

A WEEK END PARTY IN SURREY VISITING AND POLITICS IN RURAL ENGLAND.

Chiddingfold, Where Queen Elizabeth Used to Stop and the Faversham Entertain Now—A Primrose League Meeting—The Charterhouse School.

LONDON, July 30.—Queen Elizabeth making the tour of her kingdom, used often to stop in Surrey, led thence by her interest in some glass and silk works situated in one of the most beautiful places in that beautiful part of England. This place is Chiddingfold, and to all intents and purposes it has altered little since then. Keeping well within the speed limit, it is possible now to motor in two hours from London right into the heart of this wonderful district, which if it were not that houses and churches and barns had to be put somewhere would be a huge flower bed, rioting with colors and framed in green velvet.

Near the heart of Chiddingfold's main street is the graveyard, and in it rests the mother of the poet Gray. Beyond is an old inn, little changed since its erection in the latter part of the fifteenth century. The windows are like eyes half closed with age and feebleness. There are low hewed doorways, and on the blackened walls, faintly decipherable, are scribbled names of former patrons.

Following a circuitous path, dotted here and there with scarlet poppies, star eyed daisies and buttercups, you come face to face with a house of the Elizabethan period. There is a rectangular garden plot with a border of Canterbury bells, which nod and lean hospitably as the great brass knocker of the Georgian door is struck. Scattered among them are great stalks of larkspur and stiff bunches of sweet william; there is an undergrowth of Johnny jumpups and fringed bachelor buttons. The turf itself is sprinkled with tiny English daisies, like twinkling stars in a firmament of green.

If you are a favored guest you do not lift the knocker, but creep under a branch of a great beech tree, through some current bushes and past yards of herbaceous borders to the rear porch, which opens without intervening steps into the big library and overlooks the beautiful retirement of acres and acres, where so many English houses hide the best of themselves from the scrutiny of passer-by.

These special acres expand into kitchen gardens, into rose gardens and pasture land covered with new mown hay. There is the croquet field, and a tennis net is stretched across a hedged enclosure.

MRS. TACTLESS GETS HER WAY LEARNS A LESSON IN THE ART OF HANDLING A HUSBAND.

Finding the First System Wrong She Tries a New Method, and Mr. Tactless Without Knowing Just Why Decides to Go Out of Town Over Sunday.

It must not be supposed that little Mrs. Tactless never profits by experience, for she does. About three weeks ago she wanted her husband to take her out of town somewhere over Sunday. On Saturday morning at the breakfast table she approached the matter with a characteristic lack of diplomacy.

"I don't know of any good reason why we should poke around this hot, horrid old flat all day to-morrow, do you?" she said to him in a querulous tone while he was in the middle of the story of a game the Giants had dropped.

"Oh, yes, Bugs! Let's see who pitched. Oh, yes, Bugs! Raymond. Now I'll hold my finger on my place in the story in case you—"

"Well, that's a nice way to answer a person, I must say. I don't profess to know so much as some folks, and if I did—"

NEW ARRIVALS IN AN OLD COURTYARD.

The ivy of the house front is replaced among the gables and wings of the rear by espalier roses of every color and description. Stop round a corner and you will find a paved enclosure, with the old fashioned stables and the modern garages. One end opens into a huge kitchen, also stone paved, where is a huge circular well in which ale was brewed. Copper and brass kettles catch the sunlight, and pretty English maids shell the peas grown in the nearby gardens.

It is a charming and typical country house and its history was not many years ago recorded in a little book called "An Old Country House," written by Richard Le Gallienne in its former years, from which it passed to the Favershams. Here Mr. Faversham and his wife, known on the stage as Julie Opp, dispense hospitality every week end during the London season and the summer days which follow, their intervening time being spent in rehearsals for the production of "Herod," which is to be given in New York next autumn.

The week end of the English native born and the temporarily Anglicized visitors is as much a necessity as it is a delight. It is a guarantee of good health and happy spirits for the days intervening, and very few of the guests who come to the old manor house go away in the mood of the Boston girl admirer of the then matinee idol who travelled down to Surrey and found him among his chicken coops putting the finishing touches on a new barrier of willow watties, his face perspiring, his hands grimy with the soil from which many heroes have sprung.

No after conventionality of dress and manner could atone for the disappointment of this first appearance and she went away showing a distinct loss of esteem in her New England countenance.

In spite of her displeasure a notable gathering was clustered about the chicken coops one Saturday recently to pass opinions on some bantams. In the group are Sir Felix Semon, the King's physician, and Lady Semon; Henry Arthur Jones, Forbes Robertson, Anthony Hope Hawkins and his wife, Harry Ainley, who has come down to rest after the run of Mrs. George Cornwallis West's play, "Borrowed Plumes," and Ben Webster, whose last American tour was with the Grace George company. Before the completion of the chicken farm inspection the intent face of Arthur Pinero appears from around the hedge, and his encomiums are

added to those of the other guests. The little Opp has had many opportunities to show that she has refused in order to remain in her husband's company is well known. So far does she carry this idea of wifely submission that she makes no pretence of having assisted in the making of the chicken coops. She has her innings, however, when in a gown of embroidered muslin, with a big lace garden hat which is a mass of roses and ribbons, and with a mauve chiffon scarf over her shoulders, she dispenses the hospitality of the luncheon table, the spreading of which has necessitated the removal of two small sons and heirs.

CHARACTER HOUSE CLOISTERS.

It is entertaining to see how the British voter is kept in line, and opportunity is afforded at the residence of Mr. Ramsden, a member of the Primrose League. This particular branch is termed "The Peperharow Habitation," and is held at his residence—Siddingham.

The mansion, a delightful rambling house situated in an expanse of green, is thrown open hospitably. The balcony has been extended with a wide platform, on which talent gathered from the professional guests of the Favershams do their best for the villagers, who have paid sixpence for the treat. After the performance comes speechmaking.

Among the speakers is Mr. Faversham. The audience is especially amused by the story with which Mr. Faversham ends his speech. It is the story of a Conservative who, at a Liberal meeting where he was wedged in close to the platform of a big hall, suddenly pulled his hat over his eyes and shouted "What did Gladstone do in 1868?" No attention was paid to him, and in a moment he repeated, "What did Gladstone do in 1868?" Still no answer, and a third and fourth time he interrogated. Finally a shout arose. "Put him out!"

Charterhouse of course recalls Thackeray and Col. Newcome, who was a Charterhouse boy. An old schoolmaster welcomes the party. It is shown that he does not realize the flight of time, for, courtesy itself to the rest, when he speaks of the illustrious Robertson who was once a pupil, he says sharply, "Sit down, Forbes."

reason they have music in the London restaurants is so they won't have to listen to the Germans eat. Luncheon over, next comes a visit to Charterhouse, which shares with Eton, Harrow and Marlborough the reputation of being an example of the finest kind of English public school. The motor ride thereto takes one through the lovely Surrey lanes, which are lanes in truth, brown ribbons running between high hedges, from which thrushes and sparrows mockingly denote their hiding places. The big cars take up all available road space and the chauffeur repeats and answers the question, "What would happen if one came in the opposite direction? They never do."

You have a remembrance afterward of delightful little villages which look exactly like their pictures. There are white capped and aproned maids standing under arches of roses before little tea shops which display wonderful pastries and bits of silver and pewter in the windows. Knots of villagers, representing by turns Dickens, Hardy, Meredith types, stop discussing questions of crops to watch the intruders.

IN THE FAIRY GARDEN.

The vine covered cottages, many of them tinted in pale gold, in rose pink and reseeded green, look freshly washed, freckled with flowers that border the small paneled windows. They stand on the roadside edge, for there are no sidewalks, and open the front doors directly on the street. The peasant openness of life is in marked contrast to the high walls which shelter the Englishman of the gentry class from the prying eyes of the vulgar.

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number to the gallon can be very greatly increased. "Gold fish or golden carp are the most popular stock for an aquarium, and the common varieties can be had for ten cents each. This price means the best fish of these varieties. If there is more money to be spent I would advise purchasing some of the really marvelously colored Japanese varieties.

"These fish have wonderful flowing tails with colors that change as though by magic from week to week. In the case of the variety known as the telescope fish the color to begin with is velvety black and gradually becomes silvery, then white and after three years a wonderful orange red. Nearly all varieties of goldfish are constantly changing their colors, which range from black to silver and many shades of amber and golden red.

"There is an almost endless variety of these beautiful Japanese fish to choose from, the more common of which include the fantails, fringetails and comets. Good specimens of these varieties can be bought at from 25 cents to \$5 each. The bulgy eyed telescope fish, the aristocrats of the aquarium world, will cost from \$10 to \$20 or more, according to size, color, shape and eyes.

"In addition to the Japanese fish there are many other varieties suited to the balance aquarium. Among the most popular are the banded tench, the banded sunfish, the paradise fish, the bitterling and the goldfish. Besides these, there are many other varieties of our own native waters.

MAKES BALANCED AQUARIUMS.

SUMMER WORK OF A WOMAN WAGE EARNER.

Displays of Aquatic Life More and More a Part of the Decorative Scheme of Homes—Easy to Arrange and to Care For—Various Hints for Beginners.

"For the last three years I have devoted my summer to making balanced aquariums to order," said a woman who is now in middle life. "I earn enough by this work to keep me comfortably during the winter, so I call myself a successful woman wage earner.

"I make my aquariums as nearly a perfect reproduction of natural conditions as possible. It is only since the discovery of balanced aquariums that the full decorative effect of displays of aquatic life has begun to be realized. New many architects and interior decorators include them in their plans. This is true not only of country places but of many of the newest city homes. Certainly there is no easier and cheaper way to keep some living thing about the house. The care of the balanced aquarium amounts to so little that it may be practically disregarded.

"The cost of the vessel depends entirely upon the wishes of the person who is filling it. It may be an ordinary fruit jar with a wide mouth or a glass tank costing \$20 or more. The simplest tanks cost about \$1 and are of something more than one gallon capacity. They may be had either rectangular in shape or globular. For an eight gallon tank of domestic glass I have paid as little as \$2.50.

"The main essential is to have a tank perfectly tight and clean, with no paint or other injurious material to contaminate the water. To begin with the water should be as pure as the water we drink.

"The bottom should be covered with pebbles and sand to the depth of two inches and the plants rooted in it. There always is in this way, when you yourself are so terribly in need of a rest. But I do think a little change would do you good, my dear, and so, if you really want me to go."

Blue Hats for Men.

From the Lady's Pictorial. One rejoices to hear that the fashionable hat for men to wear with lounge suits is blue. It can be blue of any shade, Cambridge or Oxford, navy or peacock, but the point is that it strikes a pleasing note of color in masculine attire.

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CITY RUNS A PUBLIC BAKERY.

Budapest Expects to Bake and Sell 50,000 Loaves of Bread Daily. The city of Budapest in order to furnish good bread to the public at a cheap price has decided to establish a municipal bakery capable of producing 50,000 pounds of bread daily, says the London Times.

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