



Victorian Times

A Monthly Exploration of Victorian Life

Vol. B-1, No. 11 - November 2024

*Thanksgiving at the White House • Women at a Century's End
Thanksgiving Menus • Winter in Canada • A New Zealand Homestead
Birds in London • Pawnshops • Patchwork Quilting • Zoo Stories
Everyday Desserts • Etiquette of Dining • On Giving Thanks*

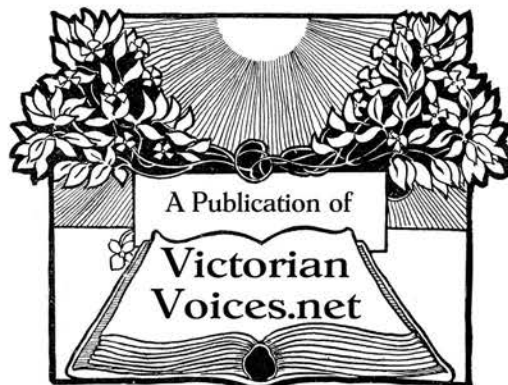
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edited by Moira Allen



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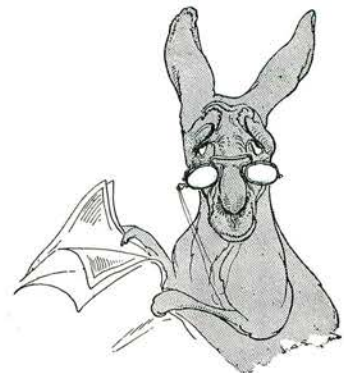
Cover Image: Vintage postcard from the early 1900's.

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Thanks, Ladies!

Fascinating as I found our lead article on changes in the “outgoing century,” I also found myself wondering, just who *are* these women? On the assumption that you might be wondering the same thing, I went to Wikipedia to find out. Most of what follows is direct from that source. I’ve also taken the liberty of replacing the awful photos from the original *Good Housekeeping* article with images from Wikipedia.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton (1815-1902) was a writer and a leader of the US women’s rights movement, being one of the leading forces behind women’s suffrage. She was also active in many other social reforms, including abolitionism, temperance, and the right for women to get a divorce. In 1863, she and Susan B. Anthony began organizing the Women’s Loyal National League to campaign for an amendment to abolish slavery; their petition gathered nearly 400,000 signatures and assisted the passage of the 13th Amendment to end slavery.

Mary Ashton Livermore (1820-1905) was an American journalist, abolitionist, and women’s rights advocate. During the Civil War, she became connected with the US Sanitary Commission, and “performed a vast amount of labor of all kinds by organizing auxiliary societies, visiting hospitals and military posts, contributing the press,” etc. After the war, she launched a women’s suffrage paper, and spent much of her time traveling to lecture on women’s sufferage and the temperance movement.

Caroline Maria Seymour Severance (1820-1914) was an American abolitionist, suffragist, and founder of the women’s club movement. This was “a social movement that took place throughout the US that established the idea that women had a moral duty and responsibility to transform public policy... These clubs... eventually became a source of reform for various issues in the US. Both African-American and white women’s clubs were involved with issues surrounding education, temperance, child labor, juvenile justice, legal reform, environmental protection, library creation and more.” Such clubs helped found kindergartens and juvenile court systems, and also dealt with suffrage, lynching and family planning.”

Elizabeth Drew Stoddard (1823-1902) was an American poet and novelist. Her writing investigated the relations between the sexes and was noted for “its almost total lack of sentimentality, pervasive use of irony, psychological depth of richly drawn characters, intense atmospheric descriptions of New England, concise language, and innovative use of narrative voice and structure.”

Adeline Dutton Train Whitney (1824-1906) was an American poet and writer who focused on traditional roles for women and girls. “She promoted the message that a woman’s happiest place was in the home, the source of all goodness... Whitney privately opposed women’s suffrage, and took no part in public life.”

Today, we take so many of these things for granted. We grew up with kindergartens, juvenile courts, and libraries. We have never lived in an era when we did not have the right to vote—regardless of our gender, race, or whether we owned property. We don’t worry, in America, whether children will be put to work in mines or factories, or sent up fireplaces to sweep chimneys. We know that anyone among us has the same right to an education, the right to work, the right to *write* and be “heard” through books, magazines, newspapers, and, today, through a myriad of online platforms. And if our dream is to be a traditional wife, mother, and housewife, we have that right as well. In short, we have the right to choose our destinies—a right that a great many people (and not just women!) sorely lacked 150 years ago.

Those rights didn’t just happen. They were fought for, by women *and* men who lived and died in the Victorian era. In this season of Thanksgiving, it’s only right to remember that we owe a whole lot of Victorians a great debt of thanks.

—Moirra Allen, Editor
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American Home Life in the Outgoing Century

INTERVIEWS WITH

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON
MRS R. H. STODDARD

MRS C. M. SEYMOUR-SEVERANCE, THE "MOTHER OF WOMAN'S CLUBS"

MRS ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY
MRS MARY A. LIVERMORE

Through Mrs Stanton's Keen Eyes



HE name of Elizabeth Cady Stanton brings immediately to the mind's eye a plump, rosy, cheery face, twinkling blue eyes, a smile almost girlish in its merriment, and a halo of snow white curls dressed in a fashion which does not belong to this era and yet which seems to belong to Mrs Stanton. That is what the camera shows you. The original is cheerier than sun rays can picture, and it is hard to believe that the vivacity belongs to a woman eighty-five years old.

Mrs Stanton's home is on the top floor of a beautiful apartment house on Ninety-fourth street, New York, where the sunshine pours in and where one looks out on the broad, gleaming, busy North river. We talked of the closing of a century which was very young when she was born, and of the changes which have occurred in American home life.

"I often think of the change with wonder as I look about this comfortable apartment, where a button in the wall turns on a glow

of electric light or a wave of warmth on a chilly day. The elevator transports one in a moment from roof to cellar, the touch of a match to a gas stove gives us a clean, strong heat for cooking, the dumb waiter is our servant in the kitchen.

"I can remember how in my country home everything was homemade. The village shop was an atom compared to the general merchandise store of to-day, where you can buy everything which eighty years ago the women of the house had to manufacture. We read by homemade candles, slept between blankets, sheets and counterpanes, even on bed tickings, which our mothers had woven. Our stockings were hand-knitted, our clothes spun at home and made at home without the aid of the sewing machine. No machine could have put the exquisite stitching into our linen that a woman's patient hand did in those days. From sun-up till sun-down a housekeeper found little spare time.

THE CHANGE IN RELIGION

"The most tremendous change that has occurred—more than the wonders wrought by electricity—is the change in religion. I was an imaginative child, light-hearted and happy, just the sort of little soul to listen earnestly, think seriously and feel a gloom flung across the sunshine by the doctrines

of Calvinism. I learned the Westminster catechism and Sunday after Sunday I sat under the teachings of an old Scotch divine. He pictured hell as unfathomable depths of liquid fire, with taunting devils tossing sinners into the awful flood, and yet heaven was one unending Sabbath! For years my childish soul was torn by anguish, terror of God, the judgment of the bottomless pit, and fear that I was not a believer. At last peace came. I regard as one of the greatest changes in eighty years a religion which gives us happiness instead of terror, a love of God in nature and no such teachings as will harrow the heart of a child.

SIMPLE, SENSIBLE DRESS

"If you look back to the pictures of how women dressed in the twenties and thirties you will find straight, simple gowns, bonnets which shaded the face and yet were picturesque, ankletie shoes and plain tippets. A girl enjoyed a pretty new frock as much as she does to-day, only it lasted longer and it stayed in style till it wore out. A woman's wardrobe did not call for the multitude of things it does to-day. In my girlhood the cost of one fashionable gown of to-day would have bought a year's wardrobe.

"Then women dressed sensibly. There was no trailing in the mud of a skirt like a peacock's tail, no tucking of the handkerchief into a sleeve or belt, because its owner had no pocket, no losing of money because the purse had to be carried in the hand.

"Think of the change which has occurred in the condition of women. Early in the century there were four professions open to her—teaching, dressmaking, millinery and domestic service. The girl who had high aspirations and dared follow them was pursued by a curious eye and public condemnation. To-day there is no profession for which a woman's brain or strength fits her that she cannot enter and make herself man's equal. She works as many hours, often does her task better than a man can do, and she is his equal except when wage-earning is concerned. She is slowly coming into all her rights, however. Coeducation is a great leveler of old ideas as to woman having a smaller brain than man.

A CHARACTERISTIC INCIDENT

"When I was ten years old, I learned my first lesson of woman's inequality with man. My father, Daniel Cady, an able lawyer and congressman, was a judge before whom all sorts of pitiful cases were recited. We lived in Johnstown, a corner of New York state



Mary A. Livermore

largely settled by well-to-do Scotch people. Day after day I used to sit in my father's office listening to tales of injustice, and gradually it dawned upon me that a woman could not own her own property. I went to sleep night after night trying to think what could be done to make things more comfortable for my own sex. One day there came a case of a fine, well-educated Scotchwoman, and after listening intently to my father's expounding of the law to her, which seemed to only make her more unhappy, I followed her through the garden and whispered: 'Mrs Campbell, don't feel bad any more. I've fixed it all for you. Everything you own is yours now. I've gone all through my father's law books and cut out everything that says a woman cannot have anything of her own. Don't be unhappy any more, because there are no more of these awful laws.' She smiled through her tears as she kissed me and went away, then I went into my father's office to listen to a goodly lecture, and discover that if I had cut every law about woman's rights out of the books in his library, the laws still stood, and thousands of law books existed which I could not reach. Then I

cried, but that incident sunk deep into my childish soul and was, I believe, the inspiration for my life work. In November, 1900, the women of four states vote for president. The day is coming when every woman in America shall have equal rights with her father, her brother, her husband."

Mrs Severance's Prophecy

THOSE of us who have entered our seventies, or gone beyond, can recall the vast difference between the housekeeping of the first half of this century in our country and that of the present time. Of course social life was then much more simple and natural and therefore not the tax upon time and strength which it now is. But the housekeeper was then the mother, or in special cases, the maiden aunt or other relative, and bore besides upon her willing shoulders the care of the children, in sickness as in health, the making and mending of their clothing and often of her husband's and her own. These as the foundation only of a mass of other duties.

Among these, in the early days of New England, were the spinning and weaving of the clothing, carpets, etc. These were not done in my own grandmother's home in central New York. But, imagine, nevertheless, what a busy hive it was, when there went on in its spacious kitchen the daily meals, the two weekly bakings in the huge brick oven of breads, pies, cakes, etc. for a family of eighteen, including children, grandchildren and grandparents. Where also went on in their season the making of soft soap, of tallow candles (for common use), the preparing and "putting down" in barrels of brine for winter use the supplies of beef and pork raised on the farm pastures, the smoking of hams and beef (this in the tiny outer smoke house), the chopping of meat, in quantity, for mince pies, which meat was kept in stone jars for winter use, and of meat for sausages, the preparing and "stuffing" this into the skins, the paring and drying of fruit, the preserving and putting up of jellies, jams and brandy-peaches, and the husking of large quantities of corn, which was made a merry-making time, in the kitchen of evenings if the weather were

cool, or by day, on the broad back piazza off it. Much of the drudgery of this was done, however, by the three colored women who were heirlooms from the early slavery times in the state. All this, in the telling even, takes one's breath, but makes evident the great gulf between the housekeeping of that time and of this.

In that early time,—the twenties and thirties, and in a small country settlement, far from the centers of supply, these home industries were a necessity to the comfort and economy of the household. But, as these were gradually, one by one, made



Elizabeth Cady Stanton

outside "trades," social requirements multiplied and other things took their places in the home—the sewing machine, the cream freezer and other appliances for increasing the variety of the family menu.

And so, alas for even the housekeeper of the last half of our century! Evolution seems to revolve in a circle for her. It "takes," but it gives in return, to her dismay! If her taste and her conscience hold her true to the sacred duties and delights of motherhood and her ambition tempt her

to follow, even from afar, the giddy pace set by the merciless tyrant whom we euphoniously call "fashion," "what reward hath she" but the harvest of failure and despair which must come from such "joining together" of what nature and divine laws have "put asunder"?

Evidently then, reform is needed in our home routine, and thoughtful, high-minded women are asking "What shall it be?" My own long experience and observation have convinced me that a beginning must be made by greater simplicity in our home life, and that this must be begun by those who value "the more excellent things," and have the courage to be "queer and singular" until others rally to their example.

I have never known happier families or more attractive homes than those where, even in our day, mothers have chosen to do this simplified home work with the help of their boys and girls, so soon as these were old enough to beg for "something to do." And they were sure to enjoy this "helping mother" as much as others enjoy pure play. I should say enjoy it far beyond that from the added mental pleasure of being useful. Many such mothers have borne strong testimony to the gain from such methods in the love of children for each other and their homes beyond what follows from taking untrained and unsympathetic outsiders as so-called "help" into the home.

The apartment house is an effort toward lessening the care and expense of our present housekeeping. These are its compensations, but it has its drawbacks in the lack of yard and garden space, which, however, does not count for so much in crowded cities where few families can command those privileges.

Another step forward we are already taking in giving our girls special training in domestic science, as we have in the science of nursing, and find results so satisfactory and helpful to both parties. We are making a beginning also in cooking schools which will give the candidate for the kitchen a certificate of capacity as well as a "character."

My own wish and hope for the lessening of the present burdens of housekeeping go even further than these attempts, to the ban-

ishment of the kitchen from the individual home. Why not? Why should not the cooking stove pass from our homes, as the other appliances and industries have? Why not a co-operative kitchen for a group of families under a skillful chemist, cook and staff? We have these co-operative kitchens and meals now in all our hotels, which tourists, even families, now approve and patronize. Regulations to assure "hygienic" food and even the much vaunted "home cooking" could be provided. In achieving this, we should also secure relief from the heat and odors of our kitchens in summer and the expense of fuel in winter.

The trend is surely that way, and may we women all speed it on its course! We, the people of moderate incomes and ambition for the better ways, will win these in time and with them a solid happiness which those who seek it in palaces and display so often miss.

Mrs Livermore's Life Work

WHEN Mrs Mary A. Livermore grows reminiscent, she looks back to very near the beginning of the century, for she was born in 1821.

"One can scarcely realize," she says, "living in this age of steam, electricity and strange inventions, what a tremendous stride has been made since sixty or seventy years ago; indeed, I can remember further back than that, for I have a hazy recollection of home when I was five years old, and that is seventy-four years ago. My home was in Boston, but a very different Boston from the Hub of to-day. It was a country town with slow, lumbering stage coaches instead of express trains or trolleys when one would go traveling. We did not travel in those days unless it was as a luxury or a necessity. At night we read the few books we possessed by candle light or a whale oil lamp, whose faint illumination made darkness only more visible.

"Those were the days of the flint and tinder-box. The fire in summer or winter was never allowed to die out. On winter nights, when the numbing chill crept through the thick walls—for our houses in those days were better built than they are in the end of the century—somebody would rise once

or twice through the night to heap on fresh logs. In summer nights a tiny spark was guarded and nursed in the great fireplace, for the flint and tinder-box were a toil, and rather than resort to them we would borrow a firebrand at a neighbor's house. When matches appeared they were a curiosity and a luxury. They sold for a penny apiece at



Mrs Seymour-Severance

first; think of that to-day when a gross costs five cents! They were counted dangerous enough, and there was a law which made us handle them as carefully as if they had been a terrible explosive.

"My education was obtained in the Baptist seminary at Charlestown, a vastly different institution from the woman's college or seminary of to-day. The conditions which contracted a woman's life were a motive that first led me to the lecture platform. I saw women of brain, of artistic nature, of manual skill, of fine originality, cramped by the belief which had descended from generation to generation that a woman's sphere was home, that her brain did not fit her for the expansive education given to men, and her future was either marriage, or one of the few callings for which she was fitted,—teaching, dressmaking, millinery or housework.

CO-EDUCATION, DRESS REFORM

"It all inspired my first lecture, 'What shall we do with our girls?' I pleaded for co-education, which fifty years later began to come to us, for the healthy upbringing of a girl to strengthen the body instead of enfeebling it. I argued that the growing girl needed such sports as her brother enjoyed; that she ought to skate, play ball, swim, row, tramp the woods and country roads, ride horseback and generally exercise her muscles. In those days exertion was thought unladylike. A girl might dance, but outdoor exercise ruffled her hair, ruined her complexion and browned her hands. I pleaded for an abolition of tight lacing. The stays of the forties and fifties were instruments of torture. It was impossible for a woman to exercise laced so tightly that drawing breath was in itself an exercise. I invited women on the platform after the lecture to see my clothing. It was like nothing worn in those days; it was planned for health and the free play of every human organ.

"'Do you wear no stays?' was the inevitable question. 'None,' was my answer. 'I have never worn them. I never will.'

"'And how do you keep your figure?' was always the next query. I was straight, tall and erect. I showed them how my body was perfectly unconfined. There were no tight bands about my neck or waist. My clothing was supported wholly by straps over the shoulder. I wore gloves which did not hinder the circulation of blood, and shoes which were comfortable, low-heeled and yet of good shape, for they were the shape of the human foot.

"The women marveled. 'We could not keep our figures if we dressed as you do,' they said. I assured them they could keep not only their figures but their health, and gradually I had a following. My lecture was thirty years ahead of the time. To-day the sensible woman wears loose waists, comfortable shoes and gloves and the easy combination suit. I also made the plea that when a woman did a man's work as well as he did, she should earn a man's wages. To-day she is beginning to come into that right.

"I was the first newspaper woman to demand equal rights to report a nation's news. I was associate editor with my husband on a Chicago paper, and when I went to Washington to report the nomination of Abraham Lincoln there was a storm of opposition from the newspaper fraternity. I showed my credentials and carried the day. The eight hundred words I sent over the wire to Chicago told the story of that eventful day graphically enough and got there ahead of some of my rivals'. It proved that a woman could do such work as well as a man, and the feminine journalists who quickly followed me have grown legion.

WOMAN IN THE CIVIL WAR

"When the war broke out I saw what a pitiful need there was for a woman's housewifely touch. A man can lead an army to battle, plan a campaign and carry a flag better than a woman can; I'll allow that. But even in war a woman's hand is needed. There are sanitary and what I might call housewifely problems to cope with in a great war for which a man is ill fitted.

"Very early in the sixties I saw the growing need of a woman's hand in the campaign, and it aroused all my pity and energy. My husband's sympathies were mine. He could not fill just the place that stood empty, but he bade me go. 'I can find a housekeeper for the home and a nurse for the children,' he said. 'Go, you are needed now by your country.'

"I have told the experiences of these terrible years in my story of the war. I did not recite the great deeds of great generals; these had plenty of historians. There were fewer pens to preserve a record of the bravery of men in the ranks, of fearless, gentle women nurses, men and women who fought and worked and died unheard of. It was a great era. It brought out the bravery of our men and the nobility of our women. It stands out like a beacon in the march toward the greater things of the end of the nineteenth century."

A Lover of the Old Simplicity

THERE are green country nooks all around the edges of a great city, and in one of these, almost within sight of Boston,

yet out of hearing of its turmoil, lives Adeline D. T. Whitney, whose charming books for forty years have found millions of delighted readers. For seventy-six years Mrs Whitney has led a life as calm and restful as in the country homes she pictures. She does not love the nerve-racking noise and hurry of city life.

"The end of the nineteenth century is a vast contrast to its earlier days," said the authoress, as she gazed out over the miles of sea marsh beyond which hung a city's smoke. "I am not wholly old-fashioned. The growing of the century has brought us great things—ennobling of art, literature, architecture and education. Yet sometimes there comes a longing for the old, quiet simplicity of country life sixty years ago. You cannot have the country to-day as it was then; its wildest corners are explored by the trolley car. I'll confess to a hatred of trolley cars, automobiles, bicycles, sewing machines, telephones and everything which makes present-day living a turmoil. The telephone might be the means some day of saving my life, and yet I resent its jangling intrusion on the quiet of home.

CHANGES IN LITERATURE

"Our literature has grown vastly. It is not as easy for a writer of real ability to get a hearing as it was half a century ago. To-day the colleges and schools are turning out thousands of men and women eager to earn a living by the pen. We even have schools which train writers. Such an institution makes one smile. I am old-fashioned enough to believe that the talent for wielding a pen is God-given. We have a hundred periodicals to-day to one of fifty years ago, so of course we need a greater throng of writers, still there are too many, and there is too much machine work.

"It is extraordinary to watch the motives that sway the literature of a nation. Almost since the beginning of this decade we have felt the war clouds hovering over us as we do the threatening of a thunderstorm. We realized that before the breaking of a new century there would come battle and bloodshed, and with that realization came a change in our literature. Men and women of imagination and power of pen turned back the pages of history and searched the

records of every land for similar incidents, for the darkening of war clouds and the bloodshed of nations. Through these tales they waded, finding an incident here and a character there on which a romance could be built. Then from their own imagination they drew pictures of carnage, of duels, of piracy, of such horrors and such adventure as would turn a strong man pale. These writers with the gift of story writing have made wickedness picturesque and crime romantic. Their books have been dime novels idealized. We have had no revival of such romance since the days of Sir Walter Scott and Fenimore Cooper. Their work stirred the blood and fired the imagination, yet it was sane reading in comparison to some of the end-of-the-century novels.

"In my girlhood we had not Dickens, Thackeray, Eliot nor a score of the writers whom to-day we include as classical. We had Scott, Irving and old-fashioned novelists like Jane Austen. Then came a fuller world, more busy pens, more seething and hurrying and books which opened the eyes of boys and girls to sorrow and crime, which came to us with the eyes which looked out on young womanhood. It is a pity. I believe in keeping sweet, serene and joyful as long as a parent can the beautiful days of girlhood. It cannot be done to-day unless a wise parent lays a gentle, restraining hand on the reading of her boys and girls."

Mrs Stoddard on Servants

A newspaper man, while speaking of Mr and Mrs Richard Henry Stoddard, calls them the Brownings of America. It is a fitting title. The writings of both husband and wife entitle them to a high place in our literature, and for more than forty years their home in New York has been a rendezvous for men and women of notable name, artists, writers, sculptors and players. The Stoddards live in a quiet part of Fifteenth street just off Stuyvesant square, and you feel the literary atmosphere as soon as you cross the threshold of the old-fashioned, charming home. The walls are bookcases, and autograph portraits hang everywhere: faces of such men and women as Bayard

Taylor, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Dickens, Kate Field and Edwin Booth, who for many years counted the Stoddards among his nearest and dearest friends. The home is a veritable treasure house of reminiscence of travel in many lands and of forty years' association with the greatest men and women of the nineteenth century.

Mrs Stoddard's pen at seventy-five is as fluent as when in young womanhood she gave us her delightful novels, and her reminiscence, which goes back to the forties, is very interesting.

"You speak of the higher life of the household," she said, when she talked of *Good Housekeeping*. "It means a great deal. It means health, content, economy, comfort and much more than that, I suppose. If you can do one thing—bring women to a realization of how to cope with what they call their great problem, the help question, you can do missionary work. There are bad servants, thousands of them. Still, it lies with the mistress to a very large degree whether hired help shall be a comfort in her home or a misery.

"The gulf between servant and mistress is made such a terrible one. The employer, who stands on one side, does not realize what it means to be the woman across the gulf. I do not think I realized it myself until one day when I found my girl in tears. She was one of the most cheerful, kindly, refined and conscientious of women.

"'It is the feeling,' she said when I questioned her, 'that there is no higher place one can reach. There is an aloneness in service which a woman can never know until she has lived it herself.'

MISTRESS AND MAID

"I understood, though she was trying hard to make her German intelligible. If a woman will simply put herself on the other side for a moment, and if she has a heart, she will understand. When an intelligent, good, diligent woman abases herself to do the housework, which you hate to do yourself, and puts her entire life at your command for the small fee it brings her, she ought to be given some semblance of a home, some friendship, some interest and much kindness. I do not say that a mistress can treat every servant so, but I do

say the problem can be solved by the employer better than by the employee.

"In the earlier days of the century we did not face the servant girl problem. In my New England home, when I was a girl, our help, fine, strong-armed, self-respecting daughters of neighboring farmers, were our equals, working for a living as we were ourselves. When they came into our homes to help us, it was to enter the home circle, to be loved, trusted and respected. When I first came to live in New York, about the middle of the century, we were beginning to depend on Irish help. They were not the Irish immigrants of to-day, but a much better class, and they made excellent help. There was still no problem then. The Swedes and Germans began to come later, and among them I found various household comforts. But the country has grown immensely, immigration and sudden made fortunes have brought us all sorts of mistresses, hence the help problem.

"The women we would welcome into our homes to-day will rather wander far in search of other work. The nineteenth cen-

tury has brought gigantic improvement in many ways, but it also brought the help problem.

"The metropolis of 1900 is vastly changed from the New York of the fifties. Life here then had the simplicity of a small city. There was wealth, but not a plethora of millionaires. Entertaining was simple and delightful. We met among our circle of friends distinguished men and women, whom it was a pleasure to know. One did not worry about getting in among the 'four hundred.' There was no four hundred. We did not reckon our friends and acquaintances by their wealth, and it was a happier, cheerier world. To-day I do not entertain. I cannot and will not give pink teas or orange dinners.

"The millionaires of New York do not mix with the literary set of the city, except when they capture some stray lion and go into a nine days' fever over him. We have exchanged the ancient Franklin stove and the lumbering stage coach for electricity and the trolley, and also simple living for nervous prostration."



John Child's Seed Catalog, 1906

Thanksgiving at the White House

BY L. A. COOLIDGE

THANKSGIVING at the White House is one of the days that emphasize the home life of the American president, and show how close to the people the chief executive is. It is an occasion when without pretense the domestic character of the family in the executive mansion comes into evidence, for Thanksgiving at the White House is very much the same as Thanksgiving in every other Christian home in the land. From the time that the old New England feast became a national festival, every president has observed it simply and quietly in his own family circle. None of them has undertaken any elaborate display, and no one of them has ever thought of such a thing.

The president's family have their turkey, their cranberry sauce, their plum pudding and mince pie just the same as every other well-ordered family. French dishes have no place on the table. There is simply an abundance of comfort and good cheer.

The White House turkey is a monster of its kind. Every year, almost time out of mind, on the Wednesday before the last Thursday in November a big box has arrived at the executive mansion from Westerly, Rhode Island, which being opened has disclosed a glorious specimen of the American national bird. The best turkeys in the world are born and bred at Westerly, and the best of all these finds its way, year after year, to the president's table. They are fitted for their high destiny on the farm of Horace Vose, who began away back in Grant's administration to do this service for the first American citizen, and who ever since has made his cheerful contribution to the White House table. The education of a White House turkey is not left to chance. Its flesh is sweetened from earliest infancy with the choicest articles of turkey diet. Grasshoppers and chestnuts are fed to it, and it comes to the president's plate richly flavored and appetizing.

There is a chef at the White House, but when it comes to roasting the Thanksgiving turkey his services are not brought into play. This responsibility rests on the two old colored women whose privilege it is to do the president's cooking, and there is nothing known to the art of Thanksgiving cookery that is left undone.

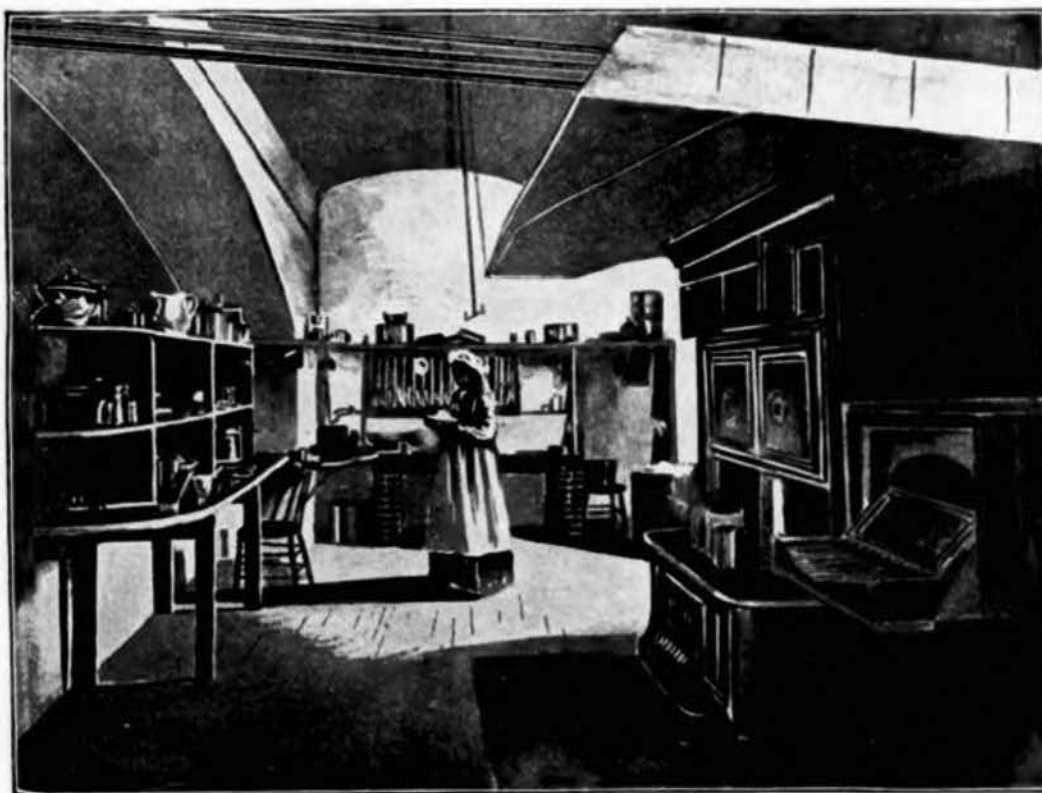
President McKinley, like most of his predecessors, makes Thanksgiving peculiarly a day at home. The White House is closed for business. Visitors are excluded, and for once there is a break in the almost never ending stream of political callers. The staff of clerks is dismissed for the day, and the president's family are left alone in the great mansion, except for those who may be invited in to enjoy their hospitality. Ever since they came to Washington, the president and Mrs McKinley have entertained at Thanksgiving dinner some members of their own family. The president's brother is always there, and usually there are a few others; for the McKinleys rarely fail to have guests at the White House board.

In the morning the president and the guests of the house go to church and listen to a Thanksgiving sermon. Mrs McKinley rarely accompanies them, for she is not physically equal to the task. But the president is so regular in his attendance that the pastor of the Metropolitan Methodist church always expects to see him in the president's pew. After church there is a light lunch, and the rest of the afternoon is passed cheerfully and sociably in the White House library, where the family chat goes on, for one day in the year, at least, as if there were no such thing as the cares of state. It is on occasions like these that the president's devotion to Mrs McKinley shines out. She is the center of the White House circle, and every thought and action are marked by consideration for her comfort; the nation has learned this fact.

At seven o'clock they all go in to dinner, —not in the great state dining room where ambassadors, senators, supreme court justices and cabinet ministers are entertained, but in the cozy private dining room, where the family group can cluster about the table with all the familiarity and comfort that ought to characterize an old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner. There is no fuss or feathers. Everything is as simple and as lacking in pomp as it would be in the little frame house the McKinleys occupied at Canton before he was elected president. The dinner lasts for two hours, and after it the family return to the library or

the president's office for a time, while he indulges in his never-failing cigar.

This is Thanksgiving day with the McKinleys. It was much the same with the Cleveland and the Harrisons. President Arthur was a single man, and a good liver, and his Thanksgiving dinners were somewhat more elaborate affairs. There is a tradition among the older employees of the White House that away back in the days of President Hayes all the members of the clerical force with their wives and children were asked to join the president's family at dinner. Those were glorious times. All through the afternoon the children romped



THE OLD KITCHEN IN THE WHITE HOUSE

By Permission of Frances Benjamin Johnston

the drawing room, where they are very likely to be joined later by some the president's intimates,—Adjutant-General Corbin, Controller Dawes, or perhaps a cabinet minister or two with their wives. On past Thanksgivings the president has had with him one of his favorite nieces, Miss Mabel McKinley, who has charmed the family group with bird-like songs. The president and the other men are very apt to retire to

and played in the White House rooms, and everybody sat at dinner till far into the evening, the president and Mrs Hayes entering joyfully into the spirit of the day. It would hardly be feasible now for a president to repeat this experiment in hospitality, for the White House force of clerks is more than quadrupled. They form a small department by themselves. A busy place is the White House.



Seasonable Menus

Including a Thanksgiving Dinner

BY MARGARET BURROUGHS

IN arranging menus for feast days, one is ordinarily permitted considerable latitude. Thanksgiving day alone seems to impose certain restrictions. On this distinctly National holiday it seems fitting that the feast, which forms so large a part of the day's celebration, should be composed entirely of American dishes. Indeed, the many delicious *entrees* of foreign importation which prove so acceptable at other seasons, seem wholly out of place at the Thanksgiving board. One has little occasion to regret these limitations, however, for what can be more attractive than an old fashioned, bountiful, New England Thanksgiving dinner!

It was customary in olden times to begin upon the preparations for Thanksgiving day several weeks in advance. The mince meat for pies was not thought to attain perfection unless mixed early in October and allowed to ripen, and, indeed, there is no question but its flavor is improved if allowed to stand a fortnight or so, before using. The following is an approved old-time recipe for homemade mince meat, which I have never known excelled.

Mince Meat

Cook four pounds of lean beef in boiling salted water till tender, and let it remain in the water till cold. This will make the meat moist and well flavored. When thoroughly cold, trim away all bits of gristle and fat, and mince fine. Pare, core, and chop fine eight pounds of good sour apples, and mix with the meat. Add four pounds of granulated sugar, one pint of New

Orleans molasses, a bowl of currant jelly, one pound of butter, one pound of sweet lard (or an extra pound of butter, if preferred), two ounces of ground cinnamon, two ounces of ground cloves, four pounds of raisins washed and seeded, one pound of currants carefully washed and dried, one piece of citron shredded fine, and two sour oranges peeled and chopped fine. Mix well over the fire and moisten the whole with sweet cider. After the meat has cooked until the apples and raisins have become tender, add one-half pint each of good brandy and of currant wine. Cook a few moments longer and test. More salt may be required, the amount needed depending upon the saltiness of the butter, and upon how much salt was used in cooking the meat. Some persons regard the addition of a little rose water an improvement.

The foregoing is not an especially economical recipe. One may lessen the cost considerably by substituting chopped suet for the butter, in which case care must be taken to serve the pies piping hot or the suet will produce an impression which is unpleasantly suggestive of tallow. The liquor from pickled peaches and other well flavored preserves may also take the place of a portion of the cider and liquor.

THANKSGIVING DINNER

Forefathers' soup
 Roast turkey with oyster stuffing
 Cranberry sauce. Celery
 Mashed potatoes. Browned sweet potatoes
 Hubbard squash. Creamed onions
 Chicken pasty
 Mince pie. Pumpkin pie
 Continental pudding
 Nuts and raisins
 Coffee. Cider

Forefathers' Soup

To a quart of good beef stock add a can of tomatoes and stew gently until soft enough to strain. When strained add a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of sugar, a saltspoonful of pepper, and a tablespoonful of rice. Simmer slowly until the rice is tender.

Roast Turkey with Oyster Stuffing

If the turkey has not been carefully dressed before sending to the market, have this attended to as soon as possible, lest the flavor of the meat become impaired. Be careful to remove the oil bag and to dry the fowl before singeing. Season the meat on the inside and rub well with soft butter. Prepare a stuffing of grated bread crumbs highly seasoned with pep-

per, salt, and a very little sage. Mix with it half a cup of melted butter and enough cold milk to make the stuffing quite moist. Just before stuffing the turkey stir into this dressing a generous cupful of oysters from which all the liquor has been drained. More oysters may be used if liked, but this amount is sufficient to flavor the stuffing nicely. Stuff the fowl till quite plump and full, and sew securely. Season the surface with salt and pepper, and place the fowl on a rack in the dripping pan. Scatter salt, pepper, and flour over the bottom of the pan, and place in a hot oven. When the flour in the pan has begun to brown, add a pint of water and a little melted butter and baste the turkey frequently, reducing the heat, if the fowl be a large one, lest it brown too rapidly. The time required for roasting will vary with the age and size of the fowl. A good turkey weighing eight or nine pounds will require about three hours. The giblets should be boiled till tender, minced fine, and added to the gravy. Allow at least four hours for cooking them.

Cranberry Sauce

Take equal measure of berries and sugar. To a quart of berries allow nearly a pint of boiling water. Cook the berries slowly till tender, then stir in the sugar and cook a few moments longer. Prepared in this manner the berries retain their bright color.

Browned Sweet Potatoes

Boil the potatoes in well-salted water and remove the skins. Place them on a dripping pan and pour over them a little melted butter. Dredge with salt, pepper, and a very little sugar. Place them in the oven and baste occasionally with melted butter until they are delicately browned. Avoid boiling the potatoes too long, lest with this additional cooking they become broken and unsightly in appearance.

Baked Hubbard Squash

Split the squash and remove its seeds. Bake until very tender, then dig out the soft part, mash till quite free from lumps and season with salt, pepper, and melted butter. Beat until light and smooth. If the squash be very dry the addition of a little sweet cream will improve it.

Creamed Onions

Select rather small onions of uniform size and pour boiling water over them to remove the skins. Cook very slowly in boiling salted water, changing the water at least three times. When very tender, but before they begin to break, drain off the water and add sufficient sweet cream or rich milk to cover them. Stew gently a few moments longer, then season with salt, pepper, and butter. If cream is used for the gravy very little butter will be needed. Let them boil only a few moments after the seasoning is added lest the cream curdle.

Chicken Pasty

Joint two chickens and cook very slowly in boiling salted water till tender, being careful that the meat does not separate from the bones. Use only enough water to cover the chickens,

that the gravy may be rich and well flavored. Strain the broth and add to it a cup of sweet cream. Melt a tablespoonful of butter and cook with it a generous tablespoonful of flour. Pour the hot broth slowly upon this mixture and stir till smooth. It should be of the consistency of thick cream. If there is a good deal of broth a little more flour will be required. With one quart of sifted flour mix an even teaspoonful of salt, one even teaspoonful of soda, and two well-rounded teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Sift these ingredients together, then rub into them a half-cup of sweet butter. When all the lumps have disappeared stir in sufficient sweet milk to make a soft dough. It should be of a spongy consistency. Take out part of it on to a well-floured board, sift a little flour over the top and roll into shape. Line the sides of an earthen baking dish with this crust and heap the chicken in the center, removing all large bones and rejecting the necks and backs, which may be utilized later in other ways. Pour over the chicken sufficient gravy to cover. With a silver knife mince fine enough celery to make two generous tablespoonfuls. Scatter this over the top, then add a layer of oysters. Season these with salt and pepper, dredge with flour and dot with small bits of butter. Now roll out more of the crust for the top, making several incisions near the center to allow the steam to escape. Moisten the upper edges of the side crust before laying on the top. This will prevent the gravy from running over. Take pains also to have the upper crust rather large, pushing the fullness toward the center. There should be considerable gravy left over from the pasty. Just before serving, add a few oysters to it, and just bring to a boil. Pass in a gravy dish with the pasty. About an hour will be required to bake the pasty.

Pumpkin Pie

Stew the pumpkin till very tender then squeeze through a vegetable press or potato ricer. To one cup of this pulp allow one cup of hot milk, half a cup of sugar, a saltspoonful each of ginger and cinnamon, a third of a teaspoonful of vanilla, half a teaspoonful of salt and one egg slightly beaten. The pumpkin should be dry and mealy—not watery. If moist two eggs will be required. It is well to mix ginger and cinnamon with the pulp before adding other ingredients. Line a pie plate with good crust, make a rim about the sides and pour in the mixture. Strips of crust may be laid across the top in the old-time fashion if desired, but the pie is really better without them. In baking any pie, be sure that the oven is hot enough at the bottom, otherwise the crust may be soggy, tough, or underdone.

Continental Pudding

Prepare a pint of fruit such as dates, raisins, candied pineapple and citron, and add a few broken hickory nut meats. Seed the raisins and tear in two, stone the dates and cut each in several pieces, and shred the other fruit quite fine. With this fruit mix a tablespoonful of sherry wine and a teaspoonful of Jamaica rum. Cover closely and let it stand several hours.

Make a custard with one pint of new milk, one and one-half cups of sugar mixed with two dessertspoonfuls of flour, and two well-beaten eggs. Cook the custard till well thickened and till the taste of the flour has entirely disappeared. When cold add two tablespoonfuls of sherry and one of vanilla. Freeze like ice cream, and when it has reached the consistency of mush stir in the prepared fruit and freeze till solid. Remove the dasher and pack down closely. Draw off the water from the freezer, add more ice and salt, and let the pudding stand two or three hours before serving. Dip the can into hot water an instant and the pudding will slip out easily.

The breakfast and luncheon menus which follow are planned for the day succeeding Thanksgiving, and contain suggestions for utilizing the remains of the feast.

BREAKFAST

Baked pears
Ragout of turkey
Baked potatoes
Graham muffins
Coffee

LUNCHEON

Pot pourri
Cold meat
Creamed celery. Potato croquettes
Turkey salad
Creamy rice pudding

Baked Pears

Use the winter pears and parboil until they begin to be tender. Then place them in a tin baking pan, sprinkle generously with sugar and pour over them some of the water in which they were cooked. Baste frequently until very tender, then remove to the dish in which they are to be served. Cook down the juice in the pan, adding more sugar if necessary, until it becomes a rich sirup. Pour over the pears, and serve them with cream and sugar.

Slice the turkey that remains from yesterday's dinner, placing the bones and more undesirable bits at one side for the *pot pourri*, the choicer bits of white meat for the salad, and the remainder with the stuffing for the *ragout*.

Ragout of Turkey

Mix with the gravy left from the turkey enough warm water to make nearly a pint in all. Break into it bits of the dressing--a good tablespoonful should suffice--and stew together for a few moments. Now add a teaspoonful of currant jelly, a few drops of Worcestershire sauce, a grate of onion, and salt and pepper to taste. When this boils, stir in the turkey

which has been cut in small pieces. Have ready several slices of toasted bread. Butter and cut them in halves, then turn the ragout over them and serve at once.

Graham Muffins

One cup each of wheat and graham flour, two even teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one egg, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, and one cup of sweet milk. Mix together the dry ingredients. Beat the egg, add the milk and molasses, then beat in the flour. Beat hard for a moment then bake in rather a hot oven for half an hour. Have the muffin tins well greased and heated hot.

Pot Pourri

Crack the turkey bones and those left from the chicken pasty, add the chicken necks and backs and more undesirable portions of the turkey, cover with cold water and stew slowly three or four hours. Break enough spaghetti into inch lengths to make half a cupful. Cook till tender in boiling salted water, then drain and add to the strained broth. Cut celery into fine bits, enough to make two tablespoonfuls, and add this together with a teaspoonful of finely minced onion to the soup. Cook till the celery and onion are tender. Season with salt and pepper and serve with heated crackers.

Creamed Celery

After the best portions of the celery have been used at table, there remain the outer, less attractive stalks, which may be used for the soup and for creamed celery. Scrape and cut the stalks into half-inch lengths. Cook in salted water till tender. Let the water boil away at the last. If any remains drain it off and mix the celery with a thin white sauce. Recipes for the sauce have already been given in these columns.

Potato Croquettes

If there are any cold mashed potatoes left from yesterday's dinner they may be made into croquettes. Otherwise boil several potatoes for them. If the cold potato is to be used, first reheat it with a very little milk, remove from the fire and add to a cup of potato the beaten yolk of one egg, a little cayenne, celery salt, and a grate or two of nutmeg. Beat well, form into balls, roll in crumbs, then in beaten egg, and again in crumbs, then fry a fine brown in deep, boiling lard. Arrange these on the platter, with the cold meat and some sprigs of parsley.

Turkey Salad

Mix together equal parts of diced celery and the white meat of the turkey. A few blanched almonds cut in small bits will add much to the salad. Dress with a French dressing and let it stand until serving time, then pour over the top some mayonnaise dressing. This is much less expensive than to dress the entire salad with mayonnaise and will be found to be very nice for ordinary occasions.

Creamy Rice Pudding

To a quart of new milk add two tablespoonfuls of well washed rice. Put into a pudding

dish and set in a very slow oven. Cook several hours, stirring frequently. Should it begin to brown on top place a cover over the pudding. When the rice has cooked to pieces and the whole is like thick cream, add a half-cup of seeded raisins, a pinch of cinnamon, a salt-spoonful of salt and sugar to taste. Mix well and bake, uncovered, until the top has browned. Serve cold with cream and sugar. This simple pudding is both wholesome and delicious, and makes an especially good dessert for the little people of the household.

Cranberries and Chestnuts

BY L. M. ANNABLE

FOR autumn and winter use the cranberry is the most wholesome of fruits, possessing medicinal qualities of rare value. In cooking cranberries always use an earthen or porcelain dish. If cooked in tin, iron, or brass the acid of the fruit will dissolve some of the metal.

Cranberry Sauce

Look over and wash one quart of berries, carefully removing all stems and defective fruit. Cook until tender in a closely-covered dish with one-half pint of water. When nearly done add a pint of white sugar, let boil five minutes and set in a cool place to harden.

Cranberry Pie

Take a heaping cup of cranberries cut in halves and place in a dish. Add one cup of sugar, one-fourth cup of flour, and one-half cup of water. Mix well together and fill the crust. Dot with small pieces of butter, put on an upper crust, and bake in a quick oven.

Cranberry Roll

Roll out rich biscuit crust, one-fourth inch in thickness, spread with stewed cranberries, roll the edges together and press them well. Sew a floured cloth around and boil for two hours. Serve with cream and sugar or any good sauce.

Cranberry Blancmange

To one quart of berries, add one pint of water and one pound of sugar. Cook until nearly tender, then thicken with cornstarch rubbed smooth in a little water. Boil ten minutes and turn into a mold to cool. Serve with whipped cream or cream and sugar.

Cranberry Shortcake

Make a crust of one quart of flour, one-fourth cup of butter, and two tablespoonfuls of baking powder; bake in cakes. Split open with a hot knife and butter, as soon as they are taken from the oven. Fill with well-sweetened cooked cranberries, and serve with cream and sugar or sauce.

Boiled Chestnuts

Boil in salted water until soft, drain and remove the skin, which will come off easily. Then drop them in a well-buttered pan and stew until they are slightly browned.

Chestnut Stuffing, No. 1

Roast, peel, and pound the chestnuts, add sweet basil, parsley, thyme, pepper, salt, and a little grated nutmeg. Just before using work in a lump of butter.

Chestnut Stuffing, No. 2

Brown a chopped onion in butter, peel and crush some boiled chestnuts, place both in a hot, buttered saucepan, let simmer fifteen minutes and season with salt and pepper.

Chestnut Soup

Peel and scrape the chestnuts, boil in salted water until soft, drain and rub through a sieve. Put into a saucepan with a piece of butter and chopped onion, add hot water and serve.

Choice Cocoanut Recipes

BY AMELIA SULZBACHER

Cocoanut Stars

Grate a good, sweet cocoanut, weigh out a half-pound and place in a dripping pan in a slow oven to dry. Watch closely, stir often, take care the nut does not get brown, and remove as soon as dry. Whip the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth; stir in gently half a pound of xxx sugar, which has been sifted twice; flavor with vanilla; take out a third of a cup of the mixture; to the remainder add the dried cocoanut and mix to a smooth, rather stiff paste. Break off in small pieces; roll out to about a fourth of an inch in thickness, and use a mixture of flour and granulated sugar, half of each, with which to dust the board. Cut with a small star cake cutter, put a tiny bit of the reserved mixture in the center of each, place on pans oiled just enough to prevent sticking, allow plenty of room for spreading, and bake in a very moderate oven. These cakes are exceptionally rich and beautiful.

Cocoanut Flakes

Beat to a cream half a cup of butter and a cup of sugar, add two eggs, half a teaspoonful of vanilla, a cup of freshly grated cocoanut, and two cups of flour, to which has been added two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Add, if necessary, more flour, to make a dough stiff enough to roll. Roll out thin and cut with any preferred cake cutter. Beat an egg with a tablespoonful of milk, brush with this the tops of the cakes, and sprinkle with a mixture of grated cocoanut and granulated sugar. Bake in a quick oven, allowing plenty of room for spreading.



AT THE SIGN OF THE "GOLDEN PILLS": PAWNBROKING MYSTERIES.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED BARNARD.



HOW few of those who talk glibly of "my uncle" and "popping" things "up the spout" understand the significance of their slang. In olden days pawnbrokers used to send the goods left with them to the store-room by means of a hook. "Uncle" is simply a pun on the Latin word *uncus*. Hooks were superseded by spouts or pipes, which are in use to this day. Another explanation of the word "uncle," as applied to a pawnbroker, is that he was generally resorted to by spendthrifts, who, in old stories or plays, always had a rich avaricious uncle. However this may be—and where etymologists differ, who shall decide?—I determined to pawn my watch for the sake of enlightening readers of this MAGAZINE. Hundreds had done so before, but that did not re-assure me. I waited until evening set in, and under cover of darkness, slunk into the shop of one of the best-known pawnbrokers in London.

It is told of the proprietor of these premises that he was one night awakened by a furious knocking at his front door. At last he put his head out of window.

"What is the time?" bawled the disturber, who had dined not wisely but too well.

"Why do you ask me?" replied the angry pawnbroker. "How dare you make such a noise?"

"Oh, come, I say!" his tormentor retorted; "didn't I leave my watch with you this afternoon?"

I hurried into a large room divided by a long counter. On the outside of this counter were ranged a number of little sentry-boxes, or cubby-houses, so built that none of the occupants could see his neighbours. I entered one of these, and its door slammed to behind me. A shop assistant came at once to attend to me. I detached my watch—a gold one—from its chain, and asked—

"What will you give me on this?"

"What do you want?" he said, much to my dissatisfaction; for this was my first experience of pawning, and I felt most unaccountably foolish, considering that poverty is no crime.

"I don't know," I replied. "I would rather you say. What are you prepared to give?"

The shopman had no mercy on my "greenness," and merely said—

"I don't know how much you are wanting. I can't tell that."

"Three pounds?" I ventured.

"Yes; you can have three pounds, or four, if you like."

"Then I'll have four pounds, please."

By this time the man had carefully examined the watch. He recorded its number as shown on the dial, and, producing an oblong card perforated in the middle, demanded a penny for the ticket.

"What name, sir?" he asked; adding, "And what address shall I say?" as if he expected any bogus address to be given him. Having gained the information, he wrote it on the two halves of the card, and gave me one. On it was printed—

No. 365. JOHN SMITH & Co.,
East-West Street, S.W.
FEB. 29, 1894.

Gold K. Watch,
No. 0000.
£4-0-0.

Mr. V. Hardup,
Hampstead Heath, N.W.

The back was covered with the conditions of the transaction, which, for the benefit of the uninitiated, I transcribe—

35 & 36 Vict., ch. 93.

FOR LOAN OF ABOVE FORTY SHILLINGS, NOT BEING BY "SPECIAL CONTRACT."

THE PAWNBROKER IS ENTITLED TO CHARGE FOR THIS TICKET—ONE PENNY. For PROFIT on each Two Shillings and Sixpence or part of Two Shillings and Sixpence lent on this Pledge, for every calendar month or part of a calendar month, ONE HALFPENNY.



QUITE A REGULAR CUSTOMER.

If this Pledge is not redeemed within twelve calendar months and seven days from the day of pledging, it may be sold by auction by the Pawnbroker ; but it may be redeemed at any time before the day of sale. Within three years after sale the Pawner may inspect the account of



NO FALSE MODESTY IN THIS CASE.

the sale in the Pawnbroker's books on payment of ONE PENNY, and receive any surplus produced by the sale. But deficit on sale of one pledge may be set off by the Pawnbroker against surplus on another. If the Pledge is destroyed or damaged by fire, the Pawnbroker will be bound to pay the value of the Pledge, after deducting the amount of the loan and profit ; such value to be the amount of the loan and profit, and twenty-five per cent. on the amount of the loan.

If this ticket is lost or mislaid, the Pawner should at once apply to the Pawnbroker for a Form of Declaration to be made before a Magistrate, or the Pawnbroker will be bound to deliver the Pledge to any person who produces this ticket to him and claims to redeem the same.

Very few people know that they can claim the surplus on the sale ; and subsequent inquiries that I made show that scarcely one in a hundred avails himself of the privilege. In a few days' time I redeemed my watch, and paid one shilling and fourpence interest. The pawnbroker vouchsafed the information that I could at any time have a larger sum—three or four pounds more—on the watch, which he obligingly wound up and set right for me. Had he been my bank clerk, he could not have been more polite.

So ended my personal experience of pawning ; but feeling an interest in the subject, I made extensive inquiries in the very poor parts of the metropolis. The smaller pawnbrokers' shops are like ordinary shops, and you have to do your business in view of the world and his wife.

A medical friend of mine once wanted to pawn his microscope, which was of no use to him, and he thoughtlessly went to his "uncle" on a Monday. The shop was crowded with women pawning their husbands' Sunday clothes, and they greeted the student with cries of "Look at 'e!" which so disconcerted him that he ran out of the place.

In the poor districts the articles pawned are seldom of much value. If less than £2 is obtained on the goods, the pawn-ticket costs only a halfpenny ; but the interest per month is five, instead of four, pence in the pound. If the article is pawned for over ten shillings and is unredeemed, it must be sold by

auction ; if for under that sum, it becomes eventually the absolute property of the pawnbroker.

Should the loan be for over £10, the Act does not apply. A "special contract" is then made, and the borrower generally undertakes to either redeem the valuables before three months have passed, or, in default, to let the pawnbroker there and then keep them.

But what is to be done if the pawn-ticket is lost ? The customer must go at once to the pawnbroker, who will promise not to deliver the pledge to anyone for two days, and will sell a form for the declaration, which has to be made before a magistrate. The form, which I will fill in as though I had lost the ticket for my watch, is as follows—

MIDDLESEX (To Wit).

DECLARATION WHERE PAWN-TICKET WAS LOST, ETC.

TAKE NOTICE if this declaration is false, the person making it is punishable as for perjury. Unless this printed form is taken before a Magistrate and declared to and signed and delivered back to the Pawnbroker not later than the — day of —, the article mentioned in it will be delivered to any person producing the pawn-ticket.

COPY OF ENTRIES ON PAWN-TICKET.

Pawned with John Smith & Co., East-West Street, S.W., A Gold Watch, No. 0000, this 29th day of February, 1894, by V. Hardup, of Hampstead Heath, N.W., for the sum of £4.

I, *Very Hardup*, of *Hampstead Heath, N.W.*, in pursuance of the Pawnbrokers' Act, 1872, do solemnly and sincerely Declare that I pledged at the shop of John Smith & Co., East-West Street, S.W., the article as described in the margin, being *my* property, and received a pawn-ticket for the same, which has since been *lost* by *me*, and that the pawn-ticket has not been sold or transferred to any person by *me* or to *my* knowledge or belief.

Very Hardup { Signature of Declarant.

And I, *William Brown*, of *Wimbledon Common*, in pursuance of the same Act, do solemnly and sincerely Declare that I know the person now making the foregoing declaration to be *V. Hardup*, of *Hampstead Heath*,

William Brown { Signature of Witness to identity of Declarant.

Declared before me, one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of Middlesex, this — day of — 1894. } *Thomas Lucy*.



"CAN'T YOU GIVE MORE ON THAT?"



A MERMAID UP THE SPOUT.

When this form is presented to the pawnbroker, he supplies a duplicate ticket, and the careless loser engages to make a declaration of the fact on another form (which the broker sells), and indemnifies the pawnbroker for all claims made in respect of the property pledged. Considerable profit is made on the sale of tickets, declaration and affirmation forms, etc.

Pawnbrokers do not send more than they can help to auctions, for such sales are proverbially unsatisfactory; and they stand to lose on the transaction. They generally enter into an agreement with some dealer to take all their goods at so much per cent. more than they have advanced; and it may be taken for granted that pawnbrokers seldom advance more than a quarter or a third of the real value of the articles left with them.

A large number of the labouring classes are in the habit of patronising the pawnshops every week. The wife, for example, pawns her husband's Sunday coat for five shillings. On the following Saturday she redeems the property. The pawnbroker receives his five shillings back, plus three-halfpence interest; having already received a halfpenny for the ticket, which costs him practically nothing. The weekly pawners are not so much drunken, dissolute people as respectable but thriftless folk. All the wages are spent by them as soon as received. The wife remembers that she must buy something else, and so the coat is "popped" up the spout.

An amusing story is told of a northern country town where strikes had caused much depression. The pawnbroker's shop was burnt out on Saturday; and it was noticed that very few of the labouring men, who were regular attendants at Divine service, worshipped in public on the following day; while the local preacher, generally dressed in irreproachable broad-cloth, mounted his pulpit in his week-day working clothes. The inference is obvious.

The stories of poor people paying in interest a hundredfold more than the value of the goods pawned are somewhat exaggerated. Let us imagine that A pawns her husband's coat fifty-two times in the course of the year at five shillings a time. She will pay for the use of the borrowed money during the twelve months six shillings and sixpence, and two shillings and twopence for the pawn-tickets—eight shillings and eightpence in all: or not half the value of the coat. The pawnbroker, on the other hand, has to have five shillings ready every week, to purchase printed pawn-tickets, etc.; to pay rent and wages to assistants to keep accounts, and to preserve the articles pawned in good condition. If small loans such as these were all his revenue, the pawnbroker could not become a very rich man, unless he had an enormous business. But "uncle's" resources are not so easily exhausted.

I have already pointed out that pawners seldom take the surplus on the sales of their pledges. Pawn-

brokers also enjoy ordinary traders' profits on the goods they sell to the public, and this brings me to the "weekly payment system." Supposing that I want to buy a chain hanging beneath the "gilded pills." It is marked £2. I have not that money at my disposal, but pay the pawnbroker a five shillings deposit. I get a receipt, and on the form is printed: "Payments must be made weekly, or the deposits forfeited at the expiration of four weeks." I pay a second sum of five shillings in the following week, but then am unable to raise any more money. The pawnbroker eventually pockets the ten shillings which I have already paid him, and I have not the slightest claim on the chain that took my fancy.

Pawnbrokers, as one veteran said to me, are unlucky, inasmuch that they only come before the general public in connection with police-court cases. Their ordinary business, from its very nature, is conducted in secret. But every now and again they appear as receivers of stolen goods, although innocently. Only inexperienced pilferers take the property

which they have stolen to pawnshops; and as often as not the broker detains them while he communicates with the police on the sly. It is not the pawnbroker's province to inquire as to how would-be pledgers have obtained the articles on which they wish to raise money; nor is it possible for him to find out. No doubt the ease with which money can be obtained by pawning tempts servant-girls and other foolish persons to be dishonest; but the use that "my uncle" is to thousands of honest folk in dire straits more than counterbalances the opportunity he unwittingly gives for evil-doing. And the followers of the Lombard trade are, if one may generalise, as honest as any other tradespeople. A Parliamentary return recently issued shows that in Ireland during ten years there were only two prosecutions, and one of these failed, for offences connected with the sale of forfeited pledges.

One final word is necessary as to the three balls. These balls are in reality the golden pills that were the sign of the Medici family. AREMEL.



THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE HOMESTEAD.

LIFE IN A NEW ZEALAND HOMESTEAD.



ACROSS A SHINGLE ALP.

Alps, where the scenery is wild and beautiful. The first impression on reaching the cosy little one-storeyed

THE general plan of most homesteads on large runs, and the ordinary occupations of their owners, are so similar, that a description of one will give a fair notion of the many hundreds scattered throughout the country. The homestead furnishing our illustrations lies some hundred miles north-west of Christchurch, in the South Island, among the New Zealand

house is of peace, and a conviction that the world is left behind. And this is a feeling not readily disturbed; for perhaps, if the family is small, there will only be some dozen souls on a run of a hundred thousand acres, with no news but that brought by a weekly mail, the latter involving a ride of forty miles.

It is not then wonderful that life remains pure and simple, and that one actually does escape from many of the worries of the outer world.

To assert that the domestic life of a New Zealand sheep farmer and his household in the backwoods has in it little of hardship or discomfort will, perhaps, astonish the generality of English people. But such is the fact. The rooms of the house are spacious and cheerful, with a wide verandah outside, covered with creepers, honeysuckle, and roses. By the way, the rose-trees in this part of the world grow so high that at Christmas, when the sitting-room is decorated with

Maréchal Niels, they are inaccessible without a ladder's help.

Though the life is principally an outdoor one, even in winter, every comfort is found within : from Liberty cushions and a Broadwood to fine glass and damask. The mistress and her neighbours vie with each other in making their homes pretty and picturesque. Outside, the sheds and stables are rude and rough, but indoors comfort reigns

supreme. Much thought is spent on the fare, and great efforts made to disguise the inevitable mutton, which is, of course, the *pièce de résistance*. The menus are, however, varied now and again by gifts from neighbours—so called, though the nearest is twenty miles away—and the sportsmen who bring in wild cattle, pigs, turkeys, hares, and all sorts of water-fowl. Still, the housekeeper can place no dependence on these, and her brain is exercised in veiling the monotony of the fare ; and very wonderfully successful, as a rule, are her efforts. Home-cured hams, bacon, eggs, and cakes are the staple dishes, and supplemented by an overflowing dairy and kitchen garden, it is surprising how much can be done with simple materials. Bread is baked at home, of course, unless one wishes to send seventy miles for it.

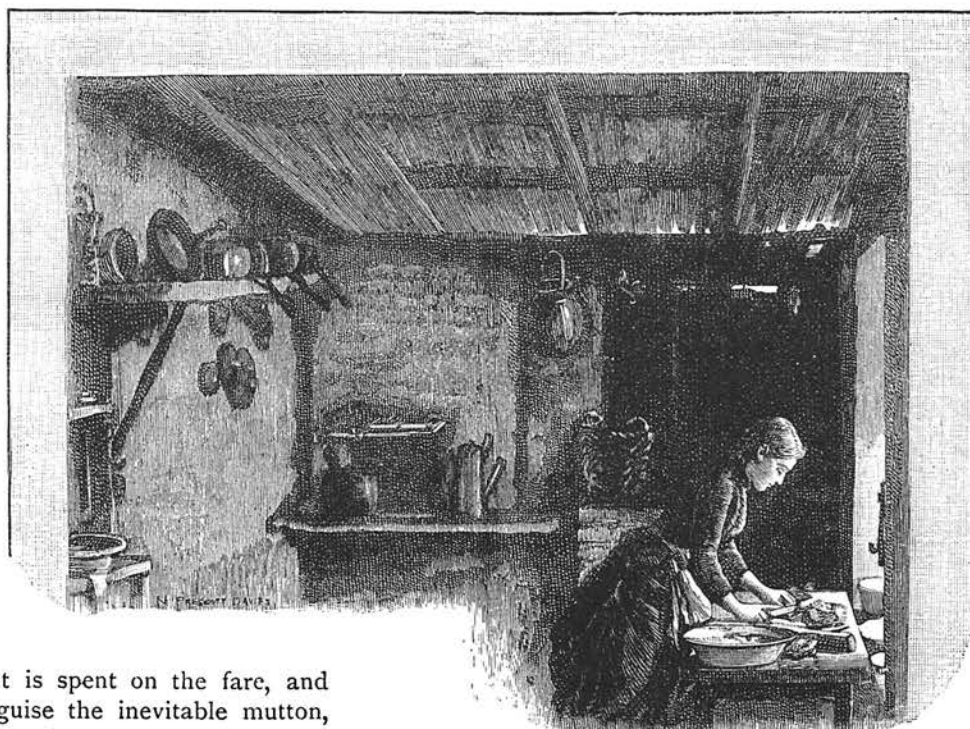
The hours are only comfortably early at the station, unless there is extra work to be done. Generally, however, one is up betimes ; for early morning is glorious among the New Zealand mountains : clear and fresh, with an exhilarating atmosphere, and a crisp feeling even in midsummer. It is a pleasure, moreover, which will bear frequent repetition, to watch the sky slowly brighten behind the dark mountains, with long, crimson rays stretching far into the intense blue, until at last the grand old sun bursts forth in full power.

The breakfast-table is always laden with fruit, which has to be freshly gathered, the butter put in the snow stream to cool, and many other duties attended to.

The poultry are cared for by the mistress ; and great is the cackling and fluttering at the first sound of her footstep. As a rule the egg returns are good, and broods flourish, except when the playful raids of collie pups result in wholesale massacre.

Fruit-picking and jam-making are very important items of the summer, hundreds of pounds being made for consumption during the long winter months.

Meanwhile, the gentlemen are engaged in the usual work of a farm ; the early summer being more ex-



AN UP-COUNTRY KITCHEN.—A MUTTON PIE.

clusively devoted to the sheep, when the mustering, drafting, shearing, washing, and branding of lambs have to be done. Shearing is by far the hardest work, for all hands turn out at 5 a.m., and get through their twelve hours' shift. The master is the first to stir, and usually rouses the twenty or thirty shearers, who sleep in the men's "wharé"; in fact, the boss, if he is really hard-working, has few idle moments to fill up.

In the evening, when work is done, the gentlemen repair to the river-bed for a bath in a deep pool sheltered by a cliff, and fed by a tiny ever-flowing stream, cool and clear as crystal, with a marvellously invigorating power.

The rivers are very treacherous, and so rapid and wide that a ferry or home-made bridge is out of the question. Astonishing are the escapes when fording on horseback or dog-cart, for the water often washes round the waist of the rider and into the carriage. There are few casualties however, and these occur from ignorance or lack of presence of mind. Rain and snow on the surrounding mountains always cause the rivers to swell suddenly, so that in a couple of hours what was a grey, flat, shingly river-bed, with its three or four shallow streams, becomes a rushing flood a mile wide, whirling indiscriminately down its course trees, cattle, and sheep at an awful speed. At such times, and for days after, the river is utterly impassable, and woe betide the unlucky traveller caught on the wrong side ! for there he will have to remain until the river subsides. Very exciting are the sudden gallops and hurried departures occasioned by the news that "the river is coming down."

After five o'clock tea, which is taken in the verandah, on the tennis-court, or in the fields when haymaking

and harvest are in full swing, all real work is over for the day, and amusements take their turn. Tennis, reading, needlework, and chit-chat are the rule. Everyone makes a change in dress for dinner, and the evenings slip away quickly under the soothing influences of pipe and music, moonlight and yarns.

Occasionally the quiet of the homestead is broken by a shrill "K—E—A! K—E—A!" from overhead. It is the cry of the gaily coloured hawk-like parrot so destructive to the flocks, and whose note acts on the shepherds like a red rag on a bull. There is a hurrying for guns by any who chance to be about, and a few cleverly imitated calls bring the stupid birds within shot.

The pleasures of a station life are innumerable, especially to those with a fair amount of good health, and a determination to enjoy everything. Horse exercise is the chief feature: long rides, rough and tiring perhaps, but always interesting, and possibly, if you happen to ride a half-broken colt, exciting enough; impromptu races over soft sweeping downs; running in wild horses is good fun, in which the ladies often take part; picnics in the beautiful bush; or tennis tournaments, to which neighbours flock from far and wide. Expeditions, in the form of riding and driving tours to other parts of the island, are some of the amusements; while the monotony of up-country life may be relieved at intervals by trips to Christchurch, for a spell of town gaieties.

In the backwoods, as all the world over, pleasure and sorrow sometimes elbow each other in strange mingling. One day, a merry party from the homestead, riding to a distant part of the bush, drew into a clearing where a young bushman had settled with his wife. Here the pathetic sight which met the riders

hushed their jokes and laughter, subduing them with the presence of a great grief. Bush-robins warbled round, the mocky-mock trilled his sweet soft notes, and the flashing wings of brilliant parakeets lit the clearing. But the sturdy bushman would hear their songs no more. To him, and to the happiness of this quiet bush home, death had come—sudden and awful, dealt by some falling tree or bough.

Pitiful enough to the intruders seemed the young widow, bowed over the stump of a tree felled by the hand that was stilled; his axe lying idly by, and his dog, unheeded, offering the mute comfort of a shared sorrow.

Silently the riders turned back, leaving one of their companions to give the sympathy and the help so needed.

Something must be said of this bush—that marvellous place which defies description. For no words could make anyone who had not seen it understand the imposing grandeur of the immense trees, hundreds of feet high, with creepers falling from their very summits in masses of green and polished twining "supple-jacks," or thorny "lawyer;" the sunshine flickering here and there, lighting up some grand old trunk of hoary growth; or a laughing, sparkling cascade, coursing through giant ferns tall as a man. Often whilst resting in its shadows one hears mysterious voices and steps, which are but phantom sounds; and it is no uncommon thing, when riding through, to turn in the saddle and wait for the horseman, the hoofs of whose steed are plainly heard, but never seen. One dark night, when a storm was gathering, a ball of blue fire appeared to settle on the indignant horse's neck, and restlessly flew hither and thither, disappearing only on reaching the open. All firewood comes from the



"THE POULTRY ARE CARED FOR BY THE MISTRESS"

N. P. DAVES.

bush, and it is a thrilling moment when some monarch tree crashes down, carrying everything before it, to lie prostrate until fetched by the bullock-team and kindled into glowing life on the open hearth.

The team of ten bullocks is a curiosity in itself. The Herculean work these mild but mighty animals achieve is extraordinary, obeying word of mouth and crackings of the whip.

What country is without some slight inconveniences? Here the strong wind is troublesome in summer; so much so that walking is irksome, and its violence places umbrellas or big hats out of the question. In riding it is especially felt, for the sun is so hot and fierce, one really requires extra shelter for the head and neck; but the only thing possible for a lady to wear is the old-fashioned sun-bonnet, tied under the chin, and so easily kept in place. The sand-flies, too, are a pest, and particularly punish strangers. It is a minute fly, something like a midge, but its sting raises immense swellings, intensely irritable and not easily relieved.

Earthquakes are perhaps the most serious trouble. They are rather frequent, sometimes severe, and very alarming. Imagine awaking at midnight to find the wall cracking from roof to floor, everything tumbling about the room, the bed heaving and trembling, and a hideous underground roaring, which is heard perfectly distinct from the stage thunder of the iron roof. This is a reality beside which nightmares dwindle. In the morning, too, it is vexatious, among other misfortunes, to discover that all the milk has found its level on the dairy floor.

Sheep-dogs are important members of a homestead. Each "hand" has at least one or two, and the boss four or five. They are valuable items, more costly than ordinary horses, and all but human in sagacity. One dog was such a beauty, so perfect in points and

temper, that he was allowed the run of the house—a privilege permitted to no other doggie, but, alas! this produced ill-will towards the favourite, shown by many a snap and snarl. One day the envied one was missing, and search being made next morning, the poor dog was found literally bitten to death by his jealous companions.

Neighbours are few, and therefore valued, the distance from run to run being less hindrance to social intercourse than might be expected; for to the colonial a saddle is as easy as an arm-chair, and to ride twenty miles in the morning for a picnic or tennis tournament, returning the same road at night, is not thought out of the way. One lady well above sixty rode seventy miles to her station against a howling nor'-wester; and on her arrival made the beds and cooked the supper.

If a particular store falls short, or the garden fails in any commodity, friends always supply the deficiency. One morning a fine lake trout, weighing fifteen pounds, arrived in time for breakfast. It had been speared the night before, and sent twenty miles to be eaten fresh.

Hospitality is unbounded, irrespective of the guest's social standing. He is made equally at home in the drawing-room or kitchen, and the traveller is in no need of money. He and his horse may wend their way from homestead to homestead, always secure of a welcome, a meal, and a bed.

The round of a year or so is none too long to appreciate the characteristics of so genial a people, or the enjoyments offered by a life in the backwoods. And when the visitor takes his unwilling departure, he may be sure of carrying with him a hundred pleasant reminiscences, and health infinitely refreshed by mountain breezes.

LILY CARLON DAVIES.



WILD BIRDS IN LONDON.

ALL of us have read pathetic stories of Australian gold-diggers or Canadian backwoodsmen moved to tears by the song of some imprisoned skylark, which reminded them of their English birthplace. It is to be feared that tears would not be so easily drawn from such emigrants as are of London origin; for he that spends all his days in London, with the exception perhaps of a week or so about the month of August, may very likely never have heard a lark sing in his life, unless from a cage, to the accompaniment of cart and carriage wheels. There are, however, still many birds to be heard and seen about the parks and gardens of London; where, indeed, those which can find food in such places have, perhaps, a safer and more comfortable life than they can ever lead in the country. Man debarred from the use of nets or guns is not very dangerous to creatures possessed of wings, and he drives away such

four-footed enemies as stoats and weasels, while birds of prey, hawks and magpies, avoid his presence, even in towns where it would be harmless.

Yet only one small bird, the sparrow, has deliberately chosen London for a dwelling-place. The pigeons which flutter about Westminster Abbey and the British Museum cannot be considered wild birds, any more than the ducks on our ornamental waters. They receive much of their food at the hands of man, and are descended from ancestors which he imported into their present homes. The moorhens which feed freely on some London waters may possibly have found their own way there. They are not so tame in their behaviour as the ducks, with which it is to be feared that they are often confounded.

The sparrow really has come uninvited, and taken up his abode in London, resigning all innocent country pleasures for an adventurous, and not altogether honest, life in the streets. His sooty presence graces alike Seven Dials and Hyde Park Corner; indeed, there is no class of Londoner who is so much at home in every

part of London as he. He is the only one of us that dares enter the lion's den. Buns tempt him down into the bear-pit much more quickly than they tempt the bear up. It is perhaps the corrupting influence of a town life which has given to this bold bad little bird the evil qualities which transportation has made worse. In Australia the sparrow has gone forth like a bushranger, with the vices of the town upon him, into the country, where he steals grain on a colossal scale, and is established as a public nuisance.

There is no sound that we feel to be more rural than the cawing of rooks ; yet the rook has been established time out of mind in London. Tall trees are all he wants for a home, though they may stand in the noisy Marylebone Road, or even in the heart of London at Gray's Inn Garden. But though the rook never objects to the presence of men at the foot of his trees, it is strange that he should be willing to remain in London, where the streets afford him no food, and the parks, one would think, very little. It must be remembered that, attached as the rook is to his home, he often wanders very far afield in his daily round ; and as he can at any time easily overfly the few miles of houses which part even Gray's Inn from the open country, he can hardly be aware of the distinction which we feel between the life of the town and the country. A bird so wary as he, and so circumspect in his dealings with the human race, must well appreciate one great advantage which belongs to the London rookeries—that there is no rook-shooting possible there in the spring. In consequence of this advantage the numbers of the London rooks ought to increase very rapidly, and one would like to know how they settle who shall emigrate and who stay behind. The peaceful administration of rookeries has always been a wonder to men, who themselves find it hard to live in amity, even with the aid of laws.

The position of the jackdaw in London is a doubtful one. He is not uncommon, and may turn up any day in the gardens of any square ; still he can hardly be counted on anywhere, and seems scarcely at home in a place where he cannot lead the cheerful and social life so dear to the country jackdaw. Perhaps he regards himself as "buried" in town, as we say of people lost in a lonely part of the country. One may be certain that without plenty of society no jackdaw would stay in town all the year round. As much may be said of the starlings, which are constantly to be seen waddling upon the grass (for the starling, though not a large bird, does not usually condescend to hop), and which sometimes appear in large flocks, wheeling, settling, and arising about one or other of the parks in such numbers as to attract the attention and abortive missiles of youthful Londoners. Starlings are said to be much commoner in England than of old ; in autumn one may sometimes see them collected in numbers apparently sufficient to populate two or three counties. Fortunately there are always some at hand to enliven London ; for the starling is a cheerful bird, amusing in his gait, gestures, and noises : he whistles and gurgles and rattles continually in his throat, little suspecting that men do not count him among singing birds.

The thrush and the blackbird have not chosen London for their home ; they do but remain on the lands where their fathers lived, quite regardless of the changes in their neighbourhood. Barren of beauty as is a London spring-time, it has at least a full share of their music. Where worms and snails can live, there the thrush can thrive ; and he is the safer in London that snow never lies long on the ground there, and frosts are generally mild ; for a hard winter is fatal to many thrushes. The thrush is the boldest and most hopeful of singing birds, and will pipe loudly from a leafless tree in cold January ; therefore, it is the less surprising that he may sometimes be heard to sing even out of the darkness of a London smoke-fog. The blackbird is a lazier songster, though prodigal enough of his music in warm weather ; he is shyer than the thrush, and more solitary in his habits ; nor does he seem to be so common in London. Yet the numbers of the two kinds are so great, while hedges and bushes are so scarce, that one wonders where they, and indeed other London birds, can find room for their nests. One cannot easily investigate this question, owing to the vigilance of park-keepers and the extreme griminess of London bushes ; but the public portions of the parks certainly seem to offer very few places of concealment. The gardens and private enclosures, such as fringe the Regent's Park, are therefore a great blessing to all Londoners, as affording the birds a stronghold. It would be indeed a dull England which had lost the song of the thrush.

The popularity of the robin and the wren does not depend entirely on their singing ; but the former has a deliciously sweet, if somewhat melancholy strain, and the latter an astonishingly vigorous, though unpoetical song. Robins are common in park and square ; wrens are much rarer, as they are not happy except where there is plenty of cover—if one may suggest the idea of unhappiness in connection with Jenny Wren.

A short and feeble, but sweet and plaintive strain from the shelter of the bushes, proclaims the existence in London of a humbler song-bird, the little hedge-sparrow, which, with a coating of soot on his brown feathers, might almost be passed over as a house-sparrow, did not his song and his habit of creeping in and out of the bushes betray him. A strain almost as short as his, but far more fluent and loud and cheerful, is that of the chaffinch, that makes as merry music and as much of it as any bird in England. He is also one of the handsomest, and knows it. The chaffinch builds a beautiful nest, and must, I suppose, in London bring himself to use the soot-begrimed wool of the London sheep for that purpose. This, however, is his affair. As a very sociable bird he seems less well adapted to a London life than the greenfinch, which does not, however, appear to be nearly so common about town. But one may be sure in the spring to hear his husky half-querulous note.

Titmice, of at least two kinds, are to be seen in the parks—the little blue tom-tit and the great tit, or ox-eye, which has a cheerful see-sawing note, almost rising to the dignity of a song. Tits are bold birds, and will eat

almost anything, so that it is probable more kinds than these may inhabit London.

All these are birds which reside in England throughout the year, and some of them may never have left the park they were born in, and perhaps think that the inhabitable world is only a few acres wide. This is, however, unlikely, as most birds migrate more or less, sometimes unintentionally. Strong gales carry European field-birds even to the Azores in mid-Atlantic. But there come to London every year, as it were for the season, birds which we know to pass the winter beyond seas. Of these perhaps the commonest is the flycatcher, which may be seen any day in early summer making his short flights from

some low branch or iron railing. Being a bird of plain plumage, and given generally to silence, he attracts but little notice from Londoners, most of whom probably put him down, despite his long slender bill and spasmodic flights, for a sparrow. In the country

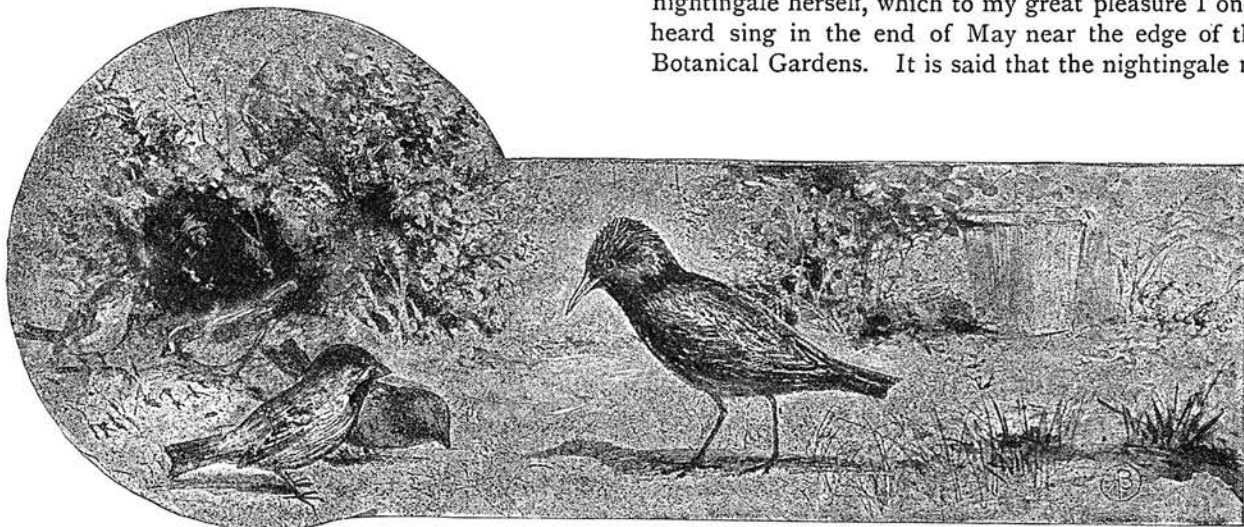
the flycatcher displays no sort of skill in the hiding of his nest, but seems to repose a just confidence in such human friends as may discover his secret. In London, where men lock their doors, it would not do

to be trustful; and he must exercise unusual care in finding a hiding-place. The return of spring is heralded, even to Londoners, by the sweet sad song of the willow-wren, and the jerky notes of the chiff-chaff, both of which small warblers, haunting as they do the tops of the trees, are able to find a home where the whitethroat does not seem to penetrate. They may be heard in London steadily from the time of their first arrival, and therefore undoubtedly breed there. This I do not think is the case with that most brilliant of



WILLOW-WREN AND CHIFF-CHAFF.

songsters, the blackcap, which I have nevertheless seen and heard two years running in the same place, but in neither year till quite late in the season. So shy a bird could hardly be at ease in London, and what brought him there at a time when migration was not going on it were hard to say. The same puzzle has presented itself in the case of a still greater singer, the nightingale herself, which to my great pleasure I once heard sing in the end of May near the edge of the Botanical Gardens. It is said that the nightingale no



SPARROWS AND STARLING.



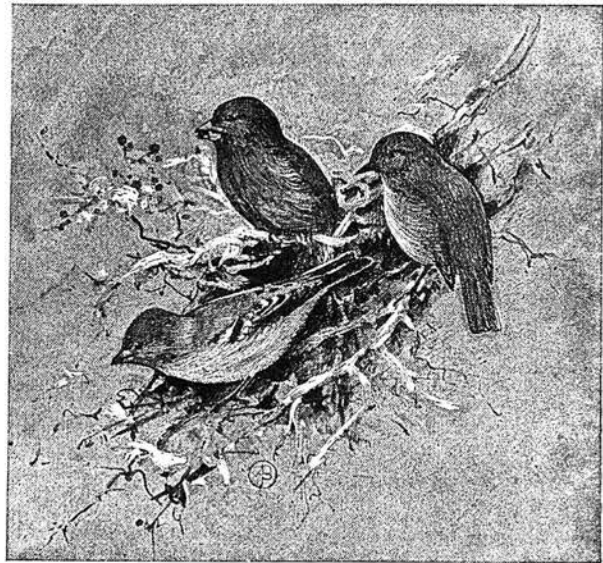
THRUSH, BLACKBIRD, AND BLUE TITMICE.

longer comes even to Hampstead and Highgate ; but I have heard her in Epping Forest, quite close to the outskirts of London.

No bird could seem more out of place in town than the cuckoo—a parasite that could find there few entertainers. Yet he comes sometimes. I have heard him calling in the grounds of Buckingham Palace ; and once in Kensington Gardens, at the end of July, a cuckoo flew over my head. It is his way to slip quietly over a hedge and out of sight when men approach him, and he seemed anxious on this occasion to attract no notice, in which he was surprisingly successful.

There are some birds which may be seen tolerably often in London, and yet can hardly be classed as even temporary residents. The swift is a great haunter of towns, but seems to draw the line at London. A flock may sometimes be seen gambolling and screaming over Regent's Park ; but as they do not settle even for a moment, and ten minutes of their lightning speed takes them far away into the country, it is impossible to claim as residents birds which come so literally on a flying visit. The same remark applies in a less degree to the swallows and martins, which are more abundant ; indeed they may be seen so constantly during the summer about Kensington Gardens, that it is possible some may breed in the neighbourhood. I have, however, never seen a martin's nest in London, and if Banquo's theory, that the "martlet's" presence is a sign of delicate air, be correct, it is probable that I never shall. About October, when the swallows depart, great numbers of them pass through town, and at this time they may be seen not only in the open places, but all over the City, even hawking up and down the dingy lengths of Oxford Street. The passers-by seem generally so unconscious of them, that I have almost fancied they may be invisible to a born Londoner. Other migratory birds occasionally halt awhile on their way through London ; thus I have noticed a solitary wheatear in the open plain of

Regent's Park, while on Hampstead Heath I have seen a ring-ouzel, generally an inhabitant of the lonely moors. Eccentricities of weather may drive birds into town. After the great gale and snowstorm of January, 1881, gulls were wheeling about the Victoria Tower, and a pair of wild ducks settled on an ice-floe that was drifting up to Westminster Bridge. Finally, London is not yet so big but that some strong-winged birds fly over it simply to get to the other side ; thus I have seen a pair of herons high up in the air, steering a south-easterly course over the brick wilderness with



CHAFFINCH, GREENFINCH, AND ROBIN.

the greatest apparent confidence. Such sights are the rare gift of fortune ; but every day London can show a tolerably long list of birds to any one who will be at the trouble to look and listen.

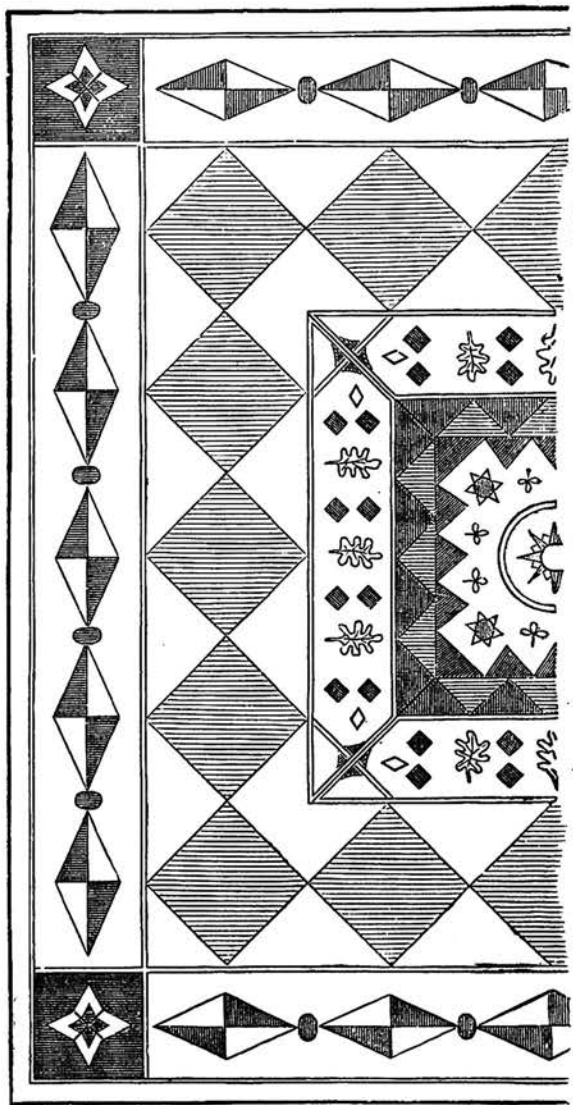


Fig. 1.

PATCHWORK.—I.

INTRODUCTION.

PATCHWORK is looked upon as an old-fashioned thing. But many old-fashioned things are being revived—some of them with benefit. Patchwork is one that should not be despised. Mere cotton patchwork may be made pretty to look at, and useful for the counterpanes for the inferior rooms of a house. Counterpanes are rather expensive articles, if good; and a nicely made patchwork cover looks better than a cheap counterpane. Patchwork quilts may also be given in charity. Patchwork made of pieces of silk and satin is handsome, especially if arranged with taste; and may be used for quilts, sofa and chair covers, cushions, and ottomans. Patchwork counterpanes, if nicely made, look exceedingly well. The pieces can generally be begged, but all good upholstery shops will sell, and even give, cuttings to good customers. Patchwork quilts allow of great exercise of taste. The most common is the diamond, each device kept by alternately light and dark stars, and the chess-board pattern; but there are many others. Some are simply made of squares or diamonds, joined without order. Counter-

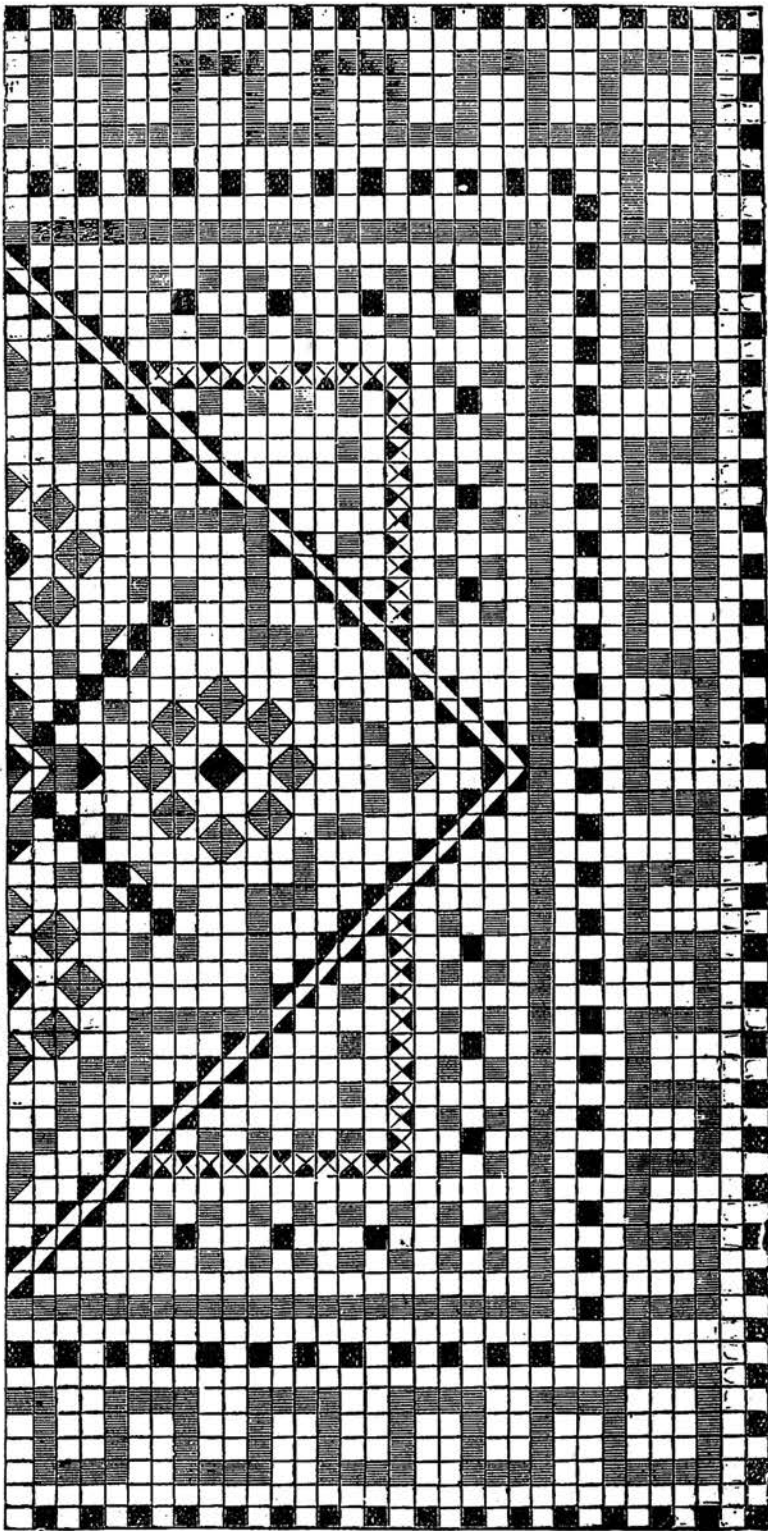


Fig. 2.

panes are often made by mixing a variety of these devices. The centre, perhaps, may be of stars; the intermediate portion and the border chiefly of diamonds, as in Fig. 1, or squares, as in Fig. 2.

ELEMENTARY.

Simple squares are the commonest kind of patchwork. Cut them two inches square each way. They are cut in card—any common visiting or trade cards will do—and covered with cotton or silk. All pieces are used and

joined by chance and without order; only silk and cotton are not mingled in the same article—it must be of one or the other only.

Counterpanes in Patchwork.—Fig. 2 is a design for a patchwork counterpane or table cover, which may be made of any mixed scraps; keeping the dark parts of the design dark, and the light ones, light. The ground is of light squares.

This would make a beautiful piece of fancy work, in purchased materials of silk or satin. The centre diamond, and the dark squares violet, the light gold colour; the diamond round it, dark patches of bright red, of a crimson shade; the light of azure. The straight lines each way, one violet, one the new intense green, reversed on the opposite side. The four stars, azure for the light, crimson the dark. The zigzag line, bright green. The border of half-squares, which comes next, violet. The alternate light squares at the corners, gold colour; the dark half-squares next them, crimson. The pattern-like clusters of light azure and the black one in centre dark crimson. A straight line round, also of green. Alter, make squares of violet. Greek border of azure. Alternate squares crimson. Ground, a friars' grey (a sort of pale neutral green); a French grey (lavender); azureline (a pale bluish tint); a stone colour, a cream colour or white. Wad, and line with silk. Quilt by running between all the joins. Add a rich upholstery cord all round, and tassels at the corners of gold-coloured silk.

Colours used :—Azure, bright green, violet, gold colour, crimson; the ground colours to choice.

Another disposal of colours :—All the dark patches a bright crimson red. Greek border, azure, and straight border of a light colour within the Greek one, Metternich green. Light part of the clusters of fine amber. Light-coloured alternate squares round the straight diamond border, Havannah. Zigzag border inside the diamond line, Metternich green. Four stars round light parts, azure. Centre diamond, blue, light parts, amber. Ground of friars' grey. Gold tassels, and lining bright crimson.

Colours used in working :—Bright light crimson, azure blue, Metternich green, golden amber, a very little Havannah, friars' grey.

If these are of satin, and the lining of sarcenet, the quilt will be splendid. Join the lining in breadths. Quilt with friars' grey tailors' twist.

It may be as well to explain that Metternich green is that rich, full, deep-coloured "candlelight green," almost of a verdigris shade, and metallic in hue. Havannah, a light brown, richer than a fawn. The worker can get the light shades at any first-rate Berlin wool depôt, and match them in satin. The green, however, can only be procured in silk, such as filoselle. Greens in wool are all dull.

Fig. 1 is a design for a different kind of patchwork quilt. It is a sort of applique work on stout coarse linen sheeting.

To make this, in the first place a piece of stout white linen, a yard square is taken. On the centre of this a patchwork star (see Fig. 1), is placed. A piece like a ring is cut from dark-coloured chintz and run on round this, leaving a few inches between the star and the ring. A border of three rows of triangular pieces is added. Between the ring and the border eight inches are left, filled in the corners with diamonds, and between with leaves. A border six inches square is covered with dark crosses at the corners and diamonds and leaves between; this is bordered by a piece of light-flowered chintz a foot wide, with dark-coloured diamonds a foot square. The next border is six inches wide, with diamonds and ovals attached to it; the ground light; the diamonds and ovals alternately of two or three colours. A border of striped chintz, with a fringe and cord all round, finishes this counterpane.

We shall return to this subject and give other designs in a forthcoming paper. The size of the patchwork articles we may of course leave to be decided by the require-

ments of the maker. The patterns given in one of our present examples (Fig. 2), may be very readily adjusted for any size by counting the squares and getting the same number into the space of the article the maker has in hand.



PATCHWORK.—II.

THE advantages of making patchwork, besides the useful purposes it is put to—and, indeed, to be reckoned before those purposes—are its moral effects. Leisure must either be filled up by expensive amusements, "mischief," or by listless idleness, unless some harmless useful occupation is substituted. Patchwork is, moreover, useful as an encourager of perfection in plain work, because it must be very neatly sewn, especially if made of silk pieces and sewn with white sewing silk. The ordinary sewing is used, and the ordinary running to quilt it. So patchwork often plays a noble part, while needlework is encouraged and brought to perfection, and idle time is advantageously occupied.

A common pattern in patchwork is shown in Fig. 1. To make this work, cut cards two inches square, or smaller if wished, and cover them with all the available strips of ribbon or silk you can procure—scraps left over from dressmaking, ends of ribbon, pieces begged from friends and dressmakers. When you have a bag full, sort them into light, dark, and half-tints. Then join them as shown in Fig. 1—A the light, B the dark, C the half-tint. When all your pieces are thus joined, proceed to unite these clusters. At D, the light square of another cluster comes; at E a dark square will come; at F a half-tint. You will find, when joined, the colours will run diagonally—

that is slanting—A D light, E B dark, and so on, in stripes, as it were.

There are various ways of making patchwork. One of the most usual is to form stars or boxes. To form the stars, cut diamonds of light cotton or chintz, a little larger than the diagram (Fig. 2), and cut cardboards the same size as the diagram. Neatly tack the chintz over the card. When you have eight of these, all of light chintz, sew four round the four sides of a dark one, and insert four more by the points, which must each be sewn on two sides to the four already sewn on; this makes a star. Join a row of these stars by the extreme points, making them all of light chintz, with dark centres; then make a row of stars of dark chintz, and sew to them, so as to form a row beneath the first row. Repeat again, light and then dark, till you have as many as you wish; the effect will be alternate stars—dark and light. This pattern may be agreeably varied by always working a light diamond into the centre of a dark star, and a dark diamond into the centre of a light one.

In forming stars, the light ones may be of all sorts of colours, always about equal in light tone, and the dark also equally varied; or the patchwork may be arranged in colours—say, the light stars all yellow, with blue centres; the dark all crimson, with green centres.

Another variation may be made in this way:—White star and azure centre; maize star and violet centre; Havannah star and bright-green centre. Place these alternately to the end of the row. Second row: Blood-red, with emerald-green centre; dark green, with scarlet or pink centre; violet, with golden-yellow centre. Repeat these to the end of the row. Add another row like the first, only reverse the positions, thus: Havannah star, maize star, white star. For the fourth row, reverse the second, thus: violet star, green star, red star. The cushion or quilt is completed by repetitions of the same pattern, filling in the edges by half-stars. If it is used for a quilt, it is best to add a border of some kind or a cord all round, made of silk or worsted. Such quilts or cushions are very handsome. To form a quilt, a blank diamond of white satin may be left in the centre, the size of the other patchwork diamonds, and upon it the monogram or arms of the family worked in embroidery, with coloured silk. This diamond should be inserted last, to keep it clean, and covered with tissue paper. Line the quilt throughout, with first wadding, and then silk of any favourite colour, of course one of the colours used in the patchwork. Quilt it by running it between the diamonds in lines both ways, crossing. Such a quilt as this can hardly be made of scraps—the materials must be purchased; but it forms a beautiful present, and is very handsome for use. It is specially suitable for a wedding gift.

All patchwork, even for cushions, looks richer if quilted and wadded, though it is not generally done. For this purpose it is best made without cardboard, which is difficult, as card helps very materially to the keeping shape. Card requires the quilt to be extra thickly wadded, to raise it well for cushions.

Useful and neat-looking counterpanes in patchwork for upper rooms may be made in this way. The ornamental counterpane may be made in any of the ways presently described. It may even be mere squares, set as squares, or obliquely as diamonds, and sewn together without order; or it may be a handsome pattern of stars, &c., or appliqué work. When it is finished, take all the old blankets and flannel petticoats to spare, wash them clean, and dry and air them well. Cut out all the best portions, and join together. You may make them two or three thick. Line with a sheet of cheap unbleached calico, first soaked, or even an old sheet neatly patched. Spread the sheet on the floor. Tack on blanket No. 1; then blanket No. 2; then blanket No. 3; lastly, the ornamental quilt. Run them all together, following the joins of the patchwork, in regular lines, first all one way, and then across. If the top is of appliqué work, instead of quilting across, run all round the border of every device with strong thread, taking the stitches right through the whole mass.

A sewing machine would prove a useful friend for such thick quilting.

We have also seen old counterpanes and quilts in mere rags tacked together, placed between a patchwork quilt and a sheet, or breadths of calico joined, tacked to them and quilted. Of necessity such arrangements are as warm and comfortable as they are thrifty.

Many ladies make patchwork quilts in this way:—They take two old silk dresses of their own, or beg two from friends. In the days when plain dresses were worn, the skirts were simply unpicked, split in halves, and run together alternately, wadded, lined, and quilted. Now dresses are gored, join the gores of two dresses of well-contrasting colours, as is shown in Fig. 3. About six breadths joined is sufficient. For a border, join four breadths, two and two, and then make a length of them, and cut in halves with the scissors. Add this all round, either by sloping the corners to fit like a picture frame, or by putting it on as a frill. The former way is best for a large bed: we recommend this for one side of a silk quilt.

For the other side, cut up two dresses into diamonds, and make stars—light stars with dark centres, and dark with light centres; or, if both colours are equally dark, by reversing them.

The two quilts may now be run together. To make them warmer, one or two more old silk dresses or linings—very thin or dyed ones may be used—can be run together in breadths and tacked between; then all quilted together with some light-coloured silk, and a cord or fringe used as a border. Such silk quilts have the merit of being light and warm. Down put between the outer pieces instead of more silk is also excellent, and in farmhouses easily obtained from the geese. Or one silk patchwork quilt of old skirts may be lined with a plain piece of chintz.

The silk skirts, after they have been unpicked, should be thoroughly cleansed before they are made up. They may be cleaned thus:—Add to soft soap 1 lb., honey ½ lb., gin 1 quartern; mix in a pipkin; spread the silk on a clean

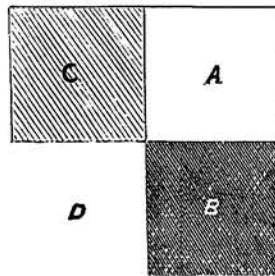


Fig. 1.

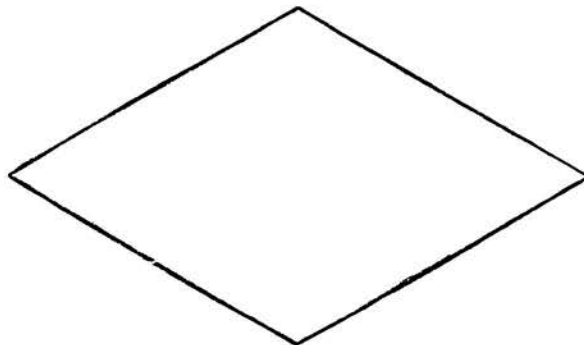


Fig. 2.

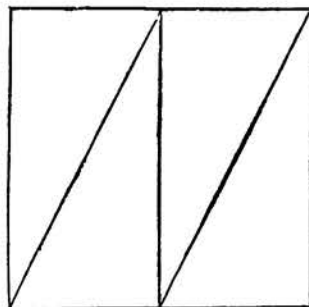
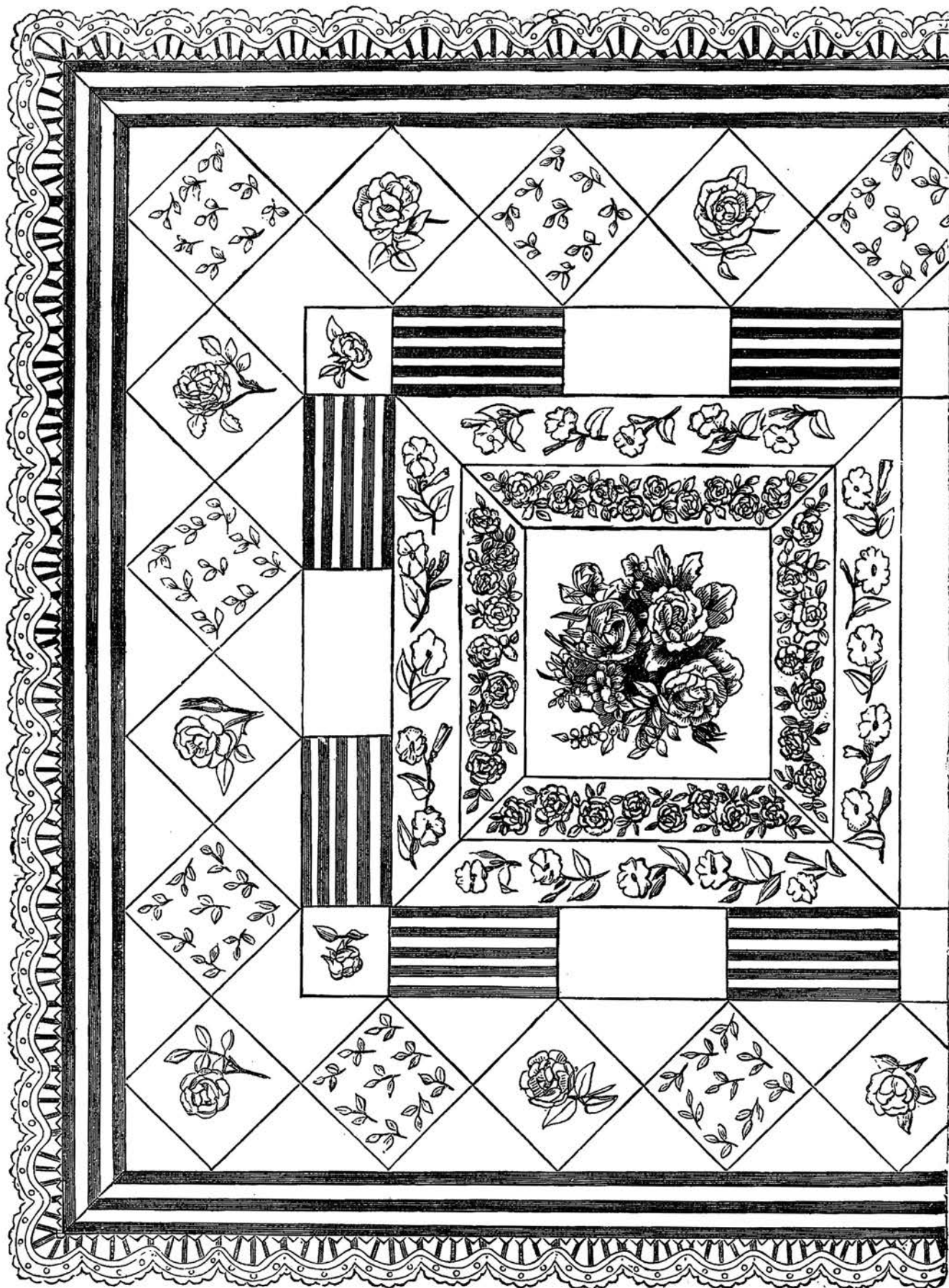


Fig. 3.



board, and rub with a soft brush and the mixture. An old hair-brush, well washed, is suitable; or a nail-brush. Have a pan of cold water and a clean sheet ready. When the silk breadth is sufficiently scoured, rinse quickly in the water—do not wring; lay on the sheet; fold it up. This takes out enough of the wet to prevent the colour running. Hang up at once to dry on a horse or line. When nearly dry, iron. Violet and mauve are generally restored to colour, if faded, by putting soda or ammonia in the rinsing water. A small piece should be tried first, as it does not invariably succeed. Salt for blue, vinegar for green (two dessert-spoonfuls and two quarts of water), sugar of lead for black; a little blue, well mixed, for white; saucer pink, well mixed, for pink. Iron on the wrong side.

Let black silk dry completely, and afterwards moisten slightly with a piece of black silk dipped in boiling water poured on ammonia, half a quartern to a piece the size of a large walnut.

Bordering for counterpanes can very well be made by cutting triangular pieces six inches wide, and joining them together. They should be alternately light and dark, and dovetailed together.

We have seen a very neat patchwork quilt made of alternate borders of chintz and dimity. The centre was a square of chintz twelve inches wide each way. Round this was a border of dimity in four straight pieces, joined, and four inches deep. A second border of chintz was five inches deep, and a third border of dimity six inches deep. A fourth border was composed of triangles of dimity and chintz, dovetailed together; the dimity upwards, and measuring seven inches deep when completed; two chintz triangles met at each corner. A fifth border of dimity, nine or ten inches deep, was completed by a chintz border fourteen inches deep. The whole was lined with a sheet of unbleached calico, and quilted together in diamonds.

PATCHWORK.—III.

THERE is another way of making patchwork, and pieces for the purpose may be procured from upholsterers or linendrapers. The illustration on page 32 is a good example of this. Amongst the pieces we will suppose one containing a handsome group of flowers, roses, and geraniums, on a pale green ground. There is just a single bouquet, about eighteen inches square. This will do for the centre. There is also a long strip, exhibiting a closely-clustered garland of roses on a green ground. This may have come off a striped chintz, and the stripes may have been of such garlands of roses. There is just enough to go round the centre group. The slopes at the corner are cut, and the pieces being reversed, the slope out of one corner makes the projection of the other. But for this our chintz would be insufficient. Next we have a large piece of sprigged chintz. We can put this so that the sprigs go in stripes. We make a second border of this, and have a little over. We have another pretty piece of roses on a green ground. It will cut into four exact squares, so we cut it into four exact squares. We have some striped chintz and some dotted chintz, and we cut these into oblongs. One light dotted between two striped ones fits each side of the counterpane, and the squares of roses fit the corners; for our oblongs have been cut the width of the corner pieces, only longer.

We next cut a number of large diamonds alternately of a coloured chintz with a single rose in the centre, and a coloured chintz with a small pattern in it. These we filled each side with half-squares of chintz, with small leaves on it. The corners had dove-tail pieces fitted in. Round this a border of striped chintz was put, and the counterpane was finished. It was lined with breadths of cheap calico (2½-ells wide) joined. The edge was hemmed. Lace was put all round it, and a washing gimp to head the lace.

Every join of the patchwork was then run, so as to join it to the lining. This quilt really looked handsome till it needed washing, when, if sent to be cleaned and calendered, it would again look equal to new. It was light, and for that reason preferred by many. Such a quilt may be used unlined.

Cushions in patchwork are all made by tacking the patchwork over one side of the cushion, and a lining of silk or velvet, with the edge turned in, on the other. Then the edges are neatly sewn together, and a cord put all round. Chair and ottoman covers are made with or without the cord, according to circumstances.

DAYS OF THE WEEK.

(From the popular traditions.)

The words which designate the days

By which the week is told,

Are monumental to the praise

Of deities of old :

What follows is with simple aim

To demonstrate in rhyme the same.

Sunday, the day that takes the lead

Of all the days that run,

In Scandinavian myth, we read,

Was sacred to the sun ;

In his applause the Sun's-day rose,

And from the Sun's-day Sunday flows.

Monday before a goddess bows,

As by the same myths claimed,

In honor of the Sun's fair spouse

This second day was named.

Thus down to us the record hands,

And from the Moon's-day Monday stands.

Tuesday, the fourth and sixth days like,

From Teuton mold appears ;

In Ziewes, the god of war, we strike

The imprint this name bears ;

To him this day was homage due,

And out of Ziewes'-day Tuesday grew.

Wednesday commemorates the god

Of Northern Europe's gods ;

Before the great all-Father's rod

Must yield all other rods ;

Woden, his name, through whose renown,

From Woden's-day comes Wednesday down.

Thursday, to Sweden's Thor we trace,—

The German Donar loud ;

This son of Woden had his place

Behind the thunder-cloud ;

This was his day, the days among,

And from Thor's-day has Thursday sprung.

Friday, her fame perpetuates

Who made Love's courses good,

And Fria, ancient myth relates,

Chief wife to Woden stood ;

This day immortalized her worth,

And Fria's-day brought Friday forth.

With Saturday the schedule ends,

A word by Latins coined,

From Italy this name descends,

With Saturn-worship joined ;

He made the sowers' toils repay,

And Saturn's-day gave Saturday.

—Winfield Lyle.



OH, welcome to the corn-clad slope,
And to the laden tree,
Thou promised autumn—for the hope
Of nations turned to thee,
Through all the hours of splendour
past,
With summer's bright career—
And we see thee on thy throne at
last,
Crowned monarch of the year!

O Thou, whose silent bounty flows
To bless the sower's art,
With gifts that ever claim from us
The harvests of the heart;
If thus Thy goodness crown the year,
What shall the glory be,
When all Thy harvest, whitening
here,
Is gathered home to Thee!

A \$30,000 THANKSGIVING DINNER.

YOU might call it \$34,000 to be exact; and this is the way it came about: During the summer and fall of '55, there was a great deal of excitement about gold in Table Mountain. Several companies had prospected there, and had mines partially developed, and the miners generally had come to the idea that the gold ran through the chain of mountains, north and south. They had got on to the idea that the geologists have talked so much about since, that there was a dead river under the mountain, covered over with lava; and the story was that it was wonderfully rich in gold. There was one miner came round to Big Oak Flat and told us that when they got the drift in at one place, and struck pay dirt, he saw a piece of gold sticking out of the face of the drift as long as your hand and as big as three fingers. Well, we didn't know whether that was just so or not, you know; but several miners from Big Oak Flat and the two Garotes had visited the diggings and knew they were rich. They had prospected south then in their own neighborhood, and they were pretty sure the old river came down through that way.

Well, they talked it round among the miners in the various districts thereabout, and talked about forming a company. It had to be drift mining, you know, requiring shafts,—a bigger job than a man could manage alone, or with his partner, and it would take money. Finally a miners' meeting was called at First Garote,—this was in the latter part of December, '55,—and the company was formed. It was called the Table Mountain Mining Company.

There were seventeen of us clubbed together, and we bound ourselves to put in one thousand dollars apiece, in money or labor. This was to be a fifty per cent. payment on our stock, the mine being put at \$34,000. There was Matt Foote, and the partners, Chaffee and Chamberlain, Tom White, and the other White, his father, my brother Frank, and I, and a mill-man named Reed and a lot more,—I don't remember their names now,—all old miners, every one of them, except Matt Foote, who kept the store at Second Garote, and Reed, and perhaps one or two others. There wasn't one of them that had any thousand dollars except the storekeepers. People went ahead in those days, you know, depending on chances for the money. Chamberlain was president, and Matt Foote secretary and treasurer. They're both right there now, where Second Garote used to be. There are not more than three or four others left of the crowd.

Many of them were to put in the one thousand dollars in labor and other ways—to contribute tools and supplies, for instance. Books were opened, and kept in regular form—well, not regular mercantile form at all; the miners kept them among themselves, you know. During the winter contributions were made from time to time, as the fellows could do it, in money, tools and provisions, and credited up on the books, and at the opening of spring, as early as possible after the snow left the ground, those that were to contribute labor got to work. They selected the ground, put up log cabins, built dams for securing the necessary water, and then began sinking two shafts. Of the seventeen, the actual working force of practical miners on the ground was about ten. My brother was one of them, and Chaffee and Chamberlain were in charge. I had to keep at work at my own claim, so as to contribute supplies for the workers, and I couldn't leave my wife, anyway. Those that gave all their time were credited

right up on the thousand dollars, so much a day, and those that worked on their own claims sent money and supplies.

It was curious to see how the fellows did—one way and another, they would make up their shares. Now, besides some money that I sent in, I turned over some of my own supplies—I had laid in a supply of food for the winter from San Francisco, and had it packed in, so I kept drawing on this for supplies for the mine, and having it credited, and then they made a pack-mule of me. You see the place was about fifteen miles east of Big Oak Flat, between that and the Yosemite, beyond the Garotes; and as there could be no forge there, I had to carry the tools back and forth to Second Garote. One of the party, who was a blacksmith, agreed to do the blacksmith work against his account, and I was to get the tools to him and back.

There was lots of blacksmith work to be done in the mines, and it was always a trouble when there was no shop in reach. Picks have to be steeled over and over—a pick is formed, the body of iron and the points of the best steel, and if a man is only prospecting, off in the mountains, his pick will hold out pretty well; but in steady work on a shaft, it is another matter. Then there are hooks—repairing of cranks—drills—all sorts of such things.

I would start from home at daybreak, and get there about noon, carrying a load of picks on my back, just as many as I could lift, seventy to eighty pounds, a pick weighs ten or twelve pounds, and I would carry seven or eight of them. Then I would come back bringing the return load of picks or such other tools as needed it—drills, perhaps. They were ingenious fellows, you know—fixed things themselves, and got along with as little blacksmith work as possible; but there had to be some, and there was no other way to get it done. I would go twice or three times a week; and one trip, up and back, was counted a day's work for me.

It was a rough mountain trail all the way up from Second Garote. The mine was sunk in a little valley at the foot of Table Mountain, and Second Garote was the nearest point. As you go into the mountains in that direction, you go steadily up hill, not up and down. Provisions were packed in with little trains from Big Oak Flat. We had no animals at the Garotes, but the merchants at Big Oak Flat had pack trains going down to Chinese Camp, which was a big place and the center for all that country. It was the nearest place they could get things at wholesale. Once a week they could let a train come on to the Garotes if it was necessary, not a whole train, either, only a few animals. We could get the use of these to send up provisions now and then to the mine; but of course they had to have a regular dependence, every few days, for the blacksmith work.

Those that went up to the mine abandoned their own claims. Their claims were respected just the same, and they could come back to them whenever they wanted. There may have been some law about forfeiting claims if they were not worked for a certain time, but it didn't hold with us. You see they made their own camp laws those days; we were out of the pale of the usual law. If it was established in the state then, we never bothered about it. Everybody there knew about these fellows, and nobody would have thought of touching their claims. New fellows came in, but we made no account of them; if any one of them had tried to do such a thing, the whole camp would have risen and driven him out.

Well, they worked on at the mine all summer; careful

prospecting was kept up as they went along, with just enough encouragement to keep up expectation. It was very slow work, sinking by hand and windlass, but by fall they had put the two shafts down about a hundred feet, and it proved they were perfectly right about the river, for they struck river boulders—just as round as a cannon ball, and some of them the most beautiful green color you ever saw, as pretty as if they'd been painted, showing that water with mineral in it had flowed over them sometime.

But before they could get through the boulders and find gravel, the water came in. They had no way, with the mining of those days, to get it out except hoisting it in tubs, so these two shafts were not much use, and the question was whether to sink another shaft next year or to throw up the job. We could spend the winter getting together supplies again, and we had just enough encouragement not to know whether it was worth while or not.

But the miners were most of them losing faith, and they were pretty much busted by this time. Winter was coming on; and so in November a miner's meeting was called at Matt Foote's store at Second Garote to study ways and means, and decide whether work should be continued.

My brother and I went over early in the evening, and told my wife we would be back early. Most of the seventeen owners were there, but a few of those that were most discouraged sent word that they would surrender their share to the rest. So the whole property belonged to those who were present, and we could do as we chose with it.

Well, we discussed it this way and that, and didn't seem to come to any conclusion. Chamberlain and Chaffee had faith in it, you see, and the rest of us thought it was just a gamble whether it was worth all we might put into it or worth nothing. The evening was pretty well gone and we hadn't come to any decision, when one of the miners made a proposition. He proposed that we play a game of rounce, and the last man out should have the mine. Then he could do just as he chose with it, stop it or go on with it.

In rounce as many as you please can take a hand, and they are played out in turn, one by one. I haven't heard of the game for thirty years, I guess, but everybody knew it then. It's not what they call freeze-out, but a peculiar game, something on the principle of poker.

Well, that took the notion of the crowd, and they called for cards and all sat down and started in. One after another of the boys dropped out, and as each one went, his share in the mine came to the rest of us, till finally it got past midnight, and there were only two left in the game, and those were Chaffee and I.

Now, the effect of the game is, that the first one goes out pretty quick, and the next one takes a little longer, and when it comes to the last two, they might play three hours, and not get out. So we played on a while, and finally Chamberlain, Chaffee's partner, who had been frozen out some time before, and stood looking on, said he had a proposition to make.

You see, Chamberlain and Chaffee wanted the mine, and they knew that I didn't. There was considerable mining property there—two or three hundred dollars' worth of tools and fixings on the ground, besides the cabins and reservoir, and they thought they could just store the traps, and develop the mine whenever they were able. They had confidence in it. So Chamberlain proposed that we come to an understanding on some terms, and I threw up my hand and let Chaffee take the mine.

Well, if I won the game I lost, for I couldn't run the mine anyway. I was broke, and I had no confidence in it, and did not want it on my hands. I thought it would cost more than it was worth to lug the tools in. So I was ready to take any offer they would make. Chamberlain asked what I would take, and I intimated pretty plainly that I would take about what he'd give. Then they offered to put up a Thanksgiving dinner for my wife to give the boys—all members of the company at Second Garote. It should be the very best of everything that could be procured, and my wife should boss the cooking, and they would give her fifty dollars in gold.

They would have turkeys if they had to go to Sonora for them—there were a few there, and they were about twenty-five dollars apiece; I don't know who raised them. Sonora was away beyond Chinese Camp, way across the Tuolumne river, thirty miles away. They limited it to Sonora, or Columbia in the opposite direction. They would have turkeys if they could be got within that distance, but no further.

Well, the boys were all very much in favor of my accepting this proposition, and I didn't wait long. We got very enthusiastic about it, and I proposed we should all go over and talk to my wife about it. So we all tramped off, laughing and talking, over to my cabin, which was by itself at quite a distance, and found my wife scared to death at being left alone all this time. When she heard us coming, she thought it must be a gang of rowdies from Sonora way. I had not been married long, and didn't know much about the way she would feel about such things. She was very good natured about it, though, and when she got over her fright she agreed to help the boys out on the dinner, and there was great excitement about it for days.

This wasn't the sort of dinner you could cook in a cabin kitchen, you understand; so all hands pitched in,—that is, Chamberlain, and Chaffee, and my brother, and I,—and built an oven, out under the big live oaks, near my cabin, and then the partners began to collect in the materials; and when the time came, everything else was given up, and we four turned in to cook, my wife bossing and we doing the work—only the most critical things, of course, she wouldn't let anybody touch but herself.

Well, everything was done up to the very best Eastern style. You couldn't get a better Thanksgiving dinner in New England. The turkeys had been found at Sonora, and the boys stipulated expressly that there would be no less than four big pasties,—you see my wife was famous for her meat pies. We always had a meat pie on Sunday, and all up and down the country, from Big Oak Flat, and Chinese Camp, and Coulterville, everybody that had any sort of claim would come in to see us Sundays, and the fame of it would go up and down everywhere. Chamberlain and Chaffee had ransacked in every direction, and everything you could want to have was there.

Dinner was served at noon. It was set out in the shade of the oaks, handy by the oven. The tables were made of slabs, and we sat on slabs. It was pretty near time for snow, but they didn't mind that, you know. Everything is pleasant there till the snow comes. Sixteen out of the seventeen sat down to the table,—one fellow couldn't be there, for some reason. Chamberlain and Chaffee did most of the waiting, and my wife and I presided, for of course it was our dinner.

Well, that was probably the finest miner's dinner that was ever served in the mountains. It was worth a mine.

and all the trouble it had cost us. There were the turkeys and the meat pies; there were mashed potatoes, and canned vegetables, peas and string beans and such things; of course, you couldn't have parsnips and turnips,—we depended a good deal on canned goods. There were mince and apple pies, and jellies, and cake, and doughnuts. My brother made the doughnuts,—he knew how; we had been cooking for ourselves, you know, before I got married, and we all could do it,—well, probably not as well as my wife, unless it was some things, such as slap-jacks or beans. And Chaffee made the biscuits; Chaffee was famous all through the mountains for his biscuits. I suppose he was the best biscuit maker in the mines, and they talked about his biscuits wherever there was anybody that ever mined at the Garotes. They are famous to this very day, as many a Yosemite camping party knows.

It was all served up in the nicest way, just as well as it could be anywhere. It lasted all the afternoon pretty much. We had fruit, canned peaches and other fruit, and box raisins and nuts,—English walnuts were the only kind we had in those days,—and coffee and bottled cider. Every fellow brought his own tin plate and three-tined fork,—that was the only kind we had, of course. We had speeches: they congratulated Chaffee for his success at the game of rounce, and the madam for the success of her dinner, and we never had a finer time in our lives.

You must remember that all meats at that time were twenty-five cents a pound, potatoes twenty-five cents a pound,—nothing was less than twenty-five cents a pound. It couldn't have cost them less than several hundred dollars. Chamberlain and Chaffee never got even on that dinner, for they never got along to where they could follow up the mine, and it was abandoned. It may have been worth the \$34,000, or it may not; but that was its face value at the time—and the dinner did justice to it, too!

There are just a few old miners left now of that crowd that sat down there. None of them will ever forget it. That was one of the dinners you remember as long as you live.—Fred M. Stocking, in *Overland Monthly*.

IF YOU WOULD BE HAPPY

Don't fail to toe the mark, when there is a mark to toe, and be sure the heel doesn't fall where the toe should be found.

Don't get "mad as a hatter," no matter what the occasion for indignation may be. Ungovernable passions don't pay.

Don't "fret yourself to death." Fretting is the principal ingredient in the devil's prescription for developing unhappiness.

Don't get the blues, no matter how black overhead clouds may be. Despondency is never a source of delight either to self or selves.

Don't eat to gluttony or fast to a point next door to the pains of hunger. Gluttony leads to bestiality, and self-starvation to unpardonable sin.

Don't be slow of footstep in the ways of well doing; on the other hand, don't be too fast about it. The waste that haste makes is often as damaging as is the failure to get there.

Don't try to take all the world's burdens on your own shoulders, but rather make the responsibility of carrying a divided one. Be generous and give rather than keep the biggest half.

LET US BE THANKFUL

That we have something to be thankful for.

That if we haven't, somebody else surely has.

That pumpkin pies are once more in fashion.

That we are not badly troubled with indigestion.

That turkey is cheap enough for the poor man's table.

That the cranberry crop wasn't ruined by the frosts.

That the turkey crop has been kept full by the farmers.

That in consequence he now is big, fat and very delicious.

That there will be plenty of rich stuffing served with him.

That the country is still quite safe in spite of the politicians.

That there are so many large, healthy and happy families in it.

That we were born in the most progressive age of the world.

That we have saved so much from our income during the year.

That if we haven't saved it, we have received good value for it.

That if we have wasted it, we have learned some valuable lessons.

That we are well supplied with many of this world's goods.

That, if not, we may still be thankful for what we have in hand.

That we have had one of the finest summers known in this generation.

That the fall weather, bad as it is, has not been a great deal worse.

That our business affairs are at present in a prosperous condition.

That the corn crop is the largest this year that has ever been produced.

That if we are rich or prosperous, we can give a turkey to some poor family.

That if we are a poor family, somebody will very probably bring us a turkey.

That turnips, sweet potatoes and celery agree with our purse and our palate.

That if we are not doing very well now, we have good prospects for the future.

That if our prospects are not good, we still have pluck and grit to make them better.

That if we are completely discouraged, it's always darkest just before the dawn of day.

That we may reverently and hopefully say, with Tiny Tim, "God Bless Us Every One!"

That the yellow fever scourge is abated in the South and we have no epidemics in the North.

That Thanksgiving dinners may be cooked and served in the best possible manner, because GOOD HOUSEKEEPING has shown us the way.

That the inventions and contrivances of commerce and business are all ministering, more or less directly, to our individual comfort and happiness.

That we are likely to see very many more wonderful things in the future than in the past and will probably live to prove it and to enjoy a share in them.

That we are permitted to see, on reflection, that our reasons for giving thanks are so many and great that we are ashamed that we have ever been ungrateful.



AROUND THE DINNER TABLE

With Family, Friends and Guests.

THE ETIQUETTE OF DINING.

THE GUESTS AND THEIR GREETING—THE BOARD AND ITS BELONGINGS—THE FEAST AND ITS FASHIONS.



N closing, for the present, consideration of so pleasing a topic as the dining room and its delights, a few sentences may properly be given to the subject of Etiquette. Not in a very formal way, for etiquette of a very formal character is not necessary for the class of dinners which have been contemplated in these papers. Naturally every right-minded person wishes to do

the things which are approved by good society, and to avoid those things which would mark one as ignorant, or thoughtless, regarding the usages of cultured people.

Yet no complete code of manners, formulated to-day, will long be binding in all of its details, as customs change from time to time regarding many things once thought important and imperative. We are told, for instance, that the numerous tourists to foreign lands during the present year will notice and transplant to our soil and society several radical departures in social usage; that the shaking of hands has quite gone out of style abroad; that ladies no longer take the arms of gentlemen, except when walking out of doors in the evening—not even in going to dinner. To what extent these changes, and others, will be adopted by our stay-at-home people remains to be seen. We are not informed as to the reason lying back of the more radical of these changes. It may be fear of "the deadly microbe," which figures so extensively. Some modern reformers have recently undertaken on its account to abolish the kiss—at least the merely social kind; but the effort has not been an entire success. A robust young lady, when warned that she periled her health by kissing and being kissed, very determinedly replied, "I don't do kissing as a health measure!" And we predict that the good old custom of taking a dear friend warmly and tenderly by the hand will endure yet a little longer—microbes or no microbes, foreign fashion or no fashion.

Writers in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, as well as elsewhere, have frequently laid stress upon one fact which should never be forgotten or overlooked—that evident sincerity and kindly consideration for others are the basis of all true etiquette, and that without these qualities forms of any kind are merely a snare and a falsehood. This is no deprecation of the desirability of polished manners, an easy, courteous bearing, and the ability to say the right word or do the right thing in all places. These are indeed desirable qualities, and if one would attain to the best success in any chosen

sphere, they are indispensable, as the world is now constituted, and as its springs of action are governed.

As a rule, one would rather have a few simple words of heart-felt greeting than an elaborate speech, feeling the latter to be merely a lip service. By the same rule, one would like to see an evident enjoyment of a dinner; but would certainly prefer that it be free from conduct that would give offense to others, or be a reflection upon the culture of the offending person—especially if that person be a prized friend. Yet we can only make sure that no offense is being committed, by frequently running over, mentally, those things which ought and ought not to be done at the dinner. Some of the more common precepts have been gleaned and collated for the benefit of these articles.

TO DO OR NOT TO DO—AT DINNER.

Children should be taught to drink as little as possible while eating.

Fruit is not to be bitten; it should be peeled and cut with a fruit knife.

Never drum with the fingers upon the table—or with the feet upon the floor.

"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

No gentleman will ever place his arms upon the table, either before, during or after a meal.

Meats are to be cut with a single gliding movement of the knife, not by converting it into a saw.

Keep the elbows always close to the side, no matter how ample may be the room between guests.

Never hurry the dinner; let everything come along promptly on time, and move steadily thereafter.

Iced oysters or clams are to be eaten with lemon juice dropped over—never with salt and pepper.

Be punctual—to keep a dinner party waiting under any circumstances is the gravest social indecorum.

Take soup only from the side of the spoon—unless wearing a mustache: never sip it with an audible sound.

Never play with knife and fork, or other table utensils; do not touch them at all, except when about to use them.

He lives longest and most safely who at dinner and elsewhere turns down his glasses and "tastes not the cup."

If an accident of any kind should occur during the dinner, do not seem to notice it—unless help may be quietly given.

Fish is to be taken with a fork only; it should be carried to the mouth with the tines of the fork pointing downward.

Do not forget that cheerfulness "suggests good health, a clear conscience, and a soul at peace with all human nature."

Never press food, delicacies, or drinks upon a guest by whom they have been declined. It is not to be supposed that a sensible person will decline anything

of which he wishes to partake, and it is certainly not polite to urge one against his conscience, judgment or appetite.

Most vegetables are to be eaten with a fork—the spoon should only be employed when the fork cannot be made to do the service.

Do not be over officious; accept or decline promptly anything which may be offered, and regard the declination of another as final.

When the dinner is ready, the servant in charge should enter the drawing room and slightly bow on catching the eye of his mistress.

It is proper to eat green corn from the cob, lifting the ear to the mouth with the napkin, as a protection to the fingers—and to the mouth.

Avoid scraping the bottom of the soup plate with the spoon; never “scrape” any plate, as though ravenously gleaning the last morsel.

Where wine is served, the glasses may be turned down, signifying that no wine is taken; it is rude to press a conscientious abstainer to drink.

Never become so much absorbed in other things as to be inattentive to personal service, or any opportunity for courteous attention to those near.

The fork should not be transferred to the right hand for any purpose. A little effort will accustom one to use it deftly in the left hand for every purpose.

Never smack the lips in eating, or clear the throat after drinking, unless the latter be a physical necessity—then use a napkin for smothering the sound.

Entrées are, and should be, so prepared that they may be eaten with the fork exclusively; when they contain meats which must be cut, the knife is of course to be used.

One should remain in the drawing room for half an hour or more after the dinner is ended. To “eat and run” is, except under the most unavoidable circumstances, the height of discourtesy.

The finger bowl is not intended as a washbowl, or the napkin as a towel. And most certainly—though it ought not to be necessary to say so—the finger bowl is not put upon the table to serve as a cuspidor!

It is allowable, in the eating of small game, to use the fingers for handling the wings and some of the smaller parts; but all the same it is a matter of very doubtful taste, and better in the avoidance than the observance.

The toothpick is steadily falling into disuse, except in private, and may the day be hastened. Its free public use is absolute vulgarity, and for a person to go about with one sticking out of the mouth, after a meal, is disgusting!

Quite a number of things are now taken in the fingers. For instance: Olives; asparagus, when served whole—which is the proper way; lettuce, which should be dipped in the dressing or in a little salt; celery, which should be placed on the cloth beside the plate; strawberries and cherries, when served

upon the stems; bread, toast, tarts, small cakes, and the like; fruits of all kinds, except preserves and melons, which are eaten with a spoon; cheese; small pieces of small birds.

Where wine is used, claret properly goes with the soup, and Burgundy with the fish. With the meats, sherry and port are permissible, while other wines have advocates; for entrées, game and dessert champagne is the standard.

Never watch the dishes which are being brought to the table, or the plates or faces of other guests. Acquire the habit of sitting at ease, and of joining freely and pleasantly in any light polite conversation which may take a general turn.

The old custom of the ladies leaving the table a long time before the gentlemen—or rather of the latter remaining to drink, smoke and spin yarns, long after the dinner has ended—is pretty much obsolete. Where it is still the fashion, the men should rise and remain standing as the ladies leave the table.

By some unaccountable nicety of distinction, it is considered proper to discuss the quality of only the wine, while at dinner—and of course no one would think of using any words regarding that, except words of praise. (Why not speak appreciatively of the really good things which the mistress provides, and perhaps prepares with her own hands?)

—*Mary Livingston Andrews.*

Ballade of Slips.

TO-DAY Art comes at Traffic's call,
A victim to commercial sway,
When poet, novelist, and all
Who give their budding genius play,
Must wait for magazines to say
If Fortune's scale shall rise or dip;
And, good or bad, they all convey
Their answer in a printed slip.

The singer, thinking to enthrall
The whole world with his measured lay,
Soon finds that many slips befall
The traveler on his lettered way;
That obstacles, in stern array,
Beset the road, his feet to trip,
And editors—fond hope to slay—
Send answer in a printed slip.

Refusal slips, both large and small,
Whispering an editorial nay,
Haunt me at night like specters tall,
Reminders of *returning* day.
Now as I write I hope and pray,
When to the mart these lines I ship,
Accepting them without delay,
They'll answer in a printed slip.

ENVOI.

DEAR Princess, for proposals pay
No sweet reply, by word of lip,
But send, as promptly as you may,
Your answer in a printed slip.

John Albert Macy.

TURKEY AND MINCE PIES.

"THOU SOVEREIGN BIRD."

Bird of two meats—the brown, the white—
Which like the dual tribes unite,
And in a single body run;
Of tints diverse, in substance one.
Hail to thy bosom broad and puffed!
Plump as a maiden's, cotton stuffed.
Hail to thy drumsticks, dainties fine,
That served as "devils" seem divine!
Hail to thy sidebones!—rich morceaux—
And thy ecclesiastic nose,
Which, to the laws of order blind,
Nature has queerly placed behind;
Yet scoffers vow they fitness see
In nose of bishop following thee,
And hint that every nose of priest
Turns eagerly toward savory feast.

Methinks I see a dish borne in
O'er-canopied with shining tin;
From 'neath which dome a vapor rare
Curls through the hospitable air.
Presto! up goes the burnished lid,
And lo, the bird, its concave hid!
I see thee browned from crest to tail—
Bird of two meats, all hail! all hail!
Thro' thy round breast the keen steel glides;
Rich ichor irrigates thy sides;
"Dressing," to give the slices zest,
Rolls from thy deep, protuberant chest,
Then, tunneling, in search of "cates,"
The spoon thy "innards" excavates,
And forth, as from a darksome mine,
Brings treasures for which gods might pine.

Bird of the banquet! what to me
Are all the birds of melody?
Thy "merrythought" far more I love
Than merriest music of the grove,
And in thy "gobble," deep and clear,
Thy gourmand's shibboleth I hear!
Of all earth's dainties there is none
Like thee to thank the Lord upon;
And so receive thy votive lay,
Thou Sovereign Bird of Thanksgiving Day!
—Unidentified.

THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view;
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The hay rack, the plow, and the old-fashioned cutter;
The lambs that were full of their frolic and glee;
The warm-flowing milk and the good bread and butter;
And e'en the fat turkey that sat in the tree;
The young, tender turkey, the well-fattened turkey,
The Thanksgiving turkey that sat in the tree.

That Thanksgiving turkey I hailed as a treasure,
For always in fall when returned from the school,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
All roasted and seasoned, of stuffing so full.
How gladly I saw it with eyes that were glowing!
How pleasant at home on the farm then to be!
To feast on the cock that in summer was crowing,
And e'en the fat turkey that sat in the tree;
The young, tender turkey, the well-fattened turkey,
The Thanksgiving turkey that sat in the tree.

How sweet at the family board to receive it,
When words of good cheer and affection were said!
Not a feast with a monarch could tempt me to leave it,
The grandest that riches and fashion can spread.
And now, far removed from that loved habitation,
A feeling of sadness arises in me,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the turkey that sat in the tree;
The young, tender turkey, the well-fattened turkey,
The Thanksgiving turkey that sat in the tree.

—W. C. C.

THE PLAIN COUNTRY MINCE PIES.

How dear to my heart are the mince pies of history,
Which fond recollection presents to my mind!
When taste has grown weak, and the palate a mystery,
When something to please me the cook cannot find,
When puddings are sticky, and eclairs too sweet are,
When souffles and timbales but cause me to ache,
And patties are tame—then the best things to eat are
Those pies of my childhood, which few now can make—
Those succulent mince pies, those uncultured mince pies,
Those plain country mince pies no French chef can bake.

Delicious the morsel! Oh, priceless the treasure!
Unless you are plagued with a feeble digestion,
And find the indulgence too costly a pleasure,
In which case your prudence considers the question
But viewed in the light of a toothsome collection,
No human hands surely a better could make.
Of spices and sweets it is just the perfection;
Alas! for you, then, if you needs must eat cake—
Those succulent mince pies, those uncultured mince pies,
Those plain country mince pies no French chef can bake.

Once strong in youth's arrogance, rash and uncritical,
Scorned I the thought of dyspepsia so dire;
But as I grow older I grow analytical,
And deem it imprudent digestion to tire.
That last piece may give me a very slight dizziness,
(Perhaps I must pause now, for good prudence sake),
But e'en if it does, it is nobody's business,
I reach out my plate and another slice take—
Those succulent mince pies, those uncultured mince pies,
Those plain country mince pies no French chef can bake.
—Dorothy Swift.

DR. TURKEY COCK.

The sleekest, fattest turkey strutted in and out among
His fellows of the barnyard as he spoke with scornful tongue:
"Am I not the farmer's favorite, the one he feeds the best?"
And his air betrayed the proud contempt he felt for all the rest.

Said the ancient, lean and hungry-looking Dr. Turkey Cock,
The oracle, adviser, and physician of the flock
"Overeating isn't healthful; it affects a fellow's head,"
But not a silly turkey caught the drift of what he said.

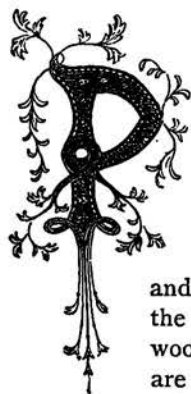
"I have often noticed this, my friends," he said with knowing leer,
"That fasting is a profit at the present time of year;
For November is a month in which, if one is overfed,
One may suffer from excitement till at last he'll lose his head."

Still the fat and haughty turkey strutted up and down the place,
And the others thought the doctor didn't understand the case,
But they will see, before the sun has set upon Thanksgiving,
That the doctor knows a thing or two about the art of living.

—Washington Post.

THE LAND OF ICE AND SNOW.

BY MRS. CLARK MURRAY.



REPARING for the winter !

What is it to the Canadian in his land of ice and snow? When the summer is over and the harvest is home, in town and country it is no idle word.

The farm-people see to the shelter and the fodder for their cattle, the well and the wood-pile for their kitchen. There is wool to spin, and weave, and knit ; there are tubs of butter to pack ; flocks of poultry to kill and pluck ; and great sacks of grain to have in readiness for the market when the snow comes.

The town housewife puts on her double windows, plastering up every crack and crevice, and taxes her ingenuity in her endeavours to checkmate the plumber in his architectural attacks upon her water and gas pipes. Her cellar is packed to the ceiling with coal, hard anthracite, with little smoke for the pipes and flues of her stoves ; whilst large wood sawn and split to kindle the coal, and smaller wood to light the larger, must find their way to their respective bins in the economy of her domicile. The wardrobe of her household is overhauled, repaired, and replenished. Furs are turned out, and an account with the ravages of moths is settled. Then the knitting ! There are socks, over-stockings, sashes, mittens, clouds, tuques, hoods, and endless supplies of soft becoming wraps for fair forms in evening attire—part of the nimble nothings which fill up the spare moments of a woman's life. The *cloud*, is a scarf, knitted loosely of fine wool, and generally of bright warm colours, worn by women and children to protect the neck and ears in mild weather—say with the thermometer above zero—and gathered over cheeks and nose when the mercury falls below that point. The *tuque* is the typical French Canadian head-gear for men and boys, being neither more nor less than an old-fashioned night-cap decorated by a tassel. Among the *habitants*, however, it has long been supplanted by a more modern, though much less comfortable-looking cap of fur, and the rage for antiquity has now promoted it into one of the most fashionable necessities of winter costume.

But the preparations for the winter are not confined to the farm and the home. Shopkeepers and tradesmen have their own anxieties about their stores and their contracts ; the street cars run on wheels by daily sufferance ; railways have their snow-ploughs at hand ; and the steam and sailing craft from river and lake have been safely docked. Freight sheds and parapet railings are removed from wharves, and the harbours of Quebec and Montreal are the scene of many a hurryscurry among ocean ships, lest on some unwary night there should be a sudden "dip" in the thermometer, which would leave them in the ice fast bound for six months, with the ultimate result of crushing them to atoms.

An abundance of early snow is always welcomed as

a softener of many of the winter's hardships. It forms a blanket to the earth, protecting the autumn seeds from the severe frost. With it the farmer covers over his root-house, and banks up the foundations of his cellars and barns. It converts newly-made and rough roads into smooth highways, enabling him to send to market on a sleigh a much heavier load than wheels can carry. It very often makes altogether new roads for him, and more direct, regardless of river and fence obstacles, and cutting off long and weary windings. It gives a start to the winter trade over the whole country, as the autumn importations do not begin to move until a brisk demand is created by well-supplied markets. Indeed, out or in doors, for business or for pleasure, there is no sort of comfort till there is plenty of snow.

The tinkle of the first sleigh-bell sends a quick pulsation through all Canadian life. The children of the rich buy new sleds, and the children of the poor mend up their old ones. Boys get their snow-shoes, and girls their skates ; young men their tabogans, and young women their costumes. Their fathers, in the russet time of life, look in at the curling rink to arrange their matches ; and even grandmamma experiences a keener pleasure in anticipating the enjoyment of a breath of the sharp frosty air, wrapped in furs and gliding over the snow under the bluest and sunniest of skies.

A heavy storm is a wind-fall to an army of idlers, masters of no trade, though not Jacks of all, who start on their rounds with a large wooden shovel and a broom, passing up and down the streets, ringing door-bells, in search of a clearing. The children turn out clad in blanket-coats, bright-coloured sashes and tuques, and long over-stockings. They dig and sweep the lovely snow, or toss it up in the air ; they build forts, with whole arsenals of white cannon-balls ; or, on their little sleds, make a long and merry line down some sloping foot-path, steering themselves in a wonderful manner out and in among each other, and among the few pedestrians who are bold enough to risk themselves in such dangerous quarters. When the dinner-bell calls them, it is for a very temporary recess. Picking up their sleds and shovels, and making trysts for immediate return, they stamp their feet, brush their coats and stockings in the portico, and go dancing in to their mother, who, as she looks at their smiling rosy faces and listens to their merry chatter, fills and re-fills the plates, and, with mingled joy and dismay, beholds the result of her whole morning's work disappear in a very few minutes.

Skating is an accomplishment acquired in Canada more by nature than by art. Long practice enables the street Arabs to be quite at home on skates even on the roughest surface, but good ice has come to be an essential for more refined enjoyment. This is secured in all ordinary weather, by a large space on a river or lake kept quite clear of snow ; and on a bright after-

noon thousands of people take advantage of the exhilarating exercise procurable in this way. For the more fastidious, however, especially in large towns where the investment may be profitable, rinks have become permanent institutions.

But skating does not monopolise the Canadian's relaxation. *Snow-shoeing* comes in for a large share of it. Almost every young man is a member of a Snow-shoe Club, whose principal entertainment is derived from wandering in the stillness of the evening away out of town and up over the hills, heedless of fence or other obstacle, and resting at some wayside inn for supper. The *shoe* is a light frame of wood about three feet in length and twelve inches in width at the centre, rounded and curling upwards a little in front, and tapering to a point at the back. This frame is filled in by a network of gut, leaving a space vacant for the free use of the toes when the heel is lifted. When not in use the shoes are slung across the back. In walking they are fastened to the feet—or, rather, the feet are lashed to the shoes—by narrow bands of buckskin, which, while making the connection quite sure, leave perfect freedom of action. Some practice is necessary to enable one to get along on such foot-gear, even on firm, level ground; and when the difficulties are increased by soft, undulating drifts of snow, ludicrous failures are excusable in first lessons.

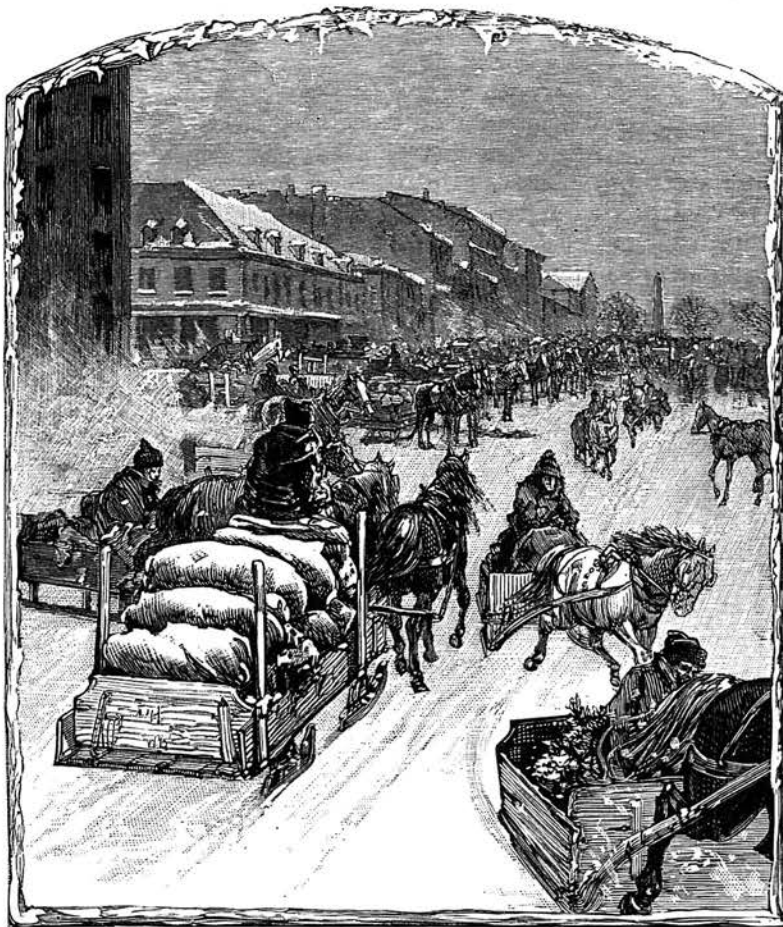
The dress for this sport consists of knee-breeches, and double-breasted coat of white blanket stuff, the coat having a hood or capuchin, which is drawn over the head in cold or stormy tramps. Bands of tasteful colour run round the coat, sleeve, and capuchin, and a sash similarly decorated is worn round the waist. Long stockings and tuque to match, with warm mittens and a soft shoe of buckskin called a *moccasin*, complete what is, generally speaking, a becoming costume, but which is a questionable acquisition to a figure to whom Nature has dealt with niggardly hand, or, rather, on whom ignorance and art have done their best to thwart Nature in her development of full and graceful proportion.

Each club has its own colours for decoration, and the most punctilious etiquette is observed in wearing them.

During Carnival week in Montreal, these snow-shoers form a prominent feature in every scene. At the storming of the ice palace, all the clubs—French and English—are present in full force. Squads are told off for the attack, and others are quartered inside for the defence. Attack and defence are conducted by fireworks, and when the palace is at length surrendered, the entire army strap on their snow-shoes, light their torches, and start, Indian file, for a tramp through the city and over the snow-clad mountains

beyond, returning down the gulleys with their torches blazing among the trees, and icicles hanging from their beards. On the occasion of the arrival in Canada of H.R.H. the Princess Louise, one of Montreal's decorations was an arch of evergreen thrown across the street and literally *manned* by snow-shoers—several hundreds of them being adroitly perched upon it from abutment to keystone. Athletic sports of all sorts are indulged in, and the winter drill of the volunteer force of the Dominion is incomplete without practice in the expert use of the snow-shoe.

Canadian ladies are fond of this exercise, and seldom allow themselves to be beaten in the strapping of a shoe, or the climbing of a snow-drift. In order to gratify their taste, snow-shoe parties are fashionable. A moonlight evening is chosen; invitations are sent out by a chaperon, and the party starts from her house. The ladies wear deep coats, sashes, capuchins, tuques, and moccasins, all of the same material as the gentlemen's, but more fancifully coloured. The deeper the snow, the more enjoyable the walk. On and on, amidst chatter and laughter, over drifts and pitfalls, stumbling and scrambling, the qualities of the



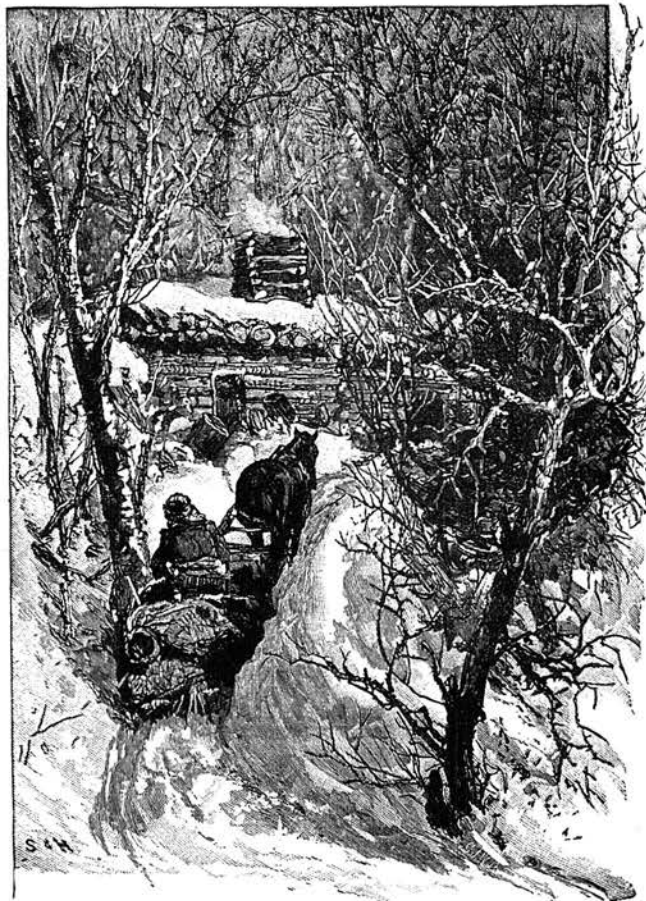
A CANADIAN WINTER—IN TOWN.

shoes are tested until a halt is called. Seats are made on a bank of the dry snow, and the rest is welcome to all. The moon lights up the scene, and casts shadows from the distant town over the sparkling snow; and the stillness is broken only by the merry voices of the party, whose footprints are the sole signs of life around. The bare, brown trees are softened and clothed with snow, which, like glistening moss, has lighted and clung, and nestled and piled itself on every twig and nook and cranny. But the cold is a persistent reminder that the rest, however enchanting, must be short, and sharpened appetites suggest a return and a thought of the supper which is waiting on the hospitable tables of the hostess.

In the Old Land most of us have seen a stream of schoolboys "keep the mill turning" when frost and a little snow permitted them to slide down a sloping hill or street, each boy seated on a short piece of board or a vagrant barrel-stave. The Canadians have refined and elaborated the barrel-stave into the *tabogan*, and when Nature gives them no hill they make one. A steeply-sloping and very strong erection is put up, with a broad landing at the top. This is called the *chute* (fall), and the slide is continued from the foot of this along a gentler descent, gradually slackening off into the level fields beyond. A course of this sort is somewhat costly, being artificially made of snow every winter, and requiring daily sweeping and repair. The expense is usually met by a club with annual subscriptions, and as tabogganing is the most popular (perhaps because the most dangerous) of all the Canadian sports, an energetic club with a well-kept slide may enlist over a thousand members at £1 apiece. The clubs are courteous to each other, and exchange hospitalities in the shape of invitations for an evening's sliding, when every taboganner wears on his breast the membership badge of his own club; and as each member is privileged to take with him as many ladies as his tabogan can seat, and as the dress both for ladies and gentlemen is the same as the snow-shoer's, these evenings are often sparkling with gaiety and fashion.

The tabogan is made of very strong, light wood, cut in thin, narrow strips running lengthwise, which are securely fastened by nails to bars running crosswise, these cross-bars being on the upper side in order to leave an uninterruptedly smooth surface below. The front is turned up and rounded backwards; a strong rod for the hands runs from end to end on each side of the flat strips; and the whole thing is comfortably cushioned. The manufacture of tabogans and snowshoes forms the principal occupation of the Canadian Indian tribes.

Day after day, night after night, for about four months, these slides are alive with people. Young gentlemen, young ladies, and children, whole families, father and mother sometimes included, may be seen dressed in full costume, dragging tabogans behind



A CANADIAN WINTER—IN THE COUNTRY.

them along the streets and up those chutes. It is the duty of the steersman to seat his guests as wisely as possible, with compactness and security, reserving the heaviest weight for the centre; and at the word "Ready," he springs on at the rear, and by a swinging motion of one foot guides the descent. The more passengers the greater the momentum, and a steep chute not only gives a terrific force to the start, but prolongs the pleasure away over the fields. Sometimes a *leap* is put into the course, which throws the tabogan off the snow into the air for a few seconds, but such frightful accidents have resulted from this that sliders are gaining wisdom to dispense with it.

Though physically the Canadian winter is one of almost uninterrupted sunshine, metaphorically the picture has its shadows. In family life the discomforts, hardships, and dangers of the intense and long-continued cold present many perplexities to the house-keeper, and increase to a very serious extent the cost of living; whilst, in trade, the cessation of all river and canal traffic, with the idle capital involved, the duplicate vehicles of every description required, the occasional blocking up of railways by snow, are obstacles to the more rapid development of the country. Nevertheless, the cold is healthful enough to a sound constitution with an occupation permitting regular exercise and earning an abundance of good food, fuel, and clothing. Though even to such the out-door sports are not merely an amusement—they are a necessity.

TABLE NAPERY.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.



BEFORE the introduction of the fork into England, the napkin was valued especially as an article of necessity. Although our medieval ancestors had a great advantage over the ancient Romans in adopting the sitting posture, yet even they were obliged to frequently make use of the lavers and linen intended for cleansing the lips and hands. A most difficult and trying process that must have been, for which the well-bred dame was commended for exemplary breeding, if

"She lette no morsel from her lippes falle,
Ne wette hire fingers with her sauce depe."

To the end of her life the virgin queen fingered her gobbets of meat, and her dainty cousin—Mary, Queen of Scotland—probably lost her head on the block before she ever had an opportunity of looking upon a fork; yet, before a century had passed, the fork had been received into England, after the most bitter opposition on every side, and had so established itself that no well-bred English dame could have followed in the footsteps of the virgin queen without arousing the serious disapproval of all about her.

Medieval society, whether in its earlier period or in strictly feudal times, supplied itself ungrudgingly with table linen, and made much parade of washing before and after meat. In feudal England the surnappe was raised with much ceremony over the entire table. This was to prevent all possibility of poisoning on the part of the servants, and not one of them dared to touch this covering lest he should receive punishment for suspected treason. Only in the presence of the lord himself, or one of the supreme officers of his household, was the surnappe finally removed; then the dishes were brought in, each in turn having been previously tasted by the steward and cook, and now openly assayed before the eyes of the august persons who were eventually to consume it. At the conclusion of the meal, the spoons and dishes were removed, when the surnappe was drawn over the soiled table cloth, and the curer, with his followers, passed the assayed lavers and napkins to the assembled guests.

The introduction of the fork, however, caused eating to become so cleanly a process, especially in contrast to the recent past, that the napkin no longer held its ground as an article of use, but became merely an ornament and a thing of ceremony. It was found that, with a little care, one could retire from the table without the necessity for cleansing the hands. Thus it happened that the napkin was discarded as a useless extravagance from the table of the economical housewife, and, on the more sumptuous tables, it plainly indicated by its fantastic foldings that it was intended only to look upon. The "Perfect School of Instructions for Offices of the Mouth, by Giles Rose, one of the Master-Cooks In His Majesty's Kitchen" (1682), gives minute instructions for folding dinner napkins in twenty-six different fashions. The single and double melon, the cock, the partridge, the rabbit, the turkey, the tortoise, and many other forms, are all more or less accurately represented by this enterprising *chef* of Charles the Second. To "undo" these folded napkins was considered as serious a breach of etiquette as it would have been to destroy a work of art.

By the close of the eighteenth century the napkin was generally discarded from fashionable tables. In the time of George the Third, the dessert doily came to be regarded as

the elegant and sufficient substitute for the table-towel of the past. Constantly increasing in size, as well as in its general use, the full-sized white napkin has finally become the requisite article for every well-ordered table. The fancy folding may now be seen only on the hotel table, where it gives an appearance of cleanliness, and supplies a certain ornamentation, which is rather pleasing than otherwise, in a too frequently bare and cheerless dining-hall. In the private dining-room the napkin should be simply folded in a square, and at dinner a piece of bread may be slipped between its snowy folds.

The doily, meanwhile, has been changing in just the opposite direction. No longer an article of use, unless it is to break the sound caused by rubbing the finger-bowl against the dessert-plate, it has become simply an object of delight to the eye,—a dainty bit of sheer linen, exquisitely embroidered with flowers or fruit, a square of China silk, or a fragment, like a spider's web, of some rare and costly lace. Fruit napkins are usually in colors, scarlet, *écru*, or blue, with designs of flowers, fruits, or geometrical figures. The pale-blue napkins, with a border of white, are especially dainty; but there is such a variety of coloring and design that selection is more a matter of taste than fashion.

All fear of poisoning having long since passed away, the surnappe has vanished with the terrors of the feudal times. The table-cloth still survives, although at luncheon it is now frequently discarded, while the fine-fringed damask napkins rest beneath each dish upon the polished surface of the mahogany.

—Albert Aylmer.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

Imagine with what dire dismay
Old Matthew, Mark and Luke and John,
Could they come back to earth to-day,
Would view the present goings on!

Where once they walked, or rode on asses,
The engine whistle cuts the wind.
And new disciples, fixed with passes,
Curse because the train's behind!

And think of Solomon, the great,
Laying, craftily, his lines,
To get some kind of special rate
For all his wives and concubines!

There's Adam, too, how he would sigh,
And turn to Eve, and speak her low,
When first he heard the brakeman cry:
"Eden! Change cars for Jericho!"

And Moses, how surprised he'd be,
When standing back upon the ridges,
And looking on the old Dead Sea
He saw old Pharaoh mending bridges!

There's old Nebuchadnezzar, too,
Doomed in fields his life to pass;
How he would stare, when first he viewed
The sign: "Park. Keep off the grass!"

And Samuel, too, what would he do,
If he, when kneeling all alone,
Should hear the brisk "Hello! hello!"
Of Eli at the telephone?

And how the multitude that fed
Upon the sermon on the Mount,
Would feel their hair rise as they read
The Associated Press account!

—New-York Star.

EVERY-DAY DESSERTS—PART VI.

AND DESSERTS FOR EVERY DAY.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1.

Lemon Mince Pie (very fine).

One cupful of boiled starch, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of molasses, one-half of a pint of chopped raisins, one-half of a cupful of sliced citron, juice of two lemons and the grated rind of one. Bake in two crusts.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2.

Apple Meringue Pudding.

Soak three-fourths of a cupful of bread crumbs in one pint of milk, add one pint of milk, the yolks of four eggs, one cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of melted butter and four grated apples. Bake, and make meringue of the whites of four eggs.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3.

Rice Plum Pudding.

Boil one cupful of rice, tender; add to one quart of milk, two eggs, one cupful of sugar, one saltspoonful of salt, one-half of a teaspoonful of nutmeg, one cupful of seeded raisins and one-half of a cupful of almonds. Bake. When nearly done, stir occasionally, and add one tablespoonful of butter.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 4.

Chocolate Custard (good).

Make a boiled custard as for Sauce 10, doubling recipe, and stirring in two tablespoonfuls of melted chocolate. Serve with sponge cake.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5.

Orange Pancake.

One pint of warm milk, add one tablespoonful of melted butter, one pint of flour, two eggs beaten stiff, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and juice of one orange. Bake on griddle. Butter and sweeten.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6.

Raisin Batter Pudding.

One pint of milk, two eggs beaten stiff, two cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one cupful of raisins. Boil two hours. Sauce 7.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7.

Fried Pudding (good).

Cut slices from yesterday's cold pudding, and fry in hot butter a nice brown. Sauce 9.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8.

Baked Meal Pudding.

One quart of boiling milk, one cupful of cornmeal, one teaspoonful each of salt, ginger, mixed mace and cinnamon, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one-half of a cupful of molasses. Bake. Sauce 8.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9.

Apple Meringue Pie.

Bake, in one crust, rich apple sauce. When pastry begins to brown, cover with meringue made of the whites of three eggs, and brown.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10.

Hickory Nut Cakes (very nice).

Two cupfuls of chopped meats, two cupfuls of powdered sugar, add the unbeaten whites of three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of flour three-fourths of a teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in patty pans.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 11.

Neapolitanes.

One pound of flour, one-half of a pound each of powdered sugar and butter, yolks of six eggs, and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Mix together, and if too stiff, add a little milk. Leave in cold place one-half hour. Roll thin, cut in any shape, and bake. Ice, while warm, with boiled icing, and almonds.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 12.

Cabinet Pudding.

Butter the mould and line with citron, fill with alternate layers of sponge cake and macaroons. Pour in one glass of brandy, then one pint of milk, yolks of three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, stirred together. Steam one and one-half hours. Sauce 8.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 13.

Apple Batter Pudding.

Half fill a dish with apple sauce, and pour over batter of three-

fourths of a pint of milk, three eggs, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, three-fourths of a teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake. Sauce 5.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14.

Jam Roly Poly.

Three eggs, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one tablespoonful of milk. Bake in shallow, oblong tins, while hot spread with jam and roll up. Sauce 12.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15.

Cocoanut Sponge Pudding.

Stir together two cupfuls of dry sponge cake crumbs and two cupfuls of boiling milk. When nearly cold, add the yolks of four eggs beaten stiff, one cupful of grated cocoanut, one cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of rose water and one glass of sherry. Bake, and spread with the whites of four eggs beaten stiff, two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, one-half of a cupful of grated cocoanut, one teaspoonful of lemon juice. Brown.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16.

Covered Pudding.

Soak, over night, one cupful of tapioca, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of vanilla, and pour over dish of apple sauce, and, over that, custard of one pint of milk, one tablespoonful of corn-starch, one tablespoonful of sugar and two eggs. Bake until "set." Sauce 7.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17.

Cider Jelly.

Soak one-half of a box of gelatine in one-half of a pint of water one hour. Add one-half of a pound of sugar, juice of one lemon, one pint of boiling water, and stir, until gelatine is dissolved, then, add one-half of a pint of cider. Strain in a mould.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 18.

Steamed Pudding.

Two cupfuls of milk, one cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of seeded raisins, four cupfuls of flour, one-half of a teaspoonful each of cinnamon and salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Steam two hours. Sauce 5.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 19.

Rice Pudding.

Boil together one quart of milk, one-third of a cupful each of sugar and rice; when hot, add one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, and two teaspoonfuls of butter. When thick, pour in dish and bake in a slow oven. Sauce 9.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20.

Lemon Ice.

Make rich lemonade, strain and freeze in covered pail set in a pan of snow.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21.

Princess Pudding.

One-half of a cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, one large cupful of flour, three eggs, one-half of a teaspoonful of baking powder, small glass of brandy. Steam one and one-half hours. Sauce 8.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22.

Pumpkin Pie (excellent).

One-half pint of stewed pumpkin, one pint of hot milk, one cupful of brown sugar, one egg, one large tablespoonful of flour, one-half of a tablespoonful of butter, one-half of a teaspoonful each of ginger and vanilla. Bake in one crust.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23.

Sweet Biscuit.

One cupful of sugar, butter the size of an egg, two eggs, three large teaspoonfuls of baking powder, six cupfuls of flour, milk to roll out. Cut with biscuit cutter, and bake. Eat with butter.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24.

Gingerbread Pudding.

One cupful each molasses and milk, one tablespoonful of lard, one-half of a tablespoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of vinegar, and about four cupfuls of flour. Bake. Sauce 12.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 25.

Apples Baked In Sauce.

Put six cored apples in a pan. Rub together one tablespoonful each of butter and flour, add one large cupful of boiling water,

one-half cupful of sugar, and one-half of a teaspoonful of nutmeg. Pour over the apples and bake.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 26.

Cider Pudding.

One and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one-half of a cupful of butter, two eggs, one fourth of a cupful of milk, two and one-fourth cupfuls of flour, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one-half of a cupful of cider, one-half of a cupful of raisins. Bake. Sauce 8.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 27.

Rice Waffles.

Stir two large cupfuls of boiled rice into one quart of hot milk, add three-fourths of a cupful of flour, one-half of a cupful yeast. Let it rise six hours, and add two eggs beaten stiff. Bake in irons. Sauce 7.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28.

Raspberry Blanc Mange.

Boil together one quart of milk, four tablespoonfuls of smooth corn-starch, and four tablespoonfuls of sugar. When thick, stir in one-half of a cupful of strained juice from canned raspberries and mould. Serve with sugar and cream.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29.

Apple Patties.

Bake, in deep tart shells, mixture of one-half of a pound of sugar boiled with one-half of a pint of water till thick, added to one pound of sour, chopped apple, and juice of one-half of a lemon, boiled together till stiff.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30.

Steamed Indian Pudding.

One and one-half cupfuls of sour milk, two eggs beaten stiff, one teaspoonful of soda, one cupful of raisins, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, cornmeal for soft batter. Steam. Sauce 9.

—Ruth Hall.



SANDWICHES.

Ten of 'Em, and Handy to Have in the House.



HE varieties of this delectable form of food, and the occasions for its use, are almost without number. The journey, the picnic, the children's party, and the more formal gatherings of older people, all call for the dainty sandwich in some shape, and the selection of the

most tempting and suitable form for the occasion is quite an art. Here are a few recipes which cover to some extent the ground mentioned :

Choose a moist sweet loaf of bread and remove the crusts from all four sides before the cutting in slices begins. Some bakers offer loaves of "cream" bread which are baked in small square tins. These loaves, when procurable, are well adapted to sandwich purposes. Buttering the loaf, and cutting one thin slice from it at a time, prevents crumbling of bread or butter. The sandwiches to be appetizing, should be made thin. They are also handled with greater ease cut in small sizes, either square or triangular.

Tongue Sandwiches.

Cut boiled tongue in thin slices, removing carefully the tough outer edge. Place the slice of tongue upon a slice of bread and butter, and sprinkle a little salt and pepper upon it, then add the second slice of bread.

Chicken and Lamb.

Select a portion of lean meat, and chop very fine in a chopping bowl. Moisten with a little cold gravy wholly free from grease, add salt and pepper to taste, and spread between slices of bread and butter.

Corned Beef.

Boil the corned beef till it is very tender, and let it remain in the water it has been boiled in over night. Chop a piece of the lean meat with a small portion of fat. Add a little of the liquid and a sprinkle of pepper. The corned beef is usually sufficiently salt, though some care should be exercised to make sure that it is well corned and not fresh. In the latter case the mixture should be salted the same as fresh meats.

Ham.

Chop the ham very fine, mixing a little fat meat with the lean to prevent dryness. If deviled ham is preferred, make a thin paste of mustard and weak vinegar, and stir through the meat. Spread this highly seasoned mixture very thin on the bread and butter. The potted ham from the stores is a very good substitute for that made at home, and is most useful in an emergency.

Beef and Veal.

Beef and veal sandwiches are not tame in comparison to the more tasty meats, if they are well seasoned. Chop them very fine, season well, and moisten with soup stock or gravy. Appetizing sandwiches may be made in emergencies from beefsteak, veal or lamb chops or fried ham, provided the tough portions and gristle are removed and the meat is chopped very fine, and the seasoning and moistening are carefully added.

Sardines.

Cut the sardines in halves, remove the back bone, also scrape off the skin when it is noticeable, and place the fish between slices of bread and butter. Sardine sandwiches are still more delicious when a small amount of lemon juice has been squeezed over the fish or a little mayonnaise dressing has been added.

Lettuce.

Use lettuce that has stood in water in the refrigerator a few hours. These leaves retain their crispness longer. Place a leaf between each slice of bread and butter. Spread the leaf with mayonnaise dressing or any thick boiled dressing. Do not allow the leaf of lettuce to be much larger than the slice of bread and butter, though a peep of green adds to the dainty effect.

Cheese and Ginger Wafers.

Make or purchase the thinnest of ginger wafers. Spread them carefully on a flat surface to prevent cracking with cream cheese, and form into sandwiches.

Saltines and Jam.

Spread the jam, choosing any kind that is preferred, on the saltines and join two together.

Biscuits and Currant Jelly.

Cut biscuit dough into tiny biscuits with a small cutter and bake. When cold divide in half and spread with butter and currant jelly. These are considered an addition to small ham sandwiches at children's parties. Lines of sandwiches packed closely together and entirely wrapped about with paraffine paper, will keep fresh for a considerable time. It is wise to pack them in this way for picnics or in traveling, or even for home use when they are not to be used immediately.

—E. L. Gebhard.

THE VAGARIES OF FASHION.

THE SKIRT: ITS ECCENTRICITIES AND ITS GRACES.

BY MRS. ERIC PRITCHARD.



THE SKIRT OF TO-DAY AT ITS BEST.

SURELY no controversy has ever raged so fiercely in the field of fashion as that anent the skirt—its cut, its exaggerations, and its beauty! Week by week, month by month, since our last Spring Number, up to the present time, has the skirt formed an all-important theme for the chroniclers of fashion.

April is the month *par excellence* in which new fashions from Vienna and Paris are announced in London and the new notes in dress are struck. Again this spring, of all matters relating to dress we still find that the skirt is the most absorbing topic.

This time last year, when we wanted to be especially up to date, with the greatest care we dispensed with every possible fold and gather in our skirts, and to arrive at a serpent-like appearance we often wore tight-fitting satin knickers, in lieu of the petticoat with its beloved frou-frou; so now, in our exaggerated desire for extremes, we consider how many pleats and how much unnecessary goffering and extra weight it is possible to suspend from our waists and hips, thus once more affording food for the caricaturists.

And now to take ourselves back to the April of 1899, when the discussion on skirts perhaps raged its fiercest. The idea and the ideal of the tight-fitting skirt were absolutely charming—that is to say, when the clinging, long, trailing drapery was gracefully manipulated to accentuate the best lines of a woman's figure and to minimise the worst; but then, alas! the fashion authorities ran riot, more especially in the French markets which cater for the English buyer, who invariably demands a wild exaggeration, and so the straight artistic lines, carried out in soft fabrics, become, in the tailor's hands, dragged in hard tweeds round the too prominent figure of the British matron. Then the provincial dressmaker in her turn brought the eel-like skirt into derision with a parsimonious expenditure of the brightest of coloured cloths and the flimsiest of muslins, cut to show every line of the undeveloped form of the "country miss." It is wonderful what a lack of humour the British dressmaker possesses; nor would deficiencies of her class strike her, if she paid a visit to the Park on a Sunday in May, by the generally disastrous appearance of womankind.

Few observing men or women could help noticing the vulgarity of the stout woman in the tight skirt, and the absurd "sloppiness" of the bread-and-butter miss, when both gowned by the English *couturière*, allowed to run riot on a fashion which is so easily out-fashioned. This is the ludicrous side of the tight skirt. For relief let us turn to its beauties, for at its best, and worn by a beautiful Englishwoman with sufficient length of limb and of good proportions, the serpent-like skirt, when manipulated by a skilled artist and in exquisite materials, was indeed a thing of beauty. But, alas! these cases were only the lovely exceptions. As, unfortunately, fashion is for the million, the skirt of 1899 was one of the most disastrous and ludicrous of the vagaries of *la mode*.

But now, as a chronicler of the "up to date," do I foresee that another danger assails us, and naturally the course of fashion takes us in an opposite direction. The pleated, the goffered, the gathered skirt is with us, and slowly but surely has it made its autocratic sway felt, and voluminous draperies will



WHAT THE "KILTIED" SKIRT OF 1900 MAY BECOME.

endeavour to get to the fore. In the hands of the unskilful, the draped skirt of to-day will become as unseemly and as awful as its eel-like predecessor. Yet for our comfort let us recollect that the skirt still remains very long, and so can retain a fair amount of grace.

The skirt, which is kilted or pleated in rather large folds with a wide box-pleat at the back, is most likely to be unbecoming to any but the slightest figures; on broad, short people it will be positively ludicrous. The draped or apron skirt becomes a great danger in untutored hands, for drapery requires an artistic eye, and must be moulded on somewhat classical lines. The petticoat, which should rest on the ground, must be tight to the knee, with becoming frou-frou at the feet; the upper skirt should be cut in folds suited to the individual. Here will the amateur use unyielding materials and produce a clumsy arrangement on the left hip. Nothing could be harder to cut and arrange than a tablier skirt.

Very beautiful is the revived finely accordion-pleated skirt; and from what I have already seen, the goffered skirt will find great popularity. And in this, perhaps, lies our greatest danger. The immense amount of fulness round the waist and on the hips can only be becoming

to the tallest and slightest of our sisters; but being the fashion, the British matron from Suburbia will adopt it with all zeal, and consequently an unpleasing appearance of rotundity will be given to her figure.

When we come to the accordion-pleated skirt in thin and fine material on tall, slim people, it is a different matter—indeed, under such favourable circumstances it becomes a beautiful mode; and as at this time last year the eel-like skirt could be a beautiful one, so now can the kilted example of to-day, provided Nature has endowed the wearer with sufficient length of limb.

Very charming can the tunic-skirt look when the under-petticoat lies in graceful folds on the ground all round and the slight folds of the tunic are arranged on the hip to best suit the individuality of the wearer.

But enough; the vagaries of fashion are amusing, and its exaggerations even more so.

If this article, with its accompanying illustrations, can prevent but a few ultra-fashionable women from rushing from one wild extreme to another, thereby bringing discredit upon the most beautiful of fashions created by artistic geniuses, and carried out with the highest skilled labour, I shall feel that it has not been written in vain.



THE TIGHT SKIRT OF FLIMSY FABRIC WORN BY THE COUNTRY MISS.



WHAT PLEATS AND FRILLS WILL LEAD US TO IN 1900.



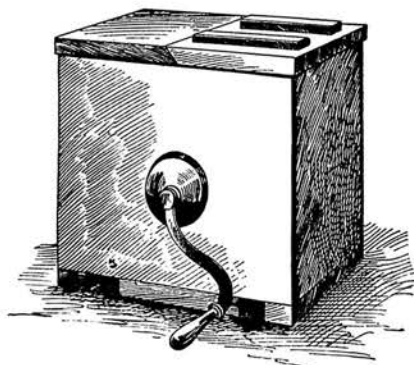
THE TIGHT SKIRT OF 1899 WORN BY THE BRITISH MATRON.



MY DAIRY AND THE WORK THEREIN.

By LINA ORMAN COOPER.

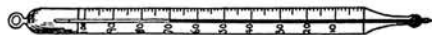
It all seems so easy to me now, looking back over the years at my first attempt at working a dairy in mine house. Yet I cannot help pitying the forlorn figure that stood therein one bright spring morning and had to work out for herself the problem of turning fresh frothy milk into sound household butter.



CHURN.

In my young days (inquire not too closely how long ago that may be) the management of farm stock, milking of cows, or making butter was not considered necessary, lady-like, or even delicate. It followed that all the mystery of drawing milk from the soft velvety bags of stately brown-eyed matrons of the bovine breed, was considered too deep for me to fathom. Brought up in London, I was even somewhat afraid of the patient, calm-mannered cattle that looked at me out of their soft liquid eyes with such contented trust.

But one day I was confronted with the fact that the dairy in mine house was full of flat pans of yellow-topped cream (for Cosy, our most valuable Alderney, had just presented

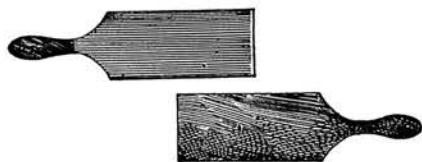


THERMOMETER.

us with a beautiful new child) and that Dorothy Draggletail, the last of a long list of inefficient dairymaids, had gone off on a spree and—not returned.

The cook in mine house is a generally reliable person—more or less. It was much “less” on this particular occasion; she declared it was “none of her business,” and calmly left her London-bred mistress to surmount the difficulty herself. I did surmount it by the help of handbooks and common-sense. In order to help others to do the same, I will describe my *modus operandi*.

The first thing in a dairy is to choose proper utensils. A friend of mine lately bought a churn for 7s. 6d. which was warranted to “bring” butter in fifteen minutes. I have seen that churn. It lasted awhile but soon was not, for it was made of earthenware, worked by a dash, and of course stood on



PATTERS.

the usual flagged floor. (N.B.—Every proper dairy has a stone or tiled floor.) I bought a small patent declivity churn and it still is in perfect order after ten years’ work. The “P. D. C.” is a delightfully compact square affair, made of white wood with a double dash, easily worked by the most weakly of women. It cost 35s. and, having no corners, is thoroughly cleansible—a most necessary virtue. It is kept in order by being scrubbed out with boiling water, both before and after each churning. This actual cleaning I never attempt myself. It requires a stronger back and arms than most ladies possess, and it is better done by those who are accustomed to wield the brush. Still I always inspect with eyes and nose, and no “cat’s lick and a promise” will pass muster.

It is necessary to examine very carefully. A minute quantity of sour cream adhering to the box-wood knot, through which the worm of the screw-dasher passes, is enough to spoil a whole churning of cream. It may be so small a portion that it is scarcely “visible to the naked eye,” and yet that tiny bit can give a terrible “tack” to the butter. Part of the furniture in my dairy consists of various-sized brushes for ensuring this necessary cleanliness of the “P. D. C.”

By far the most showy portion of the fittings



CARVED MOULDS.

are the various-sized pans which ring the dairy in mine house. There are bright tin pans, glazed earthenware ones, double ones for regulating temperature, and enamelled ones. A choice, however, can be made, if expenditure must be strictly considered.

Beside the pans lies a floating thermometer (1s. 6d.); standing up by the wall are a pair of wooden “hands” or patters (1s. 6d.) and several differently carved moulds for ornamenting pats. An oak trough is here, too, full of pure cold water for washing butter (7s. 6d.) (a cheaper cedar bowl would answer nearly as well) and skimmers of various sorts.

Now, the items I have named are all the things really indispensable to start and maintain a dairy. In mine house I have several additional luxuries. One is a waist-high, wood-surrounded, tray-like table, fitted with a fluted roller for working away skim milk from the butter. There is also an affair for pressing and storing it when made. A marble-topped weighing machine for weighing salt before adding it, and butter after it is finished.

And here let me say that accuracy in the dairy is a most useful thing. It is almost impossible for an intelligently-trained lady to fail therein if she will follow a rigid line of action and dispense with careless rule-of-thumb. In this way only will butter be always well made. The haphazard is more out of place in a dairy than almost anywhere else in mine house. The theory of butter-making is easily learned even from a book. It must carefully be carried out to ensure success.

Having chosen our few necessary utensils, the next thing is to see to the proper “ripeness” of that thick leathery cream which we

have lifted so delicately. I always let the milk stand for twelve hours before I separate it, and leave the cream untouched for four days in summer and a week in winter.

Before pouring this thick mass into the churn, I test its temperature by inserting the floating thermometer. If it does not



SKIMMER.

register the proper 70° the churn is scalded out, or even a drop of boiling water added to the cream. If it registers more than 70° the churn is chilled by holding under a spout or tap of cold water. Then, slowly at first, the churning is begun, and the motion regularly quickened until a swish of buttermilk tells that crumbs of butter are appearing in the churn. Instantly the motion is slowed, until a few rocks of the dasher “gather” into a mass those yellow beads of soft substance. The theory of this routine is as follows. At first a slow regular movement is necessary to break the air bubbles in the milk. The quicker one follows to beat them out of the butter crumbs. Rocking merely assists the butter to become of sufficient unity to lift out of the churn.

In a “P. D. C.” butter usually “comes” in about eighteen or twenty minutes, if it be churned at a proper temperature, and if the “P. D. C.” be not choked with too much cream.

There is a vital necessity for air in this operation of churning as everywhere else. I



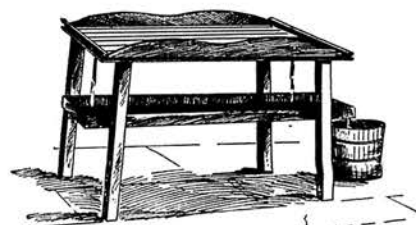
FLUTED ROLLER.

once poured six quarts of cream into my little declivity, thinking to get therefrom six pounds of butter. It was nearly full up to the lid when I began to work. Sixteen minutes passed—the usual time—no sign of butter coming. Half an hour, one hour; cook condescended to give a hand. Ninety minutes, and nurse and housemaid were summoned to turn the handle. Two hours, and the laundry-maid was called in to help—still no result.

Three times over Bridget, the cook, repeated the “learned churchman’s charm.”

“Come, butter, come!
Come, butter, come!
Peter stands at the gate
Waiting for a buttered cake.
Come, butter, come!”

But this “harmless charme” signally failed!



TRAY TABLE FOR MAKING UP BUTTER.

The ballade, "no less admired than a gyant in a paggeant," had no effect.

At last we lifted out more than a quart of still smooth cream, and, heigh presto! the butter came. But it was a butter very different from my usual yellow hard mass of "glycerides of the fatty acids." It was pale of complexion and weak in its substance—all from want of air.

After the butter has "come," all butter-milk is poured off into one of our big earthenware crocks. Then a little cold water is added to the churn, the lid replaced and a few quick turns of the handle given. This squeezes the remaining drops of thin milk out of the, by this time, solid block of "stearin, palmitin, and olein" which we call butter, and leaves less work for hands and wrists—wooden hands I mean, as butter must never be touched by human digits or palms.

Pure, dry, fine salt is next added, one ounce to every pound. It is pressed in and then washed. We know that the curious patch-work of salt streaks and fresh butter so often seen is no mark that wizards have bewitched

the milk. We do not need to add rennet to an eggshellful of the left liquid in order to discern the witchcraft. We soon learn to recognise that uneven manipulation of the salt has thus resulted.

Now there is only left to weigh, print and pat. The work is done, and a delightfully easy, interesting and cleanly work it is. I do not object to it in the least. No lady need do so on the score of dirt, difficulty, exertion or time. An apron tied over one's everyday dress does away with any damage to clothes. The difficulties are only initial ones and soon surmounted. The exertion is trifling—the time spent is three-quarters of an hour to actually churn and make up, say, twice a week, and a few seconds night and morning to set the new milk and skim the old.

Butter, however, is not the only thing we make in the dairy of mine house. When cream is plentiful we put dribbles of it into a muslin bag and let it drip and hang for several days. With it we place a handful of salt to keep it. When it no longer drops milky tears we place it under a weight, and

in a short time have cream cheese ready to pack in nettles and place on our table. Also, when the "oleagenous compound" is scarce, we lift a pan of fresh milk on to the range, and bring it to nearly boiling point. When the surface thickens, the pan is removed carefully without shaking the top, and when it is cold, behold, we skim off a pot of Devonshire clotted cream—made in Bedfordshire, however.

Now, in conclusion, I would say that "What is worth doing is worth doing well." It is no economy to dispense with a dairymaid and have to put up with bad butter. So there must be one visitor strictly excluded from the dairy in mine and every other house. No, I don't mean the cat. No well-bred feline would degrade herself by stealing from her mistress's domain (especially if her saucer of cream is provided without stealing). I mean chance. Everything in a dairy depends on perfect accuracy, scrupulous cleanliness and strict punctuality. Then the balls, shells, cows, pats, prints, swans, scrolls and rolls of butter will indeed be invariably very good.

WAX FLOWERS, No. 11.

BY MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON.

THE ABUTILON.

Materials.—Half package light green, half package white, half package yellow (light) wax; some green spool-wire; abutilon leaf-mould; glass-headed moulding-pin; small camel's hair brush; one tube dark yellow oil-paint; and one bunch rose stamens. These materials will cost about one dollar, and will be sufficient to teach three or four persons.

First mould your leaves in this manner: Take a piece of wire, three inches long, and wind it with a narrow strip of green wax; now wind two other pieces of wire, each one and one-half inches long. Dip the leaf-mould in water, then shake off the drops, lay a sheet of wax lengthwise of the sheet, on the back of the leaf mould; press it down around the edges, when it will cut off. Now lay the longest wire, which you have already wound, exactly in the centre of this leaf,

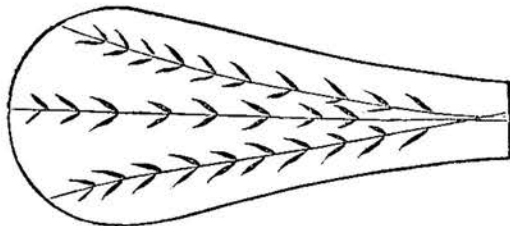


Fig. 1.

and lay over it another piece of wax lengthwise of the sheet. Press this firmly down, so as to

get a good impression of the veins: when this is done, take the leaf from the leaf mould.

Dip your finger in water, and rub around the edges, when it will easily come off. Mould two more leaves, using the shorter pieces of wire, and join them to the first leaf. Now for the flowers: cut six pieces, the size and shape of Fig. 1. Roll until cupped around the rounding edges. Then, with your camel's hair brush, barely dipped in the dark yellow paint, draw fine veins all over the six pieces. These veins are represented by the lines in the figure. Lay them aside, and cut off a piece, two and a-half inches long, of the spool-wire. Make a hook at one end, and cover it with a narrow strip of wax, one-half inch long and a fourth wide. In this place five rose stamens, the one in the middle longer than the rest, folding the wax around firmly to keep the stamens in place.

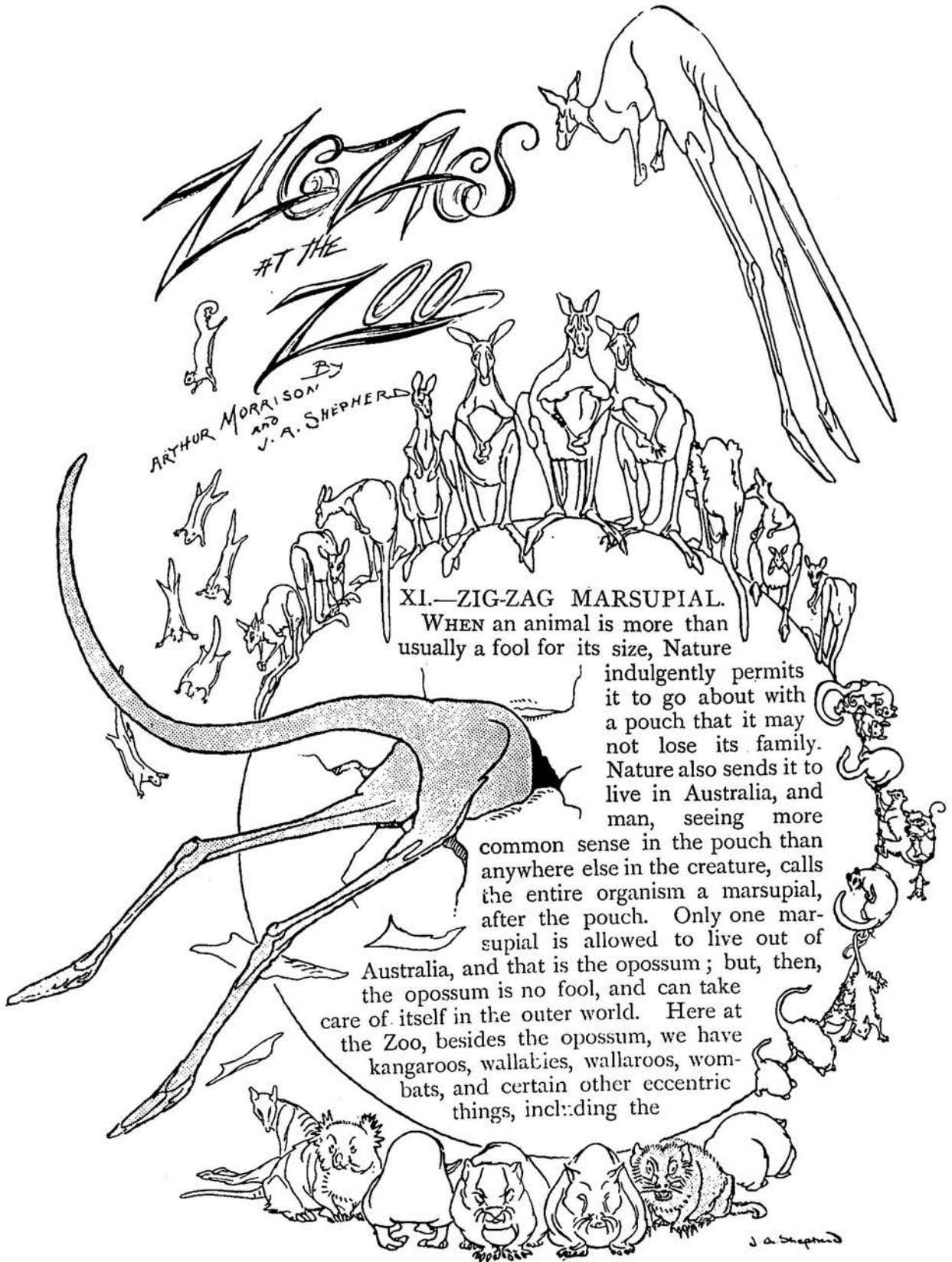
After this is done, wrap the stem with a narrow strip of light green wax. Now place the six pieces like Fig. 1 on the stem, allowing the bottom, which has a narrow, straight edge, to rest right around the full part covered with a narrow strip of wax. The abutilon is full-shaped, and when the pieces are all on, its appearance is rich and double. Finish off with a piece of green wax, shaped like the calyx of a rose. For white ones, use white wax, veining with the yellow paint.

WETAS

AT THE

ZOO

By
ARTHUR MORRISON
AND
J. A. SHEPHERD



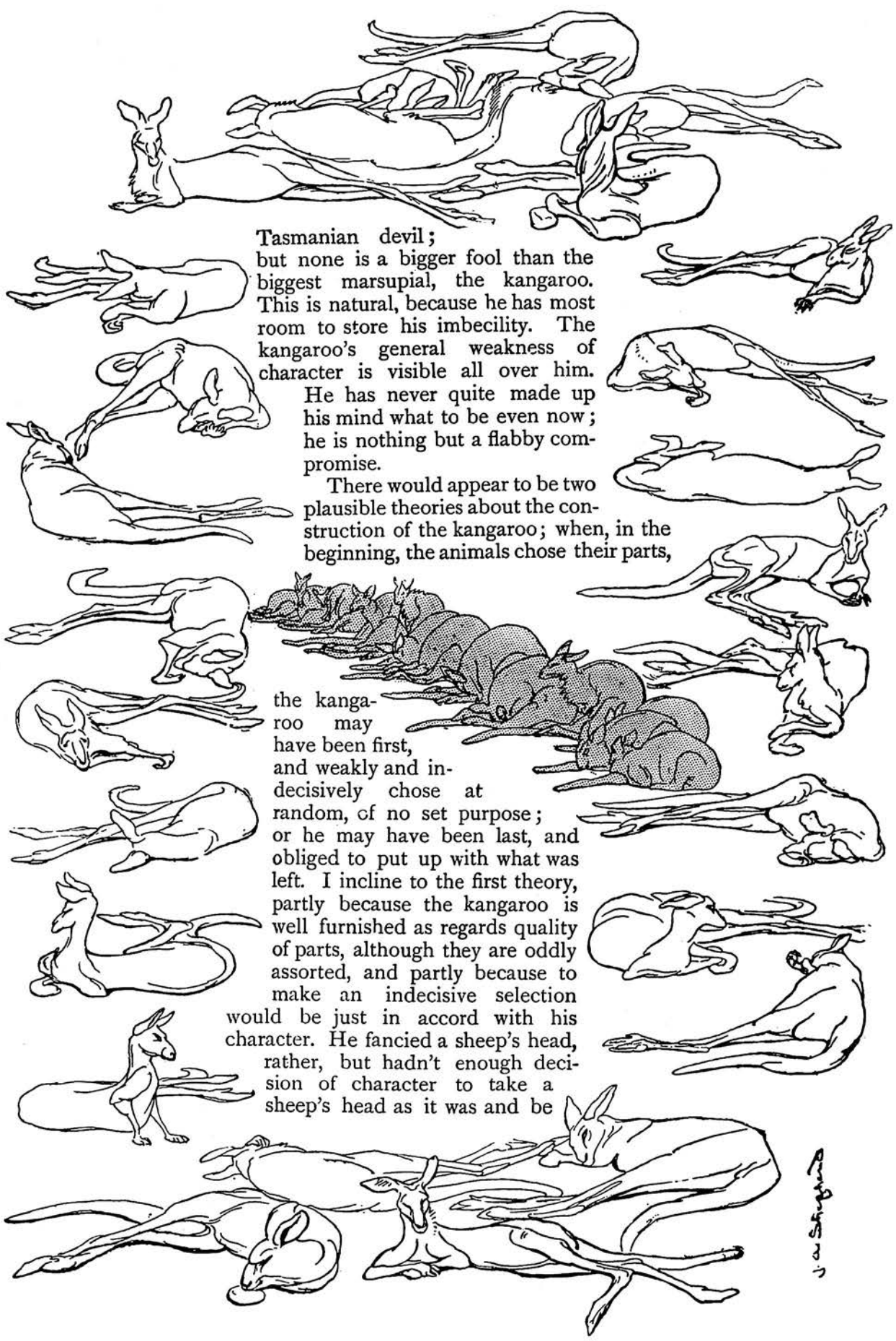
XI.—ZIG-ZAG MARSUPIAL.

WHEN an animal is more than usually a fool for its size, Nature

indulgently permits it to go about with a pouch that it may not lose its family. Nature also sends it to live in Australia, and man, seeing more

common sense in the pouch than anywhere else in the creature, calls the entire organism a marsupial, after the pouch. Only one marsupial is allowed to live out of

Australia, and that is the opossum; but, then, the opossum is no fool, and can take care of itself in the outer world. Here at the Zoo, besides the opossum, we have kangaroos, wallabies, wallaroos, wombats, and certain other eccentric things, including the



Tasmanian devil; but none is a bigger fool than the biggest marsupial, the kangaroo. This is natural, because he has most room to store his imbecility. The kangaroo's general weakness of character is visible all over him. He has never quite made up his mind what to be even now; he is nothing but a flabby compromise.

There would appear to be two plausible theories about the construction of the kangaroo; when, in the beginning, the animals chose their parts,

the kangaroo may have been first, and weakly and indecisively chose at random, of no set purpose; or he may have been last, and obliged to put up with what was left. I incline to the first theory, partly because the kangaroo is well furnished as regards quality of parts, although they are oddly assorted, and partly because to make an indecisive selection would be just in accord with his character. He fancied a sheep's head, rather, but hadn't enough decision of character to take a sheep's head as it was and be

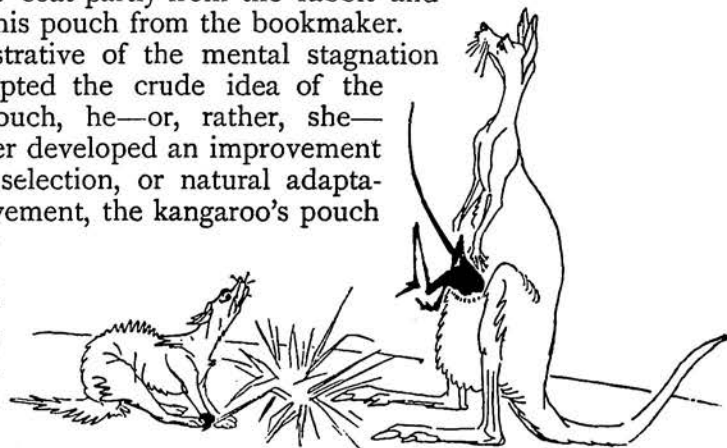
J. W. S. 1872



THE WICKED DINGO DOG; OR,

thankful for it. He preferred a donkey's ears to the sheep's, so had them substituted. Even then, some mistrust of the boldness of the design intimidated him, and he cautiously compromised by having them small. The only part of a kangaroo or wallaby that has the least independence about it is the tail; and the wallabies are so proud of the individuality, that they sit with their tails extended before them all day: and the colonist acknowledges the merit of the kangaroo's tail by making soup of it. Let us grant the kangaroo his tail, since it is the only thing that is unmistakably his own. Abashed at his own temerity in venturing to take an independent tail, all the kangaroo's other selections became hopelessly demoralized. He took a grasshopper's hind legs, and plagiarized a rat's fore-paws. Obviously, he got the design of his coat partly from the rabbit and partly from the rat, and the idea of his pouch from the bookmaker.

Now, it is a noticeable thing, illustrative of the mental stagnation of the kangaroo, that, having adopted the crude idea of the bookmaker's or 'bus-conductor's pouch, he—or, rather, she—through all the generations, has never developed an improvement on that pouch, either by evolution, selection, or natural adaptation. Even in these days of improvement, the kangaroo's pouch has no separate compartment for silver. Of course it is mainly used to carry the family in, but in any really intelligent and enterprising class of animals that pouch would long ago have improved and developed, through the countless ages, into a convenient perambulator, with rubber tires and a leather hood.



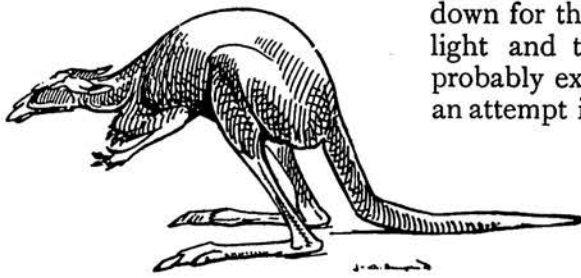
INNOCENCE

As it is, the kangaroo has not so much as added a patent clasp.

Still, in its merely primitive form, the pouch is found useful by the small kangaroo. It is an ever-ready refuge from the prowling dingo dog, and any little kangaroo who breaks a window has always a capital hiding-place handy. Indeed, the young kangaroo would fare ill without this retreat, because any other cradle the mother, being a kangaroo, would probably forget all about, and lose. It is only because the pouch hangs under her very nose that she remembers she has a family at all. All the kangaroo's strength seems to have settled down into the hind legs and the tail, leaving the other parts comparatively weak, and the head superlatively useless, except as an attachment for the mouth. One would imagine that in the period which has elapsed since the Creation the feeblest-minded of animals would have had time to arrive at some final choice in the matter of coat-colour; but the kangaroo hasn't. He never makes up his mind about anything; he begins life in a pale-grey colour; in a year or two he changes his mind and turns very dark—darker than either his father or his mother. The originality pleases him for a little while, and then he gets doubtful of his choice, and makes a wretched compromise—the kangaroo is a compromise all over—settling



PRESERVED.



WRESTLING PRACTICE.

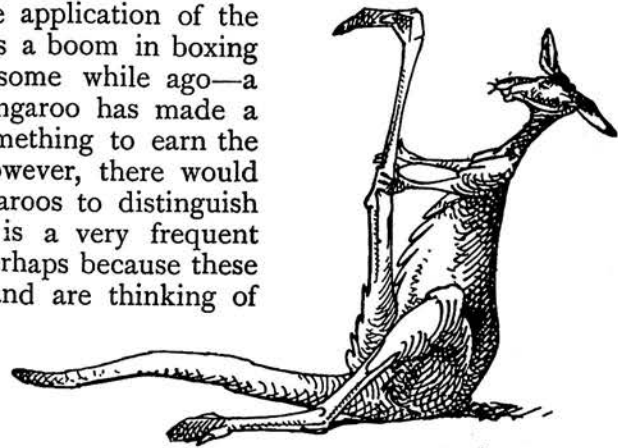
down for the rest of his life to a tint midway between the light and the dark. If he lived a little longer he would probably experiment in blue. As it is, he sometimes makes an attempt in pink—with powder. Only the male kangaroo uses this cosmetic, and where he finds it and how he keeps it is a mystery; he doesn't put it on his face—he devotes it entirely to the complexion of his chest and stomach.

Australians call a full-grown male kangaroo a "boomer":

why, I don't know. I could understand the application of the term in this country, where such a thing as a boom in boxing kangaroos has been heard of, and—this some while ago—a "white kangaroo" boom. The boxing kangaroo has made a very loud boom indeed, and has done something to earn the title of "boomer." Here, at the Zoo, however, there would seem to be little ambition among the kangaroos to distinguish themselves as boxing boomers; but there is a very frequent attitude suggestive of wrestling practice—perhaps because these would-be boomers have muddled things, and are thinking of the wrestling lion. Personally, I am not anxious either to box or to wrestle with a kangaroo; for the beast has a plaguety unpleasant hind foot, armed with a claw like a marline-spike, and a most respectable ability to kick a hole in a stranger with it. It is a kind of weapon that ordinary boxing and wrestling systems don't allow for, and not at all an amusing sort of thing to have lashing about among one's internal machinery. I don't wish to attribute any unsportsmanlike proceedings to the kangaroo now before the public, but to point out that the indiscriminate election of kangaroos into boxing clubs should be discouraged; especially of raw young kangaroos, ready to put on the gloves with anybody and to lose their tempers. Beware of kangaroo uppercuts. Indeed, the boxing kangaroo should properly wear two pairs of gloves, and the bigger and softer pair should go upon his hind feet. For his is a form of *la savate* which admits neither of duck, guard, nor counter; and leaves its signature in a form long to be remembered and hard to stitch up.

The white kangaroo was much

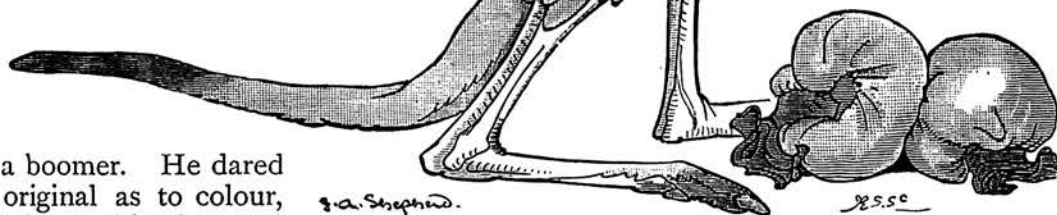
less of a boomer. He dared to be original as to colour, and has been shivering and



A NASTY WEAPON.



cowering and looking miserable ever since in terror of his own independence; he looks only a sort of unhappy white rabbit, overgrown in the hinder half. But there is encouragement



J. A. Shepherd.

RAW YOUTH—"YES, WILL I."

to be got from the case of the boxing boomer. The kangaroo will never become clever of himself, but perhaps the showman may teach him. There are many comic opportunities in the kangaroo—particularly in the pouch. Let the showman see to it.

The most entirely objectionable of all the marsupials is the Tasmanian devil. It is only a little devil, a couple of feet or so long, but its savagery is beyond measuring by anything like a two-foot rule. No reasonable devils could wish to be treated with more indulgence than the Zoological Society extends to these. A rolling blind is provided to keep the sun out of their eyes, and they are politely labelled "Ursine Dasyures," for fear of offending them. They ill deserve either attention, and at any rate I should like to see the label changed. The function of the Tasmanian devil in the economy of Nature is to bite, scratch, tear and mangle whatever other work of



"PLEASE, CAN TOMMY COME OUT?"

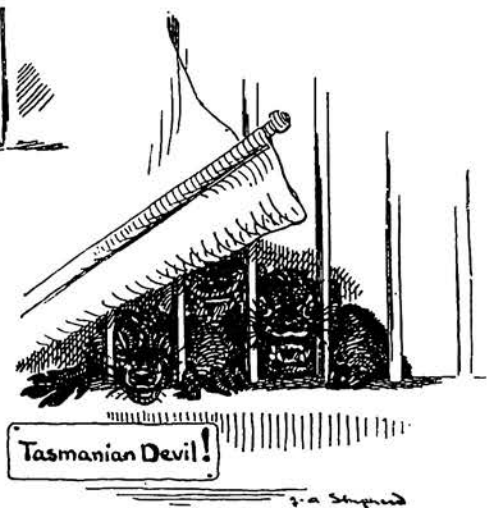
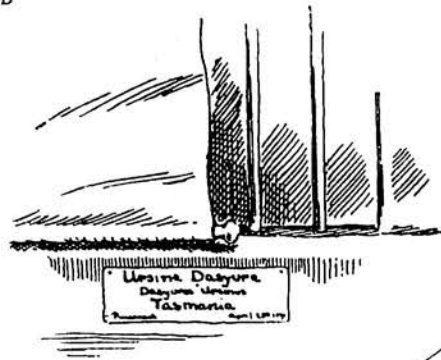


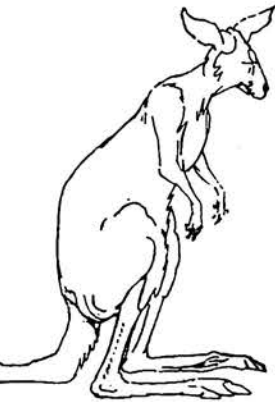
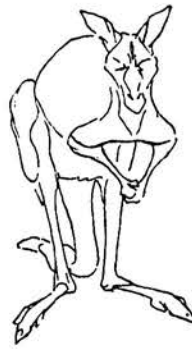
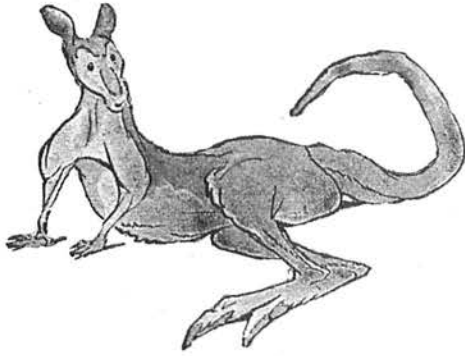
AN OLD MAID

Nature happens to be within reach. It is touching to observe the preference exhibited by the Tasmanian devil for its keeper, who feeds it; it tries to bite him much oftener and more savagely than anybody else. Thus you observe that kindness has some effect, even with the Tasmanian devil. Of course, by its nature, it resents kindness more than anything else, but it will also attack anybody for cruelty, or indifference, or admiration, or curiosity, or for looking at it, or for not looking at it, or any other injury. You can't drive it away with anything; it won't go for a stick and it

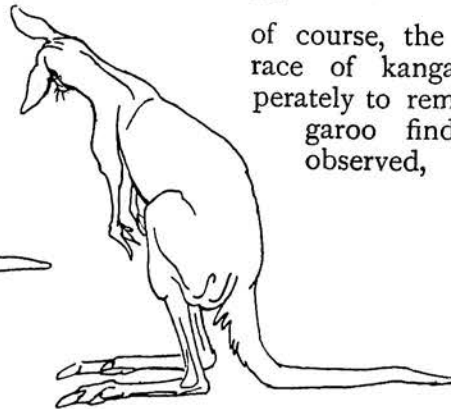
won't go for a gun; nevertheless it will go for you, like three hundred wild cats.

The Tasmanian method of taming it is to blow it into space with a heavy charge of buckshot; and this seems to be the only way of rendering it quite harmless. In life the Tasmanian devil has one desire, one belief, one idea—general devastation. Herein, perhaps, he is the superior of the kangaroo, who doesn't have ideas. There is a superstition that once, in distant ages, a kangaroo had an idea, and if you closely observe a kangaroo who is left to himself,

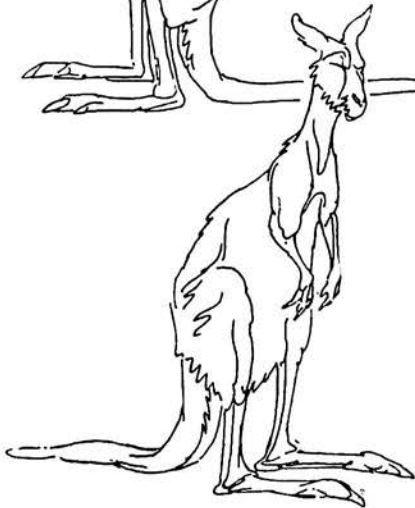




you may see something in that superstition. Ever since the time of that idea (which,



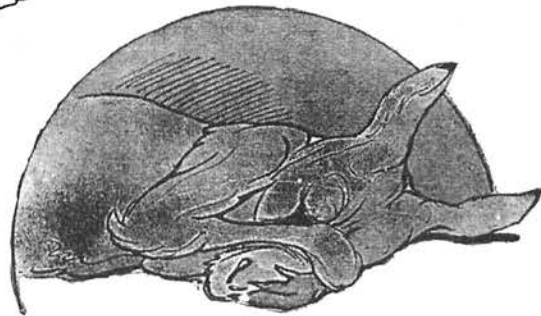
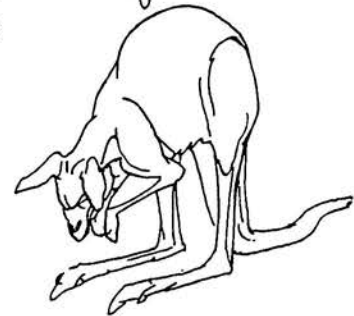
of course, the kangaroo forgot) the whole race of kangaroos has been trying desperately to remember it. Whenever a kangaroo finds himself alone, and unobserved, he addresses himself to



recollecting that idea. He gazes thoughtfully at his paws, finding no inspiration. Then he tries the vacant air above him, with equal ill-success. He brown-studies at the fence, at the



ground, at his own tail; he will never, never rescue that lost idea (which is probably a most insane one, not worth rescuing), but he is always persuading himself that he is on the very point of catching it; frowning and turning his head aside as though the words were in his mouth but wouldn't come off the tongue. You will also notice that he wrestles desperately with it in his sleep, with his fore paw over his nose. If in his waking efforts he sees you watching him, he instantly assumes an air of alert wisdom, intended to convey the belief that he has known all about the idea for years, and is only thinking about applying it in some practical way or making a book of it. But the attempt is a failure—those ears give it away. For intellectual pursuits the kangaroo is not

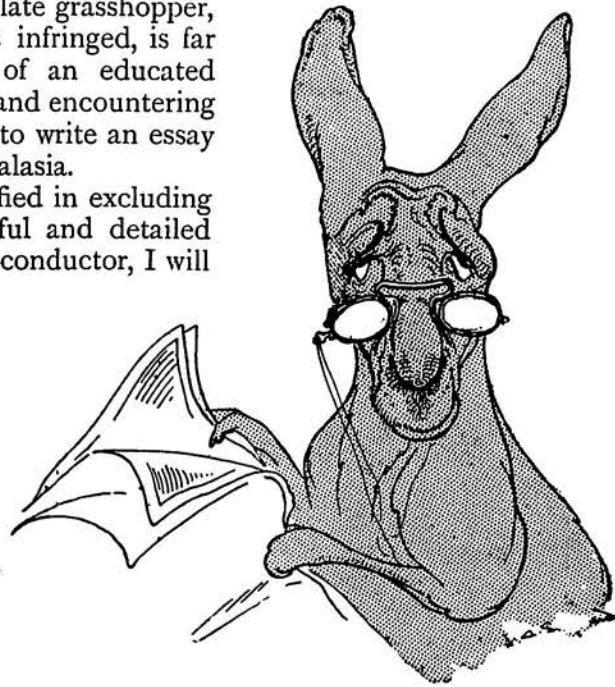


J. A. Shepherd

THAT IDEA.

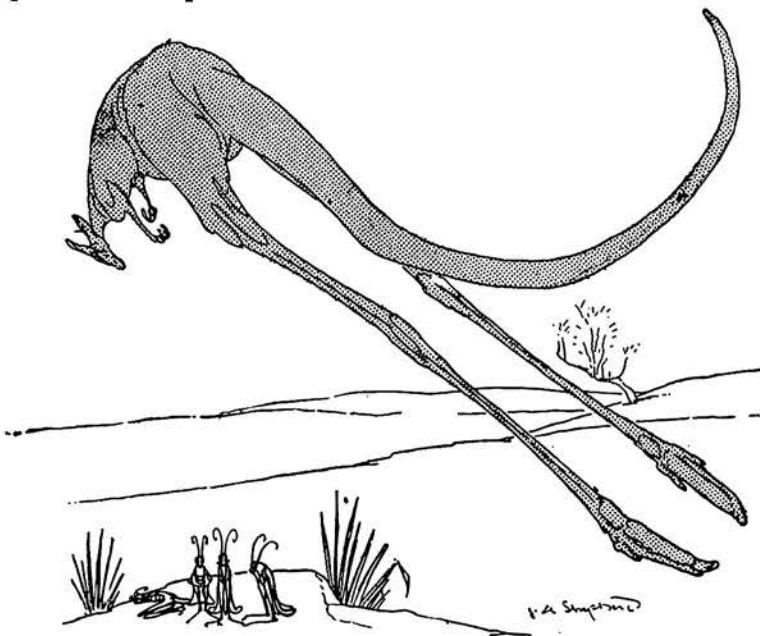
fitted. But he *can* jump; and the disconsolate grasshopper, whose hind-leg copyright the kangaroo has infringed, is far behind the record. It is, in fact, reported of an educated West Indian that, visiting New South Wales and encountering his first kangaroo, he sat down immediately to write an essay on the unusually large grasshoppers of Australasia.

Whether or not a serious naturalist is justified in excluding from a chapter on marsupial animals a careful and detailed consideration of the bookmaker and the 'bus-conductor, I will not stay to argue. I refrain from dealing at length with these interesting creatures in this place, because of the regrettable absence of specimens from the Zoo. The conductor (*Bellpunchus familiaris*) is readily capturable in this country. The habits of the bookmakers (*marsupialis vulgaris*) may be studied, and their curious habits learned by anybody willing to incur the expense in the inclosures set apart for their exhibition at the various racecourses, where their sportive gambles are the subject of great interest (and principal) on the part of speculative inquirers.



THOSE EARS.

Mansbridge is the guardian of the kangaroos in the Zoo—or the kangaruler, as one may say. Most pouched things in the Gardens are given to the care of Mansbridge, which involves a sort of compliment, for a pouched thing is never clever by itself, and wants a keeper who can think for it. He has the wallabies, the kangaroo hares, the kangaroo rats (mad things these, greater hotch-potches than the others), and the wombats. The wombat cannot jump like the kangaroo



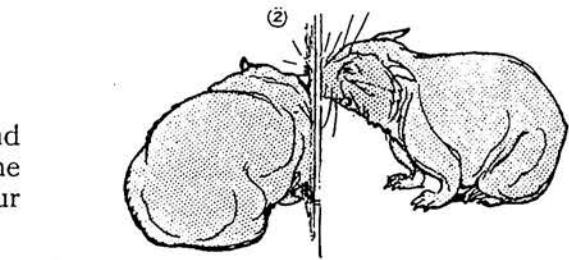
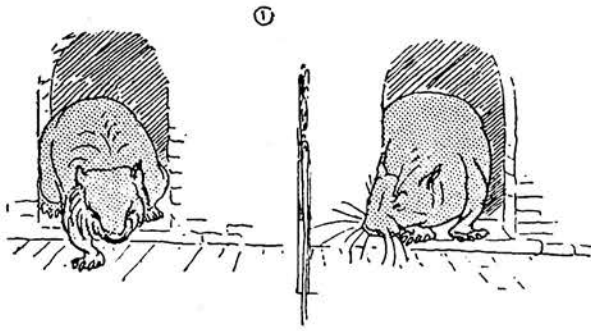
THE RECORD.

or the wallaby, and his sprightliness and activity are the sprightliness and activity of a cast-iron pig. He is slow, but I scarcely think he is quite such an ass as the kangaroo. I have even found him indulging in repartee, as you shall see. Every single movement of any part of the wombat is deliberate and well considered; it is apparently debated at great length by all the other parts, and determined upon by a formal resolution, duly proposed, seconded, and carried by the complete animal properly assembled. Once the motion is carried, nothing can stop it. If the wombat's travels are crossed by a river, he merely walks into it, across the bottom, and out at the other side. Here, in lairs side by side,



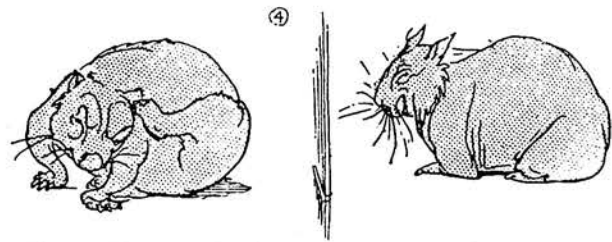
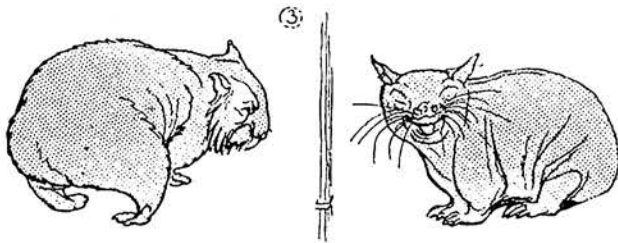
THE KANGARULER.

live a common wombat and a hairy-nosed wombat. They don't come out much in daylight, and they had been here some time before they found themselves both out for an airing together. "Halloa," reflected the hairy-nosed wombat, "here is my neighbour. I'll chaff him!" and he straightway set to work to invent some facetious observation. In an hour or so an idea struck him, and, advancing to the partition bars, he said to the common wombat, "Here, I say—you're common!" and laughed uproariously. The



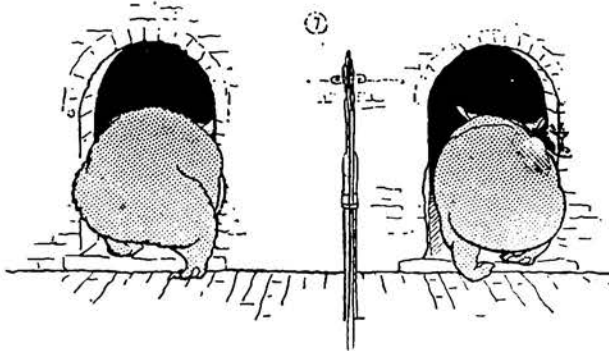
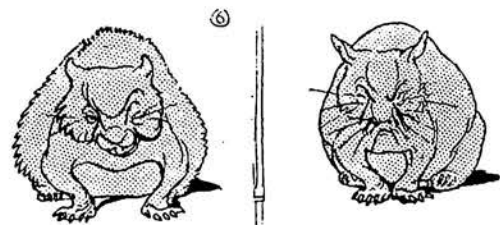
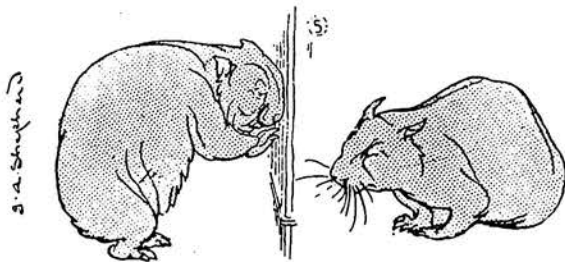
common wombat felt the sting of the remark and determined upon a crushing repartee. While the other chuckled over his achievement (about an hour

and a half) the common wombat laboriously constructed his retort. "Yah! hairy-nose!" he said, when the reply was properly finished and



polished. And then *he* chuckled, while the other thought it over. The hairy-nosed wombat thought it over and the common wombat thought it over (chuckling the while) for some hours without arriving at any more epigrams. After that they went into their dens to take a rest.

And to this day it is a matter of dispute as to which has the best of that chaffing match: and the hairy-nosed wombat is as far off a brilliant reply to the common wombat as ever,

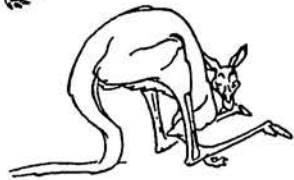
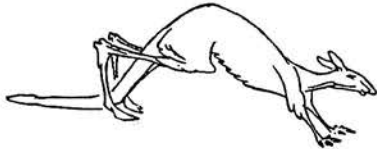


WAR OF WIT.

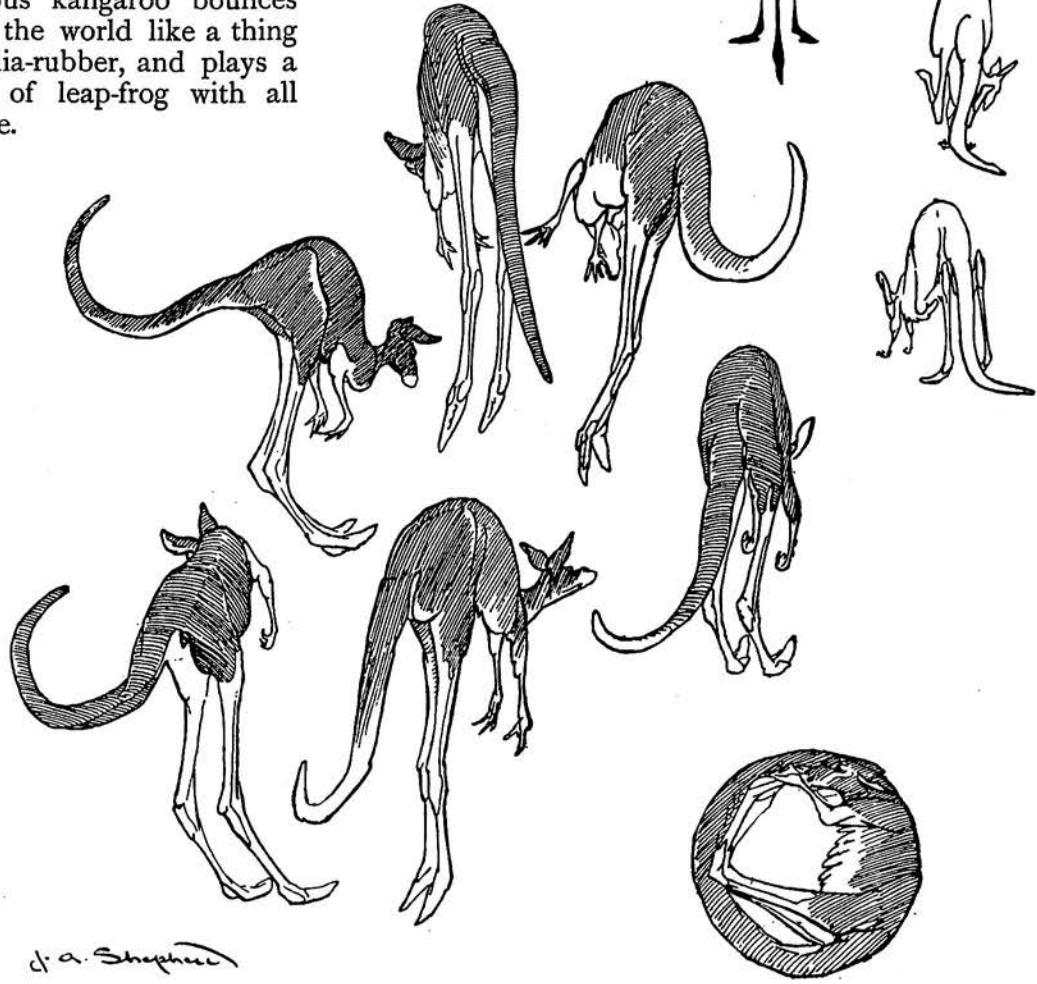
while, of course, the common wombat need not begin to think of another witticism until the hairy-nosed wombat invents, constructs and delivers his. Which is why they never speak to one another now, as anybody may see for himself in proof of the anecdote, if he feel inclined to doubt it. Both are good-tempered and affable in their way; but while they still have this portentous combat of wits on hand they can't afford much time and attention

for visitors. The common wombat still meditates and chuckles inwardly over his victory, and

the hairy-nosed wombat is thinking hard, and mustn't be disturbed. It is difficult to imagine what may be the end of the affair, or when the minds of both the wombats may be free to attend to the friendly greetings of visitors; in the meantime, it is well that the reason for their preoccupation may be known. They are not proud. The intelligence of the mar-



supials is in some sort redeemed by the wombat, who is given a slow and inelastic gait to accord with his mental weight, while the frivolous kangaroo bounces about the world like a thing of india-rubber, and plays a game of leap-frog with all Nature.



d. a. Shepherd



In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods are waning,
The broad stream in its banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining. TENNYSON.

WINDY, rainy, dark November, which seems as if sent purposely to make us more in love with home. What a roaring there is now in the woods—what a rattling of branches and clashing together of great grey iron boughs, that groan again in their mighty agony, as the storm tries in vain to tear them from their gnarled and knotty stems. The streams foam and dash and hurry on in their headlong course, as if they had now no cause to linger—no flowers to mirror back—no green shady sprays to cover them, but were eager to reach their journey's end, and empty themselves into river or sea, to escape from the blinding rain that is ever coming down heavily. The gardens have a desolate and dreary look; and if a flower still lingers behind, it looks like a mourner bending over a grave, and envying the dead that lie below: it seems lost in the world without its companions, and you are glad when it is gone.

November is the pioneer of Winter: he marches foremost, and gathers all the decayed leaves into dark hollows and dreary places, where they lie to be blown and snowed upon, until the work of decay and death is completed. The song-birds

that gladdened our woods and hills are now far away over the sea: the twitter of the swallows no longer falls upon the ear between the showers, as it did in Spring; nor is there even the murmuring of a bee to vary the monotonous moaning of the wind, and the dull dead plashing of the rain. The cattle stand disconsolate beside the leafless hedges, looking wistfully towards the well-stored farm-yard, as if wondering why they are kept so long from the snug, warm, and well-filled stall. The woodman drags his way wearily towards the forest, trying in vain to whistle the cheerful tunes which seemed to shorten his journey in Spring, and glad when the short day has drawn to a close. There is a ragged and vagrant look about the clouds, and they seem to wander homeless about the sky, as if they had no resting-place, but were driven hither and thither at the will of that harsh Overseer the wind. Such are the objects we pick out amid the gloomy shadows of November; but there are spots in the picture which are not wholly dark, and these we will now turn to—scenes which lay on the outskirts of "the forest world of shade"—

The gleamy vales,
 And sunny lawns, and streams in hazy light,
 Glittering, when that peculiar stillness reigns
 As Nature kept a Sabbath; when the leaf
 Shed from the aerial spray, scarce quivering drops
 Through the lulled atmosphere.

The Autumn has torn down the green curtains of Summer. She has revealed little morsels of beautiful landscape which had long been shut out, patches of green fields, and stretches of winding roads, the white-washed front of a distant cottage, or the grey spire of some remote village church, which all Summer long had been hidden behind the trees. Between the openings of the naked boughs we see where the vales dip down, and the hills rise up. We see many beauties in the form of the surrounding landscape which have long been concealed. We observe the forms of the evergreens which had been dwarfed by their taller brethren of the grove; we see numberless nests in the hedges and bushes which we have frequently looked into during the Summer, without being able to discover anything more than the dark masses of leaves. We observe a beauty in the grouping and falling of the berries and wild fruits which hang upon the branches, and marvel that their elegant forms have never before arrested the glance; and, above all, the eye is attracted by the number of strange birds which are continually coming over to winter with us. We discover that a flock of sheep in a green turnip-field, with the distant hayrick, the thatched shed, the picturesque fence, and the pond of water which the naked trees overhang, would, if well painted, form a pretty foreground in a picture of Autumn. The few hard winter apples that are still left upon the trees, though only a few weeks ago they seemed to set the teeth on edge by looking at them, have now a rather tempting look; and we perceive that the dark purple berries of the ivy are in keeping with the sombre green of the closely-matted leaves, and the beautiful colours of the fungi that still remain now attract our attention. We see many a rich tint in the falling acorns, and trace in the surrounding mosses forms and colours as beautiful and delicate as may be found in the choicest flowers; and sometimes, when the weather is mild, we discover flowers that are again blowing, although they have none of the fragrance of Spring. And in such spots—

The bramble bends
 Beneath its jerry load; the hazel boughs
 With auburn bunches, dipping in the stream
 That sweeps along, and threatens to o'erflow
 The leaf-strewn banks,

from which the piping winds are ever sweeping thousands of the "pale and hectic leaves" into the torrent. Naked and leafless as the woods now nearly are, there is something grand about the great November wind, uplifting its mighty voice, and pealing like an organ through these ancient cathedrals of Nature—these huge temples which God's own hand erected. Who can walk beneath those wide-spread avenues—that vaulted and trellised roof—those gigantic pillars, which the hand of man reared not—the silent workmanship of thousands of Summer nights, without feeling that they are in the presence of Him by whom all things were created? Who can look upon the mountains and hills, the workmanship of His hands, then glance at the little piles which the builder Man erected, without acknowledging how feeble is the human arm compared to the Power that erected those stupendous monuments? Nature is ever beautiful. Even now the reeds are rocked, and wave their plummy heads beside the forest brook, and we see a grace in their form and motion, which was lost when the leaves of Summer threw their shadows over the scene. The tall bulrush, that feathered chieftain of lake and mere, now dances his sable plume upon the wind, and proudly overlooks the vassal-like reeds which rustle about his feet. The fallen leaf sails upon the current, like a fairy bark sporting with every whirling eddy it meets with by the way—then, darting along again with eager speed, as if to make up for the time it had lost. What a babbling the brook here makes, seeming to hold parley with the pebbles which have checked its course, then muttering to itself as it rolls along to where the stem of the mighty tree, which the wind hath torn up by the roots, lies prostrate, and athwart its channel, and there it chafes and churns, and vents its wrath in maddening foam, and endeavours in vain to overleap the bulky barrier. What a desolate air hangs around the ruins of that old wooden bridge, which years ago has been impassable; what piles of moss and weeds have gathered around the dark and slimy planks, some of which rock and sway beneath the force of the torrent, and, though shorn of their strength, still defy its power; for—

The piles that they stand on are green with decay,
 And half buried with weeds that to and fro sway
 In the eddy and foam, both by night and by day.

Sometimes the landscape is enlivened during this month by the loud whoop and holloo of the fox-hunters; and we see streaming along the hill-side the mounted horsemen in their scarlet coats, while the mottled hounds show like a patch of dusky white upon the sloping shoulder of the uplands. Away they sweep over hedge and fence in their headlong career—they pass the mill—they leap and swim the brook; they are shut out for a moment by the large farm which rises up on the edge of the valley; then away they burst again in the direction of the little hamlet which they can just distinguish by the tapering spire that "points its tapering finger to the sky." But see, they are at fault! Reynard has doubled somewhere beside yonder little coppice, and for a time bidden defiance to all his pursuers. That cold eastern wind is unfavourable to the scent.

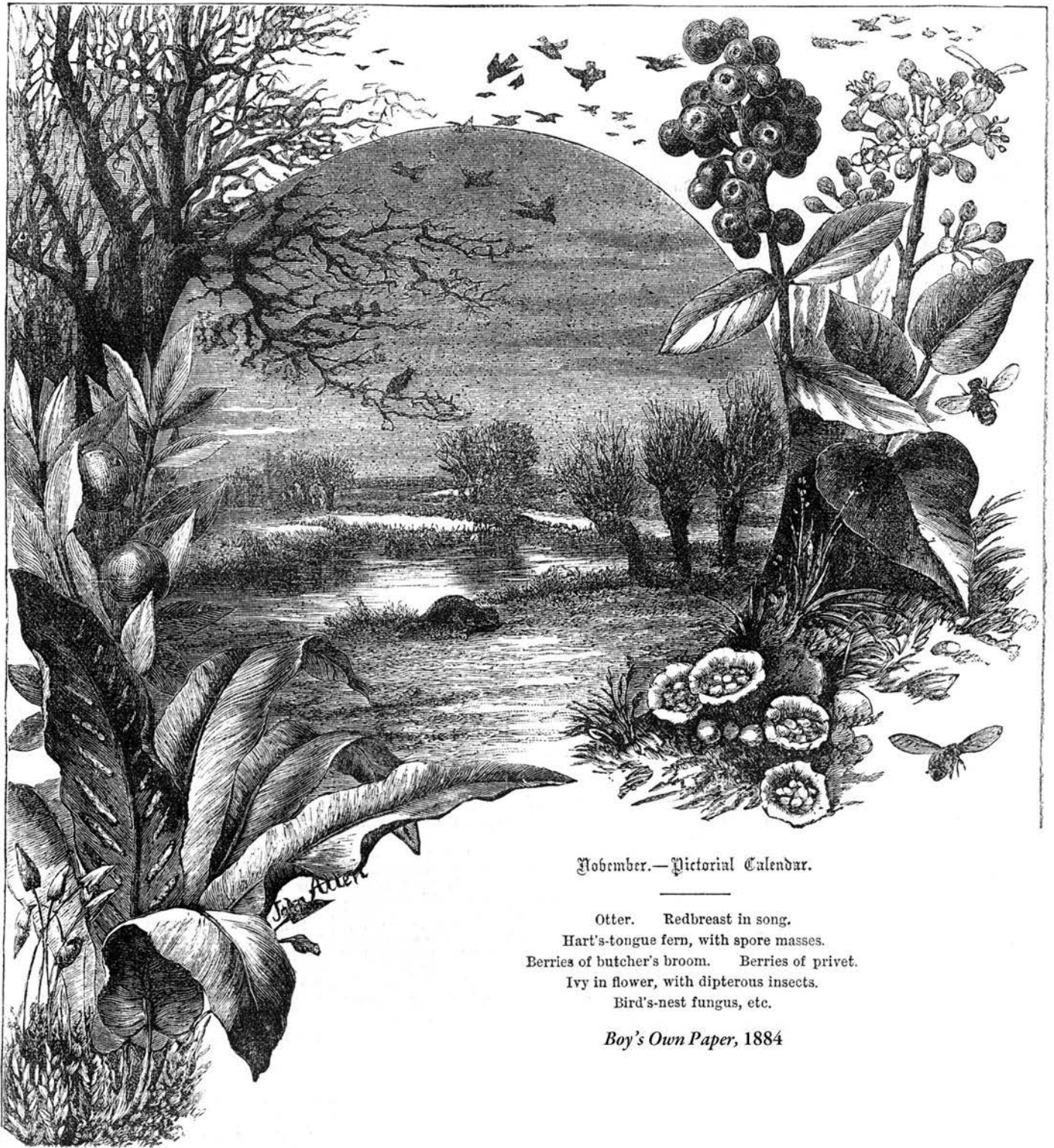
In our eye, the fox is a beautifully formed animal; and we have never seen his red skin and bushy tail sweeping through the brown fern, or gliding stealthily along the edge of the forest, without a feeling of delight; for he is, beyond doubt, one of the oldest inhabitants of our ancient British woods. He went prowling about the roots of our primeval oaks, with his broad head and sharpened snout, ages before a Roman galley ever grazed the pebbles upon our beach; for we find his fossil remains amongst those of extinct animals, which, doubtless, lived in England long before the early Cymry sailed through the misty ocean, and named our coast "the country of sea-cliffs." Even then he burrowed in the ground during the day, and ranged abroad in the night, prowling about the forest-homes of the first ancient settlers, who erected their huts in the wild solitude of our gloomy old woods, and who, for aught we know, piled up the giant relics of Stonehenge. He is associated, in our mind, with many undated changes, and has a great claim on our respect for his antiquity alone. True, the fox is a thief; but it must live somehow; and who can tell what lesser vermin it may destroy, to make up for the few dozens of poultry which it occasionally carries off? That the fox is an affectionate mother we have proof, as she has been seen to carry off one of her cubs in her mouth, even when the hounds have been in pursuit of her: she has thus boldly endangered her life to save her young. Such a trait as this surely makes up for a thousand petty delinquencies. She is very partial to rabbits, and was to be the warren on the lodge of which she is located. When the fox sleeps, he coils himself round like a dog; he has a great objection to light, and few animals can see better in the twilight or dark than he can. The fox has before now been known to run twenty-five miles without a check, and in several instances which are on record has kept the lead of the

hounds for an hour and a half. We have once or twice in our lives, while sojourning at a lonely road-side inn, come in contact with that picturesque and nocturnal character—an Earth-stopper; who, with his little pony, terriers, lantern, spade, and mattocks, has just pulled up to drink his pint, before he sets out on his nightly round. Poor old fellow! on the night which precedes a hunt, he is compelled either to turn out of his warm bed, or leave his comfortable fireside, and, while the fox is out feeding, to stop up the entrance of his burrow or hole; so that when Reynard returns, he sees the door of his house closed, and is compelled to find a shelter where he can. Sometimes the old Earth-stopper has to make a circle of miles, and it is only in the middle of the night that his work can be done, for were he to stop the earths either early in the evening or in the morning, he would be likely enough to fasten up the fox in his burrow, instead of keeping him out, that he may be in readiness when the hunters meet. It is the Earth-stopper's business to become acquainted with every hole which the fox hides in; and while he is out feeding, to stop these places up with thorns, furze-bushes, earth, or stones; so that during the hunt on the following day the fox may not be able to run under the earth, and baffle the hounds; and many a wintry night is the old man out alone, following this cheerless occupation. I am no advocate of fox-hunting; I like to see its black feet pattering through the fallen leaves, for I have always thought it unfair that there should be so many men, horses, and hounds, to one poor fox. It is so unlike that old English system of fair play, which allows only of one enemy at a time.

Frequently during Autumn the heavy rains which descend flood the low countries beside rivers for miles around, sometimes breaking through the embankments before any one is prepared for such a disaster, and rushing into the fields where the cattle are still left to pick up what they can. A strange appearance does a country present thus laid suddenly under water. You see cottages and hayricks half buried; hedges, whose outlines you can only trace by the topmost twigs which rise above the surface; and far out to the foot of the opposite hills, what was but a few days ago a green open landscape, is now, with the exception of a few half-buried objects, one wide watery scene. Footpaths and gates are no longer visible; you can only tell where the broad brown level highway went winding along, by the marks of some particular tree that grew here and there beside it;—and where the hay and straw and broken boughs have drifted and lodged against the trees, or the uncovered tops of the higher hedges; there water-rats and water-shrews, and mice of all descriptions, and weazels and ferrets, friends and foes, all huddled together, may be found sheltering, and at peace, amid the terrors created by such a wide spreading deluge. Here the naturalist may meet with objects which he has hunted for in vain for years, for all that burrows underground, conceals itself amid the reed-covered banks, or hides under the thick entangling hedgerows, is now compelled to brave the unwelcome light of day, for everything excepting man possesses the power of swimming for a considerable time; he alone finds it difficult to "keep his head above water."

This is the end of Autumn, and so few materials does the month present that I must draw upon one of my former works for the conclusion. "We now hear the busy flail in the barn, as the thrasher pursues his monotonous task from day to day, never lacking company, for he is surrounded by the whole family of fowls, who are ever ready to hunt up a neglected ear that has escaped from his hearty blow. In the farmyard, we see the cattle standing knee-deep in the broken straw which the thrasher has turned out, and lowing wistfully over the fence, as if they wondered what Summer had done with all its green, and seeming to say, as plainly as they can speak, that they like not the dry provender which is given to them, and care not how soon they are again ankle-deep in the rich luxuriant grass. We have now rainy days and foggy nights, that come so sudden and thick over the landscape we can scarcely see 'our way before us.' Travellers take the wrong road; and farmers, who have stayed a little too late at the market-town tavern, get into no end of queer bridle-paths, and all at once find themselves anywhere excepting 'at home.' Lamps in the streets bewilder one terribly, and it would be difficult to tell of our 'w:ereabout,' where it not for the old men, who cough one against the other as they pass, and give us warning that we are near the lane or turning which they are about to enter—The fogs now close around one like a great coat that has been steeped in the river, seeming to fit all the better because no one can see it, but wrapping us all over in its uncomfortable cold—and we for the twentieth time discover that our own humble hearths are more comfortable than the crowded and fashionable rooms we have just quitted."



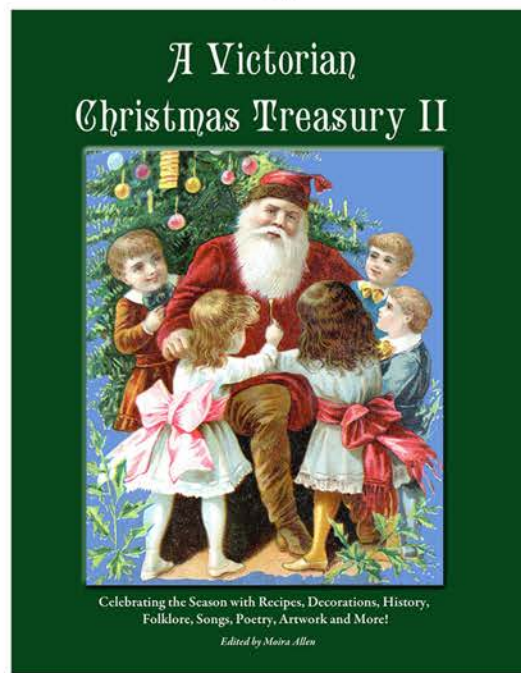
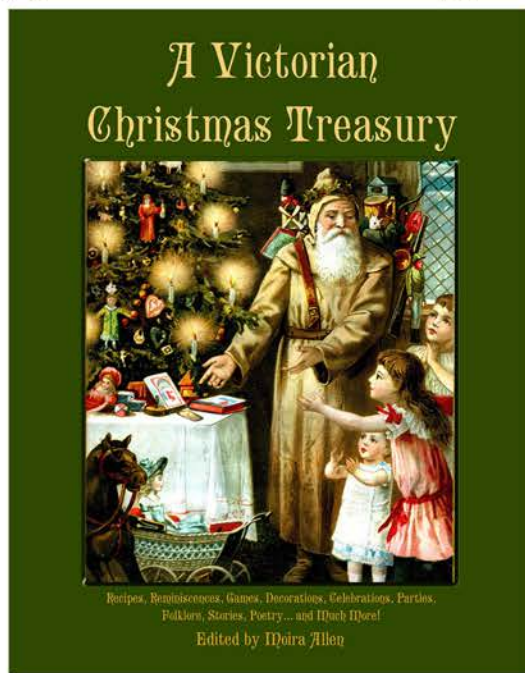


November.—Victorial Calendar.

Otter. Redbreast in song.
 Hart's-tongue fern, with spore masses.
 Berries of butcher's broom. Berries of privet.
 Ivy in flower, with dipterous insects.
 Bird's-nest fungus, etc.

Boy's Own Paper, 1884

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