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CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

LIVING LONDON

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

EDITED BY . . .

GEORGE R. SIMS

VOL. III—SECTION I

SPECIAL EDITION, WITH FULL-PAGE REMBRANDT PLATES

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

LONDON TYPES: THE BEEFEATER (TOWER).

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

LONDON TYPES: THE HIGHLANDER.

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

LONDON TYPES: THE "DOSSER."

(From the Painting by W. Rainey, R.I.)

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The Illustrations are from Drawings by GORDON BROWNE, R.I., R.B.A., J. BARNARD DAVIS, H. H. FLERE, A. H. FULLWOOD, A. P. GARRATT, W. H. HUMPHRIS, H. M. PAGET, WAL. PAGET, F. PEGRAM, H. PIFFARD, W. RAINEY, R.I., EDWARD READ, W. R. S. STOTT; *and from Photographs, nearly all of which were specially taken for this work by* MESSRS. CASSELL AND COMPANY, LIMITED.

LIST OF REMBRANDT PLATES.

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LIVING LONDON.

RAILWAY LONDON.

By HENRY LEACH.

JUST as they said of old that all roads led to Rome, so it is a modern truism that all railways lead to London. But perhaps at the first glance all that this really means may not be fully appreciated. We have been accustomed in some measure to regard the headquarters of railway Britain as a very scattered affair. The great systems, which run like veins through the country, have all their own centres; and thus it comes about that to different sections of the public, who make their local travels in different parts, one or other of these particular centres is regarded as the metropolis of the railway world. But the grander, the more cosmopolitan view awards the honour and the responsibility to the capital of the Empire. Except, perhaps, in the case of some country fastness here and there, where there may be a few miles of line for a special purpose, you could place a car on any piece of real railway anywhere in the United Kingdom and run it thence into any station of the scores which abound in London. You could set it awheel at Inverness, and twenty-four hours later pass it through the Underground Railway from the Mansion House to Kensington. It might need some juggling with systems, some roundabout ways, but it could be easily accomplished.

So that London has a full claim to be regarded as the heart of the national railway system. It has railways of its own, railways peculiar to London, and peculiar in most other senses, such as the tubes which pierce its bowels; but as far as this work is concerned these are dealt with in another place, and, besides, they are a local feature rather than a dominant section of Railway London, considering it in the great cosmopolitan sense which we are now doing.

And in the course of such a consideration perhaps the first thing that should be done is to show how the railways themselves with one voice and heart acclaim London as their capital. It takes many companies and many ruling bodies to make up a national system of railways, and such a national system does not make itself automatically even then. There has to be some central arrangement,

IN THE EXCURSION DEPARTMENT (EUSTON).

some universal headquarters, where the companies may work together with one accord for the making of a homogeneous system of national carrying and travelling, to the convenience of the public and the profit of themselves. Reflect for a moment upon the chaotic state of affairs that would obtain if no such thing were done. There being no working arrangement between the companies the through ticket, as it is called, would be an unknown quantity, and a passenger, in making a two hundred miles' journey, might have to book afresh four or five times, and not only that but, as one train or carriage might not run along a line belonging to another company, he would very likely have to change his carriages as many times. And in the same way, in sending a parcel or crate of goods that distance, he might only be able to send it ahead some fifty miles at a time, and would have to make arrangements at the end of each section for it to be booked anew and for its route to be changed.

The happy circumstances, however, are such that all trouble in this direction is avoided. There is a place called a Clearing House, which is, indeed, not much heard of, because neither passengers, consigners, nor consignees have any direct concern with it; but it is in a very large sense the greatest and most important railway headquarters in existence. And that is in London, in a street just off Euston Road, so that here at the outset we have the Metropolis fully and officially acknowledged as the centre of the railway world. Take a glance into this Clearing House, which is nothing more or less than a place kept going jointly by all the railway companies of the kingdom, so that they may here adjust their accounts, and decide precisely how much of the money that the public has paid belongs to each individual company as its share in respect to the common use of each other's systems which necessarily prevails. To take the simplest case in explanation, a passenger may obtain a ticket at a London terminus for one of the cities of Scotland, and he pays his money entirely to the English company at the London end. But a considerable portion of his journey will have to be made over a Scottish line at the expense of the company owning it, and it is obvious that some adjustment of the takings as between company and company is necessary.

These matters are balanced up to a farthing at this Clearing House, which is really one of the most wonderful places of its kind that could be conceived. Into it are regularly poured the raw accounts, tons and hundreds of tons of them, of all the railway companies with which we are familiar. As they are, in their crude state, the companies can make neither head nor tail of the moneys which are due to them, but when the accounts emerge from the refining processes of the Clearing House there are all the respective dues reckoned to the smallest fraction.

It may in some measure be indicated what a vast business it is which is conducted at this great headquarters of the national railway system by pointing out that it gives employment to something approaching 3,000 persons, and that the annual amount of money that

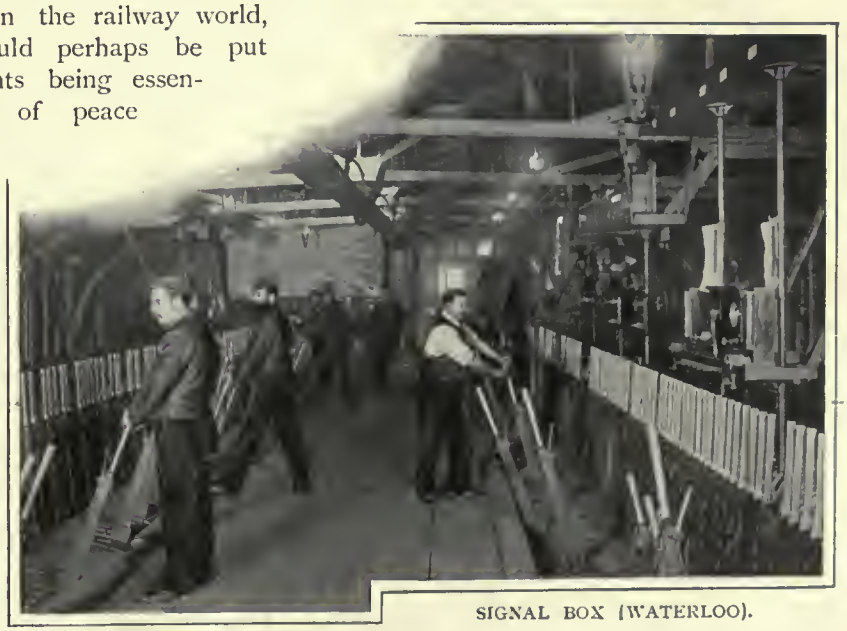
goes there to be cleared is about £26,000,000, whilst the number of settlements made every year of one sort and another in which two or more companies are concerned comes to 20,000,000. Perhaps from the point of view of public concern one of the most interesting facts is that in the section which is devoted to lost or missing luggage over 40,000 cases are dealt with annually, and such a fair proportion are dealt with successfully that the department is the means of restoring many thousands of pounds' worth of goods to their sorrowing owners in the course of every twelve months.

As in all other great industrial enterprises there are two great interests which stand out above all the rest, leaving the public in this consideration on one side. The interests are, of course, those of capital and labour, and we have seen in the case already cited what a heavy portion of Railway London is contributed by the former. But the tale may be carried further than this, for there are many scenes of constant occurrence in London which on examination only confirm the claim of the Metropolis to the title we have already awarded to it.

You should come in the closing days of January to a house of great reputation in the City as a financial meeting place—namely, the Cannon Street Hotel—and here you would see in one long but quick series meeting after meeting of the people who supply the sinews of war in the railway world, or rather, as it should perhaps be put — railway achievements being essentially the victories of peace — the people who pay for the coal and steam and the maintenance of the permanent way amongst a thousand other things. They come from all over the country and from abroad to these meetings, which are invariably held in the great hall at this City hotel, and by common custom in the last few days of the first month of the year. Sometimes three or four of these annual gatherings have been held there in a single day, and as many as a dozen or more in the course of a week. This is railway week in a very large and important sense.

Still harping on the capital interest, you should come away northwards and westwards along the great Euston Road, where are so many big London headquarters of companies, and there you might, if you were a privileged person, see a smaller meeting in a directors' room, but one which would be not a whit the less important for being small and very quiet in comparison with the perhaps demonstrative gathering which was attended in the City. At Marylebone one may see a board of directors anxiously discussing the working of the Great Central system, and at Euston, in a hall which is reached by a staircase from that other hall where the multitude of passengers assemble and prepare for their journeys, there comes to sit from time to time a handful of men, presided over by a noble lord, who rule the affairs of one of the greatest and most important railway companies in the world.

In the rooms in the corridors around them are hundreds of the highest and most skilful railway officials in the kingdom. Here is one gentleman with a large staff gathered about



SIGNAL BOX (WATERLOO).

him who is devoting his sole attention now and always to the planning of railway excursions and the making of all arrangements for them when planned. The little Thursday trip which is announced from a hamlet in the North to the market town a few miles away may be only a small thing, but it has been decided upon and carried out practically from

OUTSIDE CANNON STREET STATION.

this office, and hundreds and thousands of its kind have also been put through in the same way in a year. In another apartment are engineers pondering big new schemes for the perfection of locomotion, whilst elsewhere may be found a traffic manager who has in the hollow of his hand, as one might put it, the traffic of the system.

But to return to the directors' meeting: private, unobserved as it is, secret practically as far as the general public are concerned, those who are well acquainted with the business of such gatherings know that sometimes it is more momentous to the public convenience than many a humdrum sitting of Parliament. Whilst the unconscious passengers have been hurrying and scurrying about the platforms, and making all manner of grumbles at the most petty inconveniences, there has been upon occasion a little knot of workmen, idle and in their best clothes, assembled there watching and silently soliloquising that there might be more to grumble at a little later on. If the captious passenger but knew the business of those men he might feel uneasy — feel very disturbed indeed at the bare thought of the possibility of no trains at all! Such a possibility is in the workmen's minds as one by one they go up the great staircase, and give evidence before the board of directors. There has been some difference of opinion on a great question, and a general strike is threatened. But all of them are wise men, with a keen regard for the general welfare, and the worst is averted.

From such a disquieting consideration as this the transition is easy to a brief inspection of another great feature of Railway London, this time on the labour side of the division. Not far away from where we have just been is the headquarters of the railway servants of the kingdom, the Amalgamated Society as it calls itself, and which is one of the most powerful trade unions in the world. Here, in some roomy offices in a street running off Gray's Inn Road, a staff of clerks is at work looking after the protection of the best interests of over 60,000 men in all parts of the country; and, if one is not already convinced of the importance of such an organisation, a glimpse into an inner chamber will do what is necessary, for here is a member of Parliament, one of the railway workers

themselves—a guard he was—elected by themselves in their strength and for their special purposes. He sits here as the secretary of this mammoth society, but later in the day if you went to Westminster you might hear him raising his protest in Parliament against some infringement of workmen's rights, or lending his voice in aid of a bill that closely concerns the welfare of the masses in one respect or another.

While the M.P. is thus speaking in the councils of the great, the men who are his employers are in a thousand different classes of railway work busy in and around London during every minute of the twenty-four hours day. Through the watches of the night, when perhaps three-fourths of Railway London is asleep, there is a wide belt of lights in green and red and white, stretching from within a mile or two of the centre of the Metropolis to the farthest suburb. Ever and anon they twinkle and change their colours, a whistle is dimly heard, and another night train comes creeping along. There is also heard what in the distance sounds like a not unmusical rattle at short intervals, and a shrill call of "Right!" The shunters are at work, for life is too short, and time in Railway London much too valuable, for such labours as this to be suspended when the daylight fades away, dangerous as the occupation may be. Those bigger patches of light come from the signal boxes, where the London signalman has always the safety of thousands of lives in his keeping. There in his box, with the company only of the telegraph and his fifty levers or more, he keeps his onerous vigil. There is a tick, tick, tick upon his instrument, and if at that moment one could take a bird's-eye view there would be seen to be darting from the front of some big dark thing, crawling in from the North, a great cloud of steam lit up by furnace fires and shooting sparks from underneath. This is a night mail. With a shake and a click, nothing more, it picks its own way through a maze of a hundred railway tracks at a great point crossing—the signalman has done his duty—and runs triumphantly into the station.

IN THE RAILWAY CLEARING HOUSE.

When the passengers have all gone, and their luggage too, engine and carriages go off to their brief rest, to be housed and cleaned in their own wards, with a multitude of others.

But it is obvious, without the telling, that

I. TICKET COLLECTOR. II. PORTER. III. CLOAK ROOM (LIVERPOOL STREET).
IV. BOOKING OFFICE (VICTORIA). V. FOG-SIGNALMAN.

the day is the busy time for Railway London in its every aspect. At such big centres of bustle and roar as Cannon Street Station and Clapham Junction the eye sees beyond the platforms nothing but a network of rails. Here signalmen, pointsmen, engine-drivers, all must be ever on the alert, for one little slip might cost dozens of lives. And when the fog fiend asserts himself then must be called in the fog-signalmen, who with flag and powder blast do so much in their own particular way to ensure the traveller's safety. Next, if you were to peep into one of the large booking offices in the middle of the morning you would not only see one of the busiest sights imaginable, but would also witness the spectacle of a human being doing an apparently impossible feat, and doing it automatically; that is to say, there is a booking clerk with row upon row of tickets, and a hundred or more different sorts in a row, and yet, when the passenger shows his face through the wirework and demands a "first single" for some unheard-of place, the clerk need do no searching, but, as by long experience, puts out his arm without looking where it goes and produces the very ticket that is asked for.

In the cloak room is another busy scene, and the attendants there spend anxious lives. What with fussy old ladies and deaf old gentlemen who have lost their vouchers, and the nervous young man from the country who is in a quandary because he really wants to store his luggage at the station but has not got it yet, the life of the cloak room man is worth living, maybe, but only in an optimistic view of things. The bookstalls and the refreshment rooms are doing a great and highly profitable business in catering for the needs of the departing passenger, who, experience has proved, is rarely loth to spend a little more money than is his wont. From the station-master down to the porter and the platelayer, all, as far as is visible, is activity; and behind the scenes again there are men of the lower staffs making clean and repairing everything in use upon a railway, from a locomotive temporarily disabled to a lamp which, with hundreds of its kidney, comes in for its daily clean and supply of oil.

In other parts of Railway London there are scenes none the less busy, and certainly none the less important, though no people in fine clothes are visible, and there are no booking offices or waiting rooms. All the different systems have their goods depôts, into which is poured daily the biggest share of the manufactures of London, and from which are taken in exchange, as it were, boxes and bales and hundreds of tons of everything that will serve to keep the heart of London beating. A great population in itself is employed at these goods stations, and one might here remark that the railway servant is disposed to be a trifle clannish, and to associate for preference in his off

PLATELAYERS.

moments with those of his own employment. He has feeding places of his own for use during working hours, and he has established something in the nature of railwaymen's colonies in different parts of suburban London, convenient more or less to the particular system upon which he is employed.

Thus north, south, east, and west is Railway London up and doing with the best, and it is a whole world in itself; but you, the passenger or the sender of goods, give no heed to it beyond the satisfying of your own needs. You go to the tourist agent's, perhaps, for a ticket that will take you right across Europe, or you pass over to the carrier a parcel that contains one of the most precious objects in your possession, and think no more of the railway business. And, for its part, Railway London, hating interference, does not mind that.

ARCHWAY UNDER THE BLOODY TOWER: ON SENTRY DUTY.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

By HENRY THOMPSON.

YEOMAN WARDER.

THE heavy darkness that precedes the dawn lies over the famous "fortress, palace and prison." In this darkness the ponderous towers, bastions, and walls, spreading over a surface of eighteen acres, rise up in a still blacker and mighty mass. The only visible hints of life are the heavily-coated, busby-crowned sentries, and a glimmer of light from the guard house. A shoot of pale gold springs from the east through the night and caresses the ornate weather vane upon the cupola of the White Tower. It seems but a few minutes later that the ringing bugle call of the reveille finds a myriad echoes in the Inner Ward; and for the battalion of Guards on garrison duty in the Tower of London the day has begun.

Excepting when the exigent demands of war call, it is to a battalion of the Guards always that the honour of protecting the priceless treasures deposited here is allotted; and in addition there are thirty gunners of the Royal Artillery housed in Waterloo Barracks, which back on the north portion. Further defences are supplied by twenty constables and three sergeants of the Metropolitan Police, and forty Yeomen Warders. All these, together with about one hundred women and children, and the commanding officials, make up a total of over a thousand persons within the Tower's massive gates. There is accommodation for but twenty soldiers' and twenty-six Yeomen's wives and families, yet on a wintry morning the sight both within and without the walls is one of homely and domesticated peace amid surroundings which suggest naught but fierce attack and indomitable defence. Like tiny sentries on the Outer Wall are scores of chimney-pots of varying patterns crowned with placid smoke-wreaths, while through the deep-embrasured windows of the semi-circular bastions—whence once in the long ago issued bolt and ball and other missile upon London's vengeful citizens—may be seen between neat and snowy curtains the brightly blazing hearth and a crawling infant or two in a trim and modest home. As a specially honoured guest

you may be invited to cross the Yeoman Chief Warder's threshold and to behold in his private quarters a scene of true domesticity and well-won comfort. In some of the lower embrasures between the wire-netting on the outer edge and the window-panes, tiny birds, robins and others, find a snug shelter, fed by kindly hands. Here, again, a pigeon-cote with its cooing denizens, or a relief of green trailers and creepers, dispels the grim austerity. One sympathises with the fourteen Yeomen compelled to live outside the Tower until a death or a resignation gives them a home within.

But now the sun has climbed into the eastern sky, the non-resident Yeomen have reported themselves for duty, the outer gates have been unbolted and unbarred, and the troops are being inspected on the Parade Ground before their barracks. Meantime, the morn is well advanced, so come in with me as a privileged visitor and see what we can find of interest that is taboo by regulation to the ordinary sightseer. We pass through the unpretentious Stockade Gate, under the imposing Middle Tower archway, and across the wide and dry moat by the stone bridge which has long replaced the oaken draw-bridge.

The sentry with fixed bayonet, the guard-house with its occupants waiting for the alarm that never comes, and the picturesquely uniformed Yeomen Warders under the archway of the Byward Tower are familiar to you, and we find ourselves in the Outer Ward. The Bell Tower before us, with its protruding outlook-box, no longer has an occupant ready on the approach of a foe to toll forth the alarm. Here it was that

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE IN THE CHURCH OF ST. PETER AD VINCULA.

perhaps England's mightiest queen was once imprisoned. Certainly Elizabeth was but a princess at the time and her sister Mary was the gaoler, but nevertheless it is a fact that many of us have forgotten. On past

the window in the Queen's House out of which Guy Fawkes and his fellow-criminals must have looked while being tried and condemned to the block. Here, under St. Thomas's Tower, is the widespread arch of the Traitors' Gate. The well is dry, for the Thames is shut out for ever by a wall of masonry on the embankment. See the heavy iron rings, in the wall of the Bloody Tower opposite, to which the barge hawsers were fastened. The raised portcullis threateningly displays its sharp-shod points, and it is one of the few in England in thorough working order. The huge gates of darkened, time-touched oak are opened wide, each padlocked to its retaining wall. Undo the fastening of the right half which lies against the Wakefield Tower. Pull the gate forward. It is heavy and stubborn, but "all together," and a door in the wall is disclosed. More gaoler's keys, and enter carefully down stone steps into a darkness so thick that it brushes on one's hands and face, but after five minutes or so some of it escapes through the open door, and a large six- or eight-sided dungeon is dimly descried. It is from this wholesale-and-retail dungeon that the Bloody Tower takes its name, for after the Lancastrians vanquished the Yorkists at the Battle of Wakefield the prisoners are stated to have reaped all the despair of defeat in this dark, depressing cellar.

IN THE YEOMAN CHIEF WARDER'S PRIVATE QUARTERS.

Rising on to Tower Green under the old plane and elm trees, the five pet ravens may be seen in ominous proximity to the site of the Block. This was where the keen blade of the masked executioner made history in brief and brutal chapters, and many noble heads rolled within the encircling chains. The ravens, which haunt the locality with dismal croaks, are a private gift to the Tower, and should one die it is replaced by the donor. The unpretentious Church of St. Peter ad Vincula close by is only open to the public at the eleven o'clock Sunday service upon special application. Likewise upon a similar request the marriage of persons living in the parish precincts may be solemnised here. Soldiers of the garrison are married free at its altar. On Good Friday, Easter Sunday, and Christmas Day special official services are held, when the higher officials, together with the Yeomen and soldiers, all in full uniform, attend. The choir is provided by the children of the Tower, accompanied by the organ built in 1676 by Father Schmidt. You kneel here on the bones, or what is left of them, of indeed illustrious dead. Under the high altar lie the Dukes of Somerset and of Northumberland between Queens Anne and Katharine, all of whom were beheaded, while side by side with the Duke of Monmouth, Lady Jane Grey, Lord Guildford Dudley, and the three rebellious Scotch lords of 1745 whose end was violent, rest the remains of high Tower officials who died in natural course. For the Nonconformist garrisons, such as the Scots Guards, many of whom are Presbyterians, the Chapel of St. John in the White Tower, or Keep—the most ancient part of the fortress—is used for religious service. Here William the Conqueror prayed, and it is rightly considered the finest specimen of Norman ecclesiastical architecture we possess. Strange that in this ancient Keep the crypt under the Chapel is lighted with electric incan-

descent lamps to the threshold of Sir Walter Raleigh's prison cell, and that a little further away is the hydraulic lift for raising to the Armoury the weapons brought by barge from Woolwich and run by underground railway from the Thames.

bodyguard and double cages of steel keep off any modern Colonel Blood; and twice yearly the jewels are cleaned with gentle thoroughness under the supervision of the Keeper of the Regalia.

Of the controlling officials of the Tower

THE ROYAL REGALIA.

The extensive and imposing display in the Armoury is well worthy a whole day's inspection. Here may be seen suits of armour worn in all times and by all nations, from that used by the Crusaders and the various kings of England down to the helmet worn by Napoleon III. at the Eglinton Tournament. The rifled arms of the British Army, partisans of the Yeomen of the Guard, cross-bows, flint-locks, Greek helmets, implements of torture, amid a myriad of other interesting exhibits, are arranged in systematic order. Passing to the priceless and magnificent Royal Regalia in the Wakefield Tower, we have come upon the "beauty spot" of our tour, and there stands before us a radiant pinnacle of glittering and begemmed crowns, coronets, sceptres, and other superb regal emblems. A strong

the Constable and Chief Governor does not reside within the walls. The Major of the Tower, who is practically the working Governor, lives with his family in the "King's House"; while the Yeoman Gaoler and the Yeoman Chief Warder have their residences close by. Since the abolition of the Tower Sessions the High Bailiff holds but an honorary position. His one duty is to "beat the boundaries" of the Tower every three years. The really picturesque living attributes of the Tower are the Yeomen of the Guard. Each of these men must have been a sergeant or warrant officer of the Army and of first-class reputation. All round they are a very sturdy, imposing body, who carry with martial dignity their striking and distinctive uniform. Though they receive but a small emolument, in addition to their

military pensions and uniforms provided by the War Department, the honour of the position always ensures a long standing list of applicants. Medals of merit they have bravely won are scattered freely upon their broad breasts; and services as Yeomen Warders of thirty and forty years are not infrequent among them. In the general store of the Main Guard House the Yeomen are at liberty to purchase almost anything they may require. It is in this building that the recreation rooms are situated, and also the school in which the children of the Tower are educated up to 3.30 p.m. daily, when their places are taken by adult scholars. The young pupils have a picnic excursion treat every year to a seaside resort, and at Christmas a festival and a "tree" decked with presents.

Outside, a maid is scattering among the flocks of pigeons on Tower Green their evening meal, in the West Moat the soldiers are playing football, the Ordnance and other stores have ceased work, the Hospital shows a dim light, and the officers' quarters are bright and cheery.

The hours of darkness come and pass rapidly. In dungeon and tower, and on the blood-stained Green, the ghosts of England's former kings and queens and great nobility are waking for their nightly walk. It is close upon eleven o'clock, and at the Main Guard stands the Yeoman Chief Warder bearing "the keys." He is accompanied by a guard specially provided for him. The hour arrives. "Quick march!" and the party approach the Byward Tower, where the guard, turned out, salute. The gates are swung to and locked, and returning, the party emerge from under the Bloody Tower. "Halt! who goes there?" comes the challenge. "The keys." "Whose keys?" "King Edward's keys." "Advance, King Edward's keys." Advancing, they "right-turn" and face the Main Guard House, where stands the Commanding Officer, with the whole guard, and the challenge is repeated. "King Edward's keys" is the reply. The Commanding Officer removes his cap: "May God preserve King Edward the Seventh!" Chorus of all, "A—men."

And the day is done.

LOCKING UP THE GATES.

A COINER AT WORK.

CRIMINAL LONDON.

By ERNEST A. CARR.

THE hidden city of crime is as famous, in its own unpleasant fashion, as its honest counterpart. The cleverest rogues in Christendom are attracted to London by its vastness and fabulous wealth. Every year a horde of "undesirables," foreign as well as British—notably French, American, Swiss, and Russian—invades the capital in quest of plunder. And in Criminal London may be found almost as many social and industrial grades as among its law-abiding inhabitants. Between the "swell mobsman" with a sham foreign decoration, who victimises boarding-house keepers in Hampstead or Bloomsbury by means of bogus cheques, and the brutal "buzzer" (or watch snatcher) of Somers Town, there are many varieties of specialists in crime. Without seeking formally to tabulate all these, we may gain a truer insight into the methods and ways of life of Criminal London by studying some of its typical denizens at their work.

A favourite hunting ground of London thieves is the railway terminus, with its ceaseless bustle and its twin currents of hurrying humanity bent on business or pleasure. Let us begin our inquiry at such a station one evening just before twilight —the best of times for the luggage thief— as an express glides past the signal-boxes, and comes to a standstill beside the platform.

A handsome, well-dressed man of military bearing alights from a first-class compartment, and orders the nearest porter to place his luggage on a hansom cab. "There are two pieces, with my printed labels on— 'Major J. W. Fernie.' And look sharp, for I've another train to catch at the other side of London." There is a crowd gathering beside the luggage van, but the Major pushes impatiently past, and indicates among the piled packages on the platform a Gladstone bag and a black portmanteau, each bearing his label. Next minute he is speeding out of the station with £20 worth of stolen property on the cab. For the printed labels lay ready moistened in his gloved palm when he quitted the train; and this Army man in a hurry is an ex-convict, living handsomely by his appearance and effrontery.

In the waiting-room we may watch a

neatly-attired lady's maid perform a "vanishing box trick" worthy of a professional conjurer. Seeing a package left unguarded for a moment on one of the benches, the woman calmly places right over it her own square hand-bag. Then, picking up the latter with a curious sidelong tilt, she walks coolly off. The parcel has disappeared now, but even if it were instantly missed, who would suspect that it had been swallowed at a gulp by the strong hinged jaws which form the bottom of the maid-servant's hand-bag?

There are certain things in the back attic of this shabby little house in Hoxton which might interest the neighbours, could they manage to peer through its closely-curtained window.

Over the coke fire hangs a melting-pot, an iron ladle is lying before it, and an electric battery stands on the mantelshelf. On the table, beside a shapeless mass of bright metal, are some odd-looking slabs of plaster of Paris; and seated before it is an elderly man in a leather apron at work with his tools. One by one he picks up the glittering white discs that lie before him on a board, nips off from each its long "tail" of metal, and touches up its milled edge at the point of fracture. They look like silver coins—crowns, half-crowns, and florins—but the Royal Mint would repudiate them all. This dingy attic is the workshop of a notorious coiner—a "smasher," in the jargon of crime—well known in the old honest days as the cleverest silversmith in Clerkenwell, but an inveterate criminal now.

A SHOP-LIFTER.

How are his spurious wares foisted on the market? This smartly-dressed couple walking arm-in-arm down Old Street are among his patrons, and will illustrate the methods of the "snide pitcher," or passer of bad money, as they are practised daily in London. Armed with a purseful of good coin of the realm and a single piece of "snide," the woman selects for her field of action those shops which are in charge of lads or elderly women; her partner, as she enters each, takes his stand at a safe distance, prepared to vanish unobtrusively at a hint of trouble. If detected, her assumption of innocence will probably save her from arrest; if successful, she rejoins her companion, takes his arm, and he furtively slips another false coin into her hand. In this way the precious pair contrive to pass some two dozen pieces of counterfeit money in a day.

By way of contrast to these daylight frauds, let us note next the movements of half-a-dozen men who are seated, towards midnight, in the bar of a little low beer-house in Shadwell. As a sailor enters, newly paid off and eager for a carouse on shore, the men crowd about him, and insist on his drinking at their expense. Presently one of their number, swiftly and unobserved, slips into the seaman's tankard some brown powder from a folded paper. Scarcely has he finished the doctored draught ere the sailor grows unaccountably sleepy and stupefied; vaguely protesting, he is led out of the house by his new-found companions, and is hustled down some quiet court or upon one of the river stairs—spots as deserted at this hour as Salisbury Plain. Here he is pinioned, brutally beaten, and robbed by his associates of everything he possesses; for he has fallen

into the hands of a Thames-side "snuffer gang" of terribly evil repute. Should the snuff he has swallowed leave him still capable

FROM THE BACK OF A CAB.

of resistance or of raising an alarm, these ruffians may even fling him headlong into the river—whence his body will be recovered, a day or two later, to furnish yet another tragic mystery of the Thames.

A consummately clever thief is the brilliantly-attired young lady who may be met almost daily in one or other of the West-End main thoroughfares, languidly regarding the shop-keepers' wares. Yesterday afternoon, for instance, she spent in driving in a smart turn-out from one jeweller's shop to another in quest of a half-hoop stone ring. Although she made no purchase anywhere, her taste is really less exigent than might be supposed, for in two instances, at least, she left the shop with a stolen ring snugly hidden away in the palm of her left glove.

To-day, on foot and in a totally different toilette, she enters an Oxford Street boot-maker's with a request for something dainty in the way of Parisian footgear. When the shopman, searching among his stock, turns his back on her for a moment, his fashionable customer snatches up a pair of French kid shoes, and, with a rapid gesture, hangs them unobserved beneath her heavy flounces upon one of the hooks with which her under-skirt is garnished.

A dark turning that runs southward from Euston Road is the scene of an even more impudent robbery. As a four-wheeled cab, its roof laden with luggage, passes down the street, two figures emerge from a doorway, and, with noiseless tread, give chase. One of them clambers upon the back axle of the vehicle, and, stretching out a lean, sinewy arm, with astounding skill and strength

ROBBING A PILLAR BOX.

lifts a bulky package off the roof—almost touching the unconscious driver as he does so. His confederate, paddling along silently beside the cab, grasps the box as it is lowered; and the pair of thieves vanish with their booty as ghost-like as they came.

They enter with all celerity the common lodging-house in which they live, for the advent of a constable at that moment might have awkward results. It is a "thieves' house," such as are numerous in this quarter of London; and their appearance in the kitchen is greeted by its other occupants with a burst of noisy laughter.

The pale, stunted man seated near the door is a pickpocket, whose audacity and delicacy of touch are famed even in light-fingered Criminal London. Beside him sits "Willie the Penman," an Oxford graduate and a begging letter impostor, with a host of *aliases* and nearly as many addresses. "One man in his time plays many parts"—and the Penman more than the average number.

AN OMNIBUS PICKPOCKET.

By turns (on paper) a Victoria Cross hero, an epileptic clerk, a Hindoo propagandist, and so forth, his last and most lucrative disguise is that of Mary Gray—a simple country girl, friendless amid evil surroundings in London, who encloses with her letter a portrait of herself (selected haphazard from a photographer's stock), and earnestly appeals for the loan of her railway fare back to her rural home.

The old man dozing in the chimney corner has done terrible deeds in his day as a garotter. But long years of gaol life have prematurely enfeebled him, and now he lives miserably (when not serving a term in prison) upon such coppers as he can filch from children sent on errands. There are a couple of letter-box thieves in the lodging-house kitchen also—pests of the northern suburbs, whose *modus operandi* is to fish for letters in pillar-boxes by means of a line to which is attached a leaden weight well smeared with bird-lime.

Two lads at the kitchen table, who have never been "on the cross" yet, watch with flushed, excited faces as the luggage thieves overhaul their booty. The boys are homeless and out of work, and the sight of so much valuable property so easily obtained works on them like a moral poison. Already they have half resolved to join the ranks of Criminal London.

A little lame man on the settle near by, who has had to abandon "screwing" (burglary) since a bad fall from a housetop made him a marked man among the police, notices their fascinated gaze, and plays his customary rôle of recruiting sergeant for crime. He explains to the lads that he is agent for a "fly" (dishonest) horsedealer. "We want a couple of smart chaps like you just now," the tempter continues, "to break open a stable in Bermondsey one dark night and fetch out a roan mare we're after. It'll be a couple of sovs. apiece for you, and no risk; what do you say?"

Their answer may be readily guessed. Small wonder that the Metropolitan police declare such houses as this to be the worst of all training-grounds in crime!

An impressive sequel to the cab-theft follows in the small hours next morning. One of the other "lodging-house birds" has betrayed the operators of that robbery to the police meantime, and the men in blue make a sudden raid upon the house while its inmates are asleep. Down the long lines of beds the uniformed figures go, their lanterns flashing on motionless forms and sleeping faces, till they reach the bedside of the two "wanted" men, who awake to find themselves in the grip of the law.

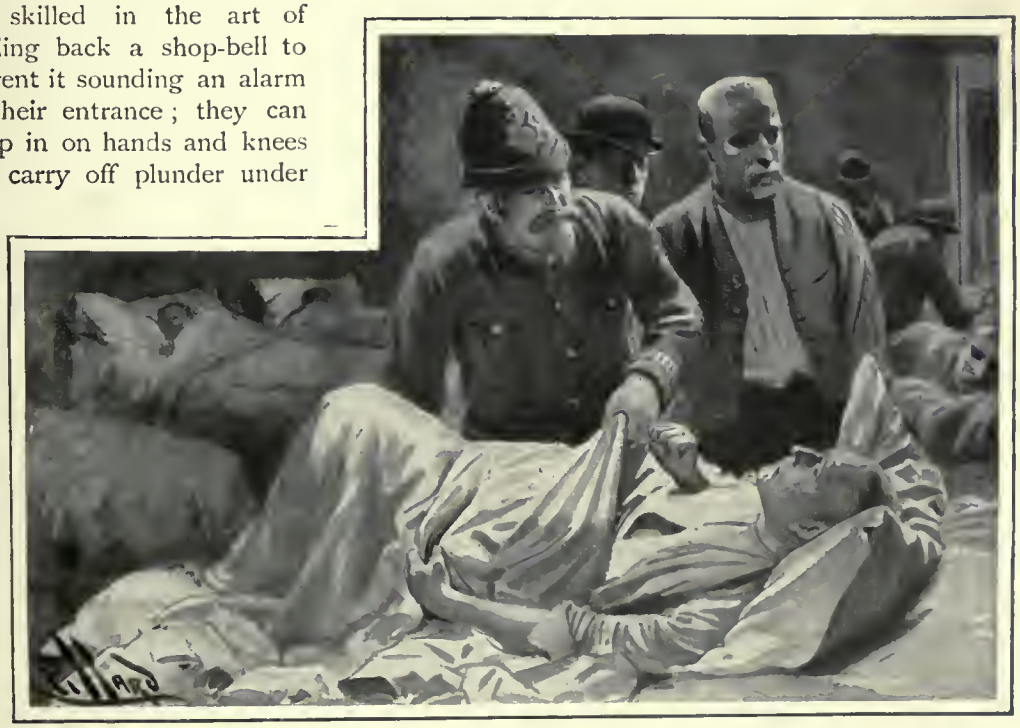
Among typical representatives of Criminal London a place must be found for the

female pickpocket. Respectably attired, she haunts the Metropolitan Railway and the suburban lines, or spends her days on omnibuses and tram-cars in quest of purses and other valuables, less liable to suspicion than are her masculine rivals—and therefore the more dangerous. Beneath the voluminous folds of her cape or cloak she is able to pursue unobserved investigations into the contents of her neighbours' pockets. The perverted ingenuity of a notorious London thief of this class actually led her to invent the audacious artifice of a pair of dummy arms! Suspended from inside her mantle, and lying placidly in her lap with their waxen hands clasped together, or perhaps inside a muff, these adventitious limbs were well calculated to allay the suspicions of even the least confiding of fellow-passengers.

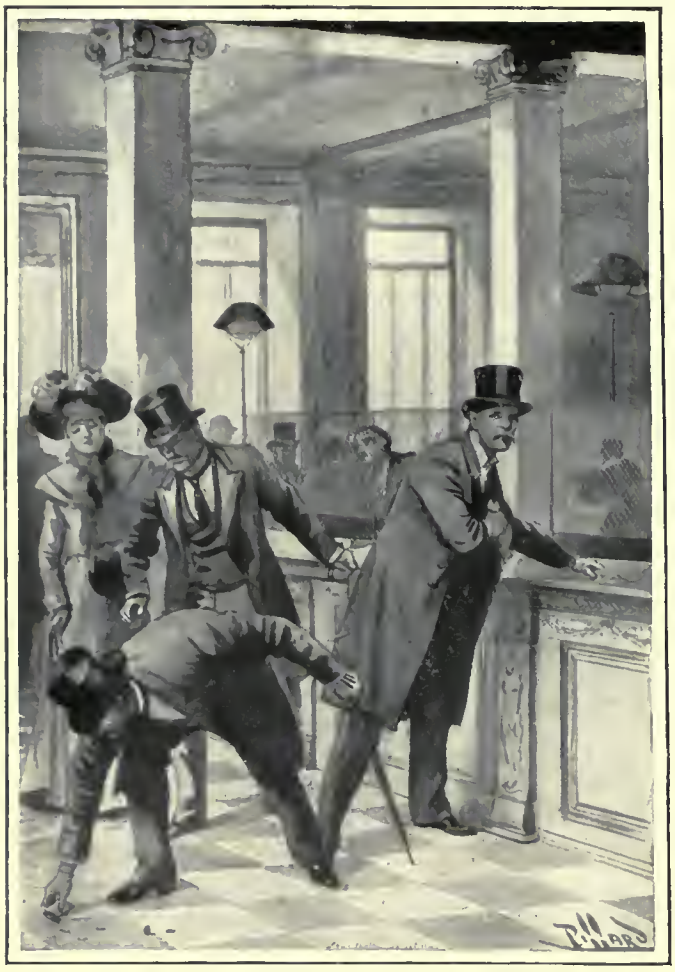
Unhappily, citizenship of the London of crime is by no means confined to the adult population. There are boys of ten or twelve running wild in London's streets, sleeping in out-houses and unfinished buildings or on waste land, who subsist entirely by pilfering. Shops, stalls, railway vans, coal wharfs, pigeon-lofts, and fowl-runs—these young Ishmaelites of the London desert levy their tax upon all in turn. They are skilled in the art of holding back a shop-bell to prevent it sounding an alarm at their entrance; they can creep in on hands and knees and carry off plunder under the very nose of the shopkeeper; and the more adventurous spirits among them are fully equal to committing a burglary or stealing a horse and cart. Indeed, the writer recalls the latter feat being openly performed in the Islington Cattle Market by a stolid offender of the mature age of nine!

Dishonest as these young "gutter-snipes" are, however, they can scarcely be seriously classed as criminals, though they are in imminent danger of becoming so. We may, therefore, resume our study of more responsible law-breakers of the professional class.

There is the advertisement swindler, for instance, of doubtful name and constantly changing address, luxuriating for the nonce in a high-class private hotel near Piccadilly at the expense of simple country folk whom his mendacious offers in the provincial press have snared. He has property of all kinds to dispose of at startlingly low prices; he has situations vacant, profitable partnerships, and lucrative investments galore. The letter-box of his little fourth-floor office in the City is choked every morning with the answers and postal orders of guileless readers, whom, having plundered, he henceforth ignores.



WANTED!



A BANK THIEF AT WORK.

No less brazen is the feminine impostor—a hardy annual that we may see in bloom every London season. As often as not she hails from Italy or Austria, with an intimate knowledge of Continental prisons; or she may be a lady's maid from the shires with a gift for the manners of "smart" society. In any case she appears boldly in the whirl of Vanity Fair—masquerading under a title, borrowing from impressionable acquaintances, selling and pawning the valuables supplied to her on credit by West-End tradesmen, relying solely for success on her own audacity, resource, and steel nerves. One such adventuress, within six weeks of her leaving a London workhouse, blossomed forth into the Honorable Mrs. K——, of Portman Square, W., and Castle Russetin, Perth, with quite a train of aristocratic friends and admirers of either sex.

A criminal of wholly dissimilar type is this pale, shabbily-dressed man, rarely quitting his cheap lodgings in a quiet quarter on the south bank of the Thames. Could we watch him at work behind the locked door of his room, we should see him busily engaged upon a pile of rustling, rough-edged slips of paper. Each of these he fixes in turn upon a metal slab across which certain ridges run; then, with a pad of fine emery cloth he rubs it ever so delicately, until the thickness of the paper is slightly lessened wherever it rests upon the prominences of the plate. The fellow belongs to a gang of expert forgers, and is employed in imitating the water-mark for spurious Bank of England notes.

A busy City bank is the scene of a singularly impudent *coup*. A well-dressed couple enter separately, when business is in full swing, and take their stand at the counter. One of the cashiers is in the act of paying out an amount in notes and gold to a customer, when the woman who has just entered contrives, in opening her purse, to drop it upon the floor. Gold, silver, and bronze, its contents, roll jingling in every direction. Everyone glances round, there is a moment's confusion: and, when it has ended, the woman's confederate has disappeared—and with him the customer's notes and gold.

Other features of Criminal London claim our notice. Foremost among them are the burglars—professionals of a peculiarly skilful, daring, and dangerous type, many of whom go well armed, and will fight desperately to resist capture. The more notorious gangs, who employ paid agents to discover rich "cribs" for them, are equipped with the finest tools and appliances, and extend their depredations far beyond the capital itself.

Then there are the dog-thieves, the hotel-robbers, the "Long Firm" impostors, victimising tradesmen by means of mutual false references; and the till thieves, who angle across shop counters for golden coins with

a stick dipped in treacle. The professional card-sharper, too, who preys upon gilded youths in West-End gambling hells, deserves mention, with the "confidence trick" rogue, the humble "area sneak," and a host beside.

We must content ourselves, however, with witnessing one more typical scene in every-day Criminal London. It is a dark little room behind a flourishing jeweller's shop in Whitechapel, and access is gained to it only by rapping in a curious fashion upon a shuttered door at the rear of the premises and opening upon a narrow court. The jeweller himself is present—a gross, swarthy, cunning Jew, a reputable tradesman to the outer world, but well known in criminal circles as a "fence," or purchaser of stolen property, and, moreover, as one whose prices to thieves are wretchedly small. His companions in the room are a couple of rough-looking customers, who stand waiting in anxious silence while he examines their wares—two or three gold watches, a chain, and some trinkets — the proceeds of a burglary for which they are responsible.

The Hebrew frowns and shakes his head, then says peremptorily, "Two pounds seven." The others, knowing that the "swag" for which they have risked penal servitude is worth at least six times that sum, protest and swear mightily: but he is obdurate, and ultimately they accept his terms. Indeed, seeing how largely they are in his power, it would scarcely be safe to refuse.

Some day, however, a vengeful customer of this class, defrauded of his unjust dues, will "blow the gaff" to the police; and the outside world will be rid, for five years or so, of a double-dyed scoundrel on whom the prison doors are fast locked. For, soon or late, by one road or another, the felon's dock is the goal to which all Criminal London is faring.

DISPOSING OF THE "SWAG."

STREET ACCIDENT (CHEAPSIDE).

LONDON'S FREE SIGHTS.

By GEORGE R. SIMS.

YOU can always take your walk abroad in London and see plenty of amusement without putting your hand in your pocket to pay for it. The amusement that I have in my mind is derived from the free sights of the great thoroughfares, the sights that invariably collect a crowd and for which "there is no charge," nor any voluntary contribution expected.

The most attractive free sight is a horse down on the wood or asphalt. Immediately everyone stops for a moment and takes note of the incident. If the horse rises again quickly the pedestrian traffic "resumes itself" at once; but if—as is too frequently the case—the unfortunate animal is unable to regain its feet while hampered with its harness, then a certain number of his Majesty's lieges take up a position along the kerb with the intention of seeing the thing through.

Some of the more eager sightseers make for the roadway and crowd round the centre of interest. If it is a 'bus horse down the crowd is always bigger than when it is a cab horse, because the process of raising the animal will be longer and more involved. Much advice is tendered to the driver and conductor on these interesting occasions. But a crowd enjoying a free sight is always most eloquent when the trouble is with a jibbing horse. The horse that won't go and must be made to go is a never-failing draw. When, after a quarter of an hour of more or less gentle persuasion, the animal at last consents to move on there is generally a big cheer given which is not without a certain note of irony.

It is an entirely sympathetic crowd that gathers round an accident. In the old days there was always danger of unskilled attention; but now that the police and so many of the public have learned to administer "first aid to the injured," this danger is reduced to a minimum.

The *flaneurs* of the London streets, the habitual idlers, form only a small proportion of those who make it a rule to linger around free sights. The merchant on business bent, the lady with half a dozen shops to call at in a limited period, the errand boy,

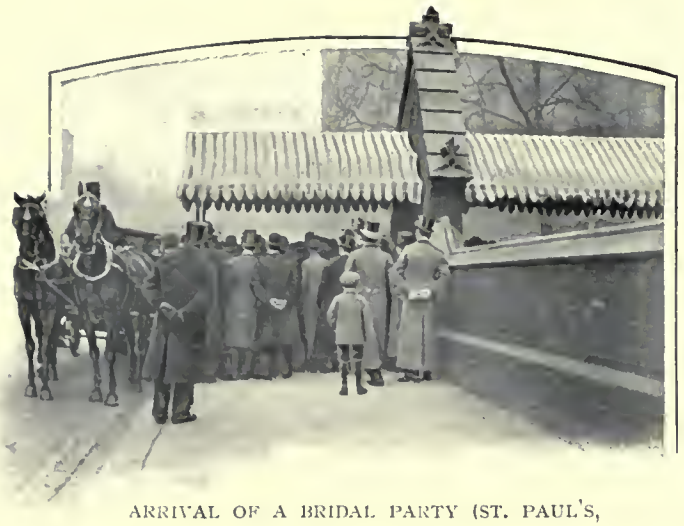
the tradesman's boy with his goods to deliver, the clerk, the solicitor, the young musician on her way to the school or the professor, the commercial traveller, and even the postman with his empty bag on his shoulder, are continually to be found mixed up with the "unemployed" ladies and gentlemen who stop in the streets of London to see one of the capital's gratis spectacles.

The sight of an awning stretching from a front door to the edge of a kerb always causes a certain number of people to linger sympathetically on either side of it and to glance eagerly at the house.

The passing of the bride and bridegroom from the house of the reception to the brougham that is to bear them to the station is a favourite free sight with all classes; so is the arrival of the bridal company at a fashionable church. This crowd is largely feminine, but small boys are always conspicuous among the millinery. If the ceremony is in the afternoon and the weather is cold, you will observe elderly ladies of unimpeachable reputation stamping their feet on the pavement to keep them warm. The favourite diversion of an expectant crowd at the church gates is to criticise the dresses of the arriving guests. The small boys take no notice of this portion of the "show." All their enthusiasm is reserved for the bride. No one recognises the bridegroom, or can even point him out. He is supposed to arrive early and enter at a side door. When the wedding is a "great" one, and takes place in Westminster Abbey, of course, the crowd—as shown in our photographic reproduction—is an enormous one.

The Englishman has a passion for funerals which is peculiar to his race. There is always a little crowd round a house of mourning to see the coffin carried out, the flowers arranged upon the hearse, and the mourners assisted into the carriages. There is respectful silence in the crowd, but little emotion or sympathy. The butcher's boy with his tray of meat upon his shoulder ceases to whistle as he pushes his way to a good front place, the more decent male portion of the throng raise

OUTSIDE WESTMINSTER ABBEY: WAITING TO SEE THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.



ARRIVAL OF A BRIDAL PARTY (ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE).

their hats as the coffin passes; but one generally looks in vain for any "awe" of death in the expression of the loiterers. You never see a crowd of this sort without noticing in it a number of old and infirm women of the poorest sort, on whom one would think the spectacle would have a depressing effect. But they take the bringing out of the coffin as a "sight," and when the last carriage has driven off go on their way, perhaps gossiping garrulously with a neighbour of the petty concerns of their daily life.

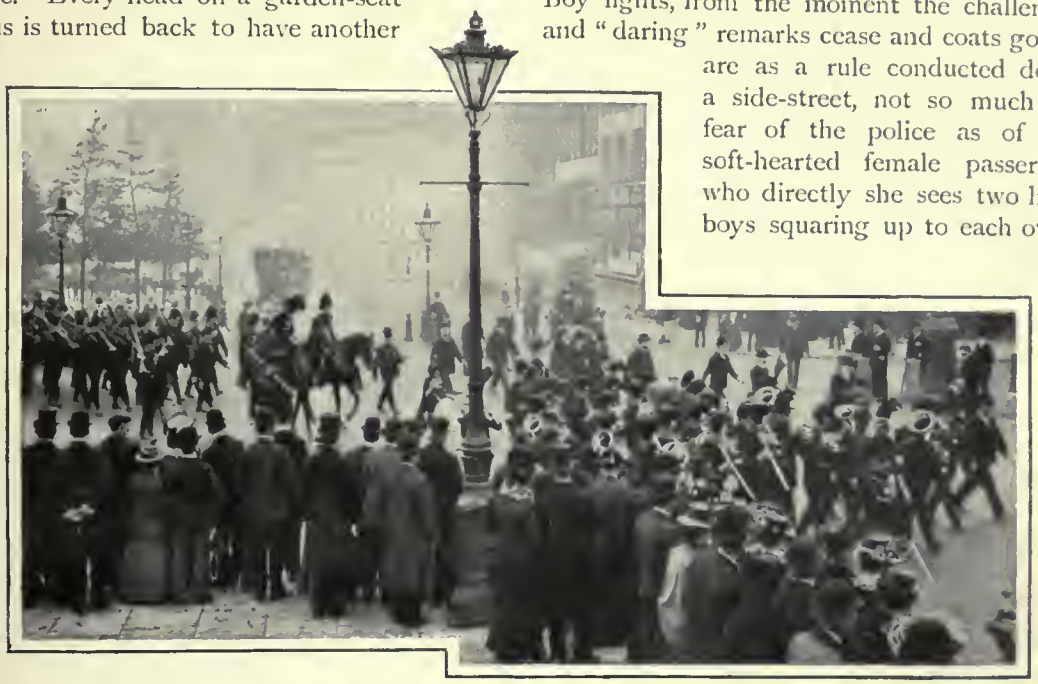
In a poor locality the arrival of the hearse and mourning-coach brings the immediate neighbourhood into the street. Directly the horses with their nodding plumes are sighted the children playing in the roadway shout the news to each other. Many kind-hearted little sisters rush home to fetch their baby brothers, that they too may enjoy the spectacle. Unkempt women appear suddenly at doorways with a good view. Their arms are folded and their aprons wrapped around them. Windows are flung up and heads obtruded from second and third floors. The "appurtenances" of the *cortège* — I believe that is the correct word—are closely scrutinised. The experts of the locality can tell you the cost to a farthing. Most of them know the tariff. If the funeral is on a parsimonious or cheeseparing scale the neighbours are not slow to say so.

A free sight of London which attracts a more general crowd is the passing of a big safe from the special waggon on which it has been brought to the tradesman's or merchant's door into the tradesman's shop or merchant's office. The process of transfer is a long and interesting one, even when the safe has only to travel into the ground floor. The letting down of the safe from the van takes time, and attracts a small crowd. But when on the ground the preparations become absorbing. Metal rails and wooden platforms are temporarily constructed across the pavement. Strong men with their coats off and their sleeves rolled up proceed to jerk the safe forward with levers and crowbars at the rate of an inch in every five minutes. The crowd is doubled and trebled by this time. Everybody takes the most intense interest in the proceedings. Some people see the safe half-way on its journey and then go about their own business. Others remain until the safe is well inside the walls of its new home and the outer door is closed.

When the safe has to be hoisted to a second or third floor the

BORNE TO THE HEARSE.

attracted crowd gathers mainly on the opposite side of the street. The second-floor window is probably taken out, and in the space stands the foreman of the safe firm and an assistant. The foreman continually shouts his instructions to the men who are engaged in working the pulley below. The great safe hangs in mid-air. A policeman notifies the foot-passengers to go out in the roadway. Even the people in the passing vehicles are interested in the hoisting of a safe. Every head on a garden-seat 'bus is turned back to have another look. Occasionally a driver is so absorbed in the spectacle that he puts his pole into the back of the vehicle in front of him. The hoisting of a safe is a thrilling free spectacle which no Londoner passes with unconcern.



VOLUNTEERS ON THE WAY TO AN INSPECTION IN HYDE PARK.

One of the most picturesque free sights of London is a burst water-main. Suddenly in a busy street a great water-spout ascends to the height of many feet. Crowds do not exactly gather about it, for the spray is far-reaching when the wind blows. But right up the street and down the street the people stand and watch the novel "fountain" effect. When the water does not ascend above two or three feet there are always adventurous little boys to be found who will run out through the gathering river and put a daring foot on the ascending stream. The effect is to send a volume of water squirting in another direction. The small boy is drenched to the skin. Half the bystanders are sprinkled. But everybody laughs. It is a comic interlude in the more serious portion of life's programme.

A street fight in London is generally between boys. Navvies and roughs do not in the twentieth century settle their differences in the old-fashioned way before an admiring crowd. Boy fights, from the moment the challenges and "daring" remarks cease and coats go off, are as a rule conducted down a side-street, not so much for fear of the police as of the soft-hearted female passer-by, who directly she sees two little boys squaring up to each other has visions of terrible slaughter, and so rushes off to find a representative of the law. As a rule the boy fights of London are harmless. A good deal more is said than done, but the crowd is always enthusiastic, and the combatants, if fairly matched, are encouraged by applause. The crowd that gathers round a street fight may generally be trusted to see fair play, and it is usually on the side of the smaller boy. The appearance of a policeman causes both combatants to pick up their coats and run.

Everything pertaining to a red coat is dear to the Londoner's heart, and so among its most highly patronised free sights are the military exhibitions which occasionally take place in the public thoroughfares. The marching of a regiment with its band at its head draws the

HOISTING A SAFE.

bishop to his club window as it brings the kitchenmaid up the area steps.

The changes of the Guard at the Royal Palaces and other places is a sure draw, and the mounted troopers on duty outside the Horse Guards have always a little body of worshippers, who gaze at them in silent admiration.

The Volunteers give Londoners many enjoyable spectacles, principally on Saturday afternoons and evenings. When they go through military evolutions in Hyde Park they are the centre of attraction for numerous youths and maidens, and the night march through the streets with band, lamps, and cyclist corps is a joy to all beholders.

The goings and comings of Royalty are frequent to-day, but are never failing attractions. When the King and Queen are known to be leaving Buckingham Palace for the railway station the crowd gathers in the neighbourhood for hours before the appointed time of departure. The Royal couple invariably acknowledge the salutations of their subjects; so there are thousands of these watchers for Royalty who go back to their homes, it may be in distant provincial towns, and assure their friends that the King or the Queen bowed to *them*.

Foreign potentates arriving at a railway station draw a crowd, but never evoke the enthusiasm which greets our own Royal family.

The most enthusiastic appreciation of a free sight at a railway station and its immediate neighbourhood is shown when a victorious commander returns from the seat of war. Railway receptions of Eastern potentates are not counted as special free sights at which it is worth much trouble to assist. But when Oriental Princes take up their quarters at the west there is always a crowd about the gateways waiting to see an Arabian Nights "personage" for nothing.

London pageants and processions as free sights (to some, but very expensive to others) are referred to elsewhere in "Living London," and so cannot be introduced here; but there are many "passings" which attract large crowds of free sightseers to the line of route. Among them are police funerals, and actors' funerals, the drive of foreign potentates or military men from the west to the Guildhall to receive the Freedom of the City of London, advertised demonstrations of strikers, carnival cavalcades, and bonfire processions.

The trial of "great" cases at the Old Bailey and the earlier proceedings in sensational charges at the police courts always bring a big outside crowd desirous to see the

IN THE PAINTERS' CRADLE.

arrival or the departure of the prisoners. Much interest is also taken by the passers-by in the hoisting of the cradle in which a painter is at work on the side of a house. When the cradle is at the third storey with the painter in it, and in its ascent it tilts to a dangerous angle the crowd is occasionally thrilled as well as interested. Possibly the painter shares the feelings of the spectators.

A great fire is a free sight which generally occurs in the night time; but a fire even at dead of night will attract gigantic crowds. When the news of it is spread by some mysterious means the streets are quickly filled with hurrying pedestrians anxious not to miss the spectacle. You will meet men and women at two and three in the morning running along and dressing as they go. All are hastening in one direction, that in which the sky is red with the reflection of the leaping flames.

Even the modest "chimney on fire" will cause a little mob. When, anticipating the arrival of the firemen, a man appears on the roof and begins to empty buckets of water down the tube of flame, he is greeted with humorous salutations, and his efforts are encouraged with much playful recommendation not to singe his whiskers.

But when there is real danger, when there are lives in peril in the burning building, then a London crowd is at its best. It is silent and anxious, and every beat of its great heart is in sympathy with the men who are striving to save a human life—perhaps a mother and her child. From the final scene of such a tragedy many a Londoner turns away. The strain on the emotions is too great.

These are but some of the free sights which are continually happening within the area of the Londoner's daily observation. There are a hundred others which the man who walks about with his eyes open has probably long ago discovered for himself. The pet bird that escapes from its gilded cage, and amid its fair mistress's lamentations wings its flight to the third-floor window-sill of the opposite house, has frequently beguiled the leisure of an idle crowd for the major portion of a summer afternoon.

Occasionally imaginative astronomers provide Londoners with showers of stars, Leonids and comets. Then thousands of eyes look up to the dark heavens in search of Nature's free firework display. These celestial spectacles do not always come off at the advertised hour of performance. Eclipses are also among the popular free sights of the Metropolis.

But the Londoner does not need to gaze up into the skies for his free sights. There is always a never-ending supply in the streets of his native city.

A STREET FIGHT.

AFFLICTED LONDON.

By R. AUSTIN FREEMAN.

ONE-ARMED.

IN the multitude of men of every sort and condition of whom the vast population of London is made up there are certain individuals who stand apart from the rest as holding their lives upon a tenure somewhat different from that of their fellows.

Of the majority of men it may be truly said that their position and the conditions of their life are determined —at any rate proximately— by the accidents of their surroundings, and members of the most diverse social groups are to a great extent, in respect of their positions, mutually interchangeable.

The tramp who shivers at the workhouse door is a possible millionaire; a turn of the wheel of fortune may make him one to-morrow, while the plutocrat who tosses him a copper from the carriage window may, through some financial catastrophe, be seated before long upon the box of a four-wheeled cab. There are labourers in the London Docks who have kept their racing stables, and there are others who, by a stroke of the pen of a wealthy testator, have passed in a moment from abject poverty to affluence, have stepped at a single stride from the "doss"-house to the mansion.

But the position of the people whom we are now considering is subject to no such radical changes. To the vicissitudes of life, especially to poverty and suffering, they are indeed amenable, but by no stroke of fortune, no matter how stupendous, by no act of beneficence, no matter how munificent, can "the eyes of the blind be opened, and the ear of the deaf unstopped." The halt, the lame, and the blind can hope for no chance to change their condition. To each of them one or more of the gates of the earthly Paradise have been closed by the hand of inexorable Fate, firmly and finally so that no man may open it.

How numerous are the persons thus afflicted any moderately observant stranger may realise in the course of a single walk through the streets. As he passes a corner, he may notice a little wheeled chair drawn up by the kerb, the watery-eyed, blue-nosed occupant of which divides his attention between a flapping newspaper and the tray of matches that lies on his lap. A little farther on a one-legged shoe-black may be seen steadying himself with his crutch while he bestows a little professional attention upon his solitary boot; while yet a little farther a rhythmical tapping upon the pavement with periodical accompaniments in a doleful monotone announces the approach of a blind man.

In one way or another, as hawkers of matches, as vendors of newspapers, as street musicians, or dancers, or as beggars pure and simple, a large but decreasing proportion of the afflicted poor seek a precarious livelihood in various districts by an appeal to the sympathy of the passer by.

Turning now from the streets, with their spectacles of thinly disguised or undisguised mendicancy, to the institutions for the relief and care of the afflicted poor, we may examine one of those in which the blind receive instruction and employment. On an upper floor of the well-known factory in Tottenham Court Road (in which about a hundred blind persons are employed) we may see a party of workers busily engaged in the manufacture of baskets, an industry in which the blind are peculiarly successful.

The work-room is a large square apartment, littered with various baskets of the larger kind, some of them just finished, others specimens sent as patterns to be copied. The busy workmen are seated on

AT A DEAF AND DUMB SERVICE (CHURCH OF ST. SAVIOUR): SINGING A HYMN.

sloping boards placed round the walls, each with his work before him, and the pattern he is copying by his side, and each working away according to his skill. A sturdy-looking fellow in a dark corner—but light and dark are alike to him—is making a tall clothes-basket, and as his hands fly round the upright willows with a speed that the eye can scarcely follow we find it difficult to realise his infirmity. Not so in the case of a sulky-looking pupil who bungles hopelessly and complains loudly of his tools, or in that of the elderly man who is making a duplicate of a linen basket, for although he works adroitly enough we notice that he reads off the measurements on his three-foot rule by passing his finger over the little studs by which the divisions are marked.

Basket-making may be considered the most satisfactory of the trades practised by the blind, and there are here several rooms devoted to it, one of which is occupied by women, who are, however, much less successful than the men. In the chair-caning department also women are employed, but the female worker is most in evidence in that part of the factory devoted to the manufacture of hair and nail brushes. The whole length of the room is traversed by long tables divided by upright partitions into compartments each of which is allotted to one of the women, and contains the necessary implements and materials, and here, as in the previous room, we are surprised at the rapidity and ease with which the work is done, and no doubt rather over-estimate the skill of the blind artisan. In rooms on the upper floors we may see men engaged in the various branches of brush and broom manufacture, and making sash-lines. In the carpenters' shop a blind carpenter is planing a set of shelves for the store-room, while in another room the blind foreman is casting up accounts and making arithmetical calculations by means of a metal plate perforated with small holes, into which large-headed pins can be stuck. Then we descend into the basement where, as the light is failing out of doors, it is nearly dark. Here, as we grope our way along, we make out in the gloom a kind of scaffolding, in the interior of which a human form appears dim and spectral. It is a blind weaver seated at his loom making doormats. As we strain our eyes in an endeavour to see what he is doing the reality of his affliction is strongly brought home to us. But a still more striking demonstration is presently given to us. Through the open doorway of an unlighted room come sounds of hammering and the whirr of machinery, and we peer into the black darkness in a vain effort to discover the source of the sounds. Suddenly the manager switches on the electric light, and we then perceive with astonishment a row of elderly men seated at blocks chopping firewood, and on the opposite side of the room a pair of stalwart fellows turning a crank that drives a circular saw with which another man is cutting the wood into shapes suitable for the choppers.

BLIND AND CRIPPLED.

The men do not seem to be aware of our entry or of the sudden transition from darkness to light, and when on our departure the light is extinguished the

work, as judged by the sound, goes on without a pause.

Before leaving the building we may look in at the circulating library, where a collection of volumes printed in various characters —raised Roman letters, "Moon" type, and the more modern "Braille" or dot character —are kept in the custody of a blind librarian; and we may conclude our tour of inspection by examining and admiring the large stock of excellent productions turned out by the factory.

shipper on his arrival; no "pealing anthem swells the note of praise."

As eleven o'clock approaches the congregation makes its appearance in the form of solitary individuals and small parties, and the several members at once commence an interchange of greetings and gossip which make up in animation what is lacking in sound. We are particularly struck by the appearance of a jovial elderly gentleman, who seems to know everybody, and whose conversational powers, as evinced

BLIND BASKET-MAKERS AT WORK (TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD).

Among other institutions for the sightless we may mention the British and Foreign Association for Promoting the Education and Employment of the Blind and the Royal Normal College for the Blind; while there are also the "Blind Centres" of the London Council Schools and the Reading-room for the Blind in the St. George Public Library, Cable Street, E.

Of the many strange scenes that are to be witnessed in London there is none more singular or more impressive than the Sunday morning service in the Church of St. Saviour, near the Marble Arch. Quite different from all other services is this. No clang of bell summons the congregation; no deep-voiced organ welcomes the wor-

by his twinkling fingers, fairly make us wink. Indeed, what impresses us most as we sit in the church and look around us are the lively manner and cheerful aspect which characterise the average deaf mute.

The service is conducted by the two clergymen simultaneously, the vicar occupying a small rostrum or pulpit on one side of the raised chancel, and his colleague occupying a similar one on the other. The prayers and confession are "intoned" by the clergyman in the manual signs, and are repeated by the congregation in the same way. When the hymn is given out the people stand up as in other churches, and the verses are "sung" in a chorus of moving

fingers. In the reading of the lessons, and the delivery of the sermon, the sign language is reinforced by imitative and explanatory gestures, each sentence being first spelled out in the manual signs and then illustrated by appropriate pantomime, and the use of certain conventional signs, which, like the "grammalogues" of the shorthand writer, express certain words or ideas of frequent occurrence.

We will now transport the reader to a large airy work-room, in which some twenty girls of various ages are seated round two long tables which are covered with garments of white cambric in the process of manufacture. The girls—who acknowledge our entry with sundry furtive smiles—are mostly characterised by the sharp features, large head, and high shoulders that accompany spinal affections, but others present nothing unusual in their appearance until they rise from their seats, when a shortened, rigid leg displays the effects of hip-joint disease. We are in the Cripples' Home for Girls in the Marylebone Road, and all the inmates of the building, from the diminutive door portress to the bed-ridden old pensioner in the infirmary, are sufferers from disease of the hip or spine or some analogous affection. Here they are taught needlework, hat-making, dress-making, or fancy basket-making, and here they may be seen learning their various crafts, or carrying on the industries by which a small part of the expense of the Home is defrayed. They are not, however, always at work, for they may be seen on any fine day playing in the park hard by, the more helpless being trundled along in perambulators by their more robust companions.

A similar institution for boys exists at Kensington, and both have attached to them a small school devoted to the more backward and illiterate children.

IN THE READING-ROOM FOR THE BLIND (ST. GEORGE PUBLIC LIBRARY).

The latter part of the occupation of these homes is, however, being gradually taken over by the Council Schools, which have now several centres for crippled children in the poorer parts of the town, and to one of these schools we will now pay a visit in time to see the scholars arrive.

As we make our way through the "long unlovely street" in which one of these "Cripple Centres" is situated, a large horse-ambulance or covered van belonging to the London Council Schools overtakes us. It has made a long round, collecting the crippled children from their homes, and it now draws up at the school gates to discharge its cargo, its advent producing a suspension of hostilities between a spectacled youth of seven and a tall gawky girl, who gather round to see the cripples emerge from their carriage. One by one the helpless little scholars are handed down, and some of them are carried, skilfully and tenderly, by the nurse who has charge of the ambulance, into the building, while others hobble after with the aid of crutches or sticks.

Here the tuition is necessarily modified in both quantity and quality, for the frail little creatures can ill support the fatigue of regular study, and their intellects are not always of the most brilliant kind; but they are taught as much as is desirable, amused

TO SCHOOL BY AMBULANCE.

in the intervals, and finally fed, for at about one o'clock every day the cripples gather round the festive board to consume a hot dinner. For this meal (which includes meat and pudding) the cripples each pay twopence, if they possess that sum, and if they do not, then, according to the rules, they go without their dinners. But rules have to be administered by human beings, and human beings are sometimes shockingly soft-hearted—to the confusion of all administrative regulations—and, as we glance round at the genial nurse (whose skill not only renders the twopenny dinner possible but even makes it pay the cost of materials), at the schoolmistress, and the lady helpers, we dimly surmise that they are perhaps afflicted with this very infirmity.

Many of the children who attend the cripples' schools are out-patients at one of the Orthopædic Institutions where, besides surgical treatment proper, they are furnished with appliances such as rigid jackets, jointed splints, etc. The cost of these often expensive adjuncts to treatment is in many cases defrayed by the various "Surgical Aid Societies," which also provide trusses and elastic stockings for the poor.

The last class of the permanently afflicted that we shall notice is that whose members find a refuge in such institutions as St. Luke's House at Hampstead, the Friedenheim Hospital or Home of Peace for the Dying, the Free Home for the Dying at Clapham, and the cancer wards of the Middlesex Hospital. Here persons suffering

CRIPPLED GIRLS AT NEEDLEWORK (CRIPPLES' HOME FOR GIRLS, MARYLEBONE ROAD).

from advanced mortal disease remain to "eke out life's taper at the close," amid such comforts and consolations as it is possible to provide for those upon whom the shadow of death has already fallen.

We may finish our survey of Afflicted London with a glance at those whose condition is not necessarily beyond remedy. We may visit the exclusive regions of Harley Street and Cavendish Square, where the brass-plated door of the great consultant is opened by a grand personage in livery; where fashionably-dressed patients sit in a sumptuous waiting-room poring over the riotously facetious literature which litters the tables; where doctors of world-wide renown fill their portly case-books with undecipherable notes of the patients' symptoms, and explore diseased areas with stethoscope, ophthalmoscope, or laryngoscope.

In the by-street near at hand we may pause, as a whiff of chloroform through an open window and a waiting brougham at the kerb tell us of the operation in progress in the Nursing Home.

Or we may visit the mean street in the East, where a globular ruby lamp, like an overgrown red-currant, hangs over a shop window, upon which is inscribed in letters of gold the word "Dispensary." In the waiting-room here the patients sit, bottle in hand, on forms, awaiting their turn and discussing their symptoms with great animation. A baby, seated on the floor, contentedly anoints its countenance with a slice of bread and treacle, and a couple of patients who have come for medicine glance anxiously at the pigeon-hole through which the meteoric movements of a "lightning dispenser" are dimly visible. In the little consulting room the hard-worked doctor carries on his busy practice, which, if less splendid in its externals, is as important and useful as that of his famous colleague in the west.

Our examination of Afflicted London may leave us somewhat sad at heart. Yet the lot of the afflicted is often less hard than it appears. The deaf mute and those born blind live happily enough in their circumscribed world, for they have known no other, and are sensible of no loss or deprivation. Even the little crippled child, cut off from the sports and pleasures of its fellows, is often the light and life of the poor home in which its presence engenders an atmosphere of affection and self-denial that raises the moral standard of the entire family. And as it is with a single home so it is with society at large: the helpless and the suffering, if they are of no other use, serve to arouse and foster the nobler qualities of their fellow-men, and to increase the common fund of sympathy and altruism.

IN A DISPENSARY (SPITALFIELDS): WAITING FOR MEDICINE.

GOING ON DUTY.

POLICE LIFE IN LONDON.

By E. BUXTON CONWAY.

TRUNCHEON.

AMID the kaleidoscopic street scenes of the Metropolis, changing every minute of the day and night, there is no more familiar or more characteristic figure than that of the helmeted, blue-clad constable upon his beat. He is the representative there of order and good government, a modest unit in that great standing army of peace to whom is entrusted the safeguarding of the Empire's capital, with its incalculable treasure and its millions of lives. To the zeal, discretion, and efficiency of this man and his comrades is due the enviable position London enjoys among European capitals as an orderly and law-abiding city.

The police of London really comprise two distinct forces, each under the separate control of its own Commissioner. The City Police are a small body, numbering scarcely 1,000 men, and exercising control over only that "priceless square mile" which constitutes the City proper, and which was once engirdled by the long-vanished city wall. The rest of the capital, and its suburbs within a radius of fifteen miles from Charing Cross, are in the charge of the Metropolitan Police Force, a corps having a muster-roll of nearly 16,000 men of all ranks.

Recruiting for this big "army of occupation" is carried on continuously at its headquarters at New Scotland Yard. Any young man in possession of good health and character, between twenty-one and twenty-seven years of age and not less than 5 ft. 9 in. in height, may apply for admission to the force; and, if preliminary inquiries prove satisfactory, he will be directed to attend at headquarters on a specified Tuesday. There, in company with some fifty other candidates, he must undergo a searching examination at the hands of the Chief Surgeon, and if pronounced physically fit for police duty will be further tested as to his general

intelligence and his ability to read and to write well.

Having passed through these ordeals the budding constable is sent for three weeks as a "candidate on probation" to the Candidates' Section House in Kennington Lane. During his stay here he is drilled twice daily in squad exercises by an instructor at Wellington Barracks, and is trained as well in the use of the ambulance. He is then sworn in as a constable—from which moment his career as a guardian of the public peace begins—and soon after is posted to fill a vacancy at one or other of the twenty-two divisions of the force.

On reaching his division the young constable receives his number—by which he will be known henceforth until transferred or promoted—and is supplied with his uniform, upon every article of which the number in question is stamped. After attending the local police court to observe how police cases are conducted, he is sent out for a little while under the charge of an experienced officer to gain practical knowledge of his duties, and is given leisure for the study of his "police instruction book"—a vellum-bound volume, full of statutes and regulations, and apt to prove a very indigestible mental diet to the "new chum." And at last he finds himself a recognised "duty man," taking his share with the rest in the police control of London.

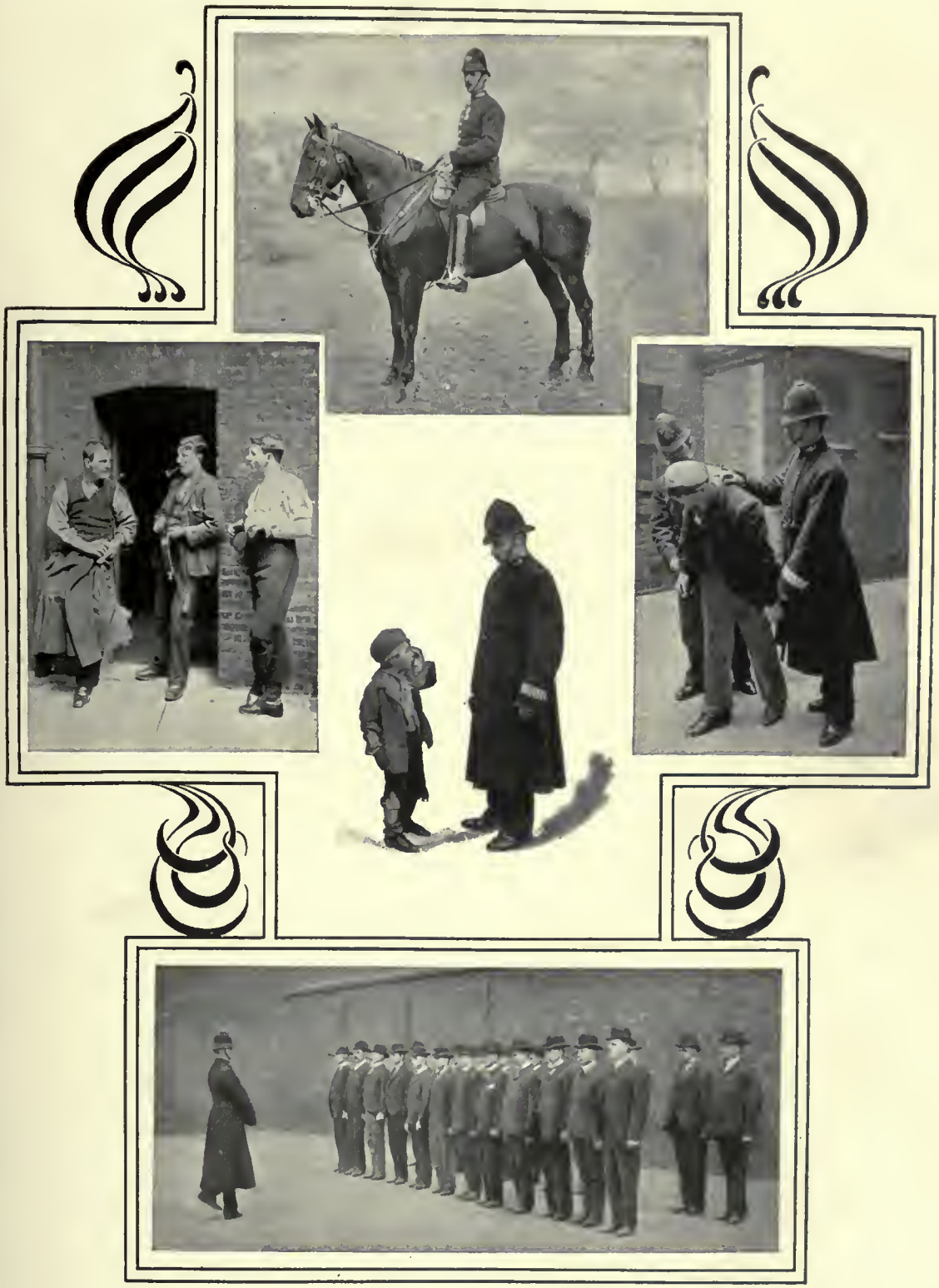
His pay, starting at 25s. 6d. weekly, rises a shilling annually to the modest limit of 33s. 6d. But from these lowly beginnings an efficient officer may rise through the grades of sergeant, station officer, and inspector to the rank of superintendent, at a salary of £400 a year.

Just now, however, we are concerned only with the lot of the constable. In addition to his uniform he is supplied with an armlet, to be worn on the left sleeve when on duty, a whistle and chain, and a stout boxwood truncheon — his sole weapon of defence. Handcuffs are no longer carried unless some violent or dangerous offender is to be apprehended. Thus equipped, the young officer is sent to do eight hours' duty daily in the London streets, either in two terms of four hours each or in a single spell.

A peep into the men's quarters at a police-station half an hour before its occupants parade for duty discloses an interesting sight, strikingly suggestive of an infantry barrack room when the summons to "fall in" is almost due. The constables whose spell of work is approaching are grouped about the room in various stages of undress, hard at work preparing for the inspection that precedes their departure. There are uniforms to be brushed, boots to be polished, buttons and nickel collar badges to be burnished to their utmost brilliance. If the parade is for night duty, lanterns must be filled and trimmed in readiness, and flasks are replenished with cold tea, to be heated later on by the little spirit lamp ingeniously fitted to the bottom of the vessel. As smoking while on duty is forbidden, many of the men are enjoying a last pipe over their work.

Fifteen minutes before the hour all is in readiness. The men parade in the exercise yard of the station, and the "police orders" and informations of the day are read aloud to them—instructions from the Commissioner, regulations as to duty and discipline, lists of defaulters, and descriptions of stolen property and of men wanted by the police for various offences. This important duty ended, the men and their uniforms are inspected in military fashion by the officer in charge of the station; and punctually as the hour sounds the long line of constables, marching in close single file, emerges, snake-like, from the gateway into the street. Taking the edge of the pavement, the file swings along under the charge of a sergeant or acting sergeant, who marches beside it. As each duty-post is reached, the rear man of the little procession "falls out," until every constable is posted, and the sergeant returns alone to the police-station to report "all correct."

Ordinary street duty is of two classes—either "beat" or "point" work. The former consists in patrolling a definite round of streets and squares at regular intervals; the latter, which is a modern invention, involves standing on sentry duty, as it were, for four hours at a time at certain appointed stations. To ensure the performance of their duty and to prevent shirking, both the pointsman and the man on the beat are visited at intervals by a patrol-sergeant, to whom they



I. METROPOLITAN PATROL. II. OFF DUTY. III. LOST! IV. TAKEN IN CHARGE.
V. DRILLING RECRUITS (WELLINGTON BARRACKS).

must report any unusual occurrence or suspicious circumstance that has come to their knowledge meantime.

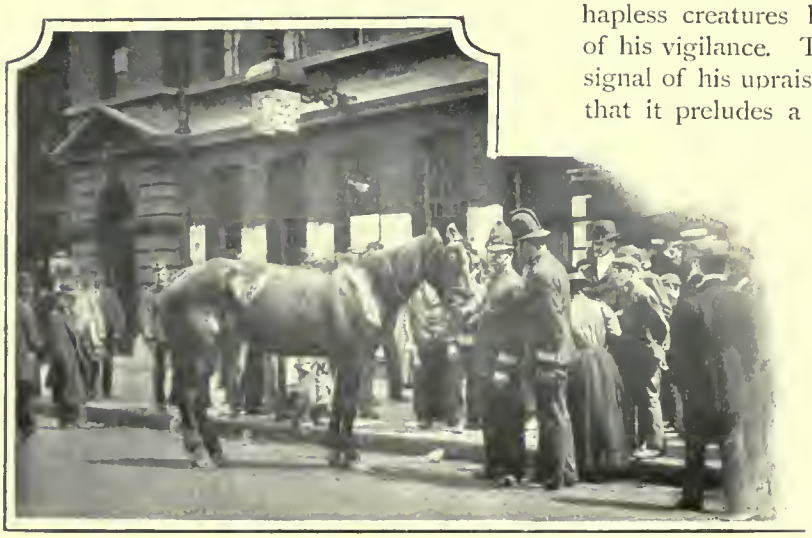
As for the duties of the constables thus posted, they are so manifold and depend so greatly upon accidental happenings as to defy enumeration. There are disturbances to be quelled and crowds dispersed, doubtful characters to be watched and obstructive costermongers and street vendors to be "moved on," endless questions to be answered and directions given; stray dogs to be seized, pickpockets, beggars, drunken persons, and other actual or suspected offenders to be arrested, besides innumerable minor breaches of the law to be reported. Is there a public-house brawl, a dispute over a bad coin or a questionable purchase, an errant horse, a marital quarrel, a noisy tenant or a harsh landlord? Promptly the nearest constable is called upon to act as arbitrator. And with a celerity born of long practical experience of men and matters he grasps the point at issue and reaches a decision. It is a lesson in diplomacy to watch him at such work—now coaxing a frenzied woman into her house, now unravelling with inexhaustible good nature some Gordian knot of domestic relations, now enduring in smiling silence an excited cockney's virulent abuse, anon turning spiritedly upon some threatening ruffian in the crowd. A few minutes later the officer is skilfully cross-examining a ragged little "gutter-snipe," not yet in his teens,

HELPED ACROSS THE ROAD.

whom he shrewdly suspects of having run away from home for the sake of the hard, free life of the London streets.

See him, again, piloting across the street a little child, a blind beggar, or an elderly lady from the country whose nerves are fluttered by the bustle and roar of London's traffic; and you will gratefully contrast his gentleness with the contemptuous *brusquerie* of his Parisian equivalent, the *serjent de ville*. He has a keen eye amid all his preoccupations for the racing cyclist and the too speedy motor car, as well as for the sufferings of lame or enfeebled members of London's great horse community. Callous drivers of such hapless creatures have a wholesome dread of his vigilance. They dare not disobey the signal of his upraised hand, albeit they know that it preludes a visit to the police-station, the examination of their dumb charge by a veterinary surgeon, and police-court proceedings as a result.

Other and more serious matters claim the constable's attention at times. Accidents are frequent in the London streets, and it is he who removes the sufferer in a cab or on an ambulance to the nearest



EXAMINING A HORSE OUTSIDE A POLICE-STATION.

hospital. If a fire breaks out he is instantly upon the scene, keeping back the crowd that springs up from nowhere as only a London crowd can, giving free passage to the busy firemen and guarding salvaged property from the attentions of light-fingered looters. Should a runaway horse tear down the busy street, the police constable will be found ready to risk life and limb to stop its course—for is he not the guardian of the public safety?

Notable, too, is his manner of dealing with the dense crowds of vehicles that every day and all day long stream through the great veins and arteries of London's commerce "Traffic regulation" is a term abhorred of the policeman; it means standing for hours in the ceaseless turmoil of some thronged street-crossing, bespattered in wet weather by every passing cart, and with the ever-present risk of injury through a restive horse or a careless driver. But this work, however unpleasant, is the constable's duty, and therefore it is done, and done admirably. It is a favourite occupation of country cousins in town to watch a couple of officers, impassively standing at a cross-way amid the tide of vehicles, directing the congested traffic along its various routes with a wave of their hands. The sight has moved a well-known poet to describe in his verse how—

> "The constable, with uplifted hand,
> Conducts the orchestra of the Strand."

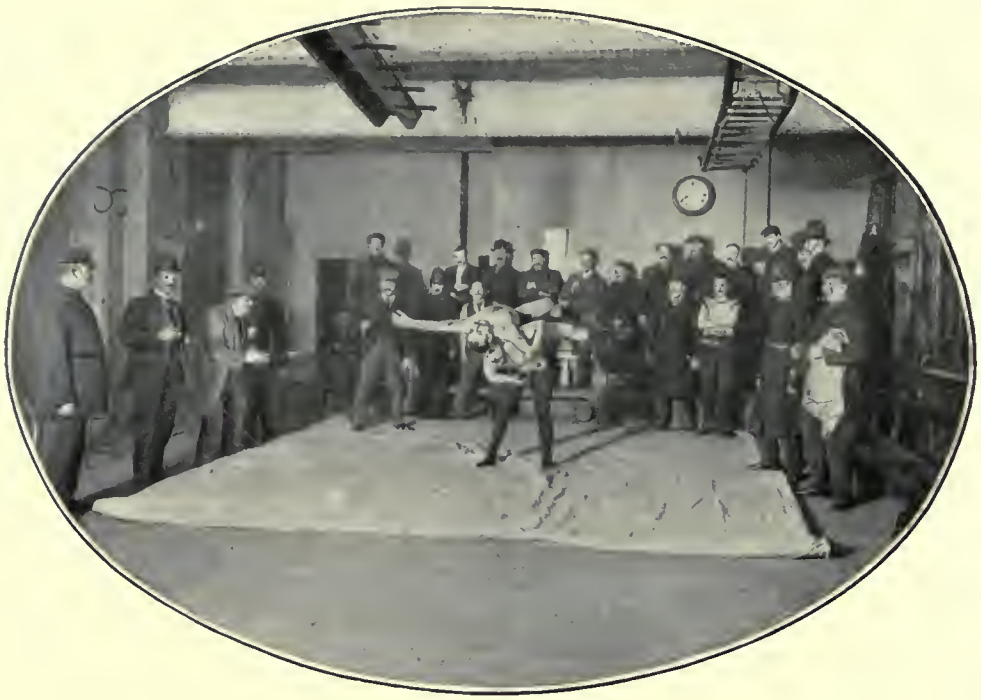
As a proof of more practical appreciation, the *chef de police* of Paris, finding the traffic of that gay city was growing wholly unmanageable, despatched a number of his officers across the Channel to take lessons from our London police in the art of street regulation; and the methods thus learnt have been adopted in the French capital with the best possible results.

Night duty, which, as a rule, alternates monthly with day duty, is in many respects the least tolerable part of a London constable's service. The hours that drag on from midnight to dawn not only seem the longest and dreariest in the twenty-four, but are, in fact, the most trying and unhealthy. The night constable's vigil is a lonely one, especially if it be passed among the huge, untenanted warehouses of commercial London or the deserted streets of sleeping Suburbia, where the silence is not broken by a footfall

REGULATING THE TRAFFIC.

—not even by the officer's own, for he generally dons silent boots for such work, making them himself by affixing strips of rubber tyre to the ordinary footgear. Here and there a wakeful householder, seeing a ray of light traverse his darkened room in the dead of night, is reminded that the policeman is still on his beat, flashing his lantern on doors and windows, trying shutters and fastenings, and setting his "burglar marks" of worsted or whalebone at the gateways.

It is during these hours, when only the night-birds—vagrants, thieves, and worse—are astir in London Town, that savage attacks upon the police are most frequent. There are many streets in the Metropolis, notably in the East-End and on the south



IN A SECTION HOUSE: A WRESTLING BOUT.

bank of the Thames, which the officers dare not patrol singly at night.

Of the Homeric fights waged sometimes between the police and the criminal classes a whole epic might be written. Burglars in particular, knowing the heavy penalty their capture involves, offer a desperate resistance at times, using freely their "sticks" (jemmies), or even revolvers, to prevent arrest. In such an encounter it may go hardly with the officer if he is unable to summon, by a blast on his whistle, a comrade to his aid.

Let us follow to the station a couple of police officers who have made such an arrest. It is long past midnight, but the charge-room is brightly lit and its occupants are astir, for the police-station knows no rest throughout the year. The inspector or station officer in charge is at his desk as the little procession enters. One of the constables marshals his prisoner into the little railed enclosure opposite, while the second produces to his superior the stolen property recovered—silver plate, clothing, cutlery, or whatever it may be—and each of them relates such facts as he knows respecting the charge.

From their statements the station officer frames the charge against the accused, entering it upon a long ruled form known as the "charge-sheet," reading it over to the culprit, and noting down any reply he may make.

Then comes an interesting part of the ceremony. The prisoner is carefully searched—perhaps resulting in the discovery of further plunder in his boot, the lining of his coat, or some other hiding place. Small valuables, such as a ring or diamond stud, are sometimes found secreted in a thief's hair, behind his ear, or under his tongue. In one instance a woman tried to swallow two stolen ten-dollar notes in the police-station, and would have succeeded had they not chanced to be pinned together. It should be added that a woman, officially designated a "female searcher," is attached to every police-station to search prisoners of her own sex.

Our burglar is now removed from the charge-room and locked up for the night in an adjoining cell. Next morning, after a frugal meal, he is conveyed to the nearest police court, and will eventually have to take his trial either at the Old Bailey, the Clerkenwell Sessions House, or at the Surrey Sessions at Newington.

Other features of police-station work—inquiries, reports, admitting prisoners to bail, circulating descriptions of lost or stolen property and of absconding offenders, dealing

with homeless folk, lost children, and an endless profusion of other matters, may be passed with a mere word of allusion.

An important phase of police life in London is the work of the detective staff—a famous branch, quite distinct from the "uniform staff" (from which, however, it is recruited), and receiving higher rates of pay. These plain-clothes officers have less regular and more responsible work than their comrades in uniform; they are occupied chiefly in "shadowing" suspects, tracing men who are "wanted," collecting evidence against offenders, watching dangerous ex-convicts who are at large on licence, and other duties specially requiring shrewdness, caution, and readiness of resource. Of the way in which those duties are performed the reputation of the London detective throughout the kingdom is sufficiently eloquent.

The mounted contingent of the London police is a relatively small force, composed almost entirely of ex-cavalrymen. In the outlying districts they do valuable work as patrols, particularly at night; but in the busier quarters of London they are employed almost wholly to carry messages and despatches between the police-stations and headquarters. On great public occasions, however—Boat Race Day, the Lord Mayor's Show, and whenever a pageant or a mass meeting sets London in a ferment—the mounted men do yeoman service in furnishing escorts, keeping roads clear, and restraining unruly crowds. The mere sight of their drawn sabres and prancing steeds overawes the most fiery and belligerent of cockney gatherings; and some credit is due to the police cavalryman that serious rioting is almost unknown in London.

Hitherto we have studied the constable only in connection with his duties, but something must be said also of his private life.

Unlike Army barracks, police stations have no married quarters. Constables who have embarked on matrimony must find accommodation where they can. The single men of each division, however, are housed in the "divisional section house," a sort of police barracks, but roomy, well-appointed, and homely, as soldiers' quarters are not. A subscription of six or seven shillings weekly entitles the constable to a comfortable bed in this building, a hot dinner or supper daily, and the use of the police library and common rooms. Here, when his spell of duty is at an end for the nonce, he amuses himself with billiards, chess, boxing, and gymnastics, or, if he prefers, can read or study for promotion undisturbed. There are cricket and football clubs in each division, a band for musical members of the force, a sick room and medical care for the suffering.

For well-conducted men (married and single alike) there are many other advantages available—reserve pay, snug billets as caretakers, special payments for doing duty at London theatres and museums, and so on. Thus, arduous and trying as is police life in London, it has its compensations. And it is rewarded, besides, after twenty-six years' service, with a life-pension of two-thirds of the officer's pay—a fitting conclusion to the career of this long-suffering guardian and useful servant of the London public.

HANDCUFFS.

LONDON "DAYS."

By JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON.

LONDON begins its own particular "days"—as distinguished from so many others that are common to the whole of the United Kingdom as well as its colonies and dependencies—by celebrating one of them at the very first moment of each new year. This celebration is, of course, that of New Year's Eve coupled with the arrival of New Year's Day, and the commemoration, which begins with the striking of the clock at St. Paul's, is at its height, if it does not conclude, as the strokes cease. Perhaps, however, the wild excitement of the incoming of the new year, which was once rather a Scottish than a London observance or an English one, is of a more chastened nature than it used to be, though at the same time it is quite as popular. On one occasion, indeed, it was believed to have been accompanied by a remarkable incident. On what was a dark and cloudy night a meteor was supposed to flash; many learned letters were contributed to the papers by those who interest themselves in watching the portents of the elements; and much discussion took place on the brilliant gleams that were seen to illuminate the Cathedral for an instant at the all-important moment. The truth was, however, as many were aware, that the meteor-like glare and the brilliant gleam were the effect of taking the photographic picture of St. Paul's which is presented on page 46, and which was taken for the purpose of being so presented.

PRIMROSE DAY: LORD BEACONSFIELD'S STATUE.

Of course, the St. Paul's demonstration, although the most public, is not the only one made in London. Services at the churches are very popular and much attended, while, as all the world knows, the seeing of the New Year in on New Year's Eve—accompanied by the opening of windows to give it a fair entry to the house, by dances, drinking of healths, and the singing of songs—is common enough. The eve of the New Year, however, is regarded

KING CHARLES' DAY: CHARLES I.'S STATUE.

in a very gloomy light by one calling, if no other. In theatrical circles it is considered to be the worst in the whole twelve months, excepting, of course, the holiday period when three-fourths of the theatres are closed altogether

Following this "day" there comes a lack of much in the way of celebration—though Twelfth Night is still observed here and there—until one arrives at January 30th, called once, especially in our grandfathers' and forerunners' prayer-books, "King Charles the Martyr's Day," and, earlier, by old adherents of the Stuart cause, "the Black Day," though it was really a white one since snow fell heavily at intervals. The statue of that unhappy King now serves two purposes, neither of which, perhaps, it was ever supposed it would serve: it is an excellent refuge in the middle of a terrible conglomeration of road traffic, and it is also, with the tomb of the king's grandmother, Mary Queen of Scots, in Westminster Abbey, the shrine at which those who still affect Jacobitism can deposit their votive offerings. Here one may see little wreaths and bouquets sent from various Jacobite and Stuart commemorative societies—one comes annually from St. Germain, where James II., the last Stuart king, was buried—and from, in isolated cases, those who claim kinsmanship with the Stuarts. But the number has grown smaller yearly, and, since the custom of decorating the statue is of no antiquity but, instead, of quite modern growth, it is doubtful if it will continue long in existence. Also, there are hardly any Jacobites left now. Whatever tendencies there might once have been that way were destroyed by the long and beneficent reign of Queen Victoria.

Glancing down the list, one comes to a number of other "days," some of which—such as Ash Wednesday, Palm Sunday, Good Friday, and Easter Sunday—could by no possibility be termed London, or even English "days," since in every civilised country of the world they are held in deep respect and observed with solemnity. Pancake Day, too, has fallen into desuetude as a festival since the foreign custom of eating pancakes as a sweet or *entremet* has now become general in England without much regard to date or period; but St. Valentine's Day, St. David's Day, and St. Patrick's Day, which follow King Charles' Day pretty closely, are different. All the same, one is a little saddened at the reflection that St. Valentine's Day is no longer so much in use as a recorder of sweet and tender impressions, or as a channel for the distribution of pretty reminders of affection in a more or less anonymous form, as it once was. The pastoral and sylvan scenes, with the lover and his lass amidst them, accompanied by glowing verse inscribed beneath, have given place more or less to gifts of pairs of gloves or *fichus* on one side, or cigar-holders or match-boxes on the other, all of which tends towards the prosaic; while on the other hand it has to be said that the horribly grotesque and

GUY FAWKES' DAY: BOYS WITH GUY.

opprobrious valentines disfigured with contemptible doggerel and miscalled "comic," are also disappearing. Each kind of valentine is now less frequently seen in suburban shop windows, while the latter are only seen in those of the lowest class.

St. David's Day and St. Patrick's are celebrations pertaining more particularly to the great brotherhood of our united islands—days of good cheer and hearty toasts, when in one case the descendants of the ancient British are very much to the fore, while in the other the patron saint of Ireland and the shamrock are all triumphant. Primrose Day, however, comes along pretty soon, following near upon the University Boat Race (which is described elsewhere in "Living London"), and here a date is reached which is also a celebration of one who, in spite of many obstacles with which he had to contend, was great and helped to make Britain greater than she already was. One, too, who placed on his sovereign's head, side by side with the Royal crown, an Imperial one.

On the morning of April 19th the Beaconsfield statue at Westminster is adorned with the flowers beloved by the dead statesman—literally adorned from the ground into which the base is set up to the foot of the figure standing above. From all parts of the kingdom the flowers come, not only from branches of the Primrose League, from the Conservative clubs in London and the provinces and from the colonies, but also from private individuals, rich and poor; so that nestling on the pedestal may be seen the penny bunch of primroses, cast by a lowly admirer, side by side with the costly bouquet with its lettering of violets which has been deposited there. And the buttonholes! There is no need to describe them; let it suffice to say that scarcely anyone who is firm for Imperialism is without a primrose on that day. It is true that the wearing of the flower as a distinctive mark of respect for the once powerful Premier and the Imperialism which he did so much to foster is joined in and shared by others not possessed of strong Imperialist ideas, and, as is well known, there are Radical members of the House of Commons who make a point of wearing primroses on April 19th. If, however, these individuals elect to do this, they at least help to enhance the prominence of the flower on that day and to add to its universal popularity.

By the time Primrose Day is gone the full spring is on us—or should be if the weather is propitious. May Day is come,

MAY DAY: JACK-IN-THE-GREEN.

TRAFALGAR DAY: NELSON'S COLUMN.

and St. George's Day is past. The latter has been more observed of late years than it was, because the St. George's Society has made efforts to have the "day" (which is also the anniversary of the birth and death of Shakespeare) commemorated by public banquets in London and elsewhere. In connection with May Day, two customs still survive, even in London, but more particularly in the suburbs, seen one in London. The traffic will have driven him forth.

With May, however, we are approaching a day that will never die out since, when Whit Monday—which is only particularly a London "day" in so far that it is one on which a great many Londoners take the opportunity of getting out of London—and Restoration Day—which is quite dead except for mention

LORD MAYOR'S DAY: THE PROCESSION IN CHEAPSIDE.

and still more so in the provinces. The most prominent token by which we are reminded that it is the 1st of May, if we are likely to forget that such is the case, is that the carters and waggoners bedeck their horses with parti-coloured ribbons, and we may also occasionally, though not often, see a Jack-in-the-Green in our prosaic London streets accompanied by his myrmidons. But Jack-in-the-Green is dying; soon there will be nobody alive who can ever remember having in the almanacks—are past, we are within hail of the Derby Day. With the arrival of this we have touched the greatest day of all in London; it may almost be said the Londoners' greatest holiday—their outing or saturnalia. For although the hotels of the capital are filled to repletion over night with visitors from all parts of the country, although excursion trains bring thousands from every provincial district, as also do excursion trains from Paris and other Continental capitals.

TWELVE O'CLOCK ON NEW YEAR'S EVE OUTSIDE ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

this is our very own "day." The railway termini are all crowded from early morning —almost to the exclusion of other travellers— until the last "racing specials" have left for Epsom; such busy spots on the route to the town, downs, and course as Clapham Common and the exterior of the "Horns" at Kennington (the interior, too) swarm with human beings; and as the trains fly by various almshouses, institutions, schools and colleges bordering upon the line, those who have almost done with life and those who are just beginning it cheer and wave handkerchiefs, and are extremely desirous of becoming the recipients of stray coppers thrown from the windows.

It is true that the easy access to the course and town—there are now three stations—may have reduced the number of persons who go by road, yet that easy access has only reduced the number and by no means suppressed it. The drive has still its charm for young and old, rich and poor; the leafy lanes are usually at their best; so, too, are fields and copses and the places by the wayside where a halt can be called for refreshments, either solid or liquid, and for giving the "little 'oss" a rest. The passengers of the lordly four-in-hand, or the family barouche or hired landau, do not indeed patronise this wayside style of fortifying the inner man so much as do the holiday makers in Bill's trap or Jim's "shay." For the al fresco entertainment of the former, during the hour's interval that elapses between the Juvenile Plate and the Great Race, there are hampers of good things from the great providers of luncheons, as well as cases of champagne, all ready for use. One thing, however, remains, namely, the good-natured intercourse and chaff between all concerned, while the vehicles of peer and coster still jostle each other all along the road much the same as they have always done; for it is the great fête of the year, and nobody minds a little chaff. So they all stream through Ewell and into Epsom, and—passing the Durdans and the public-house with the picture of a whilom winner, Amato, on the signboard and with the ostler's tip chalked over the windlass of the well—up and on to the course.

Life-boat Saturday and Hospital Saturday and Sunday are "days" of a vastly different nature from the foregoing; "days" on which those who have thrown some of their money away at Epsom are now bestowing it in a more fitting manner—in charity and the promotion of good works. But not more to the givers to these excellent objects is honour due than to those who assiduously collect money for the purpose in the streets and elsewhere, while being sometimes subjected to a good deal of criticism and badinage of an unwelcome nature. The large sums collected in this way, as well as in the churches on Sunday, testify with certainty that, however much Londoners are disposed to spend their money freely on their own pleasures, they have always some to spare for those who stand in need of it.

Most people have seen the little grottoes lit with supposed votive candles which children erect with oyster shells on St. James's Day, *i.e.* July 25th (Old Style, August 5th), and known to us as Oyster Day; many, too, have dropped pence into the oyster shells which those children hold out to us. These grottoes, which are supposed to be fashioned after the shrine of St. James at Compostella, are, perhaps, not so often to be observed now as they were a few years back, but the custom still exists, and the grottoes may frequently be seen in the suburbs.

The August Bank Holiday is gone, the summer is over, and the rigours of winter are near at hand when another modern custom, but one which will probably long continue, takes place, namely, the celebration of Trafalgar Day by the decoration of the statue of Lord Nelson in Trafalgar Square. The laurel figures largely here, as well it may; in wreaths, festoons and garlands it entwines the base and pedestal, while on the former are many wreaths from societies and private individuals; one coming always from the Navy League, and some from the descendants of those whose predecessors were companions of the great naval hero on the eventful day. It is now also the custom, and a graceful one, to place the tricolour ribbons of France and the yellow and red ribbons of Spain amongst the decorations in recognition of our valiant though defeated foes.

There are not many more "days" to be reached now ere the year comes to an end. St. Andrew's Day is, however, amongst them

and is a mighty celebration, in which the memories of Wallace, Robbie Burns, and many other Scottish heroes and celebrities are recalled. With Christmas the last Bank Holidays are over, so, too, are Doll and Pudding Sundays, when dolls for the children are placed within three feet of the altar of an old City church, and puddings are piled up outside the ancient carved oak rails, both these collections of gifts being afterwards distributed to the poorest of the poor. But before Boxing Day there are two other "days" which must not be forgotten, Guy Fawkes' Day and Lord Mayor's Day—which latter is also the King's birthday, though it is officially celebrated in June.

Guy Fawkes dies hard, if he is dying at all; at any rate, he lives in the resemblance of some momentarily unpopular person, if not *in propriâ personâ*. His satellites are nowadays almost always little boys who hope to obtain, and generally do obtain, a fair meed of coppers, and, if he is no longer enthroned in a cart, he has at any rate a kitchen chair in which to be carried round. The bonfires to which the effigies are consigned at night, the squibs and crackers which startle nervous people in the suburbs and impregnate the atmosphere with charcoal and saltpetre, the processions which take place here and there, show also strong signs of continuous vitality, and, since "the human boy" has principal charge of such celebrations, are likely to do so for a long time.

Lord Mayor's Day is something more than a day, even in the streets; while in another form it is a political event. Yet the "Show" is the thing for most of us; and the banquet with its Ministerial speeches—which is referred to elsewhere in this work—does not concern us here. The pageant attracts people from far and wide, while the conglomeration of costumes of different periods and, above all, the coach and the mace, as well as his Lordship, never fail to be received with shouts of approval. The goodly array of cavalry for lining the streets, the cars representing topical subjects of importance, as well as others symbolical of national enterprises, and, in some years, great successes, always please a population full of intense feeling and never hysterical. At certain points, too, such as the reception at the Law Courts and the procession back to the City *viâ* the Thames Embankment, the crowds muster thickly and accord the new City ruler all the welcome which he can desire, while at night the illuminations in some of the streets bring the last and one of the most important of London "Days" to an agreeable end.

LIFE-BOAT SATURDAY: COLLECTION BOX.

A WEST-END CONFECTIONER'S SHOP.

LONDON'S LIGHT REFRESHMENTS.

By GEORGE R. SIMS.

CANDY.

LONDONERS of all classes have frequently need of light refreshment, and as demand invariably creates supply, caterers are to be found in every quarter of the Metropolis who have made this special need their study. The restaurants, the taverns, the wine bars, the refreshment counters, and the great tea shops have been dealt with in their place — that place is entirely outside the sort of light refreshment that I am dealing with now.

The fashionable lady out for an afternoon walk, her suburban sister up for an afternoon's shopping, frequently patronise the confectioner and find in his well-appointed establishment a little table at which they can eat either a dainty "French' creation (it is more generally German) or the more homely bun or scone. There are pretty and artistically decorated tea-rooms attached to high class chocolate and bon-bon shops to which elegantly-dressed ladies repair for tea, coffee and cream, and ices, and the homelier "pastry-cook" has long since learned the advantage of marble-topped little tables and the legend, "Five o'clock tea."

Everybody does not want to take life from the bustling, crowded point of view, and London is full of quiet, well-appointed refreshment houses, catering only for a limited number of guests, who like to be leisurely and peaceful while they are eating and drinking. For this class of customers the great popular establishments have no charm.

The standard temperance "drinks" of London are lemonade, ginger beer, and ginger ale. The fruit syrup of France is a

AN APPETISING DISPLAY.

rarity, even at the West-End, and is by no means in daily demand even at the cafés run on Continental lines.

For lemonade or ginger beer the wealthier thirster goes to the confectioner, especially when children are of the party. At one time the chemist did a certain amount of business in aërated waters "to be drunk on the premises," but now the preparers of prescriptions and vendors of drugs play a very small part as caterers, though many who have in the summer months established ice-cream soda-fountains on the American principle supply other cooling beverages.

It is during a heat wave that the ice-cream soda-fountain establishment does a roaring trade. For this form of light refreshment a perspiring panama-hatted crowd may frequently be seen waiting on the pavement without when the shop itself is full.

OYSTERS.

It is in the summer that the fruiterer occasionally enters the lists, and the legend "strawberries and cream" is inscribed outside the windows of shops where during the rest of the year they give you what you need in a brown paper bag or a basket, and expect you to take it off the premises for consumption.

Brandy cherries are a form of light refreshment of long standing, actually as well as figuratively. Ever since I can remember, a peculiar-shaped glass jar of cherries in liquor has been the centre ornament of certain confectioners' counters.

Port and sherry decanted and labelled are to be seen in most confectioners' shops where they serve soup, jelly in glasses, and sandwiches, and occasionally—very occasionally—hot meat patties. In some the wine licence is taken advantage of to keep a bottle of champagne on an instrument which allows it to be drawn off through a tap a glass at a time.

Curds and whey are a form of light refreshment commonly associated with cool, clean, and delightful dairies. There is generally the model of a cow in the front window, and sometimes another on the counter. Where curds and whey are sold there is also frequently a trade done in glasses of new milk and milk and soda. Some of the dairies which still offer this pastoral menu to the jaded Londoner keep on the counter

under a glass cover small spongy cakes with currants in them, which are a compromise in shape between the "heart" and the "club" as represented by the playing card artist.

Sweets are hardly light refreshment, because they are not taken either to quench thirst or to allay hunger, and their refreshing qualities, unless you have a tickling in the throat, are not appreciable. But the sweet-stuff shop *does* supply light refreshment occasionally in the shape of hot fruit drinks, which are exceedingly popular with small boys in the winter evenings. There is a peripatetic sweet-vendor, a darkey, who does a good trade in candy amongst folk waiting for admission at the theatre doors.

OLIVES AND GHERKINS.

It is in the evening that the fried fish and potato "chip" shop, the ham and beef shop, and the cookshop, whose specialities are the hot sausage and the cooked onion and mashed potato, do a busy trade. Before the windows of these establishments there is generally a small crowd, not necessarily hungry, but interested. You may see among them well dressed and well-to-do people. For to watch the savoury sausage sizzle, and the odoriferous onion ooze its oiliness in the pan laid over a gas arrangement, is a delight to most of us. Pork chops and tomatoes have frequently cooking pans of their own in these shop windows, but I hesitate to include a pork chop in a catalogue of light refreshments.

The eel-pie shop is not as fascinating, but is almost as well patronised. The dressing of an eel-pie shop window is conservative. It is a tradition handed down through many generations to the present day. The eels are shown artistically in lengths on a bed of parsley which is spread over a dish. On either side of the eels cold pies in their pans are laid in tempting profusion but in perfect order. The eel-pie shop varies its menu. You may procure at the same establishment cranberry tarts, and at some of them apple tarts; also meat pies and meat puddings, and at the Christmas season mince pies.

To see the eel-pie business at its best, to appreciate its poetry, you must watch the process of serving its customers. Behind the counter on a busy night stands the proprietor in his shirt sleeves, a clean white apron preserving his waistcoat and nether garments from damage. Observe with what nimble deftness he lifts the lid of the metal receptacle in front of him, whips out a hot pie, runs a knife round it inside the dish, and turns it out on to a

HOT DRINKS.

piece of paper for the customer—possibly into the eager outstretched hand.

He is generally assisted by his wife and daughter, who are almost, but not equally, dexterous. There are metal receptacles in front of them also, and the pies are whipped out in such rapid succession that your eyes become dazzled by the quick continuous movement. If you watch long enough it will almost appear to you that a shower of hot pies is being flung up from below by an invisible agency.

The oyster shop is not as common as it was in the days when natives were sixpence a dozen. But there are many scattered about London still. The great oyster rooms are at the west. At one you can have fish in every variety, and lobster salad and dressed crabs are a specialty. There is one famous establishment near Regent Street whose oysters and fish sandwiches attract the highest in the land. Here during the afternoon one may see a Field-Marshal and a Cabinet Minister, an ambassador and a Duke, taking their "half-dozen" side by side. But the ordinary oyster shop makes a specialty of the Anglo-Dutch and other varieties which can be sold at a moderate rate. The arrangement of the window of the ordinary London oyster shop is of the aquarium order. Many exhibit a large specimen of the shell which we used to put to our ears as children in order to "hear the ocean roar." Some shade the window light with a brilliant green globe, others prefer a pink effect. Seaweed is occasionally used to decorate a hearthstone-coloured combination which is supposed to represent the bed of the ocean

The trade in light refreshments which is left in the hands of the kerbstone purveyor is not so great as it used to be, except perhaps in the east and south of London and certain Saturday-night thoroughfares. The oyster stalls are few and far between, and the whelk stall has of late shown a modest retirement in the west. The old lady with a basket in which trotters are laid out on a clean white cloth may still be found at certain corners, but she belongs to a rapidly disappearing body of street caterers. The

BAKED CHESTNUTS.

BAKED POTATOES.

trotter woman's peculiar cry is getting as rare as the muffin man's bell, and the "Fine Storbries" of the hawker who, basket on head, was wont, especially on Sunday afternoons, to wake the echoes of quiet streets with his trade announcement.

The cookshop which does a roaring trade in the daytime has no place here, because it supplies the solid meal of most of its customers. In the same category are the vegetarian restaurants, now liberally patronised by ladies and gentlemen who abjure a flesh diet; but the foreign shops which are half in the ham and beef line and half in the tinned provision trade are doing a big light refreshment business all day long. At the counter where "Delicatessen" are purveyed you may buy and eat your sandwich, and have it made of un-English ingredients—sardines, German, French, and Italian sausage, smoked salmon, occasionally even of caviare. These establishments have generally a refreshment room upstairs, where you may have coffee, chocolate and cakes, or sweet and savoury snacks. Here you may even purchase the herring salad dear to the sons of the Fatherland, and eat it while you wait or take it home in a paper bag.

All these forms of light refreshment are to be found in the west. Let us wend our way

east, and study the crowded menus of, say, Mile End Road.

This seems to be a neighbourhood where light refreshment is a leading industry. Not only do the stalls on the kerbstone offer the passer-by delicacies of various descriptions, but in main thoroughfare and side street alike you find shop after shop catering for the appetite that requires "a small contribution." Here is a pastrycook's with a side room packed with young people, mostly of the Hebrew race, who are taking coffee and cakes. Here is a cookshop in which white-shirt-sleeved assistants are continually attacking "spotted dogs" and "curranty" rolls with a knife, and deftly turning the slice into a piece of paper for the hand stretched out to secure it. A favourite "dish" at these establishments is a kind of batter pudding. When you have your penny slice of this in a piece of paper the assistant pours over it a spoonful of the gravy in which the remains of a loin of pork are standing. Why the gravy does not run over on to the floor I cannot say. I only know that it does not. When the batter pudding client comes out into the street with his light refreshment in his hand and commences to eat it the gravy is there still.

The fried fish shop of the east is very like the fried fish shop of the west, but in the matter of "chips" there is a slight difference. It is in the vinegar bottle. It may be the desire of the East-Ender to get more for his money, but this I know, that where the West-End "chipper" is contented just to sprinkle his or her pennyworth, the East-End "chipper" shakes the bottle for a good two minutes in order to get a grand result. Salt for fish or for chips or for batter pudding you take with finger and thumb from a big salt box on the counter, and you bring the salt out with you and do your seasoning in the street.

ICED LEMONADE.

Down the little dark side streets around Whitechapel and Spitalfields you will find curious little shops that deal principally in olives and gherkins in salt and water. The latter are exposed in big tubs, and are often bought and eaten without ceremony on the spot. For the Russians and Roumanian Jews there are special light refreshments provided in the shops that have their fronts ornamented with Hebrew characters. There are even small refreshment counters and little coffee shops in which the menu is entirely in Yiddish.

The larger Hebrew population is responsible for the fact that many beef and ham shops are beef shops only, or substitute the huge German sausage for the familiar ham of the Gentile establishment.

The pie shops here offer you a more varied choice than at the west. In them you can buy hot beef-steak pies and puddings, eel, kidney, meat, fruit, and mince pies. There is also in Mile End Road an establishment man eagerly consuming his cup of eel-jelly, and only parting with the spoon and crockery when even the tongue of a dog could not have extracted another drop from either.

The shell-fish stalls are larger and more commodious than they are in the west. Under the flaring naphtha lights are set out scores of little saucers containing whelks, cockles, and mussels "a penny a plate." Oysters at these stalls are sold at sixpence

RAILWAY BUFFET (KING'S CROSS).

which is famous for miles around for its baked sheeps' hearts, and another which has a reputation for tripe and onions that extends beyond the tramway system.

The stall catering of this district is extensive and peculiar. Here in all its glory the eel-jelly trade is carried on. In great white basins you see a savoury mess. Behind the stall mother and father, sometimes assisted by son and daughter, wash up cups and spoons, and ladle out the local luxury to a continuous stream of customers. Many a time on a terribly cold night have I watched a shivering, emaciated-looking

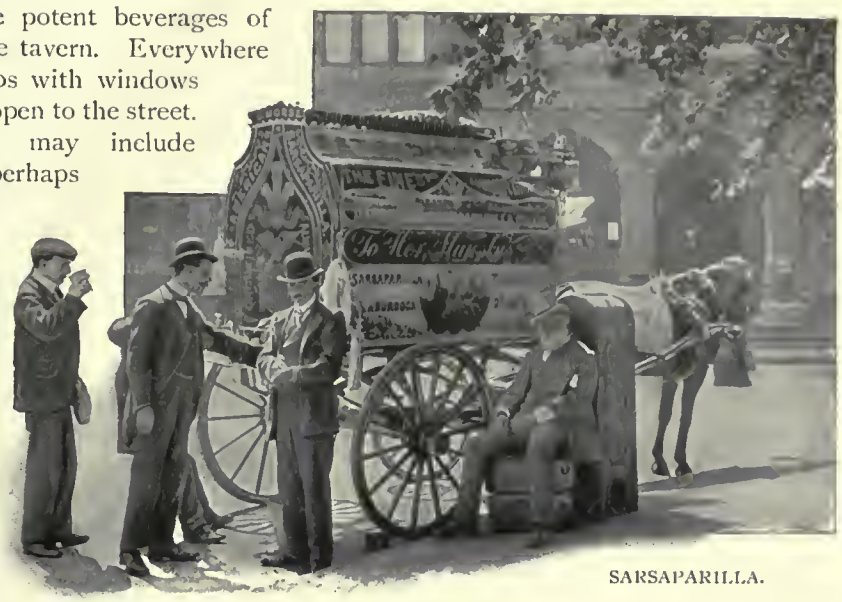
a dozen. The trade, even at that price, is not large.

Hot green peas are served in teacups at some outdoor establishments. The peculiarity of this form of light refreshment is the prodigality of the customers in the matter of vinegar and pepper, which are *à discretion* and gratis. And in the east you may also purchase peanuts fresh roasted while you wait. The hot apple fritter is now, too, a street stall luxury.

The hot fruit drink is a favourite light refreshment in the East-End, where a large number of the Hebrew immigrants have

no taste for the more potent beverages of the gin palace and the tavern. Everywhere you will see little shops with windows removed and counters open to the street. These establishments may include some other business, perhaps cigars or sweets or newspapers or general items, but the trade on which they rely is the hot temperance beverage.

This business is also carried on by many stall-holders; and on bitter winter nights the proprietor has all his work to do keep the boys who have no money to spend from warming themselves gratis at the pan of burning coke on which he keeps his kettle boiling.



SARSAPARILLA.

The baked potato can is in evidence east and west during the winter months, and a "nice floury tater" is a favourite form of light refreshment with the poor. To many a poor fellow it is the evening meal. West-End youngsters have been known to purchase a baked potato in lightness of heart and to consume it "on the premises." But as a rule they refuse the peripatetic vendor's polite offer of a dab of yellow grease which he euphemistically terms "butter."

PEANUTS.

In the East-End the baked chestnut stand has its appointed place. Many roast chestnut vendors, with a bitter knowledge of the vagaries of the English climate, wheel out on Saturday afternoons prepared for meteorological eccentricities. They divide their establishment on wheels into two distinct departments, and offer you at the same time baked chestnuts and ices.

The cry of the hokey-pokey merchant is not so familiar as it used to be. "Hokey-Pokey" was the Englishing of "ecco uno poco"—"here is a little." The London boy found that the ice done up in white paper *was* too little. He preferred his "gelata" in a glass which he could hold in his hand and lick at his leisure while leaning in an easy attitude against the Italian merchant's gaily painted barrow.

In hot weather there are two temperance drink vendors who are well known in the City and who drive a big trade during the dinner-hour. These are the man with "the yellow lemonade" in a big glass bottle, with the real lemon doing duty as a cork, and the sherbet vendor. An entirely new form of liquid refreshment for small boys has come into vogue during recent years. It is the liquor left in the preserved pineapple tin after the slices of fruit have been taken out. "A halfpenny a small glass" is the price usually charged. The man who sells sarsaparilla as a beverage has sometimes a gay and attractive

vehicle fitted up for the purpose. It is gorgeously labelled in gold, and wherever it stands draws around it an admiring crowd. "Herb beer" is somewhat similarly retailed.

An article on London's Light Refreshments would not be complete without a reference to the railway station buffet large and small. For many years the pork pie and the Banbury cake were held to be the ordinary food of the travelling Englishman. Of late years great improvements have taken place in railway buffet catering. A spirit of humanity has animated the directors and they no longer look upon their passengers as human ostriches. At the railway termini of London and on the many branches of the Metropolitan and North London system you can to-day obtain light refreshment that will sustain you between meals without incapacitating you for the enjoyment of life for a fortnight. Tea and coffee may be had at most of the bars at all hours; and although the hard boiled egg and the cold sausage are still displayed for the unwary and ham is the only form of sandwich known to some caterers, many little delicacies have been introduced, and there are signs of still further improvement.

APPLE FRITTERS.

AT THE DOCKS: ARRIVALS BY A GERMAN STEAMER.

GERMAN LONDON.

By COUNT E. ARMFELT.

THERE is no better introduction to the story of German life in London than the intensely instructive and pathetic scenes witnessed on the wharves and quays where the Bremen and Hamburg boats land and embark the children of the Fatherland. Before us are two steamers: one, with its decks thronged with passengers, is fastening its moorings and letting down its gangways; the other, flying the blue-Peter, is rattling down the last cases of its cargo and clearing the steerage-deck. We see an eager, expectant crowd of friends — well-dressed and prosperous-looking —waving handkerchiefs and shouting greetings to the new-comers; and a few yards away, forgotten by all, a straggling medley of poorly-clad men, women, and children, sorrowful and silent, is slowly making its way to the outgoing ship. These scenes show us two of the most interesting phases of life in German London.

But let us look at the new-arrivals; there are nearly 200 of them; and they are of all ages, though the greater number of them are young people between the ages of sixteen and twenty. In the Fatherland every social grade bears a stamp of its own. Look, face, bearing, and dress are unmistakable.


Londoner Zeitung.
Hermann.

PUBLISHED IN LONDON.

We know that this elderly, heavy-built, much-befurred man with the big Hamburg cigar is a merchant; that the tall, smart, keen-eyed fellow with the long square-shouldered overcoat is an officer; that the finical, carefully-wrapped young man with the eye-glasses is a son of the "house" who, as a *volontaire*, has come to acquaint himself with English trade in the City; and that the unobtrusive man with the thoughtful look is a "doctor"

(not necessarily a medical man) who has come to study some part of English life.

And we also know that the fair-haired, healthy, clean-linened, well-dressed youngster in the grey soft hat is a waiter; that the pale, fat-faced young man in the large-sized billy-cock hat is a baker; that the sallow, dyspeptic, melancholy-looking man in a very narrow brown overcoat is a tailor; and that the merry-eyed, neatly-brushed, stoutish little fellow with the yellow five-farthing cigar is a barber. Nearly all have a German-English conversation book and an excellent coloured map of London; and there are few of them

AT THE DEUTSCHER HANDWERKER HEIM (WHITECHAPEL): SOUP KITCHEN.

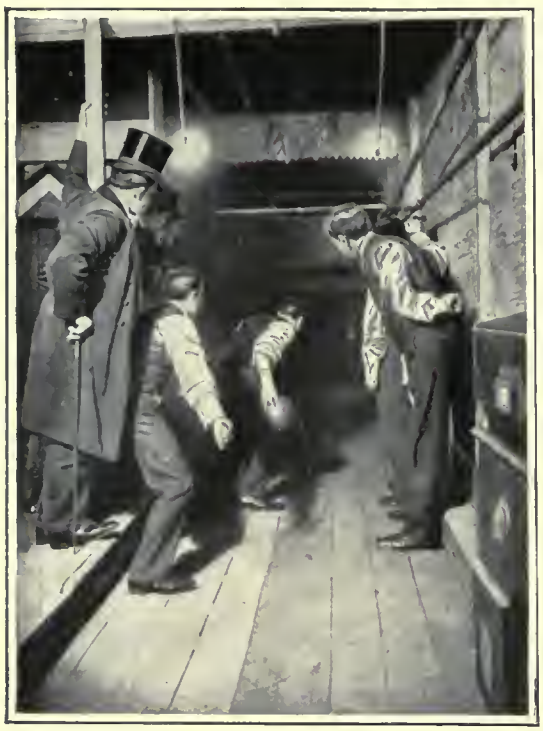
who will not be able to find their way unasked and unasking.

On the other hand we see anxious faces, especially among the female passengers of the fore-deck, where German-speaking touts of a dozen nationalities are inveigling the unwary *mädchen* into questionable lodging-houses. They are mostly servant-maids, nurses, and governesses, who, friendless and inexperienced in the ways of the world, have come to try their fortune in the world's Metropolis. Many of them are young and pretty; and in their knitted woollen shawls and their roguish little toques make pleasant little pictures.

An old German custom which has been the subject of discussion in England is that of the *Wanderschaft*, or wandership of young Teutons, which has frequently, and erroneously, been described as *Auswanderung* or emigration. A hundred years ago the Teuton would be seen carrying his knapsack or pack through the villages and towns of his native land in search of work, which would increase his skill and his knowledge. To-day we see him in Continental capitals and London learning all that can be learnt. It is the apprenticeship, or the training in some technical school, which makes the Teuton—even when he has no special aptitude—a thorough hard worker. There are technical schools for all professions, even waiters. If his father is well off, the young Teuton will be trained for the military career or finance, commerce, or what not; if he is poor, he will be apprenticed to a trade. And the Prussian kings have sealed with their example the apprenticeship, the training, and the *Wanderschaft*. It does not deprive the Fatherland of its sons, and it makes them cleverer men. After a stay of three or four years in England all the young fellows we see will be called home for their military service; others will take their places; and the chances are that we shall see them no more. But should one of them come to London again we shall be sure to meet him in a Deutscher Militar-verein, or Military Union—such as the Royal and Imperial *Hassia*, which has its meeting place in Wardour Street. Once or twice a year there is a general assembly of the German warriors, presided over by some important personage. There are flags and garlands and the bust of the German Kaiser, and there is a dinner, at which, amid thundering "Hochs," the Germans drink deep the health of Wilhelm the Kaiser.

But let us follow the stream of the poor Germans, the old and the young of both sexes, whom a wayward fate has driven to seek fortune in London. From the Thames wharves and St. Katherine's Docks they wend their way through the Minories eastward to Leman Street, which is the High Street of German London in the east, just as the neighbourhood south of Fitzroy

A CHRISTMAS DANCE AT THE GERMAN GYMNASIUM.



PLAYING SKITTLES (DEUTSCHER GEWERBE UND THEATER VEREIN).

Square is the heart of German London in the west.

As they trudge along their guides point out the numberless German names over the doors of the shops and the brass plates of the German business houses. There are bakers and confectioners, boot makers, butchers, drapers, fruiterers, grocers, hosiers, publicans, tailors, tobacco manufacturers and cigar makers, and wine, beer, and spirit merchants who bear German names; and all along the road, to the right and left, buying, selling, and discussing, there are German-looking people.

In the by-streets off Commercial Road and Leman Street there are numerous tenement houses inhabited by several thousand hard-working men and equally hard-working women and girls, many of whom are engaged in warehouses and factories, for almost every class of German industry is represented. The beautiful Christmas cards, the choicest coloured illustrations of books, many delightful and delicate objects which were the special "lines" of the Continent, are now manufactured in London by German artisans who are almost artists.

All through German London there are restaurants which supply a *Kraftiger Mittag- und Abend-tish* (a nourishing mid-day and evening dish) at one shilling and eight-pence respectively, and there are humbler ones still where a dinner costs as little as sixpence and a supper fourpence. And most of them have a register, where artisans hear of employment, and can read the *Zeitungen*.

But the centre of attraction for all who are very poor is the *Handwerker Heim*. This *Heim*, or Home, is in its roots thoroughly German. Its character displays the forethought, the discipline, and the economy which prevail in the institutions of the Fatherland. It is very modest, yet it does an infinite amount of good. Its upper floors are dormitories; right and left to centre passage there are cells, each containing two narrow beds; and instead of doors there are little cotton curtains, which can at night secure privacy.

Down on the ground floor there is a restaurant. Deal tables and benches are the simple furniture. Other rooms at the back are set apart for lectures, religious teaching, and like purposes. There are books, periodicals, newspapers, and a register for wants. Many employers go to the *Heim* to select suitable helps. In the basement there is a free soup kitchen open at night for the destitute.

And there is yet more than all this, for in connection with the *Heim* there is an *Arbeiter-Kolonie*, a labourers' colony, at Libury Hall, at Munden, near Ware, where the poor Germans who have not succeeded in getting employment in London are housed, fed and clothed, and remain until they have earned enough money to take them home to their native land. The Kaiser and numerous princes, merchants, and benevolent people throughout the empire send yearly contributions in money and clothing to the German waifs of London.

It has been said with truth that wherever a dozen Germans meet there is sure to be a *Verein* of some sort. The *Verein* is not a club, nor is it a union, as we understand these words, but it partakes of both and is something more besides.

Here, for instance, is the *Deutscher Turn-Verein* (the German Gymnastic Society),

which imparts instruction in athletics, fencing, and boxing, and has its special days for signing-on. It is also a club, for it has its restaurant and its wine cellars. The fair sex is not neglected, for its dances—one of which we illustrate on page 59—are features of the Society. In the centre of London there is the *Deutscher Gewerbe und Theater Verein* (the German Industrial and Theatre Club). It caters also for families. Attached to it are the *Verein* of German Bicyclists and the *Verein* of Typographers and the Chess Club. On Saturdays there is a *Tanzkranzchen* (a dance gathering), a concert, and a dramatic recitation; while on Sundays about half-past five there is a *Schauspiel*, or drama, at the end of which dancing follows. On all occasions there is good eating and drinking at moderate prices. There is also a Benefit Society, which provides for the sick, the out-of-work, and the burial of the dead.

A WEST-END LAGER BEER SALOON.

A number of these clubs also give facilities for the commercial and industrial training of their members and their instruction in the English language. The *Vereins* in the east and west are all very much alike. They provide for theatrical performances, dramatic recitals, dancing and singing, and all the usual social amusements for both sexes. At Yuletide in particular dances are arranged, when the Christmas-tree forms, of course, a very prominent feature. Moreover, there are rooms where billiards, chess, cards, and other games are played in the evening, and where eating and drinking are general at all hours. And each of these clubs, and many German public-houses, have their *Kegel-bahn*, or German skittle alley, which is well patronised. Without the *Kegel* the robust Teuton cannot nerve himself to do full justice to his five daily meals, or get the correct taste of the lager set before him in the evening at his favourite beer saloon, as becomes a son of Gambrinus.

But no description of German life, be it *Verein* life or home life, can be complete without a reference to the *Lied*. Every *Verein* —the German Gymnasium included—has its *Lieder-Tafel*, its social gathering for song. The *Lied* is the song, and yet it is more than the song, for in it the German poet has revealed his soul. Love and patriotism, the tenderest feelings and the most heroic resolves, have found expression in the *Lied;* and throughout German London the *Lied* is heard on all occasions, for it is a link with the Fatherland.

Besides the *Vereins*, whose membership is counted in thousands, there are all over London very small societies, which meet in rooms reserved for them in the German restaurants. Each society has its one or two evenings in the week, some for chorus-singing, others for card-playing. A favourite game, and one that requires long practice and skill, is that which is played with the old German Tarot cards. The pictures are quaint and pretty, and are quite mediæval in character. The whole pack contains seventy-eight cards, but many Tarot players only use fifty-four of them.

An interesting locality is the German London of the west, which comprises the area

between Great Portland Street and Regent Street on one side and Tottenham Court Road and Charing Cross Road on the other. It does not boast a *Heim*, but it has lodging-houses, *Vereins*, and various institutions, the chief of them being employment agencies. Many of these are *Vereins* closed to those who are not subscribers, and members must show certificates of ability and character.

A stroll through Fitzroy Street and Charlotte Street and the intersecting streets leading to the west reveals many curious pictures of life in the lodging- and tenement-houses. Often one room will be occupied by two or three people. The tenant has a sub-tenant, who shares the expenses, and another may come in as a boarder. One does the cleaning, another the marketing, and a third the cooking, and so they live, work, and economise, until one or the other has saved money enough, or gets married, when the cards are shuffled afresh for a new deal with fortune.

German London has its famous German Hospital, the noble institution at Dalston, which is largely supported by German benevolence. It has its newspaper, the *Londoner Zeitung*, and its financial paper, *Die Finanz-chronik*.

Within its area are many fashionable residents. Royal and Serene Highnesses, titled aristocrats, wealthy bankers, merchant princes, world-known engineers, celebrated savants, and renowned artists live in the palaces and mansions of the west, and lead an unostentatious life. But there are occasions when their salons are most brilliant, and receptions, dinners, and balls herald the birthday of the Kaiser. On that day the rooms of the Embassy are crowded, and not uncommonly the occasion is marked by rich gifts to charities, for the wealthy Germans are both patriotic and benevolent.

Taking it all in all, German London is hardworking, even to harshness, but it has also its kindly, humanising mood, its intellectual recreations, its strong animal spirits, its music, its songs, and its dances.

One may see more sunshine in the west, more shadow in the east, but the prevailing light, after all, is that of contentment.

DRINKING THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S HEALTH AT THE MILITAR-VEREIN (WARDOUR STREET).

ONE-LEGGED DANCER.

LONDON'S STREET PERFORMERS.

By P. F. WILLIAM RYAN.

HURDY-GURDY.

HERE is a calling whose members cluster humbly round the lowermost rung of that towering ladder whereon are ranged in an ascending scale the great army of those who live to amuse the public. Each variety of street performance has its own battalion of disciples. Some of these follow an occupation more or less hereditary. Others have drifted to the pavement from the circus-ring, the music-hall, and the theatre, while here and there is a wanderer from the counting-house.

The forlorn creature one sometimes sees labouring out a tune on a tin whistle is a representative of the poorest class of street performer. He has fallen back upon the whistle only when he has failed in some regular avocation, and has to choose between the workhouse and starvation. The singer, too, generally shows unmistakable signs that the burden of life is hard to bear. This, however, hardly applies to the young girl with the shrill soprano, who frequently forms one of a small party of vocalists; though, as she grows older, her fate is often doubtless that of the lonely, draggled woman, whose hopes of assistance rest rather on the pity of the public than on her shattered voice. Usually the Sabbath is observed strictly by all classes of street performers. But when the rule is departed from it is almost invariably by the female vocalist.

The one-man orchestra is a sort of outlander amongst instrumentalists. There are many varieties of him. He seldom plays fewer than three instruments, while now and again his unaided talents are equal to a quartette. He achieves the apparently impossible by using his elbows to beat the

HURDY-GURDY ON WHEELS.

BAND OF THREE.

big drum which he carries on his back, and his right foot to pull a strap connected with cymbals fastened to the drum. When he shakes his head bells tinkle, and all the while he blows into a huge brass instrument or, perhaps, operates on a concertina. He has a companion, of course, but where one person does so much there is little occupation for the other beyond the congenial one of chancellor of the exchequer. Street performers are amongst the hardest worked people in London on bank holidays. Many of them turn their attention to Hampstead Heath and similar resorts if the day be fine. But should it be wet, a large number of Londoners have no other recreation than such as they can find in lounging about the streets of their own particular neighbourhoods. Any entertainment is heartily welcomed at such a time, none more so than the ubiquitous barrel-organ. Tiny children often gather round and begin dancing with the most amusing air of seriousness, and occasionally the contagion spreads to the toes of their seniors.

The Italian organ-grinder is sometimes proprietor of a monkey. The miserable little creature never fails to attract children, and from them he derives much of his "board"; for they throw him scraps of bread and biscuit and even such luxuries as the cores of apples and orange-peel. The monkey does not appreciate the motives of his master in training him to sit on the top of the organ and keep time to the music with a bell. Regular work of any kind is abhorrent to his flighty nature; and, though he labours industriously as a bell-ringer while his owner's glance is upon him, the little eyes wandering eagerly hither and thither are eloquent of his disgust. Several well-known firms lend piano-organs from day to day for a small payment. This explains why the instruments seen in the streets are nearly always in excellent repair and equipped with topical tunes. But at odd times one comes across an antique hurdy-gurdy in the hands of some veteran of the trade. Once, no doubt, melody of a sort could be extracted from the battered framework. But that day has long since passed. Like its owner, it has survived its generation.

FLUTE.

Some of the London cornet-players are performers of more than ordinary merit. They very frequently enter into a temporary alliance with other instrumentalists. The public are very familiar with a band of three persons in which the central and most important figure is the cornet-player. They perform

ANOTHER TRIO.

national and other airs with an amount of spirit which commands immediate popularity. In rather marked contrast to this robust combination is a trio which includes two blind people; the third—a woman—carries an accordion beneath her cloak. The sweet tones of the flute are too seldom heard in the streets of the Metropolis. One feels thankful that there is apparently no danger of this wonderful instrument becoming hackneyed. But amongst street musicians it has at least one very well-known disciple. The zither—a pleasant vibrant instrument—has its votaries, but numerous they are not. Something more strident, more assertive, more vulgar—the accordion, the melodeon, or the concertina, perhaps—accords better with the din of the capital.

German bands hold a high place amongst the aristocracy of street performers. During the summer they play with military regularity in certain thoroughfares. Their *répertoire* is generally somewhat limited, but the "Blue Danube" and the "Marseillaise" are almost always honoured. What the German bandsmen do in winter is something of a mystery, but during that season their art is to a very great extent lost to London. No street performance, however hackneyed, fails to draw an audience. The "street Irishman" belongs to the most primitive order of low comedians.

ACCORDION.

Nevertheless, the Londoner is too desirous of being amused to leave him quite unnoticed. He sings and dances, and while recovering his breath fires off a volley of well-worn jokes, which he takes leave to emphasise at intervals by hitting his colleague—when he has one—a resounding thwack with his shillelah.

ZITHER.

The humour of this amiable diversion is not discounted by broken bones or bruises, as padded clothes are worn to produce the grotesque figure which tradition assigns to the part.

ENTERTAINING A THEATRE CROWD.

The "street Irishman," needless to say, has generally as much connection with the Emerald Isle as the nigger minstrel with the Congo. A low-crowned hat, slight side whiskers, and a complexion of jovial vermilion are more or less essential to the make-up of the former. The latter must blacken his face and hands, don a negligent costume suggestive of the seaside lounger, and arm himself with banjo or mandolin. The nigger troupe sometimes consists of five or even six men. The better kinds of public-houses are much favoured by them, and the proprietors are, as a rule, friendly. Their success depends upon their ability to render what popular taste designates the melodies of the hour. Frequently the troupe plays with considerable skill, and at times adds to the attractiveness of its performance by agreeable singing. It is

evident that "the flowing bowl" stimulates generous impulses, for street performers of all classes spend much of their time in endeavouring to please its devotees. There is generally one man amongst the nigger minstrel party whose only instrument is a small bag for collecting the donations of patrons. Many a man and woman, too—hardened worldlings who can but ill afford it—reward the musicians' efforts with a coin. It is their tribute to the magic of harmony, their confession that some simple chord has galvanised into momentary life the finer fibre of their hearts.

LEGLESS CLOG DANCER.

STREET BOXERS.

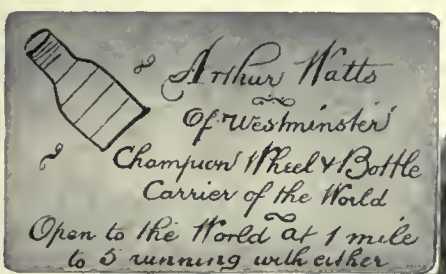
Sometimes one sees in the streets crude attempts to emulate the "tableaux vivants" of the theatres. The street boxers, for instance, attitudinise to the strains of a piano-organ. They attire themselves in fanciful costume and assume poses indicative of the most striking incidents in a prize-ring encounter. Without the co-operation of the organ it would be dull work; but a lively lilt helps to raise the spirits of the bystanders and to compensate for the absence of those scenic accessories employed by the West-End stage-manager. The queues which wait so patiently during whole hours for the opening of the doors of West-End theatres are not neglected by the street performer. Musicians of all sorts, from the violinist to the organ-grinder, usually strive to cheer the lines of pleasure-seekers. Occasionally, however, a species of "quick-change artist" seeks to amuse them. The entertainer in this case wears a soft hat of most accommodating texture. He dents it here, pulls it there, claps it on his head, regulates his features, and in a twinkling he frowns upon his audience as Napoleon the Great. A moment later his Imperial Majesty is perhaps only a dustman!

The fire-eater manages to command an audience even in sceptical London. Like the Davenport trick man, the juggler, and the thought-reader, he enjoys the prestige which belongs to the man who not only amuses but bewilders. The fire is eaten in the light of day! As the fire-eater himself says, "there is no deception." In fact, success in this department of the public entertainer's profession

FELT HAT MANIPULATOR.

depends very largely upon a generous "gift of the gab." The fire-eater's method is nearly always the same. He pours spirit on a saucer, applies a match, and, while he devours his hot meal by the spoonful, blandly assures the onlookers that it is "sweeter than bloater." The Davenport trick man allows himself to be bound tightly with a stout rope. There are always plenty of willing hands to make sure that this part of the performance is done thoroughly. Before releasing himself from his bonds he insists that the bystanders shall subscribe a certain sum. They part with their coppers, and with amazing ease he accomplishes his trick.

The Pierrots, accompanied by an organ or even a piano on a pony-barrow, are often seen in the streets in summer. Frequently their numbers are recruited by young fellows of Bohemian tastes, who elect to vary the monotony of some prosaic calling, and to turn an honest penny, by converting the pavement into a *théâtre comique*. Harmonium recitals are not common street attractions. In summer, however, they are frequent in certain localities, where one sometimes sees mere children performing with remarkable skill



and still more remarkable self-possession. At any season the Londoner may occasionally see a Scotsman — sometimes a Scotswoman — executing the national dance in full Highland costume.

A painful sight, though it is one which never fails to attract coppers from the passer-by, is the man without legs clog-dancing with his hands to the music of a piano-organ. Perhaps it leaves a still more uncomfortable feeling to see a one-legged man dancing. Happily, such spectacles are rare. The street reciter, notwithstanding that his part is by no means an exacting one, does not seem to flourish. Apparently the Metropolis is not partial to rhetoricians. It is easier to understand why "the boxing cat" is a rarity. Men who eat pebbles, nails, broken glass, and similar delicacies are so numerous in London as to suggest the reflection that their diet is quite nourishing! They resort to many devices to attract a crowd, sometimes carrying a little table on which the feast is spread. A brief speech, interlarded with a joke or two, is repeated over and over again, until the onlookers have been excited to the requisite pitch of expectancy. Then just as the great act is anticipated the hat, perhaps, is passed round. This procedure is not, of course, always followed. As often as not the performer trusts to the honour of his audience, and he is seldom disappointed. The bottle-carrier is strictly a combination of the athlete and

DANCING BEAR. I. EN ROUTE. II. PERFORMING.

BOTTLE CARRIER

what is known in the music-halls as an "equilibrist." London has at least one bottle-carrier of distinction. Perhaps he is the only one of our street performers who provides himself with a professional card setting forth his name and qualifications—"champion wheel and bottle-carrier of the world."

Monkeys are not the only animals which take part in street performances. Birds of brilliant plumage may occasionally be seen in cages on the tops of organs. When a slide is drawn down one of the birds pecks at slips which are packed neatly in a sort of trough. The little creature is, no doubt, sadly tantalised that no matter how hard or how often he pecks no seeds reward him, but that, on the contrary, a scrap of paper flutters out of the trough and is sold by the proprietor for a penny. The bird does not understand that some foolish passer-by—a girl usually—has had her fortune told.

The bear is a very old caterer for the public who like to find a little cheap amusement on the highway. The brand of civilisation, with which it is his misfortune to live in contact—assisted by semi-starvation—soon deprives the bear of all spirit. The owners of performing bears are generally Italians or Spaniards. And at night they often house three or even four of the brutes in one cellar. The rat-charmer is a curious and not a very pleasant ornament of the streets—at least, in the eyes of sensitive people. His pets are as tame as pampered kittens. They sit on his shoulder, and scamper playfully over his coat. To lend piquancy to the entertainment, the rat-charmer is sometimes accompanied by a melancholy terrier, on whose back the rats make themselves at home. This innovation on normal rat and dog relations seems to give the terrier no pleasure, but the public relish its absurdity.

No need to step aside from the route of one's accustomed walks through the capital to observe the street performer at work. He is everywhere—in the heart of the City and in the most distant suburbs, but always by the grace of the police. The rule followed seems to be to allow persons who conduct themselves properly every latitude, so long as traffic is not impeded. With dulcimer, harp, and violin a trio sometimes enliven such a centre of bustle as the neighbourhood of the Stock Exchange. The business man is not sentimental, but whoever commands sufficient art to appeal to his sympathies is sure of a reward. The harpist is most frequently seen alone. On his shoulders has descended the faded mantle of the strolling minstrels of the age of chivalry. At times he proves himself sadly oblivious of his hereditary dignity, as when he contrives to devote one hand to the manipulation of a concertina. Often, however, the shabby figure caressing the weather-stained harp by the pavement has in his blood more than a spark of the genuine fire of art; and often, too, he has magic in his touch to steep in visions the day-dreamer who lingers awhile to give ear to his harmony.

HARP.

PEBBLE SWALLOWER.

DOG AND RATS.

AT THE SHIPPING OFFICE: IN QUEST OF TIDINGS.

IN LONDON'S SHADOWLAND.

By GEORGE R. SIMS.

THERE are many tender-hearted people who cannot quite dismiss from their minds the thought of the world's pain. To these the knowledge that beneath the surface of our busy, bustling, everyday existence there runs a vein of tragedy is a personal sorrow. It is not good to dwell upon the gloomy side of life, but it is impossible to ignore its existence. There is a tragic and a deeply pathetic side to Living London which cannot be left untouched in any work dealing with the people of the great city, and the varying phases of the human drama enacted daily within its gates. Therefore must we pass out of the sunshine and walk for a while in the Shadowland.

The tide of life is running its usual course in a busy City thoroughfare. It is the centre of the shipping trade, so far as the offices of the great owners are concerned. Inside this dull, prosaic-looking building smart young clerks with flowers in their buttonholes, and quiet middle-aged men with unimpeachable City "get-ups," are in touch with the ports of the world. In one or other of these offices, in bulky ledgers, are written out neatly the names of thousands of seafaring men, and hundreds of thousands of men and women who pass across dividing oceans to lands afar.

The books in a ship owner's or a shipping company's office record not only the goods that the vessels of the firm are carrying, but the name of every officer, every seaman, every hand, and every passenger.

Here, stowed away in iron safes, lies many a volume of tragedy. Look at the list of the passengers and crew of an ill-starred ship. Every name as you read it strikes a note of pathos. For of all these men, women, and children who set out light-hearted on a voyage across the Atlantic, not one was ever heard of again.

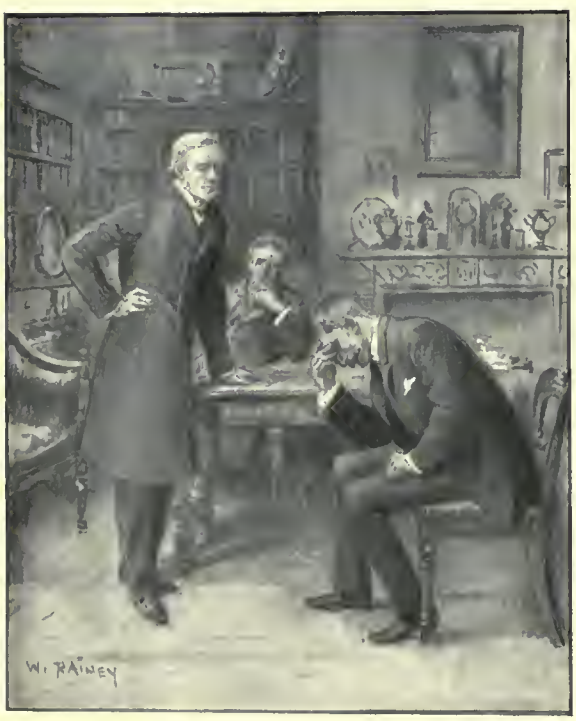
Outside one of these offices to-day there is a pale-faced, anxious crowd. Here and there women are in tears. Inside in the waiting-room there is another crowd. Some of them will presently come forth into the street and give what news they can to those without.

Last night in the late editions of the evening papers a terrible catastrophe was announced. A great liner with 600 souls on board was reported to have been in collision and to have gone down rapidly. Boats were put off.

The other vessel, herself badly damaged, stood by while she could in a high sea and heavy fog, and saved a few. This morning there is further news. One boat with a few survivors has been picked up. There may be others. At present all is vague and uncertain. As the news of the tragedy spreads in the morning the friends and relatives of the passengers and the crew who were in London rush off with fear and trembling to the shipping office. All news will come there first.

The great world goes on its way without, idling, huckstering, planning the future hopefully. In the office of the shipowners a crowd of agonised men and women are waiting pale-faced, red-eyed for the message of life or death.

A mansion in Mayfair. At the door a pair-horse carriage; behind it a single-horse brougham. A telegraph boy goes up the steps and rings. A powdered livery servant opens the door and takes in half a dozen telegrams. Through the half-open door we catch a sight of the beautifully-decorated hall. We know the house by repute. It is that of a great nobleman. His wife is one of the leaders of London society. The papers have told us again and again of the magnificent entertainments of which their delightful house has been the scene, and perhaps we have had a little feeling of envy. But if all is well with us and ours we shall have only a feeling of pity for the owner as we pass the house this afternoon. The carriages at the door are those of doctor and physician. They are upstairs now with the young nobleman's wife, struck down in her youth and beauty by the hand of disease. In the library the husband is waiting with a grave face and a dread foreboding at his heart. Will the doctors come presently and cheer him with words of hope? Lies there in surgical science the means of saving the life of the lovely woman in the room above?



DIRE NEWS.

Presently he hears the sound of footsteps. His quick ear knows whose they are. The doctors have come down. They have gone into an adjoining room to consult. In a few minutes—it seems an age—they send him a message. Will he come to them? He enters. The physician, who knows him, comes forward and takes his hand, and presses it gently.

There is no need for any words. The physician's face and the pressure of the hand are enough. The shadow has fallen on to the beautiful house. On the morrow a new day will break over the world; it will bring to the young lord only the shadow of a hopeless dawn.

A pretty little villa residence in the north of London. It is seven o'clock in the evening. The dinner has been laid as usual—the dinner at which the young wife and the young husband have been in the habit of meeting and enjoying each other's society after the day's separation which business in the City demands.

But the meal to-night has scarcely been touched. Both have made but a pretence of eating because the maidservant was watching them curiously. Presently they are alone, and the wife breaks down. With a great sob she rises, and putting her handkerchief to her eyes goes upstairs to her bedroom.

The husband does not attempt to follow. He sits alone, gazing almost vacantly into the fire. He is staggering under a blow which has temporarily dazed him.

TROUBLE IN THE VILLA.

He always believed that the money he used to cover that loss on the Stock Exchange he would be able to refund.

But the previous evening, to his utter astonishment, he had been arrested and taken to the police-station. The firm had discovered the transaction, and had instantly had recourse to the criminal law. He had sent a note to his wife saying he was called away on business, he would be home in the morning. Then he had sent to his friends for bail.

He was taken before a magistrate, and after the facts had been stated was released on bail. The whole truth had now to be told to his wife. His father and mother had been communicated with, and his brother. There is to be a family council. If the money can be raised and paid at once there may be found a way to get the case withdrawn. These things happen.

Presently a ring at the bell, and then another. The old father and mother have arrived, agitated, terrified. The servant has shown them into the drawing-room. The wife has been told, and comes down. She has hastily dried her tears and composed herself. The hour has come when she must fight for the safety of the man she loves, for his honour, for the name she bears, for the old people who will die of shame if their son is branded a felon.

The brother arrives late. In the little drawing-room the family sit, hour after hour, talking, weeping, now despairing, now hoping. The man who has brought this misery upon them is there too. The women cannot be hard on him, though the men are at first angry, almost vindictive, that he should have brought the family name to such shame as this. His wife goes to him as she sees his distress. She takes his hand in hers. The old mother lays her head upon his shoulder crying, "Oh, my boy—my boy!" Outside an organ plays a gay tune, and a belated errand boy takes it up and sings at the top of his voice.

But the shadow of shame has fallen on the little villa. The morrow looms before its inmates, a dread thing from which there is no escape. And the man, while the organ plays and the boy sings a gay refrain filled with the joyousness of life, wonders if it would not be better for himself and all who love him if he sought death at his own hand.

A little paragraph in the daily paper. A gentleman has appealed to the police to assist him in finding his daughter, a girl of seventeen, who has suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. One reads paragraphs of this sort almost continually, turns to the other portions of the paper, and forgets them.

But they too frequently represent a tragedy of the most pathetic kind. Here is the home of the young girl who has suddenly dropped, as it were, out of existence; who yesterday was in her accustomed place at the family

AN ENQUIRY AT THE POLICE-STATION.

table, and to-day is a mystery—a something that was, and is not.

The father and the mother sit together, comforting each other, building up theories of hope, imagining explanations that are impossible. They recall every incident of the last few weeks in connection with their idolised daughter who has vanished, leaving not a word behind her. Some accident has happened to her. She has been taken suddenly ill in the street and is in a hospital, perhaps, or in the house of some stranger who has been a Good Samaritan. She is unconscious, and has no knowledge of the anxiety and pain, almost beyond endurance, of the parents.

The father has been everywhere. All day long he has gone to and fro to the houses of friends, to police-stations, to hospitals, to the houses of old school acquaintances of his child's. No one has seen her. Last night at seven o'clock she went out to make some little purchases at the shops. She was lively and lighthearted, and her little sister remembers that she said when she came back she would stick some stamps in her stamp-album.

It was not till ten o'clock that the mother became anxious. Where could her daughter be staying so late? Then came eleven, and the gravest fears took possession of the little household. The father went out and rang up the tradesmen he understood his daughter was most likely to have visited to make her purchases. But none of them had seen her.

The family remained up. The mother stood at the open door watching, watching, with a sick feeling at her heart. The night passed—a sleepless one for the unhappy parents — and with the light the father went out again, and friends joined him in his search.

And now two days have passed, and still there is no news. The days have grown to weeks, the weeks to months. Every mortuary has been visited; every ghastly secret that the river divulged has been seen by the distracted father. It came at last that even the sight of his child safe in the death sleep would have been a relief to him. But the mystery remained, and still remains.

This is no fancy picture of one of the phases of London Shadowland. I know the father; I knew the girl. There is nothing to account for her disappearance. And it is not an isolated or even an uncommon case. Every week—almost every day—in London someone suddenly "drops out," passes beyond the ken of friends and relatives, disappears, and leaves no clue to guide the eager searchers. Ever in the homes that knew them, the hearts that love them, remains the wonder, the dread as to the thing that may have happened. On many a London home to-day rests the abiding shadow of "The Mysterious Disappearance."

A humble little home this, but everything bright and clean. A hard-working woman the owner of it you can see at a glance, and a woman who has had her share of the world's troubles. It is early morning, but she has been up for some time "tidying" and getting the children's breakfast ready, and now they have had it, and stand ready dressed to go to school. A motherly glance takes in the two, a little boy and girl, and notes that all is right with them. Then each little face is kissed, and the children set out hand in hand for the big Council school.

At the door they stop for a moment. The little girl turns towards her mother.

"You're sure Daddy will come back to-day, mother?" she says.

"Yes, dear," the woman answers with a little sigh; "quite sure. You will see him when you come home."

Then she turns with a sinking heart, looks round the little room, now as clean and comfortable as hard work can make it. Then she puts on her bonnet and shawl, sees that the fire is safe, locks the door, and sets out for the warehouse close by, at which, being a first-class hand, she can earn, for a woman, a decent wage. Her dinner-hour, which is at twelve, enables her to get back and give the children some cold food. She leaves her work at six for good, and that brings her back in time to prepare the hot meal of the day, the seven o'clock supper.

It has been a difficult job to look after the work and the children and the home, but in this way she has managed it for nearly four years.

During that time her husband has been absent. He has been in one of his Majesty's convict prisons. Now he is coming out on ticket of leave, and he has written that he will arrive that evening.

She loved the man whom she married, for he was a fine, handsome young fellow. But she soon found that she had made a bad bargain. He was lazy and fond of evil company. He spent his own income and hers, and then got mixed up with dishonest men, receivers of stolen goods. He brought her to the verge of ruin; but he had a short term of imprisonment, and she got things round her and built the little home up again. When he came out he promised reform, but the old set soon found him; he took to drink again, and squandered every penny she earned. She bore it, and hoped for the sake of the children she would be able to go on enduring. Then he got into the hands of the police again, and was put away for five years. She left the neighbourhood for the children's sake and went to another part of London, got a fresh place and a new home together, and fought the battle of a husbandless wife bravely. And now he was coming home again. What would he be like? How long would it be before the old life, the old language, the old horrors commenced? The children were mere babies when he went. They were two and three respectively. Now the little girl was nearly seven. She could understand. Never did woman wait more nervously for the return of a long-absent husband than this poor woman waited for hers.

At half-past six the supper is getting ready. The children are sitting at the table looking over their lessons for the morrow. The mother is busy at the fire, and there is a savoury smell that makes the children sniff and get an anticipatory appetite.

At a quarter to seven there is a knock at the door. The woman opens it, and her husband staggers into the room. He has been celebrating his freedom with some old "pals" before he returned to his wife.

Staggering into the room, he strikes against the table and makes the cups and plates rattle. The children are terrified. The little boy runs and clings to his mother's skirts, the little girl bursts out crying.

"Stop that squalling!" growls the man. "Look here, missis, ain't you got anything to say to me after three years and a half?"

The woman tries to speak, and her tongue

BEFORE THE BLOW FALLS.

fails her. She feels hysterical, and is afraid to give way.

"Oh, that's it, is it—sulky? Well, give me some money. I'm going out with some friends. I want to see a bit o' life after nigh four years in the jug. How much have you got?"

It isn't a pretty picture. We won't look at any more of it. But the return of the criminal husband to the home of the decent wife is a *real* picture. Ask the police court missionaries how common a one it is, and how often the shadow falls on the home from the moment the convict father re-enters it.

These are but a few of the tragedies that are daily happening in the home life of the people. There are others of which most of us have some personal knowledge. Black, indeed, is the shadow that rests upon the home in which the wife is smitten by that horrible modern madness, dipsomania. In such a home the husband and the children never know what horror an hour may bring forth. Equally black is the shadow that rests upon the loving wife, waiting hour after hour for the return of the man she has sworn to honour and obey, dreading what may have happened to him, certain that when he comes or is brought home he will be a pitiable spectacle. The tragedy of the drink fiend is awful in its consequences to its *innocent* victims. It means, too frequently, alas, to them financial ruin and social degradation, the blighting of the fairest hopes, a life-long misery, and an ever-present fear!

Reverse of fortune is often bravely borne; but the sale of the household gods is a bitter blow to face. There are auctions in London at which every knock of the hammer is a heartache. The shadow falls on many a home of luxury when banks fail or family solicitors abscond, when by some great crisis the change from wealth to poverty has to be swiftly made; when the man whom all the world thought solvent has to acknowledge that he cannot meet his obligations, and his name appears in the published list of bankrupts.

But every cloud has its silver lining; and it is good to know that many a man by brave endeavour lifts the shadow from the home, and walks, when the years of trial have flown, in the bright sunshine of peace and prosperity once more.

"SOLD UP."

WATER LONDON.

By HUGH B. PHILPOTT.

OF all the public services in London it may safely be said that none exceeds in importance the supply of water. All our domestic and business arrangements are based on the assumption that a practically unlimited supply of pure water is available for immediate use whenever required. How it comes about that water from the purer reaches of the Thames above Kingston, from a spring in Hertfordshire, from the River Lea, or from the deep wells of Kent, is deprived of all impurities and brought every day into our houses and places of business is a matter to which few of us ever give a thought. The machinery of water distribution works so noiselessly and steadily that we hardly realise how vast and complex an affair it is.

PUMPING ROOM (BRIXTON HILL WATERWORKS).

Yet the dislocation, even for a single day, of the pumping, filtering, and distributing arrangements would be a calamity the effects of which would be felt all over the world. Happily, London's water comes from several different sources, and there is not the remotest danger of a general failure.

An inconvenience which comes a little more closely home to the average householder is the freezing of his water pipes, which is a not infrequent occurrence in times of prolonged frost. Then for a time water becomes a precious commodity; standpipes are erected in the streets, and a supply barely sufficient for the day's needs is carried in pails into the house and carefully husbanded. In very poor districts it is a half comic, half pathetic sight at times to watch the shivering crowd of women and children awaiting their turn round a standpipe, equipped with every imaginable kind of vessel from a foot-bath to a teapot.

A first glance at the statistics of London's water would lead to the conclusion that London is a very thirsty city or else a city much given to ablutions. Forty gallons per day form the quantity of water "consumed" in normal times by every man, woman, and child amongst us. This includes not only the domestic supply, but also all the water used for business purposes and for such public services as street watering and fire extinction, as well as the by no means inconsiderable quantity that is wasted through defective house fittings or leaking mains.

To obtain, filter, and distribute this immense quantity of water is the pretty big task with which London water engineers and their assistants have to grapple every day. A considerable proportion of the work is done

well outside the limits of the city, and therefore does not come within the scope of the present article. But waterworks are, of course, to be found in all parts of London, and it is interesting to investigate what goes on in them.

The first thing to be done with the water is, obviously, to filter it. Most of this work is done at the intake stations at Kingston, Ditton, Hampton, and other outlying places. The process may be observed, however, as applied to Thames water at Battersea, and to New River water at Stoke Newington. No water is taken from the tidal portion of the Thames; the water dealt with at Battersea has been pumped from Hampton. The filtration is accomplished by spreading the water over the sandy floor of the filter-bed, through which it slowly percolates, leaving all impurities on the surface of the sand. Beneath the filtering material, of which there are three layers—the finest on the top—are short lengths of pipe resting on a concrete bed. These pipes collect the filtered water and pass it into a central channel, whence it flows into the suction wells to be pumped into the mains. After a filter-bed has been in use for some time it becomes covered with what looks like a carpet of mud, and ceases to be an efficient filter. The cleansing process, to which every filter-bed has to be submitted periodically, consists in removing the top layer of sand and replacing it by clean sand. The soiled sand is not wasted; it is simply washed, and used over and over again.

After being filtered, the water is pumped by powerful machinery through the great iron water mains to service reservoirs situated in various parts of the Metropolis. These reservoirs are not at all striking objects, and may easily escape observation; they are, of course, covered in, and their outward appearance is simply that of a field slightly raised by embankments above the level of the roadway. They are generally placed on high ground, so that the water mains of the district may be charged from them by simple gravitation. In some places, however, as at Brixton Hill, pumping machinery has to be employed to raise the water from the service reservoirs to still higher levels.

The scene in a pumping house is a striking one. Steadily, restlessly, the mighty engines do their work, lifting their two, three, five, and in some cases nine millions of gallons a day, needing apparently but very little attention or control. The pumping engines are of several types; that at Brixton Hill, which we illustrate on page 75, is known as a beam engine and resembles a gigantic see-saw. The beam has at each end a plunger with a bucket attached, which descends into the water, and as it rises pours its contents into the outflow to the mains.

At the pumping and filtering stations mechanical power is used to such an extent that, considering the immense quantity of work done, the number of men employed seems to be small. But in the laying of new water mains and the repairing of the hundreds of miles of mains already existing continuous work is provided for quite an army of workmen. The laying of a new main is a matter in which the greatest care must be taken, for it is obvious that defective pipes or joints may result in great waste of water, if not in more serious disaster still. The cost of laying a 40-inch main, such as that shown in our illustration on the opposite page, is £5 or £6 a yard.

The administration of the London water supply is now centralised in the London Water Board, which has its headquarters in Savoy Court. "Water London" is divided into eight districts corresponding for the most part with the districts formerly supplied by the eight water companies. The supersession of the companies by the one public authority was an important administrative reform, but one which involved no changes whatever in the engineering side of the work. Nor has it in any way affected the consumer, who continues to pay the same rates to the same officials and to receive—so far as he is able to perceive—precisely the same service.

The constant supply system, now universal in the Metropolis, has led to the partial extinction of the turncock, once a familiar and rather picturesque figure in London streets. There remain, of course, many occasions on which the turning on or off of water is necessary, as, for instance, in case of a burst pipe or repairs to main pipes, but a special class of men charged with regularly turning the water on and off is no longer needed.

LAYING A BIG WATER MAIN.

CLEANING A FILTER BED (BATTERSEA).

LISTENING FOR RUNNING WATER.

The constant supply system, although it undoubtedly makes for public health and convenience, greatly increases the risk of waste. To prevent, as far as may be, the waste of water through defective fittings an elaborate system of inspection has been adopted. And the curious thing is that the London householder is, as a rule, entirely ignorant of the fact that any such inspection is being made till he receives one morning a visit from a water official, who informs him that there is considerable waste of water going on in the house and asks to be allowed to examine the fittings.

This unexpected visit is the sequel to a rather curious piece of work that was carried out the previous night. Every night in the year some hundreds of gangs of workmen, each consisting of five or six men carrying turncocks' tools and lanterns, set out shortly after midnight from various points to discover the amount of water that is flowing through the mains and into the various houses. The assumption is that between the hours of twelve and three or four in the morning there is—with very few exceptions—no legitimate use for water, and that practically all which is then passing through the pipes is running to waste.

Raising an iron plate in the footpath, the inspector notes the reading of a waste-water meter placed just below the surface, while another man holds a lantern. The meter indicates the quantity of water in gallons per hour that is passing through the mains supplying a particular district. Each of these districts is divided into a number of sub-districts of perhaps fifty or sixty houses controlled by separate cocks.

An actual example will best show how the system is worked. The figures relate to a district in Bermondsey, containing 362 houses, with a population of 2,430. At ten minutes to two on a certain morning the waste-water meter showed that 1,180 gallons per hour were passing through the pipes in that district, and therefore presumably being wasted. While the inspector watched the meter, one of his assistants went and shut down the cock commanding Sub-division A, thus cutting off the water from the forty-two houses in that division. The reading of the meter remained unchanged, thus showing that

REPAIRING A BURST WATERPIPE.

no part of the waste was in Sub-division A. Five minutes later the cock commanding Sub-division B was shut down, and immediately the pencil on the indicator dropped a little, showing that the total waste was now 70 gallons less, and therefore that the waste in Sub-division B amounted to 70 gallons per hour. On shutting off Sub-division C there was no further change, but all the remaining sub-divisions up to I indicated waste varying from 20 to 400 gallons per hour.

The next step is to track the waste to the individual houses where it occurs. Going from house to house in the group of houses where the meter has indicated waste, the inspector applies his ear to a megaphone—a long, thin iron rod with a vulcanite disc at the end—which he connects with the service pipe by means of the small opening in the ground made for the purpose just outside the entrance to every house. Sometimes by this means quite a perceptible sound of running water is heard; at other times it is but the faintest whispering sound, scarcely perceptible to the untrained ear. In either case the inspector records in his notebook that a "noise" is heard from that particular house. It is a weird sight—this scientific eavesdropping in the dead of night; and it is probable that very few Londoners are aware of these nocturnal investigations which take place just outside their front doors.

I. HYDRANT SIGN ("H"). II. FILLING A WATERING-CART.

The quantity of water wasted in London is something astonishing. An experienced water engineer estimates that it amounts to 30 per cent. of the water supplied. The waste is not entirely owing to defective house fittings; some of it is in the water mains, and quite as much care is taken to discover waste in the mains as in the houses. The havoc caused by a burst water main is readily appreciated when the roadway becomes a temporary pond, but quite as serious a loss of water may be going on underground entirely unsuspected. There have been cases where breakages and leaks in the mains resulting in a loss of from 2,000 to 3,000 gallons per hour have been detected by the vigilance of the inspectors, though at the surface there was no visible sign of any leak whatever.

An immense quantity of water is used daily—though this, of course, is not to be accounted waste—in the washing of horses, carts, and carriages. The water is laid on direct to the stables or mews, and applied generally by means of hose pipes. A large mews in the West-End, at about half-past five or six on a summer afternoon, presents a very animated spectacle: fifty or sixty carriages, perhaps, have just come in from the Park, and are being simultaneously washed down with hose, scrubbing-brush, and sponge.

The connection between the water authorities and the Fire Brigade is, as may be supposed, a very intimate one. Everyone who has walked through the streets of London is familiar with the fire hydrant sign, the blue "H" on a white background which is to be seen at every few hundred yards on the walls or railings of the houses. These signs are put up by the London County Council to show firemen the exact spot where they may connect their hose with the water main. The present practice is to place a hydrant at the corner of every street. Whenever a fire breaks out a water official is soon on the scene in order to give the firemen any assistance they may

require. In case of a very serious outbreak, when water in great volume and at high pressure is needed, the managers of the chief waterworks are communicated with by telephone, and they are able at once to increase the pressure in the particular locality where it is needed by withdrawing it temporarily from other districts. All water used by the Metropolitan Fire Brigade for fire extinction purposes is supplied free by Act of Parliament.

Apart from the absolutely necessary services which the health and safety of the city demand, there are many directions in which water adds to the amenities of city life. On a hot summer day the lumbering vehicle which local government officials call the "hydrostatic van," and the vulgar the "water-cart," is an ever-welcome sight as it slowly perambulates the dusty suburban streets; the fountains in Trafalgar Square and elsewhere, when the falling water glistens in the sunlight, add a much appreciated touch of brightness and beauty to otherwise sombre scenes; the sprinklers in the parks and public gardens scattering a fine spray around do much to make possible those charming oases of greenery which exist even in the heart of the city; the drinking troughs for horses and dogs, which humane and thoughtful people have erected at various points, are a boon which we may be sure many of the city's four-footed toilers would, if they could, gratefully acknowledge; and there are surely few pleasanter sights on a summer day than a group of children partaking of innocent and economical refreshment at one of the public drinking fountains.

ROUND A DRINKING FOUNTAIN.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND FUNERAL PROCESSION (HIGHGATE CEMETERY).

BURYING LONDON.

By T. W. WILKINSON.

THE Angel of Death seems to be continuously hovering over London. While he may not visit a secluded village once in a year, he spreads his wings over some one of the myriad houses in the mighty city every six minutes, and bears away an immortal soul. Ten times hourly does a mortal spark return to its Maker, leaving its earthly tabernacle to descend to the dust from which it sprang. And it is in consequence of the frequency of this natural separation—due, of course, to the size of the Metropolis, and not to an exceptionally high rate of mortality—that death is a great, ever-present fact in the world's capital.

Patent in nearly all business thoroughfares is the industrial side of life's dissolution. In the shopping streets of the West-End are windows filled with mourning, the show-cases of the principal firms which can, on occasion, put ladies in black in twenty-four hours. Wreath-makers, ranging from the manufacturers of the artificial article to the open air and the hot-house florist, are more scattered. The principal stand of outdoor vendors of "natural" wreaths forms an oasis in Upper Street, Islington. On the beaten track to the great gardens of sleep at Highgate and Finchley, it is a halting place for many of the thousands of mourners who pass it in their frequent pilgrimages to the graves of dear ones gone before.

In Euston Road a collection of stones looking like a transplanted slip of cemetery marks the principal seat of an allied but much more important industry, that of the monumental mason. But it is by no means confined to this locality, being carried on near all the burial grounds. Hard by those in the far east are the humble establishments of the small men, whose "leading line" is the thirty-shilling headstone; in the west, north, and south are the imposing shops of firms which book orders for memorials costing £2,000 or £3,000 and erect mausoleums representing a small fortune.

Still more diffused over the Metropolis is the "black trade." It and its adjuncts are everywhere, even in the semi-official world, for London is the headquarters of the British Institute of Undertakers. You cannot walk far without seeing a picture of the trade framed and glazed—an undertaker and his men engaged on ominous-shaped boxes. In the Inner Belt the shop is occasionally the "dead man's hotel"—the mortuary for deceased hotel guests and patients at nursing homes. When No. 490 is so unreasonable as to die,

the manager of the hotel goes to the telephone with a frown; and as a result the black van rolls noiselessly up to a side door in the early hours of the morning. Ten minutes later the undertaker's men, moving silently in felt slippers, enter the death chamber, bear the corpse (still warm sometimes) down the stairs, and take it to the shop, there to rest till the grave is ready to receive it. Very often, however, such bodies are taken to mortuaries, where they are deposited until relatives or friends can be communicated with, and the funeral arrangements made.

But to see the heart of the "black trade" it is necessary to visit a certain huge establishment in the City. What a heart it is! Within its walls the retail undertaker can find every requisite, from a bit of "furniture" to a coffin or a tombstone. Nowhere are life and death more strangely intermingled. A vast stock of wood, such as would set up in business two or three timber merchants; shop after shop full of whirring, buzzing machinery; men at work everywhere, some on marble, some on brass, some making harness, some repairing carriages, some in a battery-room for electro-plating; coffin furniture by the ton, including handles worth £5 a pair; an enormous stock of "caskets" of all sizes and all materials, paper and wickerwork at one extreme, lead and brass at the other, from which customers can pick a fit as the needy purchaser in Petticoat Lane picks a suit—these are a few of the main features that impress themselves on the memory. But there are many others, notably a fine stud of glossy, long-tailed "funeral horses," those high-strung, sensitive Flemish blacks which draw or follow the chariot of Death.

Burying proper—the owning and managing of ground for the reception of London's dead—is a still more important Metropolitan business. Besides Brompton Cemetery, which belongs to the Government; besides the numerous parish burial grounds; besides the many disused God's acres, which, notwithstanding that they have long been closed, find work for the living other than mere gardening and caretaking, inasmuch as some of the tombs are periodically repaired, in several cases under the supervision of City Companies; besides all these places of rest, there are the proprietary cemeteries at Kensal Green, Abney Park, Highgate, Nunhead, Canning Town, and elsewhere, as well as the several Jewish burial grounds. Every one of the larger of such establishments employs a small army. Go behind the scenes

PREPARING FLOWERS FOR PLANTING ON GRAVES (HIGHGATE CEMETERY).

at Highgate, and look at the floricultural department. You are in a maze of beds and glass-houses, working in and about which is a regular staff of twenty-eight gardeners. Merely for bedding-out some 250,000 to 300,000 plants are raised every year.

Note, too, how the cemetery companies are affected by fashion. When the subterranean tombs at Brompton, Kensal Green, and Highgate were made catacombs were in great favour. Now they have as completely "gone out" as crinolines. At present the public taste is veering in the direction of cremation—a change for which some provision was long since made in the great cemeteries. If you descend into the catacombs at Highgate, for instance, you cannot well miss the columbarium. The name is over the doorway. Peering through the gate beneath, you see a small chamber lined with pigeon-holes, in which are urns of various shapes, each containing a handful or two of dust—man in his most inglorious stage. The number of such receptacles is, however, no measure of the popularity of cremation, because in many cases the incinerated remains are buried.

The largest cemetery serving the Metropolitan area is, of course, at Brookwood. Notwithstanding its distance from London, it has a gate, so to speak, in Westminster Bridge Road in the form of the Necropolis Company's private station. And, as that comes within our scope, we must see it. One minute we are in the thick of London's seething, roaring traffic; the next on a platform of a station which anybody who reached it blindfolded might momentarily take for a rural terminus. Nothing is lacking — even the big-faced clock, now indicating 11.45, is there—except hobbledehoy porters and other rustic types. A glance round, however, dispels the illusion. The waiting-rooms—one of which is allotted for the exclusive use of every party of mourners attending a private funeral — are bright and furnished in admirable taste. While there is nothing funereal about them, no gloomy black with its morbid associations, they are free from any jarring note. The same good taste is shown in other parts of the station, which contains every convenience that can possibly be desired, including a beautifully fitted mortuary chapel.

STREET WREATH SELLERS (ISLINGTON).

COFFIN-MAKING.

At the platform stands a train — the train of the dead. On the door of the guard's van are two or three small cards bearing names, one of which, you notice, is the same as that on a similar ticket at the entrance to a waiting-room, while

ROMAN CATHOLIC FUNERAL PROCESSION (KENSAL GREEN CEMETERY).

FIRING THE SALUTE OVER A SOLDIER'S GRAVE (BROMPTON CEMETERY).

CONSECRATING A JEWISH TOMBSTONE (JEWISH CEMETERY, PLASHET).

some of the compartments are reserved in like manner. Two mourners are already seated in readiness for the journey, silent, thoughtful, a little sad maybe. They are Chelsea pensioners, and they are taking to his rest an old comrade whom Death has claimed at last.

Thus are London's dead conveyed to Woking, normally at the rate of three or four thousand yearly, though as many as fifty bodies have been sent down in a day. Sometimes a "special" is ordered for the funeral of a great man, but as a general rule all classes alike go down in the regular daily train.

Another side of Burying London is an integral part of the life of the streets. It consists of funeral processions. And what contrasts these present to the seeing eye! We are in Whitechapel. From a greasy labyrinth, hedged on either side with sad-eyed Jews, winds the funeral cortège of a sweated Pole. Could simplicity further go? The hearse is merely a long black box on wheels, while the two carriages following it have not a vestige of ornamentation. None of the fripperies of death are here. All is strictly in accordance with Jewish law and custom—all plain, all unostentatious, all dull and unrelieved black.

Pass we now to Mile End Road. From a shopkeeper's door moves a funeral such as the undertaker loves. In front are a string of doleful-visaged mutes, looking more sorry than man ever felt. Dickens is supposed to have killed those professional mourners, but they still survive in the East-End, and rise to the surface on the occasion of a "big" funeral. Next comes a gorgeous open car, on which rests the coffin of polished oak, piled high with flowers. Lastly, there are carriages a score. Altogether, it is a procession that will be held up as a pattern for years.

Across in the Borough we get a glimpse of another kind of funeral. A coster is being borne to his grave, followed by a winding tail of four-wheel cabs and pony-carts. And when we strike due west we join the crowd in front of a ducal town house, and there wait till a ruler of men is brought out for his last ride. Here, at the top of the social scale, simplicity is as much the keynote as it was at the funeral of the poor alien. Though there are elaborate funerals in the West-End, the tendency of Society is towards simplicity, and still more towards the repression of black. In some circles even sable horses are out of fashion.

Next to St. James's. A memorial service to a duke is to take place in the Chapel Royal, and a seat has been reserved for us. Unique is the scene the interior presents on an occasion such as this. Despite the deep mourning worn by the ladies, colour and light are predominant in all directions. On the communion table the famous gold plate gleams and flashes; below is a mass of palms and pure white blossoms; and before the pews on either side depend long festoons of flowers. Among the representative congregation there are more splashes of brightness, formed by the Levee dress and uniform of the Ministers, the Diplomatic Corps, the soldiers, and the sailors, all wearing their orders. The general effect, indeed, is brilliant.

And now it becomes even more so; for the gentlemen and boys of the choir enter, the latter in their gold-laced scarlet tunics and white Geneva bands. They come into the chapel singing the opening sentences of the Burial Service, which is substantially the service then gone through, only an anthem is substituted for the words of committal. Last of all arise the beautiful strains of Chopin's Funeral March.

If any one man could follow London's dead to the various cemeteries, he could witness almost every form of burial service known to civilised peoples. At a big London necropolis, such as that at Kensal Green, cold clay is laid low with the most diverse rites. One day the impressive service of the Greek Church is held over mortal remains; the next a member of the Plymouth Brethren is interred with the utmost simplicity While a saintly minister of the Gospel is being buried, amid the silent prayers of hundreds of his flock, many of them wet-eyed in their own despite, in one avenue, a life-long iconoclast, ever without faith or hope, descends to an unhallowed grave in another, panegyrised but not prayed for.

Brompton Cemetery, in addition to affording such antitheses as these, is frequently the

AT THE NECROPOLIS COMPANY'S STATION (WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD).

scene of a military funeral, a portion being reserved for Guards. And such a ceremony has a pathos all its own; the salute over the grave is alike an honour, a pæan, and a knell.

Exceptional funerals of another kind take place in the East London Cemetery, where there is a plot full of Chinese and Japanese graves. Once a year, at Easter, the Limehouse Chinatown, or a part of it, visits this little necropolis, as the Roman Catholics visit their cemeteries on All Souls' Day. But the object in both cases is not, perhaps, exactly the same.

A strange feature of Oriental London is a Chinese funeral. By a yawning hole lies a coffin, on which the almond-eyed mourners proceed to place fish, flesh, and fowl. The fish is unrecognisable, the flesh a joint of pork, the fowl a veteran cock, cooked in its entirety, with head, neck, etc., intact. Basins of rice, on top of which are laid chop-sticks, are also deposited on the coffin, as well as a bottle of gin and some tea. Meanwhile, the mourners have lit their pipes and been laughing uproariously as if the whole proceeding were an excellent jest.

All being in readiness, the grave is sprinkled with the gin and the tea, after which the empty bottles are thrown away. Then the function becomes bewildering. Amid paroxysms of mirth and much kow-towing and rib-digging and gesticulation, the coffin is lowered into the grave, phos-sticks (bits of wood dipped in some chemical composition) and candles are burned, a suit of paper clothes and some imitation money set on fire at the foot of the grave. And then, lastly, the food is gathered together for the funeral feast later on, and the mourners depart.

On the other hand, there are several cemeteries at which one burial service is invariable, because they belong to particular bodies. In any of the Roman Catholic burial grounds you may see the same mournful procession day after day—a procession headed by the priest reading the Office for the Dead, and immediately preceded by the little acolytes, one of whom carries the holy water for sprinkling the grave.

Similar uniformity obtains at the Jewish cemeteries. Let us, this bright Sunday afternoon, journey to the one at Plashet, in the East-End of London. From the little synagogue comes the sound of a wild, sobbing incantation. We enter. Immediately the central figure arrests the eye. It is that of the minister, who stands by a coffin in the middle of the hall, chanting the psalm

in Hebrew, his voice rising and falling in minor cadences that vibrate the heartstrings like the most inspired music of sorrow. One of the alien slaves of the Ghetto is contained in the pall-covered coffin. All the last rites of his faith have been paid to him. As his weary spirit fled the appointed prayer was recited, and the professional watcher washed the body, clad it in ceremonial robes, and remained constantly by its side till the hour of the interment. A few more prayers, and the earth will close over him.

Presently the mourners—all males—break out into a kind of response. Then there is a sudden move. The coffin is placed on a bier, carried through the doorway, and, after a short halt just outside, conveyed straight to the rude grave which has been prepared for it alone. Never do the Jews place two bodies in one grave. The pall is withdrawn from the coffin—that plain, unpolished, undecorated shell of deal in which the Jew, whether a Rothschild or a pauper, usually returns to Mother Earth. A moment later and there is an intermittent rattle as each of the party, the minister included, seizes a shovel and casts some gravel into the gulf. And now all is over. After the sorrowing relations have returned to the synagogue and repeated the Offices for the Dead, they will go home and hold themselves aloof from the world for a week—the prescribed period of mourning.

Before we, too, depart we may as well be present at an essentially Jewish ceremony—the consecration of a tombstone. There is the memorial which is to be sanctified. At the top is a golden circlet gleaming in the sun, beneath a Hebraic inscription of which the chance English visitor may not divine the precise import, and beneath that again the pious aspiration, "May her sweet soul rest in peace." We have not to wait long. A procession emerges from the synagogue and forms a semicircle round the headstone. Having read aloud the inscription on it, the minister offers up prayers—first in Hebrew, then in English—and with a chorus of responses the ceremony ends.

It is a pleasing custom, this of consecrating a tombstone. To think that one day something of the kind may take place over our weak body, and that we may be remembered as what we wished and tried to be rather than as what we were, and that those we love will visit our grave—to think this is to become almost reconciled to death.

CHINESE GRAVES (EAST LONDON CEMETERY).

MONEY EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT (MESSRS. COOK'S, LUDGATE CIRCUS).

MONEY LONDON.

By CHARLES C. TURNER.

LONDON is the chief abode of the great god Money, whose throne, visible to all men, is in the heart of the City. From Queen Street and Guildhall to Gracechurch Street and Bishopsgate, from London Bridge to London Wall, lies a region in which the temples of the god cluster together in thick profusion. From here the greatest and the most numerous of his activities are conducted; for London, in spite of the rivalry of New York and the growing importance of Paris and Berlin as money centres, is still paramount as a headquarters of exchange and banking.

In the banking section of the "Post Office Directory" there are over 11,000 entries informing the inquirer as to the banking representation in London of practically every town in the world. With few exceptions all these references are contained in the section of London I have indicated. A walk through the miles of streets and lanes in this quarter will not fail to reveal to the observer the vast importance of London in this respect. All the buildings, save for a sprinkling of restaurants, churches, and shops, are banks of one kind and another, insurance offices, loan agencies, offices of mortgage brokers, foreign merchants, stock and share brokers, bullion dealers, insurance brokers, investment agents, assayers, and the like.

Our faith, prompted by the traditions of the place and the sight of leagues of palatial offices, not to mention multitudes of most expensively dressed City gentlemen, begins dimly to understand that this is indeed the abode of the god Money. But it is not long before the god himself appears. We are outside a well-known joint-stock bank. A vehicle resembling a private omnibus drives up. This is the car of the god. His mightiness is heralded by a shrill whistle. Attendants appear, and, without ceremony, the god is handed in bags from one to another

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

on his way to the bank's strong room somewhere in the basement. We hear the words "All gold," "All silver," or "All copper," passed from one official to the next—whether facetiously or by rule does not appear. We were beginning to think that money existed here only in an intangible form, that it was all a matter of figures in books, standing for something far away and unrealisable, and that at the best there might be a profusion of cheques and bills of exchange. On the contrary, in this region there probably is at any time a greater amount of gold than anywhere else in the world. The Bank of England alone has always some thirty-five millions in bullion, and frequently more, a mass of gold on which the credit of the country in certain last contingencies depends. By the way, a million pounds in gold weighs about eight tons.

At the Bank of England too, other banks keep their biggest treasures, retaining only enough on hand for daily use—amounts which, however, in many cases are enormous. For not one bank is like any other as regards the nature of its business. Some need a large stock of ready money. The Birkbeck Bank, with its hosts of small accounts, is one of these. Some banks, like the London City and Midland, require, especially at the end of each week, large reserves to enable their customers to pay their *employés*' salaries.

Instinctively one would make for Lombard Street in any expedition to view the money region. For centuries Lombard Street has been sacred to the banking interest. This is still the case, though the banking interest has long since overflowed the narrow limits of one street. "Lombard Street," indeed, is now a generic term often used to signify the whole of the money region. But Lombard Street itself is an epitome of all the rest. It contains such houses as Glyn's; the London and County Banking Company; Robarts, Lubbock and Company; the Crédit Lyonnaise; the Deutsche Bank; and Lloyds, one of the finest looking banks in London. It contains specimens of every class of bank, whether banks of deposit, discount, or loan; joint-stock or private; English, or foreign, or colonial. There are over thirty great banking houses in Lombard Street alone. It is necessary to remember, too, that scarcely a house having headquarters in the heart of London is not among those of the first importance. One has only to glance at the list of their liabilities to realise this. Scores of them, such as the London and County, the London and Westminster, the African Banking Corporation, the Bank of Australasia, and the National Bank of India, have liabilities of anything between twenty millions and fifty millions each. But the business of some of these banks of sounding and characteristic title is often surpassed by

UNLOADING GOLD AT A BANK IN THE CITY.

that carried on under such simple but famous names as Lloyds' or Barclay's, or again as Baring's, or Rothschild's—houses which have played some little part in European politics during the last century.

Each of these banks has its spacious strong-rooms in the basement, a large room crowded with clerks, special sanctums for manager and secretary, and somewhere upstairs a board-room. Each has its own methods, its own long list of customers, its own carefully guarded secrets, its own capital employed here or there, its own cheques. And many are the devices to safeguard against frauds with regard to the latter. But from the purely artistic point of view cheques are full of interest. The designs are elaborate, often beautiful; and a collection of various cheques might be desirable for æsthetic, if for no other, reasons. And this applies also to banknotes; the difficulty in this case being increased by the fact that it would be locking up so much money. Besides the Bank of England, there are over one hundred banks in the United Kingdom which issue their own notes.

After the Bank of England itself—which is described elsewhere in this work—perhaps the most interesting place is an insignificant building hidden away in a court leading out of Lombard Street. This is the famous Bankers' Clearing House, the agency through which bankers collect the money represented by cheques and bills paid to them. Instead of presenting the cheques at each banking house, bankers settle the whole amount delivered during the day at the Clearing House, receiving or paying the difference, as the case may be, by a single cheque on the Bank of England. Obviously the alternative to this system would be an interminable round of petty transactions. The annual business at the Clearing House amounts to about ten thousand million pounds sterling, and it increases every year. In one day the amount cleared is often over £100,000,000.

The scene is remarkable. A stream of "walk clerks" is continually arriving, each man carrying a portfolio which in most cases is securely chained to him. As each arrives he hurries to one of the desks and gets the amount of his load credited. Subsequently the cheques and bills are entered against the various banks on which they are drawn.

IN THE LONDON CITY AND MIDLAND BANK (LUDGATE HILL.

This applies to London banks, for which there are two clearings daily, morning and afternoon. The "country clearing," some of which is collected by post, is at noon.

The "walk clerk" has a double journey to make, that from his bank to the Clearing House, and the return journey. In the latter case his portfolio may contain a big draft on the Bank of England. It will also contain the "returns"—that is, those cheques or bills which are returned from the clearing unpaid, either from want of funds, irregularity of endorsement, or from any other cause. Occasionally a forgery is detected, in which case the word "forgery" is written across in red, and the offending paper sent back for inquiry; its final destiny in most cases is Scotland Yard.

There is nothing in the interior of the Clearing House to suggest the importance of its work. A long room filled with desks so close together that at a casual glance they remind one of the old-fashioned pews. At the back, conspicuous, a clock—most important article of furniture here. Perhaps an official calling querulously for some great banking house, meaning its representative "walk clerk." Nothing in all this to indicate a hundred million pounds changing hands; and still less does the exterior betray the importance of the Clearing House.

This brings us to that interesting bank servant known as the "walk clerk." These young men are usually those who have just commenced their business career. It is necessary that they should be not only honest, active, and trustworthy, but also that they should be of fair physical proportions. Of course, they run no great danger in a city like London, but there have been instances of the bag being snatched from their hands and the contents lost to its rightful owners. Life in a London bank offers great attractions to youth. There are many prizes to be won in the banking profession, and it is a mistake to suppose that it is all a question of family influence. For positions of trust sterling qualities are required, and it has been generally found that the best way to find these is through genuine rivalry and competition. That familiar gentleman the cashier at the bank counter has by no means a simple task, the

"WALK CLERK."

chief qualification for which is the ability to count money quickly. He is the repository of stores of knowledge as to the status of his customers and the condition of their accounts. He knows when he may pay a cheque, or when it is necessary to make inquiries before doing so. Also he knows how to institute the latter without the customer at the counter suspecting that his credit is called into question. That important individual, the chief accountant, needs to be something of a genius. On him rests the responsibility of framing a new set of books on a new system of bookkeeping adapted for any new operation. Ability to do this is not common. Naturally, banks require trustworthy guards. At the Bank of England a small body of soldiers is deemed necessary to protect it at night. At most other banks one or at most two good men, who can be depended upon for acting promptly, do all that is required. Then, in many banks, even in the centre of the City, the custom of having a resident manager is still upheld. In this case the manager has comfortable quarters in a veritable palace.

The cosmopolitan character of the London banks makes linguistic attainments decidedly in request. There is a vast amount of foreign paper money and foreign documents to be

BANK PORTER.

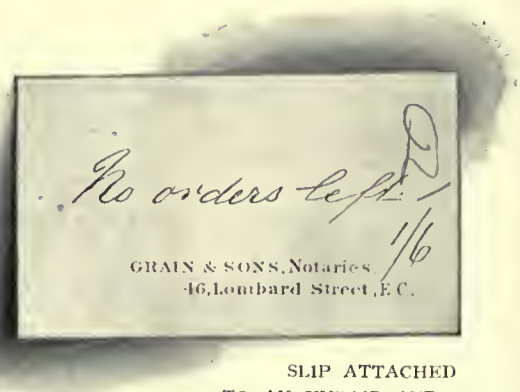
dealt with. There is also a great deal of foreign conversation and correspondence to be attended to. This calls for many hundreds of men having these special qualifications in addition to the ordinary abilities.

Nearly every bank does business with bills—some more, some less. The principal mode in which money is raised by traders is by bills of exchange. The estimated certainty of their being able to pay those bills on the day they fall due is the measure of their credit. Knowledge of a special kind is required for this, and the bill-broker or discount banker steps in here. The amount of bill business in England is marvellous, and there are several firms in London which count among their assets discounted bills totalling up to many millions. Bill-discounting is a form of money-lending. The system enables the man or the firm possessing but little capital to engage in undertakings that require large sums of money. In short, it is an exceedingly democratic system which prevents the growing up of an aristocracy of commerce secure from the competition of energetic plebeians.

Our facsimile illustration on this page shows the noting of a bill. This constitutes almost the entire business of certain notaries located in the money quarter. In noting a bill the notary, having presented it at the proper place and demanded payment, attaches to it a small piece of paper on which he writes the amount of his charge and the reason the bill is not paid, such as "No effects," "No orders left," or "Will be paid to-morrow."

But there are many ways of borrowing money. Dotted all over London are humble loan offices to assist the poor man in difficulty, to enable the artisan to set up in business for himself—loan offices whose merits and demerits cannot be explained here. There are loan banks and building societies. Even insurance companies lend money on life policies. Finally, there is the society usurer, sometimes a pure aristocrat, and not always of Hebrew descent. He is to be found in the best society, doing an enormous business with lords and ladies. He is not under the painful necessity of exhibiting a brass plate on his door, or of having his drawing-room windows covered with blue muslin or wire gauze.

London yearly becomes more and more a cosmopolitan city. Londoners travel more than they ever did, and London is visited more than ever by strangers from every land. Hence the necessity for money changers, who exchange English money for foreign and foreign money for English as desired, retaining a small percentage for expenses. Everyone is familiar with the money changers' establishment at Charing Cross Station, the windows filled with a remarkable collection of foreign money, both paper and coin. The big tourist agencies have a money-changing department, and do a big business, particularly at holiday times, with English



SLIP ATTACHED TO AN UNPAID AND NOTED BILL.

folk going abroad. The "rush" at Messrs. Cook's exchange department just before the holidays is well worth seeing. The place is besieged with applicants for francs, marks, piastres, dollars, rixdalers, schillings, and pfennigs; while postage stamps and money orders are subject to like negotiations.

So elaborate is our civilisation that it would be easy, for several chapters, to refrain from mentioning any physical necessity of our being, and to speak of nothing else save that medium, money, which makes business between men possible, and of that section of the community, tens of thousands strong, who from habit look upon money as a mere commodity, to be weighed in scales and bought and sold like so much grocery. It is not possible to realise without much thought the industrial power that is wrapped up in Money London. Railways through Africa, dams across the Nile, fleets of ocean greyhounds, great canals, leagues of ripening corn—London holds the key to all of these, and who can reckon up what beside?

OUTSIDE A MONEY CHANGERS' (CHARING CROSS).

LIBRARY LONDON.

By BECKLES WILLSON.

IS there any more significant feature of the capital to-day than the growth of its public libraries, with the ever-swelling list of their patrons? How very far a cry it seems from the era when a daily newspaper cost sixpence, when histories, novels, and *belles lettres* were sealed to the masses, to the present day of grace when every Londoner, from peer to pot-boy, is handed a cheque-book by his local authorities and invited to draw on the bank of Universal Literature for any sum his eyesight can spend and as often as he chooses! Yet even the middle-aged reader can recall the former straitened limits of Library London, before its first free library was established.

No great search will be required to find the heart and centre of Library London. What author, what journalist at home, what cosmopolitan scholar abroad, is not familiar with the interior of that spacious, yet—it must be confessed—somewhat stuffy vault in Bloomsbury, where an average of 650 readers daily repair to draw upon a store of 1,000,000 volumes?

But the British Museum Reading-Room has already been adequately described in the pages of "Living London"; I only mention it here in order that we may be provided with a notable starting-point in our present survey of the libraries of the Metropolis.

Letting our glance rest for a moment on the hundreds of bent, studious forms at the radiating rows of desks, catching here and there, perhaps, a glimpse of a well-known face, let us emerge, and hastening down the wide steps, turn to an altogether different scene. Different and yet the same, for a common passion animates both—the insatiable thirst for something to read.

It is near enough at hand, just the length of a block, and the contrast is amusing. For here is another great library, where the note of scholarly shabbiness is absent, where brougham and landau with their pairs of champing bays are drawn up at the portals. The world-renowned Mudie's in New Oxford Street is the literary shrine of fashion. Let us pass by the waiting footmen into the paradise of novels, and, we may add, of novelists. Behind the long rear counter numerous obsequious attendants struggle to supply the demand. Does not some such dialogue as this frequently strike the ear?

"Yes, my lady, you will find Mr. X's last book very interesting. Miss Q? Well, our patrons complain of the character of her hero. Disappointing? Yes, rather; I could recommend Mr. Z's; and, of course, So-and-so's latest is quite up to the mark."

"Thank you so much; I have been out of England so long I have quite lost track of what is being read. Please send those you mention at once. Good morning." And with a smile the aristocratic patron returns to her waiting carriage. If Mudie's does not seem a gigantic establishment externally, that is because you do not take into account the vast ebb and flow of its stock, whose channels are spread over half the kingdom. The successful volumes, in their hundreds and even thousands, are no sooner within these four walls than they speed straightway forth again to the boudoirs and drawing-rooms of the Metropolis. But after a time they have their vogue, alas! often a short-lived one, and then they descend to the "catacombs." We have said that Mudie's is the paradise of novels; it is also their purgatory. Here in the cellars are stored the thousands of "have-beens," once the talk of the town, and now despised even by the country circulating libraries "in connection with Mudie's." It is a sad sight, these tons of once-triumphant "three-deckers," now to be had almost for the price of waste-paper. Many a popular living author might come here to learn humility. Here is the country department with its countless boxes, large and small, coming and going, bringing back books from libraries, clubs, societies, and

READING ROOM, GUILDHALL LIBRARY.

EXCHANGING BOOKS AT MUDIE'S LIBRARY.

institutions, and carrying them thence; and the export department—did not Mr. Cecil Rhodes order 15,000 volumes at once from Mudie's for the Kimberley Free Library? The bulk of the London orders come by post over night; by 1 p.m. those rows of waiting vans outside will be off with their cargoes to gratify the jaded literary palates of the fashion's devotees. Altogether no fewer than 4,000,000 volumes are in circulation at Mudie's.

We are in the mood for contrasts: here is the Tube station close at hand; let us descend, and in about twenty minutes we are standing before the entrance of a free library in Mile End Road. Throngs of *habitués* are entering and departing, for it is the hour of noon, and many have come to snatch a morsel of mental pabulum for the day, along with their bread and cheese or sandwiches. Of all nationalities are they, for we are now in a cosmopolitan district, but at this moment the Hebrew element is strongest. See that eager group of men, of such recent arrival from Russia, Roumania, Germany, Austria, or Poland that they cannot as yet read a word in our language, round the Yiddish newspapers here provided for their benefit. Over the tables in an adjoining room bend other readers absorbed in the very magazines and periodicals to which the West-End turns for instruction and entertainment. It is a significant thing—this community of literary enlightenment; one cannot doubt, in surveying such a scene as this, that the good worked by London's free libraries, especially in the poorer quarters, is incalculable, even if it does no more than afford innocent relaxation to these work-worn battalions of East-Enders. To see the latter under more ideal conditions, it would not be a bad idea to wend our way a little further eastward, to the Bethnal Green Free Library, which, by the way, is one of the earliest, as it is one of the most successful, institutions of its kind. No one, by any stretch of the imagination, would call Bethnal Green the abode of culture and the gentler virtues. It is quite the opposite, to speak plainly, and one which would seem at first blush both to shun and to be shunned by the

muses. Yet things are not what they seem, nor is Bethnal Green the haunt of vice and terror it was prior to the library being established. Five hundred volumes it had then, from various donors, including Queen Victoria; now it boasts over 40,000. Moreover, it used to be said that the experiment of lending books in such a locality was foredoomed to failure. On the contrary, it has proved a great success, and to-day there are many hundreds of names of borrowers on the list. It is one of the most interesting and significant sights in the whole Metropolis to see in the evening the file of young men and old, women and girls, some of them threadbare and haggard, but whose bright intelligence of eye tells of a new life within, an awakened intellect fed to repletion—if their stomachs are not always satisfied—on the works of Shakespeare, Scott, Dickens, and George Eliot.

Still in the humour for contrasts? Whither, then, shall we hie? Back again to a well-ordered book emporium at the West-End, where both books and borrowers are gilt-edged and gentcelly bound?

Perhaps, in a moment. But meanwhile, we have a greater dissimilarity in similar things in store. What say you to a peep at the prison library at Wormwood Scrubs? Free? Oh, yes! His most gracious Majesty, through his Prison Commissioners, makes no charge to the convicts for the literary entertainment therein afforded—perfectly free, though the readers are not. There are 20,000 volumes in the library, and every convict who behaves himself is permitted his choice. It must not be thought that all are religious homilies, for here on the shelves are Scott, Thackeray, Ballantyne, Mayne Reid, amongst others, the favourite author being, as he should be, Dr. Samuel Smiles. But there is a notable peculiarity about each volume: each page of every volume—nay, every available inch of margin, is stamped with—the broad arrow! This precaution is taken in order that no scrap of writing paper may be afforded the enforced inmate of the establishment. The librarian tells you, moreover, that he is obliged to be very careful about the character of the works served out, despite their variety. For not long ago there was a suspicious run on a bound volume of a well-known magazine, and the discovery was made that it contained an interesting and highly useful illustrated description of the various devices resorted to by famous gaol-breakers! It is needless to add that a pair of scissors was put into immediate requisition.

Between convicts and curates a wide gulf exists. Just out of Fleet Street and newspaperdom, on the Thames Embankment, stands Sion College. Fresh from glimpses of the studious burglar at the other extremity of London, you follow a scholarly bishop up a flight of stairs, and quickly find yourself in the centre of the greatest theological library in the world. These 100,000 volumes form a collection so complete of its kind that Sion College Library should be the Mecca of the clerical profession throughout the Empire. Yet, strange to relate, by the terms of its foundation, the use of this unique library with its costly missals and rare manuscripts was originally limited to the clergy of

AN EAST-END NEWSPAPER READING ROOM (FREE LIBRARY, MILE END ROAD).

the City of London; and even now its privileges are extended only to those residing within the Metropolitan postal district. It is a common resort of prelates, and many a tired parson is glad to seek in its sequestered shelves a temporary forgetfulness of work-a-day scenes in communion with bygone saints and sages.

A typical free library, perhaps the busiest in London, is that of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, hard by Trafalgar Square. It catches, as in a net, all the idle, the unemployed, the leisurely loiterers of this busy central district. The basement is devoted to current newspapers and periodicals, of which this library possesses a wide selection; while a flight of steps brings you to the liberally-stocked reference library. Both rooms are well patronised by a mixed throng of readers. Indeed, I know of no similar place of resort where the frequenters are of such "sorts," unless it be the Westminster Free Library, in Great Smith Street, a mile away. The disengaged actor and musician, the busy journalist, the foreign tourist, the cab tout, the costermonger, and the politician on his way to Westminster, may all be commonly seen scrutinising London's wonderful diurnal and weekly output, from the *Times* downwards.

At many of the free libraries sprinkled with such generous profusion over the expanse of the city, a separate room is provided, in addition to the reference and newspaper rooms, for the use of ladies. Sometimes, as at Westminster, there is, besides, a ratepayers' room, devoted to the actual residents of the parish. This differs in very few essentials from the reading room of one's club. It becomes, indeed, a sort of club, from the uniformity of the *personnel* and the attendance of the occupants.

APPLYING FOR BOOKS AT A FREE LIBRARY (BRIXTON).

The librarian and his staff must needs be of patient temper and capable of overlooking the shortcomings and eccentricities of the strange medley of their customers, whose new-found zeal for literature is easily capable

of early discouragement. "Characters" abound at all the free libraries of the Metropolis. Some have an almost unconquerable propensity for defacing the files, either by cutting or marking. One old gentleman seeks to monopolise the *Times* by reading it through from the first column to the last, and has to be expostulated with daily on behalf of other waiting patrons. The limit of time allowed to a newspaper reader is ten minutes at nearly all the free libraries, and there are often two or three readers simultaneously occupied with the same paper. In some cases the newspaper advertisements are conveniently posted up on a separate stand—sometimes on the railings outside—and this arrangement deflects a large number of the unemployed who really mean business.

LADIES' READING ROOM AT A FREE LIBRARY (SHEPHERD'S BUSH).

In all the great free lending libraries a by no means insignificant department is that devoted to the repairing and rebinding of damaged books. When we reflect on the experiences of the borrowed volumes, in the hands of the industrious apprentice, the poor sempstress, the clerk and saleswoman over luncheon or supper, in bed, in train and omnibus, it is not surprising that "David Copperfield" or "East Lynne" should sustain certain injuries requiring a period in hospital. The very mention of such an institution reminds us that if there are hospitals for books, there are also books for hospitals, in which indeed libraries have of later years become a noteworthy feature. That at Charing Cross was given by Mr. Passmore Edwards; Middlesex owes its collection to the late Lord Sandhurst; while St. Bartholomew's was provided by the nurses themselves. A great drawback, however, to the hospital library is the frequent painful necessity of destroying books suspected of infection, and in this way many promising volumes have died an early and a violent death.

READING NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENTS OUTSIDE A FREE LIBRARY (SHEPHERD'S BUSH).

Of the great subscription libraries not mainly concerned with the distribution of novels, the London Library in St. James's Square stands easily first. Its numerous and important collection is as much a necessity to the scholar, literary student, and man of letters as stones are necessary to a builder or pigments to a painter. In its refined, even luxurious, appointments the London Library has the air of an expensive club, and the quiet reading room often harbours some of the most notable literary figures of the age. Ten volumes at a time are allowed each member on payment of a modest £3 a year.

The famous circulating estab-

lishment of Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son is very similar to Mudie's, except that by means of its railway bookstalls it presents unequalled facilities for supplying the latest publications to country subscribers; while "The *Times* Book Club"—established in 1905—provides subscribers to that paper with "all the newest books to read, and nothing to pay for the use of them."

No article on London's libraries would be complete without mention of the Guildhall, that studious resort of the City fathers for many generations and of all interested in the history of old-world London. As a library it never suffers from that common complaint of libraries—want of funds for its adequate and something more than merely adequate maintenance. Consequently within its "cloistered pale" all is well-housed, well-kept, and excellently served. The choice old books and charters and MS. records, illustrating the rise and progress of the world's greatest city, are here preserved for the scholar, while a bountiful supply of current literature invites the perusal of the clerk, the artisan, and the stray visitor to the Guildhall.

The Metropolis, then, on the whole, has an abundance of libraries, great and small. Library London, too, is a cosmos in itself. It is breeding a race of reading men and women whose enlightenment is derived from the greatest and wisest writers of the day and of all time. Moreover, the extent to which the masses avail themselves of the great privileges thus thrown open to them augurs well for the future intellectual progress, as a whole, of the millions of dwellers in the capital.

READING ROOM, LONDON LIBRARY.

PRESENTATION OF AN ADDRESS TO THE LORD MAYOR.

LORD MAYOR'S LONDON.

By CHARLES WELCH, F.S.A.

ARMS AND INSIGNIA OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

ONE half at least of the English peerage can trace its descent from past Lord Mayors or other eminent citizens of the City of London. And the Lord Mayors themselves—from what stock have they come, and how do they attain to this great municipal distinction? Many have come as country lads to our great City to prove by their industry and ability that London streets are indeed paved with gold; but all have passed through the severest tests of citizenship prescribed for the attainment of the City's highest dignity. Our future Lord Mayor must first be a liveryman of one of the City Companies. He must then become an alderman, by receiving the suffrages of the electors in one of the City wards. The next step is to fill the office of Sheriff—an annual appointment in the gift of the entire body of the Livery assembled in Common Hall. The emoluments of this office—about £700—form but a small part of the expenses, which amount to about £4,000 for the year. He now offers himself in due course for election to the mayoralty at the Common Hall held on Michaelmas Day. After hearing a sermon by the Lord Mayor's chaplain, at St. Lawrence Jewry, the Livery elect two aldermen, of whom the Court of Aldermen elect one, usually the next in seniority. Another step remains—the presentation of the Lord Mayor Elect to the Lord Chancellor for the approval of the Sovereign.

It must be admitted that the man who passes with satisfaction through these various ordeals is well worthy of the confidence of his fellow citizens. Though now duly elected, the new Lord Mayor does not enter upon his duties for another six weeks. The installation ceremonies await him, and very quaint they are. On November 8th the Lord Mayor Elect is sworn in at the Guildhall, and on the following day he is presented as

Lord Mayor to the Barons of the Exchequer, when an oath is administered to him by the King's Remembrancer. The pomp and ceremony observed for many centuries on this occasion have created a spectacle known as "The Lord Mayor's Show." Attended by the aldermen and City officials, the Lord Mayor rides in his State coach, which has been the admiration of every City apprentice from the days of Dick Whittington. Our

CARD OF INVITATION TO A GUILDHALL BANQUET.

photographic illustration on page 106 shows this time-honoured vehicle leaving the stables in the City Greenyard. Those City Companies of which the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs are members usually contribute to the pageantry with military music, banners, and cars emblematical of their trades. A special welcome is given to the Lord Mayor in his own Ward, a halt being made—as shown in our photographic illustration on page 101—to present him with an address, the Lady Mayoress being usually presented with a floral offering.

Great preparations have meanwhile been going on at the Guildhall, where the crypt has become a kitchen for preparing the banquet, and the great hall above is turned into a feasting place for some 800 guests. The hospitality is characterised by a stately old-time grandeur. The distinguished guests reflect by their dignity the splendour of the scene, and the opportunity is frequently taken by the Prime Minister of delivering an important political announcement in replying to the toast of "His Majesty's Ministers." With a lavish care begotten of long experience every detail is thought out from the specially designed card of invitation to the final touches given to the decoration of the tables. With true City benevolence the poor are also remembered, and an interesting sight it is on the morrow to see the members of the Entertainment Committee, in white aprons, carving and distributing the good things which remain from the great feast. One half of this committee is nominated by the Lord Mayor, the other half by the two Sheriffs; and the cost of the banquet and "Show"—about £4,000—is contributed by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs in like proportion.

A semi-State coach, drawn by four horses and painted with his arms and those of his Company, is provided by each Lord Mayor, together with new State liveries for his servants. The City insignia, a group of which, around the City arms, is shown in the illustration on page 101, are of great interest. There is the famous collar of SS., bequeathed to the City by Alderman Sir John Allen, who died in 1544. A Tudor rose and a knot are alternately inserted between the letters, and the ends of the collar are joined by a portcullis. From this is suspended the beautiful jewel or badge purchased by the City in 1607 for the official use of its Lord Mayors. Of much earlier date is the ancient mace or sceptre (not shown in our picture) which is borne by the Lord Mayor at State ceremonials. The shaft and base are of crystal spirally mounted with gold, and the head is decorated with pearls and uncut stones, which indicate its ancient origin. Although it has received additions in later times, this interesting object has without doubt come down to us from the Anglo-Saxon period. Then there are the State swords: the pearl sword, which

Photo The Biograph Studio, Regent street, W.

THE KING RETURNING THE LORD MAYOR'S SWORD AT TEMPLE BAR.

ROYAL GUESTS ARRIVING AT THE GUILDHALL.

is delivered up to the Sovereign at Temple Bar when his Majesty pays a visit to the City; the sword of State, which is carried before the Lord Mayor by the sword-bearer; the black sword for mourning, and the Old Bailey sword. The City mace, made in 1735, is borne by the mace-bearer, whose proper title is common crier or serjeant-at-arms. The City Marshal completes the retinue of the Lord Mayor, and the three officers above named comprise all that remain of the once numerous Lord Mayor's household.

The official income of the mayoralty is £10,000, but this provides in some years less than one half of the expenses of the office. Many of the Mansion House banquets are fixtures, and incumbent upon the occupant of the civic chair. Such are those to the household and other officials on Plough Monday, to the bishops at Easter, to the judges, to the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House, and others To these each Lord Mayor adds entertainments suggested by his personal tastes and surroundings. The illustration on page 108 depicts a scene from a famous Mansion House banquet—one that was given to his Majesty's judges. The City plate displayed on these occasions is very rich, and contains some pieces of historic interest, but none of ancient date. The help of the Lord Mayor is eagerly sought by religious and charitable bodies, a "Mansion House meeting" being the highly-prized means of bringing a deserving society under the notice of the charitably disposed. Many important movements — the Hospital Sunday Fund, for example—owe their origin to a Mansion House gathering. But the greatest public service rendered by the Lord Mayor is the establishment of those Mansion House Relief Funds which have made British charity renowned throughout the world.

In the City the Lord Mayor takes precedence of every subject of the Crown, not excepting members of the reigning house, and holds a quasi-Royal position. By virtue of his office he is head of the City Lieutenancy, and recommends the names of persons to fill vacancies. He is *ex-officio* chairman of the Thames Conservancy and a trustee of St.

Paul's Cathedral; he has power to close or grant the use of the Guildhall; and the Company of which he is a member has precedence over all the other City companies during his year of office. He is expected to partake of the hospitality of most of the Companies and Corporation committees, and is much in request at public gatherings of all kinds both in suburban London and in the provinces. On Sunday he sometimes attends charity sermons in state, most of the City churches being provided with a sword-rest attached to the Lord Mayor's pew. Then there is the Spital sermon at Christ Church, Newgate Street, also official duties in connection with Queen Anne's Bounty and the Sons of the Clergy Corporation, and attendance at St. Paul's to meet his Majesty's judges.

The State functions and privileges of the Lord Mayor are many and varied. He receives the password of the Tower of London quarterly under the sign manual of the Sovereign. He is entitled to venison warrants, under which he has from the Royal forests two does in midwinter and two bucks in the late summer or autumn. No troops may pass through the City without the consent of the Lord Mayor being first obtained; but the regiments descended from the Trained Bands have the right to march through with colours flying and bayonets fixed. His lordship's right to the title of "Lord Mayor" dates back to the year 1354 in the reign of Edward III. He is entitled to the prefix "Right Honourable" through being summoned to attend the meeting of the Privy Council on the demise of the Crown, when he signs the Proclamation of the successor to the Throne. The ceremony of the Proclamation formerly included a picturesque scene on the herald's arrival at Temple Bar. The old procedure (somewhat modified since the removal of the Bar in 1878) was as follows: A pursuivant of arms advanced between two trumpeters, preceded by two of the Life Guards. After the trumpets had sounded thrice, he was asked by the City Marshal from within "Who comes there?" and he replied, "The officers of arms, who demand entrance into the City to proclaim his (or her) Royal

IN THE GUILDHALL CRYPT: PREPARING THE BANQUET.

DECORATING CARS FOR THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

Majesty" On being admitted, he was conducted to the Lord Mayor, to whom he showed the Order in Council, which his Lordship, having read, returned to him. The Proclamation was then read at the usual places in the City, and the officers of arms were afterwards entertained at the Mansion House.

On attending, with the Sheriffs, the first Levee of the year, the Lord Mayor is presented by the Prime Minister, and the Sheriffs by the Home Secretary. Addresses to the Throne from the Corporation are presented with due formality by the Lord Mayor, who, approaching the Sovereign between the Lord Chamberlain and the Recorder, delivers the address, and receives the Royal reply on bended knee. At Coronations the Lord Mayor, by long-established right, has a prominent position in Westminster Abbey, standing between Black Rod and Garter-King-at-Arms. At the State banquet which formerly followed in Westminster Hall (discontinued since the Coronation of George IV.) the Lord Mayor exercised his ancient right of assisting the chief butler, and received for his fee a golden cup and ewer.

As Chief Magistrate of the City a large part of the Lord Mayor's time is occupied in the daily discharge of his magisterial duties at the Mansion House Justice Room, which has jurisdiction over the south part of the City He is also the first-named Commissioner of the Central Criminal Court in the Old Bailey, and attends at the opening of each session of that Court. The Lord Mayor and the aldermen are nominally judges of the Mayor's Court, but by long-established custom the Recorder (or in his absence the Common Serjeant) acts as sole judge of this Court.

Lord Mayor's London starts into new life at the *end* of each year. On St. Thomas's Day, December 21st, the Court of Common Council is annually elected by the City ratepayers, the returns being submitted to the Court of Aldermen at their Grand Court of Wardmote, held on Plough Monday. Committees are then appointed, and the Council is fully constituted by about the middle of January. The chairman of the leading committee—that of the City Lands—bears the courtesy title of Chief Commoner. The Lord Mayor presides over the Common Council, which is the principal governing body of the City, having under its control such widely differing departments as the City schools, markets, open spaces, library, public health, and many others. The City has independent and entire control of its own police, and the efficiency of this force has often been publicly acknowledged.

Perhaps the most interesting, if not the most picturesque, of Corporation ceremonies

LORD MAYOR'S STATE COACH READY TO START.

THE MANSION HOUSE.

is the presentation of its honorary freedom. The ante-room of the council chamber is lined with the busts of eminent personages—statesmen, warriors, philanthropists, travellers (more rarely men of letters), who have received this honour. The address on such an occasion is delivered by the Chamberlain, whilst the Lord Mayor hands to the recipient of the honour a copy of the resolution enclosed in a gold box specially and appropriately designed. The City has two seals, one for mayoralty purposes, and the other known as the City seal, which is affixed to documents only by the direct sanction of the Common Council.

PREPARING TABLES FOR THE GUILDHALL BANQUET.

The aldermen are magistrates by virtue of their office, and preside in turn at the Guildhall Justice Room, which shares with that of the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House jurisdiction over the whole City. The resident population being small and eminently respectable, cases of assault, drunkenness, etc., are rare, and the ordinary police court work is comparatively light. The offences dealt with are chiefly of a commercial nature, such as embezzlement, forgeries, etc. It is seldom that the decisions of the Lord Mayor and his brother magistrates are overruled by the superior courts. The aldermen sit in their magisterial capacity also to hear police summonses, to grant or renew licences, and for many other purposes. In his own ward each alderman has full authority, and appoints a deputy from among the ward's representatives in the Common Council. Besides being members of the latter court, the aldermen also form the ancient body known as the Court of Aldermen, which has important powers both of a judicial and an administrative character. A person who refuses to serve as alderman, when elected, is liable to a fine of £500, unless he can satisfy the Court of Aldermen that at the time of his election he was not worth £30,000.

The citizens of London are proud of the privilege which they have for centuries enjoyed of appointing their own Sheriffs. The Livery meet for this purpose at the Guildhall on Midsummer Day, when they elect to this

honourable office two citizens of substance and repute, the senior being usually an alderman and the junior a commoner. The Sheriffs are sworn into office on September 28th, when they give a grand entertainment known as the Sheriffs' Breakfast at the hall of the company of the senior Sheriff. It is the painful duty of these officers as custodians of the prisoners to superintend the carrying out of sentences of capital punishment. A more agreeable task is that of presenting Corporation petitions to the House of Commons, when certain quaint formalities take place between the Speaker and themselves. The ancient Sheriffs' Courts are now merged in the modern City of London Court. The Sheriffs, with the City Remembrancer, wait upon the Sovereign to know his pleasure as to receiving an address from the Corporation.

The City officers form a large and important body, many of them having ceremonial duties besides those directly connected with their post. A curious custom, for example, which still survives is that of presenting to some State officials and to the chief City officers a few yards of "Livery" cloth shortly before Christmas.

Besides the strictly municipal gatherings at the Guildhall, many other ceremonies take place there from time to time, which give it an almost national character. High above the doorway is placed the Elcho Shield when the English team is successful at Bisley. The great banquet of November 9th is soon succeeded by the Ragged School Children's dinner and entertainment. Sometimes a public meeting of citizens gives strong support to, or leads a resolute attack on, the Government of the day; occasionally a foreign Sovereign is the honoured guest at a magnificent banquet. During the year there may be a *conversazione* of some great scientific society, or a reception of the mayors of the United Kingdom; or there may be a great flower or fruit show, or perhaps a concert in aid of sufferers from a great public calamity. These and many others too numerous to mention are among the purposes for which the Guildhall throws open its doors, and on which Gog and Magog bestow a smile of benevolent approval.

ENTERTAINING JUDGES AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

SCENES FROM LONDON SLUM-LAND.

By D. L. WOOLMER.

A BACKYARD IN SLUM-LAND.

SLUM-LAND finds no place on a map, yet the most sceptical accept its existence as an indisputable fact. What cares this land of Nod either for the acknowledgment or for the contempt of gazetteers? It thrives on neglect, and only asks to be let alone. Discoverers and explorers describe it as a product of modern civilisation, injurious to the health of the Empire, inasmuch as it lies near to its heart. Slum-land is not impressed by its scientific origin and importance, nor does it shrink into itself before contumely in the abstract; it takes things as they come. Slums may be contemptible in themselves as the backyards of a noble city and the ruins of castles in the air, but they are the scenery of life's quaintest comedies and darkest tragedies.

The curtain is drawn aside to reveal, however, not the stage paintings but the actors. The shelter of the street arab may be, like the Bedouin's tent, a relief from the ordinary; but what interest has either apart from its inmates? The importance of the one consists in its being the dwelling place of the wandering, untamed son of Ishmael; of the other, its counterpart in the city, that it is the haunt of the homeless man, of the woman of no fixed address, and of the vagabond child. The empty tent and the narrow tumble-down court might go to the winds and the pullers-down but for the sacred humanity in possession.

The Ghetto of the East-End would be simply repulsive but for episodes in the current history which Jews and their Gentile neighbours are making between them. The leaden weight of an extensive dead level of poverty in South London would be intolerable without heroes and heroines amongst dock labourers, book-folders, fur-pullers, or "hands" in jam and other factories. The monotonous regularity of streets in the West London Avernus would be only depressing but for an exciting glimpse of the fist that smashes a window, or of an inspiring vision of the patient hand that pastes up the holes and attempts to conceal the ravages with a muslin blind or a pot of scarlet geranium. No hovel in Slum-land is incapable of containing an epic or a romance. Over no other part of the kingdom, on the trustworthy authority of registrars, do the two angels of life and death hover more continually; and nowhere, as the guardians of the public peace can testify, is the fight between good and evil more fierce and stubborn.

The sun rises and lights up the first scene; and, whether it is his lazy hour of winter or after a short midsummer night's dream, Slum-land is already astir. With one consent, its natives ignore any special times and seasons for rest, work, play, or meals. A genuine Slum-lander, like the independent youth in the tale of "Sandford and Merton," would describe his method of keeping body and soul together as, "I eat when I am hungry, and I drink when I am dry." Should he belong to the lower ranks—for it is a mistake to suppose that the country enjoys absolute social equality—he may ingenuously confess, "I am dry all hours of the day."

I. A STREET DISCUSSION. II. CRIPPLED CHILDREN AT DRILL (ST. JOHN'S INSTITUTE, WALWORTH). III. A STREET IN NINE ELMS. IV. A FAVOURITE AMUSEMENT. V. A SULTRY AFTERNOON.

Thirst is, indeed, the chief complaint of the community. They are otherwise peculiarly content. Anxiety for the future, remorse for the past, pangs of shame and pricks of conscience, may be known to stray aliens or stragglers amongst them; but such disturbers of the peace are excluded from the commonwealth.

The great ever-changing East-End receives the first good-morning kiss of the opening day. In a narrow room in the parish of St. Mary's, Whitechapel, a sick foreign Jew bids it welcome, though the long hours of night have brought him no rest. Four men and women share his abode. It is their practice for two to carry on the trade of making "uppers" for shoes whilst the others sleep. The noise is incessant, and the beds are seldom empty. A *Box and Cox* arrangement is, in comparison, but a mild Gentile form of making the most of a lodging. In old and respectable houses of the next parish of Spitalfields, which once held weavers and their looms, more foreign Jews and Jewesses, perhaps ten in one room, stir in the beds which they have made up on the floor. They dropped in after eleven p.m., and must be off before the inspector's hour of duty. He has an English prejudice against overcrowding, and has ruthlessly emptied a four-roomed house in which he discovered fifty-one persons sleeping; so the occupants of staircases drag their weary limbs into the open air.

When the sun catches the golden cross of St. Paul's he gives a warm touch of colour to costers and street sellers on their way to the markets. Men and women porters, denizens of the courts of central London, compete for odd jobs, and the successful bend beneath the weight of fruit and vegetables. The whirling centre of business and amusement sweeps its residents north, south, east and west, and sets up offices and workrooms on the sites of vanished dwelling-places. Some evicted tenants resist the besom, and creep into already crowded corners of St. Luke's, St. Giles's, Clerkenwell, and Soho. Cab touts and hangers-on at theatres cannot afford to rest at night until revellers set them the example. Half or a quarter of a bed within easy reach of their means of livelihood suits men and women whose days must begin or end in the small hours of the morning better than ample space a mile away. Before five a.m. a certain proportion tramps to the docks, but a crowd from the immediate neighbourhood of the river already waits at the gates. The "ticket" men are admitted first; a struggle for entrance between candidates for casual work ensues. The gates are closed, and many turn away disappointed to loaf about and pick up odd jobs elsewhere.

The great south—from London Bridge to Walworth, and from Wandsworth on the west to Rotherhithe on the east—offers attractions to Slum-land's colonists. Seekers for a shady retreat lurk amid the remnants of old villages hidden behind the thoroughfares in parts of each of the three boroughs of Southwark Bermondsey, and Battersea. The historic parish of St. George the Martyr is faithful to old traditions, even to that of being a harbour of crime. Various parts of it are distinguished by bearing the name of the chosen saint for "Merrie England." But Charles Dickens is a rival patron. A sick child in Dorrit Street taken to the Evelina Hospital looks out on Quilp Street (late Queen Street), and a sound child romps on the asphalt space reserved as "Little Dorrit's Playground." Little Dorrit's garret window, as it appears in the drawing by "Phiz," with the prison-born girl telling Maggie the story of the "Princess," has been kept intact by a well-known firm whose tin and iron plate manufactory occupies the site of the eastern part of the Marshalsea Prison.

The invasion from older Slum-land still continues. The shores of the river will always draw the sweepings from demolished districts. To the nostrils of out-of-works the fragrance, too, of Bermondsey's tanyards is as sweet as is that of the jam factories to multitudes of rough and homeless girls. They are human, if only "hands"; and when the monotonous day's work is done hundreds thankfully turn for tea and recreation into clubs like that at the "Time and Talents" Settlement in Bermondsey Street. Many more get half drunk, and some often make the evening hideous with wild play or rough street fights—such as the one shown on page 114—before herding together for a few hours of darkness in close sleeping-places.

Slum-land's general standard of respectability is gauged by boots. Only during the five weeks summer holiday may children discard shoes and stockings without their parents losing caste. The founders of the Ragged School Union—Franciscans of the nineteenth century, as Sir Walter Besant called them—first broke up a barefoot brigade. In spite of these friars' anomalous achievement, remnants are still to be found hobbling on chilblains in neighbourhoods such as Nine Elms; but the fear of committal to a truant school teaches them even in this district the value of shoe leather. The State now follows in the wake of charity; it enjoins that in school hours at least the rising generation must be both shod and suitably employed.

A SCENE IN BRICK LANE, BETHNAL GREEN.

Whilst their children work, the most hopeless part of Living London lounges through the day. The sun never loses sight of loiterers on bridges and slumberers in parks. His last look as he sinks to rest is on black patches of poverty in the rich and favoured West-End. These colonies of Slum-land have no special industries; but the neighbourhood of wealth and leisure offers them very special temptations to crime and beggary. Hereditary traditions are against them. The parish of St. Andrew's, North Kensington, was formed out of the sweepings of Tyburn when the Great Western Railway took over the grim and grisly place of executions. Even yet the name of "The Piggeries" clings to a district in Latimer Road where ejected keepers of swine settled down on plots of waste land. Westminster has benefited by the dispersion of a community who bear the stamp of descent from seekers for sanctuary in past days, though a comparatively small proportion still live under the shadow of the Abbey. The curse of heredity is not so easily cast off; it follows a floating population. The dark character of a certain district in Kensal New Town, for instance, is ascribed to the fact that the ground was once the camping place of gipsies entering London from the west. Traces of the race may still be found even in the faces of the tinkers, grinders, and members of other desultory callings which prevail.

There are always depths below depths of poverty and wretchedness. Perhaps four churches which are centres of activity in Lisson Grove, the Church Army Head-

quarters in Edgware Road, and the Shaftesbury Institute in Harrow Street reach some of the lowest of all. Men and women, degraded criminals, who have exhausted every other attempt to raise the fallen, are not refused a twopenny bed, breakfast, and a test of labour at the two Homes of the Shaftesbury Institute. Amongst the regular lady patrons are dustbin-rakers, whose calling may bring them in sixpence a day, match and bootlace sellers, and varieties of persons who live by their wits. Girls whose pay at the small factories of the West-End never exceeds 4s. 6d. a week, and is generally claimed by their parents, have a clubroom in the institute. Their highest matrimonial ambition is to marry a coster and to share his open-air life. What though the barrow is out early and late and in fair or foul weather! It represents emancipation from dull routine.

The day is done, but Slum-land has no taste for nestling under the wing of night. Artificial light reveals it in animation, and with all its worst aspects intensified; but it also discovers in full activity all the machinery for draining off the vile exudations that morally swamp the low districts of London. Miles have been already reclaimed, not only by razing and rebuilding, but by changing the character of the inhabitants. The means used for social uplifting are too many and various to mention. Counter attractions to the influence of the low public-houses and demoralising places of entertainment are a part of the organisation in possession of every district mentioned as deserving essentially the name of Slum-land.

The Red House, a coffee palace in connection with St. Augustine's, Stepney, is an example. It is formed on a similar model to that of the Institute for Seamen at Poplar. With a fine frontage and five storeys, it smiles cheerfully on carters, costers, loafers, and weary toilers in Commercial Road East. A surrendered "cosh," a specimen of the short iron walking-stick easily concealed up a sleeve, and intended to strike down an unwary stranger, hangs in the Vicar's room. It is an eloquent though silent advocate for providing cheap and respectable accommodation for the night in poor districts.

St. James-the-Less, Bethnal Green, has a working men's hotel which already pays a profit of £100 a year, and the people of this district invest annually £2,000 in provident clubs. A parish in Shoreditch, described by newspapers in 1886 as "the sink of London," is well known through "A Child of the Jago," by Mr. Arthur Morrison, who lived for a time on the spot. The "Jago," with its awful record of a mortality four times that of the Metropolis generally, is gone. On its site stands Holy Trinity Church and Institute. Close at hand are model dwellings; but in Brick Lane and other parts of the original parish the teeming population makes it hard to realise that any dispersion has

RECREATION ROOM AT THE RED HOUSE, STEPNEY.

taken place. In Slum-land open hostility to religion is the exception, not the rule, though widespread regard for it may go no farther than impressions that "A prayer cannot do any harm, especially when a person is dying," or "It is good to have some belief in Hell: it prevents a man being too obstropolous," or, perhaps, "It is well to have a child baptised for the sake of its health." Public opinion rises involuntarily as a higher standard is lifted up close at hand. Large congregations assemble round the open-air pulpits of Spitalfields Parish Church and St. Mary's, Whitechapel, where often on Saturday afternoons hundreds of Jews make an attentive congregation.

South London, with its 2,000,000 inhabitants, is, in spite of overwhelming numbers, equally resolute in changing the face of Slum-land. Churchyards have been converted into recreation grounds. The Vicar of St. Peter's, Walworth, started a small Zoo for the children, and opened the crypt of his church for the old folk. The Vicar of St. John's has an institute, a sort of residential club for working men, which pays its own way. In its popular gymnasium, at certain times, blind and crippled children enjoy exercise which often straightens crooked limbs, and gives health and confidence to handicapped runners in the race of life.

If such objects of compassion are transformed into self-dependent citizens, and if a new generation rises up which will regard intemperance, improvidence, and dragging on charity as a disgrace, Slum-land must disappear. This part of Living London will be no more regretted than the dismal marshes which traditions declare once occupied the site of this stately city.

FACTORY GIRLS FIGHTING

IN THE ELECTROPHONE SALON (GERRARD STREET).

TELEPHONE LONDON.

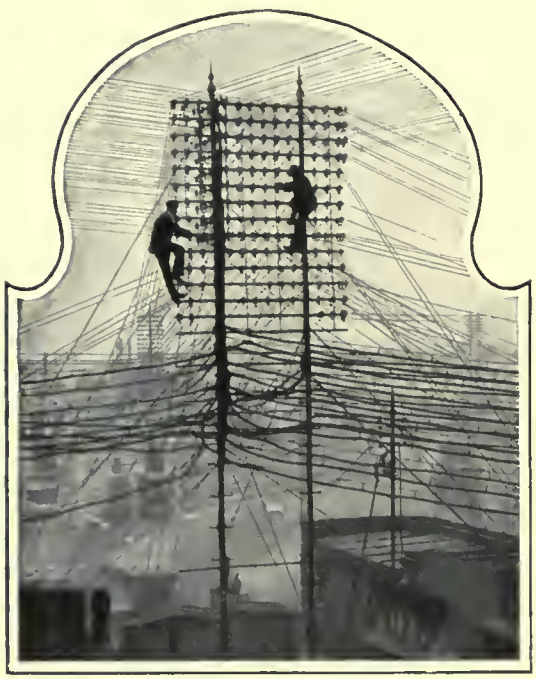
By HENRY THOMPSON.

USING THE TELEPHONE.

VOICES! Voices! The voices of a mighty multitude, year in and year out, holyday and holiday, noon and night, flow over our heads, around us, and under our feet in a ceaseless, silent chorus. No whisper of them ever reaches the myriad passers-by, for, hermetically sealed in their subterranean tubes of lead or high over the roof-tops in weather-resisting cables of the stoutest insulating mediums, they pass on the electric waves to those for whom they are intended.

They may convey the City magnate's mandate that will "slump" some particular shares to the tune of several thousands of pounds, a not-to-be-refused invitation to a dinner-and-theatre party, a domestic order to the family tradesman, or an appointment with "My Lady's" *modiste*. In the still hours of the night the voices are fewer, but their messages frequently speak of life or death—the hurried call for the physician, the dread signal of "Fire," or the burglar-aroused cry for "Police." So, throughout the hundreds of miles of the metropolitan area, are these voices ever speaking; for Telephone London is never at rest.

The National Telephone Company recruit their operators from the ranks of bright, well-educated, intelligent girls, who are, in many cases, the daughters of professional men, doctors, barristers, clergymen, and others.



REPAIRING OVERHEAD WIRES.

After the preliminary examination the would-be operator goes into the telephone "school," which is fitted up as a dummy exchange, and is in charge of an experienced lady-instructor. Each pupil is furnished with a short list of terse, clear rules, and, sitting before the dummy plugs and switchboard, under the guidance of the instructor she is taught how to put these into practical use. The girls in turn act as subscribers, ringing up one another, and asking to be put on to certain numbers. An error made is pointed out, and continually questions are asked to test progress, until a pupil becomes sufficiently capable to be moved into the real exchange alongside an expert operator. A few weeks later and she becomes a fully fledged operator, whom practice and experience alone can improve. Her hours of duty are about nine daily, including the time allowed for midday dinner and afternoon tea. Few female operators work after 8 p.m., and their latest hour of duty is 10 p.m., when male operators take their places until the following morning has well begun.

With pardonable feminine vanity the majority of the young ladies wear gloves while operating, to better maintain the contour and complexion of their busily worked fingers, and often conceals her ordinary walking habit under a loose kind of graduate's gown in dark material. This latter was a kindly idea of the N.T.C.'s administration to shield a sensitive and modestly-garbed operator from being distracted by an extra smart frock on either side of her.

In the City calls practically stop at 7 p.m., but in the West-End half the day's work may be done between 10 p.m. and 12.30 a.m. The Holborn district wakes up first, owing chiefly to the Smithfield Meat Market, and the busy life of the other exchanges follows shortly afterwards. On the arrival of the dinner hour the operators are relieved by reserves, and take their seats at the attractively arranged tables in the dining-room. At every large exchange there is a spacious, cheerful room set apart for this purpose, a kitchen, cooks, crockery, plate, furniture, etc., being provided free by the company. Here the operators dine or take afternoon tea. They provide their own food in so far as paying for what they consume, or an operator may bring in her own chop and have it grilled. The operators decide what next day's joint shall be, and this is served up with two vegetables, bread, butter, tea, etc., at a price that would bankrupt the 'cutest and largest London caterer. Before this very sensible innovation, through rain, slush, or snow the staff had to rush into the streets, hurry through a cup of tea, a scone or bun in a crowded tea-room, and then return, to faint later at the switchboard for lack of proper nourishment. Marriage terminates an operator's connection with the company, but, if specially experienced, she is registered on the reserve as a stand-by when epidemics come along.

High up on the loftiest roof-tops, their myriad wires showing in a thread-like lattice-work against the heavens, are the huge square frames and many-armed standards which bear the telephone lines and cables west, south, north, east. To gaze up at one from the pavement is for the layman to be bewildered by chaos confused, yet to the linesmen each single wire is as distinct and separate as the Strand is from Holborn.

To work on these roof standards is dangerous, but the engineers, fault-finders, linesmen, etc., are specially selected. A fire may destroy a heavily wired standard and cut off a

whole district, so day or night these men must be at call to effect immediate repairs. The standard on the Lime Street exchange bears over 12,000 wires, and is one of the biggest in the world, the roof having had to be specially constructed to carry it.

Besides the graceful-looking kiosks in some of the main streets, there are scattered over the Metropolis many hundreds of "call offices" in tradesmen's establishments for the convenience of the passer-by. In any of these for twopence the telephone may be commanded with the whole service of a mighty organisation.

The silent call-room of the Stock Exchange is an impressive sight when in full swing. A score of glass-doored boxes fill the wall-spaces. At the main entrance is the switch-clerk, an electric indicator before him showing boxes engaged and empty. One of the "hatless" brigade—a stockbroker or speculator's clerk—enters, giving the number he wants. "Six-two-three? —4" replies the switch-clerk; and the customer enters Box 4 to find his number waiting on the line for him. When he has finished, the lad calls, "Clear 4," and Box 4 is once more disengaged. If a man in the "House" be telephoned for a commissionaire through a brass trumpet shouts down a speaking-tube, and an electric light flashes in the 'Change, and lets "Mr. Dobearem" know he is wanted.

To the pension fund each *employé* contributes 2½ per cent. of his or her pay, the company adding an equal amount and guarantees 4 per cent. on the investments. After ten years' subscription members becoming incapacitated for work are allowed a pension which otherwise becomes due at sixty-five, and a reduced rate for life assurance has been obtained at a leading office.

A composite association, presided over by the chief officials, ensures healthy sport and recreation for the whole staff. It includes clubs for cricket, football, tennis, cycling, photography, rambling, dancing, singing, etc. Launch trips on the Thames, lectures and lantern displays in the winter at the Association's rooms, St. George's Hall, further promote social intercourse, and the subscription is but nominal, the working expenses being provided by the presiding office-bearers.

OPERATORS PRACTISING IN THE NATIONAL TELEPHONE COMPANY'S SCHOOL (LONDON WALL).

POST OFFICE OPERATORS AT DINNER (CENTRAL TELEPHONE EXCHANGE, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD).

The newer telephone organisation of the Postal Department has wisely reaped all the benefits of the experiments and experience of the pioneer company. No gown hides the

IN THE POST OFFICE CENTRAL TELEPHONE EXCHANGE (ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD): RECEIVING CALLS.

operator's taste in dress, but each must be in height 5 ft. 2 in. or over, and extra lightweights are rejected. She is examined by a lady physician, her eyesight tested, her teeth put in order—to avoid absence through toothache—and, if considered necessary, revaccination follows. After four to six weeks in the "school" on full wages she begins duty at 11s. weekly the first year, rising gradually to £1 a week at the end of nine years. The limit of her salary-earning capacity is about £200 per annum, and if invalided two-thirds pay is awarded her. Her dining-room, decorated with the flowers she and her comrades have brought from their own gardens, looks like a first-class restaurant, and her sumptuous dinner costs her fivepence!

The Postal Telephone service has none but underground lines and cables, and deep down in the basement of the Central Exchange flow fat, sinuous snakes of lead in wavy volumes. Each is a hermetically sealed channel kept continuously filled with dry air by a driving pump apparatus to prevent the intrusion of moisture—the enemy of a good telephone circuit. Through metal frames, meters, bridges, fuse boxes, etc., the subscriber's line reaches the operating switchboard. As he rings, a tiny pencil-sized disc lights up with electricity. The operator, wearing a light aluminium receiver and having before her lips a breastplate transmitter of the same material, sees the glow, plugs into the number, receives the order, and makes the required connection. For connecting purposes, each girl has every subscriber's number before her, but, to evenly distribute the work, the calls are apportioned among the staff. To register the penny calls, tiny meters, not unlike gas indexes, stand by hundreds in frames, and the operators' work is similarly checked. Any attempt of the electric currents to shirk their work and creep off the line into the bosom of Mother Earth is thwarted by numberless glow lights in brass frames. When one of these shines it is known that the current is playing truant, and the electricians and fault-finders soon bring it back to stern duty. All the current for working the lines is generated by powerful dynamos, which charge the accumulators. The latter have a large room to themselves and resemble zinc baths filled with a colourless, acid-smelling solution, in which are immersed strange grids of metal. Throughout the building buckets of fine, brown sand stand in readiness for an outbreak of fire. Water or chemicals for the purpose would be worse than useless, but handfuls of sand thrown with force at a blazing fuse or frame extinguish the flames and leave the instruments and wires comparatively uninjured.

The most picturesque and entertaining adjunct of Telephone London is the electrophone. There is not a leading theatre, concert-room, or music-hall but has the electrophone transmitters—in shape like cigar-boxes—installed before the footlights, out of sight of the audience. They are at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden; and in many of the principal places of worship a wooden dummy Bible in the pulpit bears the preacher's words, by means of the N.T.C. telephone lines, to thousands of invalid or crippled listeners in bed or chair in their homes or hospitals. It was thus that Queen Victoria, seated at Windsor Castle, heard 2,000 school children in Her Majesty's Theatre, in the Haymarket, cheer her and sing "God Save the Queen" on her last birthday. King Edward was likewise relieved from *ennui* at Buckingham Palace during his illness, for the brightest music, mirth, and song of London were ever on tap at his side. Queen Alexandra is also a devotee of the electrophone, more especially throughout the opera season. On the other hand, the cruel lot of certain hospital patients, of the blind, and even the deaf—for the microphonic capacity of the electrophone enables all but the stone-deaf to hear—is thus greatly brightened by science. The sadness of the bedridden, the incurable, or the sufferer from contagious disease is enlivened by sacred or secular song and story, and, as a much-to-be-welcomed addition to the alleviations of London's strenuous life, the benefits of the electrophone are innumerable. It may be added that in the imposingly decorated salon in Gerrard Street from time to time fashionable parties assemble and "taste" the whole of London's entertainments in one evening.

Thus, over mammoth aërial and subterranean wire-webs does London, annihilating distance, work and play by the aid of Science.

IN A BREWERY HOP LOFT.

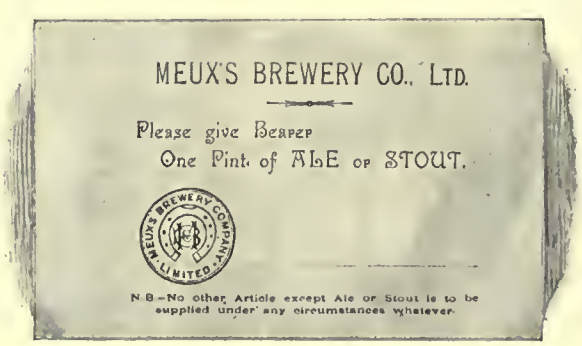
LONDON'S BREWERIES AND DISTILLERIES.

By C. DUNCAN LUCAS.

METAL DISC USED AS MONEY.

TO-DAY we have arranged to see something of London's lakes and rivers—lakes and rivers not of water, but of strong ale, brown stout, and gin, and other alcoholic beverages. Nearly every locality has its river of ale flowing on night and day as swiftly and as restlessly as its teetotal neighbour the Thames. Breweries may not be as common as churches, but they make up a formidable catalogue. In central London we have the great Horseshoe Brewery of Messrs. Meux & Co.; in the south-west the establishment of Messrs. Watney & Co., while dotted here and there are the breweries of Messrs. Courage & Co., Messrs. Barclay, Perkins & Co., Messrs. Whitbread, and Messrs. Mann & Crossman—to mention only a few of the many firms who help to swell the tide of beer demanded by London's multitudes.

Let us visit one of these breweries. The gates have just been thrown open and there is scarcely room to turn, but the sight is well worth any discomfort we may have to suffer. The average Londoner has not yet come down to his breakfast, for it is but half-past seven; but here fifty men, each with a leather apron strung round him, have been at their labours since six o'clock. Their particular mission in life is to cope with London's thirst, and the day's campaign will leave them spent and weary. They are loading a dozen drays, some with casks weighing seventeen hundredweight. Their backs are like iron, and we admire their physique almost as much as we do that of the huge glossy-skinned horses which cost the


MEUX'S BREWERY CO., LTD.

Please give Bearer
One Pint of ALE or STOUT.

MEUX'S BREWERY COMPANY LIMITED

N.B.—No other Article except Ale or Stout is to be supplied under any circumstances whatever.

AN ORDER FOR BEER.

brewer five and seventy guineas apiece. Round, sturdy, with arms that a professional strong man might envy, they are a type by themselves. Yet they are nimble, these latter-day Samsons, despite their ample proportions, and in an amazingly short space of time each dray with its liquid freight is ready for its journey. That one by the gate, with the three massive well-groomed horses which heads the procession, is supporting five tons of bitter beer. It is bound for Woolwich.

We will now ascend 150 steps to the top of the brewery, where the malt bins are situated. The bins are fifty-eight feet in depth, and one being half empty three stout men are hauling up sacks from the yard and replenishing it. In a few hours the bin will contain 225 tons of malt.

A little care must be exercised as we enter the hop-loft, for the place is in darkness. If daylight were allowed to penetrate the apartment the hops would deteriorate, and people would anathematise their beer. So we grope stealthily forward, to be seized presently with an uncanny feeling that there are ghosts in the chamber. A faint shaft of sunshine in the distance reveals some mysterious moving objects on the floor; there is a patter of soft feet, followed by a wild, unearthly cry. But there is really nothing to be alarmed at. The disturbers of our peace of mind are the eight four-legged policemen of the loft—veteran felines of a bloodthirsty temperament retained to murder maim, and otherwise molest any mice that may attempt to dine off hops, of which there are 6,000 bulky pockets.

They are going to brew a veritable ocean of beer to-day, for it is the summer season, and orders from publicans are pouring in by every post. The managers are on the alert, determined that not a moment shall be lost. Outside the hop loft perspiring men are shooting down pockets at the rate of one a minute, while down below another battalion of weight-lifters are receiving the pockets, weighing them, and carrying them off on trolleys to a gigantic copper half full of boiling wort. In go the hops, and the contents of the copper will in due course suffice to charge 1,000 barrels.

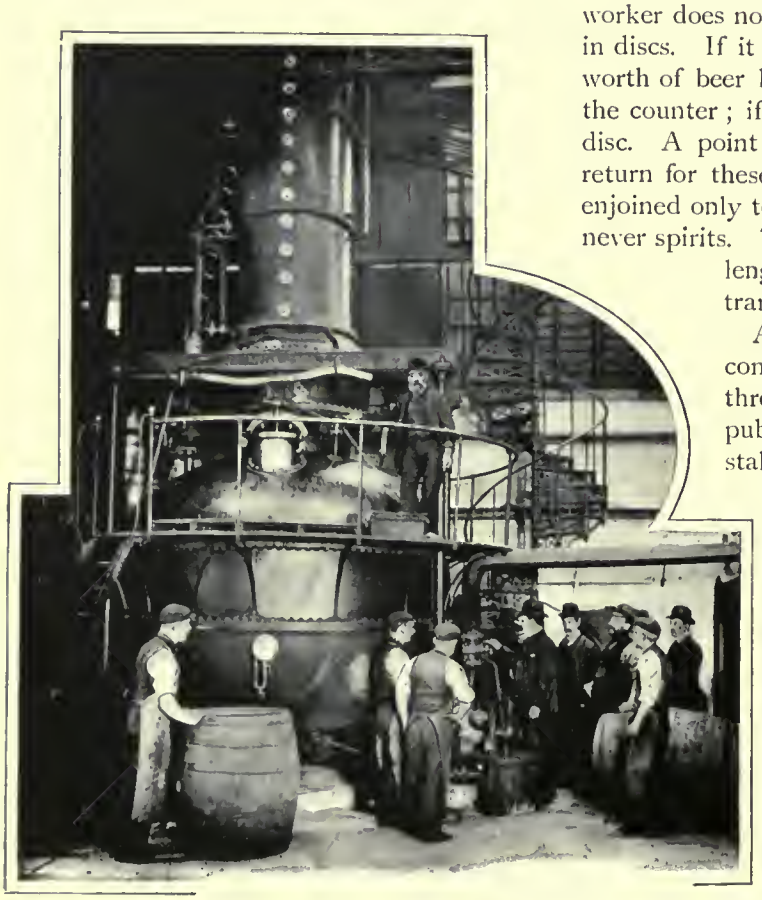
Hard by is a regiment of men who look as if they resided in a chalk pit. They are the

FILLING PUNCHEONS AT A DISTILLERY.

millers, and are shifting malt. Bag-load after bag-load is emptied into a hopper, the machinery begins to roar, and before many minutes have elapsed the malt has been ground.

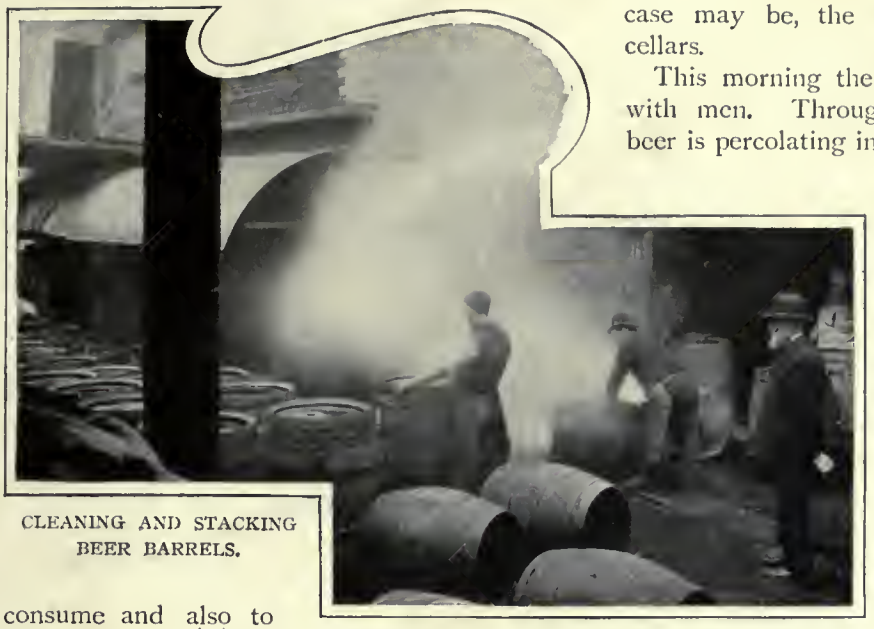
On the next floor we witness what is, perhaps, the most singular sight that a brewery has to present. The gigantic tub—big enough to swim in—is called the mash-tun. The mash is a mixture of the various grains that go to make beer. Iron arms propelled by powerful engines are revolving and churning the grains. In the centre of the tub a couple of red-faced men divested of every shred of attire save their unmentionables and their boots are furiously digging out the grains as the liquid filters through. The temperature is tropical. These two perspiring men have spent years in the mash-tun, yet the heat taxes them to the uttermost. They have a thirst that is literally chronic—an incurable, unquenchable thirst. Witness the bucket of beer in the centre of the tun. It is no tankard, but a real bucket as large as a coalscuttle, and they dip into it every few minutes. They cannot help themselves. They must either drink or lay down their tools. Nature permits of no alternative.

The making of beer is thirsty work, and as a consequence all brewers' *employés* are allowed a certain amount of free liquor. Some have half a dozen pots a week, some a dozen—the quantity depends on how dusty their individual occupation happens to be. But only the mash-tun men obtain beer from the brewery. The others get their liquor from certain public-houses with which the brewer does business. On Monday morning each man receives an order—similar to the one reproduced on page 120—for the measure of beer to which he is entitled. This order he presents to the publican, who gives him in exchange a number of metal discs of varying denominations. There are penny discs, three-halfpenny discs, twopenny discs, threepenny discs, and fourpenny discs. Consequently for his drinks during the week the thirsty worker does not pay in coin of the realm, but in discs. If it pleases him to have twopenny worth of beer he places a twopenny disc on the counter; if fourpennyworth, a fourpenny disc. A point also worth noting is that in return for these discs the publican is strictly enjoined only to supply ale, porter, or stout—never spirits. The discs are available for any length of time, and are generously transferable.



EXCISE OFFICER UNLOCKING A STILL.

A word in this connection concerning the draymen. Peep through that window at the public-house opposite. Three stalwarts are manœuvring with a barrel of pale ale weighing close upon a ton. Each one of them turns the scale at fifteen stone, and the muscles of their arms stand out like whipcords. It is frightful work, yet the men seem to enjoy it. The fact is they are favoured mortals. At every inn where they deliver beer they are welcome to a meal. It is to the large amount of food that they



CLEANING AND STACKING BEER BARRELS.

consume and also to the muscular exercise that is involved in lowering casks into the publican's cellar that they owe their immense strength.

But we must hasten our steps. Our guide is inviting us to inspect the "wort"—the liquor is not beer until the process of fermentation has begun—after it has left the mash-tun. *En route* we obtain a glimpse of the brewer in his office. Though not necessarily one of the proprietors he is, perhaps, the most important individual in the establishment, for it is his duty to see that the beer brewed is of the proper quality. On a shelf in his room is a row of bottles filled with different kinds of ale. Just now he is tasting them. Withdrawing a sample from each bottle, he puts it in his mouth, pauses, deliberates, and then expels it. He never drinks it.

Presently we arrive at the beer tuns, or settling backs—enormous metal tubs full of frothy liquid. The froth in this one is six inches high. It is gradually dying away and the yeast is rising.

Further on we examine the refrigerators—rows upon rows of pipes full of cold water. On these coolers the "wort" drops as it flows from the settling backs.

From the refrigerators the "wort" runs into the fermenting tuns. Altogether there are twenty-nine tuns, some of them capable of holding 750 barrels. Having remained in the tuns for a week or a fortnight, as the case may be, the beer flows into the cellars.

This morning the cellars are crammed with men. Through indiarubber pipes beer is percolating in all directions. The big fellows in the white smocks and the brown paper caps are the tun men. The group on the right are filling barrels with India pale ale; that on the left are looking after the needs of those whose favourite beverage is stout.

At the back of the premises men are fetching away the grains which have been used in the making of the beer. These grains will be ultimately eaten by cattle.

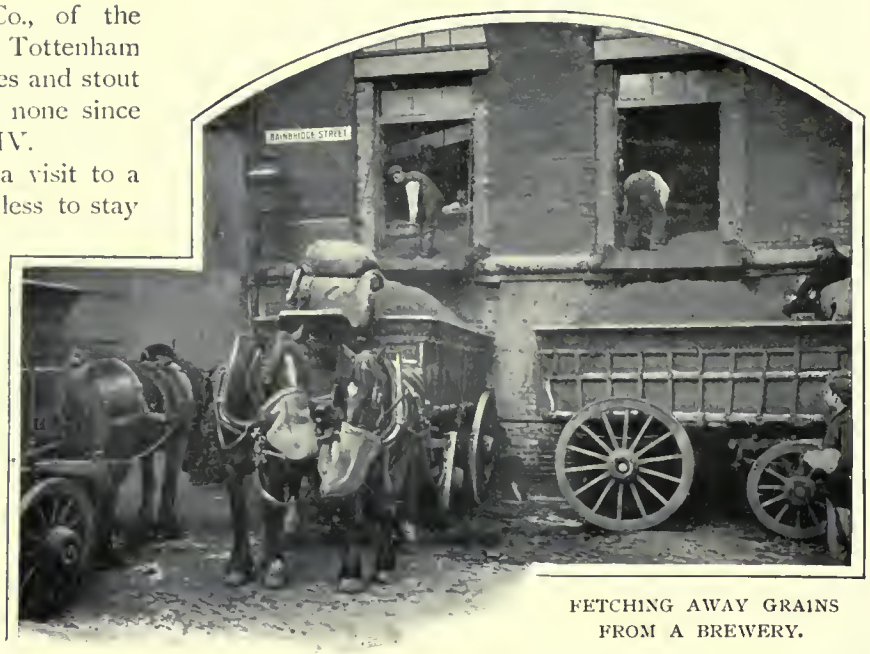
Outside in the yard the scene is equally animated. The draymen with the day's orders have vanished, but their place has been taken by the barrel cleaners—a dozen of them. There are hundreds of barrels to clean this morning. One by one they are rolled up and placed over steam pipes. Through the hole in the cask the bustling engine shoots up a cloud of steam, and in a moment the barrel is ready for another supply of beer.

As we wend our way out we see a dapper, jolly-looking gentleman enter a neat brougham. He is the collector—a responsible member of the firm, whose business it is to call at the various hostelries which are tied to the brewery and bring away the money that is owing. His rounds are long, for his brewery has many houses under its wing. From each one he emerges with a bag containing cheques, bank-notes, and coin, and by the time he reaches home in the evening he has as much property in his possession as he knows what to do with.

Thus is the brewing industry carried on. For enabling us to look behind the scenes of Beer-land, and for many useful hints on the subject, as well as for facilities for taking photographs, our cordial thanks are due to

Messrs. Meux & Co., of the Horseshoe Brewery, Tottenham Court Road, whose ales and stout have been second to none since the days of George IV.

We will now pay a visit to a distillery. It is needless to stay long, for much that takes place in a distillery is to be seen in a brewery. Moreover, the various processes are so severely technical that we shall content ourselves with merely a general view of the operations. In the mill room they are grinding barley and oats as fast as they can go, while in another department we see the crushed grains passing into the mash tuns. Here the grains are subjected to the action of water and thoroughly mashed up by a great shaft which revolves by machinery. This done, the wort, as it is called, is conveyed to a vessel where it is allowed to stand for a while when it passes through the refrigerators to the colossal fermenting squares, in which it is converted by the influence of yeast into alcohol and carbonic acid.



FETCHING AWAY GRAINS FROM A BREWERY.

We will now make for a rectifying house, whither the spirit is taken from the distillery.

There is enough gin on the premises we enter to float a Thames steamer. Those great vats against the wall contain from 40,000 to 50,000 gallons of duty-paid spirit. It is the busiest hour of the day, and the whole staff is filling puncheons. These, when fully charged, are rolled to the yard adjacent to be piled on the vans, which will soon distribute them over the length and breadth of London and over a considerable portion of the world as well.

Watch that excise officer with the red moustache. He seems to have eyes all over him, and his curiosity is unbounded. He can tell you to an ounce how much spirit there is in the building. For the big cask that stands beside him he has charged £70 by way of duty. The spirit, which is made from malt, maize, and oats, has come in from the grain distilleries, of which there are but three or four in London. The law does not permit of a grain distillery being erected within a mile of a rectifying house; consequently London's distillers are, for the most part, merely purifiers of the raw spirit.

In that big still in front of us 3,000 gallons of spirit are being rectified. When the process of purification is complete this fluid will be flavoured—in other words converted into gin—but the still is locked; and before the fluid can pass out our friend the excise officer must produce the keys. There are stills in all directions—some full, some empty—but not a drop of spirit can be touched or made without the aid of the excise man. He holds the keys of the stills, and is more the master here than the owners. Presently he appears and proceeds towards an iron box which is rivetted to the wall. The box is padlocked, and in the keyhole is a ticket made of a special kind of paper bearing certain marks. It was placed there this morning. If anyone had tampered with the lock the marks on the ticket would now be obliterated, but they are intact, and all is well. The representative of the Revenue Department slowly unlocks the padlock, and from the box withdraws his bunch of keys. This done he goes to the still, which he

saw charged six hours ago, and setting the vessel free, the spirit begins to trickle down into the cellars, where it is flavoured.

From the flavouring chambers it flows through pipes into receivers, from which it is thrown up into vats by an engine at the rate of 100 gallons a minute. When the still is empty the excise officer will lock it again and replace his keys in the iron box, and put another ticket in the keyhole. He is a cautious man, the revenue officer who watches over the distilleries. Messrs. O. H. Smith & Co., Messrs. Boord, Messrs. Seager, Evans & Co., Messrs. Daun & Vallentin, Messrs. Booth, Messrs. Nicholson, and all the other London distillers are as intimately acquainted with him as they are with their own clerks, for he visits them five times a day.

As we wander here and there we come upon the great vats—twelve of them. Those half-dozen brawny men with the wooden rakes are "rousing" the vats. One of them is from the country—a new hand—and shows signs of being somewhat overcome. He is dazed, and no wonder, for he has to lean over the vats and rake the spirit, a necessary task, for the reason that if the liquid is not stirred the spirit, being lighter than the added water, comes to the top and is drawn off first in an undiluted state when the vat is tapped.

Notwithstanding the nature of the work, however, and the ease with which spirits can be obtained, intoxication is a thing practically unknown in a distillery. Observe those men sitting round that vat in the corner. They are drinking, not gin, but tea. Not that they are denied free spirits, for they get their full share, as we gather from the appended notice exhibited outside the tasting room:—

> Workmen employed here are allowed drinks, if required, at the following times during the day and at no other:
>
> 6 a.m. 8 to 9 a.m. 11 a.m. 1 p.m. 4 p.m.

Further there is always on tap a glass of good beer, which the men are encouraged to drink in preference to spirits.

A visit to the sample room, in which we watch the taster at his work, and we are out in the yard once more in time to see a van drive off with 600 gallons of best London gin.

It remains to be added that for assistance kindly rendered during our tour of inspection through Spirit-land, and for permission to obtain photographs, we have to thank Messrs. Daun & Vallentin, proprietors of the famous Lambeth Distillery.

Thus does London get a great portion of her beer and spirits. That the two trades afford employment to thousands it is scarcely necessary to remark.

LOWERING CASKS INTO A PUBLICAN'S CELLARS.

IN WORMWOOD SCRUBS PRISON.

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

AS London grows crime increases, although not exactly in direct ratio; nevertheless the processes of detection, coercion, and punishment must be constantly enlarged. While existing prisons have been greatly improved, other establishments have been added from time to time, and one of the chief of these is the great edifice on Wormwood Scrubs. It stands, with its four wings and adjacent buildings, on the fringe of that large open space, once the principal duelling ground of London, where the Duke of York shot at Colonel Lennox, and where many other quarrels, social and political, were fought out. Nowadays Wormwood Scrubs is better known to Londoners as the drill ground for Household Cavalry or as a place where Volunteers practise at rifle butts and "sportsmen" destroy pigeons. The sterner uses of the place are seen in the black vans that wend their way daily along the prison road, bringing fresh contingents of wrong-doers to expiate their offences, or, again, in the daily exodus, soon after breakfast, of the ragged riff-raff, newly released, and delighted to be once more at large.

Wormwood Scrubs is essentially a prison for "doing time"—where all incarcerated, male and female, have been sentenced to imprisonment, principally for short periods. Convicts, however, or, more precisely, penal servitude prisoners, also come for the earlier part of their penalty. Yet inmates of another entirely distinct class are detained within the walls, and for no fault of their own—the poor, blameless infants who have drawn their first breath in the prison or are so young that they cannot be separated from their mothers, and are thus cradled in crime. Convicts and children: its whole population is comprised within these two extremes—the poles of the prison world. Too often, it may be feared, the outcome is the sequel to the start. To have been born or suckled in

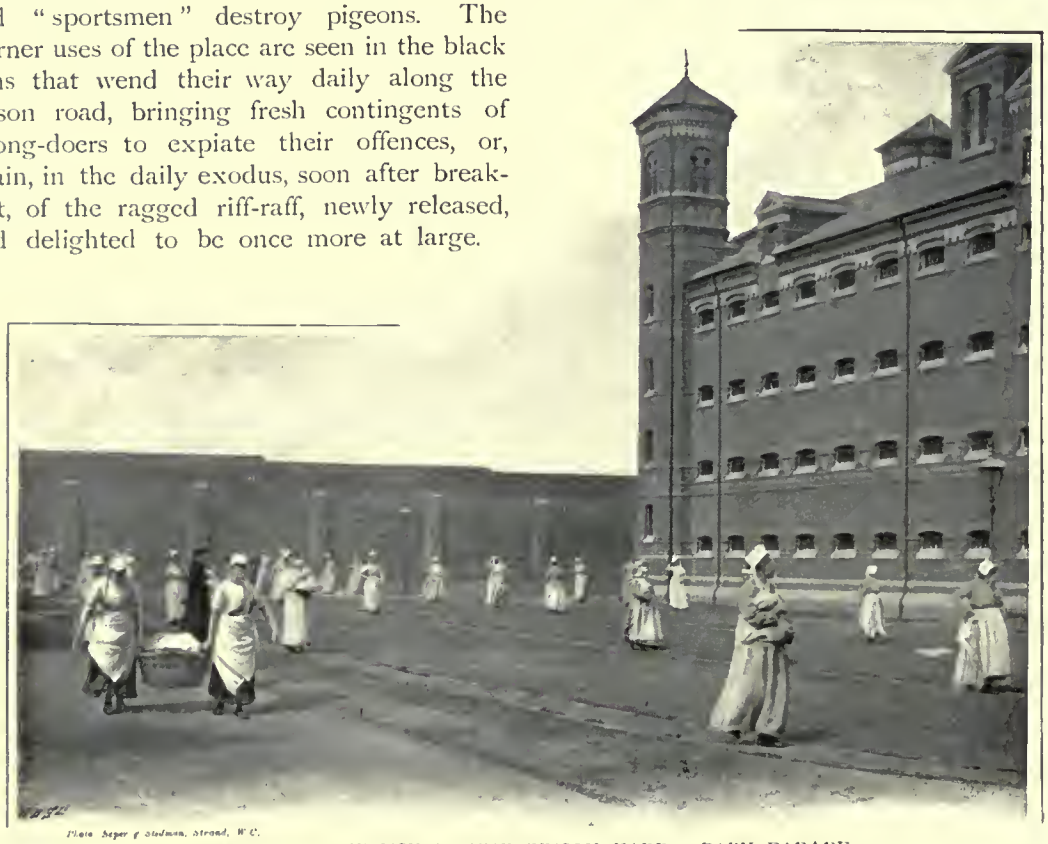


Photo Beyer & Stedman, Strand, W.C.

WOMEN AT EXERCISE IN THE PRISON YARD: BABY PARADE.

durance is the inalienable heritage of woe. The child is father to the man; the hapless victim to environment and early vicious associations drifts back to its birthplace, and through chance—misfortune it may be—or nostalgia succumbs to destiny. Yet in many cases the prison born are better off than the free born—more cared for, more delicately nurtured than those who have first seen the light and have been dragged up in the purlieus and dark dens of the town. Prison mothers are generally a pattern to their sex. Discipline apart, and the stimulus it gives to good behaviour, there are no disturbing emotions within the walls, no incentives to neglect of offspring, no drink, no masterful men, no temptation to thieve or go astray; and thus their better feelings, their purer maternal instincts, have full play. So the prison baby has, for the most part, a good time. High officials, visitors, matron, warders, all are glad to pet and cosset it, there is plenty of wholesome food, it has toys to play with, fresh air and exercise in its mother's arms, while its nursery, though no doubt a cell, is bright, well-ventilated, not ill-furnished with its comfortable cot, and is scrupulously clean. Moreover, when the prison mother is drawn elsewhere by the necessities of her daily toil, she knows that her baby will be well cared for in the prison nursery or *crêche*.

PRISONERS GOING TO DINNER.

Between this embryo criminal and the finished full-blown specimen there are many degrees and categories, nearly all of them to be found in Wormwood Scrubs, their antecedents very varied, their characters dissimilar, but their condition and treatment much the same. The records show that there are thieves in all lines of business — from the pick-pocket to the garroter. The burglar, the forger, the fraudulent financier, the dishonest clerk are to be found here, and every kind of felon and misdemeanant is subjected to the same *régime*. In principle the rule of "strict separation" is enforced, but not solitary confinement, for that form of torture has long been abandoned by us. We have escaped the bitter reproach contained in the well-known lines by Coleridge:—

> As he went through Cold Bath Fields he saw
> A solitary cell;
> And the Devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint
> For improving his prisons in Hell.

IN THE WOMEN'S WORK ROOM.

Photo. Soper & Stedman, Strand, W.C.

In those old days the victims to far-fetched theory went mad after long periods of unbroken seclusion. Now all British prisoners are segregated: they are located, each one, in a separate cell or small room; that is to say, when they are not under discipline and observation. They are alone when at leisure, when feeding, sleeping, resting from labour; alone, as a general rule when at work, although some forms of labour are now carried out in common.

The isolation is never continuous, even for those kept in cells; it is broken by constant visits. The governor comes daily and the chaplain, the doctor, and other superior officers; the trade instructors and schoolmaster also spend much time with each pupil. Then there is the break for Divine service and again for exercise, when the prisoners leave their cells to pass along the galleries and file down the light staircases out into the open yards. Silence is sternly prescribed, but it cannot be invariably maintained. In chapel especially, seated close together, it is easy to communicate. Conversation passes under cover of the hymns, which are sung with great heartiness; and, again, in the yards it is said that men can talk by the movement of their lips and without making audible sound. To see one another, to make signs, to speak together, although not, of course, freely, are so many sets-off against the irksome rule of separation imposed on them.

Of late the prison authorities have gone further, and now permit the well-conducted, after a brief period of separation, to be associated in their daily work. This is the case at Wormwood Scrubs, where the ground floors of the great halls are converted into rough and ready ateliers, and such simple trades are prosecuted as post-bag making, mat making, basket making, and the manufacture of rope. True artisans and handicraftsmen, those who acquired their

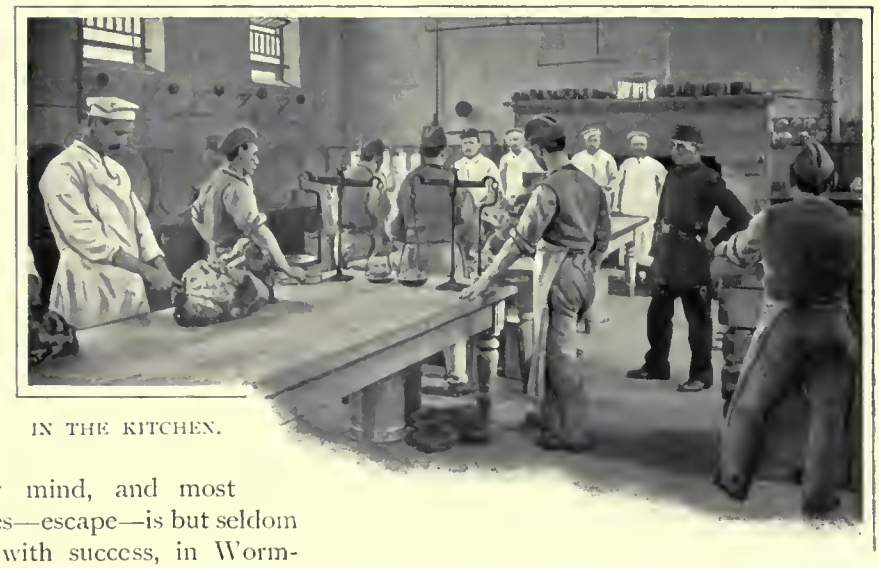
Photo: Soper & Stedman, Strand, W.C. A BABY'S COT.

skill "outside" and those who have had the wit to learn something inside, are largely utilised in the service of the State. The outcry against prison competition has limited the quantity and quality of output, but no one can complain if the Government works for itself. So you will see that much tin-ware is turned out in the "shops," that the prison carpenters produce boxes of all sorts for his Majesty's Post Office, that coal sacks for the Navy, bedding and blankets for the Army, are manufactured largely in prison. The work-rooms at Wormwood Scrubs are hives of intelligently conducted industry, and very satisfactory results are obtained. There are prison dressmakers, cutters-out, fitters, machine workers, milliners; and the female officers' uniforms, costumes, cloaks, and bonnets would not discredit a West-End place of business. In the bootmakers' shop a brisk trade is done; the tailors are genuine "snips," glad enough to be employed to keep their hands in; the bookbinder is an expert, who, although not quite a Derôme or a Grolier, deftly and neatly remedies the incessant wear and tear of the prison library. Long previous training is not needed in the kitchen: muscular strength only is indispensable for the handling of great sides of beef, for carrying heavy cans and dinner trays, but activity and good-will are essential, and the daily toil of the prison cooks is severe. Skilled bakers may be scarce in the prison world, but the art of bread-making is kept up here by tradition, transmitted from generation to generation, and there is never much fault to find with the "whole meal" loaves that come out of the prison ovens. The prison has a claim to the best efforts of the inmates in any capacity. All the house service is performed by them — cleaning, painting, white-washing, gardening, and the removal of produce in hand carts to which they are harnessed or which they push about the enclosure.

The industrial side in Wormwood Scrubs is its pleasantest, and is rightly thrown into strongest relief. There is another aspect, the disciplinary, the methods and processes by which good behaviour is ensured, and yet another, the reformatory influences applied by religious and friendly agencies. As a rule, there is little misconduct of a serious kind in Wormwood Scrubs. The offences that mostly crop up are due to temper, too often, but not unnaturally, hot and hasty; to ingrained idleness, showing itself in a strong dislike of work. Grave acts of insubordination are rare; assaults upon warders, overt attempts at mutiny all but unknown. The

BOOTMAKING.

coercion and the penalties inflicted are mild enough, and generally limited to the reduction of diet and close confinement, although in the twelvemonth cases of corporal punishment with the birch—not the cat—may number half a dozen. The offence most excusable to the lay mind, and most heinous in official eyes—escape—is but seldom attempted, at least with success, in Wormwood Scrubs. A man on one occasion, however, broke prison by ingeniously cutting his way out, though he was captured the same evening. So little fear is there of escape that prisoners are sent to work at some distance from the prison guarded only by a couple of warders, and this within sight and earshot of London. Moral control is found to be quite as effective as bolts and bars. That crime should be prevented rather than punished is daily gaining great force as an axiom in social science. This humane view extends also to prison life. The most earnest wish of the authorities at Wormwood Scrubs is not to force, but to persuade; to keep their charges well in hand, but to impress upon them that when their offence is once purged they should no more return to gaol. The prison chaplain, ever an active influence for good, is nowadays greatly aided by kindly folk who have made the criminal their special care, and by whose noble endeavours so many societies and institutions have been called into existence to assist the well-intentioned to go straight after release.



IN THE KITCHEN.

AT WORK OUT-OF-DOORS.

No description of the present palatial establishment at Wormwood Scrubs would be complete without some brief reference to its first beginnings, the manner in which it was planted and gradually grew into such imposing dimensions. The method adopted for its erection was a new departure, at least, in this country. It had been tried a century before at Sing-Sing, in the United States, and our practice has since been imitated in Austria-Hungary and in France. The whole work was executed by prison labour. The idea originated in 1874 with General Sir Edmund du Cane, an eminent Royal Engineer and publicist, at that time head of the Prison Department, who was the architect and designer of the edifice and the controlling spirit throughout The preliminaries executed by contract consisted of the shell of a small prison of corrugated iron having a wall one brick thick, and a fence or hoarding with wooden gates and a small temporary lodge. Another shed served as kitchen and lodging for the warder staff.

This was in the winter of 1874. Nine specially selected convicts, men of good character and within a year of release, were now lodged in the only cells with doors and locks, comparatively secure. These pioneers completed the building, and with the accommodation thus provided fifty more prison lodgers were brought in—a sufficient force to erect a second prison wing and raise the population to a hundred all told. Building operations for the great permanent prison then began in earnest. A first necessity was "ballast"—the burnt clay of the London district; it was needed for road-making and as one of the constituents of mortar. At the same time clay, dug up on the spot, was prepared and treated to form "kerf," the material from which bricks are manufactured. All this time the numbers steadily increased; there were ere long a couple of hundred hands on the job; and as the summer of 1875 advanced bricks had been burnt and stacked ready to be built into the first great block or hall, the ground floor of which was finished as winter approached. This floor, although open to the sky, was, however, used as a receptacle for convicts, only a small pent-house, with small tarpaulin roof, being put up as cover to the cell doors.

So the work proceeded steadily, without stint or difficulty, the felon bees industriously adding cell to cell in the hive, and presently the four great parallel blocks were pushed forward towards completion. Each building was a self-contained prison, and one and all had been the perfected work of convict hands; every brick having been made, every stone dressed and laid, every bar forged, every door raised and strengthened by the class for whom it has since been a place of penitence and expiation.

IN THE ARTISANS' WORKSHOP.

ST. JAMES'S PALACE: CHANGING THE GUARD.

SOME OF LONDON'S CHIEF SIGHTS.

By JAMES BARR.

TO me it came as quite a new experience. When, early in the morning, we two set out to drift through London, I understood that I was to show my friend the sights of the place. This, surely, was a natural supposition on my part, for much of my life had been spent in London, and he only arrived on his first visit the evening before. However, before I was long in the company of my Colonial friend I learned that I need not have lived in London to know her, and know her pretty thoroughly. On this day I met with the experience of being shown over the Metropolis by a complete stranger. He had, I found, studied Thackeray, learned Dickens by heart, deciphered Stow, and encompassed Besant and Cunningham, and for years had dreamed of visiting London. At length his longings were satisfied.

We were in Kensington; so early the hour that the pavement of the narrow High Street was not yet a crush of gaily dressed ladies (themselves here one of Living London's most attractive sights) gazing in at the riches of the shop windows. The trend of vehicles and pedestrians was Citywards; loaded 'buses rocked and rattled on to the east, foot passengers hurried towards the arisen sun. We two seemed the only ones who were not obliged to hurry. My friend strolled on in silence. It seemed that the realisation of his life's dream oppressed him with overjoy.

"And this is Kensington Gardens," he said at the very earliest glimpse. It was, and we at once entered.

I hoped he would miss Kensington Palace, so that I could assert myself as really the one of us who knew London. But no. He stood for some few minutes and gazed at the building.

"Do you know that does not at all come up to my preconceived ideas of the birthplace of good Queen Victoria? I thought of a palace—there stands a home. Yet when one comes to think of it surely it is the most fitting birthplace for one whose life was of the cottage as much as, even more than, of the palace. Yes, I like the look of the place, the atmosphere and attitude of it. By the way, Queen

Victoria's rag dolls and primitive toys are shown to the public, are they not? Let us go in and see them. No doubt there will be a group of rosy-cheeked children gazing with big-eyed wonder upon a rag doll of a sort that, were one offered to them, they would push it away with scorn. Children are becoming more and more luxurious—quicker than grown-ups. Let us go in."

"Do you realise what hour in the morning it is? The official mind has not begun to wake as yet."

"Of course, you are right. There is nothing in the world that acts with such mechanical regularity as the mind of what we'll call a museum authority. It automatically opens at ten, and automatically closes at four. As ten is an hour's length distant, and we have a long drift before us—let us drift. What is that standing in front of the Palace? A statue of Queen Victoria—I know by the poise even from this distance. I want to see it."

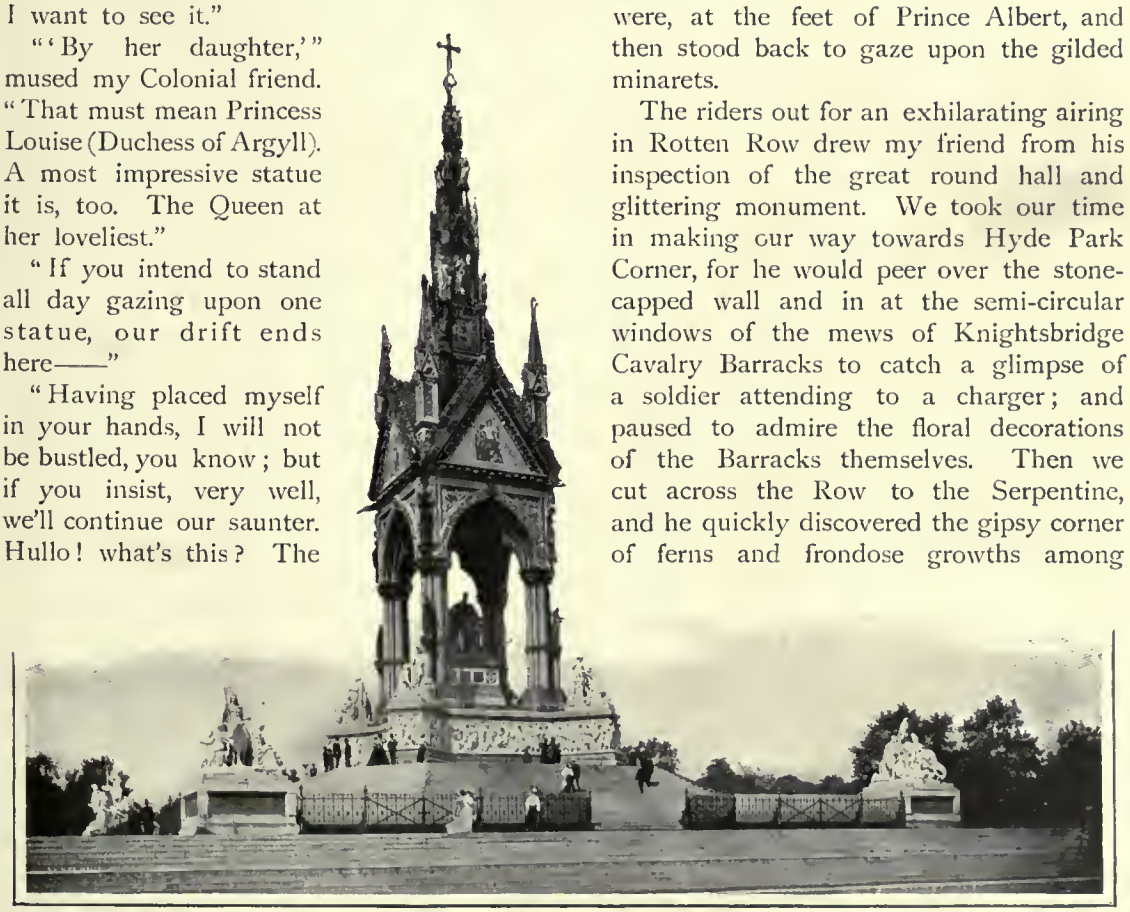
"'By her daughter,'" mused my Colonial friend. "That must mean Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll). A most impressive statue it is, too. The Queen at her loveliest."

"If you intend to stand all day gazing upon one statue, our drift ends here——"

"Having placed myself in your hands, I will not be bustled, you know; but if you insist, very well, we'll continue our saunter. Hullo! what's this? The 'Round Pond,' I do believe. And, yes, there are two tiny yachts slanting across followed by the admiring eyes of children and the grown-up owners striding round to meet the incoming craft. Why, I have seen this picture a thousand times since I was a boy. Every illustrated paper in the universe has reproduced the pond, its daintily-fashioned craft, and serious-faced owners of the same."

Next we made for the Albert Memorial. As we walked he talked. The huddle of fat sheep that feed in the park struck him as a quaintly countrified sight in the heart of great London; the banks of rhododendrons, flaunting their colours; the walks already crowded with clean-faced nursemaids wheeling glittering "prams" containing the youngest generation of the wealthy—every sight appealed to his heart, and each was an old acquaintance of whom he had something to tell me. He mounted the steps of the Memorial to minutely examine the sculptures of the famous ones who sit, as it were, at the feet of Prince Albert, and then stood back to gaze upon the gilded minarets.

The riders out for an exhilarating airing in Rotten Row drew my friend from his inspection of the great round hall and glittering monument. We took our time in making our way towards Hyde Park Corner, for he would peer over the stone-capped wall and in at the semi-circular windows of the mews of Knightsbridge Cavalry Barracks to catch a glimpse of a soldier attending to a charger; and paused to admire the floral decorations of the Barracks themselves. Then we cut across the Row to the Serpentine, and he quickly discovered the gipsy corner of ferns and frondose growths among



THE ALBERT MEMORIAL.

which stands the great grey stone. As we stood before this my friend suddenly turned to me and demanded:

"Are we near the statue of Achilles? Surely it is in this neighbourhood!"

And thither we proceeded.

"So that is Achilles! But where are the surging crowds of protesting people? Where are the orators haranguing the gathering from extempore platforms? This is the first thing I have seen in London which does not look quite familiar. In my mind Achilles and protest are inseparably associated. I almost wish that some great wrong was being done to the British people so that the thunderers at this moment might have gathered their hosts in angry opposition. Really there should always be a make-believe crowd about this statue, a crowd that would move on whenever genuine protesters marched in at the gates. And that's Byron over there! Well, well, he's appropriately placed in this portal of protest. We can step from here into Green Park, can we not? And that's on the way to Buckingham Palace."

After admiring Wellington's statue opposite the gates, along Constitution Hill we went, and soon came before the broad, plain face of Buckingham Palace. This, the second palace we had seen, did not appeal to my Colonial friend. It was, he said, less like a palace than Kensington Palace even. After a hasty glance at its front, he refused to look any more at it.

"No, no. Like many another plain thing, its pictures have flattered it. There is something kindly about Kensington Palace; this is both harsh and unpoetic. By the way, I have often read of the Royal Mews. I wonder if they would let us peep in for a glimpse at the horses. I have heard that the stables cover about as much ground as the Palace itself."

So round we tramped to Buckingham Gate, and to the huge delight of my friend were admitted to the model stables, clean, spacious, and occupied by beautiful horses beautifully groomed. Had it not been that time was limited, my friend would have liked to spend hours in the Royal Mews.

We were most fortunate in the hour of our arrival at St. James's Palace. Before quitting the Mall I was able to palm off my first item of information, and this fact greatly cheered me.

"If I am not mistaken, we are just in time to witness the changing of the Guard at St. James's," I said. "If the King had been in residence at Buckingham Palace, we could have seen it there."

The crowd had already collected, and in any other city on the globe this pageant would call forth such a concourse of people as to necessitate special regulations. But London is apathetic regarding matters musical and spectacular unless they be much heralded in the Press; and the gay scene, with its grand music, of this changing of the Guard depends for its audience upon passers-by. We stood in the gathering, and my friend followed every move of the brilliant uniformed soldiers, and drank in each strain of the swelling music.

At length I had found a palace which he agreed really looked its part. Old St. James's delighted his eye: the red brick showing the fingermarks of time, the castle-like arches and terraces, the broad-faced honest clock between the towers. Yes, St. James's Palace was indeed a palace. Then his thoughts harked back to the pageant of the changing of the Guard.

"What a vivid splash of colour in the heart of this grey old town!" was all he said as I dragged him away to catch a glimpse of the Duke of York's column, the statue of Sir John Franklin, and the Guards' Memorial in Waterloo Place. By way of Pall Mall we passed into Trafalgar Square; and, of course, I found he knew all about the statue of Charles I. that had been buried during the Commonwealth and dug up at the Restoration, and before I could point to it he had noticed the National Gallery. He decided to enter the Gallery, not with the intention of staying any great time, but only to take a glimpse at the Turner Room. Turner he named "the Hermit of London," and said that his pictures could only have been painted by one who had been bred under London's dull skies, and as a consequence relished the full glory of gorgeous sunsets and brilliant atmospheres. Into the Strand we then made our way, turning down Villiers

KENSINGTON PALACE : INSPECTING QUEEN VICTORIA'S PLAYTHINGS.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY : LOOKING AT TURNER'S PICTURES.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: WELLINGTON'S TOMB.

Street for the Embankment. The instant he caught sight of the tip of Cleopatra's Needle he named it, and told me its history; Burns's statue in the Gardens he knew, having a replica in miniature of it on his desk at home; and when he was forced to admit that he did not know who the other statue in the gardens represented, and I told him it was Robert Raikes, founder of the Sunday schools, he pretended he had no interest in him, having been forced to Sunday school too often in his youth. But he took a lively interest in the Chapel Royal, Savoy Street, for the poet Wither, one of his favourites, lay buried there. By the time we had strolled through Covent Garden, gazed on the Opera and Drury Lane Theatre, and walked the length of Drury Lane, both my friend and I were hungry. So we had lunch.

We walked along High Holborn, and spent some time in examining the ancient buildings that front Gray's Inn Road; the Viaduct, too, was rich in interest to him. As soon as he had satisfied his cravings in regard to the Old Bailey, he asked for the Church of St. Sepulchre, wherein rest the remains of Captain John Smith, Governor of Virginia. Having been shown the tomb, we walked along Giltspur Street, and induced a young doctor to take us into the quiet of St. Bartholomew's Hospital open-air enclosures. My friend would not look into Smithfield Meat Market—he disliked such sights—but carefully copied down the inscription to the martyrs who were buried here in Smithfield. We walked along Little Britain, passed the statue of Sir Robert Peel at the western end of Cheapside, and as the day proved close I was glad to get into the cool and quiet of the mighty cathedral of St. Paul's. But my friend's energy proved unflagging. Although resolved to leave the Cathedral proper for another day, he decided to descend into the crypt. So we paid our sixpences and went down.

Here we found that there were other tourists abroad. A group chiefly composed of girls stood gazing on the tomb of Wellington, and to them a young woman was talking in a low yet clear voice. And, for about the

Photo: York & Son, Notting Hill, W.

ON SENTRY AT WHITEHALL.

first time this day, I managed to give my companion a pleasing little piece of cheap information.

"You see the young woman conducting the party? She is one of the lady guides of London. One hears but little of them, but they are very much sought after—for one thing, for instance, by folk who wish girls from the provinces met at the station, shown through London, and safely sent on their way. Londoners know but little of these ladies, for they are quiet and unobtrusive, yet safe and pleasant guardians and guides.

"Now, if you can tear yourself away, I will show you where for so many years the Blue-coat boys were schooled."

My Colonial would not spend time in looking at the General Post Office buildings. They struck him as too modern to be interesting in London; and consequently we pushed on along Cheapside. To be sure, his eyes could not miss the famous plane tree of Wood Street.

"Do you know the keynote of London?" he asked me as he ran his eye over the glorious tree. "Her rurality. I never saw a more rural city; she is a succession of country villages, and the verdure of her is striking. I can well understand that London is the most livable, lovable city in the world."

By this time I thought we had walked a long way, but my robust friend strode on

LONDON BRIDGE AND THE RIVER AS SEEN FROM THE TOP OF THE MONUMENT.

He insisted on remaining till Bow Bells chimed, and then we spent a quarter of an hour waiting for the figures above a watch-maker's shop hard by to strike. As he had set his mind upon seeing the Monument, I hurried him past the Mansion House and Bank, past King William's statue, and when we reached the foot of the great shaft, to my consternation, I learned that he wanted to climb to the top. My knees were already knocking together; there was nothing for it, however, but to follow where he led. A hard climb for tired men, but a noble view! The sky was overcast, the sun obscured and,

as we learned, the atmospheric conditions were nearly the very best for sight-seeing from a high altitude that London provides. The roar of the streets reached us not in individual notes but in a massy blend of great chords; and far down below tiny vehicles and tinier men crawled thick in the narrow streets, while the river lay like a length of broad, dull coloured ribbon. London Bridge was a scramble of moving midgets. Above the city of brick and stone hung a city, fantastical, ever changing, of smoke. Even I felt glad we had clambered up for the view.

When we were descending the spiral stair my friend informed me that he would like to end a day of sight-seeing by just a glimpse of London's greatest sight, Westminster Abbey.

"We have time, have we not?" he asked eagerly.

"Plenty; indeed, I can show you several other objects and scenes if you like. It is all one to me—my legs have lost feeling; I can go on indefinitely now."

I took him down Cannon Street to where, built in the wall of St. Swithin's Church, is London Stone. An apple woman, old and placid of face, displayed her wares; and my friend glanced from the stone to the woman, and from the woman to the stone. As we walked away to take the Underground train he talked to me something about how he had evolved a theory which, stated briefly, was that inanimate objects through centuries of contact with animate took upon them something of the expression of the latter, and *vice versâ;* but, to tell the truth, I was too footsore to pay much attention to his far-drawn speculations. There being still ample time, we got out at Charing Cross so as to walk down Whitehall. Again we were in luck's way, for on coming opposite the Horse Guards we found the usual knot of interested people witnessing the relief of the guards. The precision with which the well-trained chargers turned in their movements in circumscribed space, the splendour of the troopers' uniforms, the sun glittering on the polished helmets, impressed my friend as a gorgeous little scene. More than this, a sergeant, hearing the acrid accent of my Colonial companion,

CHANGING GUARD AT THE HORSE GUARDS.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, FROM THE VICTORIA TOWER OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

and himself having been round the world with the colour, invited us to step in and make the acquaintance of the guardroom. There we found many well-set-up, clean, jolly guardsmen, and saw that they spent their time in comfort while at the Horse Guards.

We reached the Abbey in the nick of time. Indeed, I think we were included in the last group of visitors to be shown through Henry VII.'s Chapel. About twenty constituted the party, and a sombre-robed verger, with a voice that was at one and the same time resounding and subdued, gave us a concise and wholly intelligible account of the great ones who lie at rest in England's sanctuary. My friend followed the discourse in eager silence. Then he betook himself to Poets' Corner, and examined the monuments and inscriptions without missing one. It was pleasant to behold his intense yet reverent interest. He carried his hat in hand until we stood upon the pavement of Broad Sanctuary.

"Here ends the greatest day of my life," he said. "There can never be such another day for me. To-morrow I shall be abroad again in London's streets, sight-seeing; but —well, I have had my first kiss: the second cannot be so sweet."

Photo: York & Son, Notting Hill, W

WESTMINSTER ABBEY: POETS' CORNER.

SCENES FROM SHOP AND STORE LONDON.

By P. F. WILLIAM RYAN.

COMPETITION, we are assured, is the life of trade; and reviewing the hundreds of miles of shops which form so large a fraction of the thousands of miles of streets in the Metropolis one realises its literal truth. Observe and compare shop window with shop window, beginning with the mammoth emporium and ending with the cramped shanty of the byways, and from the richest to the poorest anxiety to attract and please the class catered for is strikingly apparent.

Few women, and still fewer men, can avoid discordant combinations in the arrangement of colours. And the draper has to frame in the space behind a huge panel of glass silks, satins and velvets, carpets, dress materials and woollens, linens, art needlework and hosiery, laces, gloves and mantles, and a hundred other things in a hundred varieties so as to blend the whole into a pleasing colour scheme. The jeweller has little difficulty in arranging his stock, for he relies upon the dazzling properties of his gold and trinkets and precious stones. Mere man stands in wonder before a fashionable confectioner's window. Feminine skill alone could contrive a harmonious picture from coloured sweets, French pastry, cut glass, and gaudy chocolate boxes tied with every shade of ribbon beneath the skies. The perfumer intertwines artificial flowers with plush-covered cases and crystal bottles containing amber decoctions in a desperate attempt to obtain notice for his limited stock. The up-to-date chemist does not disdain glass and silver and velvet in the adornment of his windows. But most delightful to some eyes, at any rate, is the flower and fruit shop glowing with the treasures of garden and greenhouse.

"The stores" is a common phrase in the trivial common talk of everyday life. It is generally understood that at one of those comprehensive emporiums practically everything may be ordered. This is true to a certain extent only, for it must be remembered that there are "stores" which cater for the humblest strata of the middle class. Those are naturally less ambitious in their aims than the establishments which supply the needs of the rich and comparatively rich. Without quitting the premises of one of these latter, with their acres of warerooms, their tireless "lifts," their well-drilled assistants, it is almost impossible to ask for anything which will not be promptly yours. Do you want a house built? You have but to give the necessary instructions. Would you like to decide upon your furniture? In a moment you will find yourself inspecting improvised drawing-rooms and dining-rooms, bedrooms and billiard-rooms, studies and kitchens.

Do you want your greenhouse equipped? From where you stand possibly you can see a tangle of shrubs and plants, and nestling amidst them the flowers of the season in full bloom. Do you love animals? Then visit the zoological department, and buy a monkey or a puppy, a kitten or a canary. A lion or a tiger may not be included in the stock on hand, but if your ambition lies in that direction your order will be booked and the stores van will soon deposit the exile from African veldt or Indian jungle at your doorstep. Your wife can purchase her daughter's trousseau in one room, while in another you obtain the impedimenta incidental to a shooting expedition. Pass through the "lamp and glass" department. It reminds one somehow of a scene in a pantomime, for there are numerous lights though it is noonday, and the flood of colour is rich and dazzling. Next door are washing tubs and washing boards, pails, mangles, and ladders. Pots and pans are not far away. Move on, and you tread on a gorgeous carpet: all around are carpets stacked in huge rolls. One resembling a great green avenue is unfolded that a lady may judge of its effect. Turn in this direction, and you see silks

IN WESTBOURNE GROVE.

FLOWERS AND FRUIT (REGENT STREET).

glistening in glorious little multi-coloured billows, where they are strewn over a long counter for the satisfaction of likely purchasers. A few steps further, and the confectionery department is in sight. Here there are many ladies having lunch. Some are indulging in the trifles on which woman alone can live and thrive—and shop! Others are enjoying fare of the more substantial sort. Full recital of the resources of the "stores" is impossible. When you have bought your medicines, your literature, your pictures, your saddlery, the latest bicycle and electric plant, flowers for the epergnes, bacon, eggs, and vegetables, fish, poultry, boots, and butter, you may, if you have time, step aside and sit for your photograph, having first made a special toilet, beginning with the bath and ending with the hairdresser and manicurist. Even then the "stores" have not been fully explored!

The arcades are an interesting feature of shop life in the Metropolis. The arcades of the west do not supply everything, but whatever they sell is of the best. The Burlington, branching off Piccadilly, is the most important. The Royal, in New Bond Street, is much smaller, but its dainty shops, bright with flowers or with the most artistically coquettish creations of the milliner's art, deserve an amount of attention inversely proportionate to their size. The Burlington reminds one somehow of pictures by a master of perspective with an exquisite eye for minute detail. This impression that one is looking at a canvas is heightened by the shallowness of the interior of the shops, and the subdued light which even on the hottest midsummer day gives the place an air of retirement and restfulness. The arcades at Ludgate Circus have the advantage of lying close to one of the busiest thoroughfares of the City. Here the requirements of the homely rather than of the luxurious are catered for. The partly covered Electric Avenue at Brixton resembles in many respects an arcade, and attracts patrons from the most distant quarters of the capital.

The system of payment by instalments plays an important part in modern shopkeeping, both in the west and the east. It is impossible to mark off certain districts on a map of London and assign to each a particular class of customers. Of course, those who want the best of everything without regard to cost generally find what they require without leaving the aristocratic quarter of which Bond Street and Regent Street are well-known arteries. But no lady who finds in shopping one of the pleasures of her life fails to make regular pilgrimages to Westbourne Grove. The neighbourhood has an atmosphere of its own. Here shopping assumes the dignity of a cult. The pavements are generally crowded with smartly dressed women chatting earnestly—it is all of prices, bargains, catalogues, and such things. In Westbourne Grove man realises his insignificance. That is probably the reason why his absence is so conspicuous.

The shopkeeper who makes his business pay probably devotes more of his time to his books than to his counter. His world is divided into two classes—those who pay promptly, and the others. The latter are

billed again and again without result. Then the assistance of the trade protection societies is invoked. The tradesman of any standing generally subscribes to one or another of these organisations. The society to which he lends his support will strive to recover his debts by sending round collectors; and in the last resort will undertake legal proceedings on his behalf, for the shopkeeper dislikes nothing more than to have his name announced in the newspapers as plaintiff in an action for the recovery of debt: his fear is lest irresponsible gossip should brand him as a Shylock.

The shopping districts of London are as diverse, not only in their general appearance, but in their methods, their manners, and their language as though they belonged to different cities. In the west the legend "Ici on parle Français" or "Man spricht Deutsch" emblazoned on window or signboard is an invitation to foreigners to enter and purchase. But the foreigner who is well acquainted with London would not be inconvenienced if all such announcements were effaced. No matter what quarter of the world he comes from, his countrymen have a colony here, and the colony has its shopkeepers. There are shops in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square where everything sold is French, and where sellers and buyers are nearly always of the same nationality. In parts of Soho one might imagine oneself in the slums of a Continental city. Holborn is on the borders of a fashionable shopping world, and when we leave it behind in our progress towards the east we may notice that the shop assistant becomes more direct and abrupt in his manners. These are virtues he never cultivates in the west, where the customer is credited with super-sensitiveness. From Holborn pass into Clerkenwell Road—grimy even in summer. The south side is in the main occupied by warehouses. The north side is one long line of jewellers' and watchmakers' and clockmakers' shops. It is the headquarters of this trade. What wealth lies behind all their dinginess! You pass a solitary policeman, and his solitariness is impressive when one recollects that this is one of the roughest neighbourhoods in London, and that he stands sentinel over as much gold and silver as would build a battleship. Clerkenwell Road is dull, but Old Street is lively, though the artist who paints its liveliness must not neglect to lay on the drab.

Soon we are in Shoreditch, famous for its furniture trade—furniture cheap and dear, polished and unpolished, good, bad, and

PROVISION DEPARTMENT AT A BIG STORES (HARROD'S).

indifferent. A few minutes more, and we are in Whitechapel. In the west we bowed to shopkeepers who executed orders valued at thousands of pounds sterling. Now we can introduce ourselves to the shopkeeper whose business is done to a great extent in farthings. Take a glance at a small house in a sunless side street. Its customers are overflowing on to the pavement, for not more than half a dozen people can stand within the threshold. Peering over their heads you catch a glimpse of a room behind the shop. Its walls are

BOOK DEPARTMENT AT A BIG STORES (ARMY AND NAVY).

lined with shelves. The shelves are laden with bread, for bread is the principal want here. There are two counters. A man behind one is busy cutting up loaves into small chunks. One would think these were being given away for nothing, they disappear so rapidly. The customers include men and boys, women and children. Their accents are harsh, their clothes coarse, their whole appearance rough ; but there is no pushing or elbowing. Buying and selling proceed like clockwork. A child whose chin barely reaches the counter wants a farthing's worth of sugar. A bareheaded boy of nine or ten with a soiled handkerchief round his throat—a miniature navvy in fact—hands in a plate for a ha'porth of pickled onions. The next customer is no miniature, but a navvy life size of thirty years, deep chested and heavy limbed, a leather strap round his waist, a red scarf round his throat, a cap on the back of his close-cropped head. " A farthing's worth of milk." That is his order. There is a pleasant surprise here for the person who supposes the purchase of milk implies possession of a vessel in which to carry it away. The navvy has nothing at all in one of his great brown paws ; between the index finger and thumb of the other he has a farthing. But civilisation in Whitechapel has risen above the tyranny of jugs and mugs and such things. A strong paper bag is slipped into another slightly larger. In this he takes his milk away. Nobody smiles—so much is humour a matter of locality.

When night descends the business of shop-keeping still goes on in all quarters of London removed from the great arteries. The baker weighs out bread. At the other side of the street a newsagent's is still open, though it is long past ten. The contents bills of the evening papers on sale within are ranged outside his door. In his window are cigarettes, notepaper, pens, ink, a piece of cardboard to

WAITING TO BUY "TRIMMINGS" OF MEAT.

which lead pencils are affixed, a box of Christmas cards, and scrolls emblazoned with Scriptural texts.

A few doors further on is a marine store dealer's. The light of an oil lamp reveals a curious assortment of goods. His stock includes, besides rags and bones, waste paper, old and valueless furniture, veteran bedsteads, mysterious little heaps of battered metal, bottles, and time-worn books. Dolls, wax and wooden, horses and bears, monkeys on tiny painted poles, and other wonderful creatures are in the windows of the little toy shop opposite. They seem to have been there a long time, for the sun has played strange pranks with their complexions, and some of the dolls stand sorely in need of spectacles. The small trader does not worry his soul about what the fastidious would dub incongruities. It is not unusual to come across a shop in a side street which at first sight seems to be an oil and colour store and nothing more. But closer acquaintance reveals sauce bottles with flaring red labels side by side with boot varnish and woollen thread. Beside an oil barrel is often a box of fine Spanish onions; and on the top of the barrel are sundry packages, perhaps containing corn-flour, washing soda, arrowroot, blue, and starch. The little Cockney girl on marketing bent is an amusing person—she takes herself so seriously that, as she hurries from a model dwelling to the nearest ham and beef shop, or to the cooked eel house, she hardly looks to right or to left. Her juvenile friends are ignored, unless she happens to meet a young lady whose status is assured by the fact that she too is engaged on a shopping expedition.

Every day broken food is sold on the premises of some of the great London restaurants; and at certain big butchers' and fishmongers' shops "trimmings" of meat and odds and ends of fish, etc., are also purchasable. Such sales are very popular with the poor. On Friday night a great

A FARTHING SHOP IN THE EAST-END.

deal of shopping is done by the wives of workmen paid on that day ; but the following day is distinctly preferred by the people for marketing, and this phase of metropolitan life is described elsewhere in the article on "Saturday Night in London." The small hours of the Sabbath have arrived before Saturday night's shopping has concluded. If the butchers have not then exhausted their stock they open again on Sunday morning, when what remains is sold, even though the proverbial "song" represents the best price obtainable. But this is not the limit of Sunday's trade, for even on the first day of the week shopkeeping London does not rest absolutely. Just as many Jewish houses close on Saturday out of respect for the Hebrew Sabbath, so they open on Sunday by way of compensation. Yet it is not only in the East-End that business is done on Sunday. Some of the streets in Soho, for instance, are crowded with buyers and sellers ; and all over the capital small confectioners', tobacconists', newsvendors', fruiterers', and bakers' shops, as well as dairies and provision dealers, not to speak of licensed houses, are opened on the Sabbath.

Before taking leave of "Shop and Store London," let us turn into Oxford Street at closing time, and watch an army of shop assistants retire from the commercial battlefield after their exhausting day. Their eyes are duller, their cheeks are rather paler, than in the morning. Amongst the streams of women pouring along the footpaths there is only a sprinkling of men. Some of the "shop girls" are women far advanced in years, some are very young. Many are fashionably attired. The majority affect costumes neat and workmanlike rather than showy ; more than a few present a dowdy appearance—they are too weary to care. At the corner of Tottenham Court Road there is lively competition for seats in the omnibuses going north. Hear the sigh of relief when the competitor has been successful! The same scene is being enacted at Oxford Circus, where the lady from Finchley parts company with her sister from Putney. Hasten into Piccadilly. The spectacle here is more confusing, but more impressive for that reason. And on a smaller scale these scenes are being repeated all over London, for the shutters are up—Shopland is deserted by all save the unlucky garrison whose task is almost ceaseless.

OUTSIDE A MARINE STORE DEALER'S.

WAITING FOR THE LIFTS AT THE BANK STATION (CENTRAL LONDON RAILWAY).

UNDERGROUND TRAVELLING LONDON.

By ERIC BANTON

LONDON is a place of such great distances, and its streets are so crowded with traffic, that the problem of locomotion is a peculiarly difficult one. You cannot drive railways through a great city, for you would destroy the city in the process; and, pending the arrival of the flying machine, you cannot go from point to point literally "as the crow flies." But modern engineering science is making it possible for us to travel cheaply and quickly between almost any two points in the Metropolis by going beneath the surface. The extent to which underground travelling has been adopted in London is very remarkable. A single electric railway, the Central London —popularly known as the "Twopenny Tube," because it takes you all the way from the Bank to Shepherd's Bush or any intermediate distance for the uniform fare of twopence—carries more than 40,000,000 passengers every year, while the Metropolitan and Metropolitan District Railways between them carry about 130,000,000, of whom the great majority are travellers on the underground portions of those lines.

Although new tube railways are being made in all directions, they are not likely to supersede our old and much abused friend the original Underground Railway. On the contrary, with the introduction of electric traction, which so greatly adds to the speed and comfort of underground travelling, we may reasonably expect a considerable increase in the number of passengers. It is a curious fact that, though few Londoners have a good word for the Underground, there are few who do not by their continual use of it show their appreciation of its convenience. It was, in truth, a very spirited undertaking which was begun in 1863 and not completed till 1884, the surrounding of the city with a sinuous line of underground railway connecting the principal termini and many important business centres. It involved some remarkable engineering feats, of which perhaps the most notable was that of carrying the tunnel near King's

Cross over the existing tunnel of the Great Northern Railway. For convenience, and to distinguish it from the suburban lines of the same companies, we call this line the "Inner Circle," though it is very far from being a circle in the Euclidian sense.

Watch the throngs of business men from the Great Northern trains as they hasten through the subway at King's Cross to take their tickets at the Metropolitan booking office on their way to business in the morning; stand on the platform at the Mansion House Station—a station which by reason of its position in the very heart of the City forms the starting point and destination of an immense number of journeys daily; and note how almost endless is the stream of arrivals and departures. Or go to a station like Sloane Square, where comparatively few passengers enter or alight, and observe in what quick succession the trains follow each other, emerging from the tunnel at one end of the station and after the briefest stop disappearing in the tunnel at the other end; journey over the most frequented parts of the Circle at the busiest time of the day,—say, nine in the morning or six in the evening. In each case you will have a glimpse of the characteristic life of the oldest of London's underground railways, and be helped to realise the important part it still plays in the daily drama of the great city's life.

IN THE SUBWAY, KING'S CROSS.

And what of the dangers and discomforts of travelling on the Underground? As to the former, the Metropolitan District Railway, which controls the southern half of the Inner Circle, once claimed that they had carried more than 700,000,000 passengers without the loss of a single life for which the company could fairly be held responsible. And there is very little doubt that the other underground railways could, without any exaggeration, make very similar claims.

It is true that under the old régime of steam traction the discomfort of travelling on the Inner Circle was notorious. The sulphurous atmosphere, the griminess and stuffiness, gave occasion for much grumbling and many grim jests, though there is no reason to suppose that the unpleasant conditions were actually injurious to health. There are still in the service of the Company officials who, after twenty, twenty-five, or thirty years' service in the sulphurous tunnels, remain hale and hearty.

Now, however, that electricity has taken the place of steam as the motive power, travelling on the Underground Railway has lost all its terrors; it has become, in fact, one of the pleasantest, as well as one of the most convenient methods of communication between some of the chief centres of business and pleasure in London. The small, stuffy compartments have given place to large, comfortable, and well-lighted cars in which the traveller sits and reads at his ease. Moreover, the train service has been accellerated, and fares have been cheapened; so that nowhere has electricity—the great revolutionary force in locomotion—proved a greater boon than on the oldest of London's underground railways. The electrification of the Underground was necessarily a costly undertaking, but the Londoner who had once experienced the advantages of electric railways, was not likely to be content with antiquated and inferior methods of underground travelling.

By the old system of underground railway construction, of which the Metropolitan and District Railways are the most notable examples, it would have been impossible for London ever to obtain a complete system of intercommunication between all parts. It is

I. MANSION HOUSE STATION (DISTRICT RAILWAY). II. SLOANE SQUARE STATION (DISTRICT RAILWAY) BEFORE ELECTRIFICATION. III. TAKING TICKETS AT SHEPHERD'S BUSH STATION (CENTRAL LONDON RAILWAY).

obvious that tunnelling which involves the buying and pulling down of houses under which the tunnel is to pass and the closing of public thoroughfares must be extremely limited in extent. The projectors of the newer style of tube railways, however, have been subject to no such limitations. To the engineer of the tube railway, as to the passengers who travel through it, the buildings overhead are a matter of supreme indifference. Eighty or a hundred feet beneath the surface, under the foundations of the houses, the bed of the river, the gas and water pipes, and the older underground railways, he worms his way through the earth, leaving a section of iron tube behind him at every yard of his advance. To the City and South London Railway Company, whose line extends from Clapham Common to Islington, belongs the credit of having first demonstrated in London the practicability in an engineering and commercial sense of the new mode of locomotion.

IN A SUBWAY NEAR THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

Let us glance for a moment at this curious subterranean work, which is likely to be going on in one part or another of the Metropolis for a good many years to come. Descending the shaft in an iron cage, lowered by the crane, we grope our way through such portion of the tunnel as has already been made till we reach the "shield," where the boring is being carried on. The shield is a great circular iron structure, in the face of which men are at work hacking away with pickaxes at the earth in front of them, while others shovel the displaced clay or ballast into trucks for removal to the surface. At intervals the shield, which is provided on its outer face with cutting edges, is forced forward a couple of feet by means of powerful hydraulic jacks, and one of the iron rings which form the tunnel is placed in position, segment by segment, and then bolted together. It is rather an eerie sight in the dimly lighted tunnel—the gangs of stalwart navvies plying pickaxe and spade unceasingly day and night, while the iron shield slowly, resistlessly forces its way, like a great scientific mole, through the bowels of the earth, and the slowly lengthening tube of iron approaches daily, in obedience to calculations of the most marvellous precision and accuracy, nearer to its unseen goal.

Very different will be the scene when the railway is completed, and the well-upholstered, brightly lighted electric trains follow one another through the tunnel at intervals of two or three minutes throughout the day, and perhaps also at somewhat less frequent intervals throughout the night. These tube railways have revolutionised the Londoner's ideas of railway travelling. At first we did not know what to make of them; but we have decided that they are all right, and are patronising them in our thousands every day. The retiring man, looking for an empty carriage, has found that the little compartments designed to seat ten uncomfortably have given place to roomy carriages in which forty or fifty

people ride together, and he has learnt to tolerate the presence of his fellow creatures. The City magnate, failing to find a first-class carriage, has found that the single-class trains on the electric lines provide a means of travelling scarcely less comfortable than that to which he has been accustomed, and as a business man he does not fail to appreciate the cheapness of the fares. The office boy, finding that these trains have no third-class carriages, has sat him down in great content beside the City magnate, and still the heavens do not fall!

To obtain a good idea of the characteristic life of the underground electric railways one cannot do better than visit the Bank Station, one of the most remarkable railway stations in the world. Built entirely underground, it forms the point of junction for three railways, and is at all times of the day a scene of varied and ever-changing life. Immediately below the roadway between the Bank and the Mansion House, perhaps the busiest spot in all London, lies the booking-hall, surrounded by the high-level subways—well-lighted thoroughfares lined with white glazed bricks, through which circulates continuously a kaleidoscopic procession of pedestrians avoiding the crowded streets above, as well as of passengers for the trains. At a lower level lie the platforms, which are reached by a number of commodious and smoothly working lifts.

A further development of facilities for underground travelling is promised in the future in the shape of shallow underground tramways similar to that which passes under Kingsway. These tramways will adopt the principle of the tubular tunnel, but they will not be at so deep a level, and will connect by a slight incline with some of the existing above-ground tramways. By the time all the projected schemes for tramways and railways are completed London will have a perfect network of underground thoroughfares which will make the city one of the best equipped in the world in respect to internal locomotion.

Photo: Messrs. Pearson & Son, Ltd.

EXCAVATING A TUBE RAILWAY: AT WORK IN THE "SHIELD."

THE BEGGING LETTER WRITER AT WORK.

SOME LONDON "DODGES."

By GEORGE R. SIMS.

THE word "dodge" has many meanings. You may dodge a brickbat at an election meeting, and still retain the good opinion of the rector of your parish who is in the chair. You may dodge a bore or an importunate creditor in quite another way, and not forfeit your self-esteem. In perfectly good society men occasionally put each other up to "clever little dodges" which are quite innocent; and the young married clerk, saturated with the argot of the City, may, without causing his little wife's smile to disappear for a second, describe the new baby boy as a "knowing little dodger." When Captain Smith, of the Royal Something Fusiliers, says to his brother the curate, "Look here, Tom, I can put you up to an awfully good dodge," he is not in any way attempting to urge upon him conduct unbecoming a clergyman.

"Dodge" in this sense is merely a harmless way of accomplishing something with ingenuity, or by a method which saves time and money.

The dodges which have suggested this article are of a less innocent kind. They are the "tricks" daily practised by cunning, unscrupulous men and women—sometimes, alas! children—in order to deceive and cheat. There are dodges practised in Society and the City; there are dodges in the arts and professions which it would be difficult to defend in a court of high morality. There are dodges in the retail trade and in the labour world which, though they are practised to the detriment of the public and the employer, are accepted as "custom," and winked at. There are even, be it whispered with bated breath, little dodges practised in connection with Cabinet Councils, Parliamentary debates, trials by jury, and the proceedings of the Bench of Bishops. The dodges of railway directors are usually dignified by the name of "bye-laws," and the dodges of the Press bear the high-sounding alias "the policy of the paper."

The advertising dodge is, perhaps, *the* feature of twentieth century civilisation; and the "party dodge" of the Government under which we live frequently takes the form of a measure which a constitutional Sovereign has to mention in his speech at the opening of Parliament, immediately after prayers.

It would be delightful to take these dodges and scourge them with the lash of righteous wrath, in the manner which is sometimes

uncharitably described as "the sensational dodge" or "the indignation dodge," but it would lead too far afield. Let us therefore confine ourselves to the dodges of London as practised by the tricksters, beggars, vagrants, rogues, thieves, and common cheats of the capital.

The householder and the shopkeeper are the victims of dodges purposely arranged for their despoiling. One of the commonest dodges from which the innocent householder suffers is the bogus collector—the man who calls with a book, already half filled with the signatures of benevolent people who have given sums varying from a pound to a shilling for the relief of disabled firemen, for the repairing of churches, the establishment of soup kitchens, or perhaps the preservation of an open space. Women occasionally take to bogus collecting for a dishonest livelihood, and they are the most successful where the male householder is concerned. These ladies have always an insinuating manner and a sympathetic voice, and once they obtain a foothold in the hall they are very difficult to dislodge. When, by the ambiguity of their message, they have succeeded in getting into the presence of the master himself, a shilling or half-a-crown is quickly handed over as the price of peace. And they are always most particular that the donor should sign his name and enter the amount of his subscription.

The dodges to get into a house and make a profit on the transaction are not confined to fraudulent collectors. There is a man who calls with gas-burners, and hands your servant a sample and a printed sheet of testimonials. If you admit the gentleman—who is going to save you fifty per cent. on your gas bill with his new burners—he will fit up one gas bracket or chandelier for you, and give you ocular proof of the value of his wares. Then he will sell you sufficient burners for the rest of your gas-fittings, take your money and his departure. His wares are valueless. The only genuine gas saving burners are the ones he let you see at work, and which he carefully removed, afterwards replacing your old ones. He has swindled you out of everything you have paid him, except the bare value of the metal.

There are the ladies who call with furniture polish. Some of them may be genuine travellers in the article, but there are plenty who are simply "dodgers." The furniture polish lady sends in a visiting card. It is an elegant card, and the address on it is a good

THE RING DODGE.

A TEST OF HIS WARES.

one. The mistress of the house, as a rule, falls a victim, even if the servant has not already shown the well-dressed lady in. When Mrs. Jones enters her drawing-room, wondering what her visitor can want, the visitor rises, and says she has been recommended by Lady This or the Hon. Mrs. That to call on Mrs. So-and-So, and introduce her famous furniture polish.

Before there is time for protest she has a bottle and a rag out, and is polishing the back of a chair or the top of a cabinet—anything that may be handy.

Now, the sample bottle is *good* polish, the woman is an expert polisher, and the result is excellent. The unwary housewife is taken in the toils. She says she will take a bottle, or half-a-dozen bottles, as the case may be. Madam has them in a black bag, which she has left in the hall. The sample bottle being only half full, of course she does not include that. Mrs. So-and-So pays for the bottles, and her visitor departs. When Mrs. So-and-So later on tries this remarkable polish herself, she finds that it produces no effect at all. It is simply a brown liquid: the "half-dozen" have cost the vendor, perhaps, twopence, and she has received either a shilling or eighteenpence a bottle.

The street dodges prepared for the trapping of the unwary pedestrian are great in number and extensive in variety. There is the poor labouring man who suddenly kicks against a ring, stoops down astonished, and picks it up. He looks at it, and says, "Hullo, what's this? I wonder if it's a good 'un?" A little crowd has come round him. When you pick up anything in the street most people stop to see what the lucky find is. The poor labouring man is not an expert in precious metals. He "dunno" if the treasure trove is brass or gold. At any rate, it is no good to him. He'll take "five bob" for it. Now, it is a genuine gold ring that he picked up, and that, perhaps, someone in the crowd (generally a confederate) has already examined and given back to him; but when the speculator who gives five shillings for the ring receives it in exchange for his money a worthless ring is "palmed" upon him. Everything he has paid over a penny is the trickster's profit.

The "soap fit" is not so common as it used to be in the days of the "Soap King." To put a piece of soap in your mouth, chew it till your lips are covered with froth, and then fall down and roll up your eyes and kick, is an easy way of earning a living. The sham fit dodge gets a great deal of sympathy—which the sufferer does not want. But it also gets brandy, which he *can* do with, and as often as not a little pecuniary assistance to enable the poor fellow to get into a cab and go home when he is better.

The sham sailor generally hangs about the City on winter evenings when young clerks are on their way home. Near a railway station is his favourite pitch. He stops you, and asks you if you know anything about foreign coins. If you talk to him, he tells you a wonderful tale. On his last voyage a cabin passenger got "D.T.," and one or two of the sailors had to look after him. He used to give them handfuls of gold and silver. The sailor who is talking to you got some,

but he can't spend them. They are Spanish or Greek or "summat o' that sort." Can you tell the sailor, who is a stranger to London, where he can sell them? He'd part with the lot for an honest English "quid."

If the young clerk is green, he takes the bait. There are three or four foreign gold coins each bigger than a sovereign. If he has his week's money on him, he buys the lot. If he hasn't a sovereign, he buys two for ten shillings, or one for five shillings. He takes them home, and when he looks at them finds them a bit greasy. He "rings" them on the table, and the dull sound goes to his heart. It does not need an expert to tell him that he has been swindled. The coins are "duffers," artfully prepared for the cheat's market.

The confidence dodge is known to every man who reads a newspaper. Yet the confidence dodge is practised with perfect success every day of the week in London. There is no need to go into details. You have read the story again and again. The man up from the country, or the foreigner speaking a little English, meets with a man who has just come from America or Australia with a pocket full of banknotes. The adjournment to a public-house; the arrival of a third party; the conversation. The third party has banknotes also. He trusts them to the rich stranger to show his confidence in him. The rich stranger walks away with them and brings them back. The other millionaire gives him ten pounds as a present. Then the "countryman" is asked also to show his confidence. He hands over his pocket-book full of banknotes. It is taken away. The rich stranger fails to return. The other man gets nervous, and says, "By Jove! I'll go and look for him." He also fails to return. That is one form of the confidence dodge. It is played in a dozen different ways, but the last act is invariably the same.

The sham row between men—sometimes between women—is generally a dodge of the evening. A great crowd gathers round the combatants, who keep the fun going merrily while two or three of their confederates collect the purses, watches, and pins of the bystanders. Many of the leading pickpockets, and swell mobsmen of London have confederates whose quarrels are acted with a skill which would not disgrace the boards of a first-class theatre. If the dialogue is not exactly that which would be passed by the Examiner of Plays, it is generally witty, and keeps the crowd in roars of laughter until the purses and watches are missed.

The slang name for a worthless cheque is "stumer." The changing of "stumers" is a dodge which brings many men of a superior class before the magistrates for explanations. The tradespeople, restaurant keepers, and publicans of the west are continually being victimised by the cheque-changing dodge. It is frequently the last resource of men about town who have squandered fortunes or brought themselves to poverty. They pay small accounts and dinner bills with a cheque, and ask for the change. The cheque is returned marked "N/S"—"Not sufficient"—or "Refer to drawer." In many cases the changer retains the cheque, and the gentleman in whose pass-book it should repose makes no effort to redeem it.

THE "SOAP FIT" DODGE.

The telephone has been used to prepare the way for the cashing of a "stumer." Some little time since the proprietors of a well-known restaurant in Great Portland Street were asked by telephone if they would change a cheque for me for £20. They replied, thinking they were talking to me, "Certainly." "Then," said (the supposed) I, "I'll send it down in an hour." The proprietors, thinking things over, thought it odd that I should send my cheque to them instead of to the bank, seeing that it was still before banking hours, and so a little later they rang my number up. "How will you have that cheque?" they asked: "gold or notes?" "What cheque?" said I. Then the conspiracy was discovered. An hour later a boy came to the restaurant and handed in an envelope. It contained a forged cheque for £20 drawn by a theatrical manager in my favour. The boy said that I had sent him with it. Questioned, the boy answered that I had given him the envelope in the street, and told him to bring the money back to my house. He gave my correct address. He didn't get the money, but a note in a sealed envelope. He was followed, but nobody met him. He brought the note back to me. The contrivers of this clever dodge had, in the expressive language of the fraternity, "smelt a rat," and kept discreetly in the background. Telephoning to the victim to "ready" him for the cashing of a forged cheque is a modern departure in London dodgery.

The begging dodges of London would require not an article but a volume. The blind beggars who can see, and the dumb beggars who can talk, and the lame beggars who dispense with their wooden legs and crutches out of "business" hours are notorious London characters. The woman with the borrowed baby and the man who stands about in the cold weather in the thinnest rags he can find are well known to the Mendicity officials; so is the poor little girl who lets her milk jug or her beer jug fall and break, and is afraid to go home because father will "kill" her. If the child is a good actress she will get sometimes two or three shillings in coppers before the "incident" is closed.

A SHAM QUARREL: THE PICKPOCKETS' OPPORTUNITY.

But of all the dodges of London the most carefully planned and systematically carried out is the begging letter. The begging letter impostor who conducts affairs in a grand manner often nets an income of several hundreds a year. The proprietors of sham charitable "homes" and bogus institutions have been proved to have successfully appealed to the public for support to the tune of many thousands of pounds before they were exposed.

The humbler begging letter writer is satisfied with less, but he makes a fair living if he is in the right set. There are syndicates of begging letter writers, and lodging-houses where the inmates pool their receipts. One notorious begging letter "firm" has its clerk, its ledgers, and its staff of collectors. The writer, or "screever" as he is called, does not make any personal calls. He smokes his pipe comfortably at home, and concocts the epistles, which are signed by various names at different addresses.

THE BROKEN JUG DODGE.

I have seen a begging letter writer's ledger, with spaces ruled for three applications, the date of sending being against each name. The "screever," who takes his share of results, has a list of charitable people, "likely parties," in his possession, and against each is a memorandum of the best sort of tale to tell in order to win solid sympathy. Once in a weak moment I gave a foreigner, who said his wife was dying in Berlin and he wanted to see her before she breathed her last, his fare. During the next three months I had a succession of foreigners with dying relatives in various parts of the world. They wrote first in foreign English, and then called. No begging letter is ever favourably answered but it brings a succession of similar appeals. The successful impostor gives your address and information as to the best method of attack to members of the fraternity, and shares in the proceeds.

The sham pawnticket dodge is played in two ways. In the street you are stopped by a seedy man, who has pawned a diamond ring, a watch, or some article of jewellery. He shows you the ticket. It is within a few days of running out. He cannot find the interest. You shall have the ticket for ten shillings. If you buy it, you generally find that the dates have been artfully altered. The pledge has long since run out. All you have for your ten shillings is a bit of cardboard. These lapsed tickets are bought for a copper or two the dozen for the purposes of fraud.

The other dodge is to enclose a little bundle of pawntickets in a pitiful letter The pawntickets are of recent date. They represent the clothing of the poor person who is writing to you; sometimes his sheets and blankets are also included. Very few people care to retain these pawntickets and to make no reply. As a rule they send them back with a shilling or half-a-crown. The pawntickets are "fakes"—that is to say, specially printed—and represent nothing but the ingenuity of the rogue who encloses them.

There are scores of dodges of a distinctly criminal character practised daily to the detriment of tradespeople. There is a trick called "ringing the changes," the victim of which is generally a publican. There is the "Bank of Elegance" note, dexterously substituted for a genuine Bank of England one at the psychological moment; there is the lady who suddenly faints in a jeweller's shop while a confederate is examining some rings

with a view to purchase. There is the "wet paint" dodge, the well-dressed man who deliberately gets his clothes damaged and threatens legal proceedings; there is the poor little boy who gets his trousers torn by the "savage" dog you are in the habit of letting out for a run in the morning. The boy is brought to your house in tears by an indignant working man who was passing. The little boy's trousers are certainly torn, and there are teeth marks in the calf of his leg. You look for yourself. If you are nervous and love your dog, dread the police courts and perhaps an order to have your dog destroyed, you probably present the little man with a sovereign to settle the matter. Of course, you would not have done so had you known that the trousers were bitten by that indignant working man's own dog, who is specially trained to do the work, and that it is he who also playfully nips the little boy's leg to leave teeth marks before father and son set out on what is known as the "hydrophoby lay."

One may smile at the originality of the rogues and rascals who practise the dodges of London, but only for a moment. For it must on reflection appear to all right-minded people that they are trading on the better feelings of humanity. The impostors of London have fouled the pure stream of charity. They have kept thousands of honest folk from receiving the temporary relief which would have put them on their legs again. The true tale of distress is often disbelieved; but the rogue, because of his skill and cunning, continues to victimise the benevolent.

THE "SAVAGE" DOG DODGE.

IN LONDON'S LESSER CLUB-LAND.

By HENRY LEACH

IT is with considerable hesitation that one enters upon a task of naming and describing a number of London clubs under such a general title as the above, which, however, is certainly the only one that can be adopted in the circumstances. So at the outset it is desirable to indicate clearly what for present purposes is regarded as this lesser Club-land, and the first intimation it seems necessary to make is that we do not necessarily mean that the clubs here are of lesser importance to their own particular spheres. In another article in this work the paramount features of London Club-land in chief have been set forth. The clubs with which the writer most concerned himself were what are usually and simply known as the West-End clubs, including, of course, the greater and more universal political and social ones. They are clubs principally for people with plenty of money and more or less leisure, and as such they, perhaps, in some cases, possess less individuality than many of those which we shall name. The members of the latter may, indeed, be poorer in the world's goods than the former, but they have an abundance for their needs, and they consider themselves many times blessed by their nature and calling, and are happy and contented accordingly. For all the glory of the Carlton and the Athenæum they have no envy. They have each a pride of their own.

In this lesser Club-land, then, there are clubs of practically every conceivable character, and, viewed from the mere outsider's standpoint, of widely differing degrees of importance. There are clubs for the tolerably well-to-do, and clubs for the people of most humble means and circumstances. There are clubs for the professional man, the business man, for the working man. There are clubs for the man who lives laborious days of thought and study, and clubs for him who gets up late and stands most in need of cheerful company when the night is far spent and most of London has once more sought its bed. And again, there are clubs innumerable for the men who are treading particular paths in life, and for those others whose peculiar tastes and temperaments are regulated to the finest nicety. The Londoner is more gregarious, far more so, than any other class of the human species, and the wonderful, puzzling variety of his clubs tells a vivid story of the universality of the Metropolis.

All things taken into account, consideration should first be given to the literary and Bohemian clubs of London. It is necessary to group them together, for the dividing line between the peculiarly literary and the peculiarly Bohemian is thin. It would be hard to find a literary club—such is the nature of things—that was not in some measure Bohemian, and it would also be difficult to discover an avowedly Bohemian club that had no suspicion of a literary flavour. For clubs of this kind London is indeed famous. Take, for example, that one which is very representative of the class —the Savage Club. The Savage is literary, artistic, musical—everything pertaining to the arts, and everything else that is not commonplace. The cleverest men of many professions may be found chatting together in the smoking-room, and you can observe a Royal Academician and a famous novelist discussing the points of the newest play, when, lo! the playwright himself suddenly swoops down upon them, and the conversation is forthwith switched off to the weather. The members of the club call themselves "brother Savages," and on Saturday nights they are given to feasting together. Above all things, they like a "lion," a brand new "lion," amongst them, and, if there is a great general fresh from a war, an intrepid explorer newly arrived from the Antarctic region, or a famous musician who has just completed

a tour of triumph, depend upon it the Savages will do their best to lure him to their dinner, and cheer him when he makes a great speech.

There are other clubs which, to a large extent, are on the Savage Club lines. One feature in the winter season. At these gatherings some leading light in literature, science, or art is invited to open a "conversation" on a selected topic; after which a pleasant couple of hours are spent

ECCENTRIC CLUB: READY FOR DINNER.

of them is the Yorick, in Bedford Street; and, though less Bohemian, more purely literary, there is the Authors', in Whitehall Court, to which an aspirant may not hope to gain admission until he has published something. The only "lions" which the Authors recognise are the literary species, and they are never so happy in the true club season as when a great man of letters, the particular guest of the evening, is talking to them over the dinner table about something or other which is more or less near to their hearts and work—publishers and publishing for choice. The Whitefriars Club, which meets at Anderton's Hotel, in the newspaper quarter, is also inclined to letters, and its Friday evening dinners form its special in discussing or talking round the subject. The rest of the evening is devoted to chat of a more intimate or personal nature. The meetings are well attended by authors, journalists, and members of kindred professions; and *confrères* from across the Atlantic or elsewhere are frequently present as guests. From a consideration of such clubs as these it is a natural transition to the New Vagabonds, who, in their club capacity, do nothing else, indeed, but dine. Periodically in the season they assemble together, the gentler sex at times included amongst them, and invite into their midst some other lady or gentleman, or both, who have won laurels in the fields of art and literature, and then there are compliments and happy

speeches till the home-going time arrives. Next, perhaps, to the Savage there is no club more thoroughly typical of Bohemia than the Press, quartered in one of those old-time courts which run north and south from Fleet Street. It is a club for journalists, and it is in a secluded spot such as is loved in Bohemia. These newspaper workers are necessarily late birds, and thus it happens that the club is only really warming up to its work, so to speak, when the midnight hour has chimed.

There are, again, one or two clubs of the literary sort which specialise in literature, as it were, and most interesting they are. One such is the Johnson Club, the members of which practise the cult of famous old Doctor Johnson and have an absorbing love for all his works. Numbered amongst them are men who are distinguished in the literary and journalistic world, and they meet together in the Old Cheshire Cheese, off Fleet Street, which Johnson is said to have much frequented, and there they dine and read papers and provoke discussions, afterwards publishing, for private circulation only, some account of all that they have said and done.

Of much the same style is the Omar Khayyam Club, though the members here are, perhaps, rather more inclined to good spirits. Thus, upon one occasion, when the club held a dinner and those present had the coronation of the King in mind, a Member of Parliament who was in the vice-chair must needs contemplate the possibility of their celebrating that auspicious event as did Edward FitzGerald himself, greatest Omarian of them all, with two of his friends, celebrate the coronation of Queen Victoria. On that memorable morning of a long-gone June the trio wended their way to Leith Hill, and, when the distant guns announced to all that the coronation had taken place, in their exuberance of loyalty and youth they flung themselves into a neighbouring pond and sang "God Save the Queen." And another curious but very select literary club is that which goes by the name of the Odde Volumes, who give themselves strange names and surround themselves and their literary deliberations with a spice of mystery.

WELCOME CLUB: A SUMMER EVENING SCENE.

There is another club in Bohemia which well deserves its name, and it is called the Eccentric. Those who belong to it like to be called the Eccentrics, and they are never

so pleased as when they are showing the ordinary people outside that they are not at all like them. They have a great love for the stage, and therefore they will take over to themselves for an evening a considerable portion of a theatre where some popular favourite is playing, and will convey themselves to the theatre in many vehicles and with much show. At home in Shaftesbury Avenue they exhibit a liking for cosiness and club comforts, in which their Bohemian taste is not to be excelled. Now that the Eccentric has brought us into the region of the Club-land of the stage, there are discovered in it many clubs quite different from any that may be found elsewhere, and each one usually differing to a marked extent from its fellows. To begin with, there are the Garrick and the Green Room, both of which, as their names imply, are principally dramatic, and are frequented, not only by the people who love the drama and take their pleasure from it, but by the others who make it for them and by the actors who present it. At the Garrick, which is proud of its fine collection of pictures, many of the most famous lights of the present-day stage may be found of an afternoon chatting together and enjoying a rubber at whist before the time comes for the early dinner and the call-boy's summons to duty.

Then there are the Playgoers, and the O.P. clubs, who do the same thing in much the same way, that is to say, the members go to the theatre and then meet together to talk it over. On Sunday nights they meet in a great hotel, with friends of the fair sex, and listen to the words of an actor or actress who has graciously come amongst them, or, as an alternative, debate with keenness some old or new problem of the stage. It was by a flash of genius that one of the O.P.'s invented the name for the club. They were seceders from the Playgoers, and their title will stand for Old Playgoers, but it is also a stage abbreviation for "opposite prompt"—one of the entrances from the wings of the stage—and which precisely was the more in mind when the club was named no man knoweth and no O.P. would venture to guess. Belonging also to a series of stage clubs is the Gallery First Night Club, the members of which make a speciality of paying a shilling to see the first performance of every new play, and ever and anon entertain a footlight favourite after the manner of the other clubs whose names have been mentioned. And here may be mentioned, too, the Walsingham Club, housed at the corner of Coventry Street.

Before the arts are quitted, mention should be made of the clubs which are purely artistic. There is the Burlington Fine Arts, in Savile Row, and away in Church Street, Chelsea, in the true artistic quarter, is the Chelsea Arts, which is a comfortable social club for professional artists alone, and where, fresh from their easels and brushes, they foregather and talk over their ideas in art. And then there is the well-known Langham Sketching Club, besides many others. The true photographer would resent it if he were not included in the artist category, and, at the Camera Club, in Charing Cross Road, which is the elysium of the sun artist, he can show many proofs that he is what he claims to be.

Of social sporting clubs we have in London a great assortment. At the top there is the Turf Club in Piccadilly, premier of them all, and the Badminton, close by, with the Victoria in Wellington Street, where the "prices" are largely regulated. For a quiet game of whist or bridge with foemen worthy of the best tempered steel, the Baldwin Club is pre-eminently the one to visit, and the Beaufort is a club well known to every sportsman. But no sporting club in London is so much a club by itself as the famous National Sporting Club in Covent Garden, where, in a theatre of their own, the members regularly assemble and with eager faces and quickened pulses watch a game tussle, under Queensberry rules, between two young boxers who have already won fame in the ring, or are on the way towards winning it. Some of the battles that have been waged in the National Sporting Club are historic. Of course there are specialists in sporting clubs as well; that just named is one of them. Another is the Gun Club which meets at Notting Hill for pigeon shooting, another the Alpine Club, the members of which have an undying fervour for mountaineering, and there are the Automobile in Piccadilly, and its sister club the Aero, whose ambition is to

produce flying machines and to fly away in them. Nowhere has the game of chess so many keen votaries as in the Metropolis, in which they have two or three pretentious clubs of their own. There is the City of London Chess Club, and there is another in the St. James's quarter, which is called the St. George's.

men; but, to go to the other extreme, the workman also has his clubs — hundreds of them — all over London. The workman's club may be called by such an out-of-the-way name as Eleusis, or it may have a political name, or it may make no secret of the matter, but call itself simply a workman's club with the name of

O.P. CLUB: A SUNDAY EVENING DEBATE.

Mention of this City club serves as a reminder that the City possesses many clubs which are peculiarly of itself. The City Carlton, the City Liberal, the Gresham, and the City of London present a beehive kind of scene in the daytime, especially during the luncheon interval when they are thronged with merchants, bankers, stockbrokers, and commercial men generally; in the evening they are deserted or nearly so. These are the clubs of the wealthy business

its district prefixed, but it all amounts to pretty much the same thing at the finish. Here the workman of greater or lesser degree smokes his pipe and drinks his glass of beer in the evening, and discusses the affairs of the Empire, or, as an alternative, those of the London County Council and the increasing rates. He varies the monotony by a game of dominoes, or cards, or billiards, and feels that he can live the club life with the best of us. In the East End may be

ELEUSIS CLUB :
A DISCUSSION.

found workmen's clubs of a peculiar and pretentious type. There is one, the Netherlands Social and Dramatic, it is called, though it is no longer of the Netherlands only, which in point of size will match with many of the clubs in the West-End, and which has its own theatre, ball-room, and everything else on a grand scale. The workman, too, has his boot clubs, his slate clubs, and many others of the same sort, and in the Hoxton neighbourhood there are the Sunday night clubs. In the east, also, and again in the neighbourhood of Soho, there are clubs for the strangers within the gates of London who belong to foreign nationalities. French, Germans, Italians, all have their own clubs, and the foreign waiters, generally, have a club of their own, where they hold high revel when the table has no need of them. Not only the comparatively impecunious workers, but the even more impecunious boys have their clubs. These latter also are scattered all over the Metropolis. The boys pay their penny a week, or whatever it is, and they are better off reading good books or playing innocent games than they would be in the streets outside.

All these make up a long list, and it could be made very much longer, for we have as yet by no means exhausted the wonderful variety of our London Club-land. But there may be a tendency to weary, and with a few more specimens, isolated from any particular class, there shall be an end as far as this article is concerned. A good-sized directory could be made of these isolated ones alone. In the fashionable West-End there is the Caledonian, for Scotsmen of recognised position only, and in Holborn there is an Irish club. There is the Bath Club in Dover Street, which is just what its name implies, and there is Prince's Club at Knightsbridge, where often a brilliant gathering of society folk may be seen, come there to watch the skating. There is the old-established Kennel Club, there is the Golfers' Club, there are anglers' clubs for the fishermen, there is a Couriers' Club in Davies Street for messengers who cross continents, and there is

a host of others, fashioned according to the pleasures or the occupations of their members.

There is a pretty club scene with which to close. In the exhibition grounds at Earl's Court of a summer evening there is a place apart, which is like a little fairy-land, and glitters with myriads of fairy lights. In the shadows, separated from the passing crowd by an illuminated barrier—shown in the photographic illustration on page 161—men and women in evening attire chat and sip coffee, and listen to the music of the band. It is a feast of contentment. It is the Welcome Club.

And so, season in and season out, this London Club-land goes on its way in a happy, rejoicing frame of mind. There is no indication that the club habit is in any way decreasing in popularity, or that those who practise it feel that it has been overdone in variety and specialisation. Rather is there a tendency to start a new club on the smallest pretext. The simple fact is that this is an age above all others when the principle of there being strength in numbers is most willingly applied to most departments of life, and particularly to that which is most concerned with the proper occupation of leisure time. And those who know London well know that if there is one place in the whole world where the fellowship that only a club can afford is a real necessity, that place is the great and the lonely Metropolis.

LADS' CLUB (CRAVEN TERRACE, HYDE PARK): RECREATION ROOM.

COURT CEREMONIES IN LONDON.

By NORMAN WENTWORTH.

ROYAL ARMS.

THE most magnificent, the most dazzling Court in the world in this the twentieth century is the Court over which the King and Queen of England rule when they are in their capital. In days which have not been left very far behind, London, in so far as its higher life was concerned, possessed, rightly or wrongly, a reputation for the cultivation of the dull and sombre, and if in those times you were to talk to the foreigner of the Court ceremonies of London, it was as likely as not that he would betray something of a snigger and bring forward the fierce contrast of France when a Louis sat upon the throne.

But in these later days our Court ceremonies are real things, alive and palpitating, and they are worthy in their splendour of the greatest Empire that the world has ever seen. Nor are signs wanting, to even the meanest subject of his Majesty, as to when these same Court ceremonies are in progress, apart altogether from the glowing accounts of their brilliance which appear in the newspapers of the next morning. In the days of the Victorian era there were only the Drawing Rooms of the afternoon; but now the Court of the evening is the topmost social event. In the West-End of London the close observer is aware of an indefinable something tingling in the atmosphere. There is a palpable stir amongst the great ones of the land. The King and Queen have come up to town from Windsor, and, with their prancing escort in attendance, have driven through the streets from Paddington to their palace. Carriages with gorgeously liveried attendants are somewhat more numerous than usual, and in those quarters where are the fashionable modistes there is a busy hum, although, of course, these indispensable providers of society ladies' needs have long ago finished the bulk of their work for the Court. He who has heard nothing of the Court will, after one brief look round, be prepared to hazard the gains of a day that this afternoon or evening there will be an event of vaster social importance than usual in the capital, and that, for choice, it will be in the social temple of the Empire, in Buckingham Palace, the London home of the King and Queen.

It is in the spring when nature, even in the dense atmosphere of town, is making her endeavour to enter into a brighter and more joyful life, that Royalty and Society awake in glad agreement with her, and deck themselves in all that is beautiful and costly for the festivals that are to come. In the later hours of evening, when the more humble pleasure seeker first gives a thought to his return to his home, the Court begins, and when it is at the height of its splendour much of London is fast asleep. The invitations were issued two or three weeks ahead, and now, on the great night itself, some thousand or more of the greatest of the land hurry to the Palace, so that they may be there by ten o'clock, which is the hour of beginning. There are some notable ladies of society who have for weeks been planning a great victory for this occasion. With a dress which will be a dream of art and taste, jewels which will dazzle almost to momentary blindness, and a personal beauty which by every device known to woman will have been enticed to the superlative of radiant charm, they will so deck themselves that on their entry to join the glittering throng something in the nature of a mild

sensation will be produced, and there will be agreement that never before in all her triumphant social history has My Lady been so fascinating. A thousand pounds will be a cheap bill for such an achievement, fleeting as is the glory, and forgotten as it will be almost by the evening of the next day.

Long in advance a crowd of expectant watchers has gathered outside the Palace, and now swarms round all the approaches, peering eagerly in the uncertain light into every carriage as it comes rolling up. There is a guard of honour on duty in the quadrangle, giving the indispensable military touch to the approach to the Court. Though in the popular belief there is but one entrance to the Palace for occasions of this kind, it may be explained that there are as a matter of fact two of them. There is the great central gateway, known to everybody, which is used by the majority of those attending these Court ceremonies, and there is another situated outside Buckingham Gate, which is strictly reserved for those very high persons who have the privilege of entrée by it, which peculiar privilege is one of the surest indications of the highest distinction and of the descent of the royal favour upon the holder of it.

By ten o'clock, or very soon afterwards, the general assembly is complete, and all is in readiness for the coming of their Majesties, which, however, will not take place at once. Next to the magnificence of the dresses of the ladies, the thing most noticeable, perhaps, is the glitter of the uniforms—uniforms almost of every imaginable variety. There are here mounted the Honourable Corps of the Gentlemen-at-Arms, and the Yeomen of the Guard, and the Sticks and Staves and others are to be seen in their proper places. When the members of the Royal Family, as apart from the King and Queen, arrive at the Garden entrance the White Staves receive them, and conduct them to the Council-room. Thence they proceed to the White Drawing-room, where they join the King and Queen, and here at half-past ten the stately, impressive procession to the Ball-room is formed. Slowly, majestically in the extreme, it wends its way along through the chief State apartments, which now are to be seen in all their splendour. The furniture

AT A COURT : PRESENTED TO THEIR MAJESTIES.

is beautiful, and the hangings and the gilding have an air of freshness which gives an extra scintillation to the life of the scene. From the White Drawing-room through the Gold Drawing-room, the Blue Drawing-room, and the State Dining-room to the Ball-room the Royal procession passes along. The King is in the uniform of a Field Marshal, and as he escorts the Queen through this most brilliant assembly, homage and marks of loyal respect are tendered at every step, and these his Majesty graciously acknowledges by a slight but graceful bow. And the Queen, as she passes along, is a picture of true queenly charm, while her grace and her royal courtesy to the wonderful gathering which with an open heart tenders its admiration and its devotion are the subjects of the unspoken thoughts in every mind. The Queen is very likely attired in the most complete perfection in a gown of creamy satin, which is embroidered in silver and diamonds, and on her long train, carried by little scarlet-coated pages—a pretty innovation in the ceremonies of the Court—there are diamond embroideries also. A magnificent tiara of brilliants rests upon her head.

In days gone by, what is known as the "passing" ceremony, was, it was freely confessed by all, a somewhat wearisome affair. As it was conducted the whole of the assembly had to be marshalled in order and then had to pass in procession before the throne. This took up much time and savoured too much of awkward routine to be enjoyable, or even, after the first few minutes, particularly interesting, except to those most intimately concerned. But now a new and happier order of things has come about, due to the wise instincts of King Edward and his Queen. Certainly among the most important factors in this Court ceremony are the trembling, blushing *débutantes* who will only have one greater day in their lives than this, and that their marriage day, which, as they are now on the threshold of their social careers, will not itself be very far distant.

Sweet indeed in the fresh bloom of youth are these maidens in their 'teens, the fairest flowers of British humanity. They have but left their school-rooms, they are new to all this dazzling world of rank and fashion; but it is many chances to one that in fewer years than can be counted on the fingers of one's hand some from this gathering of girlhood will be presiding over the most ancient ducal homes and will be developing a claim to lead the society of which they now know so little; and there is again a very fair prospect that in the lapse of a little time one or other of them will herself be a vice-queen in one of those vast pieces of the Empire which are far away o'er the seas. So it is fitting that in the dawn of their new lives, when they come to be presented to their King and Queen, they should be honoured above all others. The "passing" ceremony of old, then, has gone, and when the King and Queen place themselves in front of their respective Throne chairs in the Ball-room, all who come before them are these blushing *débutantes* and those others who have special occasion to be presented. Each of them is accompanied by a sponsor, who, in distinction to all the other ladies in the general assembly, must wear a train. They come forward treading lightly upon the thick, soft, red carpet, and the *débutante*, head high and heart low, having handed an official card with her name upon it to the lord-in-waiting near the door—who in due course hands it to the Lord Chamberlain near the Throne—hears now that name read out loudly and clearly. To the chief participator in the little drama the seconds seem like years; but it is all over in a wonderfully short space of time. There is the curtsy, the delicate kiss of the hand, then it is ended, and before the *débutante* is quite aware of it she is curtsying in retiring to the remaining members of the Royal Family, and making a tremendous effort to remember that, fearful as she may be of the safety of her passage, she must on no account turn her back to the throne.

The presentations being complete, their Majesties give their attention now to all those others who have attended the Court. They have been arranged in the various state apartments in such a manner that when the King and Queen pass along they will have these honoured subjects upon

THE KING CONFERRING A KNIGHTHOOD.

AT A LEVEE: A MILITARY PRESENTATION.

their right. The formation is maintained by the Yeomen of the Guard and the Gentlemen-at-Arms, and as soon as the presentations are over their Majesties leave the Throne chairs and make a tour of these apartments, walking through and round them, everybody rising as they enter and remaining upon their feet until the King and Queen have departed. It might so happen, upon occasion, that their Majesties in this procession would stop for a moment to speak to some one or other of the brilliant crowd—a signal honour which all would notice and which would for ever be remembered. When the Court is over there are buffet refreshments for the general assemblage, and there is supper laid for the members of the Royal Family and specially invited guests. And then it is finished, save for the visit to the fashionable photographer's, which the *débutante* will inevitably pay, and the almost interminable discussion afterwards of the events of the night.

Different in a degree, inasmuch as it is "for men only," but not less interesting, is the King's Levee. A Levee will never cease to create a stir in the royal regions of the west. It is announced that his Majesty will hold a Levee at St. James's Palace at noon, and in the sunshine the crowds gather and line the route from Buckingham Palace. There are ringing cheers for the King as he rides along in a State carriage with trappings of scarlet and gold and with a flashing escort of Life Guards before and behind. At St. James's Palace his Majesty is received by the great Officers of State and is conducted to the Throne Room. Outside there are Guards of Honour mounted, and inside his Majesty's bodyguard of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms and of the Yeomen of the Guard are on duty. Other male members of the Royal Family are present, and in immediate attendance upon the King is a host of the higher dignitaries of the State. The scene is a brilliant one, brilliant in the extreme. There are the Diplomatic Circle and the General Circle, the Ambassadors of almost every civilised country in the world in all their brightest and most distinctive vestments, as well as our own Cabinet Ministers and many other distinguished persons. The foreign Ambassadors have newly-arrived deputies or visitors of official distinction from their own States whom they are anxious to present to the King, and one by one they do so, and the Belgian, the Chilian, the Argentine attaché, and the Naval Commander from Japan—to draw a few instances from this brilliant international medley—file past the King and pay their respects. And then those of our own countrymen who are deemed worthy of so high an honour are likewise presented. The ceremony comes to an end, and amidst more cheers from the crowd the King drives slowly back to Buckingham Palace.

These are the most regular and most formal among the Court Ceremonies in London, but there are others amongst the

number which have their own special importance and their own special interest. For example there is, now, the investiture of knighthood, when there are indeed but a small attendance and a minimum of pageantry in comparison with such ceremonials as those we have been considering, but which is a pretty instance of the survival of an old and picturesque form. The King is with his noble attendants, and there comes to him, humble, grateful, and upon his bended knee, the subject whom a little while before his Majesty intimated it would be his pleasure to honour with knighthood as an expression of his appreciation of services rendered to the State. And plain Mr. Worthy advances, bends, and with the sword tap as the official intimation of his birth to a new dignity, is bidden "Arise, Sir John Worthy." A less formal matter is a Privy Council, usually held at Buckingham Palace, with his Majesty presiding over it, which is convened from time to time as may be thought desirable.

THEIR MAJESTIES DRIVING. I. WITH A GUARDS' ESCORT. II. IN STATE.

Strictly speaking, this, too, is one of the Court Ceremonies of London; but of a very different character are three others which still need mention. There is the State Ball for one, when the King in his military uniform, and the Queen, if possible even more radiant and beautiful than when we saw her at the Court, surrounded by all the bravest and most distinguished men and all the fairest women, enjoy the sweet pleasures of dreamy music, while they converse with their guests and anon take their part in the specified pleasure of the evening. And there is the State Concert when their Majesties bid their guests to an evening's feast of music at Buckingham Palace; and there is the State Dinner when such a distinguished gathering assembles round the Royal board as seldom, if ever, can be gathered at any other. The King is at the head of his sumptuous table, and discourses pleasantly with all about him. Fortunate are they who are so greatly honoured by the hospitality of their Majesties.

Such are the chief of the Court Ceremonies of London which, whilst they undoubtedly excel in these days in brilliancy and splendour, gain again in dignity, so that the British Court may be held as a pattern to the world of all that is best and as it should be in the highest social life of a mighty Empire.

A ROWTON HOUSE : COURTYARD.

LONDON'S MODEL LODGING-HOUSES.

By T. W WILKINSON.

FORTUNATE as London is in many things, it is in none more so than its model lodging-houses, which for size and appointments are unrivalled. No doubt the luckless professional man who has only just reached the gutter—the man who has become painfully conscious that there are times when all life's problems are crystallized into one: Where is the biggest penny bun sold?—is not wholly pleased on making his first acquaintance with even one of the best of the London "models." But that is inevitable, inasmuch as the privacy, the comfort, and the associations to which he has been accustomed are of necessity unobtainable in such a place.

In visiting the superior class of lodging-houses you can begin anywhere. The best starting point, however, is the Victoria Home No. 2, because this hotel for working men belongs to the pioneers in lodging-house reform. Like its progenitor, No. 1, in Wentworth Street, Whitechapel, it is owned by a trust composed of earnest and philanthropic gentlemen, who neither bestow charity through their houses nor make a dividend from them. The places pay; but the profits, instead of being divided, go to the extension of the work, which aims at raising men to a higher level, socially and spiritually.

It is a large brick building, the more modern Victoria Home, divided into two blocks. Passing under a big lamp and through a corridor, you catch sight of a sign at the top of a staircase leading to subterranean depths: "Shaving Saloon." Another flight of steps leads you into one of the kitchens, boxed off at the westward end of which is a miniature coffee shop. Glance at its framed price-list, and you can form an idea of how some of the dejected specimens of humanity scattered over the kitchen can live on a shilling a day, lodgings included. A plate of hot roast beef costs 3d.; a portion of

pudding, 1d.; half-a-pint of tea, ½d. One of the best patronised dinners consists of a basin of soup (1d.) and a hunk of bread (½d.). And all the food sold here, let it be noted, is good and wholesome.

Next we go upstairs and look at the sleeping accommodation. Light, airy, scrupulously clean—these are the first impressions. Here is a room full of sixpenny beds. It is split up into cubicles, the partitions of which are formed of hollow tiles. Inside each hangs a small picture, as well as a looking glass—an unusual luxury. A short walk brings us to the fourpenny quarters, where the beds are mostly four in a room, one in each corner. And, finally, here are the fivepenny cabins. They are practically the same as the sixpenny cubicles, though the partitions are of corrugated zinc.

Descending again, we reach the recreation room, which is open to all the lodgers—a room calculated to shock beyond measure some of those gentry who exploit the homeless. Truly, it is a delightful feature of the house, for it contains, not only a piano, but three bagatelle tables and one for billiards. That this admirable room helps many men temporarily to forget the sorrows and disappointments of the day is clear from the aspect it presents in the evening, when there is always a large gathering in it.

To learn what class of men the Victoria Homes benefit, it is only necessary to descend at night into the kitchen of the Wentworth Street establishment. This is a huge room, broken up by a number of iron pillars, round which is an ample supply of clothes hooks. At one end is a bar, where food is sold at the cheapest possible rate.

The kitchen is now full of lodgers, some clustered near the huge coke fire, some eating at the tables, some sitting aloof from their congeners, apathetic, dull-eyed, temporarily oblivious of their surroundings. These men are a part of the human wreckage which by some strange under-currents drift into the East-End. But most of the lodgers are palpably labourers and waterside workers. If any proof of that were needed, it would be found in the fact that about 500 men went from the homes to South Africa at the call to arms.

Leaving the east, we may go to the west — to Hammersmith Road, where is situated the fourth of the series of Rowton Houses, those admirable poor men's hotels which, while they return their proprietors five per cent., yet afford the best accommodation procurable in England for sixpence per night. Admission is gained, as at the other "Rowtons," through a turnstile, to many a poor outcast the gate of an earthly paradise. Early in the morning you may sometimes see a sombre figure, haggard, pale, and footsore with wandering about all night, dart through this opening when the coast is clear, whip off his coat and waistcoat to make it appear that he has just come

VICTORIA HOME (WHITECHAPEL): KITCHEN.

downstairs, and then proceed in a much more leisurely fashion to the lavatory. And thus it is that many poor wretches tide over a highly critical period. At night they have the key of the street; in the morning they slip unobserved into "models," and, not being detected as "deadheads"—for the staff cannot possibly know all the lodgers—wash, rest, and pick up the crumbs that fall from the tables.

A ROWTON HOUSE: DINING ROOM.

On the left of the entrance is the office, where each lodger is given, in exchange for his sixpence, a ticket that is cancelled as he goes upstairs to bed. Beyond lies the main corridor, which is lined with glazed brickwork from floor to ceiling, leading to the smoking room, dining rooms, scullery, etc. All these apartments are uniformly furnished, exceedingly well lighted, and adorned with pictures and art pottery. It is, perhaps, in the dining rooms, which correspond to some extent to the kitchen of a common lodging-house, that most human interest is found.

Endless are the studies and contrasts they present in the morning, when the men flock in to breakfast. The capitalist with a four-figure banking account—a retired business man of Bohemian tastes, or, it may be, a world wanderer who cannot adapt himself to a sybaritic life—chats over a table with a starveling who has not tasted food for twenty-four hours, and knows not whence his next meal will come. Respectability incarnate, habited in a glossy silk hat and a fashionable frock coat, borrows a knife from labour in clayey corduroys. An expert "moucher" in his working clothes—he knows better than to go to business in any of the suits he wears after the day's toil is over—discusses the news with a mechanic who has suffered torture rather than ask for a crust.

It is a strange assemblage. Clerks "out of collar," actors whose "resting" more than ever deserves another name, failures in shabby black edged with linen long past redemption, well-dressed "somethings" (what, no man knoweth), mechanics and labourers in steady employment, wrapper writers, billiard sharps, thieves, begging letter writers, blackmailers, commonplace

"mouchers" and "tappers" — all these mingle in the dining-rooms.

Here, at Hammersmith, there are also a number of men with small incomes, chiefly pensioners. Among these aristocrats you may find scores who could tell grim life-stories. For one reason or another, they are impossible at home; so they have been banished, and their relations pay their lodging money monthly or quarterly in advance. If you met them in the street, you would not in your wildest flights of fancy think that their address is Rowton House, Hammersmith Road.

And the difference in the lodgers' modes of living! While many a labouring man purchases a substantial breakfast at the bar —where edibles of all kinds, cooked and uncooked, and of uniformly excellent quality, are obtainable, at very reasonable prices — an immaculately-dressed guest, who from his appearance might be anything from a shop-walker to a South African millionaire, may often be seen toasting a bloater at the fire. He could buy one ready to eat at the bar for a penny; but then for the same coin he can get two uncooked outside.

Beyond the dining rooms are the barber's, the tailor's, and the shoemaker's work-shops, and what the house agent calls the "usual offices," as well as some which are not usual. Included in the first class is the lodgers' wash-house, where every man can be his own laundress, and in the other is a room fitted with deep troughs specially for feet washing—a boon not to be fully appreciated save by him who has tramped all day on London's stones.

The courtyard! It is opposite the dining rooms and runs along the whole of the frontage. Fitted with seats and relieved of bareness by tubs of plants and small rockeries, it is a favourite resort for reading and smoking.

Ascending now one of the three fireproof staircases, we reach a corridor, which presents a long vista of open doors to right and left. These are the sleeping apartments. To see one is to see all. It is a sort of wooden box open at the top, and fitted inside with a shelf and clothes hooks. Besides the bed, it also contains a chair for the use of the occupant, while for ventilating purposes there is a window absolutely under his control. Of these cubicles there are no fewer than eight hundred in this one building.

Altogether, the Hammersmith Road "Rowton" is not comfortable merely, but positively luxurious judged by the "model" standard. All of the series, indeed, situated in various districts of the Metropolis, are splendid institutions and a lasting credit to their founder, who has his reward in knowing that they are full every night.

A ROWTON HOUSE: ENTRANCE HALL.

The County Council Lodging-house in Parker Street, Drury Lane, next awaits inspection. Pass through the doorway into the wide lobby, cross it, through another doorway, and we are in the kitchen—a fine, light room, with a huge flat-topped stove

L.C.C. LODGING-HOUSE TICKET.

on which half-a-score of kettles are always boiling. Just now the pungent aroma of onions comes from its direction, as some of the lodgers are cooking their evening meal. There is, as in the other "models" we have visited, an ample supply of plates, cups, saucepans, frying-pans, etc.

From the kitchen we might go to the shop, the counter of which is in the main lobby, but let us instead pass the office —where, as in the "Rowtons," the lodger gets a voucher on paying sixpence—and enter the living room. At one end is a platform, used for concerts in the winter; at the other, the library, books from which can be had by lodgers on application to the manager. Near the door are some newspaper stands, at which many lodgers keep themselves abreast with the world's doings—and wants. Opposite us, at a table, several "writers" are bent over their task, the dreariest and most ill-paid of all kinds of clerical labour. The usual rate of remuneration for addressing wrappers is 2s. 6d. per thousand, and he must have rare application and much skill in pen-driving who can get through that number in eight hours. Here and there about the room are other lodgers, most of them laughing and jesting as if the world were using them fairly well. Several—shopmen and clerks, maybe—are arrayed in silk hats and frock coats, but the majority are, unless their dress misleads, mechanics and labourers.

The way to the lavatory, wash-house, etc., lies across a courtyard provided with seats, so that the lodgers may smoke or read in the open air. Wonderful are some of the operations carried on in this municipal laundry. I have seen a man iron his shirt with a bottle filled with hot water; and a still more ingenious lodger once contrived, after washing and starching his collar, to give it the finishing touches with the bottom of a tin teapot. As he ruefully remarked, his makeshift lacked weight; but for all that he made a surprisingly decent job of the article. It is not every man who is equal to a feat of this kind, or even to doing a little washing. One poor fellow, being wholly ignorant of the niceties of laundry work, struggled long over his collar with a halfpennyworth of stale bread, which he bought especially to clean it, and rubbed at it till he had utilised every crumb. Herein lies another illustration of the worth of a halfpenny. Of course, an immaculate collar, ready to wear, can be obtained for a penny at any laundry, where there is always some unclaimed linen.

Upstairs the Parker Street home differs from most of its class. The dormitories, of which there are three, are on the well system, the cubicles being ranged round landings rising one above another, and consequently they are somewhat suggestive of prison—an impression which is heightened by the cubicle partitions, which are of iron. This arrangement, excellent though it is from a hygienic point of view, has one little drawback. When a certain type of lodger is not used to the place, and does not reach it some morning till London is asleep, he is apt to wonder, at getting up time, what he is "in for" again. The cubicles, however, are not only private, but sufficiently roomy and very comfortable.

Let us apply the practical test. This is the result: The house is always full, and

ROWTON HOUSE TICKET.

applicants have frequently to be turned away. Moreover, a number of men have lodged in it ever since it was opened in 1893.

Of smaller "models"—"models" approximating more closely to the ordinary provincial class—there are so many that to visit them all would be impossible. A great recommendation of some of these houses, such as the "Shaftesbury Chambers," in Macklin Street, Drury Lane, is their nomenclature, which appeals strongly to some men. Not that they are fond of Swivellerism; the reason is of a much more weighty character. If an unemployed clerk or shop assistant makes application for work, and lets it be known that he is stopping at a lodging-house, good-bye, in nine cases out of ten, to his chance of success. Everything may go swimmingly till the poor castaway incautiously mentions a house which the employer knows by its name or its reputation to be a common lodging-house. Then negotiations are quickly broken off, and the respectable citizen turns away with a shocked underlip. He looks upon even a "Rowton" as a blot upon the applicant's escutcheon.

Incredible as the thing seems, it is none the less a fact. Here is an actual instance of the prejudice against lodging-houses.

L.C.C. LODGING-HOUSE (PARKER STREET). I. WRAPPER WRITERS AT WORK. II. SITTING ROOM.

A clerk who was staying at the Victoria Home No. 2 gave as his address, in applying for a situation, "77, Whitechapel Road," in place of the name of the institution—77 used to be the number of the house; it is now 177. He was engaged. Instead of then leaving the home, he determined to remain there for a short time, that he might pull himself together. One night a boy engaged at the same office saw him drop off the tramcar and enter the house, and next morning he must needs go and tell his employer what he had witnessed. This was fatal to the wretched clerk's hopes. He was discharged. So difficult is it to rise from the gutter.

That blessed word, "chambers," then, is taken into account by some of the unemployed. Men can, and do, invent fanciful names for well-known "models," but, since the Post Office Directory is at hand in most business establishments, that involves some risk. "Chambers," however, sounds well, and continues to sound well after that bulky tome has been consulted.

If a man is the worse for a sojourn in any of the principal hotels for working men, he alone is to blame. While there are no irksome rules in such houses, cleanliness, order, sobriety, and other cardinal virtues are rightly insisted on in the interests alike of the management and the lodgers generally, and as a result their tendency is to elevate, not degrade.

L.C.C. LODGING-HOUSE (PARKER STREET): CUBICLES.

UNIFORMED LONDON.

By ALEC ROBERTS.

BEADLE (ROYAL EXCHANGE).

IN London the apparel oft proclaims the man; likewise the woman. The prim little maid also; and the boy, with shining morning or smudged afternoon face. If the uniformed, liveried, and badged tribes of the Metropolis were marshalled in one huge procession, how it would impress us by its magnitude and its strangely varied aspects! Century would jostle century, for in this up-to-date London of ours there are persons garbed exactly like their predecessors in bygone reigns—back to the seventh Henry's. Courtly splendour and military pomp, civic state and panoplied caste — all these and their uniformed opposites would pass before us.

Ideas may differ, however, as to what constitutes uniform. Step from the work-a-day Strand into the mediæval-looking Law Courts, and you will see survivals that make the American visitor utter exclamations of astonishment. For judges and counsel in their degrees are robed and wigged in a manner as fantastic-seeming to him as the Chinese Legation out for a stroll may appear to self-satisfied London. Religion, like justice, is uniformed—Bishops and Clergy, High Church, Low Church, and Church Army, Roman Catholics, English Non-conformists, the Salvation Army, and Jews. The palace and the workhouse are alike governed by inflexible rules concerning uniform. But print and corduroy are not the garb of palaces; nor do the gauds of earthly greatness gleam in workhouses. Royal receptions, however, are a blaze of uniforms—home and foreign. Even ladies attending at Court must conform to dress regulations. Parliamentary officials are uniformed; and when the Faithful Commons attend the Speaker's Levees they must—no matter how lathy or how tubby—wear cutaway coats, knee-breeches, and silk stockings. The satellites of fashion, too, are proclaimed by their livery. You need not be a grandee to secure liveried service in London. Go to a restaurant, hotel, theatre, or music-hall and you may be received with as much deference as if you were a duke by janitors in blue, or green, or brown and gold. If you have driven up with a sister, a cousin, or an aunt—or someone else of the gentle sex —those magnificoes will see to it that

DUKE OF YORK'S BOYS: COLOUR AND ESCORT.

her dress is not soiled by brushing against the wheel of the cab or carriage as she alights. They have for the purpose wicker mudguards which they dexterously fix on the tyre of the wheel. Enter a theatre or music-hall, where you have been received with such distinction, and you may perceive not only young lady programme-sellers of soubrette aspect and page boys, but also attendants in impressive liveries with powdered heads and silken calves. At the Army and Navy Stores you may see soberly arrayed doorkeepers mounting guard over chained pet dogs. Uniformed janitors are also now extensively employed by London shopkeepers.

Quaint costumes in London still? Many and many. Gone may be the Blue Coats, and Grey Coats, the Green Coats and the Red Coats of the schools, but the older time is still with us nevertheless. Are there not the Tower "Beefeaters"—or Yeomen Warders—whose costume has varied little during four centuries? The Yeomen of the Guard, too, who are on duty at royal palaces, are similarly garbed and armed with partisans. They, like the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms—in uniforms of scarlet with blue velvet facings—act as a bodyguard to the Sovereign on great occasions.

Why, even the heraldic costume of the Life Guards' bandsmen is quaint—very different from that of the cuirassed and helmeted troopers who, being scarlet coated, are distinguished from the Horse Guards, otherwise "The Blues." And what think ye of

RESTAURANT ATTENDANT.

the City Beadles? Those of the trade guilds and the wards wear the same style of costumes as their predecessors in office centuries ago. The Beadle at the Royal Exchange perpetuates the cloak and the cocked hat such as were worn by an earlier functionary when good Queen Bess reigned. It is a showy uniform; but not more so than that worn by janitors in the Bank of England, and less so than that of the red cloaked official on duty at Lloyd's. Other institutions, such as the Baltic—the home of the floating grain trade—have impressively garbed officials. The bank messengers who swarm in the City are of a more modern type. They are generally prim men, clean-shaven, except for side whiskers, and uniformed in dapper style, with a possible concession in respect of aggressive waistcoats. Make way for the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriffs,

SCHOOL FOR SOLDIERS' DAUGHTERS (HAMPSTEAD): AT PLAY.

BOY MESSENGER.

barbaric ambition on the West Coast of Africa. Guildhall Museum and Library attendants are uniformed, but they have not the brilliant red and gold facings of certain British Museum officials.

Passing along the great highways from east to west, what a variety of uniforms you may note! Many of them are feminine. There, for example, is the hospital nurse in blue, with linen collar and cuffs. How she pervades London! She ascends to the 'bus top and she descends to the nether regions of the Twopenny Tube stations. She is everywhere. Then there are the Grey Ladies, Brown Ladies, and Ladies in Black—deaconesses and nursing sisters of religious orders. And who has not seen the "Hallelujah Lasses" of the Salvation Army? Of very different and nun-like aspect are the Roman Catholic Little Sisters of the Poor—devoted to the sweet cause of charity. Soldiers and sailors in the multi-coloured uniforms of Mars afford a vivid contrast. The Grenadier Guards may be distinguished by a red band round their caps; the Coldstreams wear a white one; the Scots a die-patterned ribbon, and the Irish Guards a green one. But who are those who stride along so perkily to drumming, cymbal-clashing and fifing? They call themselves "the Sons of the Brave." They are the boys of the Duke of York's School for soldiers' sons. They have their uniforms, their own colour, their guns, and the traditions of the British Army behind them, so let the audacious foreigner beware! There are soldiers' daughters, too, who wear the Army scarlet. Those bright little maids are from the Soldiers' Daughters' Home at Hampstead, and see—there are the girls from the Patriotic Asylum at Wandsworth.

Lieutenants, and high officials of the City with their small army of liveried attendants! There's a blaze of uniformed glory for you which does not differ essentially from that of Whittington's Mayoralty. Why, the splendours of London's civic uniforms and liveries are such that the secondhand robes, cocked hats, and insignia have been eagerly desired in the past by

A BOYS' BRIGADE MUSTER (OLD SQUARE, LINCOLN'S INN).

Uniformed boys abound in London. Thousands of them belong to the Boys' and the Lads' Brigades—the product of a very remarkable movement initiated in Glasgow in 1883, but which has since ramified throughout the

BOYS OF THE CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S.

SHOEBLACKS PAYING IN THEIR DAY'S EARNINGS (SAFFRON HILL).

Empire. It is organised on a military basis for physical and moral training. Boys between the ages of twelve and seventeen are eligible for enrolment. Thirty boys form the minimum of a company. Each company is under the command of a captain, who has at least two subordinate officers as lieutenants. The non-commissioned officers are promoted from the ranks. Six or more companies in any town or district may, with the sanction of the Executive, form themselves into a battalion. Every company must be connected with a church, mission, or other Christian organisation, the aim of the brigade being "to promote habits of obedience, reverence, discipline, self-respect, and all that tends towards a true Christian manliness" by means of military organisation and drill. The boys whose muster our photographic illustration on page 181 shows are those of North London's crack company—the 58th. In the case of the Church Lads' Brigade, the Roman Catholic Boys' Brigade, and the Jewish Lads' Brigade definite religious adherence is required. Quite an army of boys—and not lacking drill either—wear the uniform of the State in London as telegraph messengers, and even such bicycles as are provided for them are painted red, thus being in harmony with the mail-coaches and the pillar letter-boxes. The District Messenger Boys are under, not public, but company control. They are a wonderfully well-organised corps, prepared to go anywhere and do anything at duty's call by day or by night. Sometimes—if Hibernian licence may be permitted—the District Messenger boy is a girl! But not often: nor do the girls occasionally employed when boys are scarce wear uniform. The cable companies, the press agencies, and many private firms have their own boy messengers distinctively garbed. Uniformed boys abound, also, as pages in clubs, hotels, and institutions, as well as in various other capacities. But the paragons of boy splendour in London are the choir boys of the Chapel Royal, St. James's. They have been mistaken by simple-minded visitors for royal princes on the rare occasions when they are seen out of doors. Fine as their every-day dress may be, it is quite eclipsed by their State costume, which is a brilliant creation of scarlet and gold with purple bars, lace ruffles at neck and wrists, and glorified "mortar-boards" brimmed with gold. Each boy's State suit costs £40! At the other end of the boy-uniformed social scale are the shoeblacks—already referred to in "London's Street Industries"—who are red or blue or brown or white jacketted according to the brigade to which they belong. The Central Shoeblacks (red) Brigade originated at the time of the Great Exhibition, and has ever since done wonderful reformatory work as well as public service.

PARK KEEPER (L.C.C. PARKS).

Of all London's uniformed host none are more popular than the Corps of Commissionaires, who have their headquarters off the Strand not far from

Charing Cross. The institution of the Corps was a really brilliant idea, which ensured civil employment mainly for ex-soldiers and sailors, and supplied a long-felt want by providing handy men—at once trustworthy and responsible — for regular or casual service. They are active men in the prime of life — though some may bear the scars of honourable service. They are not grizzled patriarchs like the uniformed pensioners of Chelsea Hospital, who have found there a pleasant haven of refuge when their campaigning days are long since over. The London police look fit and workmanlike, though more sparing of gleaming white metal on their helmets than, say, the Loamshire County Constabulary. There is an army of variously uniformed railway men. There are the postmen—men of letters, who make a noise in the world with their rat-tat-tat. There are firemen, clothed like sailors—as, indeed, most of them have been —but wearing helmets instead of navy caps when on service fighting the flames.

PARK KEEPER (ROYAL PARKS).

There are the ambulance men of the St. John's Brigade—the modern representatives of the Knights Hospitallers of the Crusades — ready to tend the injured and the ailing on public or other occasions, or even in time of war. There are the park-keepers, prepared to defend at all hazards the flower beds and the duck ponds from juvenile aggression. There are the various out-door employés of the County Council, the Metropolitan Borough Councils, the Gas and the Water Companies—these including tram conductors and not a few others, whilst there is also quite a formidable army of variously garbed street orderlies and dustmen. But now, though we have not quite exhausted the vast and fascinating theme of "Uniformed London," we must bring our observations to a close, merely claiming in conclusion that even superficial survey justifies the opening proposition concerning the magnitude, the vivid contrasts, and the impressiveness as a whole of London's uniformed multitudes.

A PARADE OF COMMISSIONAIRES : CALLING THE ROLL.

WORKING IN TRENCHES.

LONDON "UP."

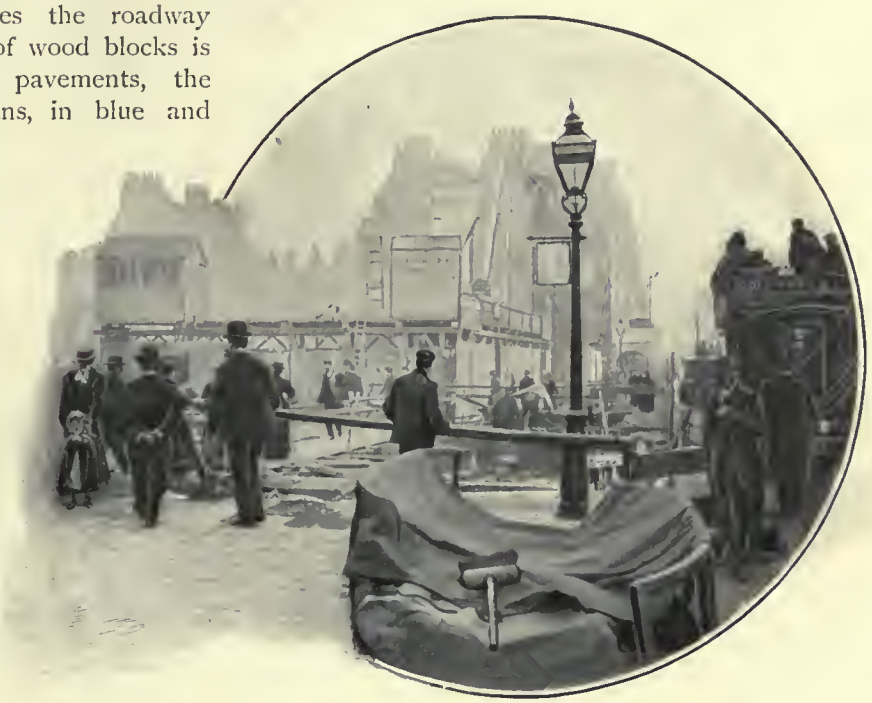
By GEO R. SIMS.

LONDON is always more or less "up," but sometimes it is so much "up" that it resembles, so far as its roadways are concerned, a new city in course of making, rather than an old one in the course of repair. Macaulay's New Zealander has of late years lived in comparative retirement. But he occasionally peeps round the corner in one's mental vision when one takes one's walks abroad, and sees thoroughfare after thoroughfare being excavated by an army of labourers, with stones, wood blocks, drain pipes, poles, barrows, huts, rollers, pickaxes, spades, bricks, sacks, and cement lying about in all directions in unpicturesque confusion. The New Zealander was meditative over the ruins of London Bridge. If he came in these years of grace he would be able to meditate on a very near approach to ruin in every part of the Metropolis. The buildings stand, but the roadways that lie before them are constantly broken up.

There are some districts even in the heart of fashionable London where the road may be said to be permanently "up." It is taken up for drains and re-made. No sooner have the barriers disappeared than they are replaced in order that the road may be taken

LAYING WOOD PAVING

up for gas. The gas pipes having disappeared from view for a week, the road is taken up again for the electric light. Peace may then reign for a day or two. But, just as the inhabitants of the neighbourhood have breathed a sigh of relief at the disappearance of the gangs of workmen, the barriers, the blazing fires, the foreman's office, and the builder's yard exhibition in their beloved thoroughfares, the borough council or the County Council makes the discovery that the wood pavement ought to be renewed. Up comes the roadway again. A rampart of wood blocks is erected along the pavements, the swarthy Swiss-Italians, in blue and pink shirts, of the Val de Travers Company are replaced by British workmen, who are accompanied by huge boilers of an evil-smelling liquid which gives off black smoke that penetrates the houses and chokes the inhabitants. The wood pavement is only one remove in the unpleasantness of its public preparation from the old asphalt, the laying of which it was ever the delight of Londoners to watch.

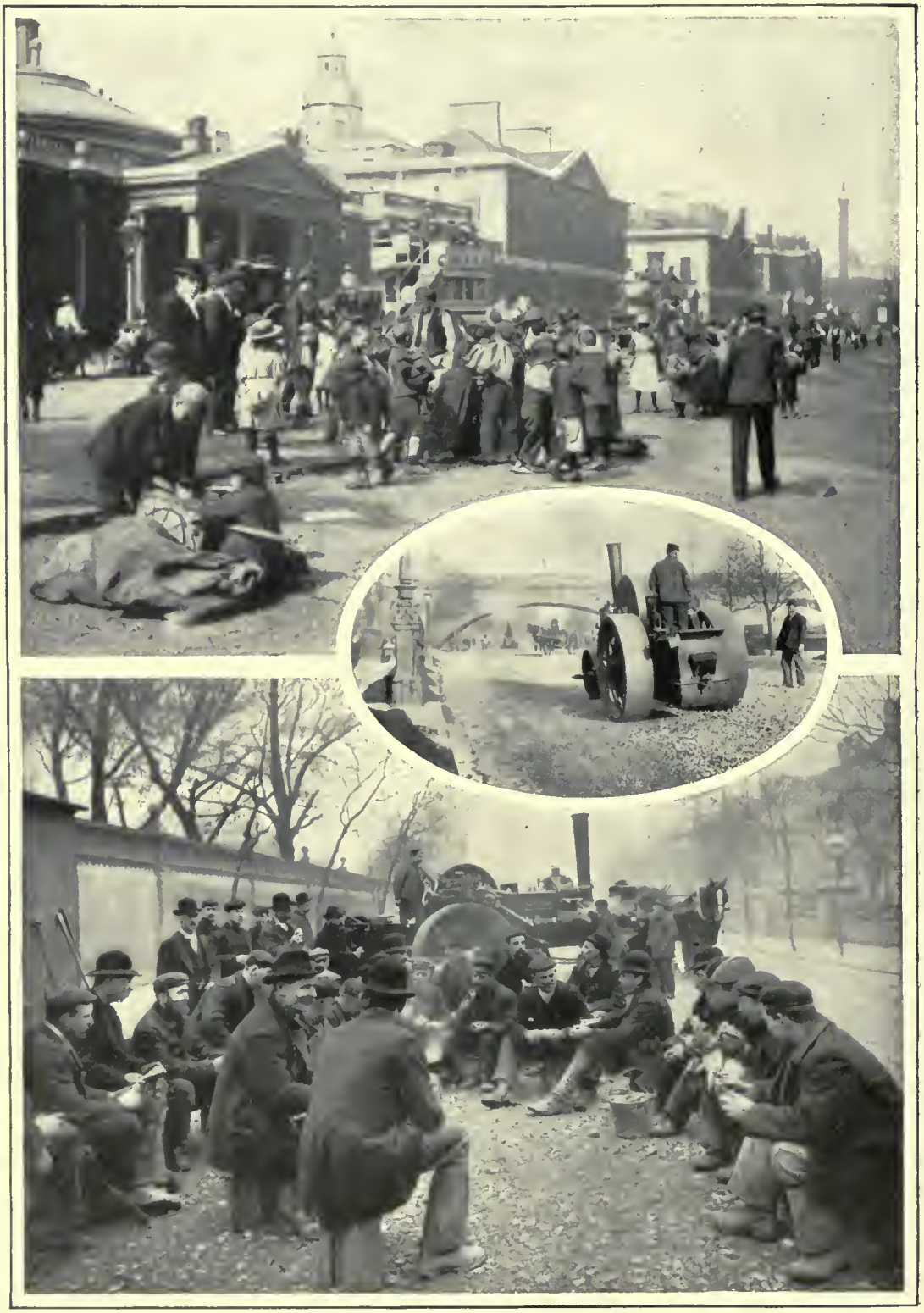


TEMPORARY PATH OF PLANKS.

An entirely different form of torture in connection with the breaking up of London's roadways is experienced in districts where the old macadam still holds sway. One fine morning the sleeping householder is aroused from his slumbers by a sound which resembles that of an asthmatic railway engine trying to draw too many trucks up an inclined plane. The householder looks out of his window and discovers that a steam-roller has arrived and is crushing new laid stones down into their places. Perhaps before the roller arrives a gaunt, scraggy engine, built on lines suggesting the first attempt of an early Briton, has put in an appearance. To this is attached a kind of harrow with formidable iron teeth. This is the scarifier; and as it is dragged along by the engine it tears up the road. Poets contemplating the process have been heard to remark that it suggested a virago with long nails scratching somebody else's face.

The scarifier is the prose of road-making—asthmatic, ill-balanced, ill-regulated prose; the poetry of the process comes in when the steam-roller, preceded by a hydrostatic van in action, humbly follows the bearer of a red flag, who seems to be attending the funeral of an Anarchist and keeping time to an invisible band playing the Dead March in "Saul." The grim sternness with which the great metal wheels of the steam-roller crush the rebellious flints flat into the bosom of mother earth has attractions not only for unthinking childhood but for philosophic middle age. There is the note of destiny in it. From the moment the roller starts on its journey the fate of every pebble is sealed. All are relentlessly and methodically crushed down into one common flatness.

The Strand is a favourite field of operations for the authorities and the private companies.



I. COLLECTING WOOD BLOCKS. II STEAM ROLLER AT WORK.
III. ROAD WORKMEN AT DINNER.

If one part of it is down the other is up. When the up part is finished the down part is taken up again. The pulling up of the Strand we seem to have always with us. If by chance the entire road is in possession of wood blocks which will bear the traffic, that is the psychological moment seized upon by an electric lighting company, or a kindred spirit, to tear it up from end to end.

In the daytime the uppishness of the Strand provokes only protest and objurgation. The pavements are blocked with men and women, who elbow and struggle and push in a fierce attempt to find a passage for themselves. At one part of the Strand during the making of a new street pedestrians had to use a wooden bridge, as shown in our illustration on page 189. The heavy traffic, under ordinary alterations forced into a narrow channel, advances at a snail's pace, and has considerable difficulty in keeping off the pavement and sometimes even out of the shop windows. But late at night, when the last omnibus has crept to its rest, and only a solitary cab glides now and then like a weary spirit along the deserted thoroughfare, the attack upon the Strand has many picturesque features. The men usually work through the hours of sleep. Then great yellow flames flare up against the blackness of the night, flinging a strange and ghastly hue upon the faces of the toilers and of the wayfarers who stand at the pavement's edge and look on in silent rapture.

East and west, north and south, you may wander, and never will you wander far without coming upon an army of labourers, either digging deep trenches in the centre of the road or breaking the surface in order to lay tram lines or laying down new wood blocks or turning the well-worn macadam into a stretch of asphalt.

Occasionally only a narrow path of planks is left for the pedestrian, who, like the time-honoured hen, crosses the road because he wants to get to the other side. You may see this in the photographic reproduction, on page 185.

Now and again you come upon a scene of London "Up" which is really picturesque—a scene which a painter might transfer to his canvas. It is at the dinner hour—when the men, some sitting in the night-watchman's hut, some making a shelter of an uptilted hand-cart, squat round the red coke fire and smoke their pipes and read last week's—sometimes last year's—news in the torn, greasy bits of newspaper in which some of their provender has been wrapped.

The adjuncts of the meal have generally in themselves a picturesque suggestion. There is the plain white basin tied up in a big red handkerchief; there is the queer-shaped metal bottle which contains the tea—or is it beer? There are the big pocket knives which take the place of table cutlery; and often there is the little girl or the young woman who has come to see father or husband at dinner-time and has thoughtfully brought him "something hot."

The children who gather about the road-makers are not always there for pleasure. There are times when the roadway is a veritable Tom Tiddler's Ground, not for the picking up of gold and silver, but the securing of wood blocks and chips which are of considerable value for domestic purposes. You will see ragged children—it is generally a little girl who carries the biggest burden—staggering along bravely with a sack-load or an apron-load of wood saved from the *débris* of the repairing operations. Occasionally the children are warned off, and the old wood blocks become the property of grown-up men, who take them away on donkey carts and hand-carts. The children are the most interesting "adventurers" to watch. Having secured their wood, they occasionally retire with it to a convenient dead wall, and there they proceed to chop it up into pieces of smaller size.

The tradespeople of the thoroughfares which are the favourites of the road-making operators are long-suffering folk. They endure something which is an unhappy compromise between a siege and a blockade for long periods with despair in their hearts, but the despair only rises to their lips when the state of things is continued until it denudes the thoroughfare of those passers-by on whom they depend for custom. All classes suffer alike. The little ready-money shop loses its cash customer; the big establishments suffer because no cab or carriage can come within several hundred

WATCHMEN.

yards of their doors. Sometimes there are public meetings of protest, but, as a rule, the indignation finds a safety valve in letters to the newspapers. Of late years, however, so many parts of London have suffered from the roadways being made impassable by the works in progress on them that Londoners have ceased to "write to the *Times*," and have begun to recognise the grim humour of the thing.

London "Up" presents its romantic side in the winter days when a heavy fog suddenly converts the inhabitants of the capital into a people groping their way through a city over which has been spread the mantle of invisibility. Then does the passage of Ludgate Hill, the crossing of Berkeley Square, the navigation of Holborn become as dangerous as the Alpine trip of the tourist whose proud motto was "Excelsior." Humanity is not dead, even in the heart of the contractors for road repairs, and so, when a black fog comes, fires are lighted and torches hung on posts, and from innumerable pots and skillets a weird red flame makes the surrounding darkness more visible. The ghostly horse in a phantom hansom led by the cabman, who is a voice and a cough and nothing more, appears to be — if you are unfortunate enough to be inside the cab—a shadowy salamander threading its way through a Hampton Court maze of posts and barriers marked out into avenues of red lanterns and naphtha jets. That on foggy nights these open ditches in the centres of the principal thoroughfares do not become filled with bodies of lost wayfarers is one of the mysteries of London.

The wardrobe arrangements of a gang of road-makers are strongly conservative. In a busy thoroughfare they generally manage to put their outer garments into trucks, carts, or empty hand barrows, but in a residential quarter they prefer hanging their coats up in the orthodox fashion—on something that projects. They invariably choose the adjacent area railings ; and so it may come about that you may suddenly enter an aristocratic square and find the railings in front of some of the most magnificent houses given up to jackets and waistcoats which would hardly find hospitality on the clothes pegs of Rag Fair.

London "Up" is not a subject on which you can tell the Londoner much that he does not know. It is part of his daily life. He cannot go out for an hour's walk without coming upon the scene in one form or another. So familiar has he grown with this phase of civilisation that even when he walks along a narrow way and hears the voices of men down in the very bowels of the earth he rarely pauses to lean over the dividing pole and have a look at them. And yet some of the men are down in trenches several feet below the level of the omnibus wheels which frequently passes so close to the edge of the abyss that they collide with the barriers. Sometimes when men are making only a hole in a limited area they simply protect them-

READY FOR REMOVAL.

selves by putting a temporary wooden cross-piece at the corners. These are occasionally also collided with and carried along by the wheel of a passing vehicle.

When an extended area is given up to a great army of labourers it is dotted with many quaint and curious structures—wooden huts, a thing that looks like a bathing machine on trolley wheels, but which is labelled "Foreman's Office," huge sheds covered with tarpaulin, circular barriers in sections which enable the operators to cut off portions of the pavement from pedestrians while they, the operators, perform conjuring tricks with a network of wires below; and last, but not least, the deftly rigged up shelter of the watchman who spends the night by a cheerful coke fire smoking his black dhudeen and gossiping occasionally with a loafer to whom the glow of the coke is welcome. This watchman in his Robinson Crusoey hut is envied by all small boys—even by those who have luxurious homes—and often, I have no doubt, by many a grown-up boy in whose nature there still lingers the spirit of romance.

I have been privileged to spend some hours of the night with one of these lonely guardians, and it brought vividly to my mind old stories of the camp fire on the prairies by which the lonely trappers of Mayne Reid so often took their rest and yarned to each other. These men are only on duty at night-time during the week, but on Sundays they have to put in a day as well. Then they have visitors. It is no uncommon sight to see the watchman's wife and daughter seated beside or near him on the Sunday morning, and I have heard of friends of the family dropping in to tea. But this is in the summer, when a turned-up wheelbarrow or an inverted bucket is a pleasant enough resting place, seeing that the blue skies are overhead and the sunshine all around.

These, then, are the principal features of London "Up" as they strike the Londoner. What the people of Continental cities, where a system prevails and the authorities combine to minimise the evils of road disturbing, think is probably "another story." Foreigners who have seen the sights that London presents under its permanent "up" condition elevate their eyebrows in astonishment. But London is the capital of the land in which everybody is free to do as he likes within limits. Whether this freedom is not abused by the various authorities, who have the right of taking the roadway from beneath our feet whenever they choose, it is not for the chronicler of "things as they are" to dilate upon. That enters more legitimately into the sphere of the writer on "things as they ought to be."

A TEMPORARY BRIDGE.

MOTORING LONDON.

By H. O TYMAN

THE cult of the automobile, which since the great Paris-Bordeaux race of 1895 has been adopted with enthusiasm almost amounting to passion by the inhabitants of the French capital, enjoys a continually increasing following in the Metropolis. It really dates from the month of November, 1896, for it was then that, by the passing of the Light Locomotives Act of 1896, it became possible for Londoners to use self-propelled carriages in the streets of their city. Notwithstanding the legal disabilities in the matter of speed under which automobilists have laboured, the use of mechanically propelled vehicles employed for pleasure-driving, for goods transport, and for passenger traffic has increased to such an extent that the passage of a motor car through the crowded streets of the town or the comparatively lonely roads of our huge suburbs, now scarcely provokes remark or tempts a passer-by to turn his head in curiosity.

Slowly, but very surely, the horseless vehicle, devoid of nerves, muscles and sinews liable to shock and pain, has effected a revolution in the traffic of our London streets. The time is not far distant when all utilitarian vehicles as opposed to carriages used by London Society for pleasure and ostentation will take the form of road machines depending upon a mechanical economy for their propulsion.

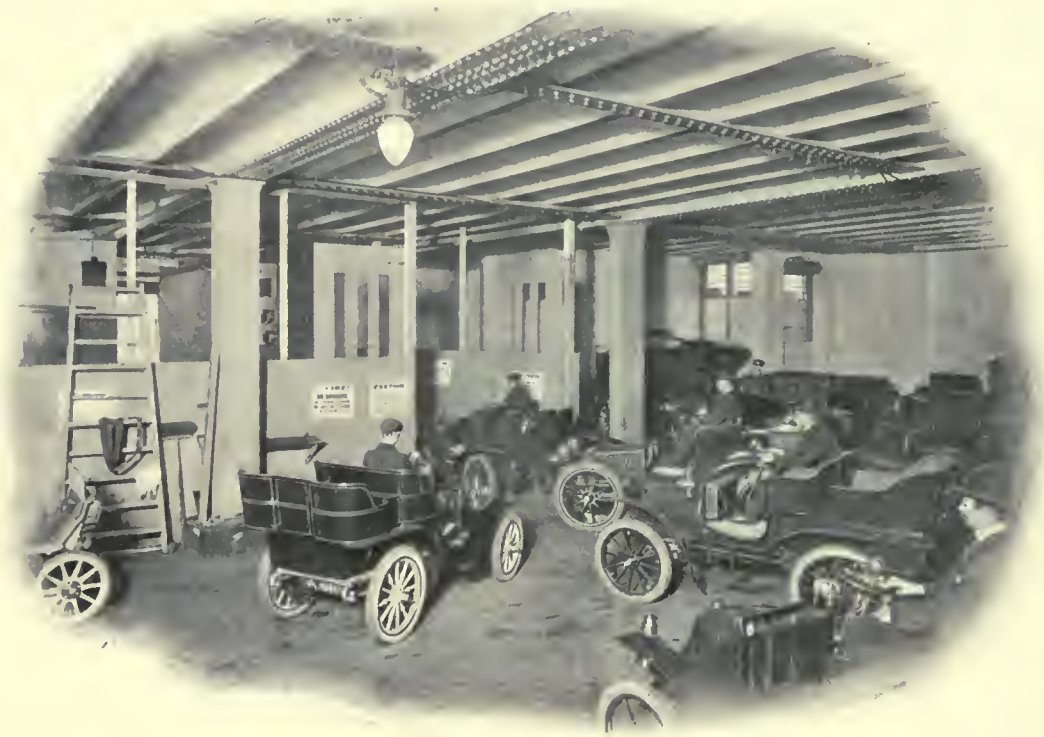
It is chiefly for pleasure that the Metropolis motors, and automobilists, from a variety of causes, form but a small and not too favourably regarded section of the London vehicular public. Prejudice, deep-rooted and obstinate, will harass them and the growth of the movement for years to come. A retrospective glance over the locomotive changes of the past conclusively proves that automobilism is fighting against the same conservative, non-progressive spirit which for so many years oppressed the cyclist and caused him to be regarded as an Ishmael amongst his fellow users of the road. Prejudice against any novel form of street traffic dies hard, particularly with our friends the omnibus driver, cabby, and the carman. These honest folk, who for ages past have esteemed themselves the very salt of the roadway, naturally resent the coming of the new form of travel just as keenly and as bitterly as did the whips and guards of the old stage coaches. But in such opposition they do but re-enact the part of Mrs. Partington with her mop; and their ill-judged and ill-tempered opposition can no more set back the period when a horse-drawn vehicle will be as infrequent a sight on our London streets as a motor car formerly was, than could the old lady above referred to stem the oncoming tide with her useful household implement.

Serious opposition and injustice such as automobilists have suffered from have had just the effect that the opposition of a non-progressive majority to a progressive minority invariably entails. It has caused that minority to combine for their mutual protection and for the advancement of the cause they have at heart and the objects they have in view. The concrete result of that combination is the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, which is the headquarters of Motoring London. To this club, now an influential and potential body, every automobilist of good social standing considers it a duty to his cult to belong. From very small beginnings, in comparatively humble premises in Whitehall Court, it has advanced in an incredibly short space of time to the dignity of a powerful, well-equipped and luxuriously appointed West-End club, with a noble habitat overlooking the Green Park, at No. 119, Piccadilly. To this establishment rally all men of light and leading in London who favour and who have adopted that form of road locomotion which depends for propulsion upon steam, or petroleum spirit, or electricity; and to-day the Automobile Club, with its vigorously

AT AN AUTOMOBILE EXHIBITION.

urged propaganda, its comforts and conveniences, stands forth and is recognised as a power and an influence to be reckoned with.

During its existence the Club has performed wonders in introducing automobilism to the country generally, and the London public in particular. It has held exhibitions, organised trials, arranged runs and tours, fought legal cases *à outrance* in the interests of the move-



INTERIOR OF A GARAGE (QUEEN STREET, E.C.).

ment, and continues and will continue in these good works for many a day to come. Within the Club are discussed all the subjects at the moment on the *tapis* with the world of automobilism. There the latest home or Continental news, of great trials or events, new inventions and introductions which may or may not revolutionise the outward appearance or the internal economy of automobiles are discussed from every point of view. But foremost of its aims is the watchful safeguarding of such liberties of the streets and highways as it has already secured, and in this regard and in still further advancing the cause a mountain of labour stands always before it.

Apart from the buzzing, hissing, droning presence and passage of automobiles amidst the London traffic, that which most impresses the permanency of the latest form of locomotion upon the observant citizen is the appearance of what for lack of an adequate English word are termed "Motor-Garages." These are becoming plentifully sprinkled about the more fashionable parts of London, and have even invaded the precincts of the City itself. These establishments stand in the same relation to the automobile as do livery and bait stables to horses and carriages, for therein automobiles may be safely housed by the day, week, or hour, and while so housed are tended by skilled assistants, cleaned, furbished, and fed with water or petrol, or, be they electro-mobiles, attached by carefully insulated wires to brass studded and handled slate slabs affixed to the wall, in order that the particular form of aliment they require, so that they can roam the streets, may be conveyed to them from the electric mains. To the uninitiated the interiors of these garages present a curious appearance. They boast no stalls, no loose boxes, no mangers, their floor spaces are clear and

MOTOR TRAILER.

marked only by what suggests the familiar cellar flap of the public-house. These are the covers of sinkings in the floor technically termed "pits," into which the skilled leather-clad automobile mechanic descends beneath a car for the purpose of more conveniently effecting such repairs and making such adjustments as the carriage in hand may at the moment require.

STEAM LORRY.

Above or below in the best appointed garages are well-equipped engineering workshops amply provided with lathes, drilling machines, benches, vices, brazing hearths, smiths' fires and anvils, by the aid of which repairs, however heavy, can be effected to the more or less complicated mechanism of the cars. Provision in the shape of a bricked and isolated cavern is made for storage of that high distillate of petroleum known in this country as "petrol." Many of these establishments rejoice in more than one floor, so that when business is brisk and automobilists driving into the West-End or the City from the outlying districts of our brick and mortar labyrinth crowd the place with their vehicles, these are borne slowly aloft on huge lifts to remain in the regions above until again required by their home-returning owners.

In the busy season these garages are the scenes of much animation and bustle. On the one side are cars ready to take the road, with their engines in motion and snorting as explosion engines do when running light, and as though eager and impatient to be gone into the outer air. On the other are, perhaps, steam cars, silent but for the mild roar of their burners by which steam has been raised and retained to the necessary pressure in their boilers. Then the electro-mobile, which for the whole period of its sojourn in the garage has been noiselessly absorbing power through the insulated cables already mentioned, takes its departure with quietude and dignity, and in marked contrast to the impatient snorting of the petrol car and the fretting fussiness of the steam-propelled vehicle preceding it. In corners of these establishments stand cars undergoing repair, and to the novice, strange, nay, almost uncanny, is the spectacle they present, as with motor bonnet or entire body removed they bare their ungainly mechanical details to the light of day. But for the wheels which link them to the traffic of modern times they might be well esteemed by the uninitiated as weird fossils upheaved from the nether slime.

But apart from all hitherto touched upon, Motoring London is most apparent to the average Londoner in the evidences of auto-

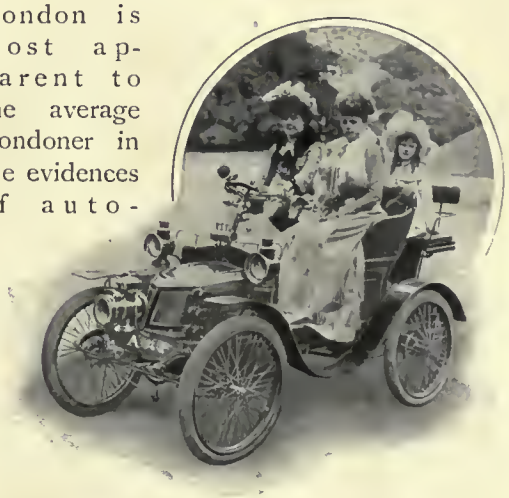
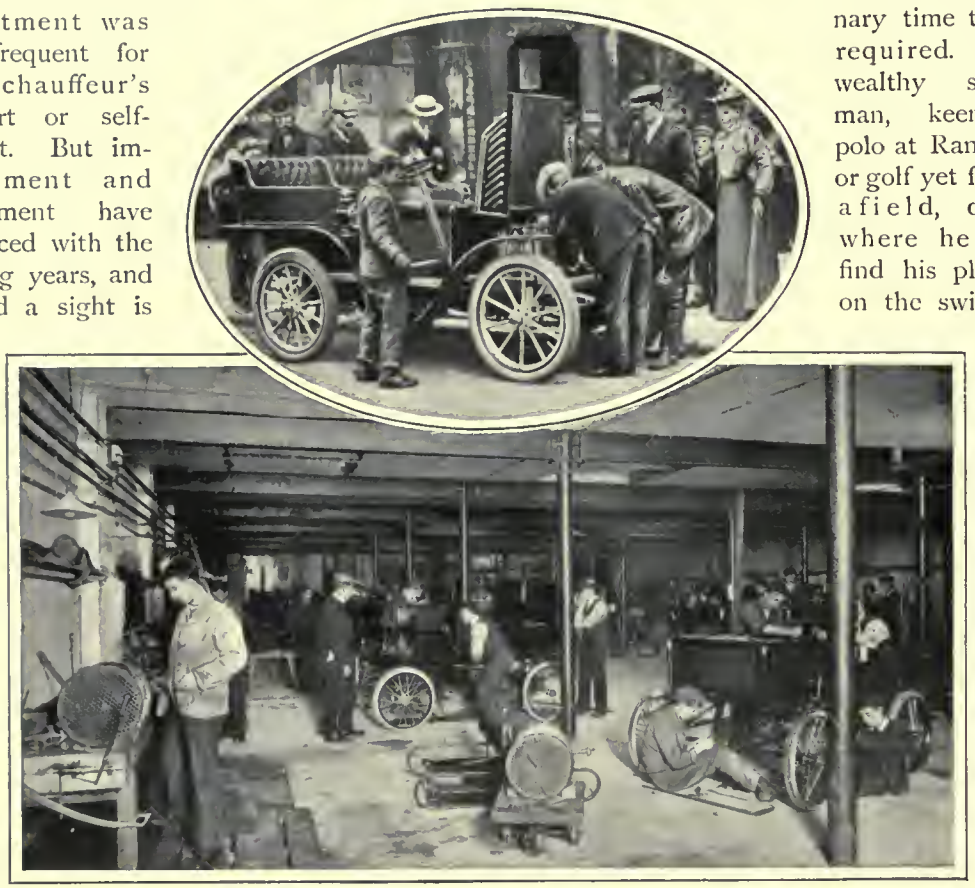


Photo: Ernest Archer, Kensington, W.

ABOUT TO START.

mobilism that confront him day after day in the streets of his city. In the early days breakdowns in the public thoroughfares were frequent enough, and the spectacle of an unhappy automobilist prone on his back on the road beneath his vehicle struggling with some obstinate adjustment was too frequent for the chauffeur's comfort or self-respect. But improvement and betterment have advanced with the passing years, and so sad a sight is seldom if ever seen in these happier days. Motoring London takes the shape of the frequent appearance of automobiles of many and divers shapes and systems of cars, running in and out, through and by, the long lines of traffic on our arterial thoroughfares. Skilfully handled vehicles thread their way through the press of horse-drawn conveyances, comparing in carriage work, upholstery, and general turn-out with the most sumptuous of the smart vehicles they overhaul and pass with such apparent ease. And prominent amongst them all—in addition to the ever-lengthening electric tramway lines—are the motor omnibuses found in every direction.



I. A TEMPORARY BREAKDOWN. II. INTERIOR OF A GARAGE (SOUTH KENSINGTON).

All classes, in fact, take advantage of the automobile. The Society lady, on "calls" or "shopping" bent, uses it with more frequency than her carriage. The London doctor hies him on his humane rounds in a well-ordered car particularly designed for his use, and is in many instances able to get through his work in half the ordinary time that is required. The wealthy sportsman, keen on polo at Ranelagh, or golf yet further afield, drives where he may find his pleasure on the swift car, eschewing trains and cabs and saving his own horses. The public who affect "the sport of kings" at Sandown, Kempton, or Hurst Park largely betake themselves thither by automobile. The London commercial traveller, hitherto doing his business with an apology for a brougham, and therein hedged to suffocation with piled boxes of his samples, has adopted motor cars suited to his particular needs, and in consequence effects a great saving of time and money. The great catering and provision supplying establishments have also recognised the capabilities of motor transport, and automobiles, for carrying goods, are frequent features in our streets and at our doors. The Postal Department too has pro-

fited by the example of the big traders, for now and again the monotones of the traffic lines are accentuated by the bright red of a self-propelled Post Office van.

But to see Motoring London at its best, one must take one's stand on certain of the great traffic conduits leading outwards from the metropolis, when on high days, holidays, and at week ends, all Londoners who possess engines and gear over four wheels, whirl and skir, trumpet and hoot, country-wards and sea-wards to escape the city for a little space. It is then, and only then, when every minute sees the passage of a car bearing its freight of cloaked and head-shrouded women and heavily coated and goggled men to pure air and open heath, along the pleasant roads of the home counties, that the wholesale manner in which motoring has popularised itself can be fully realised. From the spitting, fast-flitting motor-bicycle, with its rigid rider, up through the gamut of motor-tricycle — carrying a single passenger or hauling a light trailer with family loads — motor-quad, voiturette, light car and heavily engined automobile, roofed and hooded and screened, all sorts and conditions of the self-propelled proffer themselves in an incredibly short space of time. Motoring London makes then all haste it can to get out of London and leave the town behind it. Vehicles worth thousands of pounds surge by in one short hour, and from morn to dewy eve and late into the night the dwellers along suburban roads are never free of the roar of the passing cars. By good fortune the observer may even be able to catch sight of the King in one of his roomy cars hastening down to Windsor. At night, too, the electric car or cab, silent but for an internal hum which suggests the labour of some huge imprisoned insect, and brilliantly lit without and within, is seen gliding through the traffic as it conveys its passengers to theatre, concert, restaurant or dance. So brilliant and attractive an appearance do these vehicles then present that they might almost be described as the meteors or comets of the London streets. When the weather of our English climate is altogether too bad for pleasure motoring, the sight-loving citizen can obtain full evidence of its vitality by paying a visit to one of the annual motor exhibitions held at Olympia, the Agricultural Hall, or the Crystal Palace.

Automobilism has been said to be the pastime of the well-to-do, but, as already mentioned, London possesses several public motor services, and will in time own more, and in the vehicles employed the poor man may taste some of the pleasures of the self-propelled carriage. So we find that every class of wheeled conveyance in the London streets has been invaded by the horseless vehicle. And with the continual growth of that invasion our pleasure and convenience are increasingly served, while we are spared to a greater and greater degree the sight of over-worked animals, and our streets are the cleaner and sweeter for the diminution of horse-drawn traffic.

THE KING READY FOR A DRIVE.

SUNDAY EVENING EAST AND WEST.

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK

THERE is many a little country town where on this evening some ivied parish church shakes its silvery chimes into the quiet air while the townsfolk, in their sober Sunday best, are straying leisurely through the sleepy echoing streets, churchwards or chapelwards. Later, returning, in neighbourly converse, they will find their ways home by the glimmerings of sparse gas-lamps, or by moonlight only if the moon be at the full. They will pass hobbledehoys speeding the dull hours with gossip at the corners; there will be sweethearts lingering in the dimness and coolness of leafy green lanes; there will be loafers late at some of the public-houses; but the evening offers no other distractions, and by ten o'clock lights will be fading from upper windows and the whole town getting to bed.

No wonder strangers, fresh from the deep tranquillity of a place of such unvaried, primitive observances, find the breadth and strenuousness and religious and secular variety of our London Sunday evenings bedazzling and bewildering.

Here, this summer evening, before the bells start and the streets are alive with all sorts and conditions of men and women streaming to their multifarious places of worship, trams and 'buses and trains in the suburbs are beginning to pick up passengers who are travelling in to some famous City church, to Sunday League concerts at Queen's Hall or the Alhambra, or merely to hear the band in Hyde Park; and in the heart of the comparatively deserted City itself long rows of towering, matter-of-fact warehouses and offices are roused from dreams of the week's work by a clash and thrill of music, and from all their business windows see the commonplace thoroughfare below strangely transfigured by a passing procession.

It is a procession of surpliced choristers and musicians headed by a white-stoled leader uplifting a cross. Earlier or later in the year some in this white procession carry ships' lanterns flashing at the tops of poles, but now lanterns are needless. The lifted cross leads the way eastwards through the twilight, drawing stragglers from the highways and byways after it, and the whole body swings round Eastcheap, down St. Mary-at-Hill, to the grey old church there that is rapidly filling, and in up the aisle, sending the triumphant crying of its sounding brasses echoing into answering hollows of the roof.

This is the Church Army, or a section of it, and here are its headquarters.

In the church itself (which justifies its methods by being packed upstairs and down, in contrast with the emptiness of most of the neighbouring churches) a suspended sheet is unrolled and shuts the orchestra out of sight, lights are lowered, a huge lantern reared in the gallery flings a great moon on the sheet, and presently pictures illustrating some sacred or secular topic—mostly some topic of the moment—are flitting across that magic moon-circle, while from the darkness the lecturer's voice rises to "adorn the tale" and point an occasional moral. If the lecturer be the good Vicar himself, then, when the lights are turned up again and there is music, you may see him in the pulpit enthusiastically adding to the general harmony with the aid of a trombone; and, later, you may listen while an address by some absent but famous preacher or speaker is reproduced through the large megaphone—shown in our photographic illustration on page 198.

Meanwhile, there are forlorn and broken human creatures gathering in a lengthening line down the narrow, dark lane behind the church, waiting patiently to be admitted to the free supper given to them here at the close of the more orthodox service that follows the lantern lecture.

IN HYDE PARK.

AN EAST-END SALVATION ARMY SERVICE.

AT ST. MARY-AT-HILL CHURCH.

But we do not wait for all this. Indeed, before the moon on the sheet is flushed with its first picture we have gone up Eastcheap, through the Minories into Aldgate, and from Aldgate away down Commercial Road East, past dingy coffee-rooms where Jews and Christians, Britishers and aliens, sit at bare wooden tables in clouds of tobacco smoke, reading, meditating, sipping their drinks, or beguiling the time with dominoes; past Jewish, Russian, Italian, and many other shabby or shabby-genteel foreign restaurants, all busy, but not so busy as they will be later; past numerous public-houses, where men and women are sociably regaling themselves; past large and small sweet-stuff and pastry shops, wherein juvenile Don Juans of the district are lolling gloriously at the counters treating themselves and their "donahs" to ices and ginger-beer.

Farther east we come upon a group of Salvationists holding a perfervid meeting. Half of them are there to speak or sing only, the other half blow or beat lustily at musical instruments, even two of the women, in their neat blue uniform dresses and scoop bonnets, playing cornets.

A large and increasing crowd is clustering round them: there are slatternly women and unwashed men in it, dockers and decent artisans in their working clothes, a sprinkling of dapper shop assistants, a soldier or two, bronzed seamen of many nationalities; with here and there, peering grotesquely beside pallid Cockney faces, black visages of negroes, brown visages of lascars, yellow visages of wondering Chinamen, astray from ships in the docks.

An increasing and motley crowd, but respectful and fairly attentive, most of the male portion of it sucking ruminatively at pipes or cigarettes; and even the aliens who can make nothing of the preaching can enjoy the music and the singing, and translate their appreciation into pennies when the cheery, pleasant-featured "lassie" passes persuasively among them with a tambourine for a collection plate.

The last hymn is scarcely ended when one of the wearers of red jerseys—a wan, eager young man—bares his head, and stepping to the centre of the ring shouts an impassioned prayer with his face turned heavenward; then, beseeching the bystanders to go with them to their "citadel," he makes a sign at which his comrades promptly fall into marching order, and with the flag fluttering, drums thumping, and brasses braying, away they sweep, keeping step, up the road, accompanied by a small salvage of their audience—up the road and in at their "citadel" doorway, which is pinched rather tightly between a couple of shops.

By this the bells all over London have finished their clangour, and every church and chapel and little meeting-house and

meeting-room has its gathering of worshippers. In the west the fashionable world inclines to go to church on Sunday mornings or afternoons and sends its servants in the evenings, but there are not a few exceptions in this respect. The middle and lower classes, east and west, perhaps for reasons which are not unconnected with working late on Saturday nights and with the preparation of Sunday afternoon dinners, have a preference for evening services; wherefore this evening many churches and chapels are fuller almost than they can hold.

And while westward the services are commencing in such churches as St. Paul's with solemn rollings of the organ and chantings of the choir, and in such as the Brompton Oratory with organ and choir music and a swinging and smoking of censers; here, at the other extreme, they are commencing in bare little seamen's missions scattered about Poplar and the waterside parishes with wheezy groanings of small harmoniums and the hearty bass of voices that may this time next week be uplifted aboard ship far out under the stars on lonely wastes of sea.

Electric or gas lamps are shining now along every line of roadway; and in Commercial Road and Whitechapel Road, and the tangle of streets that intersect them, the many shops, mostly Jewish, that are open have lighted up their windows and made those that are shut look deader than ever by contrast. Here and there, in main road or byway, a big warehouse is open, clerks can be seen at work within, and carts backed against the kerb before it are loading or unloading.

Here and there, at corners, as you may find them now and for the next two hours at corners of the West-End also, open-air evangelists are preaching by the light of street lamps or of lanterns carried by their supporters. Sideshow shops liberally furnished with automatic picture machines are flaring wide open, with a constant flow of customers pushing in and out; here and there, in shops or private houses that have been converted from their original purposes or in small halls of their own, working men's clubs are debating set subjects of social or political moment over pipes and glasses, or, like less utilitarian Jewish clubs in the neighbourhood, are recreating themselves with smoking concerts.

Diverging up Osborn Street, Whitechapel, just about the time that carriages are driving to some of the fashionable West-End churches to fetch their owners home, and hansoms are hovering about most of them on the chance of capturing fares, and just a little before the organ recital begins at the People's Palace, in the Mile End Road, we come upon

OUTSIDE A WEST-END CHURCH (ST. PETER'S, VERE STREET).

waggons standing by the roadside, some horseless and with their shafts up, others already horsed, with drivers lighting their lamps and climbing to their seats. Not far off the gates of a contractor's yard are yawning, and more vans are getting ready inside: one after the other they move rumbling away, and vanish in the direction of the docks or towards railway termini, and in the very small hours of the morning they will be toiling heavy laden into London's markets.

In all the back streets and alleys hereabouts people are leaning from their windows, sitting on their doorsteps, obstructing the pavements, or strolling in the roads, taking the air, with a tendency to gravitate towards corners and stop there. Nearly every corner here and throughout Spitalfields has its knot of cosmopolitan babblers of both sexes; some have lounged as far as the garden-churchyard opposite the Market to sit down, but most prefer to remain standing about the familiar streets.

As you retrace your steps along Aldgate, look into Middlesex Street (the Petticoat Lane of the past), which until after noon was a seething, roaring fair through which one had almost to fight a passage. Although it is only a little after eight, the last stall has been spirited way, and the "Lane" is so utterly deserted that the few children playing at leapfrog over its littered stones look lost in it.

From an early hour of the evening one side of Aldgate and one side of Whitechapel Road have been promenaded from end to end by an apparently interminable crowd of boys and girls, youths and maidens, men and women, shabby and respectable, elegant and super-elegant, chattering, laughing, jostling, perambulating as happily as if the barren pavement were an enchanted sea-front and the muddy road a breezy ocean under an evil spell, and they were momentarily expecting the spell to break and the very trams and 'buses to burst into white sails, or into funnels and paddles, and be afloat on shining, surging waters.

But such promenades are a regular Sunday evening feature of the west, and for that matter of north and south London also, as well as of the east. Unaristocratic swarms from east and west mingle in the Strand and traverse its pavements all the evening; while similar multitudes are likewise engaged up and down Oxford Street, Edgware Road, Upper Street, Islington, and up and down broad, electrically-lighted

IN A RESTAURANT (FRASCATI'S).

thoroughfares round Clapham Junction, at Hackney, at Harlesden, and a score of other suburbs, near and remote.

Yet all the evening, too, there are retiring Londoners who have withdrawn into the reading-rooms of free libraries; there are Arcadian strollers, singly, in pairs, and in family parties, on all the commons, in all the garden spaces, in all the parks where there are no bands, and especially in all the parks where there *are* bands.

AN OPEN-AIR SERVICE (HYDE PARK).

Most of these bands subside on "God Save the King" at eight o'clock, and at many places, as at Hampstead Heath and in Regent's Park, immediately the players have blown the last notes out of their instruments an evangelist will take the bandstand for a pulpit and will promptly address the immense congregation that has thus been brought together before it can dwindle away.

The Sunday evening band in Hyde Park, however, starting later than the others, does not finish until half-past nine, and it draws a vaster, a livelier, and perhaps more miscellaneous, crowd than any of its rivals. The seats in the large enclosure immediately round the bandstand soon fill, and steadily emptying from time to time fill again as steadily, and a ring of economical enthusiasts barnacle the outer railings of the enclosure from the opening of the programme to the close. The garden seats strewn about the grass are so liberally patronised that the lynx-eyed collector has never done collecting his pennies; and over grass and gravelled pathway, round and round the bandstand, a dense, far-stretching crowd revolves and eddies, and occasionally bubbles and roars into such a tumult that it drowns all sound of the music from those who are struggling in its currents.

Out beyond the radius of this circling mass is a larger, less concentrated, throng sitting, and standing, and pacing to and fro: coquettish housemaids with their chosen soldiers; sedate parents with their children; shopmen and shopgirls; young City clerks of both sexes; office boys in gorgeous raiment consorting together as in despair at finding themselves isolated among the vulgar; persons of fairly high position, of fairly low position, and no position at all; and with so much talking and giggling and whispering and flirting to be transacted between them that some of them hardly know when the music is going and when it is stopped.

Since the first tune was played the warmth of sunset has withered from the sky, the air has darkened, the stars have become visible, and gas and electric lights have been set twinkling and glowing in every direction across the Park. The outlines of the bandstand have been gradually obscured by the darkness till the red-coated bandsmen sitting in it under their circular roof, high among the trees, and thrown into sharp prominence by the gloom of the night beyond them and the brilliance of the half-dozen lamps shining down on their scores, might be swinging in a mammoth cage from the branches for all we can see to the contrary

Leaving the band to the crowd, and a stone's throw from it an evangelist still preaching under the trees to his limited audience, we return to the streets again.

Quiet people in the suburbs, who have spent the day between church and home, are sitting reading in their own parlours or have gone out to supper with friends as quiet as themselves. Suburban people who are not so quiet are giving and receiving other suppers that are not so quiet either. Sunday evening "at homes" are still in progress in Bohemian quarters of the town; small but special dinner parties around Mayfair and Belgravia are just in the dessert stage; pianos innumerable are rippling and voices singing, alike in aristocratic and plebeian drawing-rooms, and the songs are various.

All the time the clubs in and about Pall Mall and elsewhere are not left desolate; public-houses and tobacconists are still doing brisk trades; oyster bars and the principal hotels and restaurants are at their busiest. The Playgoers' Club is in the heat of a crowded lecture and discussion at the Hotel Cecil, or the O. P. Club is in the middle of an equally crowded smoking concert at the Criterion. Gay but decorous and more or less affluent revellers of all ages are refreshing themselves to piano and violin accompaniments in ornate halls scattered about the west; snug, secret gambling clubs of Soho are just becoming animated; and there is a select dance going on at a very exclusive waiters' club in the same locality.

But the slowest vergers have done with shutting up their churches; the Sunday League concerts, which began at church time, are all over; donkey-carts, heavy with tired but vocal passengers, are homing from Epping Forest in the east; and east and west thousands are turning to tramp or ride home by road or rail. The season is yet young; nevertheless, a char-a-banc or two may be seen near Trafalgar Square with excursionists from Hampton Court; smart coaches and smart private barouches are bringing smarter people back from outings to Richmond and other Thames-side pleasure resorts; steamers are returning crowded from places below-bridge; boating parties higher up the river are thinking of pulling shorewards; motorists and cyclists—the latter singly, in pairs, and in droves—are converging upon home by every glimmering, starlit highway that leads to London; for Sunday evening is past, and this is Sunday night.

COMMENCING WORK (OSBORN STREET, WHITECHAPEL).