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BUCKINGHAM PALACE,
GARDEN FRONT.

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LIVING LONDON

ITS WORK AND ITS PLAY
ITS HUMOUR AND ITS PATHOS
ITS SIGHTS AND ITS SCENES

EDITED BY . . .

GEORGE R. SIMS

VOL. I—SECTION I

SPECIAL EDITION, WITH FULL-PAGE REMBRANDT PLATES

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OCT 28 1959



LONDON TYPES: THE SENTRY.

OUTSIDE BUCKINGHAM PALACE: SALUTING THE ST. JAMES'S PALACE GUARD.

(From the Painting by W. B. Wollen, R.I.)



LONDON TYPES: ORIENTALS.

(From the Painting by H. H. Flère.)



LONDON TYPES: ITINERANT MUSICIANS.

(From the Painting by H. H. Flère.)

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AFTER THE REVELS: A SCENE IN COVENT GARDEN MARKET (p. 8).



LIVING LONDON.

PROLOGUE.

By *GEORGE R. SIMS.*

PARTING the great tableau curtains that as yet conceal the stage from view, I step modestly forward to speak the Prologue.

If I have chosen the metaphor of the theatre, it is because in these pages there is to be enacted for us a great human drama. In them we are to find a breathing, pulsing panorama of Living London. Panorama is hardly the word—cinematograph would be a better one, for it is not a London of bricks and mortar that will pass before our eyes, but a London of flesh and blood.

All forms and phases of London life, from the highest to the lowest, will be brought before us. For us the gates of the palace and the prison will fly open, and the West and the East will alike deliver up their mysteries. We shall see the people at their work and at their play; we shall mingle with the coroneted crowd at the Court of the King; we shall stand among the tattered outcasts who wait for admission at the workhouse gates; we shall stroll through the great world of London as it wakes to life with the dawn; we shall wander through its highways and its byways at the darkest hour of night. When the pulse of the City beats quickest, and the streets and the parks are thronged, we shall see life in the twentieth century Babylon in a hundred aspects. We shall follow the fashionable lady to her milliner's, and accompany her in her afternoon calls. We shall do our evening marketing with the workman's wife; we shall do our afternoon shopping with the daughters of Suburbia. We shall push our way with their mothers



through the surging mob of bargain hunters who make a draper's sale something from which the mere man would shrink back appalled.

Wherever London eats, there we shall eat; we shall breakfast with the market-man, lunch with the clerk, dine with Society, and sup with the theatre-goer. We shall join the Londoner in his sports, we shall assist at his amusements. We shall see him as a baby in his little sister's arms on the doorstep, and in his dainty "carriage" in the Park; a ragged urchin at the Council School, and a short-jacketed, high-hatted lad wildly cheering his own particular "blue" at Lord's; we shall pass with him in his youth to the workshop, to the barrack yard, to the merchant's counting-house, and to the Government office; we shall see him married on Easter Sunday for a nominal fee, and we shall see him stand in the flower and palm-decked church at the West where he makes the daughter of a hundred earls his wife. We shall behold him among his fellow Members at Westminster making the laws of his country, and see him among his fellow Hooligans in the Borough breaking them. We shall be accommodated with a seat on the Bench where the bride of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, prays that her union may be dissolved, and we shall sit among the reporters when the magistrate grants the bride of St. John's, Walworth, a separation order. We shall sit with Dives behind the *Times* in the great club window in Pall Mall when his hair is grey; and we shall keep Lazarus company in the workhouse ward when he is "too old at fifty." When the last stage of all is reached a seat will be reserved for us at the memorial service to the Duke at the Chapel Royal, and we shall follow the coster's hearse with the four-wheel cabs and the pony barrows to the parish cemetery.

When a thief is captured and taken to the police station we shall accompany him. A burly policeman guards the door against the intrusion of the public, but we are privileged. We pass inside and the inner life of the police station is revealed to us. We listen to the charge, we watch the plan of procedure, we accompany the prisoner to the cell, we take breakfast with him in the morning, we go with him to the Police Court, we hear the evidence and the remand. The prisoner then disappears from the public view, but not from ours. We leave the Court with him and accompany him to the House of Detention. We only part with him when he receives his sentence; and then it is only a temporary separation, for we shall visit him again while he is serving that portion of his time which is passed in a London gaol.

More pleasant than the Police Station will be the Fire Station. We shall mix with the men, study their life and observe their ways and methods. When the alarm sounds we shall see them spring to their posts, we shall see the horses harnessed, we shall take our place on the engine, we shall dash through the streets while the loud bell clangs its warning to the traffic. We shall pass the cordon of police and be carried right into the circle of flame. There from a coign of safety we shall see the fiery monster wrestled with, throttled and subdued.

There is always a fascination about the unravelling of a mystery, tracking down a criminal and bringing him to justice. We shall see what happens between the time a capital crime is committed and the detectives are set to work and the moment an arrest is made. We shall be present at the preliminary proceedings. We shall remain with the accused until he is brought up at the Old Bailey. We shall be privileged spectators at the trial. We shall mix with Counsel and solicitors, be introduced to the Judge in his private room, and lunch with the civic dignitaries. During the luncheon hour we shall pass down the stairs that lead from the dock and see how it fares with the prisoner. We shall stay at the Old Bailey until the last dread sentence of the law is pronounced, and when we have seen the prisoner taken away to lie for the first time in the condemned cell we shall pass out into the streets, to find the newspaper boys already armed with contents bills, and crying the verdict and sentence.

A babel of strange sounds, a clash of unfamiliar accents, a busy crowd of men and women of alien types and un-English bearing. We are in Cosmopolitan London. The Frenchman, the Italian, the Greek, the Swede, the German, the Jew of the great

Continental cities, and the fezzed hawkers of rubbish from the shores of the Levant, are all to be found in the streets of Soho.

A score of times we may have walked through Soho and wondered at the mixture of races. But now we are to do more than pass on our wondering way. We are to step into the old houses and peep into the strange rooms, to note how these people live and earn their daily bread, to put up with the new arrivals at the hotels that are of all the countries of Europe, to eat in the little restaurants, to spend an evening at the clubs, to study with our own eyes the daily life of this strange colony—"the Continent" in London.

Here is Little Italy. We are in another part of the world, but we are still in London. We have seen the Italian organ-grinder, the Neapolitan woman with the fortune-telling birds, the Savoyard boy with a bright-eyed monkey peering from beneath the frayed jacket of its bearer. We have gone once or twice perhaps to the musical service at the Italian Church, and we have read in the police news of a knife fight between two olive-skinned sons of the Land of Song. But here in Living London we shall know these aliens as they are. We shall go down into their cellars and up into their attics. We shall see the padrone and his "children" gathered together when the work of the day is over. We shall see them in their gala dresses when it is *fiesta*, and learn much of their work and of their play, of their methods and their manners; we shall penetrate that inner life of theirs of which even the policeman who night after night paces the street outside has no idea.

Here are the Docks. Look at that vast crowd waiting at the gates at the first flush of dawn. All sorts and conditions of men are there. We pass in with those who have been lucky enough to be taken on. The man on our right kept his race-horses once, now he is as eager for a day's work as the rough Irish labourer on our left. We see huge trading vessels come in, and we help to unload them; we watch the filling of the vast storehouses with the produce of the world. We stream out with the great army of toil when the day's work is done, and watch the policemen who search suspected men.

We have been fortunate to-day, for we have seen the arrival of a ship laden with flesh and blood for the London slave market. The strange, white-faced, hollow-eyed men and women are Russian and Roumanian Jews. Not a word of English can they speak, but they have come to our crowded city to earn their daily bread. We shall see what happens to them from the time they land with a few shillings in their pockets to the Sunday morning when they stand in the streets to be hired by the sweaters at a wage which makes it a mystery how they can keep body and soul together.

And now we have passed out of the grim silence of despair into a land of sweet sounds. We are wandering through Musical London, and our ears are charmed. The Diva sings for us, the Maestro plays for us. We have our stall at the musical comedy, and we sit with the gods in the gallery of the popular music-hall. At the reception of a Duchess the great pianist performs for us at a fee of five hundred pounds, and in the quiet streets at midnight 'Arry, on his homeward way, beguiles us with the charms of the concertina.

Here is the world of Art that finds its home in London. We wander through the studios. In the Academy we watch the fate of a picture from the day it is sent in to the moment when the proud artist sees it hanging on the line. We see the black and white artists at work on the happenings of the hour; the humble "screever" chalking Lord Roberts on the pavement in a uniform that never was on land or sea; and a golden-ringed Raffaele of eight painting a picture *al fresco*, while his mother goes round with his cap and collects coppers from an admiring crowd.

We shall pass from the court where the children of St. Giles's dance to the piano organ to the court where the children of St. James's dance to the music of the picked instrumentalists of the world; from Famine sitting on its household goods, hurled into the street that its dwellings may be levelled to the ground and stately buildings raised upon the site, to Fashion sunning itself in the Park and parading its magnificent equipages for all the world to see.

All the tragedies and all the comedies of the great city will be acted before us by its

men and women who are "merely players." The diamonds of the West will dazzle our eyes; the rags of the East will bring the tears to them. The kerbstone merchant will offer us his penny toys; the great auctioneers will offer us priceless treasures. We shall follow the people of the world's capital from their up-rising to their down-lying. We shall study them in their childhood and in their old age, in their labour and in their art, in their trades and in their professions, in their work and in their play, in their virtues and in their crimes, in the Temples of their Faith and in the dens of their despair.

With pen and pencil, with camera and snapshot, those who are associated with this work have laid every phase of London life under contribution. Wherever photography has been practicable it has been relied upon, because no other process of reproduction is at once so actual and so convincing. Nearly all the photographs have been specially taken by the Publishers; but in many phases of London life this method of illustration has been impossible, and the artist has been called in. Drawings and sketches have been made where the fixing of a camera was out of the question, and the subject was too big and animated for the snapshot.

And everywhere the aim has been to secure not the dead background but the living figures. They have been taken together in their groups, and separately in their types, but always, where possible, in the environment from which they borrow, and to which in return they contribute, their principal characteristics. Statistics have no place in these pages, the decimal has been delicately kept in the background. The great world of London has been from first to last treated from the point of view of the observant traveller and not from that of the historian; the Londoner has always been studied from the living human document of the present, never from the yellow parchments of the past.

The history of London has been written, the story of its streets has been told, again and again. But the Life of London in all its phases and aspects has never until now been exhaustively attempted.

That no detail may be lacking, no phase overlooked, our writers have been selected for their intimate knowledge of the subjects allotted to them. Many of the names are household words in the literature and journalism of to-day. All have loyally borne in mind the particular purpose of our task. That purpose is to present for the first time to the English-speaking public a complete and comprehensive survey of the myriad human atoms which make up this ever-changing kaleidoscope, the mightiest capital the world has ever seen—Living London in the reign of King Edward the Seventh.



LONDON AWAKES.

By W. PETT RIDGE.



OUT ALL NIGHT.

THE great town is a-bed. A day of busy, crowded hours; a day with strenuous traffic in certain quarters and with easy content in others, a day of the year resembling in these things its three hundred and sixty-four fellows, is exacting its toll, and London, tired of its work and tired of its pleasures, takes a brief space of quiet. The last fight has taken place in Canning Town; the last struggle through crowded staircases in Grosvenor Square is accomplished. There exist no rich or poor, fortunate or unlucky, good or bad, young or old; with closed eyes all are equal, and dreams that come to sport with dormant minds care nothing whether the address be Eaton Square, S.W., or Tod Street, Limehouse. Just for an hour or two the millions of London are all little children. Come with me, and see how London awakes.

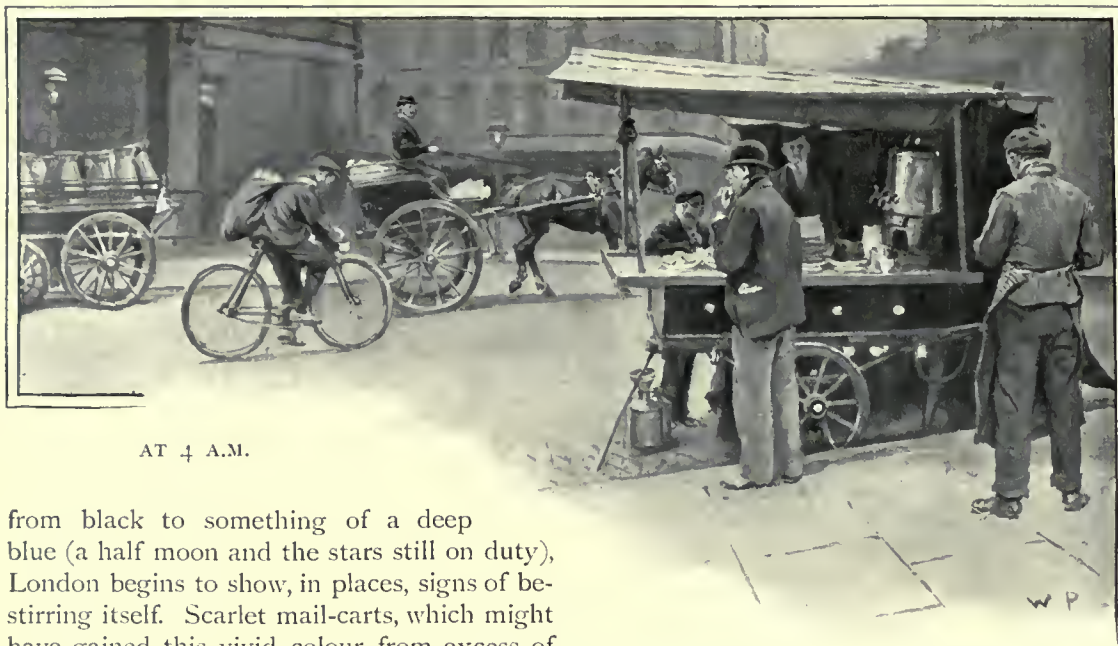
It goes to bed late and rises early: through these few intervening hours the main streets are, in wise parishes, fully lighted, and the wastrel, slipping along, is a king with all these illuminations existing for him and him alone. High-loaded waggons up from the home counties saunter along in a leisurely

way, the carmen relying on their horses for finding the way to the Borough, to Covent Garden, to Spitalfields; a motor-car whirs by with a muffled-up driver sulky at finding so little traffic to disturb. The round light from policemen's lanterns dances from doorways to windows, from windows into areas, goes in butterfly fashion up blind alleys, and sometimes discovering a bundle of rags rests there. The policeman says, not unkindly, "Now then, this won't do, you know," and the bundle of rags replies hoarsely and vehemently, "To think that it's the likes of me that keeps the likes of you," but rolls out all the same, starting off with elaborate pretence of keeping an important engagement, but trundling itself back as soon as the whispered sound of the constable's footsteps has gone.

The hour being four and the sky changing



LATE AND EARLY.



AT 4 A.M.

from black to something of a deep blue (a half moon and the stars still on duty), London begins to show, in places, signs of bestirring itself. Scarlet mail-carts, which might have gained this vivid colour from excess of haste, race along streets that lead to railway stations; milk-carts run chariot races, newspaper carts waiting in the tributary lanes of Fleet Street and the Strand, listening to the grunt and heavy breathing of printing machines, catch the huge bundles that are aimed at them and fly away to keep up the game by throwing them at railway porters. There are but few hansoms in the streets, and the last four-wheeler is ready to rock its way home to a mews when its driver shall have finished his coffee at the stall; but the stations switch on another globe or two of electric light; parcels' offices open; the all-night trams, on the south side of the river, take night workers home and bring early birds to Blackfriars and Westminster.

The bridges that have been but specked with the infrequent cart take a more occupied air, and men with coat-collars turned up, pockets corpulent with breakfast in paper, hurry across from the southern side to poach some odd job that has been overlooked or disregarded by the regular huntsmen. The night loafer, ever growling a recital of some purely imaginary quarrel in which the other party appears to be badly worsted, drifts towards the parks to await the opening of gates and to prepare for daylight slumber, or stirred by some faint memory of early teaching goes to Trafalgar Square and there in the water of the silent fountains dips his head and his hands;

sometimes able to make his toilet more perfect by borrowing from a lady a piece of soap.

The markets have a wide-awake appearance. All night long, the hall in Bow Street has been taking in wooden trays from vans, handled with great tenderness, and from end to end it is a flower garden, pleasantly and invitingly scented, bright and brave with colour, and prepared for the forthcoming inspection.

A public house in Bow Street is open for the market men and for no others, just as others in Fleet Street have been at the call of printers and no one else. To the market comes, for the joy of market men, the young blade who at intervals in winter months gets himself dressed out of all recognition by one of the neighbouring costumiers, and, after a vain endeavour in Covent Garden Theatre to persuade himself that he is a desperate reveller, offers himself (with his companion) as a master in the craft of badinage, an adept in the art of chaffering, and finds these characters as unconvincing as the one he has been endeavouring to assume at the fancy ball. The two parties—workers and drones—contemplate each other as they meet in the hive, and the drones say, "What a hideous bore it would be to have to work for one's living" and the workers remark, "Thanks be! we can do without making guys of ourselves."

Up and down Long Acre cries are heard of "Igher up there, can't you?" and slowly the carts of vegetables and the loads of fruit come nearer to their goal. There are more ways than one of earning a living in London; in each side street near the market, for instance, stands a decent white-aproned, black-bonnetted, matronly woman, whose profession it is to hold whips for the drivers who go into the market; these also act as guides to porters who run along with sieves piled high on heads, shouting hoarsely "Mainwarin'," or some other name. In a few hours' time, at nine o'clock to be precise, all this will vanish; the hose will play on the roadways, and put out the fire of traffic. Eastwards, the City market is opening its shops of meat and poultry; if one could see Smithfield higher north, one would see the frozen sheep coming out of their white linen gowns that they have worn for the better encouragement of coolness.

The morning is chilly and you will not, I am sure, mind hurrying as we go down towards the river. The white-lighted Strand has hansom cabs on a rank near Waterloo Bridge, but I think we had better walk. The corner of Arundel Street is busy with newspaper carts — a little agility evades disaster. The sky has changed again and there is light in the east now, wherefore the river with a high tide looks like silver with a dark background of warehouses on the Surrey side, where a haze of smoke goes up from tall chimneys. A tug with white light forward and green light at stern takes half-a-dozen barges and, puffing out importantly, conveys them up river; and this seems such a good idea that three other tugs imitate the example, the barges rolling uneasily as who should say, Why on earth can't you let a barge alone to finish its sleep? Outside Blackfriars Station, and near the statue of Queen

Victoria, the last touch of cleansing City streets is being done by furious drenching, the hose crawls about the street sinuously, giving here and there a squirt into the air. Looking back one sees the fine Embankment fringed with lamps; lights in some of the top rooms of the giant hotels seem to mingle with the stars.

We will not go to St. Martin's-le-Grand, lighted and



IN COVENT GARDEN MARKET.

busy; instead, we will hurry to the City side of London Bridge, where, even at this hour, lazy men lean on the coping, to become exhausted with the strain of watching those at work in the ships below. Steamers are unloading their contents, cranes whine at the necessity for early labour, and men, with leathern knots that give to their heads a useful flatness, go with crates of bananas along a gangway to disappear in warehouses.

Here, parallel with the river and running under the Christian name of Upper or Lower, from St. Paul's Station to the Tower, is Thames Street, with traffic that crams the street as meat in a sausage skin.

We are early for Billingsgate, but everywhere is a fresh, interesting scent of fish; everywhere open cases dripping with melted ice; gas is flaring at the shell-fish establishments. If you have corns, prepare to guard them now. The heated men who come out from the wet, sloppy, slippery riverside market, their thick, broad-brimmed reeking hats loaded, have no time for the nicer refinements, and any protest will show clearly enough that the traditional flow of language has been handed down unimpaired to the new century.

You will be glad to go on eastwards, past the fine approach to the Tower Bridge, whose red lights



MORNING TOILET (TRAFALGAR SQUARE).

warn the river that its bascules are down—the Tower itself we shall see better presently—past the entrances to the first docks and in the direction of St. George Street, East, once known under the name of Ratcliff Highway. St. George Street, East, is sparingly lighted, but you will see that it is endeavouring to atone for a speckled past. Gone are the dancing saloons, gone are most of the murky-looking money-changers; in their place are mission rooms, with invitations in half-a-dozen languages, and a Salvation Army shelter. Men come out of the riverside houses, and, closing doors quietly, set off at a run; the younger men startle the air with a whistled tune. A small girl of about twelve hurries to

work north into Commercial Road with a mouth organ for only company and quite content.

Every ten minutes makes a change, and the gas lamps in Shadwell have the shy look of a man in evening dress at daytime. Not that it is yet light. A slight mist has strolled up from the river, and hangs over the docks, so that men coming in opposite directions blunder against each other. Up a side street where, in lighted rooms, foreign tailors are already at work, into Commercial Road with high-stacked loads of hay lumbering along and workmen's trams, blue and yellow, equally well loaded and sailing Aldgate way.

The sky has taken a lighter blue now with flecks of white clouds, and the gas lamps and the electric light go out. The pavement near Aldgate Station is crowded, and here newspapers are on sale—the hour is now a quarter to six; on the opposite side the butchers' shops are open with a line of stark sheep from end to end. With the hurrying workmen (some of whom go into the station to take the first train Hammersmith way), the red handkerchief bundle still

remains, but it has been partly ousted by a neat little wicker-basket carried under the arm; plus sometimes a blue-enamelled can. The younger men, although in a perspiring haste, stop for a moment to inspect the picture of a gentleman (who is evidently no gentleman) securing the head of an amiable-looking youth in the guillotine; this illustrates the week's melodrama at the local theatre. In a quiet crescent off the Minorities an aproned youth at the Deutscher Gasthof cleans windows, and constables from the new police-station watch him with the air of men to whom any incident is welcome.

Here, as the directories say, is the Tower of London. The Tower stands out grey and white, clean cut and stately against the morning light of the eastern sky; in the budding trees that fringe the deep dry moat, birds sing as loudly as a street boy whistles, glad to be alone and easily deluding themselves into the belief that they are in the country. Indeed, one feels the bracing freshness of the morning air; one realises that Nature gives London and the country a fair start, and that London defiles the air as the day wears on. A tired red-haired soldier makes for the gate that leads to the river side, and has argument with the sentry there. On towards Billingsgate again, where the railway vans, loaded with loose turbot sprinkled with ice, are now crowding by-streets that lead up to Eastcheap, and, if you can spare a minute, come down to the Custom House Quay. The pigeons, disturbed, fly away, but return quickly under the impression that, where men are, there must be lunch and consequently crumbs of bread for honest birds to eat. A poster says that the Watermen's and Lightermen's Asylum for Wives and Widows has five vacancies—may it always have vacancies and never a hard-up wife or a disconsolate widow for candidate.

Watermen and lightermen are at work now out on the river: barges in the Pool are being aroused, and men shout from the river-side to men at mid-river, and somehow contrive to make themselves intelligible to each other. The *Batavier III.*, of Rotterdam, white fun-



REST BEFORE
WORK.

nelled and blue decked, goes out from the quay, under the slight control exercised by an unwinding rope, and down the river, the two bascules of the Tower Bridge lifting themselves politely to let her through. Near the Mansion House, which has on its walls an announcement signed Edward R. and I., the lighted subways are open, but are not required, for one can cross the space with as much safety as one would go over a country meadow. True, a railway van goes by, and still the newspaper vans race along, but those who know the crowded space by day would scarce recognise it now. A mail van returns from London Bridge, and half-a-dozen postmen wearing their empty canvas bags as scarves run after it, and get a lift to St. Martin's-le-Grand.

Along Cheapside the earliest housekeepers are beginning to fill the zinc tubs that stand by the kerb; they shake mats dustily, a work that the City laws will not permit at a later hour. Smoke, high up, goes from the chimneys; and the cheaper refreshment places, that advertise beef puddings same as mother makes, unlock their doors and light the circle of gas-jets underneath copper urns. Junior clerks mingle with the increasing arrivals in Holborn, and a few cyclists occupy the road-

way. From below the Tube stations send up now and again lift-loads of passengers, who give a black patch that quickly breaks up into units.

Away in the minor suburbs, where London mainly lives, servants are being implored to get up like good girls and see to master's breakfast, otherwise he will be late for the City, and goodness alone has knowledge of what will happen then; athletic young men and women are going out on their bicycles. In town, the Serpentine is engaging the attention of a few men whose houses presumably are not fitted with bath rooms; the gates of the Green Park and Battersea Park and Finsbury Park and Victoria Park have been unlocked. Workmen's trains arrive crowded and fast at every railway station; and near Liverpool Street a hospitable church is open that girls, who come up from West Ham in time to avail themselves of the cheap fares, but too early for work, may find retreat for an hour; yellow 'buses and red 'buses and trams of all colours come out of yards, their horses fresh and eager for the day's work. Coffee stalls are closed up, and, business over, go home. Broad daylight now, and the time

going quickly. A quiet hum of conversation starts, prelude to the noisier chorus to come later; piano organs are dragged by ladies in Italian costumes, who speak the purest language of Clerkenwell, to arouse somnolent by-streets. Everyone is a weather prophet and declares that we are in for another fine day; rings of smoke from cigarettes remain for an undecided moment in the crisp fresh air.

The asphalted roadway in front of the Mansion House is no longer the open space that it was an hour or so ago; 'buses are going east to west, north to south, and City trains run almost buffer to buffer in their anxiety to bring up for the day's work reinforcements of silk-hatted regiments who, centreing at the Mansion House, go off hurriedly armed with their little brown bags to occupy offices in a hundred by-streets. At Westminster the king of clocks chimes in its impressive way the hour, and Gog and Magog in Cheapside intimate agreement. London, at which we grumble sometimes, but of which we allow no one else to complain; this great, overgrown, clumsy, good-tempered town, that some of us love with the affection we give to our mothers, London is awake.



OUTSIDE THE MANSION HOUSE, 9 A.M.

IN LONDON BARRACKS.

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.



"SENTRY-GO."

AS dawn approaches the sentry at the London barrack gate counts the moments to the hour of relief. This is probably his last spell of "sentry-go," and he has nothing more to do but to stand at arms with the rest of the guard when reveille sounds, and to clean himself decently against dismounting guard.

It has been a tedious and trying time, marching to and fro on his short beat for two hours out of every six, lounging in the guard-room in idle talk with his comrades, always prompt to answer the startling summons, "Guard turn out!" whether for inspection, or to pay a proper compliment to some passing superior officer. But this tour of guard will not return for a week or so; for "six nights in bed," as the saying goes, is about the average of the London Guardsman's escape from "sentry-go," whether at Chelsea, St. George's, or Wellington Barracks, or at the Palaces or the Tower.

Reveille sounding is the barrack alarm clock. It wakens the whole interior to active life. A single trumpeter in the mounted regiments standing alone in the barrack square has blown out the brazen "rouse"; in the Foot Guards a bugler or two, in some regiments the band of drums and fifes, have signalled the start of another day. The hour varies according to the seasons; from 5.30 a.m. to 6 a.m. in the summer, and in autumn or winter never later than 6.30. The trumpets sound "stables" at 6 a.m. in summer, at 6.30 in winter, and this, the grooming and feeding of his charger, and the cleansing of the stall, are always the cavalry soldier's first care.

Inside the barrack rooms, although men

may yawn and grumble and hesitate to turn out, there is no more sleep after reveille, and great stir and turmoil prevail on every side. The sergeant or corporal in charge of each room is already on the alert, girding at the laggards, rousing them out by name, if needs be by force, with emphatic cries of "Turn out, turn out! Show a leg!" and very soon the room is busy as a hive. Personal ablutions come next, and the men take it in turn to visit the general lavatory or Ablution Room to sluice and scrub themselves into fresh, clean, morning vitality, and the toilette is completed or postponed according to the duty immediately ahead. If there is to be an early parade for adjutant's or more important drill, in the square, or further afield in one of the parks, then it is finished once and for all; if not it awaits the greater leisure after breakfast.



SOUNDING REVEILLE (CHELSEA)



“MARRIED” QUARTERS (CHELSEA).

The prudent soldier prepares betimes for turning out in full fig. His belts, which are cleaned overnight, are already white and spotless as pipeclay on the most approved recipe can make them. A little elbow grease will give the last burnish to all metal and brass work; clothes are brushed and brushed again, and boots, the soldier's pride, blackened and polished till you can see your face in them. If there be no parade there is certainly guard mounting, and in the Household Cavalry Royal escorts have constantly to be provided for. In this last case the work and preparation entailed are really severe. Man and horse between them give superabundant work for a single pair of hands; *esprit de corps* demands absolute perfection in every detail. The Life Guardsman has his cuirass, which must shine like silver; his white leather breeches, which must be without a crease; his great jackboots, which must be as glossy as patent leather. As for the horse, it must be groomed till its coat is like a racer's, every hair in mane and tail must be combed out as carefully as a beauty's by her lady's maid. Saddlery and trappings, bridle and chains, all must be scrupulously clean.

It is a gallant sight when the escort parades for final inspection, embodying all the pomp

and circumstance but little of the matter-of-fact side of grim-visaged war. A crowd of regimental idlers collects round the barrack-room door with admiring pride at the fine military spectacle. Men indeed have been known to carry a comrade in their arms and deposit him in his saddle lest some speck should fall

upon him in mounting and mar the perfection of his appearance. It is said that sometimes the blacking brush is carried round the ranks to give the last touch when the men are on horseback, or the adjutant himself will condescend to remove dust from the soldiers' boots with his pocket handkerchief.

Meanwhile the morning business is progressing in barracks, and—apart from drills for instruction or punishment, or the morning exercise for the horses of cavalry, in “watering order” without show, that is to say—is largely of the housekeeping order. The “orderly men” for the day have been marched by a corporal to the quartermaster's stores to draw the day's rations. Already the meat has been inspected by the officer of the day assisted by the quartermaster, the joints have been apportioned amongst the messes, and they are carried on to the regimental kitchen. The breakfast bread, hot and fresh as the soldiers love it, is brought to the barrack room, and here the housemaids so to speak, the fatigue men whose business it is to sweep and furbish up the one living room, have got the place ready for the morning meal. The trestle tables which are reversible have been scrubbed and scrubbed again upon one side, and this is

turned downward except on special occasions, such as the Captain's inspection, but the other is the workaday side for constant use.

Now a little before 7.45 a.m. the basins for breakfast coffee have been set out by the orderly man, the bread ration, baked usually in 4 lb. loaves, has been divided up so as to give each soldier his share, one pound per diem, which he eats as he pleases now or at dinner, and any bread that is over he keeps upon his shelf with his fork stuck into it as proof of ownership. The regulation breakfast is no more than bread and coffee, but all who can command the funds lay in something from the canteen; it may be a scrap of butter or some jam, for the young soldier has a sweet tooth, or bacon, brawn, sausage, eggs, and even cheese.

After breakfast comes a spell of leisure, not quite of idleness, for the men sit round to peel the potatoes for dinner, and then "soldiering" demands their full energies. To "soldier" is to clean and polish accoutrements, to give the last touch to the folding of great coat, the brushing of the bearskin, the shine of the helmet. Parade is near at hand, the principal function of the day: "Commanding Officer's parade," at which all must appear punctiliously neat and properly dressed, for keenly observant eyes will detect the tiniest flaws. Parade is long or short as the Colonel has decreed; he may be bent upon a field day which will take the time from 9.30 a.m. to a late dinner at half-past one, or he may dismiss the men after an inspection or a short drill in the barrack-yard. "Orderly Room," or "Office," follows: the C.O. sits in judgment upon offenders, meting out pains and penalties for breaches of discipline, and the culprits are "billed up," sentenced to be confined to barracks for a term with "pack drill,"

or locked up in the punishment cells for the inside of a week according to the nature of the wrong-doing and the character of the man. Well for him who has a "clean sheet,"—no entry in the Defaulters' Book, or record of previous "crimes"—he may go scot free. Not so the old delinquent, whose cup may be full, and who will perchance be put back for court martial, or in the Household Cavalry summarily dismissed from the corps.

The dinner hour opens up a pleasanter prospect, and midday marks the broad distinction between business and relaxation. It is a wholesome, plentiful meal, but as a rule it is served to the private men in their barrack-rooms without much luxury. Fatigue men bring over from the cook-house the steaming can of soup (on soup days), the baked or boiled meat in a tin dish, the potatoes in their net; the soup is poured into the basins standing ready, the meat is not carved but hacked into equal portions as nearly as possible, with a due proportion of bone and scraps to each mess. Sometimes these portions are distributed by lot; one man with his back turned is asked, "Who takes this?" and as he names the recipient it is given out. There is no table-cloth, no soup-plates are provided, no chairs, only hard benches, no tumblers or drinking cups, for by



AN OFFICER'S QUARTERS (THE TOWER).

immemorial usage the soldier takes no fluid with his solid food. There is a pretty general exodus to the canteen directly after the meal. At this, the regimental bar and general supply store, it is forbidden to sell fermented liquor until high noon, but from now till 9.30 it is open to all but "defaulters," and those who, particularly on pay day, have obviously imbibed too much. The barrack-room is left to the maid of all work—the orderly man, who washes up, scrubs, and sweeps out the place.

The life of the officer runs on very different lines. Although he is charged with the command and care of his men, in the Foot Guards he is little associated with them,

houses, or chambers, or with their families as they please. They are seen constantly on foot or in whirling hansom wending to and from their duty always spick and span in full-dress or undress, for the utmost punctilio as to smartness in appearance is strictly observed.

Officers in the Life Guards and Blues make their home in barracks, whether at Albany Street or Knightsbridge, and it is a humble, unpretending home at best. One modest room, plainly furnished, suffices for men who are soldiers first, ready to rough it



RECREATION ROOM (WELLINGTON BARRACKS).

except on parade, or on guard, or when orderly officer. As the last-named it is his business to inspect the rations early, to visit the barrack-rooms at the dinner hour, to attend the Colonel's morning "office" or orderly-room, and speak to the character of prisoners charged with military offences. There is no mess for the Foot Guards in London except at the Tower; but the Guards' Club in Pall Mall serves as such, and is counted within bounds for those on guard at St. James's Palace hard by. Again, except at the Tower, no officers in the Foot Guards have quarters in barracks, but live at home in their own

and take their full share of knocks as we saw in the South African war, and, next, gentlemen of fashion and, perhaps, great fortune. The mess is, of course, well mounted, but it is on the lines of any private household, and the officers of the Household Cavalry sit down at the dinner in plain black evening clothes, save only the orderly officer, who never leaves barracks during his tour of duty except for a ride in the Park. The idea of the plain clothes is that, without being obliged to change, they may take part in the social life and gaieties of the fashionable world of London. The officers of the Foot Guards, as already stated, have no mess in London except at the Tower, where mess dress is worn.

There is another aspect of military life in London—the domestic, that of the limited



Photo: Archer, Kensington.

SELLING A DESERTER'S KIT.

class who have embarked in matrimony. This, of course, applies to the soldier, not the officer, for the latter is perfectly independent as regards marriage, unlike his comrades in foreign armies, who are under many restrictions. Permission to marry is scantily granted to the men of our modern short service army. The "establishment" does not exceed three or four per cent. for private men, but the average is larger for non-commissioned officers, and many conditions are imposed before leave is obtained. The bride-elect must be of respectable character, the intending Benedict must have seven years' service, must show a couple of good conduct badges, and own money in the Regimental Savings Bank.

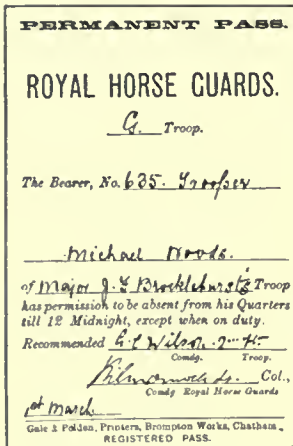
Many privileges are, however, accorded in return, including quarters graduated in number to the family as it arrives, or lodging money in lieu.

The private soldier, if he be a well-conducted man, thoroughly drilled and competent in his duties, has generally the greater part of the afternoon to himself. The exception is when a second parade has been ordered, or his turn has come for "fatigue." The parade is for the instruction of others; he is wanted to make up the strength of a battalion or squadron at which recruits, officers, and men are taught some of the higher manœuvres, or he has to take his share of carrying forage to the stables, or "carrying coal." This last is a "black job," justly unpopular with all, for it is hard labour enough; the boxes when filled are heavy, and the coal dust sticks. Long before tea roll at 4.30 p.m., or thereabouts, all such work is generally over for the day. The tea meal has been but a Barmecide feast—tea and dry bread—possibly supplemented, as at breakfast, by those who do not purpose to leave barracks; but the soldier as a rule



OFFICERS AT MESS (THE TOWER).

greatly prefers to go out into the town, and he will, if he is in funds, treat himself to tea or strong drink, or some sort of supper at restaurant, chop-house, or tavern. There are



A SOLDIER'S PASS.

Entertainments and variety shows are provided in the canteen, which becomes a private music-hall. But the men greatly hanker after change of scene and relaxation from restraints—slight enough perhaps, but still felt as checks on freedom.

Accordingly when tea is done, and all traces of dust and dirt have been removed, with chin fresh shaved, and hair well arranged under the forage cap smartly cocked, spotlessly neat and clean, with "swagger stick" in hand, Atkins issues forth and, passing the ordeal of the gate sergeant's minutely critical eyes, seeks his pleasure abroad. London is

full of inducements offered nowadays to remain at home—a well-chosen supply of books, papers, and magazines in the regimental library, with games, such as chess, draughts, billiards (cards are forbidden), and simple refreshments in the recreation room.

Now, quiet almost, and unbroken, has settled down upon the barracks. They are nearly empty; only as night draws on, men, save those on "pass" or special leave, begin to drop in one by one. Sometimes a man will "stay absent" to sleep off the drink, and return next day; yet again the absence sometimes is of *malice prepense*, the truant is resolved to forswear himself and desert his colours. When this absence has lasted long enough to constitute desertion he is struck off the rolls and his kit is sold.

By degrees the room has filled; there is much talking and light-heartedness, rough chaff, the interchange of gossip as to the doings of the day, as the men throw off their things and betake themselves noisily to their beds. The non-commissioned officer in charge will wisely give sufficient licence at this the closing hour, satisfied if, as the first warning note of "Lights out," the long drawn "G," echoes through the silent square all are seen to be settling down to rest. With the second "G" few voices are heard, at the third nasal sounds predominate, and the tired soldier has finished another day of service under the King in London.



ASLEEP.



A SALVATION ARMY WEDDING.

MARRYING LONDON.

By *MRS. BELLOC-LOWNDES.*

IN one matter London may safely be asserted to be quite unlike Heaven, for nowhere is there more marrying or giving in marriage. The mere wedding statistics compare favourably—or from the misogynist's point of view unfavourably—with every other great city in the world, while not even in the capital of the land of the stars and stripes is there to be found a greater diversity of hymeneal ceremonies. In no European town, moreover, can a marriage be celebrated at less cost and with less "fuss" than in London, or with more pomp, and, from a pecuniary point of view, more extravagant splendour.

Every kind of wedding, whether celebrated in Hymen's classic temple, St. George's, Hanover Square, in the now more fashionable St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, amid the matter of fact surroundings of a Registrar's office, or in one of the characteristically plain meeting-houses of the Society of Friends, exercises a curious fascination on a London crowd. A really great marriage—where the contracting parties are well known in political or social life—will bring together thousands of eager sightseers, who will stand patiently for hours outside the church where the ceremony is about to take place, in order that they may

catch a glimpse of the blushing bride and gallant bridegroom; and few men and women hurrying to daily work or pleasure but will



*Photo. Foxton,
Wigmore St.*

A BICYCLE WEDDING.

pause a moment to watch the passage of even a humble wedding party.

As we have said, St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, is now the most fashionable church, but those noble dames who belong by feeling and tradition rather to the 19th than to the 20th century, still prefer St. George's, Hanover Square; and no other London church can show a more interesting marriage register, for there took place many of the more notable weddings of the Victorian era. It was at St. Paul's that were first permitted the rehearsals which now precede some fashionable weddings. Many of those who admire the gracefully-composed fashion in which not only bride and bridegroom, but the whole wedding party, go through what after all is a somewhat intricate performance, are unaware that every step of the proceedings, with the exception of the actual wedding ceremony, may have been carefully rehearsed by the whole party.

Of late years flowers have played an increasingly important part at great Society weddings; sums varying from £100 to £1,000 being expended on the floral decorations of the church and of the house where the reception is held. It has also become a habit for the bride and bridegroom to present a piece of plate to the church in which they were married. At one time it was usual to provide for the execution of a very elaborate musical programme during the ceremony, but this was in the days when fashionable weddings still took place in the morning; now the actual service is as short as possible.

At military weddings a pleasing feature is the presence, of course in full uniform, of the non-commissioned officers and men belonging to the gallant bridegroom's regiment. Tall, well-proportioned warriors are naturally chosen to fill the important office of lining the aisle, and their scarlet uniforms form a brilliant background to the bridal *cortège*.

In almost violent contrast to the West-End London wedding is the multiple ceremony as constantly performed east of St. Paul's, and in the poorer quarters of the great city. A batch wedding, as for lack of a better term it may be styled, is quite a feature of slum life, though probably there are tens of thousands of Londoners who are unaware that such a ceremony can be legally per-

formed. Perhaps the batch wedding is only a survival of other and less reverent days, when the notorious Alexander Keith, the incumbent of St. George's Chapel, Hyde Park Corner, actually advertised his quick performances of the marriage ceremony. On one occasion, in the March of 1754, he married sixty couples—a day's record before which pales even that of the Rev. Arthur W. Jephson, of St. John's, Walworth, who has, however, in the course of his ministrations, joined together over 8,000 couples. Mr. Jephson is a hard-working clergyman, and it is his misfortune, not his fault, that he has sometimes united as many as forty-four couples, the same Marriage Service serving for them all, though the actual binding words were in every case uttered separately by each couple. Nowadays this marrying in batches is discountenanced by some of the clergy, but time was when "Penny Weddings" (so-called because in those days each of the contracting parties paid this modest sum for the privilege of being united in the bonds of matrimony) were encouraged rather than otherwise. The "Penny Wedding" is of the past—a fee of about six shillings being the lowest that is customary at the present time; but not a few marriages of this remarkable type still take place in London, particularly at Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, and on the August Bank Holiday. (One of the photographic reproductions on the opposite page depicts an Easter Sunday batch wedding of ten couples at St. John's, Walworth; while in the other a similar ceremony, with a group of five couples, at St. John's, Hoxton—of which the Rev. Eric Farrar is the vicar—is shown.)

Less interesting, because less picturesque, but none the less important from the numerical point of view, are those London marriages celebrated before the Registrar. An increasing number of people, wishful to secure exceptional quiet and privacy, and thinking to save themselves the expense which they imagine incidental to a church wedding, are now married by the Registrar rather than by a clergyman; and, as is always the case with persons dealing with crude human nature, Registrars can tell of innumerable pathetic as well as grotesque episodes connected with their calling. It is the Registrar's privilege, for instance, to see his clients far



A WEDDING OF TEN COUPLES (WALWORTH).



A WEDDING OF FIVE COUPLES (HOXTON).

more at their ease than they would dare to be before a clergyman or a minister. The prospective bridegroom of the lower classes is well aware that when dealing with the Registrar he is dealing with a paid servant of the State, accordingly he does not mind giving considerable trouble. It not infre-

the bridegroom to carry out his part of the contract.

The Quaker form of marriage ceremony is exceedingly simple; there is no officiating clergyman, the contracting parties practically marrying themselves by repeating a form of words not lacking in stately beauty, and



A FASHIONABLE WEDDING (ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE).

quently happens that a young artizan, after every formality has been gone through, save that of paying the fee, casually adds that he does not yet know if he will gain the consent of his prospective bride, as he has not yet put the fateful question! Then, again, sometimes the bride-elect will give the requisite notice and be prepared with the fee, but at the last moment she will find it impossible to persuade

symbolically indicative of all that matrimony should signify.

The Salvation Army have always made a great point of the marriage ceremony, and a wedding is generally made the occasion for as much display as possible. The actual ceremony is lengthy and elaborate, there being seven "articles of marriage" which must be read over to the contracting parties before the

actual binding form of words is used by bride and bridegroom. In each of these articles reference is made to the Salvation Army, and both bride and bridegroom promise solemnly never to interfere with or do aught but assist the other in his or her work for the Army. The celebrant is generally the Commanding Officer of the regiment or corps to which the contracting parties belong. No rice "or other folly" is allowed at a Salvation Army wedding.

Each religious body naturally has its own forms and marriage ceremonies. Perhaps the most picturesque and individual are those which are connected with the celebration of a Jewish wedding. The Jewish Marriage Service differs in many respects from that of the Church of England, and it includes the reading of the marriage contract or Kethubah, in which occur the beautiful words, "I will work for thee, honour thee, support and provide for thee, according to the manner of Jewish husbands, who work for their wives, honour, support, and provide for them." The costume of the Jewish bride is that of her Christian sister, but the bridegroom throughout the whole ceremony wears his hat, as no prayer is offered by a Jew with uncovered head. During the ceremony also the contracting parties stand under the canopy styled a Chuppah,

and this canopy, at a fashionable Jewish wedding, is sometimes exquisitely ornamented with white flowers.

The actual form of words used at Roman Catholic weddings is extremely brief, and in the case of a mixed marriage—that is, when one of the contracting parties is a Protestant—the Marriage Service is reduced to the shortest and baldest dimensions, and no music is performed. On the other hand a great Roman Catholic wedding at such a church as the Oratory is very imposing, and is even more elaborate, as well as infinitely more lengthy, than a similar ceremony at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. One of the most picturesque Roman Catholic weddings that ever took place in London was the bicycle wedding which was celebrated at Notre-Dame de France, Leicester Square. The happy pair rode to the church from a neighbouring restaurant on a sociable charmingly trimmed with orange blossom and white satin streamers. They were followed by their friends mounted on sixteen single bicycles and twelve sociables, and, it need hardly be added, by an enormous crowd of sightseers. The bride wore the orthodox white satin wedding gown and tulle veil, and the bridegroom a frock coat and tall hat.

No doubt during the course of the present century motor car marriages will become usual in London, and some of us may even live to see balloon weddings grow into favour.



A JEWISH WEDDING.

RUSSIA IN EAST LONDON.

By *COUNT E. ARMFELT.*



RUSSIAN NEWSPAPER SELLER.

which are worthy the study of the artist. Tolstoi's stirring scenes are forcibly brought to mind when one beholds the vast and heterogeneous Russian population which crowds the main streets and the by-streets and the alleys of the East-End. One realises at a glance that many of these men and women seen in the East India Dock Road, and in Commercial Road and Whitechapel, are Tolstoi's word-portraits made flesh.

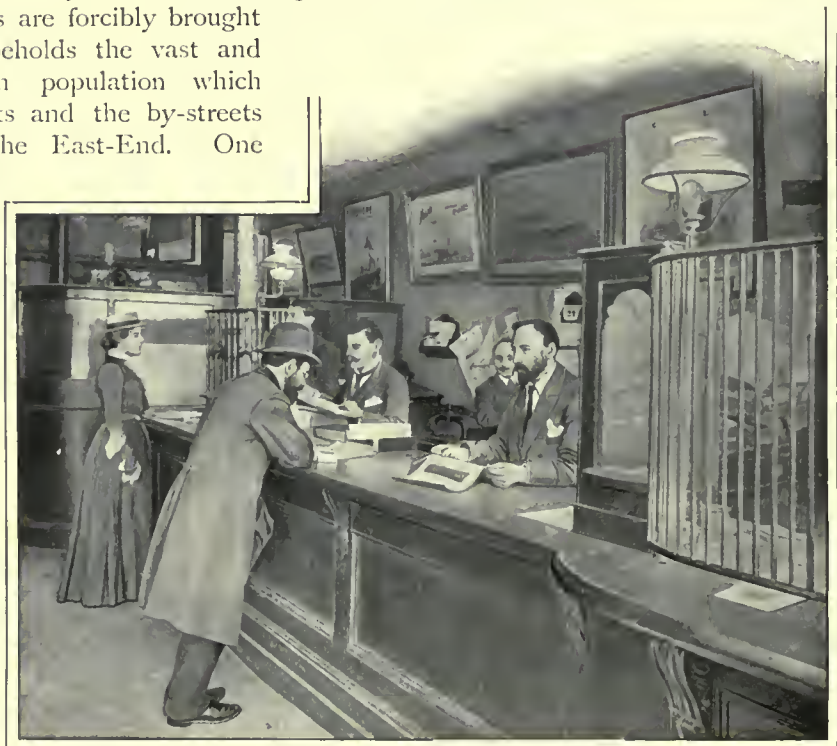
Almost any day in the week we may meet a tall and handsome young man and a beautiful fair-headed girl, whose striking appearance is always remarked; they are brother and sister.

THE foreigners who dwell within our gates form one of the most picturesque elements of the metropolis. Among the alien communities, Russia in East London possesses special interest, and it teems with characters

They belong to an ancient family in Livonia; their father was a general who fell into disfavour at the court of Alexander III., and the boy and girl were imprudent in speech. They had to flee the country, and they live in a cottage on a small pension which a relative secretly remits to them.

Here is a long-haired, bearded man with Kalmuck features. He is now a carpenter, but was once a well-to-do peasant proprietor in Southern Russia. He struck an officer who was mad with *vodka* and who had insulted his young wife. The next day he had to leave his home for ever.

Here again is a pale, beardless man, the lines of whose face tell a tale of intense suffering. He was once a member of a society of Skoptsei, or self-mutilators. He was converted to reason by a Nihilist convict. Together they tramped Siberia, escaped into



IN THE GHETTO BANK.

Chinese territory, and ultimately reached London. The ex-Russian convict is now a compositor, and some people say that he writes Nihilistic pamphlets and produces a secret Nihilistic newspaper

Now and again you may witness a social and Socialistic gathering followed by a dance where these Russians are largely represented. Russians, even of the higher order, are Socialists at heart, and their womenfolk are

And thus also it is that his humour is tinged with grimness, that serious thought ever and anon runs through his lighter conversation, and that the most joyful occasions and the happiest moments round the steaming *samovar* are marred by melancholy and depressing thoughts.

Now and again it happens that the colony misses one or more of its prominent members, perhaps a man and a woman, or two women by themselves. They have disappeared suddenly, leaving no trace behind them. No one makes any enquiries, but these fugitives are not forgotten. Presently a new-comer fresh from the Fatherland makes his appearance, and brings tidings. Elzelina



THE RUSSIANS' POST OFFICE: EXTERIOR.

intensely Socialistic in their views, and preach the tenets of the "Religion of the Future" with the fervour of Apostles. At these meetings are not infrequently heard strange life histories and startling accounts of adventure. Yet how simply and modestly these stories and adventures are told. How easily one can see from the look and speech of the narrators that their lives have had more than the average of human sorrow and danger, and that, even while seemingly rejoicing in life's pleasures, the finger of Fate presses its mark deeper and deeper into their being.

The educated Russian has more real learning and greater power of thought than the ordinary educated men of Germany and England; for while the latter have many pursuits and many pleasures the educated Russian, who as a rule is poor and noble and proud, has but his books and few enjoyments.



INTERIOR.

Kralchenskaya is in a Russian prison; Vera Ivanovna is in Siberia; Dmitry Konstantinovich is dead. And within an hour Russian London in the East and Russian London in the West know the fateful news. The rapidity with which news spreads among them whenever any important event has come to pass is marvellous. The most illiterate, the men who can neither read nor write, are almost as well informed as those who belong to a club, or who daily frequent the Russian library and reading room and can see the latest periodicals and newspapers.



This library is unique in its way. It consists of one room on the second floor of a small house in Church Lane. There is a cigar shop by the side of the dark passage. The denizens are mostly Russians; and the library is free to all. The inscription we reproduce, printed on a piece of paper, surrounded by various notices, also in Russian, is affixed to the door. In English it reads "Free Russian Library. Open daily from 11 a.m. to 10 p.m."

A long table, two long wooden benches, and two rough writing tables, one for the librarian, a few chairs, and several dozen shelves, about two thousand books, Russian periodicals and Russian newspapers about five days old, with a few prints on the walls, comprise all the furniture, and all there is to admire. The room is a little stuffy, though not uncomfortable. But it is sometimes very crowded, especially on Saturday afternoons and on Sundays. Men who can neither read nor write go there to have their letters read and written; and the librarian is always willing to assist applicants in this way. Apropos of this institution, it may be mentioned that a few journals representing advanced views of Russian exiles are periodically issued in London. Some are in the Russian language, others are printed in English. A street-seller of one of the latter is shown in an illustration on p. 24.

At the Russian Library you meet men belonging to every class of society and men of every type: naval

cadets of the Imperial service, students and literary men, tradesmen, men without occupation who do not know a word of English, all congregate there at some time of the day, and the smoke which issues from cigars and pipes and cigarettes welds all these atoms of Russian society into an indistinct mass.

If you leave the Library in Church Lane and turn into the Commercial Road and go eastward you come to a thoroughly Russian neighbourhood. Union Street and its adjoining mean little streets are mostly inhabited by Russian Jews and by a few Christians of the peasant class. The latter are very poor, fervid icon worshippers. Their patron saints are numerous, and range from the Archangels and the Apostles down to the less-known names of the Russian calendar. Though these icons (which are mostly coloured pictures of the Madonna and Child) are bought at most trivial cost, they are sometimes lavishly framed in silver.

Christians and Jews commingle freely with each other in free England, for the gates of the Ghetto are memories of the past. The orthodox Catholics and the Roman Catholics, the Raskolniks of every sect, the Talmudish Jews and the Karaim Jews, and the Memnonites live in amity side by side, and their national customs and their national language are the bonds which unite them all.

Race and creed are forgotten in that busy beehive of East London. Men and women and



RUSSIANS IN EAST LONDON.

children only struggle for their daily bread. But by far the most successful strugglers are the Russian Jews. Their thrift is almost phenomenal, and may be said indeed to be often brought to the verge of absolute miserliness.

Yet, after all, who can blame them? If they live on a piece of black rye bread and an onion, or a piece of fish fried in olive oil by way of a luxury, they at least know that their frugality and economy will, by-and-bye, enable them to alleviate the wants of their old people at home or bring some young and cherished relative out of the "land of bondage."

How constantly these voluntary and involuntary Russian exiles manage, through sheer industry and economy, to send remittances to their friends, may be inferred from the fact that nearly a million of roubles is yearly sent to Russia and Poland by the Ghetto Bank of Whitechapel. Drafts from five roubles upwards are issued by this bank, and for the convenience of customers it is open till ten o'clock at night, with the exception of the Jewish Sabbath. It reopens on Saturday evening, and it works all Sunday. It transacts every kind of business connected with banking, shipping, emigration and immigration. It has agents in every important town of Russia, and in all the provinces of the empire, including, of course, Poland.

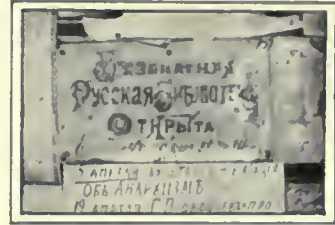
And it has special agents not only in Russia, but also at Bremen, Hamburg, and Rotterdam.

This remarkable establishment is situate at the corner of Osborn Street, Whitechapel.

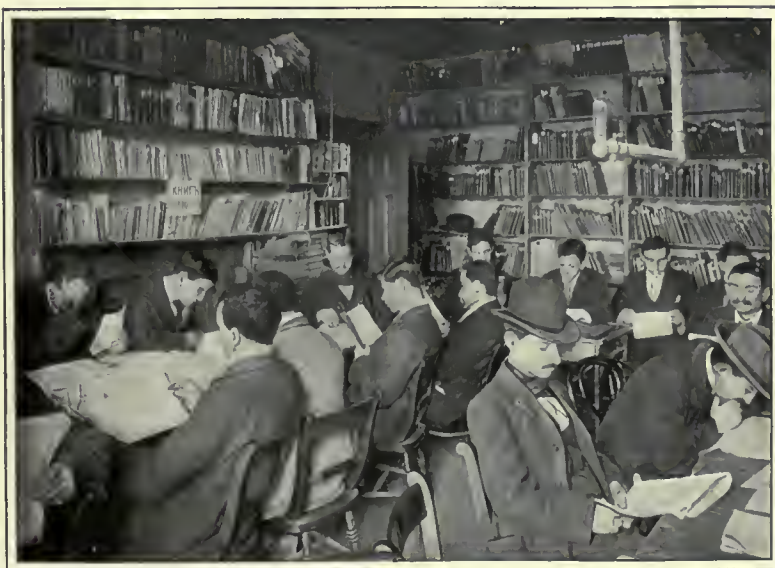
It is a quaint building. Its outside walls are covered with long lines of Hebrew characters, and other advertisements which announce the nature of the business carried on within. It is never

without a customer. Every minute of the day is occupied by answering all kinds of queries in Russian, Polish, German, Dutch, and other languages, and in changing coins and paper money.

Adjoining the bank is a modest structure, which bears over its door an inscription, both in Russian and English capitals, signifying that it is the Post Office. Large numbers of letters and parcels for Russia and all parts of the world are sent from here. The great majority of the callers at this Post Office are aliens; but, though unable to speak English, they do not experience any difficulty, inasmuch as some of the officials in attendance are thoroughly conversant with the strange tongues in which they are addressed.



INSCRIPTION ON LIBRARY DOOR.



THE FREE RUSSIAN LIBRARY.

There are several trades which are almost wholly under the control of Russians. Such are those of the bamboo workers and slipper makers who reside in the streets abutting on the Commercial Road. The shipwrights, engineers, carpenters, affect the East India Dock Road. The cabinet makers, tailors, and boot-makers mostly live in Whitechapel. The skin-dressers, the seamstresses, the tailoresses,

and the bow makers and milliners are found in every locality where there is anything to be earned.



RUSSIAN LETTER-WRITER.

There are half-a-dozen Russian doctors in the colony. They have dispensaries and an interesting private practice, for many men who are known to science and literature reside in Russian London of the East.

Moreover, there are some pharmacies in Whitechapel and the adjoining district which dispense Russian drugs and prepare medicines from Russian prescriptions.

One of the features of Russian London in the East is found in its numerous café restaurants. They serve all the usual Continental dishes and delicacies of which Russians are so fond, such as caviare, smoked salmon, smoked goose, smoked beef, reindeer tongue, pickled lampreys, salted fish, bread flavoured with caraway seeds, strong cheeses, and gherkins.

The evenings are spent at a game of cards, in which ladies often join. The Russian woman has keen gambling instincts and is quite able to hold her own against the men. A bowl of strong punch brewed with the national rye spirit enlivens the proceedings, and cigarettes are common to men and women. Occasionally in some of these restaurants may be seen a professional letter writer, who will indite letters in Russian or Hebrew for those who desire him to do so.

Russian London in the East has its dark shadows, but who would deny that it has also its bright sunshine which reveals all that is noble in human nature?



IN AN EAST-END RUSSIAN RESTAURANT.

AT THE FRONT DOOR.

By *GEO. R. SIMS.*

THERE is no Asmodeus in the twentieth century to carry a curious Cleofas through the air, and show him what is going on inside the houses. But Cleofas, if he had "eyes to see," might learn a great deal without leaving his native element in the streets below. There were no telephone and telegraph wires stretched in every direction over the house-tops in the days of Asmodeus. Had there been it is possible that on a misty night he might have found the front-door a safer "point of view" for his protégé than the roof.

If you walk through London and look about you with the eyes of an observer and a student, you can catch, through the front doors

that you find open, glimpses of life quite as varied and quite as instructive as any to be obtained by looking down the chimney-pots, even when assisted by such a "diable bonhomme" as the acute Asmodeus.

Let us make the experiment.

This, my Cleofas, is the most aristocratic square in London. When a front door opens

here it is with a certain amount of state and ceremony. See, one is opening now. A brougham is drawn up to the kerb. A footman stands holding the carriage-door. A daintily-dressed Marchioness comes from the

house, followed by a footman who carries a French toy-bulldog. Another footman is carrying the cardboard-box containing some dainty chiffon which my lady is taking back to her modiste. Through the open door we catch a glimpse of an exquisitely designed and beautifully-decorated hall. My lady enters the brougham and settles herself in her seat, the toy-bulldog is carefully deposited by her side. The carriagefootman mounts the box. The dog footman and the



AT HER LADYSHIP'S FRONT DOOR.

cardboard-box footman wait respectfully on the pavement. The carriage drives away, and the footmen leisurely re-enter the house. We have one more glimpse of the luxurious hall, and then the door closes. You may look in vain for any sign of life at the windows. All day you may wander about that aristocratic square and not see a face,



THE KING AND QUEEN LEAVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE

unless it is that of a man servant yawning as he toys with a tassel of the blind. But through the open door we have a momentary view of its hidden charms. We know that it is the home of a beautiful Englishwoman and an ugly little French dog.

Here is a front door ajar in a very different neighbourhood. All the houses in the street are exactly alike, except that a clean window makes one or two of them conspicuous. The frowsy little street is filled with untidy children who are wading in the rain puddles of the roadway. Boys occasionally put both boots into the water; girls never put more than one; and always as they stamp into the dirty water and splash it over their knickers and their frocks, the little boys and girls look up at any male passer-by and laugh. But if the passer-by be a woman the children immediately scuttle. That is the inherited idea that mother is a good deal more likely to slap you for expediting the ruin of your wardrobe than father.

Most of the doors in this street are ajar. That enables the children to come in and out without knocking (when there *is* a knocker) or shouting up to mother on the third floor to come down and let them in.

One glance through the open door is sufficient to reveal the squalor of the homes from which these children come. The narrow halls are dark and dirty, and stained with the going and coming of muddy little boots. At the open door sits a girl of eight, and already her little face is lined with the cares of domestic life. She is a typical "little mother" of the London doorstep. Like the little old woman who lived in the shoe the number of her children leaves her without definite plan of action. She is nursing a heavy baby who is perhaps a year old. She talks to it, soothes it, hushes it to sleep, rocks it, dandles it when it wakes up, and kisses its poor little face again and again. But every other minute her attention is distracted by the conduct of a sister, aged four, and a brother, aged five, who are also under her guardianship.

The boy dashes into the roadway while

carts and vans are passing, and puts her little heart in her mouth. She shrieks at him and yells to another girl to rescue him. When he has been rescued and brought to the doorstep, she pulls him down with a bang on the doorstep by her side.

But he is not there a moment. The little sister, aged four, has created a diversion by falling down and grazing her knee. The little mite howls and screams, and the little mother



THE BRIDE GOES AWAY.

of the doorstep leaps up and runs to her assistance.

There is a world of anxiety in her face as she takes a ragged and mud-coloured pocket-handkerchief, wipes away the dirt, and peers anxiously to see if the knee is bleeding. For she knows that if the child is cut or injured the blame will be laid on her, and not only the blame but mother's hand as well.

Poor little mother of the London doorstep.

Look at her kindly—give her a pitying glance as she sits by the open door. She has suffered the slavery of womanhood before she has tasted the liberty of childhood. Because she is the oldest all that have come, all that will come after are hers to tend and hers to watch. From the time her eyes open in the morning to the time they close at night she has never been free from the cares and responsibilities of the mother of a large family. By the time she marries and has children of her own she will be a woman weary of motherhood, and then all its cares will begin again.

But nursing the baby at the front door is not always one of "life's little tragedies." Here is a happy group of little girls taking care of two baby brothers by the open door, and I have no doubt discussing many important points of "dress" and "domestic management."

A little crowd round the site of the Queen Victoria Memorial, near Buckingham Palace. The guard at the door. The sentries standing at the salute. The burnished helmets of the Life Guards glitter in the sun.

The King is coming!

The doors fly open. The men in the crowd cheer, the women wave their handkerchiefs.

The royal carriage dashes through the gates, the escort of Life Guards falls in behind. A gracious lady by the Monarch's side smiles sweetly and bows right and left.

Through the gates of their palace home we have seen the King and Queen come forth,

greeted by their loving subjects, whose greatest joy it is to gaze upon them.

A little crowd outside a house in Kensington. The door is wide open, and the hall is filled with young men in frock coats, and ladies of all ages, the young predominating, in pretty gowns and dainty hats. No need to look farther through the open door to know that the bride is going away.

The policeman, stolid even in this hour of tender romance, motions us to stand aside. The carriage has drawn up. The company has come down the steps, and closed hands are filled with the old-fashioned rice or the new-fashioned confetti. A white satin shoe is much in evidence.

Here they come. *She* comes out smiling and happy, and mistress of herself. She is so girlish and graceful that even the horseplay of an English "going away"

fails to strike a jarring note. *He* is brave on the top step, but makes an undignified dash for the protection of the brougham before he has reached the pavement. Then come the shower and the shouts, and the bride and bridegroom are whirled rapidly away, a white satin slipper swinging impudently from the back of the carriage. A moment's pause, a ripple of female laughter, a male guffaw or two, and the merry guests go back into the house. The door closes, and only the awning, the policeman, and the scattered confetti on the pavement are left to tell the tale.

The front door of a small "desirable



A HAPPY LITTLE GROUP.

residence" in a South-side suburb stands open. Two young girls with eager faces are peering out, a little brother is at the garden gate looking up the roadway. At the window mother's face appears now and again watching for the signal the little boy is to give.

At last it comes.

"Here's the cab!" shrieks the youngster.

Down the steps run the girls, and mother, her face pale, the tears in her eyes, follows them eagerly. But the tears are tears of joy.

The cab drives up to the door and instantly a bronzed young soldier of the King leaps out of it, and the mother's arms are about his neck.

Night after night the loving woman's prayers have gone up for the darling of the house, the brave brother, the noble son fighting for England at the front. Look at Mary, the maidservant, flinging off her working apron as she dashes through the hall to have the honour of taking Master Tom's kit from the cabman. And is not a white-haired lady standing at the sitting-room door? She is leaning on her stick, for age has told its tale.



BACK FROM SHOPPING.



A "MOVE" IN SLUMOPOLIS.

a little front door a barrow load of "goods and chattels." This is the humble "move" of the one-roomed helot. You can see it any day at the front doors of the courts and alleys of Slumopolis.

Here is a "move" of a different order. A van piled up with veteran household gods that have seen much service and bear honourable scars. A basinless washstand and a battered chest of drawers standing on the pavement. A frying-pan, a couple of sauce-pans, and a fender in unpicturesque confusion near at hand. Through the open door a scene of desolation, intensified by the roll of chipped and faded oilcloth standing sentinel over a washing-tub and a pail. A scared-looking young woman, with her bonnet on one side, comes out hugging half a dozen flower-pots to her breast with one hand and dragging a big bundle behind her with the other. On the stairs father is staggering under a pile of bedding. A little girl of six is guarding the treasures that she is proudly carrying to the new home—a battered ragged doll and a black kitten. Somewhere a baby, for you can hear it cry. The door remains wide open as father and the greengrocer's man come out with odds and ends and return for more. At last the "home" is on the van; baby's "pram" turned upside down crowns the edifice. Mother, nursing the baby, is hoisted up beside the driver, the little girl with her doll and her kitten is firmly wedged in between a bundle of bedding and the washing-tub, and father—

Outside

his legs swinging over the back of the cart—holds in his two hands a stand of wax flowers under a glass, and looks up nervously at an overcast sky which is threatening rain. The cart moves forward with a jerk that nearly flings father off the tail-board. The humble flitting of a poor London householder has commenced.

A detached villa residence with very bright flower-boxes, very white curtains, and very new Venetian blinds of a rather trying colour to the eye when the sun shines. The sun is particularly blazing this morning, although it is only nine o'clock. The door of Laburnum Villa is wide open, and young Mr. Jones—white-waistcoated and tall-hatted—stands proudly on his doorstep waiting for the express 'bus which is to bear him to the City. He is proud, for he is newly married and this is his first "home of his own." Pretty little Mrs. Jones in white summer dress stands with him at the open door. There is a demoniacal performance on the coach horn, and the express comes up the road at a gallop. Young Mrs. Jones puts up her sweet little mouth to be kissed. The outside passengers smile. Mr. Jones makes a dash into the roadway, leaps upon the step, and nimbly climbs to his reserved seat on the roof. He waves his hand to his wife, and is gone. Young Mrs. Jones stands for a minute on the doorstep, and waves her handkerchief



"MURDER!"

till the 'bus disappears. Then with the sunshine of love and a summer day in her heart she goes back to finish her breakfast, and to wonder what she shall get for dinner. The difficulty of giving a pleasant variety to the "joint for two" is the summer cloud in the blue sky of her home honeymoon.

The good wife standing at the door of this little home has no *doubt* at all as to what she gives her lord and master. She has her latch-key in one hand and a basket in the other. The paper parcel she carries reveals rather than conceals the excellent haddock that Mrs. Smith has bought for her husband's tea. She turns and stands at the open door for a minute, and we can see that the little home is neat and clean. We have only had a glimpse through the front door, but we have seen enough to know that when the hard-working honest fellow comes in his tea will be ready and his haddock cooked to perfection, and his wife, with a smiling face, will be waiting to welcome him and make home a haven of rest for him after the long day's toil.

A policeman stands at this front door. He is keeping back the curious crowd that peers in awe-struck silence at the house. An inspector comes up, the constable salutes, the



KING BABY.

door is opened, and the inspector passes inside. For a moment the door remains ajar, and the crowd presses forward. A glimpse is caught of a woman with a white scared face, and a group of men in the hall.

"That's the room where it was done," says a man on the pavement, and every eye follows the direction in which his finger points. Quickly the neighbours know that another crime has been added to London's mysteries. By the afternoon the newsboys will be shouting it over London, and crowds will flock to look at the house in which a woman has been found murdered.

The front door of a pretty suburban house is open that his Majesty, King Baby, may pass through it on his way to take the air. Mamma leans over the mail cart and, taking the little one's tiny hand in hers, presses it softly and bids him farewell in approved baby language. You may be sure that many instructions will be given to the smiling nurse before she sets out. But the London nurse of to-day needs little reminding. She is almost as loyal and devoted a subject of his Majesty as mamma herself.

The darkness of night has settled on London. One by one the paupers who have had their day out are returning to the work-

house. An old grey-haired dame, bent and feeble, comes up the street, leaning on the arm of a careworn woman of five and thirty. You can see by their faces they are mother and daughter. The younger woman is poor. One look at her worn bonnet and shawl tells you that. On the thin hand that pulls the shawl together is a wedding-ring.

The workhouse door is reached, the bell is rung, and the pauper janitor opens the wicket gate. Inside we can see the black forbidding yard, and the grim walls of the prison of the guiltless.

The old lady stands for a moment by the open door. "Good-bye, my dear," she says.

The woman puts her arms about the old pauper's neck.

"Good-bye, mother," she sobs, "you know as I wouldn't let you be here if I could help—but Jim's out of work—and the children—"

"I know, my dear—I know. It's hard to end one's life here, but it's better than being a burden on you, my dear—better than being a burden on you."

The old lady totters feebly through the gateway, the door closes with a harsh clang, and the sad-faced woman goes wearily through the night to her joyless home, wondering if this is to be the end of *her* life's labour also.



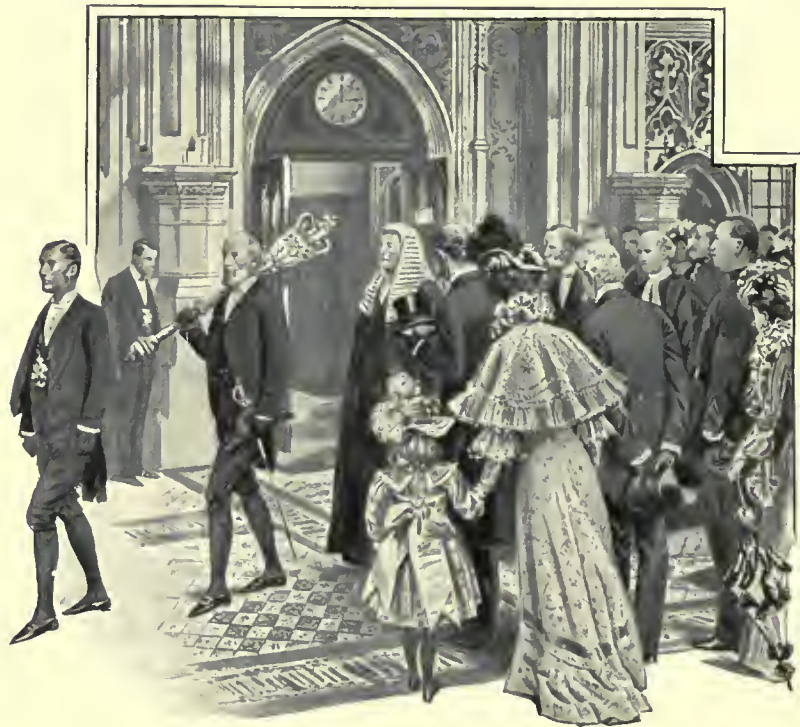
"GOOD-BYE, MOTHER!"

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

By ALFRED F. ROBBINS.

FROM early morn to dewy eve, from dewy eve till midnight chime, and from midnight chime through the silent hours that herald and accompany the dawn, there

most, for it is in the committee-rooms upstairs that the most important of Westminster's affairs are done, and done there, in the main, by men who do very little talking,



THE SPEAKER'S PROCESSION : " HATS OFF, STRANGERS ! "

is someone stirring within the precincts of Parliament. At one period it is a statesman, at another a sweeper ; the peer moves occasionally, and the policeman always ; and, in the result, one of the few places in London where absolute repose is unknown is the Palace of Westminster.

A commencement is made when—corridors, and committee-rooms, and Houses alike having been swept and garnished—the business of the various select committees starts an hour before noon. This is a phase of parliamentary work of which the general public knows least, and from which it profits

who understand not the art of self-advertisement, and who consequently are unknown to the outside public, which judges of a member's diligence by the number of times his name appears in the newspapers.

Towards the end of the committee's day, the House of Commons, as a legislative body, is preparing to sit. Upon four days out of the working five, the time for this is two o'clock ; and as Big Ben strikes the hour an echoing shout of " Speaker-r-r ! " along the corridors heralds the approach to the Chair of the First Commoner of the Realm.

It is in solemn procession that he comes,





THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.



A REPORTERS' ROOM IN THE
PRESS GALLERY.

bewigged and be-robed, preceded by the Serjeant-at-Arms with great gold mace on shoulder, followed by his train-bearer, and attended by his chaplain and secretary. As he enters the Lobby, the chief of the parliamentary police gives the command, "Hats off, strangers!" himself setting the example; and, passing through the bare-headed assembly, and with rows of attendants upon each side making two bows—the first to the mace as the symbol of parliamentary authority, the second to the Speaker as its living embodiment—the procession moves into the House, all the members rising as it

goes up the floor, and the mace being placed upon the floor, and the Speaker takes his seat to signify that the Chamber is fully constituted. The doors are at once shut; the announcement is made at the entrance, "Speaker at prayers!" and with an invocation for Divine guidance and aid, the proceedings of the Legislature begin.

Up to this moment, no stranger has been allowed to enter the House, even the Press Gallery being closed to its accustomed occupants; but with the chief door-keeper's call, "Speaker in the chair!" the various portals are opened wide.

It is through the Outer Lobby that visitors come, this great Central Hall remaining the resting-place for all unprovided with tickets for the various galleries. And it is thither that members are summoned—or, more often, vainly sought to be summoned—by consti-

tutents of both sexes, eager on any interesting night for admission to the charmed region within, guarded by dragons in the shape of policemen, who periodically call vociferous attention to the disheartening cry of the official messenger, "Cards returned! Members not found!"

In ordinary circumstances the early visitor to the House, though well-advised to be in good time if he wishes to secure a seat from which he can both see and hear, finds the opening half-hour unspeakably dull, for it is devoted to private business, which usually



MEMBERS AND VISITORS IN THE OUTER LOBBY.

means the mere reading by the Clerk at the Table of the titles of a series of local schemes, and of a silent waiting for the chimes to strike, which will permit public business to begin.

But when a Royal Commission is announced for the purpose of inviting the Commons to attend the Lords and hear the Sovereign's assent given to Bills which have passed both Houses, there is more stir, combined with something of the picturesque. The five Royal Commissioners, in scarlet robes and cocked hats, and headed by the Lord Chancellor, have already taken their seats upon the Woolsack in front of the Throne; and, at their bidding, the Usher of the Black Rod proceeds to the other House to ask its presence.

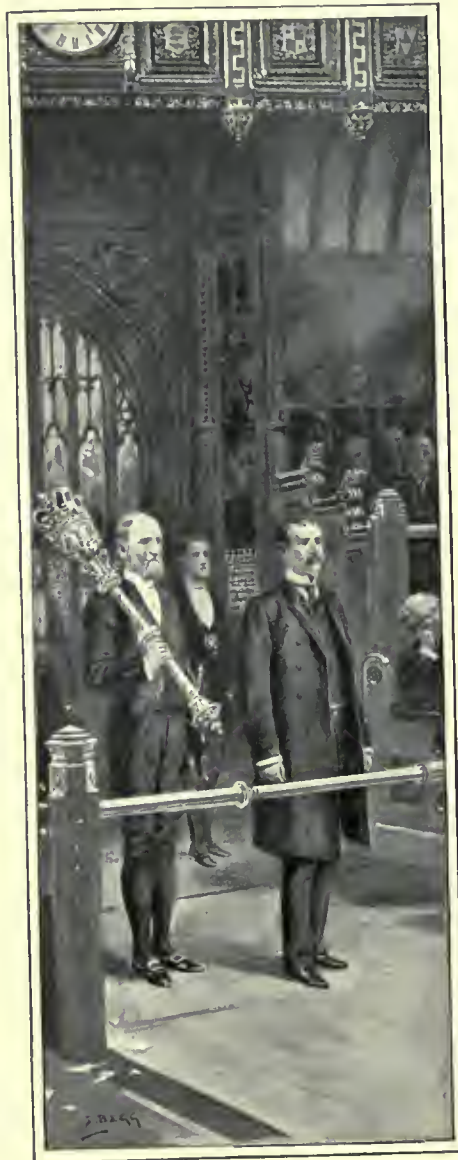
"Make way for Black Rod!" is the cry, as, with a gold-crowned ebony bâton in hand, this dignified official walks slowly to the Commons door, which, as he approaches, the Serjeant-at-Arms closes and locks. Nothing daunted by so inhospitable a welcome, Black Rod knocks three times on the oaken portal; and when the Serjeant-at-Arms has discovered through a wicket with whom he has to deal, and has received the Speaker's sanction to his admittance, Black Rod desires the attendance of the Commons, and the Speaker accompanies him to the Lords.

Those who are privileged to pass with them from Chamber to Chamber will perceive the differences between the two, which are at once practical and symbolic. The appearance of the House of Commons is sombre

to severity; that of the House of Lords gay almost to garishness. It is not for nothing that the one is popularly called "The Gilded Chamber" and the other unkindly labelled "The Talking Shop." The scarlet benches of the one brightly contrast with the dull green of the other; and the difference is emphasised by the use of these colours in the various details of the two Houses, the green wax and green tape of the Commons looking mere workaday trappings compared with the red wax and red tape of the Lords.

With the Speaker back in his seat, and private business disposed of, the true interest of the sitting begins. Until the end of the nineteenth century, the ordinary visitor would scarcely have endorsed this statement, for question-time was always to him a tiresome puzzle. He saw member after member jumping up and in hurried tones asking a Minister, whose title he seemed to swallow, a question to which he alluded by number. The Minister replied, sometimes in a monosyllable, sometimes at length; but, as the unprivileged visitor had not the slightest idea what the question was about, he could indulge only in the wildest of guesses as to what the answer referred to. And among the blessings of living in the twentieth century must be counted a reform in this direction.

The parliamentary stranger is now supplied on his entrance with a copy of the Orders of the Day, and he can, therefore, follow with intelligent appreciation the questions as they are put. Before the sitting is over, he will be impressed by



AN OFFENDER AT THE BAR.



TEA ON THE TERRACE.

the fact that, save during some exceptionally great speech, the House is fuller, more interested, and better taught during question time than at any period of the night.

When questions are over, various items of business begin. If a matter of privilege is to be raised, a personal explanation made, some one hailed to the bar, a new member introduced, or a Bill brought in, now is the time. For privilege or personal explanation there is always a crowded House, since the Commons delight in nothing more keenly than individual encounter, while the rare occasions upon which, attended by the Serjeant-at-Arms with the mace, an offender is brought to the bar—an actual brazen rod drawn for the purpose across the inner entrance to the Chamber—are certain to be thronged. The lively expectation of punishment to follow evokes in the breasts of members a sportive glee, for, if it be a fellow legislator who is to suffer condemnation, they will witness his removal to the Clock Tower, the accommodation in which is sacred to errant senators, while, if it be one of common class, he may be taken to Newgate, “the prison proper to the House.”

But when the Orders of the Day are reached, our legislators as a body do not dream of staying to listen to a dreary drip of dilatory declamation—as Lord Salisbury once phrased it—but flock forth to lobby and

library, smoking and reading rooms, or upon fine days to the river terrace. It is this last which has become most famous of late years because of the organised provision of tea thereon. Friends of the fair sex are entertained to the mild dissipation of strawberries and cream, bread and butter and plum cake; duchesses, so the awe-stricken whisper runs, are sometimes to be seen waited on by statesmen who temporarily put aside Ministerial cares by pouring tea and passing plates with the same hands which pen despatches that shake a Continent or thrill an Empire.

Yet, even as they fleet the time carelessly as men did in the golden world, members are apt to be reminded that there is a legislative duty to be done, for the bells ring out which announce a division. The tea must stay untasted and the fair guests remain unattended, for the party whips are on the alert, and are busily engaged herding their flocks into the House before the three minutes have expired at which the doors are closed.

When the rush through the corridors is over, and the last of the stragglers brought within the fold, the Speaker rises to put the question in final form. “The question is that this Bill be now read a second time. As many as are of that opinion will say ‘aye,’ the contrary ‘no.’ I think the Ayes have it.” The opponents of the measure bluntly contradict their “Speaker or Mouth,” and, persisting that



IN THE SMOKING-ROOM: THE DIVISION BELL RINGS.

"The Noes have it," they force the further declaration from the Chair, "Ayes to the right, Noes to the left. Tellers for the Ayes, Mr. Blank and Mr. Asterisk; tellers for the Noes, Mr. Nemo and Mr. Fourstars."

Members at once break into two sections, those who favour the Bill passing out behind the Speaker, and through a wicket gate, at which are the telling clerks, into a division lobby on the right of the chair, and its antagonists going forth at the other end of the House into a division lobby on the left. When the Chamber has been cleared, they return at the opposite end to that by which they went; and when the four tellers—one of each section having been at the respective lobbies—come to the table, and the senior of the winning tellers reads out the numbers, there is a shout of rejoicing from the victors, and once more the majority of members stream away to parts of the building in which creature comforts and cheerful conversation provide more attraction than ordinary debate.

The quiet hours always find the refreshment and recreation departments full and the House virtually empty. But, even while enjoying chess or a cigar in the smoking-room, or something more substantial elsewhere, members are kept in touch with their legislative duties, for over the chimney-piece is

an electrically-served tape, which tells what member is speaking; and when the record shows that some leading figure has risen, or the division bell rings, there is a rush to the Chamber, which seldom is again deserted until midnight strikes and the proceedings are automatically adjourned.

This is accustomed to prove the most interesting and even exciting portion of the proceedings after question-time. The sharp cry of "'Vide! 'Vide!" alternates with the sustained cadence of "Hear, hear," as the debate, kept up towards the close by the opposing front benches, is reaching its conclusion; and, in any period of slackening, the rise and fall of the low hum of conversation plainly mark the lessened interest.

But as the twelve strokes of the great Westminster bell ring out, the close comes; the House is promptly adjourned; and the cry "Who goes home?" uttered first by the chief door-keeper, is taken up by the police throughout the building, and reminds members of the troubled days of their forefathers when even legislators had to secure nightly safety in the London streets by going home in bands.

And the curtain is rung down upon the last official cry of the sitting—"Usual time tomorrow!"—to tell even those with the safest seats that members may come and members may go, but Parliament goes on for ever.



"WHO GOES HOME?"

MY LADY'S AFTERNOON IN LONDON.

By MRS. ARIA.

WE hunt in couples in London! No fashionable woman seems really complete without another, not indeed as a foil to her beauty, but as a complement to the picture. So Miranda calls for Virginia daily, and as a rule finds Virginia not quite ready, and spends an interesting few minutes in front of the

So the wanderers by the way of pleasure suggest that there are but two, from four till six. And how shall they employ these two



BOND STREET : 4 P.M.

looking-glass borrowing some powder, reviling the light, and generally "prinking," until a sense of dissatisfaction at her own appearance tempts her to turn and rend her friend for not being punctual. Then follows a rapid breathless duet of urgent femininities.

"You must come with me to ——'s and then on to ——'s."

"I cannot possibly, dear; I must be at the ——'s at four and at ——"

"You've just got to come with me, for I am bound to be in five places at the same hour, and I can't possibly do it without you."

That is one of the troubles of life in fashionable London—everything takes place at the same time. Some dilettante man of business once declared that in a working day there were only three hours, from ten till one.

hours, Miranda and Virginia, bearing the latest fashions full upon them with the consciousness that the latest design in French victorias is waiting to enclose their gracious outlines?

"To Bond Street" is the word to the footman—Bond Street, the Mecca of the fashionable feminine. How many women have observed, "Let us take a walk down Bond Street?" yet such is the injustice done to the sex by contemporary historians that no one has ever made them famous as Dr. Johnson by reason of his alleged desire for a stroll down Fleet Street.

Virginia and Miranda need not be left long driving from their house, though no doubt the block at the corner of Bruton Street gives them a chance to reconnoitre generally. But



AN AFTERNOON CALL.

everything comes to an end at last, even a traffic block, and gradually my heroines make their way through to Piccadilly, halting by the way at a picture gallery, where they descend for the pleasure of inspecting the works of art decorating the walls, or maybe the works of Nature perambulating the floors. And who shall say that Miranda has not really arranged to see Charles here? Certainly the meeting does not look entirely unpremeditated; and Virginia too might well have been in the secret, else why should she at once suggest that she must go over the way to buy some veils, when all the world knows she really gets her veils in Paris!

However, when friendship calls she must away, and she finds the most obsequious shopman anxious to satisfy her every expressed and unexpressed wish, for the hour is

late for the purchaser, therefore has he leisure and inclination to explain personally the virtues and popularity of every garment in every department—he utters the word “Department” with all the unction of a Civil Servant—and to suggest that the article which is “much worn” must necessarily be the most desirable.

Virginia conscientiously buys the veils she does not want, samples some lace she has no intention of selecting, and is eyeing with tolerance some ready-made blouses when a cheery “What a long time it is since I’ve seen you—and I believe you are growing stout!” warns her of the approach of Mrs. F., whose tendency to embonpoint blots her entire mental horizon, and whose mania for taking the measure of her friends is a popular jest amongst them. In the pursuit of slimness Mrs. F. has been for years alternately boiled and baked, and rubbed and soaped, and deprived of solid and liquid food. She has followed divers apostles of the cult of beauty, and, although the fateful finger of middle age points to her ever-widening waist, she never despairs, and every advertised remedy finds her a firm believer in its efficacy; while she will not fail to recommend her discoveries to her friends, who, as a reward for this courtesy, are expected to remark on her extraordinary slenderness. Virginia listens patiently, and receives the address of the latest oracle on obesity, and then, with a congratulatory word at parting, hastens back to the picture gallery.

And, after all, Charles is a man of enterprise and social charm, and no reasonable woman could pass unheeded his whisper:

“The reception at Lady E.’s will be simply impossible if you don’t come to enliven it.”

“In half an hour,” are the last words which might be heard as they part on the steps of

the Gallery, without perhaps having improved their acquaintance with the works of the Old Masters.

Off once more, and, in anticipation of the ministrations of one of the most popular manicurists in London, Miranda proceeds slowly to draw off her gloves and examine her pink-tipped nails, and point out their needs for skilled attention, the while she reminds Virginia that Guy may often be found

full swing. Here the masculine voice mingles with the feminine and suggests the combination of pleasure with duty, and the expected Guy, who has been more than punctual, rises in greeting as the rustle of the silken skirts reaches his ears.

After all, Virginia does not think she wants much done, she says to the girl who suggests a little fresh polish, but she is persuaded to dip her finger tips into the scented water and

have them tinted and enamelled, while Guy chats of the horses that he ought to have backed, and the dogs that he knew would win prizes, and drops his voice to murmur confidentially that he has heard the real reason why Mrs. V—— did not arrive at a certain dinner party. Then he insidiously suggests—

“It will be easy to prove the truth of that scandalous rumour, for I know she is entered to compete in the driving match at Ranelagh this afternoon—why should we not go down and see if she duly arrives?” and inconsequently he adds, “I do not really believe a word of the report—and my motor will run us down there in half an hour.”

Virginia ponders. “People are so ill-natured, I would like to be able to stop the gossips,” and reflectively, “I think I *ought* to go.”

Meanwhile, Miranda wanders round the room chatting to two or three acquaintances, selecting the latest perfumed delicacy for her bath and being induced by the soft persuasiveness of a new face powder. Then she falls to meditating on the vanities of her fellow creatures, and begins to wonder how much longer Virginia is going to dally, and why she does not realise that it is time they were at Lady E.’s, when she is addressed in a tone of reproach—

“Oh, you must already have enough scent



AT THE MANICURIST'S.

at the manicurist's about five o'clock. A halo of sentiment may even surround the commonplace business of having your nails pared.

The perfumed atmosphere, the implements of silver and ivory gleaming amidst the paper packets tied with pale tinted ribbons, express the frivolities feminine in this bower, where trim maidens—hand-maidens they might be called—await the bidding of the fair visitors, standing by wicker-work chairs half hidden by screens, whence whispering echoes of fashionable gossip give evidence that business is in

and powder to stock any ordinary perfumer's. Don't keep me waiting, I want to get down to Ranelagh, and we must call in at Berkeley Square."

And Miranda is hurried off, and almost before she remembers that Virginia is an unreasonable creature, and that this is quite an excellent opportunity to lecture her on the cultivation of selfishness as a fine art, they are at Lady E.'s.

Up the gilded staircase way, flanked by old mezzotints, our two friends wander, to be met by Lady E., who is standing by the door clad in the soft glory of grey crêpe de chine and old lace.

"How late you are! You have missed my new mandolinists and a quite charming address given by the American on 'The Terrors of Self-Appreciation.' But, never mind, you are just in time to hear Colonel W—— discourse on Dyspepsia," and she smiles audaciously on a grey-haired man who is viewing resentfully the new-comers for their interruption of his expression of opinion on the rival merits of pills and lozenges taken before or after dinner, and

the inestimable advantages of hot water taken internally.

"Lady Q. has taken a bonnet shop, and we are all going to patronise it. She has lovely palms in the show-room, which is decorated like a boudoir with silk-brocaded walls and crystal lights, and every hat is to come from Paris," are the words heard above the babel, concluding with, "Virginia, you must let me take you to see her—we are to buy all our hats there always." Virginia observes sagely:

"I was once told by a lady dressmaker that the patronage of her friends ruined her; it means a goodly harvest of bad debts!" And then there is a silence almost of guilt amongst her auditors, a silence which is only broken by a flow of chatter, when Lady E. announces that Herr G. will give his rendering of a Movement by Beethoven—a movement of the entire company being imminent immediately he places himself at the piano.

Miranda is grumbling in a corner; she does not want to be entertained by entertainers, she declares, she wishes to talk, and she talks through the music and without cessation during the recitation of the Child Marvel. "I hate the infant phenomenon," she is heard to mutter, and it is only when its performances come to an end that the tardy Charles puts in his appearance and disarms her reproaches with a cheery "So good of you to come; usual fun here, I suppose? Gossip, gossip everywhere, and only tea to drink." Then confidentially, "I am only staying



LADIES' DRIVING COMPETITION (RANELAGH).



POLO PLAYING (RANELAGH).



AT A CHARITY BAZAAR.

a few minutes. Come with me to the Botanic Gardens to see the Dog Show. I have a Schipperke on view. It is so nice in the gardens, the trees are so green, and the music is so soft, and the sky is so blue—Do come.”

Miranda thinks of Virginia’s craving for Ranelagh and Guy’s efficiency as a chaperon in charge of a motor.

“Every dog has its day,” flippantly urges Charles, and the projected programme is confirmed as an inevitable justice.

The exclusive air of the Botanical Gardens is rent with the hum of voices, and a barking and a yelping suggestive of Leadenhall Market at 4 a.m., but Miranda alights from the victoria with “Oh, the darlings! Listen to them!” and Charles is assured of a sympathetic companion.

Soon Miranda becomes a creature of adjectives. A bull-terrier is “sweet,” the Schipperke “magnificent, but it ought to have had a prize,” the Chow is “delicious and so like a cat,” and so they wander amongst the cages and find themselves pressed among a mass of people waiting to see the procession of favourite actresses with their favourite animals. Here Charles ventures to express

more admiration of the dames than of the dogs, and is forthwith invited to a stroll by the water “through the Medicine Gardens near the bridge, away from all this noise,” Miranda says.

And we will leave them here a while, and follow the fortunes of the motor, which speeds its way to Ranelagh, while Virginia protests against modern science, the general unbecomingness of machinery, and the indecorous vulgarity of speed.

Ranelagh is *en fête*. Groups of gaily-dressed women and frock-coated men are clustering all over the grounds, which bear a truly rural air, and have all the charm of a race-course without any of its disadvantage of boredom through the monotony of the entertainment.

There is a driving match on

the right of you and a polo match on the left, and everywhere there are crowds of interested spectators. The sportsmen are taking the results very seriously, and the excitement waxes strongest when the driving contest is in progress. Virginia whispers triumphantly—

“Mrs. V—— is here, and her team looks splendid. I saw her husband standing there chatting to her and wishing her luck as she got up—and so much for gossip!”

And then the fair coachwomen come down the course, steering with infinite skill. Everyone is on the tip-toe of expectation: bets are the order of the day, and the little girl with the long hair, whose father watches her with the keenest anxiety, shares the good wishes of the multitude with Mrs. V——.

“The young ’un ’ll win,” confidently asserts Guy, with more fervour than elegance of diction; and so she does, and descends later amid a veritable torrent of congratulations, while the how and the why and the wherefore of the success are babbled by a thousand tongues. And Virginia is delighted, for “even, though Mrs. V—— possess a lenient husband, a woman should not be talked about,” she says primly, and Guy laughs and settles her

into a comfortable chair under the trees, while he strolls over to talk to a fellow who is playing polo, and she meditates complacently that she has not seen a dress she likes as well as her own. Scraps of a conversation reach her, and she recognises the common weakness of "Bridge."

Then she jumps up remembering penitently that she has promised to help the Duchess of X—— at the stall she is holding at the Bazaar in Kensington Town Hall in aid of the distressed Irish, and further that she has arranged to foregather again with Miranda at tea in Kensington Gardens. The motor does its duty gallantly, and Virginia soon finds herself surrounded by gaily-decorated booths, presided over by fair women in fair frocks. Numbers of people are passing to and fro, the sellers seem as many as the buyers; a monster doll is being perambulated about by two pretty maidens, who explain its charms and urge its desirability. A yellow-haired child on a bicycle announces her steed for sale, and an alluring legend declares that it is "This way to the American Bar." The Duchess is patrolling the ground with anxious face and uplifted pencil, seeming to point with scorn at any who refuse to inscribe their names

in the pocket-book she carries in her left hand.

"What number will you take?" is her greeting to Virginia.

"How much, and what is it for?" asks that prudent damsel, but Guy gallantly tenders his sovereign before he learns that with good fortune he might become the possessor of a white lace gown.

"What will he do with it?" asks Virginia, with a superior air of literary cultivation.

"But answer came there none," retorts Guy, and they move on at the invitation of a little woman, clad in a blue and white gown, gay with stars and stripes, who conducts them to a stall littered with books and photographs of famous people.

"Autograph collecting is so suburban," objects Virginia, who is really tired, and wants her tea.

"But this is quite an exceptional opportunity," says the saleswoman, "for I manufacture them while you wait. I have been out of Pinero for two hours, and sold a dozen of him since then, and at a sovereign each—in the cause of Charity, you know"—she adds apologetically, seeing the looks of surprise exchanged, "and here's a genuine



TEA IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

Meredith—I will guarantee it." But Guy diplomatises with a gold piece and a laughing declaration that he would like her own signature if she would write it beneath the words—

"A fearless forger of the Twentieth Century."

Lady H— interrupts them, with a roll of Welsh flannel under her arm. "I must get rid of this," she says plaintively, "it is the last of my stock, and I do so want to go home. Please buy it; it is very good and so useful." Virginia wonders vaguely why she should sell Welsh flannel in aid of Irish industries, and Guy relieves her ladyship of her burden, and lightens his pocket of some gold pieces, and proceeds rashly to deposit his purchase at the back of the flower stall, whence he emerges decorated in every buttonhole, to yield meekly to Virginia's suggestion that "Miranda will be waiting."

Miranda is waiting under the trees in Kensington Gardens, near one of the small pavilions, and Charles is just hinting that appreciative adjectives need not be exclusively devoted to the dogs when— "Oh, there you

are! We have been wandering all round looking for you," breaks upon the too significant silence, and the women meet with affectionate concern for each other's welfare.

"I am so tired."

"Yes, dear, you look it. How did you enjoy yourself?"

"Who looked nice?"

"What a pity that he should have brought that woman. And which hat was she wearing?" And the men join in the chorus of comment on the day's doings, and chit chat, chit chat we may hear them until the sun grows round and red, and there is a glory of crimson light in the sky, the green grass is patched with purple, and the voices of the birds rise louder and so seem to still the voices of the gossipers who, rising slowly, turn their footsteps towards the waiting carriages.

"Good-bye! It has been delightful to be together," says Miranda to Virginia, as she runs up the steps of her house to prepare to meet becomingly the exigencies of an evening to be spent in fashionable London.



HOMeward BOUND.



JUST LANDED.

SWEATED LONDON.

By *GEORGE R. SIMS.*

ONE would have thought that the meaning of the word "sweating" as applied to work was sufficiently obvious. But when "the Sweating System" was inquired into by the Committee of the House of Lords, the meaning became suddenly involved. As a matter of fact the sweater was originally a man who kept his people at work for long hours. A schoolboy who "sweats" for his examination studies for many hours beyond his usual working day. The schoolboy meaning of the word was originally the trade meaning.

But of late years the sweating system has come to mean an unhappy combination of long hours and low pay. "The sweater's den" is a workshop—often a dwelling room as well—in which, under the most unhealthy conditions, men and women toil for from sixteen to eighteen hours a day for a wage barely sufficient to keep body and soul together.

The sweating system, as far as London is

concerned, exists chiefly at the East End, but it flourishes also in the West, notably in Soho, where the principal "sweating trade," tailoring, is now largely carried on. Let us visit the East End first, for here we can see the class which has largely contributed to the evil—the destitute foreign Jew—place his alien foot for the first time upon the free soil of England.

Some of the steamers arrive in St. Katharine's Docks, and the immigrants—principally Russian, Polish, and Roumanian Jews—have the advantage of stepping straight from the ship in which they have been cooped up for two days and two nights under conditions which, if it be rough weather, cannot be conducive to comfort.

Many of them, especially those who have come from Russia, have already been despoiled of the little money they had. At the frontier they are sometimes detained for two or even three days, in order that they may be robbed by harpies in collusion with

certain subordinate officials. In some cases a man when he asks for a ticket at the frontier railway station is refused by the booking clerk. He is told that tickets can only be issued to emigrants through an agent. The agent then introduces himself, and on one plea or another succeeds in involving the immigrant in expenses which leave him with scarcely a rouble in his pocket at the journey's end.

If he escapes the foreign harpies the immigrant is not even safe when he has reached London. Men, frequently of his own faith and country, wait for him outside the docks, and because he is ignorant and friendless in a strange land, and speaks only his own language, seize upon him and convey him to a shark's boarding house, and keep him there on some pretence or other until he is penniless. Then



ALIEN'S BAGGAGE LABEL: "DISINFECTED."

the "shark" lends him a few shillings on his luggage, and when that is gone turns him into the street with only the clothes he stands up in. That is how hundreds of Jewish immigrants commence their career as units in the densely-packed population of East London and begin "to look for work" destitute.

The Jewish community, fully aware of these evils, does its best to guard against them. They have agents who meet every boat, and, addressing the poor aliens in their own language, help them to get their scanty belongings from the docks, and advise and direct them as to lodgings and homes and shelters where they will be honestly dealt with.

Let us meet a ship from Hamburg, laden with men and women who will presently be working in the dens of the sweaters.

It is a pouring wet day. The rain is coming down in torrents, and one has to wade through small lakes and rivulets of mud to reach the narrow pathway leading

to Irongate Stairs, where the immigrant passengers of the vessel lying at anchor in the Thames are to land. This is a river steamer, and so the wretched immigrants are taken off in small boats and rowed to the steps. Look at them, the men thin and hungry-eyed, the women with their heads bare and only a thin shawl over their shoulders, the children terrified by the swaying of the boat that lies off waiting to land when the other boats have discharged their load!

What must these people feel as they get their first glimpse of London? All they can see is a blurred and blotted line of wharves and grim buildings, and when at last they land it is in a dark archway crowded with loafers and touts all busily trying to confuse them, to seize their luggage, almost fighting to get possession of it.

Fortunately Mr. Somper, the Superintendent of the Poor Jews' Temporary Shelter, is here also. As the scared and shivering foreigners step ashore he speaks to them either in Yiddish or Lettish, and finds out if they have an address to go to. Most of them have something written on a piece of paper which they produce creased and soiled from a pocket. It is the address of a friend or relative, or of a boarding-house. Others have no idea where they are going. Many, asked what money they have, confess to twenty or thirty shillings as their entire fortune. Others at once begin to unfold a tale of robbery at the frontier, and moan that they have scarcely anything. These are at once taken charge of and housed in the shelter until their friends can be found for them. For most of them have friends "somewhere." It may be a brother, it may be only a fellow townsman or fellow villager, who came to London years ago. In the shelter they are taken care of with their money and their "baggage" until their friends can be communicated with or employment obtained.

Here, stepping from the boat, are two young Germans. They are going on to America. Here are two Russians in long coats, high boots, and peaked caps. These also are for America. But the rest of the pale, anxious, and dishevelled crowd are for London. This Russian lad, still wearing the red embroidered shirt of his Fatherland, has been sent for by his brother, a tailor. This



ALIENS ARRIVING AT IRONGATE STAIRS.



AN EAST-END DEN.

young fellow with a wife and two children has nowhere to go. He has come to escape military service and to look for work. Under the dark archway, wet and miserable, there is a crowd of sixty-four men, women, and children huddled together gesticulating and shrieking, and always in mortal terror that some unauthorised person is going to lay hands on the little bundles and sacks which contain their all.

The nervous hysteria of a downtrodden people escaped from bondage is writ large in the high-pitched voices. Some of the women speak in a scream. Some of the men, disputing as to the payment of the sixpence demanded by the boatman, yell and shout as though they were lunatics in a padded cell.

Two English policemen, stolid and self-possessed, listen to the complaints poured into their ears in half a

dozen languages and say nothing. When I explain to one that a gesticulating Pole wants to give the boatman into custody for refusing to give up his bundle without the sixpence is paid, the policeman grins and says, "Lor now, does he?" A young Roumanian Jewess, with two crying children clinging to her skirts, asks me a question in a voice that sounds as though she was calling down the vengeance of Heaven upon me. But Mr. Somper comes to the rescue. She is asking me if I know somebody with an impossible name. He is her cousin and came to London

last June with 172 other Roumanian Jews driven out by the action of the Government.

But presently the shouting and gesticulating cease. A covered cart is driven up to the entrance of the archway. In this the aliens, directed by an agent, proceed to pile their scanty luggage. A few will not trust their bundles out of their own hands, and carry them. The cart starts, the men, women and children fall into procession, and then



AT THE WEST-END: SURPRISED BY THE FACTORY INSPECTOR.

move slowly off, tramping in the mud and slush of the roadway through the pouring rain. I forget that I am in London. This melancholy file of men and women carries me to Siberia. With their faces woe-begone, their heads bent, they appear more like a gang of convicts marching to the mines than free men and women making their first acquaintance with the capital of the British Empire, in which they are henceforward to dwell and earn their

arc several of their "friends," new arrivals who have as yet failed to find work. Presently a man approaches. He has a little book in his hand. Some of the men recognise him, and the group falls into an attitude of expectancy. The alien slaves of labour have assembled in the slave market to pass into bondage. The man with the book is the slave dealer. He looks the group over, then calls out in Yiddish the special kind of workers that he is in need



IN THE POOR JEWS' TEMPORARY SHELTER.

living. For the bulk of the people I have introduced you to, these scantily-clad, almost penniless Russians, Poles, and Roumanians, will presently be working as tailors and boot-makers in the den of the sweater. Some of the men have handicrafts, but the majority will be taken on as "greeners," or beginners.

It is the Sunday morning following the arrival of the immigrants at whose disembarkation we assisted. We are in Goulston Street, Whitechapel. To the man of the West the scene is like a weekday fair. Everywhere are stalls and hawkers, and business at the shops is in full swing. Even the money changer's close at hand is open, and the clerks sit at their open ledgers. Half way down Goulston Street stands a group of shabby, careworn, silent men. Foreigners every one of them, you can see at a glance. They are mostly tailors who want a change of masters, but among them

of. As he calls the men who answer his requirements hold up their hands. He says a few words to them and enters their names in his book. They will follow him presently to his "den." If he wants "greeners" he turns to the new arrivals. He selects three or four. Then he tells one of the men who know his place to take the "gang" with him. The slaves fall in and slouch away silently to their new bondage.

We have seen the sweater engaging his hands in the slave market. Let us follow them to the den. But first it will be as well to remove a false impression with regard to the sweater himself. He is not always the wealthy spider sucking the life-blood from the flies he has caught in his web. He is not a gorgeous Hebrew with diamond rings and a

big cigar. He is frequently a worker also, a man sweating because he is himself sweated. His one advantage is that he generally knows the whole of his trade. That is to say he can, if he is a tailor, make the whole of a garment; if he is a bootmaker, a complete pair of boots. The foreigners who come to be sweated generally make *one part* only of the article they work at. They learn that one portion of the process and no other. In this they differ from an Englishman, who, if he does tailoring, *is* a tailor. The foreign tailors represent not trained labour but unskilled labour; very few of them could make a complete article. There are, according to a witness before the House of Lords Committee, twenty-five subdivisions of labour in the sweating trade in making a suit of clothes.

There are more than two thousand sweaters in the East of London. Some have workshops, others use their own dwelling rooms. Let us enter a "dwelling" workshop. It is a room nine feet square. In it fourteen people are at work. There is a coke fire, and seven or eight gas jets are burning. Ventilation there is none. The sweater is at work himself. Hollow-eyed, gaunt-visaged men and women are toiling in various ways. Some have a sewing machine, others are doing handwork. It is evening when we enter. The poor wretches have been at work since six o'clock in the morning. They will go on probably till midnight, for it is the season, and the sweater has his hands full. The wages these poor foreigners can earn by their ceaseless toil will perhaps be eighteen shillings at the week's end. For that they will work on Sunday also. All the gold of the Rothschilds could not tempt *us* to stay an hour in this place, for life is sweeter than gold. Let us hurry out into the air.

Here is another den. In this bootmaking is going on. The men are mostly "greener"

who have been hired in the slave market. It is a double room knocked into one. In this ten men, and a man and his wife and six children work and sleep.

The Russian "greener" lives on next to nothing. A cup of tea and a herring are frequently all the food he will have in the twenty-four hours. How can he afford more on the starvation wages he receives from the sweater? Not long ago a Russian who appeared before the Sweating Committee said he had that week worked from 6.30 a.m. to 2.30 a.m. on the following day with only one hour for dinner. He worked harder in London than in Warsaw and made less. But the emigration agent had painted

London as a land of gold and tempted him to invest all he had in the world in a ticket.

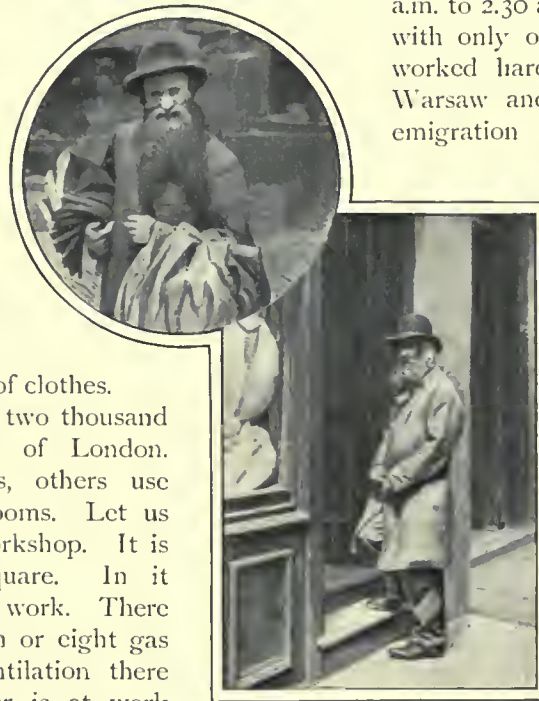
The struggle sometimes proves too terrible even for a Russian Jew. Take this case of a young "greener." He had brought his newly-wedded wife from Russia to London, thinking he would get a living. He learnt boot finishing and earned 12s. to 15s. a week.

To earn £1 a week

he would have to work twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four. At the inquest it was proved that he had tried to do this and his brain had given way. In a fit of madness and despair he hanged himself in the room he occupied with his young wife.

There are various other sweating trades carried on East and West, such as furriery, shirtmaking, mantle-making, and dressmaking. In the West tailoring and dressmaking are the sweated trades. Here the work is irregular. Half the year the men and girls are unemployed, the other half they are working night and day.

English girls are occasionally sweated at the West in the dressmaking and millinery by



ALIEN TYPES.

wealthy Christian employers. With the blinds drawn and the workrooms apparently closed for the day dressmakers work on long beyond the hours allowed by the Factory Acts during the season. Sometimes the inspector gets wind of what is going on and makes a sudden descent on the premises. Then all is consternation. Madame is summoned, and puts the blame on duchesses who want the dresses in a hurry. The Factory Act applies to these workrooms, and consequently the condition of things is far better than in the East End dens. There the Factory Inspector can only enter on a warrant, because the bulk of the dens are in dwelling-houses. The sanitary inspector can enter, but the only result of his occasional interference is that the sweater makes promises which he never performs. Many of the crying evils of the sweating system would be redressed if the Factory and the Sanitary Inspectors had greater powers and worked more harmoniously together.

In the West End the laundry women are "sweated," and in the small or hand laundries the conditions and the hours are as bad as can be. The cabinet trade has its own sweaters'

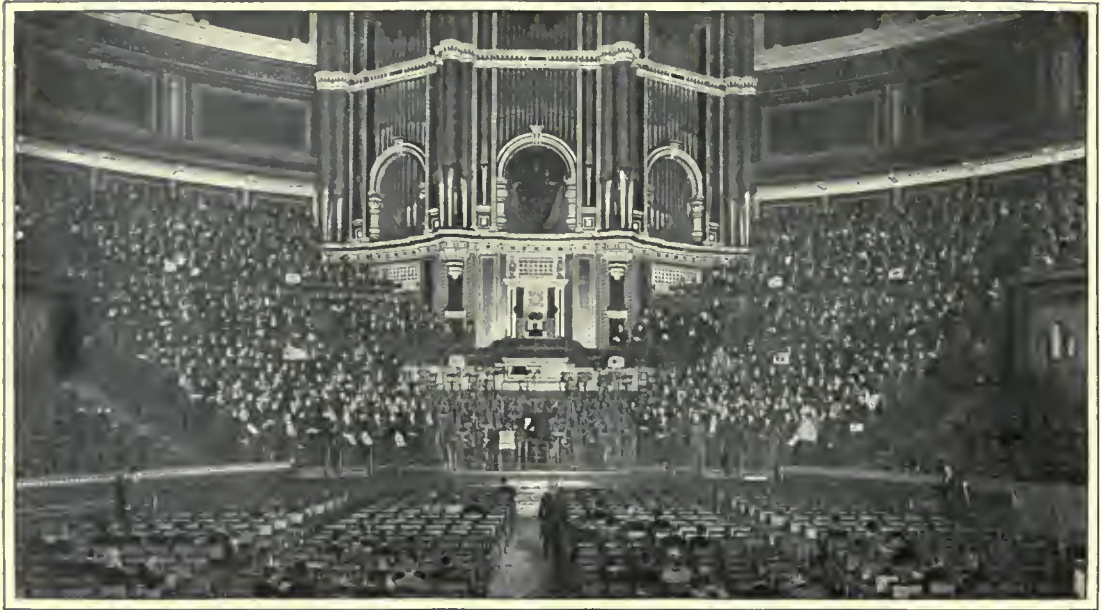
dens in the homes of the "garret masters," and here again the sweaters and the victims are largely aliens.

This is but a brief glance at Sweated London. But it may suffice to bring home to the reader one of the pressing problems of the day. Is it right that in our England we should permit a trade which is little better than the importation of foreign slaves? For you must remember that though some of these people come with a fair chance of bettering themselves, and do in many cases succeed, and in process of time become owners of property and employers of labour—generally the property is bad and the labour is sweated—yet a vast number are lured to this country by the misrepresentations of interested parties.

Arguments are constantly adduced on both sides of the question. Parliamentary Committees have gathered evidence on "Sweating;" the friends of the alien worker have come forward to proclaim his usefulness to the State and to the community. Between friend and foe Time will eventually pronounce judgment.



GOULSTON STREET ON SUNDAY MORNING.



AN EVENING REHEARSAL OF THE ROYAL CHORAL SOCIETY, ALBERT HALL.

MUSICAL LONDON.

By GILBERT BURGESS.



IF the musical standard of a city be set by the amount of music to be heard within its walls, London is certainly the most musical city in the world. With the exception of brief intervals, at Christmas and during the autumn, there is hardly a day that passes during the year when you may not find ready to your hand some sort of musical entertainment. Because we have, since the days of Purcell, gone begging for a really classical composer, English music is regarded throughout Europe as a quantity that does not exist. But although it must be granted that London has not produced many great creative musicians, it is a solid fact that Londoners, from Royalty to the street *gamin*, have an intense love of music, whether in its highest, intermediate, or trivially rhythmic forms. In no other country

will the *bourgeoisie* pay such large sums for seats for the opera, a symphony concert, an oratorio, or a pianoforte recital.

The contention that the Londoner's love of music is innate and all-pervasive can best be proved by a few word-sketches of the various scenes which are part of the life of the capital.

A sordid building, hideous, smoke-begrimed and uncouth, set among sordid slums—this is Covent Garden, the national Opera-house of the British Empire. Covent Garden is no lordly pleasure house. The homes of opera in Vienna, Paris, or New York stand on open sites amid beautiful surroundings, and the contrast is ever a matter of wonder for foreigners who visit London. The interior of the house lacks artistic grace or dignity, but its stage, with its electrically-controlled machinery and its superb stock of scenery, ranks with the best-equipped opera houses in the world. Covent Garden, in the height of the London season, presents one of the most brilliant spectacles in Europe. Outside, a line of carriages which extends





THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

a quarter of a mile westward down Long Acre, streams slowly under the portico of the entrance. One catches glimpses of fair faces; one sees an occasional flash of jewellery through the closed windows. The police keep a clear passage for the traffic; a few loafers, a few pinched-faced children of the slums group around the entrance, and watch the procession with curiously listless and impassive faces.

It is the opening night of the season. The auditorium is filled before the curtain rises. Diplomats, rich Americans, bankers, and City merchants are all represented in force. It is as if all London Society had come to one large party. The lights flash upon magnificent tiaras and diamond necklaces; your eye wanders from box to box almost surfeited by the wealth of beauty of face and costume which surrounds you.

The orchestra tunes up fitfully. The conductor enters, and, *bâton* in hand, bows to the audience. The curtain rises slowly, and upon the stage appear the entire company, attired in the costumes necessary for the opera chosen for the evening. The prima-donna steps forward, and, while the entire audience stands up, sings the first verse of the National Anthem. Then the chorus of German, Italian, and French singers join in stentoriously, "God Save the King."

The opera begins. After each act the favourite singers, the musical conductor, the manager—and, if a new work has found favour, the composer—are called before the curtain, four, five, even six times. And there is little of the alleged Anglo-Saxon phlegm in the spirit and sincerity of the cheering. In the intervals opera-glasses come freely into play; visits are paid from box to box. In the smoking *foyer* everybody seems to know everybody. Covent Garden has re-opened, and the London Season has commenced.

At the same time, at one of the numerous smaller music halls, hundreds of boys—some are mere babies—are crowding into the gallery. Greetings, less decorous than those at Covent Garden, are freely exchanged. The air is filled with quaint phrases—"That you, 'Erry?" "Not 'arf!" "Wotto, Charley!" There is a faint odour of fried fish, a form of food which is being eaten from pieces of newspaper by those boys who are so fortunate as to have had the wherewithal to purchase it. The performance is followed with intensely critical attention. The singers are encouraged to fresh effort by liberal applause, which, in the main, takes the form of a piercing and peculiar whistle. The boys know the words of the songs by heart, and they help the singer lustily by joining in the choruses with that curious nasal intonation which is one of the chief attributes of the cockney urchin.

The larger theatres of variety do not quite come under the scope of this sketch,



AT THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA.



(Photo: E. Lind & Fry, Baker St.)

M. PADEREWSKI.

but it is only fair to state that at the Palace, Empire, and Alhambra theatres are orchestras of surpassing merit, sufficiently large and accomplished to perform any possible form of music. In a smaller measure, the same remark applies to the orchestras of most of the London theatres. They are immeasurably better than those in most Continental cities.

If, as many hold, the Symphony is the highest form of musical expression, Londoners are indeed fortunate. We have the old Philharmonic Society, which has done much in the past in the cause of higher musical education—although it has somewhat fallen from the state of grace which was once its right. Until 1904 Dr. Richter, of the Hallé Orchestra, Manchester, conducted every year a series of Symphony Concerts, and from time to time concerts, frequently attended by members of the Royal Family, are given by the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society—a body of excellent instrumentalists.

But there is one orchestra in London, a permanent institution, which unquestionably surpasses all these in excel-

lence. The Queen's Hall Orchestra has a world-wide reputation. Much of its success is due to the personality of its leader, Mr. Henry J. Wood. On the nights when the programme consists mainly of the music of Wagner or Tschaiakowsky you will find the handsome hall literally filled from roof to floor with a brilliant audience. The members of the orchestra, who are mostly English, are young, alert, enthusiastic. Mr. Wood takes up his place as conductor. You notice a pale, intellectual face; dark hair worn rather long, and an indefinable suggestion of individuality. From the moment that the music begins you realise that Mr. Wood and his instrumentalists are one harmonious whole. To his every gesture, however slight, the players respond. He obtains the most marvellous effects of light and shade. In Beethoven's C minor Symphony, in the "Symphonic Pathétique" of Tschaiakowsky, in a Serenade for Strings composed by one of the members of his band, or in a French Ballet-Suite, the work of Mr. Wood and his colleagues is ever of the highest excellence.

And, as a proof that it is not merely the wealthier class of musical amateurs who appreciate the best orchestral music, witness the crowds who flock to the Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall on summer evenings. For a shilling you may hear the finest music performed by Mr. Wood's orchestra, and you may smoke withal.



A "FREE AND EASY."

In 1903 Professor Kruse, the leader of the string quartette of the same name, took over the direction of Messrs. Chappell's series of Popular Concerts, known as the "Pops." The word "popular" is perhaps something of a misnomer of these very strictly classical concerts. Chamber music, which is the main feature of the "Pops," is caviare to the general public. The sensuous massed harmonies of Wagner, the majesty of the Symphonies of the great masters, naturally appeal more easily to the

armchair in the middle of the front row; before her is placed a little table covered with green baize to announce her rank.

The home of oratorio is the Albert Hall in Kensington. Here Handel's "Messiah," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," as well as modern works founded upon the same model, are frequently performed by the members of the Royal Choral Society. In 1903, the London Choral Society, whose home is Queen's Hall, was added to the all too scanty list of such



STREET MELODY.

average amateur. The gentler note of the string quartette is apt to be lost in the strenuousness of the age. Yet there is always a "Pop" audience intensely interested, reposefully happy. It is an audience which is unique in London. You will see at every concert during the season many members of the old nobility. Smart Society, it is to be feared, is too neurotic and restless to be content with the simple delights of chamber music. But year in year out the "Pop" has a faithful *clientèle*. Delightful old white-haired ladies, faithfully attended by their husbands, come armed with early-Victorian shawls to protect them from draughts. In fact, the shawl is the most characteristic note of the "Pop" audience. Should a Royal Princess attend, she attains the luxury of a special

national organisations in Central London. In the same year a fine new concert hall, the Æolian, was opened, replacing the old Grosvenor Gallery and Club in Bond Street. Here the Broadwood Concerts, a noteworthy series on the lines of the "Pops," are given.

A more popular function, to use the word in its everyday and not in its archaic sense, is the Ballad Concert, of which there are two famous series, those of Messrs. Chappell and those of Messrs. Boosey. A Ballad Concert programme not infrequently lasts for four hours. It is an afternoon of spontaneous enthusiasm, of indiscriminate applause. Behind the scenes, in the artists' room, the singers form a happy family. Their success encourages them; but it must be confessed that the Ballad Concert cannot lay claim to

any serious or lasting merit from the purely artistic point of view.

The Mohawk Minstrels, a troupe of singers and comedians with their hands and faces besmeared with vaseline and burnt cork, ended their performances in the St. James's (small) Hall, in 1904, after carrying on the style of entertainment that their predecessors, the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, had made popular for many years.

There is one class of music, peculiarly English in quality, which is in danger of being ousted from London theatres. This is the English comic opera and the English musical comedy. We still have managers who give us bright and topical operatic *revues* at London theatres. Such charming entertainments come before the London public assured of success. The composers of the music know exactly what their audience likes, and they give it to them. Sir Arthur Sullivan, fighting against the trivialities of theme and orchestration which abound in French light opera, did splendid work at the Savoy Theatre. His careful and skilful scoring led to the standard of technical excellence which characterises English light music in London to-day.

And now we come to the question of musical training in modern London. It is a subject of great interest for anyone who cares for the well-being of the community. For the amount of time taken up in the study of the art is enormous. Every boy or girl who has the slightest natural aptitude for music abandons all thoughts of the counter or the counting-house, and would fain become a professional. The result is that at the three great training colleges—the Royal Academy of Music, the Guildhall School, and the Royal College—there are collectively more than four thousand students at the present time. Of these, how many can ever hope to become anything better than drudging governesses or ill-paid instrumentalists? There is a glamour attached to the course of training; medals are given for the slightest sign of efficiency, and, if you are lucky, a performance of some childish composition from your pen will be performed for the edification of your fellow-students.

To watch the choir of girls from the Royal Academy of Music, in their white frocks and coloured sashes—not to mention medals—is an inspiring emotion. They are so enthu-

siastic, and they are even picturesque. The same remark applies to the students' choir at the Guildhall School. But how many will ever be heard of again after they have left the college? Some few drift on to the light opera or music-hall stage, some become composers of merit. But how few! In the summer the pupils of the two older institutions, the Royal Academy and the Royal College, perform an opera at one of the West-End Theatres. The Guildhall School possesses a capital stage in its own building. At these performances relations and friends, who form the audience, see in every tenor a potential De Reszke, in every soprano a potential Melba. The awakening sometimes comes only soon enough.

Apart from the opera, Society during the season has many opportunities of hearing the best music. The State Concerts at Buckingham Palace are very brilliant, and the artists are generally chosen from those who are appearing at Covent Garden. At private parties very large sums are expended by hostesses in engaging singers and other musicians in order that their guests may be amused. A prima-donna will frequently expect £200 for singing a few songs during the evening, and if you are bold enough to engage Paderewski, the greatest pianist in the world, you will emphasise your appreciation of his genius by paying him more than double that sum.

Although the London climate does not lend itself to outdoor life in such a marked degree as does the climate of Paris or Vienna, still we make the best of it. On a summer evening in Hyde Park thousands of young men and maidens arm in arm gather under the trees to listen to the band of one of the Guards regiments; in many open spaces at stated times the various excellent bands of the County Council give free concerts. In the streets the German band—generally a motley crew of woe-begone frauds—is still allowed to linger, and the piano organ is daily brought forth from Saffron Hill to drive some of us almost to desperation, and to give others a sadly-wanted touch of brightness to their everyday life. For the piano organ is the poor man's "Pop."

A feature of musical London, more especially in the suburbs, is the smoking concert. When the day's work is done vocalists of



A BAND IN HYDE PARK.



A CONCERT BY THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

all descriptions meet at some small public hall or house, and vie with others in imitation of the popular singers of the moment. And the pianoforte and violin solos are often uncommonly well played. A little lower down in the social scale is the "Free and Easy"—a kind of impromptu concert—which is generally held in the room of a public-house. Here the talent is not so evident as the good intention,

arm-in-arm; at other times a band of boys marches down the centre of the street. One performs upon that most inharmonic instrument known as the mouth-organ. Another has a concertina, a third is armed with a piece of firewood and an empty biscuit tin, and for the rest the human voice does yeoman service. They pass a group of girls whose shrill trebles add for a few minutes



A MUSIC HALL GALLERY.

but the choruses go with infinite swing and zest; while by way of additional accompaniment a pewter pot, sturdily thumped upon a table, is found to be a very fair substitute for a drum. And the "Free and Easy" is certainly a smoking concert. It is often difficult to see five yards ahead of you.

On a Saturday evening in the East End or on the Surrey side of the Thames the inhabitants worship the Muse of melody mostly in the open air. Often there may be seen—and heard—a row of men and youths linked

to the feast of sound. They pass on, and if you have been following them you stop when you notice outside a public-house a melancholy band of minstrels. A tired-looking woman drones away at a small harmonium, one man struggles with the strings of an asthmatic harp, another plays a cornet blatantly. Twelve o'clock strikes, a barman appears with angry words. The wandering minstrels pick up their camp-stools and their respective instruments, and disappear wearily into the night.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

By C. DUNCAN LUCAS.

DESPITE the grim and black and gaol-looking exterior there is no institution in London which possesses more attractions than the Bank of England. Not

would not part with it for worlds; the tottering workhouse dame pauses to sigh on its threshold; the doughty bag-snatcher kicks his heels on the flags in front, and hopes for



DIVIDEND DAY.

withstanding her age—she was born in 1734—the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, who keeps her eyes in the middle of her body, her parents having been sufficiently alive to the burglarious instinct not to give her windows that open on the street, is still, as ever, the Mecca of rich and poor alike. A cold-blooded civilisation may be rubbing away the romance of life, but the old-fashioned and romantic interest of the Bank can never be effaced.

And no wonder, for there is no place like it. Everybody appreciates it: the millionaire, who draws his £20,000 over the counter,

a happy day. All roads from John o' Groat's to Land's End lead to the Bank of England. Everybody loves it, everybody visits it—because he envies it.

Quiet and dignified as the ancient grandam is, she never fails to impress us with her riches. Watch her at about six o'clock of an evening, and direct your gaze towards the Mansion House. Suddenly there is a diversion of traffic, the cabmen cease from swearing, the omnibus conductors from bellowing: and as the stream of vehicles divides some forty stalwarts of the Guards, under an officer, appear. They are the night custodians of the

Bank—the warriors who take charge of the load of precious metal that reposes in its vaults. Throughout the silent hours when the roar of the City is hushed every apartment in the vast building is visited, the men going round at intervals with master-keys to

in the breast of the onlooker, to whom they resemble only so many dirty chunks of copper. Each is worth upwards of £600 sterling, and there is not one that could not be carried away upon the person—if circumstances permitted. The officer of the guard, who defends this hoard, remains at his post until daybreak. He is provided with meals and sleeping accommodation, and has the privilege of inviting one guest to dinner. Very strict is the Bank in the care of its wealth, for, as if the military were not adequate protection, the Deputy Chief Cashier resides permanently in the building, and every night three clerks sit up to see that all is well.

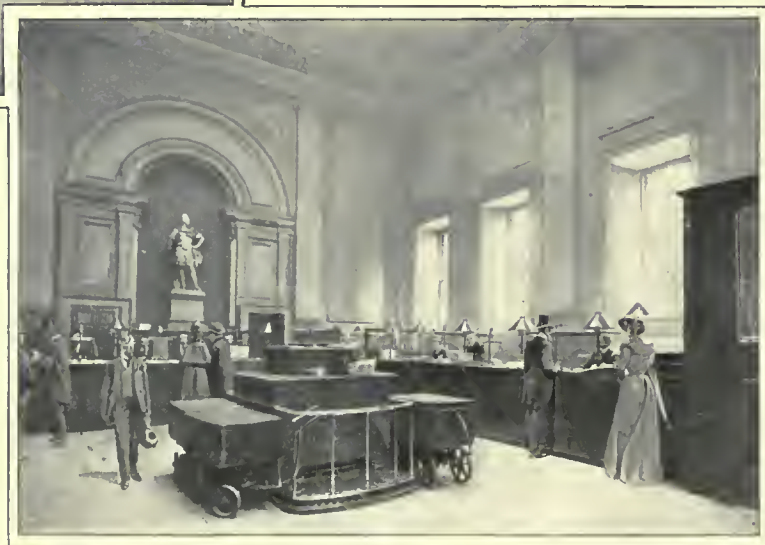
Let us, for a moment, turn into the great court-yard on dividend day. Here one meets a motley collection of individuals hailing from every part of the kingdom—peers, shop-keepers, retired officers, clergymen—in fact, nearly every class. It is a drama in its way, and its title is "Money." People, who look as if they weren't worth twopence-half-



DIVIDEND ROOM.

satisfy themselves that all is safe. Nothing is left to chance. Deep down are the solid brick vaults with two sets of doors which no single person can open—not even the Governor. One of the doors has three locks, and the keys being in the possession of three different officials, the doors cannot swing on their hinges until the trusty three have assembled for the purpose.

Several millions of pounds' worth of gold lying on barrows in solid ingots may be seen in these vaults, and silver, too, in plenty. Yet the blocks of gold cause little or no emotion



ISSUE DEPARTMENT.

penny, are drawing dividends on half-a-million pounds' worth of stock. It is a wonderful crowd, wonderful because every face is a human document, a mirror of emotions. First, the men. That they are proud of their power to demand shekels from the greatest

banking establishment in the world is perfectly clear from their looks. Different, however, is the case with the women. Their air is one of uncertainty. They have read much of thieves, much of the gentry who prowl round the Bank in search of bags and purses. What troubles them is not whether the Bank will pay them, but whether they will ever get their money home intact. One, here and there, has had a big pocket sewn right away in a petticoat, but even this does not afford her a sense of entire security. Watch her as

ever, regard the advent of dividend day as a brilliant excuse for spending a day or two in town. "Never do to have the money sent by post," says Jones, the Welsh butcher, to the partner of his sorrows. "Sure to be lost. Must go up."

And up to London he comes; and you perhaps see him enjoying himself at a music-hall in the evening.

But we must pass on. On the left of the court-yard is the Bank's beautiful garden. This is a veritable fairy-land in a desert of mortar and brick. New plants are brought in every year just before blooming time, and the rhododendron show is one of the finest in England.

Step in now to the office, where



ARRIVAL OF THE MILITARY GUARD.

she emerges from the dividend room. Her old face flushed, her eyes are here, there, and everywhere; and sure enough her hand is on her pocket. To her every one is an object of suspicion—even the gorgeous beadle, who must be sick unto death of the mention of money. On one occasion an old lady of over a hundred called at Threadneedle Street to draw her dividend. It would relieve the more nervous of the visitors if they could know that the Bank is watched by sleuth-hounds of the law the whole day long.

All these good folk could save themselves anxiety by having their dividends forwarded by post, but many of them distrust the machinations of St. Martin's-le-Grand, and insist on being paid in person. Some, how-

they scoop up sovereigns with as little concern as a grocer scoops up sugar. It is no joke to be a counterman at the Bank of England, for between them the cashiers sometimes disburse as much money in a day as would suffice to build St. Paul's.

When money is given in change for a note a corner of the latter is torn off so as to render it of no further use. From twenty to thirty thousand notes reach the Bank in the course of a day, and when they have done their duty they are stacked away in a special room. No note is ever re-issued, and at the end of three years every piece of used paper money is destroyed in a furnace.

It is the cashiers who see most of life, and what stories they could tell! On one occasion—this was at the time when all notes were specially examined before they were cashed—a lady called and requested payment for a hundred pound note. She was told to go to the examination counter, a desk protected by bars. Instead of doing this she stepped across to the ornamental fire-place, thinking there was a clerk behind it, and put her note up the flue, and away it went. She got her £100, however, and when the flue was pulled down the note was found.

While on duty at the Bank of England a cashier never knows a restful moment. What with counting sovereigns, taking care not to make an error, and keeping a look-out for forgeries, his task must be the most worrying known to mortal man. And consider the strain of it all. To honour a spurious note is a sin that is considered unpardonable. Yet the harassed counterman cashes hundreds of notes in a day. Is he to blame if one forgery slips through? The answer is an emphatic "Yes," on the ground that it is extremely difficult to produce a forged note that, to the practised eye, is anything like a genuine one.

Yet there have been gigantic forgeries. Through one astute swindler the Bank lost £360,000, and through another £320,000. The Bank manufactures all its own paper for its notes, which it also prints on the premises, but even this precaution has not always prevented fraud. About forty years back



BANK-NOTE PRINTING DEPARTMENT.

a quantity of Bank paper was stolen, with the result that forgeries were rife for quite a long period. The delinquents were eventually captured and sent to penal servitude. A hundred and fifty-one years ago a Stafford linen draper forged a note. He was hanged for his pains. Once, by the way—about half-a-century ago—an ingenious individual, named Baldwin, a print moulder, was granted audience of the directors to prove to them that a bank-note could be split in two. He demonstrated that such an achievement was possible; but the officials were not alarmed, and hinted that the process—of which they already knew—would cause them no inconvenience.

Before leaving the cashier's, or issue, department, we must not omit to mention two unique episodes in the history of the Bank—the issue of a million pound note, and the payment over the counter of the largest cheque on record in settlement of the Chinese indemnity to Japan. A reduced photographic reproduction of the latter appears on this page.

A day or even longer is required to obtain a complete idea of the operations of this colossal emporium of money. In the weighing-room, which seems to be made of

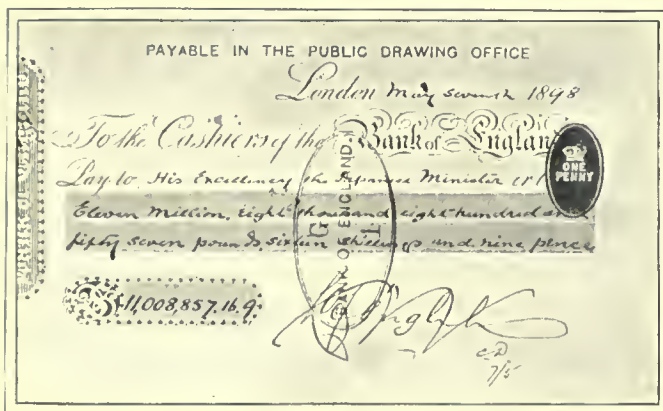


Photo. L. Engraving by special permission of the Treasurer.

THE LARGEST CHEQUE ON RECORD.

gold, the visitor stands appalled. In this glittering chamber sovereigns and half-sovereigns are weighed by machines, which are marvels of accuracy. The coins are placed indiscriminately in the machines, which weigh them automatically and separate the light from the heavy. As many as 35,000 coins can be tested in a day. The light money is defaced, while the coins that are of correct weight are circulated again. Fifty thousand gold pieces sometimes lie in heaps in the weighing-room.

The printing establishment is no less interesting. Notes of untold value are printed there every day—five-pound notes, ten pounders, hundred pounders, thousand pounders. The men turn them out with as much nonchalance as if they were digging potatoes—rather less, in fact. “A nice, pleasant place for a thief,” exclaims the dumbfounded visitor, as he cudgels his brain to understand how on earth track is kept of the hundreds of notes that are finished every hour. But a very effectual check is kept on dishonesty. The machines register every note they print!

In reality there is no place in the world which is so proof against cracksmen as the Bank. There was a rumour once that some

mole-like criminals intended reaching the bullion room by burrowing under the Bank, but if they ever contemplated such a step they soon abandoned it. The authorities of the Bank take nothing for granted where theft is concerned. Their motto is evidently that the best way to prevent burglary is to be prepared for it. They have a strong company of rifles ready for all emergencies and an armoury full of up-to-date weapons. The Bank does not forget that its historic old pile has been in many a tight corner.

Nowadays, however, the Old Lady goes on her way placidly and undisturbed by wild alarms. She is the banker of the Government, she manages the National Debt, and she often receives into her coffers scrip to the value of £50,000,000 in a single day. On the other hand, some faint idea of what she disgorges may be gathered from the fact that on dividend day her correspondence fills from fifty to sixty bags. Her best known official is, of course, the Chief Cashier, who ought to be a proud man, for not only is his signature on every note that is issued from Threadneedle Street, but he is supposed by not a few to be the owner of the Bank and all its treasures.



IN THE COURTYARD.



LOADED BARGES (BANKSIDE).

WATERSIDE LONDON.

By ARTHUR B. MOSS.

LIFE by the waterside, from Blackfriars to Greenwich on the Surrey shore, and Blackwall on the Middlesex shore of the Thames, is a fascinating subject to all who take an interest in the vast population which lives and moves and plays its several parts in the great human drama on the banks of the river of the greatest city in the world.

It is a fine morning in June. We are standing on London Bridge at a very early hour. Let us take a walk along the riverside, and catch a glimpse of the workers at their daily toil. We are on the Surrey side, and our route lies along the bank of the Thames towards Blackfriars.

We walk down the stone steps into the Borough Market, which is alive with human beings working hard in the early hours of the morning to supply the vegetable wants of Londoners. We glide off to our right, by the side of St. Saviour's Cathedral, through Clink Street, and we find ourselves on Bankside. Here, for a while, we watch the waterside labourers at work. We see them

loading a barge with grain. Some of the younger men are of Herculean proportions, and have almost the strength of a Samson. The sacks they carry on their backs weigh, on an average, two hundredweight and a half. These men bear them with perfect ease, and run along a narrow wooden plank that bends under their weight. The older men, who have to keep pace with the younger ones in life's terrible struggle, groan and gasp under their heavy burdens, but still stagger bravely on. They know only too well from painful experience that once they fail there is no further employment for them in that branch of the labour market.

We walk on and watch other barges being loaded, but with very different cargo; some of them with heavy bars of iron, others with crates of empty bottles, others with barrels of grease and fat.

Along Bankside on a summer's day there are always to be seen a number of boys wading in the mud, and trying to find such treasure as may have fallen into the river

during the day or night. Here are a party of lads making their first attempt to swim. Every season a number of them terminate their youthful career in a muddy and watery grave.

We pass along under Southwark Bridge, and watch yet another lot of waterside labourers at their daily task of unloading barges of coal, and then we turn off into the courts and alleys to see the homes in which many of these toilers live.

We are in the land of Shakespeare—on the very ground where the immortal dramatist and poet passed many of his happiest days, a stone's throw from where the old Globe Theatre stood—yet how very unromantic these parts are to-day! Poor, dilapidated dwellings are the houses in these courts—Moss Alley, Ladd's Court, Bear Gardens, and White Hind Alley—which abut on the banks of the river. Hard, indeed, are the lives of the poor families that



MUDLARKS.

dwelt therein. From morning to night they hear the ceaseless hum of the great fan at the electric lighting works hard by. At first painful to listen to it becomes music to them in time, so that they sing and work to its metrical movement. The waterside labourer earns a precarious income. Half the year he is without work. The great struggle for existence presses heavily upon him. When he gets any money he often spends it with absolute recklessness.

Many of the wives have to help the waterside labourer in getting the living, some of them by charing, others by fur-pulling—that is, pulling the fur off rabbit skins—which until recently they did in their own homes, but, now that the ubiquitous sanitary inspector has vetoed it as a home occupation, the women have to perform this work in the factory, where they are unable to get the assistance of the girls of their family. In the winter months many of these poor families are on the verge of starvation, and it is a blessing to them that their children are supplied with free meals through the agency of various funds. But for these meals many of the waterside labourers' children would starve.

Let us turn our steps in another direction, and wend our way back to London Bridge. Here for a moment we pause. We take a glimpse at the river alive with craft of all kinds, from the great iron vessel that is being laden with cargo for a long voyage, to the small skiff in which the waterman plies for hire between the stairs on one side of the



LEAVING BATTLE BRIDGE STAIRS.

river to those on the other. We gaze at the great wharves on the riverside for a moment, and think of the vast amount of labour that has to be employed in these great storehouses of London, and then we turn our steps towards Tooley Street. Standing outside Cotton's Wharf—the scene of the great fire of 1861, when Superintendent Braidwood, of the Fire Brigade, was killed by a falling wall—we watch while a number of men are being taken on. We see the men, with eager, careworn faces, pressing into the crowd, holding up their hands, and appealing with tearful eyes for a chance to earn their daily bread. It is a terrible experience which these poor fellows have to undergo, and one which has to be repeated morning after morning the year round, at the wharves abounding along the riverside.

We pass on to the first stone steps down the river from the bridge—Battle Bridge Stairs—and here we come for the first time in our journey to a spot where the waterman is watching at the foot of the stairs to row some passengers across the river. Our song writers have told us of the "jolly life of the waterman," but those who have had experience of them know that though these men pass a healthy and adventurous career upon the great river, their lives are not so pleasant as many people imagine. Competition among the men is so keen that they find it difficult to get a bare subsistence.

At Horselydown Stairs the men are busy. They are rowing wharfingers across the stream, and seamen to their ships. A waterman's life is a busy one for a few months of the year. He commences his work early in the morning and ceases late at night. He

runs many risks. At times he is in danger of being run down by a passing steamer, or he is run into by a barge and capsized; yet comparatively few among them can swim. Scarcely a week passes without an inquest on the body of a waterman or lighterman who was drowned while engaged in his daily task.

We have often read in books of dark deeds done in the dead of night on the Thames, but such crimes are rarely perpetrated by the watermen of to-day. Years ago, when they received a large fee for every dead body that they could find in the river, there were no doubt men villainous enough to drown an

inoffensive fellow-creature for the sake of the reward. But to-day a couple of shillings or so are all that a waterman gets who discovers a body floating in the stream, brings it ashore, deposits it in the mortuary, and afterwards attends the inquest to give evidence.

Many a foul crime, however, is still perpetrated by land sharks, who lure men down to the river

by night, and rob and murder them. At inquests on bodies picked up in the Thames an "open verdict" is frequent; nor do the jury hesitate to express their belief that foul play alone can account for the wounds and bruises found on the body of the deceased.

The Thames watermen have some sunshine in their lives. Every year a certain number of them compete for prizes at the local regatta—Bankside, Horselydown, Rotherhithe, Deptford, Wapping, Greenwich, each has a regatta of its own—and the excitement over these contests is quite equal to that at some of the best races in the more fashionable parts of the river. As a general rule a new skiff is offered as a first prize, and



OUTSIDE THE "ARK," ROTHERHITHE.



A WATERMAN AT HOME.

amounts varying from 30s. to £5 for the six men who are chosen to compete. On such occasions the whole parish is decorated with flags and bunting, the jolly young waterman becomes the idol of the fair sex, and at night a "military band" specially engaged plays "See the Conquering Hero comes" as the winner is hoisted into the new skiff, which is drawn along in a waggon amid the enthusiastic applause of the waterside population.

All along the riverside are great wharves for the storage of wheat, oats, tea, sugar, peat, and all kinds of merchandise, and sometimes one of these great warehouses will take fire, and causes great excitement and activity among the people that dwell by the waterside. The great Tooley Street fire raged furiously for several weeks. Great masses of burning fat floated down the river, and, as they came in contact with the small craft, set them alight. Then indeed the Thames was on fire. For months afterwards men, women, and children waded into the river and skimmed off the floating fat, while the children scooped up the mud and separated the grease from it and sold it.

Fires—not of this magnitude, but still very great fires—occur frequently by the river, and then the waterside inhabitants reap their harvest. When the fire is at a tea warehouse, and large boxes are thrown into the river, scores of young mud-larks will be out in the early morning with thin cotton bags, scooping up all the floating tea, which they find no difficulty in disposing of at a price.

Passing along by these wharves, we hear the

heavy machinery crushing the corn in the large flour mills at Shad Thames, and, as we pass the dry dock at this spot, we understand the weird fascination this place had for Charles Dickens. The great novelist selected Shad Thames as the scene of the most exciting moments in the career of Bill Sikes.

We now pass Dockhead, and proceed along Bermondsey Wall, and come to some old-fashioned "Stairs," which the borough officials have thought so important that they have secured them as "borough property." From these stairs we get a splendid view of ship-loading on the river. Here, from early morning

till late at night, we may see scores of men busy loading vessels, and scarcely a day passes without some terrible accident happening to the toilers. A man is standing by a loophole letting down a heavy bale of goods by a crane into a barge beneath. Presently, for some unknown reason, he lets go the handle that turns the wheel of the crane; it goes whirling round at tremendous speed; he tries to recover the handle, but



A WATERSIDE PUBLIC-HOUSE.



GROUP OF WATERMEN.

misses it; it strikes him between the eyes and hurls him senseless, sometimes to a distance of several feet. He is picked up, and, covered with a sack, is borne away to the nearest hospital.

A man is helping to load a vessel, a chain or a rope breaks, and down upon him with a crash comes a heavy bale, crushing his limbs beneath its weight. In a few moments the news of the accident spreads among the people employed by the waterside; out come the children, swiftly the poor wife learns the ill news, and in an hour the whole street in which the unfortunate man lives is talking of his accident. If he dies, a "Friendly Lead" is held at one of the waterside beer-shops, a variety entertainment takes place, and as the audience are leaving they drop a bit of silver into a plate. The proceeds, which are often supplemented by the beer-shop proprietor, go to the widow.

Let us take another view of the river looking eastward from Cherry Garden Pier. Here we see the great Steam Floating Fire Engines of the County Council, and the fine waterside Fire Station in which the men live when they are on land. Here, also, we see the Thames Police officers who row up and down the river at all hours of the day and night in search of river thieves.

Let us turn down this street and look at some of the inhabitants: the women as they

stand by their open doors, and the children as they play about in the streets and courts and alleys. Some of the streets (we are now in Rotherhithe) have quaint names for such a district. Here, for instance, we find "Paradise Street." Next we come across "Clark's Orchard," but any attempt to discover either Clark or his orchard would fail; all you can see is a group of dirty urchins amusing themselves in the gutter.

Here is another group of youngsters. They are following a coal van. Did you see that boy knock the lumps of coal off the sack into the road? Quick as lightning another boy picks them up, and darts off down one of the side turnings. It is in this way that the home is kept in coal during the winter months.

We walk a few yards further, and come across a quaint little building. It is called the "Ark," and is a place of worship intended for the waterside folk. On Sundays some of them attend this sanctuary to get spiritual comfort; but for the most part they are a worldly race. They believe in the philosophy of "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die," but they strive as long as possible to put off the evil day.

Let us proceed with our journey. We pass along Rotherhithe Wall, through what is called "Down Town," a neighbourhood by itself right on the banks of the river, and nearly a mile and a half from the main streets of Rotherhithe or the market-place. Here, years ago, when the steamers and other vessels unloaded at the Surrey Commercial Docks, the foreign sailors came and dwelt; but to-day they have shifted their quarters.

We pause for a moment, and enter a small waterside public-house, where sailors congregate immediately after arriving at the docks.

Presently we are in the heart of the Surrey Commercial Docks, having passed over the "Swing Bridge," and in the midst of a busy scene of unloading and conveying cargo from the ships to the various storehouses. On our way out of the docks we come across the quaint little "Kirkko," a Finnish mission-house for foreign sailors.

It is now evening, and the places of amusement of the waterside population are opening their doors. Here is a Palace of Varieties in Abbey Street, Bermondsey, opposite the famous Neckinger Mills, the chief tannery in London. It is a large and commodious building, capable of seating about 1,000 persons, and is generally packed in every part. It is a "two houses a night" hall. The entertainment consists of comic songs, dances, acrobatic performances, and winds up either with a screamingly funny farce or a modern sensational dramatic sketch. The waterside people like good strong fare. None of your reserve force for them. They want vigour, action, and sensation, and they see that they get them.

So far we have dealt with waterside life on the Surrey side. Now let us get in a ferry boat and cross over to Shadwell. The general features of waterside life, which we have already described, we find again on the Essex side. But when we proceed either in the direction of Limehouse, or along as far as Millwall, things change considerably. Here

are a host of foreign sailors, and a large number of Chinese, Hindoos, and negroes.

A good deal of difficulty arises from time to time among these foreign sailors. English sailors frequently decline to work in the same vessel with them, and sometimes scenes of disorder and violence take place among them.

Among sailors smuggling goes on to almost as great a degree as in former years, but many of them have learned to be a great deal more subtle and smart in their methods of evading the Custom House officers. Only the poor simpleton among the foreign hands gets captured and brought before the magistrate, while the clever ones, who know their business, manage to go scot free.

Having now arrived at Blackwall, we walk through that fine piece of engineering skill, the Blackwall Tunnel under the Thames, and in a few minutes reach Greenwich, where once more we come in contact with a waterside population in many respects similar to that which we have described along the Surrey shores.



COTTON'S WHARF (TOOLEY STREET).

IN LONDON CLUB-LAND.

By SIR WEMYSS REID.

CLUB-LAND is one of the most distinctive of the special characteristics of London. The London clubs have found their imitators in every quarter of the world, but London still holds its own as pre-eminently the home of clubs. Nowhere else can the traveller find a Pall Mall and St. James's Street, nowhere else is he confronted, not by one, but by scores of palatial buildings, all devoted to the amenities of club life.

The great West-End Clubs seem to meet the requirements of every possible class in society. They are so numerous that it would be impossible even to name them here. Some, like Brooks's, the Carlton, and the Reform, are distinctly political in their character, and are the recognised homes of historic parties. Others, like the Turf, the Marlborough, White's, and the Bachelors', are purely social — places

where men of all ways of thinking in politics may meet on equal terms. Others, again, such as the Athenæum and the St. James's, may be said to represent the highest phases of our public and official life. Bishops and judges, for example, make the Athenæum a terror to the frivolous, whilst at the St. James's the diplomatists of every nationality may meet on territory that is at once pleasant and neutral. The Service clubs, where the officers of the Army and Navy congregate to fight their battles o'er again, and the University clubs, where friendships formed on the banks of Isis and Cam in the halcyon days of youth are carried on until heads are grey and backs are bent, have their own special place in the club world. No one who knows anything of the inside of club-life can doubt its importance as one of the great factors of living London.

It would take a volume to bring home to the reader all the varieties of club-life as we see it in London; and the briefest survey must therefore suffice in these pages. Let us, for example, take a stroll along Pall Mall, St. James's Street, and Piccadilly, and peep into

some of the clubs that we pass upon our way. Here, to begin with, is the handsome United Service Club, at the corner of Waterloo Place, which used to be known to the irreverent as the Cripples' Home, because of the number of maimed heroes who frequented it after the hard fighting in the Crimea and India. If you were to walk into the stately house any day about two o'clock



OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CLUB: THE HALL.

you would find a number of very ordinary-looking men eating their frugal luncheon, or reading the early editions of the evening papers. Ordinary elderly men, at the first glance, nothing more; and yet, if you enquired into their identity, you would hear names that recalled to you the memory of stirring deeds wrought for England in every quarter of the world. Yonder old gentleman, struggling with a not too tender mutton-chop, once played his part in the little band of heroes who kept the flag of England flying for ninety days above the Residency of Lucknow. What a tale he could tell if he chose to speak! And this dapper, well-preserved veteran, with the unmistakable air of the cavalryman, who is discussing the news in the morning room with a band of comrades—have not some of us heard from his own lips the story of the ride of the Light Brigade through the valley of death at Balaclava?

Great commanders here, famous admirals there, who have faced tempest and war on stormy seas for two-score years under the white ensign. Soldiers and sailors alike, they have all come into port at last, and are resting here in the ease and tranquillity of their favourite club. The United Service, or, as it is more generally called, the Senior, is one of those London clubs in which the members are of infinitely greater interest to the visitor than the club itself. The same may be said of the club across the way, the Athenæum, for here also, if you were to look in of an afternoon, you would see, along with a large sprinkling of the obscure, not a few of the most famous men of our time. Bishops, Cabinet Ministers, and judges are entitled to claim membership of the Athenæum as a matter of right, and it is seldom that you can enter the club in the afternoon without meeting representatives of all these orders.

Westward from the Athenæum the famous twin political clubs, the Reform and the



REFORM CLUB: AWAITING ELECTION RESULTS.

Carlton, stand side by side, divided only by the narrow thoroughfare that leads from Pall Mall to Carlton House Gardens. These are the clubs in which English history during the last sixty years has been largely made. Before the days of the first Reform Act Brooks's was the most important of all the political clubs; but when the new era came in the Reform and the Carlton took the leading place, and became the centres of the political life of the two parties. Perhaps the sceptre has already passed from their hands. There are those, at least, who declare that the new clubs, like the National Liberal and the Constitutional, now do more political work than the Reform or the Carlton. Possibly; and yet it will be a long time before these older clubs lose their hold upon the public imagination. When one enters the Reform Club, the chief feature of which is the noble central hall, it is to find oneself



CARLTON CLUB: COFFEE ROOM.

surrounded by the memories and faces of the dead. Lord Palmerston was a frequenter of the Reform in the days of his power, and here his consistent opponent, John Bright, was also a most familiar figure. Cobden and Grey, Russell and Gladstone, Granville and William Edward Forster, seem still to haunt the palatial hall and rooms of the Reform Club, where the leading Liberals of to-day still foregather, and where an anxious crowd gathered in the hall always awaits the results of a General Election.

At the adjoining Carlton it is a different set of names that memory conjures up. Here Disraeli and Derby—the fiery Rupert of debate—are the presiding spirits. The Carlton is still

the chief home of a great party, and many are the political secrets stored within its walls. But neither at the Carlton nor the Reform will the mere outsider get the idea that he is in the presence of the political great ones of the earth. At the Carlton, to be sure, he will have no opportunity of judging how Cabinet Ministers spend their scanty hours of leisure, for there is an inflexible rule of

the club which forbids any stranger to take a meal within its walls, or to enter any of the rooms. The Reform is more hospitable. It does entertain the stranger, and, as a consequence, its *cuisine* stands upon a higher level than that of the Carlton. Many legends



MARLBOROUGH CLUB: SMOKING ROOM.



ARRIVAL AT THE CARLTON CLUB; OLD STYLE.

attach to both clubs. The Reform has literary, as well as political, traditions; and men still point to the fireplace in front of which Thackeray used to stand as he smoked his after-luncheon cigar, or the table at which Macaulay was wont to write. It was at the Carlton Club that something like a scandal arose some years ago, owing to the conduct of one of the members. He was a man of much social and some literary distinction; but, as he grew old, his temper became unbearable, and he made himself the terror of the servants of the club. At last his treatment of these unfortunate persons became so bad that they threatened a general resignation if the committee did not do something to protect them. The committee very properly took the side of the domestics, and the consequence was that the distinguished gentleman had to choose between forfeiting his membership and offering an apology to the servants whom he had outraged. Like a wise man he chose the latter alternative.

The members of the Reform were brought prominently into notice not long ago by the discovery that a man of fabulous wealth had been living unostentatiously amongst them for nearly thirty years. The older members of the club knew all about "Chicago Smith" and his prodigious wealth. For years they lived with him, respecting his love of retirement and his shrinking from the notoriety which is nowadays the lot of the very rich. But outside the club his existence was practically unknown, and it was only when he

died that an astonished world discovered that a man who could have counted guineas against a Vanderbilt or a Rothschild had been quietly living for many a year in a small bedroom at the top of the Reform Club.

Further along Pall Mall we pass the Junior Carlton, the name of which sufficiently indicates its character; the Army and Navy, familiarly known as "the Rag"; and, on the south side of the street, the Oxford and Cambridge, long the favourite resort of the University man in town. Next to the Oxford and Cambridge is the Guards' Club, where the young

gentlemen of whom Ouida was so fond of making heroes may occasionally be seen, resplendent in their uniforms, at the bay window of a morning. Across the way is the most select of the purely social clubs, the Marlborough, between which and Marlborough House there was, in the old days of the late reign, a subtle but well-understood connection. A skittle-alley is one of the distinguishing features of the Marlborough; and



NEW STYLE.



CONSTITUTIONAL CLUB: LADIES' DAY.

here the most distinguished personages have at times been seen disporting themselves.

Turning into St. James's Street, we find ourselves still breathing the atmosphere of Club-land. The Cocoa Tree, in the old days a famous gambling club, occupied a modest house at the bottom of the street. Adjoining it is the Thatched House Club, built upon the site of an ancient tavern, which in the last century served in place of a club for many persons of distinction. Higher up the street we have the Conservative, an off-shoot of the Carlton, Arthur's, and Boodle's, with its bay window, dear to country gentlemen and masters of hounds; Brooks's, White's, the Devonshire, and the New University. Historic interest, so far as these clubs are concerned, centres upon Brooks's and White's. The former was the headquarters of Liberalism at the time when the Liberal party was governed by a Whig oligarchy. You will find many a reference to Brooks's in Disraeli's earlier novels. Here the great Whig leaders, from Fox onwards, met to dine and dice and settle the affairs of the nation. It is a very sedate club now, retaining still an air of old-world stateliness that contrasts strangely with the ordinary club manners of to-day. But if you should at any time have the privilege of being a guest at Brooks's, ask your host to show you the famous book in which bets between members were recorded in the brave days of old. You will get there a more vivid impression of the manners and customs of our ancestors than you could obtain from the study of a score of more formal volumes. White's is now the home of smart young men about town, but it is one of the oldest, if not the very oldest, of established clubs. Thackeray loved to write about it, and more than one scene in his novels is laid within its walls, where the men of fashion of the eighteenth century were accustomed to drink their chocolate and indulge in the high play which was so common in those unregenerate times. More than one quarrel within the walls of White's Club has ended in a fatal duel in Hyde Park or some other sequestered spot.

We are in Piccadilly now, and here the clubs, though numerous, do not call for special attention. The Turf Club is the most fashionable of all clubs connected with sport.

The Naval and Military has found a comfortable home in the house so long inhabited by Lord Palmerston, where Lady Palmerston, in the 'fifties and 'sixties, used to give her famous Saturday parties. The Junior Constitutional, a huge building which, seen from the Green Park, positively seems to dominate Piccadilly, is the home of militant Conservatism of the modern type. The Isthmian is the resort of the modern race of University men, to whom the sports of to-day are even more important than the dead languages. The St. James's, as has already been told, gives shelter to the diplomatists of our own and other countries, and within its walls secrets of world-wide interest are sometimes discussed in those discreet tones which "the new diplomacy" abhors. The Savile, next door to the St. James's, maintains, even in Piccadilly, the old tradition of plain living and high thinking which is dear to the heart of the philosopher. It is the chosen resort of our younger men of letters, and had once the honour of numbering Louis Stevenson among its members. The only other clubs that call for notice in this part of the world are the Bachelors', at the corner of Hamilton Place, and the Wellington, at the top of Grosvenor Place. These are the furthest West in geographical position of our clubs, and they represent a corresponding division in society. They are emphatically West-End clubs, frequented by the rich and the fashionable, and as both open their doors to ladies—not as members, but as guests—they are the scene of many a pleasant social gathering. Another club, the Constitutional in Northumberland Avenue, is also famous for its ladies' days.

There are other clubs of a different class which cannot be wholly ignored in even the briefest sketch of Club-land. These are clubs where men meet, in some cases to dine and talk, and in others to smoke and talk. Perhaps the most famous of the dining clubs is Grillion's. To the outer world its name is almost unknown, yet for nearly a hundred years past it has been a favourite resort of the most famous men of both political parties. Here, once a week, the Prime Minister of the day and the Leader of the Opposition may, if they please, meet in social intercourse, forgetful of the

strife of politics. Mr. Gladstone was long a distinguished member of Grillion's, and round him used to gather a chosen band of men of all parties, who were, in their way, almost as famous as himself. The Cosmopolitan is the most distinguished of the clubs given up to tobacco and talk. Membership is in itself a diploma. The club is open twice a week, and in its comfortable room not a few of those who are concerned in the Government of the Empire meet to exchange their views, and to indulge in frank discussion of the questions of the hour.

A notion, sedulously fostered by certain lady novelists, used to prevail in the outer world that the West-End clubs were not merely the home of luxury, but of an almost profligate extravagance and self-indulgence. Nowadays, one may hope, this delusion has been dispelled. It is certain that it would not survive any actual experience as a member of these institutions. Men go to their clubs, not to indulge in sumptuous feastings, but to lunch modestly and cheaply, to read the evening newspapers, and, above all, to drink an afternoon cup of tea. It is in the afternoon that the club receives the largest number of visitors. Lawyers and men of business, whose work is over for the day, delight to go to their clubs to discuss the news with their friends over the homely tea-cups. Members of Parliament look in on their way down to the House, whilst men about town, having nothing better to do, feel that the club is a "sure draw" of an afternoon if they are in search of an acquaintance.

Dining, though it is naturally an important

part of the business of most clubs, has ceased to be the great institution that it once was. Men dine at their clubs because, as Mr. Disraeli observed, "one must dine somewhere," and not because they wish to dine exceptionally well. If they are epicures, and desire to indulge in a feast, they do not go to the club, but to one of the new restaurants famous for their *chefs*. The fact that dining in public places is now recognised as per-

missible for women as well as men has had much to do with the decline of the clubs as places for dinner parties. Mixed parties of both sexes are as a rule more popular than parties composed exclusively of men; so in this way Club-land has been losing favour of late years. But, so long as man is a gregarious animal, and so long as he delights in intercourse with his fellows, the clubs of London will continue to exist. Each one may be described as a circle of friends who, having in the first place been drawn

together by some common taste in politics, or sport, or art, have by daily association become knit together in bonds of mutual good-will.

A real London club is something more than a fine building provided with an accomplished *chef* and a well-trained staff of servants. It is a temple of friendship where life is made pleasant for the members by their daily intercourse with congenial associates. To every true club man the club becomes in fact a second home, and its members a larger family party. It is in this sense that the club-life of London is peculiar. Clubs are to be found elsewhere; but outside England the true club spirit is hardly to be discovered.



BOODLE'S CLUB: THE BAY WINDOW.



ORIENTAL TYPES IN LONDON.

ORIENTAL LONDON.

By *COUNT E. ARMFELT.*

VISIONS of palm trees and mango groves, of mosques and pagodas, rise in the imagination as one beholds the swarthy sons of the Orient, whose quaint costumes bring colour into the London streets, whose presence is emblematic of England's far-reaching commerce and power.

The Maharajah who wears a diamond star and the ayah with her children, the Japanese who dress in solemn black, the Persian philosopher and the Parsee student, the Turk, the Egyptian, the Arab, and Chinaman one meets in the West-End are all interesting figures. But to understand what Oriental London means from the points of view of character, costume, and life scenes, one must travel from the fashionable West to the humble East, for it embraces all the various spheres of society, high and low. It is in the crowded thoroughfares leading to the docks, in the lodging houses kept by East Indians, in the shops frequented by Arabs, Indians, and Chinese, and in the spirit houses and opium smoking rooms that one meets the most singular and most picturesque types of Eastern humanity, and the most striking scenes of Oriental life.

The pale yellowish Chinaman from Peking who almost trails his pigtail, and whose loose flowing robes are caught by the breeze, and whose soft thick felt shoes glide silently through the streets, and his brother from Canton or Hong Kong who wears sailor's

clothes, and whose hair is neatly plaited round his head and covered with a large golf-cap; the red-turbaned Lascars whose toes are as nimble as monkey's hands, and whose sea-chests contain treasures of odds and ends of cast-off European clothing mixed with bits of odorous Bombay ducks; the alert, up-to-date Japanese, whose pilot jacket has capacious pockets bulging with weird-looking little idols, the penates of his ancestors, which he will turn into cash as soon as he can; the jaunty-looking Malays, so handy with the kris and whose lips are blood-red with the juice of betel; the Arabs and the Zanzibaris, lithe and resolute, who wear tarbooshes and turbans



CHINESE WEDDING GREETINGS.

and large sashes, and the Cingalese, whose figures are hid in long overcoats, and who shiver with cold in the sun of an English summer, can all be observed on the quays of the docks and in the favourite haunts of Asiatics.

The Oriental lodging-houses and homes of Limehouse and Poplar are nearly all of them private. The residents stay three or four days, sometimes a week or a fortnight, and longer as the money lasts. In the majority of cases each race and taste has its own home. The Mohammedan Lascars and the Hindus eat apart from each other, though their food may only be rice. But the Lascars outnumber all the other sailors. When ashore for any length of time they prefer a nearly empty room with just a bed and a mattress. They carry with them their own bedding and their prayer rugs. They often sleep two or three on one bed, and one room may accommodate a half-dozen or more. There are any number of these lodging-houses, yet anybody not thoroughly acquainted with the locality would be at a loss to find one, for they look half deserted, and there is nothing to show that rooms are to let within.



A CHINESE SHOP (LIMEHOUSE).



ARMENIANS IN LONDON.

Usually the lodging-house is a disused shop; its shutters are up and barred, and it admits only a faint glimmer of light through a small aperture high up near the ceiling. The street door is unlocked, but shut to so that it need only be pushed open.

The Orientals glide in and out silently, and the shut-up shop, round which are beds and divans, is a delightful retreat from the Oriental point of view; the half darkness being grateful to the eyes and restful to the nerves induces that delightful sensation called *Keef*.

Although most of the houses are generally well conducted, it occasionally happens that an Arab or Malay will cause a terrible disturbance. These gentry occasionally get intoxicated through the bhang and the hasheesh that they chew and eat and which makes them raving mad.

Their hallucination is that the world around them is red, and they try to make it so by cutting and mutilating anyone that comes near to them. As a rule, however, thanks to the watchful care of the proprietor and his deputies, they are kept prisoners till the fit is over, but alas! in nine cases out of ten their reason has left them for ever.

On one occasion a tall, haggard man, a native of Bombay, who had a good discharge certificate as ordinary seaman, was on the point of being engaged on board a ship which had been chartered to convey munitions of

war to the Cape, when some Lascars interposed. The truth was that he was known to them as a most dangerous monomaniac. He had a notion that the holds of ships were full of devils and jinns, and that they disturbed his sleep by their moans and groans when at sea. As he explained to his messmates these devils felt cold and damp down below and craved for a fire. And so to satisfy them he had on two occasions thrown lighted oakum and pitch among the cargo. This man was once a capital sailor, obedient and courageous too. But he had given way to intoxicants, and he will never serve in another ship.

Now and again a man, who has had a stroke of good luck, will come in the lodging-house for a rest. It may be that he is not a drinker, and thus the usual allurements fail to untie his purse-strings. In that case one of the most profitable dodges is that of selling a *Hhagab* or charm to the lucky Khalasi in the hope that he may have still further prosperity and "luck."

The Oriental, whether he be a Mussulman or a Hindu, is only a grown-up child. He is credulous of things which are wonderful, monstrous, and absurd, and incredulous of scientific facts. He most firmly believes in the baneful influence of the Jinns, the Spirits of the Night, and the Evil Eye, and he purchases amulets to protect him against them and sickness, cholera, the plague, and the dangers of travel and the sea. These amulets, which usually consist of verses of the Koran, of gems, little pieces of green and white stones and corals, are sewn in little leather cases, sometimes of a triangular form, and embroidered with silver; and they are worn round the neck or round the left forearm, or carried in a pocket of the waistband.

There is a market for charms and amulets which have brought unexpected prosperity to their owners, and the lodging-house keeper not infrequently drives a lucrative trade in them, especially with the sailors.

Altogether the Oriental crimp lodging-house keeper with his oily, protesting tongue, and his greedy and cruel look, is not an inviting character, and it can hardly surprise anyone that all the most reputable Orientals, who, as sailors or merchants, have business in the East-End and in the City, prefer the advantages of that most excellent institution, the "Strangers' Home."

Here, on the broad steps of the portico which faces the sun, or seated within the institution, one may often find groups of Orientals in all the glory of their native picturesque garbs, which rival the colours of the kaleidoscope. Here you may see Indians, Burmese, Arabs, Japanese, Chinese, Malays, Cingalese, Zanzibaris, Sumatrans, and other Orientals, for the "Strangers' Home" for Asiatics and others admits all creeds, all



CHINESE MISSION-HOUSE (LIMEHOUSE).

and all callings.

It has reading and smoking and bagatelle rooms, bedrooms, baggage rooms, kitchens, and dining rooms, where every individual can cook and eat his meal with the ritual which his conscience commands him, undefiled by even the shadow of an infidel.

Further down the road towards the West India Docks there is a quaint inscription in four Chinese characters. It signifies that here is the Chinese mission-house. This is open twice a day for general purposes. The missionary, the Reverend George Piercy, lived thirty years in China, and he has gained much renown and respect among the Chinese of all classes. In Limehouse

the old and the young, the residents and the new-comers, look upon him as the father, the friend, and the adviser of all who are in difficulty or trouble. Chinamen who have been unjustly accused of crimes and offences, a thing which is not uncommon, and crews which have refused to work under some misapprehension, have owed their liberation to his kindly offices; and many young boys and girls of the colony have to thank him for advice and help.

On Sunday evenings, about six o'clock, you will see in the mission-house a table laid for a score or more of young Chinamen who, under the presidency of Mr. Piercy, will regale themselves with tea, bread and butter,

cakes and biscuits. It is a homely gathering. The missionary chats with all, answers questions and imparts information on every subject.

Close by the mission-house is Limehouse Causeway, and there and in the adjoining streets are the houses inhabited by the Chinese, and the shops where all things Chinese can be procured, or ordered direct from Peking and Canton.



TURKISH DELIGHT.

Rare delicacies, soys, condiments, curries, gingers, medicines, drugs can be obtained there. Pills from Canton for counteracting the reductive effects of opium, and the opium itself; candles, bars of soap, with the name of Wong Chung Li, and oil made of beans for the sacred lamp can be purchased, and a clever young man will enter the amounts in a ledger with the date in one character, and one single character will suffice to enumerate the lot.

The walls of the shops are adorned with tablets, inscriptions, and advertisements in Chinese characters, and such well-chosen announcements as "Prosperity by Honesty" and "Righteous Prosperity" can be read by the learned; while over the names of the shops appear such celebrated names as Shing, Chang, and Kung.

Most of the residents of the colony understand English; a few speak it tolerably well; but in the great majority of cases one must be accustomed to the elision of the R before one can really comprehend what they say, for they have learned their English in the seaports where Pidgin is in vogue.

All the established Chinamen have married Englishwomen, and in their case marriage has not been a failure, for they seem happy. Their children look healthy and are comfortably dressed, and most of them are very nice looking. These dark-haired, black-eyed boys and girls, with the rosy cheeks and happy looks, are real little pictures.

The Joss House, it is stated, does not exist in Limehouse. That may or may not be correct; the Celestials, as a rule, know how to keep a secret among themselves. The Chinese are averse to having their world-ancient customs ridiculed. They argue that the men, whose ancestors devised and designed the vestments of modern religions, and who invented the sacred lamp as a beautiful symbol of a pure life, should not have their belief turned into ridicule by the ignorant scoffer.

The symbol of the sacred lamp is brought into operation in disputes and law suits. It is seldom that the Chinese go to law with each other, for they settle all their differences between themselves, but when it does occur the oath that is binding upon their conscience is administered to them by blowing out the right candle. It means—"This light is the emblem of my life. May I die if I do not speak the truth." The Chinaman blows out the light, and calmly awaits the dread result in the event of his telling a lie.

There are mysterious looking shops in Limehouse with little or nothing in the windows, and which have curtains to shut off the street. Now and again a Chinaman or other Asiatic will push the handle and disappear. It is an opium-smoking room. Enter and you will see a counter, a pair of small scales, a few cigars, some tobacco, and other *et ceteras*. The shop has a back parlour with a dingy yellow curtain. It is furnished with a settee, chairs, and a spacious divan, or wooden structure with one or two mattresses and half-a-dozen hard pillows or bolsters. It is there that the Ya'pian Kan—the prepared



IN THE MAIN HALL OF THE STRANGERS' HOME, WEST INDIA DOCK ROAD.

opium—is smoked, and the *majoon*, made of hellebore, hemp, and opium, is chewed, eaten, and smoked.

In the eyes of the Chinese residents or London there is no greater man than the Chinese Minister. And the Forbidden City of Peking is not a more sacred place than the Legation in Portland Place above which waves the yellow flag with the Dragon.

The members of the Chinese Legation make many English friends. Occasionally they make wedding presents. Thus, the two Chinese greetings, of which facsimiles are given on page 81, were sent by Mr. Tang to Mr. and Mrs. James Platt (who allow us to reproduce them) on their wedding day. The inscriptions on the cards read in English :

“Nigh to the flower-beds are other plants around them whose roots are intertwined.”

“The mirror ever reflects two images which stand shoulder to shoulder.”

There is no greater contrast than that which exists between the Children of the Rising Sun and the Chrysanthemum and the Children of the Flowery Land and Dragon. Ask a Japanese what is his chief political ambition, he will tell you that his countrymen will never rest until they have built an Empire

of the West that shall rival the power and the grandeur of Great Britain. Put the same question to a Chinaman, he will reply in set deprecatory phrases that China desires to be left alone. And there is the whole difference between the two people.

But besides the Chinese, the Japanese, and the others to whom reference has been made, there is a nondescript Oriental population to be found in the very centre of London, a population which is full of character. There is the Turk from Constantinople who has no shop, no warehouse, and sometimes no address, and yet carries on a lucrative trade in old point lace; there is the Syrian who sells beautiful dolls dressed in their native costumes, and there is the insinuating carpet hawker from Jerusalem. All these have their clients who never forsake them. There is, too, the *Khol* vendor from Egypt, who goes to the houses of the Jews, and who will pencil the eyebrows and the eyelids so as to give intense lustre to the eyes. There is the Japanese tattooer who earns his twenty guineas in two or three sittings; there are the acrobats from every Eastern country in the world; and each of them can be seen in the streets of Oriental London.



LEAVING THE CHINESE LEGATION.



SUMMONED TO A "B MEETING."

COUNCIL SCHOOL LONDON.

By HOWARD ANGUS KENNEDY.

ONCE heard Mark Twain say, at a banquet he was persuaded to attend in Montreal, that he could not throw a stone in that city without breaking a church window. In many parts of London, I can imagine him complaining, he could not throw a stone without breaking the window of a school. Yet there are multitudes of Londoners who could not give you more than the haziest idea of what goes on within those high brick blocks that tower over the low-roofed dwellings of the London poor.

These buildings were known for twenty-four years as Board Schools; and the old name, though officially abolished, still sticks to them in the popular mind. The London School Board, however, after creating and developing for a whole generation this magnificent system of elementary education, was wiped out of existence by a stroke of the Parliamentary pen. The schools are now—and the same is true, with important reservations, of the denominational schools—under the control of the London County Council, which devotes a certain amount of

time every week at its public meeting to the decision of educational questions. The greater part of the work, however, is done by the Council's Education Committee. An important part of the committee work is done by a handful of "co-opted" ladies; but on the County Council itself, which may reverse any of the committee's decisions, no woman has a voice or a seat. A strong staff of inspectors, with local "correspondents" in various districts, and a brigade of clerks at the old School Board offices on the Thames Embankment, carry out the Council's instructions.

Nor must we forget the brigade of attendance officers, who take a yearly census of London's children and see that they go to school. When a youngster stays away without good cause, the father or mother is served with "Notice A"; and if that is not enough, he or she is invited by "Notice B" to attend what is known as the "B meeting." There, in the privacy of the Council's local office, a friendly attempt is made to persuade the neglectful parent to do his or her duty by the child. If persuasion should fail, the arm of the law



WAITING FOR FREE MEALS.

is invoked, and as the magistrates can now impose a fine of 20s. for each offence the remedy is usually effective. Of course, the vast majority of parents nowadays realise the value of education, and send their children to school without either persuasion or prosecution.

But now let us invade one of the schools themselves. It is a bright day, and brightness reigns within as well as without. As we enter the hall in the Boys' Department, the Headmaster is engaged in a paternal conversation with two poor little lads who have come in late. They are ragged, and not over-clean, and he has discovered that they are hungry, too.

"That is a difficult family," he observes, coming forward to shake hands. "There is always something the matter with them. It's no use trying to work their brains when their stomachs are empty, but they will be back in a few minutes when they have got their bowl of bread and milk. There are really three of them, and I expect the third is as hungry as these two, but he's a very independent little chap, and won't confess it. There are not many underfed children here, though. Over at Wincott Street they have to feed a hundred or more every morning. Here our principal trouble is boots." And as

the two boys scurry away, we notice that one of them has his right foot in a loop of string, by which the sole and the upper are held together. Presently, a classroom door opens, and three score boys troop out, marching Indian file — heads thrown back, chests out, hands down — and range themselves in the hall at the class-master's word of com-

mand. Most of them are undeniably well-fed, and well though not fashionably dressed; but the tattered minority are all the more noticeable on that account. A door opposite opens, and another class marches out. A smart little fellow with a very clean collar runs over to the piano in the corner and strikes up a lively march, to the tune of which the hundred and ten boys perform their exercises and evolutions in the smartest of styles. Often enough you will see them drilling in the playground, where there is more air but less music, unless a barrel organ happens to pass that way.

"Would you like to hear the boys sing?" asks the Head. "Yes? Mr. Smith there is a capital singing teacher. Most of the teachers are well-up in tonic sol-fa, but he has really a genius for it."

The boys rearrange themselves, the teacher strikes a keynote—and the delicacy of expression as well as accuracy of time with which those children sing a difficult part-song of Mendelssohn's is really amazing. A rattling soldier-song follows,



ATTENDANCE MEDAL.

and this is plainly what the boys enjoy most ; the very windows shake with the triumph of it. But this interlude must not be too long. Another word of command, the boys march back to their class-rooms, and the work goes on all the better, you may be sure, for the ten minutes' relief.

"How on earth does one man manage to teach sixty boys?" we ask, counting the youngsters as they troop in.

"You may well ask that," says the Head. "It is impossible to teach them as they should be taught. There are always several backward ones, no matter how we arrange the classes, and it is very hard to give these the extra individual attention they need to bring them on without keeping back the bright ones at the top. Still," with a shrug of the shoulders, "what can we do? We must just do our best ; and I will say this, that I have got a good staff here, and their best is very good. Now and then the Inspectors have complained about the poor show some of the children make in simple arithmetic, but we're picking up, and I should like you to come into Mr. Jones's class before you leave. The Inspector gives him a good report, at any rate."

Mr. Jones is busy, with one eye following his hand over the blackboard, and the other eye taking in his class. He is conducting them through the mysteries of what we used to call the "rule of three."

We all learnt the "rule of three" when we were boys, but how many of us were taught to understand it or to do anything more than work "rule of three" sums in a blind, mechanical fashion? The teaching art has made enormous strides since then, and Mr. Jones is by no means content until by searching questions and lucid explanations he makes his boys know the why and wherefore of every move in the arithmetical game. He is on the alert himself, and he keeps his boys on the alert, too. All but a few, that is. The Headmaster sees the exception at whom we are looking.

"Yes," he says, answering our thoughts, "he does look sleepy, doesn't he? and how can you blame him? He was up at five o'clock this morning, and out with the milkman on his round. This evening he will be out selling papers. You know, these poor children are not put to bed as early as yours are. They don't get a fair average of sleep for growing children, and when they have to work before and after school, to add a little to the family earnings, you can't expect them to have very much energy left for their work when they come to school. It is really pitiful. That sleepy-looking chap there, trying



AFTER THE DOORS ARE OPENED.

so hard to keep awake, has got as good a set of brains as any of them, but there is no hope of developing them with such a life as he lives."

Now let us visit the Girls' Department, on the floor below. The girls seem even better dressed and tidier than the boys, but that is only because they are girls, not because there are no poor ones amongst them. Female costume is more manageable; you can do more with scraps to make a girl

she points to the back of the room. Sure enough, there sits a big girl with a baby on her knee—a chubby little fellow of about eighteen months, sitting quiet, as good as gold, while the girl attends to her lessons. From the way the other girls brighten up as they look round in the same direction it is evident that the baby is the pet of the class.

"You see," the teacher adds, "the mother has to go out to work, and there is nobody else to take care of the child, so, rather than



AFTERNOON ASSEMBLY.

presentable. Besides, a girl thinks more of "looking nice" than a boy does.

In the first class we enter we find the teacher with the comparatively small number of thirty-five girls to teach. "The fact of the matter is," she tells us, "there's an epidemic of measles in this neighbourhood, and though the disease is mostly among the little ones in the Infants' Department, my girls have to stop at home so as not to bring the infection. A few of the poorest, by the way, often have to stay at home to look after the little ones, sick or not sick. Some girls have their education terribly broken up that way. However, as you see, there is more than one method of getting over the difficulty," and

have the girl stay away, we let her bring the baby with her."

When we enter the next class-room, it is quite plain that our coming has interrupted a "scene." A big tom-boy of a girl is standing out in front of the others, looking very much ashamed of herself, and the rest of the class are almost equally cast down by the disgrace she has brought upon them. We hastily retreat. The headmistress, who has been giving the class a serious talking-to, follows us out into the hall to explain. "We don't have much trouble in the matter of discipline," she adds, "and very seldom have to inflict corporal punishment." Even the boys upstairs—well, they *will* be boys, you know; and yet, as a

[SCHOOL ATTENDANCE.] **NOTICE—FORM B.** [FORM NO. 13.]
 THE EDUCATION ACTS.
London County Council.
NOTICE TO ATTEND BEFORE DIVISIONAL SUB-COMMITTEE.

To Mr. _____ 190

TAKE NOTICE that you have been guilty of a breach of the Law in that your child _____ has not duly attended School, and you are hereby invited to attend at _____ on the _____ day of _____ at _____ o'clock in the _____ noon precisely, to state any excuse you may have, and to show cause why you should not be summoned before a Magistrate and fined.

You are warned that by Act of Parliament Magistrates have now the power for each breach of the law to inflict a fine amounting, with costs, to TWENTY SHILLINGS.

(Signed) _____
Officer of the London County Council.

Divisional Superintendent.

“NOTICE B.”

rule, if a master has a strong character, he can control them entirely by moral force.

And now for the infants, who occupy and enliven the ground floor. They are of all sizes, from the seven-year-olds, almost ready to be moved up to take their places among the boys and girls, down to the little toddlers of three, some of them almost lost in the dowdy cast-off clothes of their bigger brothers and sisters, and others resplendent in gay ribbons and spotless pinafores. What sort of lessons can these babies do? Well, they make a good beginning with the three R's. Even the 'rithmetic is made comprehensible and not unattractive by means of the coloured balls mounted on wires in counting-frames.

“But, dear me,” says a visitor to the motherly presiding genius of the Babies’

Room, “I had rather tell them a story than try to teach them to count.” “We do tell them stories, lots of stories,” says the teacher, “and they take in more instruction that way than in any other. Besides, we teach them to use their hands a good deal. Look at these prettily plaited paper mats along the wall. They are all made by the children, and they are very proud to see their work stuck up like that for exhibition.”

On the stroke of four the little ones troop out, class by class, doing everything in almost military order, without which the school life would be anarchy and chaos. They gather their caps, shawls, and miscellaneous wrap-pages off the hooks in the cloak-room, and bring them out into the hall, where they stand in rows and put the things on—with some assistance from the teachers, for three-year-old fingers find it very hard to tie a knot. Then they kneel down in rows, say a prayer that they evidently know by heart, sing a verse of a hymn, and troop out, either to find their own way home or to be met at the gate by a mother or elder sister; though some have to wait half an hour till their brothers and sisters upstairs are ready to go home with them.

The form of dismissal, the kind of prayer and singing practised, the “order of service,” so to speak, varies a good deal in the different schools, and even in different departments of the same school. The head teachers have great discretion in their methods of management, as indeed they have in their methods of



PHYSICAL DRILL.



MODEL DRAWING AT A HIGHER GRADE SCHOOL.



LEARNING TO COOK.



A MANUAL TRAINING CENTRE : WOODWORK.

teaching, so long as the general rules of the Council and the Government code are followed, but in every school it may be taken for granted that an honest attempt is being made to bring the children up as little Christians. This is plainly in accordance with the desire, or at any rate not in opposition to the wishes, of the vast majority of parents. Very few parents, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, keep their children away from the Scripture lesson in the morning. The Jewish children, as a rule, take some secular subject while the Bible is being taught. At some schools in the East-End, however, where the Jews equal or outnumber the Christians, the children all take Scripture, but the little Hebrews, of course, are given only Old Testament lessons.

It is good to find also that neither boys nor girls spend all their time at books. Drawing, happily, forms

part of the ordinary class work—not to mention the more advanced art teaching provided in the "Higher Grade" schools.

But come with me one morning to a school consisting, not of a single great building with its three regulation departments, but of a whole series of buildings grouped round a large playground. On the door of one structure, an ordinary small London house, is the mysterious word "Housewifery." An ordinary house, "but how extraordinarily clean," your first remark is. No one actually lives there; but all the older girls from a number of schools around go there in turn, sixteen or eighteen at a time, to be taught that wonder-

ful feminine art—so fruitful in its results for the happiness of Mankind—the art of managing and taking care of a home. Here they learn to dust and clean, to mend and turn garments, and even to buy the domestic stock of provisions, economy being always kept clearly in view. They make their own metal and furniture polishes, and even manufacture make-shift blankets out of brown paper.

Another little building close by is the Cookery School, where we find half the class learning to "feed the baby," most of the

remainder enjoying themselves a good deal more at making tarts, and a few looking after a joint of beef—which a group of the teachers will buy for their own dinner. On the other side of the playground is a two-storey building. Downstairs, a dozen girls are learning to wash and iron in a model laundry; upstairs, a score of boys



PLAYTIME.

are wielding the hammer and the plane.

I have written only of the "ordinary" children, not of those pathetic little groups of the physically and mentally defective now being gathered into "special schools." But "ordinary" children are extraordinary enough, as all of us know who have children of our own; and sufficient has been said to indicate, though faintly, how engrossing and fascinating as well as supremely important a task has been committed to the men and women who are appointed to discover and draw out and develop the multitudinous variety of gifts which God has stored in the "ordinary" children of London.



WATERLOO: OFF TO ASCOT.

TERMINUS LONDON.

By GEO. R. SIMS.

A FAMOUS artist saw in a London terminus all the materials for a great human drama. The picture was painted, and Frith's "Railway Station" maintains its fame and its interest to the hour that is striking now.

Every phase of life, every note of human emotion, is to be found at the great termini. It is there that all sorts and conditions of men enter and leave the capital. It is there that the greetings and the farewells take place. It is there that the explorer's journey to an unknown continent begins; it is there that the holiday maker starts on his trip. At the railway station a soldier bound for the war bids his sweetheart the last farewell. At the railway station the bride and bridegroom start upon their honeymoon. There is not an hour between early morning and late night that you can visit a London terminus and not witness a scene that goes to the making of the human comedy or the human tragedy. It is always a big set scene in the drama of life.

We are at Waterloo, a strange, oddly arranged terminus where you lose yourself easily in a Hampton Court maze of platforms, and always meet striking types of your brother Britons—the man of the river, the man of the sea, the military officer, the sportsman and the artist, the City man and the countryman.

It is between eleven and twelve on a bright June day, and Waterloo is thronged with well-dressed people. Nearly all the men have race-glasses slung across their shoulders. Most of the ladies carry race-glasses in their hands, and have dust cloaks or waterproofs with which to cover their dainty dresses in case of rain. All are going to Ascot, and the ordinary booking offices as well as the temporary ones erected on the platform are besieged.

Many of the company are of the smart set. Peers and peeresses are as plentiful as blackberries on a September hedgerow. Fashionable London calmly exchanges smiles and greetings while engines scream and

porters shout. Elegant carriages have been driven up to the station in endless succession, smart footmen and grooms, wrap laden, are hastening about in every direction.

At another temporary booking office there is a crowd that differs completely from the other. It is a regular racing crowd: bookmakers and their clerks, professional backers, sporting publicans and tradesmen, men about town, young fellows who have just begun life with plenty of leisure and a little money, music-hall stars, actors, and a sprinkling of the fair sex who are going to Ascot to see the company rather than the racing, are mixed up together in picturesque confusion. Most of the men have race cards and the sporting papers, and all have the quiet businesslike air of a racing crowd. It is only on Derby Day that the spirit of Bank Holiday invades the platform from which the racing specials start.

We find the holiday note dominant when we push our way through the seething crowd that fills Liverpool Street on a summer Saturday afternoon. Everywhere we come upon young people laughing and joking together. The young ladies are in their Sunday best, the young gentlemen have their hats rakishly set and display considerable

daring in the colour of their neckties. Some are on cricket bent, others are anglers; there are tennis players, in fact, nearly every branch of outdoor sport is represented on the platform. Then there are the hard-working boys and girls out for a mere holiday trip, and you can see that they mean to make the most of every minute. The moment they have stormed the train and packed themselves in their places, the sound of the concertina is heard, and the popular song rings out loud and clear under the glass roof. They will sing till they reach their destination. If they return at night, they will sing all the way back. At midnight, as they make their way tired and sleepy out of the station into the silent streets of the City, they will still march to the uplifting strains of the concertina or the mouth-organ and sing. Sometimes they will dance, but that depends largely on the length of the journey and the atmospheric conditions.

Victoria. The train from Portsmouth puffs up to the platform. Long before it stops the doors of the third-class carriages open, and out springs Jack—everybody's Jack. There are scores of merry-faced sailors. They bring a breath of the ocean with them in their rolling gait, their keen clear eyes, and their



LIVERPOOL STREET : A SUMMER AFTERNOON.



VICTORIA: "JACK" ARRIVES.

cheery exclamations. The gilt lettering on their caps tells the tale of England's might; we read the names of ships familiar in our mouths as household words. We watch the holiday-making tars, with their handkerchief bundle or their belongings in what to the landsman always looks like a bolster, roll joyously out of the station and scatter themselves among the cabs and omnibuses with reckless daring; and we wish him a jolly time with the old folk at home, and many a pleasant stroll through the streets of London with the girl of his heart.

Paddington. A platform reserved and barriered off. Scarlet cloth laid down from an

elegantly decorated waiting-room; grave officials already assuming a deferential attitude.

Presently the sound of a cheer outside. Then a general baring of heads, and the King and Queen come through the waiting-room to the platform. The Royal party enter the saloon. The gentlemen of the suite follow, the attendants enter the carriages reserved for them; a high railway official gets on to the engine, the whistle sounds, and the train starts out of the station. Their Majesties, smiling, bow to the privileged few who have been permitted to witness their departure. And so the King and Queen go to Windsor.

Holborn Viaduct. The hopping season is about to commence. What an odd assembly of passengers the railway company are carrying to-day! Men, women, and children, with baskets and tins, and kettles and sacks. For a minute you would imagine they were emigrants, but they have not enough baggage for that.

You can tell at a glance that they have come from the slums, though here and there are artisans and factory girls who, being out of work or in search of change, have



PADDINGTON: THEIR MAJESTIES LEAVING FOR WINDSOR.

elected to "go hopping." They seem fairly happy; some of them are even elated, for, rough as the life of a hopper is, given food, shelter, and sunshine, there is just the gipsy element in it that makes it to the dwellers in narrow courts and filthy

alleys something of a picnic, something of a holiday. And there is money to be earned. The accommodation at the other end will be primitive, the pay will be small; if the weather is bad, the women and the children will suffer. But hope springs eternal in the human breast, and after the dull monotony of semi-starvation in a slum a glimpse of golden sunshine and the green fields and a long day in the pure air are blessings not to be despised. The hopper always thinks himself in luck at the start, whatever his feelings may be at the finish. And so to-day he looks upon the station as his own property,



WATERLOO : ENTRAINING FOR ALDERSHOT.

and poses a little; and he and his wife and his children talk loudly, and make as much fuss about their belongings as a Duchess's lady's maid with her Grace's jewel-case to hold and half a dozen bags to look after.

Waterloo again; but with a different scene from the last. All is order and precision. A sharp word of command rings out again and again, and the passengers have stiffened into lines and become machines. For the platform is given up to Mr. Thomas Atkins. A large body of soldiers are entraining for Aldershot.

Charing Cross. It is past five o'clock, and a little crowd is waiting for the Continental train. It was due at 4.55. Ah, here it is! The platform is lined with porters—a porter to almost every passenger, for the number has been telegraphed from Dover. Directly the train comes to a standstill the crowd of home-returning travellers pour out on to the platform. There are a few foreigners, but not many. The hand-



HOLBORN VIADUCT : A RUSH OF HOP-PICKERS.



CHARING CROSS:
ARRIVAL OF THE CONTINENTAL MAIL.

as possible the vans are unloaded and the contents transferred to the train. A few belated passengers arrive and take their seats, and promptly at 2.45 the train rattles out of the station on its journey north. The London newspapers will be upon the breakfast tables of Manchester and Liverpool at the same time that they lie upon the breakfast tables of the Metropolis. Modern enterprise is every day stretching out the mother's arms nearer and nearer to all her children!

Euston. It is Sunday and high noon. Ordinary

travelling is suspended, but this is the day when the hundreds of theatrical companies touring the provinces travel between the towns. To-day we are fortunate in our visit to the North Western terminus, for the labels on the long train drawn up in the station inform us that it will carry one of the famous musical comedy companies. Attached to the train is another set of carriages. These, by the labels, we can see are intended for a melodrama company which

bags and rugs are taken by eager porters and carried to cabs and carriages. Then the passengers—those who are not lucky enough to have only hand-baggage—gather together in the waiting-room at the top of the platform, and wait patiently while the huge luggage vans are emptied of their contents. Sometimes they wait for half an hour.

But at last the luggage is all out and arranged on a long counter, behind which stand the Custom House officers. For a quarter of an hour or so the examination is still going on. Keys are being fitted, trays lifted out, explanations entered into, and tempers occasionally ruffled. But the officials do their spiring gently, and the travellers from abroad gradually melt away and hasten to their English homes.

The Great Central—known as Marylebone—London's newest terminus. It is past two o'clock in the morning. All is quiet until about half-past, when the vans begin to drive up with the "London dailies" fresh from the press. As quickly



THE GREAT CENTRAL: DESPATCHING NEWSPAPERS.

is travelling in the same direction as the musical comedy crowd.

Charmingly dressed young ladies begin to arrive shortly before the time of starting announced on the "train call," and clean-shaven young gentlemen lounge into the station. The scenery and the theatrical costumes have long since been loaded up. The personal baggage of the actors and actresses arrives with them, and this causes much coming and going for a time. But presently everything is stowed away, and the company gather at carriage doors and engage in

its corners. The porters slam the doors, the guard whistles, friends crowd to the windows, there is any amount of hand shaking and hat raising; then the train glides slowly out of the terminus, and the Sabbath silence settles down once more upon Euston.

These are only a few of the typical scenes of the London termini. They could be multiplied *ad infinitum*. The departure or arrival of an American "boat" special at Euston, Henley days at Paddington, Epsom at Victoria and London Bridge, and Kempton at Waterloo, the scene at King's Cross and



EUSTON : A THEATRICAL COMPANY STARTING ON TOUR.

animated conversation with the various friends and relatives who have come to see them off. The acting manager is busy. He has to take all the tickets, and generally to attend to all the details. The train accommodation is arranged at the commencement of the tour, and so everybody knows with whom he or she is to travel. A carriage is never crowded. Frequently an entire compartment is given up to two or three members of the company. There is a large amount of etiquette in theatrical travelling; occasionally the acting manager is at his wits' end to arrange matters. Miss So-and-So absolutely refuses to travel in the carriage assigned to her because its other occupants are not quite of her theatrical rank according to her rôle in the play.

At last the company seats itself, arranges its small impedimenta, and settles itself into

St. Pancras on the night of the Football Cup Final, the Scotch express in the shooting season, the arrival of a great potentate at Charing Cross, the eve of Whitsuntide or Christmas at any of the stations, a Saturday afternoon in August—all these things lift the London terminus from its ordinary routine, and make scenes of bustle and movement that no other capital in the world can equal.

And there are the quieter scenes, the domestic touches—the greetings to those returned after long exile, the parting with those who are going to a new land perhaps never to return, the arrival of convicts crossing London, the removal of a party of lunatics from the parish to the county asylum. There is no end to the scenes in the human drama which you may see almost any day of the week at a London terminus.



Photo: H. N. King, Shepherd's Bush, W.

KING'S WATERMEN (BUCKINGHAM PALACE).

ROYALTY IN LONDON.

By MRS. BELLOC-LOWNDES.

"THE brain of the Empire," as London has been not inaptly called, plays a deservedly large part in the life of our Royal Family. Our Gracious Sovereign, King Edward VII., was born within sound of Bow Bells, as was also the popular prince who is now his only son and heir. Although their Majesties' marriage was celebrated at Windsor, where St. George's Chapel makes an admirable background for such pageants, London cannot but be associated with many memorable events in the life of the British King and his Consort; and early in 1901 the Metropolis heard with great satisfaction that King Edward and Queen Alexandra intended to spend far more time in the Capital than Queen Victoria did.

Some theorists would be amazed were they to be suddenly told how much the prosperity of such a district as the West-End of London depends on the Court being in its midst, and on the presence in town not only of members of our own Royal Family, but of the Sovereign's foreign visitors and relations. The square mile bounded on the one side by Oxford Street, and on the other by Pall Mall, is filled with tradesmen who have good reason to know when a wealthy Continental Royalty

happens to be passing through London, for often the Serene or Imperial Highness in question will spend as much as £10,000 in one week; London jewellers, art dealers, leather makers, and tailors all having a higher reputation among such personages than their foreign brethren have. Again, a great public ceremony, in which their Majesties and even lesser Royal personages take a prominent part, brings in vast sums of money not only to those fortunate people, the Royal warrant-holders, but to every citizen possessing a house or row of windows on the route taken by the Royal procession.

It has been said, and said truly, that although the laying of foundation-stones and the like may be thoroughly reported in the London dailies, very few people, save those entrusted with the care of Royal letter books, have any idea of the number of times a Royal personage takes part each year in some such ceremony. This burden, for burden it is, falls very properly more on the younger members of the Royal Family than on their Majesties; but even they have to preside over an imposing number of ceremonials directly concerned with their high office.

Curiously little is known by the public

concerning what may be called the private side of Royal London, though the interiors of Marlborough House and Buckingham Palace have been often described. The fact that Queen Victoria spent so much of her time out-of-doors is familiar to most people, but few are aware that King Edward and his Consort are also exceptionally fond of open-air life, and the pretty chalet which is one of the features of the fine grounds of Buckingham Palace has been renovated with a view to constant use. Buckingham Palace is admirably adapted for outdoor entertaining on a great scale, and the King's watermen are not likely to find their pleasant post the sinecure it has long been.

A considerable portion of the day is taken up by members of the Royal Family in correspondence. Each of Queen Victoria's children wrote to her daily, and Queen Alexandra is in almost as frequent communication with members of her own family; while her children, when separated from her, also make a point of giving her news of themselves with great regularity. Both their Majesties have highly competent private secretaries, but there are, of course, a certain number of letters which have to be opened and answered each day by themselves; and since his accession King Edward has had to spend at least two hours of every morning in opening and answering his private correspondence.

In this connection it may be stated that his Majesty still has the quaint, old-fashioned pedestal desk inherited by him from his father forty years ago. This desk, which can only be opened with a tiny golden key that never quits the King's person, is used for his private letters and papers.

Queen Victoria drew up certain very strict rules concerning what may be called London Royal etiquette, and it will be interesting to see if these rules become relaxed. To give an example: during the Victorian era no Princess of the Royal House, whatever her age, ever lunched or dined in a public restaurant. This sometimes proved seriously inconvenient to those members of the Royal Family coming up to town for the day, as in each case they had to arrange to take lunch with a friend or relative.

A Royal request is invariably considered by the recipient in the light of a command. When the King or Queen intends paying a call notification of the fact is sent beforehand, and the person so honoured must make careful arrangements that no other visitor shall either be present or be admitted during the Royal visit.

Those who desire to entertain the King to lunch or dinner do not simply send an invitation asking his Majesty to so honour them. The invitation is transmitted through a third person at Court, and should the King accept, a list of the guests who are to be asked to meet him is also submitted to his Majesty, who sometimes—but not often—substitutes



Photo: Thomas,
Chiswick, E.C.

THEIR MAJESTIES' GRANDCHILDREN ENTERING MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

one name for another. Even when taking a meal in the house of an intimate friend the King is always served by his own servants. In all these matters the Sovereign follows almost exactly the same procedure as when he was Prince of Wales.

Since the King's accession those about his Majesty are most particular to observe the rule which was so marked in the case of his venerated mother, namely, that the Sovereign should in every case open a conversation. But here it must be stated that, though the King is extremely particular as regards the due observance of his rank, no one is more kind and more thoroughly understands than does his Majesty the position of those who commit solecisms through ignorance.

Ostentation of any kind is very displeasing to our Royal Family, and the King and Queen, in the simplicity and order with which their households are conducted, set an example to even the humblest of their subjects. It has, indeed, been often pointed out that the Royal kitchens are managed on a much more sensible and economical plan than are those of most of our great nobility, every detail being supervised by the King's *chef*. Every item of the *menu*, whether designed for ten or a hundred guests, is prepared in the Royal kitchen, no outside assistance ever being required.

Nowhere, perhaps, was King Edward's influence as Prince of Wales more strikingly shown than in the modifications introduced during the last thirty years into what may be called the London art of dining. King Edward and Queen Alexandra both greatly disliked the long, wearisome banquets which were a feature of social life during the first half of the Victorian era; accordingly they made it a rule that every dinner served in their town house should be over in one hour. It need hardly be said that their example was quickly followed.

On fine spring and summer afternoons Londoners have an opportunity of seeing the Queen and her daughter driving out in more or less state. To a foreigner, and even a countryman, there is something very striking in the little scene that takes place when her Majesty is driving round the park. The cessation of all traffic, the lifted hats, the bows of those who have the honour of being

numbered among the Queen's acquaintances and friends, and the keen interest in the proceedings displayed by even the most hardened Londoner—the whole forms a picture the like of which cannot be seen in any other capital in Europe. But when Queen Alexandra drives to an exhibition, to church, or to the house of a relative, her Majesty's carriage, though perfect in all its appointments, has little or nothing to distinguish it from that of any of her friends.

Busy as the King has been since his accession—often rising at five o'clock in the morning in order that he may get through the reading and signing of documents—he yet, when in town, finds time to see and hear everything worth seeing and hearing. The exhibition of a really fine or remarkable work of art is always made known to their Majesties, and the King keeps himself informed of even the flying visits to London made by those high Colonial and Indian officials who, though their names may not be known to newspaper fame, have so much to do with the building up and consolidating of the British Empire. Again and again it has happened that such an individual, modestly believing his name and position entirely unknown to the Court world, has been startled by a "command" to Marlborough House, where he has found his King not only well aware of who he is and of what he has achieved, but equally well posted concerning the portion of the Empire in which his visitor is interested, and where his life work has lain.

As Prince and Princess of Wales their Majesties not infrequently attended the weddings of friends of old standing, or those of great nobles and others. Now their places at such ceremonies are usually taken by their children and by their relations. Perhaps it should here be noted that King Edward and Queen Alexandra spend a large sum each year in wedding presents. These tokens of good-will are nearly always intrinsically valuable, and distinguished by the thought and care bestowed on the choice; while a few kindly words of congratulation and good wishes invariably accompany the wedding gifts presented by their Majesties.

The King was early compelled to make a rule never to attend the private funeral of a



Photo: Baily, Desingham.
DINING ROOM, MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.



Photo: London Stereoscopic Co., Ltd.
H.M. KING EDWARD VII.



Photo: London Stereoscopic Co., Ltd.
H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

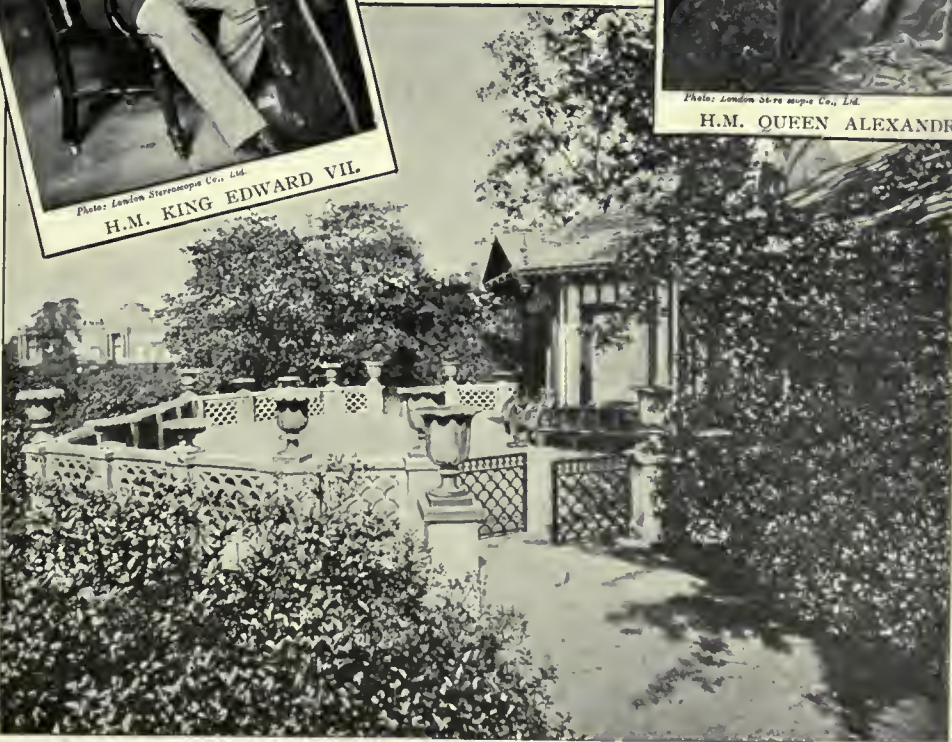


Photo: H. N. King, Shepherd & Bush, W.

THE CHALET, BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

friend or acquaintance. Only once did he break it—then in honour and remembrance of his own and the Queen's much-attached and faithful servant, Colonel Oliver Montagu. On the other hand, their Majesties are most punctilious in writing letters of condolence, and King Edward's epistles on such occasions are distinguished by deep feeling and simple eloquence of expression.

Christenings are frequently attended by

the leading photographic firms have been honoured by receiving sittings from the Royal Family, for King Edward and Queen Alexandra are extremely kind in this matter, as are also their children. Queen Victoria preferred to be photographed in her own rooms; but, though there have been exceptions—as for instance those reproduced on p. 103—very few portraits have been published of King Edward and Queen Alexandra as they



*Photo: H. N. King,
Chapman's Book, W.*

AN ARBOUR IN MARLBOROUGH HOUSE
GROUNDS.

their Majesties. The King is godfather and the Queen is godmother to many young people well known in society, and whenever it is possible that they can do so the Sovereign and his Consort act as sponsors in person, the christening in that case generally taking place in the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

It may be whispered that one of the most irksome duties connected with Royal life in London is that of being more or less constantly photographed. The portrait of a Royal personage is a valuable commercial asset, and this is more so than ever now that it has become the fashion in illustrated papers to reproduce portraits of distinguished people at different times of their lives. All

live and have their being in their London home.

Sunday is the one day of real rest enjoyed by Royal personages in London. King Edward and Queen Alexandra invariably attend Divine Service at least once, and often twice in the day; but though for obvious reasons they are more frequently seen at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, they occasionally attend other churches—indeed, at one time Queen Alexandra constantly attended the afternoon service at All Saints', Margaret Street, while when her children were young they often

accompanied their mother to St. Andrew's, Wells Street, going on thence to the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street, where they would spend an hour amusing and cheering the little patients, and distributing among them beautiful flowers and toys. When Royal personages visit an ordinary London church they do so in the strictest *incognito*, and much prefer that no notice of the fact be taken by either the clergyman or the congregation.

Only members of their own immediate family circle are entertained to lunch and dinner by Royal personages on Sunday, but during the spring months King Edward is fond of driving or motoring down on Sunday afternoon to spend an hour with those of his relations who live within a short distance of town.

Since his Majesty's accession his only son and the latter's popular consort have found themselves in much the same position as were the then Prince and Princess of Wales

during the many years which elapsed between their marriage in 1863 and the end of the nineteenth century. Their Royal Highnesses do all in their power to assist King Edward and Queen Alexandra in the ceremonial side of Royal London life.

The touch of nature which makes the whole world kin is now supplied by the constant presence at great State ceremonies of their Majesties' grandchildren. Prince Edward is being early initiated in the duties of his future life; and up to the present time the other grandchildren of King Edward seem to thoroughly enjoy the various pageants of which they unconsciously form a part. They have, however, remained quite childlike, as is shown by the collection of toys to be seen in the arbour at Marlborough House, where they spend much of their time when in London.

There is a group of Royal Londoners of whom the man in the street knows little, and yet they certainly add an important quota to



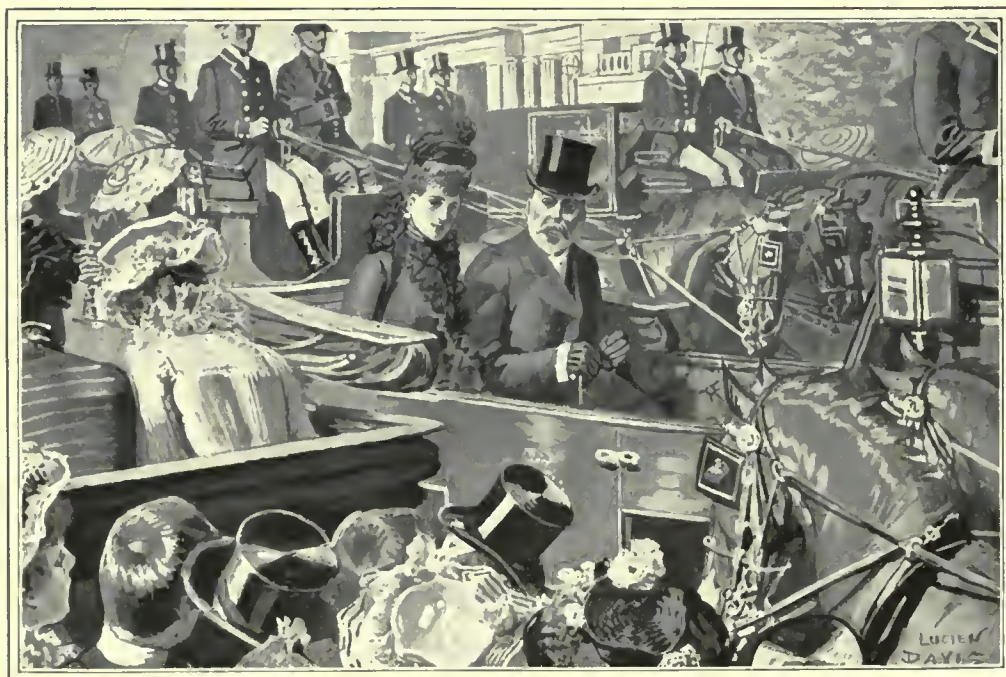
AT A PRIVATE CHRISTENING.

the commercial prosperity of the great city. The Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, though she is the widow of a German Sovereign, spends much time and much money in her native land. Her Royal Highness was Princess Augusta of Cambridge; and Mecklenburg House, a modest-looking mansion situated literally within a stone's throw of Buckingham Palace, is an important Royal centre, which is constantly visited by King Edward and Queen Alexandra.

Princess Louise and the Duke of Argyll have long occupied a charming suite of rooms in Kensington Palace, and they take great interest in all that concerns the Royal borough of Kensington. The Princess has a great dislike to being lionised or mobbed, and perhaps this is one reason why she has such a strong objection to a photograph of herself being taken for publication. She

likes to walk about quite freely in the neighbourhood of her beautiful town home; and there are shops in London constantly patronised by her Royal Highness where those who serve her little suspect that they are entertaining a Princess unawares.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife have also elected to belong to the group of little-known Royal Londoners, their town house being one of the most unpretentious of the stately mansions lining Portman Square. The King's eldest daughter and her husband are exceedingly fortunate, inasmuch as they enjoy the privileges without any of the burdens of Royalty; nor is it difficult to imagine with what envy they must be sometimes regarded by such busy and really hard-worked personages as their Majesties and the Heir-Apparent and his wife.



IN THE PARK.



ARRIVAL OF BLACK MARIA.

A TRIAL AT THE OLD BAILEY.

By *GEORGE R. SIMS.*

THE Old Bailey is the Central Criminal Court of London, and here the last scenes of most of the great criminal tragedies of the capital are enacted. In the close atmosphere of a small, inconvenient, and utterly inadequate chamber the most famous advocates of the past and of the present have contended for the life of a fellow-creature.

Passing where stood the grim, forbidding prison of Newgate, with its allegorical chains, and its black memories of the days when a public execution brought together a ribald mob composed of the dregs of the populace, we find ourselves at the Old Bailey. Outside a large crowd is already assembled, for this, it is anticipated, will be the last day of the trial of a young murderer, whose cool, calculating crime has sent a thrill of horror through the kingdom.

We are early, but if we attempt to enter at the principal doorway we shall have to return. For the trial at which we wish to assist every place has been allotted, and admission is by the Under-Sheriff's signed order only. To reach the Court comfortably we shall therefore enter by the side gate. We are provided with the necessary card, and, showing this, the police on duty step aside and permit us to pass.

We find ourselves in the courtyard. Here already stands the prison van known as "Black Maria." From it the prisoners who have been brought from another gaol are alighting to be led to the cells in which they will be detained until it is time for them to be placed in the dock.

In the covered yard, in which we wait until the officer at the foot of the stairs leading to the Court has time to inspect our card of admission, there is a wooden bench. On this are seated two pale-faced, nervous looking women, and an old, grey-haired man. One of the women, the younger, is the sweetheart of the man at whose trial we are to assist. The old gentleman is his grandfather. Close by, talking together in a low tone, are a group of witnesses.

Presently the Sheriff's servant in livery

| | |
|-------------------------------------|---|
| CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT. | |
| Admit <i>Mr George R Sims</i> | |
| on _____ day the _____ day of _____ | |
| | <i>J. D. King</i> } Under-Sheriff for the City of London. |

THE UNDER-SHERIFF'S ADMISSION ORDER.



A TRIAL AT THE OLD BAILEY BEFORE THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

comes to the top of the stairs, and we send our card to him. He reads it, and beckons us to follow him. We pass through a glass door at the top of the stairs, and find ourselves in a narrow passage filled with barristers and officials. A wooden barrier near the entrance of the Court is raised for us, and the door-keeper ushers us into a seat in the well. We have only time to glance round the crowded chamber when the cry of the Usher is heard, and everybody starts to his feet. Preceded by the City officials and the Lord Mayor, the Lord Chief Justice enters and takes his seat.

The prisoner comes up the stairs accompanied by two warders, and steps down to the front of the dock. One of the warders puts a chair for him; and he sits down. His face is pale, and though throughout the week the trial has lasted he has borne himself with considerable bravado, he shows nervousness to-day. For it is Saturday, and he has heard the Judge say that he will sit to any hour in order that the verdict may be reached without the intervention of a Sunday. To-day is, therefore, to seal the prisoner's fate, and he knows that before many hours are over he will leave the Court a free man or be taken to the condemned cell, there to wait until he is led out to die a shameful death.

The Counsel for the defence, before making his speech, which it is understood will be a short one, has promised to call a witness who was not able to be present before. In the course of the evidence it is necessary that a large photograph of the murdered woman should be handed to the witness and to the Jury. This photograph is held by the Counsel in such a way that the prisoner in the dock cannot help seeing it. He looks at it almost carelessly. There is not a soul in Court who doubts the man's guilt, and this careless look makes people turn to each other and whisper. How can a man standing in the shadow of death look upon the face of his victim without a flushing of the cheeks, without a tremor of the lips? A moment later, and the jacket that the poor woman wore on the night of the crime is held up. The prisoner looks at it for a moment, then glances out of the window, and becomes apparently interested in two sparrows who are chirruping on the wall. The nervousness he betrayed

when he stepped into the dock he has apparently conquered.

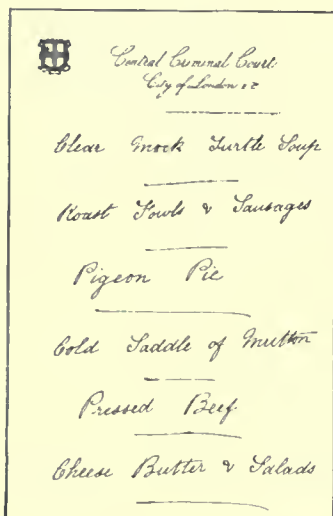
Counsel makes his speech. It is a clear, impassioned effort to belittle the evidence as purely circumstantial, and to build up a theory that the murder was committed by a man unknown who has been vaguely hinted at as having been seen in the neighbourhood of the crime. In the course of the speech there is a strong attack made upon the police who have had "the getting up of the case." The detectives to whom unpleasant reference is made are seated near the solicitors' table. One of them holds on his knee the black bag which contains the direct evidence that connects the prisoner with the deed. Counsel points a denunciatory finger at him, and refers to him in terms of withering scorn. But the detective sits unmoved, with the blank expression on his face of a deaf man in church during sermon time. The Judge makes an occasional note or two, then sits back in his seat and folds his hands in his lap. But the prisoner's face relaxes into a grim smile when the police who have hunted him down are abused, and in the glance he darts at the victim of his Counsel's scathing eloquence there is a world of malignity.

It is a brilliant speech, and the rumour that it is stirring and dramatic has spread to the other Courts. Barristers look in, and occupy a tightly packed space between the press box and the public seats. From the gallery above the spectators lean over, listening intently. On the bench a well-known peer, a famous general, and a clergyman have taken their places and are deeply interested. Packed tightly together in the limited space allotted to the public are politicians, literary men, dramatists, actors, men of fashion and of finance. The Jury listen attentively, but with impassive faces. The foreman, half turned towards the Counsel, leans his elbow on the edge of the jury box and rests his head upon his hand.

The speech as it progresses and becomes more and more dramatic and impassioned has a distinct effect upon the prisoner. It is raising his hopes. The same thought has come into his mind that has come into the minds of the large audience—Will the Jury seize the loophole offered them by the advocate and give the prisoner the benefit

of the doubt? The advocate finishes with a magnificent burst of eloquence. As he utters the last word and sinks into his seat one is almost tempted to applaud him. It seems a drop from the clouds to the earth when the Judge, glancing at the clock, says, "I think this will be a convenient time to adjourn."

Everybody rises. The Lord Mayor, the Aldermen and others on the bench, stand back as the Lord Chief Justice walks with quiet dignity to the door where Mr. Under-Sheriff is waiting to conduct him to the luncheon room. The warders turn to the prisoner, who rises, glances at the clock, and then goes down the little staircase that leads to the cell below, in which *his* mid-day meal will be served.



The prisoner can order practically what he likes, with certain restrictions as regards liquor. His lunch is sent in from a neighbouring hostelry, and he eats it under fairly comfortable circumstances.

The Court now rapidly empties. The barristers go to their luncheon room, and the spectators file out into the street to take their refreshment. There is a luncheon bar at the public-house opposite the Old Bailey, and here the prospects of the verdict are eagerly discussed.

In response to the courteous invitation of the Under-Sheriff, we are privileged to be his guests. We find ourselves in a comfortable dining room in which a big table is laid for luncheon. The Lord Chief in his robes sits at the head of it. Here and there along the table are barristers and distinguished visitors to whom the Under-Sheriff has extended his hospitality. Liveried servants wait upon the guests, who speak together in a low tone. In the presence of the Lord Chief no reference is made aloud to the case that is being tried.

After luncheon the Lord Chief retires, and coffee is served in an adjoining apartment. Here one meets barristers and visitors who have been lunching in other rooms. Here is the clergyman who has been sitting quietly on the bench all the morning. It is only when we learn who he is that the significance of his presence is understood. He is the Sheriffs' Chaplain. In the event of the verdict being against the prisoner he will be called upon to take an active part in the later proceedings.

Suddenly there is a general murmur. The



THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE AND COUNSEL AT LUNCHEON.

word has gone round that the Lord Chief is ready to resume. The Under-Sheriff is quickly in attendance, and precedes his Lordship to the Court. There is a moment's pause while barristers and spectators settle down, and then the prisoner is brought up and the trial proceeds.

The Counsel for the prosecution rises. He is about to reply on the whole case. The prisoner leans forward and listens attentively to the opening. Slowly,

but with masterly precision, the eminent King's Counsel, who is acting for the Treasury, sweeps away point after point made by the defence. With perfect fairness, but with deadly effect, he reweaves the evidence, twisting the separate strands into a hangman's rope. The prisoner shifts uneasily in his chair. He can no longer conceal his nervous apprehension. His lips twitch. There is a flushing of the neck and cheeks. Again and again he passes his handkerchief over his face. For the first time a warder has seated himself close behind him, and another warder has taken the vacant corner. As Counsel drives nail after nail into the coffin of a living man, the prisoner, whose head has been bending down, sways slightly, and the warder nearest him catches his arm. But for that grasp he would probably have fainted. He recovers himself, but the warders' shoulders now almost touch his.

For two hours Counsel for the Crown speaks, always in the same calm but convincing manner. When at last the speech is ended, there is but one opinion in Court. The prisoner is doomed. Only here and



WITNESSES WAITING.

there men whisper to each other there is a rumour that one Juryman is against capital punishment. He may hold out and delay the verdict.

But the Lord Chief has yet to sum up. As he begins to speak the prisoner revives a little. For the summing up is to the speech of Counsel as a gentle, purling brook after the remorseless flood. The Judge brings before the Jury all that should weigh with them in the prisoner's favour, all that should tell against him. It is a quiet, almost a soothing summing up, but it disposes of all possible doubt in the minds of the audience. Nothing but an obstinate Juryman can save the prisoner now.

It is past six o'clock when the Judge withdraws, and the Clerk, giving the Jury into custody of the Usher, bids them retire and consider their verdict.

Again the Judge leaves the bench, and the prisoner is led below. The Jury file out, and the spectators eagerly scan their faces as they go. Which is the Juryman who is expected to be obstinate and to keep us all in a state of suspense for hours?

With the departure of the Jury a buzz of

conversation begins. Counsel come forward and chat with the spectators whom they know. Journalists who have to get their "special" accounts done for the Sunday papers look anxiously at their watches. It is past six—it may be eight before the Jury returns, it may be nine. Will there be time for dinner? Will it be safe to go to a restaurant? It is impossible to say. The Jury may agree in a few minutes if the verdict is to be guilty; they may remain deliberating for hours if only one of their number is in favour of an acquittal.

The atmosphere of the Court has become almost unbearable with the night. The gas jets have all been lighted long ago, and the air of the small chamber, which has been breathed for more than ten hours by a packed audience, has become heavy and vitiated. The faces of the audience are anxious and flushed. The excitement and suspense are intensified by the sense of the impending doom of a fellow-creature.

Outside in the corridor they tell us that the young man's sweetheart is in a room waiting for the verdict. His father and mother have left the building, unable to bear the strain.

The clock ticks on—the Jury have been gone half an hour. Have they disagreed? Must we remain in this terrible Court to hear sentence pronounced at midnight, as happened years ago in the trial of two men and two women for the Penge murder?

Just as the spectators have made up their mind that the verdict may be delayed for hours, there is a sudden excitement near the door by which the Jury retired. The Usher has come to say they are agreed upon their verdict. Instantly a dead silence falls upon

the Court. Everyone returns to his seat. Counsel take their places. The Judge enters slowly and solemnly.

Now for the first time we can see that the prisoner is in readiness. We catch sight of him half way up the steps that lead to the dock. There are two warders with him, and an officer in plain clothes stands behind him. The Judge takes his seat. A warder touches the prisoner on the shoulder, he mounts the

remaining steps and comes down to the front of the dock. Two warders stand by him, one on each side.

The Jury re-enter. The Clerk calls out their names one by one, and they answer to them. Then he says to them:

"Gentlemen of the Jury, have you agreed upon your verdict?"

The Foreman answers, "Yes."

"Do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

There is a moment's hush, a general catching of the breath.

"Guilty."

The warders' hands almost join behind the prisoner's back.

But he has only given a little start. For a moment his jaw had fallen, but he closes it again with a snap and stands pale—almost defiant.

He is asked the usual question—Has he anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him?

In a husky voice he replies,

"Only that I am innocent, sir."

The Judge's Clerk has risen from his desk. He has something in his hand. It is a square piece of cloth. It is the Black Cap. He lays it on the Judge's wig, and then for the first time we realise that the clergyman who has



"AMEN!"

been present all day on the bench has put on a black gown and stands near the Judge.

The Lord Chief addresses the prisoner by name. Only a few words he speaks to him, saying that he will not harrow his feelings. Then he pronounces the dread sentence of the law. When he says "And may the Lord have mercy on your soul," over the solemn silence that follows rings the deep voice of the chaplain—

"Amen!"

No one moves for a second, everyone is watching the condemned man. He lingers for a second, his lips moving as though he wanted to speak. Then the warders take his arms. He turns, and, with a last look round the Court as though in search of someone, he disappears from view.

The Court rises. The spectators come into the corridors. There is a hum of conversation, a hurried exchange of good-nights, and we pour out into the welcome air of the street.

Outside there is a crowd. They heard the

news some minutes ago. The Judge had barely passed the sentence when we caught a faint cheer. Now, as we get outside, where the police are busy keeping a pathway for us, we are questioned on all sides as to how the prisoner behaved at the finish.

Before we have reached the end of the street of doom the newsboys are rushing up. One of them stands in front of the Old Bailey with papers on his arm and a contents bill open in front of him. On it we see, in large letters,

VERDICT.

The boy begins to shout the news. The gates of the court-yard open and a four-wheeled cab comes slowly out.

In it are two women. One is lying with her head upon the other's shoulder. The fainting woman is the sweetheart of the man whose death sentence is being shouted almost in her ears as the cab passes down Newgate Street.



OUTSIDE THE COURT.

LONDON'S CLUBS FOR WOMEN.

By SHEILA E. BRAINE.

NOT very many years ago ladies' clubs were comparatively unknown; now-a-days, almost every up-to-date London woman belongs to one, butterfly of fashion and working bee alike. Dive into the back

A coroneted carriage turns into Dover Street, centre of feminine Club-land. Lady A. is going to her club; will it be the Empress, Sandringham, Sesame, Pioneer, or Green Park; the New Century, or the splendid



LUNCHEON AT THE EMPRESS CLUB.

streets, or journey eastwards, and you will find that the same holds good of the toiling home-worker, the dress-maker, and the factory girl. But what, it may be asked, do the members do at their clubs? What goes on behind the portals of the magnificent Empress, the exclusive Green Park, as well as the humbler doors of a Working Girls' Institute? This is what we are about to investigate.

Ladies' Army and Navy, or the Ladies' Athenæum? They all lie within a stone's throw; the Lyceum and County are not very far off.

The carriage stops at the Empress; Lady A. passes through the heavy swing doors, and is in the most luxurious ladies' club in London. In the hall she finds a visitor waiting for her, non-members being allowed no farther than this without their hostesses. Together they



A DEBATE AT THE PIONEER CLUB.

pass on to the Lounge; the band is playing, and "five-o'clocker," as the French drolly style tea, going forward. Footmen with tea-trays move swiftly hither and thither; groups of fashionably attired men and women are standing or sitting about, chatting and listening to the music. The Empress is a favourite *rendezvous*, and on Sunday evening full of overflowing.

In one of the rooms, which might from its appearance be a *salon* at Versailles, more groups and more conversation. In another two or three ladies are writing letters, while others turn over papers and glance through magazines. Her visitor having departed, Lady A. joins a couple of acquaintances going upstairs to the corridor for a quiet cigarette. One of them is a country member staying at the club with her maid. This morning she interviewed a cook here; at one she had a small luncheon party, and to-night two relatives dine with her, and all go on to a ball afterwards. Note that the members of these smart West-End clubs belong mostly to that class of Society which is always going on somewhere else.

Lady A. and the second of her two companions met the previous afternoon at a Green Park concert, held in the French

drawing-room. It was a "smart function," as the Society journals have it, for no lady can be a member of the Green Park or the Alexandra—where a man is never admitted—who may not make her curtsy to Royalty. There is a musical or dramatic entertainment at the Green Park every other Friday, during certain portions of the year.

Lady A. leaves the Empress before the evening toilettes begin to arrive, making the beautiful rooms look still more beautiful. There is a constant ebb and flow of colour which goes on for hours, since the club does not close until midnight. On her way home, Lady A. bethinks herself of an old school-fellow of hers, who promised to give her a lesson in "Bridge." She therefore calls at the Grosvenor Crescent Club, and is promptly taken off to the games room by her friend. "I suppose you know we have a billiard room, too," says the latter, "and a band plays twice a week in the dining room."

Back to Grafton Street once more. A lady, stylishly dressed, and with a certain business-like air about her, is entering a house. Mrs. B. is a member of the Pioneer Club, and has come to attend a committee meeting. It is early yet, so she takes the letters waiting for her in the pigeon-hole

bearing her number—every Pioneer has a number—and goes into the library. Two ladies are reading books from the library to which the club subscribes. A serious-looking girl in a *pince-nez* is consulting an encyclopædia; a frivolous-looking one borrowing a novel to take home with her, and putting twopence into a cash-box placed handy. Nobody speaks, for this is the "silence" room. If you want to talk you can go downstairs to the smoking room, or upstairs to the drawing room, where there are plenty of papers, magazines, and comfortable arm-chairs.

It is the first Tuesday in the month, and

which her husband is a member. The Sesame, Bath, and Albemarle open their doors alike to men and women.

Doctors, lecturers, teachers, women with diplomas and degrees, congregate at the University Club, while the journalist has her club—the Writers'—close to the Strand. Here she can drop in at any hour of the day, write up her "copy" in a quiet room, meet her friends, take a meal, or rest and read the papers. The members sometimes give an evening



A FRIDAY "AT HOME" AT THE WRITERS' CLUB.

Mrs. B. has invited two friends to the musical "At Home," preceded by tea in the dining room. When there is a good Thursday evening debate, she never fails to be present. The Pioneers are earnest, and have the courage of their convictions, so that subjects get well thrashed out. Mrs. B. and her antagonist will dine amicably together at the club dinner before the debate. Embryo orators exercise their powers of speech at the "practice" debates; there is also a "Parliament." At distant intervals the Pioneers give an evening party; occasionally, a fancy-dress one. Mrs. B., an eminently clubbable woman, belongs likewise to the Sesame, of

party, while every Friday afternoon they are "At Home" to their friends. These Friday teas are very popular, and when a well-known authoress presides a large attendance may be expected. For the rest, the Writers' is a useful, sociable little club, enabling birds of a feather to flock together at least once a week.

What do the working women and factory girls do at their clubs? Many things; for most of the clubs combine instruction with amusement. We say most, because the chief aim of the Rehearsal Club in Leicester Square is to provide weary "theatrical" girls with rooms to rest in and inexpensive meals. The same may be said of the Enterprise Club in the City, for women clerks.

But as to the others. Take a Jewish girl, for example. "Esther" is a tailoress by trade, and helps her father to make dress coats year in, year out. All day she works at the buttonholes and the felling; in the evening she goes to the Jewish Working Girls' Club in Soho. Perhaps she attends the drill in the big room on the ground floor; on Wednesday she learns lace-making, or takes cooking lessons. In the blue-papered class-room at the top of the house all sorts of classes go on, and there is a pretty library leading out of it. The girls learn dressmaking, millinery, reading, writing, singing, chip-carving, basket-making; there is even a class for Hebrew. Once in a way they hold a little exhibition, and sell their own productions.

In the matter of amusements, "Esther" does not fare badly. Friday evening is, of course, a sacred one with her people; the club festivities take place on Saturdays and Sundays. The girls dance, or perhaps there is a debate;



A DANCE AT THE HONOR CLUB, FITZROY SQUARE.

sometimes a lady makes herself responsible for a concert, and brings her friends to help. Occasionally "Esther" and her mates get up a variety entertainment among themselves, and sing and recite in a most spirited manner. At Christmas they have a party for their little brothers and sisters. Our typical maiden is English-born, but among her companions you will find Germans, French, Poles, Russians, and Hungarians.

The club just described is for girls over twelve, and girls only; at Bethnal Green there is one mainly composed of women members, most of them married. This sometimes necessitates Herr Baby accompanying his mother to her club, but as a rule the babies sleep through everything, even the club song chanted with enthusiasm.

Every other Wednesday Mrs. Smith—a good wide-spreading title—puts on her bonnet and steps down to the Board school, the largest room of which building is converted for the nonce into her club premises. Already a few early arrivals are playing dominoes at the centre



AT THE ST. MARY'S CHURCH CLUB, ST. GEORGE'S-IN-THE-EAST.

table. But we should mention that this is the Cadogan Club — so named from Lady Cadogan, its patroness. Sometimes her ladyship gives the members a tea, and yonder hangs her portrait on the wall. Mrs. Smith and her companions are mostly home-workers—tailoresses, boot machinists, umbrella coverers, box, shirt, slipper, and brush makers. One even, we are told, makes harness. "Saddles, isn't it, Lizzie?" "No, miss, horse collars." For sixteen years has this patient Lizzie done the two rows of stitching round these said collars! No wonder that she and her fellow Cadoganites need a little amusement once a fortnight!

A lady visitor plays a valse, and the livelier members are soon whirling round the spacious room. Or a circle is formed, and songs and recitations are the order of the day. On some nights they debate, and Mrs. Smith and her fellow workers are quite *au fait* with all the questions affecting their special industries. They pass resolutions, and more than once have sent deputations to the Home Secretary.

The pretty Honor Club in Fitzroy Square gathers to itself the better-class working girls of the West-End. They dance, they sing, they have a lady doctor to attend them, a gymnasium, a refreshment-bar which they manage themselves, and a circulating library! The

whole house is theirs, and a fresh lady visitor comes every night to superintend. Here is a new member, fourteen, and rather shy; she pays sixpence a month, and her sister, over seventeen, eightpence. Notice the tall girl wearing the Honor brooch, a sign that she has been in the club over three years. It is Monday night, which means that members pay their subscriptions, consult the doctor if necessary, take books out of the library, and dance. On Wednesday they play games, on Saturday they sing; Tuesday is "gym." night, and Thursday, oh wonderful Thursday, is devoted to embroidery, poetry, and the mandoline!

At St. George's-in-the-East the girls of St. Mary's Church Club meet on Mondays and Thursdays at the Vicarage for a little recreation after the day's toil. They begin with games, but the last and most popular hour, from nine till ten, is devoted to dancing. Partners arrive from the men's and boys' clubs, for they are allowed by the vicar to "join in."

How far feminine Club-land will spread in the vast future who shall say? For women, rich and poor, high and low, have learned what men found out long ages ago, namely, that union means not only power but economy, and that co-operation is a giant that can work wonders.



A CONCERT AT THE JEWISH WORKING GIRLS' CLUB, SOHO.



VARNISHING DAY.

ARTISTIC LONDON.

By GILBERT BURGESS.

DESPITE attack and abuse the Royal Academy, safely intrenched within the spacious walls of Burlington House in Piccadilly, remains to-day the fountain head of English art, the goal towards which all workers in artistic London turn their eyes.

Every year, in the last week of March, over twelve thousand or more pictures, statues, miniatures, and engravings are submitted by anxious suppliants to the ordeal of approval by the august members who, selected from the forty Royal Academicians, form the Selection Committee.

Of these twelve thousand works of art there is only space in the rooms of the exhibition for about fifteen hundred. Every Royal Academician has the right to have six canvases exhibited, and these are always hung upon the line—that is to say, the line taken exactly facing the eye of the spectator—and the Associates, of whom there are twenty-five, enjoy a similar privilege as regards the position in which their pictures shall be placed upon the walls.

The history of a picture, from the time of its inception to that of its temporary repose upon the walls of the galleries of Burlington House, is far more full of details of incident

than one would imagine. For an instance, let me take the case of an artist not a member of the Academy—an “outsider,” as he is rather unkindly termed—who wishes to paint a subject picture which, he hopes, will make a hit and sell for a large sum when the Burlington House exhibition opens on the first Monday in May.

Our imaginary but typical friend purchases a large canvas at no slight expense. With sticks of charcoal he outlines his main idea; very frequently he makes separate studies on paper from nude models. And the model, nude or draped, obtains a very lucrative wage. After much anxiety, alteration, and travail the great work is completed. The artist's wife sends out invitations for a private view on the Sunday which immediately precedes the day upon which the picture has to be sent to Burlington House. Carriages drive up to the house in rapid succession; in the studio the artist stands beside his picture, nervously listening to congratulations upon the excellence of his work. These, he knows only too well, are worthless, and, if his picture should happen to be rejected, their memory will be an added bitterness.

The “sending-in” day comes; the picture

is delivered into the hands of the carrier—very frequently the artist's framemaker places his van at his disposal—and then there is suspense until a ticket, which admits the bearer to the "varnishing-day," sets the painter's mind at ease.

But in the meantime his would-be masterpiece has passed through many vicissitudes.



SHOW-SUNDAY.

It has been placed with several others upon a great lift and carried upstairs into the galleries. The Selecting Committee, worn and tired, swiftly give it an approving glance. If it is unusually clever it may gain a few hand-claps; possibly loud applause.

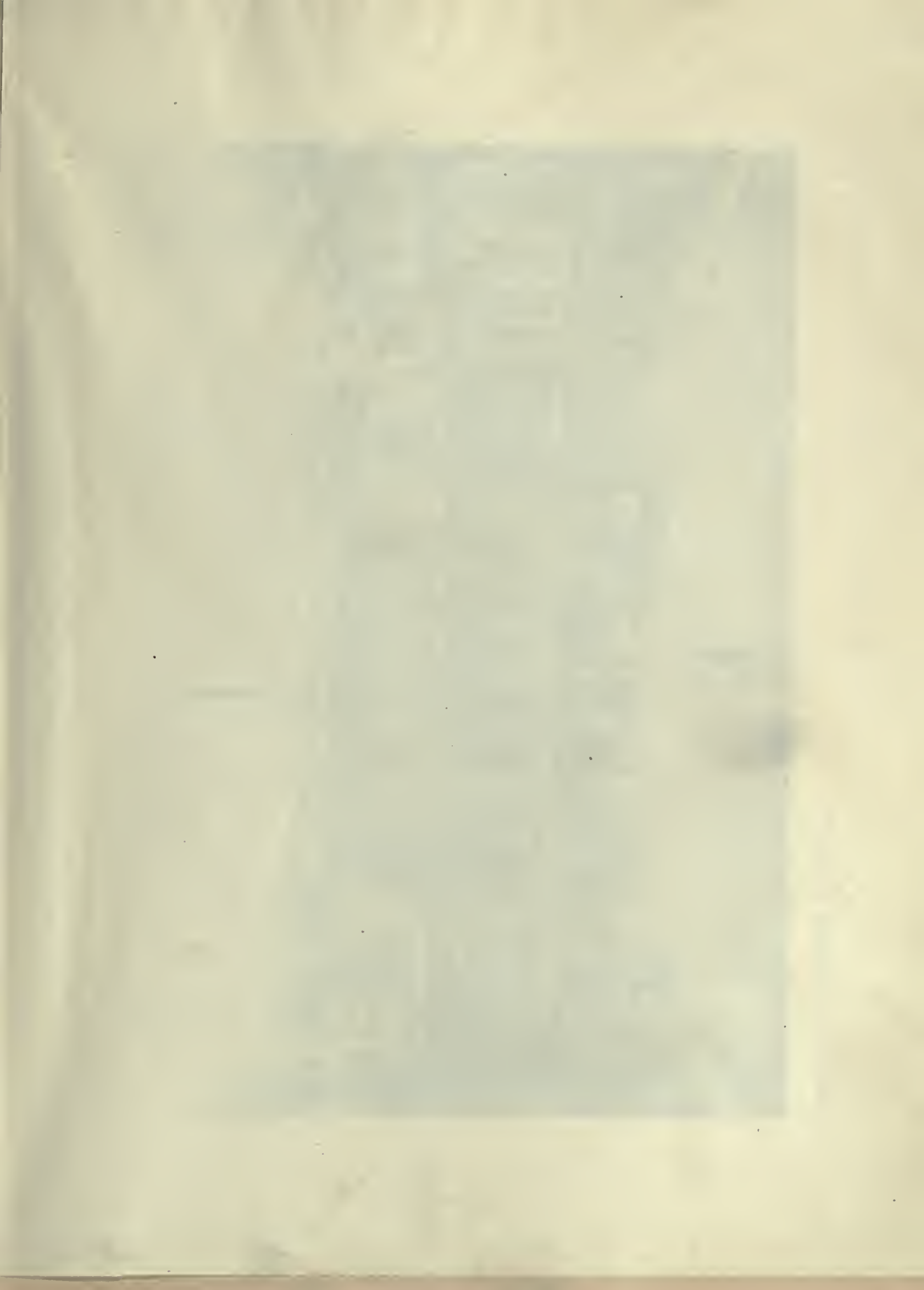
Once safely accepted, the potential masterpiece passes into the hands of a peculiarly expert band of carpenters, and is very quickly hoisted into the place which has been allotted to it by the Hanging Committee.

Two days are allotted to the accredited members of the Press who have to undertake the really exhausting task of passing the pictures in review. Then comes the Private View, so-called because it is supposed to be difficult to obtain tickets. These are difficult to obtain, but, as a matter of fact, it is one of the most public gatherings in the life of modern London. Everybody goes, and the traffic in Piccadilly is interfered with for several hours.

Most of the greater artists—the Royal Academicians, the fashionable portrait-painters, the men of the moment—have built for them magnificent studios wherein to work. The late Lord Leighton's house—now the property of the nation—was literally a small palace. But times are not what they were, and prices for modern pictures are woefully on the decline. Sensational prices are alone obtained at the sales of Old Masters in Christie's auction rooms in King Street, St. James's. Here thousands of pounds change hands in an afternoon, for there is no exact value which can be placed upon any picture by a man who lived a hundred years ago: fashions change, and the art public is extraordinarily fickle. Show them a fine Reynolds, Raeburn, or Gainsborough, and they

will pay almost anything; they are certain that they are making a sure investment.

But in these days Mr. Edwin Long's "The Babylonian Slave Market" (to take a haphazard instance) would never sell for six thousand pounds as it did a little while ago. The painter must perforce live more frugally than he did during the 'sixties of the last century, and the spacious times of Vandyck and Lely are very remote from the London of art of to-day.





THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.

Apart from the Royal Academy, there are other institutions which make bids for public favour in various ways. Among the closer corporations are the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours; the Royal Institute, in Piccadilly; the Royal Society of British Artists, in Suffolk Street; the New Gallery, in Regent Street, and many other smaller galleries which from time to time hold exhibitions. These are almost invariably interesting.

In the nature of things, the inevitable trend of human aspirations, sometimes an amateur who has the advantage, or, from the point of view of art, the disadvantage to possess more of this world's goods than his fellow artists, trumpets himself forth with what is known as a "one-man" show. Generally this is done for personal advertisement. There are, however, many artists who eschew the perils of public competition, and are content to display their work under their own conditions in the atmosphere and arrangement which suit their individual fancy.

Judging by the extremely inferior statues which are scattered about London, it might be naturally assumed that the English knew not the art of sculpture. There is, however, a younger school of sculptors which is very promising.



A LADY PAVEMENT ARTIST.

The initial expense of making a large piece of sculpture is heavy, and by the time it is complete there is rarely much profit for the sculptor. The cost of marble or bronze is considerable. There are the workmen to be paid—for, of course, the rough-hewing of the marble is not done by the sculptor



SCENE PAINTING.

himself. And he must have a very large studio.

A class by itself is that which is made up of those artists who work entirely at the painting of scenery for the stage. The London scene-painters are celebrated all over the world. The scene-painter is at the mercy of the author of a play; some dramatists, in the directions for the artists which they write at the beginning of an act of a play, simply say, "A Glade in a Forest." Others are particular about the colour of the walls of a room, and make such elaborate word-pictures of the scene which is to be painted that the artist is well nigh distraught.

Having received his instructions, the scene-painter makes a rough sketch; this he amplifies into a finished picture. Sometimes an exact model is made. In fact, the actual painting of the scene itself, which is done by the artist and a retinue of assistants and apprentices, is merely a mechanical process. But in a large theatre like Drury Lane, for instance, where the scenery is always most elaborate, it is most interesting to watch the artists at work. The simplicity of the means used by the scene-painters is almost ludicrous when one remembers the marvellous illusion and skilful make-believe they contrive to obtain through the aid of a few brushes and pots of paint.

A form of art which has become of vast importance of late years, owing to the growth of illustrated journalism in all its branches, is that which is known colloquially as "black-and-white." Several of the daily papers

require artists who not only know how to draw well from a photograph, or how to arrange the "line-work" in a sketch so that it will make a good "block"; it is necessary in a sense that the artist should himself possess the journalistic instinct, in order that he may at once get at the kernel of a subject, and thereby make it instantly attractive. One inevitable result of the large increase in the number of cheap magazines and newspapers

has been that the quality of "black-and-white" work—whether in line, wash, or medium—has infinitely deteriorated. But there is still a small band of conscientious workers who strive to avoid the slipshod and ill-drawn sketches with which the market is flooded; sketches which, being ill-drawn, are consequently ill-paid for. With few exceptions, however, the prices in London for black-and-white drawings are very low indeed.

The life of the London art student is very much more prosaic than that

of his prototype at Paris or Munich. London has no students' quarter. The ambitious young men and maidens who flock daily from all parts of the capital to the Royal Academy Schools, to the school of Science and Art at South Kensington, and to dozens of smaller private institutions, have not much opportunity of meeting together during their playtime.

A life-class in full swing is a very interesting sight. On a raised platform stands the model. Around the dais are groups of easels at which the students work busily—each one, of course, drawing or painting the same model



A SCULPTOR AT WORK.

from different points of view. The professors walk round from easel to easel, praising here, pointing out a deficiency in drawing there, correcting a fault with a deft touch of the brush or pencil. At the Royal Academy schools—here the academicians take it in turn to pay visits of inspection—the students are encouraged to paint original pictures in their own homes. When these are complete an open competition is held. The prizes and medals are awarded to the successful students in the lecture room by the President, who, on this occasion,

charcoal wherewith to draw lightning caricatures. Everybody will smoke.

The London art student does not lead the café-haunting, careless life that obtains in the Quartier-Latin, but he does not have such a very bad time all the same.

The theatrical posters, some of them drawn by very clever artists, are the picture galleries of the London streets. There is a rival to them in the form of the woc-begone figures who, from early morn to night, occupy themselves by drawing upon the pavement (at



STUDENTS' MODELLING CLASS.

delivers an address upon the subject of one or other of the great principles of art.

Chief among the amusements of the art student is the "smoker." The "Artists'" corps of Volunteers from time to time give smoking concerts in their drill-hall. At these evenings, in addition to much amateur talent, you may listen to some of the best known actors and singers of the day. In a smaller way, there are several clubs in St. John's Wood and Bayswater where informal evenings are held. One student will bring his violin, another his banjo; one will be prepared to do a musical sketch at the piano, and his friend comes armed with large sheets of paper and some

stated places where they are allowed to remain unmolested by the police) pictures of the hero of the moment, a storm at sea, a battle scene, or a slice of salmon. These studies of wondrous interest are worked out in the most vivid chalks. It is generally assumed that the artist is in need, for the upturned hat which is placed on the pavement at his side is eloquent in mute appeal for coppers. And very often he does very well for himself, financially speaking. There is also one lady who pursues this engaging profession. A little while ago there was a little fellow of about eight who had his "pitch" in Holborn. He made passable drawings in chalk on

cardboard, what time his mother went round among the crowd of spectators soliciting alms. The child once attracted the attention of the King when Prince of Wales; and he became the richer by a sovereign.

The professional model has a somewhat precarious existence. When at work he, or she, is well paid, but it is possible for a model to be unemployed for weeks at a time; it may so happen that no painter needs his particular type. The female models are mostly young girls who have commenced to pose as children. They are very much like other young girls of their station in life; some marry well, some go on the stage, and some meet with the Wrong Man. The male models frequently hail from Italy, or, to be more exact, from that part of London, near Saffron Hill, which harbours organ-grinders and worse of Italian birth.

Some of the older English models become very attached to their employers. On the occasions when a new associate or academician is elected a group of models hang round the doors of Burlington House. When the result is announced there is a wild rush to the successful artist's house or club, for, according to long tradition, whoso first brings the glad news to the painter receives immediately a sovereign.

The crafts as well as the arts have a Society devoted to their worship in London. The members are artists who hold that

pictures or statues are not the only things which should tend to make every-day life more beautiful. In the Society are designers of furniture, wall-papers, and brass work. Also you will find cunning workmen who will make for you jewellery, enamels, or decorative panels—all in original shapes.

Painters of portraits in miniature abound; there are several societies who wish to restore the reputation which the English once had for their skill in this most delightful art. To paint miniatures on ivory requires infinite patience and delicacy of touch; consequently the practice of the art is peculiarly suitable for women. But we possess no miniaturist these days whose work can compare with that of a Cosway or a Plimer.

Artistic London has its pathetic side. There are, unfortunately, only too many men and women who follow art as a profession without there being the faintest probability of their ever succeeding. To these come the miseries of hack-work and disillusionment. Many a governess who cannot obtain a situation drags her weary self from shop to shop in the hope that she may be able to make a few shillings by the sale of a pitifully painted water-colour, or some foolish *menu* cards. She, possibly, started her career with the same hopes and ambitions as those which make men Royal Academicians. But *her* masterpiece is only a *menu* card.



AN ARTISTS' "SMOKER."

MIDNIGHT LONDON.

By *BECKLES WILLSON.*



THE theatres have long since been emptied of their throngs; the last lingering actor has departed by the stage door; and, from the St. James's in King Street to the Pavilion Theatre in Whitechapel, London's four-score temples of pleasure have been locked and barred for the night.

But the buzz and hum of the mighty city have not yet died away; and while we watch the swift passage and re-passage of cabs, like a weaver's shuttle weaving a pattern of Parisian pleasure upon our sombre native background, the thunderous clangour of "Big Ben," booming down the Thames from Chelsea reach to Greenwich, announces the hour of twelve. Of the six million citizens within the limits of the wider Metropolitan area, five and a-half millions are now tucked safely between sheets; but for many thousands these peals of midnight seem but a signal midway in the course of the night's toil or dissipation.

The scurrying hansoms and four-wheelers—where are they taking their occupants? Hundreds of them are speeding to and from the great hotels, cafés, and restaurants and clubs. At many of these twelve o'clock but indicates the high-water mark of the evening's festivities. It is certainly the busiest time for the waiters, who scramble over one another in their haste to serve their select patrons before

the law steps in and places a rude embargo upon all further gastronomic or spirituous proceedings. They are mainly theatre-folk; but there are thousands of sojourners who habitually keep late hours; and for such as these that comparatively early hour, which sees the frugal burgher of Islington or Battersea sunk in dreamy slumbers, is far from suggesting Morpheus and his train.

But in order that we may unfold the aspect of London at the "witching hour of night," let us first bend our steps eastward. Surely, as we pass along the Strand there is here visible but little cessation of human activity. The suggestion is certainly not that of "churchyards" which "yawn," while "graves give up their dead." And yet it is not so many generations ago that curfew was observed here in the Strand, and London after midnight was a desolate wilderness!

Fleet Street, which has been called the "brains of London," is lit up bravely; but there is naught to tell of the giddy pleasure we have just passed. An odour of printers' ink is perceptible; one has a vague consciousness of electricity in the atmosphere, which may come from the busy wires overhead; and the movements of flying messenger boys and consequential commissionaires suggest affairs of import and moment.

From beneath the huge buildings one catches the sound of the giant presses, already busy with the country editions of their respective newspapers. At Ludgate Hill we pass the confines of newspaperdom. Here the stream of cabs and omnibuses is growing thinner, until soon the latter will vanish altogether, and twenty thousand horses will have a welcome surcease from the labours of the long day.

But the General Post Office is a veritable hive of industry at midnight, and busy hands are grappling with the millions of letters which many million correspondents are pouring in upon them from all parts of the

world. The G.P.O. has no respite while London sleeps.

At the Mansion House and the Bank there is a little crowd waiting for the last omnibuses westward; and a few flying figures in front of the Royal Exchange indicate that the last train of the Central London underground railway will shortly depart on its journey from the Bank to Shepherd's Bush. On all hands are dark vistas of streets, silent as the tomb; tall empty buildings, which a few brief hours ago were, and in a few hours more will be, thrilling with life and with the world's commerce.

A squad of City sewer-men are flushing the thoroughfares which surround the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," turning the hose on the marks and débris of the 1,300,000 pairs of human footsteps and 100,000 vehicles which are said to enter the London square mile daily. Some of them have been sailors in their time, and as they work at their midnight task they sing in unison a song like that the mariners sing at the capstan bars. Of course, it might be "Yo ho ho, and a bottle of rum," and I wish for Mr. Stevenson's memory it were; but it sounds more like the latest music hall ditty chaunted *adagio*.

Sailors! Ah, that suggests that there are soldiers inside the Bank—a red-coated squad of them have marched from their western barracks just before sundown to guard the millions in specie and bullion which are enclosed within those massive, grey walls—more sombre and sepulchral now than ever they seemed by daylight.

As we tread the sombre City streets, not so hushed maybe as you might suppose, because nearly all night long they are traversed by heavy vans bound for the docks, goods stations, carrying depôts, or the markets, but yet, for all that, grim and gloomy enough compared with the daytime, one notes an occasional window lit by gas or electricity, which bespeaks some anxious merchant, cashier, or manager who, pen in hand, is trying to steal a few hours from inexorable Time.

Several of the watchmen may salute you in turn, as you pass along, with a "Fine night, sir!" or perhaps one of the 930 policemen who patrol the streets of the City and guard its empty buildings turns and regards

your movements with something not distantly resembling suspicion.

"Time, gentlemen, please!"

With scornful and satirical comment do many of the patrons of the brilliantly-illuminated wine and spirit emporium in Shoreditch High Street hear the injunction, and express their disapproval of a statute which is observed as punctiliously in the West as in the East. But this disapproval is not shared by the two hard-working barmaids, who yawn in anticipation of well-earned repose. The proprietor rubs his hands and moves about inside the counters as on a pivot addressing the customers in the various compartments (for "class" is no less a factor in East-End public-houses than in those in the Strand and Piccadilly) with the time-honoured formula, "Time, gentlemen, please!"

It strikes a casual observer that the remark might better be directed to the ladies in the jug and bottle department, who seem much more strenuously inclined to question the gyrations of the ostentatious time-piece over the bar which advertises Blank and Co.'s whisky.

When the little troop of customers—artisans, day-labourers, soldiers, sailors, clerks, pugilists, and bookmakers—file out of the establishment, and the iron-railed gate is drawn before the front door, it is the female element in Whitechapel and Houndsditch which congregates before the premises and endeavours to impart an air of hilarity to the dim watches of the night by dancing a break-down to the tune of a mouth-organ, while two of the number commonly vary the proceedings by offering to black each the other's eye if she "will 'ave the kindness to step out into the middle of the road," a handsome offer which is withdrawn owing to the presence of a policeman, who conjures the group to "Move on, now, can't you? or I'll run you in!" And so the group melts away before each of the public-houses, articulate to the end. But they have not vanished when the proprietor, assisted by his wife, begins counting up the cash receipts for the day and to remove it to the safe or cash-box. It is indeed marvellous what a lot of cash-counting is going on all over the Metropolis at precisely 12.35 each night—or morning.

In the Mile End Road, or especially that



OUTSIDE THE MANSION HOUSE: I A.M.

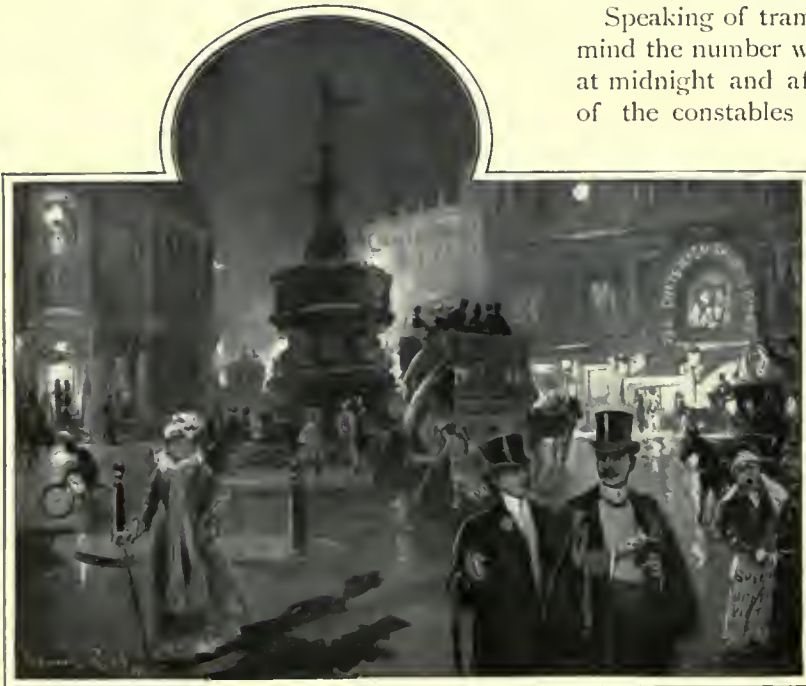
end of it which is known as High Street, Whitechapel, the pavements at midnight and until long after are lined by the barrows of the baked-potato merchant and the whelk and oyster-sellers. But these traders with their "All 'ot!" or their "'Ere y' are, fresh mussels, eysters, and periwinkles!" are not to have it entirely their own way. For no sooner are the public-houses closed in accordance with the law than somewhere out of the recesses of side streets emerge the owners and managers of coffee-stalls. Here, in their sheds or boxes, they remain until morning dawns. Nor do they lack for customers, especially at the beginning and close of their tenure. Cabmen, bargemen, sailors, longshoremen, navvies, tramps — policemen even, and occasionally a loiterer of another class of society—are among their patrons, who frequently form an incongruous and ill-assorted group, as they stand, each cup in hand, with the gasoline light beating upon their faces,



"TIME, GENTLEMEN, PLEASE!"

sipping the fragrant beverage which is re-tailed at a penny and a halfpenny the cup. The London coffee-stalls are indeed the most distinctive feature of the streets in all parts of the town in the post-midnight hours, and have been for upwards of a century.

Speaking of tramps and outcasts brings to mind the number who, all over London, seek, at midnight and after, to elude the vigilance of the constables and ensconce themselves somewhere behind the railings of the parks and squares, and so snatch a fitful slumber until the traitor sun betrays them with his dawn. The feat is not easily done, but it is every night performed by some. Others seek temporary rest on the Thames Embankment seats, or try to hide in such railway stations as Liverpool Street, which, unlike Charing Cross and Victoria, remain open



PICCADILLY CIRCUS: MIDNIGHT.

all night, on account of incoming trains; and there in the guise of passengers, waiting relatives and friends, endeavour to woo slumber. But their efforts are not always successful.

"There ain't no place for a weary 'cad," sighed one of these vagrants to the porter who routed him out from a bench in the waiting room at King's Cross. "London's down on the chap that wants an honest sleep." And so

By one o'clock the East-End is wrapped in silence, save for the aforesaid vans and the noise made by the workmen repairing the streets, of which operations there are always plenty going on throughout the night; and if you stand at the top of Threadneedle Street, where it debouches into Bishopsgate Street, you can hear the rumble of the very last omnibus as it turns the corner of Princes Street towards the Mansion House. It is



ROUND A COFFEE STALL.

he started perambulating the deserted avenues, envying the somnambulist, who can so happily combine sleep and exercise.

A police authority has asserted that every night, between the hours of twelve and two, London is traversed by an army of provincial tramps numbering some hundreds—singly, of course, not in battalions. These hail from all over the kingdom and are on their way east, west, north or south, preferring for many reasons to cross the Great City at a time when observation is less fruitful of risks. Many a country wastrel has made his way from or to Southampton or Portsmouth, *via* London, at dead of night.

a "pirate" and the fares are doubled—but who dare grumble at such an hour?

If London is the centre of the world's civilisation, as it is the capital of the British Empire, then Piccadilly Circus (or, to give it its more formal title, "Regent Circus, Piccadilly") is the centre of London, notwithstanding the claim of King Charles I.'s statue to that distinction. At no hour during the day does the Omphalos of Town (as Lord Lytton called it) seem so nervous, so instinct with life and magic, so febrile, as at that moment when the clock marks twelve.

Within the cafés, the cigar divans, the refreshment bars, people of at least twenty

different nationalities sup, or sip, or smoke, while a procession of showily-dressed persons of both sexes move in and out of the leading resorts as if it were high noon. The sound of the traffic is now intermingled with the raucous cries of the 'bus conductors and the shrill directions given by cab patrons :

"All the way to the R'yal Oak—penny to the Marble Arch!"

"Drive me to the Panto Club, cabby!"

"Euston, King's Cross, an' th' Angel! Bank 'n' Liverpool Street!"

Through the throng of exquisites and loiterers, a perspiring woman, with child in arms and another small morsel of humanity perhaps tugging at her skirts, pushes her way, clutching the brass railing of the moving omnibus half frantically, as if fearful that the crowd will surge past her. A younger woman, comely and soberly dressed, who doesn't in the least resemble a *coryphée* in an Alhambra ballet, but who is one for all that, tries to keep back the hustling throng and give the unhappy matron a chance to mount.

Too late! The bell rings thrice. "Full up!" bawls the conductor, and the struggling female and her protector narrowly escape the heads and heels of the horses attached to the next omnibus behind. There are two score waiting at the corner here, and two score more in Piccadilly, dreading that the fatal moment will arrive when the "very last" 'bus appears and disappears without carrying them to their destination, and they are still standing there on the pavement miles from home. Many a sad-faced chorister, ballet dancer, supernumerary, or scene-shifter may be seen nightly at Charing Cross and Piccadilly in this predicament, which means for them either a cab—which they can ill afford—or a long tramp to Islington,

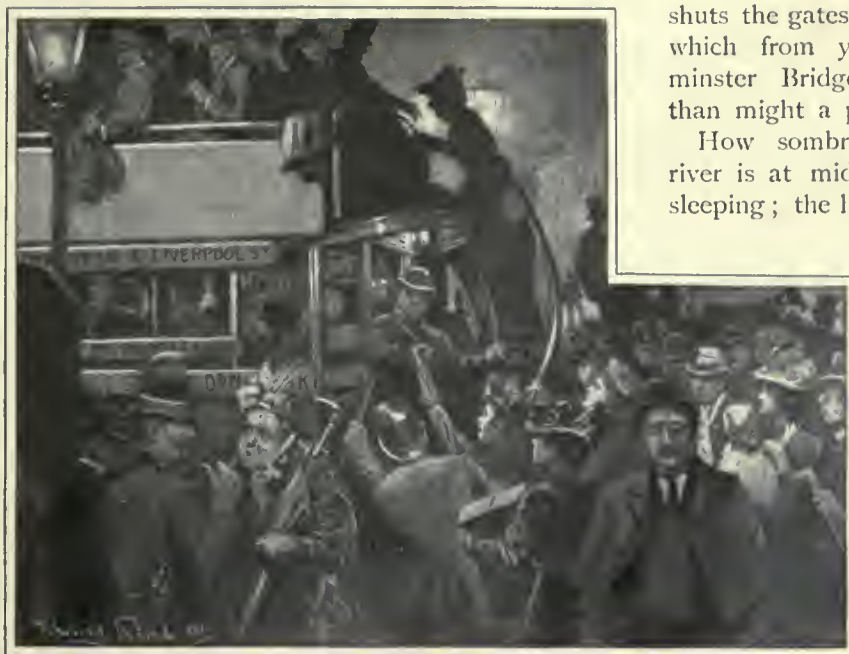
Pentonville, Kilburn, Chelsea, or Hammer-smith.

In Club-land, supper, billiards, whist, and bridge rule at midnight; and the smoking room is filled by men in evening dress who have dropped in after opera, reception, or dance. From St. James's Street and Pall Mall one takes one's way into the adjacent Park, which is silent and deserted, although twinkling feebly with lights. In Downing Street a strongly-illuminated window betrays the fact that the First Lord of the Treasury is keeping late hours. And so into Whitehall, whose smooth asphalt pavement resounds with the ultimate omnibuses, and a few, a very few, cabs.

One moment, as you look aloft, the light in the Clock Tower is visible, the next instant you rub your eyes in surprise, for it has disappeared and all is in blackness. Simultaneously a sudden pandemonium arises in Palace Yard; cabs, broughams, and private hansoms which have apparently been lurking in the darkness burst forth into



ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.



THE LAST OMNIBUS.

view; whistles rend the air in all directions, policemen begin strutting about vociferously, and the pedestrian and vehicular exodus from St. Stephen's commences. Parliament is in session, and the House of Commons is adjourning after a great debate. Members stream out, still discussing the issue that has been fought until far beyond the senatorial precincts, although many halt at the St. Stephen's Club opposite, while others of a different shade of political opinion continue on to the National Liberal or the Reform. The newspaper reporters and lobbyists leave in groups, to separate only in Fleet Street, where the leading articles have yet to be written on that night's events.

For five minutes, perhaps ten, all is life and confusion. Even a belated news monger seeks to add to the occasion by shrilly announcing his unsold wares, "*Evening News*, *Star*, an' *Echo*," in the hope, perhaps, of seducing a halfpenny from a Cabinet Minister. Then the rumbling of chariots and the voices and laughter are heard no more; the nation's representatives have repaired to home or club. A tall constable

shuts the gates with a resonant click, which from your stand on Westminster Bridge sounds no louder than might a pair of handcuffs.

How sombre and majestic the river is at midnight! But it is not sleeping; the lights still twinkle from the shores and bridges, while far beneath on its surface some barge, skiff, or wherry makes its way silently and swiftly down stream to St. Paul's.

Such, then, is Midnight London. In all the world's capitals is dissipation found under the name

of pleasure; Britain's Metropolis is no exception. The gaudy and glittering throngs swarm over the pavements; and to the midnight sightseer there is a novelty in the spectacle of brilliant toilettes and ravishing complexions now visible at the tables of the brilliantly-lighted salons, which are crowded to the doors by Pleasure's laughing votaries. To such as these mid-day London has no attractions—is dull, tame, stupid. It is not until the mighty electric flare which distinguishes modern London bursts upon the city that they feel, with Edgar Allan Poe, that "the sun mars the ecstasy of the soul"; their pulse beats quicker by gas-light, if they do not hold that "Life is diviner in the dark." London in the twentieth century, however, is never dark, and the interval seems to be growing shorter and shorter when it is ever quiet.

But even in Piccadilly there comes at length a throb, in which seem mingled both tears and laughter, and then, to the music of "Big Ben's" deep-toned carillon, the heart of mighty London is stilled until dawn.



AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

THE LONDON LAW COURTS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON has been at work for certainly the best part of an hour when the Law Courts shake themselves up from their belated slumbers, and consider the programme of the day. The great mind of the Law is unequal to the strain of an ordinary working day, and thus it happens that five and a half hours, with an allowance of three-quarters of an hour for lunch, is the rule from which there is no deviation. Bowl along the eastern extremity of the Strand at nine a.m. in one of the hundreds of omnibuses which are taking the thousands of business men and women into the City, and the grim, grey Law Courts are as dull and lifeless as if the two and a quarter millions' worth of land and material were there but by way of satirical ornament.

Sometimes there is a little knot of men and women in the precincts who are much less at their ease and much less lazily cheerful in this fresh hour of morning than are the policemen at the entrances. They idle nervously near the iron rails as they await the arrival of Mr. Bigfee, the City solicitor, and now and again stroll up to the glass-protected Cause List on the wall, where the announcement that

the case of *Roberts v. Robinson* will be taken at half-past ten is a fateful one for them. These are clients, and are the most insignificant people who ever have anything to do with the Law Courts.

A few minutes before half-past ten the scene suddenly wakes into life. Solicitors with big bags hurry through the gates, counsel amble more leisurely across the road with clean briefs tied up with a little red tape, and away at the back of the Courts, at a little insignificant door in Carey Street, his Majesty's judges one by one arrive. "M' lud" for the most part arrives in his carriage, and steps out from it in a fashion so lively and brisk as to suggest that to-day we shall do a good, hard day's work in the Courts.

It is a trespass, an intrusion into a holy of holies which upon all occasions is denied to the common man; but, this once, when the judge passes through the private door we will pass through with him. We are suddenly transported into the Walhalla of the law. There is a long corridor with doors all the way on the left hand side. Each is the portal of a judge's den, and each has his name outside. First you pass along an

avenue reserved for Lords Justices, the chief dignitaries who preside over the Court of Appeal, and in these cases a room is reserved next to that of each judge for his clerk. Turning sharply to the left at the end of this avenue you come suddenly and nervously upon the most hallowed spot in the whole of legal England. Here, in this rectangle reserved, are a couple of rooms, and the inscription in red and black outside the door of one is simply "The Lord Chief Justice of England," whilst the other belongs to his clerk. Peep inside, and there you may see his lordship at a desk in the centre of a large apartment, all his judge's trappings ready to be donned. Round the walls are hundreds of solid books of law; legal evidences of one kind or another are spread everywhere; but the room is well carpeted and there are plenty of real "comforts." These sometimes are indeed distinctly pleasant. Round the corner again begins another series of judges' rooms.

On the opposite side of the long corridor are doors at intervals leading to the different Courts, straight on to the Benches, so now you see where the judges go, as you have often wondered, when the curtains are pulled back and they disappear from the Courts. Presently we shall see how joyful is his lordship when he is thus able for a brief interval to cast aside his judicial dignity and roam about in these corridors, where only judges and those who have intimate knowledge of them are to be met.

In the meantime a living stream has been flowing down the great and magnificent Hall, which twice a year—at the beginning of term in October, and on Lord Mayor's Day—is used for processional purposes. By the time it has run its course to the staircase at the end, this stream of barristers, solicitors, and "common people," it has been much reduced, for little rivulets have run from it on either side and have found outlets up other sequestered stone stairs, at the foot of which is the legend, "Witnesses to King's Bench Courts V. and VI.," or something similar. Counsel for the most part have paid a preliminary visit to one or other of the robing rooms, of which there are two at the main entrance to the Courts in the Strand, and one at the Carey Street entrance.

In these days the Bar robes itself in peace

and comfort and in great good spirits, at a cost of nothing—and this last is a little detail which some impecunious budding lawyers appreciate, for, in the old days, when the headquarters of the Law were at Westminster, there were a few exalted robing officials, who charged all counsel, including the briefless, the sum of two guineas a year for robing them. It was an imposition, of course, and is believed to have been a curious survival of the prehistoric idea that the Law is all fees. The best modern authorities maintain more and more that from this praiseworthy principle counsel are exempt, and this, though almost imperceptibly, is the tendency of the Courts.

It is not the usual exaggeration to describe the upstairs department of this noble Palace of Justice, where all the Courts actually are, as a perfect maze, for the country visitor has been known to have arrived in King's Bench VI., gone out for a moment, and not been able to find his way back, even by paying careful attention to the painted directions on the wall. The plan of the Courts may be, and probably is, as simple as the first principles of Roman law; but somehow the different corridors are so very much alike, so equally suggestive of the gloomy lower passages of a monastery, that each policeman, who is the Cerberus at the entrance



READING THE CAUSE LIST.

of each particular Court, begins a few minutes before half-past ten to reply to the topographical questions of the multitude, and ceases only when the multitude has gone for the day. Good-natured policemen are these, and by their universally robust proportions a popular testimonial to the wholesomeness of the Law.

The Courts are sprinkled up and down the corridors in rows, not necessarily in order. The long series of eight belonging to the King's Bench Division are not side by side, and if Appeal Court No. I., close to the Lord Chief's Court, is easy to discover, No. II. of the same sort is a poser, though you find at the finish, after searching throughout the building, that it is in an obvious position near a front door. Each Court has two sets of glass-panelled doors, beyond each set is a heavy curtain, and the shade of the corridor first, and of this little lobby, as it were, afterwards, is such a trial to the eyes and senses, that one is sometimes momentarily blinded on stepping beyond into the full light of the open Court.

There you see the Court, however, all awe-inspiring—and all the Courts really *are* awe-inspiring, in spite of the cynics who scoff at forms. They are solid and heavy with the richness of oak and the dignity of unpapered, unpainted walls. And yet, when in working order, one might almost call them cosy; certainly very picturesque. The judge is on the Bench, opposite the doors; below him are the clerk and ushers; in "pews" on the one side are the jury—if there is a jury; and facing them are the Press, three or four representatives at least to every Court that is at all "popular," and a dozen on a big day. Then, in the body of the Court, rising one above the other, are tiers and tiers of robed and wigged counsel. In the front are the grizzled veterans, heroes of a hundred *causes célèbres*, and at the back are the boy barristers waiting patiently for the briefs that will come some day surely, and in the meantime picking up the crumbs of knowledge that fall from the Bench and the briefs of the King's Counsel. The latter have the front row of seats reserved for them. The front row is the Inner Bar, as it is called, and though it is the same as all others, save for a special piece of red carpet laid down for the feet of the K.C. to tread

upon, no counsel, however great, unless he has "taken silk," may seat himself there with the mighty. Beyond this, and the fact that a King's Counsel sometimes has the assurance to talk to his lordship whilst sitting down, there is little to distinguish the K.C. in the public eye—though there are other differences of course—from the rank and file of counsel. A kind of *camaraderie* seems to exist between the Bench and the Inner Bar, so that if his lordship is at all inclined to humour he will soon crack one of his best jokes with Mr. Sage, K.C., in the front, who comes nearest of all to the judicial throne. Then the young legal bloods on the back benches may laugh; but they may not joke on their own account, for between them and his lordship on the Bench there is a great and usually impassable gulf fixed.

Solicitors, and clients with worn and anxious faces, crowd round the little tables between the clerk and counsel, and, perched in the gallery above, with chins resting on the rails, are the general public. The extent to which the G.P. is there depends upon the Court. In some of the dry-as-dust Chancery Courts, where judges and counsel are constantly engaged in tying themselves in legal knots, the gallery section is wholly absent. The public has been taught to avoid Chancery. King's Bench V. and VI. are popular and usually ripe for a little good entertainment, for here the libel actions, the suits for slander, and the "human" cases of the second degree, usually find their way. The human cases of the first degree are of course those to be heard in the Divorce Court, which is the most popular of all, and which is besieged on one of its best days more than any playhouse on the occasion of a first night. Then, indeed, it is a great scene of pent-up excitement and interest. The gallery is crowded, and, in the body of the Court, ladies—ladies of fashion sometimes—in bright, vari-coloured dresses, lean forward, with an ear right about, to catch each gem of evidence as it falls from the witness's lips. One Court is very much like another, but in various respects the Divorce Court seems to lean more to the side of humanity than the rest. It looks cosier, and there is Sir Francis Jeune in solemn and yet kindly presidency over it, wearing above all things a beard, a big beard, such as no judge



A TRIAL IN THE DIVORCE COURT: CROSS-EXAMINING A WITNESS.

is ever supposed to do. The Divorce Court has to some extent its own counsel too, and the leaders in the Division are for the most part the counsel who "draw" the public, if such an expression may in any way be permitted.

To the Courts which have been named, that of the Lord Chief Justice must, of course, be added as one of the most popular, and that for no other reason than the personal one; for, truth to tell, Lord Alverstone's cases are seldom exciting and very often dull. But his Court is the largest of all, so large indeed that it boasts what in Parliament would be called a gangway running down the middle of the seats for counsel, and at the back is such a library of legal literature, all clothed in the customary calf, as is not to be found in King's Bench or Chancery. Mere sightseers peep in here just for a moment to catch a glimpse of "the Chief," on whose kindly face there is usually an anxious look. The features relax into a smile sometimes, but the Lord Chief Justice never jokes as do some brother judges, and never plays with a

caustic wit as do nearly all at times, notably Mr. Justice Darling, who makes more "points" in this way in one week than are made in other Courts in a whole term.

Spend one day in the Courts and you derive a new and literal meaning of the old term, "the machine of the Law," which you had never suspected. Everything seems to work automatically and without interference. At half-past ten the day's work is begun, and is in full swing in a moment; and if some general manager regulated all the twenty odd Courts with one electric button the stop for lunch at half-past one could not be more uniform or more sudden. Nobody quite knows how it is done: often enough a word is not spoken; but when counsel is in the middle of an argument—sometimes even in the middle of a sentence—there is a sudden hush, his lordship rises, counsel scrape their papers together, and everybody rushes out into the corridors. A forty-five minutes' armistice is declared, and now is the time for studying humanity.

First look beyond that door through which



IN THE PUBLIC LUNCHEON ROOM.

his lordship passed into the private avenue mentioned at the outset, and see him off the bench. A very different person is his lordship now, and, often enough, he bears a strong resemblance to the school-boy enjoying his midday freedom. Along comes another judge, and another, and the three link themselves arm in arm and tramp their way, making the corridors resound with their footsteps, to one of their lordships' private rooms, where there is a little judicial luncheon party, and "points" are discussed. Each judge usually lunches alone in his rooms; but this high variety of the human being is a very gregarious one, and often, after Mr. Justice Chancery has sought his meal in solitude and sported his oak, the door handle is turned again, and his lordship wanders down the corridor till he finds the hospitable brother he wants. Such is the mutual help afforded at these informal gatherings that frequently when a knotty point has been argued before him the whole morning his lordship settles it in a few minutes on his return to Court.

If the clients, now tormenting themselves in the public corridors, only knew how their fate was sometimes sealed over a chop and a glass of claret in this way when the Courts are empty! In the meantime, seated in the recesses of the windows with their solicitors, or in the public luncheon room, they are arguing the morning's arguments over again, and a thousand times they speculate upon possible and probable verdicts. There are comedies and tragedies of life here. On the faces and in the speech of frail women and strong men alike is told the tendency of the cases. Here a little woman with glistening eyes is the centre of a sympathetic group, and a little distance away is a party of men laughing and joking and betting a five-pound



CORRIDOR CONSULTATIONS.

note that the damages they get will be a hundred pounds if a cent. People of every class, people of every appearance, and people of every mood, mingle in the Law Courts luncheon crowd, and wonder, and doubt, and speculate, and yearn for an ending of the suspense. And at this time counsel are lunching in their own counsels' room, some perhaps in the coffee room, where there is a table reserved for K.C.'s, chatting away on a score of subjects which have nothing to do with law or lawyers.

The afternoon is more wearying than the morning was. The edge seems taken off all round, and when the Court automatically resumes at a quarter-past two there is a general anticipation of four o'clock, when there is another automatic rising. Everybody seems

tired, and it is really wonderful what a tiring thing the Law is. Even the *cause célèbre* in the Divorce Court has not the interest that it had in the morning. But the close of the last speech of counsel, or the retirement of the jury—when there is a jury—wakes the Court up again into a new life. The clients at the solicitors' tables nervously clasp their hands and unclasp them again, walk out into the corridor for no particular reason, and return, and betray their painful self-consciousness in a hundred ways.

When at length the verdict comes it seems somehow to be the least exciting, the least interesting part of the whole business. It is so often anticipated that it falls flat, and the only stir seems to be in one corner of the Court, where the reporters are, and who, upon the second, despatch result messages to Fleet Street. Counsel scribbles a few words on his brief, and the client, elated or dejected, but glad in either case that it is all over, walks to the telegraph office inside the Courts and sends off a few verdict telegrams. It does a big business in verdict telegrams does this office.

And at four o'clock the legal machinery suddenly stops. His lordship beats a hurried retreat, and everybody else troops out into the corridors. For a time there is again a buzz of talk; but now the prevailing sentiment is that it is no use to cry over the spilt milk, and there is a yearning for the street, for home, for anywhere but the Palace of Justice, even though it may have been kind. The corridors empty, the procession through the great Hall to the door becomes thinner, and soon the Courts are wrapped in a stillness which is broken only by the cleaners' brushes.

The day's law is at an end. Thousands upon thousands of pounds have changed hands. Fortunes have been won and lost. Homes have been broken up by law for ever. Justice has been meted out. His lordship has earned another day's portion of five thousand pounds a year. And the lawyers to-day have earned five thousand pounds or thereabouts from the public. Counsel in high feather goes to dinner and to the play: the client goes home to think.



ARRIVAL OF A JUDGE (CAREY STREET).



HYDE PARK : EARLY MORNING BATHERS.

IN THE LONDON PARKS.

By *CICELY McDONELL.*

ONCE upon a time, as the story books say, this great city of London was nothing more than a small collection of mud hovels. Now it stretches so far North, South, East, and West, that, were it not for its open spaces, its inhabitants would find it difficult to believe that where magnificent houses, huge shops, busy offices, and crowded streets are to be seen grass used to blow, flowers to grow, and trees to flourish.

Fortunately for everyone, for Londoners and those who visit London, the splendid parks, Royal and Municipal, prevent the best intentions of the universal builder, and are firmly secured—for the enjoyment of rich and poor alike. Hyde Park is, perhaps, the most interesting to the tourist or chance visitor, for here can be seen from day to day the outdoor life of the Prince or the tramp, who has each his own ideas when visiting the park.

The interest begins early in the day, when a valiant and enthusiastic band of bathers disturb the placid waters of the Serpentine with their early plunge. Seasons make little difference to them. It is a well-known fact that during winter the ice has been broken and the cold swim taken with as much enjoy-

ment as that of the little ragged urchin who, on a hot day, paddles on the shallow brim, and exclaims, "Oh, I say, ain't it nice?"

The Serpentine is, to many, the most fascinating feature in Hyde Park. In summer the garden seats on its paths are filled with those who find continual interest in its ever-changing surface. Someone is feeding the water fowl, and immediately a little crowd assembles, continually augmented by nurses and children rich, by elder sisters and children poor, each bringing a contribution to the meal. Or the owner of model yachts is matching his tiny vessels against rival competitors, and watching his certainties complacently. Pet dogs are taking their daily bath, carefully guarded by maids or men.

Later in the day there's a stir about the boat-house, and the genial proprietor, who has seen little boys grow big and big ones get middle-aged, is hardly able to control the eager crowd of young men and women who, in their eagerness to engage a skiff, forget the worries of the office desk or shop-counter, and take their watery pleasure under the careful eyes of the Royal Humane Society men. All around under the

spreading trees are chairs; two and two. Well do the park officials recognise the truth of the old proverb. Early in the day they are all untenanted; but towards evening Tommy Atkins, in his smart red tunic, is no infrequent occupier of these penny trifles—it is needless to say, not alone!

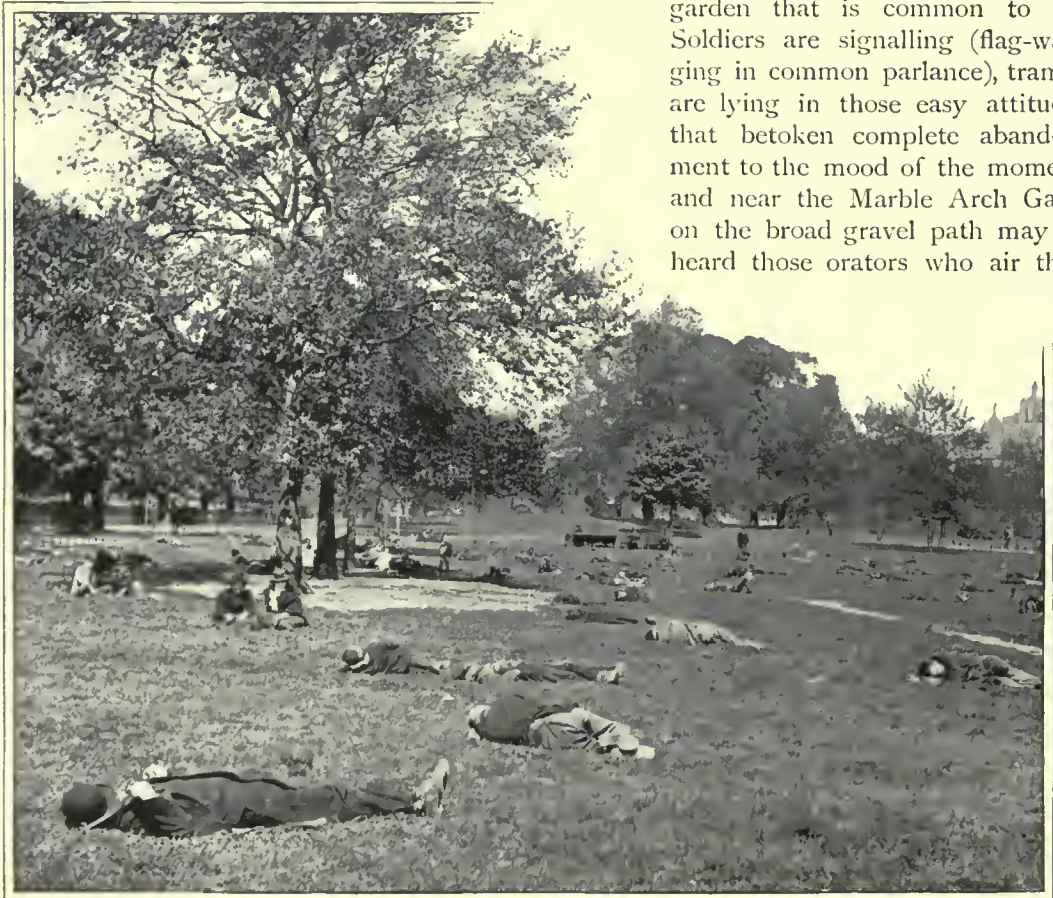
The Ladies' Mile in the morning is chiefly the haunt of smart, white-robed nurses who, proud enough, no doubt, of their lovely little charges, preserve an air of studied hauteur, and slowly push along the wheeled bassinette that has superseded the less sensible perambulator. Elderly ladies drive to and fro in decorous equipages. Sometimes Thomas descends from his box with an immense amount of condescension, and exercises my lady's lap-dog.

In Rotten Row fair women and girls are taking their morning canter; no longer compelled by etiquette to don the severe cloth habit and stiff silk hat, they revel in the

cotton shirt and sailor "straw" which, if less conventional, have equal merits. Towards five o'clock a difference is observed. All along the iron railings facing the arch at Hyde Park Corner an eager crowd awaits the coming of Queen Alexandra, who usually drives at this hour. Splendid carriages of all descriptions are drawn up, occupied by distinguished leaders of society, ready to respectfully greet one who, ever since she came to London so many years ago, has reigned in the hearts of all.

Along the promenade, under the shady trees, are beautiful women with their attendant swains; the chairs round the Achilles Statue are filled, and a general air of fashion prevails.

As we walk across the grass towards the Marble Arch different types are seen. There are the school children, girls and boys, who play their simple games (cricket is not permitted in Hyde Park); the tiny mites who roll about and enjoy the big garden that is common to all. Soldiers are signalling (flag-wagging in common parlance), tramps are lying in those easy attitudes that betoken complete abandonment to the mood of the moment, and near the Marble Arch Gates on the broad gravel path may be heard those orators who air their



ST. JAMES'S PARK: A SUMMER AFTERNOON SCENE.



HYDE PARK : BOATING ON THE SERPENTINE.

favourite grievances to ever-changing and impassive listeners.

Hyde Park is also the scene of many a Volunteer Inspection. The Coaching Club has its meets near the Powder Magazine, and even Sundays are rendered unconventional by the trade "demonstrations" that work out their own salvation. Almost facing the Bayswater Road is a pathetic little spot, the Dogs' Cemetery, where the grave of many a four-footed pet may be found carefully tended and bedecked with sweet flowers. Though dead, they are not forgotten; and anyone visiting the spot is almost sure to see some fair woman sparing a few moments from a busy, fashionable life in order to see that the last resting-place of her faithful little friend is not neglected.

St. James's Park and the Green Park come next in importance, being associated with so many Royal comings and goings. The natural features are much the same as those of Hyde Park, but socially and incidentally there is not the same air of life and movement. On fine days the ornamental water in St. James's Park—shallower than the Serpentine—offers a special attraction to those who love canoeing. The usual urchins are not missing, and seem to find their greatest pleasure in frequenting the bridge that spans the lake, hurling from their coign of vantage chaff and missiles at the unoffending occupants of the pleasure boats that must pass beneath.

Gentle maiden ladies of uncertain age pace

slowly along the walks leading their pet dogs. Nurses with their charges bring bags of cake and bread wherewith to feed the swans and water fowl. Clerks, in their dinner hour (from the offices near by), snatch a breath of London air; and all about on the ever-convenient seats are workgirls from the dressmaking ateliers reading cheap love-stories and bolting a hasty and indigestible meal. Now and then a bugle call is heard from Wellington Barracks. Sometimes the King's Guard rides proudly through the Mall on its way to Buckingham Palace or St. James's Palace; or the colour company is returning with its band from the changing of the Guard.

On the patches allotted to their enjoyment boys are playing cricket. Little girls loll about on the grass; and tramps, those ubiquitous wayfarers choosing a less conventional posture, lie on their backs gazing at the blue sky that belongs equally to us all, and pass the day thinking, apparently, of nothing. That they are mostly loafers is apparent to the most casual observer; and yet their prone, almost formless attitudes, suggest the aftermath of an encounter in war. Indeed this space has been not inaptly described as the "out-of-works' battlefield." Of course, there are occasions when the normal conditions of peace and quietness are perforce altered, when ceremonies at Buckingham Palace cause crowds to line the Mall, and when the



REGENT'S PARK : THE LITTLE MOTHER.

brilliant summer sun brings out a typical Sunday gathering of those who prefer to avoid the larger parks.

Tastes differ, however, and for such reasons the masses prefer Regent's Park, where, although the keepers are very much in evidence, a greater freedom seems to prevail, and where the grassy slopes and playing fields appear to be designed to form the special rendezvous of the children of the poorer classes.

Regent's Park has many unique attractions. To some the name conveys chiefly the locality of the famous Zoological Gardens; to others the charms of the Botanic fêtes, a special feature of the London season. Though there were more at one time, many bicycles and motor-cars are to be seen in the inner circle, but the latter are subject to special regulations.

To sit in the broad walk on a summer day is an amusing education. On all sides are children and nurses, or children in charge of other children. Methods of management are, of course, much alike. The nurse seats herself comfortably in the shade of a tree, secures the perambulator wheel with her foot, tells the little ones to play by her side, and immediately settles down to the enjoyment of a weekly paper. Suddenly she remembers her duties, tucks the paper under her arm, shakes the poor baby in the "pram," looks round for the other mites, jerks them violently by the arm, and, having made all cry, returns to her reading. Her humbler type, in charge of a wooden-box on wheels and the members of her family (they are all under eight), has a noisier method, and delivers her injunctions in a high-pitched voice but not unkindly,



HYDE PARK : A MEET OF THE COACHING CLUB.

generally ending up with, "See if I don't tell yer mother!" To these children of the poor working-class Regent's Park is a positive boon. Large spaces are quite available where all-day picnics go on, bread-and-butter and a bottle of milk being the wholesome if insufficient menu. The boys can play cricket or rounders on their patches and pitches, without interfering with the cricketers who practise and play matches; or they betake themselves to the

enjoying the unwonted pastime, and many a merry rendezvous is made for "to-morrow"; a to-morrow that may be a day of thaw and disappointment. In Regent's Park it is possible to get tea in the open, and outside the refreshment house are many little tables always surrounded by those to whom any outing is insupportable unless accompanied by eating and drinking.

Of the Municipal Parks the most important



BATTERSEA PARK : A POACHER CAUGHT.

ornamental water, and watch the boating there.

The beautifully-kept flower beds are a special feature of the park; and an interesting sight is the distribution, at the end of the summer season, of the hardy bedding-out plants to poor people, adults and children, with the view of encouraging window gardening in London's poorer districts.

Though this park, like the others, is more or less deserted in the winter, yet, should severe frost set in and the ice on the lake bear, devotees of skating hasten to the spot, for the shallowness of the ornamental water gives confidence to those who are

is Battersea; and the special advantage of a London County Council Park is that the casual visitor has no excuse whatever for doing what he ought not. At each entrance are notice boards which he who runs naturally does not read, so relies on the smaller boards in all directions which insufficiently deal with his conscience.

"Tell me what you saw at Battersea Park?" asked a schoolmistress of her boy and girl class one day. "Please, teacher, lots of railings!" was the unexpected reply. "Lots of railings" exactly represents a very special feature thereof. Suburban and lower middle class visitors form the chief types that



HYDE PARK : AN AL FRESCO LECTURE.



VICTORIA PARK : THE SAND-PIT.

daily visit this really beautiful park. There are special pitches for cricket matches; and tennis courts that young men may engage (at a trivial cost for the season); and where their maidens can play with them, their bearing under success or failure useful as an illustration of that which may attend the joys and exigencies of a dual existence lasting rather longer than the ordinary "sett."

"Battersea's a grand park," says a uniformed patroller. "It's so safe! In 'Yde Park you might be robbed and murdered by any of them nasty tramps. 'Ere, it's quite different." Meritorious as the difference may be, there is, at all events, the advantage of western possibilities which, apparently, find their appreciation in the greater number of those who frequent the greater park.

Battersea Park has its lake, too, and the lake its little fishes. Occasionally a youngster, whose passion for angling is greater than his discretion, is caught in the act and promptly marched off to receive the punishment incurred. It is a quaint procession—keeper, boy, fish (the tiny and valueless spoil dangling from the young angler's hand), escorted by sympathising girls and boys who emphatically declare that "It's a shame—yes, it is!"

At the beginning of the bicycle craze Battersea Park had quite a vogue. Smart instructors were ready to initiate the fashionable pupil into the secrets of success; and bicycle breakfasts, bicycle society, and bicycle eventualities were made famous in the romance of an autumn melodrama at Drury Lane.

Farther afield—and to realise how vast London is, it must also be realised that an omnibus ride from Charing Cross will set you down at Victoria Park just between "No. 1" and "No. 2" (as the divisions are registered)—the student of park life finds to his relief that here there is almost only one type, and that not of the most romantic. The dispositions of the park resemble other L.C.C. properties. Mothers with their families take the air, sit about, and enjoy a blessed rest, and men are just as inclined here as elsewhere to lie on their backs and look at the sun. A speciality of Victoria Park is the "sand-pit"—prac-

tically a sand-heap where happy children dig with spades, or with their hands as substitutes, take off shoes and stockings, and imagine that they are far away at the seaside. Close by is the children's gymnasium, with swings and giant-strides, to which only those under a certain age are admitted—a very wise restriction. Here the puny, weak-framed girls and boys can stretch their immature muscles and strengthen their nerves. Every precaution, too, is provided against dangerous risk; and accidents are few and far between. It is almost unnecessary to say that the lake devoted to would-be bathers is a popular resort in hot weather.

Victoria Park is indeed a boon to the dwellers near by, and equally valuable to its own frequenters is Finsbury Park, easily reached by omnibus either from Victoria or Moorgate Street. Its situation is perhaps the more favourable, being higher ground. Specially attractive is it to the children in Dr. Barnardo's Cottage Homes near by, and often may groups of girls, in their neat dress, be seen wandering happily about, or playing games on the grass-plots. After school hours the park is the resort of boys of every age and of little mothers with their baby charges. Many seats are provided, a band plays in the summer, and tired parents find a restful change from work and worries.

The lake, here as elsewhere, seems to be the centre of attraction. Boats in plenty are for hire; and a wise purveyor has set up a notice reading thus: "Trip round lake, children and adults, 1d. each." Needless to say, his ferry boat is always full, and to sit and watch its arrival and departure is a continual source of amusement.

In these days of haste and hurry, rest and change are necessary to everyone. Within easy reach of all are spots so beautiful and rural that there is no need to seek fresh woods and pastures new; while, if there be any truth in the axiom that the proper study of mankind is man, there is no better opportunity than that afforded in London's parks, where high, low, rich and poor, great and small continuously pass and re-pass before our eyes.



AT THE TELEPHONE.

LONDON'S FIRE BRIGADE.

By WALTER P. WRIGHT.

WHEN the red-hot rush of the fire engine whirls down the narrow streets of the crowded city, when a rattle of hoofs, and a truculent gong, and a "yi yi" from excited cabmen, awaken discordance, when the sun sparkles on keen axe and burnished helmet—then London lives!

It is only for a moment, maybe—a flash, a fierce, kaleidoscopic dash across the cockney clerk's retina, but in that moment he has crowded a thousand sensations into the time which is normally occupied by one; his pulse has been quickened, his breast has been thrilled, his emotions have been torn up and flung into a magic melting-pot—in a word, he has *lived*.

No one can fight against the fascination of the fire brigade, no one in his senses will try. It is good to feel the grip of it, to be torn out of the deadly monotone of everyday existence, to have a feeling of exultation which you don't know how to express, to have an impulse to cheer (and better still to obey it), to know that you

have a circulation, and feel it throbbing through you—all these things spring into vigorous, palpitating life when the engine goes by.

The fire brigade got hold of me years ago: it has never let me go; it never will. The gate of human life for me—seething, bubbling life, none of your hearse-like crawls, with cold blood and stagnant nerves—is old Southwark Bridge. It smiles seductively, does that dirty, dusty, wind-swept approach, and puts on tender, inviting airs, for all the world as though it led to hawthorn lanes, and lilac thickets, and gardens, and green fields. Perhaps it would show you a bit of Nature in the shape of a cactus, that never blooms, in a lobster tin over an area, if you followed it far enough, but if you did we should part company, for here, in Southwark Bridge Road, are the tall, glass-panelled doors, and the red tenders, and the sturdy firemen, doing nothing as it seems, but watching and listening always.

The Londoner is the most emotional

creature that this earth knows, although no one is aware of it, least of all himself. That is why he is so wrapped up in his fire brigade. It is not the noise and racket as the engine ploughs through the streets which get hold of him, it is the intense humanity that throbs through all its work. He can hear a mother's shriek, a babe's cry, through all the hideous din. There is sweet life crying for salvation, and the call rings true to his heart. The same voices are in his ears as he walks through the courtyard at headquarters, and be the fireman at work or at play, the grim note of earnestness sounds over everything.

It is a quiet morning, and in the quadrangle recruits are being drilled. They are sturdy fellows, well-knit as a rule, and lissom, as befits men who have followed the sea. Most of them have the stamp of the Royal Navy, but some have come from the mercantile marine. In the instruction room they have been shown sections of valves and boilers, and taught the theory of them; now a group are swarming over a real, live engine, and learning all about her. Not far away a new escape is being tested from top to bottom by half a dozen men, who attach ropes, mount



AT DRILL : CARRYING AN INSENSIBLE MAN.



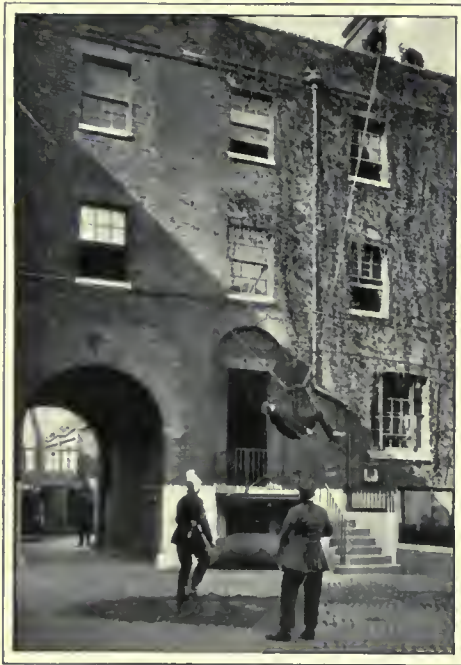
HELMETS OF DEAD HEROES.

the wheels, and spring off in a body, so as to put a sudden and heavy strain on each part. Keen and severe is the testing system. Every helmet in the great store rooms is scrutinised, every axe is tried on bar iron, every ladder, every wheel, every spring, runs the gauntlet. There is human life at stake, do you see!

The men have a spell of rest now, and go to the gymnasium or the recreation room. They have everything for comfort and amusement which thoughtfulness can provide. And while they beguile their leisure, the visitor will bring himself back to the stern realities of fire brigade life by inspecting two grim and silent records of danger and death—the Roll of Honour in the offices, and the museum in the instruction room, where rest the torn and battered helmets of firemen who died at duty's call. There are names of heroes on the Roll—Barrett, who hung over a burning cellar, where oil from burst barrels boiled on the surface of the water, fell in, and was dragged out to die. Jacobs, who, with a comrade beside him, reached a small window in a tall Wandsworth factory when the floors had fallen in, hung on to the frame and thrust his comrade through, himself to fall back, his chest too large for the small opening. Ford, who dragged six hapless wretches out

of the very jaws of death, saved them all, was trapped on the escape in the hour of victory, and perished at the portals of safety.

Back again in the quadrangle. It is three o'clock,



FIRE AND LIFE-SAVING DRILL.

and drill time. Drill it is, too; no baby play, mind you. Some features of the drill at headquarters are too much like the real thing to suit weak nerves.

The man swinging on a rope between two buildings is being lowered from a supposed burning room, this method of rescue being adopted when the escape cannot be used—a breath-catching sight for the spectator.

There is a tinge of grey on the cheek of a tall, auburn-headed recruit. He has acquitted himself well on the escape, and ten to one he would rush in like a seasoned hero if there was life to save, but he has to let himself be slung on to another man's

shoulder like a sack, and carried along a narrow ridge at a dizzy height from the ground. Not altogether nice, is it?

Here is the jumping sheet rigged up. It looks pretty large to us who are standing beside it, but very likely it

seems no bigger than a pocket-handkerchief to the recruit perched up on a ledge high above it. He is a plucky chap, but there is a foolish chill trying to creep round the corners of his heart now that he has to jump. I know, because a provincial officer once lured me on to a ledge like that, and tried to persuade me that sheet jumping was the most joyous thing in life. He didn't.

The scene changes now; there is a slight stir between the two men seated at the telephone table, and one rises.

Mr. Secondfloorback, who lives Walworth way, is out of luck to-day, but we are in it. His wife has left a wet cloth hanging over a fire-guard, and gone to escort a neighbour with bad eyes down to the hospital not far from the Elephant and Castle. Secondfloorback minor, truant from school, has come in for a crust in her absence. It is great sport chasing the cat round the room with that cloth, but the rag is put back still nearer to the fire when the gentle boy goes out in search of fresh amusement, and the cat goes down the stairs nine at a time as Mrs. Thirdfloorfront raises a screech.

It is the most wonderful transformation scene in London which now takes place at headquarters. The horses have been yoked up, and the engines wheeled to their places. The auburn-headed man has not been killed by a fall from the parapet, and is sitting down to draughts with the recruit who grinned so foolishly when he looked down at the sheet, and after all made such a

splendid leap of it. There is peace, there is repose, in the fire station. But a bell goes, and a whistle is blown, and a sharp word rings through the quadrangle. There is a rush of flying feet. A man darts to a horse's head, and touches a spring close to its bit. That one little act releases the cords which secure it to the stall, drops the collar on its neck, and snatches the rug from its back. The horse is out, along with another.

The fire is roaring under the boiler already, and men have thrust their legs into long boots and their heads into helmets. They have axes in their belts and stand ready, saluting the chief and the second officer.

Everything goes on at express speed, but there is not an excited man in the whole lot. The great doors fly open automatically, and the engine is ready. A breathless minute has passed—one brief, hard-drawn minute.

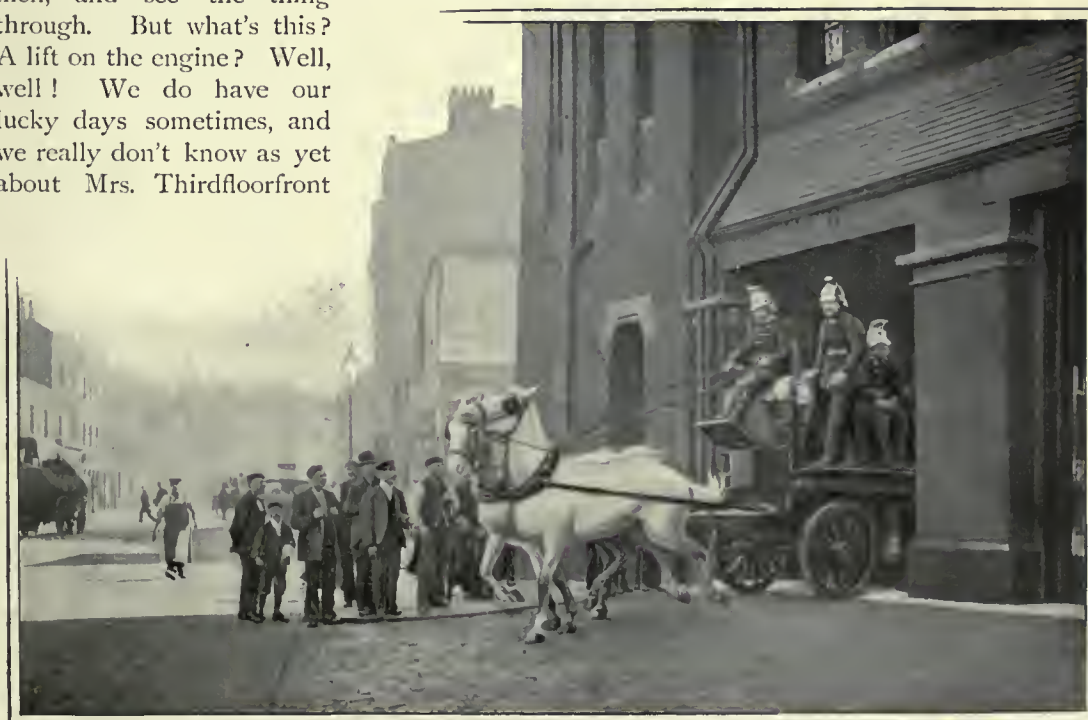
A message has come down from the watch tower, and you have heard it, and while that swift minute was flying you have run your eye over the great map on the wall, where you get a bird's eye view of London marked out in districts under letters. Of course your little move is plain enough: you are going to follow the firemen, and see the thing through. But what's this? A lift on the engine? Well, well! We do have our lucky days sometimes, and we really don't know as yet about Mrs. Thirdfloorfront

having a sick mother in bed. A kindly fortune has provided this fire; let us bless it!

Hum! a seat a little further from the chimney would have suited better. Grit and dust are flying out at the rate of several pounds a minute, and our nostrils are only two inches away from it. But it is a grand rush, for all that, and the next time we come the motor engine, already on trial, may be running, and all the smells will be left for the people in the street.

We are there inside eight minutes, and the water is on. The place is burning fast, but apparently there is no one in it now: all the people have followed the cat. They tell us how they got out—volubly, hysterically. It is a sweet story to them—one to be oft re-told. They are at it still when the men with the escape appear, and the sight of the tall ladder reminds Secondfloorback minor's aunt about Mrs. Thirdfloorfront and her sick mother. It is the old tale—everybody out, and somebody in all the time!

Two men are up that escape like a flash, and one of them disappears in the room. He shows himself again with a bundle of



CALLED OUT: LEAVING HEADQUARTERS.

something, and passes it out to his waiting comrade. The yell of the day follows—no! it is eclipsed, for here is Mrs. Third-floorfront herself. She has stuck to her post with splendid pluck and devotion, but now that the bundle is safe in the street she goes nearly frantic with terror, though herself no longer in peril. It is woman's way, as we hear when we smoke a pipe with the salvage man at the door of the burnt-out place next day; and as the officer in charge of the floating station tells us when we make our call there. Both of them have seen that sort of thing before.

The floating station is a strange contrast to headquarters. No stables, no stores, no escapes, no breakneck drill. We are at Charing Cross, perhaps, or Cherry Gardens, and we see a float sustaining an engine powerful enough to pump 1,500 gallons of water a minute. The float is no ocean greyhound, but it has a fierce and truculent tug of its own, and when the tug gets on the war path with a big wharf blazing in front of it, woe to anything that gets in the way.

There are awkward moments on the fire floats. The Crane's Wharf fire some years



A SALVAGE MAN IN CHARGE.



ago brought one, for the float was under a huge building when the wall collapsed, and tons of fiery brickwork came hurtling down. A man safe on a bridge half a mile away had a brilliant inspiration: he yelled "run." It did not matter to him that there was only the river to run into: it did to the firemen. They leaped as one man into the tideway. The water, reflecting the lurid glare of the great blaze, looked like a mass of molten fire, and red fragments hissed down amongst the men as they swam for dear life. But they were all saved.

SAVED!

There was a bewildering moment for a chemist, whose waterside store in a cellar had got on fire. He arrived when all was over. "No men down, I hope," he cried. "One's been," was the reply, "but he's up again." Amazement and consternation commingled on the face of that chemist. "But

there's enough chloroform to kill off the whole brigade!" "Can't help it—he's alive; come to think of it, though, he did say he noticed a bit of a smell!"

The fireman had saved himself from death by lying flat on his face, but no such artifice availed one of his comrades in a certain dilemma. He was fresh from a wharf fire which had broken out in a cellar stacked with barrels of oil. Now, entrance could only be effected by means of a small trap-door, and as it was certain that the cellar would be flooded with liquid death through the bursting of the barrels the moment the fire caught them, the task of penetrating through the trap-door was fraught with hideous danger. The fireman went through unhesitatingly, and succeeded in extinguishing the flames in time, nor did this daring feat seem to strike him as noteworthy.

What did, however, bring a cloud to his brow was the mention by a grinning mate of a particular shop fire. The hero of the cellar blaze had to mount to the first floor to save an old lady, and directly he entered the room she flung her arms hysterically round his neck, and refused either to go with him or to let him go. She weighed sixteen stones, and he tugged and hauled to no purpose. They were both on the brink of destruction when he at length succeeded in getting her away.

His mates declare to this day that the

device by which he succeeded was to promise her marriage!

They like their bit of fun, do the firemen. Go and see them when they are drilling for a show day at the Agricultural Hall; go to the annual fête. They know how to devise side-splitting "business." They know how to enjoy themselves; they have not been in the Navy for nothing. Oh, yes! this means a lot. If there is anything funnier than their burlesque rescue scene I want to hear about it very badly. Here is the maiden fair who has to be saved from a terrible death. She is a weird figure—old canvas, I suppose, stuffed with straw. Her eyes are goggles, her hair is tow. This beautiful object is taken up to the supposed burning room. The supers who play the crowd in the quadrangle of the fire station cheer frantically when a fireman appears at the window above, carrying it tenderly in his arms. When he brings it down distracted relatives rush forward and embrace it fondly. Then it is tossed neck and crop into a corner, and another act is entered upon.

The London Fire Brigade watches over us day and night. It never tires, it never sleeps. Led by a gallant and distinguished officer, it battles unceasingly with death and destruction. Picturesque, and yet practical, it is one of the great, live, human forces of London.



A FLOATING FIRE ENGINE.



IN A CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

CHRISTMAS LONDON.

By GEORGE R. SIMS.

A MIGHTY magician has touched London with his wand. The spirit of altruism has descended upon the City of Self. The note of preparation for the great festival of the Christian Church, which was sounded early in November when the windows of the stationers, the booksellers' shops, and the railway stalls became suddenly gay with the coloured plates of Christmas numbers innumerable, has increased in volume as time went on. Now, on the eve of the great day, there is not a street in the capital containing a shop, from its broadest thoroughfare to its narrowest by-way, that has not decked its windows for the Christmas market.

The meat markets speak of good cheer in the substantial prose of the Briton's national beef; the poultry markets strike a more romantic note with the turkeys and

the geese that lift the Christmas dinner above the Sunday level, but it is at Covent Garden that the true poetic atmosphere prevails. There not only does the yellow glow of the orange give colour to the foggy arcades and the dimly-lighted central avenue, but the holly and the mistletoe piled high in every direction speak to our hearts of the Christmas that Charles Dickens entwined with the love and sympathy of family reunion. The scarlet berry and the white gleam out from the masses of green, the fir-trees spread inviting branches that suggest a hundred delights, and the most jaded citizen, passing through Covent Garden on the eve of the great festival, sees the shadows of life lifted in the glow of the yule log, and amid the roar of the traffic and the hoarse cries of the street hawkers hears the merry laughter of little children happy in their English homes.

In the busy streets the market is at its height. The grocers are so gay with good things that grown-up men and women stop in front of them as fascinated as were Hansel and Gretel by the witch's cottage made to eat. The sweetmeat shops are so cunningly set out that even the aged dyspeptic feels his loose change burning a hole in his pocket. The stationers' shops are packed from morning till night with men, women, and children who are purchasing pictorial Christmas greetings that will tax the capacity of his Majesty's post office almost to the point of the last straw.

"Post early," the Postmaster cries beseechingly for weeks before the festival, and

the great public obeys. From the twentieth of December it begins to crowd into the post offices with hands full of envelopes and arms full of parcels, and the post office assistants, male and female, seem to become machines. They sacrifice themselves nobly to a grand cause. The flower girl has cried aloud in her weariness that she "hates the smell of the roses," but the loyal army that serves under the banner of the Postmaster-General has not yet given us one weakling to cry aloud that he (or she) hates Christmas.

Presently the bustle and the tumult, the crowding and confusion, are over, the streets that all through Christmas Eve have been like fairs grow gradually darker as the





CHRISTMAS EVE : A SUBURBAN SCENE.

flickering lights go down and the shutters go up.

Thousands of men and women who earn their living in London have crowded the railway termini, and gone to their friends in the far-away towns. Londoners themselves have always the home feeling strongly upon them on Christmas Eve. It is a night to spend with the wife and bairns in happy, eager anticipation of the morrow. So the theatres are mostly closed, the music-halls are half empty, and even the street market grows deserted towards ten o'clock. Midnight finds the great thoroughfares given up to the policemen and a few stragglers. The great home festival has commenced. All London is under its own roof-tree waiting for Santa Claus.

But long before Christmas Eve has melted into Christmas Day mighty London has had mighty deeds to accomplish, that there may be no hitch in the preparations for the Gargantuan feast.

The great railway carriers have been at their wits' ends

to deliver the parcels, the packages, the hampers, the cases of gifts and good things that have been entrusted to them. On hundreds of hampers the word "Perishable" stares the officials in the face. But trains are late owing to the increase of the goods and passenger traffic. And the "perishable" hampers arrive

in such vast quantities that horses and men have to be kept at work night and day in order to deliver them. Sometimes it happens—it cannot be helped—that the long-expected poultry or game from the country



IN COVENT GARDEN MARKET.

that was to have been the Christmas fare is delivered to the disappointed householder just as the family are sitting down to something else purchased in despair at the last moment.

The theatres are mostly closed on Christmas Eve, but do not imagine that they are deserted. In some of them the preparations for the gorgeous Christmas pantomime which is to delight the children, young and old, on Boxing Day are in full swing. It is the dress rehearsal.

We pass the public-houses which are still open, but which are not thronged as usual. Here and there we come upon men carefully carrying the goose that they have secured in the goose club, and others who are carrying home the hamper of spirits and wine that Boniface has presented them with in return for their weekly subscription. But there is little noise, and there is a marked absence of the old riotous excess. London at Christmas time to-day is

a great improvement on the Christmas London of the past.

Time creeps on, and the quiet hours have come. Now and again the old tunes float out on the silence of the night. "The Mistletoe Bough" is rendered more melancholy than even the composer intended it to be by a cornet with a cold. The waits have had their day, but still in some parts of London they wake the sleeper from his pleasant dreams, and call for a Christmas-box in the morning. And the carollers still

remain with us to sing the old world words that bear us back to the days of the yule log, the masquers, the mummers, the squire, the stage coach, and the snow-clad earth of the Christmas of our forefathers.

* * *

It is Christmas morning. London does not rise so early as usual to-day, and it is well on towards ten o'clock before there is any considerable movement. Then people,

who are going to spend the day with friends in the suburbs or at some little distance, begin to make their way to the railway stations. Here are youths and maidens hastening by themselves, here an aged man and woman making their way slowly, here are family parties, papa, mamma, and olive branches innumerable. Almost without exception each bears a brown-paper parcel. It is the Christmas gift, the little present that is usually taken to the hosts by the



CHRISTMAS IN AN OMNIBUS.

visitors—to uncle John, to aunt Mary, to the cousins, to grandmamma and grandpapa.

All the morning long the little stream of parcel bearers going out to spend the day with relatives and friends continues, but towards eleven it is joined by another crowd, a crowd that carries a church service instead of a paper parcel, a crowd that is spending Christmas in its own homes. The church bells are ringing merrily. When they cease there is a noticeable thinning of the stream of pedestrians. The trains on the local lines



AFTER THE PUDDING.

have ceased running until after Divine service, and now there are only the travellers who are taking 'bus and tram and cab to their destinations. The private carriages, the hired broughams, will not start with the little family parties outward bound until later in the day.

Up till half-past one there are always people in the streets taking the Christmas walk which is to prepare the appetite for dinner, a lengthy meal that taxes the digestive powers of most of us, and the parks and open spaces are fairly filled if the weather is fine. But after half-past one quiet reigns once more. London is indoors again. The richer folk are at lunch—the poorer folk are at dinner.

This is the hour to walk abroad observantly and take an unobtrusive peep at the windows as you pass. Everywhere you see that it is Christmas Day. At many a window you can see the little ones happy with the gifts that Santa Claus has brought them. Little boys are already testing the strength of their playthings. Little girls are enjoying the first sweets of motherhood in their tender attentions to the new doll. The studious children and the romantic children are absorbed in the pages of the new story books.

Over the children's heads at the windows you have a glimpse of the table spread and waiting for the feast that is being dished up in the regions below. The fire light flickers and dances on the walls, and catches the bunch of holly over the mantelpiece and the evergreens twined in the gasolier. And up through the area railings there comes a fragrant odour that makes you look at your watch and remember your own luncheon hour.

From one to half-past there is a little stream of visitors to the workhouses and certain charitable institutions, where Christmas is being celebrated by a dinner to the inmates. Fashionable philanthropy which has contributed to the good cheer passes a pleasant half-hour on Christmas Day in assisting the poor, the lonely, and the afflicted to share in the common joy. Even in the great palaces of pain, where suffering is ever present and death rarely absent, the doctors, the nurses, and the students do their best to bring a little of the world's happiness to the bedside of the patient. For the children there are toys and Christmas trees, for the grown-up folk such fare and amusement as they can appreciate.

There are people, of course, who have nothing on Christmas Day, but they are

few. Some by nature of their work have to make shift and take their Christmas dinner where they can. The 'bus driver may have to take his in the 'bus, but in his way he manages to make up a little family party. His wife brings the meat and the pudding in two basins, and she and his little daughter sit with him in the 'bus, and make it homelike. The conductor who is unmarried is invited to take a seat at the "table." Appreciating the kindly thought he goes into the public-house, fetches the beer, and pays for it.

The crossing-sweeper goes off duty after the folk have returned from church, and does not come on again till evening. He generally has a "home," and his table, if it does not actually "groan," is well covered with good things. For the charitable ladies of the neighbourhood have always a corner in their hearts for the crossing-sweeper, and many are the gifts he gets in the shape of

creature comforts for his Christmas entertainment.

About four o'clock the Christmas dinners of the well-to-do begin. Except among the aristocracy it is a usual thing to make the dinner hour afternoon instead of evening. From four to seven you may picture family parties in almost every house you pass in the best neighbourhoods. The lamps of the street are just lighted, and darkness is setting in.

The blinds of the houses are drawn, but behind them you know that a united family are gathered round the board, and that merriment is the dominant note. From seven o'clock the sounds of festival strike your ears. You can hear the bang of the Christmas cracker, the merry laughter of the children, at times the sounds of an unmistakable romp. All over London the same spirit is present. Young and old have given themselves up to the joy of living.



THE CHILDREN'S PARTY.

Later on music asserts itself. The streets and the squares are so quiet, there is so little traffic, that the slightest sound in the houses is heard by the passers by. The music that you hear is rarely of the convivial order until the parting hour comes. Up to this time sentiment seems to be more in favour both with vocalist and instrumentalist. Even the concertina, which makes its appearance in the streets with home-returning youth, is not music-hally on Christmas night. There is a restraint and a sobriety about Christmas Day which always keep it a Church festival. There is a deeply rooted idea that although it is not a real Sunday it is a Sunday with quiet games allowed.

Soon after ten o'clock the home-returning travellers begin to appear in the streets. Once more the wayfarers are almost without exception parcel-laden.

They are bearing back the gifts that have been presented to them in return for their own. Through the front door you occasionally catch a glimpse of the good-bye. There is considerable embracing among the ladies. The men shake hands with a hearty grip that has the sentiment of the season in it. The old four-wheel cabman sits nodding on his box. But even he

revives under the influence of the proffered glass of grog, and wheezes out "the compliments of the season" between two coughs.

Soon after eleven o'clock the cats have the roadway to themselves. They dart from area to area undisturbed. Even the dogs seem to be keeping Christmas indoors.

Midnight strikes. You hear it in the silence of Christmas night as you hear it at no other time. The great day has come to an end. If you are abroad you will be startled by your own solitude. You will understand how truly is Christmas the festival of the home. A man or a woman alone kindles a feeling of sympathy in your breast; you begin to think a tragedy of friendlessness around them.

You pass the cab-stand. It is empty. You pass the public-house. It is shut. The 'busses have ceased running. You quicken your steps, and hasten to your own home, which you have only quitted because you want to see what London looks like on Christmas night. As you pass the policeman you involuntarily say, "Merry Christmas to you." The policeman answers, "Same to you, sir." Perhaps you put your hand in your pocket. It is past midnight, and Boxing Day has dawned.



THE WAITS.



GIVING THE ROYAL ASSENT.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

By ALFRED F. ROBBINS.

IT is as "the Gilded Chamber" that the House of Lords is frequently referred to; and there is a golden lustre about its internal architecture that justifies the literal application of the term. But the use of the phrase is often symbolic, suggesting a legislative Lotus-land, where it is always afternoon, and where its debaters never hear the midnight chime. This picture is set against that of the stern and unbending Commons, upon whom flash no gilded rays, and who laboriously legislate from afternoon to night as well as through night to early morn; and sympathy is sought to be evoked for the slaves to duty who toil at one end of the Palace of Westminster, as compared with the sybarites who loll on scarlet benches, housed in barbaric gold and jewels, at the other. Those who furnish this counterfeit presentment of two brothers omit to note that the day's work of the House of Lords not only begins earlier than that of the Commons, but in an essential particular is of a different kind. The one, in short, commences its daily round by being judicial and ends by being legislative: the other commences by being legislative, and can only hope to end in being judicious.

Nothing more unlike the popular notion of the pomp and circumstance of a sitting of

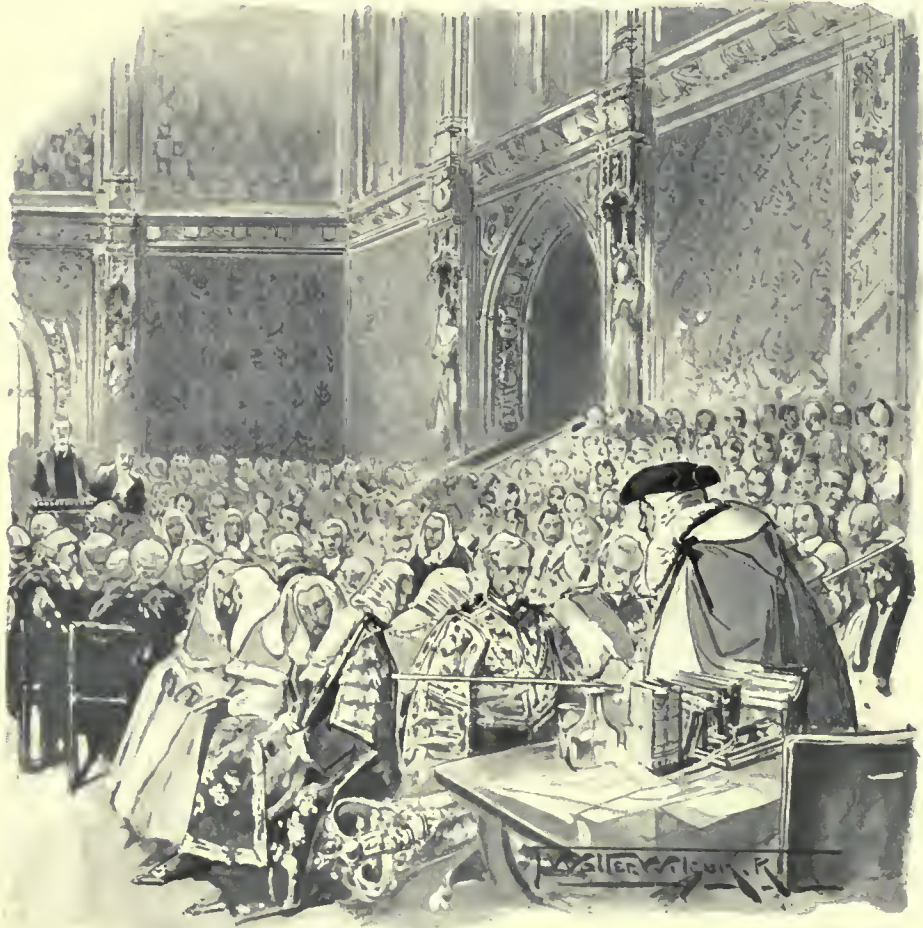
the Peers can be imagined than the morning proceedings of the House of Lords, when acting as the highest judicial tribunal of the realm. The theory that the whole House participates in the hearing is maintained by the fact that, while the Lord Chancellor presides in wig and robes, the Law Lords, usually some half-a-dozen in number, sit on the scarlet benches in ordinary morning garb, as if to listen to a debate rather than to a subtle legal argument, addressed to them by King's Counsel after King's Counsel, wearing the full wig never seen in any other Court except upon State occasions. But the whole judicial work of the Chamber is now laid upon the shoulders of these few elderly gentlemen, who, while appearing to lounge at their ease, content with an occasional note, are representative of the soundest legal talent in the country, and whose judgment, once delivered, can be altered only by Act of Parliament.

This is the every-day, hard-working appearance of the House of Lords as a judicial tribunal, imposing from its associations and impressive from its power, rather than either imposing or impressive from its immediate accessories. But about twice in a century the House is called upon to constitute itself into a judicial tribunal of another kind—

not one to decide questions of law, but points of fact; and these are the occasions when it has to try one of its own members for an alleged felony. Up to the present century, the custom was to try the accused Peer in the House itself; but a change has now been made to the Royal Gallery, a noble apartment through which the Sovereign has to pass from the Robing Room on his way to

be called upon to find a verdict, each Peer has to rise in his place and, in giving his judgment, to declare his opinion upon his honour, laying his right hand upon his breast. It is a rare scene—picturesque, impressive, mediæval, and, therefore, absolutely in keeping with the theory of the Constitution and the practice of the House of Lords.

The characteristics thus enumerated are



TRYING A PEER.

the Throne on the occasion of his visits to the Parliament. In such trials all the Peers are entitled to participate, and the tribunal is constituted with especial pomp. The ancient office of Lord High Steward is revived for the occasion, and it is the custom to confer it on the Lord Chancellor. The Peers assemble in their robes, and proceed to the place of trial two by two in strict order of precedence, commencing with the junior barons and ending with the dukes and great officers of State. Should they

to be noted, however, not only in the uncommon event of a trial by the Peers, but in the regular proceedings of the Assembly. It was with a full sense of their significance that the designer of the Chamber caused to be placed, in the eighteen niches between the windows, statues of the barons who extorted Magna Charta from King John; and it is in that Chamber alone to-day—save for the solitary "Oyez" in courts of justice—that Norman-French is still to be heard. We will imagine the

ordinary judicial business to be over for the day, the House adjourning "during pleasure." As the time for reassembling approaches, there is a decorous and subdued bustle in the lobby. The bewigged lawyer is leaving as the gaitered bishop comes in; and lords and ladies mingle in the throng. The occasion may be of the more interest because the Royal Assent is to be given to Bills which have passed both Houses. This is almost invariably done by five Royal Commissioners, wearing scarlet robes and cocked hats, and seated on the Woolsack with the Lord Chancellor, who is always one of their number,

the purpose by the use of nearly seven centuries, "*Le Roy le veult*" to public measures—" *Soit fait come il le désire*" to private Bills, and "*Le Roy remercie ses bons sujets, accepte leur b n volence, et ainsi le veult*" to those granting supplies. But not since the reign of Queen Anne has a Royal refusal been heard in Parliament in the words, as they would now be used, "*Le Roy s'avisera.*"

The Commons having returned to their place, and the Commissioners divested themselves of their robes, the ordinary legislative business of the House of Lords begins;



INTRODUCING A NEW PEER.

and who, as Speaker of the House of Lords, directs Black Rod to request the faithful Commons to attend the ceremony.

In Tudor times the Commons were accustomed to answer the summons "in all humble manner," making "three cong es" as they came; but nowadays—while not going as far as Dryden prophesied,

The surly Commons shall respect deny,
And jostle peerage out with property—

they appear in more leisurely fashion, with their Speaker at their head, led by the Mace. And, as the Clerk of the Crown reads out the titles of the Bills the Houses have passed, the Clerk of the Parliament signifies the Royal pleasure in the phrases consecrated to

and it is then that the stranger within its gates can find full leisure to study the Chamber in all its varied aspects. Its picturesqueness, which combines architectural beauty with a symbolic representation of various among the leading features of our national life, cannot but impress even the most stolid. The Throne as typifying the monarchy, the episcopal benches as representing the Church, and the Woolsack as symbolising the trade of England in a department that was once its staple—these are as strikingly in place in the House of Lords, exemplifying the stable and wondrous continuity of our history, as the statues of the Norman barons which frown down upon them all.



THE KING OPENING PARLIAMENT.

As these details are absorbed, the thought naturally arises that here we have the ancient assembly, and that we must cross to the Commons to find the modern. And yet a little further study will show that, apart from symbols, the Lords are the more liberal and elastic—it might almost be said free-and-easy—body of the two. While the Commons continue the barbarous practice of locking lady visitors away from their friends in a huge cage set up on high, the Lords, in gallant and generous fashion, allow them to sit in the galleries with those who have brought them, and even to occupy a portion of the floor. Similarly, while the Commons would be horror-stricken at the spectacle of a messenger coming into the House itself during a debate, and delivering a letter needing immediate reply, the Peers have no such exalted idea of the inviolability of the

legislative carpet by any save legislators. And thus it is that the Lords permit a shorthand-writer within the bar to take an official note of the proceedings, while the bare suggestion of such would arouse every exclusive instinct in the democratic assembly.

The Lord Chancellor takes his seat on the Woolsack; the Treasury Bench fills with leading Ministers; a few Peers scatter themselves over the seats allotted to the Opposition; some extreme independents assert *urbi et orbi* their freedom from party ties by occupying the cross-benches; eldest sons of Peers and a stray Privy Councillor or two lounge upon the steps of the Throne; three or four prelates, in their official habits, add a striking effect to the picture as they appear in their lawn sleeves upon the benches devoted to the episcopacy; and the legislative

part of the day fully begins.

It is then that a newly-created Peer presents himself, clad in his robes and with patent of creation in hand, to be introduced by his two sponsors; the Clerk of the House, Garter King of Arms, and Black Rod being in close attendance. Only upon such an occasion is the old theory that each order of the Peerage sits upon separate benches acted up to, for the new Peer is formally led from bench to bench, according to his degree. And the one great and unique occasion in modern times when such a personage was called upon to occupy each in turn, from baron through viscount, and earl, and marquess, right up to duke, was when the hero of Waterloo, who had been given every successive step in the Peerage as he was winning victory after victory abroad, took his seat for the first time with his peers.

On ordinary days, the Lords speedily wind up their business, and a chat in the lobby or a stroll on the terrace fills out the hour. But when this House shines the most is at a time of debate upon some topic of absorbing public interest, for it may be taken as a rule—not observed by the Commons—that only those participate who are authorities on the subject, and who act upon the advice given by “the Iron Duke” to a budding orator, “Don’t get up unless you have something to say, and, when you have said it, sit down.” This characteristic of the greater debates in the Lords is no matter of to-day or of yesterday: it was observed before the Reform Act of 1832 as plainly as it is now: and it is not lost even amid the somewhat imperfect acoustics of the Chamber. Something in this world has often to be sacrificed to beauty, but

the imperfection in this case has been accustomed to be exaggerated. There is not one of the leading speakers in the Peers who cannot be plainly heard when he chooses; not a syllable of Queen Victoria was ever lost when, in her younger days, she read her own Speech from the Throne, and the same is assuredly to be said of King Edward VII. Little complaint on the point would, indeed, be entertained if every one followed the Royal example, and in clear accents addressed the Press Gallery. This may seem a counsel of perfection, but in our own times it has been adopted by such orators among the Peers as the late Duke of Argyll, Lord Beaconsfield, the late Marquess of Salisbury, and Lord Rosebery; and it has added not only to the instruction of the nation, but to the interest of visitors to the Lords.



A LOBBY SCENE.



READING THE NOTICE-BOARDS (TRAFALGAR SQUARE).

RECRUITING LONDON.

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.



THE cradle of a large portion of the British Army, that which is, in fact, provided by the Metropolis, lies in the district of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. This is, so to speak, the military birth-place of the London recruit. The embryo soldier is brought into the world of arms by one or other of the blue or crimson-coated nurses who hang about the National Gallery, or patrol the pavements of the various avenues to St. George's Barracks.

These recruiters, the Sergeant Kites of to-day, are very affable and obliging people. Mere loafers you might call them, having no object in life but to bask in the sunshine, gossip together, or "pass the time of day" to all comers. Look more closely, and you will see that they prefer to make friends with young men having, like themselves, no very distinct occupation—listless waifs floating idly to and fro on the surface

of the crowded street. Some are out at elbows, obviously short of a job; some are decent and respectable youths, with a set purpose on their faces, yet with no clear notion how to carry it through.

It is amusing to watch the recruiting sergeant at work; to see him carelessly accost the shy lad, improve acquaintance with a quip or a quirk, until it presently becomes fast friendship. In times past there would be a speedy adjournment to the nearest public-house, where after several pints of "four 'alf" a mysterious shilling would change hands, and the State would be poorer by that amount, but richer in the gain of one more man as food for powder. The "Queen's," or, as it would be now styled if it existed, the "King's shilling," has no more a part in the business of enlistment; it has disappeared with the beer drinking and drunkenness that once disgraced our voluntary system. No recruit is nowadays beguiled into the King's service; but the smart recruiter will set forth plausibly the advantages thereof, and point to the notice-boards which advertise them, and so secure

the fish, which in most cases is willing enough to be caught.

The first stage is soon reached. Sergeant and "Rookie" stroll comfortably side by side to the barracks hard by, and find only a few yards inside the gate, next door to the guard house, a small room bare of furniture, but decorated with prints picturesquely illustrative of the soldier's life. In the centre of this, "the weighing-room," is the weighing-machine, for to weigh the candidate is an indispensable preliminary, and the minimum weight is 115 lbs., although the inspecting medical officer has a certain latitude in the case of lads who give promise of rapid development.

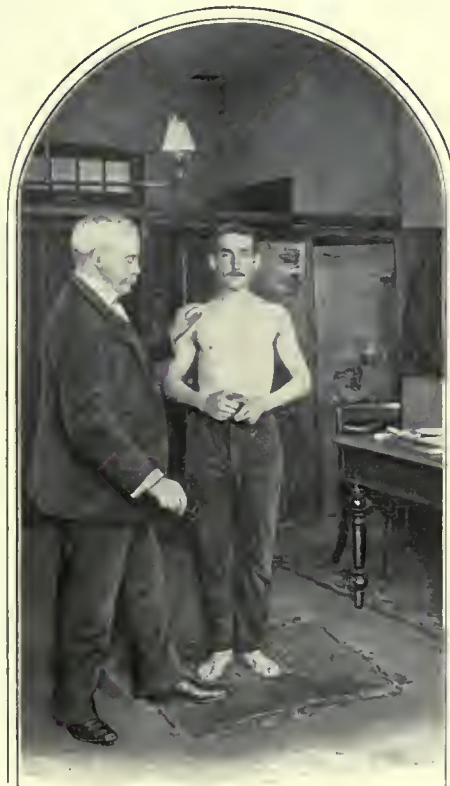
The next act is to "serve the Notice," to formally hand the recruit a printed document, and thus constitute him a soldier of the King. The wording of the Notice varies according to the arm of the service the new-comer proposes to join. It may mean, for the cavalry, the short term of three years with the colours and nine in the reserve; for the infantry the term of nine years with the colours and three in the reserve; and for the Life Guards the term of eight years with the colours and four in the reserve.

There is much more in the "Notice." It conveys counsel, information, warning. It tells the recruit how, when, and where he is to be attested, or duly sworn in to complete his engagement, and explains generally the nature of the contract into which he has entered, with the penalties for any breach. Attestation will probably take place at once or within a few hours, and in the barracks; for now Staff Officers have been appointed with powers to administer the oath, and the old

practice of appearing before a magistrate, generally at the police-court, no longer obtains. But the recruit has to pass through various ordeals before he takes the final step of swearing the oath.

The tests and trials applied are very close and searching, and all candidates do not get through. According to published statistics quite half the total number of those who receive "Notices" do not come up for attestation. They have been cast for disabilities, or have disappeared of their own accord. The first and most serious difficulty is to pass the doctor. After leaving the weighing-room the recruit crosses the "square," and enters the unpretending portals of recruiting Head Quarters. At the back, upon the ground-floor, is the waiting-room, beyond that the baths. To take a bath is not imperative except where its necessity is obvious; yet the luxury of a complete wash attracts most of them; for the baths are clean and inviting, one of them being more luxuriously fitted up for the use of recruits of superior class, who are by no means rare in these days.

An old tradition prevails that our soldiers come from the dregs of the population, and are mostly ne'er-do-wells who, having failed in everything else, enlist as a last resort from starvation and wretchedness. One glance at the material collected in the waiting-room must dispel this idea. There are those, of course, who have lately seen evil days, but most are decent-looking lads with intelligent faces and respectable appearance. Here and there are young men of undoubtedly good station, and a sprinkling, something more perhaps, of well set-up, sturdy fellows whom the practised eye can place at



BEFORE THE DOCTOR.



TAKING THE OATH.

once in the class of old soldiers, of men who learnt the business long ago, and have come, as Kipling sings, "Back to the Army Again." For them there will be a special investigation, and perhaps a dramatic finish to their proffer of service.

A step from the waiting-room just across the passage is a door opening into the curtained enclosure, where each man strips before he enters into the presence of the doctor. A heavy responsibility rests with the military medical men who examine recruits, but they are officers of unrivalled experience; and Colonel Don, the chief among them at St. George's, has been at the work for many years, some hundreds of thousands of candidates having passed through his hands. His chief difficulty is to make hard and fast rules fall in with pretty obvious indications of coming fitness.

Often enough, the youth who stands before him does not exactly fulfil the conditions laid down. An arbitrary standard has been fixed by which men of a certain age (although this is constantly misstated) and with a certain height must show a certain chest measurement, or weigh a certain number of pounds. If the exact correlation, so to speak, of these various physical features cannot be shown, then the doctor must refuse the recruit, or make him a "special."

We have heard much in condemnation of these "specials," who amount to some twenty or thirty per cent. of the whole; they are supposed to be of inferior quality, let into the Army by the back-door. This is altogether a mistake. They are not even below the standards. It is only that a tall man's chest, which by the arbitrary rule ought to measure a certain number of inches, does

OATH TO BE TAKEN BY RECRUIT ON ATTESTATION.

I, _____ do make Oath, that I will be faithful and bear true Allegiance to His Majesty, His Heirs, and Successors, and that I will, as in duty bound, honestly and faithfully defend His Majesty, His Heirs, and Successors, in Person, Crown, and Dignity against all enemies, and will observe and obey all orders of His Majesty, His Heirs, and Successors, and of the Generals and Officers set over me. So help me God.

CERTIFICATE OF MAGISTRATE OR ATTESTING OFFICER.

The Recruit above-named was cautioned by me that if he made any false answer to any of the above questions he would be liable to be punished as provided in the Army Act.

The above questions were then read to the recruit in my presence.

I have taken care that he understands each question, and that his answer to each question has been duly entered as replied to, and the said recruit has made and signed the declaration and taken the oath before me

at **LONDON.** on this _____ day of _____ 190 .

Signature of the Justice

not do so, but almost certainly will when brought under the improving processes of the service—the drills, gymnastics, and so forth. Say he has been a clerk, or a printer at the 'case,' or employed in sedentary work ; it is easy to understand that change to outdoor, active employment will speedily strengthen his physique. It is the same with weight, which a more generous diet will soon increase, and so the far-seeing wisdom of the doctor saves many a promising man, who would otherwise be lost to the ranks.

As regards age, he can have no sure guide, and the most extraordinary discrepancies between that given and the physical development shown are constantly to be met with. In one case a lad was passed into the Army as

eighteen upon his own statement, borne out by his appearance ; but his mother next day brought a birth certificate showing him as barely fourteen. There may, of course, have been fraud in this ; a brother's certificate was perhaps produced, as mothers will often leave no stone unturned to rescue their sons from what they consider a terrible misfortune. To "go for a soldier" is still deemed a misfortune in certain walks of life, and woe-begone mothers constantly haunt St. George's Barracks, trying all sorts of devices to nullify enlistment.

The doctor is generally the first in whom suspicion is aroused when fraudulent re-enlistment is attempted. His eye is quick to note the old soldier ; he knows by many

little signs, tricks of speech, his way of standing, and, still more, those indelible tattoo marks by which soldiers, like sailors, brand themselves of their own free will and accord. A very exact record is made of these so-called distinctive marks, which are indexed and classified for future reference. A suspected deserter has often enough been identified in the new corps he has joined by his tattoo marks. It has been strongly

urged that these means of identification should be carried further by the adoption of Anthropometry, the system, that is to say, of M. Bertillon, which takes and records certain unchangeable measurements never the same in two individuals, and therefore an unfailing proof of identity.

While the medical examination is proceeding the attestation papers are being filled up, partly by the doctor with his own hands, partly by the staff of clerks. The method is exceedingly cumbrous, and is a curious illustration of the red tape routine that obtains wherever the War Office rules. The recruit's name has to be entered some sixty-two times, the signatures of superior officers are given twenty-nine times in each particular case, and a bulky parcel of documents has been got ready by the time each man is ripe to take the oath.

A room is specially set apart for this purpose, and the recruits appear in batches before each Staff Officer, who, with the most patient particularity, puts seventeen



OFF TO JOIN.

questions before the recruit, warning him most carefully that false answers to at least seven of them will render him liable to suffer punishment. These questions cover inquiries as to his name, birthplace, nationality, age, trade or calling, and place of residence for the past three years. The penal questions, as they may be called, are: whether or not he has been an apprentice; whether he is married; whether he has been sentenced to imprisonment, or already belongs to any branch of the Army or Navy; and whether he has been already rejected as unfit for the military or naval forces of the Crown.

Finally, he is asked whether he is still willing to serve under the particular conditions for which he has offered himself. If the affirmative be given, then the recruit signs, and "solemnly declares that the above answers made to the above questions are true, and that he is willing to fulfil the engagements made." Then follows the oath already referred to; and the end comes when magistrate or attesting officer has certified to the attestation in his own hand,

declaring that every care has been taken to impress upon the recruit the nature of the questions put, and has witnessed the personal administration of the oath.

The irrevocable step is taken, but the new soldier is still in his "coloured clothes," as with delightful want of logic anything but the garish uniform of red or blue is always called in the Army. He is still a free agent, too, and need not yield to irksome discipline.

When, at last, the day arrives for taking up his duties, he reports himself independently; he is not marched, that is to say, or conducted to the place of joining. If the depôt be at a distance from London—and the Metropolis, it must be understood, supplies recruits to many out districts, as far away even as Dorchester and Exeter—he is only escorted to the railway station, where a ticket is handed to him, to find his own way to the point where he merges into the great Army of the King. Henceforth he will be drilled and disciplined until he is fully qualified to take his place in the ranks and bear the burden of duty and danger inherent in the soldier's profession.



THE RAW MATERIAL.



THE MAN WHO DID IT.



THE FINISHED ARTICLE.



ENTERING THE DOCKS.

IN THE LONDON DOCKS.

By R. AUSTIN FREEMAN.

APPROACHING the Docks from the westward in the early morning, our arrival in their vicinity is made evident to us by the appearance at each street corner—occupied by the inevitable public-house—of a small crowd of men in the last stage of seediness, all standing motionless on kerb or cellar-flap, with hands thrust deep into trousers pockets and chins stuck forward and all facing with dull expectancy in one direction—towards the Dock gates.

Into the main approach through the great gates we enter as the clock strikes seven, and are at once subjected to a rapid but comprehensive scrutiny by the Dock Police at the lodge. Work is already going on and has been proceeding for an hour or two, for special gangs have been employed on urgent jobs; but the real business of the day has not yet commenced. The great approach is empty save for an occasional policeman; big waggons stand idle and horseless; motionless cranes thrust their long arms out from silent warehouses and the great battalions of wine casks in the yards have not yet been awakened by

the ringing mallet or the prod of the gauger's staff. The silence of the place is almost unbroken except by the occasional hoot of a steamer's whistle outside in the river and by a muffled bellowing that seems to issue from the Dock itself. This sound proceeds, we discover, from the poop of a large ship, where the chief of the transport gang is communicating his sentiments and giving directions, with the aid of a megaphone, to the master of the tug.

"A big wool ship from Australia," comments a policeman who is watching the entry of the leviathan. "There'll be a lot of casualties taken on to-day at the early morning call." He regards us with attention and then adds, significantly, "Up there, you know, at the barrier chain."

Accepting the friendly hint—not quite in the sense intended—we return towards the approach where already signs of life are becoming apparent as little groups of "Royals" and warehousemen begin to trickle in through the gates, and Customs officials in bowler hats and black coats briskly enter their offices,

to emerge a few minutes later in uniforms hardly distinguishable from those of Naval Lieutenants.

The hand of the clock is creeping on to the half hour, and already a dense crowd has collected outside the main gates. Presently the chains will be stretched across the approach to keep back the throng of applicants for work—the "ticket men" (more or less regular employés, known to the Dock officials, although engaged by the hour only, and divided into two grades designated B and C class), and the casuals—strangers of no status at all who are engaged by the hour when there is more work than can be done by the "Royals" (as the permanent hands are called) and the ticket men.

Half-past seven. Attracted by the clinking of metal we hurry up towards the approach where we find a party of Dock Police, under the supervision of a grave, responsible-looking sergeant, dragging a pair of heavy chains across the road and erecting a number of iron posts in their sockets. There is thus formed a double chain barrier enclosing a kind of pen, the inner barrier being interrupted by a couple of narrow openings or wickets at each of which an official with two policemen station themselves. As soon as the chains are up, the crowd begins to drift in through the gates; a thin line of casuals forms at the outer chain while the B men with their red tickets in their hands make their way into the central enclosure whence they pass out through the wickets.

Twenty minutes to eight. The clang of a bell resounds among the tall warehouses and immediately the crowd commences to pour in through the gates and surge up to the outer chain. All the B men are engaged now and the pen is rapidly filling up with the C men or occasional hands, who in their turn pass out through the wickets, hand in their tickets, and, after a supercilious glance at their slips, vanish into warehouse doors or quay-side sheds. All this time the casuals at the outer chain are taking things pretty quietly excepting for an occasional scramble when a late arrival endeavours to unlawfully elbow his way into the front rank. They converse a little and quarrel a little, but for the most part they are engaged in listlessly watching the rapidly-diminishing crowd of C men in the pen.

A strange assembly are these casuals; the dregs and leavings of society, the wastrels and failures from every rank of life. There in that crowd are mingled together criminals not twenty-four hours out of gaol, men whose whole life has been spent in alternations of prison and doss-house, vagrants, tramps, doctors whose names have vanished from the register, disbarred barristers, unfrocked parsons, labourers without labour, artisans chronically out of work, soldiers, policemen, shop-keepers—all classes of men who have slipped from their rung on the social ladder and have never been able to climb back. We look at the long row of faces and try to trace the history of each. Most are of the common slum type, either criminal or loafer or both. But here is a tall, venerable-looking, white-bearded old man, looking out wistfully under his shaggy eyebrows at the ticket men going to their work. He was one of the first arrivals, and we hope that he may not go away empty and disappointed.

Near to him is an elderly sad-faced man, above whose tattered frock coat, pinned up tightly at the throat, shows a vestige of white collar. It is only a paper one and not very new, but it marks him off from the Hooligans and tramps around him, and we feel that he has seen better days.

Here again is a pale nervous face, blue-jowled and many-lined, which we can swear has looked out from behind the footlights, and there one which we feel convinced has at one time appeared above a surplice.

Even as we gaze, a kind of thrill passes through the crowd and a low murmur arises from it, like a field of wheat stirred by a breath of wind.

The last of the C men are passing out through the wickets; the pen is empty and we see approaching a ganger with a large handful of white slips. He is coming to take on the casual hands for the great wool ship. He enters the pen and taking a white slip from his bundle, scans the line of faces before him and instantly a frightful change sweeps over the crowd. All human character seems to disappear in a moment. A forest of arms with outstretched hands rises into the air: the whole crowd surges forward, a moving, struggling mass; the chain seems stretched to snapping point, the posts bend over in their



EAGER FOR WORK.

sockets and the men in the front rank, crushed against the chain, crane forward with staving wolfish faces and make desperate snatches at the ganger as he passes along the line just out of their reach.

And now the ganger proceeds to distribute the tickets, a task of no little difficulty and danger, for he must keep well out of reach if he would not be seized and dragged bodily over the chain. Quickly but cautiously he approaches the men whom he has selected and adroitly slips a ticket into one of the dozens of outstretched hands that grasp and clutch at him. In a moment that hand is knocked aside by the others, but it has closed upon its prize and its owner commences at once to fight his way out of the seething, swaying mob.

Up and down the line the ganger paces, quickly dealing out the little slips with their magic potentialities of food and lodging and—drink. The bundle of tickets is dwindling fast, and the clamour and struggle grow fiercer. At last there is only a single ticket left. The ganger steps back to survey the crowd, fingering the fateful ticket irresolutely.

The murmur swells into a roar: the chain strains into a bow, and above it the ravenous

faces mouth and gibber at the ganger as he passes.

Near the end of the line the white-bearded old man leans over with both arms imploringly outstretched, and the ganger suddenly espying him strides up and, in spite of a dozen of snatching, clawing hands, safely delivers to him the precious reprieve from hunger and destitution. As we see him turn away clasping it tightly in his hand we heave a sigh of relief, not, indeed, unmixed with sadness when we watch the disappointed crowds move despondently with downcast faces and huddled shoulders back towards the gates.

Joining the throng of ticket-holders we make our way back to the quay—now alive with moving figures—where the great wool ship is snugly berthed alongside. The transport gang, having taken in the last inch of slack on the wire hawsers, are stepping ashore, while the ganger with his troop of labourers is taking possession. A good-looking young officer in smart shore-going clothes surveys the new-comers critically, and watches the movements of the crane that leans out over the deck.

The hatches are off, the crane has poised its bunch of formidable claws over the open-



TALLYING WOOL BALES.

ing, and the gang is all ready for business. On the quay, at a little portable desk, a man sits to tally the bales for the Dock Company, another tallies for the ship-owners, while a third stands by with stencil-plate and a brush charged with black ink ready to mark with the ship's name each bale as it passes the desk. Down plunges the chain, and the hooks are at once stuck, by the hands in the hold, into a pair of bales.

"Heave' up!" A strong pull is necessary to get them out, for the wool is crammed into these ships with

the aid of powerful screw-jacks, but the crane makes nothing of it, hoisting them up as if they were corks.

As they plump down on the quay, the men of the shore gang disengage the hooks, and then stand clear—for these same hooks are dangerous neighbours, and have sent many a mangled body into the London and Poplar Hospitals. A procession of men with trollies is approaching, and as one comes up four men up-end a bale and slip it on to the carriage. The tally men each make an entry, the stenciller marks the bale and off it clatters over the stones to the grim lofty warehouse. Thither we may follow it, and see it finally deposited in its resting place amidst thousands of its fellows in the upper storey of the warehouse.

From the shady recesses of the wool floor we descend once more to the quay, where a steamer from Spain is disgorging her freight—pigs of lead, casks of sherry, and ridiculous little marbly potatoes. We watch the men stowing the lead pigs in a craft, and marvel at the skill with which these heavy weights are handled, and at the way in which the man on board moves the ponderous craft by means of a couple of thin warps, so that



SEARCHING A SUSPECT.

the descending bundle of pigs shall drop accurately to an inch across the bundle that has just been laid on the vessel's floor.

As we turn away, our attention is attracted by a bill stuck on the wall of a shed. It is headed "Keynsham Property," and sets forth that "Edward Allen (son of the late John and Mary Ann Allen), now or late working at the London Docks, is requested to forthwith communicate with the undersigned" (a firm of solicitors of Bloomsbury Square), "where he will hear of something to his advantage." How deep

is the note of tragedy struck by this dry official announcement. We picture the missing heir-at-law sweating at his labours on quay side or in the gloomy vaults, standing perhaps ragged, hungry, and homeless at the barrier chain in the grey, chilly morning, shivering through the long winter's nights under arches or herding with the criminal and the destitute in crowded doss-houses.

But we must not stop to sentimentalise: from a neighbouring shed, opposite which is berthed a fine clipper barque, comes a sweet heavy aroma, and the quay is crowded with shiny sticky-looking bags of Jaggery—a dark-brown treacly sugar. We pass along, stepping daintily over the sticky floor like blue-bottles walking over a "Catch-'em-alive-O," and stare with amazement at the next ship, for they seem to be digging out her cargo with pick-axes. On inquiry we learn that the freight is sugar which, under the influence of unwonted moisture and heat, has become fused, with the containing bags, into a solid mass.

We are just turning away from the "toffee ship," as the dockers have facetiously christened her, when we observe a man shambling along the quay towards the adjacent back

gate with a conspicuous air of unconsciousness and unconcern, which is instantly noted by a policeman, who accosts the stranger and beckons encouragingly. At this the man makes a little detour, and quickens his pace; but the stout policeman, suddenly developing unexpected agility, pounces upon him, and begins to stroke him down affectionately.

"Hullo," exclaims the constable, "you feel rather lumpy, my man."

stupendous mugs, massive sandwiches, and little pallid beef-steak puddings (locally known as "babies' heads"). Many of the "Royals" bring their food from home. We see one of them (a friend of ours who has managed—thrifty soul—on his poor twenty-four shillings a week, to become the freeholder of a little house at Plaistow) taking his modest refectation from a newspaper parcel; and others issue through the gates



GAUGING WINE CASKS.

"That's my lunch," the other explains feebly.

"Lunch!" ejaculates the constable, "you don't lunch off flat irons, do you? Just step in here a minute."

So the captive is led unwillingly into the office where a couple of flat bottles of brandy are disinterred from the recesses of his clothing, and his person secured pending the arrival of the civil authorities.

The mention of lunch reminds us that the hour of the midday meal is at hand, and we retrace our steps towards the approach.

Lunch, or dinner, is in full swing in the great yard. Barrels of beer on wheels are going their round; itinerant restaurants furnish such luxuries as coffee or tea in

to "stoke up" at coffee-shops hard by the Docks. All the workers are now feeding and contented, for if the dainties are not of the choicest, the supply of that sauce, which is proverbially superior to all other condiments, is so abundant that all shortcomings—but that of quantity—are lost sight of.

Late in the afternoon we re-enter the Docks, and moon round the quay listlessly and a little pensively; for we have lunched in Cable Street off a pork-pie and a "pint of corfy," and are in consequence filled with vain regrets—not to speak of the delicacies themselves. Presently we encounter two of our acquaintances of the early morning: the white-headed old man who is seated—like the Lord Chancellor—upon a bale of wool,

tallying a load of ponderous hard-wood planks, and the pale-faced actor who trundles the said planks from a shed to the quay on a little trolley. As we drowsily watch the crane lift one after another aloft and lower it into the "craft" alongside, we become aware of a procession approaching from the vicinity of the bonded vaults.

"An accident?" we inquire.

"Not much," replies the ganger, glancing contemptuously at the *cortège*. "It's one of them casuals been 'pony-riding.'"

"Been what?"

"Sucking the monkey. You know; sucking up the port wine through the bung-hole of a cask with a brown-paper tube. Bless you, lots of 'em do it and get dead drunk very often. Why, some of the strangers have killed themselves right off with some of this strong port."

So even the casual has his little pleasures, and keeps his cellar or has it kept for him, and as we pass the wine quay again we view the casks with renewed interest. But the evening has closed in while we have been wandering round, and darkness is settling down upon the long sheds and the great basins with their fleets of shipping. The regular hands have all gone home now; the sheds are silent, the quays empty, and the ships are given over to prowling caretakers. Rain is beginning to fall, and

it promises to be a dirty night, so we turn up our collar and take our way along the deserted quay towards the entrance.

Ahead of us a constellation of lights gleams out of the darkness. A fruit ship has just come in, and a big gang has been taken on to work through the night unloading her for the morning's market at Covent Garden. A strange and weird night scene she makes as the clusters of glaring lights shine upon her littered decks, her great red smoke-stack and the crates that rise in endless procession from her yawning hatches. Into that patch of lurid light, repeated by a hundred reflections in the wet asphalt, goblin-like figures start from the gloom, seize their prey and vanish. The unsteady beams from the swinging lights fall upon objects seemingly in mid-air, illuminating them for an instant and then leaving them again invisible. Tall white shapes of mast or spar start forth from the darkness, overhead like colossal spectres, and vanish in a twinkling; while down below the elfin forms move to and fro to a ceaseless din of clanking chains, clattering winches, and hoarse shouts.

As we turn out through the gates into the dismal streets, our eyes are still dazzled by the Rembrandtesque picture vignetted upon the darkness that broods over this focus of the world's commerce.



LANDING FRUIT AT NIGHT



A START FOR A CHALLENGE CUP (L.A.C.).

ATHLETIC LONDON.

By M. Z KUTTNER.

AS befits the capital of an Empire which owes so much to the stout hearts and strong arms of her sons, it is no more than natural that the pursuit of athletics should play a prominent part in the life of London. But even those best acquainted with the subject are liable to be lost in astonishment when they come to consider carefully the number and variety of the forms of athletic exercises that are practised in and around the great city, as well as the diversity of class, age, and sex to which they appeal.

Take, for instance, one of the meetings at the Queen's Club Grounds, West Kensington, when the chosen representatives of Oxford and Cambridge are met to struggle for athletic supremacy. By the time the first event is set for decision, the grounds are filled—and well filled—in every part. Nor is the crowd composed solely of undergraduates, friends of the competitors, and persons still directly and actively interested in athletics. Men whose names are household words in every branch of our country's life—legal, naval, military, ecclesiastical, commercial—are here to forget, for the

while at all events, the years that have elapsed since they, for the first time, attended these gatherings either as spectators or as competitors. And be sure that the winner of a hardly contested race receives from none more hearty congratulations than from those who have proved over and over again that the qualities needed for success on the cinder-path are equally useful in the longer and sterner race for the prizes of life.

Of a somewhat different nature, but none the less interesting, are the contests arranged by the London Athletic Club. These were held at Stamford Bridge; and although the club has had to relinquish its ground there, its meetings will doubtless take place as usual. Numbering, as it does, a large proportion of past and present 'Varsity athletes among its members, as well as many of the leading Londoners, the contests for its challenge cups are frequently invested with an interest almost as great as those for the athletic championships themselves, more especially when the competitors include well-known provincial athletes as well as champions whose titles are derived from countries outside the United Kingdom. Sometimes, when a

London Athletic Club meeting takes place a week or two before the championships, one or other of the events then decided will give a fairly accurate forecast of what may be expected to happen at the more important meeting.

As a rule, however, the starters for one of these events may generally be reckoned to include an Oxford or Cambridge athletic "Blue" and a representative or two of some of the leading "Harrier" clubs, many of which can without difficulty provide as powerful a team to represent them in path contests at various distances as at cross-country racing, though the latter pastime is nominally the object of their existence. Nor is this to be wondered at when it is borne in mind that cross-country running is essentially a winter pursuit, and that the leading cross-country clubs—which may well be numbered by the dozen—have hundreds of members apiece. Many of these, even while on the active list, are "harriers" in name only, the part they take in athletics being confined solely to path racing (running or walking) at various distances.

But cross-country running, owing to the prevalence of "bricks and mortar," can be pursued only at an ever-increasing distance from the Metropolis, and consequently, although it is followed by hundreds, if not thousands, of Londoners, it hardly falls within the scope of the

present article. It may be mentioned, however, that nearly all the training that takes place at the various athletic grounds during the winter is done in connection with this sport. Occasionally, also, one may meet parties of scantily-attired youths careering along some of the City streets after business hours and not infrequently dodging among the traffic with wonderful agility. But this particular form of training is viewed with disfavour by the governing bodies of the sport, as tending to bring athletes and athletics generally into disrepute. For this reason the members of the bigger organisations do their training either on cinder paths or, except in very special cases, on roads some distance from the Metropolis.

While speaking of the London Athletic Club, one must not omit to mention the Public Schools' championships that for some years were held under its auspices, and the championships of the Amateur Athletic Association, which usually took place at Stamford Bridge every third year, when the English championships (which are held alternately in the North, Midlands, and South) were decided. Strictly speaking, however, these also can hardly be called a part of London athletics, except in so far as they take place in London, since so many of



"COMIC COSTUME SCRAMBLE" (MUSIC-HALL SPORTS, HERNE HILL).



I. SWEDISH DRILL.

II. EXERCISES ON VARIOUS APPARATUS (GERMAN GYMNASIUM).

III. PUBLIC GYMNASIUM (FINSBURY PARK).

the competitors are not resident in or near the Metropolis. This latter objection may, perhaps, be urged also against the Public Schools championships, though hardly to the same extent. For in this case a fair proportion of the competitors come from London Public Schools, and the events are always decided at the first spring meeting of the London Athletic Club.

While it is to be regretted that all the greater Public Schools are not represented on these occasions, by reasons of the views held by certain head-masters, it must nevertheless be admitted that the "schoolboys" who do compete show that in many instances they are quite able to hold their own with the average adult athlete.

Among the athletic sports promoted by other clubs, the spring and the autumn meetings of the South London Harriers are unique, for they take place at Kennington Oval—the only occasions on which either of the great London cricket grounds is regularly allowed to be used for such a purpose.

Other athletic meetings of a somewhat uncommon type are the Scottish and Highland gatherings, at which, in addition to the more customary kinds, there are to be found such events as "tossing the caber," jumping, tug-of-war, and throwing the hammer, as well as pipe music and Scottish dancing competitions. The two last-named are perhaps *the* distinctive features of the meeting, inasmuch as they generally commence the proceedings, and continue during the decision of the greater part of the programme. It is somewhat remarkable that the "field," as distinguished from "track," events are far more popular with Scots and Irish than with Englishmen, and that consequently the majority of championships and records for such contests are rarely held by men of English birth.

But, although the above are possibly typical examples of the chief forms of London athletics, it must not be supposed that only those satisfying the requirements of such ordeals are catered for. On the contrary, the would-be athlete of either sex and of every possible age and rank in the social scale will find his or her wants most carefully supplied. Thus, the youngsters of

the County Council schools are put through a system of physical drill adapted to their age and capacities, while for children of good families classes for musical drill are held at the Portman Rooms, the Baker Street Bazaar, and other places. The telegraph messengers, also, have a sort of semi-military drill.

Of course, every London school of any importance has its annual athletic sports meeting; but it is the Council school children, or a part of them, who can claim the distinction of holding what is perhaps the greatest annual athletic meeting in the world. This, which is confined to those attending the South London Schools, was, until 1901 (when it took place at the Crystal Palace), held at the Herne Hill Grounds, and, though of recent growth, has already assumed mammoth dimensions. Races and other forms of competition are provided for both boys and girls, so that it is possibly not surprising to learn that the entries total up to thousands, and that the greater part of a day is occupied in deciding the various events. On these occasions the spectators, who are for the most part friends and relatives of the competitors, watch the decision of the various events with an eagerness easily explained by their personal interest in the results.

Then, too, most of the public, semi-public, and private concerns employing numbers of persons hold annual athletic sports of some form or other. But whereas the Civil Service, the County Council, and the various banks, insurance offices, etc., conduct meetings on almost purely athletic lines—and in many instances number the foremost athletes of the day among the competitors—the gatherings held by the big business firms are of a rather different nature. In most of these "house sports" there is a somewhat greater blending of the "garden party" element with athletics proper.

Naturally, athletes capable of holding their own in any company (occasionally, indeed, capable of winning amateur championships and breaking records) are frequently to be found at these establishments. But while these are rarely suffered to go without recognition, and are rewarded for their prowess with challenge cups and the like, it is a principle observed at nearly

all such gatherings that every class of employè must be given a chance of taking an active part in the day's proceedings if he or she be so inclined. Consequently a portion of the programme is usually devoted to events in which members of the fair sex may distinguish themselves either alone (as in ordinary races or "egg and spoon" contests) or in conjunction with masculine friends. Donkey races, sack races, events open only to veterans, apprentices, porters, etc., often go to swell the programme, while dancing not infrequently concludes the proceedings.

During the last few years, also, the members of the music-hall profession have held

one of the oldest annual gatherings in the country (it dates back to 1864), but there is always a likelihood on these occasions of a record being broken, either by a member of the promoting club or in one of the "strangers' " races. These latter usually attract a number of the best athletes of the day, so that good performances are far from



I. DANCING COMPETITION. II. THROWING THE HAMMER (SCOTTISH GATHERING).

annual athletic sports, confined to members, at the Herne Hill Grounds, the proceeds being devoted to charitable purposes. As might perhaps be expected, although there are some ordinary athletic events, the programme is to a large extent composed of more or less amusing competitions of various kinds, such as "comic costume scrambles," obstacle and wheelbarrow races, and the like. Of course, *bonâ fide* music-hall artistes of both sexes are eligible to compete in practically all the events.

Of the more strictly athletic meetings, that promoted by the members of the Civil Service stands pre-eminent. Not only is it

uncommon. Thus, to quote only a few, in 1874 Mr. W. Slade made the then record for the distance in the mile "strangers' " race, while three years later, in the first heat of the "strangers' " 150 yards, Mr. J. Shearman accomplished a similar feat. A few years later even finer performances were recorded, Mr. W. G.

George making a fresh mile record of 4 min. 19 $\frac{2}{5}$ sec. in the Open Handicap at that distance in 1882, while Mr. L. E. Myers, in 1885, won the open 440 yards in 48 $\frac{4}{5}$ sec. In 1888 and 1893 Messrs. Tindall and Bredin won the 600 yards' race in 1 min. 12 $\frac{3}{5}$ sec. and 1 min. 11 $\frac{2}{5}$ sec. respectively.

It should also be remembered that several amateur champions have been members of the Civil Service, and that the ranks of the cross-country clubs are largely recruited from that body, so that it will be readily admitted that the "closed" races possess an interest far greater than that which usually attaches to club events. Of late years, too,

many of the different Metropolitan Volunteer corps have held athletic meetings of varying importance.

Besides the above, the big cross-country clubs hold a number of evening and Saturday afternoon meetings, at which the events set for decision are either confined to members or are open to amateurs generally. For though cross-country running is nominally their *raison d'être*, the larger clubs pay almost as much attention to path racing. Some of these bodies, too, have sections for swimming, cycling, boxing, and other forms of sport.

Notable among these "all-round" organisations must be reckoned the South London Harriers and the Blackheath Harriers. The swimming division of each of these clubs has won its county water-polo championship; while, in addition to competing in the regular cross-country championships and deciding cross-country matches against both Universities, the members of these two bodies take every opportunity of meeting in friendly rivalry. Thus a regular feature with them

is the number of inter-club matches in various branches of sport, most of which take place annually. These include a special cross-country team race, and contests at cricket, rowing, water-polo, etc., etc.

Of course, a certain number of professional race meetings and matches for money are held in the Metropolis; but, inasmuch as professional athletics have never found great favour in the South of England, these are seldom of importance. More than once in the last few years attempts have been made to revive interest in professional running and walking, but without success.

Nor must it be supposed that London is at all deficient in the gymnastic side of athletics. Almost every big park has a public gymnasium, the apparatus being specially arranged to meet the differing requirements of children, youths, and adults. Thus no one under 12 is allowed in the "seniors" part, while no one over that age may make use of the juvenile division. In the latter swings and see-saws predominate, whereas the rings, giant-strides, climbing



A BOXING BOUT (POLYTECHNIC, REGENT STREET).

ropes, and poles are always confined to the former section. It is noteworthy that the greater part of the exercise in the "seniors'" divisions is done before breakfast and after tea, thus differing somewhat from what obtains at the athletic grounds, at which nearly all the training is done in the late afternoon and evening.

A curious fact in connection with these park gymnasia is that, although the floor is generally composed of asphalt, accidents are extremely rare.

The gymnasia proper, many of which have special classes for ladies, are likewise numerous in all parts of London. Possibly, however, the northern half is slightly more favoured in this respect, since in that district are situated, among others, both the Orion Gymnasium and the German Gymnasium. The latter—which claims to be the pioneer of gymnastic societies in this country—is not by any means so Teutonic in composition as its name would imply. In fact, since it was first started some forty years since, out of close on eighteen thousand members about thirteen thousand were English, the actual German element being well under five thousand. In addition there are a few members of other nationalities. Nor can it be said that the foreign element monopolises or even carries off the far greater part of the prizes awarded at the different competitions that the German Gymnasium promotes. These generally include (besides gymnastics proper on the "horse," parallel and hori-

zontal bars, etc.) fencing, boxing, jumping, Indian clubs, and wrestling. Besides this, there is in connection with the gymnasium a cycling club, which is well supported and meets with much success.

It should likewise be borne in mind that the gymnasium forms a part of practically every institute from the Polytechnic downwards, so that its advantages are available to all. The boxing section of most of these organisations is generally largely attended.

Then, too, for those who prefer a more scientific and less violent method of acquiring bodily strength, there are numerous schools of physical culture, for the most part on the Sandow system, and open to both sexes. For women and girls in particular there are many places at which Swedish drill is taught, not to speak of the schools at which this branch of calisthenics forms part of the regular curriculum. So that, even if City life does have a bad physical effect on those subjected to it, it must be admitted that the Londoner is given ample facilities for fighting against its influence with whatever means most appeal to his taste, pocket, or requirements.

That he is not slow to avail himself of these advantages is frequently proved, not only in competitions open to the United Kingdom but also in foreign championships of various descriptions, which not infrequently fall to men prominently identified with one or other of the great London athletic organisations.



Photo: Biograph Studio.

A FINISH AT THE INTER-VARSITY SPORTS (QUEEN'S CLUB, WEST KENSINGTON).



ITALIANS IN LONDON.

ITALY IN LONDON.

By *COUNT E. ARMFELT.*



ONLY once a year—on a Sunday in mid-July—Italian London reveals her heart, her deep religious sentiment and her child-like joy, and that is at the Festival of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, which the Neapolitans call the

Festa della Madonna del Carmine.

It is on that occasion that Little Italy displays all its artistic genius for decoration. Imposing triumphal arches are erected at the entrances of the streets, garlands of flowers span the roadways, flags wave high and low, coloured lamps reach from house to house, gay tapestries hide the dilapidated walls, transparencies of the Virgin and the Saints appear at the windows, the street-corners are ornamented by large illuminated frames which bear the statue of the Madonna, and even the narrow courts and alleys blaze with flowers and brilliant coloured lights.

The men and women and children are dressed in their best. The young Neapolitan dandy wears for the first time his brand-new, broad-collared jacket, his rich-looking figured

waistcoat cut to exhibit an immensity of white shirt-front and set off by a green or red necktie, and his flaming silk handkerchief from Sorrento; while the dear old dame from Apulia or Calabria manages—by some mysterious, seldom-resorted-to means—to make her deeply-furrowed face some four shades lighter than the usual tan of her complexion, and glories in the home-spun white linen frills and ruffles, and the stiff starched capacious sleeves which tell of substance and long years spent at the spinning wheel.

For them the *festa* of the Madonna is a solemn religious ceremony, and an occasion which gratifies the imagination and the senses. All exercise the utmost ingenuity in beautifying their surroundings. Everything unsightly is stowed away. The strings of onions, the nets full of garlic which depend from the ceiling are removed; the floors are scrubbed; the dingy homes are lighted up with lamps and candles; the coloured prints of Raffaele's Madonna della Sedia and Gesu Bambino, the strips of blessed palm and the medallions of the Virgin, the rosaries from Rome, the shining brass crucifix and the little porcelain fount for the holy water hang round the walls and over the bed. The ricketty tables and the humble deal sideboards and cupboards are loaded with foods and fruits

and wine. Below, in the back-yard, there may be seen gorgeous paintings freshly varnished—they are the outside covers of the ice-cream barrows. And, when put together, when the snowy-white top is furnished with its shining brass fittings, the Italian ice-cream barrow becomes an artistic sight.

The Italians from Notting Hill and Hammer-smith, from Southwark and Bermondsey, from Kentish Town and Dalston, from Deptford and Poplar, in their best attire, proud of their gold chains and their rings, now flock to Clerkenwell. Many of them are embryo millionaires with plethoric purses, and though most economical by nature they share the expenses of the decorations and subscribe generally to the funds of the Italian church of St. Peter in Back Hill.

The great procession, which reaches two miles through tortuous streets, and takes two hours in passing Farringdon Road, creates the greatest excitement; all traffic is stopped; the roofs, the windows, the balconies and the pavement are crowded with people, for the spectacle is unique.

Listen to the sonorous and solemn Gregorian chant of the priests and friars, the strains of the numerous bands, the well-trained sweet

voices of the children; look at the white-robed little virgins who have devoted their young lives to the Sacred Heart or the Blessed Virgin, and whose wreaths and floral crowns are partly hidden by the long white veils which reach nearly to the ground; hearken to the deep voices of the rosary-bearing, psalm-singing men, whose sunburnt bearded faces, long hair, slouched hats and general appearance recall the artist models one meets on the broad steps of the Roman Pincio; and you will admit that no religious procession of modern Italy can compare in grandeur and quaintness with that of Little Italy in London. Here are the young women and maidens of the Campagna, the Abruzzio, and the other parts of Southern Italy. Their blue, green, and red skirts, short tinselled bodices, white ballooning sleeves, laced collarettes, and their long gold chains, large rings, and pendent earrings excite the admiration of their less fortunate neighbours. Red and yellow neckerchiefs adorn their heads and are knotted behind them or fall in corners on their necks, or are laid deep and square over their hair to fall straight over their backs—Sorrento fashion. The *tout ensemble* is artistic and inspiring, and such exclamations as “Come è bella!” “Come è simpatica!” are uttered by the admiring crowd.

But when the Italian Church has at last extinguished its lights and the red lamps above the altars, and the candles lighted by



FESTA OF THE MADONNA: THE PROCESSION.



MAIN STREET OF THE ITALIAN COLONY.

the faithful in memory of the departed, or in penance of sins forgiven by absolution, shine dimly through the aisles, the Italians give themselves up unreservedly to the enjoyments of the evening. It is then that they admire the street illuminations, throng the thoroughfares, shout with exultation at the brilliancy of the scene, and, like the children they are, indulge with a merry heart in the fun and frolic which the occasion demands. It is their principal holiday, the one day for which they have during many months saved their pence; and they mean to enjoy themselves.

Their tables groan under the weight of delicacies, meats, and long-necked wicker bottles. There is the *insalata di rinforzo*—appetising salad made of anchovies, olives, and capsicums which tickle the palate—the satisfying macaroni boiled with tiny squares of ham, the roast fowl with tomatoes and fennel, the chicory and endive salad salted and peppered and swimming in vinegar and olive oil, the strong *stracchino* cheese, the medlars, the figs and oranges; and for wines Marsala, Chianti, and Asti.

On that evening there is none so poor that will not go to bed satisfied and happy. The halt and lame, the blind and the crippled, the old mendicant with his crutches and his old wife who smirks and smiles as the belle she once was, and the little ragged boy with the

sparkling black eyes and the curly locks who plays the concertina, and his chum who sells statuettes and busts—all get their share of the good things which the feast brings forth.

Yet even when the last vestiges of the *festa* have disappeared there is much to observe, to learn and ponder in that closely-packed Italian colony.

Look at the people you have admired in their Sunday attire while watching the procession, and see them in their everyday costumes and habits. Walk through Eyre Street Hill, Back Hill, Little Bath Street, Summer Street, Bakers' Row, Great Bath Street, and the numerous courts and alleys and places. If it is a fine sunny day you will see the men sitting on the doorsteps or along the walls, their knees closely bent against their stomachs in Oriental fashion, smoking curved reed pipes, and nursing their limbs with folded hands. On the shady side are the women and girls on stools and chairs knitting and sewing. Some are standing in little groups in characteristic attitudes; they are discussing domestic affairs. Further up the street men in shirt sleeves are churning ice cream, loading barrows, tinkering potato ovens; while in the courts and alleys, where no one intrudes, girls are washing and ironing and cooking *al fresco* in true Italian fashion.

At the dinner hour and in the evening the



WITH FORTUNE-TELLING BIRDS.

restaurants and beer and wine houses owned by Italians are crowded; so are the cafés; and large crowds of men who are unemployed, or who have already laboured, meet at the corners of the streets to talk over the political situation of the day.

Some of them may be men who belong to the numerous secret societies. The Camorra, the Mafia, and the Mala Vita are among the most notorious. They can all boast of unnumbered crimes, and their constitutions have been framed on almost the same lines.

The "Giovane Onorato" (the honourable youth, or aspirant) and the "Picciotto" (probationer) can be found among the Mala Vita and the Mafia as well as in the Camorra, and the Anarchists of to-day have adopted all the time-honoured usages. There can be no doubt that the gaol deliveries of Naples and other great Italian cities find a congenial refuge in Italian London.

Not a few of these misguided

men are victims of heredity. Centuries of oppression, superstition, cruelty and ignorance, and a code of morals which sanctified the unwashed and the vermin-eaten and which looked upon loathsome diseases as special dispensations of Providence, have made them what they are.

The *pifferari* who for centuries were wont to play before the images of the Virgin and the Saints, and the *lazzaroni* who became trained beggars at the abolition of the religious houses which had fed them, are the sufferers of a new order of things in a transitory condition which leaves no room for those who are old, feeble, ignorant and unskilled; and hence it happens that Little Italy, while it has many clever, ingenious and artistic denizens, has also an infinity of men, women and children whose callings fringe, if they do not infringe, the Acts relating to mendicancy and vagabondage.

In this category may be classed the absolutely ignorant, helpless, old men and women whose real infirmities are the only claims to charity—for although they make pretences to play an accordion they have not a single note of music in them—and the boys and girls who have been brought over from Italy by the impresarios of street music and simian entertainments.



"ICE-CREAM AND GINGER-BEER."

Here, for instance, is a broad-grinning, shock-haired, brigand-looking Sicilian mountaineer, who can neither read nor write, and who has tramped all through Italy and France. He has an organ and two monkeys which climb up balconies, dance and beg for coppers, and salute and thank just as their master does; and who shall say that they are not almost equally intelligent?

Italian London has many workers engaged in industries which are unique in their way,

cloths and the vestments of the priests and for wealthy ladies.

Walking through the streets of Little Italy one sees over the doors such announcements as the following: "Ice-cream outfit maker, mosaic worker, general repairer, piano organ manufacturer," and again in Italian, "Costruttore di caretta da gelati, stufa per patate e castagne, Attrezzi per Mosaica," which are characteristic of the multiplicity of trades which are carried on



DISCUSSING DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

and many characters who are seldom seen in the streets during the daytime. Among the former are the musical composers, and the musical artists who, on long, broad sheets of paper, dot the notes which will revolve on the brass cylinders of the musical boxes and piano organs. And the composing of six or twelve tunes in such a position that no single note or semi-note will clash with another is no mean achievement. The musicians, the engineers, the metal workers, the joiners, the polishers, and the finishers are all Italians. There are, too, the mosaic designers in wood and stone from Naples, Rome, Florence, and Venice, who work in out-of-the-way courts and alleys; and the Neapolitan and Venetian girls who, in their own homes, make point lace for the altar

sometimes by one man alone. Some of these artisans earn from twenty to thirty-five shillings a week, and they can fare sumptuously in the restaurants of Bath Street, Summer Street, and Back Hill for a shilling or eighteen pence.

In any of them you may see at the same table the ice-cream seller, ice merchant, the ice-barrow maker, the accordion maker, and the proprietors of numerous barrel organs, baked potato stoves, and baked chestnut barrows, while at the next table may be seated the laundress or stiratora, the man who owns six dozen monkeys, the proprietor of a hurdy-gurdy, and, perhaps, the lone peasant woman whose little green love-birds tell fortunes.

There are many instances on record of



PLAYING MORRA.

men who have started life in the unwholesome dwellings of Little Italy and who have achieved fortune and renown. There are lists kept of those who have started business with a hired barrow, and just two-pennyworth of cracked eggs, a gallon of milk, and a penny worth of ice, and who, by dint of industry, have ultimately become the proprietors of well-known restaurants, music-halls, and vast industrial undertakings. The sons of these men have become Deputies, Councillors of State in their respective countries, but it is noteworthy that in almost every instance one member of the family has elected to remain an Englishman. An Italian who has several sons generally brings up the eldest as a Conservative, the second as a Radical, and the third something between the two—an advocate or a barrister trained to plead both causes. By these means he hopes that his family will prosper in all circumstances.

Besides the wine shops, the cafés, and the restaurants, Italian London has many other amusements. There is the famous game of Morra, which is played by the eyes and the fingers of both hands. The passer-by will seldom see it, but he will never fail to hear it wherever it is played, for it is just the noisiest amusement in the world. Many an Englishman who for the first time stays in a small Italian town will, when he hears it

suddenly in the dead of night, feel inclined to pack his trunks under the impression that something dreadful is about to occur, certainly nothing less serious than a revolution or the storming of the place by an enemy. The din is horrible.

Then there are dancing saloons which are private, and to which a stranger can be introduced by two or three well-known members. One of these saloons is in a cellar which is reached through a narrow court which bears no official name. The cellar gives hardly any light, and previous to an entertainment a big fire is lighted to counteract the damp which issues from the ground and the walls. The furniture consists of a few pictures, a small improvised bar, and two dozen rush-bottomed chairs. The only musical instrument is an organette with a handle to it, and every dancer as a rule gives a "tune." The shouts of merriment are almost continuous, for the bumps and falls are frequent and cause constant excitement.

Italian young ladies are fond of flirting, and their eyes are expressive at all times; Italian lovers are jealous and irascible by nature, and the consequence is that quarrels and fights are frequent. The police are never called in to quell a disturbance. Knives may be drawn, but usually third

parties intervene, and if by accident one of the combatants is wounded the matter is hushed up, and although the injured man is taken to the hospital the authorities rarely succeed in finding the assailant. If a fatality occurs the guilty party is assisted out of the country provided he has not sufficient means of his own.

One of the gayest and liveliest dances is the Tarantella, which is pretty and graceful. The natives of Southern Italy excel in it, and occasionally it is danced in the street to the accompaniment of castagnettes and the tambourine. The pretty Italian girls who make small fortunes by playing the tambourine, singing, and dancing are very numerous, and they usually *buy* themselves a husband of their own choosing.

There have been instances of Italians coming into collision with the police, and some policemen have been stabbed. These encounters usually occur at night. Gambling transactions and especially jealousy are the cause of these disturbances, and the police are obliged to disperse the gatherings. The

Italians resent the interference which prevents them from settling the dispute among themselves. Knives are drawn by the mere force of habit. And in an instant the policeman finds himself stabbed. The men resemble each other like peas, and the policeman has little chance of identifying the offender, who gets off scot-free.

Yet, on the whole, Italian London is law-abiding and loyal. There is hardly a home, a restaurant, a café, a baker's shop, or other place where pictures can be hung and exhibited that has not the portrait of the Sovereign. Queen Victoria was especially revered. Her busts are numerous everywhere, and not infrequently her statuette is the most conspicuous ornament. Moreover, the social life of this community is being every year more and more influenced for good by the zealous priests who work in their midst; while the lay brothers and the sisters and nuns in the school of Saffron Hill, not only teach the children to speak English and Italian correctly, but inculcate excellent principles in the minds of their pupils.



DANCING THE TARANTELLA.



POLICE LAUNCH.

THE THAMES POLICE.

By *ERNEST A CARR.*

A DARK, narrow flagged passage between two waterside buildings in a dingy East-End street, with a solitary figure in uniform stationed beneath the rays of the blue lamp at the entrance: on one of the flanking walls a long array of placards, of which the headline "DEAD BODY FOUND" is alone discernible: and beyond, a vague, blurred vista of the great river, its darkness studded with the glow-worm lights of the shipping and its distant wharves silhouetted against the night sky. Such is the sombre and striking picture presented after dusk by the headquarters of the Thames Police at Wapping; a scene that haunts the memory, and seems fitly to symbolise much in the lifework and the associations of the river force.

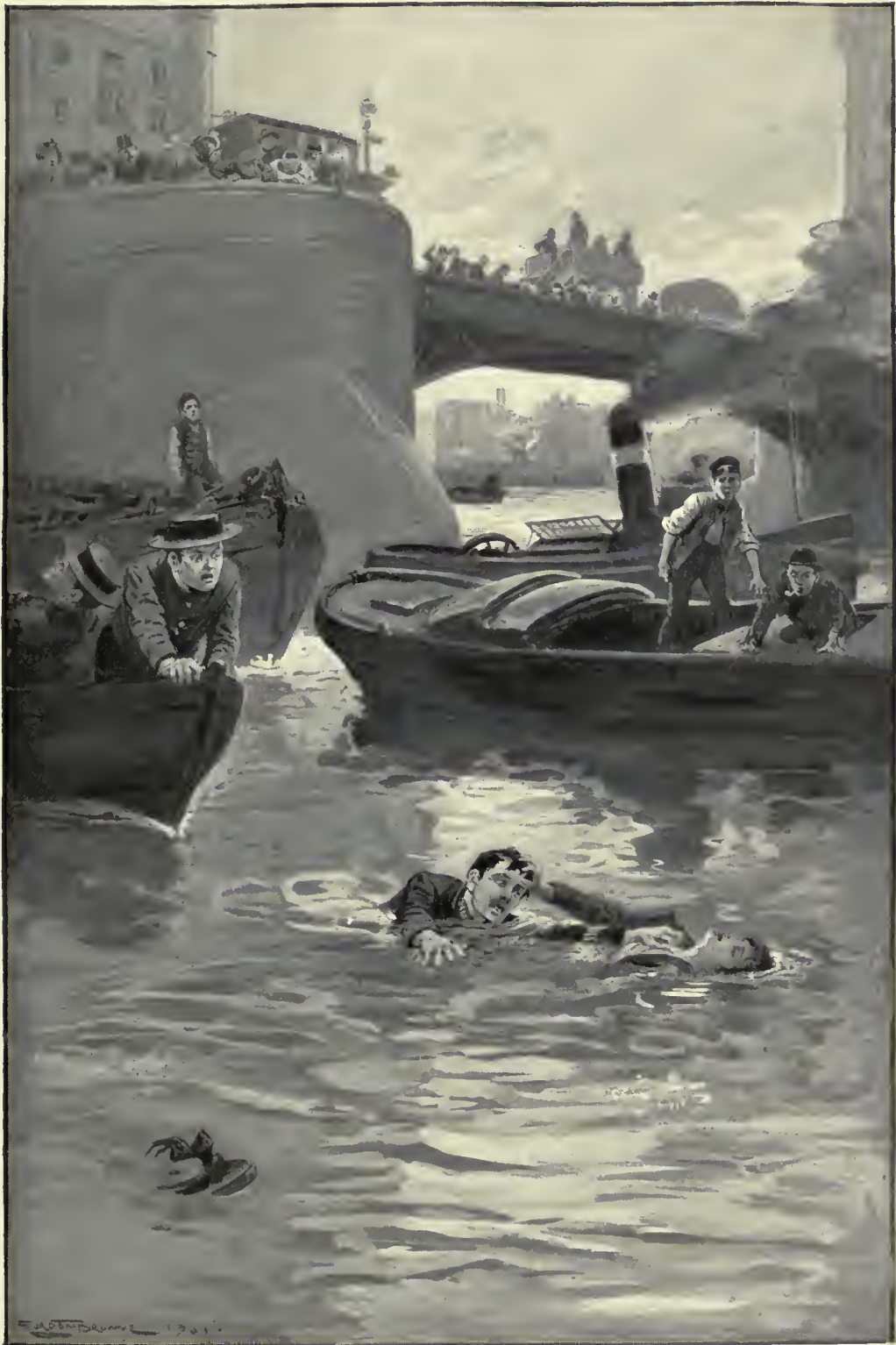
The police station itself stands at the riverward end of the passage—a narrow-fronted, old-fashioned building, actually over hanging the stream which its officers zealously watch and guard. Here, in a gloomy room whose chief adornments are portraits of ancient superintendents and a long row of oilskins and sou'westers, a posse of the river constables are seated, chatting or turning over the pages of well-thumbed

periodicals whilst awaiting their spell of duty or a possible "emergency call."

They are sturdy, upstanding, weather-bronzed fellows, these "Wet Bobs" of London's police force; constant exposure and long hours of labour at the heavy police oars have hardened them into men of iron, with muscles of steel. An indefinable something in face and bearing would stamp them anywhere as sailor-men—and, indeed, they are recruited wholly from the ranks of expert seamen and boatmen.

Their nautical aspect is heightened by the uniform they wear—a wide-peaked yachting cap or a waterman's shining straw hat, a blue reefer coat (discarded for rowing), sleeved vest, and broad-cut trousers. On every cap and coat-collar shines a nickel anchor—"the badge of all their tribe." And those whose turn for duty is drawing near have their "toe bags" beside them. These last quaintly-named articles are waterproof sacks with a warm inner lining, in which the oarsmen sit snugly enveloped as high as the waist.

A ramble through the Wapping Police Station and its adjoining section-house reveals little that differs from the accom-



RESCUED!

modation provided for the shore forces of the Metropolitan Police. The little iron-railed dock, the grated cells for prisoners, the recreation and meal rooms, the neat and comfortable dormitories in which unmarried officers are bestowed—all these are features of the river policeman's surroundings no less than of his comrade's ashore. But the uniforms, the spare oars and boat-hooks, the telescopes in the Superintendent's office, and the trophy of naval cutlasses shining on the wall—beyond all else, the scent of tar and new rope with which the station is pervaded—suffice to give the buildings a distinctly nautical flavour.

The sharp, sudden clangour of an electric bell proves to be a signal for assistance. A message from the smaller station down

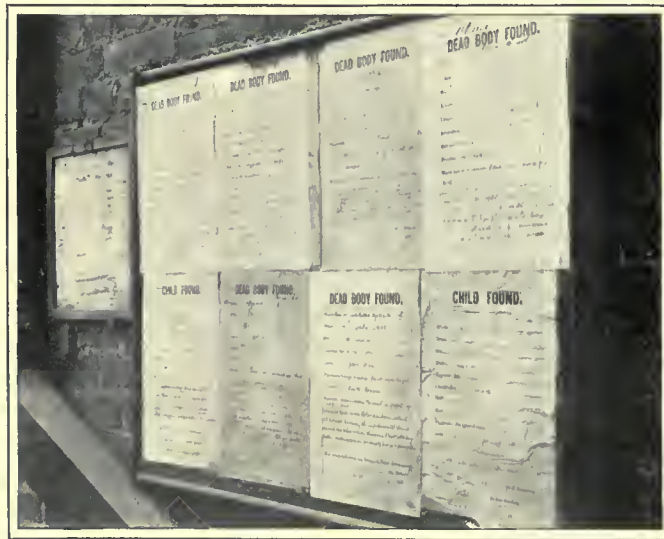
the river at Blackwall intimates that a brig proceeding upstream has caught fire, and has been run aground at a specified spot. Instantly there is a call for a couple of boats' crews; and almost as speedily the two heavy "duty boats," swinging at their moorings below the police stairs, have been untethered and lie in readiness below the landing raft. Three officers enter each; two of them seize the long, white-bladed oars, while the third, who is the inspector in charge, settles in the stern-sheets to steer. We clamber into one of these galleys, and stow ourselves aft as it pushes off, past the trim little police launch that is waiting under steam, and so out upon the dark, swirling current.

Our crew's instructions are of the laconic sort. "Pull, aft: back, bow," says the inspector; and the boat shoots round till her nose is pointing downstream. "Pull us!" is the next order; and, both oarsmen

giving way with a will, we speed toward our goal without more words, past tier after tier of moored black hulls with their riding-lights burning brightly. The coloured lanterns of stealthily gliding steamers slip past us, their syrens and hooters hoarsely warning the river craft to make way.

How thronged these reaches are with vessels of every sort and port! Dapper passenger ships, grimy colliers, fish trawls reeking of their cargo, blunt-nosed coasters,

Dutch eel scoops, sailing ships laden with timber from Norwegian pine forests: all are here, with sailing barges from the Medway, hay-laden half-way up their stub masts, and those lowliest of river beasts of burden—the iron-bound, sailless lighters, that drift with the tide like logs.



NOTICE BOARD (WAPPING POLICE STATION).

A strong glare of light round the next bend marks our objective, and a very few minutes more bring us abreast of the flaming vessel. There follow two hours of unremitting labour—aiding the crew of the fire-floats at their toil, taking wet lines aboard and fixing them to mooring posts and buoys, creeping down to windward of the flames to receive salvaged goods, and helping to fend the brig off by means of stout ropes into deeper water, where the volumes of water streaming in from the fire hose may submerge her. Not until, in an eddy of sparks and steam, the battle of water against fire has been won, do our boatmen relax their efforts. Then, with the oars "out-board," ready for instant use, we drift back homeward with the tide; and as we drift the chat turns upon the Thames policeman's life.

For the oarsmen, at least, it is an arduous

calling, eight hours a day being spent in the boats. Each man does a six hours' spell of duty, followed by twelve hours' freedom ere his turn arrives again. In the course of three days he is thus afloat for every hour of the twenty-four; and, like his helmeted colleague ashore, he regards night work—particularly that performed in the small hours of the morning—as worse than any other. In winter, when snowstorms, fog, and piercing winds make the Thames a place of torment, the lot of the river constable is emphatically "not a happy one." Headwinds and rain-swollen tides, too, join forces at times to make his task of pulling a stout police galley against them a Herculean labour. But the Thames policeman, like a waterside Mark Tapley, makes light of such hardships. The only trick of the weather that can really ruffle his philosophy is a long spell of north-east winds with continuous cold rain. To row for six hours at a stretch under such conditions is a trying experience, even for this hardy race.

As a result of the organised efforts of the water police, the Thames is continuously patrolled, day and night, year in and year out, from Fulham to Crayford Creek. Thus, two duty boats leave Wapping police stairs every two hours by the clock; one proceeding "up along," where it is met by a boat from the Waterloo Police Station, the other making its way "down along" to the beat covered by the water patrol from the lowermost station at Blackwall. There are, in addition, "supervision boats," each carrying an extra constable who pulls a pair of sculls amidships. These craft are in charge of the senior inspectors, and visit the patrols

at appointed stations to ensure their punctuality and to receive their reports. Four steam-launches, and the disguised boats of the detective staff, whose movements are, of course, irregular, complete the flotilla of the force.

The life of a Thames policeman is by no means as monotonous as might be imagined from a perusal of these formal facts. Pulling in and out among the crowded shipping of the silent highway, now skirting the wharves with an eye to 'longshore thieves, now rounding the stem of a deserted schooner in quest

of "snappers-up of unconsidered trifles" such as brass bolts or gratings, anon settling down to a hard race against the current in order to overhaul a suspiciously evasive wherry, there is plenty of interest and incident attaching to his work. Suspects need to be "shadowed" on the river as on shore; there are derelict craft to be captured, and polluters of the stream who must

be caught red-handed if they are to get the punishment they deserve. Occasionally valuable hauls are made by searching barges and lighters for stolen or contraband goods; as when an inspector, overhauling one night a "dummy" (a barge without mast or sails), found that its nominal cargo of oil-cakes consisted almost entirely of compressed cakes of snuff that had never paid duty.

Now and then a waterside thief or "fence" (receiver), hard pressed by the land police, commits his tell-tale booty for the nonce to the river's keeping, marking the spot where it lies hidden in mud and slime on the foreshore. More often the property thus submerged is smuggled stuff encased in watertight bags and artfully buoyed A



LEAVING WAPPING POLICE STAIRS.



LANDING A PRISONER.

floating piece of old straw matting, or a broken fish-box, proves at times on examination to have a cord attached, by which the contraband or stolen parcel can be hauled to the surface. Then there is profit as well as honour for the officer whose keen eyes detected the trick.

Sometimes there is a batch of mutinous foreign sailors to be removed from a British ship and taken ashore; next day, perhaps, an ocean-going steamer must be stopped in mid-stream in order that some fugitive from justice may be seized. And more stirring excitements are not wanting. In a certain case a drunken, violent scoundrel armed with a knife had to be boldly faced and overpowered single-handed in the cramped quarters of a "billy boy's" cuddy, and hauled out, fighting madly, through a three-foot hatchway. The officer whom this experience befell had a perilous scuffle in mid-stream with a desperate prisoner who, hoping to swim clear in the darkness, sought to over-

turn the little craft in which both men were adrift. Eventually the officer lashed his captive to the centre thwarts, and thus frustrated his plan of escape.

Of risks daily incurred by the Thames Police from collision and "running down," a single instance out of many will serve. Among the crew of a supervision boat that was cut in two and driven under water one night by a sharp-nosed little steamer was an inspector who was unable to swim. A man on the prow of the steamer contrived by bending overside to place the handle of his umbrella in the sinking officer's grasp; clinging to which

oddly unromantic means of escape the latter was hauled safely aboard.

These "accidents" to police galleys are not always due to carelessness. One black winter night the occupants of such a craft, discovering the crew of a tug plundering a moored barge of its coal, tried to arrest them; whereupon these miscreants made a murderous attempt to sink the duty boat—a design that came within an ace of success, and allowed its perpetrators to escape in the darkness. Nor is this incident unique in the annals of the force.

Among the varied tasks that fall to the lot of the Thames Police, none deserves greater prominence than their efforts to rescue the drowning. Many an anxious race they run with Death; the prize, some drunken sailor or would-be suicide, yet still a priceless, human life. Often the threatened disaster is occasioned by incredible carelessness on the part of the waterside folk. As an instance, a waterman's wherry that had

sunk and drowned its owner was found, when recovered by the police, to be amazingly leaky and unseaworthy, the worst rents in its seams having been roughly covered with pieces of tin and pasteboard!

When to such criminal neglect are added the hourly perils of collision on the crowded waterway and the frequency of attempted suicides by drowning, it is inevitable that too often the sad duty should devolve upon the river officers of withdrawing from the insatiable Thames the body of one of its victims. Then there is a pathetic little procession to the mortuary, headed by the police ambulance; and if inquiries fail to establish the hapless being's identity, that grim collection of posters on the blank wall at Wapping receives yet another addition to its numbers.

Very frequently, however—and Londoners have good cause to be proud of the fact—the alertness of the river police averts the impending tragedy. Many are the instances of almost miraculous-seeming rescues they have effected. Every boat's crew is constantly upon the *qui vive* for an opportunity of practising this work of mercy. And at

the floating police station immediately below Waterloo Bridge (that haunt of would-be suicides) a boat is always moored in readiness to put off at any moment on such an errand—a broad-beamed craft of curious build, with a roller across the stern to facilitate lifting an insensible form in-board.

Once snatched from the river's jaws, the rescued receive at the hands of the Thames policemen everything that care and skill can devise for nursing back to a flame the flickering spark of life. Each member is thoroughly trained, not only in life-saving drill but also in the best methods of restoring the apparently drowned. And on the police pier at Waterloo a hot bath, a warm bed, and suitable clothing are always awaiting the next arrival, who will be brought tenderly back, if it be possible, from the borders of the Beyond.

But Wapping police stairs are in sight again by now, and our trip on the duty boat is at an end. "In oars!" The galley is brought up smartly beside the landing stage, and we take leave of the Thames Police and of the mighty highway they so admirably control.



SEARCHING A BARGE.



BUILDERS' MEN READY FOR WORK.

GOING TO BUSINESS IN LONDON.

By P. F. WILLIAM RYAN.

WHAT a blessing it is that Londoners do not all go to business at the same hour! If they did, the unanimous jingle of a million alarm-clocks would render unendurable the hard lot of the gentleman of leisure, who slumbers till what time he will. The daily invasion of the City is, on the contrary, nicely graduated. It reminds one of the incoming tide. The flow of life sets steadily Citywards at half-past four from the confines of the Metropolis. Minute by minute it grows in volume, until by ten the streets, whose ghastly baldness chilled you at the dawn, are seething with men.

Moorgate Street Station from five o'clock presents at frequent intervals a striking series of pictures. As you enter the cheerless station in the early morning, a dark-red light appears like an eye in the cylinder of ebon gloom which drives right into the bowels of London; and in a couple of seconds a workmen's train dashes forth from the blackness of the tunnel. Immediately a motley crowd of men and boys pour out of the uncomfortable carriages, and slouch along the draughty platform, fumbling as they go

for their tickets. The married men are at once distinguishable, because they carry baskets, or bundles in red handkerchiefs, and sometimes, too, a little tin can of cold tea. As they throng patiently round the officer at the barrier they tear their tickets in two, returning one half to their waistcoat pockets for the homeward journey in the evening. One by one they pass the lynx-eyed official, out into the young midsummer morning.

The workmen's trains are spinning briskly along from half-past four. South of the Thames the lines all converge upon the bridges. North of the river the points to which they chiefly trend are Holborn, Aldersgate Street, Moorgate Street, and Aldgate, from districts as far apart as Hampstead, King's Cross, and Stratford. Shepherd's Bush is the great centre of electrical traction. It is the terminus for the "tube" railway, as well as for the electric tramcars to Hounslow and elsewhere. Passengers, however, are not very numerous until the approach of six o'clock. But long before train or tram is available, the

first of the great army of toilers have begun work. The day is hardly born, when hundreds of men employed about railway stations, and tramway stables, and newspaper publishing offices, are on their way to their business, making the wastes of the sleeping City lonelier with the melancholy echo of their footfalls.

A picturesque street scene of the early morning lies where the builders have in hand a monster structure. Here throngs of men await the "call to quarters," under a huge scaffolding of splendid tapering masts, with tier above tier of three-inch brown planks, the thousand joints coiled round and round with stout cordage. They are the builders' men. Screened by the great pile of lattice work are the raw outer walls of the growing structure, and the bewildering confusion of the internal masonry. Glaring, multi-coloured advertisements cover the lower part of the framework, forming a bright background to the mass of grimy labourers clustered at the base of the hoarding.

Time! Immediately a queue is formed, reminding one somehow of a squad of slovenly recruits. One by one they disappear, and in three minutes the kerbstone is clear. Then the creaking of pulleys, the ring of chisels on stone, the thud of carpenters' hammers on half-finished floors, the grating of trowels on moist brickwork, and the hoarse rasping of saws in fresh-smelling timber,

drown the frenzied piping of the birds, singing wildly, though goodness knows where, in the heart of the awakening City.

Prominent types are rare amongst the streams of men dribbling through the streets between six and seven. It is easy, however, to distinguish the foreman of works. He is comfortably dressed in clothes that seem never to have been new. He sometimes carries a venerable black bag. His turn-down collar is very white, and his necktie is a shiny black. His eyes are fixed on the ground as he strides along. There is no mistaking, either, the well-to-do mechanic; though you cannot always decide upon his occupation unless he has the carpenter's stoop or the compositor's complexion. The clerk of works is a superior person. He is hardly like any other clerk because of his weather-tanned face, and a look in his eyes that seems to take the measure of things. His hat, too, is nearly always a soft felt; very rarely indeed the stately conventional article.

Occasionally the eye rests with pleasure on a pretty picture that is very human and very winning, in contrast with the rather morose appearance of the men who hurry



BROUGHT BY AN EARLY TRAIN (LIVERPOOL STREET STATION).



I. ARRIVAL OF WAITRESSES AT A CITY RESTAURANT. II. CITY EXPRESS OMNIBUS. III. OUTSIDE KING'S CROSS (METROPOLITAN) STATION.

hither and thither as the working day is about to commence. You catch sight of a couple of small errand-boys walking quickly along, their slightly-bent heads close together, and the right hand of one resting on the other's right shoulder. They are eagerly discussing something; perhaps a local cricket match. The warehouse in the City Road to which they are going has no place in their minds. Work for them is only an interval in play. They forget it until they have their coats off.

A pretty girl with roses in her cheeks, and laughter on her parted lips, makes the day seem brighter! You notice she is one of a knot of young women just arriving at a restaurant in the City. They are waitresses, and "waiting" must be pleasant work, for they laugh and chatter like schoolgirls, and beam upon the chance pedestrian. The manager is a moment ahead of them. He opens the door and the animated, black-skirted figures disappear in a twinkling from the busy pavement.

At eight o'clock the roar of the City has gathered strength and fulness, approaching the din of noonday. At nine o'clock every man, woman, and child in the Metropolis seems to be going somewhere. Crowds bubble intermittently from the underground stations. Busses in endless procession converge upon the Bank. The pavements are black with people. The scene from the Mansion House steps beggars description. You look upon a very maelström of men. They are not only "going" to business! They seem to be rushing there!

The subterranean corridors of the Bank "tube" station are alive with people. Here seconds are as minutes—action is so brisk, time so precious. The observer must stand aside as the passengers from the last-arrived electric train crowd to the steps leading to the open air. At the foot of the staircase their ranks open. The very young men spring forward, glad of a chance to make progress without being rude; the rest climb upward stolidly. In summer some of the men wear straw hats and flannels, some light-coloured tweeds. Many are in the conventional garb, "spick and span," as though it were afternoon in Piccadilly. What catches the eye principally is the white of collars

and wristbands, and the shine of well-varnished boots. A woman's ungloved hand, heavily ringed, compels you to look at her. She is a middle-aged lady, almost richly, but quietly dressed. You guess her to be a postal official. She has the easy air of the woman of assured income. Yet in her face there is something of the exile's sadness, perhaps because in the autumn of life she is far from woman's natural home.

You saunter into Cornhill. It seems almost quiet after the bewildering spectacle in front of the Mansion House. Here it is easier to study individuals who appeal to the fancy. An oldish man, tall, and slightly stooped, with very long white hair, and a frock-coat a couple of sizes too large for his gaunt, spare figure, glides along the pavement like one who would not willingly attract attention. His chin almost touches his necktie. You can see his shirt-front through his straggling grey beard. In one hand he carries a small black bag. The other grasps a cotton umbrella, midway between the handle and the ferrule. He is a man with whom the world has not gone well—probably a clerk over whose unlucky head juniors have passed. His lethargic air is in sharp contrast with that of a vigorous-looking man, of aldermanic girth, who takes to the road in his eagerness to push forward. His fat hands are very white. His back is very broad. His frock-coat fits him without a wrinkle. There is plenty of energy and resolution in his walk. Nobody will get in front of him in business or anywhere else—if he can help it. He turns into a side street, and enters one of those great buildings in which mercantile men of all sorts have offices. At once you know his trade. He is a commission agent.

It is tedious work cycling through the heart of the City, and dangerous work likewise, which accounts for comparatively few men coming to business in that way. Should the driver of a team lose his presence of mind at a critical moment, or a horse grow restive, the cyclist's life is in jeopardy. You realise this as you watch one trying to make his way through Cheapside. He creeps along behind a 'bus, because the traffic from the opposite direction compels him to do so. Then the 'bus halts, while two railway delivery



LONDON BRIDGE (FROM THE CITY).

vans crawl past each other. It would be madness to venture between the vans, so the cyclist resignedly grips the handrail of the 'bus to balance himself. A minute is thus wasted. Then he is off once more—a sprint of twenty yards! He covers the distance by deftly thridding a pair of hansoms, and dodging a coster's barrow at the risk of a side-slip. Again he balances himself by the handrail of a 'bus, for traffic is completely blocked by a tangle of vehicles, locked wheel in wheel. At last he dismounts, consults his watch, and proceeds to roll his bicycle along the footpath, much to the inconvenience of ordinary foot-passengers. He is a well set-up young fellow; no doubt he plays at soldiering when he has leisure from his desk; and considers his difficult ride to business as part of his training for active service. In the Poultry he stops to buy a lovely rose-bud from a flower-girl. Then re-mounting his machine, he passes amidst many obstructions into Lombard Street.

In every part of the City carriages and cabs bowl past frequently. Some men try to hide themselves in a corner of their hansom. Some lean their elbows on the closed doors, and with clasped hands take a friendly interest in the poor wretches who walk. A young man poses in a hansom whose doors are flung open. His silk hat is drawn slightly over his brows. His small dark moustache is carefully groomed. His legs are crossed, and one foot, poised in the

air, shows a patent-leather boot "tapering with perfect cadence" to the toe. His waistcoat is a work of art. What is he? A junior partner in something perhaps; or a secretary to a company; or, possibly, a civil engineer in a big firm. He looks decidedly a dandy, but one with plenty of work in him. A very different type of man sails through Leadenhall Street in a handsome phaeton. His sallow, clean-shaven face is a curious blend of cynicism and good nature. He wears a soft hat and a tweed suit. Any of his clerks is more expensively dressed. He is a magnate in the City. But, lolling rather self-consciously in his splendid carriage, he is utterly insignificant-looking. Sometimes the laggard charters a hansom he can but ill afford. You know him by his anxious look. He is impatient of all obstructions. His heart is envious of the ease with which a disembodied spirit could transfer itself to a counting-house stool. For the psychological moment is close at hand when the master frowns upon vacant desks.

A crowded 'bus invites a glance. It is one of the expresses that run between nine and ten every week-day from various suburbs to the City. There is the driver, clean and ruddy, with brown leather gloves, just a somewhat cheap edition of the men who tool their four-in-hands to Hurlingham. Most of the men on top ride every morning from terminus to terminus. In the hot days there are a good many Panama hats and tweed suits. If the weather were less tropical, the prevailing tone would be black, irre-

proachably black. The men have a Stock Exchange air about them. Many of them no doubt are clerks "on 'Change." But here and there you note one whom you hall-mark "stockbroker" or "company director." Perhaps the 'bus conductor touches his hat to him as he descends at the Mansion House. Possibly the policeman on point duty steps a pace forward as he passes to wish him "Good-morning." Only a City man can appreciate all that is conveyed by those subtle marks of distinction.

Fenchurch Street is crowded with well-dressed men, and amongst the lively procession an anæmic young woman catches the eye. Curiously enough, she is the only woman within sight. She is almost certainly a needlewoman, probably a dressmaker's assistant. An indescribable combination of smartness and slovenliness suggests her trade. She is very unlike the shop-girls who an hour earlier were making their way westwards. They were models of neatness, each one dressed as carefully as though she commanded

the services of a Parisian maid—hats, gloves, and boots all flawless, and in perfect harmony with the costume.

Pleasant variety is lent to the street traffic by the motor-car darting, when opportunity serves, ahead of all rivals for the road, and making noise enough for a small factory. Sometimes, however, the traffic makes things unpleasant for the motor. The City is in places so congested that a vehicle must be able to withstand pressure that would almost embarrass an Arctic ship. And the motor-car, unfortunately, seems to be even more susceptible to the wear and tear of the streets than the horse carriage. Perhaps this explains why only a small number of men use the former for coming to their offices in the City. Lombard Street, Cornhill, Old Broad Street, and Queen Victoria Street make in this respect the bravest show. Of those that pass a few are gaily-coloured; but the majority are darkly-tinted, possibly as one more concession to the convention which ordains that a business-man shall look



BY MOTOR CAR.

like a mourner. There are many patterns. The brougham-shaped is rarest. In none is beauty obtrusive. But you feel that the owners of some of them would, if it saved time, ride to the City in an air-ship; and you at least admire their spirit.

London Bridge! It is the climax, the apotheosis, as it were, of all thus far seen. So crowded is the canvas, so full of movement, it dazes one. Life sweeps over the bridge like the rush of the sea by the sides of a ship—always Citywards. In thousands they advance, leaning forward, with long, quick strides, eager to be there! Swiftly they flash past, and still they come and come, like the silent, shadowy legions of a dream. Somehow they suggest the dogged march of an army in retreat, with its rallying point far ahead, and the enemy's cavalry pressing on its rear. Looking down upon the swarming masses, with the dark sullen river for a background, they fuse into one monstrous organism, their progress merges in the rhythmic swaying of one mammoth breathing thing. Stand in the midst of the mighty current of men! A wearied, languorous feeling creeps over you, as face follows face, and eyes in thousands swim by. It is the hypnotic influence of the measureless, the unfathomable, the you-know-not-what of mystery and elusiveness in life, stealing your senses away.

During an hour these multitudes in drab march past to the relentless City, to barter what they have of value for their daily bread. The monotony of the endless parade is overpowering, numbing; and minute by minute the railway station, not a stone's throw away, yields up fresh battalions for this sublime muster of citizens. Within the station itself is being enacted a scene which is an impressive combination of order and disorder. A train rushes alongside a platform. In a twinkling its passengers are thronging to the exits. A few seconds more and the place is clear. The empty train disappears to make way for another, whose impatient whistle is already heard. Again a crowd of passengers melts, and another springs up in its place. The train is again shunted, and the metals it vacates are speedily covered. And so proceeds like clockwork the arrangement—so simple and so intricate—for the mobilisation of the army of business men who pour in one wonderful phalanx across the noble bridge.

For a full hour it continues. Then, as the clock points to ten, there are gaps in the ranks. The tide of life suddenly slackens. The reinforcements grow weaker. Traffic once more moves freely in opposite directions; for the invasion of the morning is consummated. Business has begun.



EARLY MORNING ELECTRIC TRAMCARS
(SHEPHERD'S BUSH).



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