# English Magazines for December.

## Historic London Squares—Postoffice Problems in India—Life at Oxford in the Eighteenth Century.

HISTORIC LONDON SQUARES.

From a topographical point of view the London squares are as interesting as any part of the city. Those in the east are faintly—sometimes but very faintly—reminiscent of the social life of the seventeenth century, but a variety of extraneous circumstances has added to their value as memorials of the past.

Charterhouse Square is part and parcel of the ancient foundation whose name it bears, and of the precincts whereof it was once an integral part. Devonshire Square preserves the memory of one of those noble palaces which once extended from Charing Cross to the heart of the city, and of which the last to be demolished was the Northumberland House of our own day. Salisbury Square is another example of "Time's destroying hand," for it stands on the site of the gardens attached to that Salisbury House where once the Bishops of Salisbury lived in semi-regal state. St. John's Square is associated with the priory of St. John at Clerkenwell, of which the ancient gateway is a still more interesting relic; while Finsbury Square, of much more recent date, is an example of that building development which brought Moorfields into line with the residential portions of the city.

With all these squares, as with those in the West End of the town, the names of illustrious residents are indissolubly connected. Charterhouse Square is thus associated with merry Sir William Davenant, when he set up a playhouse behind old Rutland House, which once stood in its precincts; and good Richard Baxter, when he lived and died in his lodgings here. Devonshire House, later known as "Fisher's Folly," with its memories of the second Earl of Devonshire, the seventeenth Earl of Oxford and the Campbells, gives Devonshire Square a place among the fashionable quarters of London in the seventeenth century, with which its present day commercial aspect is sadly at variance. Samuel Richardson's name is closely associated with Salisbury Square, where he combined the double calling of printer and author (for here he wrote "Pamela"), and where he dwelt apparently not much to the satisfaction of Mrs. Richardson, and where Johnson visited him and Goldsmith corrected his proofs. The name of that egregious bookseller Lackington springs to the mind when we visit Finsbury Square, and St. John's Square is eloquent of the memory of Gilbert Burnet, who lived and died in a house on its western side.—E. Beresford Chancellor, in The Nineteenth Century.

POSTOFFICE PROBLEMS IN INDIA.

To the Oriental mind the outside of a letter was the appropriate place for sending salutations and greetings and for expressing pious hopes for the welfare and long life of the person addressed. And this person could not be named without the addition of some title of respect or honor, or some high flown phrase of flattery. Nor was the language of compliment and hyperbole limited to the case of men of rank and distinction. Terms like "most worshipful" were freely bandied about on the outside of envelopes between people of ordinary degree, and even servants could not be addressed without being called, in Persian phrase, "the blessed light of the eyes" or "the only sun of the existence" of their correspondents.

In illustration of this, I give a few specimens of the addresses which were in common use in India in the middle of last century. These specimens, in every case, are faithful translations of the actual addresses on letters taken at random from the Calcutta Dead Letter Office, for the purposes of a postal commission which presented its report in 1851. The following address is that of a letter dispatched by a Mahometan pleader to his nephew, and is a good example of the length to which the writing on an envelope could run. It will be noticed that the young man "of virtuous manners" to whom the letter is addressed is given some very plain instructions on the outside as to what was required of him when he received it:

If the Almighty pleases, let this envelope, having arrived at the city of Calcutta in the neighbourhood of Kulutollah, at the counting-house of Sirajudin and Alladad Khan, merchants, be offered to, and read by the happy light of my eyes, of virtuous manners and beloved of the heart, Mian Sheikh Inayat Ali, may his life be long!

Written on the tenth of the blessed Ramzan in the year 1266 of the Hegira of our Prophet, and despatched as bearing.

Having, without loss of time, paid the postage and received the letter, you will read it, and having abstained from food or drink, considering it forbidden to you, you will convey yourself to Jaunpore, and you will know this to be a strict injunction.

. . . . . .

If the Almighty pleases, may this bearing letter, having arrived in Calcutta, in the bazaar of collingah, at the house of Sheukh Supan, the seller of hookahs, from there be presented to, and read by the blessed light of my eyes, and the joy of my life, Ghunsu Khansama, the son of Imam Khan, hookah-bardar, may his life be long!

A letter of blessing from his mother through the medium of Sheikh Zulfikar Ali, 22 July, 1850 of the Christian Era.—Sir Arthur Fanshawe, in Blackwoods.

AN OUTPOST.

Last night in a dream I heard the song
 Of a lark that rose from a field of rye;
And I sighed in sleep, for the days are long,
 And no birds sing 'neath a brazen sky.

There was never a breeze, the sun dipped down
 Into a barren stretch of sand;
And night reached up for her starry crown,
 And set her foot on the wasted land.

'Twas just the time when the thrush sings best,
 And just the hour when the blackbird trills,
When shadows steal from the purple west,
 And a rose-light lies on the lonely hills.

I slept again, and in sleep I heard—
 Deep in a wooded, moonlit vale—
The liquid notes of the nightingale,
 And my heart went out to the blithe brown bird.

I woke to the beat of passing feet,
 To the blinding smile of the risen day;
And over the desert danced the heat,
 And half in shadow the white town lay.

And all the glamour of Eastern skies—
 A charm as old as the world is old—
Wakes when the wings of the night unfold,
 And, lo! when the day is born it dies.
—Lawrence B. Jupp, in Chambers's Journal.

LIFE AT OXFORD IN THE XVIITH CENTURY.

The letters from which these extracts are published were written from Brasenose College, Oxford, between the years 1608 and 1611, and are interesting as giving a picture of the life of an undergraduate in the early years of the reign of James I. The spelling has been modernized.

The writer of the letters, Richard Taylor, appears to have acted as tutor to the two sons of Sir Peter Legh of Lyme, and writes from time to time, giving reports of their studies and progress. The property of Lyme-in-Hanley, Cheshire, was granted to the Leghs of Lyme by the Black Prince, in recognition of services rendered at the battle of Cressy, and has remained in the same family ever since that time. . . . In his first letter, dated November 30, 1608, Richard Taylor writes:

Your sons, I thank God, are both well, and do follow their business orderly and with good commendation, but the great dearth of all things—especially in this place—have raised their expenses in short time so much, that the money which I received, which was just threescore pounds in the whole, was near quite ended at Michaelmas last, and yet I am sure there is none of their rank which have lived so thriftily as they have done.

In 1609 he writes again:

The sum I have received in all with the last £10, comes to £130 (out of which sum £16 being deducted), which is your set allowance for two years already ended, there remains only £10. Now your worship was pleased that £15 should be for discharging their admission and making their gowns at the first, so that there is £5, according to this reckoning, to be received by me for the evening of my accounts until Christmas. But the truth is I have already disbursed for them in all since their first coming £129 5s 2d, as will appear at any time by the particulars in my book.

Neither can I possibly keep your elder son, Mr. Francis Legh, within the compass of £30. For I have set down their expenses apart, either by himself, and I find there is almost £3 difference in this short time, neither can I impute it to anything but his height, which is extraordinary for his age, viz., full six foot and two inches.

In September he writes:

The sickness here in Oxford, I trust in God, is quite ceased, but I am certified from your nephew, Mr. Edward Lathom [a son of Sir Peter's only sister], this last week, that in London there died the week before of the sickness 210.

Although Francis Legh must have been about eighteen or nineteen at this time, neither he nor his brother were allowed any pocket money; their allowance was paid to their tutor, and Francis seems to have protested against this system:

Your elder son thinks he should have his own money, which I hold altogether inconvenient; for experience hath taught me (to let other reasons pass) that some young gentlemen can hardly be kept in any order, let them but have an angel or two in their purses. I think there is so many inconveniences therein, as first it will not be in my power on Fridays and Saturdays suppers, to keep them out of the town—as now I do—nor at many other times to keep them out of the worser and unthriftier sort of gentlemen company, if they be known to have money in their own custody; nay, they should lose the favour and liking of some of their friends, if they would not lend them money at their need, and if they lent it, they would be in danger to lose their money.

—Lady Newton, in The National Review.

PICTURESQUE FIGURES AT THE HAGUE.

Of the personalities at the conference two figures stand out conspicuously, the tallest and the smallest delegates in the Ridderzaal. If you asked at The Hague who were the most conspicuous members of the conference at its close, some would say Baron Marschall von Biberstein, the German Ambassador, and Dr. Ruy Barbosa, the Ambassador from Brazil. Others would say Dr. Barbosa and Baron Marschall. All would agree that these two men had left the deepest impress of their individuality upon the conference. Baron Marschall, who was summoned from Constantinople to represent the German Empire at The Hague, is a tall, strongly built South German, whose expressive features bear scars of wounds received in the duels of his student days. He is a man of sixty-five, full of exuberant vitality, brimming over with good humor, a genial colleague, the most accessible of all ambassadors. He was "hail fellow, well met" with high and low, devoid of a particle of side, but imposing alike by his personal presence and the force of his character. He is a man by nature combative, a good fighter, who loves the rapture of the fray and sympathizes heartily with all good fighters, even when they are on the opposite side and have dealt him a good swashing blow. He was universally popular, and it was a source of genuine grief to his innumerable friends that, whether owing to instructions from Berlin or from some other cause, he was not able to maintain to the end the ascendancy which made him in the first months the master of the conference. Dr. Barbosa, the Brazilian, was in almost every respect his exact antithesis. He is a reserved little man, who sat as if carved out of marble in the corner of the Brazilian bench, but keenly alert to seize every opportunity and to turn to account every advantage. He was one of the few delegates who lived in the bosom of his family. Outside the conference he was almost inseparable from his wife, his two daughters and his devoted staff. The Brazilian delegation almost worshipped him. At first he repelled rather than attracted confidence. He was singularly reserved and retiring. An indefatigable student, he would rise at five morning after morning to overtake his work. At first he was listened to with impatience, for when reading his written speeches he was apt to be prolix from excess of matter rather than from undue verbosity. Nothing showed the intrinsic ability of the man more than the way in which he overcame the prejudice against his lengthy speeches. In committee he was terse enough, and on the few occasions on which he was attacked his impromptu rejoinders showed him to be a master in debate. A man of immense reading, an experienced jurist and a trained parliamentarian, he had few rivals and no superior.—W. T. Stead, in The Contemporary Review.

HOW CAN ONE SERVE ONE'S KING?

How can one serve one's King?
 Not by the formal bending of the knee,
Nor by such strains as flattering minstrels sing,
 But with the proud obeisance of the free,
And patriotic Truth's respectful offering:

Whereby He may hand down,
 From height serene aloof from Faction's roar,
Authority and sway for ancient Crown,
 And Sceptre worthy predecessors bore,
Winning for all his Line attachment and renown:

Renown that will not wane,
 Longwhile as, silent Steersman of the Realm,
Through shifting tides and tempests of the main
 He with firm grasp stands watchful at the helm,
And with strong guarded Peace doth glorify his Reign.

Thus can one serve one's King,
 And thus may British Kingship rule the Land,
That not these Isles alone may closer cling,
 But round the Throne Imperial offspring stand,
And loud with one acclaim the self-same Anthem sing.
—Alfred Austin, in The National Review.

THE CHARM OF BRIGHTON.

The Brighton beach is covered with samples of life. It is not what one might call a soft beach. It is strewn fathoms deep with sharp pebbles that follow the receding waves with a monotonous crunching cadence that lulls to sleep on a hot summer day. Unassorted humanity loves to sprawl about on the pebbles as if they were Nature's featherbed, and—passing on the gay little train—one has a varied vision of the British citizen lying on his stomach and snoring in time to the rise and fall of the sea, or young women outstretched on shawls, some playfully decorated with the hats of their gentlemen friends, or sleeping with an empty lunch basket for a pillow. As for the innumerable children they fill the clear warm air with their shrill cries, and with their short skirts and breeches rolled up high paddle in the water with glistening, active legs, or dig in the sand with the eternal spade.

It was on this same beach that the immortal Mrs. Pipchin stood guard over little Paul Dombey under the lee of Dr. Blimber's celebrated Academy for Young Gentlemen, and, indeed, nowhere do boarding schools flourish as in Brighton. Perpetual processions of infants two by two, buffeted by the wind and convoyed in rosy cheeked couples, are walked along the seafront, arrayed either in pigtails or broad collars, without which, it is instructive to note, no young thing can ever hope to approach the altar of learning.

High on the beach rowboats, pleasure boats and fishing smacks are drawn up, and dun colored fishing nets are spread over the pebbles or across the rails to dry. Fishermen sit yarning or netting on upturned boats, while bathing machines on the edge of the water are waiting for custom. Along the slender groynes that stretch out from the shore countless seagulls perch and eye with meditative curiosity the nobler race which cannot fly and whose paddling is a disgrace. They are so familiar with the presence of families with lunch baskets, they are so conscious that these lunch baskets are not unconnected with a light refreshment for gulls, that one can follow the absorbed interest with which they follow the destiny of a veal and ham pie. Even the scooting by of the busy little train does not rouse them from their absorbed contemplation.

On Sundays, as a concession to the sacredness of the day, and, presumably, to the sinfulness of the floating population, the beach takes on a staid and virtuous appearance. The sailor men are stiff in Sunday clothes, and the dirty infants of Brighton (of which there are many) are washed in honor of the day; and itinerant preachers dot the beach and collect about them rival factions of idle sinners, while strolling sinners hang languidly over the iron railing, listening to the preachers who roar themselves hoarse, and seem on very hail-fellow-well-met terms indeed with Divine Providence. As I lingered one day on the outskirts listening to an agitated brother dancing a-pas seul in his righteous zeal an irascible old gentleman turned on me with a splutter of indignation: "Don't listen to him, madam, he's the worst kind of a scoundrel, and he is just out of jail for cheating."—Mrs. John Lane, in The Fortnightly Review.

THE CHINAMAN'S PASSION FOR WINE.

The price of wine and the quantity consumed in ancient times must always remain more or less a matter of speculation, in view of the changes which have taken place in Chinese values, weights and measures. The Emperor Chên Tsung is said to have been able to drink three tou, or what we now call three gallons, without being confused; but what a tou may have contained at the beginning of the eleventh century it is almost impossible to say. He one day inquired of his courtiers what had been the price of wine under the T'ang dynasty, and was told, "three hundred cash a gallon," as could be proved from a verse of the poet Tu Fu:

See, three hundred cash in my pocket I've got;
'Tis exactly the sum that will buy us a pot.

A capacity for wine seems always to have been as highly esteemed in China as with us in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In fact, one emperor declared that it was just as essential to the success of a banquet as a capacity for verse. The mythical emperors are usually said to have been able to swallow prodigious quantities, but as these quantities are always measured in cups or goblets, we are unable to form any reliable estimate of their powers. A late emperor, who asked the elder of two brothers how he compared with the younger, received the following answer: "As a thinker, he beats me; as a drinker, I beat him."

Another official, named Li Tu, who regularly took too much, was urged by his friends to give up drink. "I take it for my health," he replied; "I cannot do without it, and I find this a pleasurable way of spending my declining years." To his son he once said, in a play upon words which cannot be reproduced, "Water is an excellent thing—in a landscape; but if I can die drunk I shall die happy." In like manner argues Yüan Hao-wên, of the Nü-chên Tartar dynasty: "If a man does not drink wine, how is he to cure his various complaints?"

There are many stories in Chinese literature of practical jokes played on tipsy people. One man, in early days, when shoes were left at the house door—a custom borrowed later on by the Japanese—used to amuse himself by mixing up the shoes of his guests, and rearranging them at random; the result being that when the guests took their leave, already half-seas over, with one big shoe and one little one, there were many falls and sprawlings in th road, much enjoyed by the host who was seeing his friends home.—Herbert A. Giles, in The Nineteenth Century.

MR. BALFOUR'S LEADERSHIP.

In the House of Commons Mr. Balfour's supremacy has remained unchallenged. He is an easy master of that complex assembly. He judges its temper with an accuracy which only a long experience can insure. He possesses a perfect knowledge of the rules and reforms which govern the deliberations of the Commons. It is not too much to say that, though he no longer sits upon the Treasury bench, the business of the present government (such as it is) could not be carried on without his intervention. Since the time of Sir Robert Peel no statesman has held so lofty a position of authority unquestioned on either side. But, while he is ready to put his unrivalled experience at the service of the House, he does not forget that he is the leader of an opposition whose business it is to oppose. He has harried the forces of the government without pity and without rest. He has attacked them with all the powers of damaging criticism which are peculiarly his own. A master of fierce contempt as well as of merciless logic, he can alternate argument with satire. That the government of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has fallen so speedily into the pit of discredit is due almost entirely to the tireless energy and watchful brain of Mr. Balfour. The mistakes of the disjointed rabble which attempts to govern our country are all its own. It is to Mr. Balfour's credit that no single misdeed escapes the notice or risks the misunderstanding of the people.—Blackwood's.

DEMORALIZATION OF RUSSIAN YOUTH.

The youth in the high schools, universities and grammar schools have also for the most part lost the knack of steady application to work. They are busy reforming the world. Examinations are hardly more than a form, inasmuch as professors are indulgent, and at any rate are amenable to threats or suasion. At the worst a dunce may be personified by a clever rogue, who passes the examinations and receives the diplomas in his name, or else a diploma may be purchased direct from the office that supplies them to grammar school boys and others who have been too much absorbed by politics to prepare for examinations. At the University of Odessa there were examinations in the medical factory on October 31. "Professor Batuyeff, one of the most easygoing men at the university, called up the Jewish student Shorr, who answered very badly in anatomy; in fact, to put it plainly, knew nothing at all. Having listened to the replies of the candidate, the professor said that he felt unable to give him a satisfactory mark. Then Shorr, beside himself with rage, seized the ink bottle that lay on the table and hurled it at the professor, striking him in the chest. The face and clothes of M. Batuyeff were covered and bespattered with ink." In Warsaw there is a diploma provider for the well-to-do. Youths who are too backward or too busy to study can have diplomas by frequenting the grammar school of this enterprising individual.

. . . . . .

A diploma business was opened in Kieff last year for the purpose of supplying diplomas of dentists to those who wanted them. They were especially welcome to Jews, who would not otherwise be permitted to reside in that city or outside the pale of settlement. The fraud was discovered accidentally. One of the pupils, who already possessed the diploma of an intermediate educational establishment, was proved never to have been in the school at all, because it never existed. He had simply bought the certificate and was now about to buy another. In the University of St. Petersburg, principally in the chemical and physical laboratories, where the students are obliged to leave their overcoats and hats during the lectures, these garments are stolen systematically and with absolute impunity. In the corridors there are always notices to the effect that "the comrade who accidentally took away my coat is requested, etc."

This demoralization is not confined to one part of Russia. It is universal. Even non-Russians feel its effects. In Riga, for instance, where the prevailing religion is Lutheranism, a similar tale is told, and not merely by journalists, whose impartiality might be suspected, but by the pastors themselves, who delivered their scathing judgment after a patient investigation.—E. J. Dillon, in The Contemporary Review.

A COIN COUNTING MACHINE.

Large commercial establishments and banks which have necessarily to handle a considerable number of coins a day fully realize the labor involved in counting and wrapping the various denominations in paper. Several ingenious mechanical contrivances for accomplishing this work have from time to time been evolved, but have not proved sufficiently accurate to become practically applicable. An ingenious inventor after some five years' dogged perseverance, has at last devised a machine which will count any type of coin—gold, silver or copper, and of any size—in consignments of fifty, and will, moreover, wrap up the same with perfect accuracy and security with the speed of five or six cashiers. It is only about the size of a typewriter, and is driven by a small electric motor of one-sixteenth horsepower. The coins are fed into a chute, and at the opposite end resolve themselves into a continuous edgewise line or roll, each coin as it falls into line recording the fact upon a dial. When the fiftieth coin has been registered the whole roll is automatically gripped, carried under a roll of paper and strongly wrapped up, with the edges beaded over. When discharged in the wrapper the complete roll resembles a cartridge, and falls into a box, where, if desired, the name and address of the firm is imprinted upon the outside of the wrapper. Owing to the novel means of wrapping, it is impossible for a single coin to be extracted from a roll without evidence of the fact being betrayed by injury to the packing. The amount of electricity consumed in the operation of the motor amounts to about twopence or threepence a day; and as the only manual labor involved is simply the feeding of the coins into the receiving chute, it can be manipulated by a boy or girl, while the coins are counted and wrapped and addressed at the rate of four hundred or more a minute. As a time and labor saver it is distinctly advantageous, especially in view of the fact that it works with infallible accuracy.

# SOME MAKERS OF FAKE ANTIQUES.

## MANY PERSONS DECEIVED, ESPECIALLY WOMEN.

### Some Tricks of the Trade That Are Difficult to Detect, Except by Experts.

A certain dealer in antiques looked after two women who had just left his shop. He patted his pocket complacently.

"What's the haul?" asked his companion.

"I raked off $8,000 from one of those women and $7,000 from the other," was the jubilant reply.

This sum represented the profit which he had cleared in the transaction, and also illustrated a statement made by an expert upon antique china that women were the most profitable victims of the dealer in antiques.

"Women," declared this same expert, "are never good judges of the value of an article. They get so excited over a purchase that they become hysterical, and are easily deceived by fakers and unscrupulous dealers. These look upon women as their natural prey. One day a woman brought me a Chinese plate which she hoped I could dispose of for her to a museum. She had paid $500 for that plate. The moment I saw it I knew it to be a cheap imitation, but to satisfy her I examined it carefully.

"'Madame,' I told her, 'this plate is worth just 15 cents.'

"She burst into tears. 'Why do you say that?' she asked excitedly. 'I was assured that it was a genuine antique. I paid $500 for that plate. You must be mistaken. Just see the flowers on it.'

"'Yes,' I said, 'the flowers are good imitations. But how is it, madame, that when you bought this plate you did not turn it over and see the Broadway stamp on it?' The dealer had excited her so over the purchase—for, had the plate been genuine, $500 would have been a small price for it—that she hadn't thought about the stamp."

Incidentally it may be mentioned that fine old Chinese plates are worth $2,000 apiece; jars and vases from $3,000 to $60,000, with a general average of $15,000 to $40,000. Hence it may be seen that fakers who can foist an imitation upon some victim may reap a rich harvest.

### WAYS OF IDENTIFICATION.

People who love to collect rare old china learn to identify it in three ways—one by the clearness of its color, the other by its feel, and the last by its weight. The feel of fine antique china as compared with that of modern make is as the difference between satin and calico. An expert soon learns the textures of clays and glazes so thoroughly that he can identify an imitation piece by its "feel" and texture, although in every other respect it may proclaim itself genuine.

Slight as the difference in weight is, too, the expert observes it instantly. He is like a blind man who, by the mere sense of touch, identifies unerringly the hand of his own child from that of another which clasps his.

It is important that collectors should learn the color, feel and weight of good antique china and porcelain because modern imitations are so good that numbers are imposed upon, especially by dealers who place dusty or slightly nicked piece in out-of-the-way country houses, where they know the gullible collector will "pick them up" as treasure trove.

Mrs. Willoughby Hodgson, in a recent number of "The Grand Magazine," devotes an article to telling of the amusing ways in which forgers place their wares in old-fashioned English cottages, whose owners shed real tears at parting with their "china heirlooms" to the inevitable chance visitor on a lookout for such bargains (?).

Speaking of old English china, Mrs. Hodgson says that Chelsea, Crown Derby, Worcester, Plymouth and Staffordshire wares are favorites with the forger, because they bring good prices. The only way in which forgeries in Worcester may be detected, she says, is in knowing the difference between the paste of the old English potter and that of the modern French one. The French paste is yellower and thicker than real Worcester paste. The engraving on genuine ware is exquisitely done, while French prints will show irregular scratches.

Old Plymouth is characterized by spiral ridges in the ware, black specks in the paste and often by imperfect painting. Forgers overlook these scarcely noticeable defects.

Staffordshire lustre ware, in copper lustre, is readily imitated and the best way to detect a forgery is to observe whether decorative bands are painted under or over the lustre. If under, the ware is likely to be genuine.

Chelsea figures in old ware are apt to possess some imperfection; the paste is very soft to the touch and wonderfully smooth. An unglazed bit of under surface is whitish brown in color. Forgeries are hard and cold to the touch, with white unglazed portions, and careful perfection as to figures.

Some old Worcester is registered, but old English china, like that of other countries, can be imitated by any forger and successfully palmed off on those not thoroughly acquainted with the earmarks of antique ware as shown in texture, feel, weight, color and occasionally in the shaping of figures and finish of engravings.

### EASY TO COPY MARKS.

Royal Dresden ware is protected by Germany to such an extent that every forgery is traced up and severely punished, no matter in what country it may be found. Other rare German china is, however, like the majority of antiques, at the mercy of the forger. Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, says that marks on English and German china are so easy to imitate that any child with one lesson could copy them.

"I have no sympathy for people who get fooled on old china," he said. "Genuine old china can always be identified by using proper care in its selection. Besides, most collectors don't collect from love of art and real feeling. They do so merely for the sake of money value as the collection's value enhances."

It is well for collectors of old English and Colonial china to remember that Oriental porcelain did not appear in England until 1660; that the first teapots arrived about 1700; that the "crouch ware" of 1680 was a crude salt glaze, which superseded "lead glaze"; that the year 1600 was marked by jugs, flagons, possetpots and mugs with many handles, and that in the second of half of the seventeenth century most English patterns imitated Dutch Delft or German stoneware, while porcelain was not manufactured until the middle of the eighteenth century.

Porcelain is commonly called china nowadays, but it is really whiter, harder and more translucent than china and is made of a purer silicate of alumina paste.

Among celebrated English potters were Adams, Elers, Mayer, Melgh, Ridgway, Wood, Wheildon (whose finest work was done in 1752 to 1759) and Wedgwood, whose ware was, and still is marked with his name. A second "e" in this name invariably proclaims a forgery.

The art of making pottery is one of the oldest in the world, and a taste for collecting it one of the earliest fads acquired by man, while fine porcelain was made by the Chinese in ages too remote for computation.

"Pin points," or tiny holes, are noticeable in Oriental china, where the glaze has accumulated around the ring at the bottom of a piece. This is one mark of distinction between real Oriental and fine old English porcelain made in imitation of it.

The glaze in Oriental china is much more carefully put on and has the appearance of being an ingredient of the paste, while certain ancient Oriental colors and decorations defy imitation, and marks—either inside or under pieces—can never be successfully forged.

### CAN DETECT FORGERY.

When the collector learns the degrees of softness, hardness, coarseness, closeness and coloring of different pastes it will be impossible for a forgery to be foisted on him. Color, feel and texture are never the same in a copy.

Acquaintanceship with the marks on European china is merely an incidental help to the collector, since these are so easily imitated, but Chinese potters' marks are not only difficult and invariably impossible to forge, but they are very hard to read. On Fu-chien white they are impressed and written in grass characters. On other pieces they rarely occur. On Chinese porcelain are to be found date marks, hall marks, those of dedication and good wishes; of praise of the object which they adorn, with symbols and other pictorial marks and, occasionally, the potters' marks. In form, usually in color and in the manner of impression they cannot be duplicated; nevertheless, Japanese porcelain and modern Oriental pieces are constantly palmed off on the unwary, whom dealers can confuse so that they never see modern evidences in the ware actually staring them in the face.

In the case of old silver and silver alloys bold forgeries are constantly committed in modern and comparatively worthless goods. The most successful method of forging is to transpose bona fide marks from small, genuine antiques to modern copies of large antiques. Only time will faintly point out where the ancient mark has been soldered to the new article and disclose the meretricious value of the latter.

As for antiques in copper and brass, the collector who frequents East Side shops where these are sold may at any time hear the process of converting modern metal into "antiques" with the aid of a hammer and a few other tools.

Antique brass and copper articles are generally unlined or have a lining similar to the outside. Cheap zinc and lead mixed metals line modern vessels of thin brass or copper, which are rarely even dignified by handbeaten rivets and hinges such as may be found upon genuine antiques.

One who travels in out-of-the-way places will find ingenuous advertisements upon the outer walls of dingy shops, which inform the public that inside antique furniture is manufactured. Although America does an immense business in so-called antique furniture, certain dealers confess that "most of the antiques come from France and England."

France, especially, is an adept at turning out antique furniture, which is often sent to England and stored there a while, in order that climatic conditions there may the more rapidly impress those marks of age upon the pieces which render them so much more valuable.

A great deal of "antique" furniture, still innocent of stain and finish, and often not put together, is shipped from France to New Orleans, a city from which much might naturally be expected in the way of antiques. Many modern copies of old pieces are just as fine as the originals, and merely require the hue of age to make them perfect.

### FAKES IN FURNITURE.

Fakes in "Flemish oak" are produced by blackening modern oak with repeated applications of permanganate of potash.

"Fumed oak" is often passed off for antique oak after the wood has first been discolored with ammonia and then treated with linseed oil, turpentine and beeswax. The interior edges of the wood, however, if examined, prove the piece to be modern.

Besides entire fakes in furniture, there are articles made up of portions of old and modern pieces and carvings so cleverly put together that only an expert is able to discover the lack of harmony that usually prevails in such pieces.

Again, really old and injured pieces have been repaired with new wood and made up to pass as entire antiques. Dealers have even bored "wormholes" in new wood to give it a cast of antiquity, and only an objection to destructive furniture worms on the part of purchasers put an end to this practice.

Chippendale is the most commonly copied of all antique furniture—frankly on the part of honest manufacturers and otherwise by those who have in mind the tastes of the collector. Faked Chippendale has not the exquisite proportions to be found in the original, and the modern carving is thin and poor as compared with the old.

Inlaid antiques, says Arthur Hayden in his book on old furniture, are cleverly copied by coating old engravings with a thin layer of liquid vellum and gluing them to panels which are to be faked. A coating of transparent varnish gives them the appearance of inlays of ivory or ebony.

Modern prints of paintings by Sheraton's famous artists are treated and attached to old satinwood panels, which are inserted in new pieces of furniture sold as antiques, while new panels are placed in the furniture thus bereft, and it also brings the price of antiques.

### COPIES OF OLD LACE.

The collector of antique lace is as much the prey of unscrupulous dealers as is the collector of rare objects of every other sort. She—for it is usually a woman who devotes her time and money to the acquisition of old lace—probably knows that excellent modern copies of ancient laces are made, but she does not always know that in imitations of point lace the designs are repeated over and over again in every four or five inches, while in old handmade lace the designs are changed throughout the entire piece.

Then, too, designs for antique laces were made by the greatest artists of those days. In these times an artist seldom receives more than $5,000 for a lace design, and few receive that much. Neither do the best artists ever so employ their talents. In olden times royal commands and encouragement secured the highest talent that the world has ever known, and this art feeling contained in old lace constitutes its unrivalled charm.

Absolute precision in either the net or designs of old lace is conspicuous by its absence, and no machine has ever been invented which can give that touch of irregularity that proclaims the lace to be handmade.

Again, thread used in making real lace is round, while machine threads are usually flat. In the manufactured article threads have a twisted, compressed appearance, and buttonhole stitches, so frequent in real lace, are never to be found.

Again, the padding in raised ornaments is worked over and over straight in machine made lace, while such stitches when made by hand always slope.

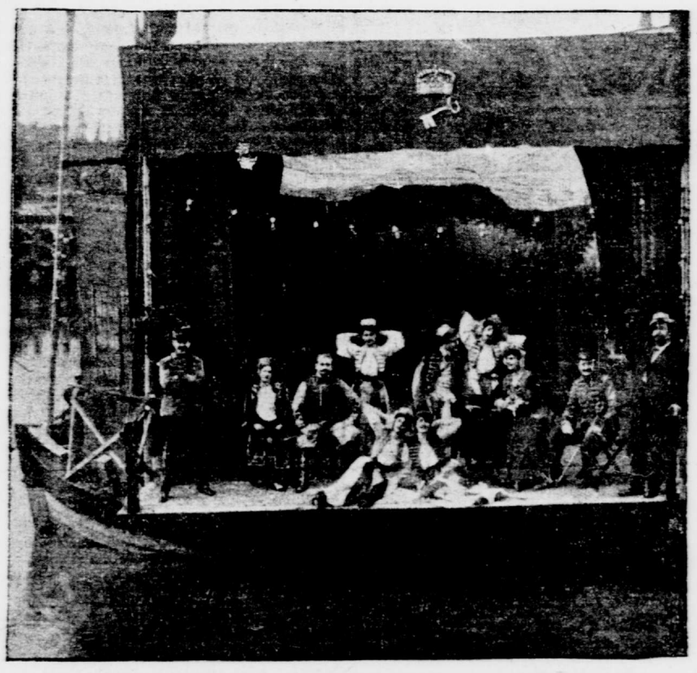
Machine made lace, says Mrs. F. N. Jackson, in her book upon the history of lace, may be readily unravelled, but real lace is so knotted that picking it apart is difficult. In lace made prior to the beginning of the last century the thread is broken off and knotted at intervals of every twenty inches or so because the worker could only stretch that far from her distaff.

The gimp of lace decides whether it is needle-point or bobbin. Seen through a magnifying glass, the gimp of needle-point appears made up of looped threads, while that of pillow lace shows it to be plaited. The thread ground of needle-point is made with a single thread, while in that of bobbin lace several threads are twisted or plaited. Angular flower petals distinguish old lace prior to the sixteenth century, and diamond shaped raised picots that of the seventeenth.

Mrs. Jackson states that the earliest form of bar in the fifteenth century was ornamented solely by a knot or dot, in the sixteenth century by a double or single loop, and in the seventeenth century by a star. In the Middle Ages scalloped edges upon lace were made with sharp angles; rounded scallops appeared in the sixteenth century, and in the seventeenth century a large scallop alternating with a small one, both having dots in the centre.

Imitations of old lace are sometimes made by hand and a color of age is given to them in order to obtain the high prices that prevail for rare pieces of ancient lace. These forgeries may be detected by examining the thread, its quality, form, color and knots.

To detect real from machine lace is a simple matter of using a magnifying glass if one is not sufficiently versed in the stitches and ornaments which belong to old lace made in different periods.



A FLOATING THEATRE.

A floating theatre recently opened at Bremerhaven is one of the novelties of the season. The stage is built on the deck of a large specially constructed boat. It is amply provided with scenery, and the fact that there is water where in other playhouses the parquet is located does not make the stage pictures less good. There are no footlights on the stage, the scenes being illuminated by reflected light from the shore. The auditorium is the garden of the Stadt Theatre, which extends to the edge of the Weser. A play the scene of which is laid in Venice was selected for the opening performance on the unique stage.
—Die Woche.

## TOURS OF COLLEGE GLEE CLUBS.

### Arranged for the Holiday Vacation—Novel Means of Keeping Men Up to Time.

The time of year has arrived when the college musicians have their innings, and the leader of the glee club becomes as much of a personage as the captain of the football team or the coxswain of the varsity crew. Within a day or two dozens of glee clubs in all parts of the country will leave their respective campuses and tour to cities where the alumni are strong enough to secure good houses.

Harvard, Princeton, Cornell, Yale and Pennsylvania are the big Eastern colleges whose glee clubs take the most extensive trips. A concert by the musical clubs of any one of them is well worth hearing, and they will receive a hearty welcome wherever they go.

New York is on Cornell's schedule this year, the club leaving Ithaca the middle of this week and describing a circle, which also includes Rochester, Troy, Brooklyn, Wilmington and Pittsburg. Special sleeping cars have been secured from the Pullman company for the accommodation of the sixty young men who are eager for the week and a half of one-night stands.

To make the glee club trip is one of the greatest honors of the Cornell student's year. It means hard work at six or seven concerts, but it means the same number of "smokers," dances or receptions at the hands of interested alumni. It means no end of new flirtations and additions to the "undergrad's" collection of photographs and sofa pillows.

The road to the Cornell Glee Club trip is not an easy one. From the first week in October until the club starts for the Christmas trip there are three rehearsals a week. These must be attended faithfully, and not until the last rehearsal do the contestants actually know whether or not they will be among the sixty elect. The musical director has no hesitancy about dismissing a singer or mandolin player who displeases him. There is a long waiting list of under class men to fill every place.

On tour there is more difficulty keeping discipline. Cornell has worked out a novel plan for keeping the men up to the mark. A deposit of $25 is demanded from each student before the trip begins. This is known as the fine fund. If a member of the club behaves in a manner unbecoming to a Cornell student, the entire deposit is forfeited and the careless one is shipped home at his own expense. If a singer loses his voice on tour through his own carelessness he must make his way back to Ithaca without aid from the management. If a member misses any entertainment arranged by the alumni a fine of $5 is imposed. Generally the members of the club are glad enough to go to the dance, reception or "smoker" arranged for their amusement. Sometimes there are counter attractions which are only offset by the fine. The club appears in this city at the Waldorf-Astoria on December 31, and the Cornell University Club has planned to give the boys a "smoker" at the clubhouse, in West 45th street, after the concert. It is expressly understood, though, that none of the students will be fined for not attending the "smoker." The local alumni know the attraction that the Broadway crowd has on New Year's Eve.

If a member misses a concert a fine of $5 is imposed. Tardiness is considered about as great a fault. The students are encouraged to catch the trains assigned to them under penalty of a $3 fine and transportation for any failure to be on time. One of the most important fines in Cornell's list is one of $8 for disturbing the peace of sleeping cars between midnight and 8 a. m. This fine will not apply during the New York visit, for the singers will have quarters at one of the Broadway hotels.

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