

Rambling about London.

Annie Laura Miller Writes Concerning the Pollcemen, Generals, Fleet Street and Dr. Johnson's Famed Club



FLEET STREET AND ST. PAUL'S.

HOW can any one begin to write about London, and especially how can a mere American tourist resident a month write of this inexhaustible city, which no one can know in a lifetime? Then, too, where can one begin? In underground London? That might mean the wonderful tube system, with its thousands of modern Englishmen and women going to business and pleasure every hour of the day, interesting people, all kinds of them. A group of three men dozed opposite me one day, an East Indian, under a bright pink turban; a grimy laborer, under a cap, and an aristocratic barister, under a high hat, that most respectable of English institutions, sacred as the person of King George himself. On one side of me sat a woman clothed in sealskin from head to foot, so that the effect was that of a fur-bearing animal except for her haggard, painted face, and, on the other, sat a dear white-haired old lady, whom I wanted to adopt on the spot as a grandmother. Or underground London might mean the one archaeological know, baths built by the Roman conquerors in the dim twilight of British history, stone coffins left, now far below the busy streets; Norman crypts, built by men who mingled the old Roman tiles with the stone they used.

Or shall one begin above ground with the traffic; the horse buses, taxis, delightful hansoms, the heavy wagons loaded with every sort of thing one can think of, and with those generals, grave as wooden Indians and kind as the Summer sun, generals who direct it all. One can't imagine a hilarious London policeman, do they ever unbend, I wonder, in their own homes, or do they police them, too, in that same calm, efficient way? One can fancy a policeman's child, green waiting for the signal of his up-lifted hand before daring to cross to the other side of the road; one can fancy them looking to him for permission every time they wish to drag their top coats over the floor, and no doubt, every policeman assists his wife about their apartments as he assists bewildered lady tourists across the streets. There is sometimes a great dignity about their language, too; the other night we were in the Square with a great crowd watching the election returns posted at the National Gallery when the crowd became too great on the pavement, and we heard the stentorian voice of a policeman saying, "Pass away." Yet there are people who aren't overawed by the police: those women who are the exception to most of the rules one can think of. The suffragettes, of course, who only two or three weeks ago engaged in a sort of free fight with them down by the Houses of Parliament. Many reasonable demands the militants have, but a somewhat doubtful method of getting votes, it seems to a mere American observer, and one wonders if the suffragette party isn't already far enough advanced to have more demagogues and politicians than statesmen.

Much of London seems a pageant, a passing show of which one never tires. Sometimes it is very gorgeous, like the Lord Mayor's show a few weeks ago; made up of troops, Boy Scouts, bands, sailors, a Shakespearean pageant, Henry V and his army returning from Agincourt; others, too, most effective, among them the sinister Richard III taking the young princes to the Tower, sweet, fair ladies in black velvet, then came carriages containing "Worshipful Companies" of skippers, innholders, plumbers, etc., carriages with outriders and rally-and, gold-laced postillions. The Lord Mayor's coach

we should have taken for Cinderella's, as a little child near us did, but for the Mayor within bowing to the right and left. Such a wonderful golden coach with painted panels, such impressive coachmen in white wigs and elaborate clothes, such impressive footmen in black (because of court mourning), and in much gold because of the present joyful occasion, that the Mayor looked a mere insignificant mortal in the midst of it all.

And over the babble of the watching crowd, we could hear Bow bells ringing, the bells that rang the message to the discouraged Dick Whittington, "Turn again. Whittington, Lord Mayor of London." Bow bells are well cared for in their old age and ring now only on Lord Mayor's Day. Sometimes, as along Regent street late in the afternoon, the pageant is a show of present-day fashions, where one sees many handsome women wearing costly furs and velvets; the same street on Saturday afternoon will be thronged with shop assistants; at luncheon time on Fleet street one sees newspaper men, solicitors, tall, handsome barristers wearing long coats and high hats crowding the sidewalk, while the road

is a struggling mass of busy traffic; and sometimes, down in Whitechapel, one sees black horses with nodding plumes, a hearse and half a mile of carriages with dark faces at the windows; it is the funeral procession of a wealthy banker of the neighborhood.

A few steps take one from the roar of Fleet street to the quiet and seclusion of the Temple, and one comes first to the quietest spot of all, the old cir-

cular church of the Knights Templar, built in 1185. There is a fine porch sunk below the level of the lane, and one knocks with a quaint knocker, hanging on the heavy oak door, and is ushered into the round church by a custodian. The round church, 55 feet in diameter, is most uncommon interesting because of the marble effigies of crusaders set in the floor of yellow tiles, showing the winged horse and the Lamb of God, and beautiful be-

cause of the proportions, the quaint faces in the wall niches and the shapely pillars of a Purbeck marble. Above is a quaint in a pentagonal cell where knights who broke their vows suffered slow death, hearing many services the while. The light is dim, but in 1240, the light streams in from long windows, and the effect is very fine. The Templars became corrupt and strove for wealth in a fashion quite equal to modern times; so they were disbanded and their property given over to the two ancient law societies known as the Inner and Middle Temple. The lawyers used to receive their clients in the round church. When the beauty-smashing Oliver Cromwell was in power he was forced to spare the Temple Church because it was the property of the lawyers, so the gleaming pillars and finely decorated ceiling were simply whitewashed until the King came quietly carved, all on one side being surmounted by the lamb of the Middle Temple and all on the other by the winged horse of the Inner. Outside the church in a little nook is Goldsmith's "Sweet Auburn" of which he wrote, and yet that corner, a few yards from the busy street, is as quiet a resting place as the "Deserted Village" itself. Charles Lamb, the gentle city-lover, lived near the Temple.

We went, of course, to see the Eli-

bethan hall of the Middle Temple, where "Twelfth Night" was first acted at a Christmas revel some 300 years ago in Shakespeare's lifetime. It is a paneled room with a beautifully carved Flemish screen, and an elaborate oaken ceiling. The day was dull and the penetrating London fog had settled in the rafters, concealing the workmanship. Stewards were rushing about, setting the tables, and on the side table were the omnipresent cold roasts of a British luncheon. Sometimes it seems that this people liven by cold roast beef alone, but those are the times when one forgets the boiled potatoes and Brussels sprouts. That day we went for luncheon to the Cheeshire Cheese, the famous old chop house just off of Fleet street, in an alley dignified by the name of Wine Office Court. It was a little too early for the famous beefsteak pudding when we reached the quaint inn, so we went to the end of the court and turned to the left to see the ugly, cheerless house where Samuel Johnson lived and wrote his dictionary, then came back and probed about the inn, seeing its treasures, even those in the curious upstairs kitchen, an array of great porcelain basins in which the beefsteak puddings are cooked for 20 hours. We entered the dining-room, such a quaint room with sawdust on the floor, an old-fashioned coal grate with a glowing fire, several tables, one in a corner curtained off with green

baize, just the place to see Mr. Pickwick eating chops and tomato sauce; and where was Sam Weiler that he wasn't talking with the barmaid across the narrow hall? "Where will you sit?" the waiter asked, "at the doctor's table?" The doctor's table, we thought, why not the captain's? Then we remembered that we weren't at sea, except mentally, so murmured, helplessly: "Oh! yes, indeed," and turned to see the doctor himself at the head of the longest table in the room. Not the doctor, really, but his lifelike portrait hanging above his favorite seat in the inn. Dr. Johnson, of course, as if there ever could be any other at the Cheeshire Cheese, where that august personage spent many an evening long ago thundering forth opinions that few dared oppose.

The pudding arrived and was served with great ceremony, a wonderful huge pudding with a suet crust three inches thick and larks and mushrooms and spicy gravy. Then we had melted Cheeshire cheese and toast, real toast, not the stale, and travesty made the day before and put in a rack so that it may be the normal cold British article. Warm as toast in England means just above freezing. That hot toast was a pleasure after a whole year of cold, and as for the beefsteak pie—we had no appetite for two days! London, Dec. 22.

WE WOMEN BY CHARLOTTE ROWETT



We Women—and Sweetness

THIS world is getting full of clever business women.

The streets are resonant to the firm, steady tap-tap of their well-shod feet as they go to their offices or their shops or their show rooms. The air is full of their crisp, clear, rapid voices. The successful business woman—she is usually made, not born, in her business capacity—awakened one morning to find herself either a widow or a deserted wife, with her children to take care of. It was mighty hard, but she shed her tears entirely in private, hugged her babies to her hungry heart and went out and got a job. And having got it, she made good at it. Gracious, she had to. So, in the course of time she was made head of her department, and after that she became a buyer, because the firm had been noticing her work.

Then a woman is no longer simply an employee. She has become, in addition, a successful business woman. And she has become so, in the bargain.

By this method the world is getting full of successful business women. But always and always does the tap-tap of their well-shod feet as they go to and from work say anything to the wide, wide world about a woman's keeping sweet?

Often and often, I fear, that very tap-tap say something, instead, about the beauty parlor and its methods of massage. If says that a bleaching mask is fine for the face, to take out the "character lines." That's what the beauty doctors—polite persons—call them nowadays—"character lines." They wouldn't for the life of them dare to call them temper lines, or money-grubbing lines, or common-sense-of-mind lines, or anything like that. No, nor ignorance lines, either. And yet often and often that's just exactly what they are.

"Hurry up and we'll go over and have Madame over our hands, mine are perfectly awful," says the successful business woman to her equally successful friend in the next office. And all the while those hands of hers look just like nicely polished talons, and you could bounce a brickbat off her countenance.

I simply love a successful business woman, but—"Oh, Lord, keep me sweet!"

The feet of those of us who are the wives of men successful in business.

more or less, go slip-slip about the house as we look after the servants, or just do the washing ourselves, as the case may be.

We welcome James with a smile or otherwise, and get the children off to school with their faces wreathed in happiness or otherwise, as aforesaid. We arrange for three meals a day, and if we are nice German people we

make it five. We peel potatoes and watch the pot roast; or we give directions to John and Jane to see that the ninth course is served properly and that the dinner is fit to eat, else there'll be a change, and the family will live at a hotel and have some peace.

We slip into a kimono for breakfast and roll the natural hair out of the way till there's time to do it up. We go to tea fights and bridge wars and ladies' aid skitshishes, and are interested in "Why is a suffragette?" and the spread of the Gospel among the heathen like dear Mr. Ninthly—we don't have any dear Mr. Ninthly any more, he's way out of style—like dear Mr. Firstly says is the duty of people living under gospel privileges in this enlightened age.

Successful? Why you never saw such successful housekeepers in your life as we women of today are getting to be. We can tell what is a complete ration of food, from the scientific standpoint. We can feed the children as old Grandfather Science would have us feed them. We can make the baby go to sleep by himself—indeed, and in sooth, and in brief, no one in our well-ordered homes would dare to offer to rock the infant to sleep or to kiss it good-night. Genuis, we know, lurk about the lips of the adult, and rocking and all that sort of pawing about, our reason tells us, do the awfulest sort of things to infantile nerves.

Why, we're so successful that we're actually scientific housekeepers and mothers. And I simply love a successful housekeeper and mother, but—"Oh, Lord, keep me sweet!"

Then, again, there is the school-teacher—nay, nay—not school teacher, but educator—the successful educator! She isn't necessarily as homely as a hedge fence; in fact, often and often she started out in life as pretty and pink as a Summer evening's bit of cloud on the western horizon. But in spite of that handicap, no one in our well-ordered homes would dare to offer to rock the infant to sleep or to kiss it good-night. Genuis, we know, lurk about the lips of the adult, and rocking and all that sort of pawing about, our reason tells us, do the awfulest sort of things to infantile nerves.

So she slips along down the stream of the years from her pink and fluffy stage, and the pinkness and the fluffiness are presently all drowned and gone, and there is a person with clear gray eyes and properly coiffed hair, with a thread of gray in it, and a frock as well got up as any other woman's frock, and ner-

vous, intelligent looking hands, and maybe a character line or two in the face. Do you remember what I said about character lines a little while back? Well, I am going to say the same thing here. But, you whisper, ignorance lines are impossible or highly improbable here. Ah, but there are so many, many kinds of ignorance displayed by us women. You really haven't an idea at first blush just how many kinds of ignorance we do display at times!

Oh, I honor and admire a successful educator more than almost anybody else on earth, but—"Oh, Lord, keep me sweet!"

Well, there are ever and ever so many other kinds of women—women who do this, or that, or the other things—and women, besides, who do nothing at all. Do you ever wonder as you look about and see them, and then cast a swift, fleeting glance at yourself in the mirror and ask, "Am I like that?" "Was I ever like that?" "Am I ever going to be like that?"

Sometimes, if the answer is "Yes," it makes you glad and happy all over. And sometimes—ah, sometimes—if the answer is "Yes," it makes you sorry and ashamed away down in the very depths of you—so sorry that your heart aches and your soul shrinks back, and you cry out, "No—no!" and put out your hands to push away the awful possibility. And then, catching your breath and thinking very hard, you turn your face resolutely to re-making yourself, so that the answer to your question, instead of being that terror awakening "Yes," may be, "No—no; never in the wide world will I be like that!"

Or, maybe, when you have asked yourself the terrifying question, you are not satisfied with the answer, you turn for comfort to the man you are fond of. When he says, "You are much nicer than that, though she is a sweet woman," then you are supremely happy.

But, dear me, suppose he says constrainedly, "Why, I hadn't noticed much about it"—finding it hard, poor man, to tell you just the proper taradiddle on the spur of the moment—how dreadfully it hurts you.

It is at such a time that you really show what your condition is really down in the inside of you. If the quality that the man shies off from has got into your heart, then you scold him like everything because he expects you to be perfect on the miserable little income he provides—and that about settles you.

But—sometimes the quality he shies off from is only on the surface—it hasn't eaten into the gold of your heart yet. So, with his halting reply ringing in your ears, you go and look once more at your face and search out the character lines—or whatever you call them—and you say in your heart, "Oh, Lord, make me sweet!" And besides that, you go right to work to make yourself a sweet woman by co-operation with the Lord. That's really all any woman has to

do to make herself sweet—just co-operate with the Lord. He is entirely competent to make every single one of us women sweet if our hearts are but opened up to Him.

Why am I making all this fuss about sweetness?

Ah, me, what does a man love in a woman? Sweetness. And what makes a man fall in love with a sweet woman? Sweetness—or what he mistakes for sweetness.

What does a woman love in another woman? Sweetness. That's the secret. Girls have a host of friends. That's why you draw a long sigh after you have chatted with a certain woman, and your chest puffs up with a pleasant breath, and you shine like hers, and the corners of your mouth curl up, like hers.

"There isn't any one I love better in this wide, wide world than a successful business woman, or a successful housekeeper and mother, or a successful educator, or a successful woman of any sort—except a sweet woman."

When a woman is any one of those first things plus the last she is simply the loveliest creature to be found this side of Heaven. And you don't have to tell me to let me know that you think so, too.

But those of us who want to be sweet—those in our hearts—have got to take notice of a lot of things and exert ourselves considerably if we're going to be really and truly sweet. We can't just sit down and be a lump of sugar and let it go at that.

Don't you know that even angel's food cake calls loudly for a pinch of salt? (Copyright, 1911, by Charlotte C. Rowett.)

No Inspiration in It.
Chicago Post.
My pa an' ma keep fussin' so
To make me go to school
When I say I don't want to go
An' sit aroun' an' fool
With books an' problems—I don't see
Why they are worth a cent.
Fa me, keep on. Some day you'll be
The Nation's President!

An' teacher, too, she tells us boys
To study hard, an' not
Be all the time a-makin' noise,
An' write without a lot.
An' learn to spell exactly right.
An' she sez: "Who can
But who some one of you boys might
Be President some day!"

An' Uncle Henry he sets down
The day around all day.
An' sez he bets they ain't in town
I simply got to pass.
"You stick to school," he sez, "an' learn!
An' follow out your bent.
One o' these days you'll take your turn
At bein' President!"

An' gramma he keeps talkin', too.
Sez I should lead my class
An' that whatever else I do
I simply got to pass.
"My son," he sez, "a boy like you
Don't be surprised 'fore you are through
If you are President!"

Hunt! Grampa, pa an' Uncle Hen
The day around all day.
An' sometimes talk with other men
In jest a awful way.
About the President, I don't
See why they think
I would like that job. Guess I won't
Be President. That's why!

THEN HE SAYS "YOU ARE MUCH NICER THAN THAT." THEN YOU ARE SUPREME LY HAPPY.