



Victorian Times

A Monthly Exploration of Victorian Life

Vol. B-2, No. 1 - January 2025

*Curious Obstacle Races • The Brook and Its Banks (Part 1) • Shipping Bamboos
Poor Children of London • Visiting Switzerland • Some Indian Recipes
New Year's Folklore • Sailing a Houseboat to France • Elephants as Pets?
London's Street Cleaner Boys • Everyday Desserts • Flannel Tapestry • Zoo Stories*

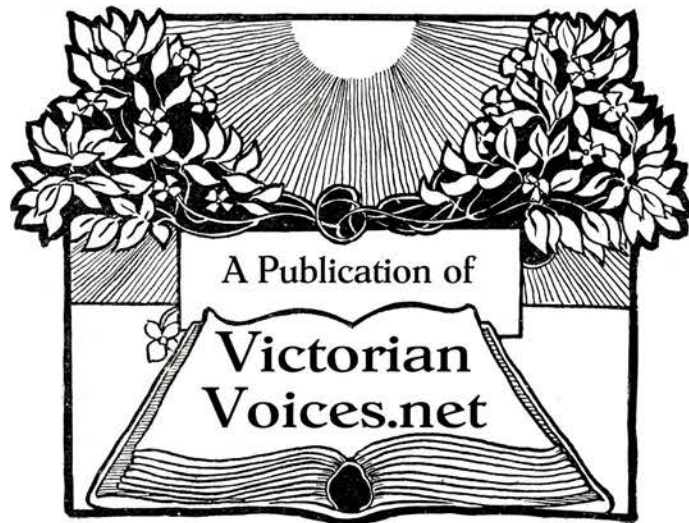
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edited by Moira Allen



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Victorian Times

Vol. B-2, No. 1
January 2025

- 4 Editor's Greeting: *The Past as Prologue*, by Moira Allen
- 5 New Year's Day, by Tighe Hopkins (*UK-English Illustrated Magazine, 1895*)
- 12 Our Girls in Switzerland, by Josepha Crane (*UK-Girl's Own Paper, 1896*)
- 14 Useful Recipes (*UK-Girl's Own Paper, 1896*)
- 15 The Ivory King, by T.D. Fielders (*UK-English Illustrated Magazine, 1896*)
- 19 Poem: "Minerva in Boston," by Edward A. Church (*US-Century Magazine, 1894*)
- 21 From Reading to Paris in a Houseboat, by Walton Adams (*UK-Pearson's Magazine, 1898*)
- 27 Food for Cold Weather (*UK-Cassell's Family Magazine, 1877*)
- 29 Some of Our Neighbours' Children, by A.R. Buckland, B.A. (*UK-Cassell's Family Magazine, 1882*)
- 31 The Medieval Housewife, by F.M. Colby (*US-Philadelphia Press/Good Housekeeping, 1886*)
- 31 French Terms Used in Cooking, by Catherine Owen (*US-Good Housekeeping, 1886*)
- 33 My Bamboos, and What They Cost Me, by Harry Jones (*UK-Cassell's Family Magazine, 1878*)
- 36 Medicinal Herbs, by Lady Georgina Vernon (*UK-Girl's Own Paper, 1898*)
- 37 The Making of Flannel Tapestry, by Josepha Crane (*UK-Cassell's Family Magazine, 1895*)
- 40 Household Pets and Pests (*US-Good Housekeeping, 1888*)
- 41 A Day in the Life of a Scavenger Boy, by J.D. Symon (*UK-English Illustrated Magazine, 1899*)
- 44 Table Etiquette: Host, Hostess, Guests & Servants, by Mary Barr Munroe (*US-Good Housekeeping, 1889*)
- 46 Poem: "Without Friction Matches," by Sarah E. Howard (*US-Good Housekeeping, 1887*)
- 46 Every-Day Desserts, and Desserts for Every Day, Part 8, by Ruth Hall (*US-Good Housekeeping, 1889*)
- 49 Obstacle Races (*UK-The Strand, 1892*)
- 61 Some Indian Recipes, by Fenella Johnstone (*UK-Girl's Own Paper, 1898*)
- 61 The Brook and Its Banks, Part 1, by Rev. J.G. Wood (*UK-Girl's Own Paper, 1886*)
- 65 Zig-Zags at the Zoo: 12 - ZigZag Accipitral, by Arthur Morrison & J.A. Shepherd (*UK-The Strand, 1893*)
- 73 Recipes: Oysters, by Eliza R. Parker (*US-Good Housekeeping, 1886*)
- 73 Poem: "Articles Found in a Kitchen Drawer" (*US-Notes and Queries/Good Housekeeping, 1886*)





The Past as Prologue

Here we are again, at the start of a brand new year. As I pack away my holiday decorations, I always like to think of this time as a fresh start, a new beginning, a chance to make new plans for the months to come. Somehow, those months always tend to look a lot like the months gone by, but still, it's a nice thought...

Of course, being the editor of a Victorian magazine and website, I'm also always looking at things that are "old." Perhaps you may be wondering what relevance all this Victoriana has to the new, untouched year that lies ahead of us. The answer is... more than you might think.

So let me digress even further in time by talking for a moment about World War II. I've just finished William Shirer's excellent (though very long) *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*, and it has been an eye-opener. My hubby is well versed in the military history of nearly every era, but for me, most of this was new. (After all, I research *Victorian* history, not 20th century history!!) But here's what struck me:

Hitler was born in 1889. Churchill was born in 1874. Roosevelt was born in 1882. Stalin was born in 1878. Those numbers *are* the years I research.

Does that make the leaders of World War II "Victorians"? Of course not! However, it does mean that they were raised by, and influenced by, Victorians. We are all influenced by those adults that we grew up with and amongst. Whether we chose to embrace or reject their teachings and values, those decisions made us who we are today. But let's dig a little farther back, because, as I've now come to understand, we basically wouldn't have had World War II if not for World War I. There, we have Kaiser Wilhelm II, not only born in 1859 but a grandson of Queen Victoria. Lenin, born in 1870. Prime Minister David Lloyd George, born in 1863. Woodrow Wilson, born in 1856 (and old enough to remember the Civil War). By definition, these *were* "Victorians."

So now we have the Victorians who were directly involved in World War I—a war that directly influenced World War II. That war led to the "Cold War." But more to the point, the divisions of powers and territories from both World Wars lead directly to some of the hottest conflicts (and controversies) going on in the world today. I'm not going to attempt to trace how Victorian history led to, say, the wars in Gaza and the Ukraine. Suffice it to say, however, that those conflicts didn't begin in the 21st century. Their roots are deep; the Victorian era was just another step along the way.

Shakespeare wrote that "what's past is prologue" (*The Tempest*), a line that is engraved on a statue at the National Archives in Washington DC. The general idea is that history shapes the present, that our actions today are driven by what has taken place before. In looking up this quote, I came across another phrase: "Recency bias," which, according to Wikipedia, is a cognitive bias that "favors recent events over historic ones." According to blogger Kassiani Nikolopolous, "Recency bias often misleads us to believe that recent events can give us an indication of how the future will unfold."¹

Today, it seems to me that an awful lot of folks suffer from "recency bias." Too many folks don't even know that the events of today have a "history," let alone how far back that history may go. Another great quote, of course, is that of George Santayana (1905), "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it." As we open this new year, let's do so with the awareness that the Victorian era, far from being "outdated" and "irrelevant," is very much the prologue of our world today, both good and bad. Recognizing this can, perhaps, help prevent us from repeating some of history's worst mistakes.

—Moirra Allen, Editor
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¹ "What Is Recency Bias? Definition and Examples," 2/10/23, <https://www.scribbr.com/research-bias/recency-bias/>



WHILE the New Year's observances were toward, the Romans left off going to law with one another. Afterwards, no doubt, they returned to the courts with the gusto of abstinence; but litigation was tabooed at the New Year, and it was a breach of good form for one citizen to call another "out of his name" with that astonishing licence which was customary at other and less convivial seasons. It was a worthy feature of the Roman festival, and it is a pity it was not remembered by the poet and pastrycook whose "remarkable lawsuits," arising out of the celebration of New Year's Day, are chronicled in the pages of Hone. The pastrycook commissioned the poet to write him some mottoes for his New Year's Day bon-bons. To this sad exercise, or kindred ones, the muse has had to stoop in every age, *por murzar* (to eat), as the Cid said, when he bamboozled the Jews into lending him money on two trunks feloniously filled with sand; and the poet agreed to produce a fair five hundred couplets for six livres. The couplets were duly turned out, but the pastrycook was not "on time" with the livres. The couplets were presented in MS., whereas the pastrycook insisted they should have been printed in slips, "ready for enclosure within his bon-bons." But the poet found no mention of

print in his bond, so "the parties joined issue," and the jury plumped for the poet. Yet a second time was the pastrycook worsted, for he went to law with the poet again on the ground that he had "sold a copy of the same mottoes to another confectioner." The poet maintained that "not a word had passed indicating a transfer of exclusive right" (he must have purveyed mottoes to pastrycooks before), the court upheld him, and his right was established to resell his mottoes "to all the confectioners in the universe." Translations of them may have been picked out of crackers and read over Bayswater dinner-tables this week past.

We started in Rome, and it is not easy to get away from Rome and the Romans in the most desultory discussion of New Year's Day. For that matter we may go as far afield as we please, and we shall find some special ceremony to mark the day or season. Let the year be opened on this day or on that—we have no common calendar for the world—the first day has been reckoned of peculiar interest amongst Romans, Jews, Egyptians, Chinese, and Mohammedans. We may stand to Rome, however, and leave the rest of the world aside, for it would seem that in pagan institutions we must ground many of those New Year's rites which, travelling to us through an infinite succession of

years, have got sadly maimed and disfigured in their progress. Hence the pother in the early Church about all sorts of New Year's customs. The mildest and kindest observances of the day were denounced as idolatrous. Christian man was a "meer heathen" who ventured to wish for his neighbour a "happy New Year," or to send him a baked pie for dinner. This opprobrious notion lived long. Here is an expression of it, once well known, from *The Popish Kingdom* :—

"The next to this is New Year's Day, whereon
to every frende
They costly presents in do bring, and Newe
Yeare's gifts do sende.
These gifts the husbände gives his wife, and
father eke the childe,
And maister on his men bestowes the like,
with favour milde ;
And good beginning of the yeare they wishe
and wishe againe,
According to the aunciente guise of heathen
people vaine."



That was published as late as 1750. Centuries earlier the Church had talked most severely on the subject ; to no great purpose it must be confessed. In the matter of feasts, as in most other matters, human nature is much the same, everywhere and at all times ; and, as a New Year's essayist in an old number of the *Antiquary* observes, "What was done on the banks of the Tiber was done in the

north-east corner of Scotland." But the attitude of the early Church is not quite unreasonable from the early Church's point of view. The Christian observances of the first day of the year were denounced, not because they were essentially parlous, but because they were loans from, or adaptations of pagan superstitions which the Church held in abhorrence. New Year's gifts, for example, were under the ban, from the consideration of the Fathers that they were originally offered as omens of success for the ensuing year. A like superstitious notion was regarded as lurking in the "benevolent compliment," "A happy New Year to you !" This mood would carry the Church far ; domestic junketings were easily viewed as "grand disorderly festivals" ; a card-party with spiced ale became an obvious reflex of "those heathenish enterludes," and "lewd idolatrous practices" ; and good Christians were bidden, under pain of excommunication, to keep New Year's Day as

"a solemn publike faste." Later on this merges in the general tyranny of Puritanism, when

"These teach that Dancing is a
Jezebel,
And Barly-Break the ready way to
Hell ;
The Morice Idols, Whitsun Ales can
be
But prophane reliques of a Jubilee."

Our New Year's gifts are of pagan Rome in their origin. The New Year was always a festival of gifts. "The Roman citizens," says the Rev. Walter Gregor in the *Antiquary*, "gave *Strenæ* to each other and to their rulers. At first these gifts were simple, and such as the poorest could give, mere expressions of goodwill and of good wishes for prosperity during the coming year. With the increase of wealth and power, and the loss of the austere mode of life, they became a tax on those who, from their rank, or office, or wealth, were required to give." Emperors took toll of their subjects unblushingly on this day. Caligula rolled in the gold pieces, and rolled himself atop of them. Claudius, it is said, abolished the custom, so far as the emperors were concerned. The word passed into the language of the Italians, and Dante makes mention of *strenne* in a canto of the *Purgatorio*.

This goodly tax for the benefit of monarchs makes its appearance in English history in the reign of Henry VI., and

above accepting from faithful hands sugar loaves, fat geese, turkey hens, sweetmeats, "and other articles." Royal Elizabeth might have kept herself in gowns and trinkets out of the New Year's offerings of her subjects. The gallant figure of Leicester is still to be descried on his way to lay before her Majesty



THE PASTRYCOOK
WENT TO LAW WITH THE POET.

various manuscript rolls of the public revenue show how large an item were the gifts of the nobles and high officers to the sovereign between Christmas Day and the New Year. Presents of gold and jewels were the commonest, but royalty was not

"one armlet or shakell of gold, all over fairly garnished with ruybes and dyamondes. . . .in a case of purple vellate all over embrandrid with Venice golde" Her Majesty's silk-woman, Mrs. Montague, presented her with a pair of black



"THESE GIFTS THE HUSBAND GIVES HIS WIFE."

silk stockings of her own knitting, "and thenceforth she never wore cloth hose any more." Was it in the new black silk stockings of Mrs. Montague that Elizabeth made display of her royal calves to the foreign Ambassador, or was it the Queen of Sheba, and not Elizabeth, who showed her legs, innocent of any sort of

hose, to some favoured visitor from abroad? I believe Victor Hugo has said that she showed them to King Solomon. Perhaps it was the gracious custom when a Queen went to call upon a King.

The making of New Year's gifts to the sovereign was a waning custom in James I.'s time, no rolls of such offerings

are amongst the records of Charles I.'s reign, the custom appears to have ceased entirely during the Commonwealth, and was never afterwards revived. The costliest New Year's present of which notice has been preserved was that of Louis XIV. to Madame de Montespan, "two covered goblets and a salver of embossed gold, richly ornamented with

ing the old year out and ringing the new year in." The institutions of "glove-money" and "pin-money" are both traceable to the custom of present-giving on the first day of the year. Gloves, when they were rarer and more expensive articles than they are nowadays, were favourite New Year's offerings; "and occasionally a sum of money was given



ROYALTY . . .
ACCEPTING FROM FAITHFUL HANDS FAT GEESE . . .
AND OTHER ARTICLES.

diamonds and emeralds," and valued at ten thousand crowns. Presents were exchanged occasionally between friendly monarchs, something simple, as a purse of gold, or a little game for the larder.

With the example of royalty before their eyes, the "common people" made light of the protests or prohibitions of the Church. Every one was ready with his little gift when "the bells were ring-

instead, which was called 'glove-money.'" A writer in *Chambers* reminds us how Sir Thomas More received from a lady in whose favour he had decided a cause, a pair of gloves stuffed with forty gold angels. The clean-handed Sir Thomas returned the gold with the following characteristic note:—"Mistress, since it were against good manners to refuse your New Year's gift, I am content to take

your gloves, but as for the *lining*, I utterly refuse it."

Pins, when they began to come to us early in the sixteenth century, were considered a very proper New Year's gift for ladies, and money given to a lady for the purchase of them was called "pin-money"—"an expression which has been extended to a sum of money secured by a husband on his marriage for the private expenses of his wife." There was no Married Woman's Property Act then. Presents amongst the middle and poorer classes might begin at an orange stuck with cloves, and mount in value proportionately to the goodwill of the giver, or the depth of his purse. Masters and mistresses bestowed some token on their servants, and there was generally an interchange of offerings between landlord and tenant. Cowley, in *A Lecture to the People*, says:—

"Ye used in the former days to fall
Prostrate to your landlord in his hall,
When with low legs and in an humble guise,
Ye offered up a capon sacrifice
Unto his worship at a New Year's Tide."

In rural districts it was usual for the whole household to dine together, an occasion of great potations, when the master brewed the punch with his own hand and passed it round the table. Country folk carried a wassail-bowl from house to house through the villages, singing a petitionary carol.

"A jolly Wassel-Bowl,
A Wassel of good ale,
Well fare the butler's soul
That setteth this to sale;
Our jolly Wassel.

"Good Dame, here at your door
Our Wassel we begin,
We are all maidens poor,
We pray now let us in,
With our Wassel," &c.

Scotland had a New Year's mode of begging for the poor, called "thigging," which was carried out by the young men of a district, who started early in the morning to collect meal or money for the old or bedridden. Mr. Gregor gives a snatch of the song which they sang on their rounds:—

"It's nae for oorsels if we come here
B'soothan, b'soothan,
It's for . . . sae scant o' gear,
An' awa b' mony a toon," &c.

The children went a-wassailing on their own account, with their

"Here we come a-wassailing,
Among the trees so green,
Here we come a wandering,
So fair to be seen."

In no part of the kingdom were the New Year's rites more honoured than in Scotland, where every eye wore

" . . . symptoms of a sober jollity ";

but "not too sober, neither." A variety of the custom of *first-footing* prevailed in Scotland until within the last forty or fifty years. Thus, towards midnight of New Year's Eve, you brewed or prepared a kettle of sweetened ale, with a dash of spirits (a drop of very pretty tippie, as the gentleman said in *Tess*), then got your family together, and sallied out, with the kettle in the midst, and store of cakes, bread, and cheese. Your goal was the house of some neighbourly gossip, and if you were the first to enter after twelve o'clock, you were honoured as *first-foot*, and a herald of good fortune.

Amorous swains went first-footing in another fashion. It was the time for a lover to steal to the door of his sweetheart's dwelling in the hope that the damsel herself would open to him, when he claimed the forfeit of a kiss. "First-foot" appears as a venerable superstition in the northern districts of England, and in various places in Scotland. Mr. Gregor says: "In many a house in Banffshire, the last thing done was to cover up the peat fire with the ashes and to smooth it over. It was carefully and anxiously examined in the morning to see if there was in the ashes anything like the print of a foot, with the toes towards the door. If such a print was traced it was a forecast that one of the household was to leave, if not die. The first fire, too, was watched. If a peat or live coal rolled away from it, there was to be a break in the family circle."

Elsewhere, the first foot that one met on New Year's morn was accounted of good or of evil omen. It was a fearful thing to meet "a sanctimonious person," or a cat. It was well to meet a person with a high-arched sole, but "one having flat soles" was to be diligently avoided. A bachelor was a good first foot, and the maiden might count on blessings who met her lover. There were other forms of divination, as from the appearance of the sky on New Year's morn; and of



DRAWING THE FIRST BUCKET FROM THE WELL AT MIDNIGHT ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

securing good luck, as by drawing the first bucket of water from the well ("the reem o' the wall") on the stroke of midnight on New Year's Eve.

In these latitudes, the Wassail (Wass hael : Health to you !) looms large in all

depended chiefly upon the quality and contents of the cellar. They had a grateful recipe, we may conjecture, in the pantry of the abbot. "Warm, spiced, and sweetened ale with an infusion of spirits" was a good middle-class brew. Warton

printed memories of New Year's Tide. The prevalence of the beer-barrel in these isles, grievous to think on, assisted to give their names to many "old ancient" festivals that have gone the way of nearly all the popular sports and customs of Great Britain, both rural and urban. Had we not, for example, Bride-ale (bridal), Leet-ale, Lamb-ale, and Whitsun-ale? At New Year's Tide, the steam of the wassail rose over all this land. The wassail bowl

"That's tost up after fox'-i-th' hole,"

as Herrick sings, lorded it everywhere, from cottage to keep, from mansion to monastery, where they called it *Poculum Caritatis*, for the comfort of their consciences. It is the Gossip's Bowl in the *Midsommer Night's Dream*. The composition of the nectar no doubt

speaks of "ale, nutmeg, sugar, toast, and roasted crabs or apples." Six bottles of port, sherry, or madeira, with cardanums, cloves, nutmeg, and coriander, a pound and a half of fine sugar, and the yolks of twelve, and the whites of six eggs ("set all on the fire in a clean, bright saucepan") went to the making of a wassail for kings and the lords of the earth. After this, one might sing *Hey tuttie taitie* till cock-crow. The wassail "came to signify festivity of rather an intemperate kind," it was drily observed; "which the same" need be no way disputed. Gone is the "jolly wassail," and gone the jolly wassailers, with their *Hey tuttie taitie*, and health to the king, and the "gude companie." Perhaps the Loving Cup that still circulates at civic feasts is the sole survival of that hilarious habit; but the ceremony of the Loving Cup is a chaste and sober function. Nobody would break into *Hey tuttie taitie* over the Loving Cup. If he did, the toast-master would call for his carriage.

The bells ring out the old year yet, and

ring the new one in; and who has moralised more finely upon that suggestive music than Lamb? "Of all sounds," he says, "most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the old year. I never hear it without a gathering up of my mind to a concentration of all the images that have been diffused over the past twelvemonth; all I have done or suffered, performed or neglected, in that regretted time. I begin to know its worth, as when a person dies. It takes a personal colour; nor was it a poetical flight in a contemporary, when he exclaimed:—

"I saw the skirts of the departing year."

How poor and tawdry, after that, is Southey's

"Come, melancholy Moraliser, come!
Gather with me the dark and wintry wreath;
With me engarland now
The Sepulchre of Time."

The wassail to Mr. Southey, please!



OUR GIRLS IN SWITZERLAND.

By JOSEPHA CRANE.



ANY a girl who reads of the beauty of Switzerland and sees views of that glorious country wishes with all her heart that it were in her power to visit it personally. Very often she could go if she only exerted herself to discover ways and means, the cost, taking it all round, being perhaps not so very much greater than that to which her annual English holiday comes. It is worth making an effort to go, as the pleasure of travelling of the kind is by no means over when the traveller is at home again. New impressions have been made, and the mind if possessed by an observant lover of nature, is stored with a gallery of lovely pictures which the memory can recall at will, and which serve to colour many dreary days.

The question of route is not one I purpose to enter into. Any tourist agency will supply

a book of routes or give information when demanded regarding the different ways of reaching Switzerland, circular tours, etc., and the expense of boat and railway fares, etc.

Suffice to say that in journeying out it is a good plan to take second-class through tickets and procure a ticket which enables you to go first on the steamer. This is always desirable on channel steamers, though on Swiss lake steamers second is quite as good as first, and in some respects preferable, as you escape the smoke from the funnel and get finer views.

For short journeys in Switzerland you can quite well go third if economy is an object.

If several are travelling together—two or four are the most convenient numbers—then you can often charter a carriage in Switzerland to carry you all and a small amount of luggage at not much greater cost than your train fares would come to.

The latest edition of Baedeker's guide to Switzerland should be taken with you. It costs eight shillings, but is well worth the money, and to be without a good guide-book is to run the chance of very great inconvenience, waste of time and discomfort. This done you

have next to decide the important question of luggage.

If you are wise you will take as little as you can. This is advisable, whether your purse be long or short, for much luggage is extremely inconvenient and often causes you endless delay and trouble. In some Alpine resorts everything has to be carried to your destination, consequently large and heavy trunks can only arrive there at the cost of great trouble, not to say expense. In some instances men have been injured most seriously by carrying great weights to these high regions, therefore it is for every reason desirable to do with as little as you can.

Unless you are going to very grand hotels you do not want a variety of elaborate costumes, and unless you travel with a maid, who by the way is a great *impedimenta* in other respects, you will find packing and unpacking your finery very troublesome and not by any means improving to its appearance. On the other hand there are girls who have by study of the question reduced the amount they take with them for several weeks' tour to the very smallest amount. In some rare, very rare cases it answers, but with the generality this plan is

not satisfactory, as insufficient things are taken to keep the traveller's wardrobe in good order, and she often presents a peculiarly untidy and unseemly appearance in consequence.

What then is the golden mean between these two extremes?

There are two ways of arranging your luggage, and that must be decided first of all.

The first plan is to take only that amount which you can carry in your hand.

For this purpose a hold-all is necessary, and a Gladstone bag as well, if you are equal to carrying both, for unless you are accompanied by one of your brothers or have some man of your party who is able and willing to act as porter to you all you will most assuredly very often be obliged to carry your things yourself, and that a considerable number of yards. Frequently on the continent porters are rare, sometimes they are not to be found at all. Even granting that you have found one to carry about your possessions he cannot put them into the carriage for you, as he is not allowed to go into the latter at all. Therefore you must lift them yourself up the steps into the carriage and get them on the rack as you best can.

The other way is to have only a light and easily carried amount in your hand, and to have a small trunk which goes in the luggage van. For that, if it exceeds a certain weight, you must pay; in France and in Switzerland it is always charged for, no luggage being allowed free, save what you can take with you into the carriage.

The expense is very small after all, and for many reasons it is the plan I greatly prefer. The trunk can too be sent by post for long distances in the country. Choose a light strong trunk; basket-work, covered with canvas, and with strong leather edges and straps is the best kind.

Now for its contents.

Some people seem to think that it is quite immaterial what is worn when travelling, and that they put their thoughts into practice cannot be doubted by those who have travelled much and seen the untidy, badly dressed women who frequent the Continent. This is a great mistake. To begin with, many people see more of their fellow-creatures in one day's travelling than they do in three weeks at their country village home, and why should they not be presentable and well dressed? Foreigners too criticise our girls when they meet them, and certainly they must often think them very queer specimens of the "English Rosebuds" they have heard and read about.

To be well dressed is to be suitably dressed, and for Switzerland, although much variety of costume is quite unnecessary and finery is very unsuitable, yet a girl should always be smart and "taut" as the sailors say.

For much walking and all mountaineering expeditions serge or merino knickerbockers made full with washable separate lining to take out and be buttoned in are better than ordinary petticoats.

The skirt worn should be of tweed or serge, as both materials can stand rain and not be the worse for it. The skirt should be short, clearing the ground by several inches and showing the neatly shod feet. Have two comfortable pockets in your skirt, and with it wear cotton blouses if warm, and the bodice to match when cold. A woollen bodice or blouse is quite indispensable on wet or cold days. Let your dress be well cut, your bodice fit you well and your blouses at peace with your skirt. If girls would but remember that as someone has said "half the world sees your back" they would be more careful about this very important matter.

To ensure neatness always without any exception have a patent hook and eye sewn on to the placket-hole of your dress and keep it fastened. Few things are so unsightly as a

placket-hole gaping open and revealing the under-skirt, etc.

If, by the way you do not like woollen knickers then wear a light short petticoat of silk, alpaca or cotton and have an unlined skirt above it. The latter should have only about a quarter of a yard of lining at the bottom.

Have a running string in your blouses or else a waistband secured at the back to hook inside in front.

To keep the outer waistband in its place and quite over the band of the skirt this I have found the best plan. Sew a safety pin inside your waistband about half an inch from the lower edge; pin this securely to the band of your dress before attempting to clasp it and you will find it answers admirably, if I may say that of a method of my own invention. At least I never saw it done before, and of the safety pins placed outside I do not like the appearance. Besides two or at the most three skirts, some blouses are all you need besides the aforementioned woollen bodice.

Cotton blouses for everyday wear are the best, but pray do not economise in your washing and wear them when soiled or much tumbled. For dinner and any occasion when you wish to be more dressed, some pretty silk blouses made high are the best, they pack well, do not crease and take little room. Excepting at very fashionable hotels it is unusual to wear open-necked bodices and short sleeves for dinner, high silk blouses with the addition of lace collarettes are all that is necessary. These however should be pretty and fresh; and changing your dress for dinner always be done. To sit down for the evening meal, be it dinner or supper, in your dusty walking toilette is unseemly and not courteous to others. Dresses with light and fancy trimming, chiffon and hats trimmed with lace, feathers, and flowers are eminently unsuitable for ordinary Swiss travelling. Rain comes on sometimes when you least expect it, and quickly takes the glory from a smart costume, while mountain mists make havoc with flowers and render your ostrich feathers limp, and give a *cachet* of shabbiness and general draggledness—if there is such a word. Can anything equal shabby flowers and limp feathers for unsightliness?

Sailor hats or woollen caps are the best, and for those whom they do not become any pretty straw hat trimmed with good ribbon—cheap soon becomes shabby—last and look well. If you are going into regions remote from shops take a few yards of good ribbon with you so that you can refresh your head-gear when necessary.

Broad-soled boots with nails are the best for long walks and mountain expeditions. For indoor wear ordinary walking-shoes are the most convenient, as the dainty house shoes you wear at home soon get ruined on the gravel or road outside the hotel. And who, excepting when there is a downpour, does not elect to be out of doors as much as possible when in Switzerland in preference to sitting in the salon?

It is a good plan to clean your own foot-gear. This can be done very easily with a hard brush and a bottle of some sort of varnish or reviver. The object of doing this is to avoid the sticky stuff which is usually put on by the "boots," and which is very nasty if it comes off on your skirt, and often extremely detrimental to the leather.

Whatever boots you take with you should not be new. To take long walks or mountain expeditions in new boots is to cause you great pain, and probably so to hurt your feet that you are *hors de combat* for days afterwards. Good foot-gear is quite indispensable for comfort, and a sensible plan is to have thick soles put on boots which you have worn long enough to be quite easy.

I lately saw it recommended to travellers to take a cake of common kitchen-soap with

them, and to soap round the inside of the foot of the stockings to be worn before any long walk. This prevents soreness and blistering.

For a blistered heel, it was also recommended to scrape a little of the soap, and to mix it with enough water to make it pulpy, and then apply to the blistered heel.

A wrap of some sort is very necessary, as well as a macintosh, and a good umbrella. A long leather strap with swivel for carrying your wraps over your shoulder in expeditions is useful.

If you are delicate, it is advisable to take whatever medicines you are likely to need with you. Many can be had in tabloids, and are thus very portable. If, however, you must take a bottle, wrap it round well with something soft, and place it in the middle of your trunk safe from the blows which the sides or top are sure to receive.

A small bottle of ammonia should be taken for insect bites, and you will do well to provide yourself with soap, seldom found in any hotel. A private box of matches often comes in handy, and with your own spirit lamp and some light aluminium cups and saucers to be had at the stores, and which do not break, you will be able to make your own afternoon tea. Take some tea with you, and in most villages you can get sugar and buy milk and biscuits. A flat tin bottle for carrying the methylated spirit is the best. It has a screw top, and when this is closed and some wash leather secured round it, its contents are unlikely to make their way to your clothes.

A tea infuser is a good thing for making your tea, unless there are two or three of you, and no girl is likely even in these days to go off by herself on a Swiss tour—and then a small tea-pot is the best.

Of course, if you are quite regardless of what you spend, you can order tea at the hotels, and find it sometimes good and often the reverse. But many a girl has the necessity for not spending more than she can help, and will in this case do well to avoid meals of any kind at odd times and which are not included in what your *pension* terms are for. It is these small things which run away with so much money, and yet they are very necessary, for in mountain air people often feel very hungry. A cup of meat extract can be easily made with your spirit lamp, and that with some bread does not make a bad lunch if you are hungry, and so are chocolate and biscuits.

As I alluded to *pension* terms just now, I had better say to those who are new to Swiss travelling that at most hotels during the season or out of it you can get taken *en pension* at so much a day; but only if you stay four, five days or more. Each hotel has its own regulations, and you do well to inquire and make all arrangements when taking your room. Before July there is generally a good chance of rooms, but after that it is better to write beforehand and secure them.

It is well to provide yourself with some small piece of fancy work or knitting—something that does not take much room, and which you can fall back upon when the down-pour of rain prevents even the most venturesome from going out. Hotel libraries do not generally offer a good collection of books, and time is apt to hang heavily on your hands if you have nothing to do.

It is a good thing to take with you some screw-hooks, which can be had at any ironmonger's, for when you get into a bedroom in which wardrobe accommodation is limited, they are very handy for hanging your things on. They go in easily, and are as easily removed.

Soft slippers to wear in your room are a great comfort to your tired feet, and also are necessary for preventing noise. In many Alpine hotels where the walls, ceiling as well

as floors, are all wood, everything is heard, and every sound reverberates. Consequently it comes under the head of your duty to your neighbour to be as quiet as possible.

In some hotels there is a placard requesting you if you rise very early for some mountain expedition to make as little noise as possible. Many people, however, disregard this entirely, and it was after much irritation from this cause that some lines were written in a visitors' book at Mürren, where I copied them last summer, and will give them here—

“ To Climbers.

You find, no doubt, delightful fun,
In rising just before the sun,
To climb the summits that unfold
The glories of this Alpine world.
But when you don your hob-nailed shoes,
Please think of those who wish to snooze.
And when before the house you meet,
Do not proclaim what you will eat
On Schilthorn's crest, or on the way,
Or shout the chances for the day,
Nor talk with guides, in broken tongues,
With all the power of your strong lungs.
But please remember there are those
Who're on these heights to find repose,
And care not when or where you go,
To climb the rocks, or glide the snow.
Their open windows are for air,
And not to hear you shout or swear.”

And as the subject of consideration for

others has been touched upon, I must add a few hints.

When you are near foreigners at table or anywhere about the hotel, be amiable and courteous, replying civilly to passing remarks, and not looking offended or chilly, as if impertinence was intended. Of course, you will find rude, pushing people everywhere, and in self-defence you can quite well show by your manner that you do not care for conversation. But these are very much the exception, and it is better for every reason to talk to your neighbours foreign or not and make yourselves agreeable. It is not only courteous, but you will gain a great deal of information very often about routes, hotels, customs, and things of local interest.

If you are in the proximity of foreigners, do not then criticise them and their ways as if they did not comprehend you. Many who cannot speak English understand it, and even if they do not it is inadvisable.

Never make fun of customs, religious or other, at the risk of offending some one near you who respects and values what you think a good target for ridicule.

If you are unacquainted with either French or German, the two languages which obtain in Switzerland, you will lose a great deal of pleasure, for you will be deprived of much pleasant intercourse with the foreigners you may meet; but you will find it very dull never to be able to have a little talk with your guide on a mountain expedition, or with the villagers

and people of the country you may chance to meet. A great many do speak English, but still there are a greater number who do not, and in the Bernese Oberland even a smattering of German is often found extremely convenient in village shops, with railway porters, etc., who do not speak or understand English or French. Do not be shy about speaking if you only know a little. The only way to add to your stock of knowledge is to air the amount that you have. I cannot conscientiously advise you to try and acquire the Swiss accent in French, or to study the Oberland German; but still you may learn a good deal in one way and another.

In conclusion, one word of warning. To the girl of average strength and fair health Switzerland is a country where she can have full play for her walking and mountaineering powers, and in thus exercising them lay up an increased store of health. But on the other hand, many a girl who is not very strong does herself incalculable harm by trying to walk, and climb, and keep pace generally with her stronger friends, and this is very foolish. Better give up an expedition you know is beyond your strength, and hard though it may be, resign yourself if you can only a little, rather than by overdoing it run the chance of the power of that little being taken away from you. You can see a great deal without necessarily climbing as if qualifying for the Alpine Club, and there are few parts of Switzerland where beauty of scenery is if not actually under your eyes, yet is not within easy reach.



USEFUL RECIPES.

“ WHAT shall we do with our cold meat ? ” is a question frequently on the lips of a mistress of a household, so the following method of using it may possibly bring relief to her mind.

Macaroni Pie.—Chop finely any odds and ends of cold cooked meat. Boil some macaroni in milk, or half milk and half water; a good deal of liquid is required for this, and the macaroni must be tender. The quantity depends upon the size of the dish required, but a pound is usually sufficient. When the macaroni is boiled, place it in a buttered pie-dish with alternate layers of the meat, and sprinkle grated parmesan cheese, small bits of butter, and a pinch of salt and pepper over each layer.

Boil some potatoes, about seven or eight, and mash them through a sieve. Then make into a paste with two unbeaten yolks of eggs and a little flour. Roll out, not too thin, and cover the macaroni with it. Put it in the oven for ten or fifteen minutes till it is of a pale-brown colour, and serve at once. This potato paste should not be made until the moment it is required for use.

Curry also is a favourite disguise for cold meat, but the following manner of preparing it, which is much in vogue in India, is not, I believe, generally known.

Chop some onions in slices, add a suspicion of garlic (this can be omitted if objected to), and fry a dark-brown in an ounce or a little over of butter. Then put in small pieces of meat, chicken, or rabbit, or whatever it may be. Mix in a basin three teaspoonfuls or a little more, according to taste, of curry-powder with an ounce of butter and half a pint of milk. Add this to the meat and onions, mix

well, cover the saucepan, and let it simmer on a slow fire for an hour and a half. This mixture can be made the day before it is required, if necessary, and re-warmed. The best curry-powder for the purpose is that which is sent direct from India, but the ordinary kind will serve. When the curry is made of uncooked meat, it should boil with the fried onions for half an hour or so before the curry mixture is added. With regard to the rice, great care must be taken to have it perfectly dry, and each grain separate.

Here is an easy and economical way of preparing a “ Spanish Cream,” which is certain to find favour with those who try it. Soak one ounce of gelatine in half a pint of milk for two hours. Put one pint and a half of milk (no cream is required) into an enamel saucepan, with sugar to taste; add the gelatine and the milk it has been soaking in, and boil all together. When it is just off the boil stir in two yolks of eggs, beaten with a little white sugar, and two whites beaten with a little brown sugar. Add a teaspoonful of vanilla, or any other flavouring, and stir till it is getting cold before putting it into the mould, which should have been previously filled with cold water and then emptied. This cream presents a rocky appearance, which need not alarm the maker with fears of curdling!

From “ sunny Italy ” comes a nice recipe for soup, which may prove useful to my readers.

Soup alla Napolitana.—Cut into small pieces the heart of a small cabbage, half a beetroot, two turnips, two carrots, half a lettuce, quarter of a stick of celery, a bunch of parsley, and salt to taste. Add a quart of

stock; stew over a slow fire for an hour, strain, and serve with sippets of fried bread.

Tripe is a dish which usually comes under the category of things impossible, but prepared as it is by the Florentines, there is no reason why it should not figure at the most exclusive board.

Tripe alla Fiorentina.—Cut a pound and a half of tripe into squares. Dry it in a cloth and put it in a pan with two pints of stock or water, the juice of one lemon, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and a pinch of salt. Stew over a slow fire for an hour and a half. Make a sauce with half a pint of the liquid, two ounces of butter rolled in flour, the juice of half a lemon and the grated rind of one, a pinch of nutmeg, and three well-beaten yolks of eggs. Stir this over a slow fire until it is nearly thick. Put the tripe on a dish, sprinkle grated cheese upon it, and pour the sauce over. Serve very hot.

The following sauce proves a piquant addition to steaks, chops, or cutlets.

Sauce alla Genoese.—Melt two ounces of butter over a slow fire, add the juice of a lemon, the grated rind of half a lemon, the yolks of two well-whisked eggs, salt and pepper to taste, and a suspicion of garlic, if liked. Stir over a slow fire until it thickens.

For a sauce to eat with plum-pudding, or indeed almost any variety of pudding, the following, called by the Italians Savioni, can be highly recommended.

Beat well the yolks of four eggs, and mix with them four tablespoonfuls of sugar and eight tablespoonfuls of sherry or marsala. Simmer over a slow fire, stirring constantly.

G. C.



THE IVORY KING.

*Some Observations on the Latent Possibilities of the Elephant,
and his Use as a Domestic Pet.*

BY T. B. FIELDERS.



IT is only owing to his size that the elephant has not become, long ere this, a domestic pet. No four-legged animal has more intelligence. Not in a single one of the many ages in which he has lived is there an instance on record where he has either bitten or scratched a child.

Of how many dogs or cats can this be said? Yet these animals have always been lauded for their intelligence, their attachment to man or woman, and for numerous other qualities which are supposed to make them valuable household adjuncts. If the dwellings of the present day were constructed of the proper proportions and materials, no animal would be handier about a house than an elephant.

Supposing, for instance, that de Jones was deposited by some friends in front of his own door at an early hour in the morning, and that de Jones was unable, on account of its erratic movements, to find the keyhole. Under ordinary circumstances he would alarm the neighbourhood, as well as his own household, before he obtained admittance, and on the following day most of her visitors would make Mrs. de Jones very angry by expressing the hope that the accident to her husband had not been *very* serious. The slightest effort will enable you to picture the sufferings of de Jones, not from "head," of course, but from the attitude of his own family.

There would have been no such deplorable results had de Jones possessed an elephant instead of a dog or a cat. The latter would

have been of no possible use had it been on the spot and ready to render assistance, but it would not have been upon the spot. It would have been on some adjoining premises indulging in a low flirtation.

A dog would have been anxious to do its master a good turn, but if inside it could not have got out of the house, and if outside it could not have got in, as dogs seldom, if ever, carry latch-keys. Besides, it would probably have barked to show its pleasure, and thereby attracted the attention of the people across the way to de Jones's condition, for a dog, being a teetotaller, seems unable to grasp the difference between plain water and water that is not plain.

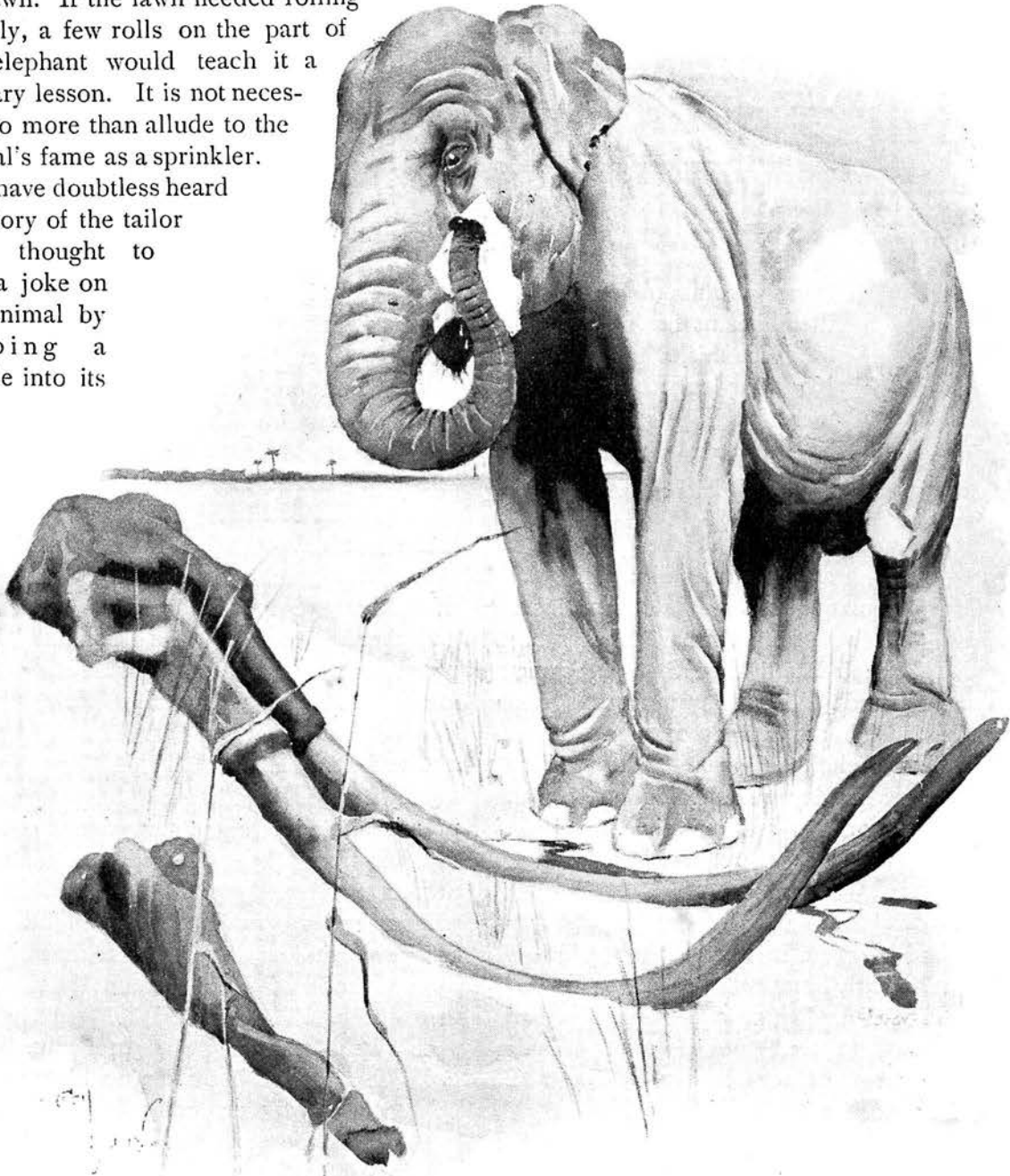
Had there been an elephant upon the premises, the intelligent animal, upon hearing the riot, would have opened the front door, picked de Jones up with his trunk, and, without moving from the ground floor, and carefully avoiding the balusters, have placed him in front of his bedroom door on the first storey. Of course, if de Jones was in such a state of collapse as to be unable to go to bed with his boots on, no blame could be attached to the elephant.

No family possessed of an elephant would require a lift; the elephant would do all the lifting. If it became necessary to change the position of the grand piano, there would be no need to call in four men to leave their footprints upon the Axminster, and to disfigure or smash enough furniture to make the house look as if it had been the scene of a prize fight according to P.R. rules. The elephant would pick up the piano and in two minutes, if the floor did not fall into the

cellar, would change its position and perhaps its tone just as easily as he would eat a ton of hay.

Where there was an elephant neither a roller nor a sprinkler would be required for the lawn. If the lawn needed rolling quickly, a few rolls on the part of the elephant would teach it a salutary lesson. It is not necessary to more than allude to the animal's fame as a sprinkler. You have doubtless heard the story of the tailor who thought to play a joke on the animal by jabbing a needle into its

sprinkler. Every elephant is, without any training whatever, a born sprinkler. Of course if there is no water he cannot sprinkle. To many of the luxuries of life he has no objection, but among the



The elephant is filled with emotion.

trunk, and how the elephant, on the following day, to show his appreciation of the joke, filled his trunk with muddy water and nearly drowned the tailor. The story is perhaps true; nevertheless it gives but a poor idea of the elephant's capacity as a

necessaries there is none that he is so fond of as water.

In a state of captivity there is nothing of the alabaster-bust order about him, but, properly speaking, the elephant has no bust, and if he looks as if a hot bath and a cold shower

would do him good it is not his fault. He would bathe every day if he had the opportunity, and he would not be satisfied with five or ten minutes' tubbing.

If the water were deep enough, he would stand in it up to his neck and soak until every living thing attached to him, except himself, was drowned. Then, after walking in his usual dignified way into shallow water, he would squirt gallons over himself, and the water would fly out of his trunk with a velocity never attained by a two-inch nozzle. When a family of elephants enter a lake to perform their ablutions, or merely to gambol, the inhabitants of the surrounding country fly to the high ground, if there is any within reach, or take to their boats if there is not.

Though not constructed upon what are generally considered graceful lines, the elephant is an expert long-distance swimmer. While swimming he believes in presenting as small a surface above water as he can manage, and breasts the billows with nothing in sight but the tip of his trunk. This peculiarity may not be widely known, and is by many supposed to account for the origin, if not of the sea-serpent, of the stories relating to that reptile.

It is said that elephants have been known to swim for six hours without touching bottom. There is really nothing strange about this. That they did not touch bottom is accounted for by the fact that it was not within touching distance, and everybody knows that an elephant cannot live under water. That they are able to swim six hours on end is easy enough of belief, otherwise how could they have reached Ceylon? That island, though naturally of far less importance than Great Britain, is, like it, surrounded by water, and just as much water for that matter. It is all very well to say that Ceylon was not always surrounded by water, and that the elephants found there may have been surrounded at the same time as the island, but where is the proof that will defy argument? It is just as easy to say that the elephant was at one time the size of a pig, but there is not a ten-year-old boy alive who will believe it. And small blame to the boy!

It should be remembered that the elephant was a first cousin of the mastodon and the

deinotherium, and through them was related to the deinocerata and other distinguished members of an ancient and defunct aristocracy. Even to this day the elephant is filled with emotion at the appearance of a skull or a leg bone of one of the giants with which his ancestors roved over mountains and through valleys, swam rivers great as seas, crashed through forests that had never had even a cutting acquaintance with the axe, made love to the whales that disported in the icy seas that guard the poles, and that were the wonder and the terror of all that beheld them.

In those days the elephant wore wool that would throw a Hottentot into envious spasms. Now he does not wear enough hair to make a Chinese moustache. The elephant does not care to be asked how he lost his hair. Nothing that ever wore hair cares to be questioned about its whereabouts after it has gone. A man with a head as smooth as a glass paper-weight, and who wears it in that condition, sees no humour in the fellow-creature who slaps him on the shoulder and says: "Who makes your wigs, old chap?" If he is accustomed to the question, it bores him; if he has heard it for the first time, he considers it a strong indication of idiocy, and says so in terms that cannot be misunderstood.

It is not to be supposed that an elephant would descend to such trivialities. His head, large as it is, is crammed with memories of events about which the most proficient liar among oldest inhabitants would not dare to claim that he had the faintest recollection. There may be elephants alive to-day that were strong enough to pull down well-grown trees before the American colonies decided to go into business on their own account, while George III. reigned in England and Louis XVI. in France, and before the great Napoleon was heard of.

All this may seem a long while ago, but it is known that elephants have lived one hundred and twenty years, and, as almost as much is not known as is known about the animal, it is possible that members of the family have walked up and down the earth for a couple of centuries.

At any rate, a full-grown elephant looks as if it were in his power to accomplish such a feat. His gigantic proportions; the massive

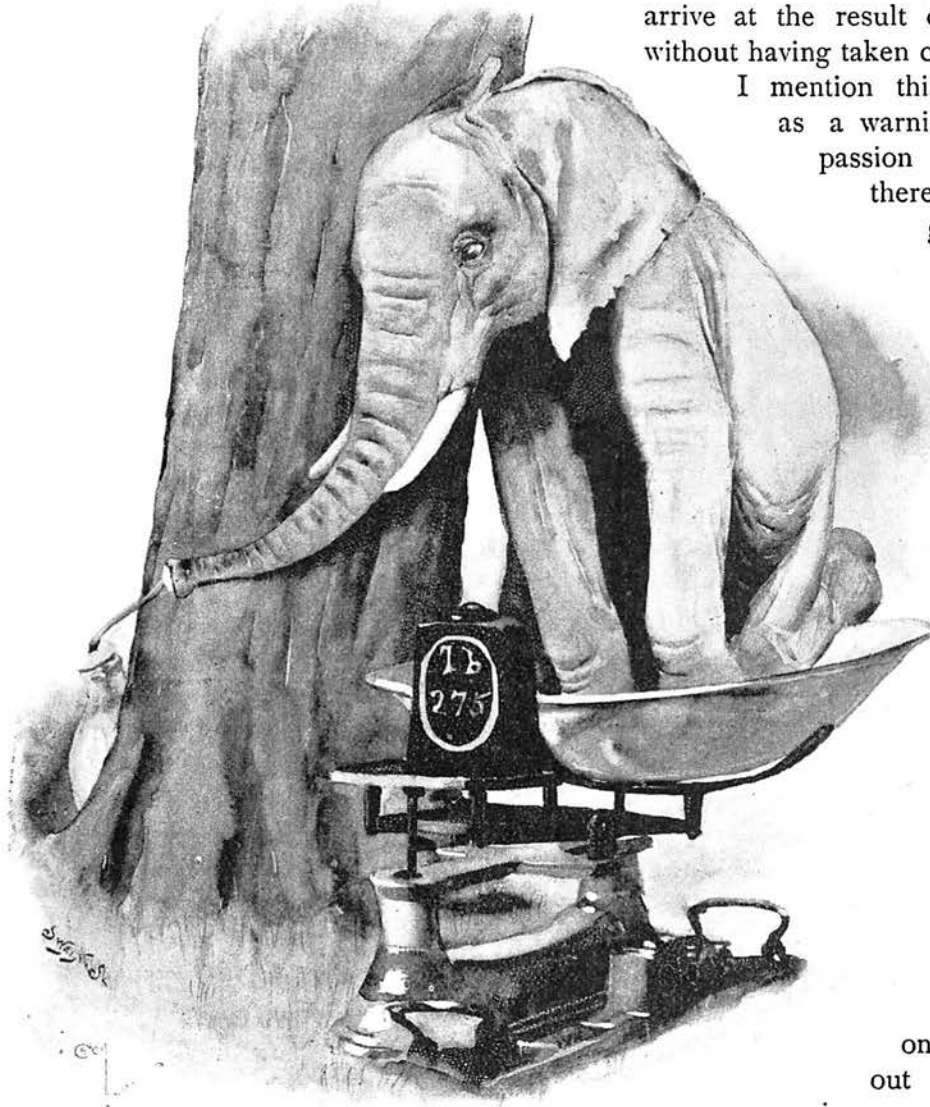
dignity of his movements; the feeling with which he impresses the beholder that his strength is almost incalculable; the calm, methodical way in which he performs any task that is set him, be it great or small; the air of unconscious grandeur with which he submits to the will of pigmy man—all these characteristics tend to belittle the rest of the

many people did not want to sit under it at one time. If such an elephant could be induced to promise that he would not flap his ears, they would afford standing room for four millions of flies. At first thought this may seem like exaggeration, but it must be understood that both sides of both ears and their respective bevelled edges have been considered in the calculation. Where millions of flies are concerned, one does not always arrive at the result of such a calculation without having taken considerable trouble.

I mention this circumstance merely as a warning to such as have a passion for figures, because there is nothing to be gained by starting an argument upon such a point in the winter season. In the first place, it is impossible to get four millions of home-bred flies at this time of year, and my calculation was made with natives; besides, there is not a full-grown African elephant in Great Britain at the present moment.

It might also be as well to mention that the flies used were trained—that is, trained to stand not only in close order without the aid of treacle, or jam, or tar, or tacks—simply by mere will power—but to stand in this way upon an elephant's ear, and all this requires an amount of training that only those who really love flies can appreciate. And if the elephant had not stood as motionless as an iron dog during the operation the problem would be still unsolved.

In the cartilaginous stage of infancy, the elephant, for weight, is without a rival. A baby elephant, born under favourable cir-



In the cartilaginous stage of infancy, the elephant, for weight, is without a rival.

animal kingdom, and to place upon a pedestal this marvellous product of the mysterious land of the Pharaohs.

Much as man is to woman in size so is the African to the Indian elephant. The ear of a full-grown African elephant is large enough to make an awning for a houseboat, if too

cumstances, is regarded with distrust by its parents unless it weighs from seventeen to eighteen stones. If the infant should tip the beam at 275lb., the mother sometimes observes complacently to the father: "It does us both credit." The father seldom does more than grin or chuckle.

The mother elephant is just as good a mother as she ever was, but, like her lord, she is more suspicious, and is more given to standing at attention than in the days when Sir Thomas Browne wrote that "the elephant hath no joynts, and being unable to lye

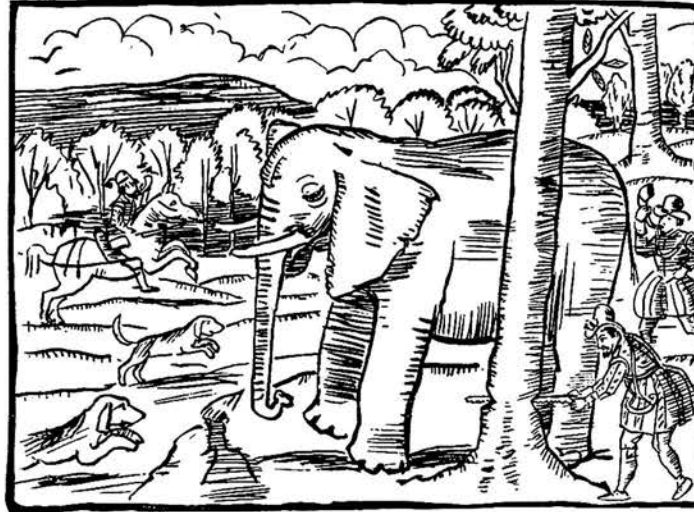
downe it lieth against a tree, which the hunters observing do saw almost asunder, whereon the beast relying by the fall of the tree falls also down itself, and is able to rise no more."

The English employed by Sir Thomas is a trifle involved, but it is perfection itself in

comparison with the statement which he makes with it. At this late day, and in the light of information which Sir Thomas does not seem to have possessed, his assertion is apt to give one the impression that he had something to learn regarding the habits of

the elephant. It requires a variety of imagination that is lamentably scarce to-day to picture an elephant that has never known captivity calmly leaning against a tree, oblivious to the fact that the hunters were sawing it asunder in the expectation that when it fell he would fall, too,

and, like the tree, never to rise again without assistance. It is difficult to compete against some of these old writers, and if the reader thinks that the present article on "The Ivory King" contains too many hard, dry facts, the reader has only to say so, and my next contribution shall be less weighty.



"Which the hunters observing do saw almost asunder."

Minerva in Boston.

MY Minerva flouts the Graces, and forgets how fair
her face is,
But the higher criticism she entirely comprehends;
So she dresses very plainly, after some reform un-
gainly,
And looks on Briggs and Spencer as her intimates
and friends.

She's indifferent to ices and confectioners' devices,
But on esoteric Buddhism she loves to ponder
well;
And though she never glances at the popular romances,
She indulges on occasion in a "study" or "pastel."

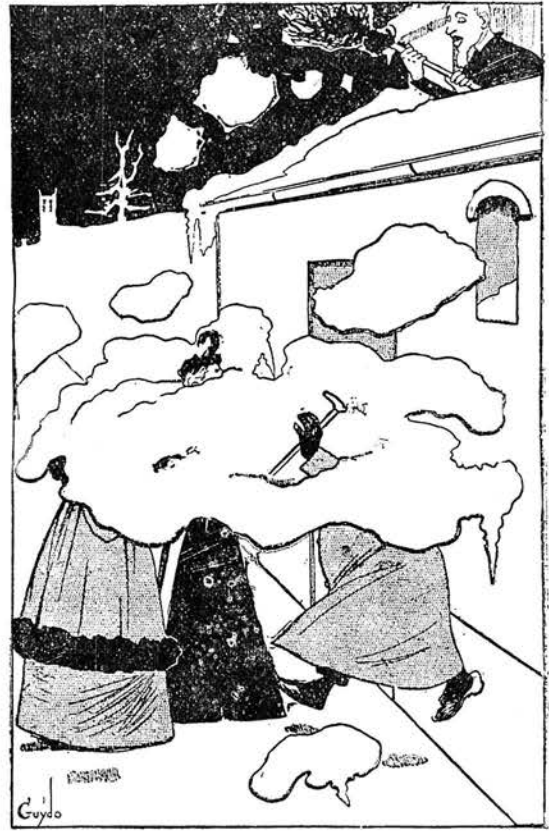
She's superior to flirtation; she contributes to "The
Nation,"
And she'd be a rank agnostic if she did n't know
so much;
She declines in social duty to display her modest
beauty,
But she's put a poem of Browning into genuine low
Dutch.

She is musically clever, and the "tune" taboos forever,
For to "Vagner" she is faithful, and to Brahms she
gives her heart;
Then at art's high altar kneeling she will talk "tech-
nic" and "feeling,"
And if I say, "It's pretty," will reply, "But is it art?"

Dare I ever hope to hold her in the arms that would
infolde her?
Or, with Plato for my pattern, must I tell my love
in Greek?
Let me curb this crude young passion, and, since
courting's out of fashion,
Woo Minerva with a problem, and of Eros shyly
speak.

Most persistently I'm cramming, but I weary of my
shamming,
And am not intoxicated with Castalia's bitter cup;
I might win the maid's affections through a course in
conic sections,
But I wonder if, once married, I could keep the
blamed thing up.

Edward A. Church.



Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, 1894

THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

1. "Seasonable weather, isn't it? I think there's some more snow coming."

2. And there was.

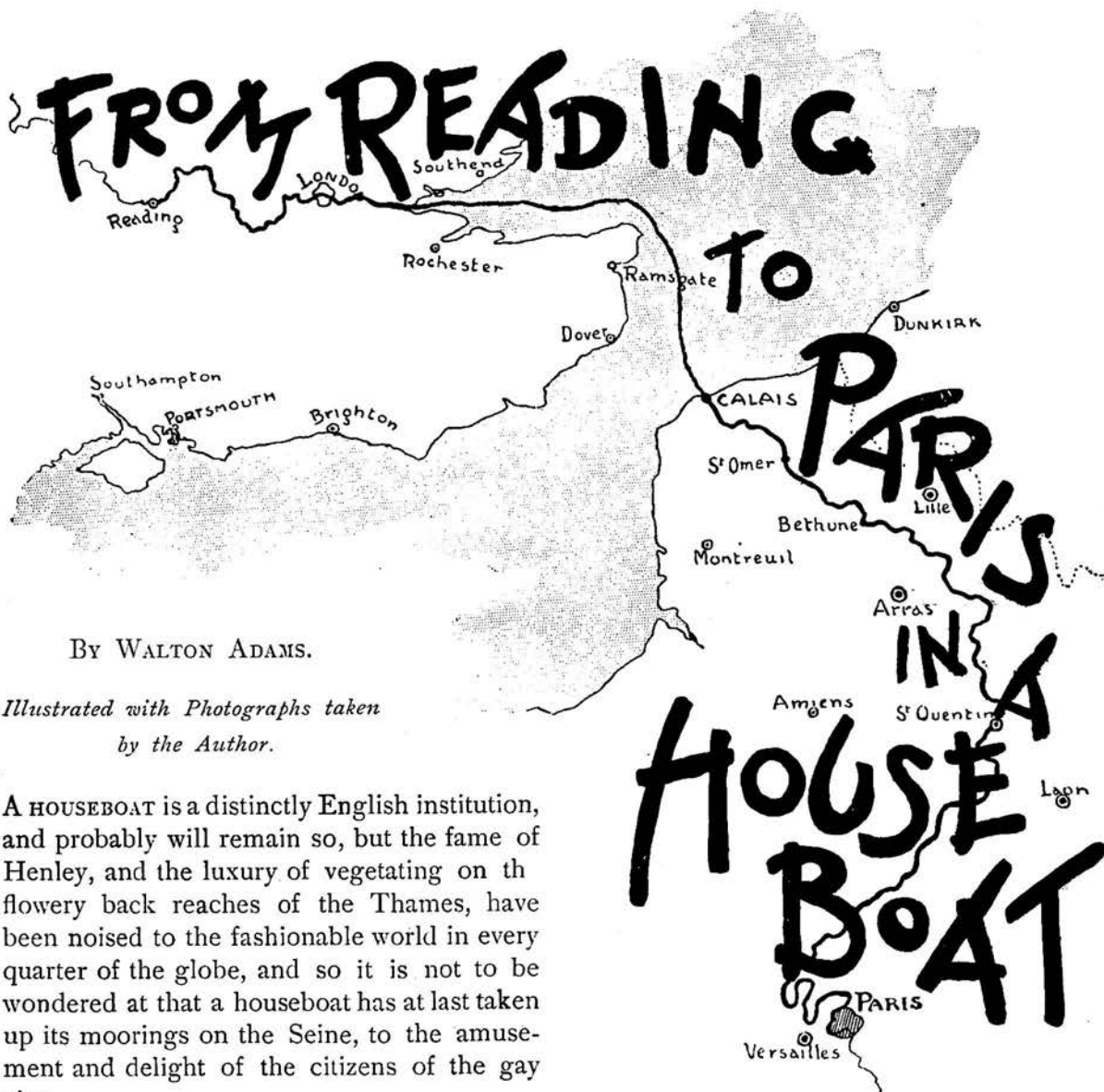


GREAT SHAKES!

How we *used* to shake hands.

How we *do* shake hands.

How we *may* shake hands in the future.



BY WALTON ADAMS.

*Illustrated with Photographs taken
by the Author.*

A HOUSEBOAT is a distinctly English institution, and probably will remain so, but the fame of Henley, and the luxury of vegetating on the flowery back reaches of the Thames, have been noised to the fashionable world in every quarter of the globe, and so it is not to be wondered at that a houseboat has at last taken up its moorings on the Seine, to the amusement and delight of the citizens of the gay city.

To Madame la Comtesse de Bearn occurred the novel idea of introducing a houseboat to Parisian society, and it may at once be stated that she has carried out her project successfully and thoroughly.

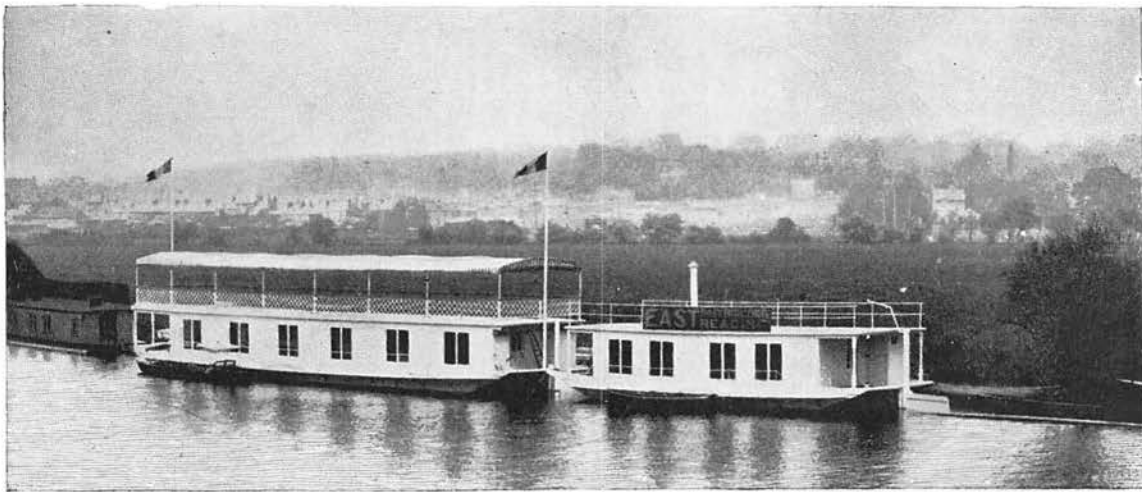
The order for *Le Lotus*—the name decided on—was placed with Mr. A. H. East, the well-known boat-builder of Reading, who not only undertook to build the boat according to the approved plans, but also to deliver it to the Comtesse's representatives in Paris. This latter condition involved no small amount of risk, as two previous attempts to take a houseboat across the Channel had been unsuccessful.

The average cost of a houseboat varies from about £800 to £1300, and when, therefore, I say that, including, of course, the cost of transit and customs dues, etc., *Le Lotus* cost

about £3000, it may be surmised that the first English houseboat to take up its quarters on the banks of the Seine will not dim the glories of Henley in the eyes of the inhabitants of our neighbours.

And yet certain limitations had to be observed in the matter of scale of dimensions so as to effect the journey to Paris, for some of the bridges over the rivers and canal to be traversed on the French side, were not wide enough or high enough to allow the passage of a full sized houseboat built on ordinary lines, and providing the same height of roof in the grand saloon that is customary on all first-class boats.

An entirely new model, therefore, had to be devised. This was effected by allowing the flooring of the saloon to dip some feet into the body of the raft, and even then in



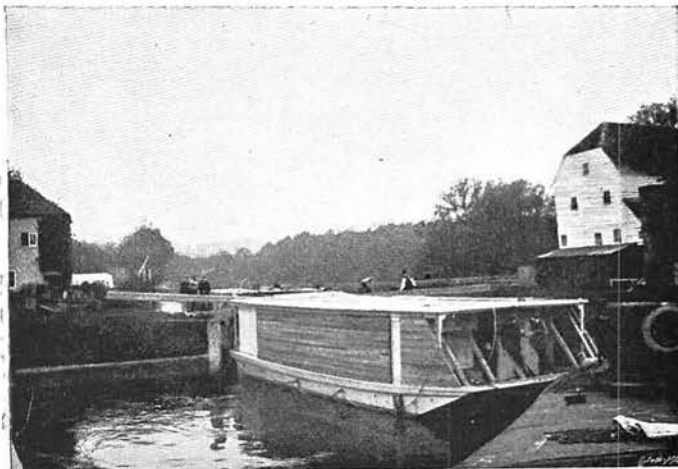
Le Lotus (before the journey).

passing through some of the bridges, there was only an inch or two to spare.

The houseboat itself is 72ft. long and the tender 41ft., both being of a width of 16ft. In addition to the usual offices there are twelve rooms, so that the accommodation is ample. Both boats have brass fittings, and are finished inside and out with ivory white enamel.

But it was not to be expected that all the glory of *Le Lotus* would remain revealed during such an experience as a trip from Reading to Paris. As a matter-of-fact the decorations were entirely covered up, and what could be dismantled was carefully packed, so that *Le Lotus* looked like a huge packing-case.

The distance to be traversed was just about 500 miles.



Le Lotus (ready for the journey).

And, as it turned out, the journey was accomplished in exactly three weeks.

Leaving Reading at twelve o'clock on May 25th, under the charge of Mr. C. E. Day, the representative of Mr. East (at whose courteous invitation I was enabled to join in this unique voyage), we reached Maidenhead at half-past seven, and moored for the night. The next day we went down as far as Kingston, and on the following morning we made a very early start, and reached Gravesend shortly before four in the afternoon.

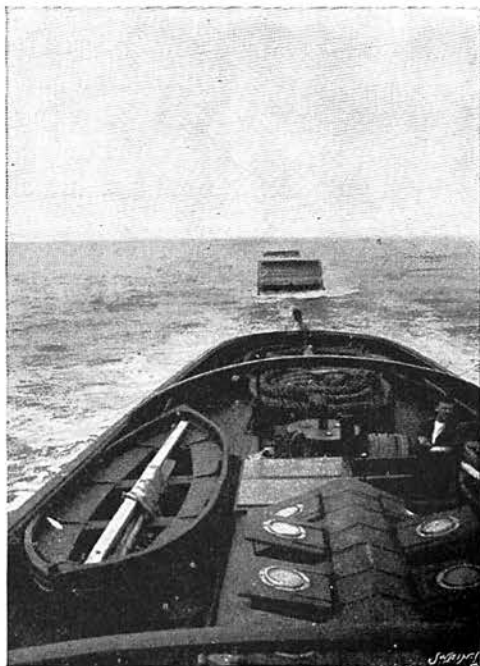
This part of the voyage was singularly free from incident, but it so happened that the morning of our passing through London was the very morning on which the body of Mr. Gladstone was brought to London for the lying-in state at Westminster, and the bridge was crowded in the grey of the early dawn with thousands of anxious watchers.

At Gravesend we were moored in mid-stream, and never should I think had those who earn their living on the waters a more anxious time of it than fell to the lot of those whose duty it was to watch *Le Lotus* until the tug arrived in the morning to commence our sea journey. For it should be remembered that at Reading the boat was entirely dismantled, so that there was absolutely no protection on the deck, where personal safety became purely a matter of

watch and balance, as all balustrades and railings had been removed. In the day-time it was difficult enough, but at night it was almost enough to make one despair.

Huge liners and other craft continuously passing kept the water in a constant torment on which our boats danced like huge egg-shells, and a constant watch was necessary to prevent them from bumping together. I was, therefore, heartily glad when the steam-tug *Dilwara* came to take us from our moorings.

The towing was effected by means

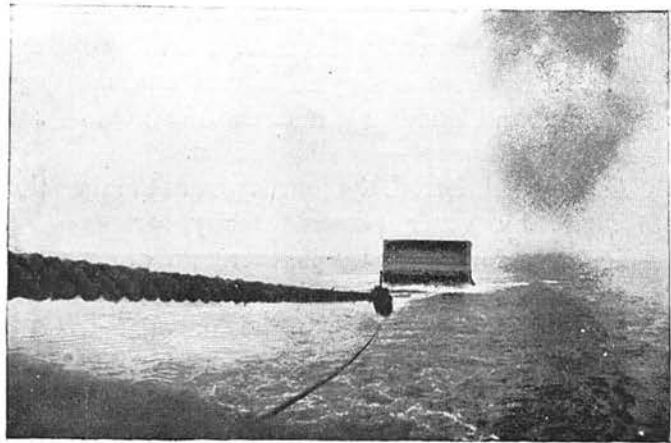


In tow.

of a huge rope, some 6in. in diameter, and, in addition to this, a cable was fastened in case of mishap.

Fortunately the sea was unusually calm when the tug took us in tow, and we quickly left the shores of England behind us. Our journey across the Channel proceeded quite uneventfully and there did not appear to be any doubt of the successful accomplishment of this portion of the trip until we came to a halt some three miles outside Calais.

This is, as most people know, quite the roughest bit of sea along this



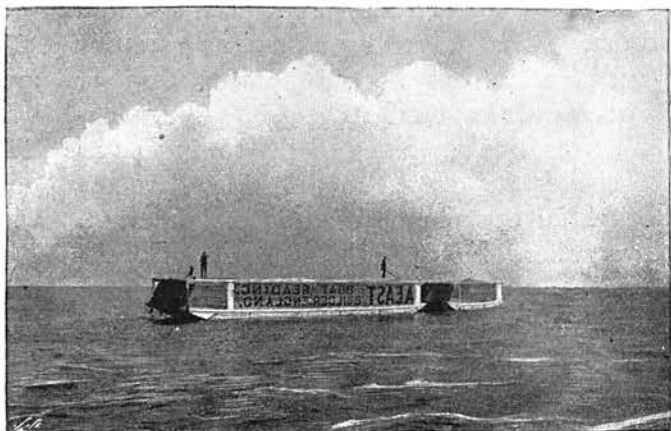
In the open Channel.

coast, and about the last spot to choose as a mooring-place for a houseboat, but the signals were against us—to allow of the passage of a liner—and we could not for nearly an hour enter the harbour. The Captain set about shortening the cable, but, owing to the extremely rough water, it was slipped instead of shortened, and *Le Lotus* danced merrily away adrift.

Of course, it was easily overtaken, but its recapture was a different and much more difficult matter, as a huge case dancing madly on the crests of erratic waves is a thing which must be charily approached by the occupants of a small boat. Eventually, however, after several ineffectual attempts, *Le Lotus* was again under control.

After some further waiting we were tugged into the harbour, and *Le Lotus* was forthwith submitted to the tender mercies of the Customs officials.

I was considerably amused to note that while the inside and outside of the houseboat were measured and examined most carefully some six or seven times, the innocence of the flooring—where



Adrift in the Channel!

more than 2ft. of space lurked concealed—was never apparently suspected, and we might easily have smuggled a vast amount of contraband goods right under the noses—or, rather, the feet—of the officials.

As may be inferred, the journey from Calais to Paris by water presents many serious difficulties, for not only is there no direct river communication, but there are actually two big ranges of hills to be negotiated. However, we had planned out a possible route—partly by river, partly by open canal, and partly by subterranean canal—which, after a most devious journey, finally landed us at our destination.

The journey, were it not for the novelty of it all, and the interest of seeing, leisurely and at close quarters, strange scenes and people, would probably have proved a tedious affair, owing to the perpetual changing of horses, and the continuous halts which had to be made while negotiating the numerous locks.

But the entire canal system was all so excellent that it provided us with sufficient novelty to make the journey so far interesting. All the canals are under Governmental control, and they are kept in splendid order. The grassy banks are as carefully tended as the sloping grass of an up-river garden abutting on the Thames. And splendid trees line the sides of the towing paths to shelter the canals, so that they have the delightful appearance of a water boulevard. Everywhere for miles this beautiful well-trimmed appearance never varies, and there is always the same ample, carefully-kept margin along the sides.

At frequent intervals across the canal are slung drawbridges, which I was informed had their origin in military operations. Each one

is tended by a keeper, who easily lowers it unaided to allow traffic to pass, and then slings it upright again. The mechanism seemed to be extremely simple and effective.

Two other things which attracted my attention were the locks and permanent bridges.

The locks are made chiefly of iron, and are far superior to any that we have in England. The mechanism is simpler and they are much more expeditiously worked.

All the barges on the French canals are immensely larger than ours, looming much higher out of the water, and always at least twice as long as the biggest we use. Yet a lock on the Seine through which we passed took fifteen of these monster barges at the one time, and it was filled and emptied in

half-an-hour. We encountered over 2000 of these barges in our journey from Calais to Paris.

The beautiful stone bridges are, I believe, of worldwide celebrity, but I confess that I was, for all that, surprised to encounter bridges far more magnificent than any we have in London stretching across rivers where they glide

by towns of minor importance in the French provinces.

The people who work on the French barges are even of a more nomadic type than those who follow the same mode of life in England. They are supremely ignorant of all the ordinary affairs of life, and do not know whether they live under a Republic or a Monarchy. They are of mixed nationalities, many of them Belgians, but they know no country, and no business, outside of their barges, which they never leave if they can possibly help it.

Between St. Omer and Bethune one of the greatest engineering feats in France has been

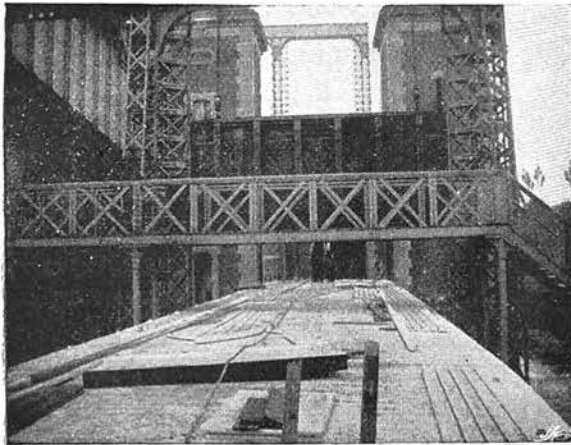


A tight fit. Only a few inches to spare on either side and not much space at the top.

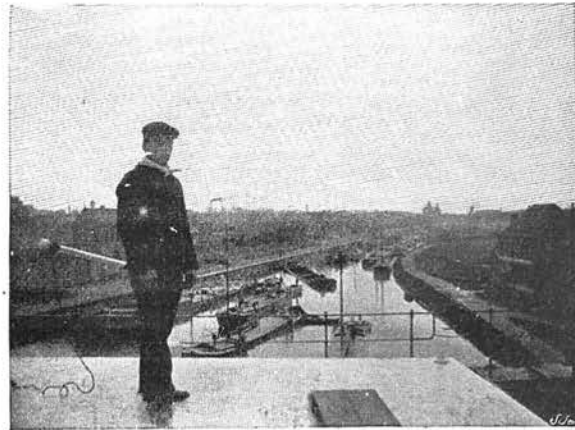
accomplished. It is the hydraulic lift of Les Fontinettes.

The country here rises abruptly a height of some 75ft., and to negotiate this sudden rise, the builders of the canal constructed a

our progress was very slow and our experience by no means pleasant, as we had to contend with a series of gales which, owing to the shape of our boats, necessitated our laying-to for most of the time.



The hydraulic lift at Fontenoy, which raised the houseboat 75ft.
1.—The mechanism of the lift.



2.—View from the top.

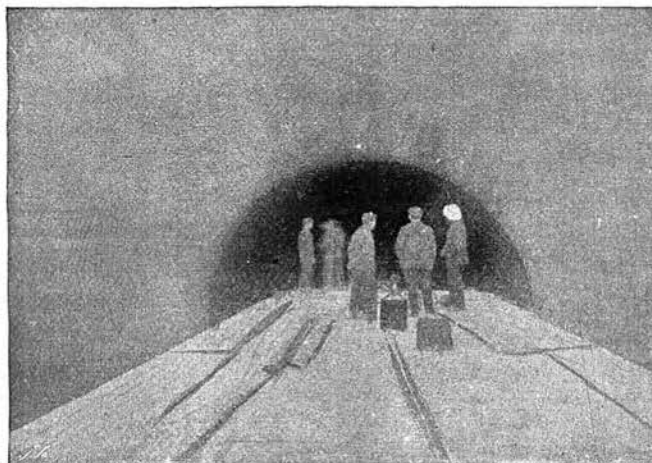
great water-stair, consisting of five consecutive locks. But it was naturally a slow process for a boat to pass through this series of locks, and, owing to the congestion of the traffic, the passage of Les Fontinettes often could not be accomplished under a week. Now, by the aid of the hydraulic lift, it can be accomplished in about half-an-hour.

The principle of the lift is simplicity itself. On top of two enormous pistons, each being 6ft. in diameter, are placed two huge tanks, each capable of accommodating a barge. These pistons work simultaneously on the compensation principle; as a barge is being raised in one tank, another is being lowered in the next. Much of the force required is obtained from the weight of the descending barge, the additional force necessary being derived from hydraulic power.

During the next two or three days

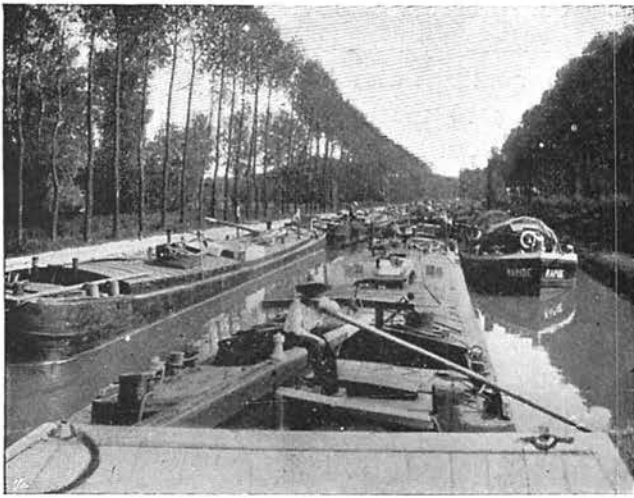
Nor was this quite the worst of the journey, for, when able to start again, we found that for the next three days we had to traverse the coal districts, and on anchoring one evening we learned that we had for our immediate neighbour the largest coal mine in the entire country.

After passing some important manufacturing towns, such as Douai and Cambria, we entered the Canal St. Quentin, and at Les Bosquets were taken in tow by a powerful tug for the gruesome part of the journey — a distance of some five miles through a couple of subterranean tunnels.



Exit from the tunnel five miles long.

The method of progression here is worthy of note. A chain, some thirteen miles in length, is laid along the bottom of the canal, and on this the tug works after the style of the steam ferry in use on our rivers. That it wants both guidance as to route and the



The houseboat formed one of a string of barges, over a mile in length, all towed by one tug.

advantage to be derived from gripping the chain is evident, because so much of the journey has to be taken in the dark, and the weight towed is considerable. When we were passing through it had to tow no fewer than forty-six of the monster barges I have described; they formed a train quite a mile in length and were certainly not less than 15,000 tons burthen.

On the outside of this tunnel was an intimation that it was first thrown open for traffic by Napoleon I., and the famous emperor gave a banquet in a cave within the tunnel in celebration of the event.

The tunnel is in its natural rough-hewn state, just as it was cut in the solid rock, and from the roof there was one continuous down-pour. Entering the tunnel is the signal for going to bed with the regular bargees, but for half-an-hour afterwards it was alive with the echoes of conversation and laughter; and from afar-off one could hear the drone of an accordion.

It took six hours to make this unpleasant journey, and, to crown all, on emerging we now learned from one of the officials that there was an accident to the machinery, and we could not proceed. It was not pleasant news to us, as we were absolutely without provisions. However, after a long and tedious delay, we were eventually able to proceed.

At Janville, where the course of our journey took us on the Oise, we were

treated to a new diversion, the barge boys coming out on strike. This was owing to the transit agent declining to engage a pilot, which, it appears, it is customary to do for this part of the journey. After a few hours, however, the agent fell in with the custom, and the pilot, who thus brought peace to the fold, proved himself a very skilful navigator, and a very pleasant fellow into the bargain.

When we reached the Seine our pilot left us, and, with other craft, we were taken in tow by a chain tug.

Here the banks, with their pretty villas and sloping gardens, reminded us of the home *Le Lotus* had left, and soon the Eiffel

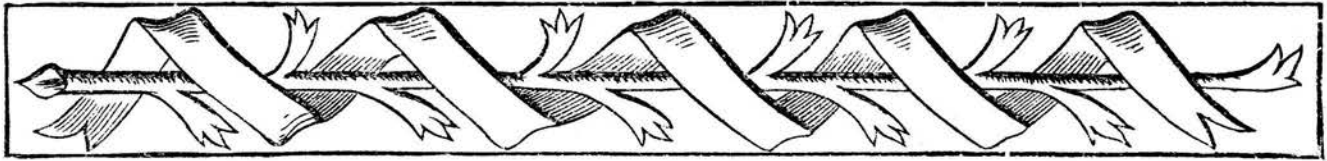
Tower, and the well-known domes and spires of Paris loomed in the distance.

Exactly three weeks after we had set out from Reading we came to anchor by the Quai at Petit Gennevilliers near Paris, where *Le Lotus* was denuded of her wrappings and once more was displayed in all her glory. Notwithstanding the difficulties encountered in its hazardous transit, she had received but a few scratches which were easily rectified.

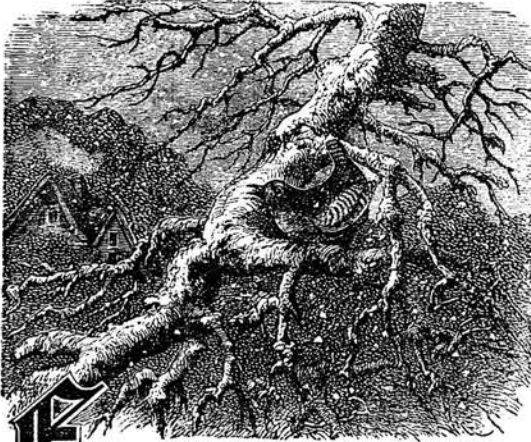
The work of rehabilitating her was now smartly proceeded with, and in about a fortnight she was fitted with all her shining balustrades, boxes of flowers, and her canopy, and a few additional ornamentations bestowed on her, so that she was quite ready for transfer to the Countess's representatives; a ceremony which took place at Pont Royal amid mutual congratulations and other courtesies.



The finish of the journey, the Eiffel Tower showing up in the background.



FOOD FOR COLD WEATHER.



EVERY man knows that we live in an exceedingly variable climate, and although for by far the greater part of the year we suffer neither the extreme of heat nor cold, still we have at times our hot July or August days, when the English summer, which is often described as consisting of three hot days and a thunderstorm, vies with almost any heat that can be met with in the whole Continent of Europe.

Fortunately for the present season of the year, we are, as a nation, far better prepared to resist the attacks of cold than heat.

Abundant—though now, alas! not cheap—coal is to be obtained, and feather-beds, thick blankets, carpeted rooms are the universal custom in this country—making a winter in London as far superior to one in Paris, as a summer in the latter city is superior to one in London.

The question, however, before us is, do we as a nation sufficiently vary our food to make it consistent with the weather? Here, again, I must confess that we are more apt to give winter's food in summer time than summer's food in winter. Still there are certain dishes especially adapted for cold weather, and at the present season of the year we may call attention to some of them. First, however, it may not be amiss to consider on what general principles one kind of food is adapted for hot countries, and another for cold. The first principle is to remember that in cold weather we require *fat*. Fat and grease contain a large quantity of carbon, and this carbon taken and absorbed into the system keeps up the animal heat.

There is an old story told that many years ago, when the streets of London were lighted with oil-lamps, before the introduction of gas, Russian sailors in England were in the habit of climbing the lamps and drinking the lamp-oil. It is also asserted that in some of the Arctic expeditions the sailors have boiled down and eaten the tallow candles.

Whether these stories are true or not may be left an open question, but there is no doubt that the food craved for was that best suited to sustain heat. We all know how invaluable a remedy cod-liver oil has proved to many invalids, especially among young children; and how medical men often recommend cod-liver oil to delicate persons, to be taken during the winter, and left off on the return of warm spring weather.

Of all winter dishes, perhaps none is so suitable for cold weather as that rather vulgar dish, pea-soup. Persons who affect to despise pea-soup should remember that it is one of the most variable soups ever made. Poor pea-soup, which really owes almost its whole goodness to the split-peas from which it is made, is indeed poor stuff for epicures, though a very cheap and wholesome form of nourishment for the hungry poor. Good pea-soup is an exceedingly delicious compound, and I will describe how to make it.

First of all, one great advantage of pea-soup is that a greasy stock, scarcely adapted to make any other kind of soup, is really best suited for the purpose. For instance, the water in which a large piece of pickled-pork has been boiled, or even the greasy water in which ham or bacon has been boiled, is admirably adapted for making pea-soup. As a rule, the water used for boiling salt beef is too salt to be used for making soup; however, very often by soaking a piece of salt beef in fresh water for twenty-four hours before boiling it, the liquor left will be found to be not too salt for making pea-soup—the cook, of course, remembering that no further salt is added.

We will suppose, therefore, that some stock, or rather some greasy liquor, has been left, say in quantity about two quarts. I would here suggest that the water in which, say, a piece of fresh silver-side of beef has been boiled, should be used again to boil a good-sized piece of bacon, that may be served up hot with some roast fowls, that which is left forming a cold breakfast dish. First of all, take a quart of split-peas, and put them in a large basin, and let them soak in fresh water for nearly a day, a little piece of soda rather bigger than a pea being put into the water to render it softer. Should any of the peas float on the water, take them off and throw them away. Next, strain off the peas, and put them in the greasy stock mentioned to boil, adding to the two quarts of liquor one good-sized head of celery, four good-sized onions, two carrots, two turnips, and a little parsley. Let all this boil till the whole is thoroughly soft, occasionally skimming the soup, taking off that nasty thick film of fat which will sometimes rise to the surface. When the peas are thoroughly soft, strain the whole through a wire sieve into a large basin; pick out the stalk of

the parsley, and with a good-sized wooden spoon, rub the whole through the wire sieve.

This is the great secret of good soup. Too often the cook will not take the trouble to send the whole through the sieve. It is undoubtedly a troublesome affair, and very apt to make the wrist ache. However, the result well repays the trouble, and the cook generally can call some one to her assistance to take a turn with the spoon. It will also be found advisable every now and then to moisten the ingredients in the sieve with some of the liquor that has run through; this rather helps the process. Now soup made in this way, in which the head of celery, the onions, the carrots, the turnips are all sent through the sieve, as well as the peas, is a very different affair from soup which has been simply flavoured by having them boiled in it. Indeed, pea-soup should really be called purée of peas, and when care is taken in its composition a very nice purée it is.

Pea-soup should, of course, be sent to table hot; and as it possesses, like all purées, the power of retaining its heat for some time, it is the better adapted for cold weather.

Some dried mint and some small pieces of toasted bread should always be sent to table with pea-soup; or pieces of bread cut square, the shape of very small dice, may be fried a bright golden colour in some hot lard. These pieces of bread, owing to their being crisper than toast, are better adapted for all sorts of purées, such as purée of Jerusalem artichokes, or Palestine soup; the pieces of bread being dried on some blotting-paper after frying.

With regard to the mint, take care to have it well sifted. If properly dried it will crumble easily on being pinched with the fingers, but the only way to avoid the stalks is to sift it. Mint can be bought ready dried in bottles in Covent Garden Market, and at all good greengrocers'; and as a small sixpenny bottle will last a twelvemonth probably, and keep good almost for ever if well corked, it is advisable always to have a bottle in the house.

Another very excellent dish for cold weather is Irish stew. Irish stew has the following strong points in its favour as a seasonable dish:—First, it retains the heat for a long time; secondly, it contains a considerable amount of fat; and thirdly, which makes it a desirable dish for all weathers, it is probably the most economical dish ever sent to table. The best joint for making Irish stew is neck of mutton. First cut off nearly all the fat, the reason being that when mutton is boiled the fat swells enormously. What is cut off will make an admirable suet-pudding—another dish adapted for cold weather—that can be flavoured with grated lemon-peel. Pare about four pounds of potatoes, and cut them into slices, and allow them to boil for about a quarter of an hour; by this means the water contained in the potatoes will be extracted—and all water held in roots is far from wholesome. Next slice up five large onions, cutting them cross-ways, so that circular rings fall in slicing. Then take a good-sized stew-pan—an enamelled one is best—and cover the bottom with

slices of potato and onions; add a little pepper and salt, then cover this with a layer of meat, the quantity required being about three pounds. The trimmed neck or loin of mutton should be cut into rather thin chops, and the short bones at the end of the neck should, of course, be all cut into separate pieces. Again pepper and salt the meat, and cover it over with a thin layer of sliced potato and onion. The whole should be packed rather close—*i.e.*, not much space should be left between the pieces, so that a very little water added will be sufficient to fill up the stew-pan, till the top layer is moistened. Add this quantity of water, so as to avoid leaving any of the potato or onion uncovered. Next cover over the stew-pan, seeing that the lid fits close; place something heavy, such as a four-pound weight, on the lid to keep it down, and allow the whole to simmer gently for about three hours. Be careful, however, not to let it *boil*, as that is apt to render the meat hard. Also on no account take off the lid during the stewing process, as by so doing you let out the flavour.

It will be readily seen how exceedingly economical this dish is, as absolutely nothing is lost, for the liquor is served up as well as the potato and onion. In roasting a joint some of the flavour necessarily goes up the chimney, and in boiling a joint some goes into the water in which the joint is boiled. Irish stew is, however, one of the few dishes in which there is absolutely no waste whatever.

One very seasonable, and at the same time delicious, sauce for winter is celery sauce; and in country houses where celery is grown in the garden, and can be had in abundance, a little should always be served with boiled turkey or boiled fowls.

First of all, cut up about six heads of celery, put them into boiling water, and allow them to boil for about ten minutes; strain them off, and throw them into cold water, and then drain and dry the pieces; next place them in a stew-pan, with about two ounces of butter and a little grated nutmeg, and allow them to dissolve slowly in the butter, but take care that the celery does not brown; when quite soft and tender, fill up the stew-pan with some good white stock that has been flavoured with some savoury herbs, such as marjoram, basil, and lemon-thyme; let the whole boil up, and then send it all through a wire sieve with a wooden spoon. Should the sauce not be thick enough, a little arrowroot may be added to it to thicken it; add also a little boiling milk, and a small lump of white sugar. Of course, when cream can be obtained it is far preferable to the milk. Another great advantage of having cream is that the sauce will look much whiter than when milk is used. The sauce may also be thickened with white roux—that is, butter and flour mixed together and baked, but not allowed to turn colour.

Celery sauce will be found to be by far the best accompaniment to a boiled turkey, which at the present season of the year seems to have that monopoly of one end of the table that the sirloin of beef seems to have of the other.

SOME OF OUR NEIGHBOURS' CHILDREN.



UCH of late years has been done to ameliorate the condition of children amongst our poor. That there is yet ample scope for judicious action is only too apparent to such as know the lives led by the children of our lowest classes. Those laws, for example, which should insure each receiving some education are often systematically evaded by parents, or by those standing *in loco parentis*. In many other ways are the objects of benevolent legislation frustrated.

The life of a child born of vagrant parents in the purlieus of Spitalfields,

Wapping, and like places, is in most cases a very sad one to portray. Often enough the child is unloved at its birth and unregretted at its early death. Over the grave of many might truthfully be set up a similar epitaph to that at St. Ives, in Cornwall :—

“ Here lies Sir John Guise :
Nobody laughs, and nobody cries.
Where he's gone, and how he fares,
Nobody knows, and nobody cares.”

Yet it would be wrong to say that love for their offspring is infrequent amongst this class. A woman has been known to peril her own life by resolutely walking to the funeral of her fortnight-old infant. More passionate grief the writer never saw than was shown by the mother of a young burglar at his open grave. True, he had always been a trouble to her. Whilst a mere lad he had been arrested as one of a notorious gang of young roughs in South London ; but none the less he continued to be “her darling boy.”

But all the children do not die young. Of a fine summer's evening the courts and narrow streets swarm with them. Yet, living where they do, their earliest experiences are degrading. The baby-in-arms must needs be much in its mother's company. So with her it goes to the gin-shop, and there the glass is held to its lips. It will sleep very soundly after that—the drunkard's sleep before it can talk ! Amongst a small crowd who issued from the doors of a London “public” a little while ago, a bystander counted five women, each carrying an infant.

With increasing intelligence the children become of some use. There are cases in which a family of four or five cadaverous little ones forms, in a way, the stock-in-trade of their parents. For eight or ten hours a day they parade the quiet streets, singing some mournful ditty, or perhaps a popular hymn, instruction in which has cost some few pence. When the time

for work is over, the kitchen of a common lodging-house awaits the children. The weary parents, after a hearty meal, retire to the “Seven Stars” or the “Frying-pan,” to recruit themselves after the labours of the day. These families are sometimes of a very composite character. The woman, it may be, has no “marriage-lines.” One or two of the children may be her own ; others she may be “taking care of” for their parents ; some, it may even be, have been kidnapped. Let none think that child-stealing is a very infrequent crime. The careful reader of police reports must remember several recent cases. One lies before me now. The prisoner was found by the police “sitting on a doorstep at one o'clock in the morning,” the little boy of four beside her. When families are thus remarkably constituted, it is not surprising that the children are regarded very much as goods and chattels. Hence it is that, when times are bad with them, one sees the parents strip the shoes and stockings or the dress from a child at the pawnbroker's door, pledge them at once, and then enter the adjoining public-house with the proceeds.

The value of children for begging purposes is but too well understood. For this reason widowers and widows will often stoutly resist any effort to get one of their children away from their influence. The prospect in life which the change would place before them may be most promising ; the propriety of the step may be beyond all dispute. But, no. They love their children too well, they will tell you, to let one go out of their power.

Take a case in point. An ill-conditioned woman, accompanied by two sickly girls, aged about nine and eleven respectively, went to a parish clergyman, and asked for assistance. He declined to give her anything as the case stood, but offered to do something for the children if she would give up the custody of them. This offer she indignantly declined, and roundly abused the proposer of it. Day after day she was met in the streets, a child in each hand, begging when opportunity offered. At last the agent of a London society was moved to give her substantial aid. In her gratitude, she allowed him to take the younger child into his house. He took off its rags, and procured some decent clothing. Night came—a wet, windy, miserable night. The child was placed in a clean warm bed, a comfort long unknown. All in the house had long retired, when, about midnight, there was a furious ringing at the bell. This went on for some time. Then the agent went down-stairs, and incautiously opened the door. In stumbled the girl's mother—drunk. “I want my child ! I won't go till I have my child !” was her cry. Persuasion and all expedients failed. There was nothing for it but to take the child from her comfortable bed, put on the filthy old rags, and send her out into the wind and rain with the creature she called mother.

Sometimes one meets with cases in which the children are the bread-winners of the family, the

parents remaining at home in dignified idleness. Here is a case, the correctness of which is vouched for by the secretary to a ragged school. A child of six was daily sent out by his parents to sell matches. Unless he brought back at least eightpence by 10 p.m., he was severely beaten for his presumed laziness, and then turned out to spend the night in the streets. The child was twice taken up by the police, and sent to Homerton Union. But on each occasion he was at once claimed by his anxious relatives, who had no wish to lose their son and slave. Is this a solitary instance? Far from it; it is only one of many, and very far from the most brutal or revolting.

Children are often tutored to assist the imposture of their parents. A notable instance of this may, perhaps, be familiar to some; but it will bear repetition. A lady, well known in London for her interest in the poor, had been helping a family, the husband of which was ill. One morning the little girl came with the message—

“Please, ma’am, mother says father’s dead; and would you please come and see her?”

Although a little surprised at the unlooked-for end of the sickness, the lady speedily set out for the house of mourning. Toiling up-stairs to the room, she found the man laid out as dead, and the mother in tears with the family around her. She sat down, and ministered consolation to the widow. Finally, she laid down two sovereigns as a contribution towards the funeral expenses, and then retired. At the bottom of the stairs, the visitor remembered that she had left her umbrella above. She quickly ran up again, and entered the room without knocking. Imagine her

surprise at beholding the *pseudo*-dead man sitting up in bed, and tossing the sovereigns through the air from one hand to another with the dexterity of a juggler! Now, in this little comedy the children had a not unimportant part to play; and they seem to have filled it with success. If they, in future life, turn out accomplished rogues, can we marvel thereat? What wonder if the children who are early brought up to lie and steal for others, early learn to lie and steal for themselves? And what wonder if their mature years fulfil the evil promise of their childhood?

Is there any remedy for this? There is, perhaps, a partial remedy in our hands. Let us beware of indiscriminate charity. To give money to men and women who drag a group of half-starved children through the streets is putting a premium on vice, subsidising hypocrisy, and depriving the honest poor of their due. Experience tells the householder that food offered to such is sometimes rejected, sometimes taken and then thrown away. Money is what they want—money to provide a juicy steak for the evening meal, money to procure a night’s carouse afterwards. To obtain that, they care little if the children perish body and soul. Children are cheap enough, although this is England. A penny for the poor man out of work, and for his starving family! Happy, thrice happy, in comparison with their victims, are those children whose early misdeeds or misfortunes have brought them to an industrial school or a similar institution. Bright futures are in most cases before them, whilst thousands of children, whose misfortune it is to escape the hand of the law, linger on in hopeless poverty and woe.

A. R. BUCKLAND, B.A.

ITALIAN METHODS OF COOKING EGGS.

AMONGST the many valuable cookery-books with which housekeepers are supplied nowadays, Maria Gironci’s translation of Italian recipes holds a deservedly high place, novelty being greatly needed in the average British menu. The following recipes for savoury dishes, culled from this instructive work, may therefore prove useful to those who do not number it among their culinary literature.

EGGS ALLA LUCHESE.—Fry one sliced onion nearly brown in oil, or butter, add half a pint of milk, and six hard-boiled eggs, cut into halves, and stew over a slow fire for three or four minutes. Then stir in two well-beaten yolks of egg, a dessertspoonful of chopped parsley, an ounce of grated cheese, a pinch of cinnamon, and pepper and salt to taste. Stir over a slow fire for six or eight minutes; squeeze a little lemon juice over, and serve hot.

EGGS ALLA PROVENZALE.—Fry one small chopped onion, and two well scalded, and sliced mushrooms, in two ounces of boiling butter or lard. When nearly browned, add half a pint of stock, with a dessertspoonful of flour dissolved in it, half a tumbler of white wine, and a pinch of mixed spice. Stew over a very slow fire for about twenty minutes, then add six hard-boiled eggs, the yolks left whole, and the whites cut into quarters, warm through, and serve very hot on buttered toast.

EGGS ALLA ROMAGNOLA.—Melt two ounces of butter, stir in one ounce of flour, add one pint of milk, and stir over a slow fire until nearly boiling. Pass through a wire sieve, and replace in pan with four yolks well beaten, one dessertspoonful of powdered sugar and a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg. Stir over a slow fire until nearly boiling. Have ready on a dish four hard-boiled eggs cut into quarters, and pour the mixture over.

EGGS ALLA CONTADINA.—Pour four ounces of melted butter into a baking dish, and add six slices of bread, thickly sprinkled with grated cheese. Over each slice break carefully one egg, with pepper, salt, and nutmeg to taste. Put in a very slow oven, and when the eggs are set, serve upon the same dish, and garnish with fried parsley.

EGGS ALLA GIARDINIERA.—Chop finely half a small lettuce, one small onion, two or three pieces of the white part of a stick of celery, half a small cucumber, and half a bunch each of parsley, basil, thyme, rosemary and marjoram, and fry in four ounces of boiling lard or butter for ten or twelve minutes, stirring the pan constantly. Add one pint of milk, with pepper and salt to taste, and stew over a very slow fire for about half an hour. Stir in six whisked eggs, and cook for five or six minutes.

EGG BALLS.—Chop finely four hard-boiled eggs, add one dessertspoonful of chopped parsley, one ounce of grated cheese, two ounces of bread-crumbs, and pepper and salt to taste; mix well with two well-beaten yolks of egg, form into balls, dip in beaten egg and bread-crumbs, and fry brown in boiling butter, or lard.

EGGS ALLA GENOESE.—Fry two small sliced onions until nearly brown. Add one tablespoonful of flour, dissolved in one pint of milk, and pepper and salt to taste. Stir over a slow fire for six or eight minutes, then add six well-beaten eggs, stir again over slow fire for a few minutes, and serve very hot on buttered toast.

EGGS ALLA FIORENTINA.—Cut six hard-boiled eggs into halves, remove the yolks, and pound them in a mortar with a teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley, and another of thyme, the crumb of half a roll soaked in vinegar, and strained, one teaspoonful of powdered sugar, half a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, and pepper and salt to taste. Fill the twelve halves with the mixture, mix the remainder with three tablespoonfuls of white vinegar, one of powdered sugar, two of milk, and one teaspoonful of mustard. Arrange the eggs tastefully on a dish, place watercress or a little lettuce round, and pour sauce over. This makes a nice supper dish. G. C.

THE MEDIEVAL HOUSEWIFE.

The mediæval housewife was a very industrious woman, writes F. M. Colby, in *Philadelphia Press*. She was literally the head of the household. Everything in the house was under her charge; she clothed the whole house with the work of her own hands. Spinning was one of the most important labors taught young women. The word "spinster," now the legal designation of an unmarried woman, had its origin in the fact that in the early ages spinning was her special employment. In the ballad of the patient Griselda, the maiden was engaged in spinning when the Marquis first saw her. All the illuminated manuscripts which have come down to us, illustrating the domestic life of the middle ages, show us "the lady spinning," "the lady carding wool," "the lady at the loom," etc. Every household had its looms and spinning wheels. The women of the mediæval home often sheared the sheep with their own hands, and carded and combed the wool and beat the flax.

The old-time housekeeper was also physician and surgeon to the household and all around. Medical receipts in all periods of the middle ages, written by the fingers of women, are still preserved in European libraries. It was the women who set the knight's broken bones by skillful manipulations, and healed grievous wounds by cunning plasters spread by their own fair hands. In that idyllic novel of the thirteenth century, "Aucassin and Nicolette," we see the heroine acting the part of a surgeon when her lover had dislocated his shoulder; and in the romance of "Elie de St. Giles," Elie, who has been wounded, is carried by the fair Rosamonde into her chamber, where she takes precious herbs from her coffer and applies them to his wounds.

Neither the good wife of Bath nor Griselda knew what it was to take up and put down carpets; they spread rushes and sweet herbs on the floor instead when they expected company. They covered the walls of their homes with tapestry, and sat at their meals on heavy wooden benches and stools. The table was literally a board of boards, set on trestles and covered with cloth. The "good cheer" of that old time would seem strange enough to us. Barley and oatmeal bread, bacon, boiled fish, capons, eggs, manchets, with vast quantities of home-brewed ale or mead, and sometimes, among the nobles, wines from the Levant covered the mediæval tables. Food was not always plentiful in the homestead.

The choicest articles of furniture in the kitchen of the middle ages was the sideboard or court cupboard. It was usually richly carved and made with little compartments, in which small articles of plate could be placed. On the top the good mothers arranged for display the beakers, tankards, flagons, drinking-horns, basins and porringers. On the shelves glistened the family plate, often of pewter, which was of value at that time. Beside them were the lesser utensils, the forks for "green ginger," the powder box for sprinkling green spices over the meats, the curious carving knives, the clasp-knives, the spoons, and that singular vessel called the "maser cup," manufactured from the knottiest wood and handsomely ornamented with silver, which was used on great occasions like Christmas to pass around a warm spiced drink, of which all the company must partake.

There was no stove in the mediæval kitchen, and even chimneys were rare. The fire was usually kindled on a stone hearth in the middle of the room, the smoke passing out from a hole in the roof. Even in castles only two or three of the largest rooms had a "cover" or fire hearth; around these the servants and housecarles sat shivering in the cold winter months. Later, some of the queens had braziers or small iron furnaces in their rooms.

The day's work done, the spinning-wheel set away, the children tucked in their racks, the bolts of the door drawn, the fire smouldering on the stone hearth and the feeble rushlight burning low in its socket, the good wife and her husband sought the chamber where stood the great "posted sett-work bedstead," covered with its "harden sheets" (made of coarse flax), "tear sheets" (of fine flax), "flock beds" (wool coverlets), "pillow beers" and "counter-points" (quilts made in squares of contrasting colors). Thus lived and dined and slept the housewife of the middle ages. Doubtless she thought herself a favored creature, but who of her nineteenth century sisters would care to go back and live in those "good old times?"

FRENCH TERMS USED IN COOKING.

A PRACTICAL GLOSSARY.



HERE are, no doubt, very many people who think that to use French cooking terms on English bills of fare is a needless affectation, a mere fashion, on a par with interlarding one's conversation with French phrases; they do not stop to consider that in many cases a translation may not be possible, in fact, where neat and accurate translation is possible, common sense has generally made it, as in *Hollandaise*

sauce, which is often called *Dutch sauce*, although not often enough to make one quite sure that the connoisseur who sees written "calf's head and Dutch sauce" will recognize his favorite *Hollandaise* in it. But if there are many living out of large cities who do not understand French cooking terms, there is also a large class, which must be considered in a magazine like *GOOD HOUSEKEEPING*, read by all, who are quite familiar with French dishes by their own name, who would not recognize them at all with such awkward translation as alone is possible with most of them. For instance, *omelette soufflée* is as well known to many as ice cream, but "blown up omelette" (as near as I can get to a translation) would not be an improvement. So well has this question been recognized by the public, that many French terms have been adopted, and are used so familiarly, that their French origin is not suspected,—such, for instance, as *croquettes, meringue, fricassée, omelettes, patties, éclairs, to blanch, to braise*, and many others. Take the word *omelette*, every one knows what that is, and it is therefore a good example; can any one suggest a translation? Will pan-cake do? will "whipped eggs fried" convey the idea? This is only a sample of the difficulty of finding English for articles we have not. If the names of dishes could be rendered in English, it would have been done long since, for, it must be remembered that the pronunciation of French words is a terrible effort, generally absurdly unsuccessful, to the average English or American waiter, and too often, to those ordering from the waiter. Nor is it pleasant to have at your table a dish over whose name you must stumble, unless you boldly Anglicize the pronunciation, but the only alternative is to avoid the dish. For this reason alone, if French could be banished from the kitchen, it would be very desirable. To those who wish to teach their servants some delightful French dish, easy, but unpronounceable, its foreign name is a bugbear.

As a rule, those who like French cooking, are already familiar with the names of French dishes, but there are a great many who would like it, if it were to them any more than a name. My aim has always been to induce those who are unacquainted with it, to try it for themselves; to so simplify its details, as to bring its good points within the reach of any one who wished to enjoy what had hitherto seemed out of reach, or reserved for the wealthy ones, who could dine at Delmonico's, or the Hotel Brunswick, and wherever English terms have been possible I have used them, to express the French idea, as do, I think, others writing on the subject.

It must be remembered that most French names of dishes are standard; they represent, not a mere vagary of any French cook, but have a distinct meaning, and indicate the class to which a dish belongs, as will be seen from the glossary appended to this article. Although oysters,—*à la poulette, à l'allemande, au suprême*, may look somewhat alike, they are distinctly different, and would all have to come under the English word "stew" (unless we use the now Anglicized *French*

word, fricassee, to indicate a white stew), which would reveal nothing of this difference.

At the time of the French exhibition, the Parisians, with a touching consideration for the ignorance of the English and Americans who were swarming into their capital, made many efforts to translate their dishes into English, and the results were sometimes convulsing. Two instances only occur to me now, and, as they are really a literal translation (and so far correct) of the French, they might have well found a place in "English as she is spoke." *Ris de veau à la financière* (sweet breads à la financière) was rendered, "The smile of the calf to the female capitalist," and "*Chinois à l'esprit*" into "Chinese in spirits."

A great struggle is being made by writers for American and English readers, to give some English substitute for the French word *sauter*, literally "to jump," which is needed to distinguish cooking chops, and steaks, or other things in a pan with a little fat, from the correct frying, which means, to cook in deep, hot fat. We cannot call it "jumping" them, although in old English cooking books we are told "to toss onions in butter," "to toss chops,"—which was evidently an attempt to wrestle with the difficulty, and is a shade better than "jumping." At the present time one writer speaks of the process as "dry frying;" another as, "flat frying," but in so awkward a case it seems better to adopt the word *sauté*, and it will very soon become as commonly used as *fricassee* or *méringue*, both of which must have been as unfamiliar and as difficult to pronounce as *sauté*, when first they crept into common use.

It must be admitted that quite unnecessary French terms are sometimes used on bills of fare,—terms for which we have the perfect English equivalent. Cold roast chicken, is decidedly better than "*chaud froid de volaille*," and the only thing to be said in defense of these is, that they are rarely used except at tables where the guests may be supposed to read, if they do not speak French. Such things are matters of fashion, but the use of French names for which there is no approximate English, is a necessity. In the annexed glossary no attempt is made to do more than give an explanation of such terms as are untranslatable :

Aspic—Savory jelly, for cold dishes.

Au gratin—Dishes prepared with sauce and crumbs, and baked.

Bouchées—Very tiny patties or cakes, as name indicates—mouthfuls.

Baba—A peculiar, sweet French yeast-cake.

Béchamel—A rich, white sauce made with stock.

Bisque—A white soup made of shell fish.

To Blanch—To place any article on the fire till it boils, then plunge it in cold water, to whiten poultry, vegetables, etc. To remove the skin by immersing in boiling water.

Bouillon—A clear soup, stronger than broth, yet not so strong as *consommé* which is "reduced" soup.

Braise—Meat cooked in a closely covered stew-pan, so that it retains its own flavor, and those of the vegetables and flavorings put with it.

Brioche—A very rich, unsweetened French cake, made with yeast.

Canneton—Stuffed, rolled up meat.

Consommé—Clear soup or bouillon boiled down till very rich—*i. e.*, consumed.

Croquettes—A savory mince of fish or fowl, made with sauce into shapes, and fried.

Croustades—Fried forms of bread to serve minces, or other meats upon.

Entrée—A small dish, usually served between the courses at dinner.

Fondue—A light preparation of melted cheese.

Fondant—Sugar boiled, and beaten to creamy paste.

Hollandaise Sauce—A rich sauce, something like hot mayonnaise.

Matelote—A rich fish stew, with wine.

Mayonnaise—A rich salad dressing.

Méringue—Sugar and white of egg beaten to sauce.

Marinade—A liquor of spices, vinegar, etc., in which fish or meats are steeped before cooking.

Miroton—Cold meat warmed in various ways—and dished in circular form.

Purée—This name is given to very thick soups, the ingredients for thickening which have been rubbed through a sieve.

Poulette Sauce—A béchamel sauce, to which white wine and sometimes eggs are added.

Ragoût—A rich, brown stew, with mushrooms, vegetables, etc.

Piquante—A sauce of several flavors, acid predominating.

Quenelles—Forcemeat with bread, yolk of eggs, highly seasoned, and formed with a spoon to an oval shape, then poached and used either as a dish by themselves, or to garnish.

Rémoulade—A salad dressing differing from mayonnaise, in that the eggs are hard boiled, and rubbed in a mortar with mustard, herbs, etc.

Rissole—Rich mince of meat or fish, rolled in thin pastry and fried.

Roux—A cooked mixture of butter and flour, for thickening soups and stews.

Salmi—A rich stew of game, cut up and dressed, when half roasted.

Sauter—To toss meat, etc. over the fire, in a little fat.

Soufflé—A very light, much-whipped-up pudding or omelette.

Timbale—A sort of pie in a mould.

Vol au vent—Patties of very light puff paste, made without a dish or mould, and filled with meats or preserves, etc.

I have, in the foregoing list, by no means exhausted French cooking terms, but I have restricted myself to giving those in common use, which cannot be interpreted by one or two English words, but must be defined. It must be observed that any fish stew is not a *matelote*; that any salad dressing with raw egg, is not mayonnaise, nor with hard egg, *rémoulade*; nor is any preparation of melted cheese a *fondue*. Those who do not know from experience what the dishes are to which the name points, can, from the definition of them, only gain some idea of the materials composing them, but must work out the recipes for themselves, and they will seldom be disappointed by the result.

—Catherine Owen.

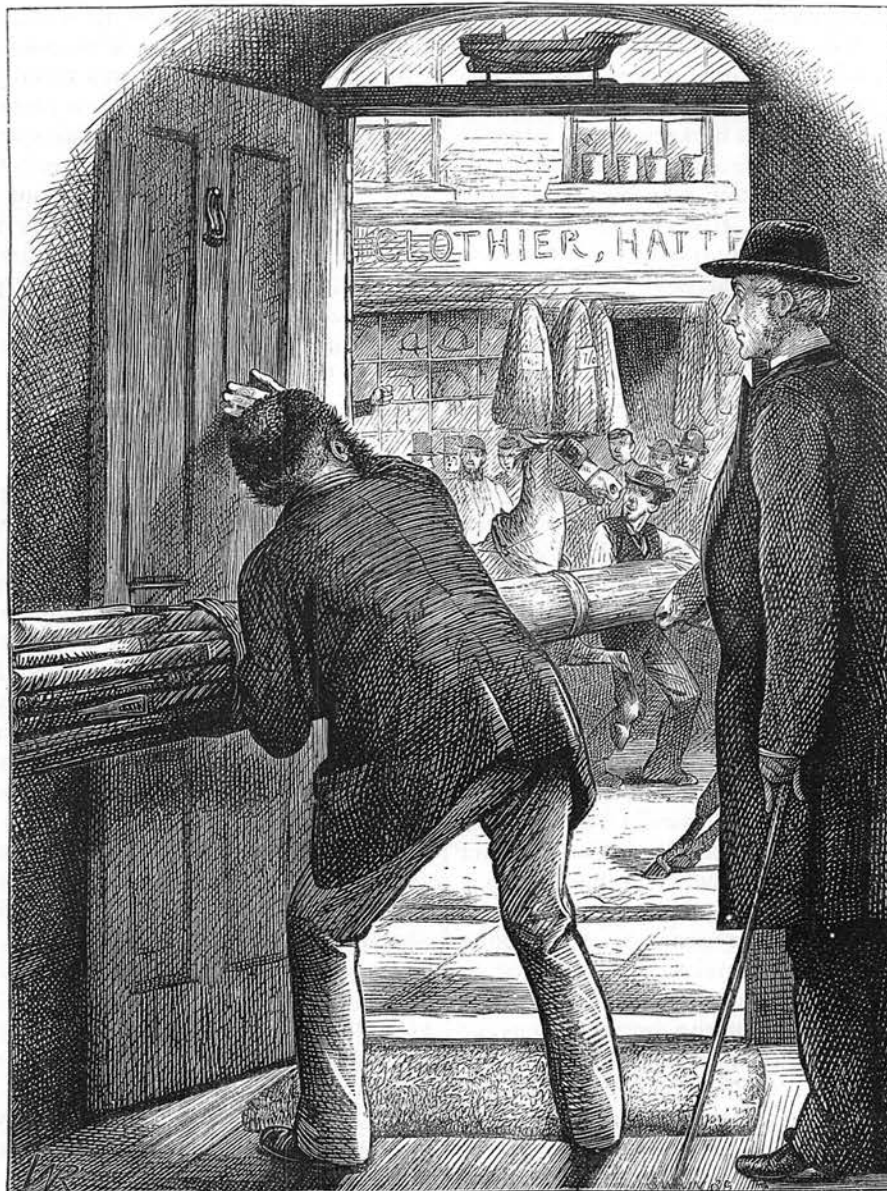
MAKING TEA IN JAPAN.

A Japanese gentleman never intrusts the making of tea to his servants on company occasions, and the fine art of the process was fully shown us in the dainty management of every article of the service before the host. The teapot was a little jewel-like thing that could be set, handle, spout and all, inside one of the common-sized coffee-cups that a foreigner draws once or twice at a breakfast, and the cups were of fine cloisonnée, with plain enamelled linings, each no larger round than the circle of a tulip's petals could inclose. With them was a small pear-shaped pitcher, a beautifully-wrought bronze teapot in which the boiling water was brought, and a lacquer box containing the caddy of the choicest leaves from the fine tea gardens of the Uji district—a tea so rare and expensive that none of it is exported or known abroad, and only the wealthiest Japanese can afford to buy the precious leaves. Our host, taking an ivory scoop, carved in the shape of a large tea-leaf, filled the little teapot full of loosely heaped leaves, and then, having poured the hot water into the pitcher that it might cool a little, poured it into the teapot leaves. The hot water had barely touched the leaves in the little teapot that we were watching so closely, when the host began pouring off a stream of pale straw-colored tea into the little cups, that were then passed, each only half full of the infusion. This tea was as delicate and fragrant as if made of rose leaves, and the three sips in each cup slipped so smoothly down one's throat that no one dreamed of its being strong enough to keep one awake for twelve hours afterwards.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

MY BAMBOOS, AND WHAT THEY COST ME.

I HAVE just been much exercised with some bamboos; I don't mean in a gymnastic sense, but in respect to the procuring and carriage of a parcel I saw. The business came about thus: I am the parson of a parish containing some famous docks, which re-

observed that they had joints. Looking more closely I perceived that they were not ordinary poles, but bamboos. Such monsters I had never seen. So I knocked at the front door of my neighbour, and asked whether they were for sale, and if so, what they cost.



"THEY STUCK OUT ACROSS THE STREET AND STOPPED THE TRAFFIC"

ceive great ships from all parts of the world. They discharge their cargoes within five minutes' walk of my door, and I can see their tall masts from my study window, as they move slowly to their station by the quays, after long voyages from the other side of the globe. Now, the house next door but one to mine has a yard at its back reaching to my premises, and lately I noticed that a number of poles, some thirty feet long, had been set against its wall. There was nothing special in this; but one day, idly glancing at them, I

"Sixpence a-piece, sir," said he. On this I went into the yard and, ascertaining that many of them were quite sound and unbroken, made a bargain with him for three dozen picked ones, and stipulated that I should pay one penny extra for each if he washed them, for they were very sticky.

My neighbour was a ship-cleaner—*i.e.*, he scraped ships arriving with a coat of weeds and what not, from a long voyage. A large ship had come in with a cargo of China sugar. This was so heavy that when

the ship was freighted down to her load-line, there was still a considerable space left above the cargo. Some light articles were stowed in, including a quantity of mats and cut bamboos, which are used in the manufacture of brushes or brooms. The captain or one of the officers, however, wishing to make a present of them to some friend in England, had laid on the sugar a parcel of whole-lengthed bamboos. On the arrival of the ship he found, I was told, that his friend had died or gone away. So my ship-cleaning neighbour came into possession of the parcel, and trundled them off on a truck. He had ever so much difficulty in getting them into his yard, as they had to be introduced by the front door, and were necessarily inconvenient when they stuck out across the street and stopped the traffic during the process of storing them. However they were set up in his back yard at last, and I bought three dozen of them for the purpose of sending them down into the country some hundred miles off. But how to get them there was the rub. They did not weigh very much, and so I arranged for Mr. Ship-cleaner to take them on a hand-truck to a neighbouring goods station, for transit to the East of England. After their tiresome extraction from the front door, we got them on the truck and sent them off, properly labelled. Presently he returned in dismay, threaded his house with them once more, and came in to tell me that the railway people would not carry them unless I paid £2 16s. 8d. for the exclusive use of two whole trucks. They were too long to lie on one, and the presentation of the parcel seemed to have bothered the railway people considerably.

"I told them," said the ship-cleaner, whom I will call Mr. S—, "that they belonged to the rector, but they said they didn't care if they were sent by the Prince of Wales."

As I found that no one truck would carry parcels more than eighteen feet long, and we could not think of clipping our precious bamboos, they were deposited in the yard again, and I began to realise more clearly than ever how the value of many things depends upon their carriage. It is transportation that makes cost.

Mr. S— and I exchanged protests that we would not be beaten, especially as he had been so loyal as publicly to express his concern in the interest of the rector.

The next notion was that, when I went into the country, I might take them myself as "personal luggage," the extra weight not being much, and count them as Gargantuan or Brobdignag walking-sticks. I calculated that they could lie on the top of a passenger carriage. But this happy thought came to nothing, and Mr. S— again sat in my study and scratched his head.

By the way, this reminds me of an example of the reverse method in which the Chinese conduct business. The native country of the bamboos suggested this remembrance. When a Chinaman distinguishes himself so much as to deserve the recognition of public rank, his *ancestors* are ennobled. He does not so much found a family of title—for some of them

might not do credit to their rank—as become the vehicle of paying honour where honour is due. Those who produced him have the posthumous glory. He is fond of reversing Western methods. When he writes his name he puts what corresponds to the Christian name last instead of first.

To return to my bamboos. Mr. S— scratched his head. What was to be done? "I'll tell you," said I. "Go along the river-edge and see if you cannot find some barge sailing to Ipswich. We will get them down so far, at any rate." Mr. S— brightened up and replied that surely, now he thought of it, there were barges that went there with dung, and that the bamboos would lie on the top of the load "beautiful." Then he touched his hat and started off full of confidence.

Presently, on returning home after some parish work, I found a card in my entrance, belonging to the South Devon Shipping Company. They, of all unlikely people, had relations with Ipswich from London, and Mr. S— had scented them out, and left their business card at my house.

One thing or another hindered me for a few days, and then Mr. S— presented himself with the announcement that a barge was going to sail that evening for Ipswich from the Wapping entrance of the docks, that the captain was on board, and that, moreover, he had told him the story of the bamboos. So Mr. S— and I hurried off to the barge *Mabel*, then being loaded, happily with casks, under a huge iron gallows with an iron halter. The bamboos were drawn out once more, to the hindrance of the street traffic—the business was becoming quite a parochial affair—and after being trundled down on a hand-truck, laid on the casks. I could not find how much the carriage of them would cost, but being told that the charge was fixed, and would be very "reasonable," paid one-and-sixpence for wharfage dues, and consigned my bamboos to the deep, with a label directed to myself at my Suffolk home, and stating that when convenient the parcel was to be forwarded, also per barge—for I resented the thought of being let in for costly railway trucks after all—to Stowmarket. I knew that there was a river there, though I was not sure whether in these days of land-steam it was still open for water-traffic. However, I assumed it, and packed my purchase off. Mr. S— called the next morning, and said the *Mabel* had sailed—it was vile weather—and that is all I know of the bamboos at present.

A week or more has passed, and I have received a post-card from Stowmarket, saying that three dozen of bamboos directed to me have arrived per barge; no bill or invoice has arrived.

The interval has produced some more information, fresh to me at least, about bamboos. I wrote to a kindly clergyman at Ipswich, telling him I had sent forth my purchase, and asking him, in his walks, to be so good as to see whether it had stuck fast there. He replied, saying that the huge fagot had gone on; telling me at the same time that he had grown bamboos twelve or fourteen feet long in his own garden, and

that they had presented quite an Eastern appearance. In my response I begged for the name of the species, and find that it is the *Arundo donax*. The next thing will be to get some seed, if I can, and have a small plantation of my own.

Since writing the above I have run down for two days to my country home, which is about ten miles from Stowmarket, in the East of England. Of course I sent a cart for the bamboos. They came all safe, and my man brought me the bill for their carriage—3s. The railway people wanted £2 16s. 8d. for depositing them at a station a few miles from the spot to which they were taken by barge. Verily, water-way is cheaper than iron-way. I wonder how many non-commercial people, who send cumbrous parcels and what not to places accessible by sea, have found out the contrast between the charges by ship and rail. Trains run very fast, and we mostly believe without question that they are the best vehicles for all packages. But if any of my readers want to transmit lumbering ones to a spot touched by water, I would advise them to see whether a barge cannot be found sailing there. They will have to wait a little longer for their goods, that is all. None of my bamboos were broken, though they had to be shifted from one vessel to another.

As to the uses of bamboos in England, I have already said that their fibre is worked up in some brooms and brushes; but the cane itself, I am told, makes the best garden stakes possible. It is not only light and strong, but the end stuck in the ground does not rot for a very long time. It looks well, too, and would make excellent fencing round young trees. I shall get a parcel more from Mr. S.—for this purpose. They would look best, I fancy, if intertwined with cane; such, I mean, as boys are sometimes most acquainted with. I went yesterday to a wholesale dealer in this article, and was surprised to find how very cheap it was. A hundredweight—enough to equip all the pedagogues in Great Britain for centuries—costs only about 30s. If the cane is well soaked in water it can be tied into knots without breaking. Woven in with bamboo, it would make a cheap strong fence, that would last for years and years. I shall certainly try this in the country.

I wonder that bamboo is not more used for the spars of small sailing boats in our waters. I have one at home, and shall replace its heavy deal mast, sprit, and boom with bamboo. Then a boy could carry the whole apparatus down to the boat with ease; and besides being one's self saved from the chance of an ugly bang from the boom when the wind is fresh, I am told by a sailor with whom I have been talking about the use of

the bamboo in Chinese vessels, that a small mast made of it will need no stays, but bend like a whip rather than break. He has kindly offered to fit me up a set of sails with bamboo spars, which I can tuck all together under my arm, and yet will suit a boat which carries half a dozen persons easily, and be "shipped" or "unshipped" in a minute.

As to the uses to which the bamboo is put in the countries where it grows plentifully, we all have an idea that it is very largely employed. But it was not till I had looked out the word "Bamboo" in two or three books of reference that I realised how all-important an item it is in tropical countries, especially in China and Japan. Let me save my readers the trouble of research, and tell them that bamboos sometimes grow to the height of 100 feet. This discovery rather damped my triumph in getting a few 30 feet in length. But I was somewhat reassured by the initial statement, on good authority, that the "Bamboo (*Bambusa*) is a genus of grasses, of which most of the species attain to a great size, many of them being 20 or 30 feet, some 70 or 100 in height." I expect that these last are very exceptional. Fancy two canes reaching nearly to the top of the monument! It is difficult to say to what purposes the bamboo is not applied. The seeds of some species are consumed as rice, or employed in the making of a sort of beer. The tops of others are boiled and eaten as asparagus. Bamboo is not only used in building houses and bridges, and for furniture, but being hollow, and yet divided by strong partitions at its joints, it forms water-vessels of various sorts. Its leaves, moreover, are used for thatch, and the Chinese plait hats of them. It makes, as we know, walking-sticks and fishing-rods. And if it is the instrument for the bastinado, it also promotes a more agreeable sensation in forming the stem of a pipe. It is indeed so useful in such manifold ways that surprise has been expressed at its not being grown artificially, so as to render districts productive which are now little else than deserts, in climates like those of Arabia, the north of Africa, and Australia—for it is often found in arid spots which would otherwise be destitute of vegetation. Bamboos are easy to raise, light to carry, very strong, and extremely durable; and there is no reason why in these days of water-carriage they should not be far more extensively used in all countries. Though they do not grow in damp places, when cut they resist and survive wet well, the stems being remarkably silicious—in other words, coated with flint. Indeed the stem of one kind is so hard that it strikes fire when struck with iron.

HARRY JONES, M.A.



MEDICINAL HERBS.

BY THE LADY GEORGINA VERNON.



Do not let this prosaic title frighten you, for the work connected with herbs is altogether interesting and delightful, whether you cultivate the herbs in your garden, or go and seek for them, basket and knife in hand, up and down the green lanes, on the breezy uplands and down by the river's bank, and bringing them home concoct healing ointment and salves, strengthening decoctions

and all the army of "sovereign remedies" spoken of by the ancient herbalists.

I do not wish to dwell upon the medicines of the chemist's shop, even if made of herbs, nor to describe senna tea, nor rhubarb root in all their nauseousness! But I will merely give a slight sketch first of the herbs which we may easily grow in our gardens—where, I hope, there is already a herbarium for pot-herbs—and then we will roam out into the country and pick some of the many plants which flower and prosper best when left in their own self-chosen habitat.

In our medicinal herbarium we will plant the following:—Tree mallow, camomile, horehound, hyssop, marigold, horse-radish, rue, all the various "mentha" tribe, peppermint, spearmint, pennyroyal (*Mentha pulegio*), balm and poppies, and in them we shall find the principal garden herbs for daily requirements.

Mallow is most useful. You pick the large leaves and simmer slowly to make poultices or fomentations for swellings or inflamed surfaces. It is singularly healing, and each garden should possess a goodly plantation of this plant. It is easily killed by frost, but when once established young plants spring up year by year.

Camomile, so well known for soothing poultices in toothache, is also an excellent tonic when taken as a cold infusion, fasting in the morning. For feverish colds or chills, it should be taken as a hot decoction at bedtime, and produces abundant perspiration and lessens fever. Two or three flowers infused in water make a strengthening eye lotion.

The two next plants, horehound and hyssop, are used by our country people for colds and hoarseness; and in this way, take a handful of the leaves of each, with a few leaves of rue, make a strong infusion by pouring on boiling water, sweeten with honey, and drink at bedtime. Hyssop can be used with advantage as a gargle or as a green ointment for wounds, as it possesses very healing qualities.

Marigolds with their bright blossoms are well-known, and they are much valued to form a drink to be taken as a remedy in measles. The flowers should be dried in the shade, and can be kept for use at any time.

Horse-radish, which is generally only looked upon as an accompaniment to roast beef, is valuable as a cure for hoarseness. Scrape two drams of the root, cover with boiling water and infuse with an equal weight of brown sugar. Let it stand for a few hours, and then take an occasional teaspoonful, which will cure the most obstinate hoarseness. The root scraped and applied on linen to a rheumatic joint eases the pain.

Rue (*Ruta graveolens*) was a very favourite remedy with old herbalists for a host of diseases. It is a stimulant and anti-spasmodic, but the taste is strong and disagreeable. It is a most useful medicine for fowls, particularly for the roup, and can be given to them chopped small and mixed with butter.

Next on my list come the various plants of the "mentha" tribe—peppermint, spearmint, balm, and pennyroyal. All these are of an aromatic and carminative nature. They are most useful when distilled, but if we have not the means of preparing them thus they can be used as a decoction, in the way I have described before, namely, pouring boiling water on a handful of the leaves. These plants can all be picked green, carefully dried, and hung up in muslin bags for winter use. The various species of mint should all be cultivated; they prefer rather a moist soil, and can be propagated by dividing the roots in February or March. The old plants should be cut down at the approach of winter.

Poppies should be grown for the sake of their anodyne properties, as the heads of seeds—which should be picked when ripe—are useful for soothing pain, particularly used in hot fomentations.

I have mentioned some of the best herbs to cultivate in our gardens, and so we will go out into the fields and lanes to search for those wild plants which love best to grow in their natural homes.

The first plant which claims our notice is the common daisy, from which a most useful remedy for bruises and sprains can be made. Pick the blossoms in the early summer, some dry morning, pound them thoroughly in a clean mortar, then turn the mass into a coarse muslin or sieve, strain out the juice, and add to the quantity one-third of pure spirits of wine. Let it stand a few hours, and then if it appears thick, and the sediment has not all fallen to the bottom, add a little more spirits of wine. This preparation is called "bellis." It should be allowed to stand till winter, then strained and is fit for use. The lotion should now be of a clear, brown colour, and should be applied to the part affected by a linen rag steeped in the lotion. It is an excellent and a safe substitute for arnica.

We shall probably not go far without finding a bunch of nettles growing. Nettle tea is a specific for skin diseases or any impurities of the blood. And here let me remark, that young nettles picked in early May make the most delicious substitute for spinach, prepared in the same way, or can be made into a paysanne soup, such as would surprise a *chef de cuisine* by its velvety consistency and piquant flavour. A plant of which a decoction is esteemed serviceable in skin complaints and used much in the same way as nettles, is the common cleavers or *Gallium aparine*, which you will see clinging to the hedges with its long weak stems and many whorls of leaves; this plant is considered of great use by poultry fanciers, and is given chopped small to young turkeys with much advantage.

Now if we go on further along these tangled hedgerows we shall find much food for our collecting basket. First pick some bunches of the sweet wild violet leaves and flowers; from them you can make a delightful green salve for applying to inflamed surfaces, although I have sometimes found it more efficacious to simply simmer a handful in milk and then apply as a poultice. A little further on, by

this deep ditch, growing in the moist ground, you may notice some plants of comfrey, *Symphitum officinal*, with its rough leaves and purple hanging flowers. The virtues of this plant are manifold, but the root is the part which is usually gathered; this is good for wounds or cuts, when bruised and laid on them, and it is said to relieve the pain of gout either by making a plaster of the bruised leaves, or of the roots crushed, spread upon linen and bound on the affected part.

Another plant you may very likely find growing here on the shady moist side of a hedgerow is Solomon's seal or polygonatum; the roots of this are used very much in the same way as the roots of the comfrey, and are especially good in relieving bruises.

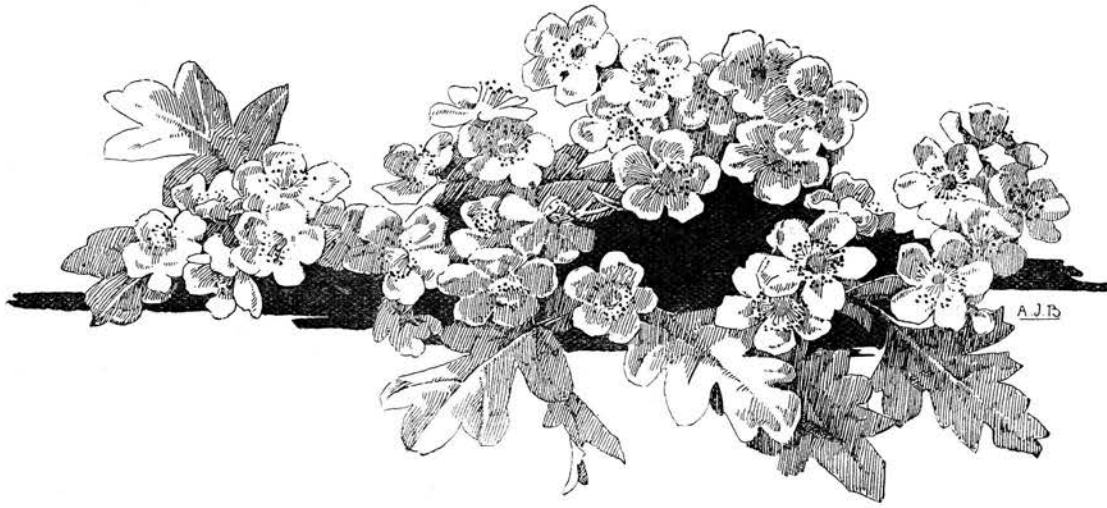
Amongst the tall grass and brambles of the hedge side you will see there are several sorts of St. John's wort or hypericum growing; but the one we now require is the sort named perforatum, and you can tell it by picking a leaf and holding it against the light, when it will appear as if full of pinholes; from the flowers of this plant a most useful red oil can be made. Pick a good handful of the golden flowers and put in a wide-mouthed bottle, cover with sweet olive oil and tie the top down with a bladder, then place the bottle where the sun will shine on it, and gradually you will see that the oil will change to a deep red colour, and then it is fit for use. The oil should be strained off and be used as a preventive of bed sores or for healing wounds. It should be applied with a feather. This same red oil also makes a healing ointment thus: Melt in a pipkin two drams of spermaceti, four drams of white wax, and three ounces and a half of the red oil. This will be found an invaluable ointment.

As we wander on along the lane in our search for plants, we pass a patch of once cultivated ground, and there we shall find an abundant supply of chickweed and groundsel, from which one of the best of the cooling green ointments can be made by simmering the whole plants (equal parts of each) in pure lard till the juice is extracted, then squeeze well through muslin into a basin and stir gently till it becomes cool.

All round in the tall hedges are growing wild roses in all their summer beauty, and in a short time, when the flowers are succeeded by scarlet hips, one of the most valuable cures for tightness on the chest or lungs can be made. The hips should be picked when dry, and the tiresome work of taking out all the little hairy seeds thoroughly done. Then place the hips in a saucepan with three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of hips and a very little water. Let it boil gently for about an hour till the fruit is tender, and then pass it as a syrup through a hair sieve. The sweet fragrant jelly that results is of the greatest use in all cases of cold or hoarseness.

Now we must search on some old shed or wall for the common houseleek or *Sempervivum tectorum*. The thick fleshy leaves should be crushed with cream, and gives immediate relief in burns or scalds.

I fear I must now end this short paper, and I feel that I have only given a very slight glimpse into the world of herbs; but it may lead some of my readers to search for themselves amongst the treasures of our fields and lanes, and to decide with some of my country friends that such simple remedies as I have described are "better nor physic."



THE MAKING OF FLANNEL TAPESTRY.

BY JOSEPHA CRANE.

FLANNEL tapestry is a new embroidery, which I am sure will possess a charm for many workers who like what is easily and speedily executed.

This work is absolutely dissimilar to the old Berlin wool-work, remembered by so many as being the fashionable embroidery some years ago.

The foundation of this work is very coarse rough flannel, of a most beautiful cream colour. I must tell you, in confidence, that it really is only common house-flannel—the same precisely as your housemaid uses when she scrubs the floors. The designs, however, and manner of working have a character of their own, and the table-cover, etc., in this article I obtained from Mrs. Brackett, 150, The Parade, Leamington Spa, who makes this work a very great *spécialité*.

Those who live in London, and who are anxious to see the work for themselves, can do so at the Studio Tea Rooms, 185, New Bond Street, where, as at Leamington, work finished, begun, designed, and all materials for doing it, can be had.

As very large articles, such as portières, bed-spreads, table-covers, piano backs, etc., look well in this work, Mrs. Brackett—who has found that as the ordinary household flannel is too narrow for these



TABLE-COVER.

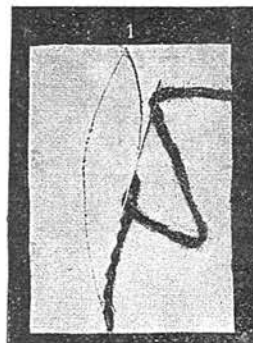


DARNED TAPESTRY WORK.

named, cushions, cosies for tea- or coffee-pots, and a larger make for hot-water cans, blotters, bags, etc., all adapt themselves to this embroidery.

The designs are all bold, large, and conventional. The material employed for embroidering them is tapestry wool, which can be had in many shades of various colours, and in working it the best needle to use is a chenille needle, for the tapestry needles often have blunt points, which render them useless for this work.

The table-cover before you has a very good design, which is worked in four shades of peacock blue wool, and when finished, is mounted with ends of dark peacock velveteen of a very thick make. The whole is bordered by a cream and blue cord, and lined with sateen to match. This little cover is extremely artistic and pretty, but the same designs and size, if wished for a cushion, would be admirable. The stitches used in it are very numerous, there being no rule at all about them; though any worker will find out by experience which stitches are the best



adapted to the work. The two large flowers have their petals done in rope-stitch of the darkest blue, with a snail-trail-stitch or bullion to mark it. The thick leaves are done in plait-stitch, with a border of *point sablé*, and the other leaves are done in various

ways. A careful examination of the illustration through a magnifying-glass, and then reference to the stitches I will now explain, is the best way of understanding how this should be worked, though space forbids me giving all the stitches here used or which might be employed in the work.

Fig. 1 shows you how



stem-stitch is done. When you have brought your needle up through to the right side of the material, take up a small portion—say the eighth of an inch—on your needle; draw it out, and then repeat the process, always seeing that your stitches are exactly opposite each other.



In Fig. 2 you will see how stem-stitch is used when several lines come together, and a thick stem is formed.

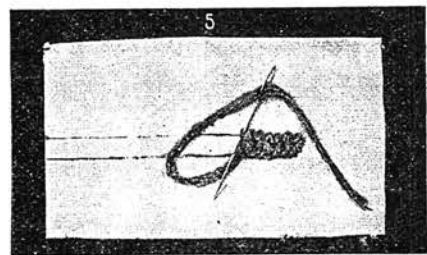
In Fig. 3 you will notice the way of working *point de riz*, which is used in darning the piece of work called darned work. The size of the stitches is about the size of large-grained rice, and you will see that they are sprinkled in a very irregular fashion, no two stitches lying side by side.

Fig. 4 is two threads of the tapestry wool



sewn down with a contrasting colour. This is very useful for outlines, and care must be taken that the stitches are placed at regular intervals.

Fig. 5 is cable-plain-stitch. Examine the illustration closely, and it will show you better than any explanation how it is done.

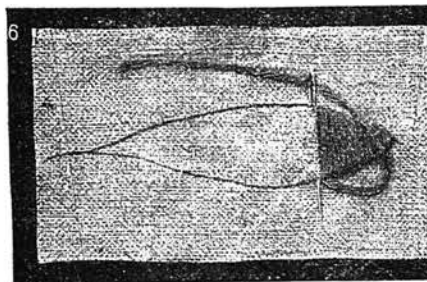


When the needle, as you see it here, is withdrawn, the wool is twisted round it, and the needle put

as you see it in the illustration.

Figs. 6 and 7 show how the faggot-stitch is worked. Cover your leaf with close satin-stitch, as in Fig. 6, and then with a contrasting colour make the faggots by taking up about six of the threads of wool, and then drawing them tightly together. Place your needle as you see it in the illustration, and remember this stitch must be done evenly, and the leading thread not drawn too much or too little.

The darned tapestry work, of which I give you a specimen, is worked in long- and short-stitch, already explained, stem-stitch, and satin-stitch: that is all. This is done in



several shades of red, and the darning is in one shade of light yellow. Some people mix the *point de riz*, and use different colours, but I do not like the effect so well as when one or at most two shades of one colour are used.

The most beautiful effects can be had in a design worked in this way. Curtain borders mounted on plush look splendid, and really a bed-spread could hardly be handsomer if a good design and well-chosen colours are used.

Peacocks' feathers are often used in this embroidery; and they are most effective. I saw at the Studio Tea Rooms a splendid portière worked in them. For these, a few dull greens and peacock blues are used. The

eye of the feather is mostly peacock, and a little silk of a lighter colour. A little brown filosele is used; but that is a matter of taste. The eye exactly in the centre is satin-stitch, and the rest of it is



composed of rows of stem-stitch lying closely together. Chain-stitch is used for the sections of the feather. The pattern is very pretty, and extremely easy to work.

It will, of course, be noticed that the table-cover and the darned specimen are in different styles. In the former, any kind of stitches are used; in the latter, only the crewel-stitches. It may be as well to remind you that in the latter you keep the top of your petals light and shade to dark,

HOUSEHOLD PETS AND PESTS.

DOG, CAT, HORSE AND RAT.



It cannot be ascertained either where or when the dog was domesticated. From four to five thousand years ago various breeds of dogs existed in Egypt, Assyria and other ancient countries, and included pariah dogs, greyhounds, common hounds, mastiffs, house dogs, lap dogs and turnspits, all more or less closely resembling our present breeds of the same kinds. Long before the period of any historical record the dog was domesticated in Europe. In the Danish middens of the Neolithic, or Newer Stone period, bones of a canine animal are imbedded. This ancient dog was succeeded in Denmark during the Bronze period by a larger kind, presenting some differences, and this

again during the Iron period by a still larger kind. In Switzerland during the Neolithic period a domesticated dog of middle size existed, which in its skull was about equally remote from the wolf and jackal, and it partook of the character of our hounds and setters or spaniels.

Members of the dog family run wild in all parts of the world and it is Darwin's conclusion that early man domesticated many species that he found in his migrations and that the present varieties and species of dogs were not derived from one species. The North American Indians had and have dogs that cannot be distinguished from wolves, and the Esquimaux have dogs that are extremely like gray wolves. The black wolf dog of the Florida Indians differs in nothing from the wolves of the region except in barking. Columbus found two kinds of dogs in the West Indies and Fernandez three in Mexico, and some of them did not bark. Renger gives reasons for believing that a hairless dog was domesticated when America was first visited by Europeans; some of these dogs are found in South America.

The shepard dog of the plains of Hungary is white or reddish brown, has a sharp nose, short, erect ears, shaggy coat and bushy tail, and so much resembles a wolf that a Hungarian has been known to mistake a wolf for one of his own dogs. The pariah dog of India closely resembles the Hindu wolf. Jackals, when tamed and called by their master, wag their tails, lick his hands, crouch, and throw themselves on their backs, and in other ways display the habits of the dog. There is abundant evidence to prove that wild canines in all parts of the world closely resemble domesticated dogs, and the inference is that all domesticated dogs were derived from several wild species.

There have been some changes in dogs within a century or two. About 1740 an entirely new foxhound was raised through the breeder's art. The greyhound within the last hundred years has assumed a somewhat different character from that which he once possessed. The setter is thought to be a large spaniel improved to his present peculiar size and beauty and taught another way of marking his game. The bulldog is of English origin and seems to have come from the mastiff since the time of Shakspeare. The fancy bulldogs of the present day are greatly reduced from their former size. Our pointers are descended from a Spanish breed and were not known in England before 1688, but since that time they have been considerably modified. The Newfoundland dog was taken to England, but has been so changed that it does not closely resemble any existing native dog in Newfoundland.

Cats have been domesticated in the East from an ancient

period. They had great antiquity in Egypt, as is shown by drawings on monuments and by their mummied bodies, which show that three species existed. Within the same country we do not meet with distinct races of the cat as we do of the dog, on account of the crossing of breeds. But in islands and in countries completely separated from each other we meet with breeds more or less distinct. The tailless cats of the Isle of Man are said to differ from common cats not only in the want of a tail but in the greater length of their hind legs, in the size of their heads and in habits.

The Creole cat of Antigua is smaller than our cat but has a more elongated head. The Ceylon cat is of small size, has closely lying hairs, small head, large sharp ears and a "low caste" appearance. The domestic cat of Paraguay is smaller than our cat by one-fourth, has a more lanky body, and the hair is short, shining, scanty and lies close, especially at the tail. In another part of South America the cat has lost the habit of uttering its hideous nocturnal howl.

A cat from the Cape of Good Hope is described as having a red stripe the whole length of the back. Throughout the Malayan archipelago, Siam, Pegu and Burmah all the cats have truncated tails, about half the length seen in this country, and often with a sort of knot at the end. In the Caroline archipelago the cats have very long legs and are of reddish yellow color. The breed has drooping ears in China; in Asia, also, is the well known Angora, or Persian breed. Domesticated cats have been known to become perfectly wild by running at large away from the habitations of men, and in Scotland and New Zealand such cats assume the color and appearance of native wild cats.

Prof. Marsh threw more light on the parentage of the horse than any other man, and America has furnished the data for the conclusions. The remains of about forty species have been found in the geological formation antedating the appearance of man. The earliest known ancestor was the eohippus, or dawn-horse. This little animal was about as small as a fox, had three toes on the hind foot, and four perfect toes and a fifth splint, and perhaps dew claw, on the fore foot. The descendants of this animal gradually attained the size of a sheep, then of an ass and finally of a modern horse, with hoofs.

Remains of the horse in a domesticated condition have been found in the Swiss lake dwellings, belonging to the Neolithic period. Darwin says that it is not at all sure that all the breeds of the horse have descended from the same species. The English race horse is known to be descended from the commingled blood of Arabs, Turks and Barbs, but selection, together with training, have made him a very different animal from his parent stocks.

Another domestic, but not domesticated, animal and we are done. The old English black rat has been nearly exterminated by the Norway rat. The latter was a native of India or Persia, from whence it moved into European Russia and was soon carried to all parts of the world by ships. Wherever it has been introduced it has speedily ousted the native rats. The black rat lives mostly in the ceilings and wainscots of houses, and does not frequent such places as pigsties and cellars, and is but rarely found in sewers, where the Norway rat swarms.

Though the rat is a despised animal, yet he is a useful servant to man, for the animal lives in and near human habitations and eats every particle of refuse and filth that he can get at. He is the only animal which can thrive and keep a clean coat in the most filthy localities, where the air would be fatal to any other creature. Rats are almost incessantly licking their fur to keep it clean and, though they doubtless become a nuisance in many instances and places, yet they after all perform great service for mankind, especially in cities, by cleaning up every edible thing that would eventually become a source of noisome odors and of disease.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A SCAVENGER BOY.

By J. D. SYMON.

AMONG all the active little officials who enliven the London streets, the most mercurial is surely the "Street Orderly-Boy." The thickest traffic has no terrors for him: he threads it as if it were a needle, diving, ducking, scrambling, gliding, and all the time plying his calling and making, as his name implies, the streets orderly. The news-boy's activity is proverbial, so is his voice, but for nimbleness the street orderly-boy fairly eclipses him, and his voice is never heard. He takes, too, his life in his hand in a way that the news-boy is not called upon to do.

Temple Bar, though no longer visible, is still a great dividing line, and among other separations, it separates two distinct classes of street orderly-boy. East and west there is a different uniform and a different type of boy. Westward they seem less active, and if you come to talk to them you will find them heavier in wit. No doubt this is due to their weapons and method of work. For westward they are encumbered with a long, heavy shovel; eastward they use a short hand-brush and

scoop, which necessitate such agility and readiness if the work is to be properly done.

The Strand boy is no sluggard, but for my part, I confess that my liking is all for his brother of the City. His short brush and scoop have made him the creature he

is. Watch him as he forms himself, as it were, into a quadruped, on all fours, pushing his scoop, plying his brush, and all the time getting his locomotive power from his twinkling legs; mark, too, how alive he is to every eddy and swirl and current of the huge river of traffic which is his element, and you must



AN IDLE MOMENT.

perforce confess that here is a very remarkable and very useful member of the community.

The City boy begins work at eight o'clock in the morning. You will know him not only by his tools, but by his cap with its brass badge and number. His western colleague's headgear is more like the fireman's, but both wear the little white fatigue-jacket and corduroys.

To Fleet Street five boys are detailed, and they are as lively a lot as one would



Photo by H. C. Shelley.

AN ORDERLY.

expect in that arena of wits. The street is divided into five districts, for one of which each youngster is responsible. So from eight o'clock onwards our street orderly-boy threads the labyrinth of vehicles, scurrying under horses' noses, evading wheels and shafts, and leaving, as every good man should do, his little corner of the world better than he found it. At half-past eleven there is a lull in the mad game, and the gentleman of the brush goes home if he can, more usually to the nearest "corfee-shop," for his mid-day refection. Half an hour is the time allowed, but he does not take it for his meal. Afterwards you may see him curled up in a quiet corner for a rest, and perhaps a little nap. for the war of the streets cannot disturb one who holds its cause so cheap. Then at it again, twisting, turning, sweeping, shovelling until about three o'clock. At that hour, if it is hot weather, you may see

the boys seated, some of them, on their scoops, and grouped picturesquely round one of the "shoots" where they deposit their rubbish, taking their ease in what shade is to be found. But it is only for a few minutes. Duty calls, and off they go again, the bright brass badges of their caps twinkling in the sunlight as the boys flash in and out among the wheels.

Five o'clock brings release to a section; but every one week out of three one boy, if he is of the "City Company," works later; "night-work," he calls it. Then he is not free till eight, but the trouble is worth his while, for he has three shillings extra for his pains. His usual weekly wage is nine shillings. That he calls his "standing money"; the rest is "overtime." This wage, for a boy of fourteen or so, is really much better than in many more "genteel" occupations.

They are a healthy, happy-looking lot of boys, and enjoy the adventurous part of their life. Sometimes, though not often, there are accidents. One boy told me how he was run over and spent three months in hospital. Another, a brown-eyed rascal, chimed in to tell with gusto



ONE OF THE BOY SCAVENGERS.

of the nearest shave he ever had. It was on Holborn Viaduct. A 'bus was racing two heavy carts, one on each side, and our young official so misjudged his distance

as to get between one of the carts and the omnibus. The shafts of the cart just grazed him, and he thought when the

of professional scoops attuned to scale and struck with the professional brush. The method was very much like that of the hand-bell ringers, and the musical effect pretty nearly as good. So, you see, even the humble calling of a scavenger-boy is not antagonistic to the cultivation of the fine arts.



Photo by H. C. Shelley.

A PAVEMENT SCRUBBER.

There are two hundred boys in the employ of the City. For the Strand district the number is forty. Some of the Strand boys belong to a home; the City boy, however, is, to quote his elliptical slang, "on his own." This is perhaps another reason why he is so smart. But then there is always that cumbrous scraper to handicap the young knight of order whose province is west of Temple Bar, and that, it must be confessed, makes a difference.

body of the vehicle came along he would be crushed; but fortunately the driver of one of the carts saw him, and contrived to swerve aside in time.

But both classes, like healthy boys, are keen on one thing.

"Only my scoop was run over," grinned the boy in conclusion.

"And after work?" I asked them. "What then?"

"And how long was it in hospital?"

"Why," said the urchins, eagerly anticipating the welcome stroke of five, "Why then, Sir, we *play*."

"Oh, no time; it was easier mended than Billy."

They have pleasant memories, those bright little lads, of a Christmas entertainment which was given them by a leading newspaper. As might be expected, the boys themselves contributed largely to the evening's entertainment. The most amusing part of the programme was the performance by a band whose only instruments consisted



A BUSY CORNER.



TABLE ETIQUETTE.

HINTS UPON THE DUTIES OF HOST, HOSTESS, GUESTS AND SERVANTS.



ALTHOUGH it is to be hoped that no reader of *GOOD HOUSEKEEPING* will ever have to substitute a story for a roast, still she, who, like the widow of Iccorn, can do so (should circumstances require it, or what is much more difficult, keep a smiling face and dignified composure through some unaccountable and unexpected mistake of the cooks or waiters) has proved herself possessed of one, at least, of the many attractions that make a perfect hostess. The position of hostess is

one of the most responsible in society. She it is who can make or mar any entertainment by the management or mismanagement of her guests and household, and the woman who accepts the position should study carefully not only herself but her surroundings before undertaking it. Let mothers stop and consider how very few young girls are capable of filling this position when married, and give their daughters an opportunity of learning the most important duty of a wife, by frequently relieving her mother of this duty. I remember (and so will many of my readers know of similar cases) hearing a young married woman say during her first week's experience at housekeeping, "Why, I thought I knew how to set a table, and pour out the coffee, for I have seen my mother do it all my life, but positively I found I did not know the first thing about it." There was the fault, or mistake, of her mother. She had not taught her daughter the very things she herself was compelled to do as mistress of a home. In the first place small dinners are always the pleasantest,—say not less than six nor more than ten. It is better to give two or three such dinners than one great one unless, indeed, you have confidence in your ability to manage such, and the appointments of your house warrant it, for, besides the difficulty of managing a large entertainment, there is the impossibility to attend to every one, and some friend is sure to be neglected. Of course we are referring to large dinners, luncheons, suppers, and high teas, for at afternoon teas, evening receptions, and lawn parties, this difficulty is avoided by the guests themselves, whose duty it is to seek the hostess, on arriving, and then entertain themselves to a certain extent, as the hostess must remain at her post of duty, receiving. First, consider your guests, try to invite people who wish to meet each other.

If your dinner is given in honor of some preacher, author, traveler, or person of distinction, provide company that will please him (or her), at the same time remembering those among your friends who would wish to meet your guest. And

avoid, if possible, the bringing together of two noted people of the same profession or talents—leave that for clubs to do—for one is almost sure to outshine the other, or else they will, or are apt to, monopolize the conversation while the rest of your company, not daring to interrupt, wanting to hear, and at the same time out of courtesy to you, keeping up a running conversation that is very apt to be a destroyer to social happiness. Next consider the age and social standing of people; do not, for instance, invite a lot of young girls to meet a lady of fashion. They will bore her. To introduce these same girls to her at a tea, lawn party, or any informal gathering, is altogether different and a kindness to the girls who may make a valuable friend through your thoughtfulness.

After having made a list of the people whom you wish to honor, make a second one for your own convenience, to use as a substitute in case some of the former disappoint you. For a guest may have to send an apology at the last hour, and then in the hurry and disappointment you may not choose wisely, so it is well to be provided with a second list. The person in this case should be informed of whose place he is asked to fill, for he is sure to discover that he was not your first thought, and he will, if you explain, feel it a compliment. One of the best things a versatile writer ever said is most appropriate to this subject. She says: "It ought not to mortify our vanity to be made a convenience of. There are so many people who are never convenient to others in any circumstances."

Invitations for an informal dinner are usually written by the lady herself on plain white paper and sent by mail at least five days in advance. If cars must be taken, remember to mention the time of departure and from where. If your friend is especially invited to meet a stranger, mention that person's name in the invitation in some such form as this:

*Mr. and Mrs. John Black
request the pleasure of
Mr. and Mrs. George White's company
at dinner,
December eleventh, at seven o'clock,
301 Buff avenue,*

To meet

Mrs. James S. Brooks of New York

This gives the keynote to your friends for the dinner.

For a very formal affair, the stationer will give you the proper—or latest—form of invitation and advise you as to style of engraving. It is always best if you wish to be very correct, or exact, to trust the getting up and sending out of the cards to some reliable, well-known stationer, only have a thorough understanding with him about everything beforehand. It will cost a little more, but it will save considerable work at home. They are sent out ten days in advance and answers should be received, certainly, within five days.

If you have invited a stranger it is customary to make a formal call upon her just before your invitation is sent, and if

for any reason this is impossible, then enclose your card with the invitation.

Dinner invitations are always sent in the name of both the host and hostess; those for a ball, tea, luncheon, garden party or supper go in the lady's name only.

A wife is never invited without her husband, or a husband without his wife to a dinner, even should it be known that the husband or wife is absent.

Now that your invitations are out and accepted, set to work on your bill of fare, and arranging the entertainment. If the dinner is to be prepared at home, take your cook into your confidence, get her interested as much as possible and then she will do her best.

Never try to have things out of season, and it is wise not to attempt too many dishes, or perfectly new ones, or very difficult ones, unless there is plenty of help and experienced help, and it is also well in some households to give the dinner on some day of the week that will least interfere with the housework. The setting of the table has been fully described in the first of these papers (November 10), therefore it is not necessary to say more. After the mistress has seen to everything she must now devote some time to herself, for, even should she enjoy it, she has a difficult part to take and half an hour's rest before dressing will help her greatly.

I knew a little lady who keeps a private company book in which she records all her friends' likes and dislikes. It is not an ill-natured book at all, and none of her friends could take offence at the little reminders of their peculiarities there recorded. For instance, her husband is in the habit of bringing home some of his out-of-town customers, and of one she recorded, "Mr. B. does not take sugar in his coffee and says he cannot eat hot bread." The next time Mr. B. came to dinner he was delighted at the hostess's remembrance of his likes. The fact was, when my lady knew that he was again her guest, she consulted her book for instructions. It was a little thing, but often great things on little things depend.

The hostess should be very careful about her dress. She must not outdress her guests, neither must she dress too plainly.

A lady and gentleman were invited recently to an informal home dinner, and accordingly the lady went in a light street dress and her escort in a plain suit. What was their dismay on arriving to be received by the hostess in a Worth costume of pale blue satin, the host soon appearing in full dress. Of course they intended a compliment to their guests, but it was a mistake and showed lack of knowledge on such matters. It was a mistake that is often met with even in good society. A hostess can never be too careful on this point and if she says informal she should carry it out in every particular, especially concerning dress. She should be dressed and down stairs, or in the drawing-room, at least five minutes before her guests can possibly be expected.

If it is a dinner party or dress dinner, the guests will, of course, be shown to the dressing-room to remove wraps, by the man, or maid, who opens the door and who simply mentions where it is. In this room there should be plenty of water, towels, pins, hairpins, powder, comb and brush, hand-glass, and a basket with thread, needles, scissors, thimbles and a roll of tape; there must also be a maid to assist in arranging the ladies' dresses and to take care of their wraps, and many ladies supply their guests with flowers. These are arranged on a table in the dressing-room, where each one can choose the flowers most suitable to her costume, and on the bureau will be found large pins with which to fasten them. A New York belle has introduced, this fall, the custom of each lady, after having chosen her flowers, selecting a *boutonnière* to present to her escort, naturally of the same variety.

If it is an informal home dinner then the hostess herself, or

perhaps a daughter, sister, or friend will meet the guests as they enter and conduct them to where they can remove their wraps. Gentlemen are directed by the door-opener to their dressing-room, and after arranging their toilet they wait near the ladies' room for their companion, if they acted as escorts; if not, as soon as possible, the gentleman must pay his respects to the hostess, and she will introduce him to his dinner companion.

Always remember to introduce the gentleman to the lady, and in the very simplest form, being careful to pronounce names audibly, and if the person has a title give it in full, and the young to the old, even should the younger person be of higher standing. It is customary to only bow when introduced, but should a hand be extended, take it. A hostess always shakes hands with her guests.

When introducing strangers say something that will lead to a pleasant knowledge of each other. Supposing, for instance, one of the two has just returned from a trip, or is going on one, or he may be the author of some popular book, or the resident of some distant city, in which case say so on presenting him, or her, it will greatly assist in making them friends. But remember that familiarity is vulgar and that all jokes or puns must be very cleverly managed and never introduced into conversation if there is the slightest slur on any one. Be careful not to "outshine" your guest; you must try and make it his evening and contrive in some way to let each one have an opportunity of displaying his or her talents. At large dinner parties the gentlemen will find cards in the hall, before entering the drawing-room, on which has been plainly written the name of the lady he is to take into dinner. The hostess will see that he is taken to the lady at once, and even if she is not to his choice he must be as attentive as possible, and she is more or less under his care for the rest of the evening.

When dinner is announced, the host leads the way with the lady to whom the dinner is given. A husband never takes in his wife. The hostess follows last with the gentleman she wishes to honor. As they enter the dining-room they are shown their seats by the attendants, although no one takes his seat until the hostess is seated. The lady brought in by the host is placed on his right and the gentleman honored by the hostess is seated on her right.

At home dinners the hostess helps to the soup—one ladleful is sufficient. She also assists to the *entrées*, salads, desserts and coffee, the host doing the carving. The hostess makes the sign for retiring, and, of course, if the gentlemen remain for a smoke, they rise and stand while the ladies leave the room, the hostess leading the way with the lady to whom the dinner was given, or the oldest lady present. Be careful not to give orders to the servants during the meal; everything must be arranged beforehand with them. Do not insist upon a guest being helped twice to a dish, if he positively refuses once. Never apologize for the food and never recommend it as something very extra or speak of it in any way. And it is bad taste to urge a guest to stay after he has once said he *must* go; it is by far the kinder way to follow the old Scotch proverb on this point by "Fostering the guest that comes and furthering him that maun gang awa."

GUESTS.

Always answer a dinner invitation *at once*, and be decided in your answer. Never say, "If I can I will come," for your friend wants to know just who will be her guests.

Observe the form of an invitation and answer it in the same way, and if it has been sent by mail, answer it by mail; if by messenger, then return your answer by messenger, and if anything should happen after having accepted an invitation which will interfere with your keeping the engagement, then send word at once to the hostess, that she may make different arrangements.

Be punctual, it is rude to keep a dinner waiting. If the invitation is for seven, then arrive at a quarter to seven; that will give you time enough to remove wraps and speak to the company.

Always do your friend the honor of dressing appropriately.

On entering, speak first to the hostess. Of course you must wait for the hostess to begin dinner, as you wait for her to take her seat before sitting down yourself.

Be careful not to make comparisons about the meal, or manner of serving it.

Do not speak of unhappy or disagreeable things, and a wise guest will avoid politics and religion; few women are well enough informed on the former to discuss them, and the latter is too sacred a theme to be reasoned about, over roast beef and ice cream.

If the hostess assures you that the dish she is serving is of her own making, it is a delicate way of complimenting her by asking for a second helping.

Try to remember what your companion is especially interested in, and bring the conversation to that point, no matter if you are not interested yourself, you will learn something by hearing an expert, and you will certainly please the person by listening to him.

Do not converse about domestics when the servants are present; they are sure to listen, and in doing so may cause some mishap. Never apologize for an accident, such as upsetting your wine, or water, or dropping your bread, or knife. If the servants are well trained they will cover up your mishap, and if you keep calm your hostess will go right on as if nothing annoying had happened. You may apologize afterwards to your hostess if you think necessary, and in many cases it would be kindly to do so.

Never whisper or use German or French phrases, if there is any need that you will have to explain them.

Lay your napkin across your lap, and if it is a formal dinner do not fold it on leaving the table, but place it beside your plate, but at a social tea or luncheon, watch your hostess, if she folds her napkins, then you do also.

On taking leave, be sure to bid your hostess good evening, saying something that will let her know that you have enjoyed yourself. This rule holds good at all entertainments.

After attending a dinner, it is strict etiquette to call within two days. If it is impossible to do so, then write a little note thanking your hostess for a pleasant evening and enclose your card and that of your husband's, but call if possible.

After balls, parties, receptions and luncheons it is only necessary to leave a card within a week, especially if the invitation has been declined, but after a dinner a call is imperative and should not be neglected, an afternoon tea being the only entertainment not requiring either a call or card afterward, for a guest leaves his or her card on entering the house. There is sure to be a basket provided for cards in some convenient place, and if other members of the family have been invited and were unable to attend, then their cards must be left also, and if the invitation is declined altogether, then cards are sent by mail or messenger on the day of entertainment.

The etiquette of cards is a very necessary one to society, and the courtesy of sending or leaving them should never be neglected. A good rule to follow is, do as you would have others do to you, and you cannot go far out of the way.

SERVANTS.

Respect, obedience and neatness are the three great "good points" in help of any kind. Servants often sin from ignorance, and a few days spent in teaching a girl how to do her work and bear herself will thoroughly repay you.

Familiarity will spoil the best of servants; insist on being treated respectfully.

No matter what happens, keep calm; do not scold before company, for the waitress will either become frightened and not know what to do, or else she will be careless and perhaps rude. When you give an order, see that it is obeyed, even if you discover after giving it that you have made a mistake, for in the eyes of a servant a mistress should never make mistakes, and a servant must never be allowed to question an order, or to suggest something different unless asked to do so by her mistress. It is only natural that they should have to be shown how to do *your* work, and often it will be found that a poor waitress is better as a nurse-maid and vice versa.

It is an excellent plan to insist on *every meal* being thoroughly and properly served, then when company comes the waitress will be equal to the occasion, for a servant can never be too carefully trained in her duty in the dining-room.

Instruct the waitress beforehand whom she is to serve first, what sauces and jellies to hand with the fish and meat, when to pass the wine, and bread and butter, and so on. If she is made to understand thoroughly beforehand just what she is to do, there is little doubt but that her share in the entertainment will be successful. She must be taught to keep the glasses filled, to clear the table before dessert is served, and to wait upon you without touching or reaching across you. Ladies are, of course, served first upon all occasions, and everything but wine is served on the left. The waitress should have a thumb napkin with which to hold the dish and she should hold the dish low, so as to make it convenient for the person to take from. She must not hurry, and at the same time she must be quick and quiet. She must not slam doors, or carry on a conversation with the cook through the dumb-waiter or hall. If it is necessary that she should speak to that person, then let her go to the kitchen to do so. Never shall I forget the expression on a lady's face who was asked by her waitress (just engaged) from the pantry door during a luncheon party, "Missis, I've used all the green plates, shall I begin on the brown?" Fortunately her mistress kept her composure and answered quietly, "Yes, begin on the brown." Luckily there were no gentlemen present, and after the girl had left the room the conversation turned upon green and brown plates, and proved by the hostess' clever management a very merry and a very instructive one.

A waitress's dress should always be of wash material and few girls will object to a cap if it is handsome, and her apron plain and spotless. In New York the mistress furnishes all the caps and aprons which her maids wear and they belong to the household linen as much as the towels or napkins. Of course one has no right to direct a girl's street dressing, but a cheap imitation of her mistress' finery while she is at work is disgusting and should never be allowed.

Dinner is announced by the waitress or butler throwing open the dining-room doors and bowing to the hostess.

I have only attempted hints upon home service or small entertainments in these papers, believing that the small affairs of a household are of much importance, for if they are attended to properly, the great ones are sure to be.

—Mary Barr Munroe.



WITHOUT FRICTION MATCHES.

Without friction matches—what *did* people do?
We call them necessities *now*; it is true
They *are* a great blessing, yet folks had a way
Of doing without them in grandmother's day.

The cooking-stove, too, at that time was not known,
And many more comforts that people now own,
Had never been thought of; 'tis easy to see
How rugged without them our own way would be.

The huge open fire-place was deep, and 'twas wide,
And grandfather often has told us with pride,
Of oxen he trained to drag over the floor,
The great heavy back-logs they burned there of yore.

The fire on the hearth 'twas an understood thing,
Must never die out from September to spring;
In live coals and ashes they buried from sight
The log to hold fire throughout the long night.

And this, in the morning, they opened with care,
To find brightest embers were glimmering there;
To make then a blaze, it was easy to do,
With wood, and a puff of the bellows, or two.

But sometimes in summer the fire would go out—
A flint and a steel must be then brought about,
A spark from them caught in the tinder near by,—
Before-hand prepared, and kept perfectly dry.

Once grandmother told me how tinder was made;
They took burning linen, or cotton, and laid
It down in the tinder-box—smothered it there—
A mass of scorched rags to be guarded with care.

And when they could find it they took from old trees,
Both touch-wood and punk, and made tinder of these,
By soaking in niter: but all of these three—
Flint, tinder and steel—we shall very soon see,
Would not make a blaze: so they called to their aid,
Some matches, not "Lucifers," but the home made.

These matches were slivers of wood that were tipped
With sulphur; when melted, they in it were dipped;
The spark in the tinder would cause one to burn,
And *that* lit the candle—a very good turn—
For when *it* was lighted all trouble was o'er
And soon on the hearth, flames were dancing once more.

If damp was the tinder, or mislaid the flint,
They rubbed sticks together (a very hard stint)
Until they ignited; the more common way
Was borrowing fire, I've heard grandmother say.
Indeed it was nothing uncommon to do
To go for a fire-brand a half mile or two.

And so they worked on to the year '39,
The flint and the tinder they then could resign
And make a fire quickly if one should go out,
For Lucifer matches that year came about.

They treasured those matches I haven't a doubt
And never used one when they could do without.
To save them, they made and kept up on the shelf
A vase of lamp-lighters—quite pretty itself.

The flint and the tinder, the large open fires,
Have gone with the days of our grand-dames and sires
Those days full of hardships and trials shall bear,
In thoughts of their children an honorable share,
For their brave men and women so steadfast and strong,
So often remembered in story and song.

—Sarah E. Howard

EVERY-DAY DESSERTS—PART VII.

AND DESSERTS FOR EVERY DAY.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 1.

Holiday Pudding.

Cover the bottom of a pudding-tin with stale cake moistened with wine; cover this with stoned raisins, chopped citron, candied cherries, chopped figs and blanched almonds. Put another layer of cake over this. Pour over a custard made of one pint of milk, three beaten eggs, and one-half of a cupful of sugar. Steam for one hour. Sauce 8.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2.

Nut Pudding (good).

One cupful of sugar, one-half of a cupful of butter, two cupfuls of flour, one-half of a cupful of cold water, three eggs, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one-half of a cupful of whole walnut meats added the last thing. Bake, and eat with Sauce 8.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 3.

Apple Tapioca Pudding.

Peel and core—filling cores with sugar—apples to fill the baking-dish, and bake with a little water thrown over them. Make a tapioca custard by soaking three tablespoonfuls of tapioca in one cupful of water for three hours, and adding it to one quart of milk, the yolks of three eggs, one cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Pour over the baked apples, and bake till "set." Sauce 8.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 4.

Lemon Puffs.

Five eggs beaten separately and very light, weight of the eggs in flour, one-half weight in butter and in sugar, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, the juice of one lemon. Bake in cups and eat with Sauce 4.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5.

Cranberry Tarts.

Make a crust by recipe 1, and cut into tarts with a round cake-cutter, laying a strip of pastry around them as for pies. When baked, fill with jelly made by boiling one-half of a pint of water and one pint of cranberries till tender, then pouring into a jelly-bag to drip, boiling twenty minutes longer, and then adding three parts of sugar to four of juice, boiling up once more and pouring in a mould to cool.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 6.

Cornmeal Pudding.

Take out one teacupful of milk from one quart and boil the rest. Stir in five tablespoonfuls of cornmeal, one teaspoonful of salt, a little nutmeg, one tablespoonful of ginger, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half of a cupful of molasses, and, last, the cupful of milk. Bake two hours.

MONDAY, JANUARY 7.

Roll'd Dumplings.

Roll biscuit dough one-half an inch thick and spread with chopped, peeled and cored apples, sugar and cinnamon. Roll up and cut into slices, put in a tin, place a lump of butter on each slice, and bake. Eat with Sauce 9.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 8.

Pancakes.

Stir the yolks of two eggs in one pint of warm milk, with one-half of a tablespoonful of melted butter, and one-half of a teaspoonful of salt. Stir in flour for a thin batter with one-half of a tablespoonful of baking-powder mixed in a little flour, and the stiff whites of two eggs. Bake on a greased griddle, and pile up, with lumps of butter and sugar sprinkled over each. Cut into triangular pieces and pass the plate about.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9.

Brown Betty (very nice).

Fill a pudding-dish with alternate layers of bread crumbs spiced and sprinkled with bits of butter and slices of peeled, tart apples, sugared. Let the top layer be of crumbs. Bake and eat with Sauce 8.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 10.

Mock Mince Pie (delicious).

Bake in two crusts the following mixture: One cupful of chopped raisins, one cupful of rolled crackers, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of brown sugar, one-half of a cupful of vinegar, one-half of a tablespoonful of cinnamon, one-half of a teaspoonful each of all-spice and cloves, one-half of a nutmeg, one-fourth of a cupful of melted butter.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 11.

Cottage Pudding (reliable).

One-half of a cupful of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one stiffly beaten egg, one cupful of milk, one pint of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Bake in a cake-tin, and eat with Sauce 7.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12.

Rice Croquettes.

Soak one-half of a cupful of rice in water for four hours. Add to one pint of milk and a little salt. Steam till tender, and add one-half of a teacupful of sugar, one-fourth of a cupful of butter, one stiff egg, one-half of a teaspoonful of vanilla. Flour the hands and make in balls and fry in very hot lard in a deep kettle. Eat with Sauce 7.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 13.

Lenox Pudding.

Four tablespoonfuls of butter, three teacupfuls of sugar, three-fourths of a pint of flour, five eggs, three-fourths of a teacupful of milk, one teacupful of raisins, one-half of a teacupful of currants, the juice of one-half of a lemon, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Boil three hours, and eat with Sauce 5.

MONDAY, JANUARY 14.

English Cakes (nice).

Rub into one pound of flour, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, one-half of a pound of butter. Add one-half of a pound of seeded and chopped raisins, and one large teaspoonful of baking-powder. Make a stiff paste with milk, roll out and cut with cake-cutter. Bake on a hot griddle. Eat split open and buttered.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 15.

Baked Apples.

Fill a dripping-pan with sound, tart apples, cored (not pared). Fill each core with sugar and a bit of citron. Add one cupful of water in the pan, and bake. Eat with sweetened cream with a little nutmeg added.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16.

Coffee Pudding (good).

One egg, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of butter, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of cold coffee, four cupfuls of flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of cloves, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one pound of raisins, one-half of a pound of currants, one grated nutmeg. Bake, and eat with Sauce 8.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 17.

Cornstarch Blanc Mange.

Four tablespoonfuls of cornstarch rubbed smooth in a little milk added to one quart of boiling milk, with four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Boil in a kettle, set in hot water till thick and smooth. Wet the mould thoroughly with cold water, pour in the cornstarch and, when cool, add one teaspoonful of vanilla. Eat with sweetened cream.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 18.

Baked Plum Pudding.

Three cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of butter, five eggs, one glassful of brandy, one-half of a nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one saltspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of soda, five cupfuls of flour, one cupful of sour milk, one pound of currants, one pound of raisins. Bake, and eat with Sauce 8.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19.

Fried Plum Pudding.

Cut yesterday's pudding into slices and fry in hot butter. Eat with Sauce 12.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 20.

Apple Pie.

Fill a pie, with two crusts, with sliced, tart apples sprinkled with brown sugar, a little cinnamon and bits of butter. Rub one teaspoonful of flour smooth in a little water and pour over.

MONDAY, JANUARY 21.

Hoffman Pudding.

Cover the bottom of a pudding-dish an inch deep with drained canned cherries, and cover with one cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one cupful of milk, one egg, two cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Bake, and eat with Sauce 7.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 22.

Molly's Pudding.

Put a layer of stale cake crumbs in a pudding-dish, and then a layer of jam. Fill the dish with layers. Pour over one pint of

boiling milk, the yolks of three eggs, one teaspoonful of smooth cornstarch, one tablespoonful of sugar. Bake, and eat with Sauce 7.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23.

Citron Pudding.

Three-fourths of a cupful of sugar, one-fourth of a cupful of butter, three-fourths of a cupful of flour, three-fourths of a teacupful of baking-powder, three-fourths of a cupful of cornstarch, one-fourth of a cupful of milk, the stiff whites of three eggs, one-half of a cupful of sliced citron. Bake. Eat with Sauce 7.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 24.

Sweet Fritters.

One pint of milk, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, two teacupfuls of flour, three stiffly beaten eggs, one-half of a saltspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Drop in a kettle of hot lard and fry brown. Eat with Sauce 3.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 25.

Wine Jelly.

One-half of a box of gelatine dissolved in one-half of a pint of water added to one pint of boiling water, one stick of cinnamon, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of sherry wine. Strain into a mould washed out with cold water, and harden.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26.

Raisin Pudding.

One pound of raisins, one cupful of milk, one cupful of butter, three-fourths of a cupful of molasses, one teaspoonful each of soda and cinnamon, one-half of a teaspoonful of cloves. Flour for a stiff batter. Boil four hours, and eat with Sauce 3.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 27.

Apple John (very good).

Fill a pudding-dish with sliced apples and cover with dough made of one cupful of milk, a piece of butter the size of an egg, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, a little salt, flour enough to roll it out. When baked, reverse the dish and cover with butter, sugar and spice. Eat with sweetened cream.

MONDAY, JANUARY 28.

Delmont Pudding.

Bake in layers a mixture of two eggs, one cupful of sugar, one-half of a cupful of water, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, one-half of a cupful of butter. Spread between a custard of one-half of a pint of boiling milk, one-half of a cupful of sugar, one egg, one tablespoonful of smooth cornstarch, two tablespoonfuls of coconut.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 29.

Jam Puffs.

Line patty-pans with pie-crust, fill with a ball of soft paper and cover with a cap of crust. Bake, remove the paper and fill with jam.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30.

Peach Meringue (nice).

Line a pie-tin with crust, fill up with cut-up canned peaches; pour over one teaspoonful of flour rubbed smooth in a little water, and sprinkle with sugar. When baked, spread with the whites of three *very* stiff eggs beaten in one-half of a cupful of powdered sugar, and brown.

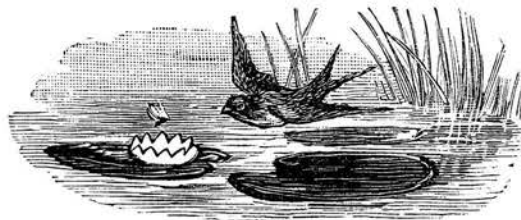
THURSDAY, JANUARY 31.

German Toast.

Soak slices of stale bread in one pint of milk, the yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Fry in hot butter, and eat with Sauce 3.

—Ruth Hall.

Editor's Note: The sauces referenced in this and other articles in this series can be found in the first installment of the series, published in the June 2024 issue of *Victorian Times*.



Obstacle Races.



OUR insular pride is not a pride of personal sedateness and dignity. We may be proud of our country and our countrymen, and with reason ; but we are not above any amount of hearty ridiculous fun—perhaps, we may think, if not say, without undue vanity, because we have enough na ural dignity of character to stand the strain of much tomfoolery without deterioration. Also we like to give our tomfoolery a sporting character, and have so done from the beginning. Climbing a greasy pole after a leg of mutton, eating hot hasty-pudding for a prize, and jumping in a sack, are not things which it is easy to imagine a crowd of Spaniards and Frenchmen indulging in with enjoyment. But perhaps the sporting element is more acceptably incorporated with the comic in the obstacle race than in anything else of the sort.

Obstacle races are of varying sorts. Men may swim obstacle races in the water, may ride them on bicycles, or may run them on their own natural feet. The obstacle race is not a form of sport largely affected by the great London clubs, on their sprucely-kept

flourisheth exceedingly, and glorious and great is the congregation of guffawing spectators, who gather thickest at the muddy-water jump.

Nobody is very particular about his costume at an obstacle foot race. The blue-jacket tucks up his trousers and runs on his brown skin, the yokel goes perhaps in boots, perhaps in socks, and everybody else dresses according to his fancy—this being a go-as-you-please race of the most pronounced description. Indeed, a certain flavour of variety is sometimes introduced into the business by competitors disguised as Mr. Sloper, a policeman, and an old lady. A good, clear run is given before the first obstacle is reached, just to break up the crowd a little, and send them into their difficulties with plenty of impetus. It is a remarkable thing that, no matter what may happen in other races, there is always a dog about when an obstacle race is started—a dog which goes off after the runners, and barks and snaps angrily at their heels. He is as regular as the Derby-dog, and gets a deal more fun for his trouble. There would seem to be some affinity between stray dogs and boys, in that one or more is sure to be



THE START.

grounds, but at country meetings, held in the handiest field, at seaside regattas, and among the diversions provided at a sporting festival organized by a larky crew of blue-jackets, the obstacle race bloometh and

present, when anybody comes a cropper or otherwise gets into an undignified scrape, to enjoy the agony of the sufferer and deride him. That is why there is always a stray dog at an obstacle race.



RAILS AND POSTS

Perhaps the first obstacle is a row of hurdles, or rather of strong rails and posts, five or six deep, one beyond another, and very short distances apart. You may either scramble over these or crawl under. If you scramble over, you bark your shins grievously, fall between the rails, alighting on the most painful corners, and find difficulty in climbing out. On the other hand, if you crawl under-

neath, you only break the falls of all those who are scrambling above and falling through; also your own head, amongst the posts. It is considered proper to alight upon your feet on springing from the last rail, but the spectators prefer you to use the other end, a plan very frequently carried out.

After this the competitors, with such advantages as the scramble has severally given them, and such bumps and scrapes as they have themselves collected, take another run on the flat. At the end of this an immense net is pegged to the ground on all sides but the nearest. This net lies thick in many folds, and, in some secret place, either between two of the pegs or in the net itself, there is a hole big enough for a man to get through. The first man arriving here throws himself down and crawls under the unpegged end of the net, followed by the others as fast as they may, until that great net contains a piled-up crowd of wriggling humanity, each man making his

best effort to find the exit, and getting in the way of all the others.

You never can tell when the first man will get out. He may find the hole at once or he may be almost any length of time; in fact, very often it is found that some frantic competitor is unconsciously standing on that part of the net. Sometimes, if the net is very large, the artful man does this purposely,



THE NET.



LADDERS AND PLANK.

in order to seize the opportunity when everybody is making a wild rush at some other part, and bolt out with a good start. When at last somebody does get through there is a magnificent scramble among the rest to follow, and the crowd stream out, much the worse for wear, and in a very different order from that in which they went in. Often is it the fate of the man who entered far ahead of the field to leave far behind it. And so for another run on the flat.

A very little of this, and the next obstacle is met. This is, in the first place, a wooden frame supporting a horizontal pole or plank nine or ten feet from the ground. There are two ladders by which this may be scaled, so that there is a likelihood of two men reaching the top at the same moment. But the way down on the other side is scarcely so convenient. Here you must walk on a steeply sloping, narrow, and very springy plank, as far as an old packing-case, or some similar support, and then on just such another plank to the ground. You must not jump off, or "fudge" this arrangement in any way, or you will be ruled out. The

spectators, however, do not object to your falling off. This last is a very easy feat, as anybody may find for himself who will try walking down a thin plank at an angle of about forty degrees, with a big man striding down before him. To succeed in the race it is preferable to be a good way ahead at this obstacle, and to have the plank to yourself; but, considered entirely as a show, a rush of four or

five on the plank at once is superior. Another level run leads, perhaps, to the canvas — or maybe tarpaulin. This is a good large sheet, laid flat, stretched, and pegged firmly down on two sides. You arrive at one of the unpegged sides and proceed to insert your head under the canvas, like a gentleman about to be guillotined. The task is to grovel under the whole length of that canvas, and get out at the further end with as little delay as is consistent with bringing your clothes with you. If you are close behind, and gaining upon a man under this canvas, it is advisable to look out for his feet—as well as you can; sometimes they catch you about the ears, heavily. It is bad enough to be alone under this sheet; but to be under



CANVAS.

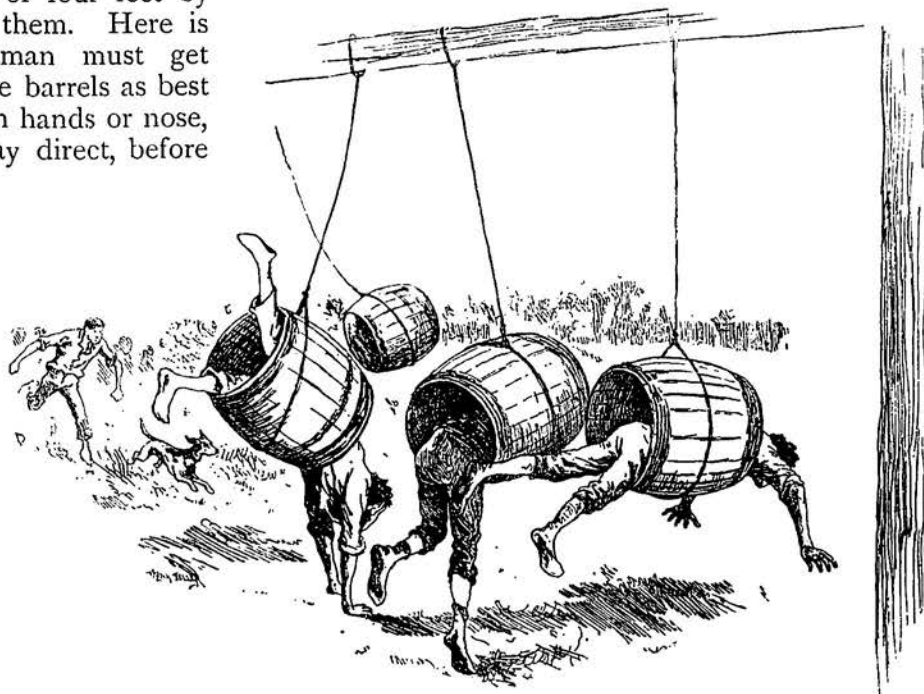
when the presence of several others is tightening it, is mere personal flattening and the wiping out of features. The tendency of this gentle exercise to produce baldness has not hitherto been taken into account by the compilers of medical essays, but it must form an enormous factor in the total result. You may observe the crowd come out visibly balder than it went in, just on the spots where the friction with the canvas acts.

There will probably be another obstacle before the final run in—perhaps a row of barrels, minus the ends, suspended at a height of three or four feet by ropes lashed about them. Here is great fun. Every man must get through one of these barrels as best he can—alighting on hands or nose, or both, as Fate may direct, before rising to finish the race. To get through a swinging barrel is none too easy a job, as the gentle reader may test for himself, if so minded.

To begin with, the thing is unstable, tilting fore and aft at a touch, and swinging in every direction. This makes it difficult to raise oneself into it at all, and doubly difficult to wriggle through, once the head and trunk are in. Half-way through, the victim presents a helpless and tortoise-like appearance, making mad efforts to throw his hinder half sufficiently high to cause him to fall out head-foremost. Once he has been fortunate enough to alight on his hands and save his nose, the smart practitioner does not waste time in a merely comic attempt to kick and wriggle himself clear of the barrel, but makes three or four steps forward upon his hands, when his feet fall quietly to the ground behind, and he rises, top-end uppermost, to run. The man who, resting on his hands, tries the kick-and-wriggle plan, even if he succeed at all, only falls in a confused heap, with his head at the bottom of the pile. Then, when he rises, he is apt to cause hilarious applause by bolting off in some utterly insane direction, quite away from the finish; for several seconds' struggle in a

barrel liable to spin round, followed by a miscellaneous tumble head-downward, never improves a man's topography, and his first impulse is to rush straight ahead.

An improvement of some kind is frequently introduced into the barrel business; an improvement, that is to say, from the point of view of the unsympathetic onlooker; for any improvement in an obstacle race always takes the form of some new persecution of the competitors. One such improvement was introduced at the sports held in con-



SWINGING BARRELS.

nection with the Manchester Jubilee celebration. The barrels, usually empty, were stuffed tightly with a fearful mixture of paper, tow, cotton-waste, and soot. To fight one's way blindly through paper, tow, and cotton-waste in a wobbling barrel is a worse thing than to do the same through the empty article; but when soot is added in generous quantities—then is the bitterness of the obstacle race seen indeed, and felt, and tasted. The gentleman who invented this horrible preparation holds a most respectable position in Manchester, and has probably now repented, wherefore his name shall not be mentioned; but a few hundred years ago he might have commanded an immense salary as a judicial torture-merchant and witch-baiter. In this particular race itself one competitor was especially unlucky. He was far and away the best of the crowd, had come out triumphantly ahead at all the previous obstacles, and

arrived at the stuffed barrels a long distance to the good. He seized the nearest and boldly rammed his head among the contents; but he got no further. Man after man arrived, and, with such luck as might be his, wriggled through his barrel in more or less time, and started away again, a sooty scarecrow and a public derision. But the first man, head and shoulders immersed, still struggled in hopeless suffocation until everybody was hundreds of yards away ahead, and then it was discovered—that the miscreant carpenter, whose business it was, had forgotten to knock the other end out of this particular barrel!

The sack race, pure and unadulterated, is a funny spectacle enough, but when sack racers have obstacles set them beyond their sacks, truly they must work for their prizes. There are two ways of getting over the ground in a sack. One is by grabbing the loose sack tightly with the hands and jumping—both feet together. This looks a good way, but the least inaccuracy in balance, or alighting with feet too far back or forward in

the sack, means an ignominious bowl over, and much prostrate wallowing. The better way is to get a foot into each extreme corner of the sack, pulling it tightly up in the middle, and to waddle along with quick, short steps. But if these steps be too quick, or not short enough, disaster is certain. For the wily sports-promoter who ruins this design by giving the competitors *round-ended* sacks is reserved the grati-



THE SACK RACE—THE ROPE OBSTACLE.

tude of the many—spectators, and the indignation of the few—competitors. A rope across the path and a ladder laid on edge are usually enough obstacles for unfortunate creatures in sacks. It is not easy to jump over that rope and alight right end up, and therefore some turn their backs and fall over it. But then you are down, and might as well have lain down first and rolled

under—which, again, some do by choice. If you have come a cropper near the rope, this is the best plan, since it involves only one getting up. The ladder, too, may be jumped or tumbled over, but in the latter case it is uncomfortable to go face-foremost. An attempt to wriggle *through* the ladder on the part of a competitor already prostrate is likely to end in painful failure and an ill-used chin. At the finish, of course, in all sack races, it is policy to fall through the tape, as being quicker than running, jumping, or waddling to breast it; but—and it is a



THE SACK RACE—THE START.



THE SACK RACE—THE LADDER OBSTACLE.

great but—never fall an inch too soon, or you will go under without touching it.

In a bicycling obstacle race, the general idea of the conspiracy is to mock the boasted speed of the cyclist by making his machine a hindrance, a tribulation, and an incubus unto him. He is tempted, for instance, by a long stretch of level track to "pile it on," and go ahead; only to be met at the end by a row of hurdles, or something equally solid, which he cannot pull up in time to avoid running into, and over which he must then drag his damaged vehicle.

The bicycle obstacle race, like, indeed, other obstacle races, is chiefly to be seen at small country meetings. It is a shy and modest plant, and never ventures into the glare of metropolitan notoriety. A town racing cyclist will not adventure his feather-weight instrument among the bangs, bumps, and general misadventures native to the obstacle race. Wherefore it comes to pass that in such a race, when it is found, many machines of uncertain age and build are to be seen, and many riders with gets-up and styles of

riding which would mightily astonish the crowd at, say, the Herne Hill track. It is, perhaps, only at such a race that one may encounter a belated survival of the jockey cap among cyclists, and the rule is for the costume to partake of the characteristics of road and path, the former predominating, with now and again a distinct suggestion of the

jockey or sulky-driver thrown in by way of imparting as sportive a flavour as possible. Sometimes fancy costumes are presented, and then jockeys and sweeps, Ally Sloper and Méphistopheles chase one another on bicycles of varying sorts and dates of manufacture.

A country meeting, too, where sports are held in a grass field, affords many advantages in the way of natural obstacles, through which the track may be laid, with a resulting steeplechase highly gratifying to such enemies of the cycling pastime as may be present.



"OFF AND AWAY."

The track at a country meeting, prepared for an ordinary straightaway level race, presents in itself more often than not a series of difficulties not to be despised. There was a field (possibly is still) in Bedfordshire, used annually for bicycle races and other sports, wherein the unfortunate competitor, in what

was supposed to be an ordinary straightaway handicap, was condemned, among other things, to negotiate eight or nine immense holes, about a yard in diameter, and of a sufficient depth decently to bury a Newfoundland dog in; to bump off a grass-edge four or five inches high on to shingly gravel, and up again a little farther on; to make frequent ducks to avoid the fate of Absalom, where the track ran below overhanging trees; in one place to plunge boldly among foliage where a small tree on one side reached out affectionately towards another opposite; in another to avoid utter jamming and smashing up with other competitors where the track suddenly narrowed; and generally to look out for the casual brick, the insidious gully, and the fortuitous dead branch, as well as, perchance, the occasional legs of some urchin projecting from under the ropes, where he sat lowly and hugged a post. All this in the straight stretches, the corners, of which there were many, being of angles which seemed to preclude any possibility of getting past them except by the process of dismounting and carrying the machine round. So that, when a hole, several bricks, a gravel-bump, a dead branch, and a boy's legs all occurred at a bad corner, where tree branches hung low, the rider had small leisure for meditation. On such a track as this little artifice is required to prepare for an obstacle race, and perhaps the district may afford other and larger natural features, available as obstacles

After a miscellaneous burst-off—such a burst-off as only a country meeting could show—a wide ditch or stream may be encountered, which must be waded knee or

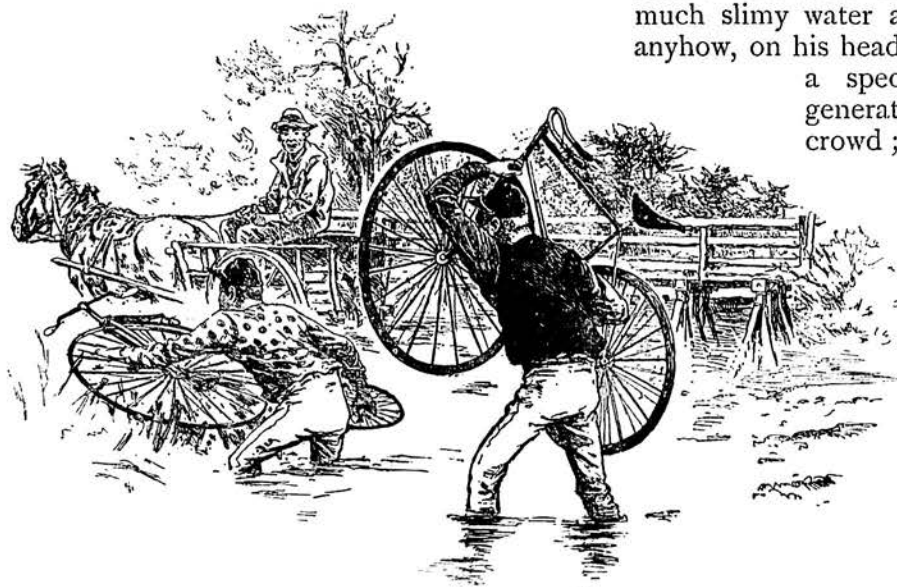


OVER THE STEPS.

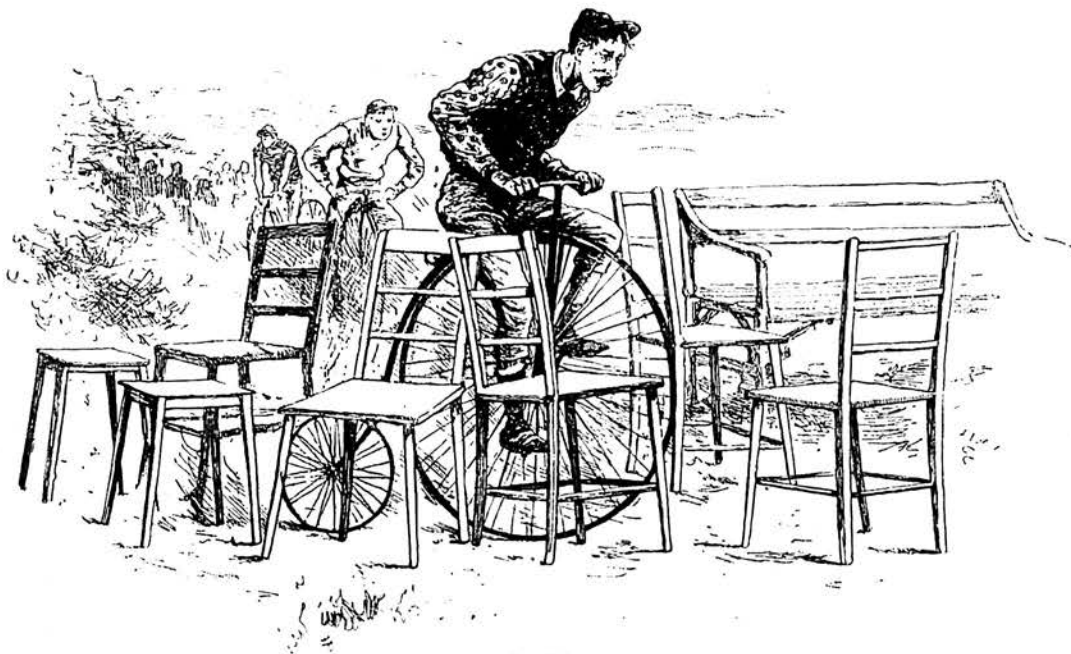
waist high, while the bicycle is carried overhead.

Indeed, the man who can best carry his machine has a very great advantage in contests of this kind. A bicyclist wading through much slimy water and carrying his bicycle anyhow, on his head or shoulder, is in itself a spectacle always certain to generate mirth among a village crowd; but when he stumbles

on the uneven bottom and goes under with a mighty flop, bag and baggage, or when he sticks in the mud, great is the joy of Willum and Jarge. A high hedge, especially one with a ditch on the further side, is another good obstacle native to such a field as a



THROUGH THE STREAM.

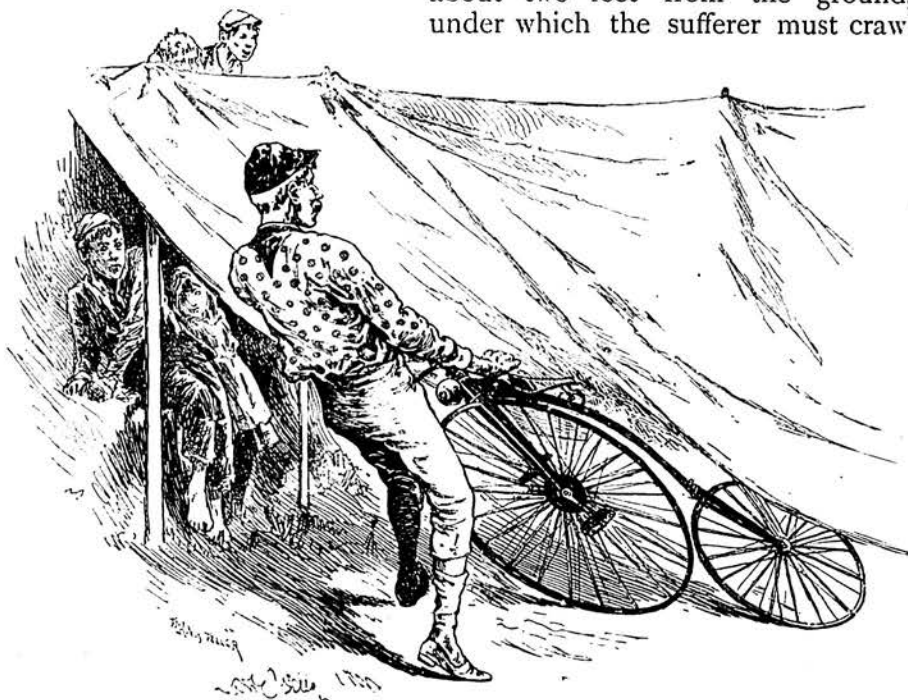


CHAIRS.

bicycle obstacle race is frequently run on; while an artificial obstruction in great request is a wooden flight of stairs up over and down which the competitor must carry his machine, unless he be foolhardy enough to try to ride over, as has been more than once disastrously attempted. The attempt has not always been a voluntary one, for the stair-flight is a magnificent trap for the hasty young man who rides at his best pace and can't always pull up at the right moment. So is the cluster of chairs, barrels, and benches wherewith the committee oft-times make his career a grief and a weariness unto him. For it is necessary to select an advantageous opening among those chairs and sundries, and then to dodge gingerly between them. Now, it is commonly found that the widest-looking opening leads into the most impossible "no thoroughfare," the biggest and hardest pieces of furniture, and the most grievous spills; so

that not always he who is first among the chairs is first out of them, and he who tackles them with the boldest rush is likely to sprawl among them with the most bruises.

The diresome tarpaulin, too, is spread in the path of the unhappy rider, with just such greater awkwardness to him than to the pedestrian, as may be calculated from the encumbrance of his bicycle. Often the place of the tarpaulin, however, is taken by a series of scaffold poles, fixed across the course at about two feet from the ground, under which the sufferer must crawl



THE TARPULIN.



THE STAKES.

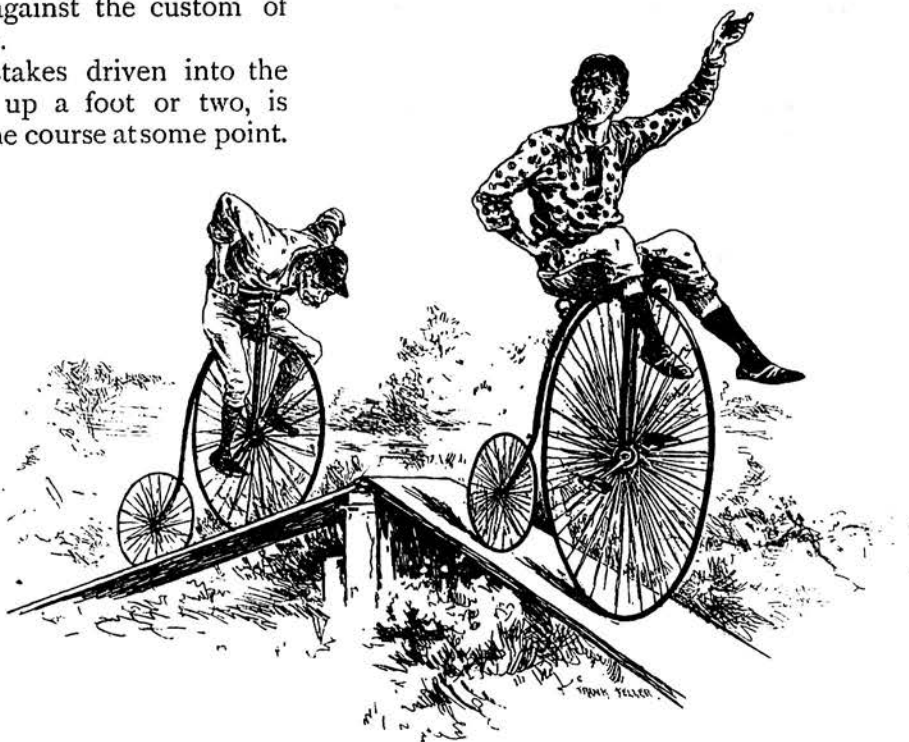
and drag that bicycle. Also it has been demanded of him on more than one occasion that he ride along the whole length of a bricklayer's ladder, over the rungs, as it lies upon the turf. This practice now seems to have been abolished—probably at the instance of one of the humanitarian societies who protest against the custom of hook-swinging in India.

A confused row of stakes driven into the ground and standing up a foot or two, is pretty certain to adorn the course at some point. They are a fearful thing. They look so insignificant, and they upset so effectually. Unless they have been carefully planted with the humane design of letting everybody through scatheless (and they never are), a cropper is almost a certainty; for, even if the front wheel be steered through accurately, the back wheel must follow as it list, and catch whatever be in its way. And then the sufferer must get up as gracefully as possible, carefully refraining from rubbing himself, smile pleasantly, and proceed toward the finish in what comfort he may.

The plank obstacle is an easy one—merely an inclined plane a foot wide or more, up which one must ride and down another. It requires nothing more than steadiness and careful steering, but it is bad for the competitor who approaches it with a wobble; for, verily, that wobble, once on, shall not leave

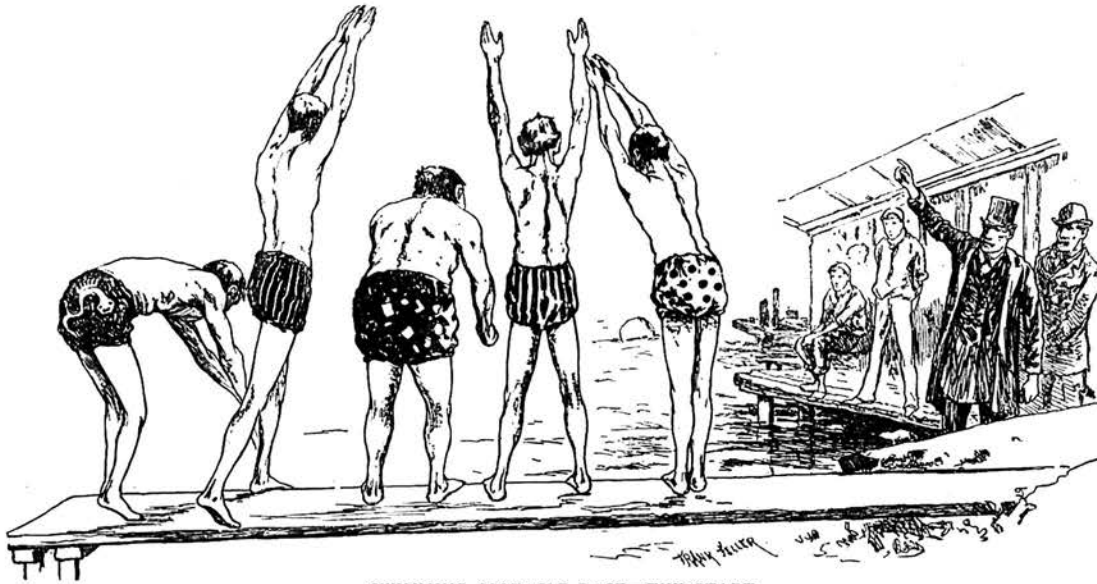
his wheel until it goes over the side of the plank, and carries him with it, so that a certain amount of innocent rustic enjoyment may be extracted from the contemplation even of this simple obstacle.

The water affords facilities for obstacle races equally with the land, and such a race among swimmers has its points of interest. Often a condition is that each competitor take with him, the whole way, a large inflated



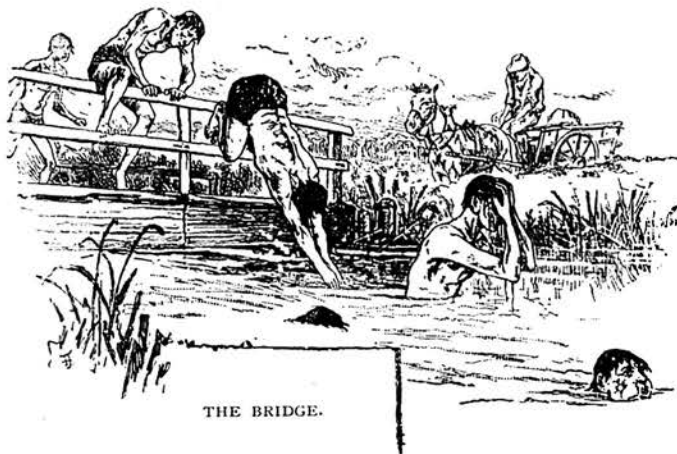
THE PLANKS.

bladder or an empty barrel. These things must be taken *under* certain obstacles, such as a pole fixed across just over the water, a row of punts, or the like. Let anybody who



SWIMMING OBSTACLE RACE—THE START.

has tried to take a large inflated bladder under water with him tell of the joys of



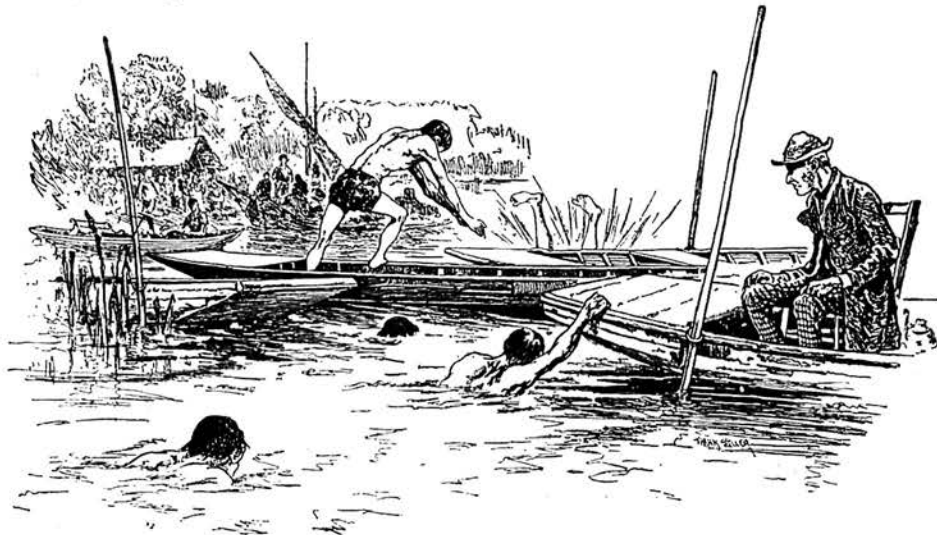
THE BRIDGE.

these feats. Or the rules may dictate that the competitor must climb *over* the obstacle himself and push his bladder or barrel *under*, taking care not to lose it in the process. Indeed, special rules and directions must be made for almost every obstacle race, the most meritorious set being that which entails most misery upon the competitor.

Obstacles existing in the ordinary course are not altogether wanting in a swimming race properly planned. There may be a

wooden bridge, which the swimmers may be made to climb over, or a pontoon bridge may be put down for the occasion. Something with rails on it is preferable to the barbarous tastes of the scoffing multitude, since they afford an additional awkwardness and tend towards indecision and the breaking of toes. If this bridge be at a shallow part it is also sometimes considered an improvement, since an inconsiderate and vigorous dive may lead to personal battery in the bed of the stream.

Next, perhaps, the hardy adventurers meet a row of punts, moored across the waterway, often an irregular row, demanding generalship in selecting the easiest point of attack. For, by properly selecting one's direction, it is pos-



THE PUNTS.

sible here to find an advantage, taking a pull at this and a push at that; while it must not be forgotten that he is not neces-



THE LADDER AND PLANK.

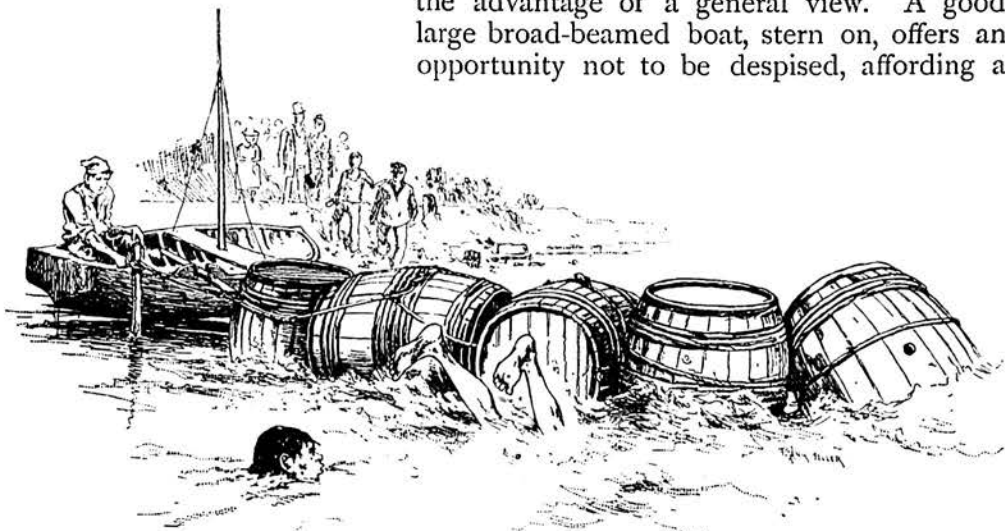
sarily slowest over who has most punts to negotiate, providing he have but one pull out and one dive; since running and jumping are quicker than swimming.

It is not unusual in a swimming obstacle race to give the swimmers an occasional trot over dry ground, or up or down a ladder, thus equalizing the chances of the lean and long-limbed with those of the fat, who float and swim the better. Thus, perhaps, after a bit of straight-away swimming the way may be blocked by a dam, and all must get out and scramble along at the side towards a ladder, up this, and off the plank to which it leads,

into water once more. Now, men can only ascend an ordinary ladder in single file, so that he who reaches the foot of the ladder first must be first to make the ensuing dive; wherefore, a very eager race on bare feet for that ladder.

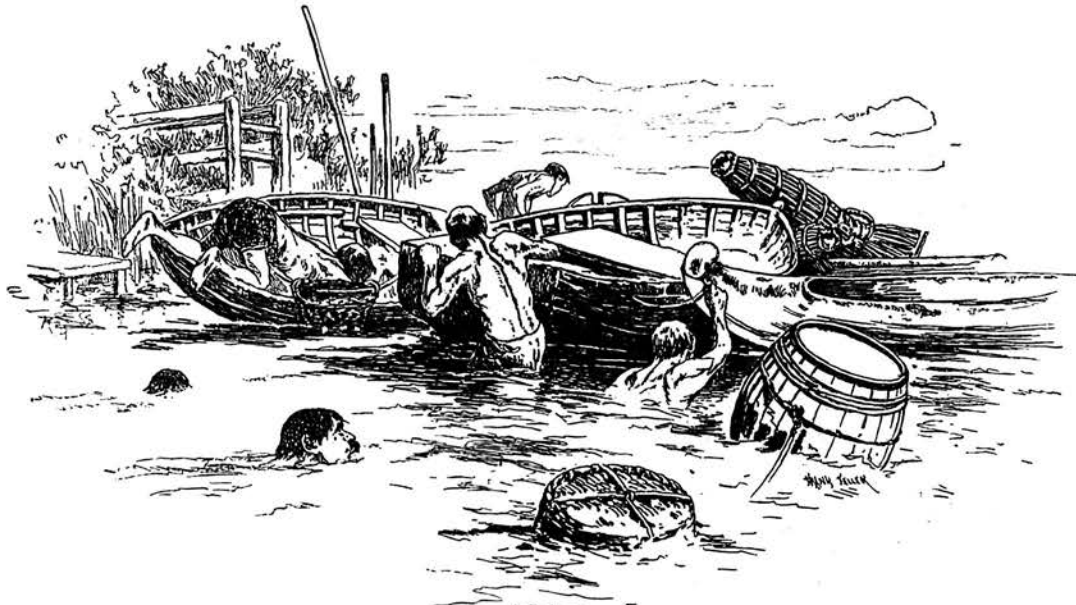
There should also be a row of barrels somewhere on the course; a row of barrels so artfully lashed together that they turn over in any direction at a touch. An incompetent committee has sometimes allowed diving under these barrels, but the correct thing is to send the competitors over—if they can get over—unless they are carrying the aforementioned bladders or barrels, when to get under will be something difficult to do. But to get *over* this row of barrels and pass the bladder *under*, this is the thing which should be ordained, that all the people upon dry land might rejoice with a great laughter.

After this a little more plain swimming will lead, perhaps, to a miscellaneous string of obstacles, all across: boats, baskets, punts, barrels, canoes—anything, and nearly everything that floats—loosely tied together. Here, more than anywhere, the swimmer requires generalship. His eyes are below the level of the obstruction, and he has not the advantage of a general view. A good large broad-beamed boat, stern on, offers an opportunity not to be despised, affording a



THE BARRELS.

fairly easy pull up and promising a clear run through the barricade. Of all things, canoes and barrels are to be avoided, as well as all craft broadside on. Any green novice who has tried getting into a boat from the side



MISCELLANEOUS OBSTACLES.

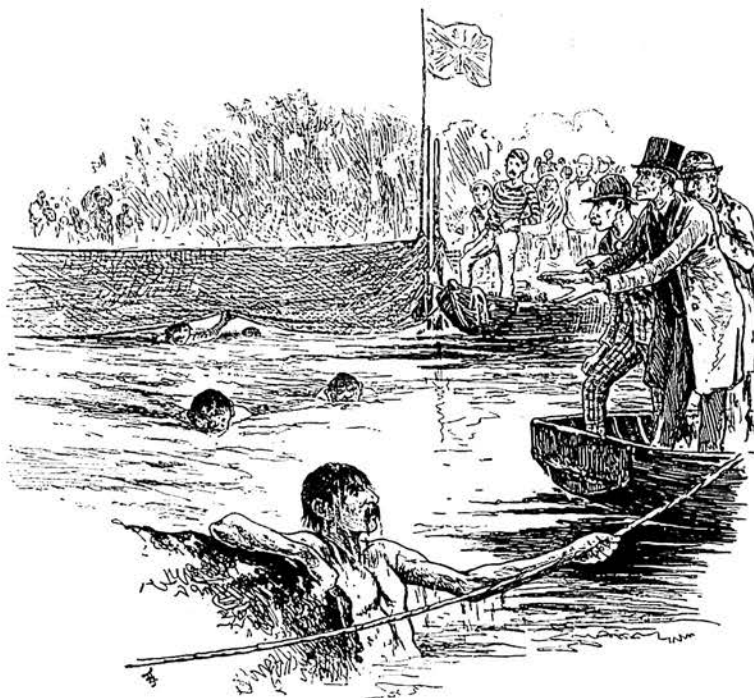
will know this, even if the reflection never occurs to him that a broadside-on obstacle probably means more behind in awkward positions, with a chance of falling between.

After this perhaps a net, and then the finish. The net is not a vast difficulty, having only to be dived under or, easier still, lifted. But it gives a check to the merely fast swimmer in his rush home, and prevents the oncoming competitors from seeing exactly how the race is going in front, and makes them peg away to the end. Also, the head-long young man, coming as hard as he

can with the side-stroke, is apt to run foul of this net, to his utter confusion and entanglement, and the "letting up" of some slower competitor maintaining a better look-out.

And of such are the ways of the obstacle race—a thing good in that it gives play to something more than speed alone, whether on water or dry land, and teaches prompt

resource, activity, and address; and provides vast diversion for unventuresome on-lookers, who revel in the misfortunes of those bolder than themselves.



THE FINISH.

SOME INDIAN RECIPES.

CHUTNEY.

ANGLO-INDIAN housewives of the good old-fashioned type pride themselves on their skill in preparing chutney and preserves, and in the season when green mangoes are to be had in abundance, large quantities are prepared to be stored up for using through the year till the mango season comes round again, and for presents to friends at home.

The following recipes have been given to me by notable housewives, who have used them year after year in manufacturing this well-known Indian relish.

Delhi Chutney.—Four pounds of sugar, to be made into syrup; two pounds of salt; one pound of garlic, peeled and sliced; two pounds of green ginger; two pounds of dried

chillies sliced; two pounds of mustard seed, to be washed, dried in the sun, and then bruised to remove the husk; two pounds of raisins, four bottles of vinegar; sixty mangoes, more or less, to be peeled and sliced and then boiled in the syrup and three bottles of vinegar. Put aside in a dish to cool, and then add salt, mustard seed, ginger, garlic, and chillies. Gradually stir in the remaining bottle of vinegar.

(Sour apples can be used in place of mangoes.)

Apricot Chutney.—Take sound ripe apricots, peel, stone, and to every four pounds of fruit add two pounds of sugar. Boil until of the consistency of jam. Add two pounds of raisins, stoned and cut, two pounds of almonds

blanched and cut in halves, four ounces of green ginger, four ounces of garlic, half a pound of chillies ground with vinegar. Boil these in the jam for fifteen or twenty minutes. Let it cool, then pour in a quart of good vinegar with salt to taste. Boil for half-an-hour again in an enamelled or earthen pan.

Tomato Chutney.—Six pounds of tomatoes; one pound of sugar; half a pound each of almonds and raisins; one pint of vinegar; two ounces each of chillies, garlic, and green ginger. Peel tomatoes and slice almonds, garlic and ginger fine, the latter as fine as possible. The chillies must be ground with a little vinegar. Cook to a jelly in an enamelled pan. Put in salt to taste, and bottle when quite cold.

FENELLA JOHNSTONE.



THE BROOK AND ITS BANKS.

By THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., Author of "The Handy Natural History."

"Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As through the glen it dimpl't;
Whyles round a rocky scaur it strays;
Whyles in a weil it dimpl't;
Whyles glittered to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes
Below the spreading hazel."

Burns: "Halloween."

CHAPTER I.

The many aspects of a brook—The eye sees only that which it is capable of seeing—Individuality of brooks and their banks—The rippling "burnie" of the hills—The gently-flowing brooks of low-lying districts—Individualities even of such brooks—The fresh-water brooks of Oxford and the tidal brooks of the Kentish marshes—The swarming life in which they abound—An afternoon's walk—Ditches versus hedges and walls—A brook in Cannock Chase—Its sudden changes of aspect—The brooks of the Wiltshire Downs and of Derbyshire.

A BROOK has many points of view.

In the first place, scarcely any two spectators see it in the same light.

To the rustic it is seldom more than a convenient water-tank, or, at most, as affording some sport to boys in fishing. To its picturesque beauties his eyes are blind, and to him the brook is, like Peter Bell's primrose, a brook and nothing more.

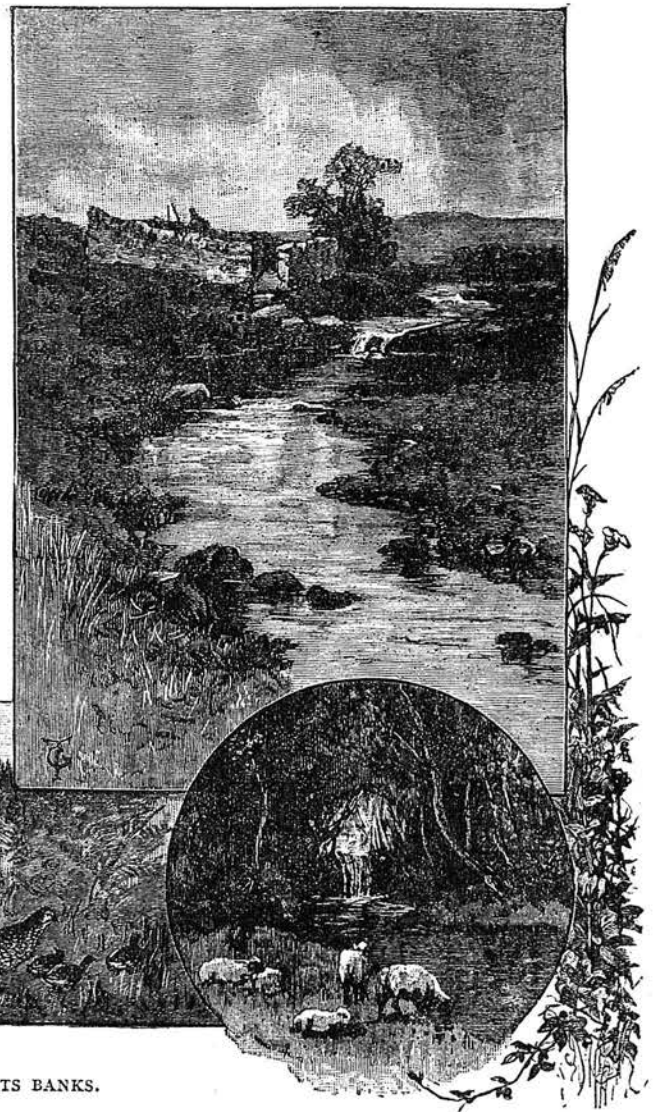
Then there are some who only view a brook as affording variety to the pursuit of the fox, and who pride themselves on their knowledge of the spots at which it can be most successfully leaped.

Others, again, who are of a geographical turn of mind, can only see in a brook a necessary portion of the water-shed of the district.

To children it is for a time dear as a playground, possessing the inestimable advantage of enabling them to fall into it and wet their clothes from head to foot.

Then there are some who are keenly alive to its changing beauties, and are gifted with artistic spirit and power of appreciation, even if they should not have been able to cultivate the technical skill which would enable them to transfer to paper or canvas the scene which pleased them. Yet they can only see the surface, and take little, if any, heed of the wealth of animated life with which the brook and its banks are peopled, or of the sounds with which the air is filled.

Happy are those in whom are fortunately combined the appreciation of art and the gift (for it is a gift as much as an eye for art or an ear for music) of observing animal life. To them the



THE BROOK AND ITS BANKS.

brook is all that it is to others, and much besides. To them the tiniest brook is a perpetual joy, and of such a nature I hope are those who read these pages.

Not only does a brook assume different aspects, according to the individuality of the spectator, but every brook has its individuality, and so have its banks.

Often the brook "plays many parts," as in Burns' delightful stanza, which seems to have rippled from the poet's brain as spontaneously as its subject.

Sometimes, however, as near Oxford, it flows silently onwards with scarcely a dimple on its unruffled surface. Over its still waters the gnats rise and fall in their ceaseless dance. The swift-winged dragon-flies, blue, green, and red, swoop upon them like so many falcons on their prey; or, in the earlier year, the mayflies flutter above the stream, leaving their shed skins, like ghostly images of themselves, sticking on every tree trunk near the brook.

On the surface of the brook are seen the shadow-like water-gnats, drifting with apparent aimlessness over the surface, but having in view a definite and deadly purpose, as many a half-drowned insect will find to its cost.

Under the shade of the willows that overhang its banks the whirligig beetles will gather, sociably circling round and round in their mazy dance, bumping against each other in their swift course, but glancing off unhurt from the collision, protected from injury by the stout coats of mail which they wear.

They really look like unskilful dancers practising their "figures" for the first time. They, however, are not engaged in mere amusement, but, like the water-gnats, are absorbed in the business of life. The naturalist knows, when he sees these creatures, that they do not form the hundredth part of those which are hidden from human eyes below the surface of the little brook, and that the whole of the stream is as instinct with life, as if it had been haunted by the Nipens, the Undines, and the host of fairy beings with whom the old legends peopled every river and its tributaries.

They are just as wonderful, though clad in material forms, as any water spirit that ever was evolved from the poet's brain, and have the inestimable merit of being always within reach whenever we need them.

I will venture to assert that no fairy tales, not even excepting those of the "Arabian Nights," can surpass in marvel the true life-history of the mayfly, the frog, the newt, and the dragon-fly, as will be narrated in the course of these pages. I may go even farther, and assert that there is no inhabitant of the brook and its banks whose biography and structure are not full of absorbing interest, and will not occupy the longest life, if only an attempt be made to study them thoroughly.

An almost typical example of slow-flowing brooks is to be found in the remarkable channels which intersect the country between Minster and Sandwich, and which, on the Ordnance map, look almost like the threads of a spider's web. In that flat district, the fields are not divided by hedges, as in most parts of England, or by stone walls—"dykes," as they are termed in Ireland—such as are employed in Derbyshire and several other stony localities, but by channels, which have a strong individuality of their own.

Even the smallest of these brooks is influenced by the tide, so that at the two periods of slack water there is no perceptible stream.

Yesterday afternoon, having an hour or so to spare at Minster, I examined slightly several of these streams and their banks. The contrast between them and the corresponding brooklets of Oxford, also a low-lying district, was very strongly marked.

In the first place, the willow, which forms so characteristic an ornament of the brooks and rivers of Oxford, is wholly absent. Most of the streamlets are entirely destitute of even a bush by which their course can be marked; so that when, as is often the case, a heavy white fog overhangs the entire district, looking from a distance as if the land had been sunk in an ocean of milk, no one who is not familiarly acquainted with every yard of ground could make his way over the fields without falling into the watery boundaries which surround them.

Some of them, however, are distinguished by hawthorns, which take the place of the willows, and thrive so luxuriantly that they may lay claim to the title of forest trees. Blackberries, too, are exuberant in their growth, and in many spots the hawthorn and blackberry on opposite sides of the brook have intertwined their branches across it and have completely hidden the water from sight. On these blackberries, the fruit of which was in its green state, the drone-flies and hawk-flies simply swarmed, telling the naturalist of their multitudinous successors, who at present are in the preliminary stages of their existence.

Among the blackberries the scarlet fruit of the woody nightshade (a first cousin of the potato) hung in tempting clusters, and I could not help wondering whether they would endanger the health of the young Minsterians.

In some places the common frog-bit had grown with such luxuriance that it had completely hidden the water, the leaves overlapping each other as if the overcrowded plants were trying to shoulder each other out of the way.

In most of these streamlets the conspicuous bur-reed (*Sparganium ramosum*) grew thickly, its singular fruit being here and there visible among the sword-like leaves. I cannot but think that the mediæval weapon called the "morning star" (or "morgen-stern") was derived from the globular, spiked fruit-cluster of the bur-reed.

A few of the streams were full of the fine plant which is popularly known by the name of bull-rush, or bulrush (*Typha latifolia*), but which ought by rights to be called the "cat's-tail" or "reed-mace." Of this plant it is said that a little girl, on seeing it growing, exclaimed that she never knew before that sausages grew on sticks. The teasel (*Dipsacis*) was abundant, as were also several of the true thistles.

In some places one of these streams becomes too deep for the bur-reed, and its surface is only diversified by the half-floating leaves of one or two aquatic plants.

On approaching one of these places, I find the water to be apparently without inmates. They had only been alarmed by my approach, which, as I had but little time to spare, was not as cautious as it ought to have been. However, I remained perfectly still, and presently a little fish appeared from below. It was soon followed by a second and a third, and before long a whole shoal of fish were floating almost on the surface, looking out for insects which had fallen into the water.

The day being hot, and with scarcely a breath of wind, the fish soon became quite bold. They did not move beyond the small spot in which they had appeared, but they all had their tails in slight movement, and their heads in one direction, thus showing that although the water appeared to be perfectly motionless, there must be a current of some sort, fish always lying with their heads up the stream, so as to allow the water to enter their mouths and pass over their gills.

If then these sluggish streams were unlike those of Oxford, where the ground is low, and nearly level, how utterly distinct must they be

from those of lilly and especially of rocky localities!

In the earlier part of the present year I was cursorily examining a brook in Cannock Chase, in Staffordshire. Unfortunately, the day was singularly inauspicious, as the sun was invisible, the atmosphere murky, and a fierce north-east wind was blowing, a wind which affects animals, etc., especially the insect races, even more severely than it does man. Even the birds remain under shelter as long as they can, and not an insect will show itself. Neither, in consequence, will the fish be "on the feed."

On a previous visit, we had been more fortunate, trout, crayfish, etc., testifying to the prolific character of the brook, which in one place is only four or five feet in width, and yet, within fifty yards, it has formed itself into a wide and treacherous marsh, which can only be crossed by jumping from one tussock of grass to another; and yet, again, it suddenly spreads out into a broad and shallow torrent, the water leaping and rippling over the stony bed. Scarcely a bush marks its course, and within a few yards it is quite invisible.

As we shall presently see, the brooks of the chalk downs of Wiltshire, and of the regular mixture of rock and level ground, which are characteristic of Derbyshire, have also their own separate individualities.

We shall, however, find many allusions to them in the course of the work, and we will therefore suppose ourselves to be approaching the bank of any brook that is but little disturbed by man. What will be likely to happen to us will be told in the following chapters.

CHAPTER II.

Life-history of the water-rat—No science can stand alone—What is a water-rat?—The voles of the land and water—Their remarkable teeth—The rodents and their incisor teeth—The tooth and the chisel—The skate "iron"—Chewing the cud—Teeth of the elephant—Feet of the water-vole—A false accusation—Water-voles in gardens—Winter stores—Cats and water-voles—Subterranean pioneering—Mental character of the water-vole—Standing fire—Its mode of eating.

PLOP!

A water-rat has taken alarm, and has leaped into the brook.

A common animal enough, but none the less worthy of notice because it is common. Indeed, it is in many respects a very remarkable creature, and we may think ourselves fortunate that we have the opportunity of studying its habits and structure.

There is much more in the animal than meets the eye, and we cannot examine its life-history without at the same time touching upon that of several other creatures. No science stands alone, neither does any animal, however insignificant it may appear to be; and we shall find that before we have done with the water-rat, we shall have had something to say of comparative anatomy, ornithology, ichthyology, entomology and botany, beside treating of the connection which exists between man and the lower animals, and the reciprocal influence of civilisation and animal life.

In the first place, let us define our animal. What is a water-rat, and where is its place in zoological systems of the present day? Its name in science is *Arvicola amphibius*. This title tells its own story.

Though popularly called a rat, the animal has no right to the name, although, like the true rat, it is a rodent, and much resembles the rat in size and in the length and colour of its fur. The likeness, however, extends no further.

The rats are long-nosed and sharp-snouted animals, whereas the water-rat has a short,

blunt nose. Then, the ears of the rats are large and stand out boldly from the head, while those of the water-rat are small, short, and rounded. Again, the tail of the rat is long and slender, while that of the water-rat is comparatively short. Place the two animals side by side, and you will wonder how anyone could mistake the one for the other.

The teeth, too, are quite different.

Instead of being white, like those of the rat, the incisor teeth are orange-yellow, like those of the beaver. Indeed, the water-rat possesses so many beaver-like characteristics, that it was ranked near the beaver in the systematic lists.

Now, however, the Voles, as these creatures ought rightly to be called, are thought to be of sufficient importance to be placed by themselves, and separated from the true beavers.

The voles constitute quite a large group of rodents, including several animals which are popularly ranked among the mice.

One very remarkable characteristic of the voles is the structure of their molar teeth.

Being rodents, they can have but two incisor teeth in each jaw, these teeth being rootless, and so set in their sockets that they are incessantly worn away in front, and as incessantly grow from the base, take the curved form of their sockets, and act much like shears which have the inestimable property of self-sharpening when blunted, and self-renewal when chipped or actually broken off by coming against any hard substance. Were the teeth to be without this power, the animal would run a great risk of dying from hunger, the injured tooth not being able either to do its own work, or to aid its companion of the opposite jaw. Either tooth alone would be as useless as a single blade of a pair of scissors.

There is another notable characteristic of these incisor teeth. If you will examine the incisors of any rodent, whether it be a rat, a mouse, a rabbit, or a beaver, you will see that the tips are "bevelled" off just like the edge of a chisel. This shape is absolutely necessary to keep the tooth in working order. How is this object to be attained?

In the solution of this problem we may see one of the many links which connect art and nature.

Should our readers know anything of carpentering, let them examine the structure of their chisels. They are not made wholly of hard steel, as in that case they would be liable to snap, just as does the blade of a foil when undue pressure is brought to bear upon it. Moreover, the operation of sharpening would be extremely difficult.

So the blade of the chisel is merely faced with a thin plate of hardened steel, the remainder being of softer material.

Now, it is not at all likely that the unknown inventor of the modern chisel was aware of the analogy between art and nature, and would probably have been very much surprised if anyone had stated that he had borrowed his idea from the incisor teeth of the water-rat.

Yet he might have done so, for these teeth are almost wholly formed of ordinary tooth matter, and are faced with a thin plate of hard enamel, which exactly corresponds with the hardened steel facing of a chisel.

Any of my readers who possess skates will find, on examination, that the greater part of the blade is, in reality, soft iron, the steel, which comes upon the ice, being scarcely a fifth of an inch in length. The hardened steel allows the blade to take the necessary edge, while the soft iron preserves the steel from snapping.

Should the skate have been neglected and allowed to become a little rusty, the line of demarcation between the steel and the iron can be distinctly seen. Similarly, in the

beaver and the water-rat, the orange-yellow colour of the enamel facing causes it to be easily distinguished from the rest of the tooth. In most of the rodents the enamel is white, and the line of demarcation is scarcely visible.

Now we have to treat of a question of mechanics.

If two substances of different degrees of hardness be subjected to the same amount of friction, it follows that the softer will be worn away long before the harder. It is owing to this principle that the edges of the rodent teeth preserve their chisel-like form. Being continually employed in nibbling, the softer backing of the teeth is rapidly worn away, while the hard plate of enamel upon the front of the tooth is but slightly worn, the result being the bevelled shape which is so characteristic of these teeth.

As all know, who have kept rabbits or white mice, the animals are always engaged in gnawing anything which will yield to their teeth, and unless the edges of their feeding troughs be protected by metal, will nibble them to pieces in a few days. Indeed, so strong is this instinct, that the health of the animals is greatly improved by putting pieces of wood into their cages, merely for the purpose of allowing them to exercise their chisel-edged teeth. Even when they have nothing to gnaw, the animals will move their jaws incessantly, just as if they were eating, a movement which gave rise to the idea that they chewed the cud.

It is worthy of remark that other animals, which, though not rodents, need to possess chisel-edged incisor teeth, have a similar habit. Such is the hippopotamus, and such is the hyrax, the remarkable rock-haunting animal, which in the authorised translation of the Scriptures is called the "coney," and which in the Revised Version is allowed in the margin to retain its Hebrew name, "shaphan."

The enamel also has an important part to play in the structure of the molar teeth. Each tooth is surrounded with the enamel plate, which is so intricately folded that the tooth looks as if it were made of a series of enamel triangles, each enclosing the tooth matter.

This structure is common to all the members of the group to which the water-rat belongs. It is the more remarkable because we find a somewhat similar structure in the molar teeth of the elephants, which, like the rodents, have the incisor teeth largely developed and widely separated from the molars.

There is nothing in the appearance of the water-rat which gives any indication of its aquatic habits.

For example, we naturally expect to find that the feet of swimming animals are webbed. The water-loving capybara of South America, the largest existing rodent, has its hoof-like toes partially united by webs, so that its aquatic habits might easily be inferred even by those who were unacquainted with the animal. Even the otter, which propels itself through the water mostly by means of its long and powerful tail, has the feet furnished with webs. So has the aquatic Yapock opossum of Australia, while the feet of the duck-bill are even more boldly webbed than those of the bird from which it takes its popular name. The water-shrews (whom we shall presently meet) are furnished with a fringe of stiff hair round the toes which answers the same purpose as the web.

But the structure of the water-rat gives no indication of its habits, so that no one who was unacquainted with the animal would even suspect its swimming and diving powers. Watch it as long as you like, and I do not believe that you will see it eating anything of an animal nature.

I mention this fact because it is often held up to blame as a mischievous animal, especi-

ally deserving the wrath of anglers by devouring the eggs and young of fish.

As is often the case in the life-history of animals as well as of men, the blame is laid on the wrong shoulders. If the destruction of fish be a crime, there are many criminals, the worst and most persistent of which are the fish themselves, which not only eat the eggs and young of other fish, but, Saturn-like, have not the least scruple in devouring their own offspring.

Scarcely less destructive in its own insidious way is the common house-rat, which eats everything which according to our ideas is edible, and a good many which we might think incapable of affording sustenance even to a rat. In the summer time it often abandons for a time the house, the farm, the barn, and seeks for a change of diet by the brook. These water-haunting creatures are naturally mistaken for the vegetable-feeding water-vole, and so the latter has to bear the blame of their misdoings.

There are lesser inhabitants of the brook which are injurious both to the eggs and young of fish. Among them are several of the larger water-beetles, some of which are so large and powerful that, when placed in an aquarium with golden carp, they have made havoc among the fish, always attacking them from below. Although they cannot kill and devour the fish at once, they inflict such serious injuries that the creature is sure to die shortly.

I do not mean to assert that the water-vole is never injurious to man. Civilisation disturbs for a time the balance of Nature, and when man ploughs or digs the ground which had previously been untouched by plough or spade, and sows the seeds of herbs and cereals in land which has previously produced nothing but wild plants, he must expect that the animals to whom the soil had been hitherto left will fail to understand that they can no more consider themselves as the owners, and will in consequence do some damage to the crops.

Moreover, even putting their food aside, their habits often render them obnoxious to civilised man. The mole, for example, useful as it really is in a field, does very great harm in a garden or lawn, although it eats none of the produce.

The water-vole, however, is doubly injurious when the field or garden happens to be near the water-side. It is a mighty burrower, driving its tunnels to great distances. Sometimes it manages to burrow into a kitchen-garden, and feeds quite impartially on the different crops. It has even been seen to venture to a considerable distance from water, crossing a large field, making its way into a garden, and carrying off several pods of the French bean.

In the winter time, when other food fails, the water-vole, like the hare and rabbit, will eat turnips, mangold-wurzel, the bark of young trees, and similar food. Its natural food, however, is to be found among the various aquatic plants, as I have often seen, and the harm which it does to the crops is so infinitesimally small when compared with the area of cultivated ground, that it is not worthy of notice.

Still, although the harm which it does to civilised man in the aggregate is but small, even its most friendly advocate cannot deny that there are cases where it has been extremely troublesome to the individual cultivator, especially if he be an amateur.

There are many hard men of business, who are obliged to spend the greater part of the day in their London offices, and who find their best relaxation in amateur gardening; those who grow vegetables, regarding their peas, beans, potatoes, and celery with as much affection as is felt by floriculturists for their roses or tulips.

Nothing is more annoying to such men than to find, when the toils of business are over, and they have settled themselves comfortably into their gardening suits, that some marauder has carried off the very vegetables on which they had prided themselves.

The water-vole has been detected in the act of climbing up a ladder which had been left standing against a plum tree, and attacking the fruit. Bunches of grapes on outdoor vines are sometimes nipped off the branches by the teeth of the water-vole, and the animal has been seen to climb beans and peas, split the pods, and devour the contents.

Although not a hibernating animal, it lays up a store of food in the autumn. Mr. Groom Napier has the following description of the contents of a water-rat's storehouse:—

"Early in the spring of 1855, I dug out the burrow of a water-vole, and was surprised to find at the further extremity a cavity of about a foot in diameter, containing a quantity of fragments of carrots and potatoes, sufficient to fill a peck measure. This was undoubtedly a part of its winter store of provisions. This food had been gathered from a large potato and carrot bed in the vicinity.

"On pointing out my discovery to the owner of the garden, he said that his losses had been very serious that winter owing to the ravages of these animals, and said that he had brought both dogs and cats down to the stream to hunt for them; but they were too wary to be often caught."

I do not think that the owner of the garden knew very much about the characters either of the cat or water-vole.

Every one who is practically acquainted with cats knows that it is next to impossible to point out an object to a cat as we can to a dog. She looks at your finger, but can never direct her gaze to the object at which you are pointing. In fact, I believe that pussy's eyes are not made for detecting objects at a distance.

If we throw a piece of biscuit to a dog, and he does not see where it has fallen, we can direct him by means of voice and finger. But, if a piece of meat should fall only a foot or two from a cat, all the pointing in the world will not enable her to discover it, and it is necessary to pick her up and put her nose close to the meat before she can find it.

So, even, if a water-vole should be seen by the master, the attention of the cat could not

be directed to it, her instinct teaching her to take prey in quite a different manner.

The dogs, supposing that they happened to be of the right breed, would have a better chance of securing the robber, providing that they intercepted its retreat to the water. But if the water-vole should succeed in gaining its burrow, or in plunging into the stream, I doubt whether any dog would be able to catch it.

Moreover, the water-vole is so clever in tunnelling, that when it drives its burrows into cultivated ground, it almost invariably conceals the entrance under a heap of stones, a wood pile, or some similar object.

How it is enabled to direct the course of its burrow we cannot even conjecture, except by attributing the faculty to that "most excellent gift" which we call by the convenient name of "instinct."

Man has no such power, but when he wishes to drive a tunnel in any given direction he is obliged to avail himself of levels, compasses, plumb-lines, and all the paraphernalia of the engineer. Yet, with nothing to direct it except instinct, the water-vole can, though working in darkness, drive its burrow in any direction and emerge from the ground exactly at the spot which it has selected.

The mole can do the same, and by means equally mysterious.

I may casually mention that the water-vole is one of the aquatic animals which, when zoological knowledge was not so universal as it is at the present day, were reckoned as fish, and might be eaten on fast days. I believe that in some parts of France this idea still prevails.

With all its wariness, the water-vole is a strangely nervous creature, being for a time almost paralysed by a sudden shock. This trait of character I discovered quite unexpectedly.

Many, many years ago, when I was a young lad, and consequently of a destructive nature, I possessed a pistol, of which I was rather proud. It certainly was an excellent weapon, and I thought myself tolerably certain of hitting a small apple at twelve yards distance.

One day, while walking along the bank of the Cherwell River, I saw a water-vole on the opposite bank. The animal was sitting on a small stump close to the water's edge. Having, of course, the pistol with me, and wanting to

dissect a water-vole, I proceeded to aim at the animal. This was not so easy as it looked. A water-vole crouching upon a stump presents no point at which to aim, the brown fur of the animal and the brown surface of the old weather-beaten stump seeming to form a single object without any distinct outline; moreover, it is very difficult to calculate distances over water. However, I fired, and missed.

I naturally expected the animal to plunge into the river and escape. To my astonishment, it remained in the same position. Finding that it did not stir, I reloaded, and again fired and missed. Four times did I fire at that water-vole, and after the last shot the animal slowly crawled off the stump, slid into the river, and made off.

Now in those days revolvers and breech-loaders did not exist, so that the process of loading a pistol with ball was rather a long and complicated one.

First, the powder had to be carefully measured from the flask; then a circular patch of greased linen had to be laid on the muzzle of the weapon, and a ball laid on it and hammered into the barrel with a leaden or wooden mallet; then it had to be driven into its place with a ramrod (often requiring the aid of the mallet), and, lastly, there was a new cap to be fitted. Yet although so much time was occupied between the shots, the animal remained as motionless as a stuffed figure.

When I crossed the river and examined the stump I found all the four bullets close together just below the spot on which the animal had been sitting, and neither of them two inches from its body. Although the balls had missed the water-vole, they must have sharply jarred the stump.

I was afterwards informed that this semi-paralysis from sudden fear is a known characteristic of the animal. It seems to be shared by others of the same genus, as will be seen when we come to treat of the field mice.

In its mode of eating it much resembles the squirrels, sitting on its haunches and holding the food in its forepaws, as if they were hands. I am not aware that it even eats worms or insects, and it may be absolutely acquitted from any imputation of doing harm to any of the fish tribe.

(To be continued.)



TRAILING ARBUTUS.

Century Magazine, 1887

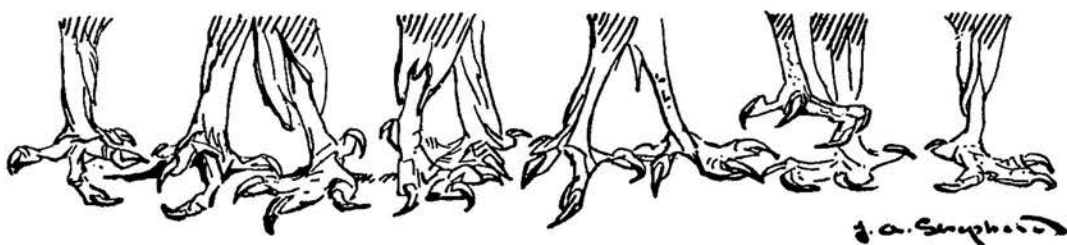


XII.—ZIG-ZAG ACCIPITRAL.

THE accipitral birds are the eagles, the vultures, the falcons, the owls—all those birds that bite and tear unhappy mammals as well as birds of more peaceful habits than themselves. They have all, it will be observed, Roman noses, which may be the reason why the Romans



adopted the eagle as a standard ; as also it may not. They have striking characteristics of their own, and have been found very useful by poets and other people who have to wander off the main subject to make plain what they mean. The owl is the wisecrack of Nature, the vulture is a vile harpy, and the eagle is the embodiment of everything great and mighty, and glorious and free, and swooping and catoptrical. There is very little to say against the eagle, except that he looks a deal the better a long way off, like an impressionist picture or a volcano. When the eagle is flying and swooping, or soaring and staring impudently at the sun, or reproaching an old feather of his own in the arrow that sticks in his chest, or mewing his mighty youth (a process I never quite understood)—when he is doing noble and poetical things of this class at an elevation of a great many thousand feet above the sea level he is

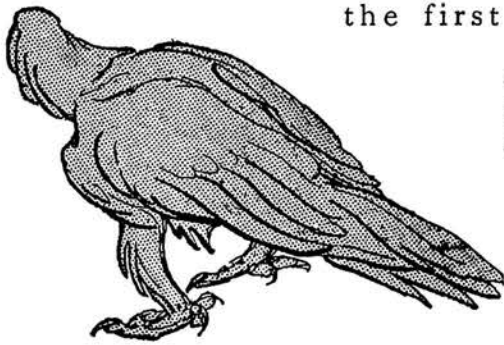


sublime. When you meet him down below, on his feet, much of the sublimity is rubbed off.

There is only one eagle in the world with whom I can claim anything like a confidential friendship, although I know many. His name is Charley. If, after a chat with Bob the Bactrian, you will turn your back to the camel-house and walk past the band-stand toward the eagles' aviaries, you will observe that the first



CHARLEY.



CORNS,—

to take up passengers, and looks out keenly for cats. That is Charley. He is all right when you know him, is Charley, and

I have it on the best authority that there are no flies on him. A rat on the



BUNIONS,—



CHILBLAINS, OR—

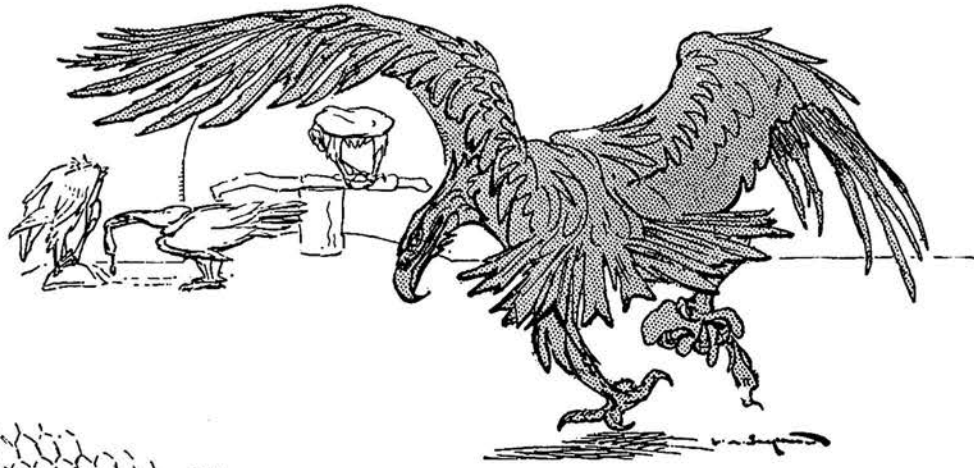
leggedness, and his toe-nails click awkwardly against the ground. This makes him plant his feet gingerly and lift them quickly, so that worthy old ladies suppose him to be afflicted with lameness or bunions, an opinion which disgusts the bird, as you may observe for yourself; for you will never find an eagle in these Gardens submitting himself to be fondled by an old lady visitor. It is by way of repudiating any suggestion of bunions that the eagle adopts a raffish, off-hand, chickaleary sort of roll in the gait, so that altogether, especially as viewed from behind, a walking eagle has an appearance of perpetually knocking 'em in the Old Kent Road. On Charley's next birthday I shall present him, I think, with a proper pearly suit, with kicksies cut saucy over

his walk. An eagle's feet are not meant to walk with, but to grab things. An eagle's walk betrays a lamentable bandy-

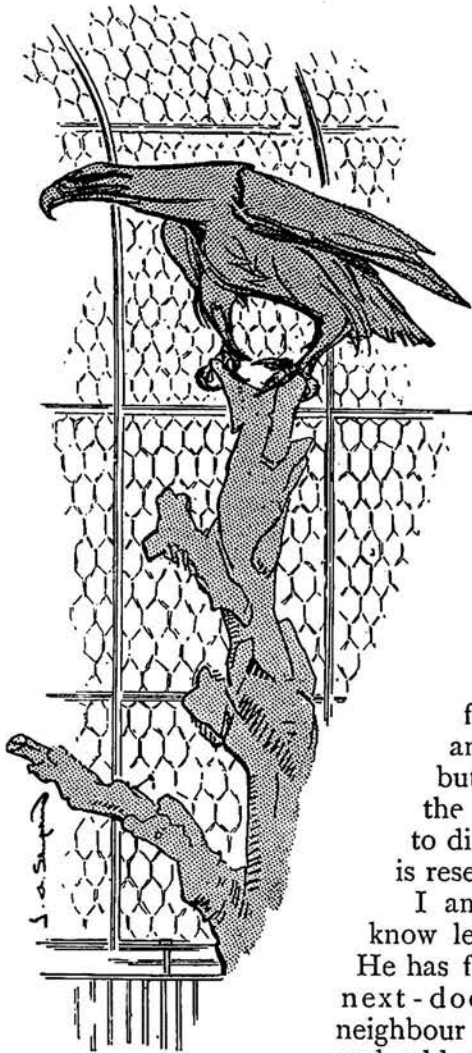
straggle has been known to turn up in this aviary and run the gauntlet of all the cages—till he reached Charley; nothing alive and eatable ever got past *him*. I have all the esteem and friendship for Charley that any eagle has a right to expect; but I can't admit the least impressiveness in



IKINESS?



A PASSING SNACK.



DINNER AHoy!

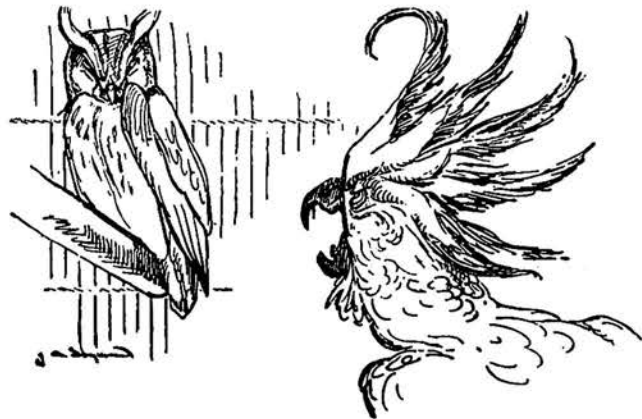
big Triton cockatoo—who abuses him horribly. The fact is, they both occupy a recess which once Cocky had all to himself, and now Cocky bullies the intruder up hill and down dale; although little Scops would gladly go somewhere else if he could, and takes no notice of Cocky's uncivil bawlings further than to lift his near wing apprehensively at each outburst.

He has for next-door neighbour a sad old reprobate — Cocky, the

the trotters, and an artful fakement down the side, if the Society will allow me.

There is nothing in the world that pleases an eagle better at dinner-time than a prime piece of cat. Charley tells me that, upon the whole, he prefers a good, plump, mouse-fed tabby; he adds that he never yet heard of a tame eagle being kept at a sausage shop, though he would like a situation of that sort himself, very much. The stoop of a free eagle as it takes a living victim is, no doubt, a fine thing, except for the victim; but the grabbing of cut-up food here in captivity is merely comic. The eagle, with his Whitechapel lurch, makes for the morsel and takes it in his stride; then he stands on it in a manner somehow suggesting pattens, and pecks away at the hair—if, luckily, he has secured a furry piece. I am not intimate with any eagle but Charley, but I am very friendly with all of them—golden, tawny, white-tailed, and the rest, with their scowls and their odd winks—all but one other of the wedge-tailers, who stays for ever at the top of the tree trunk and looks out westward, trying to distinguish the cats in the gardens of St. John's Wood; he is reserved as well as uppish, and I don't know him to speak to.

I am pretty intimate with many of the owls. The owl I know least is a little Scops owl, kept alone in the insect-house.



UNCIVIL BAWLINGS.



WHAT!



WELL—



DID YOU EVER!



OF ALL THE—!

He and I have not been able to improve our acquaintance greatly, partly because he is out of reach, and partly because Cocky's conversation occupies most of his time.

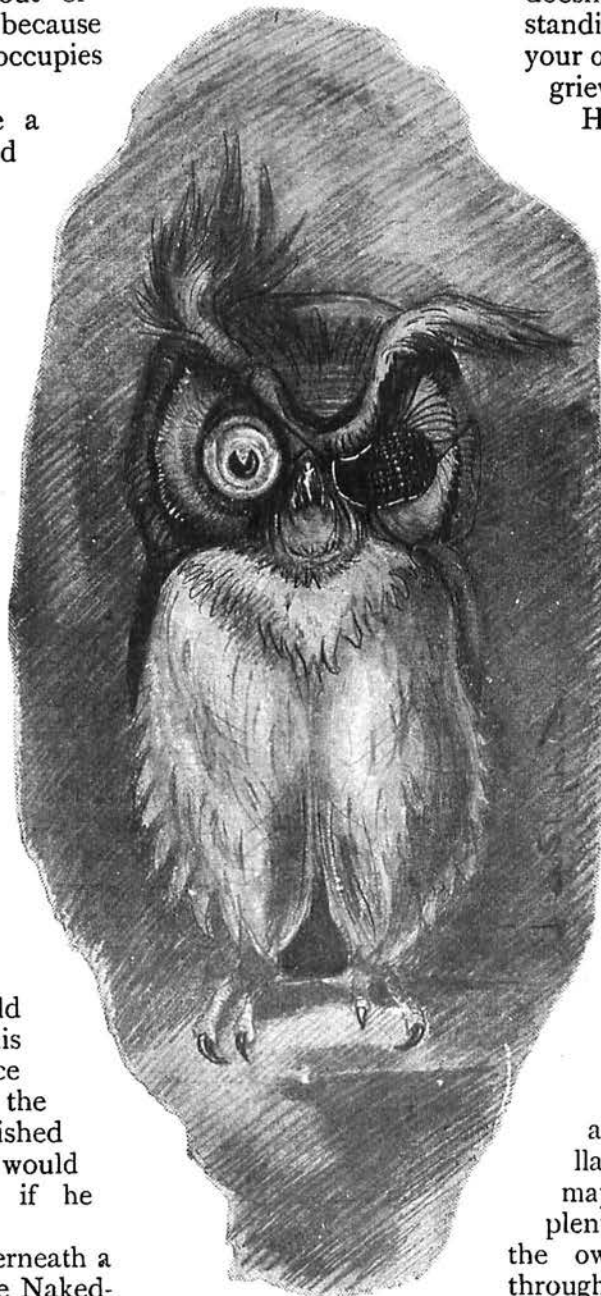
The Zoo owls are a lamentably scattered family. Another Scops owl, with one eye, lives in the eastern aviary, in Church's care. He is a charming, furious little ruffian (I am speaking of the owl, and not of Church), and perfectly ready to peck any living thing, quite irrespective of size. Where he lost his eye is a story of his own, for he was first met with but one. He sits on his perch with a furious cock of the ears—which are not ears at all, but feathers—with the aspect of being permanently prepared to repel boarders; and the only thing that could possibly add to his fierceness of appearance would be a patch over the sight of the demolished eye; a little present I would gladly make myself, if he would let me.

He lives just underneath a much less savage little Naked-foot Owl, who doesn't resent your existence with his beak,

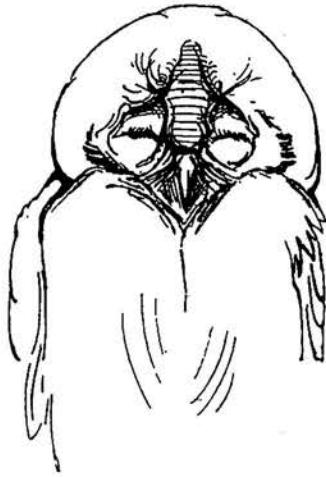
but gazes at you with a most extreme air of shocked surprise. He doesn't attack you bodily for standing on this earth on your own feet—he is too much grieved and scandalized.

He looks at you as a teetotal lady of the Anti-Gambling League would look at her nephew if he offered to toss her for whiskies. He follows you with his glare of outraged propriety till you shrink behind Church and sneak away, with an indescribable feeling of personal depravity previously unknown. Why should this pharisaical little bird make one feel a criminal? As a matter of fact, he is nothing but a raffish fly-by-night himself; and his pious horror is assumed, I believe, as much to keep his eyes wide open and him awake as to impose on one.

The owls' cages proper are away behind the llamas' house, and here you may study owl nature in plenty; and you may observe the owls, like people sitting through a long sermon, affecting various concealments and excuses for going to sleep in



THE SCOWLING SCOPS.



MILKY REPOSE.

parent deception so long that he does it now mechanically, and sleeps, I believe, or nearly so, through the whole process. The oriental owl does it rather differently. He



WHAT A NUISANCE !

carries raw meat with it, like a keeper ; a creature beneath the notice of *Bubo orientalis*.

As a song-bird, the owl is not a conspicuous success.



OH, HANG IT !

so far as his body—his jar or pepper-reservoir—is concerned ; indeed, if he is not disturbed, he sits immovably altogether, and sleeps. When he is disturbed he wakes in

the daytime. The milky eagle-owl pretends to be waiting for a friend who never keeps his appointment. You come upon him as he is dozing away quietly ; he sees you just between his eyelids, and at once stares angrily down the path as if he were sick of waiting, and the other owl already half an hour overdue. Of course there is no owl coming, so he shakes his head testily and half shuts his eyes. If you go away then, he goes to sleep again. If you stay, he presently makes another pretence of pulling out his watch and wondering if that owl is ever coming. He has practised the trans-



IS HE COMING?

doesn't open his eyes when you first wake him—this in order to give greater verisimilitude to his pretence of profound meditation ; he wishes you to understand that it is not your presence that causes him to open his eyes, but the natural course of his philosophical speculations. As a pundit, he disdains to appear to observe you ; so he gazes solemnly at a vast space with nothing whatever for its centre. He sees you, but he knows you for a creature that never

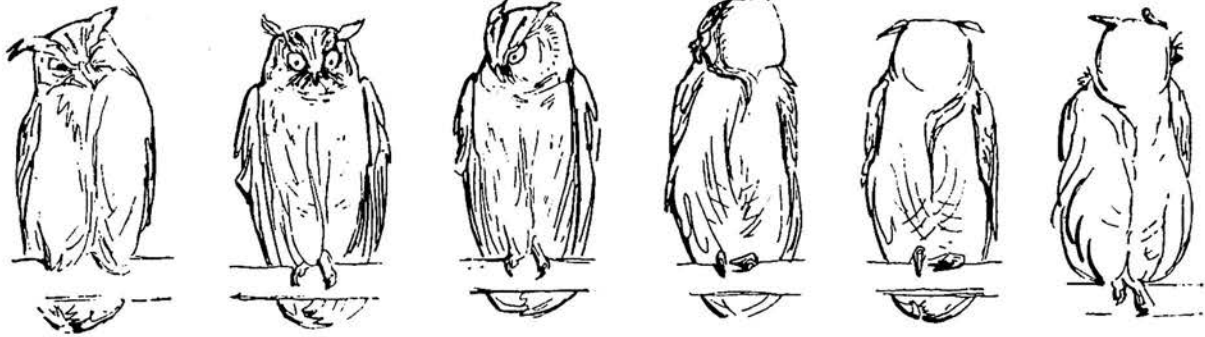


NOT YET ?

Perhaps he has learned this in the Zoo, for he cannot be induced to perform during visiting hours. He is a reserved person, and exclusive.

If you, as a stranger, attempt to scrape his acquaintance, he meets you with an indignant stare—confound your impudence ! Nothing in this world can present such a picture of offended, astounded dignity as an owl. I often wonder what he said when Noah ordered him peremptorily into the Ark. As for myself, I should as soon think of ordering one of the beadles at the Bank.

Many worthy owls, long since passed away as living things, now exist in their astral forms as pepper-boxes and tobacco-jars. They probably belonged, in life, to the same species as a friend of mine here, who exhibits one of their chief physical features. He sits immovably still,



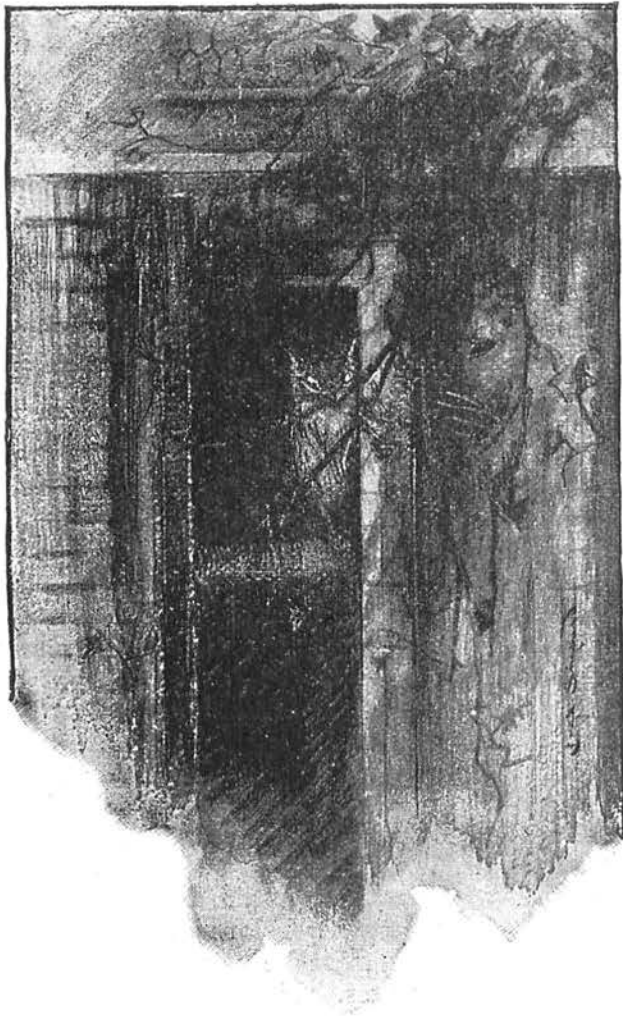
instalments, opening one eye at a time. He fixes you with his wild, fiery eye, his indignant stare. Start to walk round him; the head turns, and the stare follows you, with no movement whatever of the part containing the pepper. The head slowly turns and turns, without the smallest indication of stopping anywhere. I never tempted it farther than once round, but walked back the other way, for fear of strangling a valuable bird. Besides, I remembered an owl pepper-box once,

which became loose in the screw through continual turning, so that the head fell off into your plate, and all the pepper after it.

The biggest owls are the eagle-owls. The eagle-owls here occupy a

similar sort of situation to that of the hermit in an old tea-garden. In a secluded nook behind the camel-house a brick-built cave is kept in a wire cage, which not only hinders the owls from escaping, but prevents them taking the cave with them if they do. The cave is fitted up with the proper quantity of weird gloom and several convenient perches; the perches, however, are indistinct, because the gloom is obvious. In the midst of it you may see two fiery eyes, like the fire-balls from a Roman candle, and nothing else. This is the most one often has a chance of seeing here in bright day. Often the eagle-owls are asleep, and then you do not even see the fireworks. I know the big eagle-owl fairly well; that is to say, I am on snarling terms with him. But once he has settled in his cave he won't come out, even when I call him Zadkiel.

There is nothing much more grotesque than a row of small barn owls, just awakened from sleep and curious about the disturber. There is some-



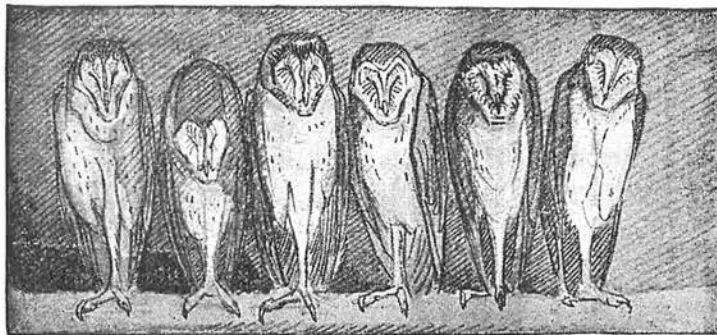
THE EAGLE-OWLS' RETREAT.

thing about the odd gaze and twist of the neck that irresistibly reminds me of an illustration in an Old Saxon or Early English manuscript.

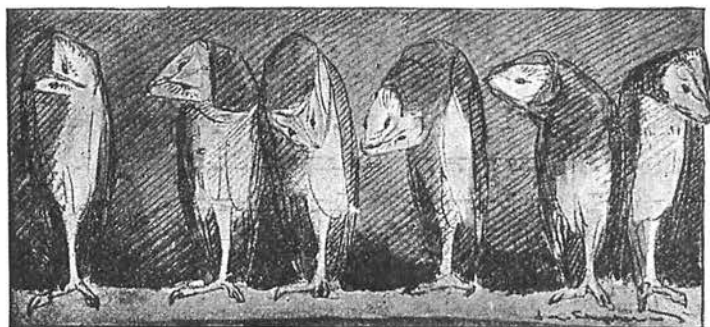
I am not particularly friendly with any of the vultures. Walk past their cages with the determination to ingratiate yourself with them. You will change your mind. There are very few birds that I should not like to keep as pets if I had the room,

but the vulture is the first of them. I don't know any kind of vulture whose personal appearance wouldn't hang him at a court of Judge Lynch.

The least unpleasant-looking of the lot is the little Angola vulture, who is put among the kites; and she is bad enough: a horrible eighteenth-century painted and powdered old woman; a Pompadour of ninety. The large bearded vulture is not only an uncompanionable fellow to look at, but he doesn't behave respectably. It is not respectable



SLEEP.



WHO SAID RATS?

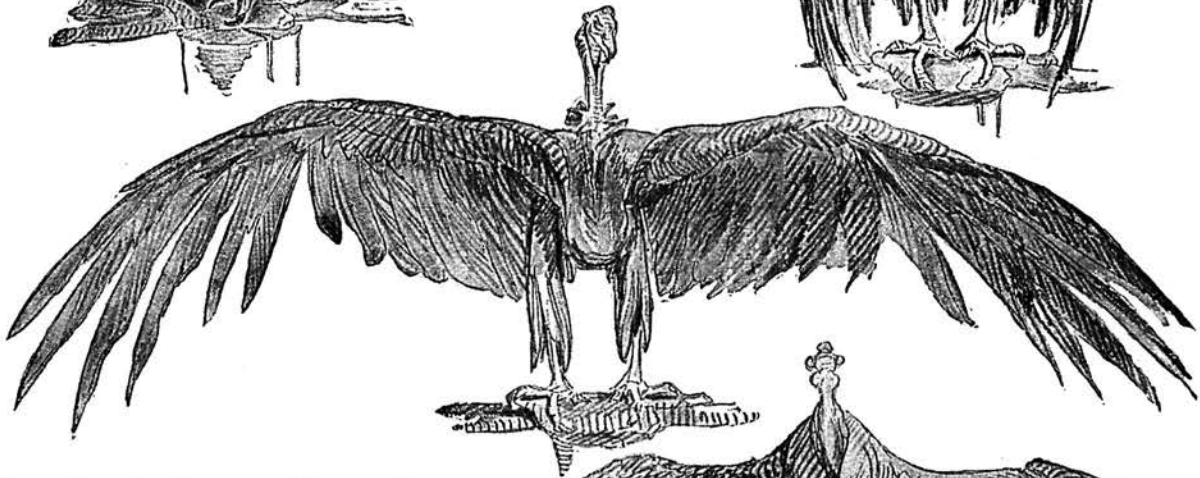
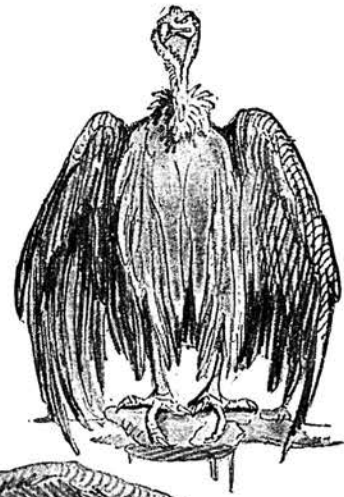
to hurl yourself bodily against anybody looking over a precipice and unaware of your presence, so as to break him up on the rocks below, and dine off his prime cuts. I have no doubt that Self—(Self, by-the-bye, keeps eagles and vultures as well as camels) — has any amount of sympathy for his charges, but who *could* make a pet of a turkey-vulture, with its nasty, raw-looking red head, or of a cinereous vulture, with its unwholesome eyes and its unclean-looking blue wattle? No, I am not over-fond of a vulture. He is always a dissipated-looking ruffian, of boiled eye and blotchy complexion, and you know as you look at him that he would prefer to see you dead rather than alive, so that he might safely take your eyes by way of an appetizer, and forthwith proceed to lift away your softer pieces preparatory to strolling under your ribs like a jackdaw in a cage much too small. He sits there placid, unwinsome, and patient; waiting for you to die. But he has his little vanities. He is tremendously



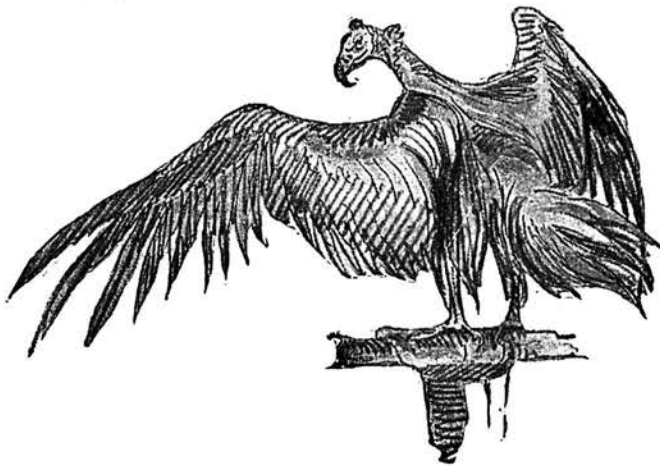
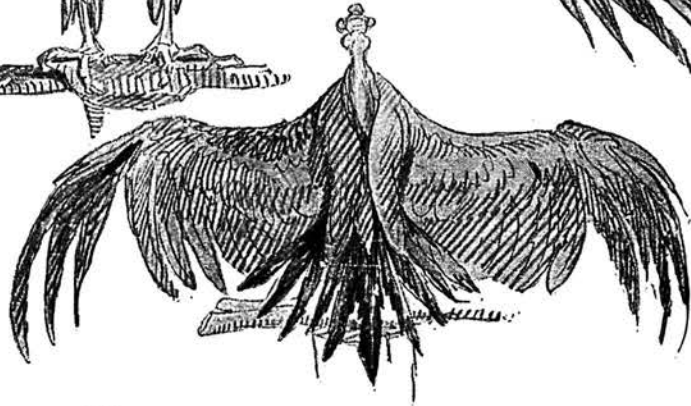
THE ANGOLA.



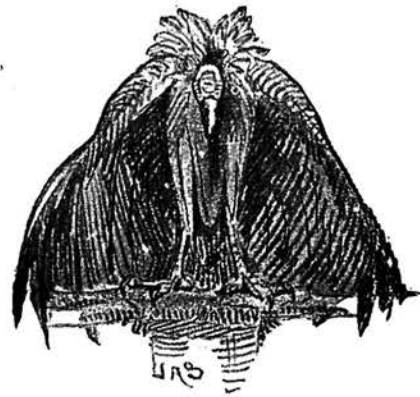
proud of his wings—and they certainly are wings to astonish. On a warm day he likes to open them for coolness, but often he makes this a mere excuse for showing off. He waits till some easily-impressed visitor comes along—not a regular frequenter.



Then he stands up and spreads his great pinions abroad, and perhaps turns about, and the visitor is duly impressed. So the vulture stands and receives the admiration, hoping the while that the visitor has heart disease, and will drop dead where he



stands. And when the visitor walks off without dying the old harpy lets his wings fall open, ready for somebody else.



OYSTERS.

HOW TO PREPARE THEM FOR THE TABLE.



THESE delicious bivalves, furnish a healthful and important article of diet, and the ease with which they may be prepared for the table makes them a favorite with nearly all housekeepers. As to nutritious qualities, oysters do not rank with meat, but they contain substances which are essential to life and health, the most important of which is phosphorus, an element of brain and nerves, coveted by mental activity and nervous excitement.

Being easy of digestion, oysters are not only very proper food for persons of sedentary occupations, but are also well suited to invalids and delicate people.

Like every other luxury, they are frequently spoiled by indifferent cooking. As simple an art as it may seem, very few housekeepers, out of large cities, know how to cook oysters.

In no way is their best flavor so well preserved as by serving them from the shell, raw. They should be kept in a cool place, and eaten as soon as the shell is opened. A pretty way to serve them for company is to take a block of ice and lay on a dish, with a folded napkin under it, then make an excavation in it with a red-hot iron, leaving a solid rim all round the block. Fill up with large, fresh oysters, sprinkled with salt and pepper, and garnished with slices of lemon. Ornament the dish with a wreath of myrtle or holly, and serve immediately.

STEWED OYSTERS.—Put the liquor from the oysters in a sauce-pan and set on the stove; let boil, and skim, then season with butter, pepper and salt, and to each quart of liquor add one pint of cream. When boiling, drop in the oysters, and dish immediately; pour into a tureen in which is a handful of broken crackers.

BROILED OYSTERS.—Dry large oysters on a napkin, season with pepper and salt, and broil on a fine wire broiler. Serve immediately in a hot dish of melted butter.

FRIED OYSTERS.—Take two dozen large oysters, drain off the liquor; have prepared a dish of cracker dust (or corn meal, if preferred), mix in a teaspoonful of salt, take one oyster at a time and roll in the cracker, and lay on a plate; let them stand fifteen minutes, then dip in beaten egg, and again in the cracker, and as before lay in a plate for half an hour; then drop lightly in *boiling* hot lard. Three minutes is the time it should take to brown the oysters. Dish, and serve immediately. Fried oysters, to be palatable, must be cooked and eaten quickly. The oysters should not be touched with the hand as it makes them tough, and all the rolling and dipping may be done with a fork. Oysters are very nice simply rolled in corn meal, or dipped in butter fried. A little baking powder added to either is an improvement.

FRICASSEED OYSTERS.—Take a slice of raw ham, and cut in small pieces, put in a sauce-pan with a pint of broth, the liquor of one quart of oysters, one onion, minced, a little chopped parsley, sweet marjoram and pepper. Simmer twenty minutes, skim, and thicken, add the oysters and a tablespoonful of butter; let come to a boil, and take the oysters out, beat an egg, mix with the hot butter and drop into the pan. Season with salt and pepper, and pour over the oysters. Squeeze in the juice of a lemon, and serve very hot.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS.—Do not drain the oysters, but take them up with a fork. Cover the bottom of a deep dish with a layer of bread crumbs; season with salt and pepper, and put bits of butter over, then moisten with a spoonful of cream. Next place a layer of oysters, then the bread, until the dish is filled. Cover the top

with butter and cream, turn a plate over it, and bake half an hour, then remove the plate and brown the top.

DEVILLED OYSTERS.—Put a layer of raw oysters in a pan, season with cayenne pepper, lemon juice, and salt; mash the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, and beat with them the raw yolks of two more; mix a teacupful of bread crumbs and a tablespoonful of butter, season highly with mustard, spread over the oysters in alternate layers until the pan is full. Set in front over an open grate, and cook until brown.

OYSTER FRITTERS.—Beat two eggs very light, stir in half a cupful of milk, four tablespoonfuls of flour, and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Season oysters with salt and pepper, drop in the batter, and pour a large spoonful at a time into hot lard.

OYSTER PATTIES.—Make a rich paste, and put in a cool place. Put the oysters in a sauce-pan in their own liquor; skim, and add butter and cream with salt and pepper; roll out the paste quickly, and line some small tin with it; put three or four of the oysters in each with as much gravy as it will hold, then cover with a top crust. Bake twenty minutes in a quick oven. Glace over the top with a little sweet milk or a lightly-beaten egg, and set back in the oven for five minutes.

PANNED OYSTERS.—Cut stale bread in thin slices, remove the crust, toast and butter, place the slices in a long pan, moisten them with the oyster liquor; put on each slice as many oysters as will cover it, and then spread with bits of butter; cover with a tin lid, and set in a quick oven seven or eight minutes. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, and serve hot.

OYSTER ROLL.—Cut a round piece six inches around from the top of a loaf of bread, remove the inside from the loaf, leaving crust an inch thick; make a rich oyster stew, and fill the loaf with it and the bread crumbs; glaze the loaf with beaten egg, and place in the oven ten minutes.

WALLED OYSTERS.—Line a deep pan with one quart of well mashed potatoes, glaze it with beaten egg, and set in the oven a few minutes. Put the liquor from one quart of oysters in a sauce-pan, let boil, and add the oysters well seasoned; in five minutes take them out and add to the liquor a teacupful of rich cream, a tablespoonful of butter, and a little flour to thicken. Boil until thick, then put the oysters in the potato paste, and pour the gravy over. Serve immediately.

OYSTER SAUSAGE.—Chop one pint of oysters, with one pound of veal, and half a pound of suet; mix with bread crumbs, and pound; season with salt and pepper, and add a beaten egg; fry in hot lard.

—*Eliza R. Parker.*

ARTICLES FOUND IN A KITCHEN DRAWER.

A small box of matches, a packet of mint,
An inch of wax taper, a small piece of lint,
An empty thread paper, and blue in a bag,
Some cloves and a nutmeg tied up in a rag;
The core of an apple, a cap and a frill;
A needle, two buttons, a mousetrap, and quill;
A card to tell fortunes, a sponge, and a can;
A pen without handle, a small patty pan;
An old rusty penknife, a whetstone, and string;
The rind of a lemon, a new curtain ring;
An apron, two dusters, a large piece of mace;
A dirty jack towel, an old cigar case;
A comb and a thimble, the key of the jack;
A number of pieces of ribbon quite black;
A grater, a skewer, and two ounces or more
Of mix't spice in a paper; the lock of a door;
An onion, a ladle, a crimp for the paste,
An old pair of slippers, a belt for the waist;
Four teaspoons of metal, a large piece of rosin,
A ball of white cotton, and corks by the dozen;
An old pair of scissors, a pill-box, a crust,
A save-all, a pepper-box cased with rust;
A fork, and a teacup without any handle,
A print for the butter, the wick of a candle;
A rolling-pin pasted; besides many more
Things of infinite value were found in the draw'r.

—*Notes and Queries.*



❖ JANUARY. ❖

1	S	Sunday after Christmas.
2	M	Sun rises, 8h. 8m.; sets, 3h. 59m.
3	Tu	Gretina Green marriages abolished, 1857.
4	W	Bishop Berkeley died, 1753.
5	Th	Slavery abolished in United States, 1863.
6	F	Epiphany.—Twelfth Day.
7	S	St. Dystaff's Day.
8	S	1st Sunday after Epiphany.
9	M	(8) Prince Albert Victor born, 1864.
10	Tu	Penny Post introduced, 1840.
11	W	Hilary Law Sittings begin.
12	Th	Sun rises, 8h. 43m.; sets, 4h. 13m.
13	F	Charles James Fox, statesman, b. 1749.
14	S	Battle of Rivoli, 1797.
15	S	2nd Sunday after Epiphany.
16	M	Edmund Spenser, poet, died, 1599.
17	Tu	Benjamin Franklin born, 1706.
18	W	German Empire proclaimed, 1871.
19	Th	Sun rises, 7h. 59m.; sets, 4h. 24m.
20	F	London Docks opened, 1805.
21	S	Louis XVI. guillotined, 1793.
22	S	3rd Sunday after Epiphany.
23	M	William Pitt died, 1806.
24	Tu	Frederick the Great born, 1712.
25	W	Conversion of St. Paul.
26	Th	Gen. Gordon killed at Khartoum, 1885.
27	F	Sun rises, 7h. 49m.; sets, 4h. 37m.
28	S	Capitulation of Paris, 1871.
29	S	Septuagesima Sunday.
30	M	Charles I. executed, 1649.
31	Tu	Sun rises, 7h. 42m.; sets, 4h. 44m.

THE MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quarter, 6th, 11h. 43m. morn.
 New Moon, 13th, 8h. 39m. morn.
 First Quarter, 21st, 4h. 49m. morn.
 Full Moon, 28th, 11h. 19m. aft.

PRINCIPAL ARTICLES OF THE CALENDAR FOR 1888.

Golden Number, 8; Epact, 17; Solar Cycle, 21; Dominical Letters, A G; Roman Indiction, 1; Julian Period, 6601.



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