ON THE RECREATION PIER.

WHAT IT AFFORDS TO RESIDENTS OF THE CROWDED TENEMENT HOUSE REGION.

At Third-st. and the East River any summer afternoon may be heard sounds of revelry that reach away over to Avenue D and float down as far as Houston-st. There are, to begin with, the notes of a merry-go-round organ, which is permanently afflicted with hoarseness, no doubt from the constant river breeze, the creaking of swings and the shrieking of those who occupy them, with the shouts of small boys and the occasional wail of a baby, the inevitable accompaniment of all East Side revelry, running through it all. The one short block between Third and Second sts. is responsible for all this. It is a great many times smaller than Coney Island, but it is not depressed on that account. Its aggressive mirth and noise might be translated, "Little—but, oh my!"

It was the Recreation Pier that did it. That long, low building jutting out into the water changed the ending of Third-st. from a sandy, ugly refuge for crap playing boys into a breathing place for thousands of dwellers in the tall tenements all around. It is still sandy and ugly, away from the pier itself, but there is lots of fun going on, and when you are tired of looking shoreward there is the river, with its endless excitement.

How they do enjoy the river! Let a tugboat whistle near by and in the rush to see just what has happened one has to fight for one's footing. To the small boy, and he is one of the most ardent believers in the value of recreation piers, the river offers endless delightful possibilities in the way of collisions and drownings and suicides. To their elders, not less interested in the grewsome, but less sanguine of its discovery, the long stretch of water offers, perhaps, a clear road for homesick thoughts to travel on the far journey to the old country, with its memories and its graves.

But sadness, if it exists, is an infinitely minor quantity on a recreation pier. In addition to the stretch of playroom, there is much candy and lemonade to cheer the hearts of those who have a penny or two. East Side children usually do have the penny, and it is amazing to see the store of eatables that can be accumulated by so small a coin. The penny trade is what the venders live by, and, like all other business men, they have studied their field. The small boy has a chance to press into service that pet joke of the East Side when things are sold "six for five"—"Six for five, five for four, four for three, three for two, two for a penny—gimme one, please."

Children of all sizes and all worldly conditions are the chief patrons of the Recreation Pier, but middle aged women follow closely in numbers. Many of them bring their babies, and this is the class most benefited by the pier. A goodly spot it is for weary heads and strained nerves, and an even better one for baby lungs, too familiar with the close air of tenements. Many a sickly baby is brought here day after day. One little girl of ten or eleven sat nursing a frail mite of less than two—a tiny, dainty little fellow with blue veined cheeks and heavy eyes. His name was "Joe," she explained, and "he didn't seem so well." "Every day he comes here. My mamma brings him, or else me. It will make him feel good."

One doubted if the child could be made to "feel good" by even these outings, but the little girl had great faith. She knew lots of babies who were just like "Joe," and they all "felt grand" on the pier. She pulled a shawl carefully about her charge, for the wind was chilly, and nodded sagely in answer to an exhortation not to give the child candy. "Some girls does, but I know it makes sick babies much sicker," she boasted. "Anyway," she went on, with elevated nose, "I don't want to buy candy. I don't care for it." It was a safe wager, glancing at her more than shabby dress, that the lack of even the omnipresent penny lay back of her virtue. But she wasn't going to admit it, and glanced at the candy counter with a fine show of scorn. Which proves that humanity on the Recreation Pier is much like humanity everywhere else, and especially the feminine portion of it.

There is a bandstand in the centre of the pier, and when the band plays one has to be an "East Sider" born and bred, with trained muscles, to get near the favored spot. As usual, the music calls out the sentimental element, and Third-st. swains gaze admiringly on the pretty girls, in regard to whom Third-st. finds itself at no disadvantage with any other portion of the city. Some of the young men, arrayed in their best Sunday or, according to nationality, Saturday clothes, make a fine showing, and almost all the girls do. Their remarks are outwardly jeering, but inwardly full of mutual admiration. "Get on to that!" exclaim admiring youths as the girls pass, and, "My, don't he tip his hat grand!" murmur much impressed maidens. And so it goes on. The pier is a general meeting place, a source of enjoyment and daily benefit to thousands. Health to the sick, amusement to the young, rest to the tired—it is a great deal to get out of one small spot.

AT THE MERRY-GO-ROUND IN FRONT OF THE PIER.

IMPROVED ANÆSTHESIA.

From advance sheets of consular reports.

Consul-General Guenther reports that a new method of producing anæsthesia was discussed at a recent meeting of the Medical Society of Berlin. Dr. Wohlgemuth has constructed an apparatus by which patients inhale chloroform mixed with oxygen. It has been tried by many prominent surgeons, with results that are reported as satisfactory, the disagreeable sensations being obviated.

CALLEVA.

REMARKABLE EXCAVATIONS OF A ROMAN CITY IN BERKSHIRE, ENGLAND.

From The London Telegraph.

Few of us realize for how long a period the Roman occupation of Britain lasted. It will presently be three hundred years since the death of Queen Elizabeth, and how great a part that time seems of our national story! From the landing of Cæsar to the recall of the troops by Honorius was half as long again—over four hundred and fifty years. That was the time of which Cowper wrote:

"The Romans taught thy stubborn knee to bow,
But twice a Cæsar could not bend thee now."

It was a bright time for Britain, if one may believe the orator Eumenius's panegyric on Constantine. "Oh, fortunate Britannia," he exclaims, "thee hath nature deservedly enriched with the choicest blessings of heaven and earth! Thou feelest neither the excessive cold of winter nor the scorching heat of summer. Thy harvests supply thy tables with bread and thy cellars with liquor. Innumerable are thy herds of cattle and thy flocks of sheep, which feed thee plentifully and clothe thee richly." Well said, Eumenius; Britain's good fortune had already begun. Those fifteen generations of Roman governors and settlers built cities and made roads, introduced civilization and law, the arts of peace and war, and became one of the factors of this nation. Whoso cares to look behind the scenes of that spacious time—and who cares not?—let him go to the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries, Burlington House, during the next fortnight, and see the free exhibition of remains which diligent explorers have disentombed from the old buried British-Roman town of Calleva, or Calleva Attrebatum.

It is a wonder provoking story, that of Calleva. At this day the place is a portion of a farm in Berkshire, part of the Strathfieldsaye estate, in the parish of Silchester, some ten miles southwest of Reading, and three miles from Mortimer Station, of the Great Western Railway. Possibly nineteen hundred years ago it was a Roman town, with a wall round it two miles in circuit. Then the Romans left; fierce Saxon times followed, and soon Calleva perished. It was a deserted town. Next for hundreds of years it was buried, pastures grew, and corn crops ripened where there had been basilica and forum and shrine. Yet the covered city would not be ignored, for faithful old Leland, in the reign of Henry VIII, tells us that "the lines of streets were noticed through differences in the color of the crops growing over them." Even in our ashes live their wonted fires. Then, in 1864, at the expense of the Duke of Wellington, regular explorations began, and the Rev. J. G. Joyce, rector of Strathfieldsaye, unearthed two large and two small houses, a circular temple, a great hall, or basilica; a marketplace, or forum, and a large building, with baths attached, which is believed to have been an inn, or hospitium. Since 1890 the work has been carried on by the Silchester Excavation Fund, and there have been found forty-four additional complete houses, parts of thirteen others, a private bathing establishment, two square temples, a small shrine, a Christian church—probably of the fourth century, and one of the oldest relics of Christianity in Europe—and a series of buildings in an industrial quarter, which were perhaps dyeworks, besides a singular system of drains and a small watergate. Here is no military camp, but a civil township, and no Roman military camp is half the size of the Silchester area. In no other British-Roman site have there been brought to light so many houses, temples, or public buildings; and no other place has yielded a forum or a Christian church. The objects now shown are of the civil type—smiths' and carpenters' tools, a shoemaker's anvil, plough coulters, a huge padlock, copper and bronze cooking pans, vases, vessels of various patterns, panel of a mosaic pavement, and coins from the republican days of Mark Antony through the imperial domination down to the withdrawal. They are mostly of bronze. Many of silver have been found, but gold coins are rare. It may be added that gold coins of the reign of King Edward VII to the value of £3,000 are also lacking—wanted to complete those most interesting explorations. The whole area covers one hundred acres. Of these seventy-three have been excavated and planned, "but a considerable portion of the city still remains to be explored." Beneath there may yet be buried priceless memorials of that distant past.

THE LAST SPEAKER OF CORNISH.

From The London News.

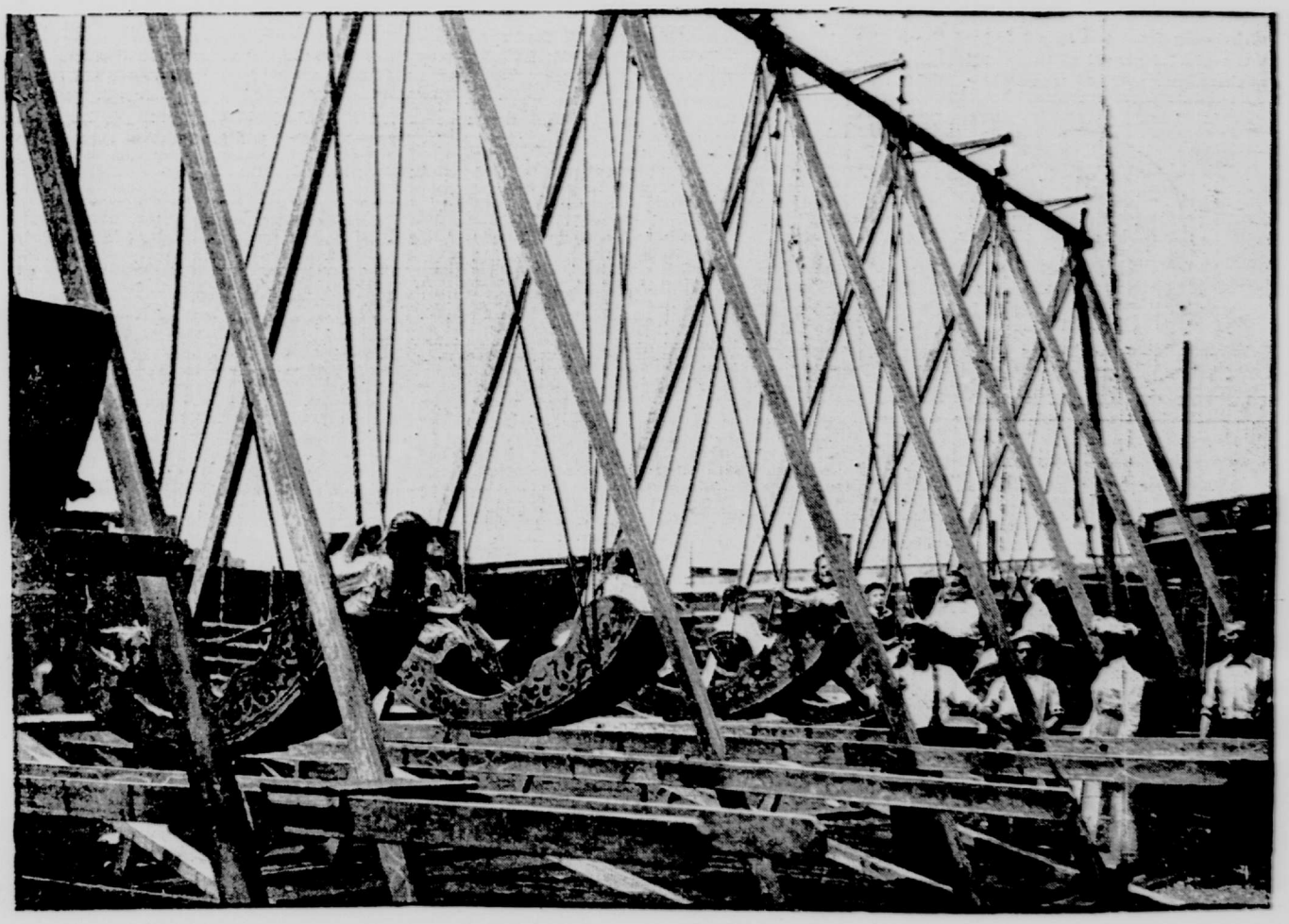
In the little village of St. Paul, near Penzance, there is a monument erected to the memory of Doll, or Dolly, Pentreath, who attained the age of 102, and was the last woman who spoke the Cornish tongue. This is the inscription: "Here lieth interred Dorothy Pentreath, who died in 1777, said to have been the last person who conversed in the ancient Cornish, the peculiar language of this country from the earliest times till it expired in the eighteenth century in this parish of St. Paul. This stone is erected by the Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, in union with the Rev. John Garnett, vicar of St. Paul, June, 1860. 'Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.—Exod. xx. 12.'"

BORN WITH LESS.

From The Washington Star.

"When I started out in life I didn't have a dollar to my name," said the man who boasts.

"That's nothing," answered the satirical friend. "When I started out I didn't even have all of my name. It was several weeks before I was christened."



A FAVORITE AMUSEMENT FOR THE LITTLE GIRLS.