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CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED.

His Majesty's Theatre.

LIVING LONDON

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

EDITED BY . . .

GEORGE R. SIMS

VOL. II—SECTION I

SPECIAL EDITION, WITH FULL-PAGE REMBRANDT PLATES

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

LONDON TYPES: THE ALIEN STREET MERCHANT.

(From the Painting by H. H. Flère.)

LONDON TYPES: CHELSEA PENSIONERS.

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

LONDON TYPES: THE RABBI.

(From the Painting by H. H. Flèvc.)

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The Illustrations are from Drawings by J. H. BACON, GORDON BROWNE, R.I., R.B.A., JAMES DURDEN, J. S. ELAND, C. H. FINNEMORE, H. H. FLERE, CLEMENT FLOWER, A. H. FULLWOOD, PROFESSOR MAURICE GRÜN, A. P. GARRATT, W. H. HUMPHRIS, E. LANDER, W. H. MARGETSON, F. PEGRAM, H. PIFFARD, VICTOR PROUT, W. RAINEY, R.I., EDWARD READ, A. MONRO SMITH, ISAAC SNOWMAN, ALLEN STEWART, W. R. S. STOTT, L. CAMPBELL TAYLOR, H. E. TIDMARSH, F. H. TOWNSEND, C. D. WARD, ENOCH WARD, R.B.A.; *and from Photographs, nearly all of which were specially taken for this work, by* MESSRS. CASSELL AND COMPANY, LIMITED.

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IN THE CATHEDRAL SYNAGOGUE: THE COHANIM (PRIESTS) BLESSING THE CONGREGATION (*p.* 35).

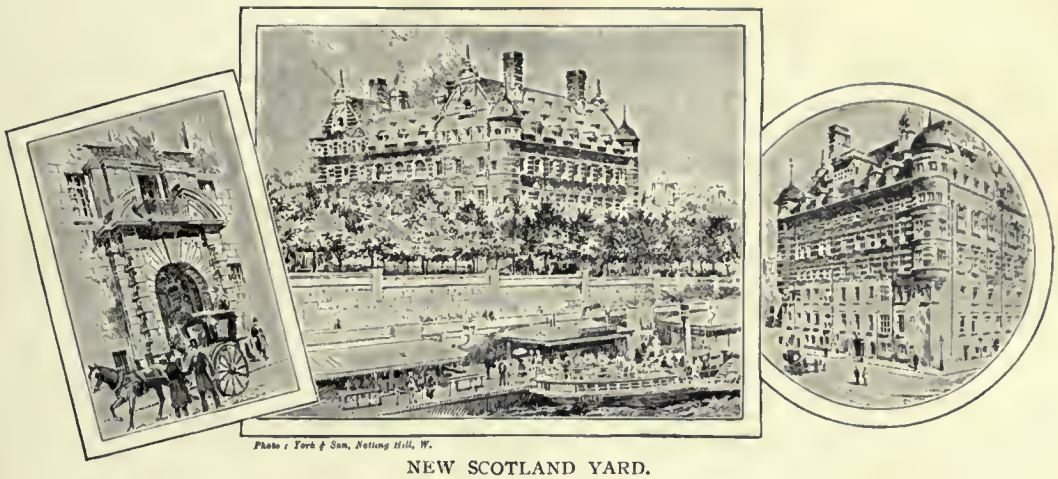


Photo: York & Son, Notting Hill, W.

NEW SCOTLAND YARD.

LIVING LONDON.

NEW SCOTLAND YARD.

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

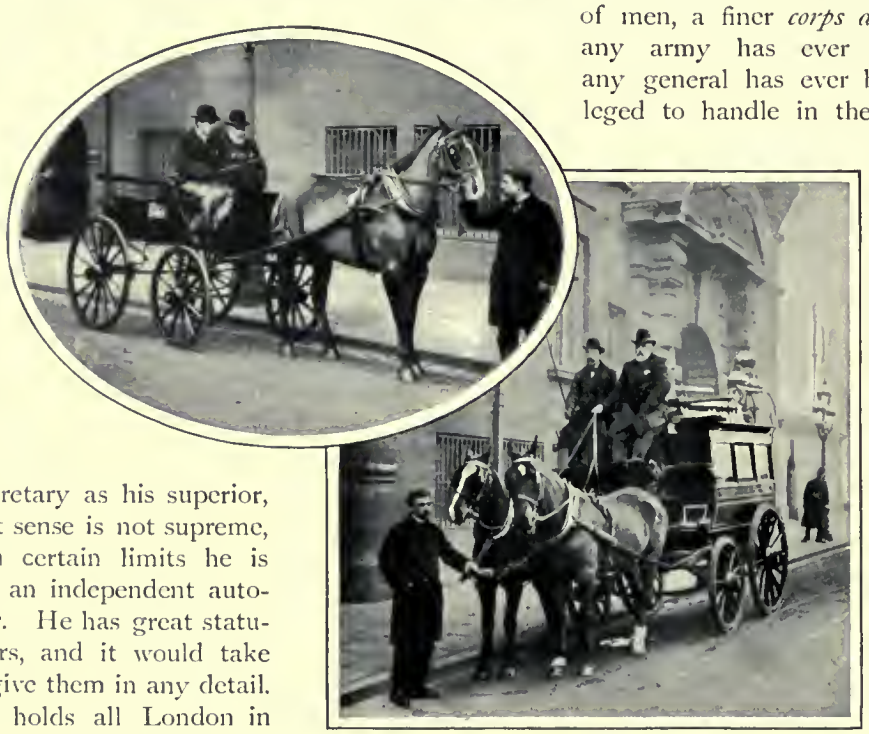
PROTECTION is the keynote of the London police system. To secure the comfort and safety of the people, to shield and safeguard personal liberty, to protect property, to watch over public manners and public health — such are the aims and objects of the vast organisation which has its heart and centre in New Scotland Yard.

The work of a police began, as its name implies, when men gathered together to live in a *polis* or city, and an essential part of good government was to empower a few to shield and defend the many. Despots used the weapon of the police to enslave and oppress; in these latter days a fussy and too paternal authority, moved by the best intentions, may tend to lessen the self-reliance of law-abiding citizens, but the latter are taught, and they have learnt the lesson, that the policeman, according to our modern methods, is their best friend. His more serious functions, coercion, repression, vindication, are, as a rule, kept in the background; most people rely upon him rather than fear him. It may be his painful duty to arrest you and lock you up if you offend, but he much prefers to be your guide and champion, to help and stand by you at every turn. His eager and unremitting guardianship is everywhere constantly on view: at the crowded street crossing, when with uplifted finger he stays the multitudinous thunder of the traffic; in the lonely night watches, when he tries every door and window and, if needs be, rouses the careless householder to look to his fastenings, or, later, risks his valuable life against the murderous burglar. See the trustfulness with which the lost child trots beside him, hand in hand, securely confident of the kindness of this great man, who has babies of his own at home; see him again amidst the turbulent East-Enders, giving short shrift to the ruffianly wife-beater, or in Hyde Park at a stormy Sunday meeting, or at a fire, or after an accident. With gentle or rough, he is always the same, civil-spoken, well-mannered, long-suffering but sturdy and uncompromising servant of the public.

The constable on his beat, with the law at his back, possessing and exercising power and responsibility, is the outward and

visible sign of the ruling authority. He stands at one end, the Chief Commissioner, who only wears uniform on State occasions, at the other The former is in actual contact with people and things; the latter inspires and directs him, acting through him as the unit that distributes the current, so to speak, of concentrated authority through all the ramification of the colossal machine. The Chief Commissioner is subject to the Home Secretary as his superior, and in that sense is not supreme, but within certain limits he is practically an independent autocratic ruler. He has great statutory powers, and it would take pages to give them in any detail. He really holds all London in the hollow of his hand. The streets and thoroughfares, the routes and arteries through the town, are subject to his regulations, so is every driver of any kind of vehicle, from the state coach of an ambassador to the automobile car. The 'busmen and the cabmen come to him for their licences, and to be tested in their skill in driving and knowledge of the streets; and one of the most curious sights is to see the police examiner at work, seated with his pupil on the box of a prehistoric 'bus, or old-fashioned waggonette, starting on the test journey, when practical proof of competence must be given.

The Chief Commissioner rules, too, at all times of rejoicing and equally of disturbance, preventing obstructions and maintaining order both on shore and on the Thames; the abatement of public nuisances is entrusted to him, the muzzling of dogs, the precautions against contagious disease; he has the right to check gambling, and may send his myrmidons into a house to break up any coterie collected to play games of pure hazard. Crime, its prevention, pursuit, and detection, are, of course, primary duties devolving upon the chief of police, and he has at command the *personnel* of the force, a magnificent body of men, a finer *corps d'élite* than any army has ever owned or any general has ever been privileged to handle in the field.



TESTING CAB AND OMNIBUS DRIVERS.

All this and much more appertaining thereto would be beyond the personal ken of a single individual, and the chief has three principal assistants at his elbow to relieve him by a judicious division of the great mass of business that must be transacted day after day. These, the heads of the police hierarchy, are men of mark, having very distinctive qualities and gifts, and all of them public servants of approved value.

There is little at first sight to associate the Chief Commissioner with the police officer and the stern duties he is called upon to discharge. Gentle, unobtrusive in manner, soft-voiced, of polished courtesy, he seems more fitted to shine in society than as the strict disciplinarian, the master of many legions, the great prefect of the greatest city

in the world. Yet he is a leader of men, strong and purposeful, ready to take a decided line and never weaken in it under pressure either from above or below. The old saying that the nation is happiest which has no history applies to the Metropolitan police, which, after some periods of discontent and unrest, has long been quietly and peaceably governed. The three Assistant Commissioners for general duties are long-tried officials, constantly engaged; and in addition there are four Chief Constables. India has always been a favourite recruiting-ground for our police officials, and many of the best have been obtained from there.

Even if armed with the best credentials, it is not an easy matter to gain access to these chiefs. Constable-messengers meet all visitors to New Scotland Yard, subjecting them to strict inquiry and detention before ushering them in. Not only must the superior officers be spared interruption in the midst of business, which is incessant—for all matters, those even of minor importance, come before the departmental heads—but there may be danger, certainly inconvenience, in admitting strangers. In the worst days of the dynamite terror a daring ruffian got some way inside with an infernal machine, and irresponsible persons come who may be mischievous as well as importunate. The police are worried to death with callers on all errands, and on none more foolish than the desire to make spurious confession of some notable crime. One day a lady arrived in a cab with several children and a heap of baggage, clamorous to see the Chief Commissioner, and determined to go straight to gaol with all her belongings as the murderess of a soldier whom she declared she had killed, cut up, and buried. It was all nonsense, of course, but she was only got rid of by an ingenious ruse. Her chief terror was lest she should be separated from her children, and she was told this would not happen and she might remain at large if she would sign a paper promising to appear when called upon.

A

Order of Licence under the Penal Servitude Acts, 1853 to 1891.

WHITEHALL,
day of 190

HIS MAJESTY is graciously pleased to grant to
who was convicted of

at the
for the
on the day of 18 , and was then and there sentenced to be kept in Penal Servitude for the term of

and is now confined in the Prison

His Royal Licence to be at large from the day of his liberation under this order, during the remaining portion of his said term of Penal Servitude, unless the said

shall before the expiration of the said term, be convicted on indictment of some offence within the United Kingdom, in which case such Licence will be immediately forfeited by law, or unless it shall please His Majesty sooner to revoke or alter such Licence

This Licence is given subject to the conditions endorsed upon the same, upon the breach of any of which it will be liable to be revoked, whether such breach is followed by a conviction or not.

And His Majesty hereby orders that the said be set at liberty within Thirty Days from the date of this Order

Given under my Hand and Seal,

Signed,

TRUE COPY.
Licence to be at Large.

Director of Convict Prisons.

W B & L (46o)—39629—1000-2-01

CONVICT'S "LICENCE."

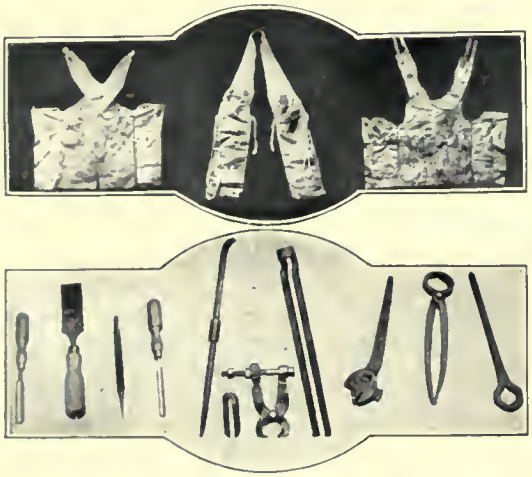
Divide et impera. To parcel out authority and pass it on through various branches is an essential condition of a great public office. Decentralisation is constantly kept in view at police headquarters, and executive business is done for the most part locally at the twenty-two "divisions" or units of administration into which the Metropolis is divided. But the lines all centre, the threads are all held in New Scotland Yard, from which all orders issue, to which all reports are made, to which all difficulties are referred. This gives supreme importance to the telegraph-room department, the great department with its army of operators continually manipulating innumerable machines. Every division is in direct communication with headquarters; every item of news is flashed along the line, and the Chief has his fingers at all times upon every subordinate in every part of London. The unity of direction thus conferred is obviously most valuable: New Scotland Yard knows all that is going on, and can utilise at will and almost instantaneously its whole wide-reaching machinery. On one occasion this was amusingly illustrated when

the French police appealed for help in the arrest of a certain fugitive. The emissary came over with a photograph and full description, and the latter was at once disseminated through London. That same afternoon a constable stopped the very individual in Regent Street, and at a second call in the afternoon the prisoner was handed over to the French police officer. There was good luck in this, of course, but some good management, and it serves to show how extensive is police control. It may be added here that our police are by no means despised by their French *confrères*, although our peculiar ideas, by exalting the liberty of the subject, greatly limit the powers of our authorities.

Photo: Thankfull Sturdee, St. John's, S.E.

CORNER OF BLACK MUSEUM.

New Scotland Yard is kept constantly informed of the state of crime in the Metropolis. Every morning a full report of all criminal occurrences during the previous twenty-four hours is laid before the third Assistant Commissioner, the Director of Criminal Investigation. He sees at a glance what has happened, and decides at once what should be done. He has many expert subordinates and specialists within reach—men who have handled detective matters for many years with unerring skill. The best advisers are called into council when serious and mysterious crime is afoot, local knowledge also, the divisional detectives being sent for to assist those at headquarters. From the Director's office, after anxious conference, the hunt begins, any clue is seized, and the scent cleverly followed, until, as a rule, the game is run to ground.

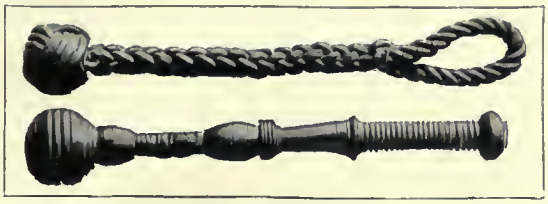


BURGLAR'S POCKETS FOR HOLDING THE TOOLS SHOWN BELOW THEM.

Detection and pursuit are greatly aided by other branches at New Scotland Yard. There is first the "convict office," at which all ex-prisoners discharged from penal servitude are obliged to report themselves, and, if sentenced to police supervision, to record their intended place of residence and proposed way of life. The conditions upon which release has been accorded before the expiring of sentence are plainly stated on the "licence" or document which is issued to all as their credentials or permission to be at large, and it must be produced at all times when called for. Often enough, it is to be feared, the perpetrator of a new crime is to be found among these old hands. The predatory habit is strong, and the shrewd detective on the hunt almost always looks first among the

COINER'S MOULDS (SHOWING SPRING TO HOLD THEM TOGETHER).

licence-holders or ticket-of-leave men who are known practitioners in a particular line or "lay." It is no uncommon thing to take a man for a small matter and find he is the very one wanted for a greater. The chance "stop" or pick up of a suspicious-looking character leads to his identification as the author of a big job not yet brought home.

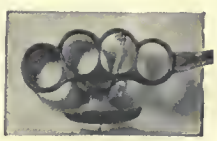


LIFE PRESERVERS.

When an arrest has been made, it is usual to pass the prisoner with as little delay as possible to Brixton Prison; but now and again a person suspected of mysterious or political crimes is taken to New Scotland Yard for examination of a special kind. There are many aids to identification, to stimulating recollection, at police headquarters. The stored archives, the records and registers and photographic albums are most useful. The search may be long and tedious, for there is a strong family likeness in the dangerous classes, the criminal brand brings features to one dead level, but many a dark horse has been revealed by his portrait in police hands. There are, however, more prompt and infallible methods of identification coming into force—for instance, the system of measurements after the plan of M. Bertillon for recording unchanging personal characteristics; and now the record of the "finger prints" is being more largely applied to all who come within the grip of the law. It was long since discovered in India that every human being carries a distinctive mark in the impression of his five finger tips on a white surface after they have been duly blackened. All we need now is a greater accumulation of these records, the extension of the system to all criminals in custody, and the legal power to enforce the "printing off" on all arrested persons. Comparison can then be instituted between the new and the old as classified in the central office, and certain identification must follow. At present, photographs, tattoo marks, and recognition, the latter carried out at Brixton and applied to all under suspicion, are among the chief guides.

SKELETON KEYS.

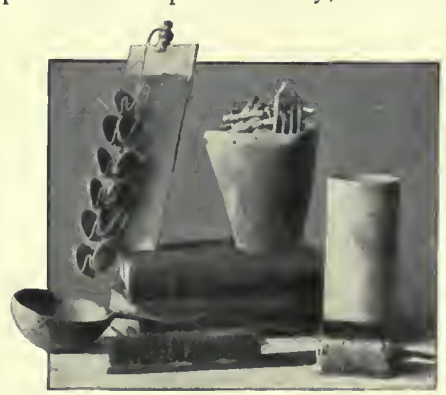
PICKLOCKS, VICE, AND CENTRE-BIT.



KNUCKLEDUSTER.

BURGLAR'S FOLDING LADDER.

The detective police officer, anxious to improve himself professionally, will find much



COINER'S IMPLEMENTS (INCLUDING RACK FOR HOLDING COINS DURING PLATING PROCESS, MELTING POT, LADLE, POLISHING BRUSH, ETC.).

useful information in another branch at New Scotland Yard, the well-known Black Museum. This is more than a collection of grim and ghastly curiosities, the relics of celebrated crimes, such as those pictured on the two preceding pages. It is a school wherein the intelligent student may learn lessons to serve him in the conduct of his business. The methods of criminals are revealed to him here; he may judge from the implements and tools of the craft how top-sawyers succeeded in it. Here are the "jemmy," the screw-jack, the rope ladder (Peace's), light and easy of carriage under an overcoat, the neat dark lantern made out of a tin matchbox, the melting pot and ladle of the coiners, with mould and other apparatus used by them; together with relics that reveal the more elaborate processes of the banknote forgers, such as copper plates, burins, lithographic stones, and so on. There are many deeply interesting relics in the Black Museum, such as the chisel, on which the syllable "rock" was scratched, that led to the detection of Orrock, the Dalston murderer; the rope with which Marguerite Dixblanc dragged the corpse of her murdered mistress into the scullery; and others.

There is another museum at Scotland Yard of a less gruesome kind, in which the exhibits are constantly changing. The Lost Property Office is an institution which has its humorous side, bearing witness to the carelessness of the public, and at the same time to the general honesty of its servants. Some forty thousand articles are about the average annual crop of things dropped or forgotten in cabs and public carriages, or mislaid, and the harvest is a strange one. All manner of property is passed across the police counter, brought in by cabmen and others, and handed back to its owners on proof and payment of the necessary fees; and among these are found such diverse articles as bicycles and perambulators, rabbits, cats, jewellery, umbrellas, and sewing-machines.

The Metropolitan Police is a mighty engine worked, happily, for good. It has been so admirably built up, so slowly and completely perfected, exercises such far-reaching and extensive functions, that it is well for the people of London it is ever devoted to their good, and acts primarily in their best interests. An organisation so powerful in the hands of despotic authority would make life a daily burden, and the word "liberty" would be an empty sound. But it is—as we may congratulate ourselves—the servant, not the master, of the public, and we need only blame ourselves if it should ever become the latter.

IN THE LOST PROPERTY OFFICE.

LEAVING THE LONDON THEATRES.

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

TOWARDS ten o'clock at night a breath of the drowsy quietness that has already settled down in the heart of the City seems to blow out along the West-End thoroughfares, and lull them as with some passing thought of sleep. Office windows are dark; half the shops are closed, and others are closing; 'buses, no longer crowded, are no longer in a hurry, and the conductor is saving up his voice for an hour later, when it can be used to better purpose; traffic generally has dwindled on the pavement and in the roadway until you can walk the one without elbowing your neighbours, and cross the other safely and at leisure.

LEAVING THE PAVILION THEATRE, WHITECHAPEL.

Glance into the refreshment-rooms and hotels, into the fashionable or Bohemian restaurants in the Strand and round by Leicester Square, and you will see only long rows of tables, their snowy cloths neatly set with knives and forks, silver-plated cruets, folded serviettes, and branchy, torch-shaped epergnes flaming atop into many-coloured flowers; and, except for some stray visitor, perhaps, who looks lonely amid the waste of white cloths, none of the tables are occupied. The waiters gather in idle knots to tell each other privately what they think of the manager, or they doze apart as if the business of their day was finished instead of being about to begin again; the young ladies at the confectioners' shops have time to look at their hair in the mirrors; and aproned men behind the oyster bars are yawning over the evening papers.

When half-past ten is turned, you feel the very air becoming tense with expectancy of something that is to happen. Crush-hatted men in evening dress appear in the street, singly or in pairs, or with fair companions who trip beside them, bonnetless and in opera cloaks: the later items in the music hall programme were not attractive enough to keep them; the play bored them, and they have left before the end. Commissionaires or gorgeously-uniformed attendants are bolting back the outer doors of theatres in readiness for departing audiences; and the traffic in road and on pavement is momentarily thickening.

Now, too, if you look up almost any byway of the Strand you will see that it is lined with hansoms and four-wheelers and hired and private carriages waiting to be called. Other cabmen, arriving too late to get front places in these waiting lines, sneak into the Strand by circuitous routes, and, failing to dodge past the policemen, hover as near as they dare to one or other of the theatres, keeping a wary look-out for the playgoers to emerge and a signalling umbrella to be hoisted.

With the advent of broughams and private carriages in the byways, dapper footmen go on sentry duty outside the principal entrances to the theatres, or stand patiently amongst the ferns and huge palms that adorn box-office vestibules. Here they pose, almost as imperturbable as a row of statuary, until the strains of the National Anthem filter out to them from within, then they come to life, and peer eagerly into the passages and up thick-carpeted stairs that converge on the vestibule.

Suddenly, one of them catches a glimpse of the figures he is looking for, and is out in a twinkling, and beckoning in the lamplight at the nearest corner. A carriage detaches itself from the line, sweeps smartly into the Strand, and draws up opposite the theatre. My lady and her guest, in a splendour of diamonds and low-necked dresses half hidden under loose cloaks, trip lightly into it ; my lord and his guest, plainer, but no less immaculately garbed, step in after them ; the footman slams the door, mounts the box, and they are gone.

In like manner come and go other carriages, and cabs that have answered to the shrill whistling of the commissionaire or have been fetched by some perspiring tout, who will gallantly hold a ragged flap of his coat over the dirty wheel whilst his more finely-garmented patrons are getting in, and trot a few paces alongside to catch the largesse that will be flung to him.

Men and women and a sprinkling of children—aristocrats and plebeians mingling—are now pouring steadily out of the Gaiety, the Garrick, the Tivoli, Criterion, His Majesty's, and all the theatres and music halls in the Strand, the Haymarket, Charing Cross Road, and thereabouts, the swelling tide in the main thoroughfares being fed by narrower but more plenteous streams that gush into it out of side channels from pit and gallery doors, till the surge and rush of foot passengers everywhere, of cabs and carriages and 'buses, are denser and swifter than even at mid-day.

It is an orderly crowd, talking for the most part of how to get home, but inclined to a desultory more or less impersonal criticism of the plays and players it has seen. It is an orderly crowd, but in a hurry ; it is being whisked up, and whirled off momentarily in cabs and carriages ; it mobs the 'buses at the top of the Strand, and swarms on to them till they are crammed full ; it billows both ways along Coventry Street, dodging and darting in and out under the noses of cab and carriage horses, and making lightning dashes across the tumultuous road. Everywhere among the well-dressed multitude go opera-cloaks, and shawls, or hooded heads ; white cloaks and black cloaks, blues, pinks, scarlets, and shawls as varied in hue, and always beside them the formal black and plenteous white linen of masculine evening dress.

For the most of an hour this pandemonium reigns—but it is a very respectable pandemonium, and very good-tempered. Some of the opera-cloaked ladies, waiting for a 'bus, may grow irritable because it is tardy in coming, and so full when it does come that they have to charter a four-wheeler after all ; or a policeman, struggling in the welter of congested traffic, may lose his temper with a cabman, and goad him to such impertinent responses as result in his number being taken and a summons threatened ; but, on the whole, the prevailing characteristics of the multitude are careless good-humour and a yearning for supper.

The majority speed straightway home for it ; but a large minority prefer to sup in town. Wherefore, in the oyster bars the aproned men yawn no longer over newspapers, but toil behind their counters briskly ministering to the needs of a shopful of appetites that are not easily satisfied. Hebe at the confectioner's has no more time for setting her hair straight, for customers have flocked in from pits and galleries, with a sprinkling from the dress-circles, and, impatient with fears of missing last trains,

LEAVING HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

all want serving at once. Look into the hotels, and fashionable and Bohemian restaurants, and the waiters are all wide awake and running their legs off in attentive zeal; for where half an hour ago scarcely a table was occupied now scarcely one remains vacant.

In some places you shall take your supper to a musical accompaniment played on a piano and stringed instruments, or on strings and brasses; in all, there is a constant effervescence of laughter and cheery voices; bewildering visions of beauty and beautiful hats and dresses; young men fully enjoying the freshness and novelty of their surroundings; testy old men trying hard not to be bored by them; blithe old men enjoying themselves as heartily as any youngster of them all—staid men and women taking their pleasure with the typical British stolidity.

Here, in one of the most fashionable of such resorts, you come upon a famous actor, fresh from his evening's triumphs, sociably supping with a select circle of admirers; or a famous actress similarly entertained, and the centre of furtive glances from every corner of the room. There are cosy, elegant parties of two or four monopolising small tables; there are larger, merrier, and equally elegant parties feasting royally round larger tables, and over all are the brilliance of electric lights and an air of contented affluence, and amid all are the delicate fragrances of flowers and scents, the mingling babble and laughter, and dreamy cadences of the music.

Nor do the humbler public-houses near the theatres lack for patronage. Unfashionable men, average men, and men below the average, several with wives or sweathearts, flock to these hospitable bars for liquid refreshment, supplemented, maybe, by a sandwich or a pork pie. Thither repair straggling units of emancipated orchestras with their instruments in funereal cases; and there, too, smart young City clerks and shop assistants drop in for a last drink, which, in some cases, is a preliminary to so many drinks after the last that, in the end, they come out to learn they have missed the last 'bus, and accept the alternative with boisterous cheerfulness. One faces southwards alone, and has facetious farewells shrieked after him; the others, after much striking of matches and relighting of pipes and cigarettes, set out northwards, and will

SUPPER AT AN EAST-END FRIED FISH SHOP.

by and by be scandalising sober suburban streets with cock-crows and rousing choruses.

The emptying of suburban theatres is a comparatively small matter; for the suburbs have their theatres singly, and not in clusters. There is the same rush and scattering of the audience, but on a reduced scale, and, generally, the proportion of evening dresses is very much smaller. In fact, in many of these theatres evening dress is not the fashion, and anyone wearing it is by way of being a rarity.

Come down East on Saturday night, and see how the people pass out of the Pavilion Theatre in Whitechapel.

Whitechapel Road has scarcely begun to think about sleep yet. Not only do all the provision shops remain wide open, but tailors' and drapers' and toy and furnitureshops, with many others, are open as well; costermongers' barrows stand thickly by the kerb; in the middle of them a huge brass weighing machine towers up, flashing dazzlingly in the light of naphtha lamps, and near beside it is a hooded whelk-stall similarly illuminated. A baked-potato merchant passes and repasses, sowing sparks from the big black can on his barrow. The public-houses are full; the pavement is covered with men and women and children, well-dressed, shabby or disreputable, shopping, or leisurely promenading. The curtain has not fallen in the Pavilion yet, but there is as much life here as there is in the Strand when the theatres are emptying.

It is five minutes to eleven. Two ancient four-wheelers and a single hansom have driven up, and are standing, forlornly hopeful, opposite the theatre. An attendant bolts the doors back, and a moment later a dark mass surges up the long bare passage from the pit, and a second less compact crowd simultaneously flows by the broader exit from the stalls and boxes.

IN COVENTRY STREET, 11.15 P.M.

As the earliest to emerge from the gallery door round the corner are batches of rampant, hooting boys, so the first hundred or so to burst into the open air from the front entrances are all men. One, a seedy, melancholy-looking man, breaks out, solitary, stares round as if he were dreaming, and, with his hands in his pockets, pushes through

the promenaders, and makes for home, taking his dreams with him. The huge poster that leans against the lamp-post opposite, and represents a scene from the play, has a strange fascination for many; they cross straight to it, and stand regarding it critically. "We never see that!" objects a lady carrying a sleeping infant. "Yus, we did, silly!" declares her husband, carrying an elder child, who is also asleep. "Ain't that where 'e's a-savin' of 'er from that Russian chap?" "Oh, ah! But they didn't do it like this," she insists, and follows him still protesting.

SUPPER AT THE SAVOY HOTEL.

The general inclination, especially among the fair sex, is to discuss the play as if it had been sheer reality, and to pour scorn and loathing on the villain, a tearful pity on the distressed heroine, and unlimited admiration on the hero, but a select few of the male sex, who are habitual attendants at the theatre, concern themselves less with the play than with the merits of individual actors, old favourites, to whom they refer in familiar, even affectionate, terms.

So for some ten minutes the crowd streams out from the front and round from the gallery door, and the larger crowd moving up and down Whitechapel Road easily absorbs it. Passing trams or 'buses are besieged; a weedy young man is regaling his much be-feathered sweetheart at the baked-potato can; two men in tall hats and a miscellany of less imposing persons congregate around the whelk stall, and hand the pepper and vinegar about with gusto. There is an influx of trade to the public-houses; the boxes of an adjacent fried fish shop are full of hungry revellers, and faces of men and women peer in increasing numbers over its counter, demanding "middle pieces" well browned. You meet these customers strolling a little later eating fried plaice out of scraps of newspaper, or carrying it wrapped up to be eaten more comfortably at home. Nobody has hired any of the cabs, but the drivers linger still, on the chance of finding a fare among the actors and actresses.

The illuminated arch of coloured glass goes out suddenly over the main entrance to the theatre; lights within are dying out; here, as in the West-End, doors are being closed up with a clanging of bolts and bars; players are filing into the street from the stage exit; while, in the desolate interior, attendants potter about, covering up boxes and dress-circle, and the fireman, swinging his lantern, tramps over the darkened stage, taking a last look round.

RELEASED FROM WORK.

LONDON SWEETHEARTS.

By GEORGE R. SIMS.

WHEN the twilight shadows have veiled the face of the garish day, then London becomes one vast "Lovers' Walk." Lost in the rapture of "Love's Young Dream" are thousands of young couples released from the world of work-a-day. You can see them everywhere with the old sweet story writ large upon their happy faces, and at a glance you know them. In one class of life their arms are linked and their fingers are intertwined; in another class their arms are round each other's necks; in another, *her* hand rests lightly on *his* arm; in still another, they walk demurely side by side; but no one mistakes them for aught but what they are. Young husband and wife never walk together as lovers walk. There is a different step, a different clasp of the arm, and the *al fresco* embrace is no longer in the programme.

Discreetly, modestly, and with the tenderest consideration for the feelings of the inhabitants, let us take a stroll this quiet summer evening through Love-land in London.

The houses of business have just closed in the West, and the main thoroughfares are filled with the lads and lasses released from toil. The girls come out by themselves in light-bloused, straw-hatted groups, and the young fellows walk up the street in little knots for a time. But gradually the sexes mingle, and in a short time almost every laddie has his lassie, and happy pairs stroll quietly away together.

The custom of raising the hat, once considered Continental, has won its way to-day among all classes, and many a hat is raised by fellow clerks and shopmen as they pass the proud swain walking by the side of his "young lady." Between eight and nine o'clock the shopping streets of the West are filled with sweethearts. So far, there is no pronounced affection displayed. The linked hands and clasped waists are for the less aristocratic streets and for a lowlier class of lovers, the factory girl and the working lad, the young hawker and his "donah," the general servant and her "chap."

You can walk through the streets of London at the evening hour, and read the honest love of lad and lass in a never-ending panorama of happy faces. There is no false shame about these young couples. They are proud of each other, proud of their tender relationship, and if every now and then they

give outward and visible signs of the warmth of their affection, it is but the natural reversion of Adam's sons and Eve's daughters to the happy Eden days of the first sweethearts.

In the parks and along the Embankment many a pair of lovers sit side by side and gaze into each other's eyes heedless of the passers-by, who are generally sympathetic, and show their sympathy in a practical manner. If only one couple is occupying the seat or bench made to accommodate four, the vacant space is rarely intruded upon by the single man or woman. It is left for the next pair of lovers that may come along. For lovers do not mind other lovers sharing the dreamy silence of the seat beneath the tree. But the presence of any person, male or female, not absorbed in the tender passion would be considered an unwarrantable trespass on Cupid's domain.

London lovers of the class who nestle to each other when the evening zephyrs murmur among the trees have few opportunities of quiet courtship in their homes. There are too many noisy children and rough neighbours about, and there is no romance in the surroundings. Many a love scene in the London parks is as idyllic, as tender, and as true as any that ever poet sang, and the wooing of the swain is often as loyal and as respectful as that of the young curate who whispers honied words in the ear of the vicar's daughter among the roses of her father's garden beneath the first pale stars of eve.

ON THE EMBANKMENT.

Love is of no rank and no degree, and so, because the hush of evening is the hour of the heart, we, the wayfarers in Love-land, may see the lordly lover also, as he bends down and speaks softly to the blue-blooded maiden of his choice. Out on to the balcony of the great house they come, and stand against a background of soft lights in the beautiful room that we see through the open windows. What a charming picture they make! His black coat and wide expanse of shirt front throw into relief the soft chiffon of the graceful, willowy girl by his side. The rising breeze tenderly touches her wealth of wavy hair, but it is not that which brings the faint flush to her cheek. The young earl has bent and spoken softly in her ear the trembling words of love. We are too far away to hear the answer that she makes, but we can see her smiling face, and, when the rules and regulations of Society and its marriageable daughters have been observed, we may be sure that there will be an announcement in the *Morning Post*, and all the world will be told the sequel of that little love story of which we have seen the beginning on the Park Lane balcony to-night.

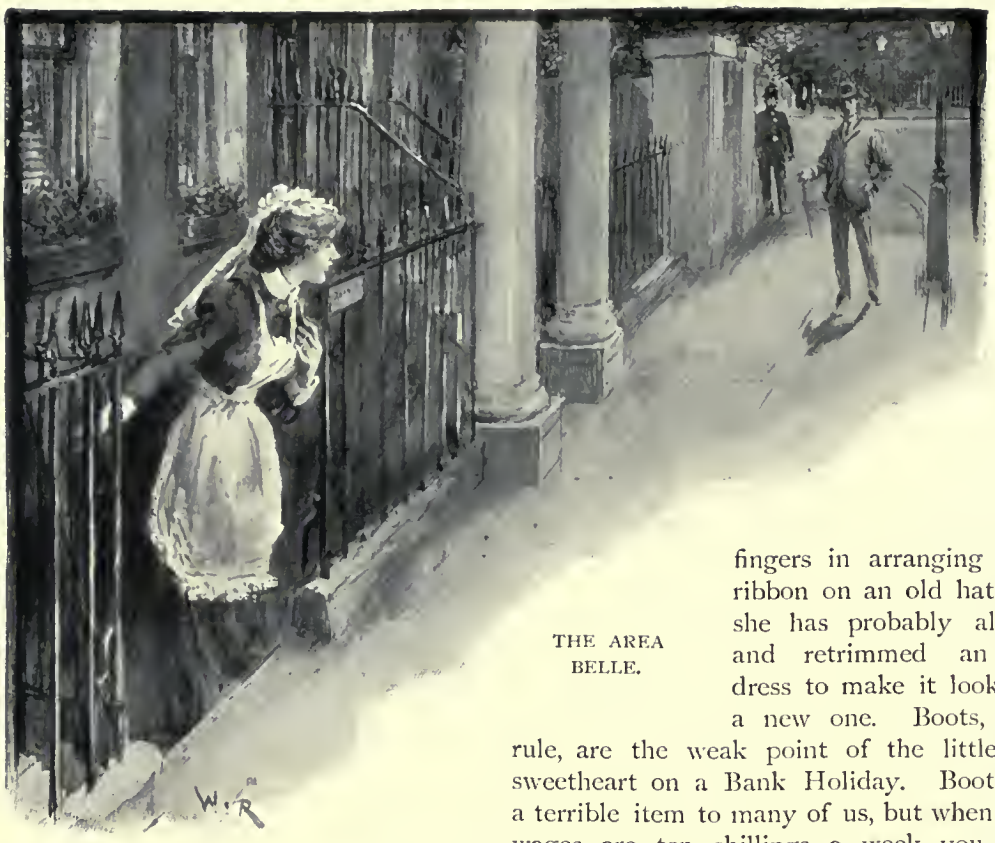
The blinds are down in this dull-looking house in a London square, and we cannot see if love is beneath the roof, but the area gate is open, and on the top

step a pretty London housemaid is taking the air. She looks anxiously towards the corner, every now and then throwing a furtive glance at the drawn blinds. Presently a young man comes sauntering along. He saunters until he catches sight of the fluttering strings of a little white cap. Then he quickens his pace, and the young housemaid trips lightly to meet him. In the shadow of the house next door, out of the line of sight of any eyes that may peer from the house in which she is a handmaid, Mary lingers with her lover for a while. He holds her hand in his, and they talk earnestly together. The policeman passes with a nod and a smile. The young man knits his brow a little, but it is only a summer cloud. Presently the clock of a church close by strikes ten. Mary gives a little start. "I must go!" she exclaims. Then there is a long lingering pressure of hands, and then—we discreetly turn our backs, but a familiar sound strikes our ears, and a minute later Mary softly closes the gate, and disappears down the area steps. The young man waits at the corner for a moment, then lights his pipe and strolls past the house along the square. I fancy he is going to have another look at that policeman.

In the fierce glare of the sunny afternoon a familiar pair of sweethearts come holding each other's hands along the outer circle of Regent's Park. How proud the little girl is of the bronzed sailor lover by her side! He has come up from Portsmouth to see her, and she has got a day off from the factory and walks on air. There is a chivalry as well as a heartiness about the love-making of the young Jack Tar. He has not the all-conquering air of the Adonis in scarlet, and he does not occupy himself so much with the twirling of a moustache and the flicking of a cane. The sailor and his lass are on their way to the Zoo, and there with his sweetheart on his arm Jack will gaze at the strange animals, and tell her of the far-off lands to which he has sailed and seen the like, not in iron cages, but in their native lairs. And Jack will be free with his money and treat his sweetheart generously. When the afternoon is over, and she is tired, he will take a hansom for her, and after tea at a little café he will suggest a music hall, and

ON THE BALCONY.

there he will enjoy himself to his heart's content and hold his little girl's hand lovingly all the time, and press it sympathetically when the serio-comic lady sings of sweethearts who are true "though seas divide." And at night he will see her to her mother's door, and kiss her heartily and with a sounding smack that all her folk may hear, before



THE AREA BELLE.

he rolls off on his way to the other end of the town where his old mother is sitting up waiting for him. And you may be sure that when he went into a shop that afternoon, and bought a little present for his sweetheart, Jack did not forget his mother. He has something in his pocket that he is going to gladden the old lady's eyes with, as he sits down to the bread and cheese and cucumber and the big jug of beer that have been waiting for him since eleven o'clock.

The boy and girl sweetheart of the London streets are in their glory on Bank Holiday. It is the day on which the lad with the first faint signs of a budding moustache arrays himself in a new light suit and pair of yellowish brown boots, and counting the silver or the coppers that remain to him after the outlay on his wardrobe, invites the girl of his heart to accompany him to Hampstead Heath. Hampstead is the general choice of the boy sweetheart, because there is no admission, and the side shows are a penny instead of sixpence. His sweetheart has not spent much on her wardrobe, but she is generally neat, and has made deft use of her fingers in arranging fresh ribbon on an old hat, and she has probably altered and retrimmed an old dress to make it look like a new one. Boots, as a rule, are the weak point of the little girl sweetheart on a Bank Holiday. Boots are a terrible item to many of us, but when your wages are ten shillings a week you have to make one pair do duty for a very long time indeed.

But the boy sweetheart is not particular about the boots so long as his "gal" looks smart about the hat. He is a good boy to her in his way and as far as his means will allow, and affectionate and considerate as boys go. He thumps her in the way of play with a force which a gently-bred girl would consider a violent assault. But Sally takes it in excellent part, and thumps back again with much top-note exclamation. In the matter of refreshment Tom is as liberal as he can afford to be. He treats his "gal" to a pennyworth of sweets as they come along. On the Heath they share an ice, bite an apple between them, and "drink fair" out of a ginger-beer bottle.

There is not much sentiment about these boy and girl sweethearts. They are practically children, and they play and romp. Towards evening, as they go home to the little side street where they live, their arms may be about each other's necks, but it is more "show off" than anything else. They both want to ape their elders. He tries to let

the passing boys see that the girl is not his sister but "his young woman," and she is anxious that all passing females should know that she has attained to the dignity of a young man.

At the front garden gate of the suburban villa, as the clock strikes the hour after which it is not considered correct for the daughters of the house to be abroad, a young couple linger lovingly. The evening stroll through the lane near at hand is over; the hour of parting has come. This young couple are engaged. But the young fellow knows that the brothers and sisters of his adored one do not like the too frequent presence of a "spoony couple," and, moreover, he has a long way to go to get to his own home, and he has to be off to the City at eight every morning. So ten o'clock sees the parting, as a rule, but the linger at the gate is always sweet, and difficult to bring to an end.

After she has gone inside the front garden she does not go up the little pathway to the door. She leans on the gate for a while, and they stand silently gazing into each other's eyes and enjoy the silence of love.

But at last she breaks the spell. "I *must* go, Frank," she says. Then she puts her pretty little face over the gate, and he stoops down and their lips meet. Then a light dress flutters up the pathway in the semi-darkness. He watches it till it disappears. Then he says "Darling!" aloud to himself, and steps out briskly for his mile and a half walk. And the memory of that parting kiss goes with him and makes the dusty road a path of roses.

The sound of military music crashes on the early morning air, and there is a great rush of womenfolk to the windows. It is too early for the families to be up and about in this aristocratic neighbourhood, so the servants gather at the dining-room window, and some run upstairs to their own bedrooms to get a better view.

The Life Guards are out for an early ride.

WITH JACK AT THE ZOO.

AT "'APPY 'AMPSTEAD."

The band is with them. Probably it is some special occasion. There is a head from every upper window as they pass, and, as a rule, the head has a little white cap on it.

Most of the troopers glance upwards and smile. Mars is never insensible to the glance of beauty, and is given to nodding pleasantly to ladies to whom he has not been introduced.

At one upper window there is a pretty face wreathed in smiles. Jenny, the parlourmaid, knows that her lover, Trooper Thompson, is with his regiment, and will be looking out for her. And Trooper Thompson knows exactly where Jenny will be; she told him the previous evening when they parted in Wellington Road. Trooper Thompson is a handsome young fellow with a fair moustache that Jenny thinks is absolutely perfect. He is not perhaps quite so much in love with Jenny as she is with him, but he does not make her jealous by smiling and laughing at all the other housemaids in the terrace as some of his comrades do. He looks directly in front of him, heedless of the admiring glances cast at him, until he comes to Jenny's house. Then he raises his head and smiles and nods, and Jenny is in the seventh heaven of rapture.

She is engaged to Trooper Thompson and means to marry him. It will have to be a long courtship. But Jenny does not mind. She has good wages, and she makes her soldier lover pretty presents—pipes, and tobacco pouches, and cigars, and all that sort of thing—and Jenny has been to the ball at the barracks and lived in fairyland, for her handsome lover in scarlet danced every dance with her. And she counts the hours till it is her evening or her Sunday out when she can meet her gallant admirer, and walk about or sit in the park with him, or treat him to the music hall.

When, as they walk along, she sees the young women turn their heads and cast sidelong glances of admiration at her hero, she gives a shy little laugh, and grasps his arm a little more closely to signify absolute possession, and she thinks she is the happiest girl in the world. She is a good girl, and will

THE PRIDE OF THE PARK.

make a hard-working, devoted wife. Let us hope that Trooper Thompson will appreciate the affection he has won, and that Jenny may never regret the love that loved a scarlet coat.

It is a long walk through Love-land, for north and south, and east and west, at every turn we find the old, old story being told again. To the busy tea shop, where neat-handed Phyllises trip from table to table, the patient lover comes now and then, and they exchange a word or two of tender greeting as she hands him his scone or cup of coffee. And all the girls in the establishment know that the young fellow is Phyllis's sweetheart, and after he has gone they talk sympathetically to her about him, and congratulate her on his loyalty in coming to the shop so frequently. The barmaid's sweetheart cannot linger as long by his lady-love in business hours, for the landlord has a keen eye for the engaged barmaid's young man, and discourages the attention that, as a rule, is long and unprofitable, and, moreover, monopolises the fair Hebe's conversation and sometimes keeps her from giving proper attention to the other "paying guests" of mine host.

There are the sweethearts of fashion, who meet in the Row and canter side by side; there are the sweethearts who talk small talk at Society gatherings, and whose courtship is a diary of fashionable events; there are the sweethearts of humble life, the working man who woos and wins some honest hard-working lass, and is as proud of her the day they stand before the clergyman as the elderly duke who wins the beauty of the London season.

And there are the old couples whom we meet arm in arm, with happy, smiling faces beneath their crown of silvered hair—men and women who have shared each other's joys and sorrows from youth to old age, and who, in the evening of their well-spent days, are sweethearts still.

THE LINGER AT THE GATE.

SOME LONDON HOME TRADES.

By ARTHUR B. MOSS.

WE are all familiar with the large trades by which men and women earn their living. The work of the carpenter, the bricklayer, the engineer, the printer, the tailor, and the bootmaker, is brought constantly before us in our daily lives, and most of the trades in which girls and women are employed in factory and workshop are well known. There are, however, a large number of small obscure trades in which men and women are engaged, and which have to serve in many cases as the sole source of income. These trades are conducted in the workers' homes, and to see them we must pay a series of visits and enter the dwellings of the poor without ceremony.

HAT BOX MAKING.

Let us call first at the humble abode of the Hat Box Maker. We find it on the third floor of one of the model dwellings in a thickly populated district in South London. As we have entered uninvited an introduction is necessary. Mrs. P—— is a widow who has one child of her own, and takes care of another that belongs to a friend. She has for many years earned her living by making hat boxes at home for a firm that supplies some of the chief manufacturers of silk hats.

"I only do the stitching," says Mrs. P—— in answer to a question; "I generally get a young woman to do the pasting for me." By this she means that the box is supplied with an outside covering of white glazed paper which is stuck together with paste, but the body and the bottom of the box are sewn together with thread. Mrs. P—— knows how to do the pasting as well as her companion, but she finds that it materially assists the speed of putting together a gross of such boxes to have this assistance. "I have to find the paste, and the needle and thread, and when I've finished a gross I get half-a-crown. I don't grumble at the pay, for when I can get the work I'm able to make a very decent living for a poor widow. It's only when we're slack I don't like it, for then I have to go out charing, and such work is a little beyond my strength."

Still sticking to the paste and paper, we enter another room in which we find a young man and a young woman working away industriously at the Paper Bag Making. Paper bags of all sizes are made by this energetic couple, who supply the shops at a very low figure per gross.

"It's like this," says Mr. S——; "we make thousands of these bags every week. First we have to cut them to the size we want, then we paste away all round the edges except the top, then fold them over, and when they're properly dry we have to

FIRE-STOVE ORNAMENTS.

tie 'em in packets. I finish the business by taking 'em round to the shops. 'Paper Bag Poets?' Oh, yus, there's some fellers that write poetry, as they calls it, to put on the bags, but the printers engage them, and I expect they're the same chaps as write verses for the rag merchants."

Let us now turn our steps towards Tabard Street (late Kent Street), Borough, for here we shall find many home industries of the kind that people take very little notice of except at the particular time of year at which they are forced upon public attention. Here we see a poor woman making Ornaments for the Fire-stove. The little kitchen table is covered with coloured paper, and here and there are long strips of gold shavings, as well as rosettes of various colours; these are dexterously pieced together and form a very pretty ornament. A very precarious income is earned, however, by hawking them about the streets of London, and many of these women find it necessary to follow another calling in addition, most of them making artificial flowers for the winter months.

While in Tabard Street we find ourselves in the midst of the Brush Making industry. A great deal of it is done at home. Here we find men and women engaged in making scrubbing brushes, laundry brushes, shoe brushes, etc. It is an interesting sight to watch them at work. First we see them cut the bass, or fibre, with a sort of guillotine knife, or, when they do not possess one of these, with a large pair of shears. Then we see one of the boys preparing the glue. The hairs having been dexterously placed in holes specially made, are again dressed round by the shears until they are of uniform length, and then prepared for sale.

In one of the model dwellings in the Borough we find a young woman who does some of the best sort of work. She is in almost constant employment at home, and she likes the work because it is clean and light and free from danger. "This is real hair I am using," says Mrs. M——, "and this brush when finished will be used in the confectionery business. You see how light it is; it is a real good article, and they call it an egg brush."

But now let us go in search of the Rag Merchant Poet. We find him in a common lodging-house. He is no doubt a man of fine poetic genius; at all events he thinks so, and that should suffice. He lays claim to being the author of some of the most moral poems ever written for the rag trade, as well as for the quack medicine man. He gives us a few samples of his work, but we

fail to appreciate them. So we make our way to a rag merchant's and take down a few specimens of verse by the poets who are looked upon as the laureates of the trade. Two examples will suffice.

PEACE AND PROSPERITY.

Let's hope that trade will soon revive;
And each and all begin to thrive.
I think that things are on the mend;
So have a little cash to spend
To buy your rags, books, or papers,
Kitchen stuff or cuttings from the draper's,
Old clothes, old books; all that you can find,
Old bottles too of every kind;
Jampots, jars (not family ones I hope),
Blankets, string, or any kind of rope.

From the heights of Parnassus the poet always descends to the plains of the every-day world.

GOOD ADVICE TO ALL.

So, Sally dear, you think it funny
That I should save my rags and turn them into money.
Now if you'd like to have a happy home,
Nor wish to see your husband roam,
Remember this, a *Golden Rule*,
And one I learned when young at school,
"A penny saved is a penny earned,"
Which could not be so if my rags I burned.
If you waste such things as these
You lose the bread and want the cheese,
But if you're frugal, think what a treasure you will be;
And you'll save rags and bones as well as me.

Another branch of the rag and bone business is carried on by an itinerant vendor of Farthing Windmills, who pushes a barrow through the streets, and, having a number of these windmills and paper flags displayed, soon gets a crowd of children around his vehicle, and tells them that if they can induce their parents to part with their bones and bottles he will supply them with a flag or a windmill gratis. Windmill making is a home industry in London, and in the season the vendors do a brisk trade. But the season is short, and the harvest must be reaped at the proper time.

Since the establishment of large sanitary laundries in almost every industrial community, the amount of washing and mangling done at "small laundries" has been considerably reduced. There are still, however, a large number of poor women, mostly widows, in crowded neighbourhoods, earning a living by washing and mangling for those families who, in the belief that it is better and less expensive, prefer their washing and mangling to be done in a small private house, however humble, rather than in a large factory. And so we may reasonably expect that for many a long day yet small Home Laundries will continue to exist, if not to flourish, among the poor.

At a lodging-house of the better class we find two interesting persons. One of them is a manufacturer of Fly Papers—"Catch 'em alive O!" He sells them at a halfpenny a sheet. The other is the manufacturer and vendor of Penny Opera Glasses.

Let us go into the basement where the first man makes his Fly Papers and see them in the process of manufacture. There is a big basin of size and ochre lying on the table, and on a row of lines hang dozens of papers—old newspapers cut into various sizes, and covered with a thin layer of this solution. When these are dry there is another basin of solution, composed of resin, oil and turpentine, in readiness to be plastered over them, and then, hey presto! the "Catch 'em alive O!" papers are complete. An old Irishman is the hawker of these, and in the warm weather he does a brisk business.

The Penny Opera Glass Manufacturer is a young man, and a skilful workman in his own line of business. With the aid of two small bone ornaments, such as are generally to be found in the tassels of a parasol or sunshade, and a small brass ring similar to those used for hanging up pictures, or in lieu of the ring a little brass wire, he produces something in the shape of miniature opera glasses. Then having covered the top of them with a thin layer of glue, which has the appearance of transparency, they look for all the world like the real article. A remarkable number of these small articles are sold in the market places of the Metropolis every Friday and Saturday evening, and this man carries on a prosperous business for several months during the year.

Having witnessed the manufacture of these interesting articles we turn our steps in the direction of the home of a poor Single-handed Tailor. Only a few yards from the rear of Guy's Hospital, on the first floor of buildings that look from the outside very like

TOY WINDMILLS.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

a huge warehouse, we find our tailor seated on a big wooden table with his legs crossed hard at work. He does all kinds of work, from making a suit right out to repairing trousers or vest. As a rule, he works for a large firm of tailors, but he does not disdain to do an odd job or two for a private customer.

In every poor neighbourhood one of the flourishing "Home Trades" is that of the Boot Repairer, or, as he used to be called, the "cobbler." At various seasons of the year the boot repairer is very busy, especially after a series of wet days. He does his work, for the most part, in the front parlour of his little house, in the window of which is the announcement—"Boots and Shoes Neatly Repaired" at such and such a price. Sometimes the wording is in verse thus:—

> "If you think your boots are ended,
> Bring 'em here and get 'em mended."

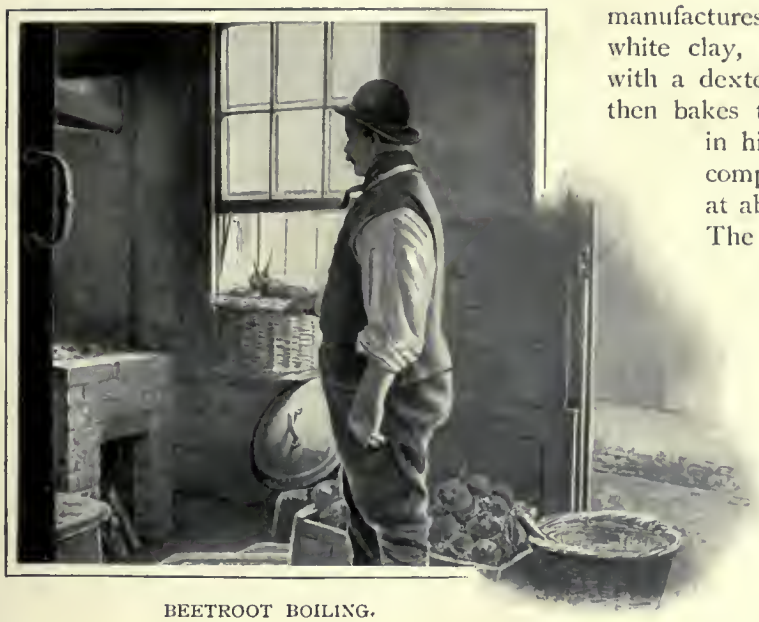
Except that Monday is generally a lazy day with him, the cobbler is an industrious man who, generally, works all hours of the day, and sometimes far into the night, to please his customers.

In another building we find the Cheap Shirt Maker, who stitches away hour after hour for a miserable pittance. Tom Hood's "Song of the Shirt" still exactly describes her condition. She works every day from early morning till late at night. Mrs. W—— is a widow with a family of four, and if she relied solely on shirt making for a living she and her children would be often on the verge of starvation. Fortunately for her she gets occasional small jobs in the sewing line from neighbours, and thus she manages to subsist.

Wooden and Tin Toys are for the most part made abroad. They come principally from Germany. There is, however, a man in the Borough who makes toy tables and chairs. He does not make these articles for shops, but sells them in the street at a penny each. Judging from his appearance this mode of earning a living is not a profitable one. There is also a young woman who makes tin weights and scales for street sale, and a man who makes wire puzzles. But all these occupations are so ill paid that they are only aids to a living. The "manufacturers" have generally another employment.

But now we come to a real home industry that affords a substantial living to those who are engaged in it, viz., Haddock Smoking. Fifteen years ago there were a large number of "Smoke Holes" in the Borough, in Orange Street, Green Street, and Friar Street, as well as some in Bermondsey. Now most of them are removed to some of the back streets in Camberwell, where they still flourish. There

BRUSH MAKING.



BEETROOT BOILING.

are two or three of them, however, still left just behind the Blackfriars Road, and a large one in Rockingham Street, Newington Causeway, but the chief smoking is done in Camberwell. Jem B—— is an old-established smoker. If you watch him at work you will notice that he puts a lot of haddocks on a long iron skewer, which he places in the smoke hole; he then sets fire to a quantity of oak sawdust and allows this to smoulder for hours, and thus the haddocks get well smoked and browned. Jem's haddocks have an enormous sale among the poor.

Another good trade is that of Beetroot Boiling. Mr. M—— is a general dealer, and when at home lives in Chapel Court, Borough. He is a bit of a philosopher in his way. "I boil hundreds of beets in this boiler, sir, in the season," he says, "and if you come about 'opping time you shall see me doing it, as you used to in Peter Street. But it's no good buying beetroots yet—the ones you get ain't no class; a little later on it'll be all right. Nobody can't teach me my business. In the season I sell hundreds of beets, as you know, in the streets, and in the market place in the Walworth Road on Saturday nights."

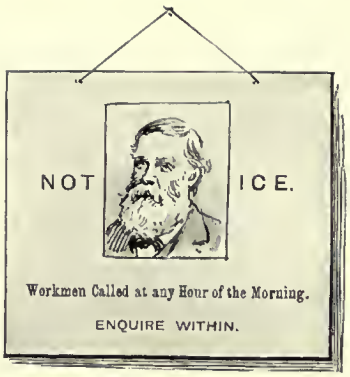
Two very interesting small Home Trades we find carried on in Bermondsey. One is that of a Clay Pipe Maker; the other that of a Muffin and Crumpet Maker. The first manufactures thousands of pipes out of white clay, with a small machine, and with a dexterous use of his fingers. He then bakes them in a kiln which he has in his back yard. When they are complete he sells them to publicans at about one and sixpence a gross. The second mixes up a quantity of flour and water in a pail, and ladles it into a tin with small circular apertures, puts it on a large tin over a fire, and when it is withdrawn behold muffins and crumpets ready for the Londoners' tea.

The Italian Bronze Figure Maker is found chiefly at Saffron Hill and Leather Lane, but there are a few of them in the Italian quarter in the Peckham Park Road. It is not, however, an extensive business that is carried on there. Italians prefer the Ice Cream trade in the summer and the Baked Chestnut trade in the winter. And neither of these industries requires much capital. On the other hand a fair amount of money is required to carry on the business of a Bronze Figure Maker. The workman has to manipulate his plaster with skill, quite apart from the work that is done with moulds. And English people have so little appreciation of his art: a bust of Lord Salisbury or Mr. Joseph Chamberlain might have a sale among Unionists, but who cares for an art figure that represents somebody whom nobody knows? The Italian boy calls at various houses and asks in bad broken English a high price for his figures. But when he is offered half the price he takes it with only a shrug of the shoulder.

Artificial Flower Making is an industry in which hundreds of girls and women are engaged. But it is a trade that is divided into several branches. The highest branch is that in which girls are engaged in making the flowers that adorn ladies' bonnets. Some of these are made at home, as our illustration on p. 25 shows, by girls who are most dexterous in the use of their fingers, but the best of them are made in factories. The artificial

flowers most patronised by the poor are made of coloured paper, and are manufactured in their homes by poor women who, as I have said, divide their time between these articles and ornaments for your fire-stove. There are also men who make artificial flowers—and very real they appear too—out of raw carrots and turnips, and these have a very fair sale among a certain class, who find them last longer, and serve their purpose better, than natural flowers.

The last trade to which we can refer here is one which is not strictly a Home Trade, though all arrangements for carrying it out have to be made from that centre. It is the gentleman who makes a living by calling workmen early in the morning at sixpence per week. At many common lodging-houses an early caller finds constant employment, but I do not purpose to write about persons who wake up the lodgers for a consideration. I refer now to a very different sort of individual—a gentleman who finds his chief source of income in calling at workmen's houses and waking them up very early in the morning, so that they can be at their employment while the bell is ringing or the clock is striking the hour. All over London such men are engaged. There is one who does a large business in North Camberwell.



In the window of his front parlour may be seen the accompanying announcement. When you enquire you find that the price for being "called" is twopence a morning or sixpence a week. The caller finds a good many customers needing his services, though he comes in constant competition with the night policeman, who is as a rule open to accept engagements on the same terms. But the gentleman in blue is liable to be called away just at the time he is required to wake his customer. Remembering this fact, workmen trust themselves to the man who has no other engagements to distract his attention. And so the old gentleman who begs workmen to "enquire within" does a very fair business. The only other business he takes in hand is selling books and newspapers, but these principally occupy his attention on Sundays, when the workman does not ask to be called early, but prefers to remain in bed and dream on undisturbed.

TAILORING.

JEWISH BOY REPLYING TO A TOAST AFTER A "CONFIRMATION" DINNER.

JEWISH LONDON.

By S. GELBERG.

A HUNDRED thousand men, women, and children, some of them fugitives still suffering the punishment of Cain, others just sloughing the Ghetto skin, yet others in whose ears the "*hep, hep*" of the Continent is a long-forgotten cry. A great congregation, the majority still standing (in its faith) with the Law-giver at Sinai, while a few are marching in the vanguard of the sceptics. An eager, restless body, most devout of peoples, yet swiftest of foot in the commercial race; fascinating microcosm of the latter-day world, yet branded with the mark of antiquity; full of the hopefulness of youth, yet seamed and scarred with the martyrdom of ages. Such, in brief, are the Jews of London.

Let us turn aside into the Whitechapel Ghetto, where they most do congregate. Many of its narrow courts and mean slums have fallen before the fiat of the sanitary authority or the advance of the factory owner. Yet enough still remains of its original quaintness, its babel of tongues and chaos of races, to make it stand prominently out as a unique entity from the dull grey mass of the East-End population. Its denizens are a complicated piece of human patchwork, with the ringleted Pole at one point, the Dutch Jew at another, the English Hebrew in his own corner, and the Gentile coster running like a strange thin thread through the design. The whole is a reproduction in little of the stricken Jewish world. If you would understand the immortal agony of Jewry, go into the East-End colony. Its cosmopolitanism is symbolic of the vagabondage of the race. Its beshawled women with their pinched faces, its long-coated men with two thousand years of persecution stamped in their manner, its chaffering and huckstering, its hunger, its humour, the very Yiddish jargon itself which is scrawled on its walls and shop windows, are part of the grand passion of the chosen people.

But it is its utterly alien aspect which strikes you first and foremost. For the Ghetto is a fragment of Poland torn off from Central Europe and dropped haphazard into the heart of Britain—a re-banished

Jewry weeping beside the waters of "Modern Babylon."

On Sunday Middlesex Street (better known as the "Lane") and its adjoining thoroughfares are a howling pandemonium of cosmopolitan costerism, a curious tangle of humanity, with the Englishman (Jew and Gentile) in possession and the alien in the background. In these congested streets you can be clothed like an aristocrat for a few shillings, fed *al fresco* like an epicure for sixpence, and cured of all your bodily ills for a copper coin—the chorus of the children in the Hebrew classes often answering the roar of the gutter merchant, like a new and grotesque Church antiphony. The "Lane" on Sunday is, indeed, the last home of the higher costerism. Round its stalls the coster humour reaches its finest fancies, the coster philosophy its profoundest depths, the coster oratory its highest flights. But the most abiding impression it leaves on your mind as you struggle out of its seething, shouting, gesticulating population is of infinite picturesqueness, and the life-stream tumbling like a swirling torrent along its course.

KILLING AND PLUCKING POULTRY.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE WHERE POULTRY ARE KILLED.

On the weekday, however, the scene is transformed. The noise and bustle are gone. The alien with his Yiddish holds the field. You are in a city of endless toil. All day long and far into the night the factories make dismal music in the Ghetto. From break of day till the going-down of the sun rings the song of the coster through its grimy streets. "Weiber, Weiber! heimische Beigel!"* sing out the women, with handkerchief drawn tightly over head. "Customeers, customeers! veer are you?" chime in the men. "Stockings feer poor (pairs) a shilling!" groans a hapless elder driven in his old age to tempt fortune in a strange land. Often, soon after dawn, the costers are quarrelling with one another for a suitable "pitch," with a sneer, perhaps, at a Gentile sleeping off a public-house debauch on the pavement; and long after the shadows have lengthened in the Ghetto they are still vouching by their own lives or the kindness of the Shem Yisboroch (God) to Israel for the quality of their wares. So spins the toiling Ghetto round its daily orbit.

Why do these Jews labour so? It is because of their passionate yearning for a "place in the sun." Unlike the Gentile, they are in the East-End, not of it—strangers and sojourners in its midst; alien Dick Whittingtons in side curls and "jupizes" (long coats), who have put down their bundles a while to peer into the promised land beyond, and thereafter rest not till they have retired beaten from the struggle or found social salvation in Maida Vale.

And yet this Ghetto is not all poor. It is really homespun lined with ermine, Dives cheek by jowl with Lazarus. These industrious female costers, for instance, arguing volubly with reluctant customers, have left a husband—working in a factory—who is preparing to blossom into an employer, a son retailing jewellery in a second street, and a daughter selling hosiery in a third.

* "Ladies, ladies! rolls for sale just like those in our native land."

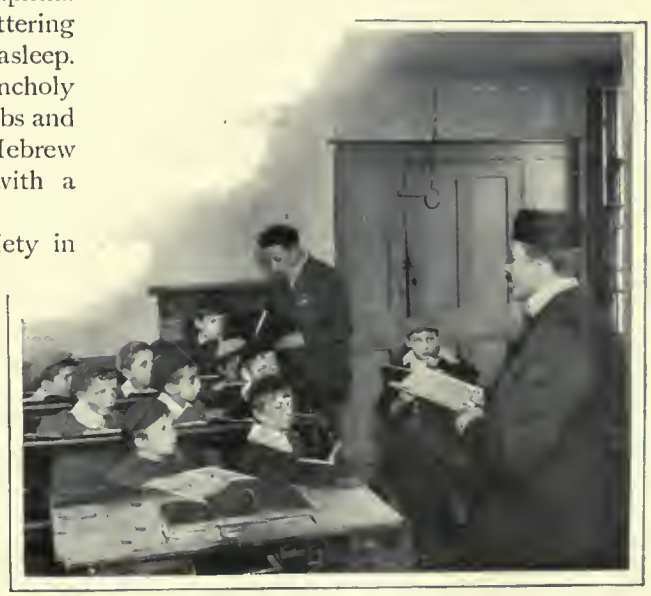
In a few years a vigorous pull and a pull all together will have hauled the family up to a plane of comparative affluence and the Ghetto have become a distant memory. Quite a crop of Jewish *nouveaux riches*, too, has ripened in the various shops and factories that stud the Ghetto.

And if the Ghetto is not wholly poor neither is it entirely famished. Kosher restaurants abound in it; kosher butcher shops are clustered in thick bunches in its most hopeless parts (seven of them at the junction of Middlesex Street and Wentworth Street), and if the expert handling of the fowls on the stalls by ill-clad Jewesses is not a revelation of epicureanism in humble life, then, most assuredly, things are not what they seem.

Only the superficial think this Jewish colony a mere vale of tears. In the groan of its machinery and the roar of its markets I can distinguish an unmistakable titter—the titter of the Hebrew at his would-be converters, the full-throated laughter of the Ghetto at the Yiddish play, the merriment of the buxom and placid-faced Jewess taking the air by her street-door, the fun of the youth in corduroys who finds a foretaste of Gan Eiden (Paradise) in a game of cricket on the broad spaces of Bell Lane or the green fields of Frying-Pan Alley. On Chometz Battel night* the Ghetto even gives itself over to wild carnival till the flaring naphtha jets on the stalls have died to a spluttering flicker and the Christian world is fast asleep. Nay! let no one call the Ghetto melancholy who has not looked in at its dancing clubs and watched an old crony of seventy at a Hebrew wedding foot the furious Kosatzki with a gay old dog of ten winters more.

And there is learning as well as piety in the Ghetto—piety in a dirty face, scholarship behind a mask of rags. How interesting is the spectacle of the bearded elders — peripatetic philosophers of the Ghetto—wending their way slowly from the synagogue, rapt in Talmudic discussion. The coster, too, has sometimes much Rabbinic lore. As he sits, spectacles on nose, behind his stall absorbed in the political columns of one or other of the new-born Yiddish Press (which, by the way, never prints racing news, and once even boasted a kind of Yiddish *Punch*), I often wonder whether his ill-clad person may not enshrine the brilliancy of a stunted Lassalle, the genius of a Disraeli *manqué*.

The Ghetto's piety is written on nearly every pinched face and across every brick wall. Was ever such a religious slum—a slum with a passion for scattering little synagogues (or chevras) up and down its dark courts—even, so it is said, in garrets and basements? It is artistically religious, this Ghetto, delighting in hymns rendered with the proper trills and anthems delivered in an operatic dress—actually not hesitating to pay £300 for a few services to a truly musical chazan (reader of the services). In its fervour it has brought with it from Poland the melammed (or poverty-stricken pedagogue), who has set up his bare and humble little schoolrooms all over the district, and hammers Hebrew instruction by the hour into the jaded heads of the children of the Ghetto. These little scholars scurrying Chederwards of an evening, clutching the remains of a hurried tea, are one of the most touching and instructive spectacles of this strange colony. Now and then something like a shiver of horror passes over the Ghetto when



A CHEDER (JEWISH SCHOOL) IN WHITECHAPEL.

* The night before Passover Eve, on which all "leaven" is removed from Jewish houses.

BOARD FOR THE AFFAIRS OF SHECHETA.

NOTICE TO THE JEWISH PUBLIC.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that

selling meat on a Stall in Wentworth Street, DOES NOT HOLD the LICENSE of the Board and that all Meat, &c., sold by him is according to Jewish Law Trifa (טרפה) and prohibited to be eaten by Jews.

By Order,
M. VAN THAL,

בארד אפ שחיטה

נאטיס צום אידישען פובליק.

A "KOSHER" WARNING.

it is discovered that a traitor has been palming off trifah* meat on his customers as kosher. Then the Board of Shecheta,† which attends to such matters, pastes a solemn warning on the walls to the faithful, and the offending stall is promptly forsaken. Altogether, indeed, a unique little cosmos, this East-End Hebrew colony—a poverty-stricken, wealthy, hungry, feasting, praying, bargaining fragment of a "nation of priests."

But the Ghetto is not the whole of London Jewry. On its borders stands the famous Houndsditch—one of the world's great toy-lands, whence the Hebrew merchant scatters his playthings and fancy wares over the world, and where our roaring gutter-commerce hunts out its penny wonders. Out in Soho has been planted another vigorous little settlement—mostly of tailors. Across the North of London — Dalston and Canonbury — stretches a third thick Hebrew belt. Here you are in presence of the Jewish bourgeois — the well-groomed, prosperous English Jew (as he loves to call himself), with the keenest of brains and a heart of gold. His ear always to the ground to catch the first distant murmurs of every trade movement, he has made himself prominent in every commercial walk he treads. Go into the Diamond Club in Hatton Garden. It is nothing but a Jewish rendezvous. Speak to the salesmen in Covent Garden. They will tell you, with a merry twinkle in their eye, of the portion of the market once called "The Synagogue"; and it is almost the same with the fancy, fur, cheap clothing, boot, and furniture trades. But this easily won Hebrew gold circulates freely. For the bourgeois Jews are full of the *joie de vivre*. You see it in their dances, their card parties, their "confirmation" dinners (when the Jewish lad of thirteen, having been called to the reading of the Law in the Synagogue, replies to the toast of his health in a carefully learnt speech), their enthusiastic patronage of the theatre, their great summer migration—like a new Exodus—to the seaside, and the resplendent finery of their handsome women-folk, without whom the North of London would be infinitely duller and the great emporia of Islington poorer indeed. Their religion, however, is in a state of flux. Some of them, like many "upper-class" Jews, have outgrown the spiritual outfit of the East without acquiring a substitute; hence a state of religious nakedness. They are far indeed from Nazareth. But they are equally distant from Jerusalem. They wander on a half-heathenish middle track.

Further afield—in Maida Vale, Hampstead, and Bayswater—are the tents of upper-class Jewry. In them mingle the arts and the sciences, fashion and beauty, Jew and Gentile;

PERIPATETIC PHILOSOPHERS OF THE GHETTO.

* Not killed according to the Jewish rites; meat eligible to be eaten is said to be "kosher." The illustrations on p. 30 show a shed in which fowls are killed by the shochetim (slaughterers) at a penny a-piece.

† Literally the Board which looks after the slaughtering of the cattle.

for those who own them are often wealthy, frequently polished, English to the core always. In business they are stock-brokers, merchants, art connoisseurs. As professional men they are giving their fatherland a clever band of authors, artists, and lawyers. Year by year their offspring are found in the ancient English seats of learning in greater numbers—the grandchildren of the Ghetto studying at Jesus' or graduating at Christ's with equal impartiality What's in a name? And everywhere they are, in conjunction with other Jews, endeavouring by a huge effort—by Jewish study circles, literary societies, and the like — to save their people from the Gehinnom of materialism.

BEFORE THE BETH-DIN (JEWISH COURT).

Yet let no one think that the Jewry of the East and the Jewry of the West are separate worlds revolving in separate orbits. In essential characteristics they are really one. East-End or West-End, the Jew is still the family man among the nations, delighting keenly in the joys of domesticity. Out of this love of a home and married bliss has sprung that humorous rogue, the Shadchan, or professional matchmaker — a glib fellow of elastic conscience who worries Hebrew bachelors into matrimony in return for a five per cent. levy on the dowry received. Occasionally, when the marriage is a *fait accompli*, the parties snap their fingers at Mr. Shadchan. Upon which he summons them to the Chief Rabbi, who, with two other rabbis, constitute the Beth-Din — a Hebrew judicial bench beset by pious men in religious doubt, jilted women, landlords and tenants, and other members of a regrettably contentious race. In many cases the word of the Beth-Din is law.

All these London Jews, too, whether East-End or West-End, are patriots to their finger-tips. This patriotism has impressed the physiognomy of the race on at least one East-End Volunteer regiment. It converts the naturalisation returns into catalogues of Biblical (and Polish) names. It has given birth to what a British officer with an unkindly sneer once called the "Houndsditch Highlander." It has resulted in the flower of many a Jewish family being left to die on the African veldt. And it has produced the Jewish Lads' Brigade —an organisation for evolving the Joab and the Judas Maccabæus who lie buried deep down under the Jewish stock-broker or hawker. You can often see the lads of this brigade marching smartly to the beat of the drum through the London streets, like a new Army of the Lord of Hosts —though a juvenile one, to be sure. But while with the upper-class Jew the cry is, "England my Zion, and London my Jerusalem," the aliens' patriotism co-exists with their Zionism. They tumble in their thousands after the music of Zionist oratory as resistlessly as the children of Hamelin city after the ravishing note of the Pied Piper.

London Jewry is a wonderful network of charity. With the aid of his middle-class brother, the West-End Jew has built up a system of philanthropy which follows the

poor from cradle to grave—educating their young ones (at the Jews' Free School, the greatest elementary school on earth), rearing their orphans (at the Jews' Hospital and Orphan Asylum), apprenticing their lads to honest trades through the medium of the Jewish Board of Guardians (itself comprising remarkable charities, prophylactic and curative), dowering their brides, tending their sick (in special Jewish wards in the hospitals), nursing their convalescents, feeding their aged, and laying their dead decently in the grave.

But it is on its religious side that the fascination of London Jewry is greatest. The

LADS' BRIGADE, JEWS' HOSPITAL AND ORPHAN ASYLUM, WEST NORWOOD.

return of the Jew to earth is devoid of the floral pomp that marks the interment of the Gentile. A plain deal coffin in a sombre black cloth, a few notes of submission to Providence moaned into the echoing air, the cry of the minister, "May he come to his place in peace," the heavy thud of the clay as it is cast on the coffin by the nearest kindred of the dead (oh! bitterest of Jewish practices!), and the Hebrew is at rest with his fathers.

Yet, this natural exception apart, the religion of the observant Jew is a perpetual joy to him, dashing his drab existence with the vividest colouring and hanging like a brilliant rainbow across his sky. The Hebrew wedding, with its many-hued canopy, its crashing of a tumbler under foot, its conjugal pledges in "Babylonish dialect," is like a calculated variant on the monotony of life. Then, the Sabbath! High up in an East-End model dwelling a gleam of brightness pierces the squalid darkness. Look into the room whence it proceeds. A snow-white cloth covers the table. Two candles are burning with a joyous brightness. Two chalos (or twists) rest pleasantly one on the other. It is the Jew-pedlar's home on a Sabbath eve! Presently the master of this little paradise returns. "May God make you as Ephraim and Manasseh," he says, laying his hands on the head of his stooping boy. "May God make you as Rachel and Leah," he prays, extending his palms gently over his daughter's head. Then, for the rest of that evening, Psalms and good cheer. On the morrow, the Sabbath peace.

The Passover, with its unleavened cakes, subjects the Hebrew to a not unpleasant little dietary revolution. The festival of Pentecost, bathing his synagogue in flowers, puts sunshine and springtide into his blood. The Feast of Booths wafts him for nine days into a fruit-and-lamp-hung arcadia*; while the blast of the ram's horn on his New Year's Day transports him in spirit back to the land where the sound of the shofar† proclaimed rest to the soil and liberty to the slave. It is a time of reconciliation and brotherhood and peace; for are not the destinies of all being decided before the judgment seat of God? and so between Jew and Jew pass New Year cards bearing the familiar device in Yiddish, signifying: "May you be inscribed for a good year in the Book of Life." Then,

* That is to say, into the succah or tent in which the Jew is supposed to live during the whole of the festival—a memory of the booths in which Israel dwelt during its journeying in the desert.

† "Shofar" is the Hebrew name for the ram's horn.

that day of days, the great White Fast.* Go on that solemn fast day into the Cathedral Synagogue, down East. There, wealth in the person of Lord Rothschild rubs shoulders with poverty in the form of the alien refugee; and West in the shape of evening-dress meets East in the form of the long white gown (or kittel). The edifice is packed with a great penitent congregation—prominent among them the Yom Kippur Jew making his annual call on Providence. The Cohanim, or priests,† with outstretched palms and praying-shawls on their heads, bless the people, saying: "May the Lord bless thee and guard thee." Through the livelong day rise the plaintive prayers for pardon. Time and again the penitents beat their breast and prostrate themselves humbly in the dust. The morning slowly wears to afternoon, the afternoon fades into night. The air grows close and heavy. Yet not till the "day has turned" and the lights are lit is the atonement ended. Then the congregation draw their white praying-shawls over their heads and say after their Reader the prayer for the dying:

"Hear, O Israel, the Lord is our God, the Lord is One." The congregation repeat the words with a shout like a thunder-crash.

"The Lord, He is God," sings the Reader.

"The Lord, He is God," repeat the people seven times, with a roar like the cry of a lost nation. Then, with a shrill note from the ram's horn, the congregation is dismissed—the merchant to his office, the clerk to his desk, and the penitent, perchance, to his crooked ways again.

Such is the London fragment of the Eternal race. It is a growing community, not unmarred by faults, yet not without its ideal side. And it is testing in its own person the combination in one body of the devoted Jew and the English patriot. If it fail, it adds yet another chapter to its people's martyrdom. If it succeed, it knells the end—however remote—of the great Jewish tragedy.

A JEWISH NEW YEAR CARD.

* So called by Gentiles on account of the many white praying-shawls, white caps, etc., in the synagogue on that day. The Hebrews call it Yom Kippur (Day of Atonement).

† Shown on the right of the full-page picture entitled "In the Cathedral Synagogue."

JEWESSES TAKING THE AIR BY THEIR STREET DOORS.

PAWNBROKING LONDON.

By C. A. CUTHBERT KEESON.

PAWN-TICKET.

LONG before the inhabitants of London were blessed with a County Council the at one time universal practice of attracting customers to a shop by means of a sign had fallen into almost complete disuse; but even in this twentieth century no enterprising pawnbroker would think of opening a shop without there hung over it, conspicuous from every point of view, "The Three Brass Balls," "The Swinging Dumplings," "The Sign of the Two to One."

It is the fashion in the trade to speak of these emblems as the insignia of the old Lombard Merchants, and the arms of the Medici. What, however, do those three bright globes mean to thousands of people who walk the streets of London? Some perhaps may pass them unnoticed, but to the poor—the working man who finds it difficult to properly apportion his weekly wage, the clerk out of a berth, the racing man who has had a spell of bad luck, to the small shopkeeper and the costermonger in want of ready money to replenish their stock, to the actor and actress not "in the bill"—they mean a great deal. They mean food for the wife and children when cupboard and pocket are empty—a little money to keep things going till next pay-day; they mean to thousands shelter, warmth, and something to eat; and although many may consider the pawnbroker's shop an encouragement to improvidence and unthriftiness, every philanthropist who would abolish it admits that he would have to substitute some municipal or charitable pawnshop in its place.

It has been asserted that "to one in every two persons in London the pawnbroker has been in some period of his or her life a stern and unavoidable reality." This estimate may appear to be somewhat exaggerated, but investigations into the amount of business done in the pawnshops of London show that the statement is not very wide of the mark. Within a radius of ten miles from the Royal Exchange are 692 pawnbrokers' shops. From figures obtained from a trustworthy source (the *Pawnbrokers' Gazette*) it appears that the average number of pledges taken in per month at each shop

ARRESTED WHILE PAWNING.

is 5,000, making an aggregate for all the shops of 3,460,000, or 41,520,000 pledges per year, or rather more than six to each head of the population. In these figures pledges of more than £10 in amount are not taken into account, and a very large proportion of the London pawnbrokers do a big business of this kind. Inquiries made at some seventeen shops in different parts of the Metropolis show that out of a million and a-quarter pledges extending over a period of twelve months 66,700 only were for amounts above ten shillings. In the trade these are known as "Auctions," having, if left unredeemed at the end of twelve months and seven days, to be disposed of at public auction. All pledges for sums under ten shillings at a like period become the absolute property of the pawnbroker. In the seventeen shops referred to the average amount lent upon each pledge worked out at four shillings—£250,000 in all. Taking the total number of pledges made annually in London upon the same basis, viz. 41,520,000 at four shillings each, it will be seen that the pawnbrokers supply the "hard-ups" of London annually with the very large sum of £8,304,000.

STORING BUNDLES IN THE "WEEKLY PLEDGE" ROOM.

There are few things in the ordinary way of life more calculated to unnerve a man than a first visit to the pawnshop. Hence most pawnbrokers, to put their customers as much at ease as possible, have their shops divided into separate compartments known as "the boxes," with the entrance up a side street, or rendered as inconspicuous as the character of the house will permit. For the better class customers the modern pawnbroker provides a comfortable "private office."

The nervous pledger, dreading he knows not what, surveys for some minutes the contents of the window, and only after much hesitation and many false starts finds himself within the shop of that mysterious "Uncle" of whom his companions have talked so glibly. What his business was is known only to that "Uncle" and himself, and as he walks triumphantly down the street, relieved in mind and circumstance, he asks himself why he made all that fuss about so simple a matter. Yet it takes a good many visits before he feels quite at his ease. The interview usually lasts less than a couple of minutes, and as a memorandum of it the obliging pawnbroker hands his customer a neat little square-shaped envelope containing a piece of paste board bearing upon its face a description of the article deposited and on the back an abridged version of the Pawnbrokers' Act.

Very differently does it fare with the pawner of stolen property. Ask a pawnbroker in what way his suspicions are aroused. He will tell you that he does not know. "There is generally something," he says, "about the pawner's manner or in his replies to questions that sets the pawnbroker on his guard." He cannot define precisely what that "something" is, but he plies the would-be pledger with more pertinent queries, sets a junior hand to run over the "Police List," looks again at the article offered and at the offerer. Experience may not have made him infallible, but his daily dealings have made him wary. If the man

SATURDAY NIGHT AT A PAWNBROKER'S.

is a "wrong 'un" the long delay makes him fidgety, and then "Uncle," confirmed in his suspicions, secretly sends for the man in blue. Sometimes a thief will stay and try to brazen the matter out, at others he makes a dash for liberty, frequently only to run into the arms of an officer waiting at the shop door. If the article be not in the "Police List," or if the pawnbroker be not satisfied in his own mind that the goods have been dishonestly come by, he may decline the goods and let the man depart, for it is a dangerous thing to be too hasty in delivering any one into custody.

Pawnbrokers know that if they take in a stolen article they will have to restore it to the owner, lose the money lent upon it, and attend the courts. That knowledge makes them cautious. Many magistrates and public officials contend that a considerable portion of the property stolen in the Metropolis finds its way into the hands of the pawnbrokers. Every day reports appear in the papers in which stolen goods have been pawned, and there are a still larger number of cases which are not reported. Unquestionably quantities of stolen articles find their way to the pawnbroker, and it is generally a good thing for their owners when they do, for by means of that "automatic detective," the pawn-ticket, they are generally traced and restored. A pawnbroker has to keep a pledge by him for twelve months and give a ticket, which many thieves seem to have a peculiar fondness for preserving. Stolen articles, however, form but an infinitesimal item in the forty-one millions of pledges made yearly. Statistics prepared for the House of Commons show that they fall far short of one per month for each of the 692 pawnbrokers in London.

To redeem a watch or an article of jewellery is an easy matter, and for even the nervous man it has usually no terrors. There are times, however, when the act of redemption is not so easy. Come with me to a busy working neighbourhood like Walworth, where pawnbrokers' shops abound and thousands of homes are dependent upon them. It is Saturday night, and the shop and stall keepers are doing a roaring trade. We turn down a side street, where the lamps do not burn so brightly, and meet a continuous procession of women hurrying away with bundles of all sorts and sizes. Some carry but one, others, assisted by children, have as many as half-a-dozen. They all come from that little door by the side of a pawnbroker's. Standing in the background of the shop, we are confronted by a row of faces peering over the counter. The shop is one that, possibly for the convenience of so large a throng, dispenses with the boxes, and the customers all mingle together. It is a strangely animated scene, with nearly all the characters played by women. It is a rarity to see a man among them, though children are too many for our liking. Girls and even boys are there, all ready with their money, for they may redeem pledges, though the law forbids the pawnbroker to receive a pledge from anyone under the age of sixteen. The women are mostly bare-armed, and look as though they had just come from the wash-tub. They betray no sense of shame if they feel it. They talk and gossip while waiting for their bundles, and are wonderfully polite to the perspiring assistants behind the counter. Though everybody is in a hurry there is little noise or unseemly jostling. An assistant seizes a battered tin bowl, and the front rank of pledgers toss their tickets therein. He then rapidly sorts them out, and gives some to a boy, who darts away to the far end of the counter. The remainder he places in a canvas bag which we have noticed dangling at the end of a string at the back of the shop; he shakes the rope, and immediately the bag is whisked out of sight up the well of the lift used for conveying pledges from the shop to the warehouse above. In a minute it begins to rain bundles until the floor is thickly strewn with them.

In a conspicuous spot on the wall is a notice that no furniture or heavy goods will be delivered after 4 p.m. From that time the rapid delivery of bundles has been proceeding; and so it goes on, hour after hour, Saturday after Saturday, year after year; every pledge produced systematically; no disputes, no haggling about change; unexamined bundles exchanged for money; money swept into a huge till; the whole accompanied with a running fire of bundles from the unseen regions above, hurled down what the pawnbroker calls the "well," but what is more familiarly known as the "spout"

FURNITURE ROOM IN A PAWNBROKER'S WAREHOUSE.

—that spout up which so many things have mysteriously disappeared.

The year round there is an average of 2,000 bundles delivered each Saturday night from this shop, and if we chance that way on the following Monday and Tuesday we shall meet that same procession of women, though this time trooping towards that little side door. Occasionally a man comes on the same errand, shamefacedly trying to conceal his bundle beneath his coat. It is undoubtedly a sad scene for the moralist, but these people know no other way of living, have no place where their Sunday clothes will be safe, have no one but the pawnbroker to apply to when they feel the pinch of hunger. He is their banker and their safe-deposit, and although they know they pay dearly for it in the long run, they are thankful that they have him to turn to in their need. They might easily be worse off, might have no other resource but to sell their sticks and clothes, or, what is as bad, take them to a "Dolly" or "Leaving" shop, so named after the "Black Doll," the conventional sign of the small brokers and rag shops, where articles that a pawnbroker will not receive may be "left" for a short term at high interest. Thanks to the provisions of the Pawnbrokers' Act, the police, so far as London is concerned, have stamped these latter pests out of existence.

The nature of a pawnbroker's business can, perhaps, be best estimated by a visit to his warehouse and an inspection of the heterogeneous collection of pledged articles. This differs, however, with the character of the shop. There are the chief pawnbrokers of London, who lend only on plate, jewellery, and property of the highest description. By the courtesy of Mr. Henry Arthur Attenborough, we were permitted to inspect the well-known premises of Messrs. George Attenborough and Son, at the junction of Chancery Lane with Fleet Street. As in most pawnbrokers', there are the boxes for the general pledger, and in addition there are two or three small offices for the reception of persons who wish to transact their business privately. All sorts and descriptions of men, and women too, come to Messrs. Attenborough. They have lent £7,000 upon a diamond necklet, a present from a royal personage to a celebrated member of the demi-monde, the said necklet being redeemed and deposited again time after time. The coronet of an Austrian nobleman remained in their custody for several years with a loan of £15,000 upon it. A savant pawned the fore-arm and hand of a mummy wearing a fine turquoise scarabæus ring on one of the fingers. Upon the day of our visit we saw that an advance of 1s. 6d. had been made on a ring, and we were shown an application for a loan of £40,000 upon jewellery.

The seamy side of the picture is presented by the warehouse of the pawnbroker, whose chief business consists of pledges of "soft" goods. The whole house from basement to roof is built up in skeleton frames or "stacks," in which the pledges, each carefully done up in a wrapper, are neatly packed, the tickets

to the front. On the first floor the weekly pledges are usually stored, that they may be ready at hand for Saturday night. There is one room devoted to the storage of furniture, in another are rows and rows of pictures, looking-glasses and overmantels. There are shelves for china and glass, ornaments and clocks; tools of every kind, sufficient to start many workshops. In odd corners we come across odd sights—sea boots and the huge boots of a sewerman; a bundle of sweeps' brooms, apparently not very long retired from active employment, picks, spades, fire-irons, musical instruments, cabmens' whips, umbrellas — yes, even a tiny pair of child's shoes—everything.

Of the thousands of pledges stored in a pawnbroker's warehouse the majority are redeemed, but there are many, variously estimated at from 20 to 33 per cent. of the whole, which remain unredeemed at the expiration of the twelve months and seven days' grace. These are known in the trade as "forfeits," and

HER CHILD'S SHOES.

WITH STEALTHY TREAD.

are disposed of in divers ways. Forfeited pledges, upon which sums of less than 10s. have been advanced, become, as already stated, the pawnbroker's property. Some are placed in the sale stock; occasionally the whole bulk of two or three months' forfeits are sold to a dealer at a discount of 15 or 20 per cent. off the price marked upon the tickets, the pawnbroker being anxious to get rid of them at almost any price. The remainder are sent to public auction.

Of the auctioneers who make a speciality of this business the rooms of Messrs. Debenham, Storr and Sons, King Street, Covent Garden, are, perhaps, best known to the public. On the first floor a sale of "fashionable jewellery," silver plate, watches, plated ware, etc., is proceeding. Suspended upon hooks at the far end of the room near the auctioneer's rostrum are watches too numerous to count. You may buy a bundle of them for little more than a sovereign. An irregular horseshoe of glass-topped cases, in which the more important lots are stored,

AN UNWELCOME PLEDGE.

form the boundary of an inner ring, into which the privileged and well-known buyers are alone allowed to enter; wooden desks or tables form the outer boundary for the smaller dealers and that peculiar class of people who haunt the auction-rooms—people who display an interest in every lot, yet have never been known to buy.

Simultaneously a miscellaneous sale of "sporting goods" is taking place on the ground floor. People of quite a different type attend this sale: men of sporting tendencies and horsey appearance take the place of the Jews, who form a large proportion of the buyers at the jewellery sales. Here are sportsmen's knives and bicycles, guns by the score, walking sticks, shooting boots, billiard cues and fishing rods, boxes of cigars, and bottles of champagne or burgundy; all things which no true sportsman should be without.

Incredible as it may seem to the uninitiated, there are thousands of persons in London alone who are making a comfortable living out of "Uncle" by buying or manufacturing and pledging goods. There are regular manufactories where clothing can be purchased at a price which the unwary pawnbroker will advance upon, and several pledges in the course of a day will bring a handsome profit. Plate and jewellery are manufactured for the same purpose. Now it is a gold charm for the watch chain; again it is a silver cigarette box, the weight of which has been considerably increased by the insertion of a piece of base metal between the cedar wood lining and the silver exterior. Everything that the pawnbroker will lend money upon—that is to say everything that has any market value whatever—is manufactured for the sole purpose of deceiving him, while sometimes even the natural beauties of goods are artificially enhanced by the aid of scientific knowledge.

To please his clients, to be careful without giving offence, to prevent fraud, and to detain the guilty while trying to make a little for himself, is no light task. If "Uncle" does not give satisfaction all round it is scarcely to be wondered at. He does his best under difficult and often disagreeable circumstances, and those who are too prone to blame him for a mistake are generally quite ignorant of the nature and extent of his business.

A SALE OF UNREDEEMED GOODS (DEBENHAM, STORR AND SONS).

LONDON SCOTTISH : THE ORDERLY ROOM.

VOLUNTEER LONDON.

By CAPTAIN J. E. COOPER.

THE Londoner born and bred is probably no less attracted than his country cousin by the sight of a regiment of Volunteers. The most casual observer could not fail to notice how greatly Volunteering has become an integral part of the life of the Metropolis. Every evening signs of it are to be noticed, and the occasion of a Church Parade on a Sunday morning is a popular event in many suburbs. The regiment will assemble most probably at its headquarters, all the men as smart in appearance as careful attention to uniform and accoutrements can ensure. For this muster the full-dress head dress is worn, and the men carry side-arms. Preceded by the band, as they march to church, they are sure to be keenly watched by the residents. The service will most likely be conducted by the chaplain of the corps, and there are few preachers who cannot so fit the words of their sermon as to make a definite impression on their hearers. In accordance with military usage the service concludes with "God save the King," and, filing out of their seats, the men form up outside. Once more they march through the streets, where doubtless a throng of persons await their return, and on arrival at head-quarters they will be dismissed.

But Saturday afternoon is, of course, the grand opportunity for an interested spectator. At the Armoury House, Finsbury, he may see the historic Honourable Artillery Company, a lineal descendant of such a train-band as that in which John Gilpin was a captain. The Honourable Artillery Company takes precedence of all Yeomanry and Volunteers, and is amongst the very few corps which have the right to march through the City of London with fixed bayonets. It will be observed that it has two batteries of Horse Artillery, the men of which are clothed in a somewhat similar manner to the Royal Horse Artillery, and an Infantry Battalion, turned out in scarlet and bear-skins, very much like the familiar uniform of the Foot Guards. As a spectacle of pomp and circumstance, let the observer, if possible, be present when the colour is "trooped" by the H.A.C.; and fortunate indeed will he be if he can procure an invitation to one of their dinners, and

listen to the traditional cry of "Zaye, Zaye, Zaye!"

As one passes through the Metropolis many men will be seen, in various uniforms, all wending their way to the rendezvous of their several corps. A goodly number of those in dark green will possibly belong to the 2nd London.

In whatever direction a journey be taken Volunteers will be conspicuous. Passing

Photo. Gregory & Co., Strand, W.C.

THE H.A.C.: A MARCH PAST.

Somerset House may be heard the strains of "God Bless the Prince of Wales," for the 12th Middlesex (Civil Service Rifles), the Prince of Wales's Own, are on parade in the square. We pass on to the School of Arms, a truly fascinating spot for the lover of all kinds of physical exercises. Here take place bouts of fencing—best of training for quickness of hand and eye in combination—and rounds of boxing, an equally exacting test of pluck and good temper. The gymnastic apparatus—parallel bars, horizontal bars, trapeze, rings, vaulting horses, ladders—speak for themselves. The keen activity and collective exactitude displayed by the young athletes would form a convincing proof of how erroneous it is for pessimists to declare that the nation's manhood is degenerating.

Let us now go out into the crowded streets again. Surely that sound we hear is the wail of the pipes? Yes; in a few minutes a kilted battalion marches by in grand style, the 7th Middlesex, the famous London Scottish. "Certainly," remarks a critical bystander, "the physique of the men from over the Border is not to be surpassed." We enter the orderly room of the regiment to find the colonel seated at the table, and the adjutant giving instructions to staff-sergeants. The adjutant is here responsible for the accuracy of no mean amount of correspondence and "Returns," as on the parade ground he is answerable for the instruction of all ranks, and the correctness of drill.

Turn aside for a moment from the purely official side, and look at another aspect of Volunteer life in London. Near Charing

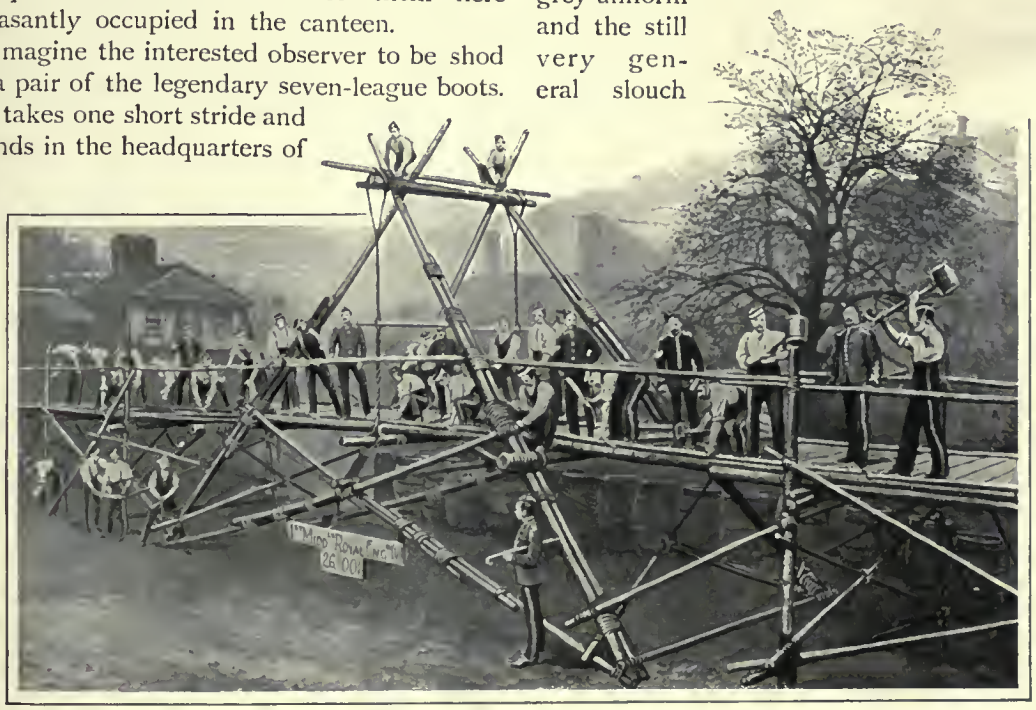
LONDON IRISH : THE CANTEEN.

Cross are the headquarters of the 16th Middlesex, the London Irish. The Emerald Isle has furnished many gallant soldiers for the Empire, and its Volunteer representatives on this side of the water are generally "as smart as paint." We see some of them here pleasantly occupied in the canteen.

Imagine the interested observer to be shod in a pair of the legendary seven-league boots. He takes one short stride and stands in the headquarters of the 1st Middlesex Royal Engineers. Here a detachment is busily at work building a bridge. Without Engineers the best army in the world is likely to be useless. The Engineers render points of vantage accessible, roads passable, woods clear, rivers no hindrance. They extinguish, as it were, time and space by means of the field telegraph. Hard would it be to fix a limit to the extent of their functions of utility.

We next betake ourselves to Hyde Park. On the way let us call at the Guildhall, where a company of the Royal Army Medical Corps (Volunteers) is drilling. The name suggests the province of the corps, as the particular duties pertaining to military ambulance receive most attention.

On reaching Hyde Park a large mass of troops are to be seen taking up position. On the right of the line are over a hundred mounted men, the Mounted Infantry Company of the 13th Middlesex, Queen's Westminster. The corps, in neat grey uniform and the still very general slouch



1ST MIDDLESEX ROYAL ENGINEERS : BRIDGE BUILDING.

hat, is deservedly popular. We go to their headquarters, Buckingham Gate, where we see a line of men awaiting their turn to take the oath of allegiance to the Sovereign and to be duly enrolled. Who will wonder that the line is so long? Yet not a few who wished to be numbered in that line have been rejected. The height standard, the chest-measuring tape, the heart and lungs examination, the sight test, all contribute to their exclusion.

Once more returning to Hyde Park, a strong battalion clothed in a serviceable light grey uniform is encountered. An expert explains that they are the 20th Middlesex, widely known as the Artists'; and before the Park is left behind a party of signallers attracts attention. The men are engaged in "flag-wagging"—the slang term for this method of signalling. Any message can be communicated by means of the Morse alphabet, as far as the movement of the flag can be discerned. A powerful telescope enables flag signals to be read at a considerable distance. By night the same effect, the Morse combination of long and short signs — technically "dashes" and "dots"—can be obtained by the use of a flash-lamp. And great results have been exhibited by the heliograph, which, as its name implies, avails itself of the sun's aid to produce the necessary succession of long and short gleams on a reflector, on the same principle that the naughty boy on a sunny day creates flashes of light on the ceiling of the schoolroom by means of the polished blade of his new pocket-knife. Messages have been directly conveyed a distance of eighty miles by the employment of the heliograph. Ponder these facts and view the signalling party with added respect.

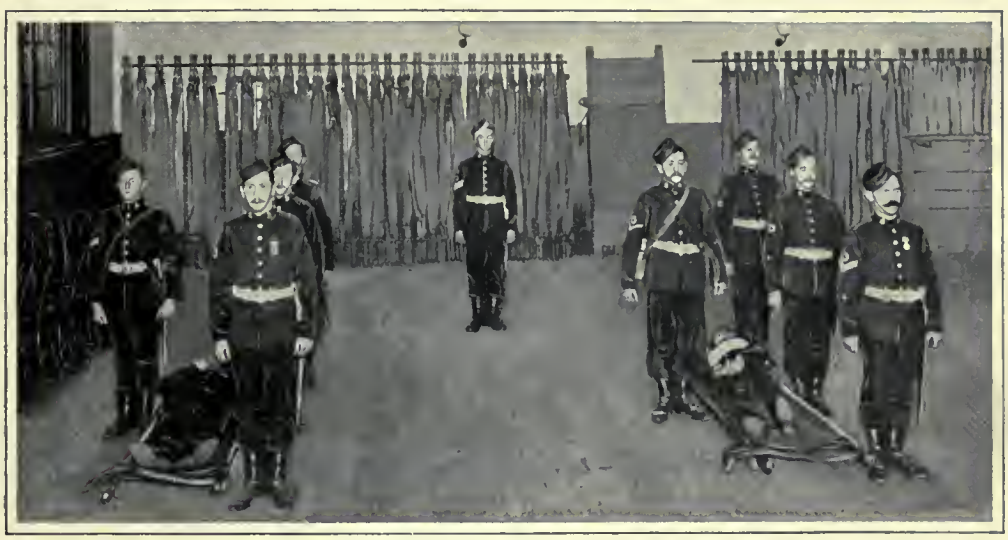
Proceeding to Regent's Park, below the sheen of bayonets a glimpse is caught of scarlet and busbies. A hoarse voice is heard shouting the order "Advance in Column," followed by the voice of a captain giving the command "No. 1, By the Right, Quick March," and the band strikes up "The British Grenadiers." "A Volunteer battalion of the Royal Fusiliers," announces one who knows. In the distance yet another assemblage of citizen soldiers looms in sight. On nearer approach a critic, closely scrutinising, remarks, "All very young — boys in fact." Quite true. They are the 1st Cadet Battalion of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, but as thorough in drill, and as well equipped with signallers, Maxim gun, and ambulance as the most severe, old-fashioned martinet on the one hand, or the most up-to-date theorist on the other, could desire. Think of what a boy learns in a cadet battalion; and, ye educationalists, forget it not that he *likes* to learn it. He is taught how to stand, how to turn, how to march. He is taught the intricacies of squad drill, and, later, of company and battalion movements. Then he is given his carbine, in lieu of the longer rifle, and is instructed in the manual and firing exercises, physical drill with arms, and the bayonet exercise. Judicious attention is paid to aiming drill, and even in the heart of London he can procure a species of target practice and become an accurate marksman by the use of that excellent invention the Morris tube. All the training tends to cause the cadet to acquire habits of discipline, punctuality, and exactitude, which can but stand him in good stead in his journey through life.

Pride of place has been given in this article to the H.A.C.; but the Londoner must not think that he has seen all the Artillery. Let him come to City Road, and watch the members of the 2nd Middlesex Artillery Royal Garrison (Volunteers) engaged in gun-drill. Truly in these days a gunner has much to learn, but then gunnery and its kindred subjects are most absorbing studies. See, in the hall, the concentrated attention of a batch of recruits while a patient lecturer is giving theoretical instruction. Outside a detachment is seen, all the men with their coats off, evidently prepared for "Repository exercise." They are about to lift and move a heavy gun, and then to mount it on a carriage.

Again we go down into the heart of London and pass within the charming precincts of Lincoln's Inn. On one side of Stone Buildings is the orderly room of the 14th Middlesex Volunteer Rifle Corps. The 14th Middlesex are the Inns of Court Rifles, and, owing to the legal profession of the members, are known to the humorist as the "Devil's Own."

It is meet and right now to journey

CIVIL SERVICE RIFLES : SCHOOL OF ARMS.



ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS (VOLUNTEERS): AT DRILL.

QUEEN'S WESTMINSTERS : ENROLLING RECRUITS.

VICTORIA AND ST. GEORGE'S M.I. : RIDING DRILL.

to Westminster, to 45A, Horseferry Road, the home of the Cyclist Corps. The members of the 26th Middlesex are all cyclists, and are drilled and exercised as such, hence the official title. At present the Corps is attached to the 2nd (South) Middlesex Volunteer Rifle Corps ; but it is not unlikely that eventually, on adding to the strength, it will have a separate identity. Particularly worthy of attention is the Maxim gun, most ingeniously mounted on cycles, a weapon with which the special detachment has several times given a striking display. The sight of this mobile corps suggests Infantry differently mounted. The above illustration affords a characteristic scene of some members of the Mounted Infantry Company of the Victoria and St. George's Rifles qualifying themselves in military equitation at the Riding School in the barracks, St. John's Wood.

A view has now been granted of various corps representing all branches of the service, and nearly always occupied in learning or practising in some form their professional duties as soldiers of the King. But many, nay most, of our London Volunteers become more closely knit together, and their *esprit de corps* thereby increased, through the opportunities for social intercourse their regiments afford. As a gradual step from grave to gay, attend a parade of a very "crack" corps in the Volunteer Force, the London Rifle Brigade, on an occasion when a leading feature is the presentation of "The Volunteer Long Service Medal" to those veterans who have completed twenty years' service. In London the recipients are not unlikely to receive it from the hands of the general commanding the Home District ; and the proceedings naturally arouse enthusiasm and the spirit of emulation in the breasts of the younger Volunteers present in the ranks. Another somewhat similar *fête* will be the annual distribution of prizes. The greater number of prizes are, of course, generally awarded for success in shooting ; but knowledge of and smartness in drill, attendance at parade, and skill in almost any gymnastic exercise or fencing are not often left unrewarded.

On another evening we attend a smoking concert of some Volunteer regiment, nearly always an agreeable *réunion*. Every corps as a general rule possesses a sufficiency of musical talent, and the songs are usually well-chosen and popular. The good-feeling existing between officers and men is also apparent.

In this article little or nothing has been said about the relative positions of the different ranks. In London especially, it may often happen that home or civilian relationships are completely reversed on donning the King's uniform. Yet a combination of tact, common-sense, and soldierly instincts has rendered unpleasantness from this cause practically unknown. Still, at the military quarters of the corps, rooms and general accommodation are necessarily

separate for the officers, sergeants, and men. Particularly well-arranged and commodious are the headquarters of the 17th (North) Middlesex V.R.C., situated in High Street, Camden Town. Entering through an arched gateway, we first get a peep at a good-sized drill hall. Turning to the left we pass the orderly room, and proceed up a number of stone steps distinctly suggestive of barrack life. After having noticed the sergeants' mess we go further down the passage and reach the spacious mess-room of the officers. Here, if we cannot be present on a guest night and drink the health in response to the formula "Mr. Vice, the King," "Gentlemen, the King," we are at least sure to be hospitably entertained.

Acquaintance with the social side of Volunteering in London is not complete without attending a Volunteer ball. Soldiers are proverbially the best of hosts, and as now on the parade ground the Volunteers are in very close touch with the Regulars, so in the ball-room they perform their duties in an equally soldierly manner. How attractive is the scene! The extensive room, the brilliant lights shining on an artistic arrangement of weapons and the regimental crest, the gay uniforms, all contribute to produce a picturesque effect. And how excellently is the music performed by the regimental band!

Do not, however, imagine that Volunteer life in London is all "beer and skittles." Many of the duties that sound quite fascinating when mentioned are wearisome and tedious when the novelty has worn off. It is hard for a man, after a long and harassing day's work, to turn out and drill attentively, perhaps having to journey far from his home to do so. Then those who desire promotion must contrive to study no small amount of technical matter, and will have to face searching examinations. It would be easy to multiply drawbacks. But, all said and done, the days spent in Volunteering generally stand out in a man's memory as amongst those he would wish to live again. We have been accused of being "a nation of shopkeepers." But our thousands of citizen soldiers—"the boys who mind the shop," as *Punch* once so happily put it—prove that the military instinct is far from being dead within us.

26TH MIDDLESEX CYCLIST CORPS: A GUN TEAM.

AT PICCADILLY CIRCUS.

LONDON'S FLOWER GIRLS.

By P. F. WILLIAM RYAN.

PICCADILLY CIRCUS is a brilliant whirl! Vehicles of every size and colour roll hither and thither. Pedestrians, obviously much concerned for the safety of their bones, step briskly from the circumference to the centre, or *vice versâ*, sometimes sacrificing dignity to a comical little trot. The air quivers with a thousand blended sounds, in which nothing is clear but the frequent tinkle of the 'bus conductor's bell. In the centre of the changeful scene, the bevy of flower girls, seated on the steps of the Shaftesbury Fountain, are models of industrious and stolid indifference.

They are fashioning buttonholes. In a small way they are rivals of the great florists in Regent Street or Piccadilly. How artistically their stock is disposed! Delicate roses are perched coquettishly on stakes a foot high, which stand in baskets of dark-green moss. And what colour combinations! Every vagary of taste is anticipated. Business is brisk. Between attending to customers and preparing for them they seem to have scarcely an idle minute. But as the sun goes down you may sometimes see a flower girl absorbed in her evening paper, while gilded London throbs around her.

The Shaftesbury Fountain is a luxurious position for the flower-sellers compared with some others. At the junction of Charing Cross Road with Oxford Street they have to stand at the kerb hour after hour, their baskets suspended from their necks by a strap. Their busiest time is Saturday night; and on a fine Sunday they do a roaring trade with pedestrians making their way to Hyde Park. The flower girls at Ludgate Hill are in much the same line of business. They too, stand at the kerb. But the fever of the' City has touched them, and they push their wares much more vigorously.

For the flower hawker, Ludgate Hill is one of the best thoroughfares. Profit is light, but the turnover is rapid. During the middle of the day people making their way to and from luncheon or dinner throng the footpaths. Working girls form a large proportion of the crowds; they are frequent purchasers.

A well-defined economic law decides whether a flower girl shall sell bouquets or

loose flowers, or both. Where women are the chief purchasers loose flowers or large bunches predominate. Oxford Circus is the headquarters of this trade. But Westbourne Grove, the great shopping centre of the Bayswater district, runs it very close as a mart for loose flowers. On a smaller scale, one sees the same thing in Euston Road, and in Southampton Row, the favourite resort of the Bloomsbury flower girl.

The buttonhole is a speciality of the Royal Exchange flower girls. Amongst their patrons there are no ladies. The well-to-do City man is a dapper fellow, who feels that his coat fits all the better for being decorated with a smart flower. The women who sit in the shadow of the Duke of Wellington's monument sometimes make seven or eight shillings in a day out of this little foible of his. Outside some railway stations seasonable buttonholes are generally on sale. This is so at Ludgate Hill Station, Cannon Street, King's Cross, and Victoria. But railway stations do not seem to be favourite stands for flower sellers. You seldom see one at such important places as Euston, the Great Central, Paddington, or Waterloo.

One branch of the trade is plied mainly at night. See its representative in an oldish draggled woman, framed in a panel of white light, cast on the pavement by a flaming shop-front. She sells in public-houses It is a precarious mode of obtaining a livelihood, for the publican often gives the hawker an inhospitable reception, lest she should annoy his customers. Nevertheless, it is a form of the industry that flourishes in almost every quarter of London. The best locality for it is the neighbourhood of Leicester Square. If the public-house hawker carries a basket it is a sign of prosperity. Many flower sellers who visit the public bars at night make a tour of the residential streets by day, calling at likely houses to show their gladiolas and asters, and perhaps huge bunches of sunflowers, or whatever else happen to be the flowers of the season. The coster frequently hawks not only cut flowers but potted plants and stunted shrubs for house decorations. A neat hand-cart, laden with flower-pots artistically decorated, may regularly be seen passing through the streets, in charge of a prosperous-looking couple—the woman perhaps carrying a gaily-dressed flower-pot. The restaurants are their best customers.

Amongst the army of flower girls are skirmishers who "advance to the attack." St. Paul's Churchyard is the skirmishers' paradise. Sir Robert Peel's statue at the western end of Cheapside is their base of operations. They leave their stock around the pedestal while they move about, lynx-eyed, eager, prompt. It requires boundless energy to bring their wares under the eyes of the sprinkling of people in that jostling crowd who are potential purchasers, and need but to be tactfully tempted. There are often as many as nine girls at the statue; but that is only for a minute or two, to replenish their stock from the reserve. They are quickly off again to the kerbstone. The skirmisher in the Strand or Fleet Street has an easier time. But there, trade is far from being so lively. For flower girls of this class Primrose Day is a golden anniversary. Many volunteers, however, divert much of the profit from the pockets of the regular members of the craft. Such interlopers are not welcome. There is also a sort of militia who join the ranks of flower sellers every Saturday night, especially in summer, having bought their rather faded stock for a trifle from the ordinary hawkers.

Covent Garden market in the morning is the place to see the various types. You notice that the prosperous flower "girl" is more often a woman than a girl, and that in the

SHOWY AND CHEAP.

dress of all there is a remarkable similarity. A trio are bargaining over a box of China asters, that look like the face of a finely wrought marble slab. They wear large black knitted shawls, hanging loosely from their shoulders, and wide white aprons with mitred hems. A trifle lends them a slightly un-English air. It is their large earrings. A melancholy-looking woman of middle age bends over a box of sweet pea. Her dark hair is parted in the middle. A rusty bonnet is set far back upon her head. Her apron is also mitred, and her shawl is home-knitted, but its ends are fastened by the belt of her apron. Not far away is a girl whose hair is drawn tightly into little knobs with curling-pins. A fat slattern with twinkling eyes is considering the saleable prospects of a box of apple blossom. A beautiful species of speckled lily engages the attention of a young woman with much jet embroidery on her tightly-fitting black silk bodice. She is of the aristocracy; and so too is a scrupulously tidy old lady, with a self-centred air that suggests a snug bank account. A great number of flower girls attend the weekly services at their mission hall in Clerkenwell —the headquarters, by the way, of the Flower Girls' Christian Mission, an institution which from its birth attracted many earnest and generous friends, amongst the number the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. On such occasions the girls avail themselves of the resources of their wardrobe with becoming pride. But it is at a wedding that a flower girl's delight in warmth of colouring is most palpable. Flowers are not obtrusive; but her hat, her frock, her jewellery are tropical in their contempt for sedate tones.

ROUND SIR ROBERT PEEL'S STATUE (CHEAPSIDE).

OUTSIDE LUDGATE HILL STATION.

Tea and bread and butter at Covent Garden are often the flower girl's breakfast. More usually she has her meal before leaving her home, especially if she is well off. Her husband, if in the trade, sometimes fetches her midday meal. After buying her flowers, she generally proceeds at once to her stand, which may be a couple of miles away. Nowhere is competition keener than in the East-End. On Saturdays particularly, baskets and barrows of flowers make many bright

"VIOLETS."

splashes in High Street, Whitechapel. In Aldgate, principally near the Metropolitan Railway Station, there is a large trade done in buttonholes and loose flowers. The passers-by are mostly Jews. Yet, strangely enough, one rarely, if ever, sees a Jewish flower girl. Working men returning home buy large bunches of loose flowers in Whitechapel to brighten their humble tenements on Sunday. The weary-looking factory girls cannot resist the temptation to take half a dozen roses for a penny. Jewesses dressed in their best for the Hebrew Sabbath are also good customers.

The flower girl tries to avoid bringing home any of her stock save on Saturday night, which must of course be an exception if she purposes to work next day. At Piccadilly and Oxford Circus, and all the principal stands, business goes on much as usual on Sundays. The very prosperous, however, begin the week by taking a rest, while women with families often remain at home a day in mid-week to do their house-work. For the well-to-do a summer holiday out of town is not uncommon. On Sundays many flower girls, with admirable shrewdness, flock to the leading hospitals to dispose of their stock to visitors at somewhat reduced prices. In some quarters the hawkers make Sunday rather depressing with a display of funeral wreaths of doubtful freshness.

Now and then the flower girl stands out vividly from the crowded canvas of the streets. Perhaps she is little more than a child, and holds out a solitary bunch of violets. Observe, too, a mother and daughter —at least you guess that to be the relationship—standing at the kerb opposite a big tobacconist's in Oxford Street. Just for a moment their pose is matchless, as for some reason they search each other's eyes, seriously, questioningly. The girl is a lovely dark-eyed creature, with raven hair brushed back from her forehead, and tied with a ragged crimson ribbon. One bare, earth-stained toe peeps through a worn, misshapen boot. A small basket hangs from her neck by a piece of cord; and cord to match fastens her boots!

Here is a pretty incident of the pavement. A young exquisite, whose business in life might be the spending of a handsome allowance, pauses to take a lovely flesh-coloured rose nestling in maïdenhair from a girl-woman; a young mother, you feel sure, as you note the melting tenderness in the depths of her eyes and the waxen hue of her fingers. A piece of silver passes between them, and he turns on his heel. He is above small change.

AT OXFORD CIRCUS.

There are flower girls the poorest of the poor. To them winter is pitiless. You have only just turned your back on the glitter of a theatre perhaps. The north-east wind and December sleet sting your face. As you hurry forward, a bloodless hand at the street corner is outstretched with dripping blossoms. From beneath the drenched shawl comes a faint cry—a baby's tiny voice. That is one of the haunting, heart-breaking spectres of the great city!

The flower girl's funeral! It must come. Sometimes it is the last act in a sombre drama. But happily not always. There was one that fell in the opening days of this century. Its memory will live long. She was a white-haired woman of seventy when the Reaper beckoned her away. But even so, her heart was young at the end. For her life was lived in the midst of life where, year in year out, the pace never slackens and one loses count of time. Her sisters of the craft came from far and near to say good-bye. Around the sleeper they strewed lily-of-the-valley, and violets, and snowdrops, and rare blooms their pockets could ill afford, for it was winter, when choice flowers were scarce.

The last journey to Kensal Green was taken with a funeral car and four horses; two mourning coaches, and six cabs! The number will never be forgotten, will not at all events ever grow less. They ranged themselves round the graveside, silent, puzzled, solemn, their eyes fixed curiously on the gaping bed. Sharp contrasts they presented: some quite young, some more than middle-aged. One worn and haggard, another bronzed and vigorous. Here a flabby matron, there a refined-looking girl. None prim—a few rakish. Not a tear was shed. They had no tears. From infancy they had been out in the storm, hardening in the stern school! But over all was the glamour of simplicity, the poetry of rugged truth. When the first horrid rattle of earth on timber changed to the muffled thud of earth on earth the spell was broken, their tongues were loosened. It sounded strange to hear the young ones, mere slips of girlhood, speaking of her glibly by name as though she was the flower girl still. . . .

The men rested upon the handles of their shovels while lovely wreaths and crosses were heaped on the freshly-turned clay. It was her last stock, left there to yield up all their sweetness for her—just as though she were a fine lady for whom flowers were grown, only to die at her breast!

A FLOWER GIRL'S GRAVE.

MUSEUM-LAND IN LONDON.

By JAMES BARR.

IN the heart of London there is a land where speech is hushed and the soul of silence reigns; a land where dwell the people of sibilant tongue, and to which doors are closed and when night spreads its black mantle over grinning idol and dried human head, the silence is denser indeed, but only a little denser than it has been all

BRITISH MUSEUM: THE READING ROOM.

hasten those of the soft tread; a region of silence and of drift — Museum-land. Thrown up by the waves of time and caught in shelves and cases, as flotsam caught in the crannies of the cliffs, is the quaint drift-wood of the world; and to view this come the people, who stare and pass on. And those that dwell in the land, they hear nothing of the roar that fills the outside world, but their ears catch the sounds of silting feet and the sibilant whisper. All day long the people drift, drift, drift, through the highways and byways of the dim land; but even when day. The policeman's foot sets up a more hollow sound, but a not much louder din than it did during the hours when Museum-land was a land for the people.

To the English-speaking world "The Museum" means one Museum, and that is the British. Secure a permit and slip into the Reading Room! At once the similarity to a mighty hive is evident: the lofty dome, the busy workers, the hum and buzz, the little hole-like door at the far point where in and out crawl the bee-like workers, as it were, bringing in the honey in the shape of books,

to be consumed by the human bees inside, who grow big through much eating. Every visitor sees this startling likeness to a hive. But how few know that the likeness is carried even farther? Round this hive, behind unseen doors, are miles and miles of honeycomb cells, narrow, dim passages, one on top of the other, divided by gratings through which an uncertain amount of light from the glass roof slides down; and against the walls of each passage is stored the honey of ages, the books of all lands and all times; and here are many workers in semi-gloom and still air. These store back the particles when those in the hive have finished, or produce fresh sweets as they are called for. This honeycomb in itself is one of the most wonderful curiosities of the Museum, and to be ushered in and led through a section will give one a better idea of the enormous resources of the Museum than any amount of listless gazing at the show cases.

BRITISH MUSEUM: A LECTURE IN THE ASSYRIAN GALLERY.

Directly opposite the door by which one enters the great Reading Room is the passage which leads to the home of all the most precious books the library contains. Before one can gain permission to visit this—the Holy of Holies—one must first have secured entrance to the Reading Room, and there obtained specific permission to be shown into the inner room.

But this British Museum is a region of many unseen or seldom seen nooks, to enter which one must either get written leave or at least ring a bell. The jangle of a bell usually betokens the waking up of an expert in some out-of-the-way path in knowledge, old coins and medals, china, flint finds, ancient prints and paintings from India, and such-like curiosities. From every quarter of the world come strangers with things precious and things they think precious carefully hugged to their heart, and no matter what its class, or where it comes from, there is a cool-brained, cold-eyed expert who takes the thing, turns it one critical turn, and tells the anxious owner exactly what it is, where it came from, and what it is worth.

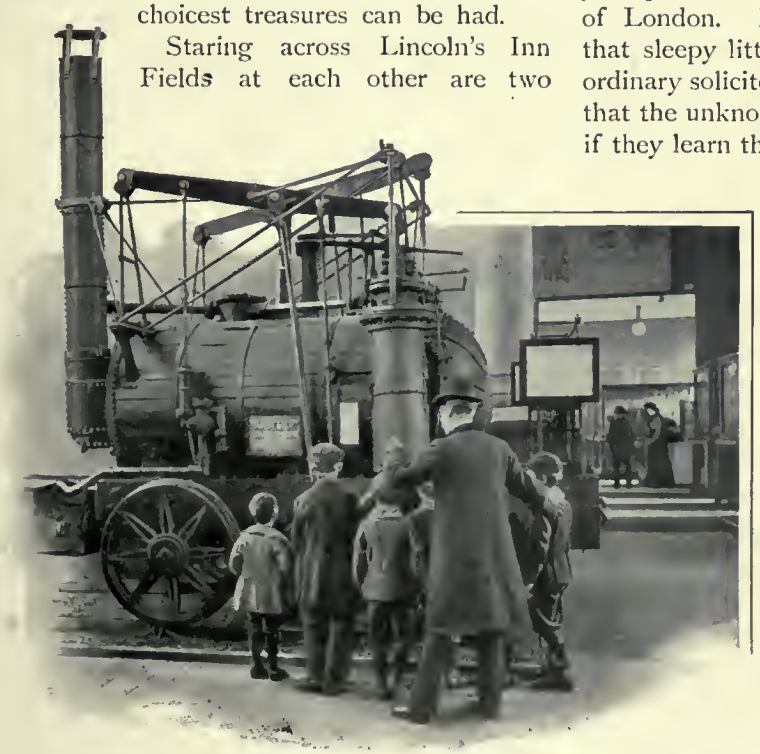
However, the majority of people shun bells and stick to the "open road," and this road leads quickly through strange lands and distant ages. If you are so favoured by fortune as to come upon a lecturer surrounded by his little knot of listeners industriously going through, we'll say, the Assyrian Gallery, attach yourself to the party and listen to the strange things he tells. For a few minutes it will strike you as almost unholy to hear a man speaking loudly in a museum, more especially among those mammoth personifications of silence the stone bulls; but this feeling will wear away, and you will enjoy an experience typical of the educational side of this many-sided institution.

In museums everyone employed, whatever

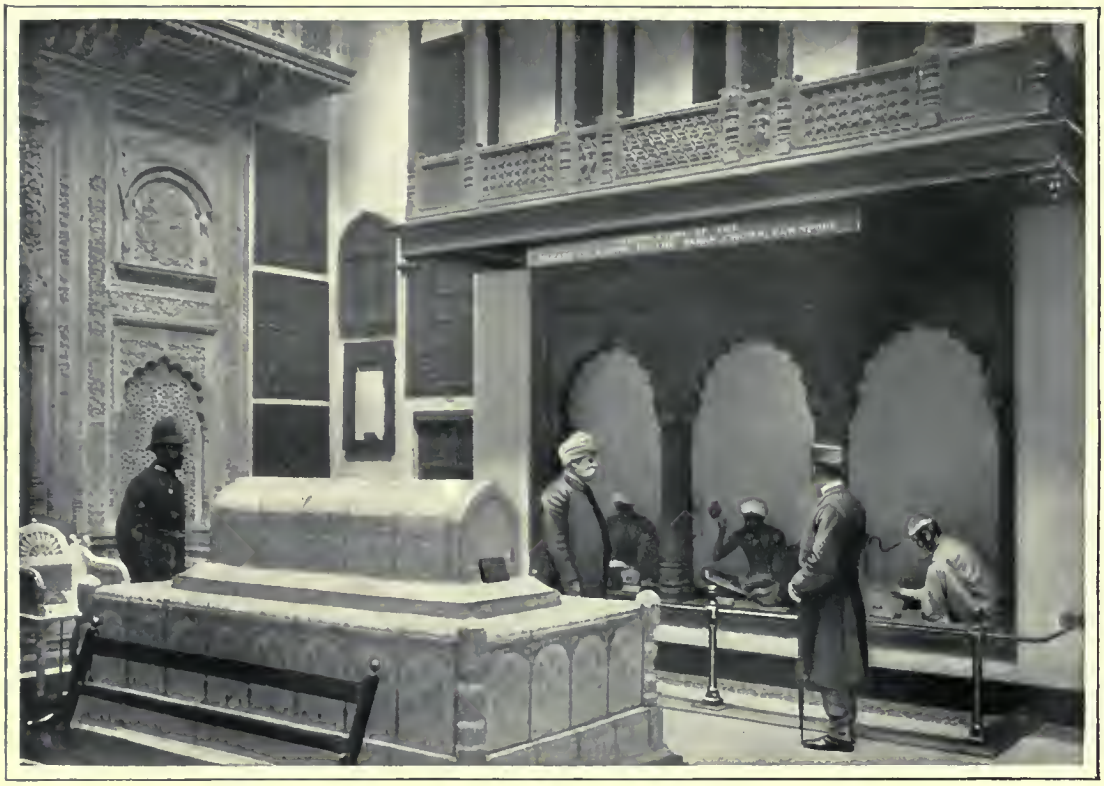
his position, is in a way a detective. This is a necessity. Museum treasures are in danger from almost every description of the unregenerate, ranging from the maniac who smashes into smithereens the Portland Vase to the cowardly sneak who surreptitiously tears a rare engraving out of a book. Not one visitor in a thousand is able to recognise the Museum detectives. For instance, if you slip in to see the Portland Vase, you are sure to find a gentleman gazing with mighty admiration at the treasure. He looks for all the world like an ordinary spectator; but drop in again next day or next month, and you will still find him there. His eggs are all in one basket, and he watches that basket. The thief who steals for mercenary profit, although he is found at museums, is nothing like so dangerous a character as the dishonest man with a mania for collecting, or the savage who loves destruction for its own sake. Thus to their ordinary duties is added that of keeping a sharp eye on all who enter the place, and especially those who have in their possession for a time precious books and specimens. Therefore it is that in the British Museum there are many bells to ring and doors to be knocked at before a glance at the choicest treasures can be had.

BRITISH MUSEUM: LOOKING AT THE PORTLAND VASE.

Staring across Lincoln's Inn Fields at each other are two museums so totally dissimilar that their juxtaposition is one of the grim humours of London. Facing towards the south is that sleepy little Soane Museum, so like an ordinary solicitor's office of the usual Inn type that the unknowing hundreds who daily pass, if they learn the nature of the building at all, learn only by chance. A century ago this dwelling-house belonged to Sir John Soane, an architect famous in his generation, and when he died he left the house with all its treasures—the collection of a busy life-time—to the public. Few Londoners consult a guide-book dealing with London, therefore few know of this Museum, the names on its visitors' book being mostly foreign and provincial. To enter the place is to step into a section of the sleepy mediæval. Somewhere in the loft of the building one knows there is a curator,



VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: "PUFFING BILLY."



INDIAN MUSEUM: FAÇADE OF A NATIVE SHOP.

UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION MUSEUM: MODEL OF TRAFALGAR.

and a silent-voiced man shows one through the rooms full of strange inanimate things, but empty of all animate. Of all the denizens of Museum-land not one is so lonely, so sleepy, so empty of human life: the din and stress of Hogarth's "Election" and his "Rake's Progress" almost seem out of place on its walls. Soane's Museum, too, hibernates during the winter, going to sleep at the end of August and waking again in March.

Across the "Fields" and facing the north is the other museum, wide awake and full of horrors. The entrance to the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons is as noble as the Soane is unpretentious, and those who flock to its doors are of the bustling, breezy stamp of character, for few except surgeons and medical students care to visit this place of skulls and bones, and of bottles filled with "specimens" in spirits. Inside, the light falls strong and glaring on the exhibits, and before cases sit the medical students, book in hand, alternately reading a paragraph and gazing upon the bottled object to which the paragraph refers. In this section of Museum-land no children wander, and few womenkind visit it. Indeed, it is not a place for those that do not care for ghastly sights and the glint of steel lances and cruelly-shaped instruments.

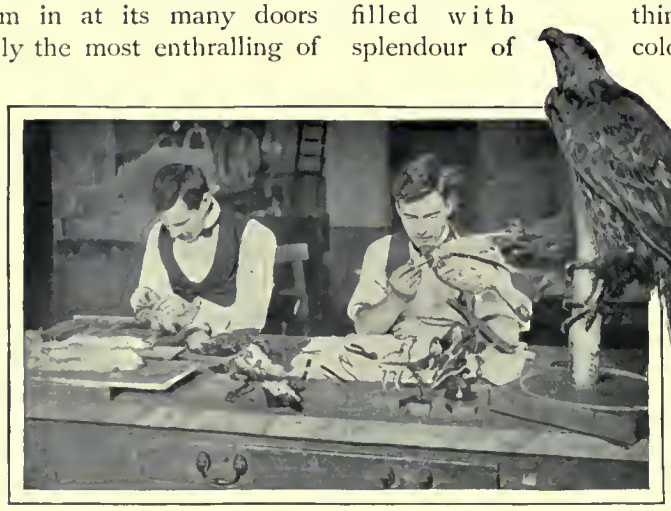
It is strange that people should hate the surgeon's knife, yet love the bayonet and the sabre. The change from the Surgeons' Museum to that of the Sailors and Soldiers—the United Service Institution Museum—is a striking one. Our country's defenders were fortunate in obtaining possession of the historic Banquetting Hall in Whitehall, from one of the windows of which King Charles stepped to the place of his execution. In this ancient and majestic room the Services have stored their curiosities, relics of many a fierce fight and fruitful adventure, and among these sailors and soldiers stride in numbers, for all who wear the uniform of his Majesty are made welcome without price. The blue jacket and the red or khaki coat are the predominating garb to be seen, and the comments heard smack of the salt sea and the tented field. The centre of popularity in this place is the mighty model of the Battle of Trafalgar, little white battered motionless ships, friends and enemies apparently in a hopeless mix, upon an equally motionless sea of glass. The attendants—some of whom are shown in our photographic illustration on the opposite page, and who are all retired sailors and soldiers—are taught to explain the fight to visitors. There is a breezy air of jollity abroad in this Museum, for even the civilians who pay their sixpences at the door are for the most part of the healthy, lusty sort, as should be when strife and struggle are the themes brought to mind by the objects all about.

South Kensington, the home of museums, has not one so popular as that of the alive-seeming dead, the Natural History Museum. All people love contrasts, and those who take care of this Museum and guard its treasures live in an atmosphere of contrasts. Exhibit contrasts strongly with exhibit, visitor with visitor. Here flock the little children; hither hobble the aged. Like takes to like. The daintily-caparisoned children cluster round the glass cases of exquisitely-plumaged birds and soft-furred animals; the aged and dried, spectacles on forehead, peer searchingly at the bones of beasts that disappeared as living things from this earth ages ago. Each of the staff that guards over the alive-seeming dead is deeply learned in Nature's lore, and, as part of their recompense, they see treasures which the drifting public are not privileged to behold. For the exhibits that so proudly display plumage and fur to the casual sightseer are by no means the best specimens of their time and tribe in this bit of Museum-land.

The truth is that light kills colour; brightness of plumage is dimmed, blackness of fur is blurred, by the light that floods in through museum windows. So it comes to pass that not in the public halls, but in dark basements, are the true treasures of this Museum, and there they may be seen by those who can gain entrance. Down in the gloom student and custodian turn over and study the skins of birds and beasts in all their pristine glory, for those pelts and hides and skins that are the choicest specimens of their kind are all hidden away from the garish light, so that only the people who have a serious interest in the exhibits are allowed to handle and hold them. Under this roof in South Kensington the staff is

small, but the real roof of the Natural History Museum is the blue sky, and under it, in all impossible places of the world, scurry men, gun or net or trap or hook in hand, surprising the unwary, circumventing the cunning of Nature to add to the shelves or dark rooms of this building, which, like the Nature it represents, has an appetite that is insatiable. The "Living" Natural History Museum, therefore, is not to be found at South Kensington, but is scattered over the face of the globe, wherever insect crawls, beast runs, or bird flies.

Near to the home of Natural History stands that amorphous bit of Museum-land now known to the public as the "Victoria and Albert." This Museum sprawls over a vast extent of ground, and its exact shape is not easily grasped, while, as to its moods and its personalities, they are many, ranging from the dreamy, Eastern, mystic show of gaudy things in the Indian Section to the harsh practical pulsations of the Western machinist's constructive genius. And with the visitors who stream in at its many doors the practical is easily the most enthralling of its moods. Stand and glance at the great vista of working models of engines. The wheels turn silently, the little pistons dodge forward and back, everything working mysteriously silent. But clustered about each indolently industrious machine see the big-eyed, excited knot of boys, watching every motion, skipping about and straining for a better view of the polished model. And then the joy of actually feasting eyes and surreptitiously laying fingers on "Puffing Billy"! The unattached urchin raises a "whoop" when he first sights the ancient locomotive, and the schoolboy shepherded by his master, although less demonstrative, is quite as gleeful. To see a crowd of schoolboys examining this old engine makes one wonder what boys admired before engines were invented. This section of the "Victoria and Albert" is the happy hunting ground of the lads of London; lads by themselves, school lads with a master trying his best to keep some sort of order among his bevy, and to tear the atoms of his class away from the mechanical toys. In this portion of the Museum is certainly to be seen one of the heart-warming sights of Living London.



NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM: PREPARING SPECIMENS FOR EXHIBITION.

Contrast makes London what she is, a city of more lights and shadows than any other place in the world. And here in South Kensington the contrast is great. From the Engineering Section of the Museum one should skip across to the Indian Museum, which nestles by the impressive Imperial Institute. Once inside, the visitor finds himself transported to the Orient. All the indolence of the East is in the air, the atmosphere is heavy and the light subdued, and the attendants who stand among the cases filled with things barbaric in the splendour of colour, seem to dream the hours away. There is no bustle, no sense of unrest, and the visitors are few. In at the door occasionally drift groups of picturesque natives of the great empire of India, and these loitering through, looking at things familiar to their eyes, seem part of the Museum itself.

Altogether Museum-land can scarcely be called a part of Living London; it would be nearer the truth to name it dreaming London, sleeping London. Living seems to infer bustle and noise and strife, but in Museum-land all these are far away; are swallowed up in an all-encompassing silence and subdued lights.

NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM,
SOUTH KENSINGTON.

"MONKEY BOATS" WAITING AT ENTRANCE TO ISLINGTON TUNNEL.

ON LONDON'S CANALS.

By DESMOND YOUNG.

A STAGNANT waterway, on which slides a narrow, slender "monkey boat" drawn by a horse that occasionally gets his head down at so much collar work. In front of the animal a budding bargee (he ranks as fourth mate—or fifth, or sixth), with a fine display of shirt sleeve and a gift of repartee never allowed to lie dormant when the tow line gets crossed. Now and again he makes a flick at a fly on the horse's "near" ear, thereby hurting his charge considerably more than the insect. In the stern of the boat, behind the entrance to the cabin, on top of which a caged throstle pours out a ceaseless song, and partly hidden from view by the dog kennel—perhaps a soap box or an old caustic soda tin—a buxom female whose russet face is framed in a print sun-bonnet of the "truly rural" pattern, her hand on the tiller, her eyes generally looking ahead, as a good steerswoman's should.

The picture is familiar to bridge loungers in many parts of London, though it is much more frequently to be seen north of the Thames than south. Not very often is it to be witnessed on the Surrey Canal, because that "cut" leads nowhere, running as it does only from Rotherhithe to Camberwell Road and on the way throwing out an arm to Peckham. But on the Grand Junction and the Regent's it is common. While the craft that frequent the one are mostly wide, mastless boats for local traffic and brown-winged barges which bring chalk, flints, and the like from Kentish and Essex ports and take away in exchange coke and other products, the majority of the tiny argosies on the northern canals carry everything and go everywhere. They are "monkey boats," or, as they are called in the country, "fly boats." The origin of that term is plain. "Fly boats" are the greyhounds of inland waterways. Given anything like "good luck," they can reel off on an average about four miles an hour.

Flat barges (never to be classed with "monkey boats," any more than you can lump together dirty ocean "tramps" and crack liners) there are, of course, on the Grand Junction and the Regent's also; but it is on them only that you see many "monkey boats." Life on these arteries,

indeed, is really canal life; and a trip along the Regent's, moreover, is an epitome of canal navigation in general.

Leaving Paddington on the right, a boat bound for the City Road Basin or Limehouse is drawn as far as Maida Vale. There the towing path ends at a tunnel, which has to be passed through by "legging." Meanwhile, the captain, having come on in advance, has hunted up a man, or, if he is not in the humour for much exertion—and "legging" *is* work—two men. The canal company allows for only one assistant, and if the skipper engages an extra help the shilling he has to give him comes out of his own pocket. By the time the boat reaches the tunnel nearly everything is in readiness for the subterranean journey. Two "wings" are fixed to the sides of the boat so that they project at right angles to the keel, on these the men throw themselves at full length, having previously tucked up a coat, or anything else that is handy, for a pillow, and then away into the pitchy darkness—absolute darkness, save for the light from a single lamp. Under villas and roads and gardens the little craft goes, propelled by the two men pushing their feet against the wall—which is worn away from end to end by contact with hob-nails—till the day dawns again.

After leaving this bore the horse takes up his burden anew, and there is a stretch of sylvan scenery, succeeded by miles of houses relieved by an occasional wharf. Presently another arch, on the left of which is fixed a signal that seems to have strayed from the iron road, stretches over the waterway. This is Caledonian Bridge—the western entrance to the longest tunnel on the canal.

READY TO START "LEGGING."

Again does the little "flyer" glide under London, this time drawn, in the wake of other boats and barges which have been waiting, by an engine suggesting an impossible compromise between a locomotive and a raft: under thousands of toiling citizens, under busy Chapel Street, under the Agricultural Hall, under the New River, the presence of which is unpleasantly manifested by water dropping from the roof, to emerge at last at Colebrooke Row, three-quarters of a mile, by tunnel, from Caledonian Bridge.

The rest of the journey is easy. To drop down to the City Road Basin or to Limehouse is plain sailing, everyday work, the work which the idler sees and which seems neither hard nor disagreeable.

Ah! that picture! The eye, taking in merely the broad details, does not see that the principal figure—the woman at the helm—is often steering, suckling her last born, watching her older children on the cabin floor, lest they come to harm, and paying attention to the pot on the top bar simultaneously. And the little inhabitants of the floating home need to be carefully watched. Be sure of that. You will have to take a long walk on the towing path before you find a boy or girl of fifteen who has not had at least one narrow escape from drowning. In fact, your journey would extend from London to Liverpool, if not farther. To understand canal life aright, moreover, other pictures need to be viewed. You want to be in Mark Lane sometimes, and see the good wife, when her boat is tethered to a wharf, and when she is supposed to be resting, turn up, alert and businesslike, ready to receive orders for the return journey to Birmingham, Nottingham, Stoke, Wolverhampton, Derby, or elsewhere. Not that the titular skipper always, or even generally, casts this burden on the broad shoulders of his spouse. She does his work a great deal oftener than she should—that is all.

A HALT FOR REFRESHMENT.

"My dear woman," said a staid City merchant, looking hard over his spectacles at a buxom figure in petticoats who had come straight from the canal bank, "where—*where* is your husband?" "My man?" quoth the feminine skipper. "Oh, I can't trust he!" In that remark there is a whole volume. The "cut," too, should be seen at early morn and late at night. Long before London is awake—at half-past four or five o'clock—the boat-woman is astir, and it is asleep when she lies down to rest.

And that cosy-looking little cabin, is that what it seems? Drop into it, and you find yourself in a home with rather less elbow room than a railway compartment—to be exact, about 250 cubic feet. On your right is a locker forming a seat, on your left a small stove, or, if the boat is new, perhaps a range, polished a beautiful glossy black and the brass rods above it, as well as the ornaments at the side nearest the bow, glistening like burnished gold, for the women, as a rule, keep their domiciles spotless. Beyond the fireplace knobs of cupboards and more lockers, and that is all, with the exception of a clock and a few household articles here and there. The eye has completed its survey of a narrow boat cabin.

AT TEA IN A "MONKEY BOAT" CABIN.

You wonder how people live in such a miniature

domicile. They don't; they live outside it, at all events in the summer. Take a walk along the canal, and you get endless glimpses of boat folk's domestic life. Here a meal is in progress on the cabin top, there the family wash is likewise being done in public, and presently you hap on youngsters engaged in the delicate operations of the toilet in full view of all the world that cares to look. Canal people are veritable children of the open air.

other youngsters would be on the cabin floor, underneath their parents' bed.

This is home as canal folk know it, the only home in very many cases. Sometimes a family works a pair of boats tied side by side, and in that case the older children have the cabin of one to themselves; but this arrangement does not alter matters very much, for, although there is more room, the environment is the same always. Here the typical boatman is born. Here he spends

MORNING TOILET.

Beds there are none visible in the cabin, though in some cases one can be seen at the end. And yet this dwelling, small as are its dimensions, is registered for four people—a man and his wife and two children. Where, then, shall we discover the beds? If we could take an Asmodeus glimpse of the cabin, we could see them—and, possibly, the lack of them. The captain and his helpmeet would be revealed asleep at the far end of the cabin, resting on a cupboard door (kept closed during the day-time) let down and extending from side to side, and the children would be curled up on a locker near the door—some of them, at all events. If the boat should carry more than her regulation complement, the

his boyhood and early manhood. Here, or just above, he does most of his courting. Here he brings his bride, having used the address of a friendly ratepaying bargee or of a shopkeeper for the publication of the banns. Here he rears and brings up his family with all the worries incidental thereto, only accentuated enormously. Imagine, for instance, washing-day on board a canal boat in mid-winter, with the little home reeking of soapsuds and the air laden with steam from the drying clothes suspended on lines from the roof. Ugh! Not even use can make that aught but a misery. Here he lies in his last illness. And here, amid the old familiar surroundings, he probably closes his eyes on the world for ever, though only

very rarely does his body remain afloat to the last.

Many a mournful procession has actually started from a boat lying at a wharf, but the funeral has been that of an infant, not of an adult. When the long, weary struggle is at an end, and the tired spirit has fled, the corpse is taken ashore and deposited either in the home of a charitable canal-side dweller or in a towing-path public-house, where it lies till it is committed to the dust. Thus it happens that even in London, of all places under the sun, a man often rests longer under a roof in death than ever he did in life.

WASHING-DAY.

The children of the canal, again: what is their lot? As a class, they are as wild as gipsies, and as ignorant. Of this the energetic and earnest agents of the London City Mission could give many proofs. Not long since a gentleman attached to that organisation discovered three boys seated in a cabin. As a means of introduction, he asked one of the lads, aged about fifteen, his name. "Jonah," promptly replied the youth, adding, "Jonah and the fish." The oldest of the trio—he was about seventeen—then remarked, "It is strange that they always talk about the fish when they talk about Jonah." "It's because it's in a book," chimed in the youngest, a bright-eyed urchin of fourteen.

As for the ability to read, that is a rare accomplishment among canal children. Nothing else can be expected considering their upbringing. Few boatmen are in the position of a well-known "character" of the Surrey Canal, who is wont to declare that he has never seen all his olive branches together. Able to dispense with their services in navigating his boat, he has scattered them among his relations, who are attending to their education. In general a man has to carry his children with him, and, as he is nearly always on the move, he can only send them to school for a day or two occasionally. If he choose to set the law at defiance—and sometimes he does, partly because he is indifferent to the future, and partly because his offspring, when they grow big, complain tearfully of being put among the "babies" in a Board school and of being laughed at as dunces—it is very difficult to prevent him. To track one of his youngsters a "kidcatcher" has to display the tireless persistence of a bailiff laying siege to the domicile of a suburban debt dodger and the agility and fleet-footedness of a 120 yards' runner.

OUTSIDE MAIDA VALE TUNNEL.

Out at Brentford, where the long-distance boats stop, a highly praiseworthy attempt is being made to teach the little ones to read and write at least without any of the usual restrictions. Here a school was opened specially for them by the daughter of Mr. R. Bamber, of the West London Canal Boat Mission (London City Mission). And a curious little school it is. Over its well worn desks on most mornings are bent a number of children, most of them engaged in laboriously forming pothooks and hangers. Some of the older girls are accompanied by the youngest born of the family, and they can learn nothing till, after infinite sh—sh—sh—ing, they get their charges to sleep. The boys are, with few exceptions, without collars, and some, bargee-like, have neither coat nor waistcoat. One or two, moreover, want a wash—want it badly. These an ordinary teacher would punish or send home ; but the tutor here adopts neither course, because if she did the youngsters would not come again. No ; when a scholar is shockingly begrimed he is gently taken out and introduced to soap and water.

It is equally impossible, of course, to insist upon punctuality, and its twin sister, regular attendance, is beyond hope of realisation. You might visit the school at ten o'clock—when work should be in full swing—and find it empty, and yet at eleven there might be a dozen scholars present, and at three in the afternoon as many as fifteen or twenty. Everything depends on the number of boats which arrive. Never, too, are the same faces seen on more than two or three days in succession. Children depart into the country, and do not return for weeks. Of the 500 on the register only about a score are present at any one time.

That they make much progress in these circumstances is not claimed ; but for all that some of the little wanderers fill their parents with boundless wonder and pride. They can read, they know a little geography, and occasionally they have mastered the intricacies of long division. Great achievements are these to people who cannot themselves read the name on their own boat and who use words in a sense which would surprise even Mrs. Malaprop herself. One woman, in describing the death of a poor fellow who had been killed in an accident, assured her friend that they "held a portmanteau on him," and another said that a certain child had "happy collection fits."

No less admirable than the school, let

me say in passing, is another department recently added to the Boatmen's Mission—a maternity room. Such a provision for the needs of our canal population had long been wanted, and there can be no question that it will be the means of saving many valuable lives. A minor, but still important, consideration is that it will tend to lessen the number of irregularities in connection with births. A case in point—one out of many—that came to light may be mentioned. For certain reasons the exact age of a child about three years old was wanted. When the mother was appealed to she could give no definite information. She had neglected to register the birth of the child, and she could not remember where it took place. All that she knew was that the weather was cold at the time. On her suggestion, recourse was had to a medical man at Birmingham, but without success, and to this day the mystery remains unsolved.

Apart from education, however, the little ones of the towing path will bear comparison with any class of youth. They lack nothing physically. Fed on plenty of good plain food, kept of necessity in the open air, initiated into work as soon as possible by being taught to look after the horse and run ahead and open locks, they grow up strong, robust, and self-reliant, able to fight their way in their own world.

On the whole, canal life is not exactly what it seems to the chance observer. But if it is not idyllic, neither is it so vile as some have delighted to paint it. They have seen only the drunkenness, the fighting, the immorality—which, after all, are dying out, or, at least, are not nearly so common as they were only twenty years ago — among boat people. They have shut their eyes to the noble charity, the sturdy independence, the self-sacrifice, the toil and stress—in a word, the poetry of canal life.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

DISSENTING LONDON.

By HOWARD ANGUS KENNEDY.

DO you remember Mr. Stiggins? Does not a vivid portrait appear in your mind's eye when you hear the name of Chadband? They were among the unloveliest of Dickens' creations, scarcely less repulsive than Bill Sikes or the monster Quilp. Yet in the novelist's pages, and in the minds of a multitude who knew no better, the hypocritical "Shepherd" and the oily expounder of "terewth" appeared as types of the Nonconforming ministry.

There are some keen-eyed folk who profess that they can always tell a Nonconforming from a Conforming parson by the cut of his clothes, and even, by some miraculous insight, distinguish a Wesleyan from a Congregationalist. But these clever people are often mistaken, especially when they are most positive. As a rule we do not pay our ministers very well, so they cannot indulge in much elegance of apparel—to which, indeed, they are somewhat indifferent; but then there are many of their Anglican brethren who are no better paid, and scarcely more punctilious about the cut of their clerical uniform. On the other hand, some of our preachers habitually appear in the clerical collar which more than any other week-day sign is believed to betoken the minister of the Established Church.

On Sundays—well, even then you might go into one of our places of worship and imagine you were in an Anglican Church. For instance, at the magnificent edifice in the Westminster Bridge Road, notable for the ministries of Dr. Newman Hall and the Rev. F. B. Meyer, the liturgy is used every Sunday morning. So it is in a number of Wesleyan Methodist churches, at least at the morning service. Indeed, there are other points in which the public worship of the Wesleyans resembles that of the Established Church. If you are in the neighbourhood of the City Road on the first Sunday evening of the month, drop into the chapel where John Wesley himself used to hold forth. You will find the congregation joining in the communion service very largely in the words and forms prescribed by the Prayer Book. "The table at the communion time"—so opens the form of service prescribed by the Wesleyan governing Conference—"having a fair white linen cloth upon it, shall stand in some convenient place"; that is, generally, on the platform in front of the pulpit, at the edge of which the people come and kneel, several at a time, in order to receive the bread and wine. In at least one church of this denomination you will see the choir, of men and boys, all clad in black gowns; but it is only, so far as I can discover, at the church of the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion in Spa Fields that you can see a choir in full-blown surplices, and there the minister himself wears a surplice till sermon time comes, when he puts on the black gown. In most of our Nonconformist places of worship the people take the communion sitting in their pews, the bread and wine—almost always unfermented wine, by the way—being carried round by those who have been ordained as elders, deacons, or stewards. A recent innovation, inspired by modern sanitary ideas about the spread of infection, is the provision of a separate cup for each communicant. The Presbyterians prepare for the sacred ordinance by spreading white cloths over the book-boards in front of each pew.

Practically the whole Nonconformist community—that is, the people who call themselves Christians but do not belong to the Roman or Anglican communion—are comprised in the Congregational, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Wesleyan churches, with two or three minor branches of the Methodist stock, and the Salvation Army—which is so much more and also so much less than a church or denomination that it can hardly be dealt with in this article. Even

A COMMUNION SERVICE (WESLEY'S CHAPEL, CITY ROAD).

A BAPTISM (METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE).

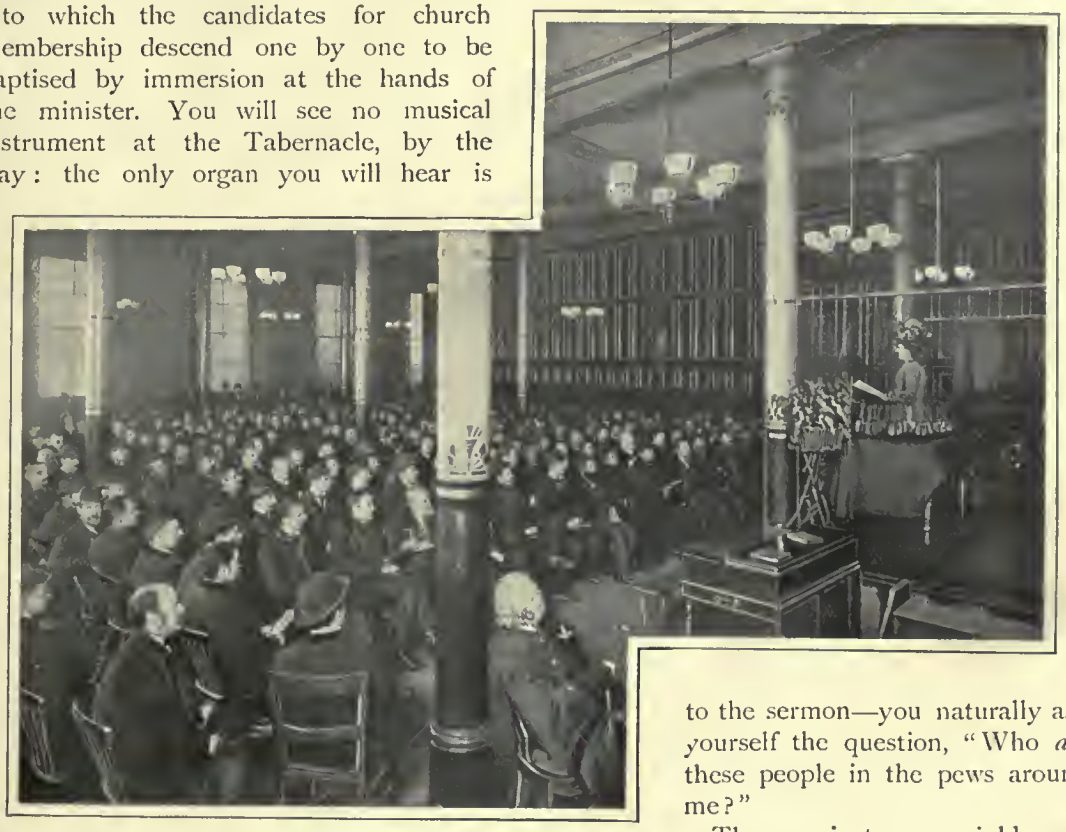
A NIGHT SERVICE (GREAT ASSEMBLY HALL TENT, MILE END ROAD).

the few churches I have named are united in so many points and divided in so few that you might worship with them all, going from one to another, Sunday after Sunday, without finding out the difference. To tell the truth, the only important difference is in the way they govern themselves: and methods of church government are of too little importance to be often mentioned when the people have come together in public to worship God. Just as Kent and Essex have their County Councils for local administration, without one being a jot more or less English than the other, so the Methodists have their Conferences, the Presbyterians their Synods, the Baptists and Congregationalists their Unions and Church Meetings, without one being a jot more or less Christian than the other. Though it would not be quite correct to say that the Dissenting churches have a supreme church parliament to which they all bow, as the County Councils bow to the national Legislature, yet they have in the last few years become federated in a Free Church Council, at which the plans are laid for all sorts of united campaigns against the common enemy—the forces of evil. The union of all Nonconformists, and even of Dissenters with Church folk, for certain forms of philanthropic and religious work is, happily, no new thing; and at many a society's May meeting in Exeter Hall you may see rectors and vicars and Free Church pastors co-operating in the most brotherly and effective fashion.

Londoners like to go where there is a crowd. Where for one reason or another a congregation has begun to decrease—by the migration of the old members to a more pleasant locality in the suburbs, or through the displacement of dwellings by warehouses and factories—it is very hard to get new people to come in; the vacant places they might fill only frighten them away. So in the older and more central parts of the town you will find great buildings which once were crowded by hundreds of eager worshippers now frequented by a few score. But even in these central regions there are churches to which congregations flock. There is the City Temple, on Holborn Viaduct — identified with the names of Dr. Joseph Parker and the Rev. R. J. Campbell—crowded twice every Sunday by worshippers from every part of London, and even by country cousins, as well as the young men who live in the City's wholesale drapery stores, all singing triumphantly to the accompaniment of trumpets and organ. There, too, amid the whirling life of "The Elephant," in South London, stands the Metropolitan Tabernacle, equally identified with a great name—the name of

THE CITY TEMPLE.

Spurgeon. The original "Charles H." has departed, but the Tabernacle is still a shrine to which thousands of pilgrims weekly wend their way. Another Baptist chapel which has been made famous by the name of a great preacher, the name of Clifford, is situate at Westbourne Park. On certain occasions if you happen to be at the Tabernacle—or, indeed, at any Baptist chapel—you will see a chasm open in front of the platform, into which the candidates for church membership descend one by one to be baptised by immersion at the hands of the minister. You will see no musical instrument at the Tabernacle, by the way: the only organ you will hear is that which God has built in every human throat.



A DINNER-HOUR CONCERT (CITY TEMPLE HALL).

This is very exceptional. Even the Presbyterians have outgrown their prejudice against the "kist o' whistles"—the Presbyterians in London, that is. Yes, and they sing hymns, three or four of them to perhaps one of those "metrical psalms of David" which used to afford the congregation its only vocal exercise during the "diet of worship." Only the minister's gown and bands remain, and perhaps his northern accent, to remind you that you are "sitting under" a successor of John Knox. To a large extent these London Presbyterians are Scots and the children of Scots, but they no longer insist on the ways of their Caledonian kirks, nor grumble at the minister for giving them short measure if he preaches for twenty-five minutes instead of an hour.

When you have joined in the hymns—generally the same hymns, wherever you go; when you have bowed in prayer and heard the Bible read; when you have listened to the sermon—you naturally ask yourself the question, "Who *are* these people in the pews around me?"

They are just your neighbours; ordinary men and women like yourself, and of almost every class. Happy is the church where the rich and the poor meet together, remembering that the Lord is the Maker of them all; and happier still the church where the minister can be at the same time simple and profound, so that he "breaks the Bread of Life" in a manner that suits every kind of mental digestion. In the dumb hearts of the common men and women you meet in business or in the street there is more self-examination and striving after the highest life than you would imagine. And the minister, as a rule, tries hard to help them with preaching of the most practical kind.

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

A MAY MEETING (EXETER HALL).

Even in the highly respectable suburban congregations there is always a sprinkling of "working men," though they are disguised in black coats and sometimes in high hats. Nearer the centre of the town you will find churches practically made up and controlled by members of the industrial classes. They certainly prefer services of their own, and the "Pleasant Sunday Afternoon" gatherings contain hundreds of artisans, labourers, and other frankly plebeian persons of the male persuasion, singing with stentorian lungs to the accompaniment of a cornet or even a full brass band, and echoing the strong points of a colloquial address with cheers instead of "amens" and "hallelujahs." And it must be further confessed that in the present stage of their religious experience the ordinary working man and woman feel a certain shyness about entering a "regular church." They will flock in their thousands to Mr. Charrington's Great Assembly Hall and Tent in the Mile End Road, or the "Edinburgh Castle" taken over from the liquor trade by Dr. Barnardo at Limehouse, or the Great Central Hall managed by Wesleyans in Bermondsey, or the Whitefield "institutional church" of the Congregationalists in Tottenham Court Road.

Anyone who listens to the long string of "notices" given out from the pulpit or platform on a Sunday must get the idea that the whole of the Dissenters' week is crowded with church activities; and that is the fact. There is always an evening service in the middle of the week; there are prayer meetings, and mothers' meetings, and Christian Endeavour or Guild meetings, and social gatherings — even entertainments, concerts, and lectures. The mid-day concerts held in the hall underneath the City Temple cater particularly for men and women at a distance from home who have no pleasant place to spend the dinner-hour in. There is the Boys' Brigade drill, too—one of the most effective antidotes to Hooliganism yet discovered. And in connection with some churches, if there is room to spare, there are club rooms where the working men can chat or read the papers, and even engage

in a friendly game of billiards without the stimulus of either alcohol or betting.

Among the Methodists there are two regular events which you will find rather out of the ordinary, if you have never been to them before. One of these is the "class meeting." The rule is that every member of the church must come regularly to one or other of the weekly "classes" unless unavoidably prevented; and in a large church there may be as many as twenty classes, held at different times, to suit the working hours of all sorts of people. In the old days the class leader, who is generally a layman, used to ask every member in turn to give his or her "experience"; but this is not generally insisted on nowadays. And then there is the "love-feast," generally held after a Sunday service, when the stewards hand round plates of biscuits and mugs or glasses of water, and anyone whom the Spirit moves to relate some striking passage of individual heart-history does so.

The operations of these Christian brotherhoods that we call churches are by no means confined to their own premises. It is not often that you see them marching through the streets with banner and drum, after the fashion of the Salvation Army; yet this does sometimes happen, and open-air preaching is carried on at many points of the Metropolis Sunday by Sunday. There is, for instance, the Wesleyan West London Mission, established by the late Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, which thrice every summer Sunday holds services in Hyde Park. But if you want to see the churches at work in unchurchy surroundings, go with a little band of devoted workers into the wards of our workhouses; or, better still, dive with them into the kitchen of a common lodging-house, where the gospel is preached and sung while the inmates cook their suppers and dry their clothes at the common fire.

I have given you scarcely a glimpse of many of the ways in which the army of Christian workers forming the backbone of Nonconformity are toiling from week's end to week's end to lighten the spiritual and moral darkness of the modern Babylon. I have not even mentioned the Sunday-Schools, in which every church without exception is supplementing and filling out the religious instruction given in the day schools, though rarely, if ever, teaching any doctrine that could be called sectarian. Nor have I touched on the numberless charities by which the churches collectively and church members individually are constantly trying to relieve the physical necessities of the poor. But I have said, perhaps, enough to make it plain that in the best way they know the "Dissenters" are taking an active and important part in the great fight against evil, and are contributing largely and unselfishly to the sum of those influences which will one day lift the life of London to a level of health and purity it has never yet reached.

LEAVING WESTBOURNE PARK CHAPEL AFTER A SERVICE.

COSTER TYPES.

COSTER-LAND IN LONDON.

By C. DUNCAN LUCAS.

HE may like his pot of ale, and in times of stress his language may be a trifle lurid, but there is not much that is harmful in the London costermonger. When Big Ben tolls the hour of four in the morning sixty thousand costers are getting out of their beds and wondering where the next meal is to come from. Men whose fathers and grandfathers have been barrow-pushers before them, raw recruits, ex-shopkeepers, solicitors who have been struck off the rolls, artists, actors: young and old, female as well as male, nearly every class is represented.

The annual turnover of these people is several million pounds sterling, yet a very large number of them cannot afford to rent more than a single room. For all that the coster's home is his castle. It is the only place in the whole world where he rests his feet; and let us not forget that he is on them for sixteen hours a day. Besides, he is a family man, and proud of the fact. With his missis and the baby he shares his bed; in each corner, buried in a mound of miscellaneous wrappings, is another offspring; before the grate stands the inevitable orange-box on which his clothes are spread out to dry; a table, a couple of chairs, and washing utensils complete the outfit.

To maintain this home, the London coster labours incessantly. Watch him as he starts out of a morning to fetch his barrow, the stabling of which costs him a shilling a week. He may be fat, he may be lean, but the tired eyes and the tightly-drawn cheeks show that there is not much joy in his life. He has had, perhaps, three hours' sleep. It was wet the night before, and you can wring the water from his clothes. Even his billycock hat and

SELLING A PONY AND BARROW (ISLINGTON CATTLE MARKET).

the faded neckerchief that does duty as a collar are soaking. No matter; he has but one suit, and the terrors of rheumatism are nothing to him as long as he can bring "somefink 'ome for the kids," and put a lump of beef on the Sunday dinner table. To provide that lump of beef with regularity is the one ambition of his weary life. And so he goes to market.

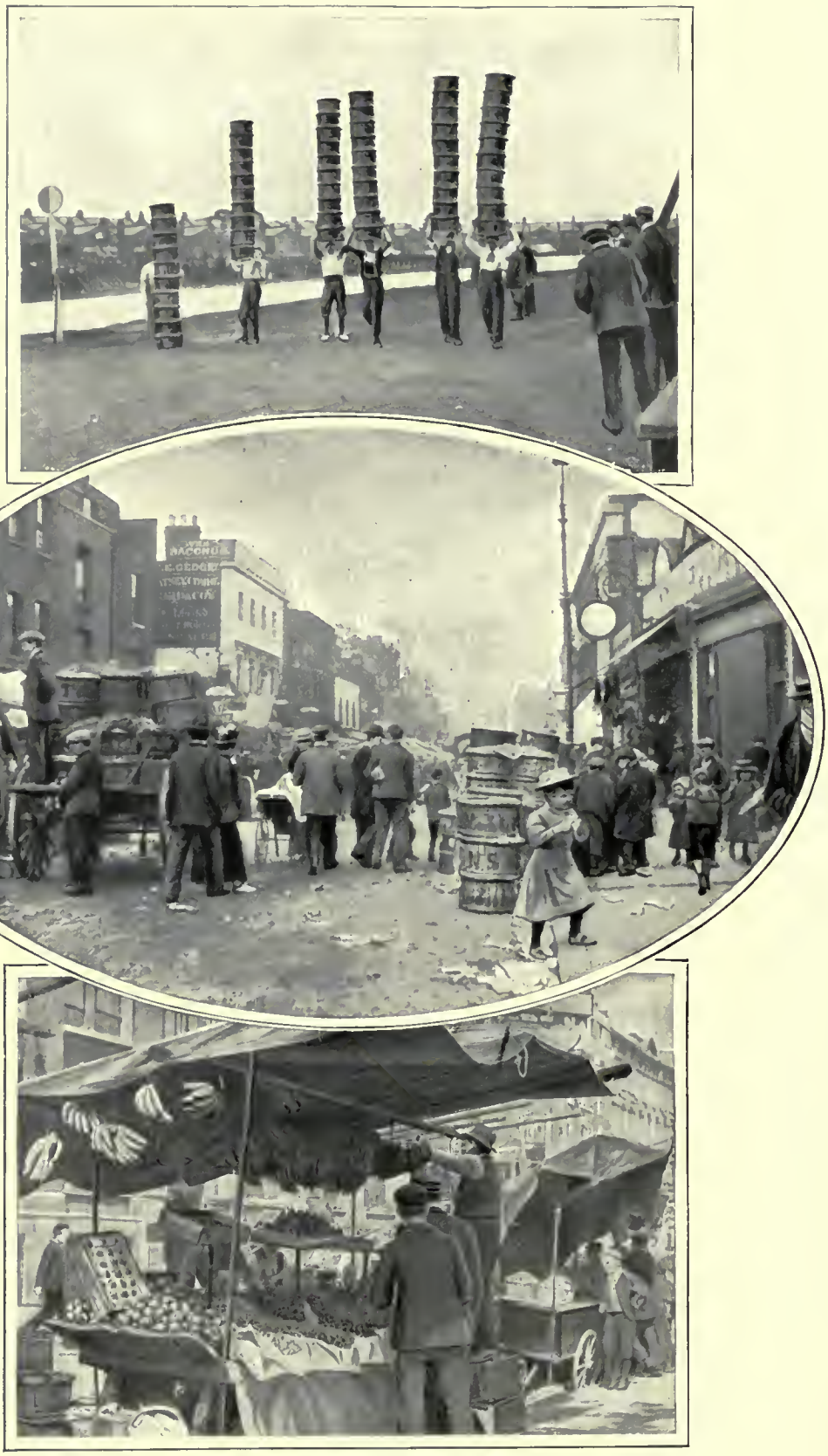
He is a cautious man, this coster. On him the flowery and persuasive eloquence of the auctioneer of fruit is lost. He gazes at the sample boxes behind the rostrum and reflects. He wonders whether the contents of those boxes are not a good deal better than the stuff that is to be sold.

"Blessed if I don't go down into the slaughter-house!" he exclaims; and making his way forthwith to the "slaughter-house," which is the warehouse basement, he rummages the stock. If he is satisfied, he returns and buys; and, his purchases over, he proceeds to dress his barrow, a task requiring no little ingenuity. For not only must the coster so arrange his fruit that it will appeal to the eye, but he must balance his barrow. A tyro will often so load his barrow that he cannot move it; the bred-and-born coster, on the other hand, distributes his wares so cunningly that he can push a load of twelve hundredweight with comparative ease. The barrows can be hired from one of the various barrow markets, the biggest of which is in Lloyd's Row, Clerkenwell.

The coster is now ready to earn his Sunday beef. If he is a Hoxtonian he may sally forth to Hoxton Street or Pitfield Street; if a South Londoner he may go to Walworth Road, the New Cut, or Lambeth Walk; or he may make for Farringdon Road, or Goodge Street, or Whitechapel. He may go on the tramp. Ten to one he is a "little punter" with few friends—one who has only enough capital to buy a day's stock. No man fights more fiercely for bread than the "little punter," for if trade is slack and his goods perish he has no money to replenish his barrow. With the old and respected coster it is otherwise. He may be "down on the knuckle" once a month, yet he need never be hungry. Such is the loyalty of these men to a comrade in distress, they will literally strip their barrows, one here giving a bushel of apples, one there a box of grapes, to save him from standing idle.

GROOMING COSTERS' DONKEYS.

The tragedy of the coster's existence is best realised on a wet Saturday night, but to understand it one must have been behind the scenes. The line of barrows stretches for perhaps half a mile. Butchers, bakers, fruiterers, fishmongers, booksellers, sweetstuff vendors, dealers in winkles and mussels, crockery merchants; sellers of plants, bulbs, and seeds of all descriptions: half a thousand



I. BASKET RACE (COSTERMONGERS' SPORTS). II. MID-DAY IN COSTER-LAND (HOXTON STREET). III. A COSTER'S FRUIT STALL.

are engaged in one continuous roar for custom. Apparently there is not much sadness here. But study the faces of these toilers by the light of the flaring lamps. There is not one that is not careworn. For the truth is that a wet Saturday brings ruin to the coster. The poor decline to come out and buy, and this means in many cases that the stock, a perishable commodity, will have become uneatable by Monday. A succession of wet Saturdays drives hundreds to bankruptcy. There are few more melancholy spectacles than that of a coster running up his pony on the stones at the Islington Cattle Market. Barrow as well as pony he must sell, for the weather has hit him hard. Saturday after Saturday it has poured, and he has not the heart to begin life over again. We laugh at the "pearlies," but there is little laughter in the coster's life. Nor are there any "pearlies," for the true London coster never dreams of sporting such buttons.

What stories one could tell of the patient heroism of these men! Once upon a time a little "punter" lost his all, and his barrow stood empty. On a Wednesday he met his sister, who took him home and lent him her husband's Sunday clothes to pawn. He was to return them on the Saturday, so that the husband should not know to what use his suit had been put. With the money he received from the pawnbroker the "punter" bought some fruit, but it rained on the Thursday, and the weather was even worse on the Friday, and there was no money to redeem the garments. On the Saturday this man tramped for sixteen hours, first north, then south, then east, then west, trying to get enough to buy back the suit. It was a battle against time. The pawnbroker closed at midnight, and if the money was not forthcoming by then the owner would have no Sunday clothes to wear, and there would be strife between husband and wife. At eleven o'clock he was still half-a-crown short, and it was raining, and trade was slackening fast. Five minutes before twelve he was still in want of sixpence. He wondered if he should put an end to his life. Providence decided for him. As the clock of Marylebone Church was striking midnight the "punter" sold sixpennyworth of grapes. Leaving his barrow to the mercy of any passing thief, he ran to the sign of the three brass balls as he had never run before. The shutters were going up; a moment later and the brave little "punter" would have been too late. During the night the suit was smuggled into the house of the owner, and all was well.

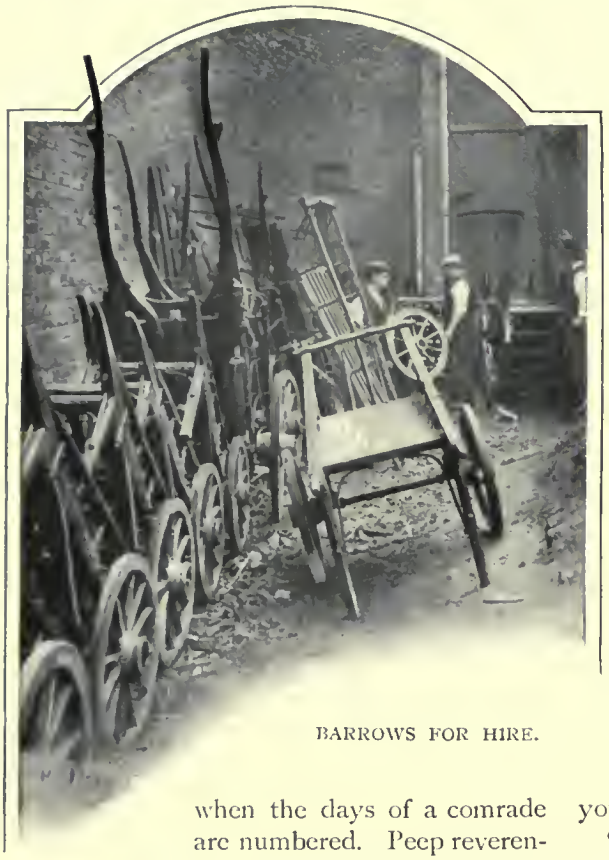
This is no exceptional instance of the perseverance of the coster. At four o'clock one Saturday morning a coster left Edgware Road with a barrow on which was heaped ten hundredweight of fruit. He pushed that barrow to Woolwich, and stood by the gates of the dockyard till ten at night. And he pushed it back again.

What of the coster's love story? It is a very brief and unromantic one. The coster does all his courting in the gutter, with one eye on his "filly" and the other on his stall. The wedding is generally a "walking" one, the principal parties proceeding to the church by different routes and meeting at the door. When the clergyman has done his work, the bridegroom returns to his barrow, and his wife celebrates the occasion with her friends as best she can.

There is a certain costermonger whom we will call George. He is one of the leaders of the fraternity. George's description of his nuptial day applies to the average coster wedding. Says George: "When I got married I come out of church and give my ole woman two shillin's, and went to work and didn't see her till 12.30 at night. I hadn't a pound in the world."

But there is high society in Coster-land as there is elsewhere. If the bride's parents possess a few shillings, and if the bridegroom has a sovereign in his pocket, the usual thing when the weather is propitious is to have an outing. The friends bring their donkey chariots, and, the ceremony over, off the party goes — it doesn't much matter where, provided there are a few refreshment-houses on the road. On wet days the parents of the bride invite the company to partake of a chunk of beef, potatoes, and greens, and a bucket of beer. A peculiarity of these feasts is that they last all day.

The best points of the coster are seen



BARROWS FOR HIRE.

when the days of a comrade are numbered. Peep reverentially into the chamber of death. Day is breaking, and the grey old fellow on the bed has but a few hours to live. By the ragged bedside are two men, rough-looking perhaps, yet each is as gentle as the gentlest lady in the land. Listen! The dying coster's mind is taking him back to Covent Garden. He asks the price of grapes, whether oranges will sell. The watchers humour him and wipe his brow. These costers were pushing their barrows at one o'clock in the morning, and they have been here since two. They will work for another sixteen hours before they sleep. Presently there is a tap at the door, and another coster enters. He will sit with the patient through the day. He may not have a penny to bless himself with, and there may be naught in the larder for the children. What of that? A neighbour will tend and feed the youngsters, "and the missis will look arter the barrer." These men are heroes. When a coster lies sick, there is not a barrow-pusher in London who will not help him.

But to return to our little punter. He has drawn his last breath, and his comrades have arranged a "brick" or "friendly lead" in his behalf. The "brick" is held in the parlour of a public-house. On a table near the door is a plate into which every visitor drops a coin. The most valuable coin is usually contributed by the man who was the deceased's greatest enemy, for on these occasions it is the custom for those who have not been on speaking terms with the departed to do their best for him. At the far end of the room are seated the chairman and the vice-chairman. Pots of beer figure somewhat conspicuously; the ladies criticise each other's feathers rather loudly; and the young bucks relieve the tedium of the wait with a little hat-bashing. Regarded as a whole, the "brick," got up though it is to bury a dead man, is remarkably free from any trace of melancholy. Not that the chairman is forgetful of his responsibilities. If you remain long enough you will hear a great hammering.

"If you don't shut up I'll sling you down!" roars the president, fixing a fierce eye on a young and frolicsome lady coster. "I will, straight. Now then, Mary, 'The 'At my Farver Wore.' Quiet!"

Another bang with the hammer, and up rises Mary. The artistes follow each other in quick succession, and the "sing-song" is kept up till near closing time.

A big affair is the funeral. No London coster goes to his grave without twenty or thirty vehicles "behind him," and no widow leaves the graveside without receiving many pressing invitations to drown her sorrows at the nearest hostelry. The poorer

"ALL A-GROWIN'."

a coster is, the greater is the attempt made to provide him with a brilliant send-off to the other world. Some months ago a young coster was fighting with death in a London infirmary. He had neither father nor mother, and his brother was in prison. Two comrades were sitting by his side, and to them he observed as his life was fast ebbing away: "I'd like to see my brother come 'ome afore I kick, but it's no good a-wishin'. Get me a bit of paper. I want to nominate my old pal George to receive anyfink as may be due to me."

they contribute to their society—the Costermongers' Federation—has to be spent in upholding their rights in the courts of law.

With the exception of a few hours snatched for the annual parade of donkeys, the London costers enjoy but one holiday in the year, and this they devote to attending what is called "The Costers' Derby," but which is in reality the Costermongers' Athletic Sports, one of the most amusing events in the programme of which is a basket-carrying contest. To Kensal Rise, where the events are decided, they go in their thousands,

A COSTER'S FUNERAL (WALWORTH).

PART OF THE PROCESSION.

Only a shilling or two was due, but George saw that the man had four horses to draw him to the grave, five pounds' worth of flowers on his coffin, and a band costing fifty shillings to play him to his last resting-place.

These, then, are the men who are buffeted about from pillar to post—men who help their fellows as no other class does, and who, although they labour for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, live literally from hand to mouth. Perpetually at war with the local authorities, who are determined to clear them notwithstanding that they are indispensable to the poor, the word peace is not contained in their vocabulary. Nearly every man's hand, save that of the policeman, is against them, and almost every penny which

and every man who boasts a "moke" drives his missis up in style. Not one coster in a hundred, by-the-bye, possesses a donkey. If a barrow-pusher wants a four-legged assistant he goes to a stable where these animals are kept for hire, and on presenting the owner with half-a-crown gets a "moke" and a barrow for a week. The photographic illustration on p. 75 shows a stable yard at Notting Hill where three donkeys are being groomed preparatory to a day's work.

The costers have their foibles like other men. When they find themselves with a spare sovereign they worry themselves until they get rid of it; but let us always remember that the coster never thinks he can go too far in serving a friend.

MAIL VAN LEAVING MOUNT PLEASANT.

THE GENERAL POST OFFICE.

By BECKLES WILLSON.

TELEGRAPH MESSENGER.

IF you were to tramp through all broad London, and penetrate its most occult official recesses, you would probably not find a nearer human similitude to a beehive than those three great stone buildings which comprise St. Martin's-le-Grand.

We cannot enter the General Post Office at the front—the old public corridor has been utilised for official purposes. Let us, then, ascend a flight of stairs at the back, and, presenting our order of admittance to the Circulation Office (as this department is officially styled), be conducted at once to a gallery overlooking the appropriated entrance corridor.

Standing here, from our position in the gallery we are able to command a bird's-eye view of the central room in the Circulation Office—that is to say, the Receiving and Stamping Room—with the two great Sorting Rooms to our right and left. The middle room, which was formerly the public entrance-hall, until, as I have said, the exigencies of the service demanded its utility, is crammed with some two hundred employés, who, seated at long, plain tables, are engaged in what one of them described to me (professionally, no doubt) as "breaking the back" of the correspondence. For this great room lies just behind the letter-boxes, through whose apertures descends an unceasing and heterogeneous rain of letters, packets, newspapers, and post-cards destined for London—its heart and suburbs—and for each of the four quarters of the whole earth besides. London and the Universe—these are served here—the United Kingdom is another matter. A regulation provides that that class of matter known as "Country" correspondence must be sent to and dealt with at Mount Pleasant, another large establishment half a mile away. To this we will revert later. London and the Universe ought, surely, to suffice to fix our present attention upon St. Martin's-le-Grand.

In a narrow cubicle just behind the letter-boxes are two employés, attired in grey

blouses, busily heaping the letters into baskets. As fast as they are filled they are seized by the waiting carrier boys and borne to the long, flat "facing table," as it is called, where newspapers, circulars, pamphlets, and letters proper are severally disengaged with quick fingers, after which they are hurried to the stampers, whose brief, brisk, official thud at one blow defaces the stamp, and indicates the time and place of posting. To illustrate how everything in the Post Office is regulated, how every act can be traced to the individual cog or wheel in the great instrument, we may mention that when each of these stampers arrives for his day's work he is obliged to enter his name under the particular stamp or postmark he intends using that day, so that the device on any letter out of a million can, if necessary, be brought home to its perpetrator.

A row of desks, marked off into compartments three feet wide, occupies the entire space of the south room, that is, the room looking towards Cheapside. It is at these desks that all the City or East-Central letters are sorted, and by the ingenious moveable index strips, upon whose surface are inscribed all sorts of Metropolitan localities, the desk is made to serve for as wide an area as the necessity of the occasion demands. Thus, at one moment the strips at the desk would seem to indicate a series of pigeon-holes—as Fenchurch Street, Minories, Eastcheap, Ludgate Hill, Mile End, and Moorgate, while, if a paucity of correspondence for these localities occurs, a twist of the sorter's thumb and forefinger and the index strip presents an entirely new set of names to guide him in the process of sorting. As a matter of fact, an expert operator often manages to dispense with the pigeon-hole indexes altogether, and, much to the perplexity of the visitor, goes arbitrarily piling up epistles addressed to places in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's in a compartment distinctly labelled "Bethnal Green."

As he works, the carriers are piling up unsorted correspondence at his left hand, while postmen are striding the length of the tables, pausing at every sorter's com-

LETTER SORTING (ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND).

partment to snatch up bundles of letters concerned with their own itinerary. In the case of packets and newspapers, large baskets are substituted for the pigeon-holes on the sorters' desks. And while we speak of newspapers, we must by no means overlook the newspaper "detective," whose peculiar function it is to lay hold of newspapers at hazard on the supposition that they may contain letters, money, or articles which should, if sent in another class, render his Majesty a greater pecuniary profit on their transmission. Yet, absurd as the hypothesis appears, it is sad to have to state that this particular official is astonished several times a day by the discovery of this illicit device for cheating the Post Office.

I. WIRE REPAIRERS AT WORK. II. A REEL OF WIRE.

At this building in St. Martin's-le-Grand alone there are nearly two thousand employés engaged on inside and outside service. Of course, prior to the removal of the Country Mails Department to Mount Pleasant in 1901, the strain was tremendous, and the exciting scene known as the "Six o'clock Rush" was one of the features of the establishment. The pressure having thus been lightened, matters assume, as evening draws on, a less nervous tension; but there is yet throughout the building and without it greater life and animation than in any other department under the Government.

We have glanced at the sorting, which is the same in the two great halls at either end of the building. Before noting other and, though minor, yet more curious departments on the ground floor, the eye of the visitor will have fallen on the legend "Blind" at regular intervals throughout the desks. This is a technical expression for letters whose address is either illegible or insufficient, or perhaps is absent altogether. If the former, the "blind" correspondence is carried in bundles to the "Blind" Department, where it passes into the hands of several clerks whose function it is to ascertain by means of directories, gazetteers, and other aids to knowledge, the more precise whereabouts of the addressee. "Mr. Wite, J., Lead Gate, Senpoll's, V.C.," is, it will be admitted, a superscription not remarkable for its perspicuity; but it took an official of the "Blind" Department just two minutes to discover its signification to be, "Mr. J. White, Ludgate House, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C." Similarly mystifying were those familiar examples: "Santling's, Hilewita," and "Obanvidock," for "St. Helen's, Isle of Wight," and "Holborn Viaduct," which are inscribed amongst the archives of St. Martin's-le-Grand.

"That is the hospital yonder," murmurs our guide, as we thread our way between the tables. We peer through the intervening space, while visions of maimed and crippled postmen and van-drivers, martyrs to duty, flash across our senses. But we may spare our sympathy: the hospital is for maimed letters, packages, and newspapers, whose outer vestments have so suffered in their journeyings as no longer to hide their nakedness or preserve them from fatal loss. Such are "Found Open and Officially Sealed," either by gummed paper or by twine. Senders of wedding cake, fragments of which are strewn over the desk, are the chief offenders, and it is a standing joke amongst the other officials that the surgeons of this letter hospital largely subsist upon "blind" wedding cakes, an insinuation which, being indignantly resented, has, of course, no foundation.

The presence of one or two registered

LOADING MAIL VANS (ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND).

letter packets in the hospital reminds us that these are, as they should be, the aristocrats of the mails; that practically, unless they happen to be damaged, they pass through only two men's hands from the time they arrive until they are sent away from the building. As a registered letter is taken out of bag or basket it is handed to a separate clerk who gives a voucher for it and does not part with it unless and until he receives a similar receipt from another clerk.

The department in which letters from and for abroad are received, sorted, and despatched is on the upper floor. The process, although the same, demands a different degree of ability, for it must be borne in mind that the superscriptions are executed in every known language (and occasionally a dead one), and therefore actually involve somewhat greater knowledge and possibly more alert faculties. "Examination in Foreign and Colonial Sorting" is the title of a placard I noticed as we passed into the room, and hints at a special kind of ability and special remuneration.

Again descending the stairs, we came across several openings to the street through which bags are being flung — bags in all stages of rotundity hailing from, or destined for, all parts of the globe, *viâ* Waterloo, Paddington, or Charing Cross and other railway stations. Several fully-loaded crimson mail coaches are now leaving the Post Office, driven by picturesque drivers in picturesque costumes, a species of apparel descended to them from the days of the stage-coach, when it drew up in spanking style, after a hundred miles' journey, at these very portals seventy or eighty years ago. The royal van-drivers, notwithstanding their uniforms and gold lace, are not employés of the Government, inasmuch as all cartage of the mails is performed nowadays by private individuals under contract.

A G.P.O. INTERPRETER.

As to the volume of the business done here, statistics give little idea when they tell us that a billion letters and postcards and four hundred millions of newspapers are annually handled at the General Post Office. A City firm has posted 132,000 letters at one time; while as many as 167,000 postcards have been received in a single batch. Parcels are taken in here, but are immediately despatched to Mount Pleasant, where the Returned (or Dead) Letter Office is.

The chief Money Order Office of the kingdom is situated a few streets away in Fore Street. Here the business of posting up and checking off the vast aggregate sum (nearly £100,000,000) which millions of people send annually through the post is attended to by a numerous staff. Again, although the Government has acquired a huge telephone business—worked in connection with the Post Office—it is carried on at some little distance from St. Martin's-le-Grand, which has nothing to do with telephones. "Telephone London" is treated separately in another part of this work; and the Post Office Savings Bank is referred to under the heading of "Thrift London."

Mount Pleasant is not, as its name would lead a stranger to suppose, a vernal eminence crowned by an Ionic fane. Its name suggests less the Ionic than the ironic, inasmuch as it was formerly the Coldbath Fields Prison, now converted into a Government building and christened with the title of an adjacent street or lane. It is in Farringdon Road, and now vies with St. Martin's-le-Grand in importance as a receiving and distributing centre. Our illustration on p. 80 shows one of the mail vans, laden with parcels, about to start from there on a night journey to the country.

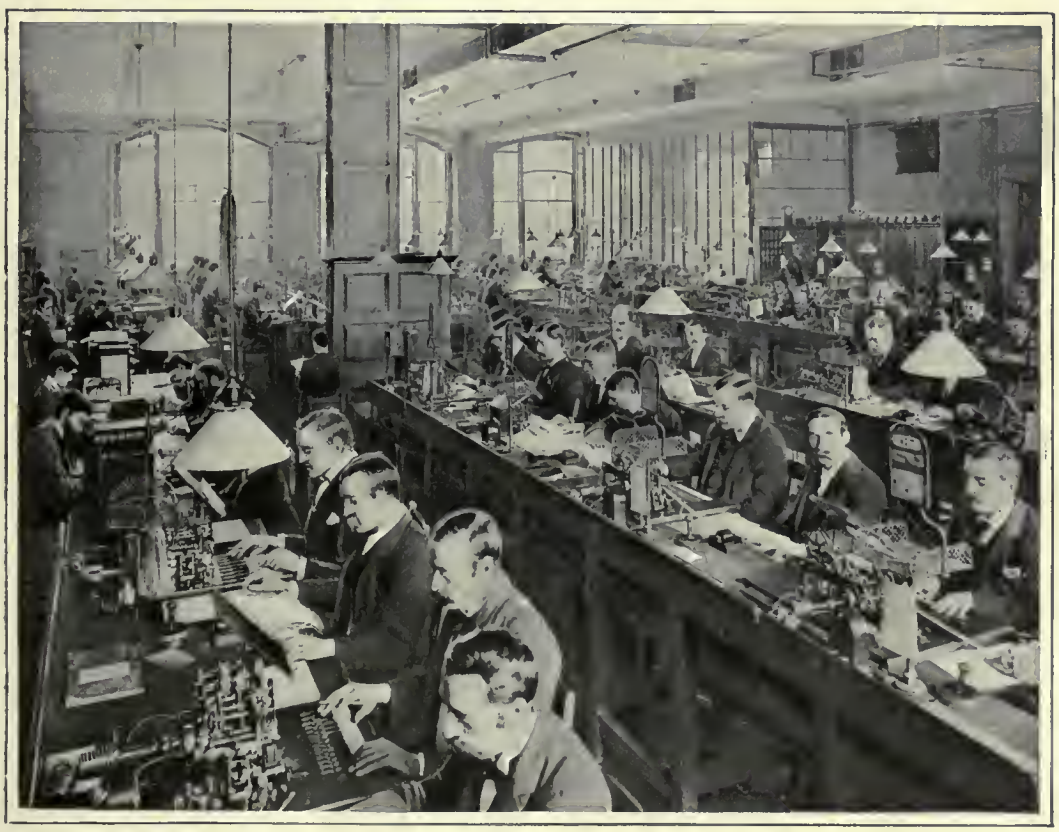
For a more important and fascinating department under the control of the Postmaster General we need not travel so far as Farringdon Road. Immediately opposite the leading Post Office of the kingdom is the headquarters of the telegraph system of these islands, and by far the greatest telegraph office in the world. A reminder of its vast ramifications is furnished to us in the small pictures on p. 82, showing, first, a couple of men repairing a wire just below a street pavement; and, next, several lusty employés rolling along a huge reel of wire, eight feet in diameter, for use by the department.

To those who have never before visited a telegraph headquarters the sight of these vast galleries packed with their hundreds of operators, male and female, together with their throbbing instruments, at first suggests a factory. But the simile in the mind's eye is gone in a moment. The machines click-click eternally, but there is no fabric woven. There is a restrained intensity about the place; it is reflected in the keen eyes of the operators; a vivid intelligence seems to float in the very atmosphere; there is no running to and fro, no movement of bodies as at the Post Office; there is nothing needed to simulate excitement; you feel as if you were in the presence of a mighty brain. And it is so: you are not deceived. In each of these four or five huge rooms, each with its two hundred or so operators, are the concentrated intelligence, the action, the movement, the aspirations of the world. Everything is passing here—from the death of a nation's ruler to the result of a horse-race. Three hundred thousand messages a day pass through these galleries.

Living London—what could be more alive, more vital than this? These operators are a nervous race—ever busy with their instruments—even when there is no necessity for being so. Meanwhile let us glance very briefly at some of the features of this great department, whose very existence would have been an incomparable puzzle to our grandfathers.

First in our itinerary is the room or, as the authorities prefer to denominate it, "Instrument Gallery," from which and through which messages are sent to the Press of these islands. By means of a wonderful invention (*not* of transatlantic origin) known as the Hughes' Perforator, a long telegram is instantly duplicated on eight narrow ribbons of paper, each of which is put into a separate instrument and its purport automatically delivered to eight provincial cities. So that a description of a tragedy, a boat-race, or a new drama, while speeding into the office, perforates eight strips of paper in such a fashion as to make each equivalent in verbal value to the

THE PNEUMATIC TUBE ROOM (ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND).



THE SUBMARINE CABLE ROOM (ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND).

cylinder of a phonograph, and these being immediately transmitted in turn, Liverpool, Glasgow, Manchester, and Birmingham almost simultaneously receive the account, not in perforated paper, but in dots and dashes.

In another gallery is the headquarters of the London telegraph system, in another the Provinces, in another the Foreign. The last-named is the Submarine Cable Room, the wires of whose specially-constructed instruments are laid beneath the English Channel. All the Atlantic cables are, of course, worked by private companies.

A feature of the galleries soon after half-past four in the afternoon is the appearance of tea-cups and bread-and-butter. It was figured out by a former Postmaster-General that if the two thousand employés were to be granted a short interval for tea outside the establishment it would cost, in round figures, £8,000 a year. It would also cost the employés themselves about £8,000. By serving them tea *gratis* at their desks, therefore, a saving of £4,000 to the Department would be effected, to say nothing of the economy to the purses of the operators. Tea in the Telegraphs costs the Government just £4,000 per annum. Indeed, the Government may be said to look after the physical welfare of its assistants with some benevolence. It contributed to the acquisition of the enclosure popularly known as the "Postmen's Park," close to St. Martin's-le-Grand, and it has even constructed a spacious tennis-court on the roof of the great new building known as G.P.O. North.

There is another department which has not been mentioned. It is in connection with the Pneumatic Tube system—by means of which cylinders propelled by air travel with the speed of lightning underground to and from some of the principal branch offices in London, as far west as the Strand. The tubes are served by boys; and our picture on p. 85 shows the room in which their contents are dealt with. The engines in the basement, which primarily accomplish the work, are four in number, of 50-horse power each.

But the greater engines—the real engines, after all—are the brains that devised and that now maintain the whole system which I have attempted to describe: the marvellous accuracy, the amazing promptitude, the ease and quietness with which the whole correspondence, posted or telegraphed, of over forty millions of Britons at home and many millions abroad is conducted, and which must, in spite of occasional disparagement, ever remain one of the proudest monuments of Living London.

IN THE POSTMEN'S PARK.

KING'S CROSS CORNER.

LONDON STREET CORNERS.

By GEORGE R. SIMS.

IF you would watch the great panoramas of London life unfold themselves, there is no better standpoint than a busy street corner. There you may study the ever-changing crowd. There you may watch the wondrous traffic converging from the four points of the compass, mix itself together for a moment, then separate and widen out into broad distinct streams, each stream flowing towards a different quarter of the Metropolis. Stand, for instance, at the Elephant and Castle on a sunny afternoon. You see on one side the trees and green gardens of St. George's Road, on the other the crowded pavements of Newington Causeway. You gaze in one direction and Walworth Road, with its typical scenes of South London bustle, lies before you; you turn your head and the New Kent Road gives you a totally different picture. Another turn of the head and the London Road opens up to your wondering eyes. In every direction heavily-laden trams and 'buses are passing each other. By you on the pavement is a line of 'bus and tram timekeepers, every one of them busily making notes in a bulgy pocket-book with a stumpy lead pencil.

The folk who pass you are of all sorts, but mostly of the humbler class. The shopping ladies who come from Newington Causeway are some of them smartly dressed and suggest villadom, but the female note of the district is the useful little basket in one hand, and the purse and latch-key in the other. The brown paper parcel that is carried past you is generally loosely tied. It suggests home manufacture. The factory girl and the coster girl mingle with the crowd, the male loafer leans against corner posts, the Irish lady with a faded shawl and a top-knot order of *coiffure* comes and goes at intervals, and the halfpenny evening papers are eagerly purchased by horsey-looking men and youths who turn instantly to the racing results. Just across the road in a little shop there is a picture of the Elephant a hundred years ago. Let us look at it, for it is in-

ELEPHANT AND CASTLE CORNER.

teresting. In the vast open space now filled with trams and 'buses, and carts and cabs, there are four-horse coaches, horsemen, and porters carrying heavy packs. There is a postchaise with a young gentleman and a young lady in it. It looks like an elopement. A pretty girlish face is pressed to the window while we are looking, and a man's voice exclaims, "Look, 'Lizer, that's the old Elephant a 'underd years ago!" We turn and see the bride of to-day leaning on her young husband's arm. She is in bright blue satin, and wears a big white hat and feathers. The newly-wedded couple attract little attention. Brides and bridegrooms threading the crowd arm in arm are by no means novelties at the Elephant, where the honeymoon is the afternoon walk and an evening at the music hall, and both parties to the contract go to their work the next morning.

Hyde Park Corner! On one side the great Hospital abutting on the street; opposite it the stately archway through which the tide of fashion flows into the famous Park. This is surely the corner of pleasure and of pain. Through the windows of the wards the patients of St. George's can see Buckingham Palace and the broad avenue up which many a time and oft come the glittering Life Guards escorting Royalty. This is the most picturesque, the most inspiriting, corner of London. Past it roll daily the equipages of the noblest and the wealthiest of the King's subjects. Everywhere the eye rests on splendid architecture and vast expanses of turf and tree. But the Hospital is always there. In the great building facing the Park of Pleasure and the Palace of the King the maimed and suffering lie in agony.

Ludgate Circus. What a change of scene! Here all is crowded and noisy, and men and women hustle each other without apology. Trains rattle and scream across the bridge that spans Ludgate Hill, heavy waggons clatter along Farringdon Street, 'buses and vans and cabs are mixed up in apparently hopeless confusion in Bridge Street. Country folk coming from St. Paul's stand nervously on the kerb waiting to cross the road. At the office of Messrs. Cook & Sons intending tourists are studying the attractive window bills, and forgetting in their admiration of the Italian lakes that they are blocking the footway in one of London's narrowest busy thoroughfares. One young fellow, who is evidently off for a Continental holiday for the first time, calmly reads a book until he is run into by a newspaper boy rushing off towards the City with the four o'clock edition of an evening paper on his shoulders. The young fellow drops his book. It is "French Conversation for Travellers."

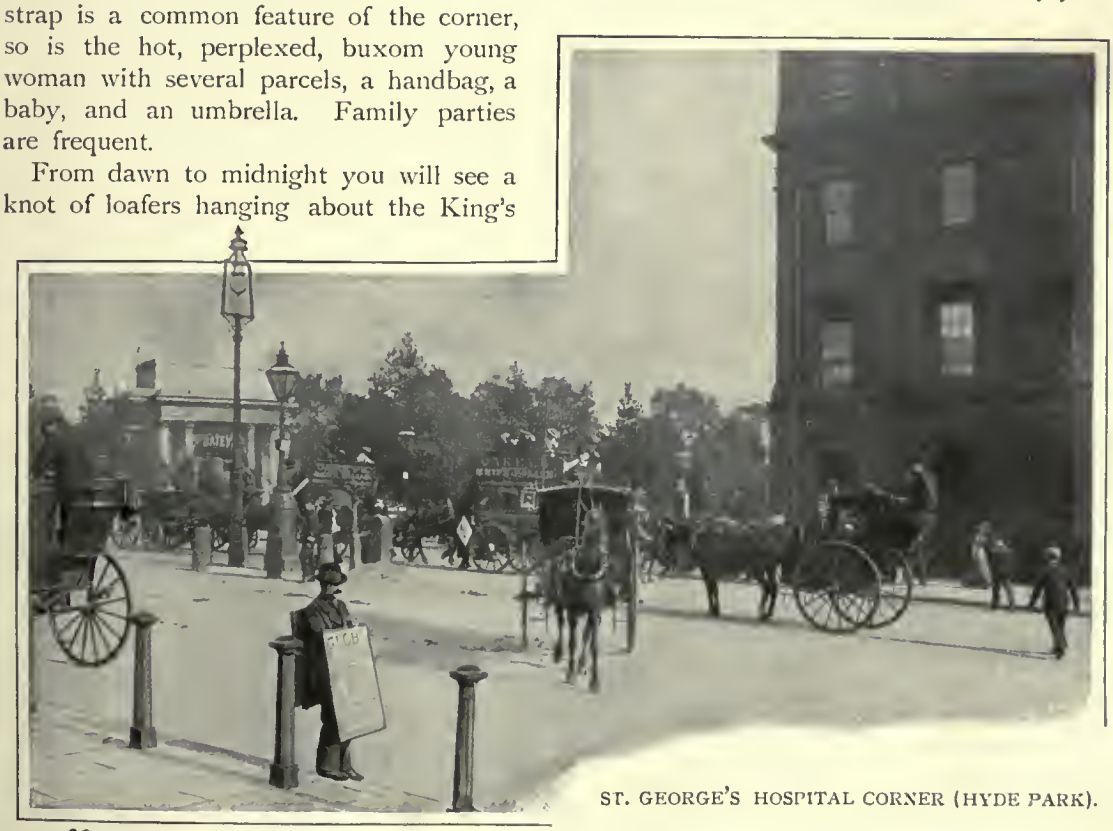
Down Fleet Street and round the corner from Bride Street the newspaper carts are dashing. Journalists and Fleet Street celebrities, printers and press messengers, pass you at every moment. Down Ludgate Hill come carriers' carts from the Old Bailey. The name of the places they serve are painted on many of them. They bring a breath of country air into the fumes of the tar—for, of course, the wood pavement of Fleet Street is "up."

King's Cross. Stand at the corner opposite the Great Northern Railway side

entrance, and if the proper study of mankind is man, you will have a great opportunity of pursuing a profitable course of education. Down Gray's Inn Road, Pentonville, Euston Road, and York Road flow endless streams of humanity, and the noise of the traffic is deafening, for here three great railway centres contribute their carrying trade to the general confusion. Travellers, especially provincial travellers, abound on the pavements, and the dialects and accents of all the counties of the United Kingdom mingle with the cockney hubbub. It is here that the provincial newly arrived by rail is first faced with the problem of London's vastness. He wants to take a 'bus, but he doesn't know which 'bus to take. The policemen at the corner are directing provincial inquirers in the matter of 'buses for the better part of their time. I should say that the policemen on duty at King's Cross are the best authorities on 'bus routes to be found in the whole of the Metropolis. The cabs that pass you here are mostly luggage-laden. The people that pass you carry hand luggage oftener than not. The brown paper parcel fastened with a leather strap is a common feature of the corner, so is the hot, perplexed, buxom young woman with several parcels, a handbag, a baby, and an umbrella. Family parties are frequent.

From dawn to midnight you will see a knot of loafers hanging about the King's Cross corner. If you are poetical and blessed with a strong imagination you may picture them as men who have been waiting year after year for friends from the provinces —friends who have never come. If you are matter-of-fact you will guess that the loafer loafs here because there are many opportunities of an odd copper, or a proffered drink. Outside the public-house there is frequently a four-footed traveller waiting for a friend. It is the drover's dog from Islington Cattle Market. His master is inside. The dog waits patiently, apparently unobservant. Sometimes he stretches himself close to the wall and slumbers. But the moment the drover comes out wiping his mouth with the back of his hand the dog springs up, and, close at his master's heels, disappears in the traffic.

Right in the full tide of East-End life is the corner of Leman Street. Standing there one can see the ever-changing multitudes that throng Whitechapel High Street, the Commercial Road East, and Commercial Street. Type is writ large in the crowds that eddy round you, and the alien Jew is the most pronounced of all. The joyless,



ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL CORNER (HYDE PARK).

pensive features of a persecuted race contrast strongly with the careless good-humour of the native population. The work for which the district has a reputation "jumps to your eyes," as the French say, in the barrow-loads of slop clothing that are pushed past you by stunted youths. The rapid rise of many of these aliens from serfdom to comparative

FLEET STREET CORNER (LUDGATE CIRCUS).

comfort is shown in the gay dresses and showy hats with which young Russian, Polish, and Roumanian Jewesses of the second generation brighten the thoroughfares on the Jewish Sabbath. Even the babies make strong splashes of colour among the dark-coated men: for baby's hat is often a deep orange or a flaming red, and his little coat of plush is of a brilliant hue. There are not any perambulators at this corner. Most of the babies on the Saturday afternoon are carried by father, for the reason, probably, that mother is engaged at home.

You have not been standing long at the corner of Leman Street before you wonder what language it is in which the dark-haired, melancholy-eyed men are conversing. Presently you catch sight of a poster or two, and a theatrical announcement printed in cabalistic characters, and then you understand that the conversation around you is being carried on largely in Yiddish and Lettish. But there is plenty of English "as she is spoke" at this corner, for sailors and ships' hands, and carmen, and English working folk abound. Here there is no quiet hour for the 'buses and the trams that pass continually; they are generally full. But you notice that the hansom cab, which in the West is such a feature of the traffic, is very little in evidence here. After you have passed Aldgate Station the hansom becomes rarer and rarer. A little way beyond Leman Street it is practically extinct.

It is in Leman Street that the first note of Oriental London is struck. The Asiatics who make their temporary home in West India Dock Road and in Limehouse stray occasionally as far as this in little parties. But they rarely loiter. Timidly, almost

apologetically, they thread their way through the crowd and disappear in the light mist that has wandered from the Thames and apparently lost its way in the Commercial Road.

Liverpool Street! Here it is no question of flowing tides of humanity. If we are to remain faithful to the simile of the sea, whirlpool is the only word to use. Take your place—you will have some trouble to keep it—any Saturday afternoon about three o'clock on the kerb opposite the Great Eastern and North London termini. There it is a perpetual swirl and eddy of human beings amid a vehicular traffic that appears chaos—that is, in fact, chaos constantly being reduced to order by the most matchless traffic manager in the world, the London policeman. Across the road you see never-ending processions of people mounting the steps to Broad Street, and in another direction a broad stream of human and vehicular traffic pouring into the Great Eastern Company's station. Between the two great termini lies the Goods Station of the London and North Western Railway, so that the two streams of passenger traffic are perpetually divided by a line of heavily-laden railway vans.

The great crowd that throngs the pavements is sharply divided. From Broad Street, the Stock Exchange, the banks and insurance offices, and the great City warehouses, comes a high-hatted, well groomed and tailored mob of business men. From the other direction comes a surging mass of men in billycocks and caps. Mixed up with both streams are the hansoms, and the excursionists arriving from or departing to the provincial towns and the seaside resorts served by the Great Eastern Railway.

The transfer of luggage from Broad Street to Liverpool Street is a feature of this "corner." Porters come and go with luggage-laden barrows. They wheel these dexterously among the cabs and omnibuses, and are followed with much anxiety by the owners. Nervous females grasping a country nosegay in one hand and a bundle of wraps in the other vainly endeavour to keep one eye on their luggage and the other on the cab that is bearing down upon them and is already in perilous proximity. The hardiest cyclists dismount at this corner and carry their machines instead of allowing their machines to carry them. And every minute, if you have an amiable countenance and look like a Londoner, anxious inquirers will test your knowledge of the 'bus and railway system. You have no sooner informed a stout, square-built gentleman with a small portmanteau which is the way to Rotterdam than two young ladies carrying a little box between them will ask you which is the station for Yarmouth. You are fortunate if you are not expected to point out in rapid succession the 'bus that goes to Clapham, the nearest way to Waterloo, the staircase one must mount to find a train for Ball's Pond Road, and the point at which the trams start for the Nag's Head, Holloway. And even after you have answered these questions satisfactorily your knowledge

LIVERPOOL STREET CORNER.

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD CORNER.

of London may be further tested by an inquiry as to the nearest pier at which a steamboat may be boarded for Blackwall.

In direct contrast to the Liverpool Street corner is the corner where the Holborn district and Oxford Street meet Tottenham Court Road and Charing Cross Road. Busy the scene always is, but the seethe and swirl are absent. There are no train catchers, and the loitering, shop-seeing element leavens the work-a-day portion of the movement. The stage, the music hall, and the British Museum contribute their special features to the crowd. Business men will come up from Holborn at the swing, but the ladies of the suburbs loiter from shop window to shop window, and when they have finished, and wait for the 'bus that is to take them to their homes in Camden or Kentish Town or distant Hampstead, they betray no undue anxiety or haste. The pretty, neatly-dressed chorus or small-part lady may be seen at this corner constantly, for there is a theatrical colony in the streets that run from Tottenham Court Road to Gower Street, and in those around Bloomsbury Square. The sportsman—or rather sporting man—is not unknown here, for near to this corner was for many years a spot where the odds could be obtained in ready money in spite of the law, and the corner has never quite lost its sporting character. The Twopenny Tube station just across the road receives a rivulet of passengers all day long, and ejects a stream at frequent intervals. The foreign element from Fitzroy Square comes by Tottenham Court Road, and lends dark hair and flashing eyes and comic opera hats to the corner occasionally. But it rarely loiters. It crosses the road and works its way towards the maze of streets that make up Soho.

But the main characteristic of this corner is the "domestic English." The shopping lady, the tradesman, the commercial traveller, the occupiers of furnished apartments, and the inhabitants of North London villadom are more largely represented than any other element; for the nursemaid and the perambulator, and the working population that make High Street, Camden Town, and Hampstead

Road impassable on Saturday night, stop short about Euston Road, and rarely come as far as this corner, where the roadway runs direct into the City in one direction and direct to the West-End in another. The carriages that pass are more of the family vehicle than the smart order, and their presence is mainly due to the fact that in Tottenham Court Road are half a dozen of the most celebrated house furnishers and drapers in the Metropolis.

I have enumerated but a few out of the famous street corners of London, but they are fairly typical ones. The Angel at Islington, the Nag's Head at Holloway, the corner of Piccadilly Circus, the corner by Camberwell Green, the Royal Exchange, and certain corners in the Borough, Hoxton, Kennington, Shoreditch, and Charing Cross have each a special feature, but in general character they fall into line with those dealt with in this article.

I have taken the London Street Corners from the point of view of their characteristic crowds, but they afford plenty of opportunities for the student of manners from the individual point of view also. The street corner character is an interesting personality. The loafer is to be found there in all his glory night and day. For the lovers of London it is at once a meeting and a parting place. The provincial sightseer is never absent from certain corners—notably the Baker Street corner near Madame Tussaud's —and there are some corners which are at night time meeting places for the local youth, and occasionally for the local rough. The street corner is a favourite pitch of the pickpocket and the confidence dodger, and the policeman lingers longer there than at any other part of his beat. The corner of the street is a place for good-byes, not only for lovers, but for friends and relations who live at opposite ends of the town. "I will walk as far as the corner with you" is a phrase that is on the lips of thousands of Londoners every night in the year. And "just round the corner" is a meeting place hallowed by centuries of poetry and song. To many an Englishman and Englishwoman there are "corners" in London streets which are fraught with hallowed memories — and they are not the *busiest* corners either.

LEMAN STREET CORNER (WHITECHAPEL).

TRAM, 'BUS, AND CAB LONDON.

By HENRY CHARLES MOORE.

CABMAN WITH ROSETTE (ROTHSCHILD COLOURS).

DURING the hours which elapse between the arrival of the first tram at Aldgate, crowded with working men, and the departure suburbwards of the last 'bus, loaded with cheerful folk fresh from an after-theatre supper, cabs, 'buses, and trams carry between them all classes of his Majesty's subjects, from the peer and the millionaire to the coster and the workhouse woman.

Let us begin by seeing the trams at work. It is eight a.m., and at the entrance to a big North London tramyard stand some eight or nine smartly-uniformed conductors and leather-aproned drivers discussing the latest news. Close by, in the yard inspector's office, are three conductors receiving their boxes of tickets, and signing for them in a big many-columned book. A car comes slowly from the back of the yard, and the men at the gate stand aside to let it pass. A conductor jumps on it, dons his bell-punch, and prepares for work. In less than a minute the car is at the starting-point, where clerks, shop assistants, office boys, and tea-shop girls have been anxiously awaiting its arrival. Several youths and one girl jump on the car before it stops; the others wait until it is at a standstill. Then ten of them attempt to step on the platform at the same time, and not a little pushing ensues, followed probably by some hot words. In a few moments all the seats are occupied; the conductor rings his bell, and the car starts.

At the Finsbury Pavement terminus of the North Metropolitan Tramways we find cars, nearly all carrying their maximum number of passengers, arriving in rapid succession from various northern suburbs. At the Hampstead Road and other termini north of the Thames they are arriving and departing every minute. Passing to South

WASHING L.C.C. TRAMCARS.

OMNIBUS DRIVER.

London we see proof of the great popularity of electric trams. The London County Council's cars, filled with almost every type of the great city's male and female workers, are following each other closely on their way to the termini at Southwark, Blackfriars, Waterloo, and Westminster Bridges.

During the afternoon the trams, in all parts, are less crowded, but at six p.m. they begin to fill up rapidly at every town-end terminus, including those of the electric cars at Hammersmith and Shepherd's Bush, and struggles to get on them are fierce and frequent. At ten o'clock the trams begin to pass into the yards; at long intervals at first, but after eleven o'clock every two or three minutes. Here is a horse-drawn tram, its last journey for the day ended, entering a yard. A stableman is there awaiting it, and the moment it stops he promptly takes out the horses, and leads them upstairs to unharness, feed, and make them secure for the night. As the horses are being led away, the driver and the conductor put their shoulders to the car and push it along the lines until it is close against the one in front of it. The driver then marches off home, with his rug on his arm and his whip in his hand. The conductor, however, is not quite ready to depart; for two or three minutes he sits inside the car checking his last journey's takings. Having made his money agree with his way bill, he enters the little yard-office and hands it in, together with his unused tickets, to the night inspector.

When the last tram has entered the yard, which is now crowded with cars, the gates are shut, and the washers and stablemen are left to themselves. The washers vigorously sweep the dirt and the "dead" tickets from the roofs and insides of the cars, and not until this task is ended is the washing begun. It is nearly five o'clock before the last car is washed, but the washers' work is not yet finished—the windows have to be cleaned, the brass work polished, and the panels rubbed with chamois leather.

Now let us watch the 'buses. It is a quarter past seven, and the driver of the first 'bus to leave one of the London General Omnibus Company's many extensive yards is already up, standing with his legs astride the brake pedal, and wrapping his rug around his body. A stout, grey-whiskered, red-faced old man, with his rug already strapped around him, is climbing laboriously to the box seat of the second 'bus. He is a conservative old fellow, and wears a tall hat, in spite of the fact that such headgear is going out of fashion among 'busmen. Drivers, ranging in age from twenty-one to seventy, and conductors, mostly under forty, hurry into the yard, greeting and

OMNIBUS CONDUCTOR.

LONDON BRIDGE STATION YARD.

chaffing each other in vigorous language. The only man who appears at all depressed is an "odd" driver who has been three days without a job; but soon his spirits revive, for a bustling little woman enters the yard, and informs the foreman that her husband is "that bad with rheumatism he can't raise a hand, let alone drive a pair of young horses like he had third journey yesterday." The "odd" driver takes out the sick man's 'bus, and the "odd" conductors regard his luck as a good omen.

By half-past eight 'buses of almost every colour, except black, are arriving in rapid succession from all quarters of the Metropolis, and, setting down the last of their passengers at the Bank, rumble onwards to join the queue outside Broad Street Station, or to add to the busy scene in London Bridge Station yard. An hour later the London General's Kilburn express, "sixpence any distance," is rattling Citywards along Maida Vale; and at Oxford Circus 'buses are passing north, south, east, and west. Here, too, are the large motor omnibuses—yearly increasing in number—of the London General Omnibus Company, the Road Car Company, the Atlas and Waterloo Association, and Tilling, Limited, as well as others which came into existence with the introduction of the modern horseless 'bus. Before mounting to the top of one of these motor omnibuses we notice, crossing the Circus, a "Royal Blue"—a name which has been familiar to Londoners for more than half a century—and during our ride down Regent Street towards Piccadilly we meet Balls Brothers' "Brixtons" and the very old-fashioned blue "Favorites" of the London General Omnibus Company.

Near by, crossing Trafalgar Square, we see the yellow 'buses (dubbed by 'busmen "mustard-pots") of the Camden Town Association, the oldest omnibus body in London. To this and other associations belong the

The "Dudley Arms," Harrow Road, W.

Proprietor ... ... Mr. OMAR HALL.

A SELECT HARMONIC MEETING

Will take place at the above house

On

For the Benefit of the Widow and Children of the late

TOM MARTIN,

Who died after a short illness leaving a Wife and 7 Children. The late T.M. being a good supporter of these Meetings it is the wish of the undersigned that his and our friends will support his Widow in this her hour of need.

Chairman ... COALY JOE. Vice Chairman ... G. MILNE.
Clerk ... BERT TRICKER, Tyler ... STEVO. Pianist a friend.

Assisted by A. Atfield, J. Marshall, Old-Joe, F. Rawlings, Compo-Joe, Norty, Little Sam, Stoney Maggy, Jamesy, Bill Green, S. Green, Bill Cowley, F. Harriss, Deafy, Fred Tomlin, F. Tomlin jnr. Tom Cannon, Bill Rose, Joe Fellows, Spencer, Blimey, Harry, Horace Pope, J. Smith, Daddler, G. Dabbs, Bill Morse, H. Withy, Jim Childs, A Kemp, Bill Robinson, Fishy Andrews, W Bell, Long Phil, Mack, Bob Fricker, Slip, P. Minter, Joe-the-Butcher, R. Poole, Wilky, G.Clarke, Scotty, G. Cleaves, Lemon, Clarky Baxter, T. Medley, Milky, Tiger, White, H Messenger, Bill-the-Farrier, W. Grimwood, Bill King, A. Stringer, Flash Tom, Sam Whithouse. Mackey, Harris, Billy Cleaver, F. Flower, W. Weedon, Bill Dearman, F. Dearman, Dick Sharp, H. Green, Fed Taylor, Bros Fisher, Jess Adden, G. Shurey, Bill Willis, Kay Legge, Bill Chapman, J. Stallion, Jack Speckman, Half-a-Gammon, Bandy Chambers, Choir-boy, Bill Hales Ginger Brown, Bill Peyman, Fred Wright, Walter Martin, H Wardle Bob Sivers, Tom Fountain, G. Butterfield, Little Titch, F. Roden, Toby Frier, Bros. Ash, Harry Barnes, Dr. Davis, T. Rackham, Billy Williams, Tom Brown Bill Loxton, Dick Mills, Charlie Davis Old-Sampy, and Uncle Ned.

Friends whose names are not on this card will kindly accept this as an invitation Commence at 8.

A "FRIENDLY LEAD" TICKET.

majority of the leading proprietors, including several very old-established firms and such comparatively youthful limited liability companies as the Star Omnibus Company and the Associated Omnibus Company. Proceeding to Victoria, we find 'bus after 'bus starting from the railway station yard, including the well-lighted red "Kilburns" of the Victoria Station Association.

MOTOR OMNIBUS.

Now it is early in the afternoon—a slack time for 'busmen. Here comes a Road Car with every seat vacant, but the silk-hatted driver is keeping a sharp look-out, and soon picks up three ladies bound for Westbourne Grove. Not far away an empty London General is standing at a "point." Here is a "pirate." Two ladies enter this 'bus, believing it to belong to the London General Omnibus Company. It is painted and lettered to give the public that impression, but the company's name is not on the panels, and the horses, instead of being strong, well-fed animals, are lean "cabbers."

Later on, an almost empty 'bus, which belongs to one of the great companies, is coming along Fleet Street from Ludgate Circus. The driver glances up at the Law Courts clock, and calculates that by driving somewhat slowly he will arrive at the earliest closing theatre just as the people are coming out. But the Strand policemen's duty clashes with his, and they hurry him on, with the result that, instead of leaving Charing Cross with a full complement of passengers, he has only five.

The day cabmen, their hansoms and four-wheelers clean and bright from the washers' hands, begin to appear in numbers about nine a.m., some hurrying Citywards with fares, and others

IN A CAB YARD.

proceeding slowly to various stands, where they find a few unfortunate and somewhat despondent night cabmen waiting in the hope of obtaining at least one good job before taking their cabs back to the yard.

Soon we find cabs everywhere, for there are 7,500 hansoms and 4,000

HANSOM.

FOUR-WHEELER.

four-wheelers licensed to ply in the streets. A long line of cabs, each with luggage on its roof, is just quitting Euston Station. Several of the fares have arrived *viâ* Liverpool from distant parts of the world, and can scarcely conceal the pleasure they feel at finding themselves, after many years of exile, once more in a London cab. Down Grosvenor Place hansoms and four-wheelers are hastening to Victoria Station. On a summer day Middlesex and Surrey are perhaps playing at Lord's, and outside the ground the line of empty hansoms, patiently awaiting the close of the day's play, extends more than half way to Maida Vale. Now the theatres have closed, and hansoms and four-wheelers are following close upon each other in all directions. Some are bound for the suburbs; others, the majority, are hurrying to the various railway termini. Even Gower Street, peaceful from morning until night, is noisy with the tinkling of cab bells and the clattering of hoofs.

Here is a smart young cabman ready to mount his dickey. He is, perhaps, the lucky recipient of one of the Rothschild Christmas-boxes—a brace of pheasants—which are given annually to the majority of 'busmen and to some cabmen. In acknowledgment of this generous gift he has adorned his whip with a rosette composed of the donor's colours.

At the West-End we notice an old cabman seated on the box-seat of his four-wheeler. There is an air of contentment about him, for he is on a good stand and knows that it will not be long before he is hailed by a "fare." Near by, waiting outside a club, is a hansom in summer array. Cabby looks very cool in his white hat and light coat, and we see that he has also done his best to make his patrons comfortable; for a white awning is spread over the roof of his cab, and inside the hansom is a palm-leaf fan.

On a certain summer afternoon we may find the pensioners of that excellent society the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association mustering at Westminster Bridge for their annual summer treat—a river trip to Hampton Court. Many of these weather-beaten old fellows (some are very feeble) have their wives with them, and a happy day is always spent.

The cabmen's shelters are filled with drivers enjoying their midday meal. The accommodation is small, and the men have little elbow-room, but the good quality and

cheapness of the food more than atone, in the cabmen's opinion, for limited space. It is while having a meal in a shelter that cabmen discuss matters of interest to themselves. One describes the personal appearance of a well-dressed man who "bilked" him on the previous day, and another distributes cards announcing that a "friendly lead"—or, as it is sometimes termed, "a select harmonic meeting"—is to be held for the widow and children of a deceased comrade. "Friendly lead" cards are usually drawn up by cabmen, and, as the chairman and other officials are generally advertised by their nicknames, they afford amusement to outsiders.

Between the hours of two and five in the afternoon hundreds of cabbies drive to some of the big yards, such as that of the London Improved Cab Company, where they change horses and have their cabs "spotted," that is, the splashes of mud removed. (The illustration on p. 97 is from a photograph of Mr. Patrick Hearn's well-known yard in Gray's Inn Road.) And in the West End electric cabs, occupied by charmingly attired ladies bent on shopping, are plentiful.

About 9.30 p.m. the first hansom to finish its day's work of twelve hours returns, and soon the washers begin their long night's work, dipping their pails into the tanks and throwing the water over the wheels and bodies of the muddy cabs. One man quickly finishes his first cab, and getting between the shafts pulls it out into the main yard, where some hours later it will be polished.

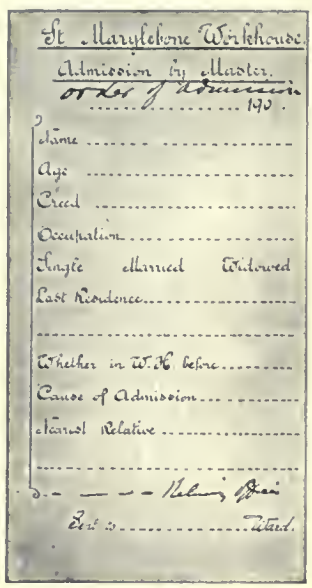
Standing at the corner of a street, nearly opposite one of the chief theatres, is a thin, shabbily-dressed, dejected-looking cab tout. His eyes are fixed on the stalls and dress-circle entrance, and the moment the earliest of the homeward-bound playgoers appear he hurries across to them. "Four-wheeler, sir?" he calls out to an elderly man, who is accompanied by his three pretty daughters. A four-wheeler *is* required, and the cab tout dashes off to a side street to fetch one. Soon he returns with it, and is rewarded with sixpence. Seeing that there is no chance of another job at this theatre, for his fellow touts are many, he hurries off to a later-closing one, where he earns eightpence—a sixpenny tip and a twopenny one. His night's earnings are only fourteenpence, but he is quite satisfied. The previous night he spent, supperless, on the Embankment; to-night he will have a fish-supper, a pot of beer, and a bed.

The day cabs continue to pass into the various yards until two o'clock in the morning, and by that time the Metropolis, with the exception of its night workers, is asleep. But hansoms and four-wheelers are waiting on the stands, and before the city awakes many a Londoner will have cause to be thankful that, though trams and 'buses disappear from the streets for a few hours, a cab is always to be found.

IN A CABMEN'S SHELTER.

IN A LONDON WORKHOUSE.

By T. W. WILKINSON.


St. Marylebone Workhouse.
Admission by Master.
Order of Admission
..... 19 .
Name .....
Age .....
Creed .....
Occupation .....
Single Married Widowed
Last Residence .....
.....
Whether in W.H. before .....
Cause of Admission .....
Nearest Relative .....
.....
Brought by .....
Left by .....

PAUPER'S ADMISSION ORDER.

TO pass in a north-westerly direction through the squares and by the towering flats lying between Langham Place and Northumberland Street, and to enter "York Palace"—no royal palace in fact, but the St. Marylebone Workhouse, and so called because of its palatial appearance and its proximity to York Gate, Regent's Park—is to step from the front door of Dives into the home of Lazarus. Plenty and poverty exist side by side. My lady's boudoir is on the one hand; the pauper's dormitory on the other. Extremes meet in London as they meet nowhere else.

Further contrasts await us at the entrance to this last refuge of civilisation's superfluities and failures, which we may take as a type of the many workhouses scattered over the Metropolis. Tarry awhile at the porter's lodge, and watch the incomers before they lose some of their individuality. Here, with slow, unwilling steps and lack-lustre eyes, comes a man who, worn out with life's struggle, has reluctantly obtained a relieving officer's order for admission. Enter next his antithesis—a London wastrel to the very marrow, shiftlessness stamped on his stubbled face, and with the air of one going through an oft-repeated performance. Who art thou, O unshorn one, that callest thyself a painter? Let him be put down as a painter, but the officials know him as something more—a confirmed "in and out," a man who discharges himself in the morning and is back at night or the next day. A mere neophyte this, however; he has not yet achieved distinction in the professional pauper army. The gap which separates him from the champion "in and out," a supremely gifted genius of the East-End who has been discharged and admitted about two thousand times, is that which separates lance-corporal from colonel.

Another contrast. In through the doorway of sighs comes a typical working man who palpably shrinks from the future, because he knows nothing of the life on which he is entering. When he goes before the Visiting Committee, may good fortune be his! Everybody admitted appears before that body, which is brought into closer contact with the inmates than are the Guardians who, as a board, meet fortnightly; and he is one of those cases which it helps

RECEIVING AN INFIRM PAUPER.

by giving money or finding employment or both. It thus saves men, and does untold good quietly and unostentatiously. He passes ; and here is his successor—a man for whom the poor-house has no secrets and no terrors. He was born in the workhouse ; all his life—and his hair is white as driven snow—he has lived in the workhouse ; and he will die in the workhouse.

Could we wait here for twenty-four hours the iron chain of circumstances would show us still stranger juxtapositions. Picture a common scene. It is night. From the person of a man who has kept want at bay for sixty years or more, and who rolls up easily and comfortably in the official carriage kept for those who cannot walk. Rubber-tyred are the wheels of this vehicle, and it contains every necessary convenience known to medical science.

Leaving the lodge, all these and other types are conducted to the receiving ward, and then they are scattered over the buildings according to age, sex, and other circumstances. To get glimpses of them when they are settled involves some walking.

IN THE AIRING YARD.

Marylebone Road comes no sound save that of a cab bearing a belated roisterer homeward. Tap ! tap ! from the knocker, loudly, imperiously. The door is opened to admit a policeman carrying in his arms the familiar bundle. No need to ask what he has got. Another little mite has been found on a doorstep, nestled, perhaps, in an improvised cradle, and with a note from its despairing mother pinned to its clothing—a note that adds to the poignancy of the tragedy. "Oh, pray," wrote one poor creature from the depths of a sorrow-laden heart—"oh, pray somebody be kind to my little darling. I have to work very hard for six shillings a week, or I would look after her myself."

This is how tender, budding youth often comes to the workhouse gate. Age is represented not many hours afterwards in the Where shall we begin? In an institution known to one section of the community as "the grubber," one thinks first of the kitchen. Let that, then, be our starting point.

A large, lofty room, lined with white glazed bricks, and with a score of steam-jacketed coppers, tea coppers, roasting ovens, and the like, it seems to have been designed and fitted for a regiment of Brobdingnagians. Here they make sixty-gallon milk puddings, have three teapots of eighty gallons capacity each, cook a quarter of a ton of bacon and a ton of cabbage at an operation, and steam potatoes by the ton. Fixed in the middle of the kitchen is a mincing machine, one of the uses of which is artificially masticating the meat supplied to old and toothless paupers. On a large cutting-up table to the left the joints (always of good quality)

are carved, and then, with other food, passed through two trapdoors into the great hall.

What was the menu to-day, Tuesday? Roast mutton and potatoes, with bread. The young men and women each had four-and-a-half ounces of meat, twelve ounces of potatoes, and four ounces of bread. For breakfast the ration was four ounces of bread, one-pint-and-a-half of porridge or one pint of cocoa; and for supper it will be six ounces of bread and one-pint-and-a-half of broth.

THE KITCHEN.

Through the great hall—a fine building capable of seating twelve hundred, and affording an infinitely suggestive scene at dinner-time—out into the airing yard again, past the beds of flowers that fringe it and make it bright and cheerful, by seat after seat occupied by paupers reading in the sun, and presently we reach one of the general males' day wards, of which there are four, all exactly alike. It is full of men, some standing in groups talking, some sleeping, some reading, some playing dominoes on the long table. On another table to the right stand huge bottles of medicine—stock mixtures for coughs, indigestion, and other common ailments of the race—ready to be measured out in doses at stated times. Adjoining is one of the four special day wards, which introduces us to the classification system. Formerly paupers were lumped together, as "casuals" are, outrageously enough, to this day; now the best of them are isolated and made comparatively comfortable. As the superior men are discovered they are drafted into one or other of these rooms, which are much more bright and attractive than those for the lower grade. The one we have just left is bare, rather noisy, and full of movement; this is hung with steel engravings, the table is strewn with books and adorned with plants, and all is still and quiet. In the other room the men, of a rougher class, wear their hats and like to sleep and play dominoes; here the inmates are bareheaded, and spend much of their spare time in reading. Separate dormitories are also provided for these select paupers, and they enjoy, therefore, a degree of privacy which used to be quite unattainable in a workhouse. In addition there are, of course, rooms exclusively for infirm males, who spend hours sitting apart in silence, as if listening for Time's oncoming footsteps.

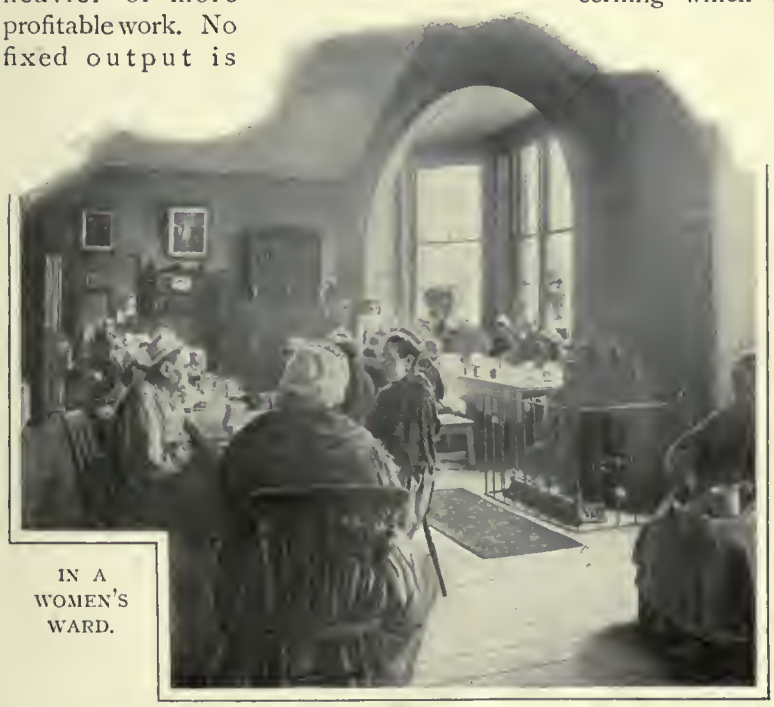
More tacking and turning bring us to a

doorway from which proceeds a monotonous "ger—er—er—er." Inside are a number of men, each bent over a crank, which communicates with a huge, overgrown coffee-mill. Able-bodied unskilled paupers, they are literally fulfilling the primeval curse, and earning, as well as making, their bread by the sweat of their brow, since they are converting wheat into whole meal, which, mixed with a proportion of white flour, they will eat later on in the great hall. Two bushels of grain form the daily task.

AN OLD COUPLE'S QUARTERS.

Chop! chop! chop! with the buzz of a saw, from another shop. It is, of course, the firewood manufactory. The eye takes it all in at a glance. At the far end four men are turning a crank that supplies the motive power to a circular saw, which is fed by a fifth inmate. Scattered about the room other paupers are chopping and bundling the wood. They are all old—mostly too old and too unskilled to do heavier or more profitable work. No fixed output is exacted. The men, in fact, are here more that they may kill time than anything else.

In other shops pauper "tradesmen" are variously employed. Piled up yonder, awaiting the attention of the cobblers, is a heap of boots about the size of a hayrick. These seats in the corridor, fit for any gentleman's lawn, are home-made, and are for the garden. And now the odour of methylated spirit reaches the nose. We have arrived at the French-polishing shop, concerning which the indefatigable Master of the workhouse could tell a story. Once it had an inmate who too freely supped the potent but nauseous spirit used for polishing. To make the stuff still more horrible, the officials dosed his supplies with asafœtida, and there is every reason to believe that that eloquently noisome drug proved too much for even his palate. But the experiment was only a qualified success, because the offensive product spoiled the spirit for the purposes for which it is generally employed. Over the remaining shops we need not linger. Enough



IN A WOMEN'S WARD.

AT DINNER.

that employment is found for all except the physically unfit, and that all the work of the house is done by its inmates. There are only two salaried artisans in the place.

Now let us pass to the female side, which differs little, except in obvious details, from the male side. One feature, however, has a pathetic interest, and that is the number of aged inmates. Included in the population of this microcosm—two thousand, the full roll of many a country town with a mayor and corporation—are no fewer than two hundred octogenarians, of whom the majority are women. Veritable dear old creatures many of them are! The feeling they produce must needs be one of sadness, and yet there is something pleasing in the spectacle they present when hob-nobbing over their tea in the afternoon. Many of them have their own teapots—presents, in some cases, from the kindly matron—and they get the delicious leaf from visitors and in other ways. Sometimes one of the less infirm women, having no proprietary rights whatever in such a utensil, puts a screw into a pot belonging to a more fortunate companion, and in virtue of that contribution is entitled to a cup of the brew. So there you shall find them all at their accustomed hour, drinking tea as of old, and perfectly contented with things as they are, judging from the nodding of caps and the smiles and the whispered confidences. If they are not happy, appearances belie them. It is certain, at all events, that most of them will gradually rust out, and die at last of the workhouse complaint, old age.

And now we reach the aged married couples' quarters. Consisting of ten little tenements for as many Darbies and Joans — one room, one couple — and a general room at the end for meals, the "private apartments" form a sort of miniature model dwelling that overlooks the Paddington Street Recreation Ground. Admirable is the only word for this division. The brightly-painted walls, the pictures, the official furniture, including a chest of drawers and a table, the photographs and knick-knacks belonging to the inmates, who are allowed to bring in such property and arrange it as they choose—all this makes a "private apartment" home-like and a delight to the eye. If an old couple must spend their last days in the workhouse, one could wish them no brighter or more healthy quarters.

A final pause at the nursery, and then to another gate—that of the casual ward. The infants' room is, perhaps, the saddest side of any workhouse, though everything possible is done for the helpless little mortals in "York Palace." Some little sufferers are in bed; the rest seated together at the end of the room, close to a table where food—milk, bread-and-milk, bread and butter—is always kept in readiness. They are always eating, but they cannot exhaust the supply, for that is illimitable. Though they have not been cradled in the purple, they bear no trace of hardship. A chubby-cheeked girl, who never takes her eyes off your face, came from a doorstep in a neighbouring street, and some of her companions have identically the same history. Where are their mothers—alive or dead? Others are known orphans, and two or three are the children of women in the house. But they all look well and robust.

Five o'clock. The casual ward opens at six, and already there is outside it a mass of the human wreckage that the irresistible tide of London life is ever casting up. Nearly two-score pitiable figures—broken-down professional men, artisans out of work (some of them "too old at fifty"), women with innocent children clinging to their skirts, whole families even, from the head to the suckling at its mother's breast—are waiting for admission. One of the women is eyed curiously by her fellow "casuals." She is decently dressed and—here is the cause for special wonder—wearing kid gloves. What strange decree of fate has brought her here?

At six o'clock prompt the door opens, and the tramps enter the refuge in single file. Listen to the answers they give to the usual questions. One is repeated again and again till it sears itself on the brain. It is "Nowhere." "Where did you sleep last night?" asks the porter. "Nowhere." Nowhere! The key of the street; dropping asleep on a doorstep, or, worse still, while still walking, and being rudely wakened by the shock of stepping on a paving-stone that was not there —dropping, that is to say, off the kerb—or

running into a lamp-post or a brilliantly-lighted window; dodging about in the cold, grey dawn to get a wash at a street fountain when a policeman is not looking—these and a score of other miseries are summed up in the pregnant word.

Beyond the office the stream of destitute humanity divides, the women and children going one way, and the men another. The males are next searched to see whether they possess more money than is allowed (the limit here is 4d.), and also whether they have pipes, tobacco, or matches concealed about their persons. All pass muster, and, having had a compulsory bath, sit down to supper, which consists of one pint of gruel and six ounces of bread. The meal ended—and be sure that it does not last long—they retire one by one to their separate cells, each of which contains the unusual luxury of an ordinary bed.

To-morrow morning, after breakfast—which is a mere repetition of supper—the inmates will be set to work, the women at cleaning and washing, the men at cleaning and oakum picking. All day, with only a break for dinner—bread and cheese—will they be thus kept employed. Then will come supper again, then bed; and on the following morning, about thirty-six hours after entrance, they will be discharged, turned on the streets once more.

This is the life of those who by the vicissitudes of things are undermost, temporarily or permanently. It is practically the same all over Pauper London, for, as already stated, "York Palace" is a typical Metropolitan workhouse. Vastly as it has been improved of late years, it can be still further bettered without putting a premium on laziness, and it lies with us who are now on top to see that this is done.

CASUALS WAITING FOR ADMISSION.

READING ROOM, AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY.

AMERICAN LONDON.

By ELIZABETH L. BANKS.

THERE was a time when American tourists who came to London returned to their native land and informed their compatriots that there was "nothing fit to eat over there," meaning that all the food was cooked and served in English style, and that benighted Britishers knew nothing of the delights of the products of American culinary skill. That Great Britain could exist, and even wax strong and fat, under such adverse conditions was an ever-increasing puzzle to the visiting American who went from restaurant to restaurant, and boarding-house to boarding-house, with his eyes full of tears and his pockets full of money, seeking, always seeking, for what his appetite craved, yet never finding it.

But those melancholy times are past—it was before the Americanising of London that such tragedies were enacted; and now there are few special American dishes which one cannot find at various eating-places in London if one will but inquire for them. Here is a case in point. I was one of a little American party at a restaurant in the neighbourhood of Charing Cross, where pork and beans, Boston style, and salted cod-fish "picked-up" (*i.e.* shredded into fine bits and prepared with thick cream gravy) were served to us as the merest matter of course when asked for—and, I may add, to the astonishment of a certain facetious member of our party, who had ordered these "specialities" of Yankeeland with no other purpose than that of dumbfounding the waiter.

That individual, however, only answered, "Yes, sir; certainly sir!" and straightway brought us our cod-fish; after which we had such a beautifully browned bean feast, with crinkled roast pork in the middle and all, that we could proceed with little effort to fancy ourselves in Boston.

But it was London!

It was London, too, into which we penetrated when we left the restaurant to make our way towards Piccadilly Circus; and the semi-circular street down which we looked, to see dozens of star-spangled banners floating from the tops of the business houses, was Regent Street. It was difficult to believe that we were not in New York or Chicago, walking along a street decorated with flags for some extra-special gala occasion. What

did it mean? Nothing, except that the month was July, and the shopkeepers, knowing that the "American Invaders" had descended upon London to the number of many thousands, paid them the pretty compliment of hoisting the Stars and Stripes instead of the Union Jack. To be sure, one could not positively affirm that the shopkeepers were wholly sentimental, and gave no thought to the probable increase of trade that the hoisting of the flag might bring! London shopkeepers are human. Nevertheless this Americanising of Regent Street has always seemed to me an exceedingly graceful thing.

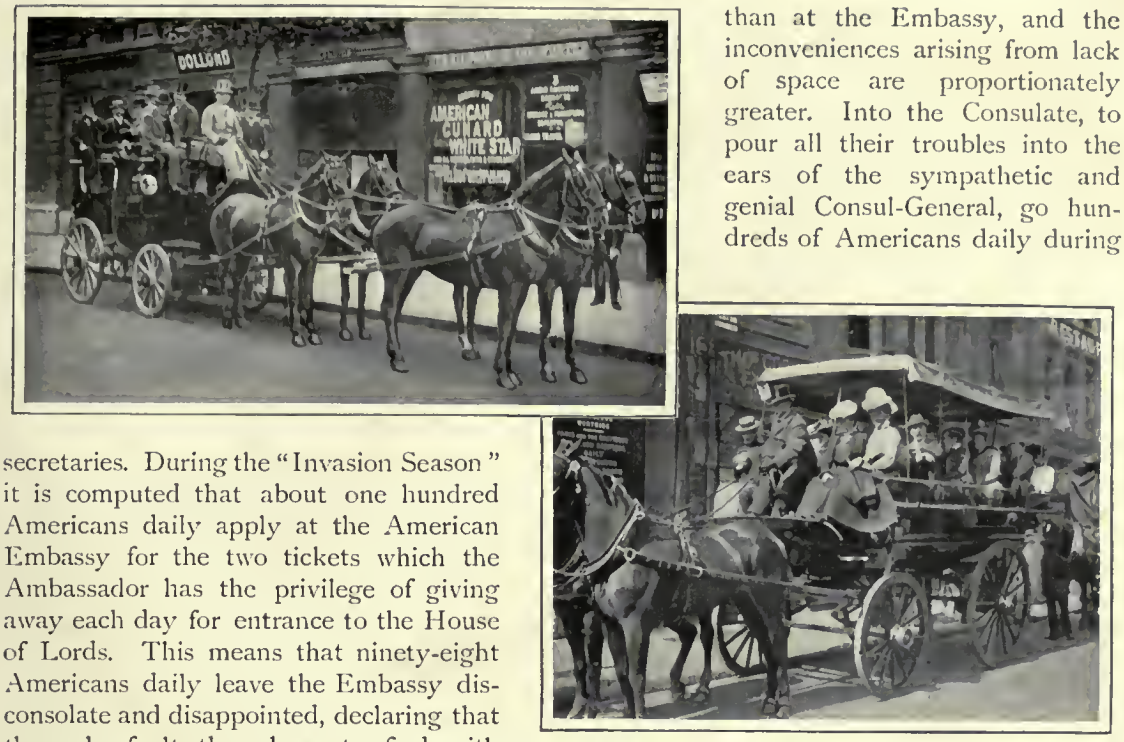
And speaking of shops and shopping, let us hasten along Regent Street, past the Circus, into Oxford Street to see another device in the way of American baiting. A very kindly, clever bait it is, that sign in the window of a large Oxford Street draper's establishment—"To our American Lady Customers: Messrs. Blank, having noticed that their American customers seem often to have difficulty in determining the exact value of English coinage, have prepared a table of money equivalents, by which ladies may see at a glance the American value of the articles exposed for sale. Messrs. Blank will also be pleased to receive payment for their goods in American currency, if more convenient to their customers. They also present, with their compliments, a Guide Book of London, which they are sure will interest and assist American ladies visiting the Metropolis."

"American Rocking Chairs for Sale Here!" "American Shoes!" "American Desks!" "American Pickles and Catsup!" "American Cut Glass!" "American Soda Water and Other Iced Drinks!" "American Bar—Gentlemen, Try our 'Whiskey Sour' and 'Manhattan Cock-tail!'" "American Candies — Made Fresh Every Day!"

Everywhere and hundreds of times a day our eyes are greeted with these and other signs of American London.

Having eaten our American luncheon, and shopped in American fashion with American money with which we have bought American things, let us to Victoria Street to pay our respects at the American Embassy, which has the distinction of being unique in its unpretentiousness and inconveniences among the various embassies of London. We find the Ambassador, who is at the head of American London, receiving numbers of his countrymen and countrywomen, assisted by the different

IN THE COURTYARD, HOTEL CECIL.



OFF FOR THE DAY: I. BY COACH. II. BY CHAR-A-BANC.

secretaries. During the "Invasion Season" it is computed that about one hundred Americans daily apply at the American Embassy for the two tickets which the Ambassador has the privilege of giving away each day for entrance to the House of Lords. This means that ninety-eight Americans daily leave the Embassy disconsolate and disappointed, declaring that the only fault they have to find with London is the fact that the chamber of the House of Lords is not so convenient of access as is their own Senate chamber at Washington.

If it happens to be a Fourth of July, the Ambassador is found at his private residence, shaking hands, shaking hands, always shaking hands, with thousands of his countrymen and countrywomen who are resident in or passing through London; and after the hand-shaking, in which the Ambassador is, of course, assisted by his wife, there is a descent to the dining-room for the strawberries—which every honest American will admit to be better than any strawberries eaten in his native land — ice-cream, cake, and punch. There was a time in years gone by when only Americans attended these receptions, given to celebrate the breaking of the chain which bound the American Colonies to England; but in these later years a great many Englishmen and Englishwomen go to the American Ambassador's house every Independence Day. Great Englishmen of title bring their American wives to shake hands with the Ambassador, and jestingly refer to the "Anglo-American Alliance."

At the American Consulate, in St. Helen's Place, the scene is sometimes even busier than at the Embassy, and the inconveniences arising from lack of space are proportionately greater. Into the Consulate, to pour all their troubles into the ears of the sympathetic and genial Consul-General, go hundreds of Americans daily during the "Invasion Season"; and to the American tourist unaccustomed to the people and manners and ways of English life the Consul-General is expected to act the part of guide, philosopher, and friend. Among these callers are not a few ladies who seek his advice in connection with matters of all kinds.

Also into the Consulate go the "stranded" Americans in London, asking for help to "get back to God's country"; and then the Consul-General and his assistants must kindly but firmly point to a framed legend on the wall, which runs: "This office is not provided by the United States Government with any fund for the assistance of needy Americans in London."

The Consulate is besieged by English as well as American visitors. It is to the Consulate, in the private office of the Deputy-Consul-General, that hundreds of British merchants and others go to make what is known as their "declarations" before shipping goods to America, that is, they "declare" the value of the goods they are exporting.

To the Deputy-Consul-General also go the Americans to get advice upon notarial, legal,

A FOURTH OF JULY RECEPTION AT THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR'S RESIDENCE

and other matters of various kinds. There, too, go the many Yankee inventors, who, arriving in London with what they term a "mighty handy device," yet knowing not what to do with it, proceed to St. Helen's Place to seek information from the always good-natured Deputy-Consul-General concerning where to "place" their inventions on exhibition to attract the attention of Londoners.

But the Embassy and the Consulate are only two of the places where Americans in London foregather. Go to the Reading Room of the British Museum, and watch them hunting up their ancestors, diving deep into the records of the Harleian Society, turning page after page of peerage books and works on county families. Observe the smiles when they discover that there was a live lord in the family away back in the centuries agone; see how they chuckle if they can discover connection, however distant, with a dukedom. They like the British Museum for other reasons than that it enables them to discover the secrets of their ancestry. They particularly like the place, because in the summer it is cool and in the winter it is warm, heated after the American manner and sometimes to the American temperature. Thus is the British Museum one of their favourite haunts.

Round the bust of Longfellow, too, in Westminster Abbey, frequently gathers American London, with kindly thoughts of the England that has thus honoured America's poet. Then from the Abbey, on the top of a 'bus, talking with the driver and giving him such tips as are calculated to turn him into the most voluble and interesting of encyclopædias, go the Invaders to the Tower, to St. Paul's, and other resorts which any American after a visit to London of even two days would blush to say he had not seen. In the afternoon at tea-time, or later in the cool of the day, again comes the foregathering, this time in the courtyard of the Cecil, the Palm Court of the Carlton, and the lounges of the other hotels that welcome Americans to the neighbourhood of Trafalgar or Russell Square. Notes are compared while teaspoons click against cup and saucer. There are calls for ice, ice; and there is such a volume of American accent, American vivacity, and American dressing as would be apt to convince a foreigner dropping suddenly into the scene that London was the chief city of America.

The two classes that go to make up American London are the Settlers and the Invaders. I have so far been writing of the Invaders. It is they who spend their days in sight-seeing, who fill the coaches and char-a-bancs going to Hampton Court and other places of interest. They gather in the shipping offices to purchase tickets to their native land. They haunt the bureaus of information, they go in their dozens to the office and reading-room of the American Express Company in Waterloo Place to see the American papers and inquire if there are any "express packages." Those who cannot afford the high-priced hotels betake themselves to boarding and lodging houses, with a preference for those over Bloomsbury way, and a particular and especial liking for such as are diplomatic enough to display the American flag or the American Eagle shield over the fanlight.

For the benefit of the Invaders, to make them pass their time profitably and pleasantly, the Settlers, assisted in many instances by Englishmen and Englishwomen, have started clubs, societies and unions, and leagues. The first of these societies was probably the American Society in London, which gives American dinners and receptions on such holidays as the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving Day, and Washington's Birthday. Then comes the Society of American Women in London, with its beautiful rooms and its wonderful luncheon parties at Prince's. The Atlantic Union, though it numbers among its members many Colonials, makes a specialty of American members and devising means of entertaining American visitors and bringing them into contact with British subjects; while the Anglo-American League is, as its name indicates, a combination of inhabitants of both countries in the interests of peace, good-will, sympathy, and for the strengthening of the international ties. The fact that membership in this society is open to all British subjects and American citizens, on the payment of a subscription of not less than a shilling or more than a pound, will

in itself show how broad are its aims and how wide-reaching should be its influence.

The American Settlers in London number about twenty thousand. Those who make up this twenty thousand belong to all sorts and conditions, from the American society woman entertaining not only her own countrymen and countrywomen, but members of the English royalty and nobility, to the humble American negro, who elects to reside in London because of what he thinks is the greater degree of "liberty, equality, and fraternity."

MAKING "DECLARATIONS" AT THE AMERICAN CONSULATE.

There was a time when to hear the American accent on the English stage caused smiles and comments. Now upon the boards the "American language" is heard almost as frequently as the English tongue, while theatrical companies made up entirely of Americans come to London with the expectation of remaining the whole year round.

American journalism, too, with its good points and its bad ones, has come to London to stay, not for a year, but probably for the century. Some papers being "run" on the American plan, it, of course, follows that the importation of American journalists has become a necessity, so all along Fleet Street American journalists can be seen at any hour of the day, and almost any hour of the night as well, flying hither and thither. I myself have a keen recollection of the time, only a few years back, when, calling at the office of a London newspaper, I would feel and express surprise at finding one of my own countrymen in the editorial chair, ready to discuss with me plans for my work. Now my journalistic work constantly brings me into contact with my own countrymen as editors of London papers.

IN THE DEPUTY-CONSUL-GENERAL'S OFFICE: A MATTER OF BUSINESS.

So thoroughly, indeed, has London become Americanised, so great is the influx, both by preference or by marriage, of American women into London society, that it is really dangerous for the unsophisticated to discuss in public American people, American customs, or American manners, unless they are named for the purpose of praising them. It was not so very long ago

that a Frenchman, being entertained in the home of a certain Duchess, was discussing at an evening reception the characteristics of American women as compared with those of Englishwomen and Frenchwomen. The Frenchman did not like or approve of American women, and made bold to express his opinion in no flattering terms of certain of their faults and failings. He also ventured to suggest that in point of beauty, charm, intelligence, and morality they were, as a class, far inferior to English and Continental women.

"Do you not agree with me, your Grace?" asked the Frenchman, gallantly bowing to the Duchess.

"That is a somewhat embarrassing question for you to have put to me," answered the Duchess coldly, "since I am an American woman myself, though, of course, I am now a British subject!"

Day by day and year by year this Americanising of London goes on. New "schemes," new enterprises, new inventions —even new customs and manners and new words for the English language—are ever making their appearance in London; and, inquiring whence they come, one is usually informed "From America, of course!" Then down come some of London's old buildings to make room for steam-heated American office-blocks, which their architects would rear to the thirty-fourth storey were it not for the interference of London's building laws.

Through the streets of London roam the German bands and Italian organ-grinders, playing "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "Hail! Columbia," and little English girls follow, keeping time to the music, dancing as only London children can dance.

All this is American London.

AN AMERICAN CALLER AT THE CONSULATE.

BOUND FOR SOUTHEND (FENCHURCH STREET STATION).

BANK HOLIDAY LONDON.

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

IF you happen to live near any of the great open spaces that fringe the outskirts of London, you know what it is to be wakened before sunrise on three mornings of the year by weird, unwonted noises passing without—clattering of hoofs, rattling of wheels, cracking of whips, occasional shouts, occasional bursts of laughter.

Getting out of bed to peer round the edge of the blind, you see a shadowy, intermittent procession flitting through the ghostly twilight—a donkey-cart laden with sticks and a sack or two of cocoa-nuts, a man perched in front driving, a woman nodding drowsily behind; a slow van top-heavy with painted poles and boat-shaped swings; a sleepy alien pushing an ice-cream barrow; another donkey-cart presently, and another; costers with barrows full of fruit, of nuts, of winkles—all passing dimly like phantoms in a nightmare; but, remembering it is a Bank Holiday, you know you are not dreaming, and that these are enterprising tradesmen racing early for the best places on the adjacent pleasure ground.

By and by you take a stroll out over that ground before breakfast, and find those shadows of the dawn looking solid enough in the daylight. They have lined the roads and paths with their stalls and barrows; the cocoa-nut shies have been prepared, and, pending the arrival of sportsmen, the proprietors are squatting on the grass enjoying an interlude of repose, or sipping at cups of coffee from the nearest refreshment-stand, and assimilating thick slices of bread and butter.

Already, however, the revellers are coming. Here are small boys, bent on missing none of the day and impatient to begin enjoying themselves, tramping in out of the streets clutching newspaper packets of provender. And, supposing the ground of your choice to be Hampstead Heath, and the weather fair, here come other boys, and here, too, come older citizens, who are used to being bleached in City offices on ordinary days of the year, each adventuring forth now with his rod, and a tin can, and a pocketful of worms. Down by the ponds on the Heath,

or in Highgate Fields, you shall see them bait their hooks and cast their lines, and settle down to the placid enjoyment of watching their floats.

But they have an hour or more of comparatively peaceful fishing before them yet, for the great mass of holiday-makers are only just getting dressed, or sitting down to breakfast. A small minority are approaching in trains and 'buses and trams, or afoot, but, generally speaking, those who are up so early as this have promised themselves a day at the seaside, and are hurrying to the big railway stations, such as London Bridge or Fenchurch Street, to catch excursion trains to Brighton, Southend, or elsewhere, or—especially on the August Bank Holiday—are pouring down the stone steps on to the Old Swan Pier, and fighting a passage through the increasing throng on to the excursion steamers for Clacton, Margate, and other resorts.

Many who could afford it went away by rail or river on Saturday afternoon, and will not return until to-morrow morning, but the multitudes scurrying now to the railway termini or seething and struggling on the pier will come back to-night weary with too much happiness, with the sea-voices lingering in their ears, and in their eyes a memory of lovelier horizons, to make the jaded city seem, by contrast, dingier than it really is.

Except for such as these, and for the ardent cyclists who are setting forth at this same hour on a long spin into the country, the average Londoner is not inclined to get up unusually early, even to make holiday; in fact, he more often allows himself the luxury of an extra hour's sleep, as if it were a Sunday, and does not emerge into the open till noon, after a premature dinner.

Nevertheless, by nine o'clock Hampstead Heath is alive and growing livelier every minute; after noon the ceaseless flow of new arrivals quickens and swells and spreads itself out over the landscape, until you can scarcely see the grass for the people on it. Up the road from the railway station and the tram terminus the crowd sweeps, closely packed, and as if there would never be an end to it—a jovial, motley crowd, in which very gorgeously arrayed young ladies and dapper young gentlemen mingle with artisans and navvies in working habiliments, and dowdy, draggled women, who are equally happy in the dresses they wear at the wash-tub; and decent, impecunious shopmen and master mechanics and their trim wives and daughters rub shoulders with embryo Hooligans and pallid, grubby urchins fresh from the slums and alleys they rarely care to escape from except on such a day as this.

Up the road tramps a party of callow youths, singing and

TWO SCENES IN WHITECHAPEL.

A CHILDREN'S PICNIC (WENTWORTH STREET, E.).

marching to a tune one of them is playing on a mouth-organ. Up the road come half a dozen similar youths, with half a dozen maidens in dresses of bewildering brilliance: each pair have changed hats, as a token of affection, and walk droning a plaintive ballad, with their arms round one another's necks.

Up the road comes a small middle-aged father of a large family, wheeling the youngest but one in the perambulator, while his wife carries the youngest, and the five elder children straggle after them eating sweets or apples; the smallest boy creating excitement at intervals by loitering and getting lost, when they have to go back, calling wildly, to look for him, and, having found him, to cuff him in a paroxysm of affectionate thankfulness, and dare him to do it again.

Up the road, in a word, come boys and girls, men and women, old and young, in rags and in finery, married and single, with babies and without; and all the way by the roadside vendors of "ladies' tormentors," long feathers known as "ticklers," penny bagpipes and tin trumpets, stand contributing to the general uproar. In a side street, opposite a public-house, a piano-organ is rattling out a lively waltz, and a bevy of girls are setting to each other, bowing and swaying, or catching each other by the waist and whirling round ecstatically; while their male escorts wait for them, doing impromptu breakdowns, or looking on and grinning, with their hands in their pockets.

But all this is almost Arcadian peacefulness beside the hubbub and riot now in full blast on the Heath itself. Every man at the stalls and the cocoa-nut shies is bellowing his loudest; and as you make what progress you can along the uproarious, congested roadway you are startled by sudden crisp reports from a shooting-gallery on your right or the blunt thud of the hammer being vigorously brought down on the try-your-strength machine to your left. At every step you are embarrassed by invitations to try your weight, to have a swing, to undergo shocks at galvanic batteries, and bewildered by the allurements of stalls that offer you ices, jewellery, tarts, fruit, whelks, pigs' trotters, and inexpensive toys; and suddenly the crowd scatters, laughing and shrieking, to make way for two soldiers and their sweethearts, who are jolting downhill in the heat of a donkey race.

Here and there among the stalls is a side-show. You pay a penny at the door of a

ON BOARD A RIVER STEAMER: PASSING THE BOX FOR THE BAND.

canvas castle, and within view through a series of holes a pictorial representation of the career of a celebrated criminal. For other pennies you witness an unsensational boxing-match in one tent, and in another contemplate waxwork models of the very latest murderer and his victim. In a small open space amidst the dense throng, beyond the stalls, a troupe of acrobats is performing to a packed and appreciative audience. And near by, in a smaller space, the proprietors

A STREET FAIR (BATTERSEA).

of a skipping-rope, who have placed a board on the earth for the use of customers, and are turning the rope for an imaginary skipper shout, "Now, then, lydies! Skip as long as yer like for a penny!" And while they are calling an answer comes from the surrounding thousands, and the imaginary skipper materialises in the shape of a buxom factory girl, who skips with such agility, quickening her pace as the rope goes faster and faster, that it is looking as if the men's arms must tire before her feet, when an interruption abruptly ends the competition.

The crowd warps and splits and bursts in, right across the skipping board, and marching smoothly and swiftly through come two ambulance officers carrying a pale-looking man on a stretcher with his head in bandages. There has been an accident; the man has been knocked down by a swing, and he is preceded and followed by men, women, and children who have quitted less exciting games to see him conveyed to the ambulance tent. In like manner there are groups who spend hours in the immediate neighbourhood of the police-tent for lost children, keeping count of the number of the lost, and ready to place their information and their philosophical deductions at the service of any unsophisticated straggler who will lend an ear to them. "Here's another of 'em!" observes a bleary, ruminant man, who leans on the railing drawing hard at a short pipe. "This makes the sixth what's been brought in since I've been 'ere. They ain't all lost, don't you believe it! Their people nips off an' leaves 'em, an' watches till they sees 'em brought in 'ere safe, an' then goes an' enjoys theirselves, an' just calls for 'em on their way 'ome." It does happen now and then, however, that a distracted man and woman rush up and disappear into the tent, and presently emerge with one of the lost infants, masking their agitation from the onlookers under an affectation of wrath or flippant laughter.

But the centre of all the gaiety and noise

ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

I. SKIPPING. II. ACROBATS. III. THE VALE OF HEALTH. IV. LOST CHILDREN'S TENT. V. AMBULANCE TENT.

on Hampstead Heath is in the Vale of Health. There the roundabout calls and calls all day, siren like, and lures the mob down into its tumultuous whirlpool, and will not easily let them go again. Round and round giddily go its wooden horses, each with its rider, man or woman, boy or girl, with such a shrieking of the whistle and rolling of the organ, and singing and giggling and screaming, as no words can give any idea of.

Right and left of the roundabouts boat-swings are rising and falling, full of passengers; across the road, on the green under the trees, young parties are playing at kiss-in-the-ring, and old parties are picnicking sedately. Here, too, are the famous tea gardens where so many generations of holiday Cockneys have refreshed themselves; and within the primitive enclosure, at the primitive bare tables, representatives of the present generation are refreshing themselves now.

Whether it is Easter or Whit Monday or the first Monday in August makes little difference, except in the state of the weather. There may be a cold snap at Easter, or on any of the three days a rain that will drive the merrymakers home depressed, or send them early to whatever entertainments may be had under cover. On Boxing Day, of course, there is practically no provision for out-of-door amusements, unless the ice is strong enough for skating; moreover, most of us who remain in town are occupied with Christmas festivities at our own firesides or, in the evening, swarming to the pantomimes. But on the other three Bank Holidays of the year the joys of Hampstead Heath unfailingly repeat themselves and are simultaneously reproduced, with modifications, along the approaches to Battersea Park, in Wembley and Victoria Parks, in Greenwich Park, on Blackheath, in fact, in and around every park and common and open space to which working London resorts when the time has come for it to play.

They are reproduced at Epping Forest without any modification at all. When you struggle from the overloaded train at Chingford you see and hear the jolly revellers before you get your first view of the forest. Organs are clattering and rippling universally: three are playing different tunes simultaneously on the grassy patch skirting the forest opposite a big and busy hotel; and behind and before each organ boisterous couples are dancing, light-footed and light-hearted, as if, like Sidney's shepherd-boy, they "would never grow old." While you pause for a moment in the road your limbs are suddenly imperilled by the passing of ladies and gentlemen on unruly donkeys, of children in erratic goat-chaises, of select parties arriving in their own donkey-barrows; in the thick of the hubbub a group of evangelists hold an inaudible meeting; and the inevitable photographer is in evidence with a wheedling insinuation of appeal that a young man with a sweetheart finds difficult to resist.

Meanwhile London's great waterway is almost as lively as its dustier highways. There are gay boating parties putting out from Richmond; and up to Kew, and down to Greenwich, or, further still, to Gravesend, steamers are gliding through the river, with laughter aboard, and music, and even dancing when there is room enough on deck for such diversion.

In a word, everywhere to-day where there is any entertainment to be found a crowd is there to find it. The parks that tolerate no stalls or roundabouts have extra allowances of select and strictly orderly visitors placidly taking the air. Wherever there is a green space sufficiently uninvaded boys and men are playing at cricket; while on the Serpentine, on the lakes at the Welsh Harp, "which is Hendon way," and on every other suburban sheet of water available for the purpose, there is boating as long as the light lasts.

Not one of the public-houses in any district is deserted; most of them are continuously bubbling and boiling over with customers—good-humoured folk in the main, though you may look for a rumpus here and there before the day is over. There are few, if any, vacant seats at this afternoon's matinées, and to-night the theatres and music-halls will be full to suffocation, and turning hundreds away from their doors.

But it is too early to be talking of night yet awhile. The fact that thousands have gone out of town for the day is fully compensated for by the other fact that thousands have come into it for the day from easily

accessible provincial towns—strangers and pilgrims who help to swell the hosts that flock to see great cricket matches at Lord's or the Oval, or cycle and foot races and miscellaneous sports and shows at the Crystal and Alexandra Palaces, and the hosts that are attracted to the Zoological Gardens or, during the season, to the latest exhibition at Earl's Court. They mingle also with homelier Cockneys who are turning their leisure to account by making the acquaintance of the Museums, the Art Galleries, the Tower, and the Monument.

Judging by the myriads that have gone out and are still going by road and rail and river, you might expect to find practically all London disporting itself away from home. But, apart from the well-to-do or the sedate, who are superior to Bank Holidays, and prefer to avoid their tumult by remaining within doors, even the poorer quarters of the town are far from being depopulated.

South and east, in Walworth, in Whitechapel, and elsewhere, though most of the shops are shut and the air is strangely peaceful, children are swarming in many of the streets playing every-day games in quite their every-day manner. There are maturer people who like a stroll through their native streets better than the fun of the fair, or who find all the recreation they desire no further away than the public-house at the corner. There are elderly people, glad of the quiet their more rollicking neighbours have left behind them, seated in the sun outside their doors, sewing, smoking, gossiping, dreaming maybe of earlier years, when they were more disposed to exert themselves and found less pleasure in rest. Some of the children in the streets are the offspring of roistering parents, who have bribed them to contentment with certain pence, and gone off, leaving them in charge of their grandmothers, who thankfully give them liberty to wander off with small companions to invest their unwonted wealth at a suitable shop and hold informal banquets on the pavement outside.

They have a quiet, uneventful time, these and their stay-at-home elders, all day; all day until evening. Then the returning tide of pleasure seekers begins to come in, and goes on coming in till midnight and after, with sounds of discordant singing, groanings and whimperings of concertinas, and buzzings of mouth-organs. And everyone is tired, and nearly everyone is satisfied to be home at last; and to-morrow, for the most part, the workaday world will turn from playing to its old humdrum workaday ways again.

"LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE!"

OUTSIDE THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

THE CITY AT HIGH NOON.

By CHARLES C. TURNER.

OVER our heads the traffic of the City rolls on, the roar of it coming down to us in the subway at the Bank of England, whither we have travelled by rail, in a bewildering confusion of deep, discordant tones. Let us ascend, choosing for our exit the steps leading to Princes Street. As we mount the steps the noise presses round us, the horses' hoofs ring on the asphalt close by our heads. On the top step we secure a foothold on the eagerly contested pavement space. We set our backs to the wall, and regard a scene which in many respects has no parallel in the wide world.

It is midday, and London's business is at high tide. Those whose working hours commence at eight o'clock, nine o'clock, and ten o'clock have all by this time got into the swing of the day's work. Shoppers and leisurely sightseers add to the throng. At innumerable stages, up to four, five, and six miles away, towards every point of the compass, omnibuses have filled at their conductors' cry, "Bank! Bank!" Through great stress of traffic have they come, and hither in long, uninterrupted processions do they continue to come. Of all colours are they, and so closely ranged together that they blot out of view all but the upper portions of the buildings. At the will of traffic-managing policemen, now this stream of vehicles, now that, holds the field.

The hubbub of it! Underlying all is the incessant rumble of wheels; but high above that rings the clatter, clatter of hundreds of horses' hoofs on the smooth, hard road. The rustling footsteps of thousands of men and women make a light accompaniment. And this babel of sounds goes on incessantly—a continual hum, and roar, and clatter; till you wonder that the hardest pavement does not wear through in a day, that the toughest human nerve can sustain it for a couple of hours. Venture into the stream of people. If you are in a dreamy mood, inclined to philosophise as to the meaning

of this tumult of seething life, you will soon be rudely awakened, you will be jostled by a crowd which has not time for day-dreaming. You will find it best to have an object in view. On your left hand is the Bank; opposite the loftier but less impressive Mansion House. Between the two, but set far back, stands the handsome pillared front of the Royal Exchange, surmounted by the campanile with its gleaming gilt grasshopper, which strange device indicates the direction of the wind. Let the Royal Exchange be your objective, and proceed to cross the roads which separate you from it.

QUEEN VICTORIA STREET (JUNCTION WITH CANNON STREET).

You are now in the money region, the land of stocks and shares. Close by are the Stock Exchange, the Royal Exchange, and a remarkable gathering together of banks. Here the throng, representative of the district, contains a big proportion of men who deal on exchanges or are employed in the banks. The glossy hats, the well-conditioned black coats and trousers, the expensive waistcoats, nearly every one of which supports a gold watchchain, the generally well-groomed look about most of the people, may impress you. Cornhill and Lombard Street, its neighbour, are both thronged with streams of hurrying men. Both ways are narrow, absurdly so, a contrast to stately Queen Victoria Street which, close by, makes so busy and impressive a junction in Cannon Street. Both are fed by and connected by an astonishing number of narrow alleys, bearing the oddest names, and lined with banks and offices. At every few yards one of these busy lanes leads off in the most ramified and unexpected fashion, and if you leave the main route and explore them it is like entering another world. The superficial observer sees only the great, imposing rivers of traffic, which certainly cannot be said to be unsatisfying to the most exacting country visitor, but in alleydom we get a more intimate view of the City. There is an unending patter of footsteps, a continual passing hither and thither of people who

evidently know whither they are bound, and mean to get there as soon as possible; though to the observer their movements are like the bewildering mazes of a swarm of May flies.

Cornhill is a shop street; Lombard Street is a street of banks, and is almost restful through its freedom from 'buses and much wheel traffic. One can stand in the roadway and observe the worldwide character of the banks. Every country that has a vestige of civilisation appears to be represented. Through the great glass doors you see rows of busy clerks. Across the street dart young men carrying account-books or a bag secured to their person by a heavy chain. If the thousands of busy feet do not actually tread on gold, you have a feeling that underneath are vaults and strong rooms guarding fabulous hoards. But it is seldom more than a step to the ridiculous—Lombard Street is the heaven of the kerbstone toy-seller. Mechanical bicyclists, tin horses and carts, run across the road, pedestrians indulgently making way for them. Where the golden chains of the commerce of the world are gathered together in a great knot you can buy cheap toys from ragged street merchants.

Here it is forced upon your attention that all the great thoroughfares do not lead to the Bank. Within a stone's throw from the City's "seven dials" are traffic torrents independent of it. Where Gracechurch Street separates Lombard Street and Fenchurch Street, is one of these; and less than a furlong away, at the junction of Cornhill, Bishopsgate, and Gracechurch Street, is another, just as crowded as the Mansion House corner. The Gracechurch Street stream is one that avoids the Bank, connecting London Bridge and the Liverpool Street quarter.

CORNHILL (CORNER OF GRACECHURCH STREET).

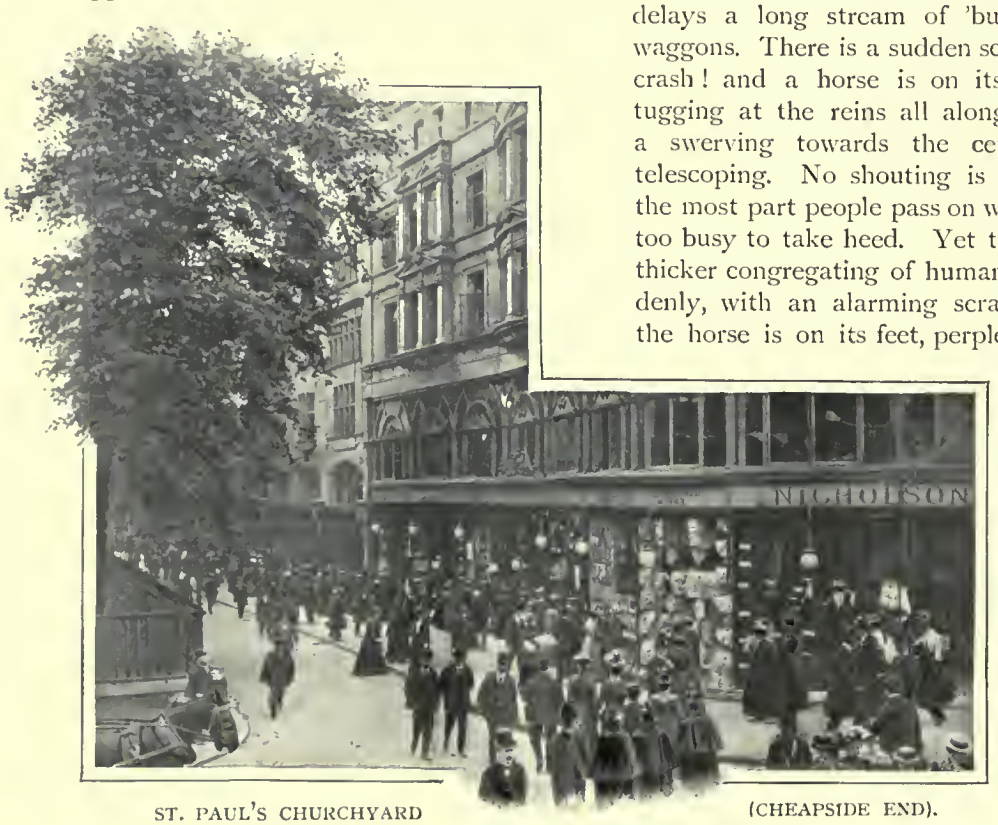
The Fenchurch Street crowd is slightly different from that of the great Bank corner. It lacks both the banking and the sightseeing element. These are made up for by a marketing crowd from Leadenhall Market, which is situated among a network of crooked streets on your left hand, and a shipping element from the offices of the shipping companies which here abound. Handsome offices bearing names, devices, and pictures which tell of the world's ocean routes arrest your attention. Each side of the way has its hurrying concourse; faces of every conceivable type pass you in bewildering medley. There is a certain voyageur element, which is, however, more noticeable as you get further east; a cab or two laden with sea-going trunks; a group of Lascar seamen

perhaps. But the traffic is mainly of a general character. On either hand there is a continual glint and twinkle of swinging office and restaurant doors, common, of course, to most City streets. The doors of the latter are obtrusively glazed, and of such establishments and of tea-shops there are uncountable numbers. Moreover, it is past twelve o'clock. The City dinner or luncheon hour lengthens out from twelve to three, and the restaurants are besieged by workers in vast throngs. The noise and flash of the swinging doors add appreciably to the confusion of sight and sound.

As you near Mincing Lane the character of the busy, eager crowd again undergoes a change. You are in an Exchange neighbourhood again—the Corn Exchange, the Baltic, and the Commercial Salerooms are in this quarter. Brokers and salesmen and their clerks leaven the throng. If you turn down Mark Lane, you will find the hatless variety in evidence, groups of them conversing round the entrance to the Exchange. The crowd consists almost entirely of men—the chief exceptions being wives of barge skippers, who sometimes come in connection with matters of freight; and in these lanes few vehicles are to be seen.

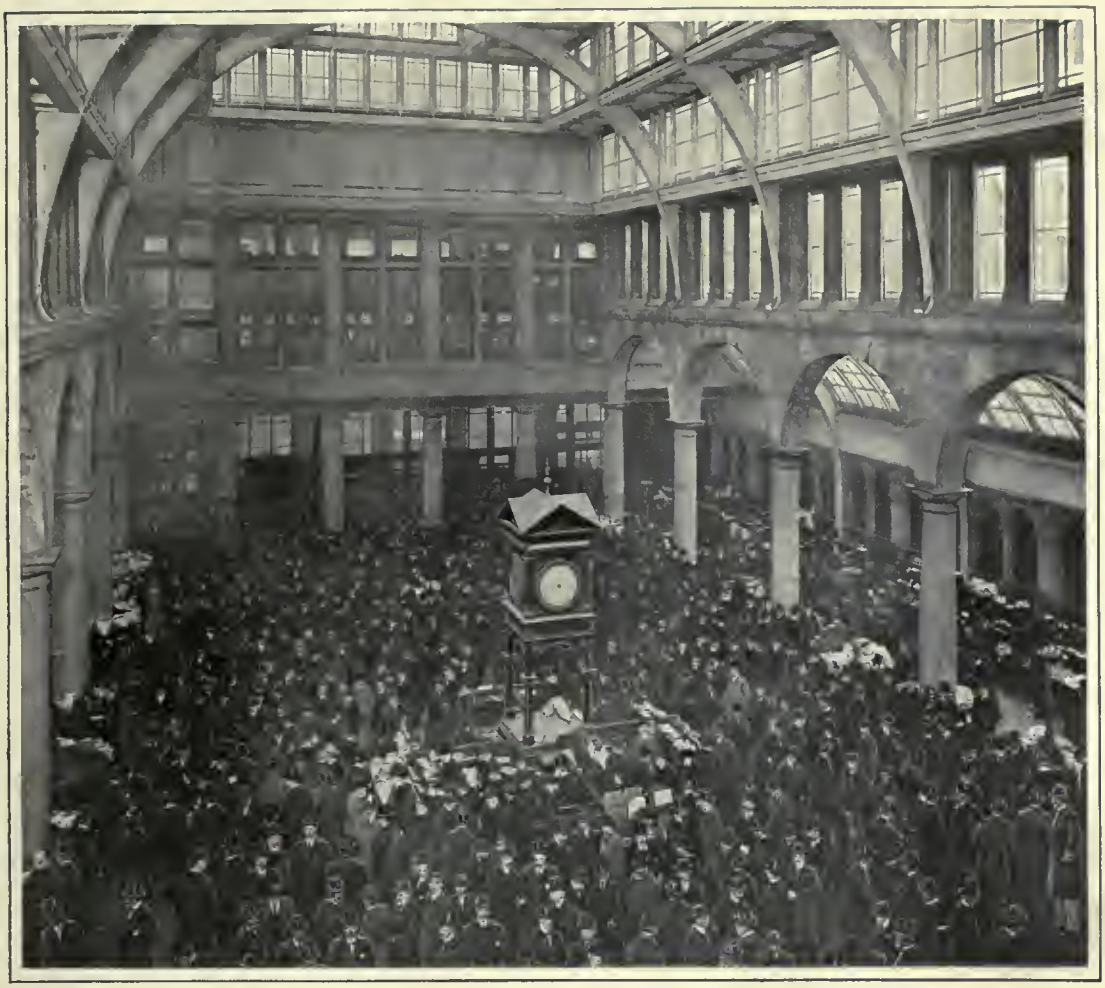
The business of the Exchanges overflows into the street, and however negligent the attitude of some of the dealers may appear, it is business they are after. So sacred are these particular lanes to the broker interest that the outsider almost feels as if he were committing trespass by venturing into them. In the great hall of the Corn Exchange the din of voices is deafening. Merchants crowd round the pillars, at the base of which are samples of grain. Mark Lane, Mincing Lane, Billiter Street, and the ways leading to them are a city within the City—a crowded, strenuous hive, living to itself, cut off from the surrounding districts by definite peculiarities. And that is like London. Crowded to intensity throughout, there are defined districts in it each with a character of its own.

From Billiter Street to Leadenhall Street is like coming out of a close room into the open air, yet for its traffic Leadenhall Street is absurdly narrow. There is little more than room for one stream of vehicles each way, and such an incident as the fall of a horse delays a long stream of 'buses, cabs, and waggons. There is a sudden scramble, clatter, crash! and a horse is on its side; then a tugging at the reins all along the line, and a swerving towards the centre to avoid telescoping. No shouting is heard, and for the most part people pass on without a pause, too busy to take heed. Yet there is a brief thicker congregating of human atoms. Suddenly, with an alarming scramble of hoofs, the horse is on its feet, perplexed and trembling. A kindly pat, and the cause of the obstruction moves on, the thick knot of people dispersing.



ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD (CHEAPSIDE END).

Where St. Mary Axe leads out of Leadenhall Street is the



IN THE CORN EXCHANGE.

ancient church of St. Andrew Undershaft. As you pass its clock strikes "One." It may be that the hour will be followed by some of the nursery-rhyme-like peals of the bells, which have a quaint, old-world sound about them. They clang out over the tumult of the street with singular effect. Also they add to the tumult; and as the queer chimes ring out a stream of men pours from Great St. Helen's, a few yards up the street. They are from the great hive of offices there. All around are indications that to-day the chimes time a great human institution. The streets were crowded before, now they are full; and instead of soberly hurrying, many are in precipitous haste to secure their favourite table.

Through the turnings and squares of Great St. Helen's we come into Bishopsgate Street, one of the mightiest City thoroughfares. In Bishopsgate Street, Old Broad Street, and London Wall we get the modern system of great blocks of offices, such as Gresham House, Winchester House, and Palmerston Buildings. These are cities in themselves, with a maze of streets on every floor. The great name-boards, with numbers up to and over 250, and the continual hurrying to and fro bespeak the huge commerce they represent. They even have some pretensions to being self-contained—some of them boasting a restaurant, a barber, a tobacconist, and even a collar and tie shop.

It is hopeless to try to get more than a passing glimpse of the heart of the City in one day's wanderings. Those who imagine that the scene by Bow Church, Cheapside, marvellous as is its press of people and vehicles,

represents the varied life of the City are out of their reckoning. Day after day could you go there and find unsuspected centres of business in quarters that have a curious way of hiding themselves from the superficial sightseer. And each centre you would find represents an aggregation of allied interest. Of such are the banks of Lombard Street; the shipping offices of Leadenhall and Fenchurch Streets; the accountants of Old Jewry; the clothes and clothing interests of Wood Street and the network of narrow ways just east of St. Paul's Cathedral; the curious excrescent growths from the great Bank district to be found in the extraordinary maze of irregular, narrow lanes and *culs de sac* of Austin Friars and Copthall Avenue, where you see an overflow of hatless brokers from Throgmorton Street; and, again, the Tokenhouse Yard and Telegraph Street region, which is different from any other. Each one of these is the scene of the labours of a multitude of busy men; and if we cannot examine them separately we can, at any rate, look at them in mass from the top of the Monument. Climb up its long spiral staircase, and look down. The section of London that is within easy range of vision is the heart of the City. The roar of it comes up to you from all sides. You see countless streets, every one of which is crowded with quick-moving people. Great streams of traffic creep along in every direction. They appear to be endless. It is one continual strenuous movement. You turn away dizzily. You resolutely fix your attention on other matters for half an hour; thinking by that time the tumult will have ceased. But when you look again it is just as it was before. Hour after hour, and every day, is the mighty, throbbing life renewed.

CHEAPSIDE (SHOWING BOW CHURCH).

No picture of the City of London, no matter how hurried and incomplete it is, may neglect St. Paul's Churchyard. Here, in close proximity to the Cathedral railings, is a row of handsome shops, beloved of the fair sex. Along the greater part of the roadway no wheeled traffic is allowed — a fact which secures its patrons from the splash of mud in bad weather. Here, for the first time in the City, we find a crowd of ladies. It is the only place where there is a collection of shops for their benefit, and the shops are of an excellence which has earned for "St. Paul's Churchyard" fame throughout Britain. As a contrast to the congregations of men we have been among, St. Paul's Churchyard is singularly striking. Men there are, of course, but the bulk of the people are ladies, crowding round the shop windows. Into the roadway do they extend, and only near the railings is progress easy. Any attempt at rapid walking in busy City streets only leads to exasperation; and in Cheapside and St. Paul's Churchyard only the slowest progress is possible.

But the City levies a heavy toll on nerves and physical endurance. Let us go for respite into the calm Cathedral, where London's mighty voice is only heard as a subdued but strangely distinct murmur, and faint, echoing footfalls and the lisp of distant whispering fall drowsily on the ear.

SEWERMEN GOING BELOW.

UNDERGROUND LONDON.

By ERIC BANTON.

LONDON has long been to a very considerable extent what one may call "a two-decked city," and it is tending every year to become more so. You cannot be thoroughly familiar with a ship if you confine your attention to the main deck, and you do not know the Metropolis till you have learned something of its strange and fascinating underworld. For here, beneath the stones of its streets and the foundations of its houses, are some of the most remarkable phases of London's life, and some of the most striking examples of skill and ingenuity devoted to the service of its citizens.

To turn on a tap in order to obtain water, and another to obtain a light, to let soiled water run off into a drain, to receive a telegram, to ascend in a hydraulic lift, or answer a summons at the telephone—all these are the commonest acts in the business and domestic life of Londoners. They are performed mechanically, with little thought of the skill and labour that helped to make them possible. Yet they all call into play some part of a vast underground economy that is not the least of the wonders which London can show to the curious investigator.

Not that she does show these things to all and sundry. You may travel to your heart's content on the underground railways of the Metropolis, you may get glimpses in places where the road is "up" of the great gas and water mains that lie beneath the roadway, you may happen upon a workman sitting on the pavement with coils of wire around him mending the underground electric wires, or upon a sewerman descending a manhole and disappearing apparently into the bowels of the earth. Yet these are but suggestions of the great underground world of London. In order to investigate that world thoroughly special arrangements will have to be made, and special permission obtained from the various authorities.

How many Londoners know that in various parts of the capital there are underground streets extending for several miles, in which the workmen of the gas, water, and electric lighting companies are constantly busy; or

that the sewerman, when he reaches the bottom of the manhole, is in a perfect labyrinth of underground passages in which he might wander, if he chose, almost all over the Metropolis without ever coming to the surface?

The usefulness of the subways is undeniable, as they enable pipes and wires to be repaired and new ones laid without the necessity of tearing up the roadway, and it is not surprising to learn that the London County Council are largely extending the system. The existing subways, whether

With so many services concentrated in a small space, it may be supposed that the City subways are at times scenes of considerable activity. The workmen of all the companies whose mains run through the subways have, of course, access to them, and the staff employed by the City Corporation act practically as caretakers. At one point, as we pass through the subways, we may meet the gas company's official testing the gas mains —a daily task the importance of which is at once realised when one reflects on the serious consequences that might result from a leak in

REPAIRERS IN THE SUBWAYS (NEAR HOLBORN CIRCUS).

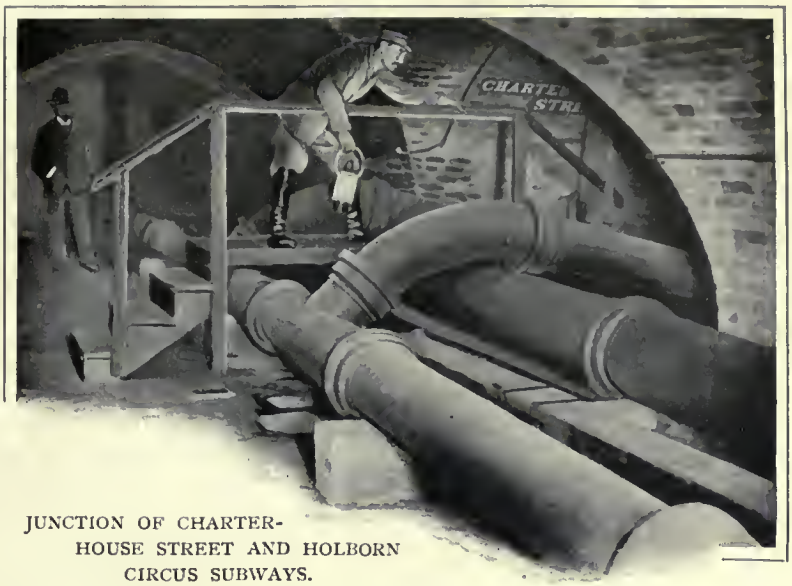
under the control of the City authorities or of the County Council, are by no means unpleasant places in which to work. They are clean, dry, well ventilated, and well drained, and though, of course, hardly any daylight struggles through the ventilators, they can be well lighted by gas jets at any point where the work requires it. There is nothing in the least degree gruesome about the subways. On either side of the stone-paved gangways are the water mains, gas mains, electric lighting and power cables, hydraulic power mains, telegraph and telephone wires, and the pneumatic tubes of the General Post Office through which written messages in carriers are forced by compressed air.

a 48-inch main; at another point the workmen of the General Post Office are giving attention to the telephone service; here the water main is being connected up with a new building, and there the gas is being cut off from the house of someone who is in arrears with his payments.

But how, it may be asked, do the workmen know with which house they are in connection? This is one of the most interesting features of the subways from the visitor's point of view. Each subway is named to correspond with the street under which it lies, and the numbers of the houses are painted on the mains. It is curious to find in these subterranean regions such familiar names as Shoe Lane, Charterhouse Street,

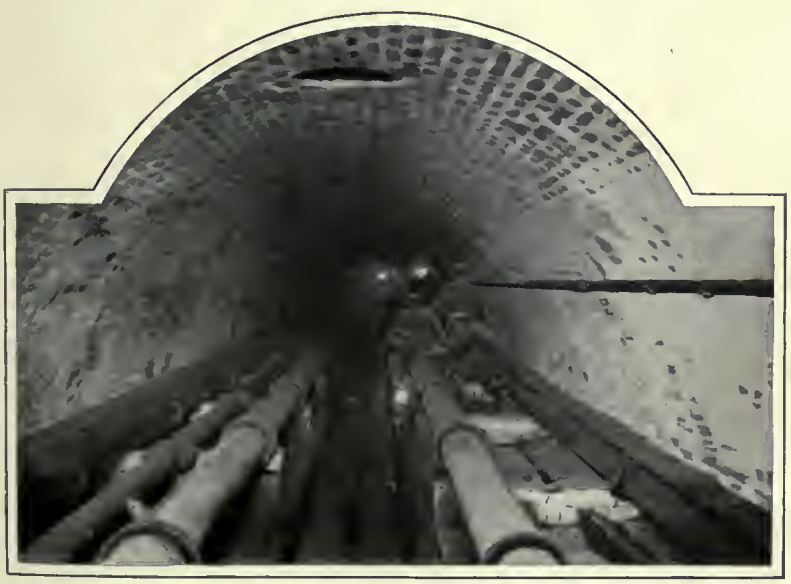
and others, but still more curious is it to come here and there upon certain names of places which in the upper world were swept away years ago.

There is considerable sameness about the subways, but now and again the even tenour of their way is broken, as, for instance, at the junction of Charterhouse Street and Holborn Circus, where two sets of mains unite, and a light wooden bridge affords access from one underground thoroughfare to the other; and again at the point where Holborn crosses Shoe Lane. Here there is a vertical descent from the subway under the one street to that under the other, and the mains, of course, have to be bent accordingly. Standing in the lower subway at this point, we have Shoe Lane above us, with the Viaduct above that, while six inches beneath our feet is the main sewer, and below that again is the Central London Railway. This is only one of many spots in London where the City is not merely a "two-decker" but a "three-" or "four-decker." The typical "scenery" of the subways, however, is shown in our photographic illustration of Charterhouse Street on this page.



JUNCTION OF CHARTERHOUSE STREET AND HOLBORN CIRCUS SUBWAYS.

For the greater part of their length the subways are arched brick structures from 7 ft. to 11 ft. in height, so that one can easily walk upright in them. But at Snow Hill, where the subway crosses the South Eastern and Chatham Railway, the height is only 5 ft. Here there is only just sufficient room for the subway to pass between the footway above and the railway below. The position necessitates a different kind of structure from that elsewhere adopted: an iron girder construction, with an iron roof covered with concrete, takes the place of the usual brick vaulted passage. It is a queer place to work in —this 5 ft. square iron tube — and not, one would suppose, a very comfortable one. But the workmen whose duty calls them to this spot are no doubt proof against the nervousness the chance visitor might feel from the knowledge that only a few inches above his head are the flagstones of a busy thoroughfare, while



A LONG STREET IN THE SUBWAYS (CHARTERHOUSE STREET).

EMERGING FROM A SEWER.

nothing but the ¼-in. iron plate on which he stands separates him from the gloomy abyss at the bottom of which lie the platforms and rails of Snow Hill Station.

Very different are the conditions under which the sewermen carry on their peculiarly unpleasant but most necessary work. In the single square mile of London which constitutes the City there are forty miles of main sewers, along which the sewermen can, and habitually do, walk or crawl in the performance of their duties; while the main sewers of Greater London extend for many hundreds of miles. In order to keep the great drainage systems in the perfect working order on which the health of the city in great measure depends, large staffs of men are constantly employed, some in making structural additions, alterations, and repairs, others in regulating the flushing arrangements and preventing obstructions.

Eight hours of daily toil in the sewers, varied by occasional spells of duty above ground, would inevitably in a short time, it might be thought, tend to undermine the health of the strongest. But experience has shown that the work is not specially unhealthy. For instance, there was one old sewerman engaged in the service of the City Corporation for forty years, and, though for the last few years of his life he was not employed actually in the sewers, he was to the end quite prepared to go down if called upon to do so. No doubt the comparative immunity of the workmen from disease is largely due to the care that has been bestowed on the underground ventilation. The City sewers, have, in fact, quite a high reputation for their excellence in that and in other respects, and, though not exactly show places, they have frequently received in their gloomy depths visitors interested in sanitary work at home or abroad

The first thing a visitor does is to array himself in a sewerman's slouch hat, blue smock, and great waterproof boots; he then arms himself with a lantern or a rough wooden candlestick, and lights his pipe or cigar. Thus equipped he descends the manhole, and begins his tour of inspection in these strange regions, which prove, in fact, scarcely so loathsome as his imagination had probably depicted them.

In the larger sewers, where it is possible to walk upright and where there is a continual flow of water, one's chief impression is likely to be of the utter monotony of the journey—a monotony broken only by an occasional scurrying rat—and one's chief anxiety to avoid slipping on the slimy bottom of the channel.

CLEANING OUT SEWERS.

When the passage narrows to 5 ft. or 4 ft. 6 in. in diameter one begins to realise more vividly the drawbacks of the sewerman's calling, and there are very few visitors who are so consumed with curiosity as to wish to worm their way through the 3 ft. or the 2 ft. 9 in. spaces.

There are some places, however, in Sewerland that are distinctly impressive in their grim way. One of these is just beneath Ludgate Circus, where two main sewers discharge themselves into a larger one, 12 ft. in diameter. This great sewer is none other than the historic Fleet River, which, once a clear and sparkling stream, degenerated into a foul ditch, receiving the refuse from houses on its banks, and was at last arched over and used as a main drain. Here one has to wade with caution, for the current flows with considerable force; in times of heavy storms the Fleet is quite impassable. A few yards beyond the junction of the two sewers there is a flight of stone steps down which rush the contents of the Ludgate Hill sewers, to mingle with the waters of the Fleet—a veritable underground waterfall. The iron gate at the top of the steps, and similar gates elsewhere, prevent any possible backflow from the main sewers in times of flood.

AN UNDERGROUND WATERFALL (LUDGATE CIRCUS).

One section of the City sewers is arranged after the style of those in Paris, the sewage flowing through an open trench; for the most part, however, it passes through circular conduits. Just beneath Farringdon Street the sewer is, as our illustration at the foot of the opposite page shows, quite a spacious underground chamber; and here the rake work, which prevents accumulations, is carried on with comparative ease. But similar work has to be done even in the narrowest passages.

As to the sewer rat one has to confess that neither in point of numbers nor of size does he quite come up to his reputation. Yet is he not lacking in enterprise, and has been known to snatch from a man's hand a lighted candle held in front of a drain.

Curious finds are sometimes made in the sewers, the most common being purses and coins. But let no one suppose that London's drains are mines of wealth, for the purses are invariably empty, and the coins are of base metal—the explanation being, of course, that pickpockets and coiners sometimes find the sewers useful for hiding the traces of their guilt. A small collection of these coins, duly nailed to the wall, may be seen in the City sewermen's room under Holborn Viaduct.

Of underground travelling we can only speak very briefly here, reserving for another article the important subject of underground railways. Few things are more striking in the recent history of London than the extent to which facilities for this mode of travelling are being extended. Apart from the railways, there is little doubt that London will in the near future be provided with a considerable number of underground thoroughfares for horse and foot traffic. Already there are a few of these, by far the most important and interesting being the Blackwall Tunnel, which, however, is not

strictly speaking under the ground, but under the bed of the river between Greenwich and Blackwall.

The constant stream of traffic which all day long passes through the Blackwall Tunnel shows how great was the need of a link between the northern and southern parts of the city beyond the region served by the bridges. The traveller through the tunnel scarcely experiences the sensations that are usually associated with tunnelling; there is no steep descent, no darkness or stuffiness, no want of space. The roadway is 16 ft. wide, and on each side of it is a 3 ft. path; while beneath the surface of the roadway is a subway for gas and water pipes—a subway within a subway. Few, perhaps, who pass over this broad, well-made, and well-lighted road realise that they are in a great iron tube consisting of 1,200 iron rings, each composed of fourteen segments weighing over a ton apiece. The tube is 27 ft. in diameter, and is rendered watertight and rustproof by an outside coat of liquid cement, being lined inside with white tiles.

When we have spoken of all the underground arrangements for travelling and for the public services we have by no means exhausted the subject of Underground London, for in numbers of unexpected places people have burrowed under the surface for their private business purposes, and you can hardly go anywhere in the Metropolis and be sure that men are not at work a few feet below the spot on which you stand. As you cross the Royal Exchange, for example, you are on the roof of a busy printing office; under the south-eastern corner of St. Paul's Churchyard is a much frequented restaurant; and in many places throughout the great city are large storage cellars containing millions of pounds' worth of goods.

ENTRANCE TO BLACKWALL TUNNEL.

AT THE CAFÉ ROYAL: A SATURDAY AFTERNOON SCENE.

FRENCH LONDON.

By PAUL VILLARS.

THE time is past when Leicester Square and its immediate neighbourhood were the only regions frequented and inhabited by Frenchmen. Leicester Square is still a French centre, but it has lost its character as headquarters of the French colony. The French are now to be met in almost every London district, and some of the most influential French business men, having their offices in the City, reside in Croydon, which rejoices in quite a colony of Frenchmen.

The French colony, unlike the German or the Greek, is on the whole anything but wealthy. There are only two cases on record of Frenchmen having made large fortunes in London. The first was a cloth merchant who left some £400,000, the whole of which ultimately went to his nephew, now dead, who was a member of the Chamber of Deputies; the other was a well-known *restaurateur* who, it was said, made in a comparatively short period three times as much.

The French in London form a sober, well-behaved, industrious and law-abiding community. They give very little trouble to the police and law courts, and it is seldom that the name of a French *resident* obtains an unenviable notoriety in the newspapers. There are about 21,000 French sojourners in England, and about 11,000 of them live in the Metropolis.

From 1850 to 1875 the number of genuinely French firms in Bond Street and Regent Street was very large; the French names on the shop fronts were almost as numerous as the British ones, and in every one of these houses the *employés* were almost exclusively French. Most of these names have disappeared and the few that remain are only a tradition, a reminiscence of former days. The founders of these establishments are dead, and it is rare to find a second generation of French residents in London. The *animus revertendi* is sometimes stronger in the sons and daughters of French people established here than in their parents. This

LA CHRONIQUE

SEUL JOURNAL FRANÇAIS PUBLIE A LONDRES

TOUS LES SAMEDIS

12 Pages.

La Semaine

Portrait de la Semaine

Monsieur ALPHONSE LEGROS.

PUBLISHED IN LONDON.

explains why we find so few French names among the West-End tradesmen and why the French colony, although more numerous now than formerly, is also less important from the business point of view.

The French residents, the members of French London, are not to be found loafing in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square and Piccadilly Circus. They are to be found in City offices and warehouses, in banks and factories, in workshops and studios, in West-End establishments and shops, in schools and in private families. In all art industries they occupy a prominent position, on account of their skill and ingenuity and of the fine training they have received in their native land. In illustrated journalism the names of French artists resident in London are too well known to need their being mentioned here; and it is also to French residents that the School of Sculpture of the Victoria and Albert Museum and the Slade School are indebted for so much of their success.

Unlike the London residents of other origin, the French Londoner, if the expression may be used, remains above all else a Frenchman, and retains all the feelings, characteristics, and customs of his race. He does not, like many a German, for instance, transform himself rapidly into an Englishman. He seldom applies for letters of naturalisation. He adopts, when in this country, British customs, but he adapts them to his wants. The French residents have not succeeded in establishing and keeping up a club of their own. In London, as in France, they use the café as a club; and on Saturday afternoons a large number of them are to be found at the Café Royal, which in some respects may be said to be the favourite club of French London. But if the French colony cannot boast of having a club in the ordinary acceptation of the word, it may justly take pride in its benevolent and charitable institutions.

The first and foremost of these is the French Hospital and Dispensary in Shaftesbury Avenue. It was founded in 1867 by three French residents, M. Louis Elzingre, M. Eugène Rimmel, and Dr. A. Vintras. Thanks to their efforts and the support they received from their countrymen, this hospital whose beginnings were very modest is now second to none in London for the skill of its medical, surgical and nursing staff, and for the efficiency of its management. Although the French Hospital is essentially a French institution, it is by no means an exclusive one, for with characteristic generosity it opens its doors to all French-speaking foreigners. Once or twice a year an entertainment is given to the patients, and the Christmas concert especially is a very interesting event to those who are privileged to be present. It must be said that the benefits conferred by this eminently useful institution on the poor foreign denizens of the centre of London cannot possibly be overrated.

It was Count d'Orsay, that brilliant wit, that distinguished gentleman, that artist of merit, who founded the French Benevolent Society. In his rambles through London the Count was struck with the number of poor Frenchmen he met in the streets, and in order to save them from distress and misery, to rescue them from the workhouse, he planned and established the Society which is now in Newman Street, Oxford Street. The French Benevolent Society has several objects. It first gives immediate relief to necessitous French people, whose

numbers increase from year to year, and who flock to London in the hope of obtaining work as craftsmen, clerks, or in any other capacity; it also gives alms in the form of money or of "bread tickets" or of clothes; it sends back to France, at its expense, those who can hope to get help in their own country from their relatives or friends, and, finally, it gives small annuities to a number of aged and infirm poor refugees.

Sad are the scenes witnessed every Thursday, when applicants for relief present themselves before the committee. Men and women, old and young, but all in the direst straits, ragged and famished, with hunger and privation depicted on their wan and thin faces, look wistfully at the chairman and tell their tale of woe. Every tale is patiently listened to, every case is investigated, no one is turned away without a little help and a few cheering words of comfort.

As we mentioned before, the French Londoners are too conservative, too fond of preserving their national characteristics, even in the midst of London, not to have thought of teaching their own language to their children. The poorer French Londoners have good schools to which they can send their little ones. We refer to the schools near Leicester Square (Lisle Street), managed by sisters of charity, and founded by the Marist Fathers. Since the year 1865 the schools have been giving a very fair French and English elementary education to the children of working men of the neighbourhood of Leicester and Soho Squares.

These three institutions play a considerable part in the organisation of the French colony in London, as most French residents are interested in one or in all of them. A link is thus established between men who live far apart, and it is, one may say, on the basis of charity, benevolence, and national education that the intercourse between the French residents really rests.

But there are other institutions, not of a

A BALL (SOCIETY OF FRENCH MASTERS) AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

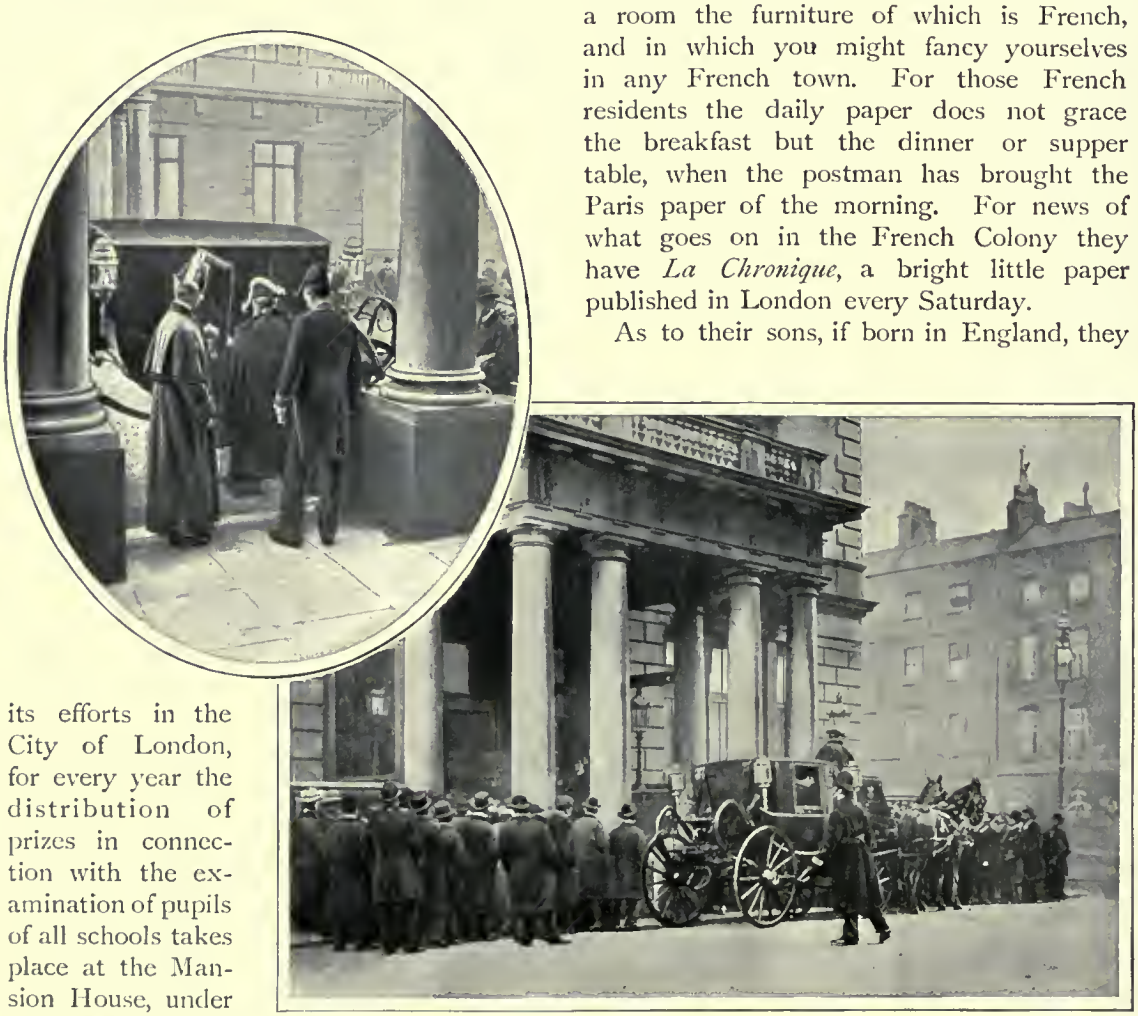
charitable kind, which flourish in London, and are of great service not only to the French community but also to the general public, as they tend to promote trade and intercourse between France and England. The French Chamber of Commerce, which was established in 1883, is now a very prosperous body. It has taken for its task the improvement of Anglo-French commercial relations, and its efforts have more than once succeeded in obtaining concessions from the Customs, postal and railway authorities, and the abolition of several useless and vexatious formalities.

The Society of French Masters, founded in 1882, has done much to increase the efficiency of French teaching in this country. Its success has been great, and it has obtained a most flattering recognition of its efforts in the City of London, for every year the distribution of prizes in connection with the examination of pupils of all schools takes place at the Mansion House, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor.

For many years now the Society of French Masters has organised periodical dinners and balls. The balls take place at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, and usually bring together a large number of members of the Society and of their English friends, who are always given a warm and hearty welcome.

The most characteristic trait of the French Londoner is his intense attachment to his country, his national language, habits and customs. It would be possible to name numbers of French residents who, notwithstanding a long sojourn in London, are quite content to possess a smattering of the technical terms in use in their special profession or business. If you happen to call on them, a French servant, innocent of English, will open the door, usher you into a room the furniture of which is French, and in which you might fancy yourselves in any French town. For those French residents the daily paper does not grace the breakfast but the dinner or supper table, when the postman has brought the Paris paper of the morning. For news of what goes on in the French Colony they have *La Chronique*, a bright little paper published in London every Saturday.

As to their sons, if born in England, they



OUTSIDE THE FRENCH EMBASSY: I. THE AMBASSADOR ENTERING HIS STATE CARRIAGE. II. AWAITING HIS EXCELLENCY'S DEPARTURE.

have been registered at the French Consulate, and by the time they are twenty-one they are duly made to figure on the list of the young men who have to draw lots for military service at the *mairie* of the First Arrondissement of Paris. For it may be news to the English reader to know that every French subject born abroad and registered at a French Consulate belongs *ipso facto* to the First Arrondissement of Paris. There are about fifty every year who thus draw lots and, according to the number they draw, join the Army, after undergoing a medical examination at the Consulate. As to residents who have served in the Army, they are registered at the Consulate and are liable to be called to the colours in time of war. Not to tax them unnecessarily and interfere with their career or occupation, they are, under certain conditions, exempted from the periodical twenty-eight or thirteen days' service.

APPLICANTS WAITING TO GO BEFORE THE COMMITTEE (FRENCH BENEVOLENT SOCIETY).

Mixed marriages are not infrequent in the French colony, but, as a rule, French people marry among themselves. And here it must be said that, French plays and novels notwithstanding, it is extremely rare to find French or mixed couples appearing before the Divorce Court. This is a fact to be pondered by those who have been brought up in the idea that the French look upon marriage ties as made only to be loosened or even cut at pleasure.

It will, no doubt, surprise many people who look upon the French as unbelievers, agnostics, atheists, or what not, to be told that the French churches in London are very well attended, on Sundays, by men and women, old and young. Of course, the most numerously attended is that of Notre Dame de France in Leicester Square. But more interesting, perhaps, on account of its old associations, is the tiny chapel in a little mews off Portman Square, known also as the Chapel of the French Embassy. This little chapel, which is about the size of an ordinary drawing-room, was founded at the time of the French Revolution by the *émigrés* who had fled to this country. The registers of births, marriages, and deaths of this place of worship contain most interesting and valuable records, for the most aristocratic names of France are to be found mentioned therein.

There are two annual gatherings of the French colony which bring together its best elements, the French Hospital dinner and the French Chamber of Commerce dinner, at both of which the French Ambassador usually takes the chair. The former is the more popular and the more representative of the two. At this banquet, invariably honoured by the presence of the Lord Mayor, the first toast is that of the Sovereign and the Royal Family of these realms, a very natural thing, no doubt. But what is to be particularly noted is that on this and every similar occasion a very interesting fact is brought home to every Englishman present, and that is the intense loyalty of the French colony in London. It can be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that at no purely English dinner or meeting are the loyal toasts received with more respectful and sincere sentiments of enthusiasm than at a

gathering of French residents in this country. The French had the greatest reverence for Queen Victoria, and they entertain the same feeling towards the present King who, when

situated at Albert Gate, and on Levee days there is usually a great crowd to see the Ambassador getting into his state carriage, an imposing looking vehicle, drawn by splendid horses.

A CHRISTMAS CONCERT AT THE FRENCH HOSPITAL.

Prince of Wales, gave to the French colony so many proofs of interest and of kindly patronage.

Once a year, on the day of their National Fête (14th of July), the French residents in London gather at the French Embassy, where the Ambassador, surrounded by his secretaries and by the Consul-General and his staff, holds an open reception to which all Frenchmen are invited, and which most of them make a point of attending. There is thus a link between the official representative of France and the French residents in London. The French Embassy, since its enlargement, is the finest in London. It is

As a French Ambassador said once at a 14th of July reception, the French colony in London is an honest, industrious, law-abiding community, and it may be added that by the trades and industries which they carry on, by the skill of those who are engaged in artistic pursuits and the ability of the professional men among them, by their efforts to promote good feeling between their native land and this country, they play a by no means unimportant part in the life of this great Metropolis, and repay the generous hospitality extended to them, which they highly appreciate and gladly acknowledge.

LONDON'S POLICE COURTS.

By E. BUXTON CONWAY.

AS the forenoon hour of ten strikes, the day of the London Police Court begins. The big folding doors of the building, outside which men and women have been assembling on the footway for the past half-hour, are flung open by the burly young constable on duty within; and instantly, despite his remonstrances, the crowd elbows and jostles its way inside with the impatient eagerness of a gallery audience entering a Shoreditch music-hall.

It is evidently not upon pleasure, however, that this crowd is bent. A bedraggled and dingy-looking throng it is, for the most part, in whatever quarter of the great city the court may be situate; for the fashionable West-End of London, no less than the squalid East, has its slums and alleys, its haunts of lawlessness and vice, from which the *clientèle* of the police court is largely drawn. And as the members of this assemblage are ranged in a long line inside the court, it may be seen that the prevalent expression is one of anxiety or gloom, and that blackened eyes, bandaged heads, and scratched faces are much in evidence, as though some weird epidemic which marked its victims thus were prevalent in the district. For these are the applicants, each of whom has come to seek the law's redress for some real or imagined wrong.

"Silence!" calls an usher, and the police and pressmen rise to their feet as the magistrate of the court enters and takes his seat. The foremost of the queue of applicants—a sodden, unshaven law-writer whose bed and bedding have been improperly seized for rent—enters the witness-box and relates his story.

APPLYING FOR PROCESS AND ADVICE.

Clearly and courteously, though with a rapidity bewildering to his drink-muddled brain, the law-writer's case is disposed of. He stumbles out of the box, to be followed by another, and another—a seemingly endless

Police Court

In the Metropolitan Police District.

To
of

INFORMATION has been laid this day by for that you, on the Day of in the Year One Thousand Nine Hundred and at

within the District aforesaid, did unlawfully maliciously and feloniously send to the said Knowing the contents thereof, a certain letter threatening to kill and murder him the said Contrary to the Statute, etc

YOU ARE THEREFORE hereby summoned to appear before the Court of Summary Jurisdiction, sitting at the Police Court on day the day of at the hour of in the noon, to answer to the said information.

Given under my Hand and Seal this day of One Thousand Nine Hundred and

One of the Magistrates of the Police Courts of the Metropolis.

SCH. 1—2. SUMMONS
GENERAL FORM INDICTABLE AND SUMMARY CASES.

10000-12-00. M.P. (96)

SUMMONS.

stream of complaints and dilemmas, as to which the advice of the "poor man's lawyer" is anxiously sought and freely given. Questions of law and questions of fact; pitiful tales of violent husbands and intemperate wives, foolish tales of doorstep quarrels and scandals; applications for process and requests for assistance and counsel, are poured forth into the magisterial ear. Garrulous women are there, whose eloquence upon their burning wrongs cannot be checked; pale, faded gentlewomen in rusty black, speaking of their troubles in whispers, lest the rest should hear what is meant for the magistrate alone; landlords with defiant tenants, anxious parents whose children are missing—the queue seems a summary and epitome of human woes.

Here is a "crank," long-haired and snuffy, with a working model (that will not work) of a patent that should have made his fortune but for an infamous conspiracy against him, "with the Home Secretary at its head, your Worship!" An elderly lady follows, smoothing out a fat bundle of crumpled, dog's-eared papers as she relates a vague story of a hundred pounds that ought to have been left to her under a will — "if you'd please peruse these few documents, sir." A young man whose former "young woman" will not return his engagement ring and the knife-board he had given her as a contribution toward furnishing a home; a tradesman who has been victimised by means of a worthless cheque; a workman dismissed without notice; a khaki-clad trooper who has overstayed his leave; so the tale goes on.

To each in turn the magistrate gives such advice and assistance as his legal training and his wide experience of the darker side of London life suggest. For lesser breaches of the law summonses are granted, a warrant is issued for the arrest of the cheque swindler, and another against the husband of that pale, timid-looking woman with the cut lip. The widow beside her receives a grant from the Poor-Box to help her to purchase a mangle; and so at last the lessening line of applicants melts quite away.

Now comes the hearing of the "night charges" against persons who have been arrested since the prior afternoon, charged with offences of every imaginable kind, from playing pitch-and-toss in the streets to burglary, highway robbery and even graver charges. Every police station within the

To all and every of the Constables of the Metropolitan Police Force.

Metropolitan Police District, to wit. WHEREAS of (hereinafter called the *Defendant*) hath this day been charged upon Oath before the undersigned, one of the Magistrates of the Police Courts of the Metropolis sitting at the Police Court in the County of London and within the Metropolitan Police District. For that he the said Defendant on the day of at to the said County and District did with divers other evil disposed persons to the number of ten and more unlawfully riotously and routously assemble and gather together to disturb the Public Peace and did make a great noise, riot and disturbance, to the great terror of his Majesty's subjects therein being, present and respecting. against the Peace of his Majesty the King, his Crown and Dignity

THESE ARE THEREFORE TO COMMAND YOU and every of you, the Constables of the Metropolitan Police Force, in His Majesty's name, forthwith to apprehend the said defendant and to bring him before Me at the Police Court aforesaid, or before such other Magistrate of the said Police Courts as may then be there, to answer unto the said charge, and to be further dealt with according to Law.

GIVEN under my Hand and Seal, this Day of in the Year of Our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and at the Police Court aforesaid.

SCHED. 1.—No. 6.
WARRANT
First instance

3000-8-01. M.P. (120)

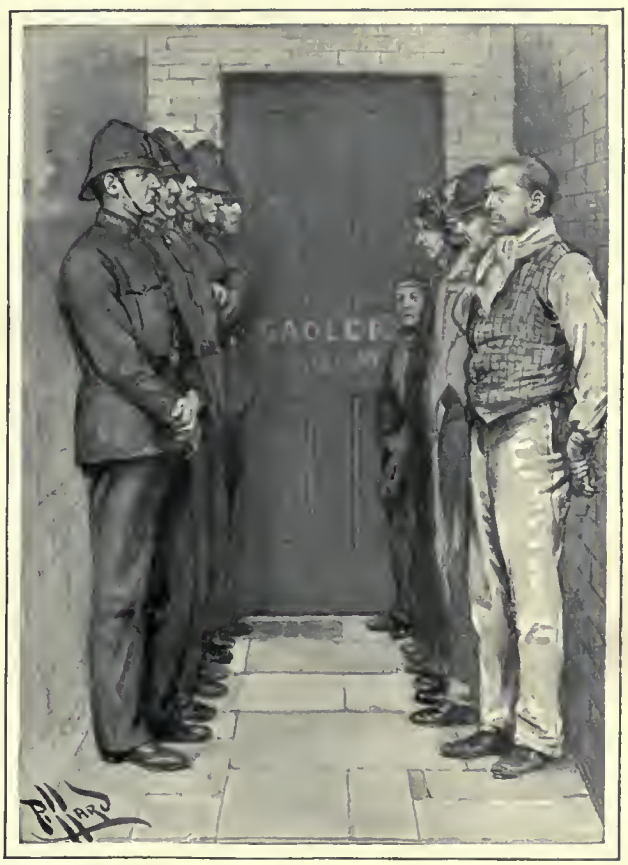
WARRANT.

district of the court has contributed, by police van or on foot, its quota of prisoners for trial; and these, whilst the applications were proceeding, have been marshalled in the chill corridor at the rear of the court, where they now stand awaiting the ordeal of an interview with the magistrate.

A strange and motley assembly they form, each prisoner confronted by the officer who has him or her in charge. The vagabond is there in his foul rags, charged for the twentieth time with begging; the dandy who has dined not wisely but too well; the worthless, brutal "corner boy," who took part last night in a game of football with a young constable playing the *rôle* of the ball, jostles against his neighbour—a lad whose heavy eyes tell of a sleepless night in the cell to which some dishonest juggling with his master's accounts has brought him.

One by one, as their names are called by the inspector in charge, the prisoners appear in the dock and are dealt with. The less serious cases are disposed of first—charges of intoxication and misbehaviour, street betting, reckless driving, assaults and affrays with the police, small larcenies, and so on. For the most part these are adjudicated upon straightway, with care and judgment, yet with a celerity that strikes the onlooker as amazing—for the magistrate's trained observation helps him vastly in discriminating between the loafer and the honest toiler, the professional thief and the new recruit of crime. The young embezzler, after a stern warning, may perhaps be handed over to the care of his friends; the unhappy girl who has attempted her own life is left to the good offices of the missionary, who will find her honest work; but the hardened shop-lifter and hopeless drunkard return from their brief interview the recipients of a sharp and salutary sentence. Convicted offenders will be detained by the gaoler in the police court cells until they pay their fines or are removed to prison by police van in the afternoon.

Charges of a graver nature follow. The burglar, taciturn, resolute-looking and light of build, may be succeeded in the dock by the vicious, undersized wielder of the knife, the cunning old convict who has turned coiner, or the spruce, well-groomed advertisement impostor, for whose talents London always offers a tempting field of operations. Such cases are only investigated and sorted out, as it were, by the magistrate. Those in which the evidence is inadequate are either remanded for further proof or are dismissed; the rest are committed for trial before a jury, either to the London County Sessions or to the "Court of oyer and terminer and gaol delivery," known and dreaded of London's criminals under its familiar name of the Old Bailey.



AWAITING THE ORDEAL.

Although the procedure we have described is the same for every London police court, yet each of these, owing to the special character of its district, has its own particular type of case in which it differs from all the rest. This huge London of ours, less a city than a collection of unlike towns, varies

INVESTIGATING A CHARGE AT A POLICE COURT

according to locality in its crimes no less than in its fashions and pleasures.

Let us then, by the aid of the flying carpet of fancy, visit in turn—were it but a brief glimpse—some of the score or so of police courts to which detected breakers of laws in London are brought.

Whither shall we first wend our way? A report in the morning's press of a stabbing affray among the Lascars aboard a steamship in the East India Dock determines us, and we reach the dingy little Thames courthouse at Stepney as the two prisoners enter the dock. Yellow-skinned, barefoot, clad in some thin cotton fabric, they stand before the magistrate with eyes upcast and hands uplifted piously, while the interpreter repeats the oath to the first witness called. This is an almond-eyed Chinaman, whose glossy black pigtail sweeps the floor as, in obedience to a gesture from the interpreter, he kneels in the witness-box. A saucer is handed to him by the usher of the court and he holds it whilst the official says aloud, the interpreter repeating the words in Chinese, "You shall tell the truth and the whole truth." There is an instant's pause as the witness, still on his knees, raises the saucer and dashes it into fragments on the hand-rail before him. Then the oath is completed with the words, "The saucer is cracked, and if you do not tell the truth, your soul will be cracked like the saucer."

A Turk and two Krooboys are to give evidence next, but we do not stay. Leaving the polyglot charge to drag on its slow length, we hasten westward to the little pseudo-classic Temple of Justice at Great Marlborough Street, a stone's throw from Oxford Circus. Here a fresh-coloured young gentleman dressed in the height of fashion, and clearly one of the gilded youths of the West, listens with a slightly wearied air whilst the magistrate points out that excess of spirits, whether animal or otherwise, can scarcely be accepted as an excuse for breaking street lamps in Piccadilly last night and "bonneting" the sergeant who ventured a remonstrance.

The young exquisite having bowed himself out of court to pay his fine, the investigation is resumed of a remanded charge against a handsome Bengali of "deceiving divers of his Majesty's subjects by professing to tell fortunes," and his appliances are spread out before the magistrate by a stolid official with the air of one preparing a meal. Two silk sheets inscribed with curious hieroglyphics, a skull, a pair of daggers, a crystal sphere and a hammered bowl full of some black fluid: then the officer steps back as if to announce that dinner is ready. Meanwhile, the fortune-teller, whose Indian robes contrast oddly with his fluent English, has elected to give evidence in his own defence. He is sworn in a strange and impressive fashion. A copy of the Koran (the Mohammedan Bible) being laid on the ledge before him, he places one hand on the volume and the other on his forehead, then slowly bows his head until it rests on the book.

Let us hasten now across the river to the grey, crowded southern bank. There is a throng of the "great unwashed" about the entrance to the Tower Bridge Police Court as we pass through—sure sign that a local vendetta is being investigated. And so it proves. The ruffianly-looking trio in the dock—two scowling men and a hard-voiced slatternly virago—have headed a mob armed with pokers, pitchforks, and iron railings in their attack on the O'Shaughnessys of Dove-and-Pigeon Court, in the course of which affray not only Mr. and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy but also some half-dozen innocent passers-by were beaten and thwacked unmercifully, as their bandages and wounds attest.

A flying visit to the Guildhall—where a dreary charge of falsifying accounts is occupying the court and apparently boring the gentlemanly prisoner to extinction—ere we cross the northern border of the City proper and peep into the court at Worship Street. Here a "railway fence" is on trial—a receiver of goods stolen from various goods stations; and a diminutive Jew, hairy and uncleanly, who has taken part in the robberies, is giving evidence against his old associate. As he leaves the witness-box there is a sudden sensation in court. The burly prisoner makes a desperate attempt to spring upon the accomplice who has betrayed him. He is dragged back struggling and cursing, and the little Jew, deathly white beneath his grime, and shaking like a man with the palsy, escapes from his sight.

At Bow Street an extradition case is proceeding, and proves to be unconscionably

MOHAMMEDAN TAKING THE OATH.

dull and tiresome. At Clerkenwell the police court is bright with gay colours—head-dresses of blue and old gold, crimson silk scarves and orange kerchiefs; for there has been yet another desperate affray with knives among the Italians on Saffron Hill, and the colony has come down almost *en masse* to hear the evidence. Olive-visaged, chestnut-haired, their bright brown eyes and white teeth flashing, these children of the South have come to the dingy court-house as to a *festa*, and now eagerly await the performance.

Meanwhile, a small English offender is on trial—a boy of thirteen charged as the ringleader of a gang of young rascals who levy blackmail on solitary boys going on errands, and on the shopkeepers of the neighbourhood. Meek and timid enough he looks as he stands in the dock, though it is said that he is known among his admiring satellites as "Dashing Dick," and a loaded pistol was found in his pocket when he was arrested. The case completed, this youthful highwayman is ordered to receive a dozen strokes with the birch. At this his fortitude gives way, and "Dashing Dick," the hero of a hundred street fights, is led away howling to receive punishment.

Of the summonses which occupy the afternoon at most police courts there is no need to speak at any length. To be present at their hearing would make most people cynics for life. The brutality of husbands, the trickery of the fraudulent shopkeeper whose butter is margarine and whose milk is freely watered, the stories of parental cruelty, and of the hardships and ruin wrought by the drink fiend in numberless London homes, make up a daily chapter of wrongs at once pitiful and terrible.

At five o'clock all is over for the day and the great doors are shut again. A little knot of men and women gathers at the corner, waiting for the departure of the prison van with their friends in its keeping. Presently it rattles out of the police court gateway, over the flagstones into the street. The mob fires a volley of hurried salutations: "Goo'-bye, 'Liza!" "Cheer up, 'Arry, I'll raise the blunt for yer," and so on. A dishevelled woman rushes wildly down the street in the van's wake, screaming hoarsely, "Good luck, old man—keep yer pecker up!" till the vehicle disappears round a bend in the road. The crowd disperses in quest of refreshment, and another day in the London Police Courts is ended.

CHINESE FORM OF OATH.

ON PARLIAMENT HILL.

IN THE STREET.

CRICKET LONDON.

By EDWIN PUGH.

"CRICKET extry! Latest scores up to close of play!"

The hot-faced, husky-voiced newsboy, with a bulky bundle of pink papers under his left arm, distributes his sheets at lightning speed, taking money and giving change with the dexterity of a juggler. A clamorous crowd of men and lads, all feverishly anxious to ascertain how their favourite teams have fared, hustle him and bustle him on every side. As each gets his paper he opens it, turns to the third page, and walks slowly off, reading. The street is splashed with moving patches of colour, each patch testifying eloquently to the popularity of the national game in London. Nor is this popularity the outcome of a merely vicarious interest. He who reads to-night will probably to-morrow afternoon (to-morrow being Saturday) don flannels, and fare forth to exhibit his own prowess at the popping-crease. Indeed, so keen is he that, passing a narrow paved street on his way home, he stops to watch a crowd of ragged urchins who, with improvised bats, wickets formed of heaps of jackets, and a penny composition ball, are batting and bowling with a tremendous earnestness that more than counterbalances their lack of skill. The looker-on sighs for the morrow.

The morrow comes. On every open space in and about London there is a green tract set aside for cricket. In all the parks and in each suburb—north, south, east, west, from Walthamstow to Putney, at Blackheath and at Parliament Hill alike—the sleek turf is dotted with white-clad figures and massed with darker groups of interested onlookers. The quick, staccato cries of the players, the pat, pat, pat of bat on ball, the frantic hand-clappings and applauding cheers—all these brisk, healthful sounds mingle pleasantly with the whispering of the breeze and the song of birds. Here, on this level sward, all linked together in a common fellowship, are tiny little chaps from the Council schools learning the priceless lessons of fair play, strengthening their bodies, and expanding their souls; here are artisans, labourers, factory hands, clerks, shopmen, who but for this weekly respite from their sedentary toil might grow up weedy weaklings, vicious and mean-spirited. All sorts and conditions of leagues and alliances are in existence to promote a stimulative rivalry between the

various clubs. In addition to these public playgrounds, there are the private grounds of the great banks and business houses and such classic meadows as that of St. Paul's School in Kensington.

But it is not only on Saturday afternoons that this aspect of Cricket London obtains. Every evening, in the public playing fields, nets are set up and practice is indulged in. The scene then presented, though often quite as crowded with figures, is not nearly so picturesque, since most of the players, being engaged during the day, have no time to go home and don their flannels, but must be content to turn out in their ordinary garb. On Thursday afternoons, too, there are always matches in progress between teams of shop assistants.

All this, however, reveals but one phase of our subject, and not the most momentous. There is now to be considered spectacular cricket—the cricket, that is, which depends on popular favour for its support. Lowest in this scale is "Komik Kriket," so called, though usually the only humour displayed is good-humour. In this class of cricket the teams are, as a rule, composed of actors or music-hall artistes, who meet to clown away an afternoon in the sweet cause of charity; while higher come the matches between county "second elevens" and strong local teams. And then, to pass from the general to the particular, we have organisations such as the London County C.C., formed by the sempiternal W. G. Grace, technically a first-class county, with headquarters at the Crystal Palace.

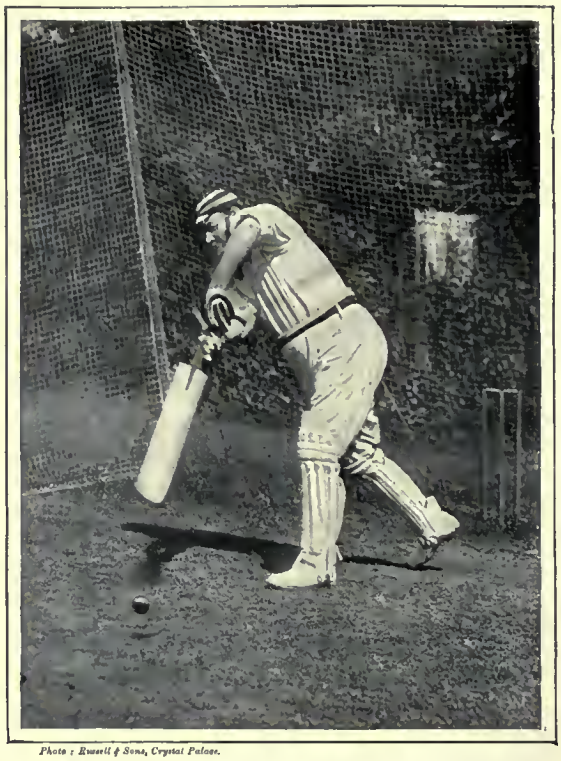


Photo: Russell & Sons, Crystal Palace.

DR. W. G. GRACE AT THE NETS (CRYSTAL PALACE).

But genuine first-class cricket is played at only three grounds in London—Leyton, the Oval, and Lord's.

Leyton, home of the Essex County C.C., is the newest of these. It lacks the great traditions of its two mighty rivals, but its supporters are none the less enthusiastic on that account. To realise this one has only to hear the roar of welcome that goes up when the players take the field.

TAKING THE FIELD (LEYTON).

But, when all is said and done and written, Cricket London only finds its supreme expression at the Oval and at Lord's. Within the borders of these two historic grounds you shall find, on high occasions, types representative of all

who have delight in the summer game—from tattered, grimy *gamins* playing truant to members of the House of Lords. It is, however, on a public holiday that the Oval shows at its truest. Half an hour after the gates have been opened every free seat is occupied; already the stone galleries are thickly thronged; whilst away over at the remote end of the ground a large, devoted band is watching the practice in the nets. On the smooth turf hundreds of men and boys are strolling aimlessly about, waiting for the first bell. Experts inspect the playing pitch critically. At last the first bell rings. The strollers on the grass scuttle toward the ring of spectators and search distractedly for seats. The practising players leave the nets and make for the pavilion at a brisk walk, each surrounded by a knot of admirers. Small boys point out their particular heroes one to another; the playing space empties slowly; there is an expectant buzz. Then from the pavilion gates the flushed, grey-headed figure of the Surrey poet emerges. He goes loping round the ground, crying out excitedly, "Gentlemen, Surrey has won the toss!" and a mighty, exultant shout goes up. An instant later the players come out, carelessly flinging a ball from hand to hand.

THE SURREY POET AT THE OVAL.

The day is slumbrously hot; many of the spectators tuck handkerchiefs or newspapers under their hats to protect their necks from the rays of the sun. A long-suffering old gentleman in the front row puts up his umbrella, but it is so hotly reviled for obstructing the view that he instantly closes it again. The spectacle of that intent multitude is impressive: the serried lines of pink faces set in the dark mass of the people's bodies, with here and there a red military tunic or a light frock to relieve the sombre effect. The surroundings are not beautiful: a huddled sordidness of commonplace houses, and at one end of the ground the huge, dull-red cylinders of a monster gasworks. But what cares any man for extraneous details? A hum of approval or appreciation, that breaks sometimes into a shout, runs round the ground; or a peal of merriment rives the air, or a groan of disappointment.

A CORNER OF THE CROWD (OVAL).

Two o'clock, and the players adjourn for lunch. Many of the spectators adjourn also; but the majority, fearful of losing their places, stay on. Packets of provisions are produced, and bottles containing ginger-beer or other less innocent beverages. There is a merry time of hearty feasting; and whilst this goes on out comes the Surrey poet again to amuse the crowd with his evergreen drolleries and, incidentally, to sell his rhymes.

LUNCHEON UNDER THE TREES (LORD'S).

In three-quarters of an hour the match is resumed. By this time the crowd has swelled to such unwieldy proportions that the playing pitch itself is invaded, and all along the edge of the turf, at the feet of the foremost row of sitters, the spectators lie crouched and huddled together in every conceivable attitude of discomfort.

And so the long, hot afternoon passes. The shadows lengthen; the weary players move a little less jauntily to their places at the end of each over; the crowd grows more and more restless and fidgety. There is occasional inattention; a slight waning of interest; a disposition to mild raillery and horse-play. At last the final over is completed; the umpires pocket the bails; ropes and stakes are set up to protect the pitch; the flushed, perspiring spectators pour out into the street again, chopping impressions as they hurry homeward.

Turn we now to Lord's. On ordinary occasions it has much in common with the Oval. The crowd, however, is less demonstrative; a more leisurely state of things prevails; the surroundings are infinitely more beautiful. This is in consonance with the stately traditions of the place; for Lord's is, as the home of the M.C.C., which governs and directs all cricket, essentially the historic, classic ground. The splendid pavilion, the belt of fine trees rising benignly on one side above the white awning which shades the seats, the perfection of order that exists, and the absence of rowdyism all conduce

ENGLAND *v.* AUSTRALIA (LORD'S).

to a prevalent tone of dignity and repose. The enormous seating capacity also tends to eliminate any appearance of discomfort or overcrowding. Each spectator cannot but have an uninterrupted view of the field of play, no matter where he may be seated—as well on the mound as in the pavilion itself. But, after all, these are minor differences. It is on the occasion of some great match, such as Oxford *v.* Cambridge, Eton *v.* Harrow, or England *v.* Australia, that Lord's rises to its highest point of glory. Then the crowd of onlookers is a vastly different one from

LUNCHEON INTERVAL AT ETON *v.* HARROW MATCH (LORD'S).

that which fills the benches when Middlesex or the M.C.C. are in possession of the field. Demos is in a minority for once. The plebeian billycock or cap shows itself infrequently amid bobbing rows of silken headgear and bewildering millinery confections. The umbrella and gay parasol, that the hardiest of mortals scarcely dares to raise on ordinary occasions, flaunt themselves everywhere now, innocent of any solecism. There are almost as many women as men. Wherever a vacant space is available, commanding a glimpse of the pitch, there you will find carriages ranged in rows, with liveried flunkeys in attendance. The match, played keenly and thoroughly enough from beginning to end by the actual participants themselves, is followed by the majority of the more aristocratic visitors with only a feeble interest. Here and there excited groups of boys dance up and down, cheer madly, frantically clap their hands, and call their indifferent elders' languid attention to the splendid doings of a favourite chum. Old Boys—bald-headed and eminent Old Boys some of them—follow the game with glistening eyes, recalling their own youth, and clap their gloved hands softly, murmuring, "Played, sir! Played, indeed!" But, for the most part, the whole affair partakes of the nature of a society gathering. This is apparent when the luncheon interval arrives. The meal under the trees at an end, the lawn is invaded by a brilliant throng of promenaders. The first and the second bell ring. Still they remain in possession. In vain the policemen endeavour urbanely to herd them back to their seats. They complacently ignore these blandishments; and it is not until the teams are actually on the field, and the re-start has been delayed, perhaps, a quarter of an hour, that they consent to let the match go on. It is only on the last day, when the issue hangs in the balance, that there is any general pervasion of

enthusiasm. Then, sometimes, all dalliance will suddenly cease. The most frivolous cannot escape the infection of the universal excitement. There is a hush as each ball is bowled; and finally, when the result is beyond question, a tumultuous outburst of pent-up feeling, in which treble and bass mingle harmoniously.

All this, however, is as nothing compared with the heats and chills, the qualms and fervours, that prevail among the spectators at Lord's when England and Australia meet there in a test match. Early in the morning, before even the screever outside the walls has finished his pavement studies of cricket celebrities, the crowd has begun to assemble; by noon there is not a vacant seat to be had. There is nothing lukewarm in the temper of this crowd; there is nothing slack or careless in the play of the rival elevens. As the fortunes of the game fluctuate a sympathetic ripple seems to run through the watching multitude. A catch is muffed, and a mighty roar batters on the welkin. A hero is dismissed, and a murmur goes up like the growl of a disappointed beast. The ball is hit to the boundary thrice in succession to a crescendo of ecstatic cheering. Now one of the batsmen approaches his century. He has made many centuries during his career; but, veteran though he be, the fatefulness of his position overbears him a little. He plays with a caution that is infinitely trying to our overwrought nerves. Once he scrapes forward at a ball . . . misses it. There is an appeal. "Not out!"

A minute later, and our hats are in the air. The scoring-board labours, and up goes "100." Strangers shake hands with one another; even the Australians themselves applaud; and the din of our voices must surely set the wild beasts roaring half a mile away.

At the cessation of play the crowd rushes on to the field. The heroes of the day walk to the pavilion through a lane of frenzied worshippers, salvo on salvo of applause thundering in their ears.

And, as we turn away from that scene of rapturous excitement we realise for the first time fully, perhaps, how large a part cricket has come to play in the daily life of London.

HEROES OF THE DAY.

KITCHEN IN THE FARM HOUSE, SOUTHWARK.

"DOSSER"-LAND IN LONDON.

By T. W. WILKINSON.

WHEREVER there are particularly mean streets in London the signs of hotels for the poor hang high over the causeway—by day mere "bushes," by night beacons for the guidance of wrecked humanity. Boys' lodging houses, men's lodging houses, single women's lodging houses, "couples'" lodging houses, lodging houses of the rural type, open to all comers, irrespective of age, sex, or condition, are scattered all over the Great City to the number of about 1,000, sometimes alone, sometimes in twos and threes, sometimes in groups of a dozen, but in general, whether solitary or clustered together, off the beaten track, in the heart of seething, sordid slums.

The "doss"-houses for men only are most numerous and, perhaps, most varied, ranging as they do from the dwelling which is registered for only about half a dozen to the barrack-like building in which some 600 weary heads are laid down nightly, and from the den reserved for thieves and other "game 'uns" to the admirably conducted hostels of the Salvation Army, Father Jay's institution in Shoreditch, the Farm House in Southwark, and the many homes for particular sections of the "dosser" army.

For a typical lodging house for men we cannot do better than go to the district of which Spitalfields Church is the centre. Dorset Street, with its squalid air, its groups of "dossers" scattered over the pavement, as well as Flower and Dean Street—of little better repute, and having the same characteristics in a minor degree—are almost under the shadow of that edifice.

And as to the time of our visit, let it be eight o'clock in the evening. Here we are, then. There is no need to knock: the door is open. At four a.m. it swings back to let out the market porters and a whole posse of lodgers who carry under their arm the mark of their calling—a roll of newspapers, yesterday's "returns." It closes about one in the morning, though belated "dossers" straggle in afterwards.

Through the ever-open door, along the passage, a sharp turn to the right, and—phew! Never mind; it is only oil of "sea rover," which adheres to the "doss"-house as the rose to the broken vase. You may scrub, you may whitewash, the place as you will, but the odour of bloater will cling to it still.

This is the kitchen, the common room of the house, the loafing place of the idle,

A COUNTY COUNCIL INSPECTOR'S VISIT.

and the workshop of the industrious. Opposite us as we enter, taking up nearly one-half the length of the wall, and framed in dull, dead black, a huge coke fire glows and crackles, diffusing to the remotest corner an oppressive warmth. It burns like a sepulchral lamp, continuously, from year's end to year's end. Above, a serried line of tin teapots, battered and stained with long use, and above that, again, the "Rules of the House," one of which stands out in aggressive capitals: "No Washing on Sunday"—meaning that laundry work is for purely social reasons prohibited on the Sabbath.

In the corner beyond the fireplace a buxom female figure is eyeing the depleted collection of cracked crockery ranged on the shelves, her sleeves upturned over massive biceps. She is the "deputy," the domestic ruler of about 200 men. Her office is, even in hotels of this class, open to both sexes, each of which has qualifications for it denied to the other. Woman's strong point is the celerity and dispatch she displays in carrying out certain very necessary operations connected with bed-making. Hence the comfort of a house where females are entrusted with that work—which is axiomatic. Man's superiority lies in quelling disturbances and "chucking." Generally the male deputy is more or less of a bruiser, though it is a mistake for him to be an expert pugilist, else his whole time will be divided, in unequal proportions, between fighting and lying in hospital. All the Maces in "Dosser"-land will flock to vanquish or be vanquished.

Distributed over the kitchen three or four score men are having tea, or, as they would call the meal, supper. And a grim, picturesque assemblage they make. Yonder a seedy, frock-coated failure, on whose black, glossy curls Time's hand has not yet been laid, is sopping some bits of bread — manifestly leavings begged from a tea-shop—in a decoction made from a "half-penny tea and sugar mixed," his eyes wandering now and again to a pair of kippers which a market porter tossed from a frying pan on to a plate a few minutes since. At his elbow an old man, whose snowy beard is plainly, when viewed sideways, his shirt front, mouths a greasy ham bone like a decrepit dog. In front of the fire is another figure that arrests the roving eye. A pallid youth has his meal spread before him on an evening newspaper, which is his tablecloth. It consists of tea, bread and margarine, and that delicacy of which the "dosser" never tires, the humble bloater. The cup which

the youthful lodger has before him is an old jam pot, his only article of cutlery is his pocket knife, and he conveys the food to his mouth with Nature's forks. Artificial ones are not provided, nor is it customary to supply either knives or spoons. Too portable—that is the explanation.

And now mark the men with tea only before them—tea which represents the waste of the "doss"-house table, since it has come from the abandoned pots of other and more fortunate lodgers. All have that haunting expression—that dull, despairing look in the eyes—which hunger and buffeting engender. Judged by even the low standard of the fourpenny hotel, they are wretched in the extreme, and in comparison with them most of the other inmates of the kitchen are prosperous. Half their nights are spent in the street, considerably more than half their days in this common room, where they doze by the fire, "bull" or "milk" teapots, pick up odds and ends from the table, and, if happy chance serve, share the meals of acquaintances who may themselves, for aught they know, have to postpone the next morning's breakfast indefinitely. They live, in fact, largely on the charity of their own class. "Dossers'" dependents are certainly an unscheduled section of the community; but they exist in hundreds, and constitute one of the many mysteries of London.

CUBICLES IN A "COUPLES'" HOUSE (SPITALFIELDS).

OUTSIDE A LODGING HOUSE (FLOWER AND DEAN STREET, SPITALFIELDS).

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Endless other phases of the underworld can be studied in the kitchen of the fourpenny hotel. The vagrant industries alone afford an unlimited field for investigation. Paper flowers, sand bags, toasting forks, miraculous corn cures, "novelties" of all kinds—such as the walnut thimble case—are made before your eyes. Old, worthless seeds are converted in a twinkling into the "sweet-scented lavender" of commerce. A pennyworth of scent from the chemist's effects the transformation. You can watch the pavement artist doing "all my own work" by deputy, the begging-letter writer studying his private directory and drafting a condensed tragedy on the back of a music-hall handbill, the broken-down journalist racking his brain for ideas that obstinately refuse to come at his bidding, the old soldier—'rejuiced," as Mulvaney used to say in another sense, "but a corporal wanst"—coaching a comrade in the art of cadging from officers of his former regiment. Occasionally even a singing lesson may be witnessed in a kitchen. Not that "griddlers" practise their hymns in a "doss"-house; they learn them at the "ragged churches" on

Sunday. It is the waits who sometimes rehearse at home.

Next, the sleeping chambers. It is midnight. The door at the foot of the stairs is locked, but for all that many men are in bed. At intervals the "deputy" has opened it, and taken from each lodger as he passed the numbered metal check given to him by the proprietor earlier in the evening as a voucher for his fourpence. Until the "dosser" is going to bed he is not required to show if he has paid his lodging money.

About a couple of yards up the staircase, and we reach the first landing, from which there are openings to the right and left leading into small bedrooms, and those into other rooms, and so on till the stranger thinks he is rambling half way up the street. Here a number of small, domestic-like chambers occupy the upper part of the house. In others the system is different, there being only two or three rooms, in which beds stretch away in a long line on each side of the door. This associated arrangement is in force at some houses where sixpence per night is charged.

AT FATHER JAY'S LODGING HOUSE (SHOREDITCH): A PRETTY CORNER.

But here is the first room. Bareness is its key-note: no curtains or blind to the window, no covering of any kind on the well-scrubbed floor, no pictures on the walls, which are unrelieved whitewash except for a County Council notice and a number at the head of each bed corresponding to that of a room in an hotel. That notice sets forth for how many beds (six) the apartment is registered, and exactly so many does it contain. One more, if discovered—and the inspector drops in occasionally about half-past two in the morning—would subject the owner to a heavy penalty.

On going higher, and seeing room after room of exactly the same character as the first, you discover that most beds in the house are occupied. From the foot of one a dark mass protrudes. A man has turned in without undressing—that is all. If the rule of the American hotel keeper, "Guests found in bed with their boots on will die that way," was suddenly enforced in common lodging houses, the rate of mortality among "dossers" would be appalling.

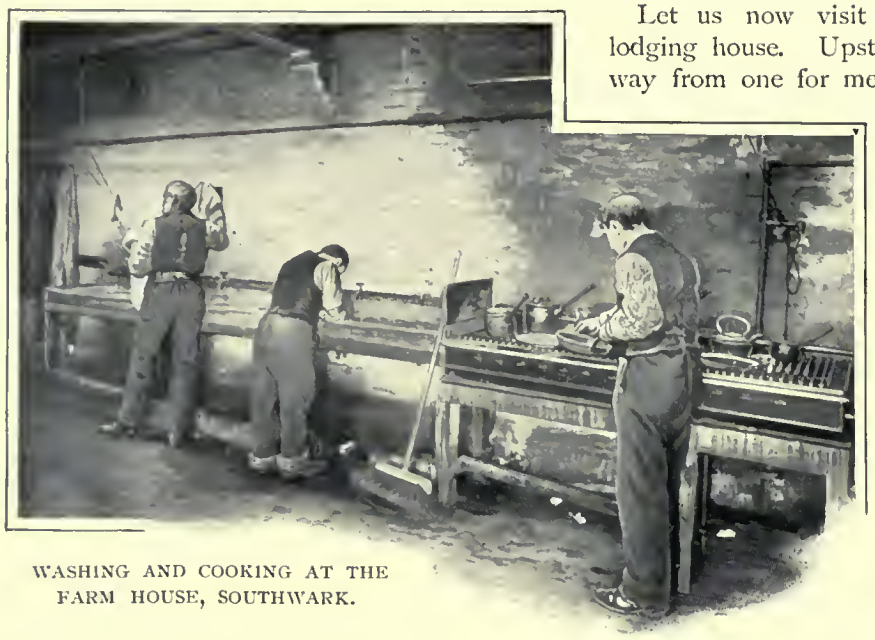
Blacker still is an object under another bed. It is a saucepan containing the remains of a stew, the property of him who sleeps above it. The reason it is stored here is not obscure. Look at the waistcoats peeping out from under pillows, or turn down the coverlets on that empty bed and read the legend stamped boldly on the lower sheet: "Stolen from ——." There is the clue. The prevalence of theft in these places — mean, paltry, contemptible theft—accounts for the presence of the saucepan under the bed. Many a man has woke up to find his boots gone, and occasionally a lodger is robbed of all his clothing — coat, waistcoat, trousers, shirt, everything—while he is asleep.

Now there is a rush of feet on the stairs; a babel of voices rising higher and higher. The "last train" is coming up; the laggards who are always loth to leave the kitchen have been turned out. Soon the whole house will be silent save for the chattering of two cronies who have tarried overlong at the "Pig and Penwiper." Then there will be a howl from somebody whom they have wakened, and then, perhaps, a fight.

Of exceptional "doss"-houses for men there are many. A hurried survey of two or three will modify the impression that the typical fourpenny hotel has produced. First, Father Jay's hospice in Shoreditch. Here we are in a different atmosphere. A light, well-appointed kitchen, cubicles above, some of them very

KITCHEN IN A SINGLE WOMEN'S LODGING HOUSE (SPITALFIELDS).

KITCHEN IN A COMMON LODGING HOUSE (SPITALFIELDS).



WASHING AND COOKING AT THE FARM HOUSE, SOUTHWARK.

tastefully decorated by their occupants, and still higher the ordinary rooms, split up to a certain extent by fixed wooden screens, one of which is covered with brackets, busts, looking-glasses, pictures, and odds and ends innumerable, the property of the man whose bed is beneath—such are the memories one carries away from the place. All is in striking contrast to the bareness and gloom of the typical East-End "doss"-house.

Secondly, the Salvation Army's institution at Paddington, mainly remarkable for its sleeping side. At night one of its rooms is an eye-opener. To right, to left, in front, beds, beds, beds, in seemingly endless number. There is a whole acre of them, all tenanted as far as can be seen. Two hundred sleepers are contained in this one huge chamber, most of them men in fairly regular work—bricklayers' labourers, navvies, and the like. Ask such a man why he stops here rather than in private lodgings, and his reply is prompt and emphatic. "Oh, give *me* company," he says. And, indeed, that is the principal reason. It strikes some people as strange; but the same thing is met with in higher strata of life.

Finally, there is the Farm House, in Southwark, another very good specimen of the better class of "doss"-houses. It is one of the few establishments of its class where cooking by gas is practicable.

Let us now visit a typical women's lodging house. Upstairs, it differs in no way from one for men. Downstairs, the kitchen, with its ruddy coke fire, its overpowering aroma of bloater, its heated atmosphere, as before. Never does it vary very much. Though it is between three and four in the afternoon—a time when a house for men is almost deserted—the room is full of females young and old, some eating, some talking, some at work. One is making paper flowers, another knitting, and a third mending a rent in her skirt.

At the outset the mixed and motley group stirs the imagination profoundly, and still more so when one comes to analyse it. How many of the women bear marks of brutality—swollen lips, cut cheeks, black eyes! And what tragedies has outraged Nature written on some faces which have not been "bashed"—lately! You can see faint traces of the finer feelings and aspirations in a mass of male wreckage, but here, if they survive at all, the dim light fails to reveal them.

Study, for a moment, that group near the fire. A young woman with dishevelled hair and open bodice (she has apparently yet to make her toilet) is frying steak and onions. By her side a companion equally untidy is also preparing a meal, breakfast maybe, despite the hour. She drops her "halfpenny tea and sugar mixed" into a pot, cautiously lets two eggs sink on the heap, and then pours boiling water on the lot. This is a wrinkle in "doss"-house cookery. The process saves time and trouble always, and in some establishments is compulsory, by reason of the absence of small saucepans. Behind these lodgers a wrinkled old crone is hutched up over her pipe and basking in the heat. Like many of her class, she is intolerant of

cold, because she cannot feed her bodily fire and produce natural warmth.

If you fill in the details it is not a pleasing picture. Look back. Long, long ago—twenty years, thirty, forty in some cases—numbers of these women came here or to a neighbouring house as girls. And now look forward. You can see them all going to the workhouse or the hospital gate. That is their well-nigh inevitable end, unless they meet a worse fate. They will not, they cannot, rise to a higher level.

One other kind of lodging house looms large in some parts of London, and that is the establishment for "couples." The difference between a place of this class and one for men or women only lies solely in the sleeping accommodation. There is more privacy in the former, though not much in some cases, for the cubicles are like stable stalls. In general, however, they are similar, only smaller, to those boxed-off spaces which the coffee-shop keeper dignifies with the name of bedrooms.

In these places, as in most other "doss"-houses, no questions are asked and no names taken. A man or woman may live in a fourpenny hotel for years, and yet be known to the "deputy" by the number of his or her bed. The majority of the lodgers in hotels for the poor, too, are casuals, not regulars. While one man has had the same "kip" for forty years, and thousands have not changed their quarters for five or ten years or longer, numbers of men and women do not stop many days anywhere. One week a "dosser" may be in the Borough, the next in Spitalfields, the next in St. Clement's, Notting Hill. So that some phases of life in cubicle houses are not so exceptional as the circumstances surrounding certain murders which have been committed in them have led many to assume.

On the whole, "Dosser"-land is a squalid, depressing region. Tragedy, then comedy fitfully, then tragedy again—such is life in it. Yet, if its people make the social reformer despair, who shall say that their environment is not better now than ever it was? Of a truth, since the County Council obtained control of lodging houses the improvement in them has been remarkable. The inspectors not only prevent overcrowding, but insist on cleanliness (no more sheet-changing once a month), ventilation, and other sanitary requirements; and as a result the "dosser" now enjoys a degree of comfort of which formerly he had only heard.

SCENE IN DORSET STREET, SPITALFIELDS.

ON THE STONES, ISLINGTON CATTLE MARKET.

EQUINE LONDON.

By CHARLES DUDLEY

TILL London is conquered by the motor car it will remain both the Purgatory and the Paradise of horses. It is the Purgatory because the work thrown on the heavy brigade knocks up the strongest in a few years; the Paradise because the aristocrats of the equine race live in unwonted luxury, and the aged and the ailing nowhere else meet with such kind and skilful treatment.

Let us ramble through the horse world of London, and we shall see both sides of it. And, first, we will visit Rotten Row this bright, lovely morning. Half-past ten. We are rather too late to catch the "liver brigade." But stay, here is a belated member, mounted on a fine chestnut, which he keeps at a steady gallop; he is pounding up and down in a fashion that will make him go to his club a new man by and by. Near the rails a sleek pony, led by a groom, is taking Master Reginald round for an airing, and eyeing his bigger brethren as who should say, "Ah! you'd see what *I* would do if they would only give me a chance." Two fair maidens with their escorts pass by; and then three sisters come cantering down the middle of the Row abreast, their cheeks glowing with robust health, their long hair flowing behind—fine types of Britain's daughters. Still more in the background a mounted policeman, whose like you may meet at night in far-off suburban solitudes, keeps watch over this world-famed stretch.

And now a flash of scarlet catches and holds the eye. In the road bordering the park a string of Guards, their white plumes nodding gently with the steady motion of their horses, whose backs are hidden from saddle to crupper under the voluminous top-coats of their riders, pass along at a walk. They are on their way to Whitehall, there to take turn in standing statuesquely in the sentry-boxes at the Horse Guards—the admiration of nursemaids and the wondering delight of children.

Later in the day the Row is empty, but, on the other hand, the pleasure horse monopolises the circle, now comparatively deserted. Singly, in pairs, tandems, and fours, he draws the family carriage with a lozenge on the panels, the brougham of the fashionable

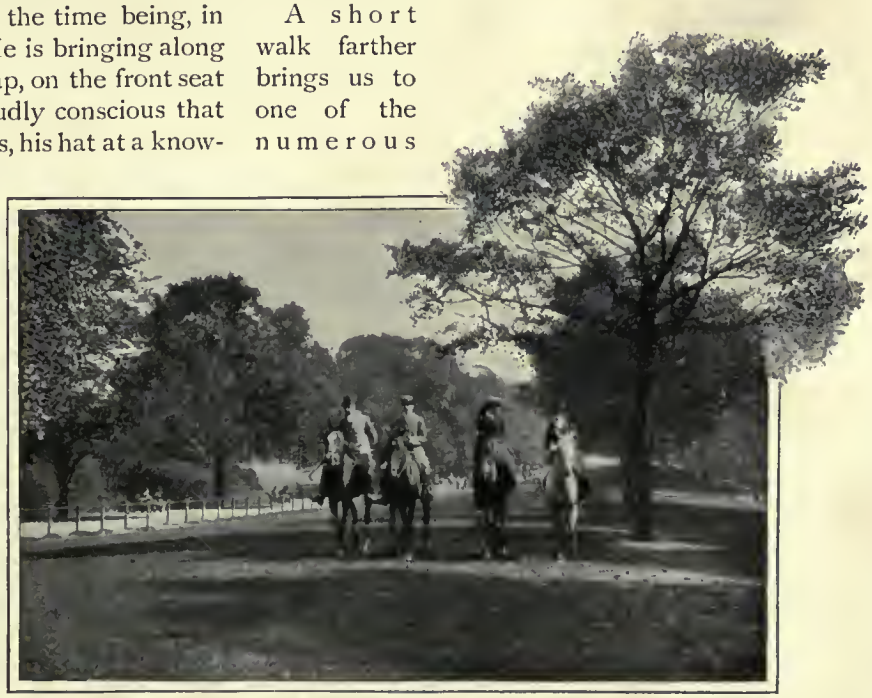
SHUNTING RAILWAY TRUCKS.

doctor, the coupé of the popular actress, the man about town's smart dog-cart.

If we want a contrast to the picture in the Park, the East-End will supply it. High Street, Whitechapel. Gone the high steppers; gone the glossy carriages; gone the splendidly impassive footmen. Down the road comes the "general utility" of the equine world and the nearest approach extant to perpetual motion. A shopkeeper's horse more used to the markets and main streets than any other part of London, he is, for the time being, in the service of Pleasure. He is bringing along with a rush a neat little trap, on the front seat of which is the owner, proudly conscious that he can "do it" when he likes, his hat at a knowing angle, a cigar tilted heavenwards between his teeth. Behind an elderly lady lolls in a self-conscious pose; and the rear is brought up, so to speak, by the end of the parlour hearthrug, which dangles behind. Most obviously, the radiant driver is taking the "missus" out for the afternoon. Well, let us hope that they will enjoy their drive.

Returning westwards — not forgetting his Majesty's equine possessions in the Royal Mews in Buckingham Palace Road—we stroll to Albert Gate, and pass Tattersall's — now, like Aldridge's and the repositories in the Barbican and elsewhere, given up to the sale of horses and carriages. To one class of purchasers it is what the Cattle Market is to another. Small traders mostly look for their horseflesh on the stones at Islington—where there is a scene as much like a horse fair of the rural type as London can show—while gentlemen to whom expense is no consideration betake them in like circumstances to Tattersall's, whose reputation for straight dealing gives them an enormous business. There is no Flying Fox to be sold to-day for 37,000 guineas, or it would be worth while to step inside and witness the event. Smart "steppers" for the Park usually represent the class of business done at the weekly sales nowadays.

A short walk farther brings us to one of the numerous



IN ROTTEN ROW.

jobbing establishments that are scattered over London. Enter the yard. A number of carriages with a festive look are in readiness to go out, and we arrive just in time to see a procession of greys led from the stables. "Wedding greys" are they. And what a strange lot in life is theirs—to be the despised of cabby, the rejected of the omnibus owner and the carrier, and the delight of marrying London! The livery master must have them, because they are indispensable for a wedding. Yet their use is almost, if not quite, as restricted as that of the sensitive Flemish blacks, which are reserved for taking us our last drive.

But it creates no exceptional stir in the place, this preparation for a wedding. The firm gets about twenty or thirty of such orders every day. In addition it will, and does, furnish horses and carriages for every conceivable purpose. Some of its stud have as many different jobs in a day as a boy messenger. They trot placidly with a gigantic boiler behind them in the morning, a lady's bonnet box in the afternoon, and a set of theatrical scenery at night. And it is only one of many firms doing a similar business. Even Messrs. Pickford—who keep more than four thousand horses and frequently engage other three or four hundred by the day—are job masters on a large scale as well as carriers.

A considerable proportion of the horses one sees in the street are, in fact, hired. The hairy-legged members of the heavy brigade that sluggishly drag along the vans belonging to a certain firm which moves everybody, from the Marquess of Gaunt, of Berkeley Square, to Mr. Thos. Tittlemouse, of Acacia Villa, Peckham; the dashing "tits" of innumerable butchers, bakers, and other tradesmen; the smart equipages which take many doctors on their rounds, ladies to Bond Street or the theatre, music-hall artistes to their engagements, and are met at every turn in Central London; the superb "goers" in the service of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, on which every eye is turned as they dash through the streets to a constant accompaniment of "Hi-hi-hi!"—all are jobbed at rates varying according to their value and other factors.

A BIG STABLE AT WALWORTH (SOUTHWARK BOROUGH COUNCIL).

Perhaps the only kind of horse which is not hired, except the stolid animal which acts as a shunting engine on the iron road, is the plunging beauty of the Hippodrome, that intelligent creature which can be trusted to look dashing and full of fire and at the same time to work with the regularity of a steam-engine. Every other variety is jobbed. One firm will horse any business for a fixed sum per year, while another is able to supply a horse, brougham, and man at a total inclusive cost of about £225 or £250 a year. At this rate it is cheaper and more convenient to hire a carriage than to keep one; and consequently private stables are becoming fewer and fewer.

Cross the Thames now to the stable of the Southwark Borough Council in Walworth. Here we are at a typical home of the

municipal horse, than which there is no better animal of its class in the equine world. Well-lighted, adequately ventilated, provided with every necessary convenience, it presents an animated spectacle by reason of a number of men being engaged in polishing the brasses on the harness, the suppleness of which attests the attention it receives. About the fine animals in the stalls there is nothing remarkable except their capacity for backing. At that the

municipal horse is easily first and the rest nowhere. He will push a dust cart into any opening, and, what is more, run no risk of having his legs injured, for he will keep them well under him the while.

The apotheosis of the cart horse! Not the May-Day procession, though in that he has the whole stage and all the limelight to himself, but his principal festival, the show in Regent's Park on Whit-Monday. It is ten o'clock, and right round the inner

AT THE CART HORSE SHOW AND PARADE, REGENT'S PARK.

I. JUDGING. II. DRAYMAN (FORTY-ONE YEARS' SERVICE) WITH PRIZE HORSE. III. A FAMILY PARTY.

circle are extended more than one thousand fine specimens of the heavy brigade, attached to nearly every kind of business vehicle, some singly, some in pairs, and some in teams.

Here is a typical turn-out. A sleek, well-groomed horse, no rib or pin bone visible, newly-shod, with blacked hoofs, and gaily decked with flowers and ribbons, stands in the shafts of a coal delivery van, in which a family party has been brought from a distant suburb. In front is the driver, all quarters of London, and it will be late when some of them reach home.

Before we leave the park let us learn the result of the long-service competition. The winner on this occasion—the man who takes the money bequeathed by Miss Isabel Constable—is a veteran who has held the same situation for over 41 years, and the four drivers who have been awarded the premiums of one guinea offered by the Cart Horse Society have severally been in the employ of

TATTERSALL'S.

temporarily oblivious — under the subtle excitement of the moment—that he has been working all night on his horse. Behind him is his wife, beaming and happy, and in the rear are grouped the children, and others all in their Sunday best.

Meanwhile, the judging has been going on. It lasts some time, for not only have the horses to be passed under review, but prizes awarded for length of service. It is over now, and a queue is formed, the winners taking the lead, and all the horses parade once right round the outer circle. Then the procession breaks up. For hours hence its component parts will be returning to one master for nearly as long a period. And yet cynics say that the race of faithful Adams is extinct!

With a rapid survey of two unique institutions our tour round Equine London may end. Much—very much—must for one reason or another be ignored. 'Bus, tram, and cab horses receive attention in another article in this work, while the "knacker's" industry, important though it may be, smacks too much of the shambles to be pleasant.

The first of the two institutions is the Royal Veterinary College in Camden Town. It is three o'clock in the afternoon, and the free clinic is taking place.

Drawn up outside one part of the buildings are the out-patients—a score of sorry-looking hacks—attended by their owners, who mostly belong to the costermonger class and are all too poor to pay for the doctoring of their ailing workers. Through the opening, and we are in the out-patients' ward. It is a covered yard. In the middle is a thick bed of clean straw, on and round which are scattered groups of surgeons and students.

"Look out!" To the right is a horse, which is about to be cast—to be thrown on its side like another patient which lies on our left. "Capped elbow; the largest I ever saw," says the surgeon, pointing to a huge excrescence on the inner side of one of this poor brute's forelegs. Presently somebody comes up with a leather bucket, fixes it over the captive's nose, and tucks a cloth round the top to keep in the fumes. Chloroform! The unfortunate owner, who is holding down the horse's head, looks as if he himself were about to be operated on, since he is ghastly, with restless eyes quick to see every movement. A moment, and the prostrate brute struggles convulsively; but the anæsthetic quickly overpowers him. Then a student drags a bucket of disinfecting fluid nearer the patient, makes a selection from a number of pretty little instruments, and—but we will not stay longer.

What a boon is this free clinic to the indigent horse-keeper! Any afternoon he can bring an ailing steed to it and have it attended to gratuitously.

The other institution at which we will make a call is Friar's Place Farm—otherwise known as the Home of Rest for Horses—at Acton. This is the most pleasing feature of the equine world of London, for it is a sort of combined hydro and retreat for man's faithful friend. Some of the inmates are resting temporarily or undergoing treatment at the hands of skilled surgeons; but many are pensioners, and have been in retirement for years. They are maintained either by ladies and gentlemen for whom they have worked hard and well or by the supporters of the institution.

The farm consists largely of row after row of stables, from one line of which a dozen heads and necks are craned out as we approach. The inmates heard us coming. They are all great pets. Each has a house of his own, and in it he lives comfortably, even luxuriously, with nothing to do but eat and enjoy life. Every New Year's Day the pensioners are specially favoured, for, by the kindness of a benevolent lady, they are provided with a special dinner of apples, carrots, brown and white bread, and sugar.

Vast and many-sided is the horse world of London; and yet it is all to disappear—stables, institutions, pretty customs, everything—before the noisy, ugly, but decidedly convenient and economical motor vehicle! Perhaps—and perhaps not.

A ROW OF PENSIONERS (HOME OF REST, ACTON).

HOSPITAL LONDON.

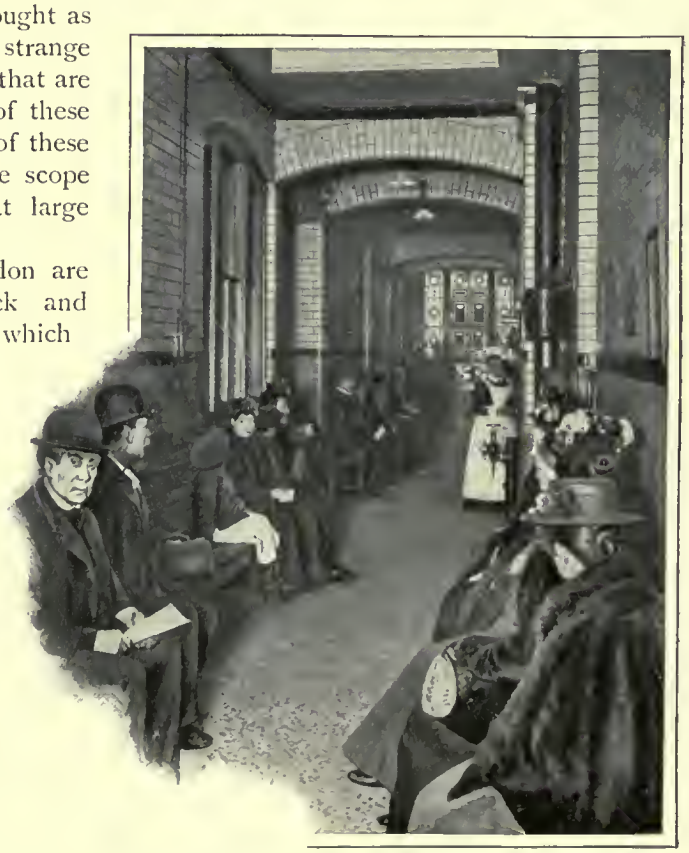
By R. AUSTIN FREEMAN.

NURSE (WEST LONDON HOSPITAL).

AMONG the multitudes of wayfarers that throng the streets of the Metropolis there are probably few who, as they pass one of the great hospitals, do not glance up at the massive building with some curiosity, and with, perhaps, a passing thought as to the strange scenes that are being enacted within. Yet by few of these are the significance and importance of these institutions fully appreciated, or the scope of their relations with humanity at large understood.

For the great hospitals of London are not only the refuges of the sick and suffering poor; the agents through which the benevolent minister to the necessities of the indigent; the retreats to which the struggling worker can retire in seasons of adversity, to receive relief in his own person and in the removal from his family of the burden of his helplessness. They are all this, indeed; but, in addition, they are the battle-grounds upon which is fought that never-ending contest in which the intelligence of man is arrayed against those invading forces that ever tend to shorten the period of individual life and to augment the sum of sorrow and suffering for mankind at large.

With a view to getting some insight into the inner life of a hospital, let us present ourselves at the out-patient entrance about nine o'clock in the morning. A considerable crowd has collected, and, as the doors are just opened, the earlier arrivals are beginning to pass through. The crowd is at present a very miscellaneous one, for its constituent units have not yet been sorted out and classified. The pale consumptive jostles a sturdy labourer whose bandaged head furnishes an illustration of the momentum of falling bodies; patients with rasping coughs and panting breath; patients on crutches; patients in splints, with limbs swathed in bandages; men and women, old and young, strong and feeble, are here mingled into an



OUT-PATIENTS' WAITING ROOM (MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL).

BOTTLE-SELLING OUTSIDE ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.

indiscriminate assembly. On the outskirts of the crowd an itinerant bottle merchant has set up a little stall (for the hospital does not supply bottles gratis); but most of the frugal patients have furnished themselves from home, and we may see marmalade jars converted into ointment pots, while the jovial whiskey bottle is degraded into a mere receptacle for cod-liver oil.

Inside the doorway a porter and a nurse are engaged in sorting out the patients by means of their cards or letters; and very soon the lobbies outside the various out-patient rooms become filled with groups of patients who, as they sit on the benches awaiting their turn, inspect with an expert and critical eye the new-comers who continue to pass in.

From time to time the door of a consulting room is opened, and an attendant admits the patients in parties of about a dozen, while those who have seen the doctors emerge with their prescription cards in their hands, and go to swell the little crowd that is gathered round the dispensary.

As a batch of patients is admitted we enter a spacious room, round the sides of which are a number of electric lamps fitted with bull's-eyes. At one of these a clinical assistant is examining, with the aid of a reflector fastened to his forehead, a patient's throat, while at another a student is exploring an obstructed ear. The surgeon sits near the window, with a semi-circle of chairs occupied by students behind him, and the patient seated in a good light before him; and as he examines the latter he directs the attention of the students to the salient points of the case, and explains the train of reasoning by which he arrives at his diagnosis.

Of course, the different departments have their own special characters. In the medical,

PORTER (WEST LONDON HOSPITAL).

AN OPERATION AT CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL.

stethoscopes abound and coughs prevail; in the surgical, bandages, dressings, and antiseptics are in evidence. In the eye department the air is filled with a droning sound of "E, T, B, D, L, N," as the patients read aloud the letters of the test types through the trial glasses, and students, working out "refractions," are seen in dark closets, throwing from their ophthalmoscopes bright, dancing spots of light on to the eyes of their patients. But we must not linger among the out-patients. We have just seen from the window a couple of policemen wheeling a covered ambulance up to the entrance, and thither we now hurry.

Each of the policemen has embroidered on his sleeve a Maltese cross within a circle, a device which indicates that he has gone through a course of instruction in "First Aid to the Injured," and received the certificate of the St. John's Ambulance. This useful Association not only gives instruction, but furnishes stretchers and ambulances for use in street accidents, and, moreover, owns a number of admirable covered waggons or horse ambulances, which may be hired for the conveyance of invalids or helpless persons.

The stretcher is detached from its carriage and placed upon a cushioned trolley, which

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL

is wheeled noiselessly along a corridor to a small room where the house-surgeon with his dressers are waiting. The patient, a respectable working man, has been knocked down by a van which has run over one of his legs; and to the injured limb the policemen have attached a temporary splint. This being now removed, and the patient's trousers slit up, a jagged wound is revealed, through which a sharp splinter of bone protrudes. The leg has sustained a compound fracture.

The wound is now carefully cleansed by the house-surgeon, who covers it with a dressing of gauze or tissue that has been subjected to heat in a closed chamber to destroy any germs that might lurk in it. Well-padded splints are next applied to the limb, and the patient is then wheeled off on the trolley to a large lift, which carries him and two porters to an upper floor; where, after traversing a long corridor, the trolley at length brings up alongside an empty bed in one of the great surgical wards. Trolley and bed are now surrounded by screens, and the patient, being lifted on to the bed by the two stalwart porters, is by them undressed with surprising care and gentleness and covered with a blanket. Finally, the screens are removed, and a nurse proceeds to trim up the bed with sheets and counterpane to the required standard of neatness.

RECEIVING AN ACCIDENT CASE (POPLAR HOSPITAL).

Let us glance round the ward into which we have followed our patient. It is a lofty apartment of great length and relatively narrow—somewhat like a very large corridor. The spaces of painted wall between the large windows are hung with pictures and framed texts, and the floor is of polished oak, elegant in appearance and easy to keep clean, but very slippery. Down the middle of the ward is a range of long tables, supporting flowers, ferns, and palms, as well as basins, ewers, and other appliances.

Each side is occupied by a row of beds extending the whole length of the ward, most of them occupied by patients, whose red flannel bed-jackets contrasting with the white counterpanes impart a very bright and cheerful aspect to the place. Indeed, a general air of cheerfulness and comfort is the most noticeable feature, even of a surgical ward. In most of the beds the patients are placidly engaged in the perusal of newspapers and books; convalescents with crutches or arm-slings are playing draughts at the tables or doing such odd jobs as their condition allows, amid much animated conversation and many lively sallies of cockney wit from the occupants of the beds; while the busy nurses flit from patient to patient, making the building resound with the clatter of their so-called "silent ward shoes."

But the graver side of hospital life is in evidence too. The patients are not all convalescent, nor are they all cheerful and happy. Here, for instance, is a silent, motionless figure, the pallid face surmounted by an ice-cap, and the half-closed eyes singularly ghastly and death-like — a bad case of concussion of the brain. In the bed hard by, the clothes of which are raised by a "cradle," like the tilt of a waggon, a man lies staring fixedly at the ceiling; and when the sister has told us that "23 had his leg amputated

above the knee yesterday" we can read in the sad, dejected face the sorrowful thoughts that are passing through the sufferer's mind. We know that he is thinking of the wooden pin on which he is to stump through life, of the struggle for existence made tenfold more bitter, of the sports and pleasures that he enjoyed in the past and will enjoy no more!

While we are looking round the ward one of the house-surgeons, with an attendant squad of dressers, makes his appearance, and forthwith a glass table running on rubber-tyred wheels is brought out to accompany him on his round. The glass shelves of the table are filled with air-tight cases of sterilised gauze, tissue, cotton wool, and bandages, sealed glass tubes of sterilised silk and cat-gut for closing wounds, and porringers or little basins for the sterilised water from the Pasteur filter with which the wounds are cleansed if necessary. A few years since these porringers would have contained solutions of carbolic acid or corrosive sublimate, and the dressings would have been impregnated with iodoform or other germicide substances; but the "antiseptic" surgery which wrought such marvels in the past is disappearing in favour of the still more perfect "aseptic" system of the present day.

The introduction of this new aseptic system —by which it is sought to exclude all microbes from the neighbourhood of wounds, instead of applying to them "antiseptics," or microbe poisons, as was formerly done—has not only produced a great change in the materials and processes used in the dressing of wounds, but has rendered the daily round of the dressers a much less important proceeding. For under the older system a considerable portion of the surgical cases required to have the dressings renewed daily; whereas nowadays wounds are commonly sealed up immediately after an operation with germ-proof dressings, which are left undisturbed until the wounds are completely healed. Should some mischief-

Photo Dr. E. H. Hayncck.

SINGING TO PATIENTS (LONDON HOSPITAL).

VISITING DAY AT A CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL (GREAT ORMOND STREET).

working microbe find its way in through the dressings, despite all precautions, and set up suppuration in the wound, there is not a little grumbling on the part of the surgeon, and a strict inquiry is made into the history of the faulty materials with which the wound has been covered.

But, although the daily dressings are now much reduced in number, there is still in a large hospital ward plenty of occupation for the house-surgeons and dressers, and their morning's work will hardly have been completed before the appearance upon the ward tables of mounds of bread, neatly cut into symmetrical "doorsteps," announces the dinner-hour, and as they leave the ward they are met in the corridor by a waggon or large trolley piled high with the smoking materials for the meal, and diffusing a savoury aroma as it passes. Drawn up alongside the table, it disgorges its freight, and volcanic mounds of potatoes, verdant stacks of cabbage, ribs of beef, fried soles, plump chickens, and seething mutton chops attract the expectant regards of the patients and receive the attention of the sister and nurses. Then comes the rather unequal distribution of the delicacies. No. 4, who is recovering from the effects of a blow on the head, is on a very restricted diet, and, as he wolfishly devours a diminutive sole, glances avariciously at his right-hand neighbour, an emaciated "hip joint" case, who is demolishing half a chicken with the gusto of a South Sea Islander. No. 8 is taking light refreshment through an india-rubber tube with the aid of a funnel, while the street arab in the corner bed assaults a mutton chop literally with tooth and nail, gnawing at the bone with chuckles of cannibalistic glee.

The meal concluded and the ward tidied up, an air of restlessness and expectancy becomes evident in the demeanour of the patients, which is presently explained when we discover that this is a visitors' day. Soon the patients' friends make their appearance, the men holding their hats gingerly and stepping on tiptoe, with immense strides (by which means it has been shown that the maximum amount of sound can be extracted from a pair of creaky shoes), and the women particularly attentive to the conduct of their offspring. Sometimes a visitor goes down with a thump on the slippery floor, to his own unspeakable confusion and the undissembled joy of the regular inmates. The bedside greetings run the whole gamut, from the half-sheepish

"Wot-O! Bill! How goes it?" of the male visitor, to the passionate embrace of the anxious wife or mother.

The unconscious "concussion" is visited by a pale, frightened-looking woman, who sits by the bed and gazes disconsolately at the silent figure. No. 23 brightens up somewhat as a quiet, trim-looking little woman, leading a sturdy boy of six or seven, approaches up the ward; and when she has seated herself by his side and holds his hand in hers as she chats of the doings outside he grows quite cheerful, although when his boy breaks out into joyous anticipations of the fun they will have "when father comes home" he has to turn away hastily and fumble in the locker by his bedside. The street arab has no friends to visit him, and consoles himself for the fact by putting out his tongue at a juvenile stranger and watching malignantly the little parties round the other beds. The allotted time quickly runs out, and the warning bell rings all too soon. Amidst a clatter of chairs the visitors rise to take leave of their friends, and then slowly troop out of the ward. No 23's wife is the last to go, and she turns at the door to wave her handkerchief and throw him a kiss; and he, poor fellow, greatly comforted by her pluck and cheerfulness, turns over with a sigh of contentment, for he cannot see her blinding tears or hear her sobs as she hurries away through the echoing corridor.

In the Children's Hospital visitors' day is especially a season of rejoicing; for then anxious mothers, who have, perhaps, gone away heart-broken at having to leave their little ones alone among strangers, experience the delight of seeing them again, bright, happy, tenderly cared for, and in the enjoyment of luxuries undreamed of in their own homes.

THE LUPUS LIGHT CURE (LONDON HOSPITAL).

On days other than visiting days the wards are enlivened by the visits of the physicians or surgeons and the students, who, here at the bedside, receive the practical part of their professional education. Frequently a popular surgeon will be accompanied by twenty or thirty students, who form a semi-circle round the bed while the case is discussed in all its bearings and a *vivâ voce* examination is held upon the points involved in its history, diagnosis, and pathology, and any anatomical or physiological questions arising out of it.

From the wards we may proceed to the operating theatre, where one of the surgeons is already at work. The building is roughly horseshoe-shaped, and consists of a central area surrounded by tiers of platforms, rising one above the other in the manner of a Roman amphitheatre, for the accommodation

of students who have come to watch the operation. In the area precautions against the ubiquitous microbe are everywhere in evidence. The group of surgeons, dressers, and nurses around the table on which lies the unconscious patient, all dressed in white sterilised over-garments, and in some cases even guarded by sterilised gloves; the seething trays in which the instruments are boiling, and the air filters that supply the ventilators: all testify to the importance of the great principle underlying modern surgical methods—the exclusion of micro-organisms. But that when the micro-organism has actually effected an entrance into the body he is not at all times secure against the warfare waged by means of modern appliances is made evident in the lupus cure department. For here the bacilli that give rise to this intractable and disfiguring disease are killed by the application of light from an arc electric lamp, the rays being brought to focus upon the diseased tissues, which are rendered more translucent by pressure made upon them with a water lens.

We might continue our ramble through the immense building of a London hospital indefinitely. We might explore the spacious garden where convalescents are taking the air, and where in summer time open-air entertainments are given to the patients; we might examine the dispensary with its multitudes of great bottles and Brobdingnagian jars; we might look in at the kitchen and marvel at the huge gas ovens like bankers' safes, the frying stoves as large as billiard tables, and the rows of cauldrons for cooking vegetables or making soup, each balanced on trunnions and inverted by means of a windlass; or inspect the incubators in which tiny, doll-like, prematurely born infants are reared in an artificially warmed atmosphere. But our time has run out, and, with a final glance at a bright-looking ward where, to the cheerful strains of a musical-box, a number of children are revelling in the enjoyment of toys that will make their recollections of hospital life a dream of bliss, we pass out of the building and mingle with the crowd that surges at its gates.

WAITING FOR MEDICINE (WEST LONDON HOSPITAL).

THE ROYAL MINT.

By CHARLES OLIVER.

BY a singular irony of Fate the building in which the nation's money is made is situated in one of the poorest districts of London. Close by the Mint the hungry docker passes rich on a few pence an hour, while from the wharves adjacent there pours a stream of ragged immigrants, which, percolating into every hovel of the east, sweeps on and on northward to Whitechapel, westward to Saffron Hill and Soho, emptying itself finally into the outlying districts.

There is little in the external appearance of the Royal Mint to attract attention; nothing to indicate the stupendous wealth that reposes within its walls. But as we stand outside there is evidence that something of special interest is about to take place. There are several burly-looking policemen on the spot, and, if we judge them correctly, they are watching for suspicious characters. The fact is we are in luck's way, for the great gates of the Mint are suddenly thrown open, and a van is driven in at a sharp pace. It is a very ordinary looking van—for aught a stranger could say to the contrary it might belong to a caterer—nevertheless its contents are worth a king's ransom. We could not have arrived at a more opportune moment.

RECEIVING SILVER INGOTS.

Having received permission of the Deputy-Master to visit the Mint we are admitted into the courtyard, and, on reaching the lobby, are severally requested to register our names and addresses in a book provided for the purpose. At the door are a number of officials—a representative of the Mint, a clerk from the Bank of England, together with a constable and a couple of porters. They are going to unload the van, and as our presence is not objected to we notice that its precious freight consists of several large chests securely padlocked. A trolley is wheeled forward, and presently one of the clerks produces a bunch of keys, and a case is opened. It is full of silver ingots. Many a hard-working man has to toil for a whole year to earn one of those ingots, while before he can become possessed of a trolley-load the clerk in charge of them has to labour possibly for a lifetime, and be a favourite of fortune as well; but there is no envy in the clerk's breast. His face is as expressionless as the stone flags on which he stands. Out they come one by one until a hundred ingots have been counted—£13,000 worth of solid silver. The metal is the property of the Bank of England, and will soon be converted into money.

MELTING AND POURING GOLD.

The van having disgorged its wealth to the last ounce, we follow the ingots far into the interior of the Mint, first into the Weighing-room, where they are weighed in the presence of the Bank officials, who remain until each ingot has been placed upon the scale, and then into the Strong-rooms. At every turn a dazzling hoard of gold confronts us. We brush against three trolleys on which are stacked a hundred small bags, and our guide observes with characteristic nonchalance that £40,000 would not purchase them. They are full of worn sovereigns—old stagers *en route* for the melting pot.

And now to the bullion stronghold to realise the magnitude of the work performed at the Mint, for there is not a coin bearing the King's head that has not come out of this chamber. The massive steel door is shut against us, and to turn the lock three keys are necessary. These keys are in the hands of three trusty officials, and their kindly aid having been obtained the doors swing heavily back, revealing to our astonished gaze a stock of gold and silver representing a million pounds. Hundreds of millions—enough to pay the National Debt twice over—have filtered through this stronghold of gold. Ranged upon shelves in admirable order are ingots of gold and ingots of silver, each one duly marked and numbered so that its identity can be established on the instant. These ingots—those of silver are worth £130 and weigh 1,100 ounces—have been carefully tested by the permanent staff of analysts in the Assay Department and are ready to be sent to the Melting-house.

There are two strongholds at the Mint to make a poor man's mouth water. The second is for coined silver, and it harbours £200,000 of coins packed away in neat bags. Five shilling pieces, half-crowns, florins, shillings, and sixpences are done up in £100 bags; threepenny pieces in £25 bags.

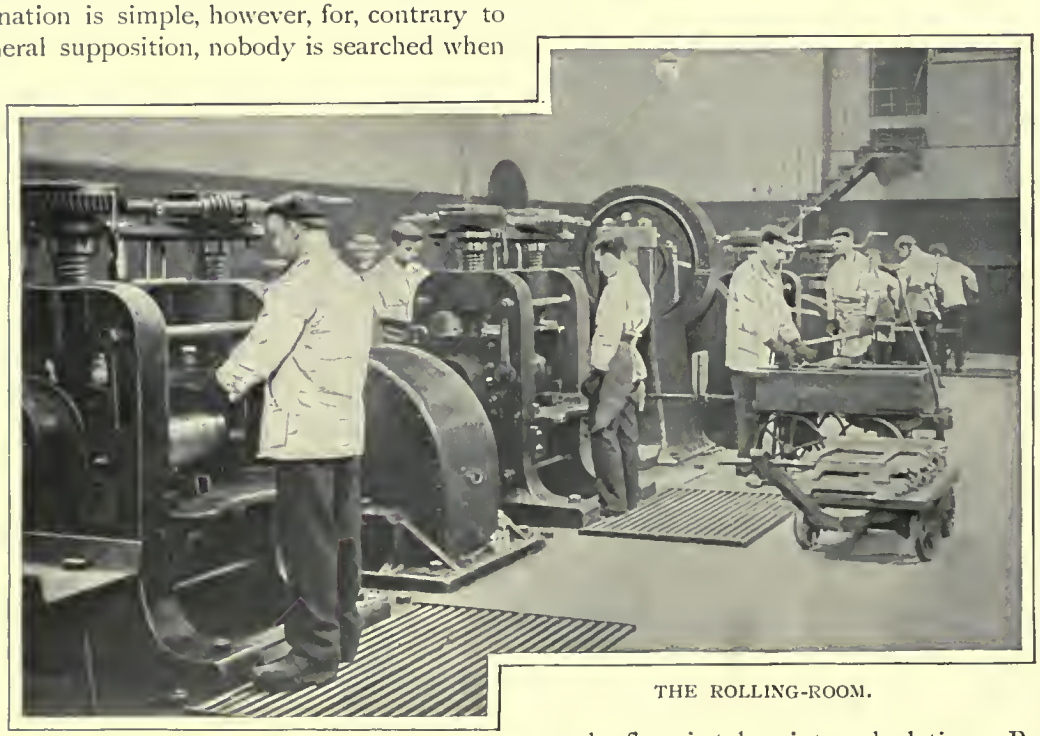
We will now proceed to the Melting-house to gaze upon the pleasant spectacle of £20,000 worth of gold melting like butter. There are twenty-two furnaces in all—eight in the gold Melting-house and fourteen in the silver. The eight men dressed in blue serge employed in the former have melted in their time enough gold to fill a small pond. With as little concern as a cook puts bones to stew over the kitchen fire they place each ingot with its proper proportion of copper alloy into a crucible and plunge it deftly into the red-hot furnace, where it remains until it is reduced to a liquid state. The melting done, the crucible is withdrawn from the furnace by means of hand tongs, and the

contents—a white molten fluid—are poured into an iron mould, the result being that a number of narrow bars are produced each worth between four and five hundred pounds.

From the Melting-room we step into the busy Rolling-room, where the bars go through the various mills until eventually they are rolled down to the required thickness. Every man is in full work, and each one is touching gold in the form of beautiful yellow strips from one to two inches thick that would suffice to support him and his family in luxury for a good twelve months. More gold passes through the hands of these humble workers in a year than a millionaire sees in a lifetime.

The average visitor to the Mint cudgels his brain in vain to understand how a check can be kept on all this wealth, for there is scarcely any waste, and theft is unknown. The explanation is simple, however, for, contrary to general supposition, nobody is searched when he goes home at night, and there is no system of espionage; but no employé engaged in the making of money is allowed to leave the building until the day's work is done—the men must take their dinner on the premises—and until every particle of metal has been weighed. If a valuable piece of metal is missing from any department, the employés in that department have to find it before they go home. Several other precautionary rules have to be observed, not because there is any doubt as to the honesty of the workers, who bear the best of characters—the greed of gold is not for them, familiarity with the precious metal having removed all temptation—but in order to prevent the ingots from going astray.

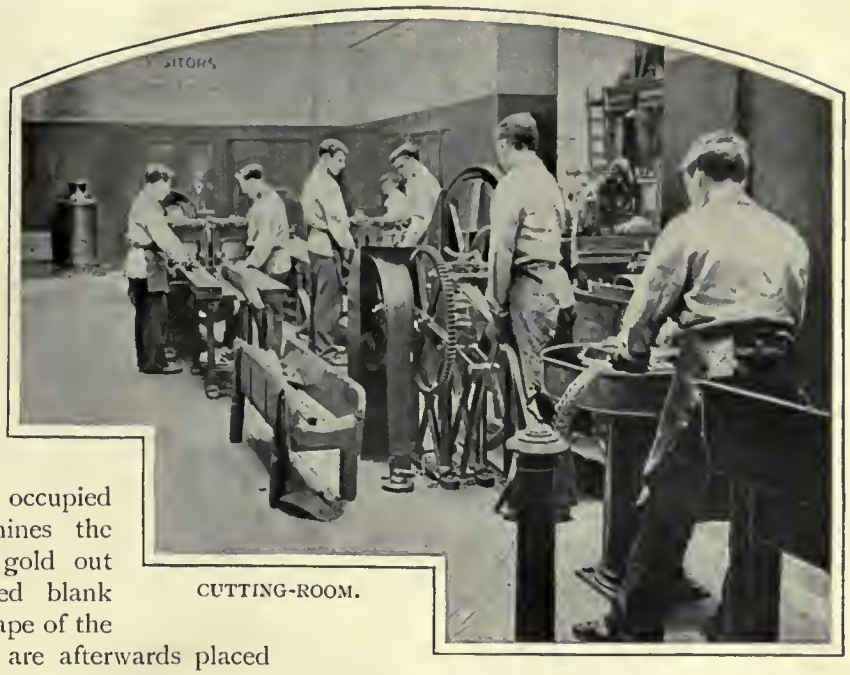
Each department is kept locked throughout the day, and no man can visit a room other than his own without the sanction of the officer who is over him. Further, the metal is weighed as it is passed from room to room. The head of each department knows by his books the weight of metal that was given out to him in the morning, and consequently has no difficulty when work ceases for the day in ascertaining the exact amount of gold and silver, after allowing for waste, that should be in his hands. Even the dust on the floor is taken into calculation. Before the bells sound for the nightly exodus each room is carefully swept, and the particles that have accumulated during the day having been collected they are put into water, with the result that any gold or silver that may be present soon separates itself from the dust by dropping to the bottom of the pan. It is interesting also to observe that



THE ROLLING-ROOM.

the gold pieces are counted as well as weighed as they are carried from room to room.

But the Mint is a large place, and a personally conducted tour occupies an hour and a half, so we must get on. Leaving the Rolling-room we proceed to the Cutting-room, where perspiring men of all ages are occupied in putting into machines the bright clean strips of gold out of which are punched blank pieces the size and shape of the coins. The "blanks" are afterwards placed into marking machines and reappear with a raised edge.



CUTTING-ROOM.

From the Cutting-room the "blanks" are despatched to the Annealing-room, for the rolling has rendered the metal so hard that before it can receive the impression it must be put into the oven to be softened

The next process takes place in the Blanching-room. Here myriads of gold and silver blanks are treated with acid, the silver to obtain the desired whiteness, the gold to remove the black surface which has been caused by the annealing. Two men are at work here. Their joint wages do not, perhaps, exceed more than a few pounds a week, but during their careers each one of them has fingered his million. One of them has just finished blanching a couple of thousand silver "blanks," and to rid them of the acid he has poured them into a pan and is holding them under a running tap. With so little fuss does he clean his blanks that we inquire how many he loses in a week, and the startling reply is "None." Nothing is lost at the Mint.

RINGING THE COINS.

It is now necessary that the blanks should be dried, and for this purpose they are shaken up in revolving drums containing warm sawdust. This drying process cleanses the "blanks."

By far the busiest place in the Mint is the Coining Press-room, which we enter after quitting the Drying-room. Here are engaged the livelong day—from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. —eighteen presses turning out money at the rate of 110 coins per minute apiece. The Coining Press-room of the Royal Mint is Britain's Klondike, for within its four walls every gold and silver coin in general circulation in the United Kingdom is made.

The machines, to each of which there is but one operator, stand side by side. The blanks flow in from a receptacle one by one,

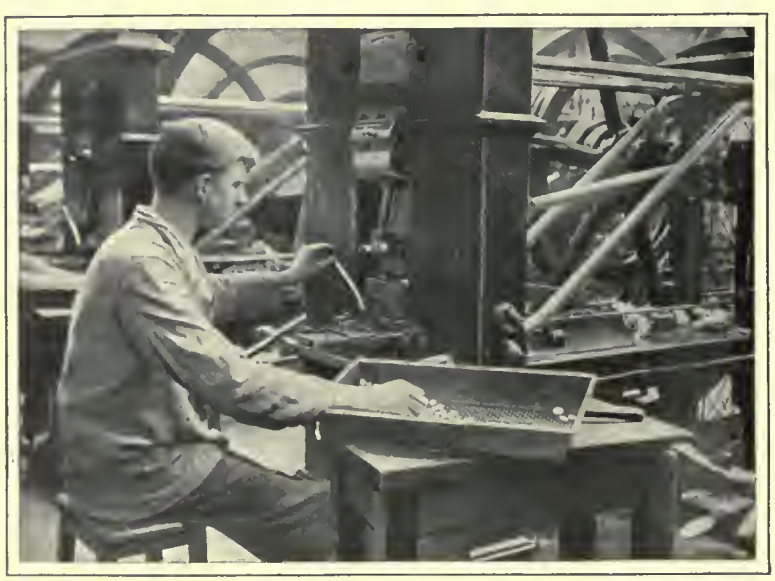
and, behold: in the twinkling of an eye they fall into a little tray below, a finished coin of the realm.

Our final visit in our walk through the Mint is to the Weighing-room. In this extraordinary hive of industry from three to four hundred thousand pounds' worth of money is weighed in a day by machines which are not to be found in any other part of Great Britain, save at the Bank of England, for they not only retain the good coins, but they throw out the light and the heavy. Faulty coins are re-melted. Having been weighed, the gold money goes to the "ringers"—boys who test each coin by throwing it down on a steel block. Boys are also utilised for overlooking the silver coins.

The gold is now put up into £1,000 bags and stored in the Strong-room. The following day a van arrives from the Bank of England, and the money is quietly taken away. With silver and bronze the case is different. Coins made of these metals are counted by a wonderful machine, which in one way is a good deal more than human, for although it sometimes counts a ton of bronze coins in the brief space of sixty minutes, it never makes a mistake. It is only on silver and bronze coins that the Mint earns a profit. On gold there is considerable loss; but on silver and bronze the profit is large silver being coined into any denomination at a fixed rate of five shillings and sixpence per ounce.

It is important to note that none of the gold in the Royal Mint belongs to the Government. It is the property for the time being of the directors of the Bank of England, who, whenever they require an addition to their stock of sovereigns and half-sovereigns, send a supply of bullion to the Mint, where it is turned into coins at the expense of the Government. The Bank pays nothing for the manufacture of its gold money.

Thus are the King's coins brought into the world. It may be remarked, in conclusion, that a high wall surrounds the Royal Mint, and that inside the wall there is a military path where sentinels—soldiers quartered at the Tower—are posted night and day.



IN THE COINING PRESS-ROOM.

LONDON STREET CHARACTERS.

By L. B. O'BRIEN.

"PIT' THE POOR BLIND!"

"A MAN likes 'is liberty!" That was his answer, sturdily given, when they asked him to go to the workhouse. He is an old man. His beard is silver. His sight is almost completely gone, and one leg is weak. But a Briton he is to the very backbone, to freeze in winter and bake in summer—a free man always, and living amongst freemen, rather than, as he himself puts it, become the guest of the Camberwell ratepayers.

The Metropolis is dotted with his brethren. It is noon. Turn into St. Paul's Churchyard. The grand old Cathedral stands for permanence, almost for eternity, whilst the hundreds hurrying to and fro through the close seem bent on throttling Time in the effort to keep pace with business. There is a grim figure on the pavement, his massive head and shoulders well above the jostling crowd. He wears a short white blouse, and the people open their ranks to him as though he were a prince. He is only a blind man, but better known in the City than the King's Prime Minister. Hush! and hear him speak: "Kind friends, buy a box of lights, poor blind!" "Kind friends, pit' the poor blind!"—this in a shrill, monotonous sing-song. He stands a minute or two, perhaps to rest, perhaps awaiting the help he pleads for. Then his iron-tipped stick beats imperiously on the pavement—tap! tap! tap! tap!—as he moves westward in his daily walk from the centre of business to the centre of fashion.

Most street characters stand or sit at a particular spot. But the blind Hercules in the white blouse spends all his time trudging backwards and forwards between Piccadilly and Cheapside. He often performs the journey between the City and the West-End twice a day. For an hour or two late in the afternoon he is lost to us. But as the night glides on, and pleasure-seekers pour out of theatre and restaurant, his haunting plaint is sometimes heard in Leicester Square—its pathos deepened by the feast of colour, the rich flood of glittering life and movement, which are buried, so to speak, from the hapless mendicant behind barricades of impalpable ebony.

Amidst the pathos that in the highways is all too obvious there is occasionally a welcome gleam of comedy. It must not be supposed for a moment that the battered soldiers of civilisation, who make a precarious living out of the goodwill and coppers of passers-by, take life sadly. Rather is the contrary the case. The street character is, as a rule, a business-like fellow who knows his public too well to make the mistake of adopting a plaintive air. He accepts with an equanimity that is amazing, and not a little droll, the keen edge of the north-east wind, and the tropical bounty of some unusually tender-hearted wayfarer. There are, of course, exceptions—women principally—but, judging by the men, the sturdy independence of the British temperament seems to survive the most grievous assaults of fortune.

The street character is not, as a rule, uncertain in his movements. The Montenegrin in full national costume is, however, rather an exception to this rule. But, on the other hand, "Blind Jack," who stands outside a historic mansion, is seldom absent from his post. He is lucky in having the sanction of the police to seek for help in such a quarter; for sixpenny pieces and bright shillings are very small change indeed to many of those who, sauntering through Piccadilly, halt to greet this humble pensioner of the bounty of the tender-hearted. He differs from most of his brethren in being

a man with an accomplishment, for he presides in an Anglican church on Sundays at the organ bellows. In London it is not very usual to see a dog guide a blind man; and amongst the best-known street characters there are not many partnerships of the kind. But there are a few—highly honourable to both parties. A solemn fox-terrier, with humiliating traces of plebeian ancestry in his big honest muzzle, marches staidly through the streets before a little old man with the face of a boy. Curiously enough blindness has helped his master to cheat time. His pale, pinched face bears none of the lines which the flying years impress upon the countenances of those permitted to suffer the punishment of the looking-glass. The dog looks neither to right nor left. Wise dog! If you keep your eyes on the pavement people who look before them get out of the way. Sometimes there may be a trifling accident. But what of that! Nobody will quarrel with a dog whose master is blind.

Another devoted pair upon whom the world presses heavily are to be found in one of the Western boroughs. Here, too, the dog is fox-terrier, not of unstained lineage, but possessing loyalty beyond all praise. In the morning, when busy citizens are rushing to the Metropolitan Railway, the dog leads his master to his accustomed pitch. Then the latter, if the weather be inclement, wraps a waterproof round his faithful comrade, and there he stands while the hours drag on—the man with the dog lying at his feet. The terrier pays suspicious-looking characters the compliment of rising as they pass. But when the school children halt on their way home for a chat with the blind matchseller, the dog shows his good sense by pretending to take forty winks.

The inevitable isolation of the deaf and dumb men who, with placards on their breasts, wander through the streets of London makes their situation singularly painful. To judge by appearances, they are almost always steeped in the most abject poverty. A whole troop of street characters, in company with a wife or partner or child, use the barrel organ to bring their misfortunes under the notice of the public. There is an emaciated man in the advanced stages of consumption. A card hung on his organ explains his trouble. There is the boot-finisher who has lost his sight, the cabinet-maker struck with paralysis, the "export packer," a chronic invalid, and the man who contracted hip disease through a fall downstairs in childhood. Each has recourse to organ-grinding for a living. Usually the placard contains, besides an appeal for charity, a few words explaining what the man has been and the cause of his helplessness. But the armless man who lost his limbs in a factory explosion is up-to-date in his methods, for he has pictures on his organ illustrating the accident.

See Regent Street and die—but it must be on an afternoon in the season, and not on Saturday, else you die in vain. It is almost as true to life as a scene in a first-class theatre! The women, the jewels, the pictures, the silks, the gowns, the hats, the furs—and one or two men, perhaps—are all worthy of immortality. Then the shadow creeps into the picture. It is a man with a board on his chest—that ghastly board always reminding one somehow of a graveyard stone! He is blind. Take his hand, and lead him across the street. He speaks a word of thanks in a pleasant voice, and his accent is unlike that of your other friends who garner their daily bread on the pavement. He is a German. His fair, handsome face hardens a little as he says it, as though he expected the confession to alienate sympathy. Pride was perhaps a stumbling block in his path in the fulness of health; but this symptom of it is almost lovable in the victim of crushing calamities.

He was a teacher of languages. A day came when the page was blurred, and a darker day still when he awoke to pitchy night—blind beyond hope of cure. Into the bread-winner's shoes at once stepped the wife. She opened a little shop in a humble street, and hard work and thrift kept the wolf from the hearth if not from the door. But the cup was not full! The brave woman, battling with feminine tenacity to save her home, was prostrated with an incurable disease. And just when Heaven seemed to have done its worst earth took the scourge into its hands. The house had to be vacated. Out went the blind German and his family

A BUSY CRIPPLE.

BLIND.

BLIND.

PARALYSED.

"MATCHES AND LACES!"

BLIND.

CRIPPLED.

"BLIND JACK."

into the street, and there he now finds his friends!

A few yards further on, still in Regent Street, we come across a poor fellow who was crippled in a mining disaster. Day after day, year in and year out, he stands about the same spot, and occasionally varies the monotony of his lot by a pilgrimage up and down the fashionable and entertaining thoroughfare that forms so dramatic a background to a stricken life. By the time he has reached Piccadilly Circus he has encountered a comrade in misfortune—a man of half his age—whom Fate in her merciless and wayward conscription has pressed thus early into the army of the helpless.

ON WHEELS.

Persons of education are not very numerous amongst street characters. But they are to be found, if you know where to look for them. The search is seldom a cheerful one. When one knows the story of the ruined officer, or unfrocked cleric, or tattered prodigal, it is generally a compound of folly and folly. There is generally the tale of the golden bough torn away and buried with all its lustrous opportunities in the mine. On the other hand, the humble toiler driven by sickness or accident to the streets for a living is often a dismally heroic figure. Here and there one meets with a poor fellow sitting in a sort of bath chair selling odds and ends. What a tragedy is the life thus drearily and painfully dragged out! What faith, and courage, and hope, and love supply the spirit

CRIPPLED.

for the grey task throughout the unchanging grey of the endless days!

We are in the Haymarket now. A Juliet of thirty years ago passes, Juliet old and shrivelled and deserted by Romeo, or perhaps Romeo died when the sun was shining brightly and the world was very fair. Now she is a street character in search of help and pity, though she hides it from herself. How pretty she once was! Then the sharp little curved chin was rounded daintily with dimpling flesh, and the glow of warm blood was often in her cheeks. They are hollow

A VETERAN STREET VENDOR.

cheeks now. Thin grey hair falls in sorry curls on her shoulders. Her faded blue eyes are diverted shyly when they have caught the looked-for glance of pity; once a coquette, always. It is comical even while it is inexpressibly sad.

Another dainty little lady is she who sells studs and bootlaces at likely places in the Holborn district. She is a fragile creature, no taller than a man's elbow. Hail, rain, or snow, she is at her post, and conducts her sales with a dignity and directness that would do credit to Bond Street. A veteran plies the same sort of trade where he knows from experience customers are to be found, only that he includes pipe-cleaners in his stock, which is set out on a tray suspended from his neck. Farther east, in the neighbourhood of Finsbury Pavement, one comes upon a poor sightless fellow, the victim of a historic dynamite explosion. Whitechapel, too, has its maimed dependant upon the match and bootlace industry. He plies his trade seated in a sort of bath chair.

Should Lord Tom Noddy in a fit of extravagance ride on a 'bus from Hyde Park Corner to the City, he can buy a box of matches at Piccadilly Circus without alighting. The Circus has for years past been frequented by a man who passes up matches and buttonholes to omnibus passengers on the end of a long pole. This good Samaritan does not restrict his humanitarian zeal to Piccadilly. You find him manipulating his wand in Oxford Circus, at the Marble Arch, and at a dozen other places.

Quaintly attired figures, too, such as the old woman with gipsy bonnet, white apron, and comfortable cloak—long known at Clarence Gardens, Regent's Park—are to be seen, adding to the picturesqueness and the pathos of London streets.

A figure very familiar to Londoners was that of a woman who sold matches at Charing Cross. What a real romance was hers! Years before she was a pretty girl. Men looked after her as she tripped through the streets. Then she was a leading hand in a West-End costumier's. The frills and fripperies, the bows and rosettes, that make a débutante's gown bewitching were her speciality—by-and-by it came to be a box of matches.

In time she had a home and a husband.

"I never left 'im without 'is meals . . . never . . . And now I'm 'ere . . . 'is doing . . . I think 'e's dead : . , Wish I knew!" This to a sympathetic listener.

For several years she sold matches at Charing Cross. Several long years! Yet she always remembered to herself with pride that she never forgot what was due to her

WITH THE AID OF A POLE.

lord's healthy appetite. And one fine day he went out with his milk-cart, for he was a milkman—and he never again came home.

Every day for many years a blind man has posted himself at one of the approaches to a Western square. There he sits till late in the evening, a little cup hung round his neck for the coppers of the charitable. From infancy his eyes were weak. He became a hotel porter. Year by year his sight grew worse. The crisis came when in noonday he had to grope his way through the passages as though it were twilight. He tripped over boxes and stumbled upstairs; faces he should have recognised were strange to him. "What's the matter?" they said. What was the matter! The porter was blind. That was all.

LONG KNOWN AT CHARING CROSS.

Such are they—toll collectors on the road to Heaven. They drift from mansion and hovel, from kitchen and factory, from boudoir and counter, from office and camp and stage, and the Spar of our Mercy is their only hope—too often, alas! an elusive spar, a sickening hope, an ever-fleeting mirage. Too often the shrivelled hand is outstretched in vain; the suppliant voice melts in the babble of the crowd, the hungry eyes plead to cuirasses of steel. From day to day recruits glide into the ranks, and now and again the frantic struggle ends, and a tired wastrel goes down to rest beneath the waves of the world, leaving not an eddy behind, not a ripple, not a wrinkle on the face of the pitiless waters. It is the working of the Wheel of Life breaking human hearts — torturing souls; and why such things must be God alone knows. We can but love, and help, and pity

IN QUAINT ATTIRE.

MY LADY'S EVENING IN LONDON.

By MRS. ARIA.

"MONSIEUR HENRI not come yet?" and My Lady lifts her head from the latest edition of the *Globe* she is reading, while sitting in front of her looking-glass with her luxuriant locks in simple disorder.

And at that moment Justine announces, "The hairdresser is here," with all the portentous solemnity that the butler would say, "Madam is served," and My Lady closes the paper at once to greet the Frenchman, knowing that while he dresses her hair she will not lack food for the mind; for now, even as yesterday and the day before, does the barber temper the prose of his occupation with the poetry of scandal.

The hairdressing is soon over, the skilful fingers of the *coiffeur* have laid the locks of My Lady in shining waves, and twisted them into a coil at the nape of the neck and clasped them with glittering diamonds; then placing his feet together, he has bowed his adieux with all characteristic gravity.

The evening dress of softest chiffon and rarest lace is slipped over that sleek head, pearls are placed round the fair throat, the corsage shines with diamonds, the final puff of powder is applied to the glowing cheeks. Justine wraps around her a lace cloak, and My Lady is ready to meet her husband in the hall and start for her evening entertainment. It has been a hurried dressing, for an early dinner is to be the preliminary to a gala night of much feasting and festivity.

The electric landaulette is at the door, My Lord has been assisted to the adjustment of his coat to a nicety, after a survey of the effect in the mirror, and they are prepared to start for that corner table of their favourite restaurant, where behind a glass screen the attentive waiter soon gives evidence that he knows his customers and would attend to them well—would do even as it is advised we should all do, as he would be done by.

The little dinner is served with rapidity, and, since the chef is something of a genius in his own particular line, it is as near perfection as a restaurant meal can be. The surroundings, the lights, the hot-house flowers, the well-polished glass and silver, are all dainty, and please My Lady's fastidious taste, while the wine is sufficiently good to extract a critical but approving "Not bad that!" from My Lord. It is so quiet here that one might be in the heart of the country, and one feels that a waiter whose shoes creaked only

PREPARATION.

"TITIVATING."

once would be instantly dismissed. Needless to say this is a resort unknown to the country cousin, who would open his eyes, moreover, at the bill presented for that little dinner.

As yet it is early, and but one of the other tables is occupied. But, as coffee and Kümmel are placed before My Lady and her spouse exactly thirty minutes after their arrival, a vivacious little brunette in ivory satin comes in, followed by a tall, spectacled man, with scholar writ large upon him. The brunette's bright dark eyes espy My Lady at once, and greetings are smilingly exchanged.

"Going to Tree's theatre, and it's a first night, too; oh! lucky you," exclaims the former. "No such good fortune is in store for me, my dear. We have to snatch a mouthful or two and rush off to Burlington House. That unfortunate George"—airily indicating her husband, a noted light in the scientific world—"has to take the chair at a lecture, and of course his wife must support him. But"—with a little *moue*—"I would far rather go to the theatre; science is so tiresome!"

My Lady agrees sympathetically that science is a terrible bore, and, as the landaulette is again at the door, she draws her cloak round her shoulders. My Lord lights a fresh cigarette, and they are noiselessly whirled off to His Majesty's Theatre to witness the revival of a Shakespearean play.

The piece this first week begins at eight, and a seemingly endless stream of carriages, motor-cars, broughams, and hansoms blocks the way. The lobby is thronged, and the painted presentments of Falstaff and the Merry Wives gaze down upon a crowd of women in beautiful gowns and flashing jewels. All the fashionable world and his wife are present, for first nights here are not as other nights; the privilege of entry is mainly a matter of invitation, and prized in consequence.

My Lady and her husband settle themselves in the stalls, and look about them, nodding to acquaintances. Expectation is on tiptoe, and there is distinctly an electric thrill in the air. Dozens of well-known faces may be observed, and when any special and undoubted "lion" makes his way to his seat, he is greeted by subdued clapping from the watchful pit and gallery.

The curtain rises, and one after another scenes of surpassing beauty are unfolded before the eyes of the spectators. One has been taught to look for ideal staging at His Majesty's, and this last production of Mr. Tree's adds a new laurel to the distinguished actor-manager's wreath. When My Lady murmurs "How perfect!" she but voices the general verdict, which is not slow in declaring itself.

Between the acts the well-known in the world of Art and Literature exchange their greetings, and My Lady is confidentially told by a dramatist on her left that the new play at such-and-such a theatre was not a success because the acting was so bad; while, during the second interval, she learns from a leading light in the histrionic firmament that the real reason for its failure was because the author could not be made to see how stupid was his story and how dull his dialogue.

For the last time the curtain falls, and a

storm of applause follows, intermingled with insistent shouts of "Speech! Speech!" Mr. Tree bows his acknowledgments again and again, but on this occasion declines to be "drawn." Perhaps he thinks he has done enough for a grateful public. To his own circle of acquaintances he will speak in a few minutes, for there will be a reception on the question of expenses at an amateur theatrical entertainment, given to-night in aid of a deserving charity."

Lightly stepping through the glass-covered portals of the hotel, My Lady hurries to the right into the little room, where the powder-puff may be indulged in without fear of notice, the faithful hand-maiden divests her

AT THE RECEPTION.

stage as soon as the hurrying attendants can clear it. My Lady and her husband are bidden to it as a matter of course, and it is with real regret that she replies to a member of the actor-manager's family:

"I'm so sorry we must hurry away; it is hard to leave this throng of charming people, but we are bound to that reception at the Carlton Hotel, where Lady A. has arranged to receive her friends at supper, and an amateur finance committee is to sit upon the

of her cloak, and the hurried inspection into the looking-glass shows that so far the revels of the evening have not left any unbecoming traces upon her face.

Amid the garden of palms there are lounging and smoking many men of their acquaintance. There is Lord George, who is just back from abroad, and there is Charley L., full of enthusiasm over the splendid riding of his favourite jockey that afternoon, while Mrs. F. rushes forward to

urge My Lady to confide to her where she bought her beautiful gown, and to ask her whether it is really true that the dresses at a certain establishment in London are all stitched and made up in Paris. "You are only fitted here, my dear, I am told, and everything else is done in France."

They move to meet their hostess, Lady A., who is gowned in pale mauve velvet, and wearing all the diamonds which unkind gossip has credited to the possession of the family financier.

My Lady and her husband are soon directed to their places at the table, where it would seem they are the last arrivals. Animated conversation is being carried on about the wonderful theatrical entertainment which has been graced by all the favourites of Society, and there may be heard such comments as, "Miss N. ought really to make the stage her profession"; and "Lady S.'s manners are delightful; but don't you think her enthusiasm as a programme-seller might have been tempered with a little discretion? —her attitude was really too solicitous," and so on and so on.

However, the show has realised an amount of some thousands of pounds, and who shall say that charity does not number amongst the sins it covers an opportunity of gossip about our neighbour?

"We are really perfect slaves to-night," complains My Lady to Lady A. "I vowed I would dance at the Duchess of G.'s cotillon, and one o'clock is the hour arranged for, and it is a quarter to one now! I must be off; and it is so delightful here—you are surrounded by such amusing people."

"Yes, they are very kind; £5,000, I believe, we have raised to-night one way and the other, and the expenses were not quite £4,000."

My Lady says nothing, but thinks much, and, smiling her farewell, seeks again the little dressing room, to drag her lace and chiffon mantle from beneath a myriad of cloaks and to hurry once more into the landaulette, followed by the faithful one, whose duty as pioneer does not prevent him from saying, with almost pathetic emphasis, "I should have liked to finish my supper—that new salad was rippin'."

The hall door at — Curzon Street is thrown open, the silken stockings and powdered heads of the footmen proclaim the exalted position of their mistress, and My Lady is at once mounting the tapestry-hung staircase, where, in a palm-shaded alcove, there sit those popular minstrels known as the Blue Hungarians, and called by Owen Hall "the band from Blue Hungary." She meets the Duchess half-way, and receives an enthusiastic "I was just becoming nervous lest you should disappoint us."

"As if I would," she replies, "when I had specially promised you, dear; and do not think I have a soul above presents either," she continues merrily. "I will be three moments getting ready, and you can warn the dancers, if I am really the last to come."

Soon the cotillon is in full swing, and no greater fun is evolved from any than from the old Mirror figure, and My Lady's hesitation, deliberation, and final selection are made with much coquetry. The postillions gallop round the room in fine style, Bluebeard's wives are chosen with great wariness, and My Lady finds herself possessed of a little gold looking-glass set with turquoise and more flowers than she can conveniently carry.

"It is charming here; I wish I could stay longer, but I am bound to go on to a reception—I ought to have been there an hour ago. If I only just put in my appearance I shall have done my duty towards my husband. You know it is for his sake I am going, for I do not want him to be sent out again; and it is rumoured that Sir S. is to retire from public life, and—well, vacancies must be filled, and there is a social side to every political question, and women rule the world, or at least we all think so—so you will excuse me, won't you?"

They are off again, and within a very few moments at a well-known house in Piccadilly, where there is such a getting upstairs as would recall the doubtful pleasures of a Lord Mayor's Day spent on foot in the City. Shoulder to shoulder they fight for every step, the downcomers and the upgoers seem as if they would never extricate themselves; and a weary woman is to be found standing at the top, patiently saying, "How do you do?" and "Good-bye" to the people

who are pressing round her—occasionally, it must be admitted, greeting those who are just arriving and speeding the parting guest with convincing courtesy.

My Lady diplomatically fights and struggles until she succeeds in effecting the most casual meeting between her husband and *the* authority, and then turns to sympathise with her hostess on her fatigue. She has been standing there—poor lady!—for three mortal hours, with never a bite or sup: a social heroine of no mean parts. My Lady remains near her in silence, realising that nothing as a guest could so well become her as the leaving of such a tired hostess; yet she herself is still thrilling with the excitement of the cotillon, and feeling as if fatigue were an unknown possibility.

THE COTILLON.

"I hate the idea of going home," she says to her husband when they are once more settled in the landaulette; "it is so dull to go there, and I want something exciting to take place. Here is a beautiful dawn in a world alive, and I am to shut it all out, to sleep when the earth is awaking."

But the clattering hoofs of a galloping team may be heard amidst masculine shouts, and "A fire! a fire!" shrieks My Lady with delight; "just the very thing! Follow them, Johnson!" she cries to the driver.

Past the Park they rush, waking the echoes of the silent Edgware Road, the inhabitants of a sleepful Maida Vale, and on, on they tear through a hushed world of villas set in green gardens, till they come to a small side street where there is assembled a small knot of anxious, silent people, and the engines are blocking the way, the pavements are wet with tortuous lines of leather piping, and a slight smoke in the distance shows that the conflagration is exhausting itself, when the sight of a stalwart young fireman being lifted into a cab freezes My Lady's warm excitement into cold terror.

"Is he hurt?" she asks.

"Only stifled a bit by the smoke, ma'am, and he's broke his arm, I think; he got down the child that was burnt."

My Lady's mood has changed; she is no longer eager, glad, and gay—she shivers with the cold of the early dawn; the careless gaieties of the early evening are blotted out by this woful tragedy of human

suffering; and she turns to her husband, "I am so tired, let us go home."

The landaulette is turned, and they reach their door just as the grey dawn is growing pink, and the birds in the Park are beginning their joyous song. My Lady's evening is done, and her day has risen, and My Lord, divesting himself of his overcoat, murmurs thankfully to himself,

"To-morrow is my evening at the club."

READY.

BIRKBECK COLLEGE : IN THE LABORATORY.

INSTITUTE LONDON.

By HUGH B. PHILPOTT.

THERE are few modern developments of London life that have so excellent a record and are so full of hope for the future as those we may conveniently group under the heading "Institute London," a term which, for the purpose of this article, must be held to include all those institutes of a partly educational and partly recreative character which have been established in the interests of young men and women of narrow means. Such institutions are now to be found in every part of London, for recent years have seen a great increase in their number; and to the many thousands who take advantage of them they prove a genuine boon.

All kinds of tastes and dispositions are catered for. Educational classes of almost endless variety, well-equipped workshops and laboratories, libraries, reading rooms, lectures, concerts, gymnasia, swimming baths, and athletic clubs galore are all at the service of a member of one of the great London institutes, at a cost that is often less than that of the fire and lights he would require if he elected to spend his evenings in the dreary loneliness of London lodgings.

Of course, it is not every institute that offers all these varied attractions, though several of them do. Sometimes they concentrate their efforts on particular lines. Thus at the Birkbeck College, the oldest and one of the best known of any, there are no trade classes. But there is a very wide range of classes in scientific, commercial, and artistic subjects. Clerks, teachers, and candidates for the Civil Service form the bulk of the students at the Birkbeck, and much of the instruction given is of a very advanced character. In the laboratory especially, which is one of the best equipped in London, some very thorough work is done, and every facility is given for original research. No one goes to the Birkbeck for any other purpose than that of serious study. There is a quiet, thoughtful air about the place that would quickly frighten away those intent merely on pleasure. On Wednesday

evenings the students unbend a little, and attend, with their friends, a lecture or entertainment of a popular though high-class character, but, with this exception, no provision is made at the Birkbeck for anything more frivolous than a game of chess or a cup of tea.

Of a very different character is the Polytechnic in Regent Street, the most popular and many-sided of all London institutes. It has 17,000 members; and it would not be easy to think of any legitimate human men—entering or leaving the building, or stopping to chat with friends. At each side of the hall are long counters, behind which a number of clerks are busily engaged issuing tickets for classes and concerts, conducting the business of the Friendly Society, the Employment Bureau, the Savings Bank, and the Co-operative Holiday Trips, and generally imparting information on the various departments of the Polytechnic work. In the middle of the hall is a glass case containing cups and other athletic trophies won by

Photo: Wesson, Gear & Co., Great Portland Street, W.

POLYTECHNIC, REGENT STREET: CARRIAGE-BUILDING CLASS.

interest for which it does not cater. It is an educational institute, affording technical as well as commercial and scientific instruction. The carriage-building class, which we illustrate, is one of the many trade classes which give young workmen a thorough theoretical and practical training in the calling in which they are actually engaged during the day. The Polytechnic, however, is much more than an educational institution. As soon as we pass through the entrance doors in Regent Street we get a fair impression of its wonderfully varied activities. We are in a spacious mosaic-paved vestibule, which proclaims, by means of the allegorical frescoes on its walls, the work and aims of the institution. If it be the evening of any working day the vestibule will be thronged with people—mostly young "Poly boys," among whom are some of the most famous athletes of the day. In the entrance hall are always to be found one or more members of the Reception Committee prepared to welcome new members and show visitors over the institute.

For the Polytechnic is, above all things, a social club. To other institutes men go to learn this subject or that, and when the class is over return to their homes, caring little for the institute as such, and taking no interest in other branches of its work. At the Polytechnic everyone who enters seems to be surrounded by an atmosphere of good-fellowship. A man may be as diligent a student here as elsewhere, but, unless he be a singularly misanthropic person, he will not have been very long at the institute before he has grappled to his soul a few

true and loyal friends, and become a devoted member of the great "Poly" clan, which has adherents in all parts of the world.

All the newer polytechnics have many features in common with the Regent Street institution, which has, indeed, served to some extent as the model for them, though each one has some features peculiar to itself. Probably the Woolwich Polytechnic is the institute which has most closely followed the original model; and this is not surprising, seeing that it owes its existence to the efforts of Mr. Quintin Hogg, the founder of the Regent Street institute and the pioneer of the polytechnic movement. In some instances, as at the People's Palace in the Mile End Road, the Northern Polytechnic Institute at Holloway, the Battersea Polytechnic, the Municipal Technical Institute at West Ham, and the South-Western Polytechnic at Chelsea, the development has been chiefly along educational lines, athletics and social life being entirely, or to a great extent, neglected.

Some, perhaps, will be surprised to find the People's Palace included in this category. To many the name suggests a great "Palace of Delight," like that described in Sir Walter Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," a book which undoubtedly helped, in the early stages of the undertaking, to promote its progress. It is true that the People's Palace is in a district where there are wider scope and greater need for a popular institution than almost anywhere else in London. But the idea of the governing body is that they can render the most valuable service to the people of the neighbourhood by providing educational facilities of the highest class. And so, after undergoing considerable

PEOPLE'S PALACE: SATURDAY EVENING IN THE WINTER GARDEN.

BOROUGH POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE: BAKERY AND CONFECTIONERY CLASS.

vicissitudes, the People's Palace has settled down to a strictly educational work, which it carries on with singular success.

It is certainly remarkable that this East-End polytechnic should have achieved, through its students, higher scholastic distinctions than almost any similar institution. Several open scholarships at the Universities have been won by People's Palace students, and it is noteworthy that all these successful students, as well as many who have gained high honours at London University, are distinctly the products of the People's Palace educational system, having obtained all their education, since leaving an elementary school, in its day or evening classes.

It must not be supposed, however, that the extensive buildings are wholly and always given over to the comparatively few studious people who join the educational classes. At two or three points the institution touches the wider and more varied life of the district. In the great Queen's Hall entertainments and concerts of a popular character are given, and on such occasions the adjoining winter garden—a great iron and glass structure containing palms and other tropical plants—is used as a promenade, and presents an animated picture of varied life. The gymnasium in winter and the swimming bath in summer are much patronised by those in search of healthful exercise; and in the reading room and library, which are free to all, many types of East-End life may be met with.

At the Northern Polytechnic and the South-Western Polytechnic we find the educational work even more exclusively the object of attention. Both institutions have modern and well-equipped buildings. At Holloway the building trade classes are the most notable feature of the work. These are very varied and complete. One can wander from class room to drawing office, and from drawing office to workshop, observing in actual operation nearly all the processes involved in the building of a cottage or a cathedral. The institute at Chelsea has distinguished itself by providing definite and systematic preparation for a career which few educational institutes seem to take into their calculations, a career which, nevertheless, is neither unimportant nor unpopular—that, namely, of wife and mother. In the Home Training Department women can undergo a complete course of study in such subjects as cookery, household management, dressmaking, sick

nursing, physiology, hygiene, logic, account keeping, and general matters connected with children. This polytechnic is specially strong in women's subjects. Another interesting department provides training for women teachers of gymnastics; the martial exercises shown in the illustration on p. 195 forming the most picturesque, though not the most important, item in a very complete curriculum.

The social side of life is more cultivated at the Northampton Institute in Clerkenwell and the Borough Polytechnic Institute. Both these are primarily educational; but, in addition, many societies and clubs are organised to stimulate friendly intercourse amongst members, and enable them to ride almost any reasonable hobby they happen to favour. The Northampton Institute is planned and equipped on the most lavish scale. The classes are all of a technical and trade character; the work of the institute being complementary to that of the Birkbeck (scientific and literary) and City of London College (commercial); the three institutes together forming the City Polytechnic. It is a remarkable variety of trades that is taught at the Northampton Institute; and a walk through the workshops any evening is an interesting and encouraging sight, when it is remembered that all these young men and women are not amateurs, but are actually engaged during the day in the trades they so assiduously study at night, and are thus seeking to perpetuate the best traditions of intelligent and skilful workmanship in British industries. In many of the classes—such as the brick cutting one, which we illustrate—the student gains an insight into the most advanced branches of his craft, and thus fits himself to undertake duties of which the workman who has had no such training is incapable. At the Borough Polytechnic the educational classes cover a wider range; but here, also, special attention is paid to trade teaching. An interesting feature, it may be added, is the fully equipped school of bakery and confectionery.

A well known institution that is quite unique in character is the Working Men's College in Central London. Founded by Frederick Denison Maurice, before the days of school boards or polytechnics, with the object of affording a liberal education and an elevating and humanising club life for working men, the college has numbered amongst its voluntary teachers such famous men as John Ruskin, Dante Gabriel Rossetti,

NORTHAMPTON INSTITUTE: BRICK-CUTTING CLASS.

WORKING MEN'S COLLEGE, GREAT ORMOND STREET : A DEBATE.

Ford Madox-Brown, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and Sir John R. Seely. The spread of education has necessarily changed to some extent the character of the work ; but it is interesting to find that, while much of the teaching is of an advanced character, there are still men of mature years who, conscious of their deficiencies, but shy of exposing them in ordinary educational institutions, go willingly to the Working Men's College for elementary instruction. They find there a sympathy and a spirit of comradeship they might seek in vain elsewhere.

The college has throughout its comparatively long history kept very close to the ideals of its founders. Since its aim is not to enable its students to add to their earnings, but to widen their interests and dignify their lives—to make them better men rather than better workmen—it does not concern itself with technical education, but confines its attention to the "humanities." The aims of both teachers and students are therefore less utilitarian and more idealistic than those of the majority of workers at technical institutes. Most of the teachers are unpaid, and the relations between them and the students are of the happiest possible character.

The characteristic life of the place is best observed in the Common Room, where men of varied types and many social classes mingle in friendly converse—University men, who have been lecturing or conducting classes, mechanics, law students, City clerks, and shop assistants. A typical feature is the Debating Society, which is surely the cheapest one of the kind in the world. If you are a student of the college you may become a life member of the Debating Society for the sum of one shilling ; and that modest payment will entitle you, not only to attend the society's meetings, but also to smoke its tobacco during the progress of the debate.

In this brief survey of London institutes it is not possible to dwell at length on the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, which has its headquarters at Exeter Hall, and branches at Aldersgate Street and Cornhill, as well as in several of the suburbs. But among many interesting features this unique characteristic may be mentioned—that it has branches all over the civilised world, so that a young man who joins in London can, without further formality than a letter from the secretary, continue his membership in Calcutta or New York or Cape Town. The Young Women's Christian Association, which is run on very similar lines, caters in an admirably sympathetic and liberal spirit for the needs of young women of many different classes, and pos-

sesses at its headquarters in George Street, Hanover Square, some of the most comfortable and home-like club premises to be found in London. Nor is it possible even to mention the almost numberless institutes connected with churches and chapels—though some few of them, as, for instance, the Westbourne Park Institute, attain almost to the dimensions of a polytechnic—or the almost equally numerous clubs and institutes for working boys, of which the Telegraph Messengers' Institute in Throgmorton Avenue may be taken as a good type. Of these it must suffice to say that whilst they vary greatly in their methods, and to some extent in their aims, they are all sharing in varying degrees in a movement which makes strongly for a fuller, brighter, and nobler life for hundreds of thousands of workers in the great city.

SOUTH-WESTERN POLYTECHNIC: WOMEN'S FENCING CLASS.

REMOVING STREET REFUSE.

LONDON'S TOILET.

By P. F. WILLIAM RYAN.

DUSTMAN.

BEFORE we walk out into the highways and by-ways to look upon London in the hands of its cleansers, it is well to take as it were a bird's-eye view of the vastness of their task. The metropolitan area covers more than a hundred square miles and contains approximately thirty thousand streets, or about six hundred thousand houses, which if wheeled into line would extend across Europe and Asia, uniting the Thames with the Great Wall of China. No man knows every quarter of the capital. But its dingiest alleys as well as its most fashionable avenues are cared for at stated times by the municipal scavengers. As we pass through the streets it is possible to note only the most striking scenes in the routine of their work. But nearly every scene has a hundred counterparts; some have a thousand!

Most people are in their first sleep when the toilet of London is taken in hand. It has gone midnight; the deserted thoroughfares glisten under the gas or electric light, as though a heavy shower had fallen. The watering-carts have been doing duty for the clouds. In three-quarters of an hour after the bustle of the night has subsided the pavements are completely saturated. Some of the watering-carts waddle and waddle slowly. They are of the old-fashioned order. But when the motor watering-cart is used to soften the carpet of grease which overlays the streets after the day's traffic the work is disposed of more expeditiously.

Regent Street having its bath is a sight for gods and schoolboys. It is the dandy of West-End avenues. The men who valet it feel the seriousness of their office. In the words of a master of the ceremonies, "Hit hisn't clean till you could heat your vittles hoff hit!"

There is a dull red lamp in the middle of the street. Advancing, you hear a noise as of a million gallons of soda water "sizzling" madly. Beside the red lamp the water-main has been tapped by a great length of hose. At the loose end of the hose, twenty, thirty, forty yards away, is a nozzle—and a man. The man is having a glorious time, for the nozzle is a playful weapon. As he aims high and low he sends seas of water flying over the pavement. To be in his place many a mother's darling would give half his head! When the nozzle is lowered within a few inches of the ground, quaint, foamy waves

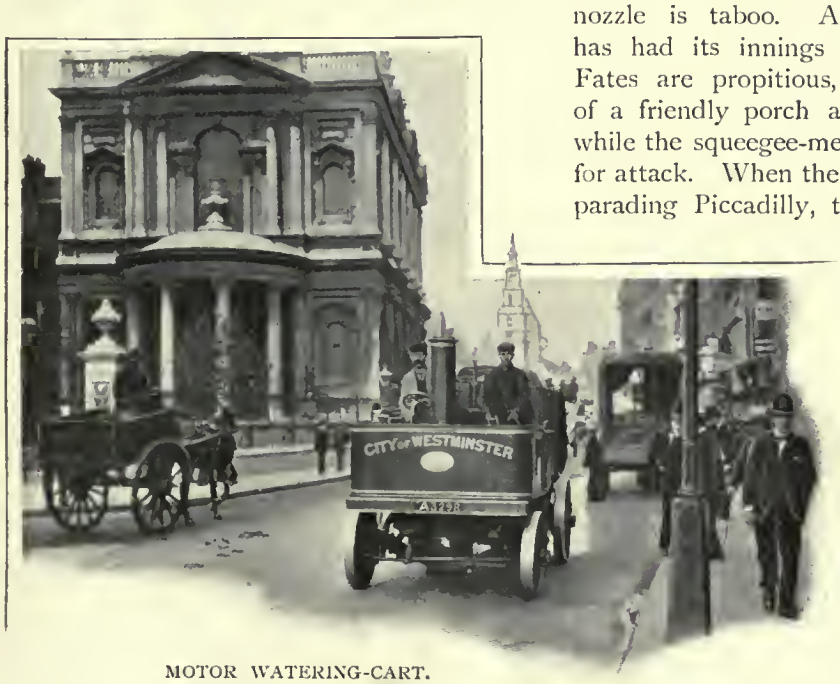
rise round the operator's feet—wet feet, very likely. But the ricochet performance is, from the gallery standpoint, the nozzle-man's finest effort. The instrument is held almost horizontally; the water, leaping out like a cable of crystal, grazes the ground far ahead, and, opening in a great fan of spray, baptises the lady and gentleman in the advancing hansom.

CLEANING REGENT STREET AT NIGHT.

Piccadilly has mysterious rites of its own. The frivolous nozzle and the plebeian watering-cart are never seen there. Its delicate complexion stands cold water badly! The aristocratic boulevard must be tickled gingerly by a broom—a horse-broom to begin with. The huge cylinder of bristles is just like what a patriarchal hedgehog must have been in the days when the world bred generous types. The framework in which it revolves is, to the eye of the layman, a medley of iron bars, ugly, bare, and complex, with a sort of cycle-shaped seat for the coachman. And who can do him justice? From head to foot he is cased in waterproof, except, perhaps, his face, which is lost somewhere under his sou'-wester. There is nothing flighty about his horse! For the thing at his heels is "hover the draft o' 'alf a ton"—a solid subject for equine reflection.

The horse-broom does not penetrate into Piccadilly Circus; for it, too, is in a measure exceptional. It is vulgar enough to endure the attentions of the watering-cart; but the nozzle is taboo. After the watering-cart has had its innings its driver may, if the Fates are propitious, retire to the shelter of a friendly porch and snatch forty winks while the squeegee-men and sweepers deploy for attack. When the horse-broom has done parading Piccadilly, two parallel creases of mud or dry rubbish, according as the day has been wet or fine, run the whole length of the thoroughfare. The road-sweepers break these up into small heaps for the convenience of the men who feed with their shovels the indispensable dust cart.

The squeegee-man deserves to rank as a popular benefactor.



MOTOR WATERING-CART.

For his regular night-work there is no audience; but on a rainy day we all recognise in him a valuable imperial asset. A dozen squeegee-men clearing Ludgate Circus or Oxford Circus on a drenching November day is a sort of hygienic Waterloo—for the mud literally runs before their spirited attack. Imaginative gentlemen sometimes swear that patent leather boots exercise a magnetic influence upon squeegees. Certain it is that the wheels of passing 'buses and cabs fresco wonderful patterns on white collars and aquiline noses, with the help of the gigantic mud-pies they create. But the dust cart soon comes along. Into it are shovelled the mud-pies; and the artistic vagaries of wheeled traffic are checked, to the chagrin of the Comic Spirit.

HORSE-BROOM.

In the City proper there is practically only a two-hours' interval between the cessation of day-work and the commencement of night-work. The night men are at their posts at eight o'clock; about midnight there is an interval for supper; at six in the morning their spell of labour is finished. The toilet of the Lord Mayor's territory requires the services of between seven and eight hundred hands, including two hundred orderly boys, and no fewer than a hundred horses. The toilet of all London gives employment in round numbers to eight thousand hands. Probably no fewer than twenty thousand persons are dependent directly or indirectly upon this department of municipal work for their daily bread.

STREET SWEEPER.

ORDERLY BOY.

For cleansing purposes the City is divided into four districts. There are two foremen for each: one to keep an eye on the sweepers, the other to keep two eyes on the orderly boys. By eight o'clock in the morning the streets of the City are in apple-pie order. At that hour the zinc bins or pails of cinders, which ornamented many door-steps an hour previously, have been emptied into the fifty or sixty dust carts which are detailed for day duty. But before the Corporation employés have gone their rounds the refuse is often overhauled by "chiffonniers."

Every free-born Briton is not privileged to put a zinc pail outside his door. But, if he is not amongst the elect, then the dustman pays him a visit during the day. This is the rule in all parts of London. The dustman sometimes condescends to plant a bow of ribbon in his horse's mane. But, more generally, he is a sedate fellow, above such flights of fancy, whose only intellectual enjoyment in business hours is derived from a "tip." The Borough Councils do not approve. But no municipal imprimatur could enhance the spiritual beauty of minted bronze.

The orderly boy is seen in all the principal streets, east as well as west. But he is on his mettle, as it were, in the City. He darts in and out through the traffic as though he were on hail-fellow terms with the hundreds of 'bus and van and cab horses trotting past

PICKING UP PAPER IN THE PARKS.

his station. Everyone assumes that he bears a charmed life. And the little fellow, armed with hand-brush and scoop, would feel a slur cast upon his professional reputation if a driver pulled up his team, even when the horses' noses were within an inch of his ear.

He has wonderful luck, as a rule; but sometimes an illustration of the proverb of the pitcher and the well is flashed upon the screen of London street life. At Hyde Park Corner or Temple Bar or Ludgate Hill, wherever, in fact, the fever of London bustle runs highest, a small crowd attracts you. Over the shoulders of the people you catch a glimpse of a boy with soiled clothes stretched on the broad of his back. The dirty little paws still grasp the scoop, on which he has often rattled the devil's tattoo, grinning up at his friends the passing coachmen. The face is pallid now, beneath its layer of dust; the prone figure is the more pathetic, because usually he is such a bright, cheery, little fellow. In a day or two he will probably return from hospital to his post, not a penny the worse for his collision with a hansom, and rather proud of having been on the casualty list. If the doctors fail to mend him, then he overleaps the years, and attains at a bound the dignity of a pensioner to the tune of ten shillings a week for life.

The City and the West-End are typical of what goes on all over London — with this difference, that, while in the City the routine of the toilet may be said to begin at eight at night, and in the West-End at midnight, in the suburbs the lightness of the traffic precludes the necessity of night work. And, while Westminster keeps 900 men busy, Fulham can manage with 200, and Stoke Newington with fewer.

The crossing-sweeper—Heaven help him! —is the free-lance of the scavenging profession. The accredited grooms of the capital are sturdy fellows. The crossing-sweeper is often a human wreck waiting for Death where meet the effervescing streams of life! Sometimes the match-seller of Saturday is the crossing-sweeper of Sunday: the weather decides his calling. The Moll Whites of old rode the air on a broomstick. With the help of the same sober steed the crossing-sweeper rides calmly through the statutes against begging. Armed with what was once a broom, but with the bristles now worn to the timber, he hardly tries to deceive anybody into the belief that he is a labourer. When night falls he is still at his corner, resting on his broom. He rubs his numbed hands together, and blows upon his fingers —not that he hopes to warm them. It is

CROSSING-SWEEPER: A MUTE APPEAL.

SORTING A DUST-HEAP AT A COUNTY COUNCIL DEPÔT.

only his way of announcing his existence, of inviting your gaze to his sunken, hungry eyes—eyes that follow you home, and peer weirdly into yours, as you smoke before the roaring fire on your own cheerful hearth.

The men who keep the parks in order are, in a sense, the aristocrats of the business. He of the spiked stick, tilting at pieces of paper in Hyde Park, is a Government servant, for his employer is the Office of Works. In addition, however, to the hands permanently employed about Hyde Park, St. James's, the Green Park, and Kensington Gardens, a private contractor is entrusted with the task of keeping the roads in proper order. The contractor's foreman drives through the parks each morning, notes what requires to be done, and puts on the requisite number of men

OVERHAULING A ZINC BIN.

After a big public demonstration Hyde Park gives its valets many busy hours. In summer time a fair proportion of the people who go to the parks for a breath of air are careful to speckle the swards with pieces of newspaper, penny novelettes, remnants of sandwiches, and orange peel. These things are consigned to holes specially dug in the earth, and burnt. Empty bottles and sardine tins, and all the less inflammable sorts of rubbish, are sent to the County Council depôts. The bottles are valuable prizes to the women and men who turn over the dust heaps at these places. Neither, as we have said, are the zinc bins in the streets neglected in search of the hundred and one odds and ends which can be turned into an honest penny. Pieces of metal, old hats and boots, and rags—everything is grist for the humble mill.

No complete notion of all that London's toilet involves can be obtained without visiting a dust destructor. They are to be found here and there in all quarters of London; but Shoreditch probably stands first in this respect. Imagine a massive iron cube, a veritable iron house of fire. The roar of

the furnaces within is fierce as a gale at sea. The doors are thrown open, revealing what words cannot describe—fire! bright as great banks of burnished gold, only with soul quickening the flaring mass of yellowish-red — hungry, tigrish soul! In the glowing slabs there is a strange shimmer, as though each of the hundred million atoms at white heat quivered in glorious, devilish, meaningless conflict. Had Dante but known the dust destructor, to what exquisite agonies could he not have condemned some of the wretches of his "Inferno"! It is grand, ugly, choking, diabolical; it is a place to fly from. But its very ugliness, while repelling, holds you fast.

Half a dozen men with long iron rods act as stokers. Their faces glisten with perspiration; and they are black as negroes. The atmosphere is dust, nothing but dust; it shuts out the roof, you blink it into your eyes, it enters your nostrils, it settles on your lips. An immense iron lift, large as a railway waggon, is above your head. It is rising steadily higher and higher. It holds tons of refuse. When it reaches the top of the iron scaffolding in which it slides, its cargo is emptied into cars that run on tracks laid on platforms above the destructor. The mouths of the receiving chamber are beside the platform, and into these are heaved the contents of the cars. The furnaces are beneath, devouring everything with the ravening appetite of a monster that would feast upon its own vitals. Massive iron girders cross from wall to wall, and others meet these transversely. Everything is big, coarse, forbidding; and yet the gloomy, brown pavilion of fire holds the eye; its ugliness redeemed by the majesty and power of the mysterious force within—the god of Zoroaster, a very slave in the service of despised Bumble!

IN A DUST DESTRUCTOR (SHOREDITCH).

TAPE AND TELEGRAPH ROOM ("DAILY EXPRESS").

NEWSPAPER LONDON.

By HENRY LEACH.

OUTSIDE THE "GLOBE" OFFICE.

LOOKING upon the Fleet Street of a comparatively early newspaper era, Thackeray, in the person of one of his characters, was moved to the profoundest reflections when he contemplated the great engine of the Press which never slept. And if the great engine was so wakeful in the days of "Pendennis," how much more does she seem to palpitate and revel in the very joy of existence in these far more strenuous times.

It is an accepted truism that one of the most wonderful things of our up-to-date civilisation is the Press, and most particularly the London Press. Its history is a romance, and each and every day's work is made up of a series of seeming miracles. London and the country see the result, and in reflective moments marvel that it is all for a half-penny or a penny. This is just where Fleet Street is an exception to most other institutions which have this magic glitter. Rub it away, and so very often the substance underneath is as mean as clay; but, in the case of Fleet Street, the wonder and admiration only increase. The outside world, however, is seldom privileged thus to probe into the soul of Newspaper-land. It occasionally scans a brief report of the meeting of some such exclusive Press institution as the Institute of Journalists or the Newspaper Press Fund; but beyond this Fleet Street behind the scenes is forbidden to the person who has no business with "copy" or with proofs. He speculates upon the happenings there, draws inevitable and erroneous conclusions as to the functions of editors and the ubiquity of reporters, and passes on. For a little while a corner of the curtain shall be raised, and some real perception gained of the inner life of this place of wonder and of mystery.

In Newspaper-land there is no time for sleep. There is just one short period in the whole double round of the clock when

she is a little inclined to drowse, and that is between five and seven o'clock in the morning. The heavy labours of the night are over, and, still with some show of vigilance, she pauses as if to gather strength for a vigorous grappling with the events of the dawning day. Obviously this is the time to steal in stealthily and watch her recommencement.

The Street itself has less of life in it now than at any time. The paper carts have done their turn, the staffs of the various departments, down even to the managers of machines, have sought their beds, the boiler fires are burning low, and there is only here and there, besides a few menials, an emergency editor reclining, with what comfort he can muster, till the day staff returns and relieves him of his guard. On him, for the time being, devolves the responsibility of watching London and the world, and of bringing out a special edition if a cablegram should warrant it.

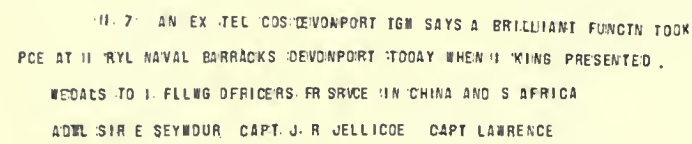
And now, just when the sunlight of a summer morning is encircling the dome of St. Paul's with a golden fringe, the day workers of Fleet Street living in the suburbs turn uneasily on their beds, and the earliest of them rub their eyes and rise. Necessity makes a simultaneous demand upon the sub-editors and compositors, and by seven o'clock tram and train have taken many of them to Fleet Street, and the programme for the evening papers of the day has already been entered upon.

Alone in his room the earliest sub-editor seizes a pile of the morning's papers, and, scissors in hand, scans them in search of the most striking events of the evening and night which have passed; for the feature of his earliest edition, due in the streets in a few hours from now, must be a more or less comprehensive summary of all the news and thought that is in this pile. Paragraphs are cut out, trimmed up, striking headlines put upon them, and are whisked away per boy into the composing-room, where there is either an army of inky-aproned compositors at their cases, or a row or two of Linotypes—most wonderful machines which almost seem to think.

The tape machines begin to click out telegraphic news from the country and abroad. The first yard or two of this curious ribbon will tell, perhaps, of the death of a great celebrity in the small hours of the morning, and—click, click, click—the next of a big fire which is raging in the East-End. Before the last edition is printed, this tape will have spun off the best part of a mile of news, will have conveyed the first intelligence to the sub-editor of battles and murders, legal trials and kingly functions, the winners of horse races, the movements of markets,

ARRIVAL OF CART WITH "SPECIALS" FOR STREET SELLERS.

the totterings of Governments—everything! One minute there are ticked off half a dozen choice sentences of Sir Somebody's great speech in the House of Commons commenced but half an hour before, and this is suddenly interrupted for the quotation of starting-prices at Ascot. An accident in the street outside the office comes through, and is followed by the news of disturbing events at Pekin and great enterprises at New York. The serious drama of the world, and its tragedy and comedy, are mirrored on tape; and the tape-boy cuts it up, and pastes it on sheets of paper, stoically unmoved. To him in the lower degree, and to the sub-editor, who receives it, in the higher, it is



H. 7 AN EX TEL COS DEVONPORT TGM SAYS A BRILLIANT FUNCTN TOOK PCE AT H RYL NAVAL BARRACKS DEVONPORT TODAY WHEN H KING PRESENTED MEDALS TO I FLLWG OFFICERS FR SRVCE IN CHINA AND S AFRICA ADML SIR E SEYMOUR CAPT J R JELLICOE CAPT LAWRENCE

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF A TAPE MESSAGE.

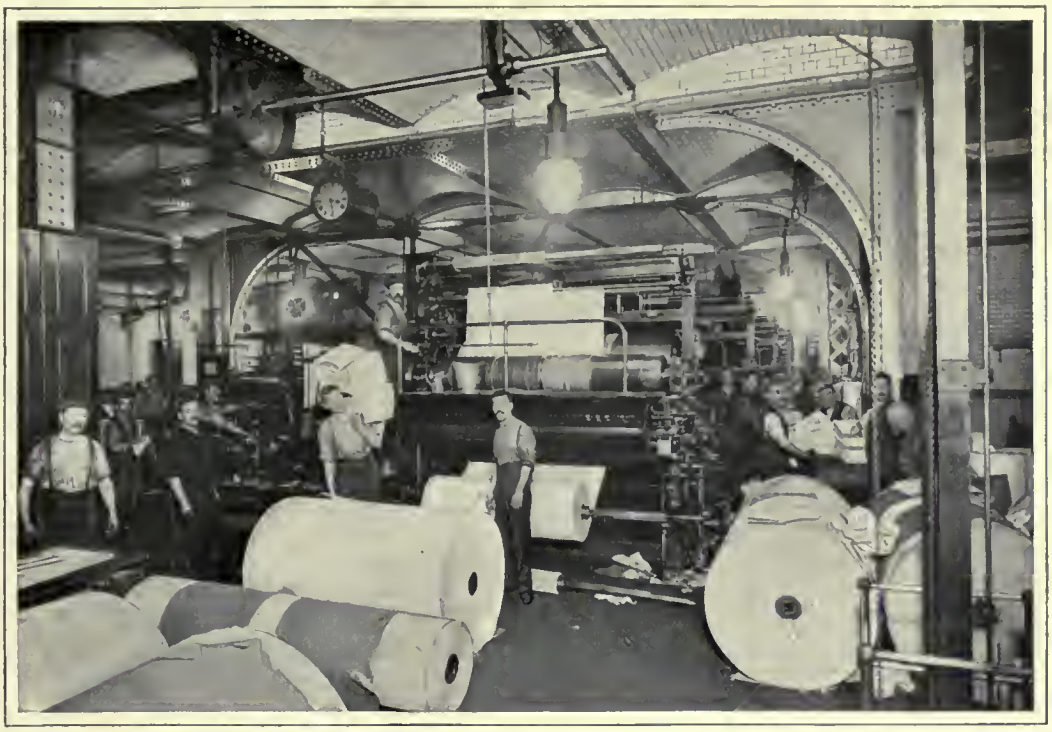
but "copy"—good "copy," passable "copy," worthless "copy," but merely "copy," after all, with which to feed voracious compositors.

And in the meantime little brown packets of "flimsy"—another species of "copy"—have begun to pour in from the news agencies, home and foreign, dotting the i's and crossing the t's of the tape, and telling of still more happenings of the day. A glance decides their fate, as far as the day's paper is concerned. In the majority of cases they are cast into the oblivion of the waste-paper basket; but this story of the strange disappearance of a City man is worth a double headline; and it is swallowed by the "comps.," whose hunger but increases. For their satisfaction more sub-editors have arrived to back up the early man, and the reporters are coming in. All this vast news received is not enough. The news editor is at work hatching a plan for a "scoop" for the day, for beating all his rivals with some fine, sensational story, or an exclusive interview. When the idea is formed it is passed on to a reporter, who, on the moment, hurries away, perhaps only to the West-End of London, perhaps to Waterloo, *en route* for Southampton, to meet a passenger on board an incoming vessel. Others are spread out on the day's engagements—some in the Law Courts, one at a gathering at the Mansion House, a third has departed for the scene of a colliery disaster, and a fourth, possessed of a special detective faculty, is endeavouring to beat Scotland Yard in the unravelling of some great mystery.

By half-past ten the high pressure of the early morning's work inside the office begins to slacken. Most of the news, and the leading article, are in type; and the early sub-editor, having seen that the contents bill is of proper spelling and effect, has time now to go out for breakfast. Before very long one hears, in regions far below, the sharp rattling of metal plates. The "comps." and the stereotypers have done their duty, the machine-man pulls his lever, a roar rises up, and the reel of paper is being converted into early editions at the rate of thousands an hour.

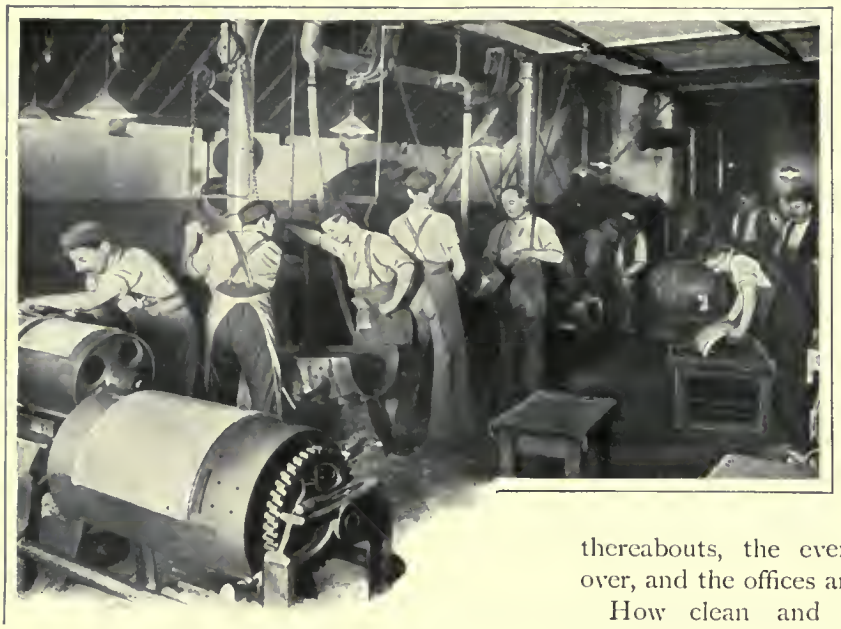
Now come the publisher's most anxious moments. The paper is ready for the people, and by divers methods he must give it to them. At his counter there is a huge crowd of urchins rending the air with savage shrieks and yells. Like the editors, their one desire is to be the first in the field. Presently the papers come up from the machines, with the ink still greasy on them; the babel of cries increases till the din is deafening; and then, from the back of the counter, quires and half-quires are hurled into the air, to drop into pairs of eager arms, and be carried out with a mad rush exultingly into the streets. Away from four or five centres in Whitefriars Street, Tudor Street, Stonecutter Street, and so forth, they are carried at a gallop to the four points of the compass, the topic of the morning being yelled from these lusty young throats till Fleet Street and the Strand and Ludgate Hill resound with it.

This is the minor distribution: then come the cyclist "runners," as they are called. A corps of sturdy riders are ready on the kerb-stone; the bags on their backs are filled with the white or pinky sheets; and they wheel away from the side streets into the main thoroughfares, threading their way through the traffic, darting across streets at right angles, dashing in front of horses' heads, risking their lives in the most daring



PRINTING THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."

EARLY MORNING AT MESSRS. W. H. SMITH AND SON'S: DESPATCHING NEWSPAPERS.



MAKING CURVED PLATES OF PAGES ("DAILY CHRONICLE").

manner at every turn of the cycle pedals. Here and there, too, a paper-laden motor-cyclist scuds along at swift speed. The carts which carry huge bundles of papers to the stations and the suburbs and feed the boys in the main thoroughfares with them complete the great distributing work.

These are the halfpenny papers. A little later the penny evening journals follow them in somewhat more dignified style; and, from now till the close of the afternoon, edition follows upon edition, the "Special" is followed by the "Extra" and the "Second Extra" and the "Late," and the vendors' street-corner and other pitches are covered with a constantly changing series of contents bills, in white, pink, buff, green, and other tints. Not a few of these vendors are famous characters in their way, and have "specialised," as it were, in some cases—one is pictured on page 202—for years and years.

The tapes, the sub-editors, and the reporters have been as hard at work as ever; and a very different paper is the complete and polished "Late" edition from the immature effort of the morning. So at six o'clock, or thereabouts, the evening newspaper day is over, and the offices are deserted again.

How clean and tidy were these sub-editorial apartments in the fresh hours of morning—and see them now! One may approach the desks and tables only over hillocks of rival papers, piles of rejected "flimsies," and entanglement in hundreds of yards of confused tape is certain. The air is heavy

REELS OF PAPER ON THE WAY TO A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

with a peculiar odour resulting from paper, ink, and tobacco smoke. The scene is chaotic, and it is a little melancholy as well, for all the great—in a sense, magnificent—efforts of the day are of no more consequence now. Already the evening paper is being discarded in the railway train; to-morrow it must all be done over again, and the next day, and the next. Several miles of paper, wheeled to the offices in great reels daily through the streets, have been used up to-day; hundredweights of printers' ink have been spread over millions of copies of nearly a dozen journals.

But there is no rest for Fleet Street yet; its more serious work is only just beginning. Quietly, less obtrusively, the day staffs of the morning papers have long been busy. Special correspondents and reporters at home and in every part of the civilised world have been gathering their harvest of news, and now it is speeding over the wires to its great headquarters, where the night sub-editors, turning in at six o'clock, sit with blue pencils for its reception.

SUB-EDITORS' ROOM ("DAILY MAIL").

Necessarily, the task being greater and less hurried, a more thorough organisation is apparent than was the case during the daytime. Special departments are now working for the completion of separate sections of the paper. The sporting sub-editors are dealing with all the racing and athletic news, the home news department is covering all the events happening in the United Kingdom, and the foreign sub-editors are receiving agency and special cablegrams from New York, Paris, Berlin, Rome, Vienna, and a score of other world's centres. These messages are costing the paper thousands of pounds. A simple, two-line "Reuter" may announce the quite unexpected death of a European monarch or a great statesman; but his biography in full is already written and pigeon-holed, and there is little to do but pass it on to the composing department. Intelligence which is coming in may create consternation throughout the country in the morning, but the sub-editors are quite unmoved. To them it is only "copy" after all; and all is well if it is through before one o'clock. If "The House" is sitting, columns are pouring in from the special corps of reporters in the Gallery, the tape machines are still clicking as briskly as ever, the news agencies are vieing with each other in the quantity of "flimsy" which they are contributing, and the liners of Fleet Street are adding to the gigantic store of "copy." So the night wears on. By two o'clock in the morning, when most of London is fast asleep, the great night's work is nearing its end. The tapes click feebly, the desks are clear of "copy," the order has been given to "close up," and presently the chiefs move off to the composing-room to superintend the "make-up," as it is called, arranging in the printers' forme the precise place which each item shall

occupy. Then, when this is done, the formes are locked, moulds in *papier-maché* are taken of each page of the paper, and from these metal curved plates are made in the foundry by the perspiring foundry hands with their ladles of white molten metal; and so the chiefs, having thus seen the paper "put to bed," as they say, are free to gossip with each other for half an hour or so on the events of the night and things in general.

Presently there comes again that hoarse roar from below. The machines have been started. There is a momentary lull while the first papers are examined, and then every one of these great mechanical monsters is off again at its topmost speed.

PUBLISHING THE "EVENING STANDARD AND ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE" "SPECIAL."

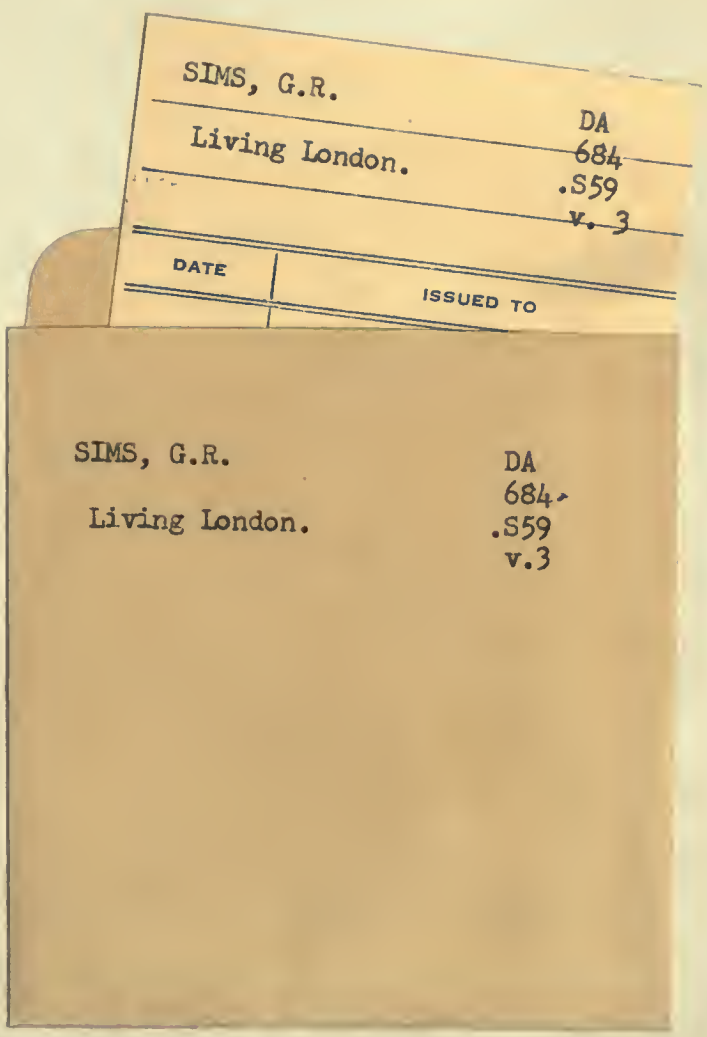
Looking through the window out into the street it is observed that the scene, which was quiet and tranquil but an hour ago, is now full of bustle and excitement. There is a long line of carts, with fresh, mettlesome horses between the shafts. Scores of busy hands are loading them up with huge bundles of the freshly printed papers which palpitating machines are belching forth by thousands to the minute. At this moment not in the whole world is there so busy a place as this wonderful Fleet Street.

There is a cracking of whips, and the first carts are away. Some are off to the great distributing house of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, Strand, and other well-known wholesale agents; and some are hastening to railway stations to catch the newspaper trains. The first thought is for the country; and not till the country's needs are satisfied is attention given to the later demands of London, for which a special town edition will very likely be printed off. Then away go these home papers to the distributing agencies; by and bye they filter through to the news-agents, and before eight o'clock in the morning the sellers are going their early rounds.

By five o'clock the famous street has quieted down again. The compositors have gone home, and the gentlemen of the staff—a few of them—have sought an hour's relaxation at the Press or some other club. For all these busy folk the small hours of the morning are but the equivalents of the ordinary mortal's ten p.m. Then each starts out to his suburban home by all-night tram or by early train.

One more of Fleet Street's daily cycles is made complete, and just when the City man is waking and speculating upon the contents of his morning's paper, the sub-editor who made it for him is slipping away into a dreamland where all things happen before eleven at night and editorial crises are unknown.

He has earned his sleep; no man better. Do not disturb him. Let the curtain fall again upon Newspaper London.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