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CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL
FROM THE TOWER OF ST. BRIDE'S.

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 II

SPECIAL EDITION, WITH FULL-PAGE REMBRANDT PLATES

CASSELL AND COMPANY, Limited
London, Paris, New York & Melbourne

LONDON TYPES: THE PAVEMENT ARTIST.

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

LONDON TYPES: THE FIREMAN.

(From the Painting by A. Pearse.)

LONDON TYPES: THE RECRUITING SERGEANT (DRAGOONS).

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

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A SLUM SCENE.

EVICTED LONDON.

By GEORGE R. SIMS.

THE problem of the Housing of the Working Classes in London lives on through the centuries. It occupied the attention of our grandfathers, and it is exceedingly probable that it will be a burning question when our grandsons have attained a green old age. The problem arises in the first instance from overcrowding. Overcrowding is the result of the multiplication of manufactories and workshops in the larger centres. The wealth of a city, and the opportunities it offers of picking up gold and silver—either legitimately by labour or illegitimately by crime—attract not only the population of the rural districts, but also the inhabitants of less-favoured towns and less-favoured countries. Generally speaking, the present condition of affairs is, however, mainly due to two things—the increased birth rate and the migration of the rural population.

In the train of overcrowding have come evils which threaten the health and welfare not only of the overcrowded, but of the city itself. Hence, philanthropists and reformers have busied themselves with the Housing Problem. In obedience to popular outcry, vast areas of working class dwellings have been condemned as insanitary, and levelled to the ground in order that superior accommodation might be raised upon the vacant space.

This clearing necessitates the eviction of the inhabitants. All over London the tenants of mean streets and slums and courts and alleys are being evicted. The slum dwellers are daily receiving notice to quit their homes and find shelter elsewhere.

To study the subject at first-hand, let us take a walk through a block of condemned property, the tenants of which have long overstayed their notice to quit. Let us knock boldly at the closed doors, and push back those that are ajar. The inhabitants will open them if we speak sympathetically. They will imagine we are officials connected with the "pulling down," and they will talk either to us or at us.

At the first house is a decent-looking woman, who says that her husband is at work and her children are at school. Half the houses of the court are empty, and the housebreakers have commenced on some of them. Why does she linger still? "Well, sir, you wouldn't believe the miles as I've been. I can't get a decent place, not as good as this, through having the five children you see. But I *must* get a place to-morrow; they're going to take the windows out."

In the next house is a man. He is at work. He is busy with a hammer and a piece of leather. What he is making he doesn't give us time to see. He jumps up and comes to the door. He is fierce and defiant, and prepared to orate after the manner which may be described as the early Hyde Park. But we pacify him with tobacco, and he explains that he can't afford the time to go tramping about. His missis is in the hospital, else *she*'d go. He's got to earn the money for the children. Knowing something of the ways of Slumland, we point out to him that he has been living rent free for many weeks, and that at least is some compensation for disturbance. The saved rent should have allowed him leisure for house hunting.

That is a point that must not be forgotten in considering these evictions. After the period of notice has expired many of the tenants deliberately stay on because there is no rent to pay. They know that frequently after the houses have been cleared they are left standing. There are condemned houses which night after night are converted into free hotels by tramps and outcasts. Sometimes a burly ruffian will take temporary possession of an empty house, from which the tenants have been evicted, and let the rooms out for a copper or so. One rascal did a great business until the authorities discovered him. He not only filled the rooms with wayfarers, but charged a penny a head for the privilege of sleeping on the stairs.

At the next house—"Lot 1" in the illustration on p. 206—there lives an old woman who does mangling. We knock at the door and shout at the window, but she refuses to take any notice. She is a besieged resident. She thinks if she comes out she won't get in again. So for her food supply she lowers a small basket attached to a string. A neighbour puts into it the purchases made on her behalf, and thus she thinks she is defying the authorities. Poor old woman! She was in that house many years, but she left it at last. When I went down the court a few weeks ago not a brick of her Southwark Château Chabrol remained.

When a slum has been levelled to the ground a huge block of working class dwellings generally rises on its site. These buildings are wanted. Many of them are excellent. But up to the present they have hardly succeeded in solving the great problem, because the evicted or displaced tenants, practically left without any superior accommodation, are driven into worse.

An ounce of practical experience is worth a ton of argument. Let us see for ourselves how an eviction works. Here is a grand new block of working class dwellings in Southwark. On the site where the building stands there stood a short while ago a network of courts and alleys inhabitated mainly by poor people earning a precarious livelihood. After notice had been served upon them some began at once to look about for other accommodation. But the larger number, because it is the nature of the slum dwellers to live only for to-day and to trust to luck for to-morrow, did nothing. At last came the pinch. The authorities served the last notice, "Get out, or your walls will crumble about you." The tenant who after that still remained obstinate soon realised that the end had come. The roof, the doors, and the windows were removed while she (it is generally a woman) still remained crouching in a corner of the miserable room which contained the chair, the table, the bed, the frying pan, and the tub that were her "furniture."

Eventually the position became dangerous. When bricks and plaster began to fall in showers about her, and the point of the pickaxe came through the wall against which she was leaning, then at last she scrambled for her belongings and went out into the street, where a little crowd of onlookers and fellow sufferers welcomed her sympathetically.

Sometimes a whole family, the head having failed or neglected during the period of grace to find accommodation elsewhere, is turned into the street. I have seen families sitting homeless on their goods, which were piled

THE OLD ROOM IN SLUMLAND.

THE NEW ROOM IN A MODEL DWELLING.

high in the court. You can see them yourself in the photograph reproduced on page 208. Guarding their household gods sat women with infants in their arms. They sat on, hopeless and despairing, and saw their homes demolished before their eyes. Now and again the heap of bedding and furniture was diminished. A man would return and tell his wife he had found a place. They would gather up their goods and go. But all were not so fortunate. I have seen a woman with a child in her arms and two children crouching by her side sitting out long after nightfall by her flung-out furniture, because the husband could find no accommodation at the rent he could afford.

Sometimes a boy is left in charge of the piled-up property while his parents go off in different directions to hunt for shelter. Frequently the parents wander a considerable distance, and it is long after midnight before they return to the young sentinel.

If you dive below the surface you will understand more readily how terrible is this problem of "Evicted London." Granting that the raising of sanitary dwellings on the site of insanitary is an admirable work, fully admitting that the London County Council's idea of breaking up and scattering colonies of "undesirables" makes for the public good, we are still faced by the difficulty—What is to become of the people who are unfit (by reason of their ways or their families) for the new buildings? What will happen to the areas in which the "undesirables" (*i.e.* the criminal and vicious) scatter themselves?

The bulk of the people evicted are the poor, earning small and precarious livelihoods, hawkers and "general dealers"—a description that covers a multitude of trades. The bulk of the people housed in the new buildings are artisans earning a regular and decent wage. The idea in improving insanitary dwellings off the face of London is, of course, that the dishoused shall be rehoused. But many of the dishoused fail to find accommodation in the new buildings. One or two are admitted at first, but as the block becomes filled they are weeded out on some excuse or other. Slum dwellers are not wanted in nice clean buildings. The superior artisan who will respect his property and pay regularly is the tenant the Board of Directors and the private philanthropist alike desire.

And, again, there is the question of the children. The poorest people seem to have the most. And the children are a bar not only to admission to the new dwellings, where only so many people are allowed to sleep in a room, but even to the common lodging-houses. A man and his wife and five or six children are not wanted anywhere, not even in the lowest of the doss-houses. So when the day of eviction comes mother and the children must turn out and wait "somewhere" while father tramps the city paved with gold in search of a spot in which to lay his head. If father is in work, then mother must do the tramping.

"LOT 1."

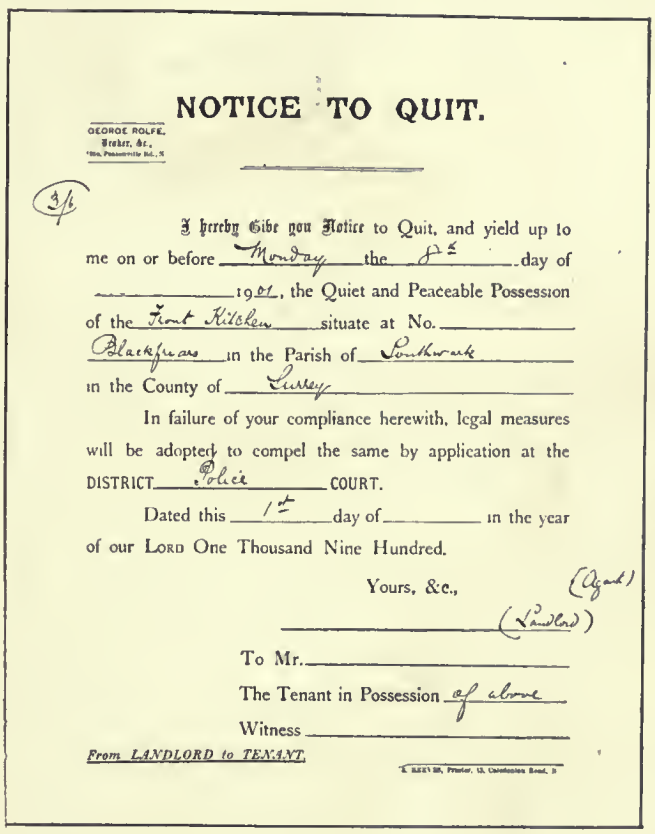
I will take a real case. Tom Brown calls himself a general dealer. As a matter of fact he and his wife make "ornaments for your fire stove," artificial flowers, and rosettes to hawk in the streets for special occasions, such as Boat Race day, St. Patrick's day, Lord Mayor's day, and the days of National holiday or jubilation. He and his wife earn between them when times are good £1. When times are bad they earn a few shillings. I have known Tom

for the last six years, and during that period he has been evicted four times. The family were evicted for property to be pulled down in the Borough; they found two rooms in Bermondsey. There after eight months they were again evicted for improvements, and went to St. George's. They were turned out of St. George's and went to Lambeth. They have now been evicted again, and have succeeded, after endless tramping, in finding two rooms in Bermondsey near their old quarters, but their rent is six and six instead of five and six.

Take another case, that of George Jones, a carman in regular employ, lately evicted to make room for artisans' dwellings. The family consists of Jones, his wife, and seven children. When they were turned out the father lost several days' work trying to find a place where the nine of them could be accommodated at a rental he could afford. For three nights and three days the family were homeless, and at last had to apply to the workhouse, where the wife and children were received as "paying guests." The workhouse authorities eventually succeeded in finding rooms for the family.

It occasionally happens, such is the generosity of the poor to the poor, that the younger and weaker children when evictions take place are accommodated for a night or two by the poor neighbours who are still left in peaceable possession of a roof. Quite recently in a house of four rooms in Foxley Street, Bermondsey, there lived a man, his wife, and ten "children," the latter ranging from four to twenty-four years in age. Yet, when a case of eviction occurred near them, they took in the three children of a poor woman who was unable to find shelter. The same hospitality I have known extended by a family of eight occupying two rooms.

A large number of the evicted poor drift into the various common lodging-houses when there are no children, or children who can be disposed of temporarily among friends. If there are children who cannot be housed temporarily the situation is desperate. Here is a case in point. A decent hard-working man and his wife had lived in a small tenement house which was eventually demolished under an improvement scheme. They tried in vain to get another small house. At last the father, mother, and three children drifted into an utterly disreputable common lodging-house. Here the Rescue Society's officer discovered the children, and the law took them from the parents and sent them to an industrial school to be kept at the expense of the ratepayers.



NOTICE TO QUIT.

GEORGE ROLFE, Broker, &c., [illegible]

I hereby Give you Notice to Quit, and yield up to me on or before Monday the 8th day of [illegible] 1901, the Quiet and Peaceable Possession of the Front Kitchen situate at No. [illegible] Blackfriars in the Parish of Southwark in the County of Surrey

In failure of your compliance herewith, legal measures will be adopted to compel the same by application at the DISTRICT Police COURT.

Dated this 1st day of [illegible] in the year of our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred.

Yours, &c., (Agent) (Landlord)

To Mr. [illegible]

The Tenant in Possession of above

Witness [illegible]

From LANDLORD to TENANT.

[illegible], Printer, 13, Commercial Road, E.

We point with pride to the new and improved dwellings raised by the enterprise of governing bodies, public companies, and private philanthropists on the sites where recently stood foul and insanitary dwellings, in which the poor huddled together without light, without ventilation, and without a water supply; and we say that here at least is a step in the right direction. No one will deny it; but we shall never get further than a

step, we shall never come within measurable distance of the goal if we shut our eyes to the terrible difficulties which beset the present system of dishousing a poor and struggling class in order to make room for a superior class in constant employment.

The people who can go into model buildings, who can afford the number of rooms demanded by the regulations for a family of a certain number, are only slightly represented in the insanitary areas in which demolition compels wholesale eviction. The dwellers in the new buildings come as a rule from other districts and from a better class of property. The evicted, unless they are fortunate, find shelter in already overcrowded and insanitary areas, because it is only in this class of property they will be tolerated. Thus every area cleared for superior dwellings, for street improvements, or for railway schemes only adds to the further congestion of areas in which the poor are already massed together under the worst conditions.

I. ON GUARD. II. EVICTED.

And increased overcrowding is not the only evil that follows the wholesale evictions which are now almost weekly occurrences in London. The struggle for life of the evicted, always keen, becomes fiercer than ever. At each fresh rush for accommodation rents are advanced, so that it frequently happens that a family housed in one insanitary area for five and sixpence a week for two rooms are after eviction compelled to pay six and sixpence a week for worse rooms in another insanitary area. And so fearful are they of having to go through the terrible search for shelter again that they never dream of making the slightest complaint, however grossly the landlord may neglect his duty.

I once interviewed a woman who with her four children was living in a wretched garret in a court in the Borough. It was a wet day, and the rain was coming through the broken roof and falling on a child who was lying on a bed in the corner. "You should complain to the landlord," I said; "he is bound at least to give you a rainproof roof for your

money." "Complain!" exclaimed the woman in a tone of horror; "yes, I should like to see myself doing it. I did complain to him once, when we was better off and lived in a room downstairs. There was a brick loose in the wall, and the rain had soaked through, and the plaster had given way till there was a hole as you could put your two fists in—so I went to him, and I said he ought to repair it."

"And of course he did?"

"Yes, he did—he come and nailed the lid of a soap box across the hole, and he put the rent of the room up sixpence a week for the improvement."

A good deal of the neglect and abuse of property with which the poor of London are credited is due to this kind of conduct on the part of the slum landlord. The hapless tenants are glad to get accommodation anywhere, and they cannot afford to be particular as to the condition of the room or rooms. If they complain they will be told that they can clear out, there are plenty of people waiting to come in. So the tenants, unable to move the landlord's heart, take their revenge on his property. Boards that have been used to patch walls are torn off and used as firewood, stair railings—if there are any left—share the same fate. Presently there is very little left of the house but the walls, some crumbling plaster, and a window-frame or two patched with brown paper. The doors suffer less than any other portion of the property. The reason is that the slum-dweller desires occasional privacy. A door is useful, not only when you want to shut yourself in, but when you want to shut your neighbours out—and some neighbours in the slums are given to making mistakes and walking into, or falling into, other rooms than those for which they have paid the week's rent.

On all the phases of Evicted London I have not dwelt. I have but slightly sketched a few of the difficulties that the wholesale dishousing of the poor brings in its train. All the schemes of rehousing, with perhaps two exceptions—and those I believe have not been very successful—aim at the survival of the fittest. But the unfittest do not die. They are not destroyed. Like Jo in "Bleak House" they are only being eternally "moved on."

RIPE FOR EVICTION.

A CONFIRMATION SERVICE.

THE CHURCH IN LONDON.

By the REV. A. R. BUCKLAND

ENTER St. Paul's Cathedral on the morning of Trinity Sunday with the crowd that pours in at each open door. It is not quite the usual throng. Here, of course, are regular attendants, to whom the Cathedral is almost as their parish church. Here are good Londoners escorting country friends to the most popular of English cathedrals. Here are conscientious Americans, bent on missing nothing. Here is a group of young men from a City warehouse; and hard by a trio of West African natives, immaculately clothed. A young couple absorbed in each other block the way of some self-reliant ladies who know where they want to sit and how to get there. All these are familiar; but to-day there is another element in the crowd. It is composed of the friends of some forty or fifty young men who are to be ordained deacon or priest.

You have no difficulty in finding this element. When the procession of clergy and choristers enters there is with it the long line of ordination candidates. As they move to their places you can from a point of vantage single out the people whose eyes have found the one form for which, in their minds, this service is being held.

Perhaps the other visitors miss a good deal for which they came. There is less music than usual; the sermon has a distinct character; and they cannot all either see or hear much that goes on in the dim distance of the choir. Yet perhaps they catch something of the spirit of the scene, and follow with sympathy those who are there set apart as new recruits for the ranks of the clergy.

Where is the visible head of the army these recruits have joined? Ecclesiastically, at all events for the province of Canterbury, we can find him at Lambeth. The Archbishop of Canterbury, freed from the incumbrance of a country house at Addington, now spends much of his time in London, and is one of the most familiar figures in its Church life. To Lambeth come representatives of the Anglican communion from all parts of the earth. There the Bishop of the American Church meets his English peers: there the Colonial prelate seeks counsel; thither go the

men who, on the frontiers of the Empire, are founding new sees and sub-dividing old ones. The Lollards' Tower, looking grimly over the Thames, houses no longer prisoners but the Archbishop's guests. In the library, where Archbishop Benson sat to try the Bishop of Lincoln, his successors have presided over social meetings. On the lawns upon occasion garden party guests share the Archbishop's hospitality, just as the children of Lambeth do in the field Dr. Benson handed over for the enjoyment of the public.

If we want to see the deliberative machinery of the Church at work we must cross the river to Westminster, and in the Church House look on at the sessions of Convocation.

In the Upper House sits the Archbishop with his bishops around him, robed. It is a small gathering, with very few spectators; but there are long debates, intermitted with occasional lapses into private sessions, when the onlooker is turned out to await their Lordships' pleasure. You can beguile the tedium of waiting by a glance at another official body, the Lower House of Convocation — an assembly of suffragan bishops, deans, canons and other clergy, mostly aged, but often very contentious, and debating their opinions with a warmth which would not disgrace a less austere-looking body. By way of supplement there is the Southern House of Laymen, a merely consultative assembly, with many men of light and leading, giving serious attention to subjects its opinion upon which nobody is obliged to recognise.

But these assemblies exercise little influence on the activities of the Church. If we wish to understand these, we must look at its men. The bishop of a diocese is an autocrat. You may find London's autocrat at Fulham Palace, or on one day a week at London House in St. James's Square. The Bishop of Rochester dwells in a plain house near Kennington Oval, and the Bishop of Kensington in the heart of the City. When, amidst the dim lights and overwhelming associations of Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's, a bishop is consecrated for a home diocese, he enters upon a career of real toil and incessant anxiety.

The prelate's working day is long enough to call for repressive legislation. His correspondence is heavy, and its variety is hardly compensated for by the extraordinary success

Photo: Russell & Sons, Baker St., W.

GARDEN PARTY AT LAMBETH PALACE.

of bores in imposing upon a bishop's good-nature. His interviewers are scarcely less exacting, and, although many of them furnish food for the humorous reminiscence in which every bishop can upon occasion indulge, they all take up time. The prelate who has suffered many things of them must spend the rest of the day hurrying hither and thither. The Bishop of London's engagements carry him from Fulham to Poplar, from Bethnal Green to Belgravia, from Hackney to Harrow. He must preach here and speak there; consecrate a new church one day and open new schools the next; hurry from the meeting of a diocesan society to snatch a hasty dinner and rush to an evening confirmation: reach home, worn out, late in the evening to find another pile of letters all ready to supply new worries. Yet the Bishop of London who welcomes the clergy and laity to a garden party at Fulham is always a host whose cheerful alacrity in making everybody happy would become the most leisured of his laity.

From the bishop of the diocese to the newly-ordained curate is a far cry. Between the two there are in the London diocese two deans, three archdeacons, residentiary canons at Westminster and at St. Paul's, a bevy of prebendaries (whose stalls have no fodder in them), a band of rural deans, and a small army of incumbents. Rochester and St. Albans have their cathedral centres outside London. Under one of the incumbents the deacon ordained on the morning of Trinity Sunday may in the evening be reading the service.

He may go East. There was a time when clerical recruits did not flow quite naturally to this end of London diocese; but Bishop Walsham How changed all that, and now it is perhaps rather easier to find a curate for a hard parish in the East than for an easy parish in the West. Nobody who has ever tasted the romance of clerical life in the most distinctive parishes of East London will feel surprise at the change.

For the clergy of the great inner parishes of the East, where overcrowding is worst, poverty at its sharpest, and crime most abundant, the services of the Church are but a small part of their work. They are everybody's friend—the visitors and helpers of the sick, the providers of the hospital and convalescent home letters, the friends of the wife and family whose head is "away" in prison, the capitalist of the "stone-broke" coster who wants to set up again, the employment-agent for the repentant first offender to whom nobody wants to give work, the prompt rescuer of the foolish lad, and sometimes the even more foolish girl, who has drifted away from home. The clergy of such parishes may have the oddest collection of friends ever known to men of their cloth. They may—*experto crede*—be seen walking up the street in friendly converse with a man who has been in almost every convict establishment in the country; or trying to coax into a mission service the eminent pugilist whose well-behaved son makes an excellent choir-boy; or entertaining as a guest the ex-convict come to thank the man who helped him back to an honest life.

He conducts the ministrations of the Church under strange circumstances. He is allowed with a few helpers to hold services in a good many lodging-house kitchens, where the sound of his hymn mingles with the frizzling of lodgers' suppers at the huge fire, and his prayer is punctuated with the critical comments of the few who, despite energetic remonstrance from some of their neighbours, will not listen in silence. Perhaps before he goes he will have to defend his cause against the vigorous onslaught of some critic, whilst the other lodgers "see fair." His sick-visiting takes him in perfect safety where no other person save the city missionary and the police could go at night with impunity. His performance of the marriage ceremony is often a trial to his self-possession from the amazing maltreatment by the contracting parties of familiar words. He pursues his friends to the beds of the infirmary and the hospital; and others who are not his friends have no scruple about knocking at his door at midnight, prepared with tales of woe which make up in picturesque detail what may be lacking in solid fact.

In some of those parishes the parson has as many poor Jews as would people a good-sized town in Palestine. There are streets in which English is rarely heard; where the pauper aliens steadily increase the difficulty of the clergy in fighting overcrowding.

You may see something of that element

CONSECRATING A BISHOP.

listening, with at least respectful curiosity, to addresses in their own patois delivered from the outside pulpits of Whitechapel and Spitalfields parish churches. At Whitechapel such services are now familiar to most of the passers-by, and even the Gentiles have learned that the notice, printed in Yiddish and exhibited near the pulpit, means "Service at 3 and 3.30."

But the East-End is not all of a piece with Whitechapel or Spitalfields. Amidst its artisan population the judicious parson is very much at home. If he does not command the resources of Toynbee Hall or of Oxford House, he may have a working-men's club, where he smokes a pipe with great contentment amidst his neighbours. If, as is often the case, he has been something of an athlete, he is great amongst the growing lads whom he will lead to victory in cricket matches at Victoria Park, where the games are so close that it is hard to be sure of your own ball, and where the cover-point of one team is a little in the way of another's square-leg. Is not one so expert with the gloves as to have earned a reputation amidst a population which produces a steady crop of professional boxers? Are they not all at their best on the days of parish excursions and school treats, when they control an army of wild young Cockneys amidst green fields with a tactical skill which a Napoleon might envy? They have their failures? Of course; all professions have. But he who knows best the hardness of their lives will not be the first to cast a stone at even the weakest of the flock.

The other end of London is another world. The passage from East to West takes us through the City. The hard labour of the East merges suddenly into the repose of the City incumbent. Yet the City church is not a useless cumberer of the ground. That is a modern development which opens some of them as resting-places for early toilers, landed by their trains in the City before their places of business are open. But mid-day services are no innovation. A popular preacher at Bow Church or at St. Bride's, Fleet Street, will bring in a crowd of men who are giving up half an hour snatched from their lunch time.

Congregations vary, of course, in West and West Central London. Sight-seers flock to the Abbey, to St. Margaret's, Westminster, or nearer the City to the Temple Church and the Foundling Chapel. Wealth and fashion are to be found in plenty at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, with its quaintly-dressed choir-boys, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, at St. Michael's, Chester Square, or at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate. For a "brainy" congregation one may go to St. Peter's, Vere Street, where doctors sit thickly all around you. If elaborate ritual wins crowds to St. Cuthbert's, South Kensington, an austere orthodoxy is equally crowded at St. Paul's, Onslow Gardens, or St. Paul's, Portman Square.

They are not idle or self-centred, these West-End congregations. Several have at times given more than £1,000 on Hospital Sunday. To many of them no good cause appeals in vain. One has a fund all its own for the help of the poorer clergy. Several are linked on to needy parishes in other parts of London, sending them funds and workers.

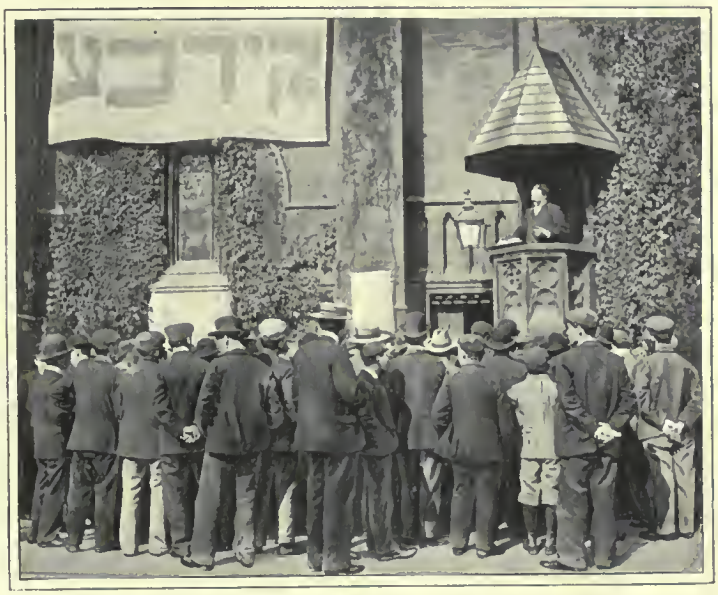
There are other aspects of the Church's life in London which no observer can miss. The great organisations of the Church have their headquarters there. At the council boards of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel or the Church Missionary Society you may see men who have ruled provinces, and people whose names are great in the City, next to the man whose only work is philanthropy and the clergyman whose weekly holiday is cheerfully spent at committees. As you pass in or out of their headquarters at Delahay Street or Salisbury Square, you may meet the Bishop of a vast Indian diocese, an industrial missionary from Uganda, an archdeacon from the Arctic shores of Hudson's Bay, or a black clergyman from West Africa: all of them witnesses to the Imperial spirit in which their Church pushes her pioneers into every quarter of the globe.

In May, Exeter Hall and the Great Hall of the Church House overflow with the rank and file who keep these organisations going. There on their part a Prime Minister has pleaded for foreign missions, ex-satraps from India have tendered their experiences, and great travellers have borne their testimony, whilst men and women who have looked death in the eye under a Mtesa of Uganda, or

have escaped from a Chinese massacre like that of Ku-cheng, have simply told their stories.

These are but samples of the almost countless organisations, worked from London, by which the Church finds outlet for the energy of its people.

It is a strangely complex life, with faults, of course, and deficiencies, of course; but a life very much in earnest, and no more to be overlooked by the student of London than the dome of St. Paul's can be by the man who on a fair day surveys inner London from the northern or southern heights around her.



AN OPEN-AIR SERVICE IN YIDDISH (ST. MARY'S, WHITECHAPEL).

AT THE CALEDONIAN BALL.

DANCING LONDON.

By C. O'CONOR ECCLES.

WHEN gaslights twinkle like stars, and arc lamps shine out like moons, Dancing London bestirs itself. Dancing London! What a vision the words call up of life, of movement, of riotous hilarity. Dancing London, of course, is young; is largely, though not exclusively, female; and is of all classes, from the fashionable *débutante* revolving to the strains of the Blue Hungarian Band to the coster girl footing it merrily on the pavement to the mechanical beat of a piano-organ. Men in general share in the amusement with less enthusiasm — under protest, as it were, and as a concession to the wishes of their womenkind—though amongst them devotees of the dance are to be found.

The young man in Society of to-day grew up disliking, or at best tolerating, this kind of exertion. He succeeded a generation that had danced not wisely but too well, or rather too much, and that by a natural revulsion of feeling came to hold dancing in aversion. His father, and even his elder brothers, had accepted invitations to three balls a night for many seasons, and finally arrived at the conclusion that dancing was vanity. When at length the youngster in his turn appeared at parties, he copied the famous Tenth, who "don't dance." With his advent in the ball-room the vogue of the skirt dance grew. Fair maidens, more constant to tradition, or more ambitious of terpsichorean distinction, and confident in their powers to trip lightly, for want of cavaliers fell back on Oriental methods, and amidst a whirl of draperies, a foam of unexpected frills, twirled and attitudinised for the benefit of a circle of admirers who watched them gyrate with the languid satisfaction natural to those who see others successfully undertake labours too exhausting for themselves.

A few years ago hostesses were in despair Dancing *à deux* almost ceased as a form of amusement for sheer lack of the harmless necessary partner. It is whispered that when dismay was at its height the hired guest became a regular institution, not merely in the suburban circles painted by Mr. Anstey, but at the more exclusive private balls. Certain firms made a speciality of supplying discreet young men of good manners and

address, irreproachably attired, and warranted conversational, to eke out the number of dancers required. Ambitious youths, of better family than fortune, faced bewildering possibilities as the paid guests of Lady Vere de Vere. A whisper of this soon got abroad. Chaperons of rank looked askance at their daughters' would-be partners, however presentable, if these were not personal acquaintances, and dancing languished more than ever. The waltz and the cotillon were the only dances patronised by men, and these in strict moderation, though millionaire hostesses, desirous of social honours, discarding the good taste that rules in French Society, provided beautiful jewels and costly baubles as cotillon favours, instead of the pretty, valueless trifles that serve across the Channel. The cotillon has thus by degrees become as expensive to organise as it is embarrassing to take part in, for not every guest likes to carry off a gold bangle or a silver cigarette case from the house of a comparative stranger. Now, however, that a Sovereign who loves and has always loved the dance has succeeded to the throne, Society men are beginning to throw off their apathy, and show renewed interest in a form of amusement that for several years it has been "good form" to despise.

Of course, even at the worst, dancing never for a day ceased throughout the land. For the young to love rhythmic movement is natural, and fashion will never gain a complete victory over nature. Though Society gossips deplored the lack of young dancing men at Court balls, there were energetic dancers in other circles. Court balls, indeed, are seldom famous for liveliness, though they are a dazzling sight, but the energetic Society woman with a pretty daughter eager for amusement has many fields open to her.

Take the typical Mayfair ball, when during the season in every street awnings are out, and strips of crimson carpet are laid across the pavement, acting as magnets to all the idlers of the neighbourhood, who form up in line to see the ladies in brilliant evening dress pass from their carriage to spacious halls filled with exotics and dazzling with electric lights. Through the open windows snatches of melody float on the night air, announcing to all that the Duchess of B.'s or the Countess of C.'s dance is in progress. Above, the shadows of the dancers pass and repass. Through rows of waiting footmen the guests file in, lay aside their wraps, adjust their draperies with the aid of the maids in attendance, and mount the stairs, garlanded with roses and cooled by blocks of ice, to greet their hostess.

One by one partners come forward, and the latest arrivals are drawn into the magic circle, set in motion by the beat of some favourite waltz. In the conservatories, discreetly lit, where fountains plash and tinkle, embedded in deep moss, in corridors with convenient screens and angles, on tented palm-filled balconies, couples are resting or "sitting out." Sheltered nooks and pretty boudoirs see many a marriage "arranged" that within a few days figures in the fashionable intelligence of the *Morning Post*. Tired chaperons find consolation for their fatigue in watching their

BETWEEN THE DANCES.

DANCING TO A STREET ORGAN.

daughters' triumphs, while the supper room, softly illumined, and gorgeous with silver, rare china, and flowers, offers every delicacy to tempt their appetite and beguile their hours of waiting. Chaperonage, it may be said, has become much less onerous of late years than it used to be. Even at public balls the patient duenna is frequently dispensed with when girls have brothers able and willing to accompany them.

Those who seek more variety than is offered by fashionable private balls, who find a certain monotony in the programme, varying only in degree of luxury and elegance, will find an agreeable change at some of the exclusive subscription balls, so popular with Dancing London. What an admirable and novel picture, for example, is afforded by the annual Caledonian Ball at the Whitehall Rooms, where all the guests, including royalty, appear in correct Highland costume, the men with kilt, sporran, and plaid, brooch and skian, the ladies with the tartan of their clan worn crosswise over their light ball gowns. There the Highland reel and schottische are danced with vigour and enthusiasm, to an accompaniment of whoops and snapping fingers, while a feature of the evening is the procession of some fifty boys and girls from the Royal Caledonian Asylum, who at a given signal march round the room, preceded by their pipers and headed by the Duke of Atholl.

A foreign element, likewise full of interest and novelty, enters into the Austro-Hungarian Ball, at which the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador and his wife preside, and the Czardas is danced to the wild gipsy music that belongs to it. The Czardas, to the onlooker, seems to partake of the nature of a jig, a reel, and a waltz, with certain features peculiar to itself. It grows faster and faster in time to the zither and the violins that the dark-skinned musicians play with such fire and energy, until at last the dancers drop out from sheer exhaustion. Almost as unfamiliar as the Czardas to the average British ball-goer is the historic Irish jig, which is danced to perfection at the Cinderella dances of the Irish Literary Society, at Westminster Town Hall, to the music of the Irish pipes.

The Connradh na Gaedhilge, Lunnduin, or Gaelic League of London, is a society that is doing much to foster ancient national dances. It holds meetings for practice every Monday evening, when jigs, three-part and four-part reels, "heel and toe," "cover the buckle," and other complicated steps are taught to novices or practised by experts before an admiring crowd of onlookers. The League was founded to encourage the development of Irish music, the use of the Irish

language, and the revival of Irish dances. It has now a large and increasing membership.

Very similar in their aims and objects are the Highland Gatherings at Stamford Bridge on the first Monday in August. Full Highland costume is worn, and a feature of the programme is the dancing of all the typical Scottish dances by professionals only, prizes being awarded to the most expert. Music is afforded by the bagpipes. The same competitions and the same competitors are seen at the Highland Gatherings in Scotland.

Dancing London offers no prettier sight than the Children's Fancy Dress Ball at the Mansion House, held each January. An artist would rejoice in the grouping and colouring, as the little folk, full of interest and excitement, walk up under the eyes of their proud parents to be presented each in turn to the Lord Mayor, Lady Mayoress, and Worshipful Aldermen and Sheriffs, an imposing body in their robes of fur and scarlet cloth, and chains of office. The small Robin Hoods, Maid Marians, Bo Peeps, Prince Charmings, and other representatives of nursery heroes and heroines, are delightful, and the smaller the more delightful. Some are so tiny they can scarcely toddle, and bow in bewildered fashion to the wrong people, or, growing frightened, turn their backs on all the civic functionaries, so terrible to childish eyes, in a wild search for the shelter of mother's arms or the protection of mother's skirts. The age limit is not strictly enforced, so that these may be followed by young ladies of sixteen or thereabouts, looking quite "grown up" and self-possessed. There is dancing in the Egyptian Hall, but it is not the sole amusement provided. Punch and Judy, the cinematograph, and other delights, ancient and modern, keep the little ones interested.

Dancing, as already indicated, is by no means confined to one class, or any degree of wealth. Indeed, it is generally found that the less this enjoyment costs the more heart-whole and satisfying it is. Quite as much pleasure can be purchased by a modest expenditure as by the most extravagant outlay. If we desire to see dancing less hampered by financial considerations than that hitherto noted, let us take a bird's eye view of Holborn Town Hall any evening, during the winter months, when the popular Cinderella dances are in progress. Despite a good floor and good music the price of admission is low. The entertainment of the season is the fancy dress ball, to which men are expected to come in cycling, boating, or other costume associated with some athletic sport, while the girls wear any pretty, light dresses at their disposal. Conventional evening garb alone is conspicuous by its absence.

Better known are the Covent Garden Fancy Dress Balls which were established by the late Sir Augustus Harris on the lines of the famous balls at the Paris Opera. Here multi-coloured costumes, gay or bizarre, mingle bewilderingly, and the general effect is distinctly foreign.

More private in its nature and different in character, though as pleasing to view, is the fancy dress ball in connection with the Radfahrer (Cycling) Club at the German Gymnasium, in Pancras Road, where all the charming fräuleins, daughters and sisters of members, come from Ealing, from Hampstead, from Forest Gate, and the other parts of London which most of their compatriots

ON A BANK HOLIDAY: HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

frequent, and vie in "dressing up"—a sport as beloved of the mature as of the little ones in the nursery. The exiled sons of the Fatherland bring with them their national customs, so the Christmas tree and the merry dance hold a place of honour amongst the Yuletide festivities.

To those who associate the licensed victualler only with the bar, and the cabby only with the box, it will be news that they too have each their annual dance in connection with benevolent societies which afford relief to necessitous members of their class.

This article would be by no means complete if it failed to take into account the children who dance in the London streets. Go where you will, you see these little ones, sometimes comfortably clad, but oftener in rags and tatters, moving to the merry strains of a piano-organ. How lightly they bound, and twirl, and wheel. With what grace and skill they finish their steps. Though their boots be broken, and a world too wide, though their hair be innocent of comb and brush, and their frocks torn, what matter these drawbacks? They dance for sheer joy in rapid motion, and it is a pleasure to watch them. Where and how have they learned? Heaven knows. It may be that they picked up the steps by instinct, as it were, or copied them from other children on some never-to-be-forgotten day when they were taken to the gallery to see the Christmas pantomime at Drury Lane. There they go, heel and toe, double shuffle, glissade, battement, high kick, all correct.

And the others—the lucky ones whom they copy, the children who dance at Drury Lane or possibly in the Empire ballet—where do they get their training? Why, of course, in the Tottenham Court Road, from Madame Katti Lanner. Katti Lanner is the queen, the mother of the London ballet, and lucky indeed are the little dancers in embryo who come to her. These children undergoing instruction at the Athenæum Hall on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons, when school is over, make a pretty picture. They are so lissom, so interested in their work. The bright little maids come in chattering like so many magpies, and after greeting their teacher and their companions with an affectionate kiss, change in a twinkling from their ordinary outdoor garb into orthodox ballet skirts, or a costume approximate thereto. At a given signal they post themselves at the back of certain rows of chairs in the centre of the hall, and, holding on with one hand, go through their preliminary exercises, bending, and so on, making each limb as supple as whalebone.

Here are the celebrities of the future. Later on, some of these faces will be pictured in every shop window, some of these now unknown names will be in every Londoner's mouth. Exercises over, orthodox ballet dancing follows when the chairs are cleared away. The little ones bound, twirl, and pose; and how they enjoy it all. The smallest practise their steps in the background, with grave faces, while awaiting their turn. Indeed, the smaller they are the more interested they seem. Experience shows that grown-up English girls are seldom willing to devote as much time and energy to this arduous profession as their Continental sisters. They will not work as hard. This is why, despite their natural advantages, England can set no native-born dancer against a Taglioni, a Fanny Essler, or a Pauline Duvernay.

Though they are not hard-working at the profession, we have already shown that English girls are exceedingly fond of dancing as a recreation. If anyone doubts it, let him visit the girls' clubs in Stepney, or Hoxton, or the Mile End Road. After a long day's labour in a mineral water factory (whose employées are sometimes distinguishable by their bound-up hands, or faces scarred by bursting bottles), in a match factory, a jam factory, or a tailor's shop, they will start to their feet at the first sound of the piano, and circle with an activity fairly surprising. They dance with each other, and seem to desire no other partners. Typical East-Enders are these lasses, with a shock of dark hair combed forward and forming an arch from ear to ear. Their dresses are bright blue or purple for choice, but often the original colour is only to be guessed at. There is always a tendency in the East-End costume for bodice and skirt to part company, but an apron generally bridges the gap. A difficulty that besets the ladies who have established factory girls' clubs is found in the social differences existing between those working at different

trades, alike as they appear outwardly. Experience shows that girls who work in a jam factory do not always care to associate with girls engaged in a rope factory, while those who work in a rope factory do not readily become intimate with others employed in making matches, and so it goes through all the branches of labour in which the club members are employed. Very fine distinctions are drawn, and nothing gives greater offence than to class one girl with another whom she regards as her inferior.

For those less exclusive and socially ambitious than the East End club girl there are penny dances in rooms at the back of public-houses, where the coster and his "pals" male and female disport themselves. There are also dances "free, gratis, and for nothing," when weather permits, in any asphalted side street with a convenient public-house at the corner where refreshment may be obtained in the pauses. The girls are the first to start. Their "young men" lounge around and guffaw until they are pulled or pushed into the circle and compelled to take their share, which they do after a fashion more uncouth than the girls, some of whom waltz admirably. A Bank Holiday on Hampstead Heath affords, too, an excellent view of this side of Dancing London. Here many such groups may be seen, groups beguiled from the fascinations of "kiss in the ring" by the superior charms of rhythmic revolution. And thus goes it through all classes, from lords and ladies to costers and their "donahs."

"Soldier, sailor, tinker, tailor, rich man, poor man, beggar, thief," as the old rhyme has it, they all dance, which reminds us, by the way, that we have not mentioned the soldiers' dance at Wellington Barracks, when the ball room is gay with the regimental colours, and the non-commissioned officers do the honours. This is a night of nights to the daughters of the regiment, not excluding its sweethearts and wives, who, active and indefatigable, must by no means be omitted from our brief survey of Dancing London.

AT AN EAST-END WORKING GIRLS' CLUB.

PROBATE REGISTRY: PUBLIC SEARCH ROOM.

SOMERSET HOUSE.

By CHARLES OLIVER.

A DOOR-KEEPER.

THIS is the place which earns for the Government most of its money, which sees that we pay our taxes, which cuts off a slice of any legacies that are left to us, which keeps our wills when we pass over to the majority, which stamps our legal documents, which records all the births and deaths and marriages, and which with its three to four thousand employés does a hundred and one other things for the benefit of the nation.

Stand for a while in the great quadrangle within a stone's throw of the roaring Strand. A stream of anxious humanity is hurrying hither and thither, now forwards, now backwards, pouring itself into this door, emptying itself into that. There are young clerks and old clerks—you can tell them by the pens behind their ears—private individuals both ancient and modern, curiosity-mongers, liars, cranks, impostors, touts. Every conceivable class is represented. If you follow the black-coated portion of the crowd you will see something which you have probably never seen before. You will enter the Public Search Room of the Probate Registry where amongst others—solicitors' clerks and the rest—those who have waited for dead men's shoes discover how little those shoes were worth. Perhaps two dozen persons are present. They are of all sorts and all conditions. Yet in one particular they bear a common resemblance, for on every face is a mingled air of uncertainty and expectation.

Young and old, male and female, the healthy and the sick—each one is poring feverishly over an index. One lady in rusty black can perhaps scarcely turn the pages, so shaky are her hands. And watch the old fellow with the grizzled beard and beetle brow by her side. He has presented the clerk with a shilling, and in return has received a search ticket which entitles him

to look up the indexes to the wills. He has just discovered the entry and has filled in a form explaining which will he requires.

A messenger appears and conducts him to an adjoining room. Flushed and excited this is one of the supreme moments of his life. The fact is that his brother has recently died—Heavens! how long he has waited for the event!—and his hopes are high. The executors of the departed one have declined to afford him any information, but there is £10,000 down in the will and the rogues want the money for themselves — he is certain of it.

Presently he gets the registered copy of the will, or, if sufficient time has not elapsed for a copy to have been made, the actual will itself. The searcher has explored the vaults below and brought it up with almost lightning despatch. An official sits at a table in the centre of the room, but he is not in the least interested in the stranger. He has seen too much of the working of the human passions—too much of the greed of gold. The duty he has to perform consists simply in satisfying himself that no one does more with a will than copy the names and addresses of the executors and the date and private number of the document. To take voluminous notes is contrary to the regulations. To return to our fortune-hunter: his jaw has dropped, and as he continues to read it drops more and more. An oath escapes him. Throwing the document angrily on the table you hear him mutter:

"£10,000, and the whole lot gone to a dogs' home!"

A CHEQUE-STAMPING ROOM.

Linger a little longer and more food will be provided for your reflection. A spendthrift scapegrace sails jauntily in. Isolated from his family, he has heard in a roundabout way that his father has died. Convinced that the "old boy" relented on his death-bed he has come to Somerset House anticipating to be told that a few thousands are due to him. Eagerly scanning the will he is soon out in the Strand again. The measure of his success can be gauged by the cloud on his brow.

The will side of Somerset House is one of its most extraordinary features. The constant succession of black-robed figures provides a study in the human emotions which cannot possibly be obtained elsewhere. Side by side with the widow who is genuinely full of grief and tears, and whose face is a picture of sadness, there is another type of widow. You can see her on most days. She dresses in the deepest mourning and wears the most cheerful of expressions. She is one of the philosophers. She has come into £15,000, and has already another husband in view.

It is time now that we inspected the Inland Revenue Department, which brings in more money than any other office in the world. With its huge staff—in number second only to the Post Office—it earns not far short of £80,000,000 a year, and may be appropriately termed the grumblers' paradise. Hither come those who feel that they have reason to dispute the assessment of their income; and every attention is paid to complaints by the courteous officials. Here, for instance, is

SOMERSET HOUSE.

a studious-looking gentleman who puts his case with business-like precision, and departs with a satisfied expression. Next comes, perhaps, a stout, red-visaged man who talks in loud tones to the harassed clerk at the desk. He has sent a furious letter to Somerset House addressed, "The Income Tax Man, London." His earnings amount to £2,000 a year, and in his righteous rage he has put them down at £150. An impudent Assessor, however, has charged him on £500. He'll starve rather than submit to the extortion.

has eventually resulted. Yet in strict truth one is bound to say that the tender solicitude evinced at Somerset House for the fair sex is only a part of the duty demanded by the authorities of their employés. For example, when a lady lodges a claim for repayment the clerk asks her whether she is married or single. It doesn't follow because he does this that there is anything the matter with his heart. He is instructed to apply for the information. Yet who can wonder if such a touching request sometimes leads to

STAMPING ROOM.

There are many like him. Hundreds of thousands of pounds are lost annually to the country by people who succeed in evading the income tax. They will tell you as much at Somerset House.

It is worth mentioning perhaps that the Repayment Department—the branch where you get your money back if you have been taxed too highly—is a fine field for eligible bachelors, inasmuch as it is patronised extensively by ladies of considerable charm and susceptibility. There are cases on record of fair claimants for the return of income tax being so impressed with the courtesy of Somerset House young men that marriage

matrimony? An official who put this query to a lady the other day received the following answer by letter:

"I am eighty-six, and have been a spinster all my days. I expect there is very little chance for me now."

Everybody connected with the Income Tax Department, it may be useful to remark, from the Surveyors of Taxes down to the youngest clerks, has to take an oath of secrecy—that is to say, on entering the service they are called upon to swear that they will not disclose particulars of any person's income.

Raking in as it does over a million pounds

WHERE DOCUMENTS ARE STAMPED.

sterling a week, the Inland Revenue Department may well be called the Klondike of the Strand. Burglars have gazed upon it with speculating eyes, but so far they have not yielded to temptation. The heads of the profession taboo Somerset House. The truth is that, although the clerks of the Bank of England call once every twenty-four hours for the money, which they take away in four-wheelers, they invariably do so in broad daylight. Again, Somerset House has its own staff of police. They are old police pensioners and army and navy men, and at night they patrol the place with lanterns. Were it left unguarded Somerset House might stand to lose a million. The stamps and stores office must itself be worth a millionaire's income, for it is from here that all the stamps required by the countless post-offices distributed throughout the kingdom are despatched. Nor must one forget that all our postcards are stamped and all our cheques embossed at Somerset House.

It is difficult to get away from the Inland Revenue Department, so far-reaching are its ramifications. Take now the Estate Duty Office. Gaze upon the crowd. Look at the frail, complaining widow trying to excite the compassion of the young man at the desk. She doesn't want to pay a penny duty on the £10,000 that have been left her. She is alone in the world.

No less interesting is the Excise Department. Licences of various kinds and excise matters generally are attended to here. If you keep a dog and refuse to pay for the privilege the Board, which consists of four Commissioners, takes steps to show you the error of your ways. A lady once declined to take out a dog licence on the ground that she disapproved of the war in the Transvaal.

Full of life is the busy office of the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies. For a shilling you can learn a good deal here, as the shady company promoter and other impostors have long since discovered; for it is in this department that lists of shareholders can be seen.

We now arrive at the Registrar-General's bureau, which, of course, is human to the core. In safe-keeping here are the records of all the births, deaths, and marriages that take place in England, Scotland, and Wales. This department may be said to be surrounded by a halo of romance. Apart from litigants and lawyers, who flock there by the dozen, it is held in much esteem by lovers and ex-lovers. For instance, supposing a man has a horrible doubt as to the age of a certain young lady, supposing he wishes to know whether she is thirty-five or forty-five—whether she is growing younger or older—he can invest a trumpery shilling at Somerset House and see the entry of the lady's birth

in the register. He can do even more. For the absurd sum of two and sevenpence—half a crown for a copy of the certificate and a penny for the stamp—he can arm himself with documentary evidence. And he very often does—in the coldest of cold blood. Such is human nature.

Much could they relate of love in the Registrar-General's Department. The office doesn't look a palace of Cupid, but Cupid is ever straying thither. The young Romeo and the old Romeo—they both turn to it. You can see the latter frequently, a man of seventy, bald, grey-bearded, tottering, yet warm of heart. He is hungering for the woman who was his flame fifty years ago. They parted one night, went different ways, and have never met since. In his old age the old love has returned, and he takes a 'bus to Somerset House to ascertain if the angel of his youth is still a spinster. And so it is with the young Romeo. Six months ago he had a difference with his sweetheart, and all communication between them has ceased. What he wants to be sure of is that the girl has not married someone else.

On the other hand there are the Romeos who want to satisfy themselves that their Juliets have not been led from the altar by any other man, the henpecked husbands who imagine that their wives *must* have been married before, and the bigamist trackers from New Scotland Yard. Indexes for five consecutive years may be searched for the sum of one shilling; but for a general search of them a sovereign must be paid.

The Exchequer and Audit Office hard by is about as dry as it looks, yet it is all important, for within its walls the Government's accounts are audited.

Continuing our round we enter the vaults, where millions and millions of documents are stored—wills, birth registers, marriage registers, death registers, books and papers of every imaginable description. And as we wend our way Strandwards we cross the quadrangle again, which is the drilling ground of the Civil Service Volunteers. Here every evening during the summer one can watch a batch of raw recruits being initiated into the mysteries of the goose step: while if you are an early riser, and find yourself opposite Somerset House between seven and eight, you can witness the interesting spectacle of dozens of charwomen of all ages entering its portals. These excellent ladies are burdened with the responsibility of cleaning the building every morning by half-past nine of the clock.

AN INCOME TAX COMPLAINT.

CHRISTIE'S.

ROUND THE LONDON AUCTION ROOMS.

By F. M. HOLMES.

AUCTIONS form a notable feature of London life. Let us go first to Christie's —one of the most fashionable and one of the most interesting auction rooms in London. The finest paintings, the choicest porcelain, the most sumptuous furniture fall under the hammer here. Queen Victoria's wine was put up for sale in these fine galleries. The "smart" set condescend to look in, to examine old Lord A's canvases or Lady B's china, and hear the prices they fetch.

The green baize-covered walls are hung with pictures, the wide ceilings rise into large glass lanterns which flood the rooms with light, and the floors are smooth and unencumbered. You would hardly think these well-kept galleries formed an auction room; they might even be a part of the Royal Academy itself. But there is the famous rostrum, used by the "original" Mr. Christie himself—and a fine specimen of Chippendale work it is—whence many a great collection has been dispersed; and in front of it are assembled those who have come to buy or to look on.

"Lot 1," says a quiet, level-voiced gentleman, mounting the rostrum. "What shall we say? Five hundred guineas?" And without more ado, the sale begins. Porcelain and pictures to-day—some of them fine specimens indeed, but there is no particular laudation of them, for their excellence seems accepted as a matter of course.

"Five hundred guineas? Six? Seven? Eight? Nine? A thousand?"

Where are the bidders? You hear no sound. But do you see that gentleman in the first row of chairs round the table? He almost imperceptibly nods his head; and he in the rostrum, who sees everything like a hawk, interprets that gesture of assent to mean a hundred, and announces it accordingly. You cannot see the other bidder, and

the rivals do not know each other; but at last our friend in front shakes his head impatiently, and temporarily retires behind his neighbour's back. The hammer falls, but not with a startling clang as at less well-bred establishments, and the unknown has purchased the piece.

Some extraordinary prices are realised at times. Thus, a pearl necklace once fetched no less than £20,000. It started at £10,000, and, rising by bids of £500, reached double the first offer before the hammer fell. Again, a pair of Louis XV. cabinets began at £5,000, and running up by thousands, after reaching £10,000, were sold for £15,000. On the other hand, many a piece begins at a guinea, and rising by half-guineas is sold for three or four guineas.

From Christie's we may go to Sotheby's. The change is from the art gallery to the library. The spacious room is walled with books, and the business proceeds very quietly. It seems almost more like a calm conversation than a sale. Some of the rarest and choicest of volumes may be seen here, and the amount of money that changes hands—as witness the £33,000 for the Ashburnham Library—is on occasion very large. There are genuine book lovers present, as well as dealers; you can see them bending low down to examine a rare folio on a shelf near the floor, or peering closely into varied editions of Thomas à Kempis. It has been the work of a lifetime to collect these editions, and now at a blow of the hammer they are to be scattered to the ends of the earth.

Equally interesting is Stevens', in King Street, Covent Garden. This is the great place for curiosities. If you want an idol, or a South Sea islander's canoe, the skin of a wild animal or the stuffed animal itself, you can probably buy it here. Mr. Stevens' reputation is so great that the strangest things from all parts of the globe are sent to him. The crowds that throng his rooms are large and varied—larger, perhaps, than in any other of the famous auction rooms of London. All sorts of people crowd hither; but there is no disturbance, there are no commission touts worrying you at every turn. Ladies can come and turn over at their ease these beautiful silken coats from China; bric-à-brac collectors, with hat on back of head and spectacles low on nose, may examine with loving care these small bronze ornaments from Benin; business-faced dealers who, of course, crowd to every auction, may ponder their prices for this

SOTHEBY'S.

old jewel-box of Tonquin work encrusted with mother-o'-pearl, or these relics of the Boer War; while a ministerial-looking layman, whose hobby it is to collect heathen idols, may gaze with intense interest on this hideous head from the West Coast of Africa.

Lot after lot Mr. Stevens puts up in a quiet conversational voice, never telling anecdotes, or expatiating on his curiosities, unless they are of exceptional character; the description in the catalogue is generally sufficient. Now it is a large Japanese idol, presently it will be that curious light Chinese coat cunningly fashioned of bamboo; one day it will be a Transvaal flag — the Vierkleur — taken at Johannesburg; again it will be a Chinese Imperial seal, large, square, and heavy, made of solid silver, and a relic of the capture of Pekin; on another day it will be a mummy of ancient Egypt.

Or do you want a horse? London auction rooms can supply you. Not far from Stevens' flourishes Aldridge's, where, as at Tattersall's, horses are sold. No ladies here in the crowd. A few gentlemen who want horses, substantial tradesmen who require ponies for their businesses, dealers and grooms everywhere, and of every kind, examining hoofs and teeth, vehicles and harness; interested spectators, as at most auctions; and many others.

The large sale yard is thickly strewn with sand and is roofed with glass, so that auctions can be conducted in all weathers. Stables have been rebuilt and electric fans fitted to keep them cool in summer. The rostrum stands in a snug corner on our left as we enter, while a powerful hydraulic lift on the other side raises vehicles for sale up to the carriage gallery on the right hand, whence also bidders and spectators look down on the horses and the crowd.

"Lot 20," says the auctioneer, glibly running the words off his tongue, "quiet-to-ride-an'-drive,-sound-in-wind-an'-eyes! Twenty! Twenty guineas! Half! Twenty-one—ride-an'-drive,-sound-in-wind-an'-eyes! A half! Twenty-two! See-him-go-again."

And once more the groom trots the animal up and down the sanded yard, and the group of buyers close round or give way as the horse passes them.

"Ride-an'-drive," repeats the gentleman in the rostrum. "Twenty-three! Half! Twenty-four! Going at twenty-four!" Tap! The

STEVENS'.

ALDRIDGE'S.

hammer falls, and another groom appears at once with the next lot. Wonderful is the variation of the prices realised. Some animals will go for five guineas and some for five hundred, and even more.

Astonishing, too, are the prices realised occasionally by rare postage stamps. At Puttick and Simpson's you may see a well-dressed crowd taking part in the dispersion of a great collection. Earls and dukes, ladies and boys, are in the throng, as well as dealers. The stamps are fastened by little gummed paper hinges to a stout sheet of paper which has a protecting cover, and are handed among the purchasers as if they were pieces of old plate or pottery. Some stamps are costly enough, and the bidding runs fast and high. Here is an 81-paras Moldavia, first issue, knocked down at £227; a Canada, 1851, twelvepence, black, at £57; and a United States, 1869, thirty cents, with inverted centre, at £54. At this rate you are not surprised to hear that a four days' sale of varied stamps will probably total over £5,000. But the auctioneer runs them off in most matter-of-fact manner, though some of them are worth more than a £100 bank-note.

THE ROSTRUM.

You may see something more for your money—in size—at Phillips' in Bond Street. Here a whole houseful of furniture crowds the rooms. Everybody seems to be a dealer, the women as well as the men, and quite as keen for a bargain. The careful matter-of-fact manner in which these ladies turn over the household gods, as if considering what they shall give and what they will get, suggests the sharp business experience. And a little feminine impatience manifests itself at times. The hammer has fallen on a picture, and a buxom young Jewess begins to expostulate.

"I told you," says the auctioneer decidedly,

PHILLIPS'.

"that thirty-six shillings was bid by Mr. So-and-So, and that it was against you." And without another word he proceeds with the next lot.

But after the sale you notice the Jewess talking with a shabby genteel man who is, no doubt, Mr. So-and-So, and they are evidently arranging a little deal on their own account.

Phillips' is quiet enough, as are Sotheby's and Christie's. Debenham's has a name for diamonds, and the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, as everybody knows, for land and houses. But we change indeed if we plunge into an auction of goods left in railway carriages. An extraordinary collection of things accumulates in the course of twelve months or so, and their sale by auction proves a very rough-and-ready business compared with the quiet and refinement of Sotheby's or Christie's.

"How much for the umbrellas!" cries the auctioneer, as a lot of twelve is put up. "Two shillings! Six! Three shillings! Six! Four!" Bang! And a dozen umbrellas have been sold at fourpence apiece. But there are more to follow. Hundreds and hundreds of umbrellas are offered in lot after lot, as well as boots and socks and old silk hats; and the dealers who push and crowd round the rostrum pick up many a cheap bargain.

We sink a good deal lower when we come to the mock auctions, and see something of the seamy side of London sales. A distressed widow instructs Mr. Smooth Tongue to offer her houseful of furniture because her husband has died, or, to vary the tale, the lady may be going abroad to rejoin her beloved spouse. All kinds of goods, some of which have been picked up cheaply at genuine sales and some manufactured for the purpose, are put into such an auction; and under the plausible speech of the man in the rostrum, and the excitement of competition, the profit realised by the unscrupulous vendors is very satisfactory.

Then there are the doings of the "knock-out" gang at a genuine private-house auction. The members of the ring meet together, and agree not to bid against each other, and to prevent, if possible, anyone else from

bidding. The consequence is that the gang are often able to get the goods at very low—or knock-out—prices, and afterwards hold an auction among themselves and divide the profit. If an outsider bids against them they may punish him by running up the price, and then suddenly leave him in the lurch; or a couple may proclaim in loud conversation that they intend to purchase at any price, and so discourage bidders or force up the cost.

Once more, there are those temporary auction rooms which spring up suddenly in a public thoroughfare, and then disappear. "Sale now on! Sale now on!" cries an individual at the wide entrance. The shop window has been taken down, and the room is invitingly open to the street. A few men are sometimes hired to stand round the rostrum and begin the bidding. Many a story of heartbreak, it is to be feared, is hidden behind these rooms. A struggling artist urgently in need of cash sends his painting, for what it will fetch. Some of the pictures are rubbish; the man in the rostrum admits with a fine air of frankness that "they are only furnishing things," and he starts the bidding himself at a shilling. Finally a pair of such pictures are knocked down to a man who may be a prosperous mechanic at seven shillings apiece. Then up come a better pair. "The Academy contains many worse," cries the auctioneer, "and very few superior." But you will not get these at seven shillings each; the man in the rostrum knows how to put a reserve upon such things.

There are all kinds of London auctions —the fashionable and the aristocratic, the curious, the tricky, and the commonplace. Some are not without their pathos as we think of the owners who loved these things now dispersed in such matter-of-fact manner; some are businesslike enough; but all attract their bargain hunters and their interested spectators, for there is scarcely a thing that can be sold which does not at one time or other fall under the ivory hammer.

A SALE OF UNCLAIMED RAILWAY LUGGAGE.

WARDRESSES' RECREATION ROOM (HOLLOWAY).

IN HOLLOWAY AND BRIXTON PRISONS.

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

HOLLOWAY in certain circumstances has an open door. The heavy gates fly back at once before the official visitor; the outsider, who has armed himself with a permit from the powers that be, will be allowed to see something of the inside. Yet another way remains, within reach of those who choose to try it and of many more that have it forced upon them: to offend against the law, or be supposed to have broken it.

Holloway, the cabman's "castle," was long the principal House of Detention for the metropolis, the place of passage between freedom and imprisonment — perchance a shameful death. It was essentially the "trial prison" for London, and chiefly occupied by those suspected of crime, or directly accused of it. Nowadays, its uses have been more restricted, and it has become the chief receptacle for female offenders only.

The administrative changes so constantly in progress in every large public department have led to the substitution of Brixton Prison, in the south-western suburbs, as the receptacle for all male prisoners committed for trial. The old buildings, at one time appropriated to convicts doing "separates," and afterwards to military prisoners, have been much modified and enlarged, although additions have still to be made.

At Brixton the van arrives with a doleful load of committals from one or other of the courts: a policeman who has made a long-delayed capture, or has secured his man on the very scene, in the very

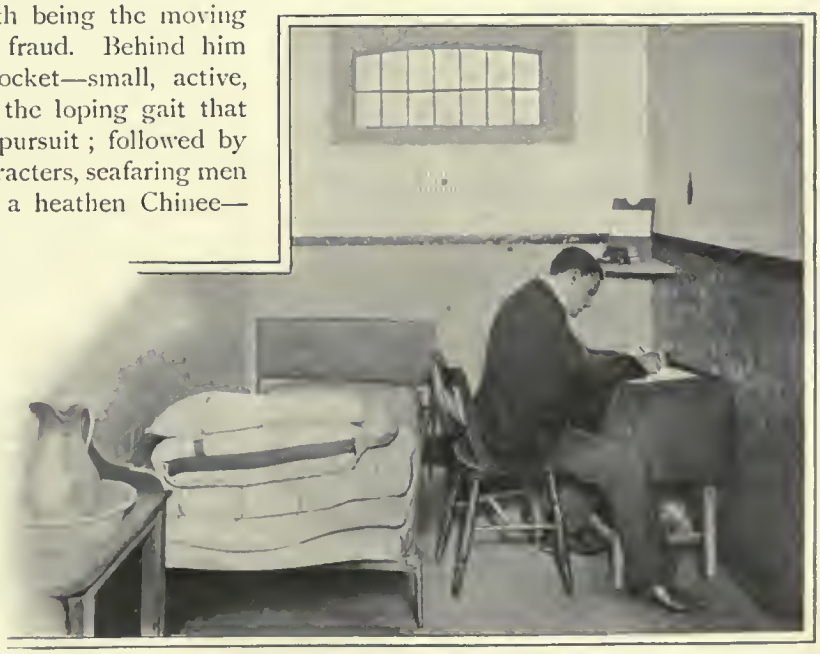
A CORRIDOR.

act of a crime, brings his prisoner handcuffed in a cab; the bailiff walks up quietly with a contumacious debtor whom the county court judge has sent to gaol for a brief space as a warning to meet his engagements.

All sorts and conditions of men are on view in the exercising yards of Brixton. Here is a "swell" in frock coat and tall hat; he is of good presence, with a pleasant face, and is charged with being the moving spirit of a Long Firm fraud. Behind him walks a London pickpocket—small, active, with a foxlike face and the loping gait that carries him fast beyond pursuit; followed by costers and riverside characters, seafaring men—a Lascar, perhaps, or a heathen Chinee—the butcher, still in his blue blouse, the artisan in green baize apron, just as he was taken from his bench after he had done the deed. Hither come chance criminals, possibly "first offenders," along with habitual criminals, bearing the now ineradicable signs of their dread calling, the fierce eyes of a bird of prey, the lowering brow, the savage, truculent mouth.

They are fair game for the police, and the hunters are at hand. Three days a week there used to be a great gathering of detective officers at Holloway. They came from all the London divisions, and their business was to run down the men they knew, often enough a man "much wanted" who had long evaded pursuit, but having been caught for some minor offence was now "remanded for inquiry." He came at Holloway under the search-light of many practised eyes. Our police have abandoned the Bertillon system of identification, and exclusively use the record of the "finger prints," the Indian system advocated by Mr. Henry, at one time the chief of police in Bengal, and subsequently Chief Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, but they long clung to the older aids of memory and instinct. Again and again people were "picked up" in Holloway, recognised with absolute certainty as having passed through police hands.

Police day used naturally to be dreaded, and often dramatic scenes ensued when the long-missing fugitive was collared and run in.



PREPARING HIS DEFENCE.

Other scenes were enacted of a more serious, often murderous kind. It was in the exercising yard at Holloway that Fowler came across Milsom, when full proof of the Muswell Hill murder was obtained by the admissions of the latter, and Fowler, having openly threatened his too outspoken confederate in the dock, attacked him, here, the first time they met. A sufficient force of warders was at hand, happily, and mischief was prevented, but after that the two accused murderers of poor old Mr. Smith were exercised widely apart in different corners of the yard.

Brixton, as the home of the unconvicted, of prisoners kept in durance on no better excuse than that of safe custody, has few of

H. M. Prison, _____ 1

Received FROM POLICE CONSTABLE _____ the under-mentioned prisoners, committed from _____ and the property belonging to them.

NAMES	DATE.	£	s	d.	PROPERTY

_____ GOVERNOR.

RECEIPT FOR PRISONERS.

the aspects of a common gaol. Hard labour is unknown in it, save for a small handful kept there for menial service. There is no treadwheel, no stone breaking, none of the more irksome trades imposed upon the felon labourer. The bulk of the inmates wear their own clothes, and the rule is carried as far as it will go, even when those clothes are ragged and unkempt, decency and cleanliness being the only conditions insisted upon. Brixton, too, offers superior accommodation to those who can pay for it. A certain number of cells are furnished and fitted up, not luxuriously, but with bedstead, and table, and chest of drawers, for which the occupant is charged a shilling or two per week. The concession of so-called comfort is carried even further, and more distinguished prisoners of the kind called first-class misdemeanants are at liberty to draw upon the nearest upholsterer. It was so in Holloway, when a certain duchess was permitted to beautify her quarters, albeit one room—no more. Dr. Jameson and his companions hired the armchairs, and carpets, and bookcases needed to make their daily life more tolerable.

Yet, again, in the matter of food Brixton has its own peculiar privileges. While the poorer prisoners must be satisfied with the prison diet, those who can pay—and so the world wags always!—may "supply themselves." There are eating houses adjacent to the gates ready to contract on the official scale for breakfast, dinner, and tea, or the prisoners depend on their friends to bring in their meals. A large amount of work is thrown upon the prison officials in this matter of food. It is brought in tins, and basins, and bundles, tied up in towels or red handkerchiefs—great slices of meat, cold vegetables, cold bacon, eggs, and loaves of every variety, and the utmost care must be observed to give each his own proper allowance. The regulations, too, allow a small quantity of stimulant, a pint of beer, or half a pint of wine, and here, again, there is endless trouble among the bottles, and tankards, and cans.

Another peculiar aspect of Brixton is afforded by the character and status of its principal occupants. They are mainly for trial, on their defence that is to say, and they are entitled to every facility in preparing to appear in court. Certain hours are set aside for interviews with legal advisers; lawyer and client sit alone in the room specially provided, quite private as regards sound, but with a glazed side so that the warder on duty may

HOLLOWAY EXERCISING YARD AS IT WAS.

keep his eye on all that goes on. Solicitors seldom work without fees, and the penniless prisoner—once more it is money that rules—must work unaided by advice. He may have as much paper as he pleases, and can draw up any number of statements. Some of the high-flyers in crime do both, and spend their days awaiting trial between interviews with their lawyers and preparing most voluminous documents.

Session days are the busiest in Brixton; the great vans are loaded for the journey down to the courts, and escort duty falls heavily upon the officers. It is not merely the safe keeping *en route*, the certain production in court of those about to plead, but there is much business in connection with papers, and especially the personal property of the accused, which must go down for immediate restoration on acquittal. No one can be detained after a favourable verdict is given, and all effects—money, watches, jewellery, and so forth—must be handed then and there to the discharged prisoner as he leaves the dock a free man. The van takes back a lighter load—fewer people, but with heavier hearts, for the second passage of the gaol gates means the second stage on a weary road leading to Pentonville, or Wormwood Scrubs to Lewes, Chelmsford, the "separate prisons" for London convicts, and further on to Borstal, Portland, and Dartmoor.

Although Holloway at one time was chiefly appropriated to the accused pending trial, it held other classes of prisoners: misdemeanants of the first class, debtors, juveniles, and women, each under different methods of treatment. The misdemeanants were, so to speak, the aristocrats of the gaol, venial offenders whose punishment is separation from the rest

I. SACK-MAKING. II. IN THE KITCHEN (HOLLOWAY).

of the world, but with no serious discomfort or lasting disgrace. The editor who had transgressed the law of libel; the titled lady who had a difference with a judge by defying an order of court; the filibusters who levied war on their own account and had to stand the racket of failure—all these used to be relegated to Holloway, and now find their way to Brixton. I have seen an eminent *littérateur* warming his own soup over the cell fire while his proofs lay on the table awaiting correction, for the misdemeanant is permitted, in reason, to attend to his business; the ladies have been occupied with millinery and art wool-work; the raiders, whose military achievements had not been brilliant, still studied war, and I can call them to mind busily engaged in constructing miniature fortifications in the prison yard.

INFIRMARY.

Imprisonment for debt, as such, is thought to have been abolished, but those who "can pay and will not" may still find themselves locked up in gaol. These victims to impecuniosity are sometimes to be much pitied; the debts have often been incurred by their wives without their knowledge, or they are owing through a misunderstanding with the tax-gatherer or the agent for Council School rates. Boys nowadays are seldom sent to gaol, the law having been greatly improved in that respect; but it was possible to hear a child crying his eyes out in the loneliness of a Holloway cell, to which he had been committed because his parents or guardians had not done their duty by him, or because some vindictive employer would not forgive a petty theft. It was sad to see those of tender years already clothed in felon garb, and the more humane practice now is, as much as possible, to lead them back to the right path by education, physical development by drill and gymnastics—above all, by instruction in useful trades.

Holloway is nowadays exclusively the female prison for the metropolis. It takes both kinds of women, the "tried" and "untried," as well as the debtor and the misdemeanant. The contrasts between individuals when untried are very marked, and are due to the endless variety in female costume: in bonnets alone, every style, every fashion almost, may be seen in the exercising yard. A notorious dipsomaniac, who for years was a well-known figure in the Metropolitan police courts, used to be brought in fresh from some wild revel, still splendid in a crimson silk skirt and white opera cloak; immediately behind her stalked some virago who had blackened her husband's eyes (excusably perhaps), or a poor starving soul with a baby nestling in her arms, whose offence was no worse than a theft of food. The pains and penalties of wrongdoing are also inflicted in Holloway. There is hard work and plenty of it for the convicted female: in the laundry, a spacious apartment amply provided with wash-tubs and wringing machines, mangles, and flat-irons; in the kitchen, for the whole of the cooking in Holloway is done by the prisoners; and endless employment in stitching and sewing and knitting—also in sack-making—throughout the prison.

An axiom holds with prison officials that women are more difficult to manage than men. Certainly it is so in Holloway: misconduct, chronic and persistent, is intensified by hysteria, and these unsexed creatures

respect no authority. At times the place is like a pandemonium. Yet I have known the most savage and seemingly intractable conquered by a kind word. In the babies' ward —for many inmates of gaols are mothers still nursing—tenderness and affection are constantly shown. Before we condemn these degraded specimens of the softer sex we should remember what they have suffered. It is enough to see them in the "Reception" ward on the morrow of arrest, torn and bedraggled, sodden with drink, their faces bruised, and with other marks of ill-usage, to realise how cruel often is their lot. For many, indeed, the prison is a haven of rest. Old hands have been known to commit themselves on purpose to secure a snug winter retreat. It is a common practice with women to get into gaol from "Saturday to Monday," certain of a warm bath, food, and a "clean-up."

The female officers—the wardresses—have a life full of anxieties, even dangers, for assaults are not uncommon; yet are they mild mannered, forbearing to their troublesome sisterhood, and have strong claims to the respect and esteem of the public at large. As Holloway is their home, the authorities, not forgetting that there should be play as well as hard work, have provided comfortable quarters for them, and a large well-furnished "recreation" room. The old intimate connection between disease and crime has given increased importance to the prison hospital. Holloway is well provided; its infirmary is spacious, well mounted, a model, far superior to those in most workhouses. It is generally filled with genuine maladies, and much suffering is to be found among the prisoners, though numbers are always "trying it on" with feigned diseases. Among the male sick at Brixton, mental cases of course abound. Many are sent in really for "report"—for medical evidence as to their responsibility for crimes committed—and it often rests with the prison doctor whether Broadmoor, the great criminal lunatic asylum, or the condemned cell is to be the murderer's ultimate portion. The conscientious, anxious care with which this solemn duty is discharged reflects the highest credit on those entrusted with it. One and the same encomium must be passed upon all prison officials, from the Governor, bound to uphold discipline, the chaplain, untiring in his ministrations, the surgeon, painstaking and considerate, resolved to bring his best scientific knowledge to bear upon his business, to the warders and wardresses, ever hard worked and sorely tried, but ever well disposed to their unfortunate charges.

MEETING DISCHARGED PRISONERS AT THE GATES (HOLLOWAY).

BERWICK STREET ON A SUNDAY MORNING.

COSMOPOLITAN LONDON.

By COUNT E. ARMFELT.

NO part of the world presents in such a small area so many singular and interesting pictures of cosmopolitan life as Soho, which is the cherished home of foreign artists, dancers, musicians, singers, and other talented performers, and the sanctuary of political refugees, conspirators, deserters, and defaulters of all nations.

To the initiated Soho is a land of romance —a Bohemia and an Alsatia. But to the British country cousin it is mainly a conglomeration of odd characters. He may imagine himself in the Quartier Latin, or in Santa Lucia, or within the boundaries of a far-off ghetto ; he finds himself in a crowd of men, women, and children of alien types—hatchet-faced Greeks, strong-featured Jews, sallow Frenchmen, yellow-skinned Levantines, Swiss and Italians, fair and dark, turbaned Moors, fezzed Kabiles, and ebony sons of Africa. To behold these people on their arrival in the little hotels of Soho is both interesting and instructive. Many of them have undergone sea voyages, as the labels of their luggage denote ; and they reveal themselves in the curious garbs of their native countries. In a day or two they will, with few exceptions, be all dressed in the clothes of modern civilisation. The red and white turbans and the fez of the Turks, the yellow koofieh of the Syrians, the conic headgear of the Persians, the toques of the Montenegrins, the fur caps of the Russians and the Poles, will disappear, and so will the stately kaftans, the picturesque baggy trousers, the embroidered vests, the ample kilts, and the greasy sheep-skins. They will all be relegated to the bottom of old-fashioned hair-covered trunks.

Everywhere in Soho there are queer

announcements of foreign wares and eatables. Wine shops, too, are numerous, and at night attract small groups of foreigners who indulge in heated discussion.

Thoroughly representative of cosmopolitan life in its humbler aspects is Berwick Street, the main artery of Soho, through which pulse and throb the foreign throngs of workers who make it their High Street and market-place. See it on Saturday night, when the shops and the stalls flare their naphtha beacons on the swarthy faces of the bearded men and the begrimed women and children, and you will never forget the weird scene. But the Saturday market, though carried on long after midnight, still leaves one-tenth of the working population without provisions for the morrow; so the Sunday morning market becomes a necessity, the people are in the street early, and a fair is established on the kerb and in the middle of the roadway.

ABSINTHE DRINKERS.

The Jewesses who on the previous night were selling petticoats, bodices, and baby-linen have sent their husbands and sons with bundles of second-hand clothes and sacks full of old boots vamped to make them look quite presentable. Coats and waistcoats are tried on in the street, and the fit is always pronounced most excellent. In Berwick Street you can buy and sell anything and everything. The Italian, French, Swiss, and German waiters and others sell or exchange watches and trinkets which have been lost at cards, or endeavour to persuade you to buy the pledge-ticket of a gold watch or a diamond pin. Further on men, women, and children listen to the patter of medicine vendors, and a tall red-haired man harangues an excited crowd of German tailors and bootmakers.

While the fairly well-to-do dwellers in Cosmopolis are smoking, chatting, and shrugging their shoulders by way of doubt or disbelief, the poor foreign artisans and their wives may be seen bargaining for pieces of meat outside the butchers' shops, and buying the supply of cheap rye-bread which will last the family the whole week. Such are the humours and pictures of Sunday morning life in Soho.

In Walker's Court, which is the continuation of Berwick Street, and in Old Compton Street and Rupert Street, the cosmopolitan gourmet and epicure can procure the *tripes à la mode de Caen*, the delicate *andouillettes*, the *nouilles* or *Nudeln* which are the delight of the Frenchmen and Alsatians; all the varieties of garlic and sausages; the cheeses from France, Germany,

Italy, and Greece; and in the season the lovely frogs' legs sold on long sticks, and the esculent *escargots*—the luscious snails—which French *rentiers* (retired tradesmen) breed in their gardens and tend with patriotic pride.

There are foreign shops where all commodities generally required by foreigners can be bought or hired. There are emporiums where French and Ticinese chefs and scullions, German, Austrian, Italian, and Swiss waiters, can, without crossing another threshold, choose kitchen utensils, boots, slippers, wooden shoes or *sabots*, vests, overalls, cigarette papers, caps, dress shirt-fronts, and where dress suits can be hired by the day or the week—for Cosmopolitan London contains an enormous number of culinary artists and table attendants; and not infrequently one meets with the oddest and most incongruous assortment of goods in the same shop.

There are any number of employment agencies and so-called clubs and homes, which are also registry offices. Some of them have reading-rooms, where unemployed aliens smoke, drink, and play at dominoes and cards for small stakes. If you care to see where all these men in and out of employment sleep, just peep into the lodging-houses of Gerrard Street, Church Street, Frith Street, Greek Street, Dean Street, Wardour Street, and the by-streets, where "Apartments," "*Chambres Garnies*," "*Möblirte Zimmer*," and "*Appartementi Mobiliati*" can be read over the doors and in the windows.

AN ARAB CAFÉ.

There, in the lodging-houses which were mansions, mostly with three windows to the street on each floor, you will see the stairs bare of carpet or oil-cloth, your steps will sound hollow, and the walls will echo with every movement you make. You will find the drawing-room partitioned into three little bedrooms, which are occupied by head-porters and waiters, who are the aristocracy of the house. The accommodation is of the barest. The back room has one window, the light of which is divided, for there is a thin match-board wall which makes two bedrooms; the second floor is very much the same as the first; on the third floor there are two public dormitories. One contains from four to six beds; the other perhaps three double beds. There are tawdry-framed pictures of actresses on the first floor; illustrated sheets from periodicals and coloured almanacs on the second floor; and little pieces of looking glass on the walls of the top floor. The garrets are occupied by musicians who practise instruments, painters, composers, and professors of foreign languages out of luck. The single beds in the dormitories are let at five shillings a week; the double beds are charged three shillings to each occupant. The cubicles fetch from eight to ten shillings.

Other lodging-houses devoted exclusively to the gentler sex are commodiously furnished, though all in them is old and worn. The crockery is chipped, the sideboard has its corners knocked off, the gas and lamp globes are cracked.

The parlours are let to governesses who give lessons in

I. STREET SCENE. II. IN LITTLE CROWN COURT. III. AN 8D. TABLE D'HÔTE (WITH FACSIMILE OF MENU). IV. SUNDAY MORNING SHOPPING.

French, German, Italian, and Spanish, and to Parisian modistes and sempstresses; and the top rooms are let to *demoiselles de comptoir* and restaurant and pastrycooks' assistants.

All these people eat and drink in restaurants according to their means. In them one may breakfast and dine at almost any price: one may partake of the *cuisine bourgeoise*, which allows a variety of dishes, in addition to two vegetables, a dessert, a *petit café* and *pain à discretion* for eightpence; or if one prefers the *cucine alla casa lingua*, which includes a *minestra*, a *regaglia di pollo*, a piece of Gorgonzola, a glass of Italian wine, and a large piece of bread, the expense will be the same.

In the German houses, which also cater for Swedes, Danes, and Norwegians, the *Mittags Essen* (midday meal) costs as little as fourpence. It is simple and filling, but then these Northerns are thirsty souls, and spend in *Lager Bier* what they economise in other ways.

There are restaurants where one may dine at eighteenpence, wine included, and others again where the table d'hôte costs three or five shillings. Many of them send dinners and suppers out at any hour, even in the middle of the night if required. Again, there are not a few that have hardly any customers in the daytime, but in which at night men and women pass through the dining-room upstairs, and through a side door. You hear laughter, and sometimes shrieks and sounds of quarrelling. Soon after all the lights disappear, and all is silent. Someone watching from an upper window has seen the police. This is one of the commonest phases of Soho life.

In England, where the law closes the cafés early on Sundays, and where music and dancing and card-playing meet with restrictions, the foreigner finds himself utterly desolate when the clock strikes eleven. It cannot therefore be wondered at that clubs, where men and women can eat and drink, and enjoy themselves, are common in Soho. The Artistes' Club, in Lisle Street, is one of these modest and inexpensive institutions. Its furniture and decorations are of the simplest, and its walls only show tasteful photographs.

Sauntering through the streets you will see houses the ground floors of which were shops. The lower half of the plate-glass window has been painted, and the upper one discloses a huge blind closely drawn. In the daytime the house is still as the grave. About four o'clock there comes a man with a bunch of keys. If you have secured his good will, you may examine the house. The entrance has two doors, an outer and an inner one. Passing through the latter into the room which was originally the shop, another door—sometimes in the form of a shallow cupboard or clothes press—leads to the back parlour. There, and in the spacious first floor room, all is green and red—the favourite colours. Dancing and gambling often go on here until the small hours. The upper rooms are bedrooms. Higher up there is a trap-door leading to the roof, and a movable ladder can be pulled up in case of necessity. Men have escaped the police through the roof to adjoining premises. A part of the yard has been built upon. It is the bar. The kitchen is below, but the suppers are generally cold. Such are the usual arrangements in the Soho gaming houses. When the proprietors are fined or imprisoned, a bootmaker may turn the parlour again into a shop, and a dancing master may use the other parts for himself and his pupils. The Terpsichorean art has many adepts in Soho.

Most interesting characters are the men and women who have travelled the world over to exhibit marvellous talents. One may see them every day in the lodging houses of Lisle Street; at the stage entrances of the neighbouring variety halls and at the Hippodrome; in Shaftesbury Avenue, and on the broad pavement of Leicester Square—their favourite promenade, their boulevard, and their Champs Elysées. There may be met Andalusian dancers, Bohemian acrobats and fiddlers, Cossack horse whisperers and trainers, Bulgarian wire dancers and dagger jugglers, Austrian and German gymnasts, lion-tamers, and strong men, Moldavian gipsies who play on weird instruments, Hungarian equestrians lithe and elegant, Tyrolese whose peculiar songs are imitative of their mountain calls, Neapolitan ballerine who have been admired in San Carlo and

IN THE ARTISTES' CLUB.

at La Scala, and the nightingales of the North and the South whose voices may raise them to the positions of world-famed prima-donnas. But their nationality is nothing to them. They are cosmopolites, and they call themselves by fancy names. Go to the cafés and the brasseries of Leicester Square, and you will be astonished at the stories these people can tell you.

No picture of cosmopolitan life in London would be complete if it did not include the absinthe drinkers. For Frenchmen the spirit of wormwood has a strange fascination, almost akin to that of opium in the case of Chinese. The perfect preparation of absinthe is an art which can only be acquired after long practice. The pure absinthe is brought in a French claret glass, and over it is a cover through which water can percolate. A little piece of sugar lies on the cover. The *carafe*, or decanter, is of a peculiar shape, and has two openings, one large and the other very small. It is through the latter that the water falls on the sugar and ultimately into the glass. When carefully prepared absinthe takes the hues of the opal. But its effects? You will unmistakably see them in the pallid faces, the trembling hands, and in the general nervousness of the habitual absinthe drinker.

There are houses in Soho which are celebrated for their absinthe, and on Sunday evening, as soon as the law permits, male and female absinthe drinkers crowd round the tables reserved for them. It is among them that polyglot Scotland Yard detectives discover their long-sought prey, and that the French *mouchards* find the *insoumis* who have refused military service, but who may be likely to make a short visit to France for business purposes. Their arrival on French soil is telegraphed at Calais, Boulogne, and Dieppe. Years will pass before they come to London again.

A few of the cafés are worth special notice. One in the west of Soho, a few hundred steps off Berwick Street, has for some years been the resort of strong men, and their portraits can be found in the windows and on the walls of the place. Another is a Turkish, or rather an Arab, café, which is fitted up and decorated as in an Eastern land. And here Turkish coffee, pronounced *gahweh*, is prepared to perfection in an Arab *tanake* — a long-handled copper pot which holds one cup for one person.

There are many other quaint places in Soho, which are interesting not only because they are picturesque, but also because one meets there so many odd characters. Such is Little Crown Court, a passage which leads from Wardour Street to Rupert Street. It is a short cut to the West-End, and is thoroughly representative of Soho. On one side you will see French "comestible" and foreign tinned provisions; on the other is a double-fronted shop, where on the right you will see in the window the Spanish *diarios* by the side of the German *Zeitungen* and Belgian, French, and Italian papers; on the left there is a haircutter, by whom also "tabacs and cigarettes Français" are sold. Dutch diamond-cutters, Kabile table-cover hawkers, East Indian curiosity mongers, French clairvoyants and fortune tellers, foreign women who enamel faces, treat the throat and the bust, and beautify the features by the Arabian process, men of sinister aspect and jovial *bons vivants*, ice cream merchants and organ grinders, *grandes dames* and *petites dames*, use Little Crown Court to and from the West. And long after the shops are closed and semi-darkness prevails, there and in the labyrinths of little streets and courts of Soho you will see them pass again—some to sleep, some to work, some to carouse and game. At all times there is something to study for the student of human nature.

Soho has always had, and always will have, its romance and its mysteries. Its most glaring pictures of cosmopolitan life are being rapidly obliterated; but, though it is no longer Babylon, it will ever remain Babel.

IN LEICESTER SQUARE.

IN LONDON THEATRE-LAND.

By GEORGE R. SIMS.

AT A STAGE DOOR.

FOR the price of a seat the theatres of London are open to all of us. Night after night we crowd the play-houses, and "Under the Clock" every day we find the bill of dramatic fare arranged to suit every variety of taste. The side of theatrical life presented to the public has many attractions. The side with which the public is less familiar is equally interesting. Let us take a trip, then, through Theatre-land, arranging our route so that our journey shall be principally in the domain outside the theatre itself.

To-day there is a rush for the stage. It has become a profession for the well-born and the highly educated. Peers have taken to it for a livelihood, and ladies of title have not only made their appearance on the London boards, but have become members of provincial touring companies.

But though the status of the profession has been considerably raised, and the salaries of the leading members are princely, it still remains for the great majority both Bohemian and precarious. For many weeks in the year the rank and file are "resting"—a poetical phrase for being out of a berth or, as the argot of the profession has it, "a shop."

In the summer months, when the spring tours are over and the autumn tours are not coming on until the August Bank Holiday—many not until September—the offices of the agents are crowded with actors and actresses anxious to make sure of an engagement when the theatrical season begins again.

If you walk along the Strand between twelve and four in the month of July you will come constantly upon little groups of clean-shaven men chatting together. You will see the pretty faces of musical comedy ladies under dozens of pretty hats, and their trim figures in dozens of dainty blouses.

If you turn into Garrick Street or saunter through Maiden Lane you will find quite a little crowd of professionals going and coming continually from eleven to four. For in these streets are situated two of the principal agencies.

Here is a brass plate which informs us that a musical and dramatic agency is on the first floor. Let us ascend the flight of stone stairs and take a hurried glance around.

It is no easy task we have set ourselves. In spite of a notice that "Ladies and gentlemen are requested not to wait on the staircase" we find that so many are disobeying the injunction that we can with difficulty make our way through the crowd. When we reach the landing that also is filled. But we see an open door and passing through it we find a large room filled with members of the profession. Some are sitting down, others are chatting together in the middle of the room. One or two are standing by the open windows looking into the street.

The rooms and the landing and the staircase are crowded to-day because it is known that a touring manager is making up his company for the new musical comedy which he is producing in the provinces.

The latter is in the manager's room with the agent. With him is his musical conductor, and possibly the librettist and composer of the new "opera." The leading *rôles* are already filled. The engagements now being made are for small parts and chorus. Every now and then the agent opens the door, steps into the waiting-room and looks round at the company. He sees a young lady and beckons to her. "Miss

A PANTOMIME REHEARSAL.

AN AGENT'S OFFICE.

So-and-So," he says, and the young lady rises and follows him to be interviewed by the manager. The pianist of the establishment is at the piano. The young lady is asked what her voice is, and is then invited to sing. She has a song with her and hands it to the accompanist.

When she has finished she is politely ushered out and her qualities are then discussed. If the manager approves of her she is called in again, terms are settled, and she steps into an adjoining room where a young lady—generally a typist and shorthand writer—fills in a printed form of contract. The artist signs it and departs with a smile. She has "settled her autumn."

With dramatic companies the arrangements are somewhat different. The manager calls on the agent and tells him the kind of part he wants an actor or an actress for. The agent turns to his books and runs over a list of "disengageds." One or two strike the manager as likely. The agent writes to them asking them to call at his office at a certain hour the next day. If a London manager has made the inquiry the artist is told to call at the theatre.

"Rehearsal" figures largely in theatrical life in London. It is a far more elaborate and painstaking business than it used to be in the old days, when the bill was constantly changed. To-day plays are expensively mounted, and weeks are given up to the preparation of a play which, it is fondly hoped, may run many months.

The early rehearsals of a play are not inspiriting. If we are privileged to watch any of the tedious rehearsals of a drama or a comedy before it "shapes" we shall probably yawn. The theatre is only dimly lighted—the ladies and gentlemen of the company are sitting at the side of the stage with their "parts." The stage manager and the author are discussing "a point." The prompter is sitting at a wooden table. The walls are naked and the boards are bare. Now and again the theatre cat crosses the stage wearily. When at last one or two of the characters get together for a scene they read from their parts, leaving off every minute or two to write in with a lead pencil the stage directions given them by the manager. Towards the end of rehearsals, matters improve—as shown in the photographic picture on the opposite page.

The dress rehearsal is, of course, a very different affair. But if there are no invited guests in front it is generally very dull. There is no applause to punctuate the lines, and no laughter unless the orchestra is in. The orchestra occasionally laughs at a dress rehearsal. When the play is a comedy the author is very grateful to the orchestra. But no one minds a flat dress rehearsal. It is a theatrical superstition that a bad dress

rehearsal means a good first night. The superstition is not always justified.

The quaintest dress rehearsal scene is that of a pantomime, and that is only to be witnessed on the eve of Christmas. If we push open the stage door of a famous London playhouse on the evening of December 24th, we shall find a crowd of carpenters, painters, and scene-shifters mixed up in absolutely hopeless confusion with fairies and demons and princes.

Here are marvels indeed. Lolling about are kings with features which must strain the loyalty of their subjects to the utmost. Here are ferocious giants and wolves and sprites, and huntsmen in tights, and princesses, and all the people whose names are in the Court Directory of Fairyland. The Wicked Baron is asleep, the Demon King is yawning, the Giant Ogre, although he has devoured half the village, is talking gloomily of a hot supper that is waiting for him at home. Everybody seems tired and worn out. One sweet little fairy mite is asleep upon her mother's lap. The mother isn't a bit like a fairy mother, for she is in faded black and wears a widow's bonnet. The sweet little fairy is the bread winner. To-night she is late because it is the dress rehearsal, but every other night she will be at home and in bed when the clock strikes ten.

The theatrical world has its own special clubs. At the Garrick we find the aristocracy of the profession. The Eccentric, though largely theatrical, is also open to the liberal professions and commerce. The Green Room is essentially an actors' club, and there supper is an institution, for supper is the meal that the actor enjoys more than any other. His day's work is done.

The Actors' Association has its own rooms where during the day members may rest, write their letters, transact their business, and make their engagements. The ladies and gentlemen of the profession have found the Association greatly to their advantage. It is to a certain extent a union for self-protection. The Association frequently takes steps on behalf of its members which they are not perhaps strong enough to take for themselves.

REHEARSING A PLAY IN ORDINARY DRESS.

It is not only an excellent business institution, but its rooms are a haven of rest to many a tired artist who has to remain in town during the day either waiting to see a manager or an agent, both of whom are occasionally given to being engaged and to saying "Come again in an hour or two."

AT THE WIG-MAKER'S.

Sometimes a theatre is filled with a purely professional audience. At the Annual Meeting of the Royal General Theatrical Fund when a prominent member of the profession takes the chair, all theatrical London is represented in the vast audience. For actors and actresses, if they are not distinguished for thrift, are filled with the spirit of generosity. There is no other profession that gives itself so willingly to charitable work, not only for the benefit of those in its own ranks, but for the poor and suffering generally.

Their charities for the benefit of their own people are many, for the earnings of the profession being precarious, and the favour of the public fickle, it often happens that the willing worker has to drop out of the race long before his days of usefulness are over.

One of its most admirable charities is the Actors' Orphanage Fund. The object of this Fund is to provide for the maintenance, clothing, and education of the orphan children of actors and actresses and stage managers who have been in the profession for at least two years. An excellent feature of the Fund is that outside the Executive Committee the most perfect secrecy is observed as to the names of the children who are benefited. There is no Home, but the children are placed with suitable guardians, or in thoroughly good schools, and are liberally educated. The taint of charity is never allowed to touch them.

A DRESSING ROOM.

Every suburb now has its theatre, where at a moderate price the inhabitants can see the plays that have been successes during the preceding season at the leading houses, and many which live for years entirely on a provincial and suburban reputation.

The practice of these houses of

giving hospitality to a different company every week has brought into existence theatrical lodging-houses in every part of the Metropolis. Here the guests change week after week, and the change always takes place on a Sunday.

These theatrical "diggings" are known to all the travelling members of the profession, and are always situated within easy distance of the theatre. A feature of them is the landlady's collection of photographs which adorn the mantelpiece, the piano, and the side tables. They are mementoes left by grateful clients, who are also given to poetry and humour in the landlady's "Visitors' Book."

The old portable theatre with its troupe of strolling players is rarely to be found in London to-day. Now and then one is pitched on the outskirts, but the day of the "barn stormer" is past. High class dramatic entertainments are, however, occasionally given *al fresco* during the summer months. Under the trees at the Royal Botanic Gardens come now and again the Pastoral Players to delight us with *A Midsummer Night's Dream* or *As You Like It*, played amid nature's scenery to the singing of birds and the soft sighing of the breeze.

Connected with and bound up with Theatre-land are many arts and industries. The scenes that are painted to charm our eyes, the mountains and valleys, the cottage gardens, the frowning battlements, and the palatial banqueting halls, hang in various stages of completion in the painting shops of the scenic artists, who now live frequently a considerable distance from the theatres. The costumiers and the wig-makers are all highly important citizens of the play-house world. Nor must the theatrical boot-maker be forgotten. The wig-maker's shop is always suggestive of the world of romance. In his window we see hair of impossible colour, beards that if worn by an ordinary citizen would cause him to be mobbed, the heads of giants, the noses of wicked barons and spiteful sisters, the wand of the fairy, and the property vegetables of the clown. Wellington Street is the typical street of the theatrical market, and here, especially at pantomime time, you may study the lighter side of the theatre world to your heart's content.

AN OPEN-AIR PLAY.

AT THE DOG SHOW (ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS).

CAT AND DOG LONDON.

By FRANCES SIMPSON.

Photo: A. Flint, Camberwell.

BEGGING FOR CHARITY.

NOTHING much has been written on cats and dogs in our great city; but how seldom, if ever, we can pass down a London street by day or night without seeing one or other, and probably both, of these animals! We have a census of human beings taken from time to time, but the task of enumerating either dogs or cats in the Metropolis has not been attempted. Licences for dogs would fail to give the figure by several hundreds; and as for cats, who shall number them? It has been stated on authority that there are four times as many cats as dogs in London.

The dog being the nobler animal, let us first glance at his life in our capital. We see the pompous pug, the tiny toy terrier, or quaint "Jap" spaniel seated beside "My Lady" in her carriage and pair as it dashes through the fashionable streets or slowly winds its course along the Park. Their lines have fallen in pleasant places, yet their lives are often shortened by too luxurious and over abundant feeding. To lead the "life of a dog" is usually suggestive of an unhappy career, but truly many a human being might envy the lot of the pampered pet of a high-born dame, whose yearly expenditure in the canine *ménage* may be counted by hundreds.

There used to be a Dogs' Toilet Club at the West-End, but this has been done away with. There are, however, several professionals and amateurs of both sexes who attend to the

toilets of fashionable dogs. The clipping of poodles is quite an art in itself, and requires the skill of an artist. Dentistry forms an important item in the canine toilet, and expert seamstresses are employed in making suitable and well-fitting coats for dandy dogs. And there is, of course, the London dogs' doctor.

Let us go to a Dog Show at the Royal Botanic Gardens. This annual fixture is always a very smart gathering, taking place in the height of the London season. Sometimes as many as a thousand dogs of all sorts and conditions, sizes and breeds, are entered for competition and exhibition. Similar shows are held at the Crystal Palace, the Royal Aquarium, Earl's Court, the Agricultural Hall, and at the Alexandra Palace. Her Majesty the Queen is patron of the Ladies' Kennel Association, under whose rules many of these shows are held.

Of late years there has been a surprising increase of foreign dogs introduced into our midst, and very high prices are asked and obtained for Japanese and Pekinese spaniels, griffons, and schipperkes. There are fashions in dogs as in everything else, and money is literally no object when some choice specimen of the canine tribe is desired by one of fortune's favourites.

So much for the aristocratic dogs of the Upper Ten.

Let us turn our attention to their humbler brethren, some of whom think themselves well off if they can pick up a crust from the gutter or a bone from a dustcart. It is no unusual sight in the London streets to meet a sandwich man leading a dog, and to read on the board that valuable animals may be purchased at moderate prices from such and such a shop. In Regent Street the dealer plies his trade carrying a tiny pup under each arm, perhaps another in his pocket. Leadenhall Market provides dogs of all sorts, and sometimes such good specimens are offered at such low prices as to cause the purchaser to wonder where they were picked up! In Bethnal Green there are dog sellers and buyers, who group themselves in certain streets to carry on their trade. A photographic illustration on p. 256 gives a good idea of an East-End crowd taking an interest in the sales. In all parts of London there are dog stealers and dog smugglers, and it is a common occurrence for a valuable dog to disappear and a reward to be offered, followed by a speedy reappearance of the precious pet, and no questions asked!

At the Dog Market in the East-End a well-known figure is the rat seller. He arrives every Sunday morning with scores of rats, and people crowd round him with rat traps to be filled. We notice the eager face of the dog in the man's hand, watching his opportunity and yearning to get at the rats which the vendor holds in each hand.

There is a touch of pathos given to the beggar standing at the corner of a street by his faithful dog sitting patiently beside him with a money-box slung round his neck. It is difficult to resist the silent appeal of the dumb creature, who never attempts to move from his position, though he may be cramped and shivering with cold. A pang of pity is added for the blind man trusting himself to be guided by his clever dog, who steers his sightless master in safety through the crowded

RAT SELLER AT THE DOG MARKET.

DOG SELLERS AND BUYERS IN THE EAST-END.

streets. A dog will run for miles after a London omnibus in or on which his master is seated. He never seems to get bewildered with the moving mass of surging vehicles, and will be on the spot when his master gets down.

At one or other of the many music-halls in London there are generally some performing dogs; and we wonder as we watch their marvellous antics whether kindness or cruelty has brought these creatures to such a state of implicit obedience and perfect submission. The London beggar makes use of his dog to extract sympathy and coins from passers-by. Dogs are also frequently used as beggars for various charities. There was a brigade of begging dogs organised for the sufferers in the South African war, and large sums were collected in the streets and at entertainments, shows, and bazaars. At Paddington Station there was for some years a dog called "Tim," and royal personages now and then placed a gold coin in Tim's basket. This animal collected close upon £1,000 for the widows and orphans of the Great Western Railway employés.

At Waterloo "London Jack's" effigy is exhibited in a glass case, and a brass plate records his deeds in the name of charity. There is also a money-box into which the charitable are invited to drop a coin, and a notice on a brass plate announcing that contributions will be placed to the credit of the deceased dog and the Orphanage Fund. Another dog has been appointed to carry on Jack's work. He lives at Vauxhall, and comes up to the busy London terminus on state occasions and race days. The firemen of London have their Brigade dog, who takes part in the exciting scenes of conflagrations, and has been known to assist in the work of rescue. The police force had also a fox terrier for some time, who was a sort of daughter of the regiment.

Who has not heard of the Battersea Home for Lost Dogs, where every year about 22,000 poor wanderers are received? These are generally brought by the police, who are enabled under Act of Parliament to take from the streets those dogs which are apparently ownerless. All animals are carefully examined on entering the Home, and should any be affected with contagious disease they are forthwith sent to the condemned cell. If seriously injured they are destroyed at once. At stated hours the Home is open for receiving visitors, restoring or selling dogs. Our photographic illustration on p. 257 was taken at a time when visitors were searching for their lost pets. The wonderful instinct of these creatures is often shown by the instant recognition of their master or mistress, and no better proof can be needed by the authorities as to the legal

CLAIMING A LOST DOG AT THE BATTERSEA HOME.

claim of the rightful owner. Sir Benjamin Richardson's improved lethal chamber is used to dispose of valueless animals by means of a painless death, and the dead bodies are consumed in a crematorium erected at great cost on the premises at Battersea. The number of dogs that enter the chamber of death every week averages between three and four hundred.

Comparatively few Londoners know of the Dogs' Cemetery hidden away in a quiet corner of Hyde Park, near the Victoria Gate entrance. This burying ground is not a public one, and does not belong to anybody in particular. Dwellers in the neighbourhood of Bayswater have been allowed from time to time to bury their dead pets here; but the space is now completely filled up, and the custodian has to refuse further applications for interments. The graves in this canine necropolis number about three hundred. The headstones are mostly of uniform pattern. There is one Ionic cross and a broken column. Fresh gathered blossoms mark the spot of the more recently buried pets, all the graves are nicely planted with flowers, and many have short but very touching inscriptions telling of a lost one mourned. How full of suggestion are the following :—

"Sleep on, dear little faithful heart.—May, 1901."

"Two little veterans,
Bob and Jack."

"Could love have saved
Thou hadst not died."

"In ever loving memory
of little Nellie."

"Could I think we'd
meet again
It would lessen half my
pain."

The short inscription,

"Fritz, a martyr,"

makes us wonder how the poor creature met his death. To give dogs this decent burial seems a fitting tribute to their loving faithfulness. They are such a short time with us, and we hardly know and feel their worth before the cruel hand of death snatches them away. In St. Pancras Cemetery at Finchley there is a monument raised by the dogs of London to the memory of William French, who lost his life in saving Mr. George R. Sims' little Yorkshire terrier from drowning.

So much for the dogs. Let us briefly consider the cats of London; and in doing so our thoughts naturally turn towards those poor pussies who frequent the garden walls and roof tops, and who are oftener heard

THE FIREMEN'S DOG.

THE DOGS' CEMETERY (HYDE PARK).

than seen during the hours of darkness. All the year round there are poor stray cats wandering about the London streets, but during the summer season the number of forlorn, frightened, and forsaken animals to be seen is really piteous. Their owners have gone to enjoy themselves on the Continent or brace themselves at the seaside. They close their houses; and if they give a thought to their puss, it is that she will pick up something or that the neighbours will look after her. Away they go, and the poor cat is left behind to get her living as best she can. Some householders make provision for the cats' meat man to call and put a stick of meat through the letter-box. These men are frequently generous to stray dogs and cats, flinging them odd pieces, but one has been known to thrust an empty stick through, and thus deceive the purchaser and rob poor puss of her meal.

SELECTING A PET AT A CATS' HOME.

It is a mercy that there are institutions in London such as the Gordon Home for Lost Cats and the Camden Town Home. The excellent institution started by Mrs. Gordon at Shepherd's Bush, and now removed to Argyle Road, Hammersmith, was the first organised attempt to deal with the question of stray cats in London. Its chief object is to find an immediate refuge for the poor wanderers, and to put an end to their misery by the sleep of death. It is a pathetic sight to visit one of these homes, and to see the deplorable condition of some of the animals brought in from the streets. There are, however, from time to time, really nice specimens to be found at Gordon Cottage. The accompanying photographic illustration was taken during visiting hours, when ladies desirous of securing pretty pets can search amongst the strays.

At the Camden Town Home, started in 1896, the number of cats received during the first five years amounted to

the huge total of 33,635! These figures speak for themselves, and all honour is due to those kind ladies who have given their time and energies to such a truly noble work of charity. A cart from this institution goes round collecting the waifs and strays, and will call by arrangement at any house. No fee is charged if the owner is poor. All injured cats are destroyed at once, whether strays or otherwise. To lovers of cats such an attempt to alleviate their sufferings must appeal very strongly; and even those who have an instinctive dislike to these harmless creatures cannot fail to see the very great utility to the public at large in clearing our London streets, squares, parks, avenues, and empty houses, where a poor friendless animal hides in terror and misery.

Photo: E. London, Ealing, W.

JUDGING CATS AT THE ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS SHOW.

It is not necessary to point out that there are cats and cats. Until recent years Pussy was regarded as merely an animal supplied by Providence for the destruction of rats and mice. The common backyard cat and the perturber of our midnight hours no better represents the well-bred puss than the pariah cur of Eastern cities represents the domestic dog. The cat fancy is making great strides, and is patronised by a large section of fashionable people, mostly ladies. There are two cat clubs, with specialist societies; and several shows are held in London every year. At these some of the choicest specimens and best bred cats are exhibited, such as Persian, Siamese, Manx, and Russian. Cats, however, are not seen at their best in the pen; still less do they show to advantage when carried into the ring to be judged, as depicted in the reproduction below of a photograph which was taken at the Royal Botanic Gardens Show. Notice the only cat who is standing on his legs. The judge awarded first prize to him, as the others positively declined to do anything but crouch on their stomachs! At a cat show held at Westminster in 1900 a cat—of which we also give a picture—earned about £10 for the Transvaal War Fund by standing on her hind legs begging and saluting for Queen Victoria. There have been clever performing cats at some of the London entertainments. One of their trainers asserted that it took many years of patience and perseverance to arrive at a satisfactory result as regards teaching a cat to do any tricks.

What an air of homeliness is imparted to a house by a large, sleek fireside cat, and for a drawing-room pet nothing is more suitable than a fluffy Persian puss reclining on the hearth-rug. It is true that a London house or flat is not best suited for cats, for they

love to have a garden to run into at will. It does not answer to allow a valuable Persian cat to stray outside on the London pavement, where her beauty may not only attract but tempt the passers-by. After the last census the following statement appeared in the press:—"A census enumerator in going over a return paper found that the household cat had been included as a member of the family. It was described as 'Jim,' the relationship to the head of the family being 'lodger.' The entry then stated that he was of the male sex, single, aged one last birthday. His occupation was also given—'mouse-catcher, worker on his own account.'"

The cats' meat man is a familiar figure in the London streets, as he hurries along with his cart, his barrow, or his basket filled with slices of horse-flesh run on small wooden sticks. His nasal call of "Meat, meat!" is answered by a rush of hungry cats who follow him for some distance, hoping to touch his heart, and by persistent mewing to get a bit of meat thrown to them.

Amongst the dogs' graves in the Hyde Park cemetery there are two headstones showing that pet cats have also found a resting place in that quiet corner. One inscription reads thus:—

"In Memoriam
My dear little cat Chilla.
Poisoned July 31st, 1895."

And the other:—

"Our darling Coodey,
A faithful, loving cat.'

If dogs are the friends of mankind, their companions in their walks and partners in their pleasures, cats may be considered the special pets and chosen allies of womanhood. Londoners, for the most part, lead a life of high pressure, and have but little leisure time to consider the cats and dogs that inhabit their great city; but, nevertheless, the busiest would miss the dear animals from their midst. So whilst they are with us and we with them, let us—

"Do the work that's nearest,
Tho' it's dull at whiles,
Helping when we meet them
Lame dogs over stiles."

"MEAT, MEAT!"

THE AFTER-HOURS MARKET IN THE STREETS.

THE LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE.

By GODEFROI DREW INGALL, F.I.S.

ENTRANCE-WAITER IN BOX.

IF you desire to view the "House" during business hours and see some of its methods of working you will have to encounter insuperable difficulties. No strangers are admitted within its sacred precincts. But we are provided with the invisible cloaks of Fairyland, and so we enter boldly and unchallenged.

Approaching the Capel Court door we find one of the "waiters," as the janitors are termed, a stern and watchful sentinel, attired in gold-bound hat, Oxford blue coat and red facings. His duties are to jealously guard against the entry of unauthorised persons, to take charge of letters left for members, and of the coats, sticks, and umbrellas of a few, and to pass on to his colleague inside the name of any member or firm whose presence is desired outside by their clerks or clients.

The inside waiter stands in an elevated "box," receives telegrams from the telegraph boys who have special permission to perambulate the floor, and "calls" the members who are required for any purpose. Needless to say, the possession of a sonorous voice is a very necessary qualification. Each door has two waiters, and one or two other boxes are distributed near the centre of the building, as the area is so great that during busy times the most stentorian voice could not be heard across it.

It is popularly supposed that any stranger who may by chance elude the vigilance of the waiters is bonneted, and generally rudely treated by the members. Such is not the case. What happens is, that any member

"BONNETING" A STRANGER.

observing a stranger calls out "Waiter! 1400;" and that official takes possession of the intruder, informs him the place is private, and requests that he will accompany him to the door. The origin of the cry "1400" is lost in obscurity, but it is believed that one year the members numbered 1399, and with their usual witty grasp of such facts they named the next stranger the even century. In earlier times, instances have sometimes occurred of slight practical joking with an outsider, but the good sense of the members discountenances it now. On only two occasions has any violence been done in the recollection of the writer. In the first a foreigner appeared and refused to go, whereupon a number of members surrounded him, knocked off his hat, pulled his coat tails, hustled him, would not let the waiter take him for a few minutes, chaffed him, and made him so furious that he challenged to a duel a perfectly inoffensive member standing by. The second was on the occasion of bringing Captain Webb into the "House," accompanied by a policeman. The dignity of the members was hurt, and they bonneted the officer, tore his clothes, took his bâton, rushed him right across the floor, and fired him out of the door like a cannon ball—returning to complete the ceremony of honouring Captain Webb.

Each market has its own particular position. To name them approximately in the order of their age, they are, after Consols, the Railway, Foreign, Colonial, Bank, Miscellaneous, American (or "Yankee"), South African (or "Kaffir"), West Australian (or "Westralian"), and the West African (or "Jungle"). It will be noticed that several of these have nicknames, commonly applied also to the various stocks and shares dealt in; for instance, the first British Loan issued after the opening of the South African War was known as "Khaki."

From about 10 to 11 a.m. the members assemble, according to whether there is a "boom" going on, or a dearth of business. Eleven is the official hour of opening, and is announced by a waiter springing an ancient watchman's rattle. In exciting times, such as those during which a crisis was reached on the last Saturday of the nineteenth century, and those subsequently caused by the New York financial troubles, business has been commenced in the street at a very early hour before the "House" was open.

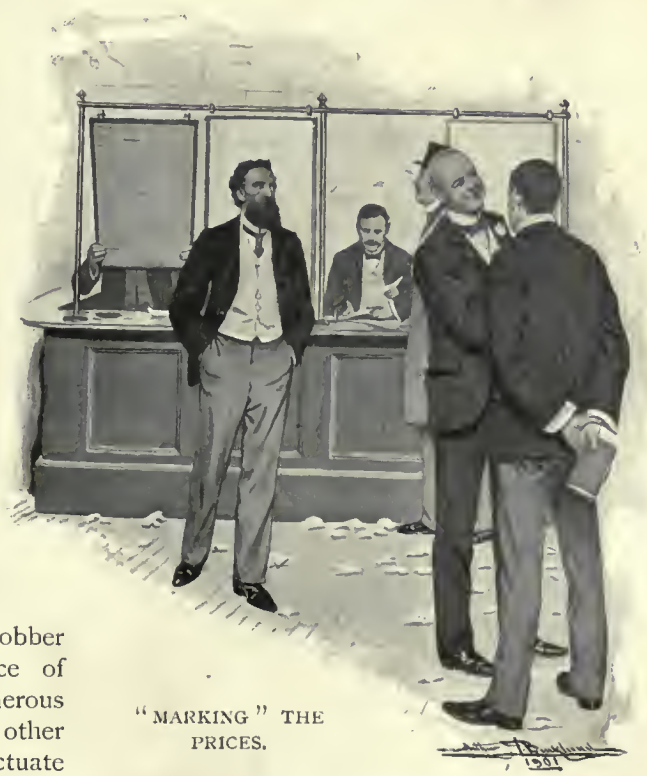
Three p.m. is the official time for closing; the doors are closed at 4 p.m. At 3.55 p.m. the waiters announce the fact that the closing hour is approaching. (On settlement days the doors are kept open half-an-hour later.) Business is then resumed in the street (almost *always* in Yankees, owing to the fact that New York cannot get into cable touch with London till about 2.52 p.m.), and there is a large amount of "arbitrage" business to be completed between Berlin, Amsterdam, London, and New York, which naturally centres in London. Business in Kaffir, Westralian, and other markets also takes place in the street when there is any particular cause.

The theory of Stock Exchange business is, that it is conducted inside by two classes—the broker and the jobber. The first receives his orders from the public, and is supposed to execute them with the jobber (who enters into an agreement with the broker on behalf

THROGMORTON STREET ENTRANCE ON SETTLING DAY.

of his client) to pay him for stock or deliver it to him at a fixed price and on a fixed date. The jobber remains in the "House" during the day. Some brokers pass frequently between their offices and the market, others remain in the Exchange and have orders sent to them, either by clerk or telegrams from other exchanges. Many of the public think the jobber an unnecessary middle man, but without him they would find it very difficult to deal, either in investment or speculative securities. Supposing I give a broker an order to buy one thousand Chartered Shares, he proceeds to a jobber and asks for a price without revealing whether he is a buyer or seller. The jobber "makes a price," say 3¼ to 3⅜, meaning that he will buy at the lower or sell at the higher quotation. My broker says, "I buy 1000," and the bargain is done at 3⅜ per share. The jobber may not have them, but his chance of getting them is favoured by the numerous transactions daily, either with him or other jobbers. The market price may fluctuate against him or move in his favour. Did not the jobber exist brokers would have to seek around among others. As a consequence, much time would be lost to the public, and the cost of making or changing investments would be largely increased.

When business is particularly active, or during a panic, the scenes in the market are most exciting. Jobbers throw themselves into a central mêlée, haul each other out of the margin of the mass of members, shout each other down, bid for, or offer stocks or shares in the most frantic manner. Instances have occurred where perspiring members have had to change their collars and even their shirts several times during business hours; others have had clothes torn, and so on. The vocal organs, too, are often seriously



"MARKING" THE PRICES.

"HAMMERING" A MEMBER.

affected for a considerable time. Such cries are heard as "⅝ buy Eries," "¾ buy 1000," "⅞ buy 2000," "½ buy Norfolk Pref.," etc., etc.

All bargains are checked by the clerks next morning, and considering the confusion of a scene as described above and the difficulty of writing the transactions in the "jobbing books" in such a scrimmage, remarkably few disputes take place, and such as do are settled, either by halving profit or loss, or, if that is not possible, by enlisting the friendly services of a brother member as arbitrator. As a last resource an appeal may be made to the Committee, but this course is seldom taken.

Listen! A heavy and hollow resounding blow of wood upon wood. In an instant every face is turned towards the central waiter's box in each division of the "House." A great "hush" falls around. The waiter is observed with a large mallet in his hand, striking the side of his box. At the second blow dead silence prevails. A third blow falls, the waiter straightens himself solemnly, removes his hat, and announces with great distinctness: "Gentlemen," (a pause) "Mr. Blank begs to inform the 'House' he cannot comply with his bargains" (or in another form, *after* the pay day, "*has* not complied with his bargains"). Before he has finished the formula there are exclamations of "Who? Who?" The name is repeated from member to member; numbers hurry off to their offices to see if the defaulter is on their books, and, if so, what is the state of his account. All accounts are sent to the official liquidator who at once visits the various markets in which the defaulter had accounts open, and, in consultation with his debtors and creditors, fixes the "making-up" prices at which all transactions with him are to be closed. This is called "hammering a member." It has led to curious scenes at times. On one occasion the waiter announced the name of the hammering creditor instead of the hammered debtor. The creditor, a rather excitable man, happened to be standing by, and in a second the astonished waiter found himself replaced by the indignant member, who announced, "Gentlemen, it's a lie!" (The stooping waiter shown in the illustration opposite is engaged in watering the floor—an operation rendered necessary several times a day by the accumulation of ground-up dust from the tread of so many feet.)

What is this desk? It is the "marking board," where the actual prices of "Business Done" are recorded. An examination of the Official List or the columns of the financial papers will show Opening and Closing quotations and "Business Done." Every member possesses the privilege of having the price of any transaction "marked" upon the board. This is a great safeguard to clients, as they are enabled to check whether their contracts have been transacted within reasonable limit of the closing quotation of the day.

A sudden mild excitement in the Consol Market. It is the Government broker buying for sinking fund purposes. There he stands behind a small desk, with a little knot of members below him making signals with their fingers in a dignified way, as becomes such an ancient and sedate market.

Below the "House" are the Strong Rooms, most substantially built and containing separate lockers. The doors to the rooms are secured by sets of keys fixing the bolts. Each set is in the custody of a separate official, and can only be used when all are present. A special waiter guards the entrance. Millions in value are stored there, and I have heard it stated that it would take at least from sixty to one hundred hours to effect an entrance.

The Share and Loan Department is on the ground floor at the north end or Yankee door. Here an immense quantity of information is daily collected and recorded, and is available for reference. Here also the stamped transfer deeds are obtainable.

The Clearing House is in the basement, and is a department which makes present day Stock Exchange business possible of settlement at the necessary speed. Before its establishment each member received stock or transfers from the man he immediately dealt with—thus, A delivered to B, B to C, and so on to Z. Now, members send in to the Clearing House statements of their accounts open, and that department eliminates all intermediaries and puts A and Z into direct communication for delivery and

payment of the approximate value of stock or shares delivered. All intermediate accounts on both sides are closed at an official "making-up price," and any discrepancy between that and the actual price is settled on pay day by a "difference" cheque. The Clearing House staff generally work all night on two or three nights during each "account."

The Committee Rooms and Secretarial Department are on the first floor. The work of administration is so enormous that a committee or sub-committee meet almost daily, and a daily luncheon is provided for the committeemen—the only reward they receive for their labours. And reference to luncheon reminds us, by the way, that in Throgmorton Street is "Mabey's," the well-known chop house frequented by members of the "House"—an interior view of which is shown in the photographic reproduction below.

The Stock Exchange member is not always a frantic, yelling dealer in stocks and shares. There are not infrequently times when he has to suffer from enforced idleness, which he fills up by play and exchange of wit and jokes. On special public occasions, too, the members express their loyalty with no uncertain sound. On the day when the King (then Prince of Wales) visited the "House" to view the new extension, printed slips were distributed with "God Save the Queen" and "God Bless the Prince of Wales." His intention to be present leaked out, with the result that an official reception was arranged by the Managers, and a daïs was erected with a velvet-cushioned chair, to which H.R.H. was solemnly conducted through a lane of members. Several members of the Stock Exchange Orchestra attended to lead. The members' choral singing is proverbial for its power and harmony. After the first two chords the band was drowned in the volume of sound. On other occasions also, such as victories and jubilees, the members spontaneously sing the "National Anthem" on the rattle going at 11 a.m.; and the effect is overwhelming.

Such is the London Stock Exchange—an institution with sternly inflexible rules of self-government, with a world-wide reputation, and standing supreme as the financial centre of the Empire.

"MABEY'S."

BROWNING HALL: ENTERTAINING THE CRIPPLES.

LONDON'S SOCIAL SETTLEMENTS.

By HOWARD ANGUS KENNEDY.

THE wise men came from the East; and now, thank heaven! a few of them are going back there—back to the deserted, though crowded, East-End of London. In that densely-peopled wilderness they are settling, in little colonies, to live helpful and simple lives among the poor, not as missionaries or as "superior persons," but as neighbours, brothers, and fellow-citizens. A "Settlement" is a veritable beehive of industry; and these altruistic bees, instead of laying up honey for themselves, are toiling without rest and without reward to sweeten the lives of others, and to develop the neglected human and social resources of the Empire's heart.

Come down to Whitechapel and see. You think of Whitechapel as the prowling ground of Jack the Ripper, as a labyrinth of reeking slums, or a Ghetto crowded with foreign Jews chaffering in Yiddish over piles of old clothes. Yet when you have passed through the arched entry of Toynbee Hall you might imagine yourself in the "quad" of some old college at Oxford or Cambridge. There is a feeling of refinement and distinction in the very air. In front, an ivy-clad porch; on one hand, a turreted library rising from its cloistered foundation; on the other, a dove-cote and a clock-tower. The illusion is deepened when you enter the spacious dining hall and hear the unmistakable 'Varsity accent of the diners; but as you listen to the talk you soon discover that these Oxonians and Cantabs have become naturalised and enthusiastic Londoners—for London's sake.

And when the company have separated, you learn that three or four have gone off to manage clubs for working-men or for the "old boys" of some neighbouring Board school; one is going round arranging for parental payments to the Children's Country Holiday Fund, and another is presiding over a conference on old age pensions, or the water

supply; this one is to give a "University Extension" lecture, and that one is taking a class of pupil teachers in his own room; while a couple of others have volunteered to patrol the streets—narrow and gloomy like mountain gorges, bounded on either hand by the forbidding fronts of common lodging-houses—to investigate a complaint that the street lighting is not equal to the needs of such a doubtful locality.

Festoons of fairy lamps begin to twinkle and glow among the creepers that beautify the "quad"; and presently the people of the neighbourhood will flock in to enjoy an open-air concert. But not one of the settlers is thinking of his own enjoyment. Nevertheless, there is not a sign of boredom or discontent on a single face. Evidently, helping other people is an exhilarating and even a fascinating business.

"I shall have to go out to a Borough Council committee," says our Settler-guide—"there are two of us on the Stepney Borough Council, and two on the London County Council, which keeps us all pretty busy—but I've got time to show you into the Tenants' Defence Association first." And he leads the way through courts and corridors till we halt at a door placarded with an inscription in Hebrew and English.

Behind a table at the far end of the room sits a sharp yet benevolent-looking attorney, with a venerable Hebrew interpreter sitting on the edge of a desk close by. An old lady, not unlike the Duchess in "Alice," stands in front of the table pouring forth, with tearful voice and gestures of despair, a Yiddish tale of woe. "What's that—what's that?" asks the presiding genius. "She says," replies the old interpreter, "that her landlord has taken all the doors off their hinges because she wouldn't get out when he wanted her to; and

BERMONDSEY SETTLEMENT: A MAY-DAY FESTIVAL.

it's terribly draughty." The forceful landlord's name and other essential details are gradually sifted out from among the old lady's voluble irrelevancies, and she departs happy, confident that her wrongs will be righted. Her place is taken at once by a melancholy young man, from whose Roumanian tongue rolls off another string of grievances. "He's a 'greener,'" the interpreter explains, condensing as he translates: "only been three weeks in England: thought he had left all the cheats behind him in Roumania, and finds he's mistaken. He gave a certain man of our landlord's acquaintance 10s. 'key-money' for a house that's supposed to be going to be empty, and that man's been taking 'key-money' for the same house from I don't know how many other poor people."

CANNING TOWN WOMEN'S SETTLEMENT: PHYSICAL DRILL.

One of these owners of slum property actually took the roof off so as to freeze out, or flood out, his unfortunate tenant—who, invoking the authority of Toynbee Hall, got substantial compensation for this undeniable "disturbance." In a still more celebrated case this beneficent Association obtained a decision from the High Court that the "bedding" which is beyond the landlord's power to seize for rent includes the bedstead—a judgment for which thousands of unlucky folk all over the land have cause to bless the name of Toynbee.

"Before you leave Whitechapel," says our guide, "you really must pay a visit to Balliol House"—and away he hurries us over an asphalt court, where a company of the Boys' Brigade is at drill, to what at first you take for a block of "dwellings." And so it is, but the dwellers, whom you find enjoying a sociable evening in the big "common room," are young professional men, medical students, schoolmasters, clerks, and so forth, who form a charming little co-operative commonwealth under the mild sway of an unprofessional "Dean," instead of living isolated lives in lodgings. As we ascend a long stone stair the guide stops short on a landing. "If you had come here one night before the place was bought and christened, you might have stumbled over the mutilated corpse of a murdered woman. On this very stone one of Jack the Ripper's victims was done to death."

The Settlement for which the ground was broken by Canon Barnett's friends from Oxford and Cambridge was named after Arnold Toynbee, a still earlier pioneer in the way of living among the poor—a young man who died on the threshold of a life full of promise. And Toynbee Hall had not long been founded when another group of Oxonians, invited by Bishop Walsham How, arrived in the once rural suburb of Bethnal Green, a mile or so farther east. Their aim was to work on Toynbee lines, but under the flag of the Church of England. In an old disused schoolroom the adventurous newcomers laid the foundations of the famous Oxford House, under the guidance first of Mr. Adderley and then of Mr. Henson.

The Settlement prospered. The natives, who had been at first mistrustful of the invading "toffs," were gradually won over by

the enthusiastic brotherliness of the newcomers. A parson who arrived later on to head the little colony had a daring way of sallying into Victoria Park on a Sunday afternoon and taking the stump in opposition to the loud-mouthed missionaries of Secularism, opposing them, too, with such a genial humour and wealth of repartee that the crowd first laughed and then believed. He is gone now—gone to be Bishop of London, with a "kerridge" that is always ready to give a lift to any of his old East-End friends who dare to hail his lordship on his episcopal beat. He is gone, but his work goes on. Drop in with me now to the University Club —an embodiment of the "cut-out" principle, cutting out the public-house by energetic and common-sense competition. The air is musical with the cannoning of billiard balls; but the fragrance of tobacco smoke is unmixed with the odours of alcohol. You will find such clubs all over London now—independent in management, but united in a federation with Oxford House for headquarters.

East and ever more east we go, till we reach the edge of the London world. We are now in that extraordinary mushroom municipality called West Ham, with its vast population of dockers, factory hands, and toilers in every grade of poverty, dragging out their lives on a brick-covered Essex swamp, where herons nested thirty years ago. Here, too, it was an Oxonian voice that first raised the cry, "To the rescue!" I remember, about the year 1890, climbing to the top of a certain house in the dreary Barking Road and discovering a couple of Congregational students from Mansfield College camping out in an upper room, boiling their own tea and toasting their own bread. The little colony has done great things. All over Canning Town the colonists are known as the friends of the people. It was here that the "Poor Man's Lawyer" first started operations. A great peacemaker is he, smoothing over disagreements between husband and wife, getting compensation from employers by a little friendly letter-writing, and in a hundred ways oiling the wheels of society. "If Christianity means a lawyer wot don't charge nuthin', there's summat in it," is the judgment of the clients.

A little way from headquarters we enter—a common lodging-house, I was going to say, only this is a very uncommon lodging-house. "Full up," the keeper is saying to a very dirty applicant; "and if we were empty we wouldn't accept the honour of your company, not till you learn better manners. Why," turning to the visitors, "that chap came in here the other night and went to bed in his boots. He's an 'undesirable' if there ever was one. Our company is not what you might call select—not the 'submerged tenth,' but the 'submerged eleventh'—but we draw the line at a fellow that sleeps in his boots."

Mansfield House, by the way, has at Canning Town a sister colony, in which all the Settlers belong to what we men are pleased to call the weaker sex. And such workers they are, too! They have a regular hospital and dispensary, for one thing, for their poor sick neighbours. But we have only time to look in at their Factory Girls' Club. "You don't mean to say these are factory girls?" Yes, just the same class you saw on Hampstead Heath last Bank Holiday, flaunting in miraculous hats and dresses as "loud" as their tongues. Yet here they are drilling in sober uniforms of dark blue serge, with a regularity and discipline of which you probably thought 'Arriet incapable.

Hooliganism, which is a disease affecting both sexes, has met a deadly foe in the little army of adventurous and imperturbable Settlers, who lay hold of the young life running wild in the streets, and make it feel that there is a greater joy in less noxious activities. "Members are requested not to touch the ceiling with their feet" is the rather startling notice confronting us as we enter the gymnasium of the Wesleyan Settlement in Bermondsey. Short of kicking down the plaster in some acrobatic flight, here are innumerable ways of letting off youthful steam, such as fencing, footballing, cricketing, or enlisting as a modern Knight Templar in the Boys' Brigade. Not only the roughness, but the ugliness, of London life is being gradually dispelled wherever one of these wonderful little colonies has been planted. Here in Bermondsey, for instance—on the south side of the Thames, opposite Wapping —we might find a sight to gladden the eyes in the merry month of May: a

TOYNBEE HALL: A CONCERT IN THE QUADRANGLE.

genuine May-day festival in the Settlement court, the lassies tripping it merrily round the may-pole, to the unbounded delight of an audience crowding the very roofs around. For old and young alike, the Settlement is a radiating centre of interest and good cheer.

And who can tell what Browning Hall is to Walworth — Walworth, where human beings crowd like herrings in a barrel, a thousand to the acre? That transformed old chapel, where Browning's father and mother taught in the Sunday school and the great poet himself was baptised, you will find thronged on a Tuesday afternoon with the wives of the costerfolk and other poor women of the once well-to-do suburb. It is their club—their only relief, except the public-house, from the stuffy little rooms that they have to call "home." Nor are the children forgotten; and even the little cripples from the surrounding neighbourhood are brought in once a week to enjoy a happy hour or two devoted to needlework, fret-carving, and many a game beloved by girls and boys. Often, too, in the summer a "cripples' garden party" is held in the oasis where generations of bye-gone chapel-goers lie buried.

We must take one peep, before turning our faces northward again, at a vigorous colony of University Settlers in Cambridge House, Camberwell Road. These men have settled down to the every-day duties of neighbourliness, as well as to the semi-public duty of "running" clubs and societies. And just as the owner of a palace invites his friends to an *al fresco* entertainment in his noble grounds, so, in summer, you may see, if you are lucky enough to be invited, these young Cambridge men doing the honours of their beautiful little back garden to as many guests as they can get in from the mean streets all round their colony.

It is a far cry from Whitechapel or Walworth to Bloomsbury, where we are to take our last glimpse of Settlement life. But Bloomsbury is no longer a preserve of staid middle-class respectability, and the Passmore Edwards' Settlement is anything but a superfluity in Tavistock Square. The building is a picture in itself—art could no further go—but you should see the living pictures inside! Here are potential Hooligans sitting clean and in their right mind, at tea with the refined and refining colonists. Here are young men and women enjoying a social evening and footing it together as Besant would have had his East-Enders do at the People's Palace. Every morning, too, you may see a horse-ambulance drive up to the door with a load of handicapped humanity for the cripple children's school. A pathetic scene: yet it is a good picture to carry away with you as you leave the last of the Settlements; for it is the pride and joy of these little communities that they have discovered how to bring strength to the weakest, light to the most ignorant, a lifting hand to those who are down, and hope to the most forlorn.

MANSFIELD HOUSE: "THE POOR MAN'S LAWYER."

BETWEEN THE COURSES.

BEHIND THE BLINDS.

By GEORGE R. SIMS.

A DOCTOR has been compared to the driver of a hansom—he knows his way about the streets, but he cannot tell you what is going on inside the houses. But the great life of London is lived as much—nay, it is lived more—behind the blinds of the quiet houses than it is in the busy thoroughfares. In the streets, except on rare occasions and in isolated cases, we are all more or less "supers" in the great crowd. Our individuality is merged in that of the moving stream of humanity. Our joys and our sorrows are concealed behind a mask. It is only in the house that we take the stage and act out the story in which we are intimately concerned.

We have seen the front doors ajar and watched the little dramas of the doorstep. But these have given us but passing glimpses of the true character of the home. Like the parade outside the booth at the fair, these scenes have been but a hint, a suggestion, of the performance that is to take place within.

In the theatre the house has but three walls. The fourth is *behind* the audience. It is only by reason of this architectural arrangement that we can know what is going on inside the homes presented by the playwright. For us to-day, as we wander through the great city, that fourth wall must also be removed from its ordinary place. Only thus can we be privileged to become spectators of the *vie intime* of London—the life behind the blinds.

It is eight o'clock in the evening, and the blinds are down in this "desirable residence" in a fashionable suburb. But there is a light in most of the front windows, and that indescribable air about the place which whispers to the Londoner, "Dinner party." The last carriage has driven up, and the guests are assembled in the drawing-room. A few minutes' subdued conversation and dinner is announced. There is a little air of reserve at first. English people always require the chill taken off them when they gather together without all being intimate acquaintances.

"GOOD-NIGHT!"

As course succeeds course the weather, the Academy—if it is the season—the opera, a play that has taken the town, a book that has been criticised at length by the newspapers, furnish by turns an excuse for the people seated near each other to exchange remarks. The conversation seldom becomes general, or animated. Now and then a joke from a newspaper or a periodical is hazarded, but it rarely causes laughter. It is acknowledged with a smile when it is well told. But it frequently happens that the honoured joke introduced into dinner party conversation is so mutilated by the teller that it fails to impress the listener at all, especially if he or she has at that moment been handed the entrée, and is twisting round to secure the fork and spoon gracefully.

After the adjournment to the drawing-room, when the men have joined the ladies, everybody soon begins to think of going, and it is not long before some bold spirit decides to be the first to leave. The first departure is the signal for a general but dignified procession of good-byes to the host and hostess. A few stragglers outside stand and watch the carriages drive up to the door—a hansom cab or two and a four-wheeler hang about on the off chance. Soon after eleven the last guest has left. Mamma and the girls remain for a little while in the drawing-room chatting. Papa has retired to his den with the evening papers. Soon after midnight the lights on the lower floors go out. Only the light from the kitchen still illuminates the dark corners of the area. Towards one o'clock there is a light in the windows near the roof. The servants have gone to bed. The suburban household sleeps behind the blinds.

Here is a deserted street. The long white terrace of houses looks almost ghostly in the quiet moonlight. The policeman comes along with the slow swinging tramp of the night patrol, his lantern in his belt. He tries all the area gates and pushes the front doors. One house arrests his attention. He looks up, and sees the light still gleaming behind the blinds of a room on the second floor. There is a glimmer of gas in the hall. He knows what is the matter, because he has seen that light night after night, and once or twice he has watched a gentleman come out in the early hours and run to the cab stand, and has seen him return later with a doctor.

Behind the blinds lies a woman hovering between life and death. He wonders how the lady is to-night. The shadow of more than one figure crosses the blind, and he knows that there are other watchers gathered round the bed besides the trained nurse who keeps the nightly vigil as a rule. While he is lingering the door opens, and a man comes out hurriedly, nervously. The sympathetic policeman instantly volunteers to go for a cab. He has seen the man's face and read the latest bulletin. The cab comes and drives off. The policeman has heard the direction given to the cabman in a tearful, trembling voice. He knows what it means.

To-morrow the blinds of the house will *remain* down—a dead woman will be lying behind them.

The blinds down in a double-windowed room above a shop in an unfashionable quarter of London. The jingling of a piano and the sound of song. Laughter ringing out now and again, and the passing of many shadows across the blind. It is the "Missis's" birthday. Up in the sitting-room above the shop the honest tradesman and his partner for life are entertaining their friends in honour of the occasion. Presently the music ceases, but not the merriment. The supper is on the table—a good old-fashioned English supper. It is a squeeze to accommodate the guests, but an engaged young couple gladly sit on the sofa together and make a table of a chair. Presently "father" rises, glass in hand, and says, "Many happy returns of the day, my dear." The company stands up and re-echoes the wish, and somebody starts "For she's a jolly good fellow," and stops amid a roar of laughter. But the company quickly sees the humour of the suggestion, and presently the chorus rings out right heartily, and the passers-by stop and look up at the window.

Later a little crowd of half a dozen at the street door and many handshakings, and cheery good-nights, and kindly messages. A little lingering—they always linger at the front door after these homely little parties—and then good-night for the fourth and last time, and mother and father remain looking out into the night after their departing guests. Then the door closes and the chain goes up, and presently mother and father are again in the little sitting-room with the remains of the birthday feast. And if father doesn't put his arm affectionately round mother's waist when they are alone and kiss her and say, "Well, my dear, it's been a jolly evening, hasn't it?" I am very much mistaken. I am quite *sure* that is what you would see if they had not taken the precaution to avoid sitting down just behind the blinds.

Three o'clock in the morning, and the big square is wrapped in silence. A belated traveller looks out of his hansom and sees nothing but the drawn blinds with never a light behind them. But if he knew what was happening at No. 13 he would give it more than a passing glance. For with stealthy footsteps two men are creeping about the silent house and securing valuable plate and jewellery. All their plans have been matured beforehand. They have effected an entrance with consummate skill and daring, and have gone straight to the plate chest or the safe. Having finished their work, they are now enjoying a cold collation and a couple of bottles of wine. They don't smoke, because the smell of tobacco is very penetrating. But they have filled their pockets with the excellent Havana cigars of their unconscious host. It is quite possible that when they have finished their meal they will leave a polite little note thanking him for his hospitality. In the burgling season half a dozen people may pass the house in which the "cracksmen" are at work, the policeman may flit by like a ghost in his noiseless boots, but no living soul but the operators themselves know that to-morrow all London will be ringing with what is happening at that moment behind the blinds.

WATCHING THE SHADOWS.

Nine o'clock in the evening. This pretty little villa residence is quiet and peaceful after the fashion of villa residences. The postman goes up the garden path with the last post and wakes the echoes with his smart rat-tat. Mary the housemaid comes to the letter box and looks eagerly at the three letters that the postman has dropped into it. There is a shade of disappointment on her pretty face when she has glanced at them all. There is a letter for Master and

"MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY."

one for Missis, and another for Miss Maud. The letters are taken into the dining-room. Papa and Mamma open theirs, but Miss Maud is absent, and her letter is placed on the mantelshelf. Under ordinary circumstances Mary would have taken the letter direct to her young mistress. But Miss Maud is in the drawing-room, and with her the young gentleman to whom she is engaged.

Mary knows better than to disturb that little *tête-à-tête*. She has a sympathetic heart, and is engaged herself. So the young couple sit on undisturbed, and talk below their voices and gaze into each other's eyes, and dream the old sweet dream in the cosy little drawing-room. For this is the sweethearts' hour, and in many a London home Love reigns supreme behind the blinds.

A humble little home this. Two rooms on the ground floor, and outside a noisy street in a working-class quarter. The blind drawn down in the front window is yellow and dingy, and the feeble light of the lamp within makes it dingier. The children have been undressed and put to bed, and the pale-faced young mother sits straining her eyes over her needlework.

It is a pretty face, but a sad one, and every now and then tears come into the eyes. One big tear rolls down and drops upon the little frock that the young mother is mending. In the corner of the room are a little wooden sword and a paper cap, the soldier's sword and cap of the little boy who lies asleep in the next room. The children prattle of the war, and the little boy tells his playmates proudly that his father was a soldier and fought the Boers.

To-night the young mother's thoughts wander far away from the noisy street to a grave in a far-off land. Outside a couple of young men pass singing the latest music-hall patriotic song. The young widow drops

WHEN GUESTS HAVE LEFT.

her work and leans her elbow on the table and loses herself in a reverie. Then her lips move and her eyes are raised in tearful supplication to Heaven to watch over and guard her little ones, and give her strength to bear her sorrow and to live for them. Outside the song of England's prowess, the song of defiance to England's enemy, is shouted by the roystering lads. Every word of it is as the stab of a dagger to the soldier's widow sitting in tearful reverie behind the blinds.

A long street in Bloomsbury, one of those streets of gloom and sadness that make the foreigner marvel, and contribute to the melancholia of the native. Nearly every house in this street lets apartments. In the front room of one of them on the ground floor a man of about two-and-thirty is writing. He is an author, entirely dependent on his pen, and struggling to make enough to keep his wife and child in comfort. The paper in front of him is a blank. His thoughts have been disturbed again and again. Soon after he sat down to do an evening's work a group of children came and sat on the doorstep and quarrelled, and slapped each other, shouting separately and together. When they went away an organ grinder began to grind out the latest popular air. Then the author rose in his wrath and rushed frantically to the front door and shrieked at the man to begone. And the servants opposite thought him a brute, for to them the organ was a joy.

Gradually he has brought his mind back again to the imaginary people of his plot. But before he can quite "hear them talk" a boy comes up the street with newspapers, and shouts a tragedy. The author flings his pen down and waits. The cry of the hawker dies away in the distance. *Now* he will begin. There is the sound of a cab driving up to the door, a loud knock and a ring. Then through the open door the clamour of voices, and then the banging of heavy luggage as it is deposited in the hall. The people who have taken the drawing-room floor are moving in. The unhappy author flings down his pen with a cry of mingled rage and despair. All chance of writing a line that night has gone. For a time he sits gazing

A NIGHT REVERIE.

at vacancy, paralysed by the hopelessness of his task. Outside the noises of the street continue. No one seems to give a passing thought to the hundreds of brain workers who have to sit night after night in noisy London trying to earn their living behind the blinds.

What a marvellous human picture gallery London would be were the blinds all raised. What scenes of grief and joy, of love and hatred, of hope and despair, of low scheming and brave endeavour are hidden by the interposing veil. The student sits at his books, the tired mother at her work, the gamblers gather round the card table, the kitchen maid painfully scrawls a letter to her love. Fashion sits around the flower-decked dining table, the struggling tradesman pores over his accounts, the humble home toilers work on far into the night at their ill-paid handicraft. The coiner works in fear and trembling at his nefarious task. The clergyman writes his sermons. The criminal listens with a silent dread to every sound. A knock at the door puts his heart in his mouth, the murmur of voices below his window brings the cold sweat upon his brow. The children sit around the table in the happy home with their toys, struggling to keep awake long after the dustman has rung his bell ; the widow sits in her loneliness and thinks of the days that are no more, the young bride nestles to her husband's side by the cosy fire where the cat purrs contentment, and the four walls shut in an Eden of happiness and love. From the cradle to the grave the joys and sorrows of life are there. The newly-born utters his first cry, the newly-dead has breathed his last breath—behind the blinds.

"BEGONE!"

SUNDAY MORNING EAST AND WEST.

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

A SUNDAY morning in the height of summer. The Trafalgar Square fountains flicker and flash dazzlingly in the sunlight, and the air is so quiet that from the edge of the glowing pavement you can catch the cool tinkle of the water as it showers back into the basins.

This time yesterday morning the roar of life was at its loudest here: a busy, innumerable crowd billowed restlessly into the Square and out of it on every side; carts, cabs, 'buses, carriages, rushing incessantly to and fro in the roadway, made the crossing difficult and even perilous. But to-day an obvious tourist, abetted by his wife, is leisurely erecting a camera to photograph the Nelson Column, and looks lonely in the middle of the road.

Nobody is in a hurry this morning. Most of the passers-by wear such an aggressive air of being out for pleasure, and not on business, as you may have noticed in schoolboys playing truant. There is a faded old man on the rim of one of the fountains hunched in an attitude that suggests years of bending over a desk in some dull office, but now he is reading his Sunday paper instead of writing in a ledger; and on the benches round about more or less seedy loafers are basking in drowsy contentment.

From the direction of St. Martin's Church a char-a-banc crawls hesitantly by the kerb, and a narrow board on the side of it indicates that it is prepared to take excursionists to Kew or Hampton Court. A straggling procession of similar vehicles is slowly approaching down the Strand: most of them have a few holiday-makers, male and female—emancipated shop-hands, steady-going clerks, and visitors from the country—already seated under their striped awnings, and the drivers and conductors are keeping an alert look-out for more.

For nearly an hour past a shiny, yellow, smart private brake has been standing opposite one of the hotels near this end of Northumberland Avenue, and now you are warned by the stiffening of the groom at the horses' heads that those it waits for are at length in sight. A very gay, very elegant party of Americans streams out of the hotel, making a sudden brightness in the shadow of the huge, sombre building: Papa, glorious in a blindingly white waistcoat, a Panama hat, and loose white trousers; Mamma, very stout, rosy and good-humoured, gowned in pink under a pink parasol; three young girls, one of them evidently her daughter, and a middle-aged lady youthfully dressed, all four a bewildering shimmer of white and blue and crimson; and with them are three young men and a middle-aged one clothed in summery tweeds and serges. As there is only room for eight inside, one of the young men reluctantly climbs up beside Papa, who is taking the reins; and away they go, whirling airily across the Square, a many-hued bubble of laughter and merry chattering, that switches off into Pall Mall, and is beyond sight and hearing at once, as if it had burst at the corner.

A little way down the Strand, where all the shops are asleep and the pavements but thinly peopled, if you look in under the wide archway of a certain hotel you shall see, against a background of loungers in basket-chairs, with iced drinks on spindly tables at their elbows, spruce cabs and carriages waiting for their owners or hirers; and conspicuous amidst them the dandy black and yellow coach that will presently start for a run to Walton-on-Thames. Its dapper, white silk-hatted coachman stands deferentially discussing his four horses with a prospective passenger; and from the long wicker sheath hung by the back seat protrudes the brazen horn that by-and-bye, when the full coach rattles gallantly on its journey, will waken jolly echoes in sober

suburban streets and green lanes by the riverside.

By this time the bells are ringing for morning service, and the out-of-door population is leavened with an increasing proportion of church- and chapel-goers, of both sexes and all ages, carrying red or gilt-edged books. Wandering west, along Pall Mall into Piccadilly and through the stately byways of Mayfair, you meet with more and more church-goers, more fashionably dressed, and more aristocratic of look and bearing. Generally there is one exquisitely groomed male to every two ladies, but now and then the ladies are unescorted; and occasionally, armed with the inevitable red or gilt-edged volumes, two or three of the sterner sex are stepping churchwards together, with no petticoated accompaniment to persuade them thither.

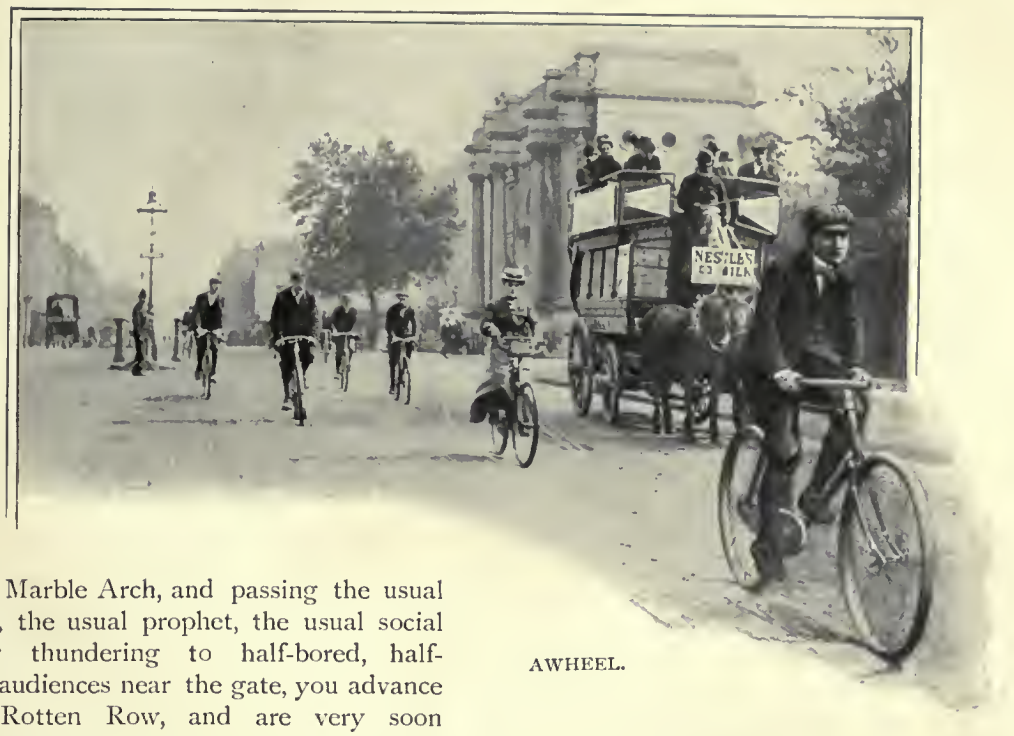
There are church-goers, too, in some of the few carriages that are rumbling demurely among 'buses and excursion vehicles down Piccadilly; and dashing past them, with a jaunty levity that has a spice of wickedness in it, comes a hansom carrying a blissful man in boating flannels. Beside him is a pretty river nymph in a sailor blouse, smiling out from under the sauciest straw hat that was ever made. The glimpse you have of them, and of the sly luncheon hamper on the roof, gives you such a vivid momentary vision of sunny, rippling water and two in a boat that you can almost hear the cool plash of the dipping oars.

FOUR-IN-HAND.

Whichever way you take, there are cyclists everywhere—women and men, alone, in pairs, and by the dozen. Turning back and up Regent Street to loiter for a while at Oxford Street corner, you see how the tops of outward-bound 'buses are bubbling and frothing over with gossamer white hats and dresses, and laces and ribbons; and occasionally, embowered among all this finery, you may pick out the mother of a family nursing the youngest, the father nursing the dinner-basket, and overheating himself with saving less manageable members of the family from tumbling off into the road.

Panting and snorting and bumping, there goes a motor-car; four knickerbockered men inside it, and the back of it bristling with golf-clubs. Here comes a dog-cart with a smart looking party out for the day; followed presently by a glossy, high-stepping steed drawing a natty trap, wherein is a large man, keenly conscious of his own dashing aspect, of the elegance and loveliness of the lady who sits by him as brilliantly arrayed as a very butterfly, and of the tremendous effectiveness of the white-breeched, top-booted footboy perched with folded arms at the back. Comfortable people are out sunning themselves in landaus; expected guests are spinning off in cabs to pleasant little luncheons in Suburbia; and all the time there are more cyclists, by ones, by twos, by threes; and yonder, spreading and thinning out and winding among the traffic like a flight of birds, comes a party of nearly a score, a flutter of feminine drapery here and there lending a touch of grace and gallantry to it, to say nothing of colour.

And now the pavements grow temporarily populous with pedestrians homing from church; and sprinkled among them are nursemaids returning from the Park, wheeling in dainty perambulators aristocratic infants who slumber deep in soft frills and laces under lace-edged canopies. Entering the



AWHEEL.

Park at Marble Arch, and passing the usual agnostic, the usual prophet, the usual social reformer thundering to half-bored, half-amused audiences near the gate, you advance round Rotten Row, and are very soon mingling in the church parade of a highly fashionable, highly decorous crowd that grows denser at every step you take into it, until your walking perforce slows down to the gentlest possible foot-pace.

For under the trees here all the beauty and fashion of the West hold high carnival in the hour betwixt coming from church and going to luncheon; but the whole vast multitude is toned to such well-mannered harmony that there is no crush anywhere, no unseemly excitement, no haste—only a stately pacing this way and that, murmuring of sedate voices, and rippling of politely modulated laughter. On the garden seats down the centre of the broad path and at the side, and on the green chairs closely scattered between the seats and more closely across the grass behind them, one half of the crowd rests and looks on at the other half which is in motion. Members of Parliament, retired military officers, financial princes, men of title and rank, pompous, indifferent, affable, dignified; gay old gentlewomen quizzing the throng through their glasses, severe old gentlewomen disregarding it all with petrified stares; blushful maidens, callow swaggering youths, matured imperturbable maidens and bored men of experience, matrons and dames, and fussy or stolid old heads of old families, all talking and flirting and bowing and smiling and strolling and meeting and turning, and meeting and passing again, or pausing to shake hands and chat for a minute of last night's ball, or to-morrow's play, or this evening's little dinner.

Across the other side of London at this same hour, and from several hours earlier and for several hours to come, there gathers another crowd as vast as this, but differently composed and in a vastly different environment. In place of the grass and trees on one side of the road, and the gorgeous, neatly ordered flower beds on the other, you find two rows of squalid shops, wide open and roaring alluringly for customers; in place of the garden seats, here is a confusion of overloaded stalls fringing the pavements to right and left from end to end of the long, narrow thoroughfare; and, in place of the unimpeachable carriages and equestrians in the roadway and the polite gathering on the footpath, here the sun glares down through a dusty, malodorous atmosphere on a loud, surging, struggling, closely-packed mob, elbowing and shouldering hither and thither sturdily, and on eager shopkeepers and stall-keepers bawling and gabbling in diabolical concert. For you are in the East, and this

is Middlesex Street, unofficially known as Petticoat Lane.

Arriving in Bishopsgate Street Without a little before eleven, you might have seen the tide of well-dressed or decent church- and chapel-goers at the full, and have heard the church bells ringing placidly as they rang in the West; but the moment you plunged into the "Lane" their pealing would have been inaudible in the nearer clamour of human voices. This tall red building is the Jews' Free School, and the droning of scholars at their lessons floats out at the open windows and mingles with the howls of the fish salesman, the wail of the lemon seller, and the raucous patter of the cheap jack. You pass from a clothier's stall to a butcher's, to tinware, crockery, toy, fruit, hat and cap stalls, confectioners' stalls, boot stalls, more cheap jacks, more fish stalls, more clothiers, and pretty well all of them Jews. Now and then you collide with a man who, having no stall, careers about in the crowd with a stack of trousers on his shoulder, and flourishing a pair in his hand implores you to take your choice from his stock at "a dollar a time"; you meet men and boys adrift in like manner with braces, handkerchiefs, socks, boots; an old bearded Hebrew hovers at the corner of Wentworth Street with a huge bowl of gherkins steeped in a yellowish liquid, and reiterates drearily, "All in winegar—'apenny each!"

BIRD FAIR (SCLATER STREET, BETHNAL GREEN).

Opposite an earnest man in his shirt sleeves bellows over a glass tank, "'Ere yar! The champiun lemin drink—'apenny a glass. 'Ave yer money back if yer don't like it!" And close alongside a gramaphone is all the while reproducing a sharp, jerky imitation of the voice of a popular music-hall star singing a comic song. Just beyond it a clothier mad with zeal has leaped upon his stall, and is frantically waving a coat before the eyes of the crowd. "As good as it was the day it was made!" he shrieks. "Look at it for yerselves. It'll stand it. Look at it!" He hurls it at the simmering mass, and it completely extinguishes two heads, the owners whereof casually disentangle themselves from it and toss it back to him. "Worth 'arf a guinea," he insists. "It's goin' for eight bob—seven—six—five—three an' a tanner, an' not a farden less if I—— Now then, Sam, 'elp the genelman try it on." He pitches it to a paunchy, shirt-sleeved partner, and the next moment the customer, a weedy youth and shy, is trying it on. "'Ow's it fit at the back?" the partner demands of a friend who is with the customer. "Bit loose, ain't it?" "Loose!" interrupts the partner furiously. "Young fool—where is it? 'E'll never 'ave no better fit than that,

not at any price." He pats the customer encouragingly on the shoulder, has his money in a twinkling, and sends him shuffling off with his old coat under his arm.

The fair overflows all the streets branching from Petticoat Lane, and diverging to the west you may penetrate to Cutler Street and Phil's Buildings, which are wholly given over to clothiers; going farther east by doors and in the gutters hutches and cages, towering one above another, swarm with rabbits, fowls, pigeons, ducks, cockatoos, parrots, thrushes, canaries, and such smaller birds in amazing variety; and the sellers bawl against each other, and the birds crow, coo, quack, scream, and sing against each other deafeningly. Men without shops or stands roam in the crowd carrying a cage or two and crying their wares; men and boys waylay you in the crush or on the skirts of it with wriggling heaps of rabbits at the bottom of small sacks, and offer you the pick of the bunch for sixpence.

OFF TO CHINGFORD.

OUT FOR THE DAY.

Escaping through Cygnet way of Wentworth Street, which is as rampant and as congested as the "Lane" itself, you emerge on Spitalfields, where the Market is half open, trafficking with costermongers, whose trucks and donkey-carts are huddled outside it.

This turning by the church brings us to Brick Lane, and Brick Lane leads to Sclater Street, locally known as Club Row, where you will find Bird Fair in full blast. It is Petticoat Lane over again on a much smaller scale; with next to no Jews, hardly any women, less diversity, no side-shows (unless you count the betting tipster and refreshment stalls right out past the limits of the crowd); no frivolity in short, but strict attention to business.

Most of the shops in Sclater Street are kept by bird dealers, and their outer walls up to the first floor have all broken into an eruption of bird cages. Beside the shop Street, you stumble into a smaller, quiet market in Bethnal Green Road, for the sale of cycle tyres and second-hand accessories; and meat and vegetable stalls are moderately busy for some distance past it. Noon being gone, as you follow the Bethnal Green Road and Cambridge Road to Mile End Gate, people are coming away from Sunday morning services, many in Salvation Army uniforms, and loafers gathered at street corners are yearning for the public-houses to open.

SUNDAY MORNING IN HYDE PARK (CHURCH PARADE).

Photo: A. B. Hughes, Fulham, S.W.

SUNDAY MORNING IN MIDDLESEX STREET, WHITECHAPEL.

A drab, dingy, squalid neighbourhood; and yet you come upon Romance flowering in the heart of it. You will not see a carriage stopping every day in front of that grimy old house sandwiched between the shops yonder; and you may easily know why it is there now by the rose in the driver's buttonhole and the white ribbon bow on his whip, and by the sightseers who form a double line from the carriage door to the gate of the house, and include two frowsy women with babies, several small children carrying smaller children, and one unwashed infant who, propelled by a bare-footed sister, has arrived in considerable state in a soap box on wheels.

Whitechapel Road presents a very different spectacle from that to be seen at this hour in Oxford Street; and yet it has at least one point of resemblance, for all the 'buses and trams running away from London are packed with happy fugitives who are running away from it too. But here is no Oxford Street equipage, this coster's barrow racing and rocking towards Chingford under the weight of its owner and some friends, the former in his shirt-sleeves and the feminine members of the party in all the pride of bright dresses and big-feathered hats. Some little distance behind them a substantial family group jolts soberly along on chairs and boxes in a greengrocer's cart; and overtaking and passing them whirl a dozen of Epping-bound cyclists—factory lads and artisans, mostly in their working clothes—who will return under the stars to-night, tired perhaps and rather rowdy, with green branches and blossoms wreathed round their handle-bars.

Night is half a day off yet, however. It is only just luncheon hour in the West, where the gongs are calling pleasantly select gatherings to shady interiors of Belgravia; and here, in the East, the loafers have disappeared from the corners, for the public-houses are open, and you are meeting shirt-sleeved men and bare-armed women going for the dinner beer, and men, women, and children hurrying home with steaming dishes from the bakehouses—some one or other of the hungry urchins pausing, maybe, at a safe corner to raise the cloth from his dish and thrust a finger in after a well-browned, succulent potato, wherewith to propitiate his appetite by the way.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONISTS PASSING DOWN PICCADILLY.

SEARCHING A CHINESE SEAMAN'S CHEST.

HIS MAJESTY'S CUSTOMS.

By E. S. VALENTINE.

HARD by Billingsgate, stretching for a matter of one hundred and fifty yards or so along Thames Street, rises a large grey stone building, inhabited during business hours by three hundred clerks. It may be not inaptly termed the "King's Toll-Bar for London." It is the Custom House. Here is the home and centre of the revenue collection of the greatest port in the world. It is the headquarters of a small army of blue-coated and brass-buttoned functionaries familiar to merchants and mariners, tourists and travellers: all, indeed, whose business or pleasure leads them to foreign parts and home again to the heart of the British Empire.

But it must not be supposed that these numerous emissaries of the Custom House are ever gathered together within its four walls. They are distributed in batches—all save the actual clerical staff—and often many months may elapse before they so much as set eyes upon the chief establishment.

For instance, if you wend your way along the banks of the river east of the Tower of London, you will, at intervals, amidst the mass of closely-packed tall buildings and high walls, come across small, unpretentious structures, inscribed with the legend "His Majesty's Customs." Outside, maybe, an officer will be standing with his gaze bent upon the Thames, where his comrades are in a boat. These are the water-guard, whose duty it is to board ships coming up the river, and to superintend the unloading of such as carry bulk cargo. A group of officers and searchers taken at the Tunnel pier is shown in the photographic reproduction on p. 289. The men serve long hours—twenty-four at a stretch. If your curiosity impels you to peep into their quarters, you see in one room a couple of chairs and a desk littered with the latest official orders and notifications. Tobacco or brandy is expected to arrive carefully done up in the form of cheeses, or a large consignment of pirated English copyright works is to be seized. If you glance into the other room of these water-guards, your nostrils may be assailed by the aroma of ham or beefsteak, which our Customs officer himself is preparing against the return of his comrades.

"Oh, yes, we mess for ourselves," says your host, in response to a query on this

THE CUSTOMS' HOUSE.

head; "Government furnishes the utensils, and we do the rest—that is, when we're ashore. When we're out on the river we carry our lunch with us, or mess on board ship."

Each group of the water-guard consists of four only, and the land-guard men make up most of the outside service.

They are vigilance incarnate, these Custom House men. It is no use trying to evade them. Day and night they are on the watch, waiting at the docks, rowing in the middle of the Thames, strolling about the railway stations, ready to pounce upon the incomer, whether he be master of a merchantman or merely proprietor of a modest portmanteau, with the query, "Anything dutiable?" or "Anything to declare?"

Every year it grows harder to elude or cheat the Customs. Yet the system in vogue to-day is infinitely simpler than it used to be. As has already been said, the "outside" staff of the Custom House is made up of a land-guard and a water-guard. There are no longer any "tide-waiters" or "land-waiters," such as appertained twenty or thirty years ago. At each of the great docks there are from forty to eighty officials. It is the duty of some of these to look after the cargo, while others inspect the effects of passengers and the crew. While this process is going on aboard ship, the master of the vessel is sending a report of her arrival and an account of her cargo to the Custom House, which he is obliged by law to do within twenty-four hours from entering port. Not a box or a bale may be landed until the master's declaration and that of the consignee have been compared by the indoor clerks at the Custom House, and what is known as the "entry," or warrant showing the duties on such goods as are dutiable to have been paid, is in the hands of the Customs men at the docks.

The process of examining luggage by the Customs inspectors at the docks is a sufficiently familiar one to all who have ever travelled out of this kingdom. The general air of bustle and excitement; the impatience and oftentimes the annoyance of the travellers at the delay; the occasional protestations on the part of nervous ladies; the grim determination of the inspectors to probe to the bottom of every mystery; and once in a way the discomfiture of a detected smuggler, unaware of the enormity of his or her offence; the strange apparition of cigars in the middle of steamer cushions, and of brandy or perfume dexterously concealed in under garments: all this forms a twice-told tale. Rigorous attention, too, is required and given to the heterogeneous luggage of the aliens who land upon our shores.

Sometimes foreign—and, alas, British—members of the crew exhibit an ingenious pertinacity for smuggling. The officer who is told off to visit their quarters is usually acquainted with their devices; for it seems pretty hard to Jack Tar that he may not

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

bring his friends and family tobacco and spirits which he has bought "dirt cheap" in foreign parts.

But, as might be expected, by far the cleverest and most obstinate smuggler is the Chinaman. As an instance, a couple of Chinese seamen on board an Indiaman were imprisoned for concealing four pounds of tobacco and refusing to pay the fine upon detection—that is to say, treble the value of the goods with the duty added, which in

LUGGAGE AWAITING EXAMINATION BY CUSTOMS OFFICERS (CHARING CROSS STATION).

their case amounted to £3 13s. each. There are always some amusing cases of this description, especially on the arrival of a large vessel from the East whose crew has never before been subjected to a Customs examination.

At the railway stations, such as Charing Cross, about the hour that the Continental express is due, the little group of Customs officials are on the alert to examine such goods and luggage as have come through in bond, so to speak, from the port of Dover. England being a free-trade country, the returned tourist or the foreign visitor or immigrant misses, as well he may and with gratitude, those too assiduous attentions and impertinences which occasionally distinguish countries where a tariff wall has been carefully reared. The business here, be it said to the credit of our Customs officers, is often done with an adroitness which a conjurer might envy. Presto! and your largest trunk is "inspected" to its innermost depths, and a tiny cabalistic chalk mark affixed which enables you to pass the barrier with an air of conscious rectitude—forgetful, perhaps, of the two or three smuggled volumes of Tauchnitz, plainly marked "not to be introduced into the United Kingdom," reposing in the folds of your pyjamas.

One mighty department of the Customs consists of the bonded warehouses beneath, above, and surrounding the docks. Herein are stored the vast quantities of wine, spirits, tea, tobacco, etc., not required by the importer for the present, the duty being therefore unpaid. These vaults and warehouses are guarded day and night, they are under Crown lock and key, and none may enter them for the purpose of removing goods unless he carries with him a receipt from the Long Room of the Custom House showing that the King's fee has been duly paid. The bonded

warehouses at St. Katherine's Docks can hold 110,000 tons of goods, those of London Docks over 250,000 tons, and the Royal Albert Docks have accommodation for an even larger amount. All the tobacco imported into London is stored at the Victoria Docks. There it stands, piled in huge casks, often millions of pounds' worth, with £100,000 worth of cigars in chests. The wines and spirits are in vaults at the London Docks; tea and sugar being distributed amongst various bonded warehouses. It is at the London Docks that one's eye catches sight of a door in the east angle inscribed "To the Kiln." This leads to a furnace in which adulterated tea and tobacco, pinchbeck jewellery, and other confiscated wares were for many years burnt.

"We burn few things here now," remarked one of the Customs officers; "most of what is done takes place at Deptford. The tobacco is given to the asylums, especially those for the insane, throughout the country."

"I suppose you destroyed a good deal of contraband merchandise in the old days?"

"I only wish I had a shilling for every hundred pounds' worth I've burnt. I've thrown a bushel of paste diamonds, 600 hams, 4,000 pirated novels, 2,000 pairs of gloves, and 150 pounds of tobacco into the kiln in the course of a day. I've burnt six crates of condemned pork-pies, fifteen dozen infected undershirts, and forty boxes of cigars during a morning. If you happen to be a smoker or a snuff-taker, it goes very much against the grain to see good material going to waste; but if importers won't pay the Customs dues they must, of course, be taught a lesson. Yet I, for one, am glad the Board has to a great extent abolished the old plan of burning."

BEADLE.

OFFICERS AND SEARCHERS (TUNNEL PIER)

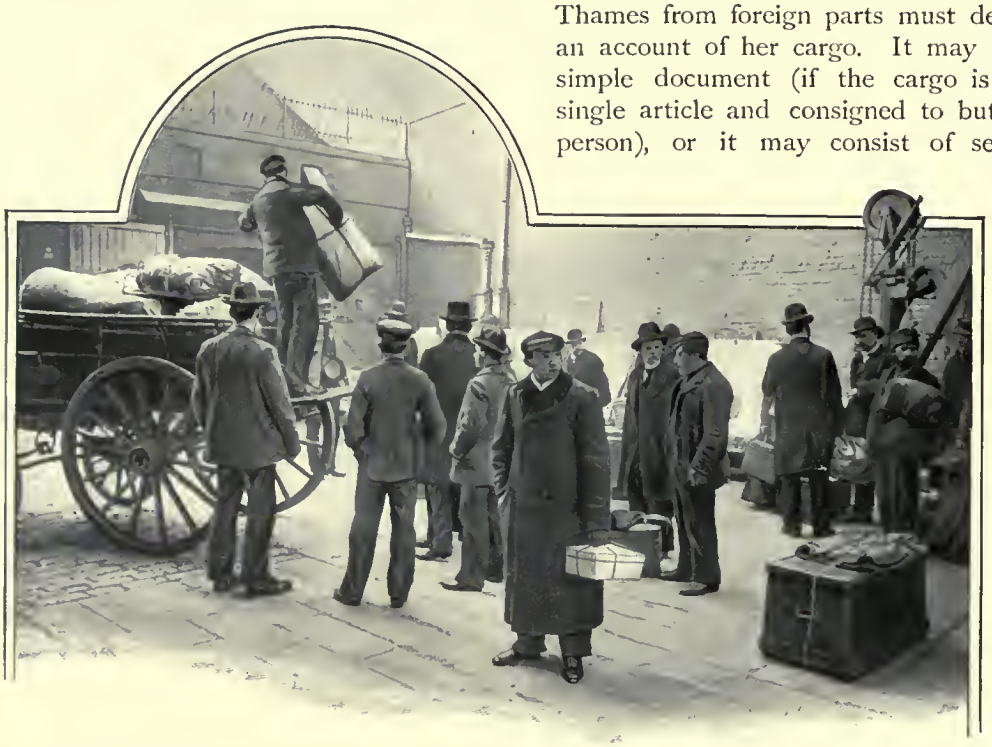
37

And now, after having taken a brief survey of the character, numbers, and duties of the outside staff, let us return to headquarters in Thames Street, at which as yet we have only glanced.

As you cross the threshold into the wide corridor you are confronted by a gorgeous beadle in a scarlet cloak and cocked hat.

"The Long Room?" echoes the beadle, marvelling that anyone could by any possibility be ignorant of the precise whereabouts of that mercantile emporium, "Upstairs to the left." And he waves his arm in the direction of a crowded staircase, by which two-score Custom House frequenters are ascending and descending Half-way up the staircase a long

row of placards, proclamations, and official announcements, affixed to the wall, invite the attention. Mariners are notified that there is a wreck in the river which they are cautioned to avoid; there is an announcement concerning the sugar duty; John James is requested to take his goods out of bond; William Smith has been promoted to a first-class inspectorship; and so on, each fresh notice as it is pasted up commanding a due amount of respectful attention.



ALIENS AND OTHERS AT THE DOCKS: AFTER LUGGAGE EXAMINATION.

At last we have gained the Long Room, far famed wherever the merchant flag of Britain floats, which has given its name to a hundred and more so-called "long rooms" in Custom Houses all over the kingdom, rooms which are only long in respect of time, and often not even in that. But this—the original Long Room of the Port of London—justifies its name. It is really a huge apartment—190 feet in length by 66 in breadth, and of majestic height. Eighty clerks are seated behind the continuous counter which runs round its four sides. This is the department where the bulk of the documents required by the Customs laws are received by the King's officials. It is here, at the section marked "Report Office," that the master of every ship entering the Thames from foreign parts must deliver an account of her cargo. It may be a simple document (if the cargo is of a single article and consigned to but one person), or it may consist of several papers, and be somewhat intricate (if the cargo is a mixed one and belongs to several persons). It is the business of the Customs officials to compare the master's report with the one presented by the consignee. If they agree, all is well; otherwise an explanation is demanded. If the items of the cargo are of a dutiable nature, the duty must be paid; after which the consignee's papers, or "entries," are signed by the Long Room officials, and serve as a warrant to the Customs officers at the docks to release the cargo.

Sometimes, just before the announcement of the annual Budget in the House of Commons, the Long Room of the Custom House presents a very animated scene indeed; as, for instance, when a rumour got abroad, in the spring of 1901, that the Government had decided to impose a duty upon sugar. It so happened that the very day when the duty was to come into effect a ship arrived in the Thames laden with many hundreds of tons; the captain made the utmost haste up the river, and then

despatched the fleetest messenger obtainable to reach the Custom House and report his cargo. Alas! the messenger flew at top speed, but he was not quick enough. He arrived in Thames Street a few minutes too late—the Custom House had closed at four o'clock. Had the captain's emissary been a quarter of an hour sooner, or his ship a faster sailer, the consignee would have been saved a trifle of £4,000 duty. Where the goods are in bond—that is to say, stored in the Government warehouses, as sugar now is—the business of removing it must still be transacted at the Custom House.

The Customs duties levied here amount to £10,000,000 a year, or, in other words, about half the Customs of the kingdom are paid at the Port of London. To accomplish all the work that the collection of this vast sum entails there are no fewer than 170 rooms in the Custom House, besides the Long Room. But there is very little that is interesting in any of these; unless, perhaps the Board Room, where oil portraits of George III., George IV., and Queen Victoria adorn the walls.

But on the ground floor of the big building in Thames Street is an extensive warehouse, where confiscated goods which are not destined to undergo the ordeal of the flames await the annual sale in Mincing Lane. This is the King's Warehouse; and is simply but bountifully packed with the most singular and fantastic *omnium gatherum* of merchandise from the four corners of the globe. Cheek by jowl with a dozen boxes of raisins and a couple of cameras will be an imitation grand piano containing a hundred gallons of brandy, a couple of tons of chocolate, a hundred dozen bottles of perfumery, five hundred flagons of liqueurs, thousand of prunes, and figs and tea *ad libitum*. The sale of confiscated articles usually brings in a matter of £2,000 per annum, even though some of the merchandise goes for a mere song to the fortunate purchasers who foregather in November at the official mart in Mincing Lane.

THE LONG ROOM.

IN BATTERSEA PARK.

FOOTBALL LONDON.

By HENRY LEACH.

THERE is one section of London's vast population which doesn't care a jot for football, another which goes simply mad over it, and there is every reason to believe that the latter is increasing considerably. And these two sections, be it remembered, are not merely and respectively the old and the young. Whilst there are ragged urchins kicking paper balls in back alleys in Fulham and Whitechapel, there are top-hatted, frock-coated gentlemen with grey beards, who sorrow over the passing of sixty winters, but who yet on this same afternoon are kicking the boards in front of them on the stand at Queen's Club, so high and so uncontrollable is their excitement as they watch the fortunes of a great match. Only in the brief half-time interval, when the players are being refreshed, is the nervous strain the least bit slackened. A football ground, after all, is one of the best places in the world for the observation of raw human nature.

SCHOOLBOYS AT PLAY.

There have been many eras of London football, and of such stern stuff is the London football enthusiast made that for a period of adversity, extending over nearly two decades, he could still keep his mind steadfastly fixed on one great purpose and work unceasingly for its accomplishment. So in 1901, when Tottenham Hotspur won the English Cup, the equality of London with the rest of the football

world—not to say its superiority—was re-established.

Football in London rouses itself from its summer's sleep less readily than it does in the provinces, where they keep a vigil on the last night of August that they may the earlier kick the ball when September dawns. In London we are not so precipitous, and we recognise the right of King Cricket to prolong his life for a few more days if he may. Nevertheless, when the autumn comes football is in the air, and the great professional clubs lose no time in the commencement of their business. Even in August, when the sun is hot o'erhead, and when, according to football law, no matches shall be played under pain of the most grievous penalties — yes, even in this warm, mellow month, if you come with me down to Woolwich or to Tottenham I could show you crowds some thousands strong. And these would be criticising, praising and condemning, hoping and despairing, but all of them yelling, as they watch the first practice games of the season in which old and new players are weighed in the balance and accepted or rejected for the League team as the case may be. This is a time for nervous excitement for all concerned, and indeed in this respect there is only one other period which may be properly likened unto this one upon the threshold of the season's campaign. And that other one is eight months in advance, in the last days of March and the beginning of April, when the proven stalwarts of the season close together for the final bout in which the honours at last are the laurels of absolute and undisputed championship.

It seems to me that few modern pastimes can so conjure up in one's mind a vision of the games of old as this practice football, when the qualities of the players are being tested, and when every mind is on the strain as to how the best possible team shall be selected. Every individual of the crowd round the rails has an interest in the result. Either he pays his half-guinea for a season ticket or his admission money every Saturday, and if the team is not to his liking he will want to know the reason why. Nominally the committee is the arbiter and it actually makes the choice of men; but no committee of a professional club in the metropolitan area or anywhere else would dare to neglect the force of public opinion to any substantial extent. You see, it takes some thousands a year to run these professional clubs, and those thousands have to come from the men who are shouting round the green.

And so it happens that when Sandy

Photo: Russell & Sons, Baker street, W.

A RUGBY "SPRINT" (BLACKHEATH CLUB).

TAKING THE FIELD (BLACKHEATH CLUB).

McTavish, the new forward, who has come all the way from Motherwell, Dumbarton, or the Vale of Leven for four pounds a week, strips himself and bounds into the ring for practice and for judgment, his feelings on analysis are found to be much the same as those of the gladiator in the glorious days of Rome. Sandy skims down the wing like a bird in flight, such are his ease and grace and skill; and at the right moment—thud! and the ball has whizzed into the net, a splendid and most excellent goal. Sandy thus has made his mute appeal. The crowd is appreciative, it screams its pleasure, the latest Scot is the greatest hero, and—it is thumbs up for Sandy. But what if he fumbled and fell, and, perhaps through sheer nervousness, did nought that was good upon a football field? None would know so well as Sandy that his fate was sealed, and that no mercy awaited him. There are scowls and murmurs of discontent from beyond the touch-line, and, most cutting of all, there are derisive cheers. Poor miserable Sandy knows full well that thumbs are down, and a vision of the second team, with a subsequent ignominious transfer to some other club, comes up in his tortured mind. Yes, for the human view of it, for the strenuousness, the excitement, the doubt, and the stirring episodes of London football, give me the practice games in the early days when the law forbids a real foe.

ON THE ROOF OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL CHOIR SCHOOL.

And when the season opens, away bound the professional teams like hounds unleashed, and every camp is stirred with anxious thoughts. There is Tottenham Hotspur, who vindicated the South after the period of darkness. Enthusiasm always runs very high at Tottenham, where the bands play and the spectators roar themselves hoarse when goals are scored, and betake themselves in some numbers to the football hostelries when all is over to fight the battle once again. It is a football fever of severe form which is abroad at Tottenham. Again, at Plumstead, where the Woolwich Arsenal play—a club of many achievements and many possibilities. The followers of the Reds, as they call them from their crimson shirts, are amongst the most loyal in the land, and Woolwich led the way in the resuscitation of the South. League clubs came to Plumstead when Tottenham was little more than a name. Over at Millwall is the club of that name, which has likewise had its ups and downs, though they call it by way of pseudonym the Millwall Lion.

In the meantime, whilst these great teams, and the others which are associated with them in London professionalism, play the grand football, there are no lesser if younger enthusiasts by the thousand in the streets and on the commons and in the parks, and their grade of show ranges from the paper or the rag ball of first mention in this article to the full paraphernalia of the Number Five leather case and the regulation goal posts and net. And don't think this is not the most earnest football. If you do, stroll upon some Saturday in the winter time into Battersea and Regent's Park, and there

you will see the youngsters striving for the honours of victory and for the points of their minor Leagues. The London County Council makes provision for no fewer than

A "CUP-TIE" FINAL (CRYSTAL PALACE).

eight thousand of these football matches in its parks in a single season. And at our London public schools great homage is paid to King Football under widely varying conditions. At one institution—St. Paul's Cathedral Choir School—it is even played on the roof, as the illustration opposite shows.

And then there are two other continuous features of London football that I must note. The one is the great and noble element of amateurism which must always flourish. Go to Queen's Club, Kensington, one of the finest football arenas in the world, or to Leyton, and there you will see a struggle between the Corinthians—the most athletic gentlemen in London — and, very likely, one of the strongest League teams from the country. There is certain to be a very big crowd, which is second to none in enthusiasm, but there is this difference between the congregation these matches draw and most others, that it is a trifle more cosmopolitan, a trifle less fanatical, that it breathes a little more of the spirit of amateurism and the 'Varsities. And up at another great amateur head-

Photos: Russell & Sons, Crystal Palace.

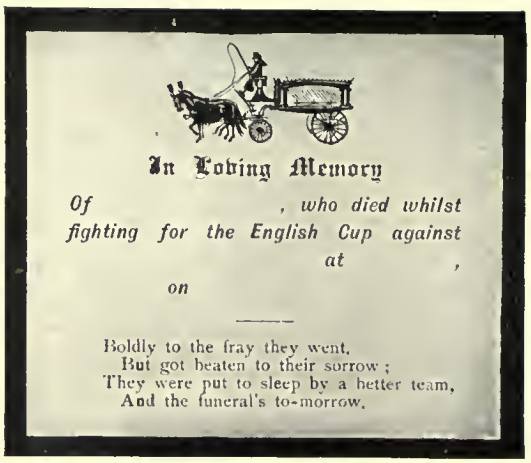
A CORNER OF THE CROWD (CRYSTAL PALACE).

quarters, Tufnell Park, you should see a game between the renowned Casuals and the London Caledonians or "Caleys." That is the game to warm the blood of a football follower. And at that historic spot which is known as the "Spotted Dog," you will find

the great Clapton team disport themselves. These representatives of amateurism are indeed great in their past, great in their traditions, even if they are not great in the eyes of the Leagues.

The other notable and enduring feature of London football is its Rugby section. It has a story all its own, and the Rugby enthusiast never could see anything in the "socker" game. It is admitted that "rugger" is a cult, a superior cult, and though it has its followers by thousands in London, it is not the game of the people as is that played under the rival code of laws. Yet London has always held a glorious place in the Rugby football world, and the public schools and the 'Varsities supply such a constant infusion of good new blood, so that when the fame of Richmond and Blackheath fade away, we shall be listening for the crack of Rugby doom.

And so the eight months' season with its League games, its Cup-ties, its 'Varsity matches, rolls along, we round the Christmas corner with its football comicalities, and we come in due course to the greatest day of all the football year, when the final tie in the English Cup competition is fought out at the Crystal Palace. It cannot be an exaggeration to say that it is one of the sights of the London year when over 100,000 screaming people are standing upon the slopes of Sydenham, and with quickened pulses watching the progress of the struggle. How the rail-



A DEATH CARD.

way companies get them all there from the city is a mystery, and it is another, though a lesser one, as to how quite half that crowd has travelled up from the country towns and cities in the small hours of the morning. On his arrival, the country Cup-tie visitor, whether he comes from Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, or any other of the great centres, lets all London know of the fact, so much is he badged and bedecked in the colours of his favourites.

At night, when the greatest battle has been won and lost, he swarms over the West-End with his pockets full of the many football editions, and a death card of the losing team in proper black-bordered "In Memoriam" style tucked away in his pockets as a memento. In both these paper goods is a great trade done. Football journalism is a profession in itself, with all its own editors, specialists, and reporters.

The Cup day passes, and now the season nears its end. For still a week or two it holds up its tired, nodding head; but at last there comes the first morning of May, and all is over. And even the football Londoner is not sorry for that.

HALF-TIME REFRESHMENTS.

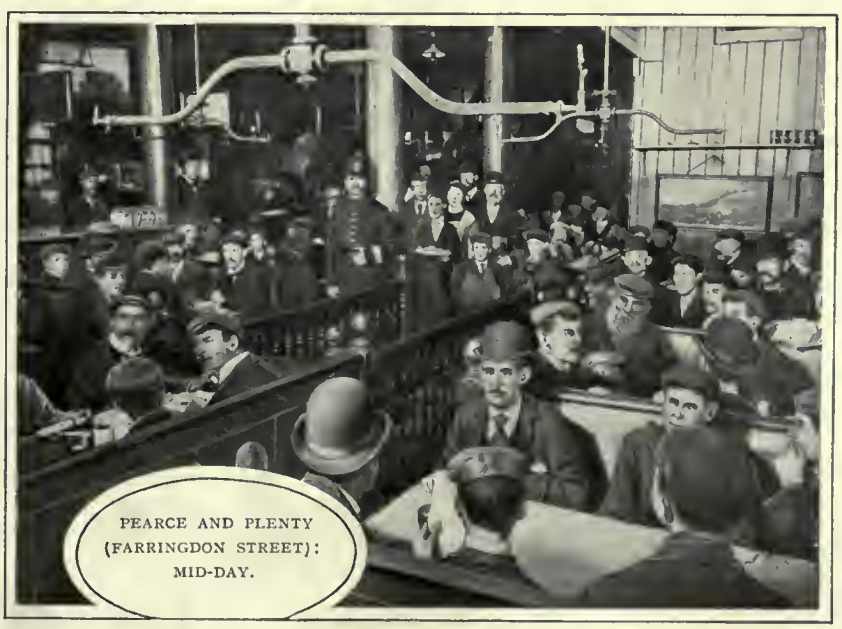
TABLE LAND IN LONDON.

By J. C. WOOLLAN.

COME with me now and see one of the most strangely human sights that the world can show. It is that of the biggest city there is, and the one containing most varieties of human life, being fed during an ordinary day. Very likely it has never struck you that there is anything remarkable in this process. But when you come to know or reflect that there are some hundreds of people breakfasting in the city at four o'clock in the morning, that—so it has been calculated — there are nearly a million people lunching in restaurants within a few miles of the Strand every day, and that each evening some thousands of dinners are laid on West-End restaurant tables which, with wine, cost an average of a sovereign each, whilst, on the other hand, there are far more Londoners who live each day—and live not at all badly either—on a single shilling each — when you come to think of all this, and hundreds of other facts of a more detailed and more interesting character which could be adduced, you will begin to perceive that the Table Land of London must indeed be one of the biggest wonders of this glorious Metropolis.

We must set out very early, when three-quarters of London is asleep, and we must stay up very late, when half the sleepers have done their day's work and gone to bed again, if we would see but a little of the abundant variety of this Table Land. So the night air still gives a clammy touch to the cheek when we turn out to see the beginning of the feeding of London. In the West there are still cabs crawling near the doors of clubs to pick up the few who live by night and sleep by day, but the chefs of the West are now all asleep, dreaming perchance of hundred-guinea dishes they would serve to kings at tables in Walhalla. To-night we will come back to the West; but now, for the opening of the day of food, we must hurry away to the East, for the doors of Pearce and Plenty and Lockharts and others are already ajar. Wonderful institutions are these, dotted up and down in this part of London, where folk of inferior means abound. Even while they remained closed, but when the men-servants within were astir and boiling gallons of water and giving their mugs a rinse, there were some hungry loafers outside who had dozed throughout the night in doorways and on benches, and whose stomachs had moved them betimes to spend the two or three coppers earned or begged the night before.

Tattered and unkempt they enter now;



PEARCE AND PLENTY (FARRINGDON STREET): MID-DAY.

ALEXANDRA TRUST RESTAURANT (CITY ROAD): BREAKFAST.

for a halfpenny they get a mug of steaming tea, and for another a piece of bread and butter, and, satisfied with their penny breakfast, they loll a while, and then they go their way again. Carters and lorrymen, always amongst the first astir, take their places, and then there come the workers whose working day begins at six o'clock, and who breakfast here for twopence as a preliminary. By eight o'clock these restaurants of the poorer people are all as busy as can be, and so they remain throughout the day and well on into the evening. The twopenny breakfast gave way to the fivepenny and sixpenny dinner—we call it dinner here at midday—and that in its turn to the twopenny tea, and that to the twopenny supper. Here and at the Alexandra Trust restaurant in the City Road, as well as at the Red House, Commercial Road East, the sixpence provides for the people a substantial meat meal. It is tolerably certain that the average cost per meal per person at these places is not above threepence. Pearce and Plenty alone supply forty thousand meals a day, and in their case the average cost to the diner works out at less than twopence. We must hasten from here to the quarters of the city which begin their work at nine o'clock, and soon need feeding; but still, while we are carefully noting the food expenditure of the working poor, we may carry the examination a little further, for it will serve to show us what a vast business this one is.

The purveyors with the alliterative and euphonious names use up in a year thirteen tons of cocoa and twenty-six of tea. They require for their business of this period as many as 900 tons of flour and 1,000 tons of potatoes. A thousand oxen, a thousand sheep, and more than a thousand pigs are slaughtered for them; they need a hundred

AERATED BREAD COMPANY'S DEPÔT (LUDGATE HILL.): MID-DAY.

thousand gallons of milk; and, as a cap upon all these astounding figures, they sell a million and three-quarters of eggs! So great is the business of feeding these literally twopenny-halfpenny diners, and such are the style and quality of these latter when seated at their tables, that a hundred mugs and cups are broken every day, and on an average about forty thousand plates and saucers every year.

under its full title and dignity as an Aërated Bread Company's depôt, or a B.T.T. as one of the British Tea Table Company's establishments. These places, with their long galleries of tables and their neat and uniformly-clad female attendants, are really, when you come to think of it, one of the foremost institutions of London, and are peculiar to London. How the Metropolis could get on without them nowadays is not

SLATER'S RESTAURANT (PICCADILLY): AFTERNOON.

We have been rather anticipating the feeding of the day in the above; but at any rate we have finished with the third-class restaurant, and shown of what it is capable. So we may move on, as we proposed, into the heart of the City, into Cheapside, Fleet Street, and the Strand. It is now the turn of the A.B.C. depôts, and the Lyons' tea-houses, which are found in every direction. Those known by the names of Express Dairy, Golden Grain, B.T.T., Mecca, and other distinctions are all busy with their various customers. The Londoner is always partial to abbreviations, and would hardly recognise an A.B.C. house to be imagined. Some few of them have been busy before we stroll their way at eleven o'clock, but now they are all hard at work. City clerks and business men, who could not breakfast before they left their homes, or who did not do so sufficiently, turn in for their coffee and rolls at fourpence or fivepence a time.

A gradual transformation scene takes place, and in an hour or two these depôts are thronged with the ninepenny luncheon crowds, who lunch lightly from tea or coffee and eggs or cold meat. At half-past one every seat is metaphorically at a small premium; but an hour later the crush is

TABLE D'HÔTE AT THE TROCADERO.

over, and preparation is made for the lighter business of afternoon-tea. An institution indeed! Do you know that one of these firms of caterers in all its depôts dispenses two million loaves, a million rolls, and five million buns and cakes in one year? And in the same period they use up nearly half-a-million pounds of tea, coffee, and cocoa, and 350,000 gallons of milk! Multiply these vast figures, and you will have approximately some idea of the heavy contribution which the tea-shops make to the Table Land of London.

And these are only the light lunchers. The City and the Strand district, and now the West-End, have been pouring their tens of thousands into every grade of restaurant, from the humble sausage shop to the aristocratic Prince's. There are the restaurants such as Slater's, the Cabin, and the Piccadilly "Popular," for the people of modest incomes, and there are the luncheon bars like those of Sweeting's and Pimm's, where men, whose limit is about fifteen minutes, stand up and eat good food from a marble slab; nor must Crosby Hall be forgotten. And, in the Strand, we now find Gatti's—the famous Gatti's—in full harness. In the long Adelaide Gallery here a rare study is always to be obtained of cosmopolitan human nature, taking its soup and meats—carved in full view—and sweets and cheese, and drinking, perhaps, for choice, its lager beer, which is as good in this place as anywhere. The Gallery picture is even brighter and more human in the evening, when the dinner dishes are served, and later on, when ladies in low-cut bodices and men in immaculate evening attire file in from the theatres and the music-halls for supper. Gatti's in its way is not so much of London as of England and the world.

Still farther West the thoroughly fashionable restaurants are now gay with luncheon parties; yet this is hardly the time for a proper study of these resorts. Rather would we wait an hour or two and drop in to Slater's, in Piccadilly, for tea, or saunter down Bond Street, and discover here and there several cosy tea houses whose main object is the accommodation of the ladies of society who often find themselves in this neighbourhood on a summer season's afternoon. Or, perhaps, instead, we might go on to Claridge's in Brook Street, where for a surety there will be many lovely women and brave men of the highest degree. For Claridge's, itself in the heart of the society quarter, is unique, and when you tread upon the india-rubber frontage and notice, on entering, the high superiority even of the servants, you instinctively realise that this is a place for royalty and ambassadors; and so it is. But it would only be to meet a friend, who happened to be staying there, that we should venture to take tea in such a social capital. When you come to think of it you can ring any number of changes on afternoon tea in the West-End, and the searcher of experiences will, if a lady, and a lady with a man friend who glories in the M.P. affix to his name, assuredly not neglect one which is different from all others. I allude to the popular society pastime of taking tea in summer on the Terrace of the House of Commons; and, lest you should imagine the adjective to be unjustifiable, let me tell you that the returns for a single session indicate that during that period the lion's share of forty thousand teas were served on the little strip of promenade which lies between our noble Parliament buildings and the murky waters of the Thames.

In the evening, when the electric glow illumines the western area, we return again to peep at a few places in a fairyland of evening dress and epicureanism. This is the reign of the chef. For some time in advance he and his serfs have been hard at work in the planning and execution of such rare dishes as their restaurant is famous for. The chef is a high dignitary whom the curious may seldom see. He is an artist, a genius whose mind is constantly at work in the performance of some new feat in culinary science which will bring a word of approval from the lips of the most exacting gourmet who places faith in him. Of what he is capable is not to be told in print, for he does not even know the limits of his own ambition. The possibility of making delicate soups from old boots does not appear so fantastic to him as to his clients. A good chef and a good waiter—and if you treat the London waiter fairly you find him

an excellent servant — are as indispensable to true epicureanism as the appetite itself. The chef's tools must be perfect, and so of course they are.

GATTI'S (ADELAIDE GALLERY): MID-DAY.

The kitchens of the big restaurants between five and nine of the evening are a revelation to those who only eat, and think nothing of the preparation. Here is a great army of cooks in many grades of rank, all attired in spotless white, and engaged in the deft manipulation of silvery utensils. The raw food stuffs come to them, they have their instructions, and in good time there pass to the flower-bedecked, glistening realms above such dishes as are triumphs of the culinary art. You can see that the scale of high-class meal-making is here a very grand one; but you would hardly guess, all the same, to what these raw food stuffs aggregate in quantity in the course of a year. Come into the manager's office of one great and fashionable restaurant, which is not a hundred miles from

KITCHEN SCENE AT THE CARLTON.

Piccadilly Circus, and look at his record. Really! Nearly 500 tons of meat! Poultry —150,000 head! More than a hundred tons of fish! Thirty tons of potatoes! About a thousand pounds of butter! As a sample of dessert, nine or ten tons of grapes. And, though one of the largest, this is yet only one of the score or two of high-class, famous restaurants in the quarter of high life.

Where shall we dine? must, under all the circumstances, be always a perplexing question. One can do it to so much the same effect at so many different places; yet each has in its way its little distinctions. A purse containing at least a guinea and a half—for that is about the price of a really first-class dinner with a bottle of wine—is assumed. Soho has a reputation all its own, for in numerous little places here you may feed on six courses of a French menu for a single half-crown or less. For pure luxury, however, we may go to the Carlton, at the corner of the Haymarket and Pall Mall, which the King himself, as Prince, was known to patronise in its earliest days. Here we may see the greatest men in society, in art, in literature, in commerce, and the fairest women of the day toying with an entrée and chatting amidst a scene of soft splendour and the sweet, low strains of music. Or at Prince's, or the Cecil, or the Savoy, or one or two others. Then there are a score more, each with its distinctive fame. There is the Café Royal, the Continental, the Criterion, and the beautiful Trocadero, with a *table d'hôte* and accompaniments which the experienced London diner has often praised. There is Simpson's, noted for old English fare; the Bohemian Romano's; the Imperial and Verrey's (with its "Persian Room") in Regent Street; and Pagani's in Great Portland Street, where there is an "artists' room," on the walls of which many celebrities—Mascagni, Paderewski, Melba, and others—have scribbled or drawn something or other; there is, too, the well-known Monico, and one must not forget Frascati's winter garden, where one seems to dine among the palm trees, and can study the great variety of human life to be encountered here, and wait for yet another solo from the cornet player in the band; so dallying with the hours till one realises that the dinner-time is past, that supper-time is coming along, and that—heigho!—a long day is far spent.

A CORNER AT PRINCE'S.

IN A MEWS.

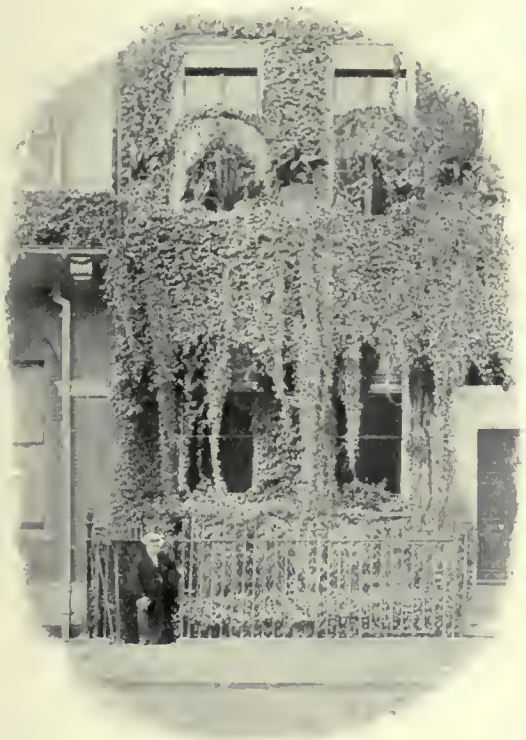
GARDENING LONDON.

By WALTER P. WRIGHT

GARDENING is the most intensely human pastime, short, perhaps, of fighting, that the Londoner indulges in. When a man spills the contents of a watering-pot over himself, the veneer of civilisation fades away, and nature comes through. It is not meant to convey by this that he flies into a fearful temper and uses heroic language. No! On the contrary, he beams seraphically on the world at large, and wonders why people make a fuss about so trifling a thing as Fry's last century, when he, the horticulturist, has struck a cutting.

The student of character has not completed his education until he has made a round of London to study its gardens and gardeners. The odds are that he will find he has opened up a new field—one unexplored either by the fictionist or the philanthropist. The first thing that will strike him is the astonishing diversity of conditions under which people overcome by the love of flowers manage to grow them; and if he be a professional horticulturist his astonishment will be the greater instead of the less. There are certain conditions which the latter looks on as essential to success, and lo! the cockney cultivator sublimely ignores the whole lot of them, yet scores all along the line. He is informed that the plants must be watered regularly, so he floods them twenty times a day, and the first-floor, who dries his underclothing on the window ledge, goes frantic as an earthy, worm-tinctured mixture pours down. They must be stimulated? Why, surely! There are dregs of beer, and lees of tea, and ashes from knocked-out pipes, and match ends, and chimney scrapings. Don't make any mistake, those plants are not going to starve.

Of course, there is no phase of London gardening which interests the student more than window culture. Societies exist on purpose to encourage this sort of thing. If a Londoner, male or female, has the inspiration to grow plants on the ledge, you may rest satisfied that a cactus, or a petunia, or a begonia will be found there soon, in some receptacle or other. And it really need not create very much surprise if the quality of them is as good as those which grace the balcony or porch of a West-End mansion, where the work has been done by a florist, under contract, very likely, to the



IN PORTMAN SQUARE.

tune of a couple of hundred pounds a year. There is as much interest in the mews garden as in that in Portman Square.

The back-street window gardener does not usually rest content with a plain box or a simple row of pots; he generally rigs up an archway, or a miniature palisade (the latter painted a very vivid green), or even something more elaborate still in the way of a tomtit greenhouse, the finial of which is graced with his country's flag. He is patriotic, let me tell you, as well as inventive.

The same spirit of ingenuity marks the gardener a little further out, where they have forecourts and back patches, like the Walworth garden here shown. I used to gaze with a speculative eye from a passing train on one back garden which contained, in addition to a vegetable corner, a stuffed donkey. This animal was a real work of art, and its expression was one of mingled envy and admiration. I divined that its presence there had some deep and subtle meaning, and at length it dawned upon me that it was intended to convey a delicate compliment to the owner's carrots, which were sweet to it even in death.

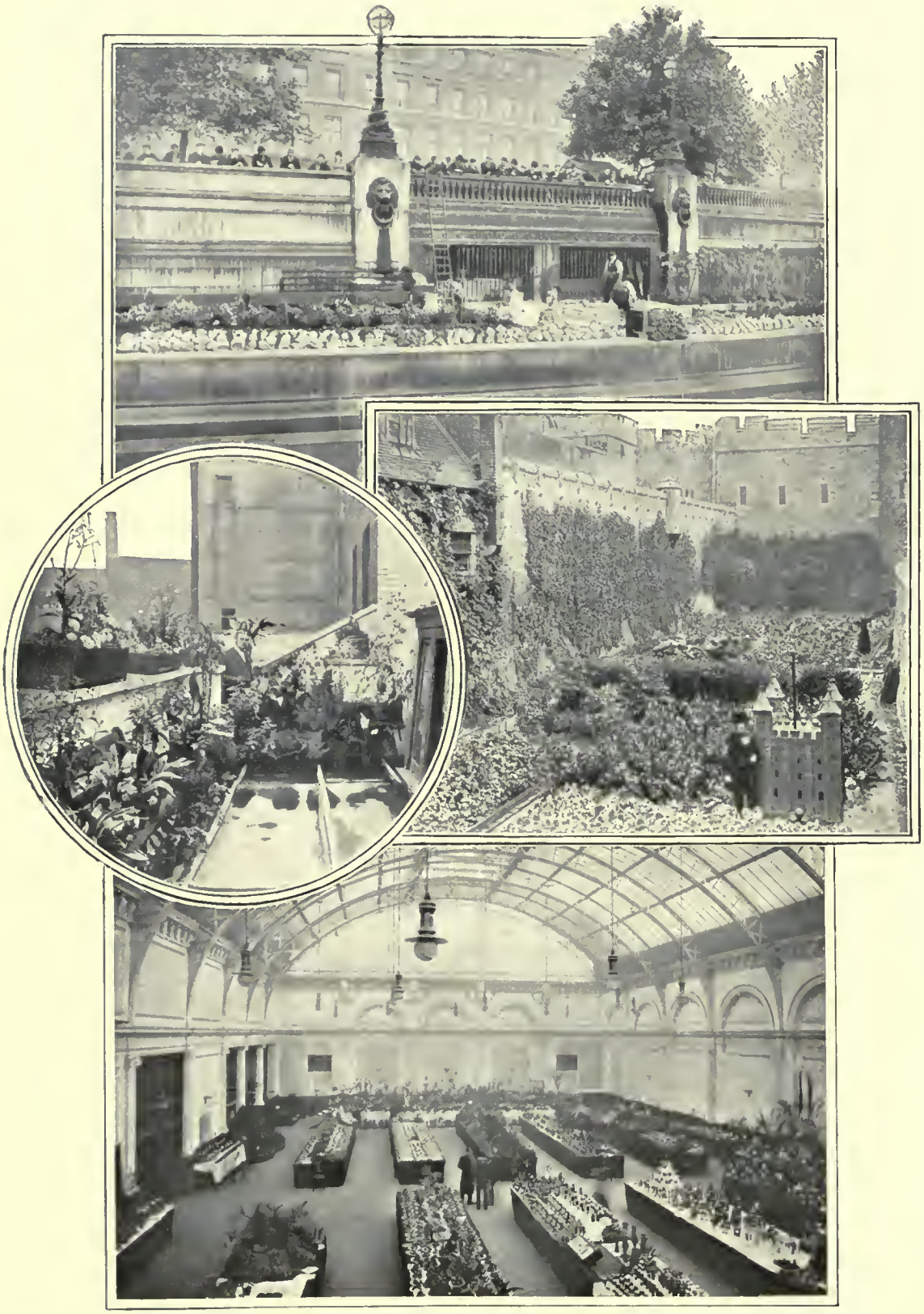
Vain the attempt to gauge the happiness, the solace, the contentment which this window and forecourt gardening brings to those who indulge in it. Think of the lives they lead—the lives they are bound to lead! These toiling, moiling thousands are in the grip of the octopus of London slumdom, and they do not recoil from the monster in hate and terror; they just twine flowers round its choking limbs, with that marvellous patience, that inexhaustible courage, that odd, half-humorous, half-pathetic determination to make the best of things, which awaken at once the wonder and respect of observers.

Sometimes a young reporter on a weekly paper discovers a garden on a London roof, and clucks as loudly as a gratified cockerel over his first grub. Bless the reporter's innocent heart, there are gardens on hundreds of roofs in London. Many a Londoner can lie, anticipating his last long sleep—

> With his nose, and the tips of his toes,
> Turned up to the roots of the daisies."

And if they are not daisies, but vegetable

A GARDEN IN WALWORTH.



I. FIREMEN'S GARDEN NEAR BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE. II. ON A POLICE COURT ROOF. III. AT THE TOWER OF LONDON. IV. ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW OF COLONIAL FRUIT, ETC. (VINCENT SQUARE).

marrows, as in the case of the police court roof garden illustrated on the opposite page, it is no matter, since flowers come in somehow.

There is a garden, and a nice one, too, in the Tower of London, as the reader may see by another of our photographic reproductions. In years gone by the Beefeaters used to hold a show within the walls, where capital beetroot, and onions, and potatoes were exhibited. And although that has become a thing of the past, owing, I believe, to much of the ground having to be given up, gardening is still carried on.

The old soldiers have plots at Chelsea. As a youngster, it often fell to my share to go to the old Botanic or Physic Garden, belonging to the Apothecaries, near there, and a journey on to the *Invalides* of the Embankment led to many friendships with the veterans who gardened within its gates.

The firemen are gardeners, too. You will find many examples of their skill at the various stations in and around London, and there is one garden which anyone who visits the floating station near Blackfriars Bridge may see. Whether the firemen surreptitiously set the engines to work in order to water the plants is not known, but one thing is certain, the flowers look uncommonly fresh and bright. It would be hard if it ever fell to the lot of one of these floricultural firemen to mount to one of the windows which I have been talking about when flames were spurting forth. He would face the danger to his own life and limb calmly, without a doubt, but would shrink shudderingly from smashing up the canary creeper and the zinnias. On the other hand, what gusto he would display if he had to turn the hose on a slug-infested box of phloxes!

The suburban gardens are one of the glories of London. It is worth anybody's while to spend a day amongst them, and a compulsory round ought to be ordained for those who assert that the Londoner has no sense of the beautiful, that he has no soul for art. One of the most famous carnation growers who ever lived cultivates his prize flowers in a back garden at Clapham. Then look at the chrysanthemums! Hundreds of amateurs grow collections where you would not think that there was room to hang a clothes line. They have their troubles, of course, for the feline epidemic rages strongly in Suburbia; but when they can sally forth on the King's birthday with a flower of the size of a savoy in their buttonholes, none so happy.

Art is one of those little-big words which some men find tender morsels on the tongue. It means much, of course, if you have a weighty way with you, and nothing at all if you haven't. But if a man, untrained by any professor, takes possession of a mud-heap, on a site from which gravel has been taken, and on which discarded hardware has been left, and straightway makes it to blossom, he has a sense of the artistic not less true than the sense of the Little-Big. Well, such a thing happens thousands of times every year in suburban London, and examples are to be found by all who care to seek. The gardens in Nevill's Court, which you enter through a passage from Fetter Lane, are not, a friendly policeman told me, quite what they used to be in years gone by, but on a November afternoon I saw chrysanthemums there, and aucubas, as well as asters, marguerites, and rhododendrons. The fact is, most people gather their impressions of floricultural London from Covent Garden Market, which is very fine in its way, but is really not London gardening at all.

London flower shows are more numerous than most people are aware. They range from the slum display of pots of musk and ivy-leaved geraniums in dingy mission-halls to fashionable affairs held by the two great societies, the Royal Horticultural and the Royal Botanic. The former held really fine exhibitions every fortnight for a considerable number of years in, of all places, the drill hall of the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers, Buckingham Gate, Westminster. It was a bare, gloomy sort of hall in the early hours of a foggy morning, but when the costly and beautiful orchids from the great cultivators and the rare new plants from Kew came along, with all sorts of flowers, fruits, and vegetables, there was a transformation scene if you like. However, the Society has its own hall now—a fine building, with glass roof, in Vincent Square, Westminster, and the flowers and fruit are naturally seen to much better advantage than they were in the drill hall.

The professional horticulturists rather affect to sniff at the Royal Botanic Society, whose home is at Regent's Park. Being anxious to popularise itself it started a series of promenade fêtes and the like. The people like these very well—the professionals don't. Give the horticulturists a chance of seeing an odontoglossum with a spot half an inch broad on its snow-white petals instead of one only three-eighths of an inch across, and they will troop eagerly to the spectacle, but the sight of Lohengrin in his car in a children's procession has no interest for them, though knight and swan be decked never so gaily with flowers. *Addio! bel cigno canor!* the horticulturist has gone.

AFTERNOON PROMENADE FÊTE IN THE ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY'S GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.

There is one thing that the much-maligned London County Council must be blessed for. It has enormously improved the London parks and public gardens. It really does not matter very much what part of London you are in, without going any great distance you can find a pretty park or garden-like enclosure. Most of these are very admirably kept. They have their displays of hyacinths, tulips, and daffodils, then after a sort of spring cleaning they blossom out towards the end of May with the summer bedding.

The people round the parks look out for the beginning of the summer bedding, and they look out for the end of it, too, for when the beds are cleared a large number of plants are given away. This is the slum gardener's opportunity. It is all very well for that superior jobbing gardener who comes and worries you to let him muddle up your place to say, as he often does, that the authorities take good care to keep all the decent plants, and only give away the rubbish, but the back-street horticulturist does not believe in looking a gift-horse in the mouth. He takes what he can get, and makes the best of it—a very good best, too, sometimes, believe me. With these acquisitions, and perhaps a few bulbs picked up at a stall near the Smithfield Meat Market, followed up by some odd roots bought from a costermonger's barrow in the spring, he does wonders.

When he has set up friendly relations with the park gardeners by accepting their plants, he feels, so to say, one of themselves, and drops in to enjoy all the features. He could tell you, for instance, all about that magnificent sub-tropical garden at Battersea Park,

where great broad-leaved castor oil plants, and palms, and other plants with handsome foliage, are grown out of doors. And it is surely unnecessary to say that he is in close touch with the beautiful chrysanthemum shows which are so great a feature of nearly all the parks in October and November.

MUSIC AND FLOWERS (VICTORIA EMBANKMENT GARDENS).

These chrysanthemum displays are perhaps the very best thing that the London County Council does in its parks. And it must not be forgotten that the doors of the chrysanthemum houses open at that period which is of all others the dreariest in London—when the autumn rains and fogs bring depression. On grey November days the glorious flowers are wonderfully cheering, for their colours are as rich as their shapes are quaint.

You may, of course, hear good music in the parks and gardens during the summer months, as well as survey beautiful flowers. Thus, in the Victoria Embankment Gardens, near Charing Cross Station, the jaded Londoner can smoke his pipe with the cool air from the adjacent river blowing around him, and have ears and eyes tickled by sweet sounds and sights, at eventide. He does not get a chair for nothing, nor is free refreshment brought round, but he is a hopeful soul, and he looks to the future with confidence.

Hyde Park, with its magnificent series of flower beds running parallel with Park Lane, is perhaps the queen of public places for gardening. Regent's Park has glorious beds of bulbs in the spring, but the workers' enclosures of the L.C.C. cater nobly for the masses.

IN HYDE PARK (NEAR PARK LANE).

While there is life in London's gardens there is life in all the city. The gentle art of floriculture brings into the lives of the toilers daily joy and refreshment. The people are healthier, happier, better, for the work they do among their plants. Gardening is the sweet handmaid of ennobled humanity. The scent of flowers comes to each and all of them with the sweetness of an old song's echo—

"The lilt of an olden lay."

A CORONER'S INQUEST IN LONDON.

By A. BRAXTON HICKS and C. DUNCAN LUCAS.

IT is a strange scene—a scene of infinite pathos—and one which, although it is enacted each week-day of the year, brings into play every emotion known to man. We are in the Coroner's Court. A few days back at midnight a woman went over London Bridge. Eighteen hours later the Thames police discovered her body attached to the hawser of a collier lying off Vauxhall. All that is mortal of her is resting in the iron container in the mortuary at the rear of the Court. On a slab close by are the clothes she wore. The once gay hat with the faded pink flowers, the cheap blouse, the torn skirt, the mud-stained underclothing — they are hardly dry yet. The vengeance of the great river is complete.

Two others are in the house of death: an old man with a bullet wound in his back, and a young one—he jumped in front of a train, and it was a girl who tried to hold him back. And, as we watch, the police with the ambulance bring in yet another "case."

Outside the mournful drama is just beginning. The waiting crowd is agog with excitement; for the evening papers have made the best of the latest sensation, and a haggard-faced man has passed in with an officer on each side of him. A dozen constables with an inspector or two are standing by. The burly man with the papers under his arm is the Coroner's officer —a kindly soul. On him has fallen the duty of inquiring into these deaths. In search of evidence he has visited the relatives of the dead in their homes and found them too ill to tell their tale. He has combated those who desired that the affair should be hushed up: he has sifted the true from the false. He has also summoned the jury and the

OUTSIDE A CORONER'S COURT.

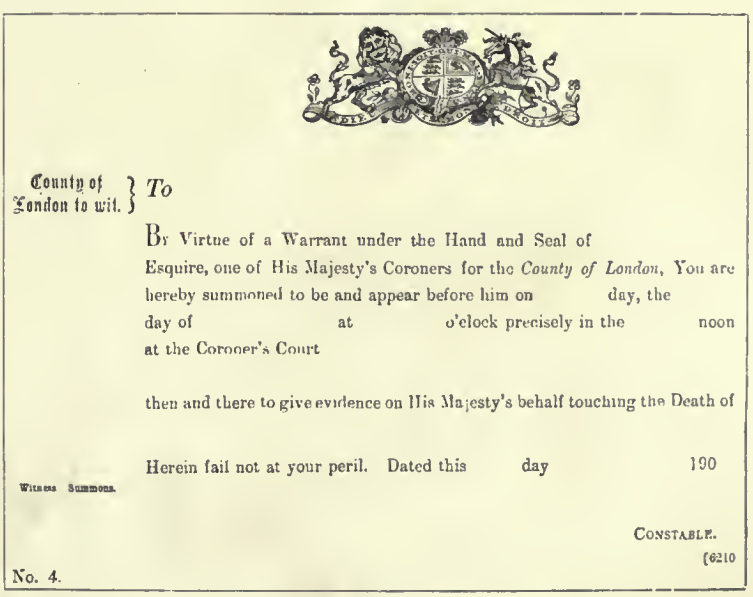
POLICE AMBULANCE ENTERING MORTUARY.

witnesses, and issued the Coroner's orders to the doctor to attend and perform three post-mortem examinations in return for the sum of six guineas—two guineas per body.

But to the business of the day. The Coroner has alighted from his cab and steps silently into the mortuary. Having glanced at the deceased the representative of the Crown enters the Court preceded by his officer and followed by his clerk.

"Gentlemen, the Coroner!" exclaims the officer, and every one rises to his feet. At the far end the Coroner seats himself at a raised desk, and below him sits his clerk. To the left are the jurors—twenty-three of them. It is sufficient if twelve men return a verdict, but an important affair and one which may have to be adjourned has to be investigated, and the extra number has been summoned as a precautionary measure. Were only twelve to sit when the hearing of an adjourned inquest was resumed one juryman might be absent owing to illness, and another might belong to that cantankerous class who decline to agree to any sort of verdict: in which event the whole terrible business would have to be commenced over again. These jurors receive two shillings a day for their labours and are chosen from the Parliamentary voting lists, the occupants of each street being tackled in turn. They cannot be considered overpaid, for their attendance can be enforced for the entire day if needs be, and if eight inquests are on the list they must return eight verdicts.

Let us take another glimpse of the Court. At a large table are seated the reporters; in the centre is the witness-box; while at the back are rows of chairs which are occupied by members of the public—dishevelled women, curiosity-mongers, and the like—and those witnesses who are able to control their feelings. Witnesses who are inclined to be hysterical are confined in the waiting-room—if there happens to be one—until they are required to give evidence. The Coroner, who can trace his office back a thousand years and more, has sworn the following oath on his appointment:—



County of London to wit. } *To*

By Virtue of a Warrant under the Hand and Seal of Esquire, one of His Majesty's Coroners for the *County of London*, You are hereby summoned to be and appear before him on day, the day of at o'clock precisely in the noon at the Coroner's Court

then and there to give evidence on His Majesty's behalf touching the Death of

Herein fail not at your peril. Dated this day 190

Witness Summons.

CONSTABLE.

(6210

No. 4.

WITNESS SUMMONS.

"I solemnly, sincerely, and truly declare and affirm that I will well and truly serve our Sovereign Lord the King and his liege people in the office of coroner for this district of , and that I will diligently and truly do everything appertaining to my office after the best of my power for the doing of right and for the good of the inhabitants within the said district."

JURORS PROCEEDING TO VIEW A BODY.

The Coroner serves the King by inquiring into all violent or unnatural or sudden deaths of which the causes are unknown, and any deaths that occur in the prisons in his district. In addition, when gold or silver coin or plate or bullion is found concealed, the owner being unknown, the Coroner holds an inquest on them. Like dead bodies they are "sat upon," and if the verdict is "treasure trove" they become the property of the Crown.

This, however, *en passant*, for the Coroner is in his Court. With a number of documents before him he signals to his officer, who in these words, addressed to the jury, proclaims the opening of the Court :—

"Oyez, Oyez, You good men of this district summoned to appear here this day to inquire for our Sovereign Lord the King when, how, and by what means Maria Black, James Spindler, and William Fowler came to their deaths, answer to your names as you shall be called, every man at the first call, upon the pain and peril that shall fall thereon."

This done the Coroner, reading from his list, calls out the names of the jurors, and each man present answers, "Yes." Now and then an objection will be raised. There is one to-day.

"Sir," cries a meek-looking man with a flowing white beard, "my presence here is useless. I am stone deaf."

In a low whisper the Coroner answers: "Then you may go."

With surprising alacrity the deaf one hastens to depart, but the strong hand of the officer, at a sign from the Coroner, is placed on his shoulder and he is ordered to resume his seat.

There is one absentee. A juror has been summoned imperatively to the City on business. The Coroner knows that business! And when the missing one

TO WIT. } Information of Witoesses severally taken and acknowledged, on behalf of our Sovereign Lord the King, at

in the parish of on

the day of 1 , touching

the death of

before , Esquire, one of His Majesty's Coroners for the said County, on view of the Body of the said Person then and there lying dead.

on oath deposes :—

I am

I live at

I identify the body now lying dead as that of

IDENTIFICATION FORM.

returns to the bosom of his family on completion of his business, he discovers that his morning's recreation has cost him forty shilling pieces.

But though a few perhaps have given a little trouble, these jurymen to-day are honest fellows—mostly.

The following is the oath administered to jurymen :—

"You shall diligently inquire and true presentment make of all such matters and things as shall be here given you in charge, on behalf of our Sovereign Lord the King, touching the death of —— ——, now lying dead, of whose body you shall have the view: and shall, without fear or favour, affection or ill-will, a true verdict give according to the evidence, and to the best of your skill and knowledge, so help you God."

The oath taken, the jurymen leave the Court and file into the mortuary chamber, where they view the dead. Some look at the bodies intently; others pass through the abode of death as swiftly as possible. On their return to the Court the real business begins.

"Walter Black," says the Coroner, calling the first witness.

A man of forty, hollow-eyed, white and trembling, palpably a hard drinker, quits his seat next to that of a crying woman—a sister of the dead woman on whose body the first inquest is to be held—and steps into the box. The thoughtful officer advances, clutches the right arm of the witness to support him, and administers the oath :—

"The evidence which you shall give to this inquest on behalf of our Sovereign Lord the King touching the death of Maria Black shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. So help you God."

The man kisses the Testament and the Coroner examines him :

"You are Walter Black, and you identify the body of the woman which you have seen lying in the mortuary as that of your late wife, Maria Black, who, I understand, was a German, speaking very little English?"

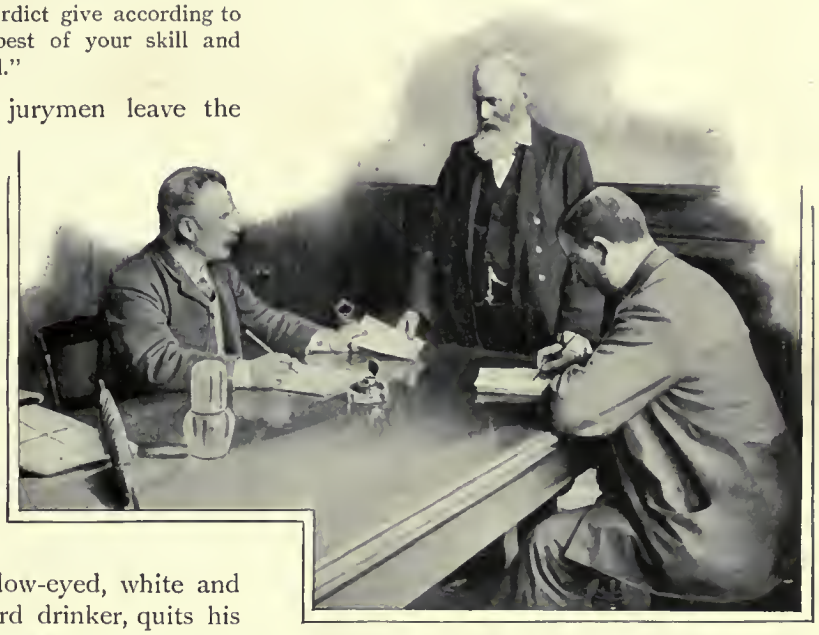
"Yes, sir."

"You last saw her on the morning of Wednesday, the 13th inst. On the Friday following you heard that she had been seen by William Presence to jump off the parapet of London Bridge. As she did not return home on the Wednesday, did you inquire as to her whereabouts?"

At this question all eyes are focussed on the figure in the box. The jury lean forward: the clerk waits pen in hand.

"I beg your pardon, sir," says the witness, and the Coroner repeats the question.

"N-no, sir," the man stammers at length.



A CORONER HANDING BURIAL ORDER TO HIS OFFICER.

"The fact is, sir, I was not anxious about her."

"Not anxious about her!" repeats the Coroner sternly. "What do you mean by that? I won't have anything kept back, you know."

"Well, sir," says the witness, toying nervously with his fingers, "my wife was in the habit of going away for two or three days. On this occasion I concluded that she had gone to visit a friend."

"When she left you, had you quarrelled?"

"Oh, no, sir."

"Were you both sober?"

"Yes, sir."

"The fact is, you didn't care what became

of your wife. Have you anything to ask the witness?" says the Coroner, turning to the jury.

The answer is in the negative. Walter Black steps down, and William Presence takes his place.

William Presence, stout and florid, relates how he saw the woman gazing at the muddy water below the bridge—she was standing on one of the stone ledges as Big Ben tolled the hour of midnight.

"You are not going to your death, surely," he observed.

Then thinking that he might possibly be mistaken, and being in a hurry to catch his last train home he walked on. An instant later he heard a splash and dashing to the parapet he saw a body engulfed. He hailed the police, a boat at once put off from the stairs below, but Maria Black had gone to her doom with the tide.

John Learoyd, blue-eyed, bronzed and stalwart, is the third witness. He is of the Thames police, and was out in his launch in the neighbourhood of Vauxhall when he espied what seemed to him to be a mass of ragged clothes clinging to the anchor chain of the collier *Maude*, of Tynemouth. He put his helm to starboard and found a body —"the body, sir, I have seen in the mortuary."

John Learoyd is followed by Martha Watchwell. The Blacks were her lodgers, and she saw Maria Black when she left the house for the last time. She was drunk, and so was Walter Black, though he swore he was sober.

"They used to go on the drink for a week," she explains.

Constable 124 ZZ is sworn. At five o'clock on Monday afternoon he met Maria Black clinging to a lamp-post, drunk and incapable. He escorted her to the police station and she was placed in a cell.

"Inspector Toogood," says the Coroner.

The tall man tells his story. He went on duty at eight o'clock, and finding the prisoner sober at ten he let her out on her own recognisances.

'How is it you didn't keep her?" asks the Coroner.

"Well, sir," says the officer, "we generally let the drunks out when they're sober if they haven't been disorderly. We get a good many drunks about our parts."

"Had she time to get from the station to London Bridge by midnight?" queries the Coroner.

"Plenty of time, sir."

"And I suppose she could have procured more drink on the way."

"Certainly, sir."

The cause of death demands no further elucidation. A brief summing-up by the Coroner, and the jury are asked for their verdict. They return it without the least hesitation. In less than sixty seconds the foreman replies:

"Suicide whilst temporarily insane."

The form is made out, each juryman signs his name on it, and another inquest is over.

Walter Black gives a sigh of relief, but there is not a tear in his bloodshot, bleared eyes. Five minutes later you may recognise him at the bar of the "Crown and Thistle" round the corner—fifty yards from the spot where the body of his dead wife lies—with a glass of brandy before him. He is one of Nature's reptiles. And in half an hour you will see him standing within the precincts of the Court—in a dark corner for choice, for the cockney crowd has not taken kindly to him—waiting for the order for burial, which must bear the Coroner's signature.

The demon drink—what a part it plays in these Courts! The rôle is difficult to describe, for in the midst of tragedy there is comedy. There is no comedy in the Court to-day, but take a typical case. A man has perhaps died a violent death, and a post-mortem examination has disclosed the fact that he was a hard drinker.

"Was your husband a temperate man?" asks the Coroner of the widow in the witness-box.

"Oh, yes," is the frequent answer, "he was a teetotaller."

The Coroner then adopts a different course.

"Are *you* a teetotaller?" he asks the woman.

"Oh, no," she replies. "I drink beer—a couple of glasses a day."

"Well, what did your husband drink?"

"He drank nothing but brandy, sir," is the answer, "but he was a *perfect* teetotaller."

A CORONER'S INQUEST.

BIRTHS AND DEATHS REGISTRATION ACT, 1874.

CORONER'S ORDER for BURIAL.

To be given by the Coroner to the Relative of the Deceased or other person who causes the Body to be buried, or to the Undertaker or other Person having charge of the Funeral.

I, *the undersigned, Coroner for the*_____ *of*_____

*Do hereby authorise the Burial of the Body of*_____

*aged about*_____ *which has been viewed by the Inquest Jury.*

*Witness my hand this*_____ *day of*_____.

_____ *Coroner.*

*** **The Coroner must not issue this Order except upon holding an Inquest.**

The Undertaker or other Person receiving this Order must deliver it to the Minister or Officiating Person who buries or performs any funeral or religious service for the Burial of the Dead Body; or, in the case of a burial under the Burial Laws Amendment Act, 1880, to the "relative, friend, or legal representative of the deceased, having the charge of, or being responsible for the Burial."

(44314)

Let us return to the Court. The jury are now about to decide as to how the old man, whose body also lies in the mortuary, met with his death. The crowd outside are swarming at the doors, and twenty constables are employed in keeping them back. The deceased was well known in the district as a generous man. A slender figure arrayed in black advances towards the box. It is the widow. Gently assisted by the Coroner, she describes in a broken voice how her nephew called upon the deceased and demanded money. He had had ten pounds the week before to go to Canada but had spent it in riotous living. The interview was a stormy one, a quarrel arose, and the next thing she heard was the report of firearms.

That is all the woman can relate. Becoming hysterical she is conducted to the waiting-room to regain her composure, and the inquest is adjourned. In half an hour she is brought in again and proceeds with her evidence. Little by little the Coroner extracts every detail of the ghastly tragedy.

"John Space," calls the Coroner. "I understand he wishes to give evidence."

There is a movement at the rear of the Court, and a man—with dissipation written large on every feature—comes forward in charge of two officers. The Coroner cautions him, for being under arrest he need not speak unless he wishes. But he is thoroughly self-possessed, and intends to save his neck if he can. Duly sworn he informs the Court that the death of his uncle was the result of an accident. The latter had threatened him, had snatched up a loaded revolver which was lying by—had pointed it at him, in fact. A struggle followed, the weapon exploded, and the old man fell.

"But the deceased was shot in the back," remarks the Coroner.

"I know nothing about that," is the reply.

The views of two other witnesses are different. The doctor declares that the deceased could not have shot himself: while a dealer in second-hand articles identifies the prisoner as the man who purchased the revolver of him a week before.

There is a murmur in the Court which is instantly suppressed, and the jury consider their verdict. Ten minutes later they declare that John Space is guilty of murder.

The Court clears at once. There is a rush for the front of the building, and with the utmost despatch the prisoner is bundled out. An angry sea of faces greets him as he emerges, curses are hurled at him from right and left, but fortunately for him, as he goes towards the waiting cab, he has the protection of the police. The cab door closes, a savage yell goes up, the crowd presses closer and closer, but Jehu whips up his steed and one more man is off to Brixton prison. A missile is thrown at the vehicle perhaps, a youngster or two cling on behind, and the mob disperses.

When the third inquest has been held the Coroner's labours are practically over. All that he has now to do is to give the doctor his fee, the jurymen their two shillings apiece, fill in the necessary forms relating to the

business of the day, and pay the expenses of the inquest. This last he does out of his own pocket, but he is reimbursed ultimately by the local authorities.

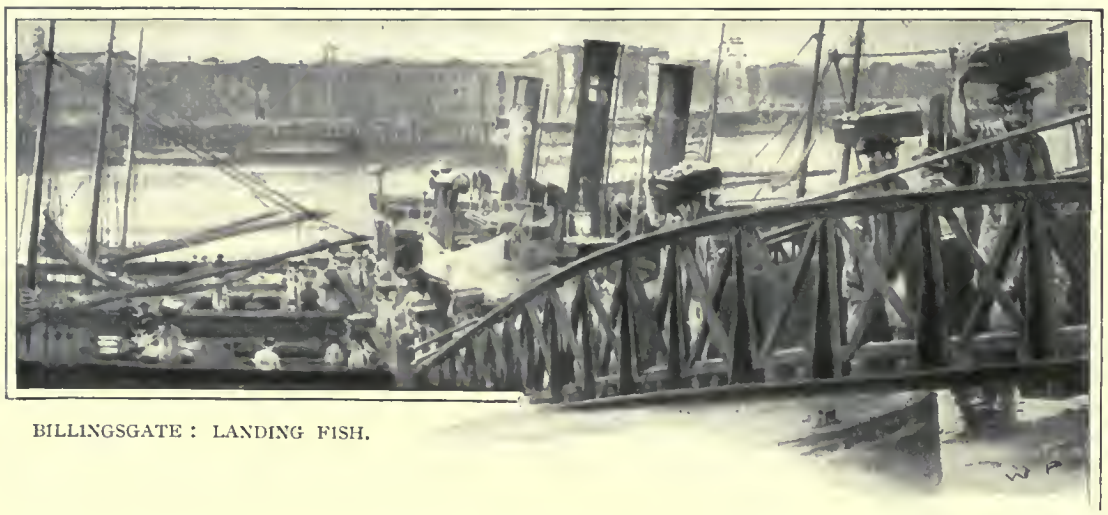
This, however, has been an easy day. On occasions a Coroner will hold as many as nineteen inquests, and to obtain a fair idea of his work one must spend a day in his office. He is remunerated on a basis of thirty shillings per inquest, but out of his income he has to keep a clerk and pay all his travelling expenses. The expenses of a Coroner may be reckoned as from one-third to one-fourth of the salary.

Then let us consider the responsibilities. The Coroner must get at the truth, the whole truth. His Court is the Court of the People. To separate the facts from the lies is no easy task. A favourite trick of suicides is to leave behind them a note accusing of a crime some person against whom they have a grudge. The accuser being dead it is impossible to ascertain what foundation there is for the charge. And then there are the letters of suicides—letters sent to the Coroner, and which he is bound to read. One of these communications was spread over five quires of notepaper, and all that was intelligible in it was that the author intended to destroy himself because he was dissatisfied with his features.

And what shall we say of suicide in general? Suicides often show much method in their madness. We recall the case of a doctor who one night had a hot bath. While he was in the water he drew a razor across his throat, placed it on the side, and died quietly. He didn't want a mess. A certain chemist, desiring to create as little fuss as possible, opened a vein in his arm, and holding it over a basin bled silently to death. Strange, too, was the death of a constable who, wishing to make doubly sure of destruction, tied a rope round his neck and attached the other end to a rail of one of the bridges spanning the Thames. He was both strangled and drowned.

Over eight thousand inquests are held in London every year, and about four hundred and fifty of these are cases of suicide. Probably in every instance the victim was of unsound mind when he committed the deed. *Felo de se* may be said to be practically unknown.

REMOVING A PRISONER.



BILLINGSGATE : LANDING FISH.

ROUND LONDON'S BIG MARKETS.

By ARTHUR RUTLAND.

PORTER WITH EELS.

SOME time in the night, two steamers, fitted with ice tanks and carrying cargoes from fishing towns along the eastern and north-eastern coasts, come in up the Thames, and are moored under the flare of the lamps that burn till morning at the back of Billingsgate Market. No sooner are they moored, with the ripples flapping sleepily against their idle keels, than they settle into silence and somnolence, except for the lessening hiss of steam from their engines, and the unwinking stare of the lanterns that watch fore and aft until dawn rises over the river, putting out simultaneously the lights on anchored boats and barges and the stars in the sky.

If you go round to the front of the market, even as late as a quarter to five this summer morning, there is little or no life at all in Lower Thames Street; but just before the hour sounds from the neighbouring steeples a clatter of hoofs and grinding of wheels on the stony road jar through the stillness, and a ponderous railway van, heavily burdened, sweeps down Fish Street Hill and pulls up gallantly opposite the yet closed gates of the Market. You hear a similar van rattling after it; and nearer, making more sedate haste along Thames Street, glides a private brougham, which stops at the door of one of the crazy, tumbledown old fish shops, and a substantial, prosperous-looking merchant alights with a cigar in his mouth, and, calling a "Good-morning, Thomas," to the coachman, who touches his hat and drives off, lets himself in with a latchkey. You may see him presently, when his shutters are down, disguised in a white smock and a cloth cap, writing at his desk among trickling consignments of newly arrived fish and shouting lustily to perspiring assistants.

Directly Billingsgate unfastens its gates the streets in its vicinity are all alive. It is as if some wizard haunting the deserted spot muttered a cabalistic word, and, hey, presto! public-houses and coffee-houses are wide open; shops of

PORTER WITH COD.

fish salesmen and factors on Fish Street Hill, St. Mary-at-Hill, and Thames Street are stripped of their shutters, and high-packed vehicles, mysteriously materialised, are lining the kerbs before them; the two railway vans outside the Market are rapidly multiplying into so many that the roadway is getting impassable; fish porters innumerable hurtle, as it were, from the clouds and up from the earth, as if every paving-stone were a trap-door, and swarming everywhere in white smocks and round, iron-hard hats, designed stream one after the other with boxes on their heads, lidless boxes crusted with ice that is melting and dribbling through on the bearers.

By this, the interior of the Market has lost its barren look. The stalls, each of which is merely a desk and a floor space, are becoming congested with stacks of boxes; with barrels of eels, and barrels and loose mountains of lobsters, mussels, whelks; with salmon and cod ranged on the stones or on raised boards, or, in the

A CORNER OF LEADENHALL MARKET.

to cushion heavy burdens, are deftly unloading all the carts. There are continuous processions of such porters trotting into the Market with oozy, trickling boxes on their heads, and there are continuous processions trotting out of the market, handing metal 'tallies to the carters by way of receipts, hoisting fresh boxes on to their heads, and joining one or other of the processions trotting in.

If you pass through the cool, dim, sloppy Market and out on to the wooden platform at the rear, you see the steamers here being unloaded in like manner. A broad iron bridge slopes down to them, and down one side of the bridge porters are hurrying empty-handed, and up the other side porters shops that occupy the two sides of the market, on shiny, slippery slabs. There are bloaters from Yarmouth; there are kippers from Peterhead and Stornoway; there are all manner of fish from Hull, Grimsby, Milford Haven, Fleetwood—all manner of places round the British Isles that have any fish to send anywhere seem to have sent them here.

The bustling and shouting increase until by half-past six, or thereabouts, the tide of business is at the full, and beginning to turn. The railway vans have gone, and other railway and carriers' and fishmongers' carts that have been hovering in Eastcheap and other outlying streets, and the costers who have been clustering their barrows at

COVENT GARDEN: SHELLING PEAS.

the lower end of Love Lane, are swooping in to bargain and buy, or to carry away consignments of fish already ordered, and the Market is emptying as rapidly as it filled.

Noon is not more than two hours gone when Billingsgate is practically shut again; the fish shops round about look as if they had been looted by an invading army; fish porters lounge at street corners, or in public-houses and coffee-shops, and vast-booted men tramp clumsily inside the Market and in front of it, trailing snaky hoses and washing the stones.

Three minutes' walk east of Billingsgate, whence London gets most of its fish, and you are in Leadenhall Market, whence London gets a good deal of its poultry. Billingsgate does not start work in these days so early as it used to; but it is an hour ahead of Leadenhall, where as late as six o'clock the only sign of life is in the large centre arcade: here a covered van has just drawn up with a cock crowing derisively from somewhere inside, and the driver is making remarks to the policeman who stands under the clock gazing round as if he could not make out what had become of everybody.

In Leadenhall there are no stalls; it is a maze of attenuated streets, and every salesman has his shop. It begins later than Billingsgate, and it finishes later too. From seven to nine it is at its busiest, but it does not show any marked signs of slackness until after noon. Besides being greatly patronised by local hotel and dining-room caterers, it does an appreciable trade with thrifty City clerks and housekeepers who live within easy distances. Perhaps the requirements of these customers have broadened its ideas, for it is not so bigoted in its view of poultry but that it accommodates a butcher or two, a few fruiterers and greengrocers, a publican, and a newsagent.

But when all is said, in Leadenhall you come back to poultry. You may purchase select breeds of dogs there, it is true; on the pavement before two or three shops in cages one on top of the other there are puppies who intermittently romp together and stand adding their yelpings to the general uproar. You may purchase hares too, and rabbits, dead or alive. You may even acquire a swan, if your taste runs in that direction, for you will see specimens standing resentfully in large cages that are yet not large enough for them to stretch their necks. Also, there is one shop devoted to every variety of singing bird.

Nevertheless, the commoner class of poultry predominates. You see it naked and dead dangling from hooks and lying on shelves inside the shops; you see it befeathered and very much alive imprisoned in wicker crates and wooden cages piled about the pavements outside the shops, and there are moments when the combined crowing of cocks, clucking of nervous hens, and quacking of ducks pretty well submerge every other sound.

Farther east is Spitalfields Market; to the south, just over London Bridge, is the Borough Market; but westward is Covent Garden, that surpasses these in their own line, and is, besides, the largest flower market anywhere in or near London.

SCENES AT PEDLARS' FAIR.

So enormous is the amount of business done each morning at "the Garden" that it is impossible for nearly half the buyers going there to drive up within sight of it. The streets leading into it, and many that branch therefrom or pass the ends of them, are literally blocked with a tangle of greengrocers' carts, while the greengrocers, aided by regular or casual assistants, are momentarily struggling out from the hurly-burly of the Market, propelling barrow- or truck-loads of fruit and vegetables, or balancing columns of round baskets on their heads, or staggering along hugging bulgy hampers in both arms, which contributions are accumulated in their vehicles until they have obtained what they came for, or as much of it as they can get, and are glad to be turning their horses' heads homeward.

Amidst all the uproar of the market, and whilst buyers are crushing and elbowing each other up and down the narrow alleys that run through the wilderness of miscellaneous produce gathered here to be sold, you come across, in summer, a group of women in a quiet corner behind a rampart of baskets, placidly shelling peas into sieves and circular tins; and by-and-by, outside the building, among a litter of cabbage leaves and hemmed in by waiting carts, you discover a numerous company of other women similarly engaged.

They make two little islands of industrious repose in this welter of tumultuous trafficking. The only other spot that is as peaceful just now is the auction room over the road—a bare, spacious hall, with wooden-canopied, pulpit-looking erections placed at intervals down either side of it. There are no auctions in progress at present,

FRUIT AUCTIONS AT COVENT GARDEN.

but notices written on giant slates tell you that there are going to be several towards noon, and later.

When you come back to attend these, rude tiers of seats have been pulled round into three sides of a square before certain of the pulpits, in each of which an auctioneer's clerk sits writing busily, and an auctioneer stands lifting up his voice and bringing down his hammer with undeniable effect. Bunches of bananas swathed in basketwork and matting, long boxes of pears, of apples, of pineapples, are hauled in quick succession up on to the table immediately below the auctioneer. "Show 'em!" he cries mechanically. His porters tear open the matting or rip off the box lids, and eagerly eye the buyers and others perched row above row on the tiers, ferociously reiterating the auctioneer's cry of "Now then! Who bids?"

The bidding is prompt but cautious; nearly everything is bought, and bought cheaply; and money and goods change hands with such facility that another "lot" is put up, bid for, and sold before the previous one has been carried beyond the door.

Meanwhile, the Flower Market closes at nine, so, of course, you have been there before returning for the auctions. The view you get from either of its immense doorways is like the first bewildering glimpse of the transformation scene at a theatre. Against a background of broad-leaved palms and multitudinous flowerless plants, billowy clouds of snow-white blooms mingle with stretches of skyey blue, shot through here and there with flaming reds and yellows and purples, all in a lavish setting of every shade and tinting of green.

The blended fragrances within are suffocatingly sweet; the aisles of vivid, varied colour dazzle the eye almost as sunlight will; and, strangely contrasted with their surroundings, the salesmen, buyers, and porters might be merely scene-shifters preparing the transformation scene, and the flower-girls flocking about the cut-flower stalls might be blowzy, bedraggled fairies not yet dressed for their parts.

Some of them are very old flower-girls, and some of them very young; they are all keen bargainers, and go off with armfuls, or basketfuls, or apronfuls of scent and loveliness that, within an hour, they will have wired into penny and twopenny bunches, and be selling to spruce City men coming into town to their offices.

Nothing could be much farther removed from the beauty and delicacy and fragrance of that floral mart than the unloveliness and comparative squalor of the Cattle Market at Islington.

Two mornings of every week, winter and summer, before the world at large is awake, from lairs at Hackney Wick and Mile End, and from railway termini that have received them after long journeys out of green country places, droves of sheep and horned cattle, splashed with the mire of London roads and hungering for the fields, are shepherded through the iron gateways into the broad, paved Market square.

SHOWING THE DONKEY'S PACES (CATTLE MARKET).

In company with a coffee-shop, a bank or so, some railway depôts, and a reading-room for drovers, the Market clerk has his office under the clock-tower in the middle of the square, and on one side of the tower sheep huddle patiently in their pens, and on the other bullocks fattened for the

NEAR SMITHFIELD MEAT MARKET.

slaughter and cows destined for the dairy farm stand in long rows tethered to the top rails of their stalls, and keep up a ceaseless, monotonous moaning, punctuated occasionally by a resounding bellow.

In and out among the sheep, and in and out among the horned cattle, go bronzed, farmer-looking men and florid, stolid, butcher-looking men, critical of eye and cunning with the forefinger, which they will dig knowingly into the ribs or flanks of beasts they have a mind to. And when a man has chosen his sheep a drover and his dog go off with them, and when he has chosen his bullocks a drover goes off with them also, the buyer sometimes whipping out a pair of scissors and snipping his initials in the hair on the animals' backs before he loses sight of them. Some of them are driven away along the roads to suburban grazing lands or slaughter-houses; most of them make a shorter journey of it to the neighbouring abattoirs.

On other days of the week Hay and Straw, and Pig and Poultry Markets are held here; and on Fridays there is a Market for the sale of horses and carts. Friday, too, is the great day of the Pedlars' Fair, when up the steps and under the roof of the Hide Market, and on the ample margin of stones round the cattle pens, you may enjoy reminiscences of Petticoat Lane with the yelling and hubbub all left out.

The Hide Market and that margin of stones are strewn and littered as if there had been a volcanic eruption near by, and the lava had come pelting down in the form of coats and trousers, and second-hand furniture, crockery, glassware, rusty stoves, odd door-knobs, indescribable salvages of ironmongery, ladies' dresses and children's toys, beds and bedding, carpets, doormats, window-curtains, so that as you pick your way through, you do not know you have missed the footpath till you find yourself astray in an impenetrable jungle of hosiery or cutlery, or stumbling over meat-screens and frying-pans, and amazing collections of decrepit tinware.

Simultaneously, the horse and cart fair is raging among the cattle-pens, and every few minutes spectators wandering thereabouts scatter suddenly to make way for a sprightly quadruped whose paces are being tried for the delectation of a possible purchaser. Neither horses nor carts are exactly new; and the "horses" include donkeys, and the carts anything from a coster's barrow to a dropsical four-wheel cab, or occasionally the haggard ghost of an omnibus.

Most of the sheep and bullocks that walk into the Cattle Market are carried later to Smithfield Meat Market (many Smithfield salesmen having slaughter-houses behind that wall which fringes the square); and at Smithfield they are in the greatest and, in some respects, the best-ordered of the London Markets. It covers such an immense area that there is space around it to accommodate all the carts and vans that go there: you see them backed in serried lines to the kerbs along three sides of the Market as well as under its arch-ways, while their drivers or owners are inside doing business among mighty red and white groves and vistas of beef and mutton.

The early morning methods of the Markets are very much the same everywhere, the chief difference being in the nature of the commodities, the bulk whereof are brought up by one series of vehicles and taken away by another; but you may get more entertainment at Smithfield, as you may at Billingsgate or Leadenhall, out of the fag end of a Saturday's market.

Here, for example, this Saturday afternoon in Smithfield, now that more than half the stalls are shut, comes a staid, matured City clerk with his shrewd, economical little wife and their eldest son, a dapper youth who has himself just become "something in the City" and has met them by arrangement, but reluctantly, and in some fear of compromising his budding dignity. Depend upon it, the matured clerk has a large family, or they take in boarders to eke out his salary. The inevitable men, women, and children who hover about the gates to sell penny canvas or straw bags know them by sight as regular Saturday customers, and their experience stands them in good stead.

They do nothing rashly. Having inspected a dozen stalls, they go back to one they had passed, and secure a shoulder of mutton or a great piece of beef for remarkably little money. At the newer end of the Market, where they have now and then picked up a bargain in poultry, they buy several pounds of good cheap bacon and

MEAT VAN.

a formidable wedge of cheese. Then they go out and across the road to the Fish and Vegetable Market, where they get some fish for this evening's dinner or supper, and lay in a stock of fruit and tomatoes, supplemented by a selection of marrows and, possibly, a couple of cucumbers; so that, at last, when they shape their course for a penny tramcar home, the clerk is carrying two bags, his wife has her arms full of miscellanies, and their son, following them with a hang-dog, furtive air, eyes the passers-by loweringly, and, with the bag of shamelessly protruding meat in one hand and the basket of fish in the other, is secretly praying he may not be seen by anybody who knows him.

BAG SELLERS.

PENSIONERS AND "BLACK JACKS."

AT CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

By DESMOND YOUNG.

TO the average Londoner, Chelsea Hospital is merely a home for military "veterans battered in their country's wars." Rightly considered, it is more. It is, by means of its inmates, a bridge—the only accessible bridge—between the Army life of the past and of the present, between the battles of yesterday and those fought in the valleys of Abyssinia, on the burning plains of India, and in other parts of the world where the arts of peace have long held sway. For no man is eligible for its benefits under the age of fifty-five unless disabled by severe wounds or loss of limbs, and, as a consequence, its inmates, numbering about 570 all told, represent the pick of the oldest of our warriors.

Worn-out fighting material are they, as is evidenced by the pathetic fact that, though some men have rested in the haven for a quarter of a century, the average duration of life there is only about five years. As the last abiding place of the very cream of our superannuated fighters, then, Chelsea Hospital is, and ever will be, the link connecting deeds of military glory separated by long intervals.

Many and varied are the circumstances that bring veterans together under the hospitable roof of the famous institution. Sometimes an old soldier marries a young wife, with the usual result—jealousy, quarrels, unhappiness. Taught in the bitterest of all schools, that of experience, that May and December will not mate, he seeks the shelter of the Hospital, sure that there peace and comfort will be his. Many an in-pensioner has a wife outside, but it is significant that she is rarely his equal in age. Seldom will a scarred and wrinkled warrior leave a helpmeet who has spent spring and summer with him, who has travelled with him hand in hand through life, who has shared his joys and sorrows since youth and hope were high. In other cases a broken-down veteran is alone in the world. The sole survivor of his race, he has not a single relation to whom he can look for assistance.

CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

This being the case, what more natural than that he should bethink him of Chelsea Hospital?

The unfilial conduct of sons and daughters is another prolific cause of soldiers relinquishing their pension. And what stories of such ingrates cluster round the case of unclaimed medals in the Great Hall!—a case wherein repose scores of war decorations bestowed on inmates dead and gone, some of them of considerable intrinsic value. Again and again have such insignia been applied for by persons who would not give their departed owners a shilling—nay, who played the parts of Goneril and Regan in the oft-acted tragedy of *Lear*. Other veterans there are—though these, happily, are in the minority—who "sup sorrow by spoonfuls" through business troubles as well as through the unnatural conduct of their children. Inheriting money, they embark in shopkeeping and the like, fail, and then enter the Hospital, there patiently to await the last summons.

Once an old soldier joins the establishment, he does not often leave it voluntarily, because, in addition to being comparatively well off, he can adapt things exactly to his liking. There are no irksome rules to worry and annoy him, and no duties to be performed. "We haven't to do anything," said one fine old soldier, "except attend church on Sunday." If a man chooses, he can remain out till nine o'clock every night in the week, and by getting permission—granted as a matter of course—he need not return till twelve. He can, too, go away on furlough as opportunity serves. There is practically no restriction on him.

Just the same degree of liberty is accorded him in purely domestic matters. Every man has his own cubicle, which is his "castle," and concerning which he has full power to use the words of a poet now beyond the reach of the interviewers and other animalculæ to whom he addressed them:

"No foot, if you please, over threshold of mine."

No other pensioner can enter it unasked. He is the lord and master of his little home. Here he is free to do as he pleases. He rises when he likes; welcomes whom he likes; goes out when he likes; eats when he likes (for his food is put into his cubicle at stated times, and not served at a common table); does exactly as tastes and habits dictate without let or hindrance from anybody.

GARDENING.

That this absence of rule tends to make the in-pensioner more comfortable is plain in every ward. Even old soldiers, accustomed as they have been to that cast-iron, inflexible routine which stifles individuality and converts men into machines, have not all the same tastes and dispositions; and the great difference in the arrangement and decoration of the cubicles shows the wisdom of the governors in recognising this circumstance. While some are as plain as a barrack room—destitute of everything beyond absolute necessaries—others are embellished, externally as well as internally, with pictures from the illustrated papers, tobacconists' show cards, and a wealth of similar odds and ends. Nor is this all. In a few of the cubicles a marvellously elaborate scheme of decoration has been carried out on a shelf over the bed. The centre-piece is a loud-voiced clock, which is flanked on either hand with tiers of fancy cigarette and tobacco boxes, match boxes, photographs and pictures given away with packets of cigarettes, and other trifles. All this does not sound very promising material as a substitute for such wall ornaments as plaques and oil paintings; but it really brightens up a cubicle to an amazing extent, and truly remarkable are the perseverance, ingenuity, and taste displayed in making the most of it.

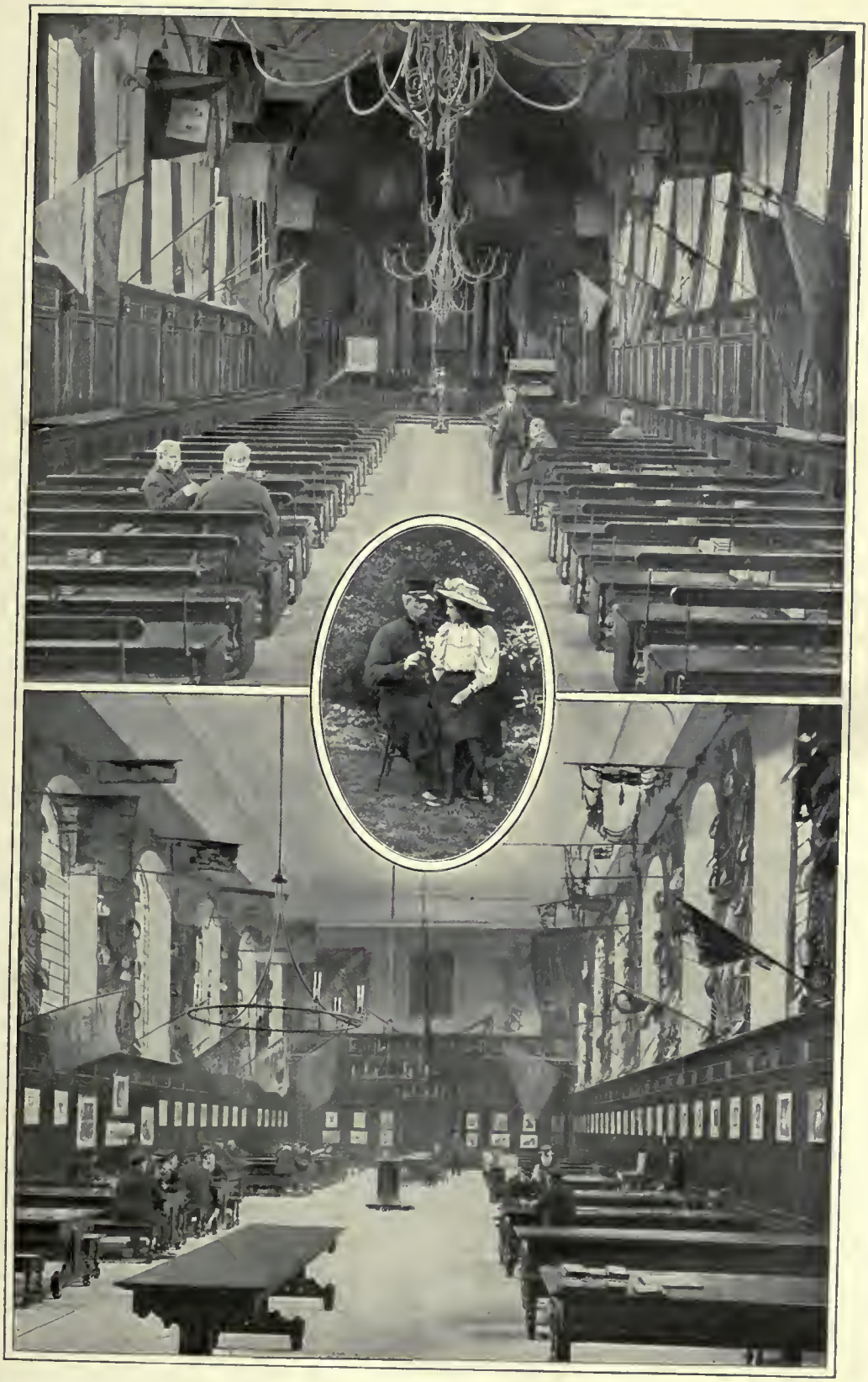
Half of each cubicle is taken up by a bed; the other half is for sitting and eating purposes. Such things as boot cleaning are done outside in the ward—where the necessary appliances are close at hand—and for reading, writing, and companionship, the Great Hall, with its collection of weapons, its old leather drinking vessels, known as "black jacks," and other interesting contents, is available. There, with a congenial comrade, and his memory stimulated by the objects around him—the portraits of Britain's famous fighting sons, and still more by the tattered fragments of flags taken from the enemy in war that hang over them—the pensioner can drive the hours along by fighting his battles over again.

Or, if the weather is fine, he can go out into the spacious grounds and mix with his fellows, or take an airing on the seats in the piazza, with his back to the memorials of British heroes—a number of mural monuments as appropriately situated as they are inspiriting.

Once a week there is a full muster in the Great Hall. Pay is given out there every Saturday morning, and the pensioners, all dressed in their best, turn up in full force to receive it. For many years the money allowance was only one penny per day, but now it is twopence, each inmate receiving fourteenpence per week. Although this is not a large amount, it is sufficient to provide the indispensable tobacco, which is almost the only commodity that the old soldier need buy. Food, clothing, beer (a strictly limited quantity), firing—these are all free. So that he does not really require much pocket money. No doubt he could spend more than he gets; but that is a very widely distributed capacity.

Besides owning a cubicle, some of the pensioners have also proprietary rights over a plot of land. At one corner of the hospital grounds, between the disused cemetery and (strange juxtaposition!) the site of that vanished scene of so much uproarious jollity, Ranelagh Gardens, is an enclosure divided into 148 allotments about twenty feet square. Each of these is supposed to be the freehold of a separate inmate, though, as a fact, some men have two or three plots. Whether from a sense of life's impermanence—for a pensioner often sows and another reaps—or from ignorance of one of the oldest of arts or some other cause, applications for an ownerless plot from those who do not already possess a garden are sometimes lacking. There is no demand for it; nobody seems willing to have it at a gift. And in this case it is transferred to a man who already cultivates a slice of the land.

Like the cubicles, these duodecimo pocket estates bear the impress of their owners' hands. Not one is so small but that it reveals something of its proprietor's idiosyncrasies. Some are filled with old-fashioned flowers—pinks and stocks, lupins and hollyhocks; and in the autumn groups of the plots are gloriously radiant with the many-hued and queenly dahlia. More architectural than anything else are the decorations of other squares. On one stands a miniature castle of pebbles and cement about five feet high, surmounted by a battlemented tower, and



I. THE CHAPEL. II. A GARDEN SCENE. III. THE GREAT HALL.

with door, windows, and all complete. Here and there, again, a contemplative old soldier has built him an arbour, and when it is clothed in green and the days are warm he sits in it for hours at a stretch, puffing away at his pipe and musing over the far-distant past.

"Practical" is writ large on yet another class of allotments, since they contain a cucumber frame, a few score lettuce or rows of onions, two or three beds of radishes, a sowing of mustard and cress—"something worth looking after," as your severely utilitarian gardener says. There is an obvious reason for the growing of such crops. They can be turned into money, especially on Sunday, when the shops are closed, and when people living in the neighbourhood cannot go to their usual sources of supply for a "bit o' green stuff for tea."

What more can an old warrior want than a cubicle and a bit of garden at Chelsea? Nothing; and the generality of those who enter the Hospital recognise it and are contented accordingly. Many, indeed, become so attached to the place that they cherish one of the most common delusions of old age—that when "something happens" to them the whole institution must inevitably collapse and fall into nothingness. Ever since the days of the first grandfather the same fallacy has been current.

While, however, most veterans who gain admittance to the institution do not leave it till the end, some discharge themselves in a huff and go back to their old pension. A man may, for instance, get in a coterie where he is chaffed, and may ultimately vow in his haste that he will not stand it any longer. That done, he feels bound, repent his words as deeply as he may, to take his departure. But, whatever the cause may be, very few leave who do not wish to go back again.

That is not impossible. In fact, some men do return. They send in their application, and, if there is nothing against them, their names are put on the list and they await their turn—wait till the forty or fifty men having prior claims on the institution have either died or been taken in—and then they pass through the gates once more, to remain as long as life lasts.

MEMORIALS IN THE PIAZZA.

LONDON'S HOMES FOR THE HOMELESS.

By T. W. WILKINSON.

HOUSE OF CHARITY: TABLET ON WALL.

"No man need beg, starve, steal, or commit suicide." Characteristic alike in wording and "display"—for the Salvation Army believes in hitting between the eyes—the placard has been read by thousands of sceptics in the Blackfriars shelter. Some of the *habitués* of that institution certainly would not endorse the proposition as a whole (they would jib at "beg"); but, whatever the professional "dosser" may think, there is less temptation now for a poor houseless wanderer in London to beg, steal, or take his departure to the next world by the cheapest route—*viâ* the river Thames—than ever there was. Never before was the Great City so rich in homes for the distressed. Never before were so many hands extended to raise the man in the gutter.

When De Quincey, ill and faint from hunger, turned from Oxford Street into Soho Square, and sank exhausted on a doorstep, refuges for such as he there were none. Cross this same square now, and at the corner of Greek Street you face the oldest hospice in London. Here is a refuge founded specially for cases like the Opium Eater's. Without, it is not attractive: a large, smoke-begrimed, gloomy building, plainly labelled "House of Charity"; within, there is ample to draw the habitual "dosser" a thousand miles if he saw a million to one chance of enjoying it. Solid, old-fashioned comfort—comfort of the Georgian and early Victorian era—that is the impression that the interior must needs produce. And the table side of the house—decidedly a weak point with many charities—accords with its fittings and appointments. The food is of the best, and is supplied without stint. The Soho Square refuge for the homeless, in fact, is in this respect unique.

Not altogether a blessing to the Council, and still less to the warden of the institution, is this distinction. For all the social wastrels in the Metropolis wend their way to Greek Street, primed with moving tales of unheard-of vicissitudes and armed with testimonials much more interesting than convincing. But against this drawback can be set the circumstance that no other charity of its kind in London benefits so many deserving people. From the connections of royalty to domestic servants, from University men to unlettered hinds—all come to Soho Square. One day—and these are actual cases—a countess gives a poverty ring at

HOUSE OF CHARITY: ENTRANCE.

the door, her pockets empty, her strength exhausted, her hopes and aspirations temporarily gone. On another the cousin of a duke ascends the steps, applies for shelter, and is admitted. The victim of a rascally solicitor—a man who had owned a prosperous West-End theatre—also seeks succour; and a lady who finds her way to the hospice in her hour of need proves to be the granddaughter of an archbishop. Barristers, solicitors, physicians and surgeons, professional men of all kinds, veritable "human documents" many of them, come in a never-ending stream. Tragedy, again tragedy, and yet again tragedy—the same thing is witnessed day after day in the House of Charity.

HAM YARD HOSPICE: THE SOUP KITCHEN.

Since De Quincey took his nightly strolls in Oxford Street, too, a host of other refuges, intended for a different class of destitute people from that fed and housed in Soho Square, have sprung up all over London. Further west stands that admirable institution, the Ham Yard Hospice, and to the east is an equally excellent charity worked on somewhat similar lines, the Field Lane Refuge. The Ham Yard Hospice is above the sandwichboard man's restaurant, the famous soup kitchen. Unlike many London shelters, it has a provincial reputation, because most of the round score of beds it can place at the disposal of the destitute are usually occupied by men who have come from the country in search of employment. Not that it refuses shelter to other unfortunates. No; destitute aliens it takes in, and penniless Londoners, too. But for many years the bulk of its beneficiaries have been "travelling tradesmen." Once an applicant is admitted, the streets, provided his references are satisfactory, have no terrors for him for a fortnight. He is boarded and lodged for that period, and allowed to go out daily in search of work.

At Field Lane much the same system is in force. For at least fourteen nights the man who is able to satisfy the superintendent of his eligibility for the benefits of the refuge is sure of a bed. As for life in the refuge, the ordinary course of events runs thus: After breakfast—"plain"—come prayers, at nine o'clock. Then, having meanwhile scanned the advertisement columns of the newspapers provided, the inmate makes

a scour for work till noon. At twelve, if he cares to come in for it, is dinner—good meat soup and bread. Another prowl round the streets, and he is back, at five, for the evening meal, which consists of bread and meat and tea. Every day four men are told off in turn to fetch broken food from certain large City warehouses, and it is from this that the soup is made and the meat comes for supper. Other necessary work—as the cleaning of the dormitories—is done by the inmates; but ample time is allowed them for opportunities to work out their own social salvation. In the evening the "Field Laner" attends a meeting in the large room where the Ragged Church service is held on Sunday; and, finally, he is present, with his thirty-four companions in misfortune (the refuge has a capacity for thirty-five men all told), at prayers. The women are subject to similar rules, only they are not expected to be in at midday.

FIELD LANE REFUGE: SUPPLYING COCOA AFTER THE RAGGED CHURCH SERVICE.

Of another class of refuges the Medland Hall, Ratcliff, and the Providence Row Refuge, Spitalfields, are the leading representatives. The first of these institutions, one of the several means by which the London Congregational Union is doing so much good work, is world-famed. Every place of this kind in London has its peculiarity. That of the Medland Hall is cosmopolitanism. Situated on the fringe of London's great waterway, and open every night in the year to all comers, with only such restrictions as are necessary to prevent its abuse, it is a focus for destitute men of all nationalities.

Deeply impressive is the scene in front of the hall shortly before six o'clock. Though everybody knows the time for opening the doors, men have been congregating from all points of the compass for a couple of hours, and now they are drawn up in a queue extending along the east side of the Horseferry Branch Road to Commercial

MEDLAND HALL: WAITING TO ENTER.

CHOPPING WOOD AT THE "MORNING POST" HOME.

MEDLAND HALL: INSIDE.

Road. Five or six hundred in number, they form a strange string of humanity—a strange string, truly. An unshorn outcast in a faded, rusty frock coat, unmistakably a clerk, one of the City's rejected, rubs shoulders with a burly son of the soil who looks as if he had stepped straight out of Mr. Thomas Hardy's pages. Propped up against the fence, silent and wondering, a negro takes stock of his neighbours, some dozen dockers. Further on stands a blue-bloused German sailor, accompanied by his two boys, on whose fair, innocent faces anxiety and curiosity are singularly blended; and still nearer the door there is a Spanish seafarer. Other aliens there are in plenty, and as for the rest, who shall attempt to describe them, even in catalogue fashion? Take a fact that speaks volumes in this connection. Two bunks—only two—were occupied in a single year by 317 different visitors, among whom were Americans, negroes, English sailors, firemen, engine-drivers, clerks, blacksmiths, printers, grooms, coach-painters, bricklayers, shoemakers, etc. One of the inmates was a well-educated young fellow from Cork. On the fifth night of his stay, having meanwhile written to Ireland, he received a telegram: "Money forwarded. Come home at once. Father dying."

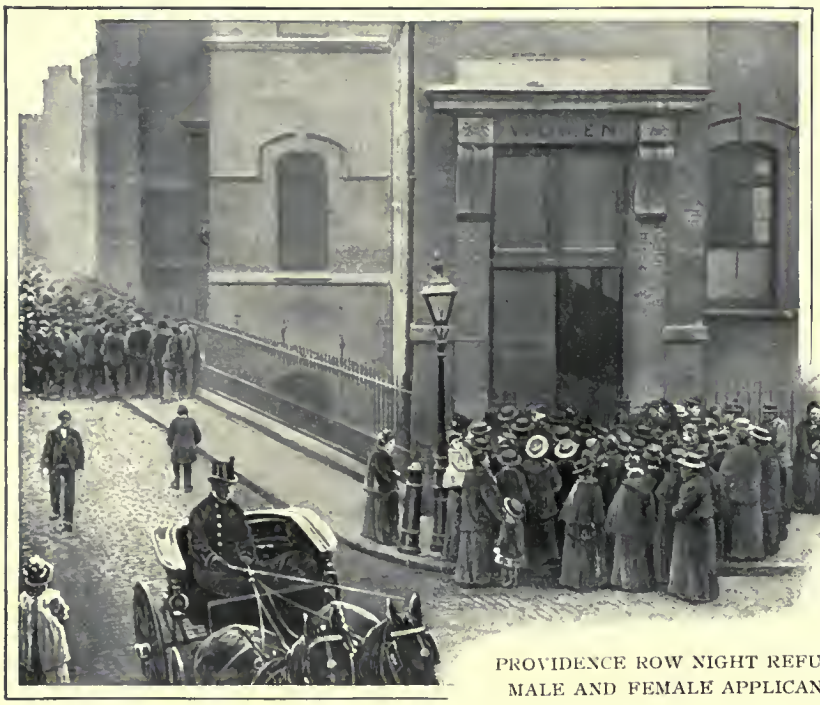
Also included in the three hundred occupants was an old bluejacket who, when he drew his pension, walked along the file in front of the hall and gave each man a penny. This was an act of true generosity, and in the annals of the institution it does not by any means stand alone. The superintendent tells of a not less gratifying incident that deserves to be recorded to the credit of human nature—of a labourer who turned out at four o'clock in the morning to look for work, and who, having succeeded, returned a week later with three shillings "to help some other poor chap."

Pass now through the hospitable doors of the shelter. It is still a few minutes short of the hour of seven, and yet every one of the 343 bunks it contains has been allotted. Men with admission tickets—which are available for six nights, or rather seven, since Sunday is not counted—have been let in first, and the remaining space has been filled by the new-comers. All applicants, whether admitted or not, have been given a substantial lump of bread-and-butter. Scattered over the building, the fortunate ones are making the most of their respite in the bitter struggle with cruel fortune. Some are wolfing their bread-and-butter with eloquent voracity, and, as Macaulay said of Johnson, "swallowing tea in oceans," to enable the men to make which beverage a prodigious quantity of boiling water is ready when the hall is opened. Tea? Something hot in many cases—something concocted from leaves already brewed and double-brewed in a cheap cook-shop. A few men are busy in another way. Here and there heads are bent over

A "HALFPENNY" BARBER.

boots that seem beyond all possible redemption, and trousers in the last stage of shockingness are being patched with infinite artistic care—an operation for which cloth cuttings are supplied gratuitously. But the majority of the men are so tired and footsore with perambulating the endless streets that they are already in their shallow bunks. A touching picture, and yet a pleasing one withal, for the poor fellows are temporarily contented, in spite of their past sufferings and of the darkness of their present outlook. As to the bunks, they are wooden frames in line on the floor and having inside a bed of dry sea-weed encased in cloth leather.

Brightness, comfort, perfect order, and system—these are the characteristics of the Providence Row Night Refuge, familiarly



PROVIDENCE ROW NIGHT REFUGE: MALE AND FEMALE APPLICANTS.

known as "The Dormitory," which owes its existence to the zeal and abounding charity of the late Rev. Dr. Gilbert. The doors are opened at five o'clock. Fifteen minutes later it is full; it has received its complement of about three hundred men, women, and children—not all out-of-works or the dependents of such, but unfortunates of many kinds.

At night the large building is one of the sights of charitable London. The men's sitting-room, with its inmates reading, smoking, and conversing as if the world went pretty well with them; the corresponding part on the female side, where women are knitting and sewing and their children are gambolling about the floor; the well-fitted lavatories (one in each section), in which there is every convenience for personal cleanliness, notably a monster foot-bath two or three yards long, and being used by a dozen inmates simultaneously—all this is delightful to witness, and differs essentially in some respects from ordinary shelter life. It is a cut above that. The food allowance night and morning—bread and a basin of capital cocoa—is also superior to that usually given in large institutions of this class. Yet an inmate can remain for three weeks.

A third class of shelters is admirably represented by the *Morning Post* Embankment Home, in Millbank Street, Westminster. Supported mainly by the readers of that journal, it is managed by the Church Army on its usual lines, and differs essentially from most shelters open to the penniless in that it does not give something for nothing. All its inmates—and it has one hundred beds, a number of them in separate cubicles — are required to do some work in return for food and lodgings. Some are employed at their own trade; others are sent out window cleaning, sandwich-board carrying, etc.; others—the majority—are put to chopping wood, of which they are required to do an amount proportionate to the benefits they receive. The "task," however, is mere relaxation: three baskets for breakfast, six for dinner, and two for tea. And so a man may go on for weeks; for there is no hard-and-fast rule as to the length of time which he may stay, every case being dealt with on its merits. This is an excellent system. By its application in the *Morning Post* Home thousands of men have been given a chance of rehabilitation

After a man has stopped in all the free homes for the homeless, as well as those in which he works out his keep—and these two classes, if he take them in the proper order, may provide him with board and lodgings for months—there are still the Salvation Army shelters between him and the street. At certain of these institutions twopence procures an itinerant, male or female, a bunk which is, in some respects, like those at Medland Hall, except that American cloth is used. Comfortable, as contrasted with an ordinary bed, it is not; but clean, free from anything that will irritate or harm—yes.

Getting into a bunk is like getting between two icicles, so little attuned is American leather to the human skin. Presently, however, owing to its non-porosity, it makes the body unpleasantly warm, and occasionally, moreover, sticks to it, with the result that the "dosser" may next morning carry away something like the remains of a porous plaster on parts of his frame where porous plaster was never voluntarily put by mortal man. And yet nothing could well take the place of American leather, which, let its faults be what they may, has one supreme merit. It is easily swept, washed, and disinfected. Besides, there is, after all, a way of preventing it from sticking to the body. Here is the "dosser's" recipe. Gather some paper, such as the contents bills of evening journals, while on the way to the shelter, and lay it between the American leather and your nobility.

But the cheapest shelter of the Salvation Army is the one at Blackfriars. Wonderful is the amount of spending in sixpence there. For an inclusive charge of fourpence supper, bed, and breakfast are provided; another halfpenny will secure a shave at the hands of one of the two barbers, both of them "lodgers," not official Figaros; and with the remaining three-halfpence tobacco, food, clothes, anything may be purchased. For among the *habitués* are a number of "merchants" who not only retail by halfpennyworths such commodities as broken pork pies, sausage ends, and the sweepings of the ham and beef shop counter, but sell "hard up," or cigars and cigarette ends gathered in the street, as well as boots, shirts, and other fruits of begging. Besides, a man can wash his shirt, and, indeed, do anything else in reason, free of cost.

A strange institution, this, at Blackfriars—the cheapest hotel in London, the resort of some of the most hopeless of outcasts, the finest training school in England for learning the arts and shifts of destitute life in a great city.

On the whole, then, the Metropolis is not ill supplied with homes for the homeless, and comparatively few of those who form its flotsam and jetsam are not benefited by one or other of them, while every year hundreds are by their aid given a new start in life. When a man once gets into the gutter in London it takes something very little short of a miracle to raise him up again; but the annals of the city's shelters prove that the thing is done nevertheless.

ADMISSION TICKETS.

LONDON'S DRESSMAKERS AND MILLINERS.

By ELIZABETH L. BANKS.

MADAME SMARTLY'S establishment is in the vicinity of Bond Street; Miss Stitchem's place of business is near Clerkenwell Green. At the entrance of the Bond Street apartment one sees the sign "Madame Smartly — Modes" engraved on a highly polished plate, very tiny and elegant in its inconspicuousness. In the window of the place near Clerkenwell Green, the legend "Miss Stitchem — Dressmaker" is painted in huge, uneven, black letters on a large piece of cardboard almost the size of the window-pane. At Madame Smartly's are mirrors reaching from floor to ceiling. At Miss Stitchem's the only looking-glass is a small one hanging on the wall.

JUDGING THE EFFECT.

At Madame Smartly's, Lady de Blank, when she is trying on her new frock, can see her reflection from top to toe in the mirrors by simply looking. Indeed, she could see herself if she were twice the height she is—and Lady de Blank is a tall and willowy woman, too! Not only does she see her length, but she sees, without difficulty, her back, for the mirrors are so arranged that she can view any part of herself or all of herself without any trouble whatever. She has but to look and behold. At Miss Stitchem's Miss 'Arriet 'Obson, notwithstanding the fact that she is a diminutive young woman, less than five-feet-one in height, has all sorts of difficulties in arranging the glass so that she can see her face and the beginnings of her waist at the same time; and when she desires to see for herself just what sort of a "hang" Miss Stitchem has imparted to her skirt, Miss 'Obson mounts a chair, and thus is enabled to see the bottom of it in the glass, although, of course, she cannot then see anything of her face or her waist or her hips.

At Madame Smartly's there are thirty girls at work. Eight of these young women will have been employed, each in her turn, at her own speciality, on the wonderful Court gown that has been ordered by Lady de Blank. At Miss Stitchem's there will be only one pair of hands and one set of fingers at work on Miss 'Arriet 'Obson's dress. Lady de Blank, a day or two before the Court is held, will call on Madame Smartly, so that—preparatory to making her curtsey to the Queen—her gown may have the finishing touches put to it by one of the assistants. Surely it *is* an artistic creation, and well worth the bill of eighty guineas which Lady de Blank will receive some time during the year.

The silk petticoat is veiled with net, and over this is the cream-coloured French needle-run lace, with short satin strappings in the front and long strappings reaching to the bottom of the skirt in the back. There is also a paste trimming which sparkles among the lace. The silk bodice is covered with the lace, with pearl passementerie about the low neck, and the waistband, which is very high at the back, is of beautiful Parma violet satin. Then the train—which, later on, can be turned into a second gown—is of deeper Parma violet velvet, edged with lace, and lined with a pale Parma violet to match the waistband. Then come the feathers and the veil.

Miss 'Arriet 'Obson will not get a properly made-out bill at all. When she goes to Miss Stitchem's to fetch her newly-made frock away, she will be told that the price for making, as previously agreed, is five shillings, and that as she forgot to provide sufficient cotton for the sewing there is twopence-halfpenny more for that; and, oh! Miss Stitchem had to get two more yards of braid at a penny-three-farthings a yard, which makes threepence-halfpenny, and so she is owing Miss Stitchem in all just five shillings and sixpence; and Miss Stitchem will probably say, though she herself was the maker of the frock, that she never saw Miss 'Obson look to better advantage.

Madame Smartly is what is known as a "Court Dressmaker"; Miss Stitchem lives in a street that is really so narrow you could scarcely call it a street, and so, I suppose, she might be called an "Alley Dressmaker." On one particular point I am positive, and that is that Miss Stitchem is the cheapest dressmaker in the Metropolis. At any rate, if there is one cheaper, I have been unable, in a search of many days, to discover her!

Not far from Madame Smartly's, Lady de Blank may stop her carriage in front of the millinery establishment of Mesdames Swagger and Swell. It is much easier to order a hat than a dress. On entering she sees one hat, or several hats, that she likes. She receives the bows of many good-looking young shop-women, and a special and particular bow from Madame Swagger, who is handed a hat by one of the young women and places it upon the head of Lady de Blank. Then a tiny exclamation of "Oh!" from Madame Swagger, and the hat comes off. Just a bend or something in it has made my lady's whole face look awry, because hers is not the style of face for the hat, and Madame Swagger sees directly what the defect is. Ah! here is another, which is tried on; but oh! that particular shade of pink, bordering on the magenta, will not go with Lady de Blank's complexion, and Madame Swagger hastily grabs a bit of rose-pink and

TRYING ON A HAT.

holds it up to my lady's head, hiding the magenta.

"That is the shade for your ladyship," says Madame Swagger. True! So it is! Madame Swagger is an artist—just as much of an artist as the painter who depicts on canvas a scene or a face in which the colours blend into each other to make the wonderfully harmonious whole. And Madame Swagger is not only an artist: she is an artist who has made her name. She takes the magenta velvet from the hat, substitutes the rose shade, and sends the hat to Lady de Blank with a bill for seven or eight guineas. Remember, please, there are ostrich plumes on that hat, gloriously curling, wavy plumes, which may be recurled twenty years hence! And then, Madame Swagger must be paid for knowing that Lady de Blank should not wear magenta, and she must be paid for her name, too.

While Lady de Blank's carriage is rolling along Piccadilly, come you with me down Shoreditch way, and I will show you where Miss 'Arriet 'Obson can buy a hat for three shillings and sixpence-farthing. There it is, in the window of a little shop, across the doorway of which you may read, "Headway and Topling—Ladies' Hats and Bonnets." But do you say that Miss 'Obson might do better to buy a naked hat and the trimmings separately and trim the thing up herself? But why should Miss 'Obson take all that trouble when here, in this very shop window, there is a notice which says, "No Charge for Trimming Hats and Bonnets, Materials of which are Bought Here." So into the shop let Miss 'Obson go, and she will find a rather pretty brown straw hat for sixpence three-farthings. Three yards of another shade of brown ribbon—a shade that will harmonise nicely with the brown straw—she will get for threepence a yard. It is satin on one side and cotton-back. She will find four "ostrich tips" for threepence three-farthings apiece, and three sprays of flowers with leaves at twopence three-farthings each. There's a sparkling buckle for three-halfpence, and the hat lining to go inside of the crown will be a penny three-farthings. A young woman trims the hat while Miss 'Obson waits; and Miss 'Obson, paying three shillings and sixpence-farthing, carries her hat home in a paper bag.

From the contemplation of Miss 'Obson and her paper bag, let us go back again to the West-End and into our carriage and away to the house of Mr. Fitly.

Mr. Fitly is a man dressmaker. Does not Shakespeare say that "the apparel oft proclaims the man?" Well, that is the way with all the garments that are made at the house of Fitly: they oft—or, rather, they *always*—proclaim the man dressmaker. Mr. Fitly's windows are large, but he tells you, with adroitness and shrewdness worthy of a woman, that his creations are shown inside, not outside! That is right—Mr. Fitly is an artist. He sometimes spends hours and hours in designing his gowns; and why should he put them in a window to be badly copied by would-be rivals?

When our carriage stops before Mr. Fitly's door, a boy in livery, with "Fitly" on his hatband, turns the handle for us and escorts us into the presence of the great dressmaker. He leads us into a large room, presses a button, and immediately we seem to be surrounded by duchesses—handsome, tall, graceful, stylish. They approach us, then float away. They toss their heads, move their arms and elbows aristocratically, look beautiful and self-possessed. Ah! if Mr. Fitly could only make us like unto those duchesses! A wave of the hand, and the duchesses disappear. They are but model-girls, employed by Mr. Fitly to spend several hours a day in putting on and off his gowns for the inspection of his patrons.

If we like any one of those model dresses, he will build us one in exactly the same style, or bring about such alterations as our particular make-up demands. His cheapest tailor-made gown will cost twelve guineas; but he does not confine his genius to tailor-mades—he will manufacture any sort of frock that the heart of woman may desire. Seated at a table is a young lady who is a lightning sketch artist, and will design a gown on paper in three minutes. If it is a handsome reception gown it may cost us forty guineas, but when we get it on, it will to all and sundry "proclaim the man," *i.e.* Mr. Fitly, and to have it known that one is dressed by Mr. Fitly is supposed to make any normal woman reasonably happy.

FINISHING TOUCHES.

What do you say? You have the most beautiful twelve-yard bit of crêpe-de-chine, with your linings, etc. etc., that you desire made up? Come with me by 'bus to Madame Suburbia (she is really an Englishwoman), who does business at Walham Green. She is one of the "ladies'-own-materials-made-up" dressmakers, and very smart and clever she is, too, for she spends one day of every week going about "stealing styles," as she vivaciously puts it—that is, looking into the West-End shop windows to see what is the very latest, and then going home and copying the things for her customers at the price of thirty shillings or two guineas, they supplying their own materials.

Are you in a great hurry to order a dress and to-night's dinner at the same time? Jump into a hansom, and come to an establishment where you will find a limited company, ready to take your order for dinner, fish, fruit, salad, meat and all, on the ground floor, and then, a flight or so up, which flight you take in a lift, you will find seated at a table the firm's own special artist, who will render you valuable assistance in the ordering of your next week's "party dress." What would this smart young woman suggest for, say, twenty-five guineas?

MODELS BEFORE A CUSTOMER.

"Ivory white lisse, tucked from the waist down, frills at hem of lisse and satin mingled, headed by jewelled embroidery. Might not the corsage be of tucked lisse to correspond with berthe of jewelled embroidery? Lined with very good silk, of course, madam; and you say you have some lace of your own? Yes, madam, we *could* do it for twenty-two guineas! I would advise you, madam, by all

means to have the tucks running in the way I have said, because you are not tall. They will add greatly to your height!"

Ah! This particular young woman is an artist, just as was Madame Swagger, the milliner, who knew at a glance that Lady de Blank must not wear magenta! She has quickly noted that you are short, and she uses her wits in designing a gown to make you look tall. It is for these "little things," which are, after all, such very big and important things, that one must pay.

Here comes the costermonger girl, aspiring to a new hat and dress for Derby Day! She will not patronise Miss Stitchem, of Clerkenwell. Not she! She belongs to one of the "Clothing Clubs" of the East-End, paying her shilling or shilling and sixpence every week, till there comes the time when she desires twelve yards of purple velveteen and a glorious ostrich feather. Think you she will wear the threepenny three-farthing tips which delight the heart of 'Arriet 'Obson? No, indeed! If she has not already put enough money into the "Clothing Club" to cover the cost of the velveteen and the plume, she can get them just the same, promising to continue paying in her weekly instalments. So for the velveteen she considers two shillings and a penny-ha'penny a yard not too much; and for the plume, what is twenty-five or thirty shillings? They will put it in the hat at the "Clothing Club" for her, or she can do it herself, and then she goes in search of Miss Cutter, who, perhaps, resides near Tottenham Court Road, and will make up the purple velveteen for fifteen shillings and sixpence.

Your house-parlourmaid and cook will not pay quite so much for dressmaking as will the coster-girl. They find dressmakers in the East-End and the West-End who consider ten-and-sixpence or twelve-and-sixpence a satisfactory reward for the time and trouble they spend upon a dress to be worn on an "afternoon out."

What money it costs, what time it takes, what work it gives, this clothing of the female portion of Living London! Even dowager-countesses find pleasure and profit in the millinery business, and the modern Madame Mantalini may frequently be seen nowadays in London, keeping up appearances for her devoted, dependent Mr. Mantalini out of the profits of dressmaking! Thanks to them all, from Madame Smartly near Bond Street to Miss Stitchem of Clerkenwell, the women of London may all be clothed, most expensively or most cheaply, or for a moderate price.

IN READINESS FOR DERBY DAY.

THE PARROTS' AIRING PLACE.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

By RICHARD KEARTON, F.Z.S.

KING VULTURE.

HIDDEN away in the green recesses of Regent's Park, where a stranger might consider himself in the country were it not for the dull roar of Living London, the Zoological Society has its magnificent collection of between two and three thousand animals in palaces, pens, and ponds, scattered over a space of thirty odd acres of land. This enormous crowd, representing the wild life of every corner of the earth, gives employment, direct and indirect, to more than one hundred persons, and is visited annually by considerably over half-a-million people.

The Society was founded in 1829, and now consists of something like three and a-half thousand Fellows and Corresponding Members, the former of whom are able to exercise the privilege of free admission to the gardens during any day of the week, and are in addition supplied with a liberal number of tickets for the use of their families and friends.

Sundays are reserved exclusively for the benefit of Fellows and their friends, and during what is known as the "London Season" the Zoo forms one of the favourite resorts of fashion and beauty. The hot dusty days of July and August, however, work a complete change, and, as soon as the class whose pleasant lot it is to bask by the sunny sea or drink in the heather-scented air from the purple mountains of the North has taken its departure, Sunday tickets are handed over to servants and others.

Monday is the great day of the week at the Zoo. The price for admission is then lowered from one shilling to sixpence for adults; and cockneys and countrymen alike take advantage of the concession and jostle shoulder to shoulder in one gazing, wondering, happy crowd.

The keepers start work at six o'clock in the morning during the summer months, and an hour later in the winter. Sweeping out the yards and houses, as shown in the illustration on the opposite page, and preparing the day's rations for the animals are amongst the early morning duties of the men. Animals intended for food are slaughtered in the gardens, and great care is taken that all such creatures shall be in a healthy condition and capable of walking to the shambles.

Some idea of what it costs to feed such a huge menagerie may be gathered when it

is stated that the meat and forage bill for one year mounts up, according to the Society's annual report, to over £4,000. It would be even greater were it not for the amusement visitors derive from feeding many of their favourites. For instance, the Bear that is here shown on the pole and its companion are seldom fed by the keepers during the summer months, and at the time our photograph was taken the larger of the pair of bruins occupying the pit was too fat to climb the pole. He was extremely selfish, however, and, when he saw his companion getting what he evidently considered more than his share of buns, flew into such a wild paroxysm of rage that he bit himself until the blood flowed down his shaggy coat.

Bears are the most arrant cadgers, and one old Grizzly, dwelling next to the Polar Bear's den, has learnt a trick which does great credit to his intelligence. He has discovered that one of the bars of his cage has a little play in its fastenings, and when he sees a visitor coming along he slips a paw beneath it and by gently working the piece of iron up and down produces a loud tinkle, which hardly ever fails to attract attention or earn a share of the buns and biscuits so much beloved in Beardom.

AT THE BEAR PIT: REACHING FOR A BUN.

The liberality of visitors armed with paper bags full of provisions often far outruns their knowledge of the feeding habits of the creatures on whom they attempt to confer a dietary favour, and it is laughable to watch a grown and apparently educated man gravely offering a Golden Eagle a penny bun or a Kestrel Hawk a milk biscuit.

It is sometimes difficult during the dark winter months to induce many of the feathered members of the collection to take an adequate amount of nourishment. They will not feed unless they have sufficient daylight to do so by, and when a London fog suddenly enwraps the Metropolis in its inky folds many of them mistake it for night and retire to roost.

If any of the animals are taken ill they are not, as might be supposed, removed to some building in the nature of a hospital, for if they were, the effects of removal and new surroundings

SWEEPING OUT THE WILD GOATS' YARD

READY FOR A MEAL.

would retard rather than expedite recovery. The sick creature is, therefore, coaxed by all sorts of ingenious devices to take its food.

If a specimen dies and its dissection is considered likely to lead to anything in the nature of an enlightening discovery in regard to the disease which has proved fatal, its body is straightway conveyed to the Prosector's operating chamber, and, in the case of a large animal, opened by a staff of experienced assistants. When the Prosector has made his *post-mortem* examination, which sometimes lasts three or four days, he communicates the result of his researches to the members of the Society in the form of a lecture.

The greatest feat in dentistry probably ever performed on a huge animal was accomplished by the late Mr. Bartlett, who removed one of the upper tusks of the old male Hippopotamus, the father of the one shown in the above illustration. To obtain this picture my brother, Mr. Cherry Kearton, was obliged to accompany the keeper into the yard whilst I stood outside listening to the remarks of a much puzzled crowd of men and women, who could not understand why the monster's mouth was being photographed. By and by a brilliant idea struck an old woman at my elbow, and she explained the situation to the satisfaction of her friends by saying that the photographer was a dentist engaged in measuring the Hippopotamus for a new set of teeth.

Animals have their little moods just like human beings, and very small happenings will ruffle their tempers. The old Hippopotamus referred to above is a very fickle jade. In the ordinary course of things she will, when lying under water in her tank, come up to breathe every two minutes on an average, but if any alterations or repairs are being done close by she "turns nasty," as the young keeper puts it, and will remain under water for more than double that time. The elder keeper says that he has known her disappear absolutely for as long a period as twenty minutes.

The most popular animal in the menagerie is undoubtedly the Elephant, whose wonderful

CHIMPANZEE AND KEEPER.

trunk, great size, strength, docility, and intelligence appeal powerfully to the youthful imagination. What child could go to the Zoo and come away happy without having had an Elephant ride? It would be *Hamlet* with the Prince of Denmark left out; and some idea of the extent to which this amusement is indulged in can be formed when it is stated that a single animal has been known to carry eleven hundred children upon its back during the course of one day. I stood

AT TWOPENCE A TIME.

by one afternoon whilst the Elephant walked ponderously between the landing stages with its freight of passengers, and was amused at a youngster who refused to quit his seat until one of a crowd of admiring aunties had bought him "another ticket." He had already indulged in four Camel rides and his second or third on the Elephant, and was still gaily extracting twopenny tickets from his feminine relatives when I left.

In the Lion House the great members of the Cat-tribe dwell. Here is Kruger's Lioness, looking sad and solemn as if the chequered incidents of history weighed heavily on her. Not far away a shaggy-maned monster, such as we are accustomed to see in pictures typifying Britain, lies stretched on his side fast asleep with an admiring crowd of schoolboys gazing proudly at him. A Tiny Tim, all there but the long scarf, perches on his father's shoulder at the back of the crowd and says, "Yes, that's 'im, dad, that's 'im what bit Livinstin' in my book," and the momentary gleam in his sickly little eyes testifies his satisfaction at having met an old travel-book friend in the flesh.

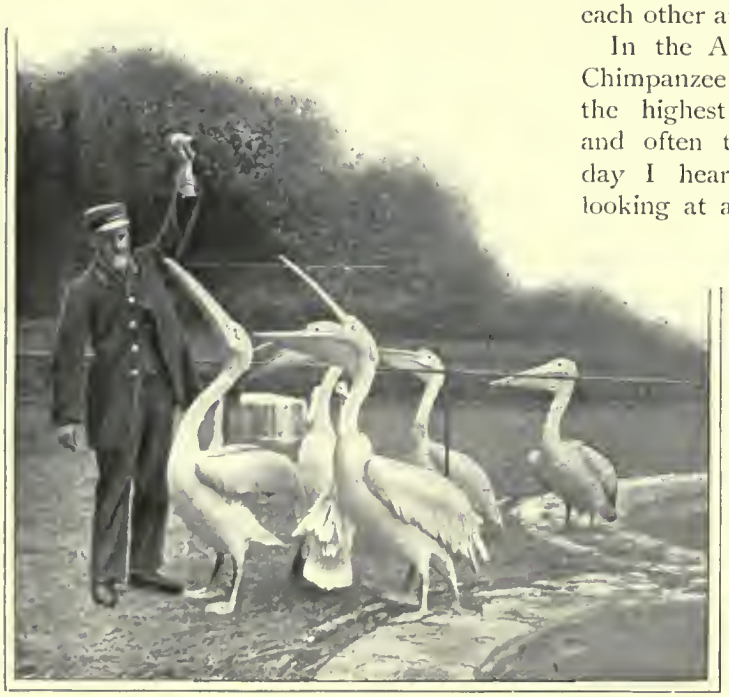
Nearly all maneless Lions are mistaken for Lionesses, and the signs of sex on the name-card fastened in front of each den are not understood by one person out of every hundred, judging from the remarks overheard whilst standing by. It is here one sees the budding Landseers at work. An artist told me that whilst engaged upon a life-sized picture of a tiger's head, the animal caught sight of its finished eye on the canvas, and after gazing with rivetted attention upon

it for several seconds flew into a great rage. And from my knowledge of the peculiar influence exercised over wild animals by anything in the nature of an eye, I do not think the gentleman was exaggerating the verities of his brush. It is not every artist, however, who, after setting up his or her easel in the Lion House, can paint an animal like the gentleman in question, and, judging from what one occasionally sees, some of them are deeply guilty of the eternal human weakness of trying to dodge the elementary drudgery of their craft and attempting to paint before they have learned to draw.

The Lions, Tigers, Leopards, Jaguars, and other animals are fed during the summer months at four o'clock in the afternoon, and just before that hour visitors may be seen streaming from all quarters of the gardens to see the great cats gnaw their meat and listen to the deafening roar of the king of beasts who gives tongue by way of grace. Two other interesting scenes are the feeding of the Pelicans and the Sea-lion.

The Monkey House supplies the real fun of the fair at the Zoo, and it is here one sees the supreme happiness of childhood—especially if someone has eluded the vigilant eye of the keeper and succeeded in surreptitiously smuggling a reel of cotton into one of the large cages tenanted by a number of small monkeys. On such an occasion I have heard the building ring with peals of delighted laughter at the droll tricks the nimble little fellows in the cage played with each other and the unravelled thread.

MUZZLING A VICIOUS ALLIGATOR.



HUNGRY PELICANS.

In the Ape House, where the far-famed Chimpanzee "Sally" used to dwell, is found the highest degree of animal intelligence, and often the dryest of human wit. One day I heard a little boy exclaim whilst looking at an Orang Outan, "Oh, ma, isn't he like a working-man?" and an elderly lady express a wish that she might be able to "stay for ever with the dear creature."

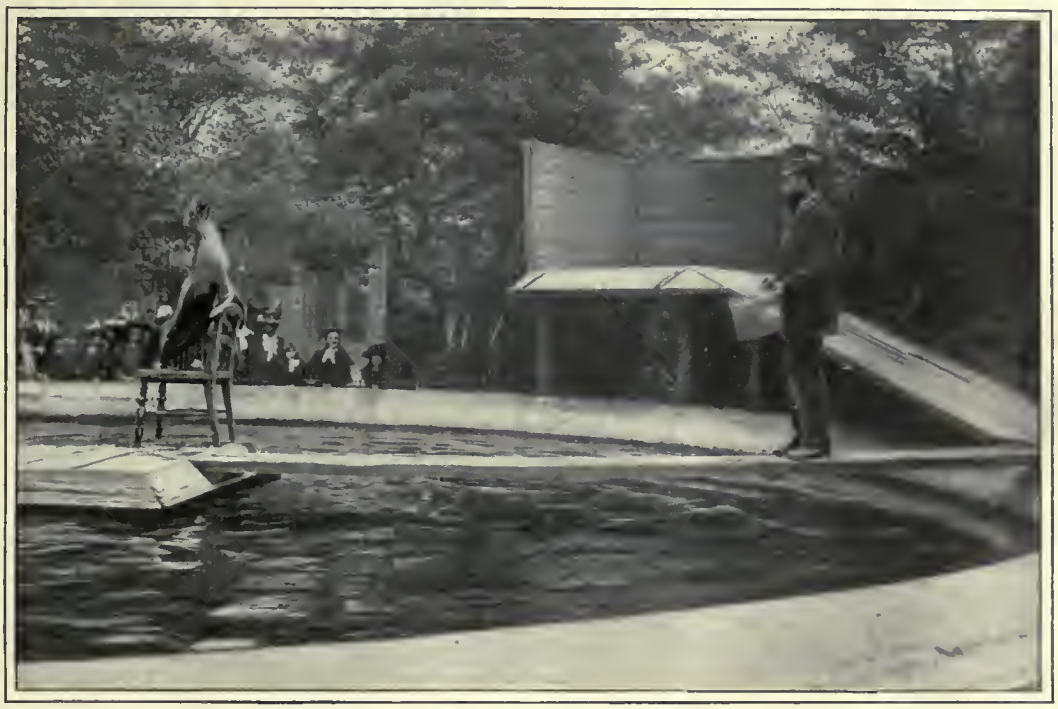
Here I have seen poor old Sally make a bouquet of straws and place it in the button-hole of her keeper, and later on a successor feed "the baby" (a younger member of the species living in a cage close by) with a spoon for the edification and amusement of an admiring crowd.

The King Vulture—of which a photographic reproduction is given on p. 344—attracts a good deal of attention during the summer months (when he and his companion are on view) by reason of his beautiful fawn or cream colour, which renders him the handsomest bird of his family. This species is a native of tropical America, and when at home lives upon snakes and carrion, from which it drives all other species.

The stock of specimens is constantly being replenished from four sources—gift, purchase, exchange, and breeding; and it is surprising when one comes to examine the history tablets on the pens and dens how many of the specimens have been born under our dull English skies.

On rare occasions animals have succeeded in escaping from their cages in the Zoo, and in one instance a monkey that had gained its freedom had to be shot because it terrified the Antelopes to a point of danger which rendered this drastic course necessary. Small feathered specimens have from time to time been stolen from the Parrot House, and on one occasion a Bell Bird was abstracted by some cruel miscreant who wrung its neck. During suitable weather a number of Parrots are given an airing outside the house devoted to these birds.

The head keeper told me one day, in answer to an inquiry, that the animals are wonderfully quiet at night time. During the autumn months the birds listen to the cries of migrants flying over lamp-lit London on their way to the sunny South, and cock their heads on one side as if trying to detect their friends passing high overhead. During his nocturnal rounds of inspection, this gentleman once had the great satisfaction of discovering how the Giraffe disposes its abnormally long neck whilst it sleeps, namely, by lying it along its side, and resting its head in the hollow between the front of the thigh and the ribs.



FEEDING THE SEA-LION.

Some of the specimens in the collection are very spiteful towards their fellow captives, and the best places to witness the bullying cowardice of the strong when their interests clash with the weak are at the Wolf Lairs and the Reptile House. Old Alligators sometimes turn vicious and kill younger and weaker members of their species. They have in consequence to be muzzled and put under restraint, as shown in our illustration on the opposite page.

LOADING UP AN ANIMALS' VAN.

About twenty years ago, when Regent's Park could shake hands with the open country, numbers of Reed Warblers bred every summer in the Gardens; and the unwelcome visits of Wild Duck rendered it difficult to keep the species on different ponds pure bred. A Raven and a Magpie have voluntarily come to live in the Gardens. In the spring-time the latter goes forth in search of a mate, and upon returning builds a nest close by the Zoo. The former bird in all probability escaped from a private cage somewhere in the Metropolis.

A list of duplicate animals for sale is kept at the Superintendent's office, and the illustration above shows the keepers hard at work in the early morning sending away a vanload of superfluities to the docks to be shipped for Calcutta. New animals that have just arrived after a long voyage are often taken in while the average citizen sleeps.

The keepers are without exception the most amiable set of men I ever met in my life. In spite of the Secretary's admirable "Guide to the Gardens," and the plans and printed notices scattered up and down the grounds like daisies on a village green, the poor fellows are pestered to death by questions which are fired off at them incessantly from early morn till dewy eve. When a man can answer with pleasant politeness the same inquiry half a dozen times in as many minutes, and the question contains a strong element of absurdity, I reckon he has succeeded in chaining down a great part of the old Adam within him. A strange thing is that visitors will repeatedly ask for something which was removed before even they themselves were born from where they expected to find it.

When the summer is over and gone, the military bands cease to play in the grounds on Saturday afternoons, the Elephants and Camels discontinue giving happy children rides upon their backs, many of the waitresses are discharged by the refreshment contractors, and a sense of forgottenness, so far as the public is concerned, settles down upon the great menagerie.

A SIESTA.

STUDENTS AT DINNER.

WIG AND GOWN IN LONDON.

By HENRY LEACH.

THERE is nothing in all London or in London life which is so essentially of itself and of naught else as Counseldom, the small uneven area on the boundary of the City where stalk in sombre wigged and gowned dignity the men of higher law. The Middle and Inner Temples, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn are the Legal Quarter in a fuller and more complete sense than that in which any other little piece of the great Metropolis is claimed by any other profession.

We talk of the machinery of the law, by which we usually mean not so much the minor engines which work the police and county courts and bring about the conveyance of property in good and proper order, as the greater, heavier, slower, and more rattling instruments which drive the King's High Courts of Justice. Then, every little pulley, every ounce of steam, every drop of oil, which make this machinery work, are manufactured here in this Legal Quarter. Parliament and the people supply the raw ingredients; the Inns do all the rest, and do it in a grandiose spirit of autocracy. They supply the judges, from the great Lord Chief downwards; they supply the King's Counsel, and the barristers of lesser and lesser degree, to the humble, patient, and often weary "devil," and they are breeding up always within these their own preserves a new brood of the wigged and gowned species, who in good time will themselves carry on the great work of judgment-making at the standard rates of anything up to a thousand guineas a time—or more.

For nothing must be held so intact as the conservatism of the law. Great movements of reform must be held back from the

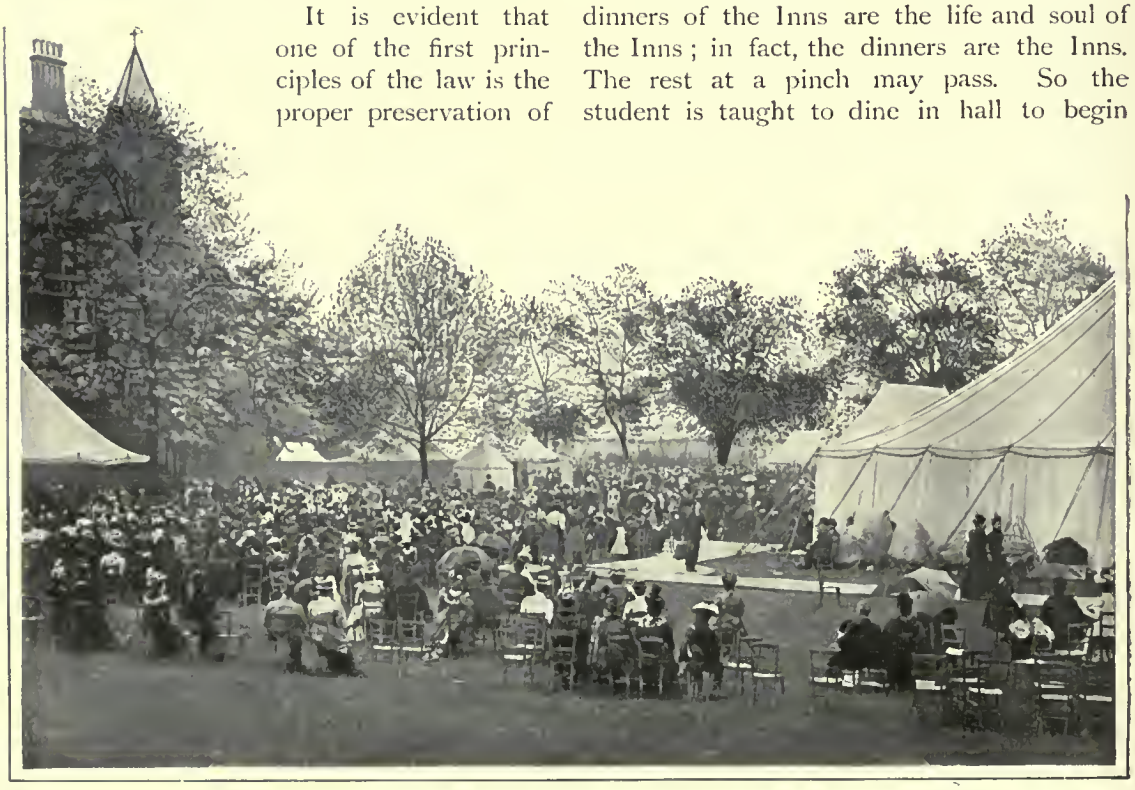
INVITATION TO A "GRAND NIGHT."

ponderous wooden gates of the Inns of Court; and, within, the whole legal family must in a very large professional sense lead the recluse life. Counsel may indeed be born in the Inns, they may grow up in the Inns, often enough they live altogether in and make the Inns their home, and they have been known upon occasion to die in the Inns, and thence be gathered to their legal fathers. Thus may they run the whole gamut of the life of law amidst the dirty bricks and tiny dusty windows of these strange old-world places.

The four Inns—the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, Lincoln's and Gray's, as aforementioned—all amount to pretty much the same thing at the finish, standing in somewhat the same relation to each other as do the Universities. The student of law may enter his name at any of them and rise to the Bench. A man chooses his Inn, pays a guinea for a preliminary certificate, and, with or without a preliminary examination, according to circumstances, he is "admitted." Enter now the student into the life of the Inns, and into the study of all the forms and customs which appertain to the legal dinner.

A TEMPLE DOORWAY (2, PUMP COURT).

It is evident that one of the first principles of the law is the proper preservation of self, and it is instanced in the dinners of the Inns. It is their theory and their practice to turn from labour to refreshment with a soul-satisfying regularity, and there is a suggestion that any preponderance of attention should be on the side of the refreshment. The dinners of the Inns are the life and soul of the Inns; in fact, the dinners are the Inns. The rest at a pinch may pass. So the student is taught to dine in hall to begin



A TEMPLE FLOWER SHOW.

with. He must go on eating and eating, till in the fulness of time he becomes, almost as a natural consequence, a barrister.

Dining in hall is somewhat of a stately if light-hearted affair. The hall itself is an impressive place. There are huge oaken beams and beautiful carvings and there is a wealth of space along and above which produce a great effect. Everything is old, solid, and of the best; and one feels somehow that these noble apartments have gone on and will go on increasing in their splendid worth like wines of a rare and exquisite vintage. So he who dines in the hall of, say, Lincoln's Inn, remembers it. The speakers' voices, revelling in such rare acoustic properties as are here, glide from front to back and from side to side, with the clearness and resonance of bells, floating in their course past the large and handsome paintings on the walls of the legal lights of other days, heroes themselves of a thousand triumphs in elocution at the Bar, eaters themselves of the maximum of dinners in hall.

Lo! the first entry here of the student—unsophisticated, eager. He comes on his first night and takes his place at the very last mess in the hall. Each mess consists of four students, ascending in seniority, so that when the students have run out, the barristers begin and rise with age and wisdom along the hall, till at the end in presidency is the senior barrister of the evening. The mess customs differ at each Inn; but perhaps the one which has preserved most completely the traditions of the remote past is Gray's, where the senior of the mess drinks to every gentleman present during dinner, mentioning each one by name, only the students being given the "Mr." prefix.

In all the Inns except the Middle Temple each mess carves for itself. The fare is good, but not elaborate. There are soup, meat, sweets and cheese. When there is no soup there is fish instead, and, in deference to the considerable Roman Catholic membership of the Inns, fish is served on Fridays. The meal costs two shillings or half-a-crown per student, the former price ruling at the Middle Temple and the latter at the Inner, and as each student is entitled to half a bottle of claret or port it cannot be considered expensive. Here it may be incidentally mentioned that on Call nights and Grand nights the allowance of wine is increased to the extent of two bottles per barristers' mess, and one bottle per students' mess. In the glorious days of old at Gray's Inn four bottles used to be allowed per mess on Great Grand Night—occurring in the

GOSSIP IN THE COMMON ROOM.

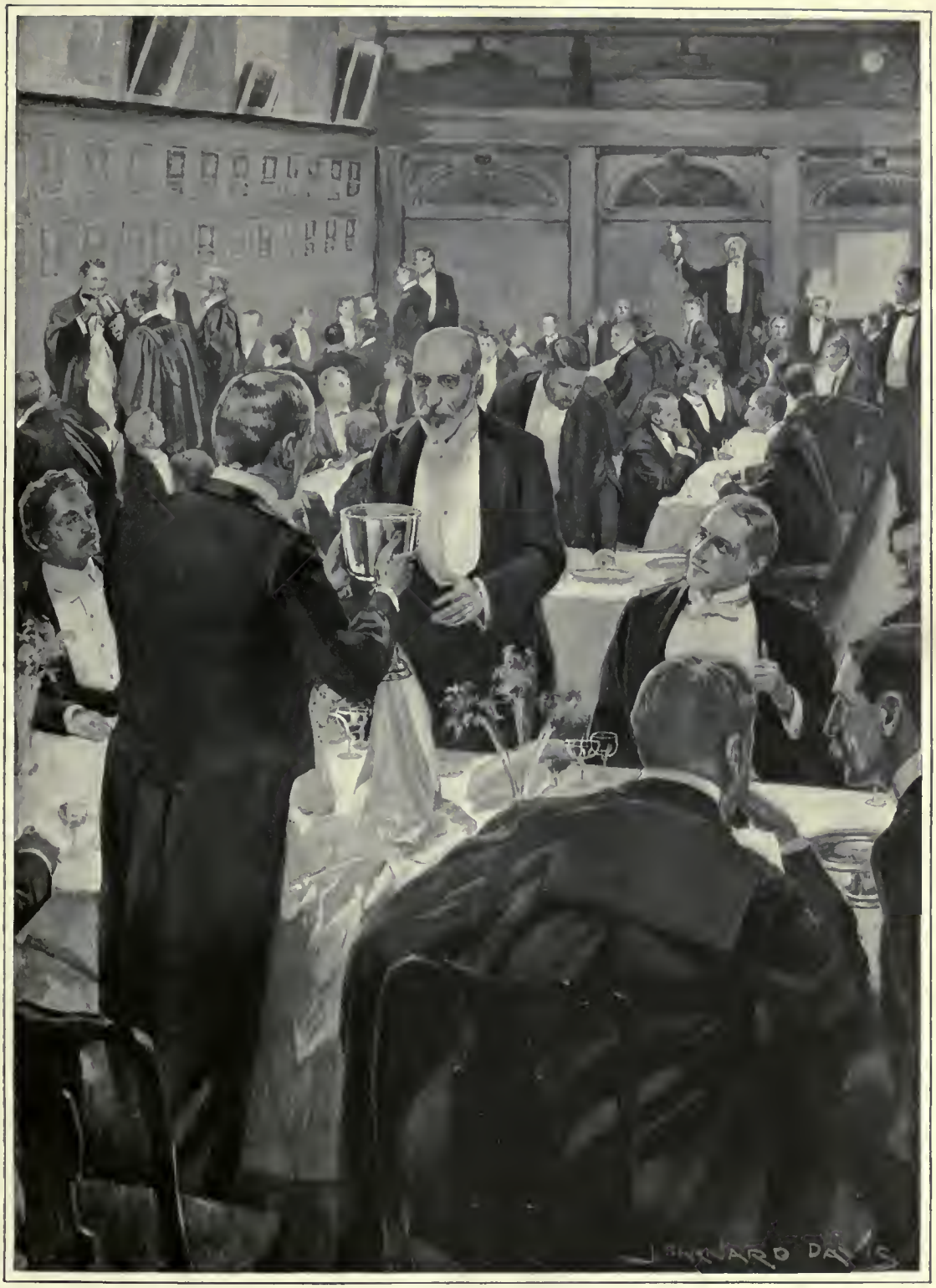
Trinity term—but reason was found for a reduction.

These dinner details are not irrelevant, for, as I have indicated, the story of the Inns and of the legal life is to be told in dinners eaten. Meanwhile, the student is reading, and perhaps attending a few lectures, and in due course of dinners and exams. comes the night which will be for ever memorable, the Call Night, when the student is the student no longer. At the Inns the ceremonies of Call Night differ; but in each case the men are "called" before dinner and before the Benchers of the Inn. In the Middle Temple they are "called" in wigs and gowns, but elsewhere in gowns only. It is a great night, and one which the young barrister bloods feel should be "kept up." In the Middle Temple they have the special privilege of asking their friends to a Call party within the hall itself after dinner. Where the Inn does not recognise the need for a comprehensive conviviality, it is safe to say that a Call party is almost invariably held in the chambers of some barrister friend in the Temple or north of it.

Of the glorious deeds which have been performed on these occasions, when spirits are high and discretion is at a discount, there are many stories told. Thus now and then, after such a party, it is noticed curiously enough that the knockers have been removed from the doors of every adjacent set of chambers. The barristers who reign within are mightily offended, and a report is made to the Benchers, who govern the Inns. But Benchers are very, very human. Dreams of days of their own when youth had its fling are conjured up, and a reflection is made upon all the possibilities of "judicial ignorance," as sometimes exemplified by that great master of it who was once Mr. Justice Hawkins. Therefore, say the benevolent Benchers, they do not know what knockers are, and as for Call parties, no such things are recognised by the Inns, and therefore no members of the Inn could have been guilty. With no knockers and no Call party the case of the complainants falls to the ground. The ex-students receive a gentle hint that the knockers should be put back, and then the peace and goodwill of old reign in the Inn once more.

The Grand Night is a grand and most popular institution. Then the Benchers and the highest dignitaries of the law foregather with the barristers and students in their Inn and invite outside guests to dinner, often the most celebrated lights of other professions. It is strange that only solicitors are barred, an exception being made in the case of the President of the Incorporated Law Society. The City Solicitor has also been a guest. An invitation to Grand Night should never be refused. The dinner is good, the wines are excellent, and a stately decorum mingles with happiness and goodfellowship as the Benchers sit after dinner and drink wine with their guests. And, best of all, there is a strict rule of "No speeches," broken, as far as one can remember, only once, and that was when the King as Prince of Wales proposed the health of the late Lord Coleridge, Treasurer of the year, as far back as 1888, a circumstance which prompted the eminent lawyer to say, in response, that David was right when he said, centuries ago, "Put not your trust in princes." On these occasions the students sing songs to the accompaniment of the band in the gallery; at Gray's we see the passing of the loving cup, and the quaint drinking to the toast of "the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of good Queen Bess" (good friend of the Inn that she was); and all is pleasantry and contentment.

The Inns are largely residential. The records show that between three and four hundred persons live in the Temple. One Member of Parliament has lived there for over twenty years, and there are several popular K.C.'s—and some married ones—who abide there during the week. Very few barristers live in Gray's Inn, which has become quite a solicitors' quarter. Chambers in the Temple are comfortable enough for the bachelor, and they are cheap as London chambers go, for two or three panelled rooms —not to mention quite a large number of rats—may be obtained for £60 a year. There are housekeepers to make small meals, and if the resident is a member of the Inn he may obtain lunch and often dinner in the Common Room. But not all the names one sees in rows above each other on each side of the doors leading to the gloomy stone steps and thence to the oaks of the occupiers betoken



A "GRAND NIGHT" TOAST, GRAY'S INN.

"To the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of good Queen Bess."

actual residence—for even that of the Lord Chief Justice may be found at 2, Pump Court. The fledgling barrister is frequently poor enough in the world's goods, and works by night in Fleet Street for the living that the law does not afford him. For the advantage of him and others there is often posted up in the side windows of those old-fashioned wig shops in the Temple, amongst the advertisements of chambers to let, one which indicates that a person may secure the privilege of having his name painted on a door for a comparatively trifling annual charge.

The tragedies of the Inns—the life stories of men who have come enthusiastic to the profession of the law, and have utterly failed—would fill as many pages as are contained in a complete set of Law Reports. There are about eight thousand barristers, and only about one in eight is making a living. Amongst the juniors £2,000 to £3,000 a year is a large income. The life of the successful counsel is, of course, a glorious one. He is an idol of his Inn, a favourite in the Courts, a lion in society, and, most likely, an occasional debater in Parliament. When there is a vacancy on the Bench his name may be mentioned, and in the fulness of time, if he thinks the dignity of a judgeship is worth the price that will have to be paid for it in loss of fees, he may go up. Not every leading counsel can afford to be a judge at £5,000 a year.

So do students, counsel, judges, come and go, and so life at the Inns in wig and gown is lived and will be lived. Terms begin in a hurry of activity and end again, and the Temple sleeps through the Vacation. Like most other things it has its seasons, and its fairest is in the summer term, when ladies in light muslins may be seen flitting through the squares and alleys or along King's Bench Walk; when athletic counsel indulge in tennis on the green lawns; and when for a day or two the Temple Flower Show is one of the attractions of a London season. Then, too, the Americans and the country sightseers ramble about. They take their guide books with them into the rare Temple Church, and they wonder that there can be such a peaceful spot in the heart of London as where the fountain plays and the birds twitter in the trees round about, while loungers and nursemaids sit on the benches listening.

IN FOUNTAIN COURT.

LOAFING LONDON.

By ARTHUR MORRISON.

IT is in London that the loafer attains his proper perfection—even the perfection of specialisation. The country hand in most trades—cabinet-making and cobbling, as well as loafing—is commonly perforce something of an "all-round man," and because of that fact, though a practitioner of broader experience, he fails to reach the specialised excellence of the Londoner in a single department. Out of London the loafer is rarely amenable to classification: he loafs how and where the hour's mood may lead him, dependent on an inborn instinct to keep him within gentle hail of fluid refreshment; and he is apt to fail of interest because of a certain sameness and lack of character.

THE THEATRICAL LOAFER.

But in the capital the principle of division of loafing is carried far: the East-End loafer differs in professional style from the loafer of the West; the Fleet Street loafer, the park loafer, the theatre loafer, the sporting loafer, the market loafer—all have their departments, their particular manners, their views of the world and of their own vocation, craft, or, as perhaps one should rather say, mystery. It is a fact that may easily escape the notice of the casual observer, who is deceived by certain characteristics common to loafers in general—such as exterior grease and a convergence toward fully licensed premises.

Few indeed are the loafers who carry the label of their department plainly and visibly upon them; but among them, perhaps, the theatrical loafer is chief. Not the mere loafer about theatres, who is but a variety of the general loafer, but the loafer with a pretence to the appearance of an actor or a music-hall performer. He is in fact rarely either, but commonly belongs to the class of loafers who attach themselves as parasites to divers trades and professions; having the secret of somehow extracting a precarious living from a calling without working in it. So that when the corner of York Road was the chief hiring market in the "show" business (it has fallen from its estate of late), and since, in many places near the Strand, it was easy to observe the theatrical loafer at his best. Indeed, a thoroughfare in the Strand district has been informally rechristened "Prossers' Avenue" in his honour; the substantive "prosser" being derived from the verb "to pross," which is to persistently obtain liquid refreshment at the expense of anybody but the "prosser."

The theatrical loafer may not be an actor

THE CLUB LOAFER.

—often is not one, in fact—but in that case he is at pains to look more like one than the real thing. No real actor has so blue a muzzle, so heavy a slouch, nor such an amazing cock of the hat; and no real actor —except a very young one—obscures his speech with so much "gagging" and "fluffing" and "ponging," and the like technical slang. By his talk—and he will talk as long as you will minister to his "prossing"—you will judge him a genius of astonishingly long experience on the boards, reduced to his present pass by disgraceful professional jealousy and unscrupulous oppression. He will talk familiarly of "Fred" Leslie, "Johnny" Toole, "Teddy" Sothern, and even, if he judges you green indeed, of "Alf" Wigan, "Bob" Keeley, and "Jack" Buckstone. Sometimes it is possible that he may have seen some of the men he speaks of thus companionably—may even be an old actor who, through long idleness, has degenerated into a loafer, and is well content to remain one; though it would be unsafe to assume anything of the kind.

It is at times a little difficult to distinguish the loafer from an unfortunate actor who is really looking for work; but he is, in fact, a far cleverer man. The poor actor works hard and cannot get a living from the stage; the loafer never works at all, and yet somehow he lives, and it must be conjectured that the living comes, in some obscure alchemic way, from the stage. I have sometimes supposed that he may be a theatre charwoman's husband, or perhaps a dresser's. In any case there he loafs and "prosses," blue-faced, greasy and seedy, but with an air and aspect not to be described; not smart, not knowing, though intended to be both; but always aggressively suggesting the stage he has never stood on.

There are two other sorts of loafers who have in many ways a likeness to the theatrical loafer—the art loafer and the Fleet Street loafer. The art loafer we see less of nowadays than we did. Painters keep to their studios more and leave taverns alone, so that the loafer finds access difficult. He was (and is, in his survivals) a harmless loafer enough, and I almost think he must have some little income or allowance. Perhaps he, too, has a wife to keep him. He is less of a sponge, I fancy, than most other loafers, and though he can neither paint nor draw, he can wear a shapeless felt hat, an uncombed beard, and a seedy caped cloak, and he can talk studio "shop"; which things seem to satisfy his ambition well enough. I think he is near extinction.

But for the Fleet Street loafer something like immortality may be predicted. He has no distinctive uniform like the art loafer's. He is easily distinguishable, however, from the dock, market, or average East-End loafer by the fact that his dress, deplorably worn, damaged and greasy as it may be, has in cut and material always some faint pretension to gentility, always some hint of better days. The tall hat may be badly gone at the brim, may show traces of old cracks and knocks; but it has been oiled or tallowed streakily for months, even years,

and perhaps of late has been anointed with something cheaper even than oil or tallow; and, moreover, it *is* a tall hat, which means a great deal. The coat may scarce have a button left, it may be rent, tied with string, pinned high at the throat because there is no collar—perhaps no shirt—beneath it; but it is a frock-coat, once black, and it once fitted the wearer—perhaps not this wearer—without a crease. I think I am often disposed to regard the Fleet Street loafer with some indulgence, because I have known more than one, and more than two, who were not always loafers; who worked, and worked hard; and whose misfortunes were as much the occasion of their downfall as their faults. Some of them had faults, it is true; but so have several other people I have met, who are not loafers at all.

But it is not with exceptions that my business lies, and probably the average Fleet Street loafer is no better than the rest. He does not work, but he gets a subsistence—a poor one, I fear—out of Fleet Street by means partly as occult as those used by other loafers, though not wholly. There is a process somewhat akin to "prossing" which is called "tapping," greatly in practice among loafers, but more prevalent in Fleet Street than in most other parts. When Mr. Montague Tigg said, "We now come to the ridiculously small amount of eighteenpence!" he was attempting to "tap" Mr. Pecksniff. In plain words, "to tap" is to beg money under a pretence of borrowing it. The "tapper" is an artist of many grades, through which he descends with more or less rapidity, according to skill and plausibility. He begins with sovereigns, or even more—though this is not in Fleet Street—and sinks by way of the half-sovereign, five shillings, and half-crown—many hang on a long time at the half-crown stage—to the shilling, the sixpence, the "few coppers," and even at last to the mere pitiful single penny.

I have a theory that many of the Fleet Street loafers are decayed Pall Mall and club loafers. When their clothes were good enough they loafed in Pall Mall, on the chance of catching a friend leaving a club and "tapping" him for a sovereign or so. One of the briskest and most successful of the Pall Mall "tappers" I ever knew would proceed by a sort of breathless stratagem. He would rush on his victim eagerly, as though pressed for every moment of time, feeling the while in his (own) waistcoat pocket. "My dear chap, *have* you change

THE CAB-STAND LOAFER.

for a sovereign about you?" Probably the victim hadn't. "Dear, dear, what a pity! (and he really was sorry, as you will soon see). Come, lend me five shillings then, quick!"—perhaps with some hazy reference to a cabman waiting round the corner. The victim, thus taken with a rush, would weakly produce the coins, which the "tapper" would instantly seize, with hasty thanks, and vanish. On the other hand, if the change were forthcoming, it was better business still. "Thanks, awfully—eighteen, twenty—quite right. Why

THE MARKET LOAFER.

where—what—where did I put—oh, there, I'll give you the sovereign to-morrow!" And the "tapper" would be gone round the corner in a flash, leaving the "tappee" standing staring and helpless on the pavement.

This sort of thing cannot endure for long, and the growing seediness of hat and coat makes operations in Pall Mall increasingly difficult. Club porters get uncivil, too, and victims grow warier. So the loafer declines on Fleet Street, and smaller "taps." But of course there are Fleet Street loafers who have never loafed anywhere else. Some came years ago to take the profession of journalism by storm, but have not begun storming, or even journalising, yet. These are often very impressive with green young journalists, who regard them as veterans of the profession, and are "tapped" with great freedom; and their complexions are the product of external dirt and internal Scotch whisky.

The Fleet Street loafer is often observed to merge into the sporting loafer. There are many about the neighbourhood who are, or who call themselves, bookmakers' runners; though they are rarely observed to run. And there are many who are Fleet Street loafers by locality, but sporting loafers by predilection. Not that they are expert in any sport, unless the "tapping" and "prossing" already mentioned be called sports. But they frequent the neighbourhood of the sporting papers, and are learned in spring handicaps. They do not wear tall hats, old or new, and their clothing is apt to be tighter about the legs than common, and to show signs of original loud tints.

The sporting loafer is by no means confined to Fleet Street, and he is often identical with the cab-stand loafer. The cab-stand loafer is a dingy and decayed imitation of the cabmen upon whom, it is to be presumed, he lives. He is like most loafers, a parasite

upon a trade practised by more industrious persons, some part of whose earnings he seems to absorb by an occult process presumably akin to what men of science call "endosmosis." His counterpart is to be seen at the great markets, where the loafer takes the external appearance of the most dilapidated of market porters; being careful, however, never to push the resemblance to the extreme of lifting anything heavier than a quart pot. At Billingsgate he may gather sufficient energy to fill a paper bag with shells, topped with a stale refuse oyster or two, and either try to sell you the parcel of "oysters" cheap, or press it on you as a gift, in return for which he is ready to accept the price of a drink, as he takes care you shall understand. But such an exhibition of energy and enterprise is unusual, and for the most part the market loafer, like the rest, is content to merely loaf.

Comparatively with the market loafer the railway-station loafer is rare, though of course he exists. He is rare perhaps because the bustle of a great railway station disagrees with his contemplative nature: perhaps (and more likely) because passengers do not remain long enough for an acquaintance to be ripened to "tapping" point: and perhaps (more likely still) because unsympathetic officials, unworthily misconstruing the ardour of his gaze on piles of luggage, move him on. Such as he is, he has no distinctive features. I remember one who loafed for years at a large terminus, hanging about under the great clock, and now and again walking over to watch the passengers leave a train. He spoke to nobody, did not drink or smoke, and, since he was tolerated, presumably he did not steal. So that I wondered how he made his loafing pay. But at length I learned that the poor fellow was weak in the head, and was merely waiting for his little son—who had been killed by falling out of a railway carriage on that line, four years before, on his way home from a holiday.

The most industrious loafer I have ever met is the chess loafer. To speak of an industrious loafer is to use a contradiction in terms, and it seems, moreover, something of an injustice to call an ardent chess-player a loafer. But it is a fact that there are a number of men in London reduced to something much like a loafing life by their devotion to the game of chess. They are honest men, and no cadgers; but while they are not playing they are loafing, and the game seems to have on them the extraordinary effect of unfitting them for any other pursuit. I could name once-prosperous tradesmen who have let their businesses go to ruin while they played, and who now loaf,

THE DENUNCIATORY LOAFER.

keen as ever; and there are other men who never have been prosperous, and never will, for the same reason. One cannot refuse sympathy to so disinterested an enthusiasm, much as one may deplore its results.

The laziest loafer of all is undoubtedly the park loafer; he will not even stand up to loaf. Indeed he will not often even sit. He lies on the grass and sleeps, embellishing the best of the London parks with a sprinkle of foul and snoring humanity, in every variety of rag and tatter, and scaring away the little children who would like to play there. To the ordinary intelligence it would seem that nobody—except Nebuchadnezzar — could extract a living from loafing of this sort. But the park loafer certainly eats, and his food is not grass; for he brings it in a greasy paper, and casts the greasy paper abroad to aid further in the adornment of his particular garden. I think he must be—in many cases, at any rate—the "unemployed" loafer whom we used to see at Tower Hill. Not that all the men at the Tower Hill meetings were loafers, of course; but certain benevolent people sometimes sent shillings for distribution, and they were mostly the loafers who got those shillings. I remember one making a dolorous and pathetic speech in which he assured the crowd that he had been out of work for twenty-eight years; and, as he seemed of such an age as possibly to have been released from school somewhere about twenty-eight years before, the statement appeared quite credible.

THE RAILWAY-STATION LOAFER.

Although the demonstrations are over, the loafer who gains a peaceful living by the simple expedient of being out of work is still common enough in the East-End and in other busy parts of town. He does pretty well, too, in the midst of a hard-working population ready to sympathise with a man who can find no market for his labour.

There is a sort of denunciatory loafer who frequents public places wearing a dingy red tie, making speeches and passing round a hat. He is in some sort allied with the out-of-work loafer, but he is a trifle more active, and by so much the greater nuisance. He collects pennies for loud denunciations, and he denounces whatever he judges the best "draw": the Government, the "privileged classes," the police, the drink traffic, the teetotallers—anything or anybody. He is a noisy half-brother to another red-tied loafer, who makes no public speeches, but "taps" and "prosses" on democratic principles; being impelled by his devotion to humanity to reduce the general average of degrading toil by abstaining from it entirely, and being deterred by no false pride from bartering his sympathy with the downtrodden for as many drinks and small loans as the downtrodden may be induced to yield.

The list might be extended; notably in the direction of the trade loafers, for there are few trades unattended by some sort of loafing retinue. There is even the boy loafer, in his varied degrees, "training on" as the sportsmen say, into a grown loafer as useless and unornamental as the rest; but as we go the examination grows monotonous, and the classes tend to mingle in the floating mass of general Loaferdom.

OXFORD STREET.

REPRESENTATIVE LONDON STREETS.

By EDWIN PUGH.

TIME passes over many of the world's great towns and seems to leave no trace behind, but London has always been in a state of transition: ever growing and ever changing, it is, in a sense, no abiding city. Streets that a century ago were sacred to chaffering hucksters and small tradesmen are now the humming centres of a world's commerce; districts that were once the favoured quarters of our aristocracy are given over to a cosmopolitan mob of alien immigrants. Yet in this seemingly chaotic huddle of houses there is a certain plan and purpose that has grown inevitably out of the needs of a swarming population.

"The East-End" and "the West-End" are phrases indicative of more than mere locality. When we talk of "the City" we do not always mean, strictly, the entire area of London over which the Lord Mayor rules. We have come to apply these terms to communities. "The West-End" could by no stretch of imagination be said to include Ealing, though logically that is the truer west end of London. The City proper contains within its borders streets utterly commonplace and even squalid; but they have no place in the mental picture that those words "the City" conjure up. London is, in short, not to be rightly understood by a study of particular neighbourhoods, but by the study of such of her streets as can be said to be truly representative of any one distinct phase of her daily life.

And if I were pinned down to the selection of one such street I think I should choose Oxford Street, only stipulating that I be allowed to add to the stretch of thoroughfare bearing that name its miles of continuation, east and west. This would give me a road bisecting London from Hanwell to Barking almost straight and clear save for a little kink or two where it strikes the City. There is no other road which leads directly through London as this does, or reveals so many of its diverse aspects. A journey from end to

PICCADILLY.

NEW CUT, LAMBETH.

end of it would teach the average Cockney more about his native home than years of residence in one circumscribed neighbourhood.

It attains its fullest expression at Oxford Circus. Here it is part fashionable, part commercial. The bold sweep of Regent Street curves southward, cleaving a way between the muddle of nondescript byways that culminate in Soho and the stately streets and spacious squares lying on either side of Bond Street as far as Park Lane in one direction and Piccadilly in another. There is little that is impressive in the aspect of Oxford Street itself at this point, however; the buildings on either side form a higgledy-piggledy of mean, bare houses, edifices frankly utilitarian, and ambitious structures that fail of dignity for lack of congruous surroundings. It is its traffic, human and vehicular, that redeems Oxford Street from the commonplace. All sorts and conditions of men and women, from the tatterdemalion newsboy, hoarse and dirty, to the opulent society dame in her furs and silks, beside her shrivelled lord, meet and mingle here; and every kind of conveyance from a donkey-shallow bound for Covent Garden to a four-in-hand off to the races.

To no other spot in London does this description apply with the same exactness. Piccadilly Circus has its peculiar characteristics to be found nowhere else; and so has that confluence of thoroughfares at the Mansion House. Even Charing Cross draws a special leaven from the Strand, Pall Mall, Northumberland Avenue, the recruiting ground opposite St. Martin's Church, and the National Gallery. Oxford Street alone relies on no extraneous aid of striking effects for its distinctiveness. It is representative of average London; it has a solid, middle-class look about it; its pavements are thronged with the normal types of Cockney. It is London crystallised at its most obvious. *Outré* London must be sought elsewhere. It may be found in another street, primarily a mart as Oxford Street is, some miles away in the Whitechapel district.

This is Wentworth Street — a street of ugly, featureless houses, all built alike. Each ground floor is a shop, and the kerb on either side of the road is cumbered with stalls. As you worm your way through the press of people it is easy to imagine that you are in a foreign city. On every side are un-English faces, un-English wares, un-English writings on the walls. The accents of an unknown tongue assail your ears. Your companions are mostly women, Jewesses, the majority wearing the black wigs of the matron over their own scanty locks. There are blowsy and haggard mothers of clinging families; and full-blooded girls with dark eyes, languorously bold, ripe red lips, and ebon tresses. The men are of two kinds, the frowsy and the flash. Fish and poultry are the articles of commerce in which trade is most brisk. At every step you come upon a woman carrying a fluttering fowl or two, or a slab of fish in a basket with *kosher* herbs. There is bountiful good-humour and good-nature, too, or the beggars would not be so numerous. This is on week-days. On Sundays Wentworth Street is overshadowed by its more famous neighbour, Middlesex Street, popularly known as "Petticoat Lane," then a seething mass of chafferers, but on other days ordinary enough.

Another mart of a different sort, such a one as is to be found, but on a smaller scale, in any poor district of London, is the New Cut, Lambeth. Here the stalls are restricted to one side of the roadway. Jews are here too, but not preponderating. The goods exposed for sale are of every conceivable kind—there is no end to their variety; but they are, generally speaking, of a poor quality, shoddy or tawdry or pinchbeck. If a bad thing is ever cheap they touch the nadir of cheapness, however. Perhaps the most striking feature of the street is the placarding of the shops. Nearly every window is criss-crossed with slips of paper; nearly every article seems to have been exposed to a hail of tickets. At night the "Cut" shines forth murkily resplendent under the smoky glare of countless naphtha lamps. The eddying crowds go back and forth, and the costers bawl, and the quacks harangue, until voices and wares and customers are alike exhausted.

Yet another mart. It lies between St. Paul's Cathedral and Fenchurch Street, and comprises Cheapside, Poultry, Cornhill, Lombard Street, Threadneedle Street, Throg-

CORNHILL (FROM FRONT OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE).

morton Street, and scores of other byways intersecting these. Here there is no vulgar bellowing of hawkers. There are shops in plenty and itinerant pedlars of penny trifles in the gutters; but these have no part in the mart. It is under the shadow of the Royal Exchange, in small offices high up or far back in lofty tiers of flats, in counting-houses concealed behind the mahogany and plate glass of pompous outer offices, that the trafficking is done. Outward and visible sign of all this stress of business is patent in the towering warehouses of Queen Victoria Street and St. Paul's Churchyard, and the never-ending procession of carts and waggons that lumber up and down. Seething black-hatted, black-coated hordes jostle one another on the pavements to an unending stir and uproar of slithering feet and rolling wheels. There is an atmosphere of feverish pre-occupation everywhere prevailing. Cheap-side is all too narrow to contain the press of vehicles and men that pours into it the whole day long. The wires that score the sky in a very catscradle are all too few for the impatience of these dealers in untold millions; the hours too short to permit them even to be healthy in their habits of eating and drinking.

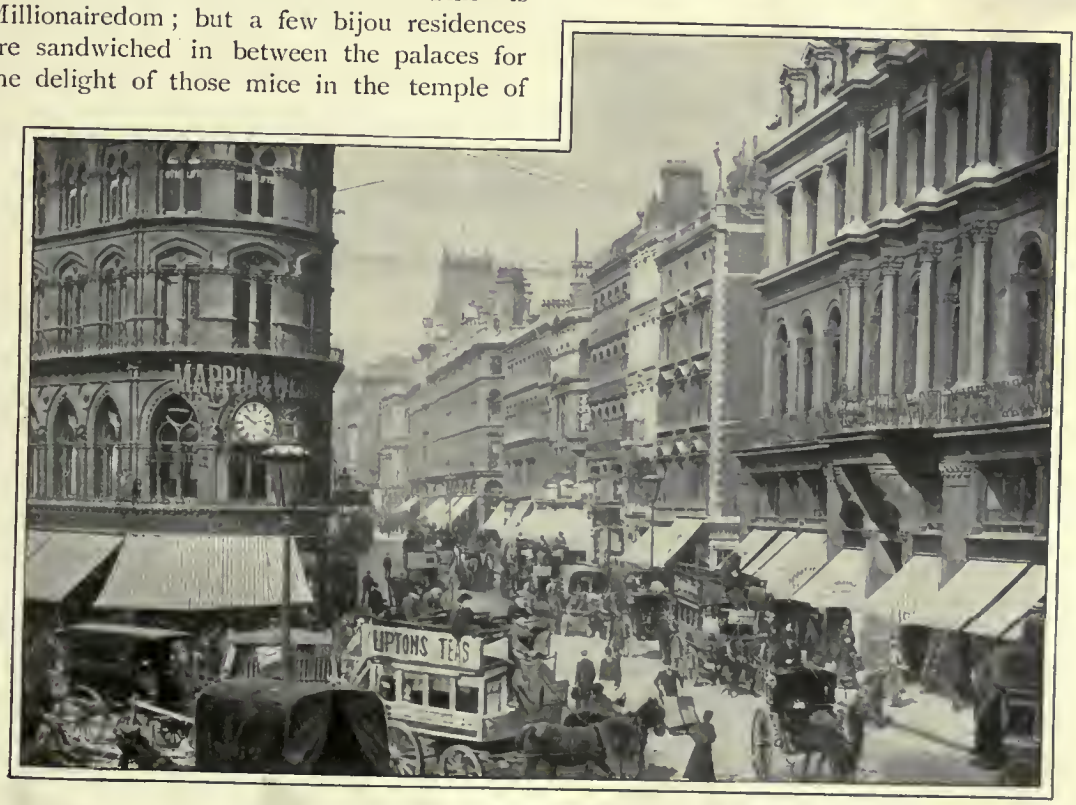
At the Mansion House the conclave of moving things and myriad noises reaches a climax and forthwith declines. In the several streets that suck up the City's output and scatter it eastward there is comparative peace. The rigours of the game abate; there is even a frivolous market-place where live things may be bought, and a Monument to amuse the simple-minded. Beyond the Monument the river flows behind the turbulence of Lower Thames Street, riotous with unclean odours, darkened by tall ware-houses, cranes dangling ponderous burdens overhead precariously. This wealth of wharves and shipping is symbolised by the solid bank buildings in the narrow congeries of streets about Cornhill, where a chinking of gold and crisping of notes go on from ten to four in a subdued atmosphere of ordered calm. These are the streets of finance that feed the streets of fashion: Piccadilly and Bond Street with their shops that seem only to condescend to be shops, but take a very real revenge for their humiliation, notwithstanding, out of the elegant idlers who patronise them.

Bond Street owes its good fortune to an accident of birth: it is a street of such high repute that it scorns all ostentation. It is rather narrow and warped. Its houses have neither form nor comeliness, as a rule. But its neighbour, Piccadilly, only just misses mag-nificence. On its northern side it is worthy of its world-wide reputation; the buildings

are, for the most part, solid and responsible-looking; the Royal Academy strikes a firm, austere note. On the southern side it is marred by some tasteless ornamentation that looms forth ludicrously beside the handsome frontages of some great hotels and galleries. St. James's Street, however, presents a goodly side view, terminating in a peep of the dark, mediæval-looking St. James's Palace. And, yet a little way ahead, bordering the hill, the pleasant boscage of the Green Park throws a welcome shade on the raised side-walk.

But Piccadilly only prepares us for the true splendours of the West-End. At Hyde Park Corner Park Lane makes a paltry exit. To realise the beauty of Park Lane it is necessary to turn into it from the Park. Emerging from Stanhope Gate you confront an imposing mass of monumental masonry that is only excelled by the show of the great hotels in Northumberland Avenue. There is no prevailing scheme of architecture; each mansion preserves an individuality; but the general effect makes for a grandeur that is tenderly tempered by the bright greenness of the Park itself. This is Millionairedom; but a few bijou residences are sandwiched in between the palaces for the delight of those mice in the temple of Mammon who, though comparatively poor, are superlatively select. It is all rather overbearing, perhaps; and not to be compared for an instant with the noble vistas of Kensington. There, London is at its best and bravest and most beautiful.

The ample main road winds gently along through a verdant avenue of trees, limitless on the northern side; on the south chequered by grey courts of stately houses. Just at the beginning of Kensington High Street there is an ugly wry twist and a brief sordidness of shops and unlovely houses; but thereafter the road flows wide and smooth once more, ever opening up new wondrous prospects of mingled houses and trees. Hereabout is the abode of fashion and rank; life moves with a luxurious leisureliness. In the streets there is evidence of a polished, cushioned state of being in the sumptuous equipages bowling swiftly along, in the tone of courtliness of which we catch a casual echo now and again, and the nicely-ordered etiquette that allots two men and a boy to one man's work. At night the windows are softly aglow; beauty regally adorned trips



CHEAPSIDE (FROM THE MANSION HOUSE).

from kerb to doorway on an aristocratic arm; the air is subtly murmurous with music.

A far cry from here to the Borough High Street, where from numberless obscure byways a teeming people congregate in a raucous glare of shop-lights. Day in this neighbourhood discloses everywhere, trickling into the main road, a very plague of squalid alleys, eloquent of poverty most abject. The High Street itself is lively and exhilarating; St. George's Church, standing out boldly at its southern end amid low-growing trees, lends a touch of grace to the scene. Such roads as this you will find traversing a score of similar districts round about—in Walworth, Bermondsey, and over the water, from Whitechapel to Silvertown. They are like mighty rivers in a wilderness of misery and want. The horrid streets lie cheek by jowl in serried rows between them, dark, dirty, forbidding, differing from one another in no particular save the depth of their degradation. There are gaps in the universal drabness; here and there church spires point the way to Heaven; theatres, music halls, and halls of science, institutes, libraries, and hospitals for the healing of mind and body, break the deadly monotony of the ravelled skein of roofs. The area these districts cover is immense, yet every house is congested with tenants. You may pass through slum after slum, and find them all essentially alike: narrow lanes, unevenly paved, between high, barren tenements, with parallelograms of door and window accenting their dreary uniformity of construction. The dwellers are, for the most part, stunted, deformed, sickly, without a thought beyond the satisfaction of the day's needs. In these regions of famine hunger is a common bed-fellow; pain and weariness and cold the companions of every hour. The people work joylessly, talk witlessly, play stupidly, employing earnestness only when they bicker or fight or sin.

HIGH STREET, KENSINGTON.

How different these grim realities from the mimic life of the Strand! Here are the haunts of the mummer and the garish temples in which he struts his hour; here are such contrasted edifices as Exeter Hall, scene of religious congresses; Charing Cross Station, key of the Continent, a world's centre to which all nations gravitate; the frivolous Tivoli, and sombre Somerset House frowning on the academic

calm of King's College. Coutts's, oldest of old-fashioned banks, lies within hail of the Cecil, one of the newest of new-fashioned hotels. St. Mary-le-Strand Church dominates the purview, a haven of rest, shadowing that bitter battle-ground of ignoble passions, the cloistral-looking Law Courts. And this jumble of contrasts is reproduced in the wayfarers who haunt its classic precincts. Every grade and every order of society are represented. The humdrum types to be met with in Oxford Street—that are so truly representative because they *are* so humdrum—

THE STRAND.

are supplemented here by notable additions. The noble and the famous; the rich and the wise; the successful and the submerged, all flock to this place. Faces that you have never seen before you recognise instantly and tack a famous name to. Other faces, bearing signs of kinship with these great ones, flit slinkingly by, the nobleness struck out of them by failure and disappointment. Art and the camp-followers of art, science and the drama, sport, and religion and law have their emissaries here. The Strand is a blend of such seemingly irreconcilable elements that it might almost be said to epitomise the national character of the English. It is serenely tolerant of all things and of all men.

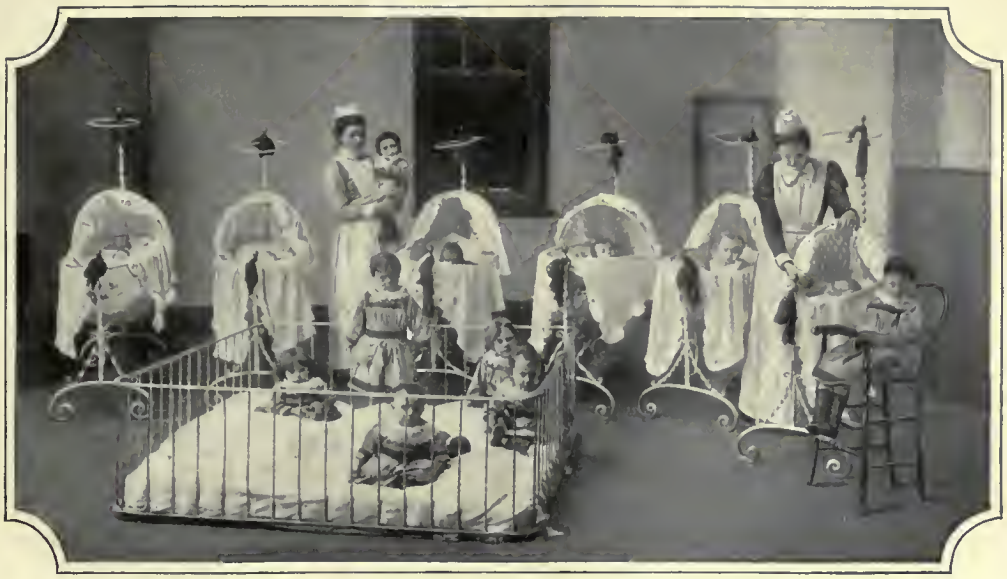
It is large enough to tolerate even Bohemia. But the permanent home of Bohemianism is far away: in Brixton, where music hall artistes congregate; in Avenue Road, St. John's Wood, and Holland Park, favoured of painters and histrions; at Hampstead, and in strange odd nooks and crannies everywhere. Perhaps the most typical Bohemian colony, however, exists in Bedford Park, a suburb of dainty, rococo villas, set prettily among trees. But there is no one district of London corresponding to the Latin Quarter of Paris. The average Cockney is a hard-headed, practical person of an unromantic turn of mind, who gets what he can out of life as cheaply as possible and does not bother about his environment so long as he is comfortable.

Suburbia is his ideal dwelling-place: that belt of Villadom which engirdles London, and is essentially the same at Peckham as at Hornsey. But Suburbia is not all villas. In every district it is dominated by great, wide thoroughfares, closely resembling one another, arteries of traffic, alive with crowds from morn to midnight, and eternally thunderous with a roar of business. These streets—of which Holloway Road is a typical example—are formed of the strangest jumble of buildings imaginable. Monster

emporiums, ablaze with light, break the crazy roof-line of a row of hovels; the cat's-meat shop and the palatial premises of a limited liability company's enterprise stand side by side; the latest thing in music-halls and the penny gaff confront one another, rivals for the same public favour. Such streets often extend for miles under various aliases; at night they are brilliant with a pearly radiance of electricity. The Hooligan and the professional City man, the artisan and the clerk, promenade the broad pavements, taking the air. Young men and maidens, their day's work done, meet for mingled purposes of flirtation and horse-play. Running out of the road on either hand are quiet, staid streets, impeccably residential, each with its garden-patch, back and front. There are other streets that have come down in the world, but these are outside the pale of recognition: they belong properly to that nebulous territory, "the East-End."

London contains many more streets that might loosely be dubbed "representative," but in reality they reveal only bizarre aspects of the life of the great City: Wardour Street, for instance, the immemorial resort of old curiosity-mongers, tortuous and frowsy and prematurely aged—a very miser among streets, with its vast wealth of hidden treasure, costly and rare. Saffron Hill, again, the Italian quarter, redolent of garlic and picturesquely filthy; and the streets of the Soho cosmopolitan quarter, compact of beetle-browed, dingy dwellings, home of political refugees, blacklegs, cheap restaurateurs, and French laundresses: these and others. But, since they are unique rather than representative, they hardly fall within the scope of this chapter.

HOLLOWAY ROAD.



MARIE HILTON CRÊCHE: THE COTS.

CARING FOR LONDON'S CHILDREN.

By D. L. WOOLMER.

GODMOTHER London may be grave with experience, but she shows no sign of senile decay. Indeed, as her foster brood increases so she renews her youth, and as time brings her foster grandchildren and great-grandchildren she rises to the responsibilities, and conceives fresh and grand schemes for their use and benefit. Long before a call to the great and valiant nations of the earth to "take up the white man's burden" stirred up a spirit that developed in various enterprises, the heart of Great Britain throbbed with the discovery that a burden lay very near home. Like the giant Christopher, personified Benevolence responded to the voice of a little child whose only language was a cry in the darkness, and bent his shoulder to the task. What though the unexpected weight made him stagger, he would hold the small traveller aloft above the swirling stream or perish in the attempt. St. Christopher, struggling along in the centre of the current, making his last and best journey, might represent one aspect of London of to-day. The end of the story has yet to be written; the concluding chapters may or may not find their place in the library of posterity.

MARIE HILTON CRÊCHE: MEAL TIME.

Numerous portraits of a St. Christopher of the eighteenth century, and various scenes in his life, form part of a collection of prints and pictures in the Foundling Hospital. A gentleman from wig to shoe-buckles, in the costume of an English sailor of the period, is considering the apparition of an infant lying in a

basket at his feet. His poised walking-stick helps to indicate an air of general perplexity. Perhaps he shares the sentiments of the immortal Samuel Weller when he felt that "somebody ought to be whopped, only he did not exactly know whom." That baby is not the somebody, so, no one else being in evidence to suffer vicarious punishment, the stick is transformed into a shepherd's crook, and the child is conveyed to a place of safety.

A small guide, in the antique costume of dark brown jacket and trousers and scarlet waistcoat, engaged in conducting a visitor through the institution, readily lectures on the picture, and explains its meaning. That is Captain Thomas Coram, who picked up more than one little outcast, and determined to find a home for them and for other deserted infants in London.

A fragment of the eighteenth century has been well preserved within the gates of a green enclosure opening on Guilford Street. A constant stream of young life saves the venerable institution from decay. Childhood is always being born, and is always—sad to say—liable to desertion. The 550 children under the care of the authorities of the Foundling Hospital have all been forsaken by their fathers, and the burden of their maintenance has been undertaken by the governors in the hope of giving both the mothers and their firstborn a chance of supporting themselves worthily.

The light-hearted children playing in front of the only home that they have ever known show no consciousness of any burdens at all. The large family extends beyond the gates. Those who go out into the world still remain the institution's adopted children; while its infants are sent into the country, where they spend the first four or five years of their lives. Fresh air is a favourite gift of modern benevolence to London's potential citizens of to-morrow.

It is difficult to realise that in the great city a baby starts on its life march every five minutes. Thousands of little feet, destined to ache and bleed beneath their load, are bound to remain in the desert of bricks and mortar. Bands of love even more unyielding than rough apron-strings tie them to hardworking mothers, who for the sake of these atoms of humanity will keep a hold of life, hope, and respectability. To meet the need of the great army of women bread-winners, a crêche, or day nursery, now forms part of nearly all the organisations in town described as missions. The only private nursery of the slums is frequently a hotbed for seeds of the various ills to which flesh is heir, and calculated to produce wastrels and invertebrates who will by and by become a charge on the State.

Somewhere about thirty years ago two crêches for infants from three or four weeks old upwards, irrespective of creed or nationality, were started, the one in the East and the other in the South-west end of London. Mrs. Hilton's, in Stepney Causeway, is now known as the Marie Hilton Créche, and is a part of the National Association for the Reclamation of Destitute Waif Children, which owes its existence to Dr. Barnardo. St. Peter's Crêche, Chelsea, extends its influence far beyond its own parish, and is double its former size. The East-End women toilers pay 1d. a day for each child. This fee covers not only the cost to them of food, but also of attendance if the poor little applicants are suffering from complaints that would shut them out of an ordinary day nursery, but which are yet not serious enough for their admission to a hospital.

One baby is sometimes pronounced a "handful." What is to be said of sixty-eight, all between the ages of three or four weeks and five years old!

"I sometimes think that a number together are more easily managed than one," the matron of St. Peter's Crêche answers to this remark; "for they amuse each other. But sixty-eight are almost too many for this place. Our average for the year is forty a day, or between 11,000 and 12,000 attendances. The elder ones go to school, and come in for meals."

Let us take a peep inside a crêche for a moment. In the first room the younger inmates slumber in dainty white cots. A rosy-cheeked, curly-headed cherub opens a pair of blue eyes which fill with tears at the sight of strangers. He is lifted up and comforted, and exhibited by the matron as a "beautiful child." Near to him a bluish-white little ghost looks about him with an expression

IN THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL GROUNDS.

A RAGGED SCHOOL UNION DINNER (CAMBERWELL).

of unnatural wisdom. Individuality is even more marked in the next room. A winsome child of three rises to her social duties, and plays the hostess gracefully. She runs to meet the matron and embraces her round the knees, and presents her hand with a smile of welcome to the visitors. Another of the same age is bent on proving that the newest rocking-horse is her own. When other arguments fail to convince a rival claimant for a ride she prepares to exercise the tyranny of tears. The favourite toy is a bone of contention which answers to the *Times* or the most comfortable armchair in a club for children of a larger growth. A sturdy, solid two-year-old stumps about in supreme indifference to the affairs of others, and one of his fellows is safely in pound—that is, within a large crib without legs, in which five children can take their siesta at one time.

The joys of "dining at my club" are not wholly at an end when the old age of childhood draws in amongst the slums. Poor children's dinners have become an institution. They were first organised by the Ragged School Union. The first of the autumn season of 1901, held under its auspices, may serve as a specimen of the entertainment given to thousands of underfed children throughout the winter.

"Camberwell Ragged School and Mission. Dinner twelve o'clock on Friday. Bring a spoon." The guests honoured with this invitation all belong to a neighbourhood described by a local tradesman as a "queer part," beset with danger for the inexperienced explorer. In all society it is convenient to classify acquaintances; on this occasion the master of the ceremonies has only invited the middle class on the visiting list. It is hard to realise that there is a set much lower than the seething mass at the doors of the hall. The same amount of crushing and squeezing would be attended with shrieks of pain or fright in a grown-up crowd; but the hungry children give vent to one cry only, that is for admission. Even after the tables are well furnished with 250 guests, there is no turning away of eager faces or lowering of outstretched hands until the sturdy caretaker disperses the crowd and shuts the door. When the last juvenile has clambered up-

stairs on all fours or been helped up by an elder, and all are seated at the long tables, a smile of expectancy expands the rows of faces. A slice of bread and a basin of soup thickened with peas and barley are served to each one, and they fall to with zest. In this and similar halls a dinner party, towards which the guests contribute a halfpenny each, is held throughout the winter once or sometimes twice a week.

London is said to be the maelström which surely draws to itself the wildest of modern nomads from the provinces. Ragged school and other missions are a means of saving the underfed children from being dragged into the criminal class. It is not always an unmixed evil when the young Ishmaels of society are cast off by their own people or cut themselves adrift. Tennyson asks:—

> Is it well that, while we range with
> Science glorying in the time,
> City children soak and blacken
> Soul and sense in city slime?

The street arabs need not be left to sink in the mire. The blackness of night in dark corners, under sheds or railway arches, is periodically pierced by a dazzling beam. It shoots from a vigilant eye, none other than a bull's-eye. Scurry like the flight of frightened rabbits ensues, but one urchin remains in the firm but kindly grasp of a policeman. "I ain't doing nothing," cries the wriggling captive; but his captor knows what he is about, and will not let him go. From this lump of city slime may be extracted valuable materials. In a few months the cowed, sullen face of the little vagabond is not very easy to recognise in the glow of the blacksmith's forge. Sparks fly merrily under vigorous blows which might descend with murderous effect from a Hooligan. The trades shops in Stepney Causeway under the National Waifs Association are Dr. Barnardo's factory for transforming young natives of No Man's Land into skilled artisans. Between 40,000 and 50,000 boys and girls, on the whole, have now been rescued, trained, and placed out in life by the Homes of which the trades shops form part. Some go to the Colonies, and 98 per cent. of the emigrants have succeeded in the struggle for independence. Miss Annie Macpherson was the pioneer who first took advantage of the discovery that Canada had an open door for London's crowded-out children. More than 7,000 have been helped by

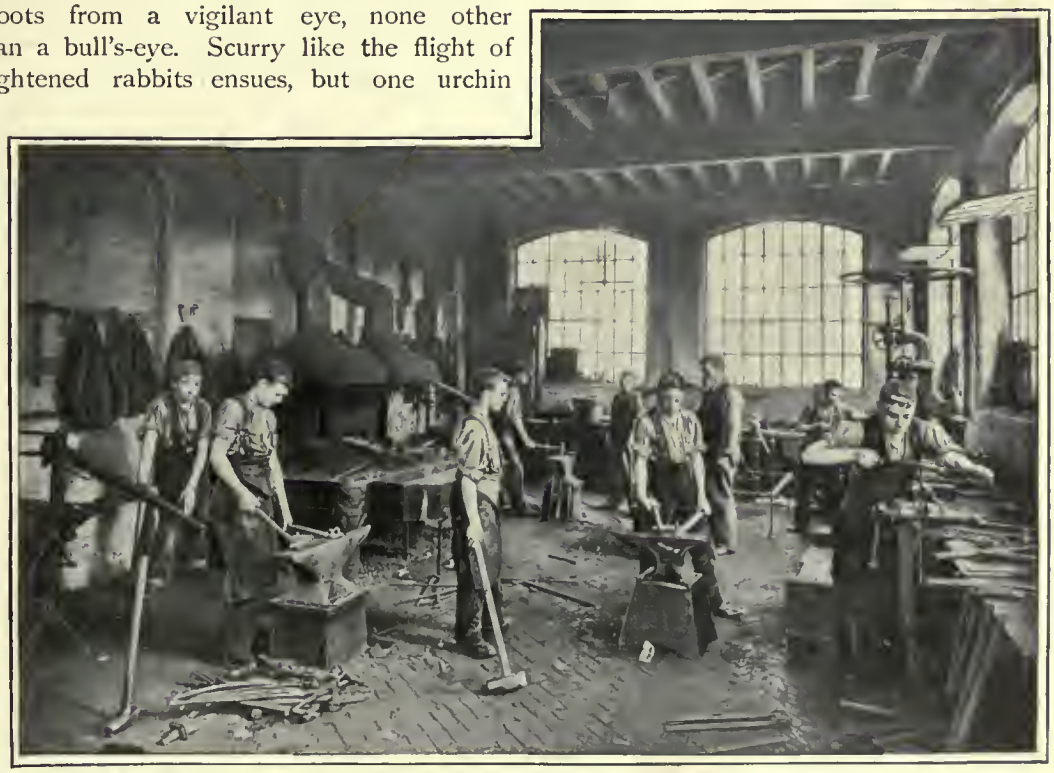


Photo: London Stereoscopic Co., Ltd.

NATIONAL WAIFS' ASSOCIATION (STEPNEY): IN THE BLACKSMITHS' SHOP.

ALEXANDRA ORPHANAGE (HORNSEY RISE): GOING TO BED.

her, and she continues to receive them at the Home of Industry, 29, Bethnal Green Road, E., and to train and convey them to her Children's Home, Stratford, Ontario. Many sturdy farmers and farmers' wives are living witnesses of how well rescued waifs can be used to build up the Empire of Greater Britain.

If treasures are produced from unpromising materials, and worthy citizens from the flotsam and jetsam of humanity whose antecedents and early associations are generally sad, bad, or criminal, what may not be expected from those homes of innocence which abound for little children who are chiefly the legacies of deserving but unsuccessful parents?

When in 1758 a body of philanthropic gentlemen met at the George Inn, Ironmonger Lane, Cheapside, to open a home for twenty fatherless boys they set a snowball rolling. It grew into the Orphan Working School, which has educated more than 5,000 children, and has now 360 in its senior school at Maitland Park, and 124 in the Alexandra Orphanage, Hornsey Rise, where boys and girls enter from babyhood, and remain until nine years of age. For half a century Queen Victoria was a patron and friend.

Family life is the ideal set up by the managers of the Stockwell Orphanage, founded by the late Mr. C. H. Spurgeon for 500 boys and girls; in the Brixton Orphanage, founded by the late Mrs. Montague, for 300 girls; and in Miss Sharman's Home, Austral Street, Southwark, where a large family of 333, ranging in age from a few weeks to seventeen years, are under her care. To each elder girl within her gates is assigned a baby sister, and in the playroom every one has her own locker with her own pet toys and treasures. Ties of affection hold firm in spite of inevitable dispersion. The sewing class has a story to tell, with a pleasant flavour of romance, of unbroken attachment and of success in after life, for some of the garments, worthy of an exhibition of needlework, form part of the trousseau of a former inmate, now living in New York.

Not a few orphans, indeed, become the benefactors of their successors. The fine organ in the Memorial Hall of Stockwell Orphanage was presented by one of the ex-pupils who have used their training well, and the foundation-stones of the newest part cry out and tell with gladness of gifts of honest gratitude. For example, there is a record of how "Bray's bricks" were built in. Little Bray was dying in the Home, and he put all his savings, amounting to 4s. 6d., into the hands of the founder as a contribution towards the houses for girls which were added in 1882. Now, whilst 250 boys lead a sort of college life, 250 girls, under matrons in separate homes, practise

the domestic accomplishments intended to make them good servants or good housewives. In the model laundry and in their kitchens and workshops they cultivate the art of self-dependence. This is a principle commended to the boys and girls alike.

What became of orphans and waifs of humanity before a modern St. Christopher attempted to lift them above the waves of this troublesome world? Of those who grew up the gallows greedily seized upon thousands, gaol fever devoured even more, and shiploads were carried abroad to transform an earthly paradise like Botany Bay into a hell. Even yet the great Reaper is more active than any philanthropist in carrying away infants from soul-destroying conditions. From such closely-packed quarters as the parish of St. George-the-Martyr He claims 189 in every 1,000. Those who contend with Death and Crime for the crowded-out children whom nobody cares to own generally take them into open fields and meadows, where the pure air is as the very breath of life to the feeble little frames. One institution after another moves farther and farther from the centre of life's hurly-burly. If the scope of this work allowed mention of the benevolent besoms that sweep the street tribes out of town, the Babies' Castle, Hawkhurst, founded by Dr. Barnardo when his old Tinies' House, Bow Church, overflowed, the Princess Mary's Village Homes at Addlestone, and the Church of England Association for Befriending Waifs and Strays would have a prominent place. But the modern crusade to deliver childhood from distress is so extensive that even an attempt to produce snapshots of sample institutions, fostered by voluntary charity, actually in London must be of necessity imperfect. It is impossible to follow the great flock of Mother Carey's chickens that wing their flight from the *Warspite*, the training ship of the Marine Society, and from the *Arethusa* and the *Chichester*, under the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children. To supply our ships with smart sailors made out of poor boys of good character is patriotic as well as benevolent.

What is the use of this expenditure of time, money, and labour? When a utilitarian community thus inquired what was the use of Franklin's discovery of the identity of lightning with electricity, the philosopher retorted, "Of what use is a child? He may become a man." All the possibilities of manhood are bound up in the little bundles that contain a spark of human life. They must not be lost; for the present generation is bound to hand on the heritage of its forefathers to posterity, not only as complete as when it received it, but with interest added to principal.

STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE: THE LAUNDRY.

A QUIET ROW: CHEAPSIDE.

KERBSTONE LONDON.

By GEORGE R SIMS.

GROUNDSEL.

NOT to be confused in any way with Costerland is Kerbstone London. The line of demarcation is broad. The costermonger wheels his barrow or sets his stall down to the kerb in certain districts on certain nights, but the kerbstone merchant earns his living just where the pavement joins the roadway all the six days of the week, and may in certain localities be found there even on the seventh.

You want no guide to show you where to find this characteristic feature of London life. You have but to take your walks abroad through the great Metropolis, north or south or east or west, and there you will find the kerbstone merchant. You will need no introduction. The London "Camelot" will introduce himself. He will offer you his goods with the *aplomb* of the auctioneer or the whine of the mendicant, he will sell you the latest Parisian clockwork toy for eighteenpence, or a boot-lace for a halfpenny. The newspaper hawker is not so common a kerbstone tradesman as he used to be, for he has taken of late years to advantageous corners and to places against which he can lean his back; but still in many thoroughfares he plants one foot on the kerb and displays his contents bill after the manner of an apron, or lays it down in the gutter and puts stones upon it, or nails it to the wood-paving, renewing it from time to time as the 'bus and cab wheels stain and obliterate the battles, the murders, and the sudden deaths.

But kerbstone character varies largely, not only according to the locality, but according to the day. On Saturday night the kerb is a great market. In between the costermongers' stalls allowed in certain thoroughfares on poor man's market day, men, women, and children post themselves, and cry their wares aloud.

CLOCKWORK TOYS.

There is an element

of the fair in the east and in the south of London, for the weighing chair, the shooting gallery, and the try-your-strength machine are to be found by the pavement's edge. These things are, of course, only possible where the space in front of the shops is broad, and the traffic principally pedestrian. But there are kerbstone merchants who take their stand wherever a street market is established. Among them you will generally find the man or woman with a tray of shirt-studs, two a penny; the comic song vendor; the man with cheap purses and brooches; the man who has a preparation for the erasure of grease stains and experiments on the caps of the company; the man with the toy microscopes—"all the wonders of Nature for a penny"; the doll seller; the man with egg-pipes—contrivances looking like pipes from which, when blown through, a paper rooster appears; the girl with bunches of flowers; the man with fresh roses which he has just washed at a neighbouring tap; the woman with boot-laces or camphor; the seller of needles; the blind musician; the groundsel seller; and the man with walking sticks.

And there are specialities of certain neighbourhoods. In one you find barrows of old books; in another barrows of old boots. In High Street, Marylebone, there is a small boy who sells home-made crumpets on the kerb. In Islington there was until lately an old gentleman who appeared regularly at the edge of the kerb on Saturday nights, with

"PAPER!"

an elaborate church lighted inside by two tallow candles which throw the stained-glass windows into elegant relief. In the Whitechapel Road there is a kerbstone trade in hot peas. In the neighbourhood of Charing Cross you can buy gauffres at the kerb cooked "while you wait;" and in Hoxton and Whitechapel a kerbstone delicacy largely patronised is "eel jelly."

The Saturday night kerbstone trade in "market" neighbourhoods is a sharp contrast to the ordinary kerbstone trade in the West-End thoroughfares and in the City. Mingle for a moment with the jostling crowd, mostly on marketing intent. There is a good deal of pushing, but it is generally civil and good humoured. The coster barrows and stalls are doing a lively trade. The costers look fairly well off, and are business-like and jovial. At one of the bigger fruit stalls the proprietor is smoking a cigar and watching his assistants. The butcher's stall has a placard which informs you that it has stood in the same spot for thirty years. The proprietor has a gold pin in his scarf. The stout matronly woman in an old apron and a young hat, who is doing a roaring trade in fish, has a big gold ring in addition to the wedding-ring and the keeper.

TRYING HIS SKILL.

But these people are the aristocracy of the kerb, the people who do a steady business and make money. Some of them have stalls in half a dozen neighbourhoods on the Saturday night. The people to watch if you want to dive beneath the crust of the kerb commerce are the men and women who have no stalls, who simply stand with a small stock-in-trade on a tray or in a basket—sometimes in their hand—and endeavour to earn a few pence. Very poor and miserable they look as a rule; their faces are anxious, their voices are weak. You may watch some of them for hours and not see them take a farthing. But on their takings depends their bed that night. To many of the poorer kerbstone hawkers the night's receipts decide between the "'appy doss" on a doorstep and the more comfortable bed of a common lodging-house.

REFRESHING ROSES.

FRUIT.

BLIND MUSICIAN.

Before quitting the Saturday night "market" kerb, note the contrast between the silent hawker and the patterer. Here and there stand melancholy figures, old men almost in rags, and thinly-clad, emaciated women. Their attitude is statuesque. They do not even hold their goods out boldly to attract attention. There is a pitiful, appealing look in their eyes, but their lips are dumb.

Close by them, sometimes on either side of them, are the patterers: men loud of voice who talk incessantly, who shout, make speeches, crack jokes and bang barrows or stands, until the crowd collects round them. Many of them have not only the gift of the gab, but a rough wit of their own. As a rule, the wittiest kerbstone merchants are the Jews. They vary their dialogue, and suit it to the occasion and the customer. In the Whitechapel Road there are kerbstone auctioneers, knockers-down of old clothes and patched-up umbrellas, who will patter the whole night long and always keep their audience laughing. Their business formula is, however, always the same. They ask far more than they intend to take, and reduce the price rapidly, say, from half-a-crown to sixpence. You

always know the final, because the auctioneer slaps the article and exclaims, "I ask no more—I take no less." That is the ultimatum. If the article is not bought after that it is put aside, and another one is picked up and subjected to the same process.

Along the kerb in the weekday the trade is of quite a different character. In the west in the daytime it consists largely of toys for children. Some of these toys are of an elaborate character and move by clockwork. You may walk along Oxford Street and see a hansom cab on the pavement going round and round in a circle, a black poodle dog which hops like a frog and barks, a man mowing imaginary grass, a woman drawing water from a well, a couple of pugilists engaged in a lively boxing match, an elephant walking down an inclined plane, a pair of fluttering butterflies, or a small Blondin performing on the tight-rope.

These ingenious toys vary in price. You can pay eighteenpence for them or considerably less. You can buy toy musical instruments, bagpipes, bird calls, Jews' harps, etc., for a penny. The sellers are mostly well-dressed men, smart young fellows who know their business, and do it quickly and dexterously. When the toy is a novelty it attracts the grown-up passers-by, and amuses them quite as much as it does the children—probably more. At the West-End you meet the kerbstone dog-seller—the man leading a dog as a specimen of the stock at home—the man with a couple of tiny puppies, which he keeps in his pocket and puts down occasionally when he sees a likely customer. Ladies frequently buy these dogs under the impression that they are full grown, and will always remain "tiny mites;" it is needless to say their anticipations are not realised. The favourite kerbstone dog is the poodle, and the vendor is generally a foreigner.

If you take a walk through the town, say, along Oxford Street and into the Strand, along the Strand to Ludgate Hill, from Ludgate Hill along Cheapside, and so into the City, you will be struck by the fact that quite a number of the kerbstone merchants sell the same article. The article

I. PATTERER. II. OLD CLOTHES.

PURSES, BROOCHES, ETC.

that attracted your attention in Oxford Street you will find being sold along Cheapside; a cheap novelty—the latest "catchpenny" on the market—will be on sale on the same day in every thoroughfare of London. And all the hawkers will cry it in the same words. The leaden water squirts, which with

"scratch-backs" were at one time allowed to be sold on the kerb during periods of popular festivity, were known for years in hawkerese as "Get your own back." Then suddenly, in a night, the name was changed. From end to end of the world's greatest capital the vendors yelled them as "All the jolly fun." These squirts are still occasionally sold on the street in spite of the police prohibition, but a gentler age has substituted for Bank Holidays and national rejoicings the confetti of the Continent. On big nights of popular rejoicing some of the principal thoroughfares of London are strewn from end to end with bits of coloured paper.

UMBRELLAS.

BAGPIPES.

On these nights the kerbstone merchant does a roaring trade in the tissue paper that you light and fling in the air, in memorial buttons, in rosettes and streamers, and, alas! also in the old-fashioned bladder attached to a stick, which enables the London larrikin to bang away on the hat and shoulders of the peaceable passer-by to his heart's content.

The kerb trade alters with the seasons. In winter, except at Christmas, particularly in the City, it is dull, and there is little variety; it is during the summer and autumn that the great kerbstone trade is done. One might in a walk of a couple of miles collect enough kerbstone curiosities to fit up a parlour museum. You might buy a summer hat for twopence, a fan for a penny, a Japanese parasol for any price the dealer thinks he can palaver you into parting with, a penny map of London, a penny guide to London, and a penny history of England from William the Conqueror to Edward VII. You can obtain iced drinks at a penny a glass, sherbet from a can over which is spread a rough towel with an ornamental border; ices are offered to you by swarthy-skinned Swiss-Italians at every hundred yards, and the coster wheels his fruit barrow along the kerb from morn till night. For the kerb hawker with the barrow must by police regulations keep on the move. Fruit is his general stock-in-trade in the summer. Strawberries, cherries, and gooseberries take the place of the oranges, apples, and walnuts of the colder months. The banana stall is now as common as the pine-apple stall is rare. There are very few barrows along the West-End and City kerbs that are not either fruit or flower laden in the summer. Occasionally a man will turn up with a weird barrow-load of small tortoises, and explain to the gaping provincials that they are good things for the garden, but this is a sensation of the kerb, and only to be seen at rare intervals.

WALNUTS.

In Cheapside there are few fruit sellers. Here the great public want seems to be boot-laces and collar-studs. The boot-lace merchant and the women who stand with the little cards of studs are only one remove from mendicants. Some of them are so

In the City proper, in the neighbourhood of the Bank and the Stock Exchange, the kerbstone merchant is of a different order. He is a business man appealing to business men. Therefore he has something to sell, and he knows how to sell it. The City men

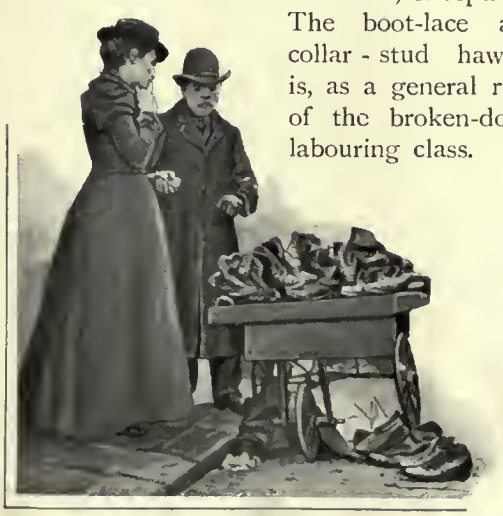
STUDS, ETC.

BOOKS.

CAMPHOR.

wretched-looking that your hand instinctively goes into your pocket to give them a copper.

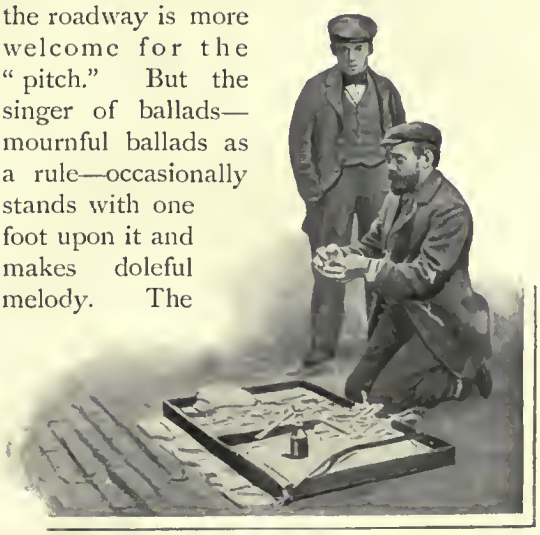
Some of the dilapidated objects standing on the kerbstone of the Metropolis have strange histories. Among them you find University men and members of the professions, men bearing names famous in the land. And among them also you find the broken-down merchant, the ruined tradesman, and the gentleman who has had reverses of fortune. It is to this they have drifted as the last stand against the workhouse. They are, of course, exceptions. The boot-lace and collar-stud hawker is, as a general rule, of the broken-down labouring class.



OLD BOOTS.

are good patrons of the kerb "curiosity" merchant. The young stockbroker buys an ingenious toy and takes it back to the office —to amuse himself with. The staid stockbroker and the grave merchant buy their toys and take them home for the amusement of their families. Several City men have preserved the penny toys hawked in the streets, and one well-known stockbroker has quite a remarkable collection of them.

The street performer rarely appears on the kerb—the middle of the roadway is more welcome for the "pitch." But the singer of ballads—mournful ballads as a rule—occasionally stands with one foot upon it and makes doleful melody. The



NEEDLES.

gentleman with the musical glasses—a rare performance nowadays—finds his way to the edge of the pavement occasionally in neighbourhoods where the factory hands spend half their dinner hour out of doors, and here the harpist, the blind fiddler, the boy with the penny whistle, and the long-haired man who sings hymns to his own accompaniment on the harmonium are also to be found—especially on Saturday afternoons when the work-girls are going home. For on Saturday the London work-girl has her wages with her, and it is rarely that she does not dedicate a copper or two to the relief of the kerbstone performers, halt, lame, and blind, who appeal to her charitable little heart.

On the London kerb, then, you will find all sorts and conditions of men, from the prosperous trader to the shivering, half-starved mendicant who disguises his mendicancy with a shirt-stud, a boot-lace, or the singing of a doleful ditty.

Every kerb has its characteristics. The kerb life of the Borough has nothing in common with the kerb life of Hoxton, and the kerb life of Notting Hill is as a foreign land compared with the kerb life of Islington. The City kerb dealer is brisk, alert, and business-like; the kerb hawker of Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill is, as a rule, cowed, depressed, and silent. But all make a living of one sort or another. They come day after day many of them to the same pitch, and stand through winter's cold and summer's heat, through drenching rain and biting blast, and at a certain hour they go. Like the Arabs they silently steal away. Whither? Some of them into the shadowland of the outcasts, others to the common lodging houses, where they cook their meal at the coke fire and discuss with their friends the condition of trade and the badness of the times just as the millionaire and the financier will discuss it at their West-End clubs. And on the morrow, however small the previous day's takings may have been, they will drop into their old places on the London kerbs again and wait patiently for the chance customers by whom they live. They have neither luncheon hour, dinner hour, nor time for tea. And they have no holidays. They are a human fringe to the pavements of London, a fringe that only completely disappears when the first hour of a new day has struck, and the last hope of a copper has departed. The police who guard the great City by night want neither boot-laces nor evening papers.

DOLLS. BANANAS. COMIC SONGS. FLOWERS, ETC. EGG-PIPES.

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