

HUGE STANDS ERECTED IN LONDON STREETS

London, June 9.—In the springtime London always gives herself a wash and scrub for the season. Houses and shops are painted, usually with a superb disregard for the color scheme of the place next door, and in every newly painted stretch there are generally to be seen a few curmudgeonly establishments keeping their London grime for the next spring.

This year the house painters and decorators have been busier than ever. London has indulged in an orgy of paint. Hotels, boarding houses and lodging houses have been especially wanted. Houses whose exteriors had accumulated the grime of years have blossomed forth in all the brightness of new paint, and indoors the crust of a Victorian deposit has been ruthlessly disturbed. The greater hotels have been redecorated from garret to basement.

London's visitors, however, have had little opportunity of seeing her in coronation paint. No sooner were the house-painters' ladders taken away than armies of men began to swathe every building on the line of parade with timber. Homes and churches were put into hobble skirts of deal palisading some eight or ten feet high. Above that tiers of seats climb up the walls with a tremendous rake. The top rows look as if they would give little more than a view of the tops of the coaches.

The aspect of the streets is strange

a huge low stand that will accommodate many thousands of spectators. White hall, Parliament Square and all the open ground near the Abbey is a mass of timber. Trees have been pitilessly cut, the upper halves of statues peer ridiculously out of wooden boxes, churches are swallowed up by the tidal wave of timber.

It is almost impossible to give an adequate idea of the vast amount of timber that has been used for these stands. Above the reek of the petrol and lubricating oil in streets where taxicabs and motor buses crawl slowly along in the dense traffic, giving off even more than usual their blue hued stench, you can smell the fresh sawn deal. Even the huge stocks of timber in the London docks, in spite of heavy imports, show an appreciable diminution, and prices have gone up for all the common classes of wood.

This enormous amount of timber is necessary on account of the extreme solidity of every stand. The utmost vigilance is exercised by the district surveyors to see that every precaution is taken for the public safety, and the tests to which the stands are submitted are of a drastic character. Large numbers of men are made to jump about on them in organized movements while close observation is kept upon a plummet suspended from the top to a point near the ground.

In one great stand tested in this way not only could one see no vibration at

in timber, mostly inflammable deal, well seasoned when first brought onto the scene and now further dried by weeks of dry and sunny weather. All along the streets connecting these greater piles runs a practically continuous line on both sides of similar inflammable material. Beneath these stands lie sawdust and shavings, awaiting the carelessly thrown match.

It is no wonder therefore that the police and fire authorities have been considering the question of forbidding smoking on all street stands. The difficulty is that in some districts no bylaws exist giving power to issue a general prohibition of smoking. But public opinion in the crowd will no doubt prevent it to a great extent, and care is being taken to remove litter from the premises on the route, while at the same time the salvage authorities are issuing timely hints to householders and all concerned as to measures to be taken to avoid risks of fire.

Never have police regulations for the conduct of street traffic been so strict in London as they are for the forthcoming coronation. The shorter route of the procession on June 22 and the longer one on June 23 will be completely shut in. On the first day the approaches to the line of parade will be cut off by forty-five stout wooden gates, eight feet high, stretching from wall to wall. Sixty-three such gates



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WESTMINSTER'S PRESENT STATE.

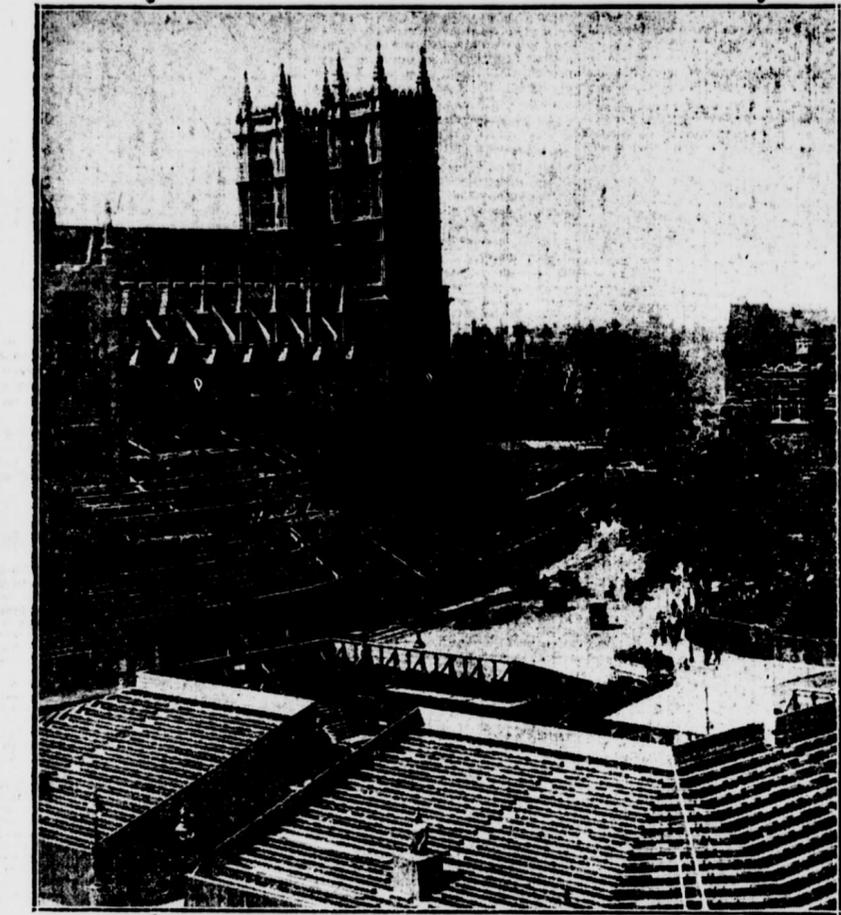


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STANDS ABOUT THE ABBEY.

and hideous. Solemn buildings like the Athenaeum, Reform and Devonshire clubs are encased in masses of timber. The din of saw and hammer maddens the old gentlemen who are wont to sit throughout the day in their easy chairs, dividing their attention between a paper and the passers-by.

Looking along Pall Mall and St. James's street one sees almost unbroken lines of single and double decked stands. In Piccadilly some of the smaller clubs with no handy fore courts have taken out their windows and banded up their rooms with red covered seats. Along here the possibility of encroaching on the sidewalk space is so small that the seats are merely narrow platforms clinging to the walls.

Near Hyde Park Corner seats are being built on the flat roofs of the houses. Down the whole length of Constitution Hill to Buckingham Palace gates ranges

the moment but on the following day the position of the weight was found to be absolutely unchanged. To stand such tests as this, and the district surveyors will take not the slightest risk, the most solid construction is necessary. If the coronation were postponed for ten years the majority of the grand stands would probably be still quite safe. Great joists and beams with 3 inch planks are held together both by socketing and steel rods, by great iron bolts with screws and nuts calculated to endure for a generation.

From another point of view it has been pointed out that there is considerable danger from these huge erections. From the Mansion House to Buckingham Palace, from the Marble Arch to Westminster Abbey, London is as one huge ready made bonfire.

All the historic buildings in this area from the Abbey itself down are shrouded

will shut off the approaches on the following day.

The moment the police decide that the streets are comfortably full with the standing crowds all the gates will be closed, except to people holding tickets for stands and seats. Nor will they be admitted if they arrive after the hour fixed by the police. Some side streets will not be available at all for the two complete days, for they will be filled with fire engines, with steam up all the time, and ambulances.

The doors of Westminster Abbey will be opened at 6.30 A. M. and closed at 9. No carriage will be allowed to bring even the most important people to the Abbey excepting the King and Queen and royal family after 8.30.

Troops and police will be in position at 6.45 A. M., and after that hour no wheeled vehicle of any kind will be allowed on the route. If the crowds are such as to

make it advisable wheeled traffic will be stopped even earlier. In fact no cab, carriage, cycle or car will be allowed on the line of the procession between 4 A. M. on June 22 and 1.30 A. M. on June 23. All the tube and underground railway stations opening on to the route will be closed against the exit of passengers as soon as the police think the streets are comfortably full.

By 7 P. M. police will form a continuous line in the centre of the roadways all over the West End and in the city. By this means the great crowds out to see the illuminations will be divided into two streams, one going east, the other west. Exits here and there will be provided, but no crossing of the stream will be allowed. At night all the illuminations are to be extinguished at 12.30, and the Commissioner of Police has decided that there shall be no extension of the hours for public houses, which will have to close at 12.30 sharp, as usual. These two regulations have been decided upon in order to give the police a chance of getting a few hours rest.

Most of the coiffures will be flat at the top and parted in the middle with a mass of curls at the back and sides, on the top of which the coronet is placed.

The peereesses are as busy as any hard working women in London at present, for besides the social round they are spending hours trying on robes and gowns for the coronation and rehearsing their part in the Abbey procession. Then they are deep in preparation for the Shakespeare ball and many of them had their first lesson in stage decorum from Louis N. Parker on Friday, when a rehearsal of the Tudor quadrille which is to be a feature of the great fancy dress ball took place.

Many peereesses will be up and dressed on the coronation day as early as if they were just returning home from a dance. Some will be called by their maids at 8 A. M. They will all be waiting anxiously for the arrival of the artists in hair-dressing on whom will rest the grave responsibility of building up becoming coronation coiffures.

These professors of the hair waving and arranging art are few in number. There are not more than a dozen of the first rank for each hundred peereesses invited to the Abbey, and in consequence there has been an unexampled demand for their services. A diletto countess who walked into a Bond street coiffeur's shop on Friday and casually ordered him to come to her house on Grosvenor Square at 7 A. M. on the coronation day was surprised to be told that all the experts in the shop were booked from 3.30 A. M. on, and that 3 was the only hour that her aristocratic head could possibly be dressed to support its coronet.

Some women have decided to have their hair arranged the night before, which will necessitate their not going to bed at all. It takes a hairdresser three-quarters of an hour to accomplish his task, and a motor waits for him to speed him to the next peereess.

King George's coronation cake is called the most gorgeous monument of confectionery ever made. It was designed by a Royal Academician. It weighs 500 pounds and is 9 feet in circumference. It is fruit cake, of course, and 500 eggs, 200 pounds of mixed fruits, 200 pounds of

almond icing and 100 pounds of butter, sugar and flour were used in making it. In shape it is octagonal and there are four large and four small panels of icing enclosed by sixteen Corinthian columns.

Of the four larger panels the principal one has hand painted miniatures of the King and Queen surmounted by the royal coat of arms and surrounded by the rose, shamrock and thistle. The other three panels have medallions of the arms of the various colonies. The four smaller panels have a relief of cupids holding shields inscribed "G. R."

At the top of the cake is a bordering of fish, seaweed and shells representing the seagirt British Isles. Over all this is a temple of Gothic style supported by eight pillars and at the four corners are seated statues of Peace, Prosperity, Agriculture and Commerce. Inside the temple stands a figure of Britannia, while the arms of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales are displayed upon four shields resting on the steps of the temple.

A second temple contains a model of a full rigged ship, for George is the Sailor King, and on the roof of this temple three lions rampant support a cushion bearing St. Edward's crown.

Yesterday afternoon Mrs. Whitlaw Reid opened an exhibition of ancient plate

at the Mansion House. Two of the most interesting pieces in the exhibition were the Crystal Sceptre and the Grace Cup.

The former, of which the shaft dates from Anglo-Saxon times, will be carried by the Lord Mayor at the coronation in Westminster Abbey. It is made of two crystal mounted with gold and pearls. The workmanship is so fine that doubts are cast upon its Anglo-Saxon origin and some are inclined to attribute it to the finest period of what is technically called Gothic, that is, about 1100.

The Barbers' Grace Cup has been valued



THE GRACE CUP, 1540.

at \$300,000. From the sketch it can be seen that this piece is also of simple design. It was presented by Henry VIII. in 1540 to the Barbers Company. Four bells hang from the cup, and these "every man is to ring by shaking after he has drunk up the whole cup."

This cup, though it has been stolen, pawned and sold and was "lent to Charles I. and returned intact," remains the most precious relic of the past in the possession of the ancient City Guild of the Barbers. Five men have been hanged at Tyburn on various occasions for stealing it.

Queer Mattresses for New Yorkers Who Don't Sleep Well

A physician expressed the other day the opinion that New Yorkers were willing to pay extravagant prices for the privilege of sleeping comfortably and that they were about the poorest sleepers in the world—willing to do New Yorkers, that is. He questioned whether insomnia was so prevalent in any other city of America as in New York and said that it was the folks who could afford the best beds that oftentimes had most trouble to get eight hours of sleep a day. Probably without the good beds, he added, these persons wouldn't be able to sleep at all.

The physician had been moved to talk by a display in a department store. The display included bundles of white lambs' wool, of white cotton, of white curled horse hair and of gray curled horse hair, a coil of white horse hair rope and one of gray horse hair, a thick bunch of long, wavy hair, a thick bunch of long, wavy hair and a cotton mattress in the early stages of making. All the materials were of the finest.

Women shoppers paused curiously and pried an attendant with questions. "What will the rope be for?" they asked.

"That was the hair in process of curling, the attendant said. "I need the rope and the hair would be found to be so crinkly and springy that years of wear

couldn't straighten it out. Yes, most of the white hair was bleached after being cleaned, boiled and cured.

The long straight hair of different lengths, taken from both the tail and the mane, was shown to illustrate how almost useless it was for the purpose of mattress making before being marcelled.

Yes, lambs' wool played an important part now in mattress making though it did come pretty high, and cotton was used a lot too. And so on.

Commenting on the department store exhibit the proprietor of a large concern devoted exclusively to the manufacture of bedding said that it called attention to the fact that Americans are lavish spenders for good bedding and that America now leads in the manufacture of luxurious bedding, such as was practically unknown here half a century ago. There were feather beds in plenty in town then, and they were soft, but according to up-to-date notions feather beds are not classed as luxuries. Said the manufacturer:

"France led off with fine bedding and all Europe followed, America falling in line with the rest. Once upon a time New York's most exclusive Knickerbocker set, or most of it, snuggled down in feathers the greater part of the

year and their combined bills for bedding wouldn't pay my store rent to-day. There are parts of Europe and parts of America where the feather bed is in high esteem to-day among the plainer classes, but in New York only the newly arrived immigrants who bring over nice, plump feather beds seem to think highly of it.

"It has come to pass that America now uses more of the best South American hair than does all of Europe. Women and men of large means are as particular about the feel of their mattress as about the feel of a new gown or coat. Cost is a side issue.

"Instead of being made over once in two years or so the finer mattresses are now made over every five or six months, that the sense of comfort may be obtained. This of course applies to the most fastidious purchasers particularly, and their number has grown wonderfully.

"To illustrate his point the dealer showed a mattress made to order for a woman who had a lot of trouble to get the amount of sleep her physician thinks necessary to keep her nervous system in good shape. By experimenting she hit on the sort of bed which most nearly takes the place of a sleeping potion and her directions were carried out, with the result that she considers the thing cheap at the price, \$90. So it is. The materials used are the finest South American curled hair. The mattress is lined on either side with a layer of down. It has a rose red sateen cover and is tufted at intervals of nine inches. Were it tufted closer the customer would refuse it. It would be a trifle less soft.

"This lady's husband," the dealer continued, "is pretty nearly as particular as his wife, but he wants an altogether different sort of feel to his mattress. He is a heavy man, and the usual mattress isn't thick enough to suit him. So I make him one a third thicker than ordinary, entirely of the best curled hair closely tufted.

"Here is a mattress that goes to a lady who will use no other kind at her country or city house, although a lining of lambs' wool is warmer than plain hair."

In this mattress fine curled hair was sandwiched between two inch layers of lambs' wool, and the ticking was pale blue linen damask. The price was \$80.

To meet the particular notions of another customer, presumably not a good sleeper, a mattress which looked about twelve inches thick was built of six alternate layers of white curled hair and white lambs' wool and instead of being tufted it was laced in five inch squares, the outer layers of lambs' wool preventing the hair from getting to the eyelets and the lacing maintaining a smoother surface than results from tufting.

"It took a lot of study to discover all these points," the dealer declared, "and only that New Yorkers are willing to pay well for comfort it would never in the world pay to manufacture such pieces.

"In Austria and Germany mattresses made entirely of lambs' wool are used a good deal, but over here an outer layer of wool only is favored by those who want something softer than an all hair mattress.

"I have had customers who told me they never could rest comfortably on a

hair mattress and who prefer the feel of a cotton felt costing a good deal less; and in the first place it was these poor sleepers in search of a sedative who helped the vogue of the cotton layer beds which are now made in all thicknesses to suit individual preferences.

"One I have in mind, a nervous little woman, has a brand new cotton felt made for her own particular use every six months. So soon as the layers begin to settle to pack a little as they are bound to do, she discards the mattress and gets a new one.

"Last fall a gentleman just back from a fishing trip up North somewhere came in to order a new mattress.

"Look here," he began, "I want you to give me something that will resemble the feel of a bed of spruce branches nearly three feet thick, which I tried several nights in Maine and which was more comfortable than anything I ever slept on in my life."

"No lumps," I asked.

"Not a lump. If one who knows the secret cuts the branches and makes the bed there never are any lumps. It is soft, springy and the most sleep producing bed I ever tried. I slept like a log seven blissful hours at a stretch, feeling like a coil when I got up. I want a mattress with that feel to it."

"Cotton husks, I told him, was the nearest I could come to it, and I was sure he wouldn't like them. He agreed. He also agreed that sleeping in a tent in the bush woods and in a room in Fifth avenue were two quite different experiences and that it was more a question of New York than mattress in many cases of insomnia.

"A little Japanese who in his own country slept on one of the ordinary pallets such as the better class Japanese use

or did use till very recently, and who many a time, I guess, had only a bit of matting under him, is now one of my most fastidious customers.

"He doesn't sleep well in New York, it seems, on anything but the best of hair mattresses. No mixed hair, moss, cotton or fibre bed for him, and money is no object weighed in the balance with a good night's rest.

"Until quite recently a mattress of good cotton husks or excelsior with an outside layer of hair was thought a good deal of by mistresses furnishing servants' bedrooms. As most ladies want to make their servants comfortable I have grown accustomed to hearing that Mary, Jane or Bridget doesn't sleep well and that I must send up a good hair mattress for her bed.

"Now New York got so fussy about its beds other parts of the country, especially those frequented by New Yorkers, have followed suit.

"Less than twenty-five years ago I remember stopping at a good sized hotel not far from Albany and sleeping on a husk mattress. I didn't make a kick either. Let that proprietor offer husk beds to-day and he would have an empty house.

"About seven years ago a relative of mine went to a farmhouse in Orange county to recuperate and learn how to sleep again. A good bed was one of the things she must have, the principal thing, she wrote the landlady. Arriving tired out on a hot July evening, she retired early and plumped down, away down, into a fat feather bed which surmounted a husk bed, a tick filled with nice, sweet corn husks. Next morning the landlady's housewife was scandalized to find the feather bed buried under the corn husk

bed and to be told that her guest liked it that way.

"Now, when a country woman makes up a corn husk bed it isn't a half bad proposition. She slips her hands into a slit left purposely in the tick and tucks the husks around till the bed is smooth and puffy all over. A tick like that pressed over a feather bed makes a first rate bed, not stylish enough to be tolerated in New York, but all right in a farmhouse. At any rate this particular bed delighted my relative. She described the yielding sensation as delightful and she got the sleeping habit she went for.

"When she came back in September we discussed the question of setting up the same sort of bed in her New York quarters, but there were so many difficulties in the way that she abandoned the idea. For one thing she was sure no one could beat up that corn husk bed as the farmer's wife did. I argued with her.

"If New Yorkers were good sleepers there would be a slump in the bedding business at once."

THE CRONATION CAKE.

THE CRISTAL SCEPTRE.