, and the cover is tied to the pillow with coloured cords.

The lacing-up of washing pillow-cases at the side of the article is another variety, and can be managed in different ways. The one shown in Fig. 6 is formed with gold braid and small buttons, the braid not being laced through the edges of the material, but sewn on as loops. The foundation cushion of Fig. 6 is of scarlet or blue rep silk, the cover of blue jean embroidered with yellow cotton or washing silk. When the pillow is to be laced, a number of eyelid holes are made down its edges, and a fine macrame or hammock cord is used for the lacing. The ends of the cord are finished with little two-inch tassels made of the same cord.

The hammock pillows made with striped awning material look well with their sides laced up with yellow and red cords and bright tassels, and the picturesque effect of such pillows is increased when to each eyelid hole a short tassel made of wool is attached. As long as the colour is bright and decided, a variety of tints can be used, and canary yellow, scarlet, pure blue, and black look well together.

With all the inexpensive and bright materials now to be purchased, and a certain amount of ingenuity and patience shown by the makers, we think that our girl workers will have no difficulty in making their rooms not only pretty, but havens of rest and comfort by the addition of the comfort-giving pillows we have described.

B. C. SAWARD.





"THE ANCIENT MARINER."
(A sketch in the Mile End Road.)

THE VAGABONDS' MUSEUM.

BY T. ARTEMUS JONES.

Illustrated by MATT STRETCH.



WHILST most people are aware of the Museum of Criminal Curiosities at Scotland Yard, very few, indeed, have heard of the no less extraordinary collection of beggars' stock-in-trade exhibited by the London Society for the Suppression of Mendicity, which was founded somewhere about the year 1815.

Yet along the walls of its premises in Fisher Street, Red Lion Square, you may see some wonderful pictorial and literary appeals of the professional beggar to the benevolent.

Through all the productions, however, runs a strong family likeness, indicating that they are the outcome of the same artists and the same establishment. Somewhere in London there is a studio, indeed, where these things are manufactured, but its exact locality has so far escaped detection, even of the four officers employed by the society I have named.

It was the great Duke of Wellington himself who first grappled with the difficulty of suppressing the professional beggar. Following the close of the great war a great mass

of poverty prevailed in London, and the Iron Duke was doubtless prompted to embark upon a career of society-promoting by the ingenuity displayed by the professional beggar in misdirecting charity. With the assistance of others of the nobility who were benevolently disposed he soon succeeded in establishing the organization, the London Mendicity Society; and no one who has seen even the least important aspect of its work since that time can doubt that it has justified its existence.

For no less than 67,000 street beggars have been apprehended by the officers of the society—who, being sworn in as constables, still retain the power of arresting a beggar both in the city and the metropolis—and its collection of begging letters numbers no less than 220,000! Its classification of professional beggars, too, is no trifling contribution to social history.



SHAMMING A FIT.

professors of begging-letter writing ply their obnoxious trade in London at the present time. So active are they in the pursuance of their business, that two officers are kept specially by the society to look after this department of the work.

Day by day subscribers to the society, all of whom are interested in philanthropy, forward to headquarters the begging letters they have received, and the whereabouts of the writers are then ascertained by the two officers. More often than not the communications are traced to a professional source, and when compared continually reveal indications of the same hand.

Many of the letters are models of ingenuity. The custom of this class of impostors is to make a dozen or twenty copies, and to leave these at as many houses, calling in a day or two for the reply. Some practise this art exclusively on naval and military officers, on the strength of the representation that they served in the same regiment. As a rule they present a respectable appearance, and can be seen haunting clubdom. Others again prefer the petition form, which is often very successful.

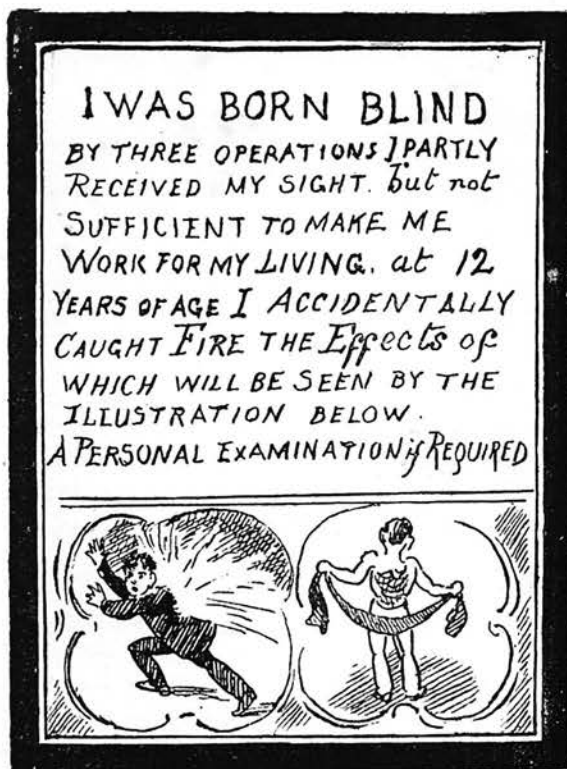
The most numerous type of sham cripples consists of blind men. The blind beggar, his chest covered by a card, holding a small tin cup in one hand and feeling his way with a stick along the pavement, used to be a far more familiar object in the London streets than he is now. As an institution he has



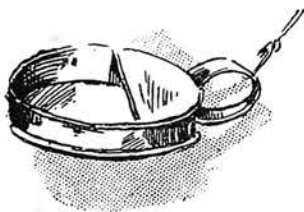
MIRACLE

The significance of this phase of its work may appear small, but its realization is helped by the fact that no less than 500 recognized

been outpaced by more ingenious pretexts, and now he is rarely found in practice except in the suburbs.



His downfall no doubt is due to the ludicrous position in which he found himself when he happened to lose his presence of mind. This always occurred when a roguish butcher boy, passing by, pretended to make a grab at his tin can. With extraordinary suddenness the blind man's sight became restored, and although, according to the card, he had been lame and sightless for many years, he lost no time in pursuing the urchin.



A keeper of one of those common lodging-houses whence nearly all the sham cripples of the metropolis emanate, told me several amusing anecdotes. His house, standing on the south side of Mile End Road, is known as the "scriver's factory." A "scriver" is the artist who produces the cards, and if he succeeds in turning out inscriptions as appeals that catch the fancy of the public, he has little difficulty in living comfortably. If he happens to be very ignorant, or afflicted with a twisted sense of humour, he raises considerable disturbance at the "padden ken" (the beggar's private name for lodging-

house), and brings his clients into the police court as well.

One of these my informant remembered in particular. His card bore the words, "Served under Wellington at the Indian Mutiny," with the addition that the sham soldier was also present "at the deadly battle of Singapore." In addition to having one of his legs strapped up and a wooden stump fixed beneath, he bore several medals (manufactured, with other things, at the factory), and was soon surrounded by a roaring crowd.

On the very same day another unfortunate vagabond went out, and took up a position in Cheapside, his card bearing the words, "Sixty-three years of age. Blinded at Waterloo." The jeers of the crowd that soon gathered restored his sight instantaneously. These incidents explained the "rumpus," as the keeper termed it, that disturbed the peace of his household the same night.

The most disagreeable, if ingenious, of all devices is perhaps pursued by the fainting-fit artist. In the thick of the throng that moves along the Strand or Holborn he suddenly

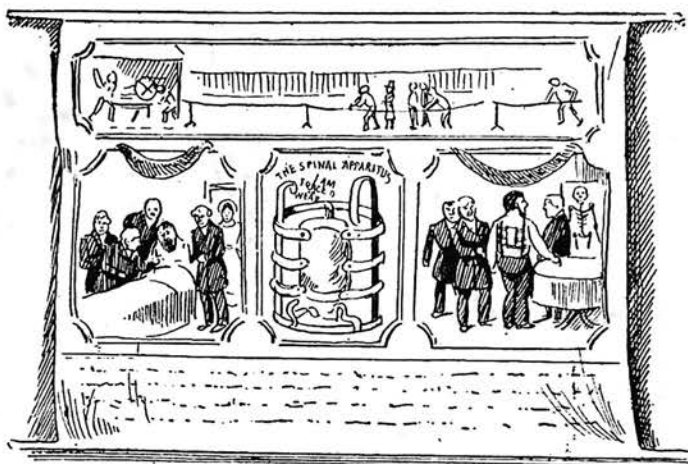


RESCUED FROM CRIME.
(A London Mendicity Society officer and his charges.)

falls down on the pavement, foaming at the mouth. It may be that the froth is produced by a small piece of soap which he chews; but the distress it is supposed to indicate has

its effect on the sympathy of the crowd. A benevolent by-stander fetches a dose of brandy, and this kindness is followed by several shillings and coppers that are thrown at him. As often as not a cab is called to convey him to the hospital, but the brandy has brought him round, and he moves painfully away—to re-enact the part in another spot.

But the most interesting curiosities gathered together by the Society are the poetical and pictorial productions of the professional beggar. An hour spent in the gallery on the third floor of the Society's buildings steels the tenderest heart against the supplications of the distressed and suffering. The first feature of the gallery which catches the observant eye is the recurrence of the same themes,

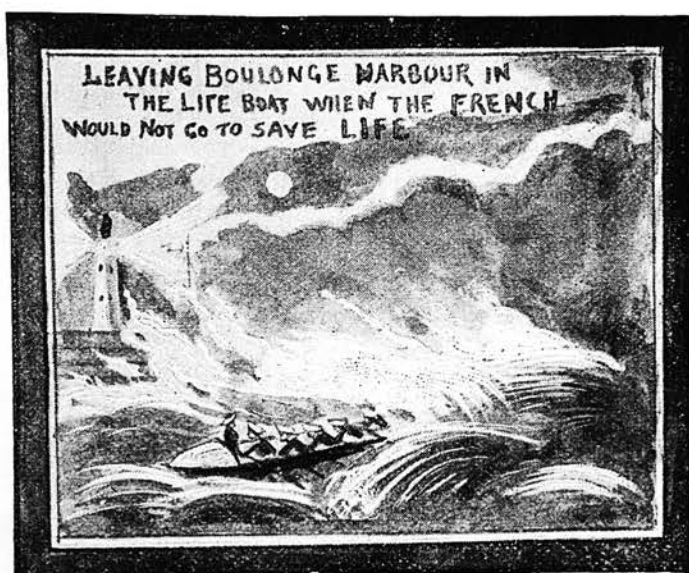


the favourite dodge for evoking sympathy and coins. In the accompanying illustration the man professes to be a sailor, and the picture depicts his own bravery. It is divided into six compartments; the first of the series represents Boulogne Harbour in a terrific storm, in which the French lifeboats were unwilling to venture out. Help, of course, came from the Jack Tar; and he, according to his own account, received injuries of a nature that necessitated his going under chloroform for having his tongue cut out. In this scene the operation is being performed by three or four white-haired, round-faced doctors, whilst a ring of medical students stand round in open-mouthed wonder.

This man piled up the agony by exhibiting with the picture a glass bottle containing an animal substance which he designated as the missing organ. Investigation proved that the tongue was a sheep's, and a magisterial censor of pictorial art sent the melodramatist into prison. Of this picture there are about eight copies.

Strait-waistcoats are usually associated with a lunatic asylum; but the Society has brought them into connection with other places of incarceration and correction. There are three sets of crudely-painted oils on canvas, representing a direful calamity which necessitates the man wearing a kind of strait-waistcoat. The patient is depicted lying on a hospital bed, surrounded by doctors. The explanation, in which the spelling and the punctuation surpass the art of the picture, states:—

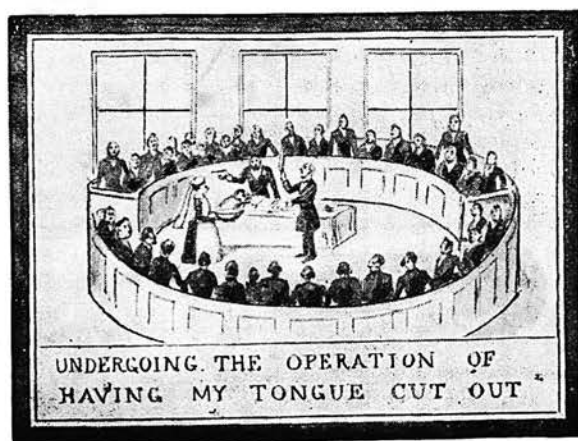
KIND FRIENDS. I HAVE MET WITH A ACCIDENT THAT HAS SO SVERELY INJURED SPINE OF MY BACK THAT I AM UNABLE TO KEEP MY BACK STRAIGHT WITHOUT THE HELP OF A APPARATTUS.



THE PATRIOTIC TRICK.

represented by half-a-dozen replicas, which were found, of course, on different persons.

Loss of the human tongue appears to be

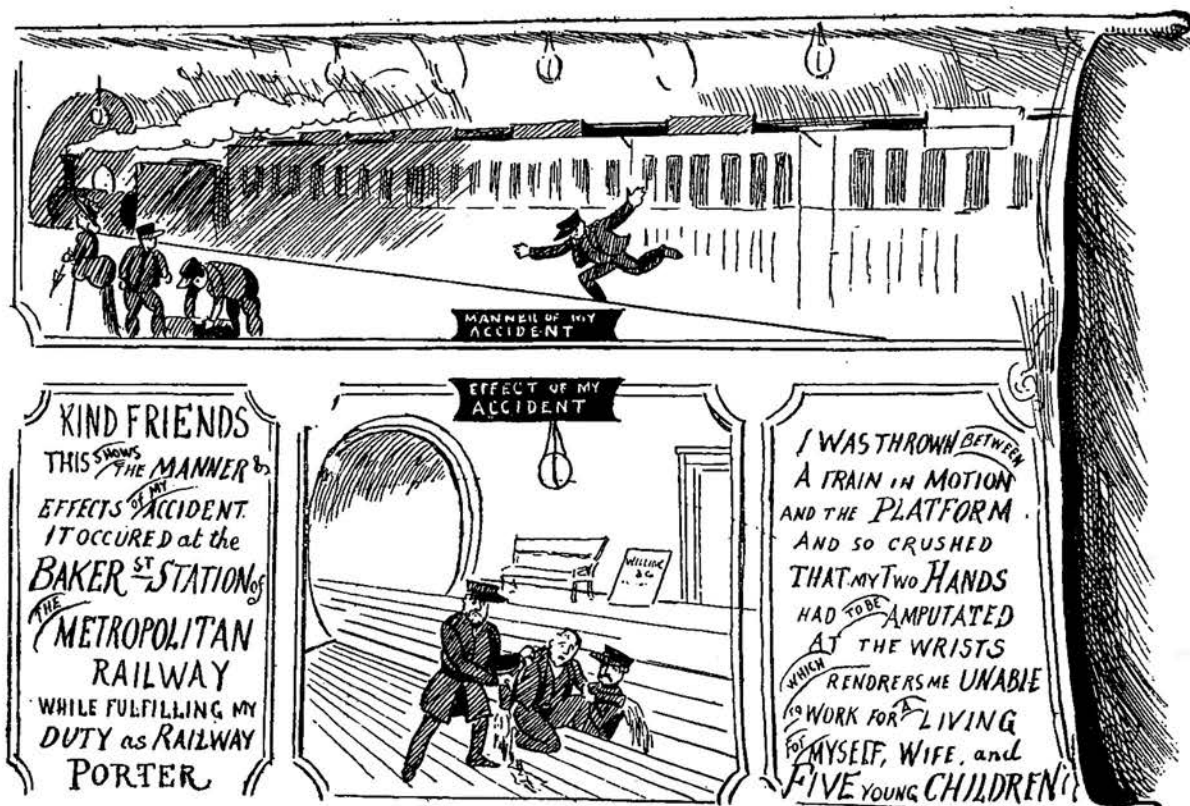


Close behind this artistic production stands the highly elaborate sketch reproduced beneath. It pictures a train rapidly moving through Baker Street Station whilst a porter (the beggar of course) is falling 'twixt the train and the platform. The next scene shows the mangled body with a lavish use of scarlet paint for the streaming blood, and the sympathy of the charitable is evoked for a man who would certainly have been pensioned by the company had he ever been in their service.

The huge canvas sketched on the next page purports to be quite a pictorial biography of a Manchester factory hand in twelve scenes.

process of being cut by machinery; the third sees him on his way to the hospital to the vividly manifested grief of many bystanders; in the next he is lying on a table and in the hands of the surgeons, whilst hundreds of students, dressed like workhouse boys, stand round in a circle. The doctor holds a great knife, and seems cutting the man into steaks. Most touching and heart-rending appears the whole scene. But the sentiment turns the other way when you learn that the "victim" was an able-bodied man, who probably bought it in a lodging-house for a few shillings.

Pictorial falsehoods, however, do not ex-



The first scene reveals the customary happiness of the domestic hearth. From this high moral level, however, the taste of the artist descended rapidly, for in the remaining scenes he plunges into all the horrors of boiler explosions, hospitals, operations, and lameness. Only two copies of this adorn the walls of the gallery in Red Lion Square.

Similar in design is the picture which hangs next to these. Six apartments show a feature of the accident to which the beggar who was arrested with it alleged he had been a victim. In the morning you see him going to work, his children clinging to him and his wife hanging about his neck. In the next compartment he is undergoing the

haunt the beggars' stock-in-trade. Opposite is sketched a "Congregational Hymn Book," found in the possession of one street rogue. It is possible the reader may have seen him stand outside a church porch, obviously too ashamed of his ragged appearance to go inside. The kind-hearted worshipper notices the poor man, and probably drops a coin into the hat held out to him. If he opened the hymn-book he would find between the cases simply a worn-out



directory with the marked addresses of those who habitually give to beggars.

For genuine amusement nothing beats the "poetry" turned out of the "Dispensary," as the lodging-house where such documents are composed is called. When the professional beggar ventures on the thin ice of literary composition his reputation suffers, for coherency, not to speak of prosody, is thrown to the winds.

There are numerous copies, painted in white letters on chocolate coloured card-boards, of the following effusion. It is headed—

THE QUARRELS OF A MASTER

AND HIS APPRENTICE ABRAHAM.

THE PRODIGAL SON

Being the Life of Myself.

When I was sixteen years of age,
The Thoughts now often wrack my brain,
When I started from Old England
To Fight for The Queen of Spain.
Young and foolish I thought of martial glory.
And Nobly He (*sic*) advanced
Mounted On a noble steed.
And took in my hand a lover,
To Wander from my Native shore
In A Foreign Land Afar.

I have been shot through the neck fifty years.
Sad is now my lot.
At the age of three score years and ten
No pension have I got.

After two years of War
At the Docks I met my dear mother.
Tears down her cheeks did run.
I said, Who are you in black for, Mother
She says, For you My Prodigal Son.
Wounded on the 16th March, 1836.
At Abnaut in Spain,
By Trade a Poetry-maker.
Aged 74, January 1889.

Less heroic in tone, perhaps, but equally interesting is the following :—

Three and thirty years I worked at my trade.
By the blessing of God here I am.
On the day I saw my wife lay dead,
Going to the Infirmary I fell off a tram.

My father nor mother never saw railways or steam,
But the glimmer of oil-lamps,
Stage coaches and old waggon team;
But if they were on earth, instead of above,
They would think many parts was altered
And the world turned upside down.

Lastly comes the poet of sweet rusticity, although he penned the poem in a London lodging-house :—

"KENSINGTON GARDENS."

One day I was walking in Kensington Gardens
When I felt sad and forlorn
I said, "In that cottage, on that hill,
My dear old father was born.

When the vagrant's poet gets reminiscent he writes very mixed verses. The following is an example :—

"THE THINGS OF THE PAST."

I am no writer of novels or fiction, but the Truth
Encourage the cordwaining Bard
And to amuse you he will try,
And tell you a little of times gone by.
He's afflicted as you see with the double-T.
And this is all from the brains of 73.

I have seen the old oil-painting, and I see it still,
When the cowsheds stood at the bottom of the hill.
My father and His sister Alice
Milk and cows supplied to the Palace.
In that picture I have seen one-armed Jack
Fixed to an old oak stump—
I don't know whether they used him—
I mean the old pump.

My father has heard the bugle sound from the barracks
And the Huntsman's horn.
Near the Palace were our garden and Severn Barracks
Where Queen Victoria was born.

My own writer and publisher.



The Romance of the Bronze Duke.



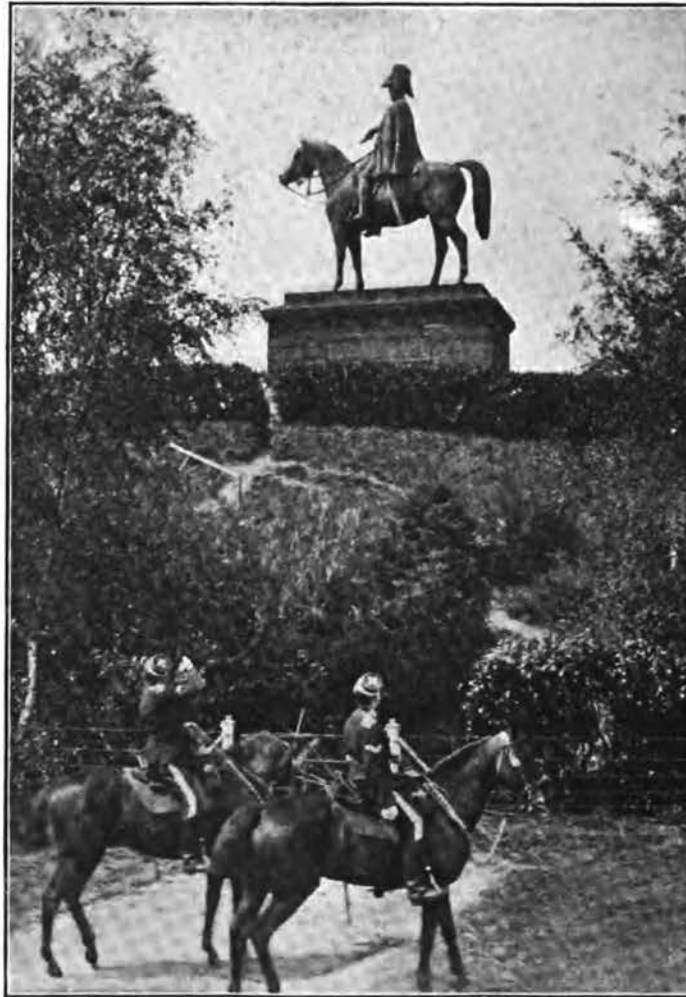
ON a green mound commanding Cæsar's Plain, Aldershot, a rider and his horse survey the landscape. Occasionally soldiers come up and salute them—sometimes singly, sometimes in companies, often in battalions. But the salute is never returned; both rider and horse remain rigid. The sun sets and finds them still at their post: it rises and they have never stirred. The explanation is simple—this giant horse and horseman are of bronze; they form the greatest equestrian group in the world.

Yet the pair have not always been thus stationary. They have been thrice moved and may be moved thrice again. Perhaps in the watches of the night on Cæsar's Plain they are thinking of their past, and of the protracted episode which once shook the society of the British capital to its centre, and in which they played the chief part. Factions raged around them ere they left their humble birthplace in the Harrow Road, and for a time the bronze enjoyed far more celebrity than its original, the Iron Duke.

The story is well worth telling, for nobody remembers it now. Seventy years ago, although England had then no sculptors to speak of, there was a general passion for erecting statues. The statues were nearly all bad, of course, and to the decade between 1830 and 1840 the kingdom owes some of its worst atrocities in this department of art. About the time the

late Queen came to the throne, a sculptor, Matthew Wyatt, was commissioned to execute a statue of George III. The result may be seen in Cockspur Street to-day. Critics complained that it was too small. The reproach greatly offended Wyatt, who roundly declared that he had not aimed at bigness, but that if size had been in question he was quite capable of modelling a statue larger than any Michael Angelo or the Indian idol-makers had ever attempted. He mentioned

this to an ardent worshipper of the Duke of Wellington in the City, a Common Councilman named Simpson, who had already raised subscriptions for one Wellington equestrian group, now in front of the Royal Exchange. Simpson and Wyatt talked it over, and the result was the formation of a committee, headed by the Duke of Rutland, and the raising of fourteen thousand pounds for the erection of a memorial to the Duke in the West-end. This body duly handed the commission over to Wyatt as "in every respect eminently qualified to be entrusted with the proposed equestrian statue."



SOLDIERS SALUTING THE DUKE'S STATUE, AS IT STANDS AT
ALDERSHOT TO-DAY. [Knight, Aldershot.
From a Photo. by]

On this point it was plain that there were two opinions prevalent. Wyatt now prepared to realize his boast, and boldly announced that the equestrian statue should be of Titanic proportions. As to the site of his handiwork thereby hangs a tale. Wyatt had a friend with whom he had quarrelled, named Decimus Burton. This Burton, an architect, had recently erected a mighty triumphal arch at the entrance to Green Park. It formed a great feature in the magnificent plan sub-

mitted to Parliament in 1827 for the "re-edification" of Buckingham Palace. In this costly design the above arch was to form the Royal entrance to the palace gardens, to be laid out to suit the rather luxurious taste of George IV.

The arch was eighty feet high. Burton's original idea was to embellish the main piers with groups of trophies; to place the figure of a warrior on each stylobate; to enrich the base with a sculptural representation of an ancient triumph; to place a statue over each column; and various other embellishments. But all this ambitious plan was instantly shortened by Wyatt's declaring his intention of placing his colossal statue not in the middle of Hyde Park, or even of Green Park, or Kensington Gardens, but on the very summit of Burton's arch!

The unfortunate architect was beside himself with rage at the suggestion. He protested, but he protested in vain. The complaisant committee had quite fallen in with Wyatt's idea. But it was not so the Government, the Royal Academy, and the Press. They heaped ridicule upon both the project and the sculptor. They roundly declared that it would ruin the unity and symmetry of his building. Then began an acrimonious discussion between the friends of Wyatt and the objectors to his proposed statue. All London divided itself into factions. The common topic of drawing-room and dinner conversation was, "Are you for or against putting a gigantic Iron Duke on the top of the arch?" "Brazen impudence!" wrote Thackeray, himself an artist.

Meanwhile, in the studio in the Harrow Road, opposite the Dudley Arms Tavern, the lucky sculptor had been proceeding with his task. He prepared several models and designs, and the sub-committee availed themselves of a model of the Hyde Park Corner arch to consider, which they did with the greatest attention, the position and relative size of the statue to be placed on the summit. Wyatt then prepared a drawing of the arch with the equestrian statue, of which the sub-committee approved.

But at this point the Lords of the Treasury stepped in with an injunction. As the modelling and casting went on the battle raged. Macaulay wrote from India that the sculptor and his friends "ought to be in Bedlam"; his antagonist, Croker, inquired blandly "what a Whig Dissenter knew of high art." "High" art then became a joke. To the query, "What is the very *highest* form of art?" the jocular answer was, "Wyatt's

Duke." The newspapers between 1840 and 1846 contain innumerable references to and descriptions of the statue, and the progress it was making towards completion.

We are told that the plaster of Paris used in the stupendous work considerably exceeded one hundred tons; it was formed upon a turn-plate, or revolving platform, upwards of twenty feet across, travelling upon forty rollers and weighing in itself several tons. The vastness of the model required certain precautions to ensure its integrity. To give strength to the body of the horse, a beam passed through it longitudinally, like a backbone from which spring traverse timbers, like the ribs of a ship. From the body of the horse was a line of iron bolts, beneath which, in the early stage of the modelling, were placed props for security in shifting the figure by means of the platform, so as to obtain the most desirable position for light, etc. To reach the different parts of the statue a travelling stage with a shifting floor was constructed, so that it might be adjusted to any height.

The entire group represented the Duke of Wellington as he appeared on the field of Waterloo upon his favourite horse, Copenhagen. The Duke—at least so Wyatt declared, although this was denied—sat to the sculptor for the portrait, the warrior wearing his customary short cloak, which the artist draped so as to give it something of the grace of classic costume. But the sculptor's intentions generally surpassed his execution.

For melting the sixty tons of bronze Wyatt erected two great furnaces. The first employed was capable of melting only twelve tons at a time, whereas it was found desirable to cast the remainder of the statue in larger and consequently fewer pieces. A record furnace was therefore built capable of melting twenty tons at a time.

The mould and core being placed in the pit in the foundry, the bronze was run into it from the furnace, and the body of the horse and the lower portion of the rider were thus cast in two parts of about twenty tons each. These were magnificent castings, and the effect of so large a surface of molten compound as the twenty tons presented is described as very extraordinary. The statue, or rather group, was thus cast in about eight pieces. In each case the mould was placed in the pit embedded in sand, rammed in as tightly as possible; yet in casting the front of the horse, by some means six tons of metal escaped through the mould, the chest of the horse was left vacant, and the casting was

consequently spoiled. In order that the legs of the horse should be capable of carrying the great weight they would have to sustain it was found necessary to cast them solid. The other portions of the work vary from one to three inches in thickness, with strong ribs internally to give additional strength. Its height approaches thirty feet, and such is the bulk of the horse that eight persons once dined within one-half of it.

The following are some of the main dimensions :—

			Ft.	in
Girth round the horse	...	...	22	8
Ditto arm of ...	...	...	5	4
From the horse's hocks to the ground	...	...	6	0
From the horse's nose to the tail	...	...	26	0
Length of head	...	...	6	0
Length of each ear	...	...	2	4

The group being cast in pieces as above, they were joined partly by screw-bolts two inches in thickness. Owing to the colossal size of the group there were, for some time, upwards of thirty men employed at once upon the bronze; and in case of any work being requisite to be done within the figure of the rider, the head was removed to allow the workmen to descend through the neck. The cleansing, chasing, and finishing occupied a considerable time.

At last, after being repeatedly canvassed in Parliament and in the country for six years, provoking a greater degree of heat than perhaps any statue in the world had ever provoked before, the business was sup-

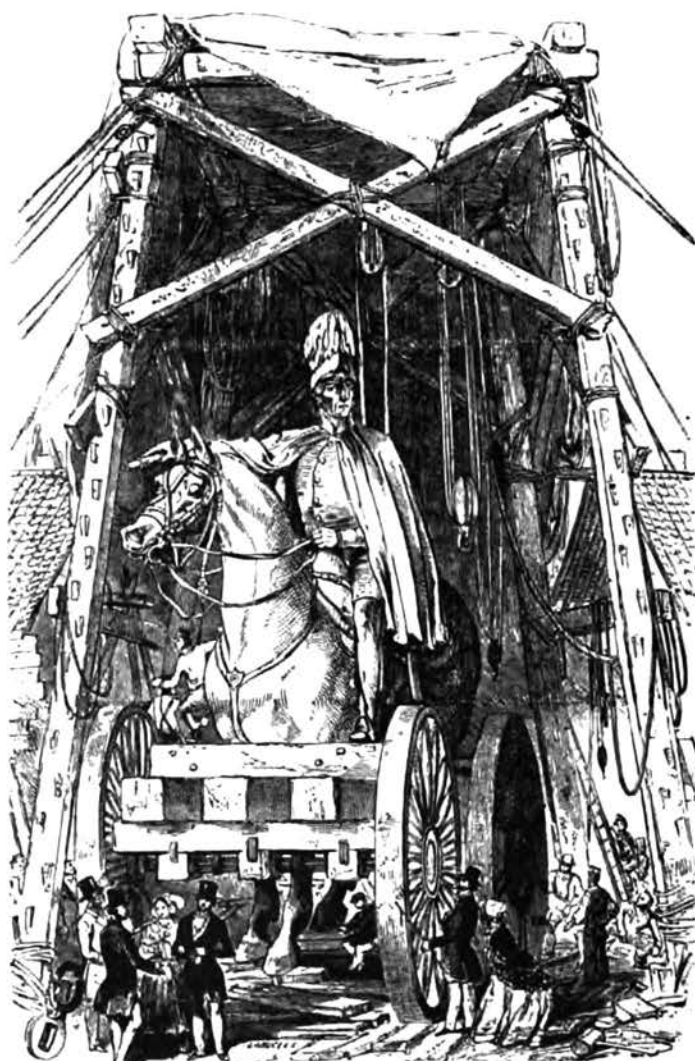
posed to be temporarily settled by the authorities agreeing to allow the statue to be placed on the arch "on three weeks' probation," when, "if the location proved to be injudicious," it was to be removed. Whereat there was great joy at the sculptor's studio in the Harrow Road. The Duke of Rutland jumped into his carriage and flew thither himself to bear the glad tidings.

"Once it's up," he is said to have cried, "the devil himself can't pull it down!"

When the gigantic horse and rider was all but finished it was hoisted out of the pit in the foundry and placed upon an enormous car, built especially for the purpose at Woolwich Dockyard. The roof of the foundry had first to be removed and one of the walls completely demolished to allow of the entry of the car, which weighed no less than twenty tons. Its wheels were twenty feet in diameter, with radiating cast-iron spokes, and were surmounted by a plat-

form within which the statue was slung. The feet of the horse rested upon ledges, so close to the ground as to preclude any possibility of danger from a fall. As it stood thus it was visited during three weeks by many hundreds of persons, including most of the celebrities of the day, such as Lytton, Disraeli, and Dickens.

Outside every day saw a vast concourse of people watching the movements of the workmen. On the 28th September, at dusk, by means of chain windlasses, ropes, pulleys,



THE STATUE AT MR. WYATT'S FOUNDRY.
From the "Illustrated London News."



From the

THE GRAND PROCESSION OF THE STATUE—TURNING FROM PARK LANE. [“Illustrated London News.”

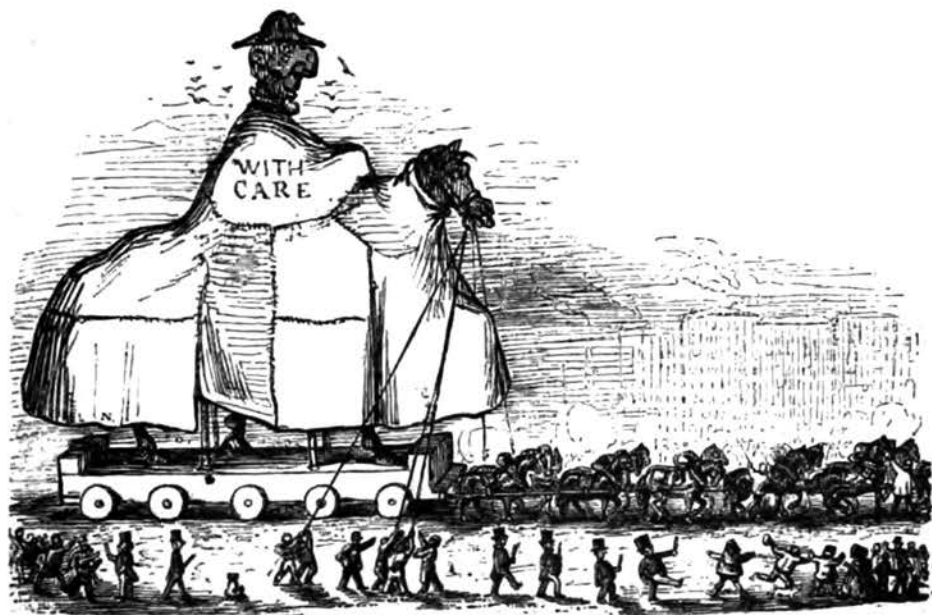
inclined planes, plank tramways, etc., the biggest carriage in the world and the largest statue were moved in proximity to the gate, in readiness for the event of the next day.

All London was agog on September 29th, 1846. As it was understood by the public that the removal would take place as early as ten o'clock, long before that hour the Harrow Road and the streets adjoining were thronged with well-dressed people. Seats were erected in various places, for which shillings and half-crowns were cheerfully paid. Even the roofs and windows in the neighbourhood of Mr. Wyatt's foundry were crowded with anxious spectators. The whole line of route from the Harrow Road to Piccadilly was, indeed, one scene of excitement, the windows being mostly filled with company and presenting a scene of much gaiety and animation. Paddington Green

was filled, and Hyde Park was crowded towards the Drive and principal walk.

The procession included a large number of troops—Life Guards, Fusiliers, Grenadiers, Coldstreams, together with no fewer than four bands. In brief, the worshippers of the Duke omitted nothing to make the occasion a triumph. Besides, the weather was superb.

The miserable pageant prophesied by *Punch* in Leech's amusing drawing was nothing like the reality. Leech afterwards



"PUNCH'S" SKIT ON THE PROCESSION.

Reproduced by permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."



AWFUL APPARITION TO A GENTLEMAN, WHILST SHAVING, IN THE EDGWARE ROAD—ANOTHER "PUNCH" JOKE ON THE PROCESSION.
Reproduced by permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

drew a mirth-provoking picture of the effect of the statue's passing down Edgware Road upon a gentleman shaving in the seclusion of an upper window, which we here reproduce.

Arrived at the arch, where Royal Princes, dukes, earls, and innumerable peeresses were assembled, it was found too late that day to hoist the mighty bronze to its resting-place. In fact, the ceremony took three days before it was concluded.

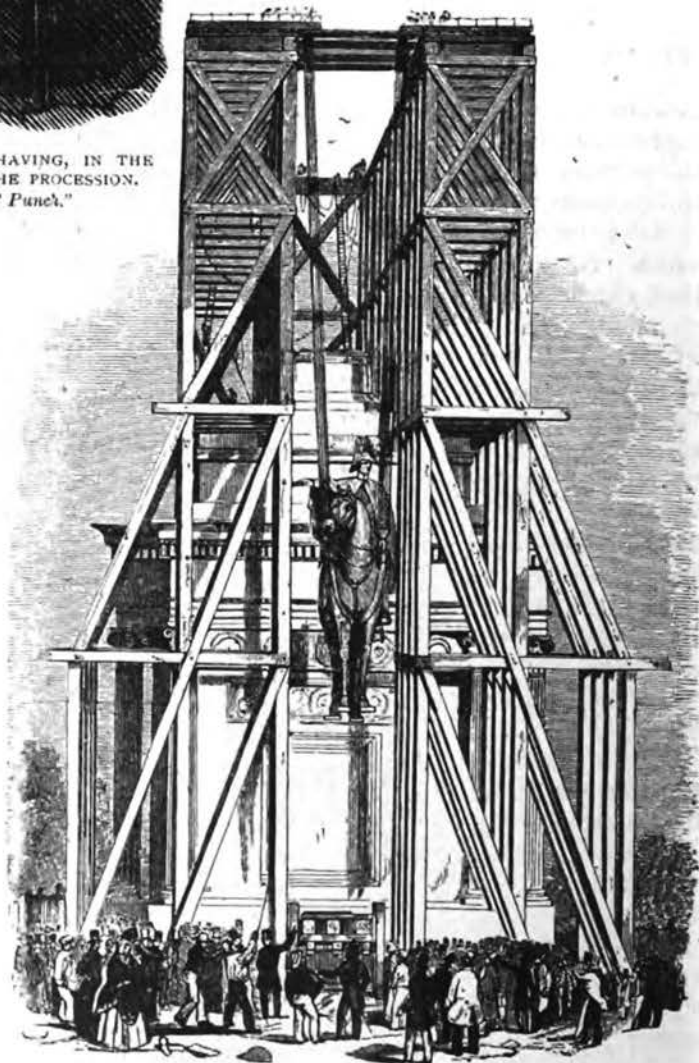
While all this was happening, on the first and last days the happy sculptor, Wyatt, was holding high revel at his studio, his friends partaking of a banquet at his expense.

Nobody dreamed of trouble. "Once up—the statue is safe," was the watchword. But the Royal Academy and the Office of Woods and Forests had resolved that the fate of this huge "solecism" was sealed. It had taken six years to set up; it should come down in three weeks! By October 1st, 1846, the sixty tons had been hoisted to

the top of the one hundred and fifteen foot scaffold and placed in position by the sculptor himself. A few days later the fatal message arrived: "The Government decides that your statue must come down within three weeks." No wonder the sculptor and his friends were panic-stricken. How were they to be saved? There was only one way—by intercession to the Duke to save his bronze counterfeit.

We have not space to tell the full story; the Iron Duke spake the word and the Government dared not deny him his request.

For nearly thirty-seven years the great statue remained on the summit of the triumphal arch opposite Apsley House. But never during a moment of that time was it unassailed by hostile criticism. Foreigners were



HOISTING THE STATUE TO THE TOP OF THE ARCH.
From the "Illustrated London News."

said to point at it with scorn. Albert Smith declared that saturnine men came to laugh at it "who had never laughed before." But it was not so much that it was a badly-modelled statue as that it had given rise to prejudices and antagonisms which long survived both Duke and sculptor. So it happened that in 1883, when alterations were projected in the locality, the Duke at last was made to descend from his eminence. It was a tremendous piece of work—both the Duke and Copenhagen had to be decapitated and otherwise mutilated—but the gradual descent was accomplished, witnessed by vast multitudes. Wyatt's enemies had triumphed.

The question arose as to where the statue should be placed. "In the furnace," said many zealous brother sculptors. Ruskin boldly counselled its destruction. But it was decided that a good place for it would be in St. James's Park, opposite the Horse Guards' Parade. The removal thither to this obscure spot was accordingly begun. But the old antagonism apparently revived. The Horse Guards complained; the Duke of Cambridge thought it an eyesore. Lord Randolph Churchill, whose way between Westminster and

St. James's led through the park, said he was "driven to frequent Whitehall," and predicted that the big bronze Duke would bring about the fall of the Government. Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., and Lord Hardinge defended the new position, but the former was asked: "How would you like sixty tons of bad bronze opposite the Royal Academy?"

This time the old Duke of Wellington—thirty years in his grave—could give no sign. Rider and man waited immobile for further orders. "Forward—march!" finally, in 1885, came the command from head-quarters, and slowly, with difficulty, and with Copenhagen with his legs in the air, the new journey of forty miles began.

Such is the story of a statue. Where will it end? Two or three years ago a distinguished

general, whose wife is also a distinguished painter of soldiers and horses, remarked cruelly that "Aldershot would be delightful if it wasn't for that—ogre."

And as he spoke, from force of habit he grimly raised two fingers to his temple, saluting the insulted Field - Marshal whose mighty shadow now darkens Cæsar's Plain.

Where will it end?



THE STATUE IN THE POSITION WHICH RAISED SUCH A STORM OF OPPOSITION.
From the "Illustrated London News."

FRUIT AS A FOOD.

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

V.—THE APPLE.



APPLES may justly be called the most popular fruit on the face of the earth—as well as the most valuable. With no disparagement of the peach, the pear, the plum, the orange, or all the family in whose flavor and nutrient qualities we delight, the place of deepest affection, of widest utility, of the greatest hygienic value, of most solid and enduring popularity, must by all means be given to the apple. No other fruit can be put to such a variety of uses, can be had at so trifling cost, or is so universally relished.

In its chemical elements the apple is so richly equipped as to make it a valuable food for man or beast, and this quality has long been appreciated, even if not scientifically understood. Old-time Scandinavian traditions represent the apple as the food of the gods, and declare that these superior beings, when feeling themselves growing weak and infirm, began eating apples for the renewal of their powers of body and mind. In these days, physicians and other close students of human strength and weakness agree that this fruit is one of the most valuable hygienic agents for persons of sedentary habits, as the acids correct the tendency to sluggishness in action of the liver, their free use being much more helpful to the system than all the "liver pills" and kindred medications which can be devised.

There is no better aid to digestion, in certain cases, than the cooked apple. It is a recognition of this truth—though doubtless the recognition came before the truth was fully appreciated—which assigns apple sauce as an accompaniment for roast pork, goose, and other rich meats, which are apt to make trouble with the digestive powers. The derangements arising from eating too freely of meats, of almost any kind, are corrected by the use of an apple regimen, the fruit being used either cooked or raw. Paradoxical as it may sound, the free use of fruit acids, of which the apple is the very best repository, tends to decrease that very common disorder, acidity of the stomach, the chemical action of the related elements changing the acids into alkaline carbonates, which tend to neutralize any acid condition of the system.

There are many approved and well-understood methods of using this valuable fruit, but a resume of some of the more standard recipes, with the addition of some possible novelties, will probably not prove unwelcome to the housekeeper and mistress of the kitchen who is looking for something suggestive of a change in the daily or weekly menu.

SAUCES.

Fried Apples, No. 1.

Take large, firm apples, rather tart, wash without paring, and slice across, so as to make round slices, half an inch thick, with the core in the middle. Have a spoonful of butter browning in the pan, and lay the slices in this to cook. Just as they are ready to turn, if a sweet dish is preferred, sprinkle cinnamon and sugar over the uncooked side, so that the flavor will penetrate the apple.

Fried Apples, No. 2.

Use fair tart fruit. Wash and dry the apples, remove the stems, blossom end and core, but leave the specimens otherwise whole. Slice thin and drop into an oiled or buttered frying pan, the fat in which must be hot. Turn to prevent scorching, and when tender and brown serve immediately.

Fried Apples, No. 3.

Peel and core sour apples, divide them into eighths and sprinkle with sugar, flour and bread crumbs. Melt a small piece of butter on the bottom of a stewpan, and cover with slices of apple, which are to be fried till yellow on both sides. Then place in a sacepan some milk, sugar, bread crumbs and currants; put in the fried apples, and let them boil up, but not to break. Serve hot with the sauce left in the pan.

Fried Apples, No. 4.

The old-fashioned way was to fry the peeled and sliced apples in the fat of salt pork, and to serve without sweetening as a sauce for the meat.

Stewed Apples, No. 1.

In this case sweet apples are to be used; they must be firm and sound, about of a size, perfectly cleansed, and with the blossom ends removed. Simmer slowly till soft, putting them in the water when cold, and lift them out entire. Sweeten the juice a very little, and flavor slightly with lemon peel, serving with the sirup.

Stewed Apples, No. 2.

Use nice tart fruit, which is to be washed, peeled and cored. Stew in a little water till soft, press through a colander or coarse sieve, sprinkle very slightly with salt, sweeten to taste and serve.

Stewed Apples, No. 3.

The apples, when peeled, cored and quartered, are to be dropped into cold water to prevent discoloration. Then a sirup is made of sugar and water, proportioned to the acidity of the fruit. When this has been brought to a boil the quarters are dropped in, covered, and cooked till tender. They are then skimmed out carefully, and the juice, if too thin, is boiled a little longer, when it is poured over the apples in the dish in which they are to be served. This sauce is pleasing without flavor, but nutmeg, cinnamon or lemon peel may be added, according to the taste.

Bolled Cider Apple Sauce, No. 1.

Into a gallon of sweet new cider, which has been reduced one-half by boiling, drop quartered apples with sufficient sugar to sweeten them. Let them boil slowly till tender, taking care that the apples do not scorch or break in pieces.

Bolled Cider Apple Sauce, No. 2.

This is for the preparation of sweet apples. Peel, quarter and core a peck of the fruit, which cover in a preserving kettle with sweet cider. Add four nice quinces, sliced fine. Boil for four hours, stirring and skimming often, and before taking from the fire add a pound of sugar.

Baked Apple Sauce, No. 1.

Pare and core some fine tart apples, and bake slowly in a pudding dish in the oven. The sauce will be of a rich red color, and should be kept covered till it is to be used.

Baked Apple Sauce, No. 2.

Take large and perfect tart apples, pare them and remove the cores, leaving the body of the apple unbroken. Fill the core cavities with sugar to which bits of butter have been added, set them in an earthen pudding dish, and pour around them half a cupful of hot water. Let them bake till soft, then mash with a wooden spoon, sweetening and flavoring to the taste.

Stewed Apple and Quince.

Take half a dozen quinces, pare, core and slice them. Stew till soft, then add four or five times the number of tart apples, also peeled and sliced. Continue to simmer till the apple has become soft, then sweeten and press through a colander.

Stewed Apple with Raisins.

Wash and seed the quantity of raisins desired, and steep them in their bulk of water till they grow tender. Then add three times the volume of pared, quartered and cored apples, stewing until the fruit begins to be soft. Sweeten to taste and flavor with lemon peel. If evaporated apples are used, they should be soaked eight or ten hours before putting to cook with the raisins.

PIES.

Evaporated Apple Pie.

The apple, having been soaked over night, should be moderately steamed till it is soft, but not broken. Line the pie plate with paste, sprinkle over this half a cupful of sugar, covering quite thickly with the soft apple. Add a little nutmeg or lemon juice, according to taste, put a few bits of butter here and there, add the upper crust and bake as usual.

Apple Pie, No. 1.

Prepare the apples as in Sauce No. 2, baking between two crusts after they have been stewed and sweetened to the taste.

Apple Pie, No. 2.

Line the deep pie plate with paste in the usual way, and fill with tart apple thinly sliced. Over this strew four or five tablespoonfuls of sugar, some bits of butter, and flavor to suit. Put a narrow strip of paste around the edge, and to this attach the upper paste, which should be perforated before it is placed in the oven. What many regard as a better way is to put the sugar and spices beneath the apple, as in the recipe for using the evaporated fruit.

Apple Pie, No. 3.

Proceed as for No. 2, but bake without sweetening or flavoring. Remove the pie from the oven when done, slip a knife between the crusts and remove the top. Mash the apple, sweeten and flavor, using two tablespoonfuls of thick, sweet cream, replace the upper crust and serve while warm.

Apple Pie, No. 4.

Line the plate with paste, in the usual manner, and before adding the apple, put in two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one of flour, and whatever spice is desired. Mix these and spread evenly over the bottom crust. Put in the apple, and add a tablespoonful of molasses. Cover with the top crust, into which a trifle of butter, thinly shaven, has been rolled, make the proper apertures for ventilation, and before putting into the oven dash over the top paste just enough cold water to thoroughly dampen the flour. Bake slowly for three-quarters of an hour, and on taking from the oven turn into the pie, through one of the apertures in the top, two tablespoonfuls of boiling water.

Miss Parloa's Turnover

To make the paste, mix a pint of flour, half a teaspoon-

ful of salt, two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Rub this through a sieve, and then rub into it three tablespoonfuls of butter. Beat an egg till light and stir into it a full half-cupful of milk. Stir this compound into the flour mixture, and on a floured molding board roll it down to a quarter-inch thickness. Cut into discs the size of a saucer. On one side of the disc place two tablespoonfuls of stewed apple, sweetened and flavored to taste with either cinnamon or nutmeg. Have over the fire a kettle containing five or six inches of melted fat, and when it begins to smoke drop in a few turnovers, cook for eight minutes, and drain on brown paper.

Grandmother's Turnover.

Make the paste as for ordinary pies, only not quite as short, as it will absorb some fat, and roll out a little thinner than above, cutting to the size of a small dessert plate. Pile upon one side of the paste some tart apple sauce, seasoned to taste, from which the juice has been drained. Fold the surplus crust over and unite the edges firmly, so that no apple can escape. Drop into the hot fat, fry till brown, dust with powdered sugar and serve either warm or cold. Any kind of stewed fruit may be used in the place of apples, and the pies may be baked instead of being fried.

Apple Pie with Pineapple.

Bake an apple pie in the usual way, but without sweetening. While it is baking take three tablespoonfuls of grated pineapple, one tablespoonful of water, three of sugar, and simmer together till the fruit looks clear. When the pie is taken from the oven, remove the top crust, spread the pineapple over the apple, replace the cover, and set the pie away to cool. The pineapple mixture furnishes the sweetening.

Apple Custard Pie, No. 1.

Into a pint of stewed apples, pressed through a colander, stir three eggs, the yolks and whites beaten together, half a cupful of rich sweet milk and a tablespoonful of soft butter. Flavor with lemon vanilla, pour into a deep pie dish lined with paste, and bake in a moderate oven without an upper crust.

Apple Custard Pie, No. 2.

Half fill with thinly sliced apples a pie dish lined with paste, then add a custard made with three eggs to a pint of milk. Sweeten and season to taste, and bake as above.

Apple Custard Pie, No. 3.

Use sweet apples, peeling and grating enough to fill a large cup. Over the grated apple pour enough hot milk to nearly fill a large pie dish lined with paste. Add a tablespoonful of sugar and a well-beaten egg, then beat all well together, flavoring with extract of lemon or cinnamon, to taste. Pour into the paste-lined dish and bake as above.

Apple Meringue Pie.

Press a pint of stewed apple through a colander, and mix with it the beaten yolks of three eggs and sugar to the taste. Bake as for an apple custard, and when done draw it to the front of the oven and spread over the top the whites of three eggs well beaten with as many tablespoonfuls of sugar. Return to the oven for a few minutes to nicely brown.

PUDDINGS.

Apple Pudding, No. 1.

Cook a pint of coarse Indian meal in two quarts of rich milk till it thickens. Take it from the fire, stir in a quart of cold milk, two-thirds of a cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of white flour, a quart of finely chopped tart

apples and two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon. Pour into a deep pudding dish and bake slowly for three hours, stirring often during the first hour. It is best cooked sitting in a shallow pan of water. Serve with or without liquid sauce.

Apple Pudding, No. 2.

Peel, slice and stew in a little water till soft enough to mash, six medium tart apples. Into the sauce which they make stir a large tablespoonful of butter, three of sugar, and the juice and grated yellow rind of a lemon. Stir two tablespoonfuls of flour into two cupfuls of grated bread crumbs, mix this with the apples, and then stir in two well-beaten eggs. If the mixture is too thick, add a few spoonfuls of water. Turn into a buttered pudding dish, and bake for forty minutes. Serve with hard sauce.

Apple Manioca Pudding.

Dissolve four tablespoonfuls of manioca in a quart of water, and in a farina kettle over the fire stir till it thickens. When it cools, stir in two eggs beaten together with a tablespoonful of butter, sweetening to taste. In the bottom of a pudding dish place a layer of stewed and sweetened eighths of apples, flavor with lemon, pour over the manioca and bake.

Apple Almond Pudding.

Having blanched and pounded half a pound of sweet almonds, peel and grate eight or nine tart apples, mixing the apple with the almonds. Flavor with nutmeg, lemon rind, half a teaspoonful of butter, with sweetening to suit. Having mingled these ingredients thoroughly, add four well-beaten eggs, and pour the mixture into a well-buttered deep dish. Bake in a quick oven till quite brown, turn out on a platter and serve with lemon sauce. It is equally good eaten cold.

Apple Tapioca Pudding.

Soak a cupful of tapioca in four cupfuls of water for three hours, add two large tablespoonfuls of sugar, and keep in a warm place, at the back of the stove. Fill a two-quart pudding dish three-fourths full of peeled and quartered apples, pour over them the warm tapioca, and bake in a moderate oven for an hour. Serve with liquid sauce or sweetened cream.

Apple Custard Pudding.

Peel enough tart apples of a uniform size to cover the bottom of a flat pudding dish, leaving the apples whole, but removing the cores. Stew these in a very little water, and just before they become tender sprinkle over them two or three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Take them from the stewpan without breaking, and arrange them in the pudding dish. Heat a pint of milk, and add very gradually, a spoonful at a time to prevent curdling, the yolks of three eggs. With each yolk a full tablespoonful of sugar should have been beaten. Fill the core apertures of the apples with jam, jelly, marmalade or preserves of any kind, or with stoned and chopped raisins or dates. Pour over them the custard mixture, and bake till it is set, which will require about fifteen or eighteen minutes. Cover the top with the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth with three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and brown in the oven for three minutes. It is served cold.

Apple Rice Pudding.

Steam a cupful of rice till it is soft, and with it line the bottom and sides of a well-buttered pudding dish, reserving enough to cover the top. Fill the cavity with thinly sliced tart apples, and spread over them a covering of rice. Steam until the insertion of a fork shows the apples to be tender, then set away to cool. When cool remove the pudding from the dish by inverting, and serve with sweetened

cream, thin custard, fruit sauce, or garnished with bits of apple jelly, cream being poured over the whole.

Apple Botted Pudding.

Into two eggs, beaten light, stir a pint of milk, flour to make a moderately thick batter, a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, and lastly a pint of chopped tart apples. Boil in a pudding mold or covered tin pail, and serve with liquid sauce flavored with jelly, or with hard sauce.

Dr. Dodds' Apple Pudding.

Beat the yolks of three eggs, whip into them two tablespoonfuls of sugar, add two cupfuls of sour cream (or may be part sour milk), three cupfuls of grated tart apples, one tablespoonful of fine corn meal, two cupfuls of sifted white flour, stirring all well together. Then add the whites of the eggs, beat to a stiff froth, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water, and again beat thoroughly. Pour into a shallow pan, well buttered, and bake in a very moderate oven for forty or fifty minutes, till well browned. A good plan is to set the pudding dish in a dripping pan containing boiling water, while baking.

Apple Fruit Pudding.

Pare, core and mince a half-dozen large sour apples, mixing them with six large tablespoonfuls of grated bread crumbs, three entire eggs, beaten together, two-thirds of a cupful of sugar, half a cupful of Zante currants and the same quantity of seeded raisins, a heaping tablespoonful of butter, three of flour, cinnamon or lemon peel to taste. Add half a cupful of fruit juice of any kind, or of dissolved currant jelly, stir in enough flour—about three tablespoonfuls—for a thin batter, with a dessertspoonful of baking powder. Steam in a mold or boil in a covered tin pail for three hours.

—Mrs. Minerva Van Wyck.

A HOUSEKEEPER'S AUTUMN TIME.

The autumn winds sigh through the trees,
The brown leaves earthward float,
And I must sew the buttons on
My husband's overcoat.

The western sky where gilded clouds
Loom up like mountain crags,
Seems to portend a pleasant day
To color carpet rags.

The gorgeous beauty of the days,
With white frosts intervening,
Warns me that little time remains
To do my fall house cleaning.

The honeybee and butterfly
Bid farewell to the flowers,
While I am scrubbing fly specks off
These dirty walls of ours.

The squirrel hoards his store of nuts,
The wild bird southward goes,
The children rambling in the woods
Will soon need winter clothes.

So as the autumn days go by,
With joy and duty teeming,
They bring me double happiness
In doing and in dreaming.

And teach this lesson as with toil
I mingle thoughts of Heaven,
The Maker of this beauteous world
Worked six days of the seven.

—Grace L. Howard.

MY HOUSE AND MY HAND-MAIDEN.

EXPERIENCES OF AN AMERICAN LADY IN GERMAN HOUSEKEEPING.

CIRCUMSTANCES obliging me to prolong my stay in Stuttgart, I determined at last to venture upon a small establishment of my own, as I had wearied of the ordinary German boarding-house. In the face of the warnings poured into my ears concerning the depravity of servants, and proneness of German house owners to take advantage of foreign tenants, I bade adieu to my own narrow room at Frau F.'s *pension* and chose a little dwelling on the *Lilienstrasse*, my landlady being no less a personage than the Princess of Hohenschwangau, who in spite of her awe-inspiring name was in need of funds, and demeaned herself to the extent of letting part of her house to strangers.

My new home was half of the upper story of a tall, square building, the ground floor being let to artisans, and the two intervening ones occupied by the Princess and her family. I had a cosy enough sitting-room with no lack of windows, being on a corner, a little bed-room and dining-room, and a kitchen with a stone floor, which while insuring safety from fire obliged me to invest in the warmest of fur-lined slippers during the severe winter which followed.

For a lone woman like myself this dwelling seemed ample, but I wondered how the family preceding me had stowed themselves away in so small a space. My kitchen window opened on the flat, tin-covered roof, and by gracefully elevating my skirts I could step over the sill and attend to a flourishing garden in pots which I had arranged with much care. Two attic rooms under a higher roof were assigned to me, one to contain trunks and so forth, the other intended for a servant's room—a sorry enough place, unplastered and bare, with cracks overhead through which the snow sifted in during the winter. I could not imagine any servant willing to sleep in such a place, but I was assured that the German *Mädchen* would not complain, being used to hardship. My fuel was to be stored in a certain di-

vision of the cellar, set apart for my dwelling—an inconvenient arrangement that obliged the servant to descend four flights of stairs for all the wood and coal necessary for my rooms.

Thanks to the elevation I had chosen I had a most charming view over the neighboring hills, and while escaping the noise and dust of the street I enjoyed much purer air. For this miniature establishment I paid the sum of five hundred and twenty marks a year—a mark being twenty-five cents of United States currency—with an extra tax of five marks yearly for lighting with petroleum the three halls and staircases below mine. For apartments between mine and the ground floor I should have paid much more, as in all continental houses the *parterre* rooms and the upper story are considered the least desirable; the *bel-étage*, up one flight of stairs, is the most sought for situation.

The minutest details were touched upon in my contract, signed with the name and seal of Wilhelmine von Hohenschwangau, and as mine was but a repetition of all the other contracts held throughout the town I will enumerate some of the paragraphs. Every third week the following duties fell to my share: I was to have the court behind the house and the pavement surrounding it swept between seven and eight in the morning, of dust in summer and winter's snow; I should see that ashes were spread on the pavement when icy, and at a certain hour on summer afternoons water must be sprinkled to allay the dust; I should not allow the row of brass bell-knobs at the street door to go without their tri-weekly polishing, I must sweep my stairs every Saturday, and must not allow jugs or pails to stand outside my door; I must not keep geese or throw bones out of my windows, and I must agree to pay five marks a year towards the support of a hospital, to which I might send my servant free of extra expense in case she fell ill. To these and

many other clauses I tacitly agreed, knowing that failure to perform their requirements would bring a prompt fine, and I signed my name to the formidable list, feeling that my three little rooms and kitchen had assumed the imposing proportions of a palace.

Not having the conscience to ask a servant-maid to sleep in the little closet at the top of the house, I decided to engage the services of what is called in German a *Lauf-frau*, a woman who does the menial work and errand-running of a small household, going home at night or as soon as her work is done. Frau Humler, a worn-looking, middle-aged woman, presented herself in answer to my inquiry, and more from pity than confidence in her strength and ability I engaged her. Hers was the sad story heard so often among the poor of all cities—a widow with broken health and many young children to provide for. She looked thin and ailing, and had a constant cough. It troubled me to see her carrying tubs of water on her head up three flights of stairs from the pump in the street—there was no water introduced in the princely mansion which had opened its doors to insignificant me—but she laughed at my fears, and declared herself strong enough to do double the amount of work I required of her.

I furnished my rooms simply, buying the necessary articles at more outlay than I should have made for the same in America, but hiring furniture in Stuttgart is comparatively expensive. Shortly after my installment I began to realize that living in the same house with one's landlady has its drawbacks; various requests and hints on the stiffest of note-paper emblazoned with a coronet and gold monogram began to find their way into the letter-box on my door; would I be good enough to wax my stairs in addition to the weekly polishing with a flannel rag—it was more seemly in an aristocratic dwelling; would I also move my piano into the adjoining room and confine my playing to certain hours, as the *Frau Prinzessin* suffered often from *migraine*. This request I politely declined, as I had especially asked on entering the house if my practicing would be an annoyance, and had

been assured to the contrary. The arrival of a message to the effect that I would do well to discharge Frau Humler and take instead one of the Princess's retainers—it would close the doors of the mansion to one suspicious character at least—opened the flood-gates of Frau Humler's wrath, and she told me the story of her ladyship's past life. "I knew her in days gone by," she said, "and that is why she wants to shut her doors on me."

She was the daughter of a butcher, and of the lowest possible origin, and with her saucy bright eyes and coquettish ways had entrapped the Prince of Hohenschwangau in an unwary moment, causing him to forfeit his position and estate by marrying her. A vulgarity of speech and gesture which I had noticed in the Princess had upset my ideas of the good breeding to be found among the German aristocracy, and I was glad that my first opinion could be reinstated, for I had mistaken the dross for the gold. Many stories of my landlady's ill-temper, rapacity and other evil qualities reached my ears after this, and I paid very little attention to her further demands.

For a hard-working, honest creature Frau Humler proved herself without an equal, and for her faithfully performed services outside and inside the house she considered herself generously paid at three dollars a month, a sum considerably greater than a German housewife would have paid for the same work. Unlike most of her class she ate scarcely any of the food I gave her, carrying it home instead, but she was passionately fond of coffee; at all hours of the day a little brown stone jug might be seen on the back of the kitchen stove full of a muddy brown liquid, redolent with chicory scantily flavored with coffee, lukewarm and unattractive in every way, but to Frau Humler it was as a vase filled with nectar. I did not suggest or approve of her economy in the brewing of her favorite drink, for her coffee was the mainstay of her existence, but she was accustomed to such frugality and no word of mine could dissuade her from practicing it.

"Do you never eat meat, Frau Humler?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered, "once this spring I had roast veal while working for the Frau Pfarrer."

I was sorry that I could not follow the Frau Pfarrer's example and give the poor creature a good dinner occasionally, but as I dined at a neighboring *Damen Café* the overplus from my table was very little. Frau Humler was a depressed looking creature with scant black hair screwed into attenuated plaits, a loose black jacket, a petticoat of the nondescript brown that nature assumes towards the close of autumn, carpet slippers, and a shabby brown basket, her constant companion away from home. I knew of old that a covered basket going to and fro from a kitchen to the abode of poverty is apt to create famine in the kitchen, but this basket was guileless as its owner; it enshrined only the small gifts I was able to make, and the parti-colored, rag-woven head-ring which Frau Humler wore to keep off the pressure of the tubs of water. My handmaiden had a slinking, hang-dog step which inspired me with distrust at first; early in the morning she would make her appearance and with a melancholy "*Grüss Gott!*" would set about preparing my coffee, which she served at my bedside. Her fault was over conscientiousness in the performance of her duty, which at times can prove as annoying as the reverse; she would polish my discarded boots till they shone again, or scour the blackened bottoms of the saucepans with sand and soda, while I was patiently waiting her departure in order that I might lock my door and sally forth myself.

My floors inlaid with different shades of wood were tasteful and pretty, and a great deal tidier than the nailed-down carpets of my childhood, but to keep in proper order these stars and diamonds beneath my feet required vigilant attention. Once a week Frau Humler would concoct a witch-like broth of unseemly smell which she would apply to the wooden mosaics, polishing afterwards every inch of the floor, crouched on all fours in an attitude that would have exhausted an ordinary woman in an hour. She would never permit any sweeping to be done in my rooms, the dust would injure my

grand furniture and curtains; so she would remove carefully all my floor mats, and the fur rugs which it was my passion to collect, shake and beat them on the roof, and with damp cloths would wipe away all the dust from the waxed floor. The fresh appearance and freedom from dust of my furniture and hangings towards spring, proved her system correct. My hall and landing were paved with black and white tiles, and at certain intervals the black tiles had to be refreshed with a kind of varnish applied with a brush, adding another wearisome task to my retainer's long list. My cooking-stove was at first a great trial to me, but as I grew more experienced in German ways even this difficulty grew lighter; it was so arranged that to bake anything in the oven a second fire had to be kindled underneath, which combined with the one that boiled the kettle produced the necessary heat. This inconvenience exists only in the old-fashioned houses, modern improvements, gas, water and so forth, being introduced in all German dwellings of a later date. In Germany where the bread, cakes and pastry are almost entirely supplied by the baker there is comparatively little need of an oven; if one desires cookery of home manufacture it is customary to mix the ingredients according to fancy and send them out to the baker's to be baked, a cake or pudding being carefully baked for two or three cents. This system of course spares an immensity of work and fuel, and as the washing is usually done out and an annual house-cleaning avoided there is much more spare time in a German household than in an American home. There are no carpets to be laboriously taken up and beaten, less cumbersome furniture to be moved about, and the porcelain stoves built into the walls prevent the annual moving of stove-pipes and fixings, which used to be and is still the bane of smaller American households.

I discovered a proneness among the keepers of the small shops in the neighborhood to take exception at trifles, the following instance being one of many that came under my notice: across the way lived as I supposed a worthy woman who conducted the small bakery of her deceased husband;

shortly after my arrival in the neighborhood a friend came to visit me for a few weeks for whom breakfast rolls were provided by the baker's widow, who also baked for me any cakes that I chose to make. For myself I always preferred Graham bread, but as this woman did not make it I was obliged to have it brought from a distance. At last I discovered another baker on a side street near me who would send me the brown bread every morning, and for convenience I also engaged the few rolls necessary from him. However, the next time I sent the batter for a cake to be baked—intended for an afternoon tea-party, and of great importance—Frau Humler came back with the mass unbaked, and a message from the worthy widow to the effect that if I would not take my bread of her in the mornings I need not bother her with my outlandish mixtures.

"But Frau Humler, did you tell her that it was because of the brown bread that I went to the other shop?" I asked amazed.

"Yes, but she said that you might have continued taking white bread for the *Fräulein* who is visiting you."

I was enraged at the woman's ungraciousness as I saw my cake a hopeless failure—I had only withdrawn from her the outlay of twelve cents a week—and from that day forth the baker's relict and I were foes.

I was in constant fear of accidents on the stairs, waxed and slippery like glass, and I remonstrated with the Princess on the danger; but a note appeared, resplendent as usual with coronet and cipher, declaring that the painted stairs would be injured if not protected by wax, and that the process must continue. Shortly afterwards my forebodings were verified by Frau Humler slipping on the topmost stair and flying to the bottom, together with a basket of coal carried on her head, a stone jug and a lighted candle, all sustaining more or less injuries. The postman also suffered a severe shock to his dignity on my shining stairs, and when in an unlucky moment my friend lost her footing and fell, bruising her arm severely, my spirit rebelled, and I wrote the Princess a polite but firm refusal longer to endanger the lives of my fellow-beings. After this

her ladyship withheld entirely the stately bow with which she had occasionally honored me, and I had a vague consciousness of rumors assailing my moral character afloat in the house, which Frau Humler boldly and fiercely contradicted. Had the subject of waxing the stairs been touched upon in my contract I should have been fined and perhaps arrested for my rebellion, but fortunately this question had been omitted in that document.

In this world's goods Frau Humler was poor beyond all my preconceived ideas of poverty; her clothing for herself and children was of the scantiest character, and as far as I could afford I tried to help her. Early in our acquaintance I ordered made for her a substantial woolen dress, but noticing that she never wore it I asked the reason. She hesitated a little and finally confessed that the dress was of a different cut from what she had been accustomed to—a trifling variation that amused me, while I was provoked at her absurdity—her friends remarked on it, and she was loth to wear it. She could not sew, her talents lying only in the scrubbing department, and could therefore not alter the afflicting garment; so she clung to her drabbed petticoat and jacket, while my decent gown hung for many a day unused in her garret. A red woolen shawl met with more approval, and she wore it twisted about her head during the cold weather with much satisfaction. Towards Christmas a lady presented her with a gray knitted wrap of the same kind, and shortly afterwards she related to me what a God-send this had been to her: her father had arrived unexpectedly, and had fortunately found her wearing the gray shawl; had she been discovered wearing the red one she would have been accused of rank disrespect to the memory of her mother, who had died six months previously. Considering that the woman was half-starved and her clothing but a sorry bundle of rags at best, I thought this obligatory mourning a mistake. My efforts to make Frau Humler more comfortable met with very indifferent success, she seeming to prefer her misery. One cold winter morning I sent her to secure places for a friend and myself at the theater; there

was to be a great rush and tickets could only be had by sending early. As I knew my Mercury would have to stand a long time in the cold waiting for the sale of tickets to begin, I charged her to take with her a pair of warm felt overshoes to draw on while she stood. She put the shoes in her omnipresent basket, and set forth valiantly, fortified by a bowl of coffee of extra strength. An hour later, my friend passing before the theater, stopped to inquire of my patiently waiting emissary if the sum of money given her for the tickets was sufficient; she plunged into the mysterious basket to investigate and unearthed my felt shoes, which only encumbered Frau Humler's arm, while her thinly shod feet were against the cold ground.

Frau Humler was a religious woman, and had her daughter confirmed in due form, in a black dress and white cotton gloves, but her piety seemed influenced in a great measure by the movements of the policeman in the street below. When on the Sabbath his back was turned, she would seize a basket and rush forth to buy fruit or on some such forgotten errand, knowing that if seen bargaining for wares during the hour of church service she would be fined. If, however, the guardian of the peace was hovering near our door she resented any allusion to an empty larder because it was Sunday. This same awe-inspiring policeman alarmed me repeatedly at first by an early morning call; but it was only to inquire if I had married since his last visit, or if any one had died in my house. Every three weeks a notice appears in the daily paper, telling of the changes that have taken place in all the families resident in Stuttgart; hence the frequent visits of the policeman.

On going into my kitchen one morning I was startled at seeing a pair of bare heels poised at the top of a ladder leading into the open-mouthed chimney; in the course of time, heralded by much scratching and a shower of soot, a chimney sweep descended, bristling broom, tall, battered hat, grimy face and all. He demanded the sum of fourteen cents for his labors, shouldered his short ladder, and departed without another word, his loose slippers flapping

disdainfully after him. He too came periodically, and though I reasoned with him against the necessity of often cleaning a chimney that was used so little it was of no avail; the city sent him and come he would.

Many a time when unexpected visitors arrived have I been thankful for the attractive cakes and pastry to be had at a moment's notice at the German confectioners; though on one memorable occasion their supply was unequal to my demand. I had invited guests to a coffee-party, and a little while before their arrival I as usual dispatched Frau Humler for a certain delicious variety of tartlet that met with warm approval. She returned with the doleful news that the supply of these and the other cakes was exhausted, but—and her face brightened as she spoke—there was a delicious onion pie still to be had, a triumph of art, with pastry laid across it in stripes; she was only waiting for the permission of the *gnädiges Fräulein* to secure it. I declined this dainty, and my friends were obliged to content themselves with thin bread and butter and English biscuits.

At Christmas time in Germany each householder feels a severe tax on his or her purse, as every man, woman and child who has brought supplies to the house during the year expects a present of money. A very small amount will satisfy them, twenty-five cents calling a beaming smile to their faces, but these sums become more than a trifle to the giver when dispensed to the baker's boy, milk-woman, post-man, policeman, chimney sweep, grocer's boy, egg-woman, butter-woman and a multitude of other claimants. At this season every housewife bakes herself a quantity of little cakes of every imaginable form, more agreeable to the eye than the palate, being dry and tasteless; and a friendly interchange of these cakes takes place between neighbors, each criticising the other's handiwork with great interest.

Birthdays are also observed with much ceremony, and on this *fête* the happy heroine is overwhelmed with bouquets and affectionate sentiments written on picture cards, from acquaintances as well as relations.

It was the birthday of my washer-woman,

Fräulein Schilling, an intimate friend of Frau Humler's; the latter confided to me her intention of making Fräulein Schilling an appropriate gift on this auspicious occasion.

"What will you give her?" I asked.

"I cannot afford much this year, as I had great expense with Mina's confirmation dress; I shall buy for my friend a *Pretzel* for ten *Pfennige*." (A trifle above two cents.)

"What would you have given if not obliged to economize?"

"Another year I hope to buy her a pound of sugar; she is a good soul and deserves it!"

I concluded to reward virtue by presenting Fräulein Schilling with a gaudy silk handkerchief, dear to the heart of the lower orders, and some weeks later my bread cast upon the waters came back to me. Returning from a short visit to a neighboring town, called by the Germans a "fly out" from home, I found my doorway hung with garlands of green a trifle insecure and sparse in construction, two huge blue glass vases containing peonies and other choice flowers on my dressing table, and the word "Welcome!" done in green calico on a white shield hung beneath my mirror. This demonstration of delight upon my return after a three days' absence was planned and executed by Fräulein Schilling, with Frau Humler's help.

One clause in my contract which I scarcely noticed at first proved afterwards to be of some annoyance. Any family resident on the ground floor was to be allowed the privilege of drying their clothes on my roof for one day in each fortnight. I thought this right would rarely be exercised as people so generally sent their linen to the country to be washed; but the people below me, a sewer-inspector and his wife, were models of frugality and allowed themselves no such extravagance. When the specified day

arrived my tranquillity of mind was rudely disturbed by the knowledge that the sewer-inspector's undergarments and those of his substantial wife were waving all day on my roof, challenging the attention of the passers-by like so many flaunting banners. What was to prevent my friends from supposing me the possessor of the grizzly-tinted, huge-footed stockings, the voluminous homespun garments of primitive make, the red flannel petticoats, knitted night-caps and atrocious big-figured handkerchiefs?

It had its vexatious side, but on the whole I enjoyed my little housekeeping experience very much, and as my year's lease expired and the time drew near when I must bid Germany adieu, I felt many a keen regret. Had I been less familiar with the language, or more responsible for the welfare of others than myself, I should perhaps have found my housekeeping a greater task; as things were it seemed more like living in a toy-house in which I delighted to play.

I have as a friendly souvenir of the Princess a pile of letters from a lawyer to whom I was obliged to appeal, in order to leave my dwelling without having my furniture seized. The Princess declared that I had broken my contract by not giving timely notice of my departure, and thereupon should not go. I had given this notice in due form and time, and the Princess knew it, but it required the strong arm of the law to make her recognize the truth.

The memory of my parting with Frau Humler awakens very different sensations; the poor old creature stood on the railway-platform with a bunch of flowers in her hand for me—shabby, drooping, depressed-looking flowers, like herself. The tears rained down her cheeks as she wrung and kissed my hand in farewell, and I felt that I listened to sincere blessings and wishes for my future good.

Rachel Carew.



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—V.

THE RIGHT AND WRONG WAYS OF MAKING COFFEE.

AS DESCRIBED BY MRS. D. A. LINCOLN.

THE WRONG WAY TO MAKE COFFEE.



BUY the cheapest coffee; that is, the kind which costs the least money, without regard to its purity or quality. Use more or less coffee, just as it happens; accurate measurement is not essential. Put it in an old tin coffee-pot; pour on water from the tea-kettle—never mind about the quantity or its temperature, or the time it has been in the kettle, since, as it comes from the tea-kettle, it must be all right. Let it boil indefinitely, and if, when breakfast is ready, the water has boiled away, just pour in more.

If you can afford it, add one or two eggs at any time during the process, when you happen to think of it. If it be roily, strain it, if you can find a strainer; and serve it with—yes, common brown sugar and skim milk will do, if you choose to think so. The compound is—what?

If there be any left, keep it warm on the back of the stove until the next meal. As this long steeping makes it dark, it must be strong; so add more water. After dinner, set the pot away, and, the next morning, pour out the old grounds, rinse it or not—just as your time will allow—and repeat the process of making. Wash the coffee-pot occasionally if the outside need it, but rinsing is sufficient for the inside.

THE RIGHT WAY.

Buy pure coffee—not necessarily that which costs most—but buy it from some reliable dealer. Mixtures of one-third Mocha and two-thirds Java, or half Mocha and half male berry Java, have given general satisfaction. There are some varieties of South American coffee which are very good. Occasionally, one finds a brand through some friend, who is in the business or who has had opportunity of procuring it directly from coffee-growing countries, which is of such remarkable excellence that it leads one to suspect that much of the best coffee grown is not in the market.

The raw berries are tough, difficult to grind, and have but little flavor. Roasting makes the berries brittle and crisp, and, when properly done, develops a fine flavor; but when half done, or done to excess, the result is a raw or bitter flavor. Many prefer to roast and grind the coffee for themselves; but in coffee houses the arrangements for roasting are so complete, that it is better for small families to buy roasted coffee and to grind it as needed, or to buy it ground in a small quantity. It should be kept in air-tight tin cans or glass jars, that the fine flavor may be preserved.

Opinions vary as to the best kind of coffee-pot. Some prefer porcelain or granite ware; others prefer tin. But all good housekeepers agree that absolute cleanliness is of the utmost importance. The pot should be cleansed every time it is used—all parts of it, the spout not excepted. A brown deposit is

soon formed on the inside of the pot, if the coffee be allowed to stand in it long, or if it be not often and thoroughly cleansed.

An important point, and one often overlooked even by intelligent housekeepers, is that the water should be freshly boiled in a clean kettle. Water, in boiling, loses the air or gases which give it a fresh taste and sparkling appearance. It should be used as soon as boiled, or it becomes flat and tasteless. A brown substance is deposited on the inside of the kettle, and this, if allowed to accumulate, imparts an unpleasant taste to the water; yet there are many housekeepers, exquisitely neat in many ways, who seldom wash the inside of a tea-kettle. It is an excellent plan to keep a small kettle to be used only in boiling water for tea or coffee. Wash and wipe it carefully every time it is used.

The proportions of water and coffee are one heaping tablespoonful of ground coffee to one-half pint cupful of boiling water. Reduce the amount of coffee slightly when several cupfuls are required. It takes a larger proportionate amount of both coffee and water to make just enough for one cupful than for more, as the grounds absorb a certain portion of the water, and the last coffee poured out is not as clear as the first. Coffee should be made in such a way that the full strength and aroma may be obtained without developing the tannic acid.

Whether coffee shall be boiled or not will probably be always a question. Many think it has a raw taste if not boiled; others contend that, in boiling, much of the aroma is lost. Boiling makes the mixture roily, and it must stand long enough to let the grounds settle and the liquid become clear. Some albuminous material will help to clear it. Fish skin, isinglass, cold water, and eggs are used for this purpose. Eggs give it a flavor and body, and, no doubt, improve an inferior quality of coffee; but they increase the cost of the beverage, as, aside from their own cost, they clog the grounds, thus making a larger amount of coffee necessary to obtain the desired strength. But if coffee must be boiled, let it be boiled in a closely-covered vessel with a thimble or cork in the spout, as, if left uncovered, the volatile oil, which forms the fragrant aroma, is dissipated; and it should never boil more than five minutes, as longer boiling extracts the tannic acid. There is a widely prevalent, but erroneous, notion that long boiling extracts more of the strength and color, and is, therefore, more economical; but strength and color thus gained are obtained at the expense of flavor and wholesomeness.

After thorough trial of several methods of making coffee, I have found filtering (or percolation) the simplest, most economical, and most satisfactory. Various modifications of the biggin, or French filter coffee-pot, are in use. This is a double coffee-pot, with one or more strainers in the upper pot. Some of these biggins are expensive, and soon get out of order; but others are very simple, and, with care, will last a long time. The coffee should be ground very fine, and be placed in the upper pot. Some varieties have a convex, coarse strainer in the bottom, to keep the grounds from clogging the fine strainer. Then a coarse strainer is placed over the grounds, the boiling water is poured in, and allowed to drip slowly through the coffee into the lower receptacle. Many of the coffee-pots made on this principle are placed in another vessel containing boiling water; but, if there be only two parts to it, the coffee-pot should stand where the coffee, as it drips through, will keep hot, but will not boil. If the upper part be not large enough to contain all the water desired, it must be poured on in small portions. The full strength and aroma are thus obtained; no clearing is necessary, and, if care be taken to observe all the minor points in the directions, the beverage will invariably be good.

For good breakfast coffee, cream, scalded milk, and block sugar are necessary. The milk should be scalding hot, but never boiled, as boiled milk gives an unpleasant flavor. Ascertain the tastes of those at the table, as most coffee drinkers prefer to have the coffee poured on the cream and sugar. One tablespoonful of cream, two of hot milk, and two blocks of sugar, with an extra block in the saucer, is a fair proportion for a breakfast cup. Pour in the coffee until the cup is three-fourths full. Never fill it to overflowing.

After-dinner coffee, or black coffee, is made in the same way, a double proportion of coffee being used. It should be very strong, and perfectly clear. Serve it in small cups, with block sugar if desired, but not with cream or milk, as the milk counteracts the purpose for which the coffee is taken.

Coffee is stimulating, and when taken clear and very strong, after a hearty meal, aids digestion; but, when combined with cream or milk, a leathery compound is formed, which is indigestible and irritates the internal membranes.

—Mary J. Lincoln.

THE ILIAD BOILED DOWN.

I.

There was a young woman of Sparta
Who was skilled in affairs of the heart, her
Good looks being such
That all men loved her much,
This lovely young matron of Sparta.

II.

To visit her husband, there came
A Trojan, young Paris by name,
Who grew deeply engrossed
With the wife of his host,
When to Sparta he visiting came.

III.

So the visit was brought to an end
By the wife's running off with the friend
O'er the Ægean sea
To where Troy used to be;—
Thus the visit was brought to an end.

IV.

Said the husband whom Helen had spurned,
"The city of Troy shall be burned,
And no one shall stay us."
Thus spoke Menelaus,
The husband whom Helen had spurned.

V.

To his aid came his friends with their men,
Bringing vessels in numbers, and then,
Everything being ready
For Troy, straight and steady
Sailed the fleets, bearing armies of men.

VI.

The war, it was bloody and long,
On both sides were brave warriors strong;
The years, they were ten
That these pugnacious men
Fought this war that was bloody and long.

VII.

And they might have been fighting till now,
But the gods put an end to the row,
At least 'tis supposed
That they interposed
An kept them from fighting till now.

VIII.

To the Greeks was the victory given,
Though the cause for which they had striven
Had long passed away,
It's quite safe to say,
When the victory was to them given.

IX.

It is Homer who tells us the story
Of the great Trojan war and its glory,
And to me it's quite clear
That, as Homer stops here,
This must be the end of the story.

—H. W. Clarkson.



Talks with the Young Ladies of Clifford.

"O you think," says Miss Bently, "that books of etiquette do the least bit of good?"

"And why," say I, rather impolitely answering her question with another, "should they not do good?"

"Oh, because they are such absurd things. Fancy being told not to roll your eyes about like a duck when you drink your tea; what excessively useful advice that is."

"Useful indeed," I say, "for those who know no better; and I can assure you there are plenty of people who don't."

"But would such people read a work on etiquette?" questions Miss Maltby.

"Yes, I think many of them would," I say. "Even uncultivated people are very anxious to learn enough of the 'science of manners' to appear well in company. In the single room of a log cabin in the very Far West, I once saw a few volumes on a little rough corner shelf, and something better than curiosity led me to go over and examine them. There were a few old school books, a Bible, a work on metals and mining and 'The Complete Manual of Etiquette for Gentlemen.' I looked at the two big flannel-shirted sons of the old owner of the cabin with a good deal of interest after that, as they helped us repair the damage to our harness, which an accident had caused. It was rather pathetic to think that the poor fellows might be struggling to prepare themselves to pass muster in circles they might never enter. But after all, this is a wonderful country, and those very men may represent us at foreign courts before they die."

"Well, if they do," says Miss Nolan, pathetically, "I only hope they will have studied the Complete Manual enough to know that they must not feed themselves with their knives, as the London Times says all Americans of good position do."

"What a base libel," I exclaim with indignation. "I know of American tables where every detail of eating is as elegant and refined as a matter so material, and perhaps one might say gross, can possibly be in any country. I once saw an Italian countess rinse her mouth very thoroughly at a dinner table, using her finger bowl for a slop bowl. She was not an adventuress, either, but a well authenticated countess. It came into my mind when I saw the pleasing operation, that if an American had committed such a breach of decency, our national reputation would have suffered in consequence. I think foreigners are disposed to be severe on us all; the mistake they make is in classing us all together. We have our grades in breeding as well as they, and the distinctions are very palpable, if they would do us the honor to investigate a little."

"When my uncle was minister to England," remarks Miss Newbold, a young lady who is visiting in Clifford, "a lady where my aunt went to a lunch asked her 'if she didn't feel like a little cold mutton pie?' That was not a particularly elegant way of offering to help her to some, was it?"

"It was very funny," I say, "and very equivocal. I never heard exactly that form of expression before, and probably it is just as uncommon among the best class as the disagreeable utterances we are all given credit for, because they are heard from the lips of a few."

"But English people of the higher classes are extremely

nice about their table manners, I have heard my aunt say," continues Miss Newbold.

"Undoubtedly they are, and I wish we were all more particular in training children on such points."

"There are some things no one can eat gracefully," says Miss Nolan, "because you have to use your fingers. Now, fond as I am of green corn, I had rather go without it than cut it from the cob, as very particular folks do."

"So had I," I answer, "but I see no reason why we should deprive ourselves of the pleasure of eating it in our favorite way. The heat of an ear of corn dries it immediately, and taking it in the fingers will not soil them; one is not obliged to gnaw and gnash noisily like a pig, but any one can eat it quietly and in a way that will not be in the least offensive to others, which, after all, is the first consideration in table etiquette."

"Asparagus?" says Miss Bently, doubtfully.

"Yes, asparagus may with perfect propriety be taken up in the fingers, by the clean white stalk which is left on for a handle; and to facilitate handling it neatly, it is now customary to serve it without dressing, passing the accompanying cream sauce in a tureen and allowing persons themselves to put it on only over the heads of the asparagus, or upon the sides of their plates, where each stalk can be dipped in as it is lifted. Olives, radishes and celery may also be taken in the fingers, and as many people judge of baked potatoes by the touch, there is no impropriety in so selecting one when the dish is passed, but it must be cut, not broken, when it is to be eaten, and a fork or knife used to turn it out from the skin. Fruit may be taken with the fingers, but it is proper to use a knife in preparing it. Finger bowls are very generally used, and after eating grapes, pears and other juicy fruits, they are indispensable. Instead of the little colored doilies which used to accompany them, small white napkins are now put upon the plates upon which the finger bowls are passed."

"Please tell me," says Miss Nolan, "whether it is polite to begin to eat before other people are helped or not. I never know exactly what I ought to do about it, and sometimes I feel a little embarrassed."

"It is proper to begin to eat as soon as you are helped," I say. "At a dinner, after the soup and fish courses are over you will be helped to meat, and you may, if you like, wait till the vegetables begin to be passed. In your own house you may follow whatever is your family custom, but when you are dining out it is not considered good taste for a guest to help herself to anything; she should wait to be served by an attendant. But if there is no waiter, a guest may very properly offer to help others, as well as herself, to whatever dish may chance to be in front of her."

"In Clifford, nobody, except a few summer people, keeps waiters," says Miss Bently, "and one gets so used to going without them, that it seems awkward, when away from home, to be so assiduously waited upon."

"Possibly it may, but remember, when you are being waited on, that custom requires you to let the waiter do it all; do not attempt to assist him by putting butter-plate, small dishes, etc., on your dinner plate, as people are sometimes good-naturedly disposed to do. Such consideration is usually a hindrance, for a well trained waiter preserves a sort of routine in clearing off the table, taking spoons and forks first, then knives, etc., etc., and interference is only disconcerting. Neither is it considered good form to push your glass toward the waiter when it is to be filled, or to lift your cup when asked if you will have it refilled. You may ask for what you like if hostess and attendants are not attentive enough to anticipate your wants, provided you do it agreeably, but you must make your wishes known with your tongue, unassisted by any indicative gesture with your hands; but do not forget

that there are certain things, such as soup, for instance, of which you must never take a "second help."

"Oh, dear," sighs Miss Bly, "what a lot of things you have to remember before you can be polite."

"Not so very many," I say. "These little points I have been speaking of may be called merely some of the fine touches which go to make up elegance."

"And helps to make the calm repose that distinguished Lady Clara Vere de Vere's manner," says Miss Nolan, who has been reading up on Tennyson.

"Lady Clara's manners may have been very good in spite of her heartlessness," I say, "and I was about to remark that it would be a great libel to say a person was lacking in true politeness because no attention was paid to these little things. As I have said before, the practice of the golden rule, Do unto others, etc.—I need not repeat what I am sure you all know so well—insures true politeness, and where that exists we should be slow to criticise small sins of omission and commission, which probably have their origin in the want of early training. In following the golden rule, one will, in every social relation of life, put one's self in the other one's place, so all such little rudenesses as making personal remarks, neglecting small attentions, keeping people waiting, failing to keep engagements and all the like exasperating and annoying habits, will be avoided on principle. So a disciple of that noble code of manners cannot possibly be very impolite."

"I think Christian politeness is the truest, because it really comes from the love of God and our fellow-men," says Miss Bently; "but I should be glad to know all the minor points, as you call them, so I could be always at ease and never fear committing a solecism."

"Yes, so should I," says one of the young ladies. "I should so dislike to be looked down upon and snubbed or laughed at just because I don't happen to know whether I ought to do this little thing or that little thing."

"If you were at the table of a really well bred family, you would not have to fear being snubbed or laughed at, for none but vulgar people will be guilty of such great rudeness. But I do not think there is the slightest fear that you will ever commit errors that would cause any one to even feel like smiling. I am sure you would be always ladylike, and a failure to conform to some unimportant custom, simply through ignorance, when in the main your manners are beyond condemnation, is not a matter of grave consequence. The real faults which deserve censure are those which are practiced in defiance of rules that are well understood."

"Would anybody do such a thing?"

"Surely too many do. I have seen some young people who seemed to pride themselves upon being supercilious and rude to older people, treating even the hostess who is entertaining them with scant courtesy, talking loud, and monopolizing—or trying to—the attention of the company, making no answer to remarks which are addressed to them, and persisting in a course of rudeness which make people long to subject them to some thorough polishing process. Such persons are sometimes very showy, and seem to imagine that they impress beholders with a high opinion of their consequence by acting as if they thought all the rest of the company were beneath them. It takes constant remembrance of what we owe to ourselves not to openly resent such incivility of manner."

"Do you think it is only young people who show such bad taste?" asks Miss Bently.

"No, I do not; but I think perhaps incivility is a little more offensive from the young. We rather expect them to be deferential to their elders at all times, and modest and retiring instead of loud and self-asserting, and we always experience a sense of disappointment when we meet the reverse of our ideal."

MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.



EVOLUTION OF BUSINESS LIFE IN CITIES.

BY MARY A. TAFT.

SHOULD the shades of the grandsires and great-grandsires of the New York business men of the present time be permitted to return to this terrestrial sphere and visit the daily haunts of their descendants it is doubtful if those dignified, portly old gentlemen might not have a feeling of awe mingled with the wonder inspired by the changes made in a few decades in the business world. They were a sturdy race, these ancestors of ours; they did great things in their day and were not lacking in self-esteem; hence it would not be strange if the new order of affairs did not entirely meet with their approval, or if, with a sigh for the good old times and a grim shake of the head at the luxuries that have become our necessities, they should hide their diminished heads and gladly pass again into oblivion.

The first impression would be that this new New York was very much up in the air, and perhaps a puritanical suspicion of sorcery might mingle with their astonishment at the workings of the busy, noisy city. Massive structures, twelve and sixteen stories high, solidly built of stone and iron, replace the low, flimsy buildings such as fed the flames to the amount of \$20,000,000 worth of property in the great fire of 1835. Inside, handsome cars carry numbers of passengers to the top-most floors in half the time taken to mount one flight of the ill-lighted stairs of former days. Thousands of people are being constantly taken from one end of the city to the other in heavy trains that move rapidly through midair; and down below, cars are gliding swiftly along with apparently no propelling power whatever. These are strange sights, but not more marvelous than the transformation as darkness approaches, when from the tops of tall poles there flashes out a clear white light which illumines the city as if by magic.

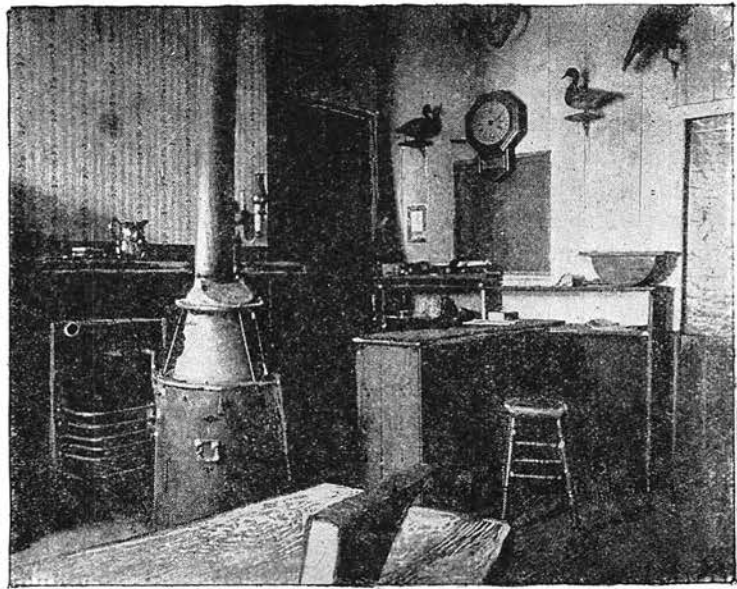
Business men deny with surprise that they have anything in the way of comforts and conveniences not actually necessary for their daily routine, and say their prayers, if they say them at all, without a word of thanks to the kind Providence to whom they owe it that their lots were cast in the

latter part of this nineteenth century. The better classes of offices, fifty or more years ago, were to be found in bank buildings. Single rooms over stores, and old residences vacated as the city increased in size, were also used for office purposes. The buildings were not more than two or three stories high, and staircases were steep and narrow, with hallway lighted only from the outer door and adjoining rooms. There was no water, no plumbing or conveniences of any kind. The fire in the stove or grate was in the charge of the office boy, if there was one, under whose gentle ministrations it waxed or waned as the chance might be, throwing out, perhaps, a burning heat in its immediate vicinity, but under no circumstances reaching the window corners which were left to Jack Frost, who, more active then than now, brought forth ice, snow and low temperature with a lavish hand.

One of the few old buildings which have not been remodeled out of all semblance to former days stands on Fulton Street. Sixty years ago it was known as an old building, and the interior has undergone only such repairing as was absolutely necessary. A room on the second floor was evidently a parlor, and the dark marble mantelpiece, supported on either side by marble pillars, with the high old-fashioned grate in the fireplace, shows it to have belonged to a once handsome residence. The small-paned windows are secured on the inside by solid wooden shutters, and opposite the mantelpiece, high up on the wall, is what appears to be a large molded picture frame. Investigation shows a window which originally allowed a few rays of light to pass into the dark hall on the other side. Since the room has been used for business purposes it has been boarded up on the inside to prevent the entrance of marauders. This is a fair sample of the rooms used for old-time offices. They believed in wall papers then, and the present occupant of the room tells how, some twenty-five years ago, twenty different layers were scraped off before the original green finish of the wall appeared. Nothing short of a

blissful ignorance of microbes, bacteria and the like could have preserved our revered forefathers through such unsanitary conditions and brought them safely to a hale, hearty old age.

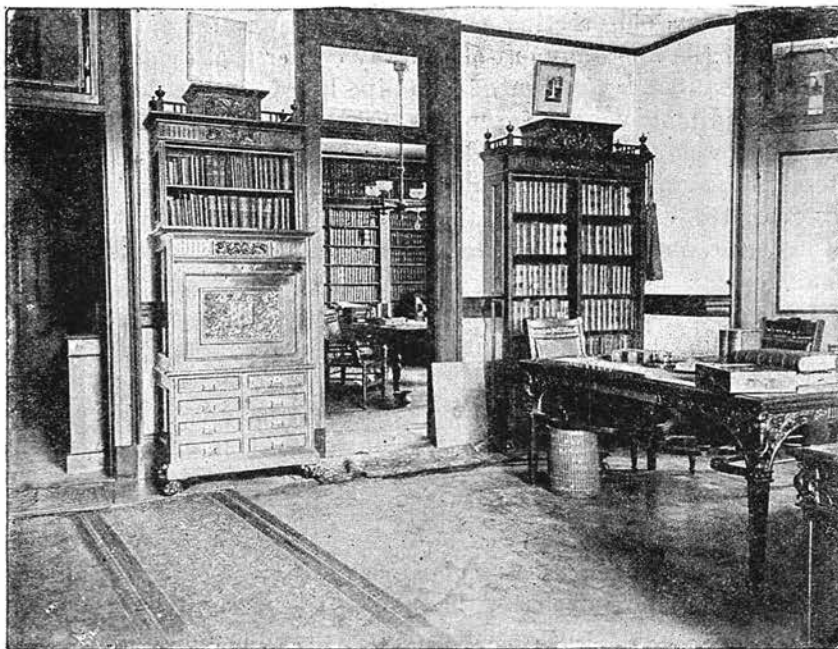
About 1870 the office population of New York was spreading up Broadway above Canal Street, but the tide turned, and drifting back, is concentrating in the lower part of the city within a certain radius having Wall Street for its centre. The elevated roads have been a great factor in this centralization, and the perfection of elevator service and fireproof construction has made high buildings, and consequent increase of room, practicable. The Pitt Bank, built during the war, was one of the first fireproof buildings to go up in the city. It had no elevator, but was arranged in suites and steam heated. It was soon after the war that the idea of making buildings several stories higher was carried out and steam elevators introduced. It was not believed that the enterprise would be successful. A few old men leased the upper floors for merely nominal sums, the first floor bringing more money than all the rest put together. By the time the first leases had expired public opinion had changed. When easy of access it was found that the fourth and fifth stories possessed the advantages of being farther from the dust and noise and in every way more desir-



AN OLD-FASHIONED OFFICE, IN A FULTON STREET BUILDING.

able. A third floor which now has a rental value of \$10,000 brought when the idea of high building was in its infancy only \$300 or \$400. Before the introduction of the elevator the offices had been arranged in suites; a janitor was employed to take care of the halls and corridors, but the tenants took charge of their own premises. It next became obligatory upon tenants to engage the janitor to attend to the work, and with another evolution the care of individual offices, light and heat were included in the contract, the additional cost being added to the rent, which at the present time averages from \$1.50 to \$7 per square foot.

The introduction of steam for heating purposes was important. In 1862 it had been quite generally used for two years, but its management was not thoroughly understood. A member of a firm introducing it into New York, upon going home late one evening, found a message awaiting him to the effect that the apparatus he had put into a certain building would not work, and the place was cold. With many misgivings he hastened to investigate, and found—that the fire was out. The first pipes and fittings used in this country were of English



MODERN LAW OFFICES.

make, and the first wrought-iron pipes were used by a gas company in Boston, who began with a lot of condemned gun barrels, which they fastened together.

It was not until 1870 that the hydraulic elevator came into use, and now it is possible to ascend to the height of sixteen or twenty stories at almost any rate of speed. In a few instances they run at 600 feet a minute; but, the velocity of a cannon ball not being desirable for a human being, 300 or 400 feet is quite satisfactory. In the tallest buildings the upper stories are to be as quickly reached as the ones below by means of the express elevator, which will not stop at the lower floors. In smaller buildings, where the hydraulic elevator entails too great expense, the electric elevator has been made serviceable within the last two years, and is supplied with motive power from the electric subways, the amount of the supply being registered on a meter the same as gas. It was no longer ago than 1876 that the telephone was invented, and now it is possible to carry on a conversation between all important points within 300 miles of New York. Indeed, since the Columbian Exposition we have been in telephonic communication with Chicago. The telegraph is an older friend, dating back to 1845. In 1846 the Western Union had only one office in New York city, where they now claim 260, with 20,000 throughout the United States.

‘ Bold Cyrus Field, he says, says he,
I’ve got a pretty notion,
That I can lay a telegraph
Across the Atlantic Ocean.”

That is one of the verses of a jingle in an old school reader which relates the history of the laying of the cable in 1866; and now we can flash a message to far Australia, and even send money to all parts of the world. Cyrus Field was also one of the first to become interested in rapid transit in New York; and in August, 1878, the first excursion train passed over the elevated road from Hanover Square to the Grand Central. The Third and Ninth Avenue lines were called the New York Elevated, the Sixth and Second, the Gilbert, afterward changed to the Metropolitan; and in the final union of the roads we have the Manhattan line of to-day. The first elevated trains were run by cable, the fare being ten cents during the daytime and five cents during two hours each morning and evening—commission hours. A few figures will show the necessity of rapid transit and the increase of travel on the elevated roads. On the first Wednesday in June, 1878, there were carried over the Sixth Avenue Elevated Road 34,000 passengers, and on the first Wednesday in

June, 1892, 212,621. During the month of May, 1880, there were carried over all the roads of the Manhattan line 5,565,306 passengers, the number increasing to 18,378,242 carried in May, 1892.

The necessity for the prompt dispatch of the mail in tall buildings was met by the introduction of mail chutes, which may be placed in all buildings four or more stories in height, carried up through each floor, and a collection made every twenty or thirty minutes during the busy hours of the day. As all mail matter is under Uncle Sam’s special jurisdiction, his consent must be obtained before a chute can be placed in a building. He stipulates forthwith that the chute must be in a public place, easy to take apart in case of obstruction, and that an elastic bottom is supplied to prevent injury to the mail matter. There are some fifty buildings in New York which are supplied with chutes, and it is understood that permission to place them in other buildings has been withheld, the number of carriers employed not being sufficient to warrant enlarging the routes. It is interesting to note, in the great competition in all branches of business, that only one firm has the right to manufacture these chutes, which have been in use since 1883.

The improvements in offices and office buildings has more than kept pace with the improvements in residences. The sanitary arrangements are now so perfect as to give an almost artistic sense of pleasure. Corroded pipes are no longer hidden away in dusty cubby holes, but stand out in the simplicity of superior workmanship, a guarantee of healthful conditions. There are no longer networks of supply and vent pipes intersecting the floors as they run from bowls set in any out-of-the-way corner that seemed most convenient. The pipe line follows a definite course, and the bowls must be within five feet of it. Tiled floors and hard-finished walls give no lodgment to dust and dirt, and the building superintendent sees that the carpenter regularly employed by the establishment, and the janitor, with the army of scrubwomen and other employes, keeps everything in the perfection of order and cleanliness.

The interior of the private office the occupant has fitted up according to his individual tastes, and thousands of dollars have been spent in some of the more elegant ones. One of the handsomest offices in New York is that of a downtown lawyer. The suite of rooms is large and well lighted, the private office of the proprietor being furnished in carved mahogany showing the coat of arms of the owner with an oak-leaf design, hard floor and rugs. There is a handsome mantelpiece with a mirror, and shelves on either side for books, and in the fireplace is a well-filled grate. The fire

screen, of heavy plate glass, framed in mahogany, stands in front, and on one side are the shovel and tongs of brass. On two ends of the largest and handsomest desk are the coat of arms of the owner, and those of the United States, New York and Ireland. The shield of the former appears on other pieces of furniture. A large lounge and chairs are covered with leather. It is a business office, and everywhere are books and papers, with all the paraphernalia of a busy lawyer. Many offices of large companies show beautiful interior decorations — white and gilt filigree-work, hard wood that it has taken years to season into proper condition, various kinds of marble. Carvings and Eastern designs enter into the finishing of the rooms, even the large safes being incased in highly polished wood and ornamental ironwork.

The improvement in safes, locks and keys has been very great. Some of the first safes in use had a massive appearance, with great nail heads appearing every few inches along the corners, but were really nothing more than wood covered inside and out with sheet iron. These were followed by iron safes made of one solid thickness of metal, with a key so large as to require another safe to keep it. Long keys and short keys, thick keys and thin keys, the combination key and then the combination lock, all came in turn; and now we have a time lock that, with its clockwork wound and set, will not open to king or president until it has run to the time set. The door to the safe has a network of great bolts, and the body of it is made of layers of different metals that resist the greatest force, while inside the burglar-proof is the fireproof safe with its lining of non-combustible material that defies the flames. Door keys show equal improvement. The janitor has a master key that will open all the rooms on a floor, and a man can carry the keys securing dozens of buildings with greater ease than one old-fashioned brass key weighing two or three pounds.

The business man can now sit in his office on a hot summer's day and enjoy a breeze furnished by a little electric fan motor which keeps him cool at the cost of a cent or two an hour, and with a dozen electric bells attached to his desk he can call as many different employes to receive orders. Or, if he has a fancy for sitting in different parts of the room, he has the bell punches placed in a small block of wood, the wires passing through a tube connecting with it making it portable, so that he can lounge in a comfortable chair and still have his office force within reach. A ring at a bell on the wall brings messengers, police or fire department. The typewriter and the stenographer who operates it are to be counted among the great-

est blessings of the man of to-day, and it would be hard for him to dispense with them, although he has had them hardly a dozen years. His mind need not be distracted by any of the minor needs of an office, for a firm stands in readiness to put in a cabinet containing toilet articles and keep him supplied with fresh towels at a nominal cost. Ice is brought to him regularly, and he can have a clock that is regulated from Washington every day, or there is an electric clock if he likes better, and even an eight-day clock will be kept in good running order by a firm who make a business of putting them into offices. A perpetual calendar is also added if desired.

So closely is a modern business building connected with the outside world that a man can sit in his office and make all the arrangements for a trip to Europe, say farewell to friends in all parts of the country, obtain the necessary supplies, and be ready to start in little over an hour. A building like the Equitable, for instance, is a little city by itself. All sorts of business are represented there, and there is hardly a want that could not be supplied. For material needs there is a café to satisfy the inner man; a barber and bootblack will treat the outer man, while the manicure and chiropodist will beautify and ameliorate. Books can be ordered and will be delivered from an uptown library, and all the periodicals of the day are on sale; you can buy cut glass and mineral waters, a large painting or a box of bonbons; you can select your theatre tickets or a lot of land; put your money in the bank or invest it in insurance policies; and on the upper floor of the building you might have a shirt made to order, but the nearest John Chinaman would have to be called upon to laundry it. You need not go for him yourself, however, for there are messenger boys in waiting who will deliver your message, if not with winged feet, at least in a reasonably short time.

The law library of the Equitable, with its 14,000 selected volumes, which, with the convenient fittings, cost some \$100,000, has been a great attraction to lawyers. The Mutual Life Insurance Building, another handsome structure, light and convenient, has the nucleus of a law library for its tenants which will in time be equally good. One of the most unique features of the Equitable is the Lawyers' Club, which makes its home in the building, occupying nearly two floors. There are a thousand odd members, including many prominent downtown business men, lawyers and others. It was organized "to provide a suitable meeting and lunch room and library for the use of, and to promote social intercourse amongst, the members." The rooms, open from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M.,

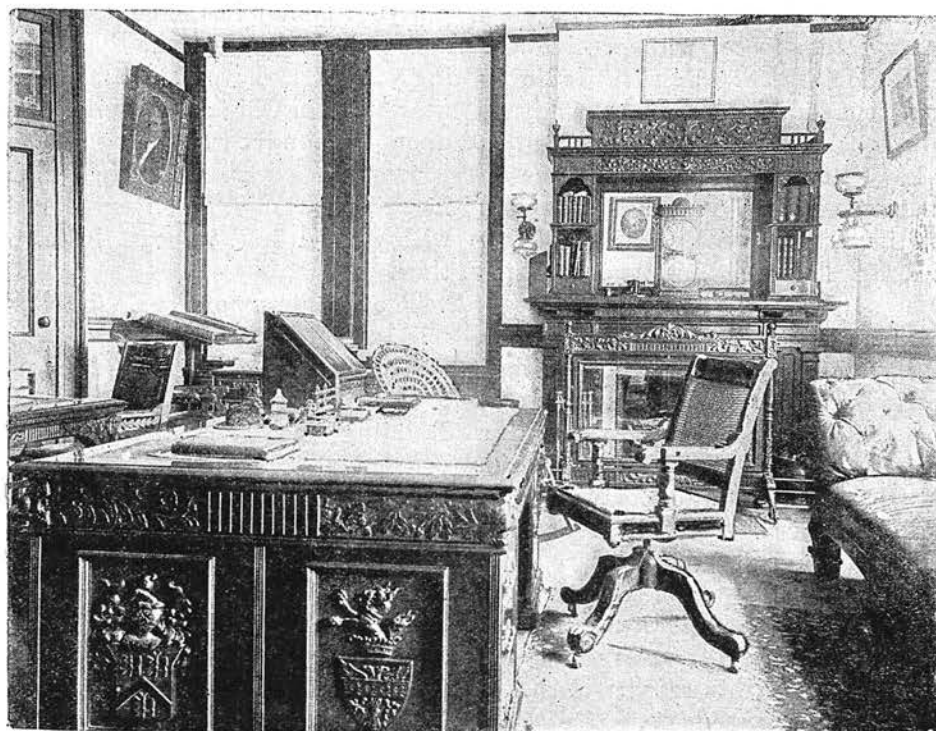
are handsomely furnished and commodious, with every accommodation for the comfort and convenience of the members. The wives and daughters of members may take their friends to luncheon in the ladies' apartments, where are dining rooms, private parlor and dressing rooms with bath, a supply of dainty toilet articles mounted in silver, and a maid always in attendance.

It takes nearly as much machinery to run a large business building as for an ocean steamer, and the engine room below is one of its most interesting departments. There are engines that furnish the power for the elevators, engines that pump up water for the fire lines on each floor, and for hot water for cleaning and cold water for offices, besides the dynamos that generate the electricity; and in some cases engines for running ventilating fans, air pumps for ventilating purposes and operating pneumatic tubes.

If the unhappy dwellers in flats, who obtain their supply of oxygen through the medium of ill-ventilated air shafts, knew of these delightfully airy homes, the office of building superintendent would be in great demand. These particular apartments, perched high up in the air, might be the ones discovered by Jack of the Beanstalk fame. There are windows on all sides, looking down the bay, over the East River, and farther over to Jersey and the North River, and if there isn't a refreshing breeze there on the hottest day

in summer, then there isn't one to be found. There are bedrooms, parlor, dining room and kitchen—the latter such as has been described as the "kitchen of the future," with its tiled walls and floor.

The cost of a modern office building is estimated at \$50 a cubic foot, and we can form an idea of the value of property fifty years ago by referring to the diary of Philip Hone, who is described as a "leader of fashion and former Mayor of New York city." He says, under date of November 21st, 1838: "The house at the corner of Wall and Hanover Streets has been sold to the North American Trust and Banking Company for the enormous sum of \$223,000—higher than anything which has yet been heard of." And later, March 7th, 1840: "The ancient mansion of the late Mrs. E. White, No. 11 Broadway, opposite Bowling Green, was sold at auction one day last week, and brought only \$15,000. The lot is thirty-nine feet front on Broadway, twenty-seven feet wide in rear, and extends through to Greenwich Street nearly two hundred feet." This was during the latter part of Van Buren's panicky administration, and Mr. Hone goes on to say: "This is the saddest proof of fall in real estate in this devoted city." The same site now would be worth some \$600,000, and a modern building situated on the corner of Hanover and Wall Streets not less than \$1,500,000.



A PRIVATE OFFICE.



PADEREWSKITIS, OR PIANIST WORSHIP—THE LATEST FASHIONABLE EPIDEMIC.

"ONLY A LOCK OF YOUR HAIR!"

OKRA.

SOMETHING FOR THOSE WHO KNOW BUT LITTLE ABOUT IT.



HERE are some things one misses by being born north of Mason and Dixon's line. One of them is the enjoyment of okra. But then, on the other hand, those who have never known it will never realize how much they lose in not being able to get it. So, perhaps, it is evened up after all. That it isn't much known in the North I am convinced from repeated unsuccessful attempts to find it in the markets. I went once to a seed store to get the seed, thinking that I would raise it myself. The courteous clerk informed me that ocher was a coloring matter, not a vegetable. "But," I said, "okra is what I want—not ocher. It is a vegetable that I have both eaten and raised."

"You are probably thinking of something else," he said. "I handle seeds all the time and I am sure there is no such vegetable known."

In high dudgeon I called for a Vick's catalogue and then and there convinced that dogmatic youth that there were more vegetables "in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in his philosophy."

To those accustomed to it okra is a most delicious dish, but I believe a love for it is generally an acquired taste. It has a mucilaginous quality that is disagreeable to some persons.

It is easily cultivated in a warm climate, but the pods, to be tender, must mature quickly. Otherwise they are tough and stringy. It is a very prolific bearer, and a few plants will supply a family. The seeds should be sown in shallow drills two feet apart, the plants should be thinned to eighteen inches and the earth drawn up to the plant as it continues to grow. The pods should be gathered every day or every other day, and if any have gone past the time of using they should be thrown away rather than be left to take the strength of the plant.

When more is grown than can be used from day to day it can be cut in half-inch pieces and strung for drying. Hang the strings thus prepared in some dry, clean place and it will soon be ready to put away in a bag. It can be used in the winter for soups or even stewed,—giving it more time to cook than when green. I give a few recipes for the preparation of okra and commend it to my Northern sisters.

Stewed Okra.
Select tender, green pods. Cut off the tops and boil in clear water till tender. Drain off the water and turn gently with a fork to break the pods. Season with butter, pepper and salt. Many persons like vinegar with it, but this can be added at the table if desired.

Okra on Toast.
Prepare as above. With a fork turn over and over until the pods are thoroughly broken and mixed. Have ready toasted bread dipped in salted milk and buttered. Spread the mixture on the slices and serve on a platter.

Okra Soup.
Cut up and skin two chickens, with two onions and three strips of sweet middling. Fry this in a skillet (spider); when it is done, pour some water on it and rinse all into a pot filling the pot two-thirds full of water. Put in a quart of skinned tomatoes and let them cook with the soup. In a sauce pan cook four pints of okra. When the chicken in the soup has boiled long enough to bone, pour the soup through the colander, so as to take out all of the bones, and drop in the pieces of middling. Pull the chicken into

small pieces, and put back the soup to boil, adding the okra. Salt to taste.

Gumbo.

Fry two chickens; also, fry one quart of okra; cut up four or five tomatoes, a large onion and parsley to taste. While frying pour in a pint or more of boiling water. Stew till you can pick the bones out of the chicken; add a teacupful of cream and one of rice boiled soft. Add cayenne and black pepper, salt and butter to taste.

Poor-Man's Okra Soup.

Make soup from the carcass of a chicken or turkey. One-half hour before serving put in one quart of sliced okra, one pint of skinned tomatoes and half a dozen good sized potatoes, sliced. Make dumplings of ordinary biscuit dough rolled thin and cut in squares. Put these into the pot and boil twenty minutes without removing the top. In serving the soup, dip from the bottom as the vegetables will sink.

—Rebecca Hart.

BRIDGET'S RECIPES.

Is it the way I make the cake

Yez afther asking now

Wid that purty smirk upon yer lip

An' the pucker on yer brow?

Shure, it's enough the loikes o' you,

So slight, an' trim an' nate,

Should rist contint to let me do

The work, while you need only ate.

Those slender arms and little hands

Would make a feeble show

Wid bating eggs an' whipping crame,

'Twould break yer bones I know.

Och! There yez stand! Ye'll have yer way,

I see it in yer look;

No raizen in those eyes o' gray,

You're bound to be a cook.

Well, tak yer butter, quite a lump,

An' sugar, somethin' more,

An' beat an' beat until they look

Like foam upon the shore,—

Then eggs as fresh as they can be,

As many as ye pize,

An' whip the whites until they froth,

The yellows 'till they blaze.

Then mix 'em all thegither,

An' beat 'an beat some more,

Wid a trifle spice an' plinty fruit,

Wid flour well covered o'er;

An' have yer oven hot enough,

Wid not a bit to waste,

An' when ye cut yer cake for tea

I'm shure *de'//* have a taste.

An' while its baking in the stove,

An' yer heart, it's trimblin' quite,

Then tak yer sugar, just one cup,

Yer egg, a single white,

Wid jist a drop o' lemon juice,

An' bate 'em all like fun,

An' kiver over all the cake

As soon as it is done.

Don't shake yer purty head at me,

I've told ye all I know;

I'll make the cake an' you can see

How all the 'gregiants go,

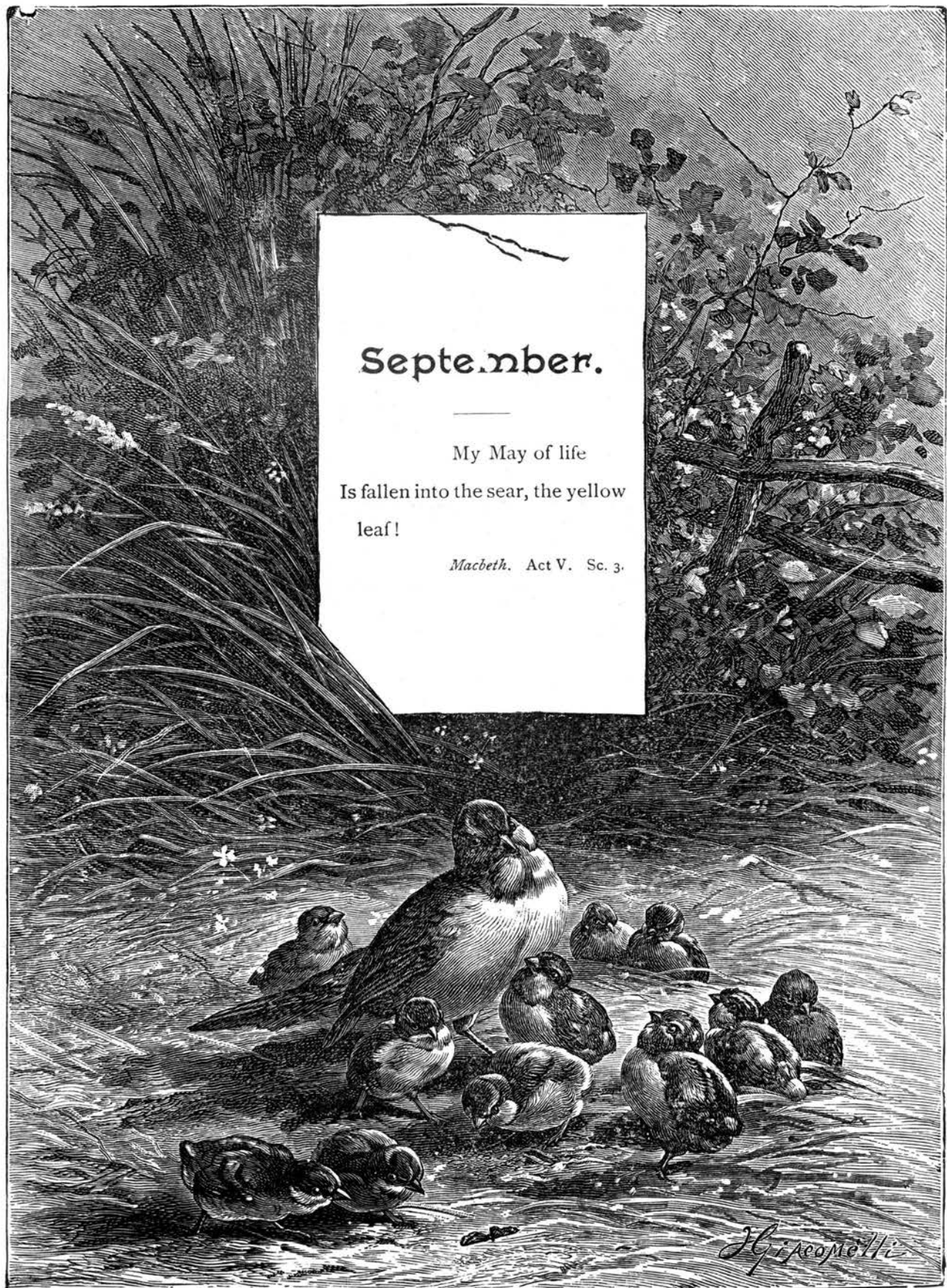
An', darlint, whin he comes to tea,

You'll be so peart an' fine

He'll never care, you'll quickly see,

If the cake is your's or mine.

—Mrs. H. K. Potwin.



September.

My May of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow
leaf!

Macbeth. Act V. Sc. 3.

Logan's Home Manual, 1899

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