SECOND HAND.

Housemaid—E'm! Anybody that has used a thing so long as that ought to be able to afford a new one!—Fliegende Blaetter.

Professor (a connoisseur in ancient pottery)—But, Lisi, that vase was 2,000 years old!

ENGLISH WATERING PLACES AND FORMS OF AMUSEMENTS

Our British Cousins Take Surf Baths Separately, and the Women Simply Wade.

THE CONTEST WITH AMERICANS

Pleasure-Seeking for the Summer Girl and How She Spends Her Time—Outdoor and Indoor Sports.

By REV. HENRY TUCKLEY, D. D.

(Special Correspondence of The Sunday Times.)

LONDON, Sept. 4.—There is no accounting for tastes, but after two weeks' observation of sea-bathing as the English do it, my taste inclines decidedly, upon both moral and aesthetic grounds, to the way in which Americans do it. What first strikes one at an English watering-place is that the real article of sea-bathing has relatively so few devotees. English people flock to the seashore in great multitudes, but into the sea itself for a genuine wrestle with the swells of old ocean they go very sparingly. They have a great penchant for wading, but little or no enthusiasm for bathing. To see large numbers of women paddling about in short skirts and naked feet in not more than half a foot of water is common. It is common in two senses, and the exposure which girls of twelve and thirteen are allowed to make of themselves in the pursuit of this paddling and wading craze is almost shocking. Yet these English cousins of ours have until recently looked upon the mixed bathing which forms so striking and pleasing a feature of American watering places as the sum of all wickedness.

UNDERGOING A CHANGE.

Upon this point, however, they are undergoing a gradual change of heart. Slowly but surely America is making a conquest of this staid old country. We have already gotten the supremacy in their markets and have begun the revolution of their drug stores with our soda fountains. In London, as everybody knows, the railways have been Americanized, and now the very latest American invasion is by water, in the form of mixed bathing. But, oh, how very slowly this last innovation is coming into vogue. The watering places generally act toward it at present about as unselfishly as the boy did in reference to his medicine. If it was indeed so good as everybody said it was, why didn't they all take it—he shouldn't mind, so they excused him. There are, to be sure, a few resorts where mixed bathing is allowed to the extent of families and family parties going in together, but such scenes of picturesque liveliness as are common at all easide resorts in America, men, women and children battling the waters together, all daintily garbed and all seeming to find in this free and innocent intercourse of the sexes the very ozone of exhilaration—such scenes you could not find at any watering place in all this sea-girt island.

This English antipathy to mixed bathing con hardly at bottom be a question of morals. There is more public indecency in England than in any country except France. The streets of London are haunted at all hours by questionable women. Though, leaving out this fact, the English are by no means a squeamish people in their ordinary intercourse. It had been aptly said that the English woman's evening dress outstrips the whole of Europe, and of 'Arriet and 'Arry, representatives of the engaged couples of the working class, it is proverbial that they can do their courting and exchange the usual tokens of intimate regard just as complacently in Hyde Park, with the crowds and the daylight, as in the back kitchen with the candle out, or at the garden gate with no witness save the man in the moon. How a people of characteristics like these could ban on moral grounds the free intermingling of the sexes properly and tastefully clothed in sea bathing, is more than one can even guess. It is surely nothing but prejudice and the Englishman's abhorrence of change that are involved in this question. He would have men and women bath, separately for the same reason that the sexes are still separated in so many churches over here, viz., because so it has been from time immemorial.

BATHING MACHINES.

But whatever the reason for it, this custom of separate bathing still remains at almost every watering place, and the result is that bathing is not popular, and with those who undertake it is so formal and so purely a soap-and-suds matter that there is no attraction in it for either the victims or spectators. What in our country is a scene of gaiety and frolic and laughter is here a spectacle that depresses. The lumbering bathing machines, drawn out into the water by horses, one might easily imagine to be impromptu funeral carts carrying their lonely occupants to watery graves. It has been said of the English that they take their pleasures sadly. Certainly they take their bathing sadly. Everything about it is sombre and dampening. True it is that if the law does not allow you to bathe in the company of the fair sex it does permit that you may walk along the shore and reverently gaze from a distance. But nobody does this—nobody cares to take any interest because there is almost uniformly on the bather's part a total indifference to everything but just getting as wet and looking as bedraggled as possible. No care beyond this for appearances and no pretty notions, no bits of inviting color in the dress. This on the woman's side, while on the men's, the dress, consisting only of an Adam's apron, is quite too small a matter to speak of.

VERY EXCLUSIVE.

It may possibly be that the Englishman's attachment to his present methods of sea bathing is simply one of the many outgrowths of his proverbial exclusiveness. In that beautiful resort on the southern coast where this writer spent three happy weeks there was a floating population of about ten thousand and a resident population of twice that many. The latter are mostly people of means, who can afford to keep up good houses. But in the smooth, winding roads, back fro mthe two miles of sea-front, one could hardly tell what the houses were like, so lofty and impenetrable were the enclosures in which they stood. This is decidedly a walled town. Everybody has fenced himself in against everybody else, and in this feature the place is only an exaggerated type of what one sees everywhere in this country. Whether in city or village, the Englishman builds his house and lays out his beautiful garden, and then, by a high brick or stone wall or by a thick and towering wooded hedge, he proceeds to wrap about his possessions the garment of exclusiveness. What the Englishman owns is his, mind you, and even the enjoyment of seeing it is not for others excepting as a condescension. Who that's ever been in England will not admit this as a national characteven in so small a matter as the way in which the Englishman takes his sea-bath.

SWIMMING CONTESTS.

But if the bathing has lacked in attractiveness there have been plenty of other attractions to make up for it. The swimming contests for women at the corporation baths were decidedly a taking event. So was the annual regatta and the quarter-mile ocean swimming for the championship of England. Every week there was an illuminated promenade concert in a large garden which lent itself admirably to illuminating purposes, and at these you saw, not only the English skill in devising and arranging colored lights and the prettiest effects in Chinese lanterns, but the feminine English passion for decorative dress and the captivating effects it produced in the prevailing ruffs and frills and streamers and general gauziness and softness. Withal, too, one thanked his lucky stars every hour by day and night that everything could be enjoyed in the English rather than the American type of weather. On the south coast, yet no heat that even approached the sweltering conditions of a hot day at Long Branch or Martha's Vinyard. Eighty in the shade exceptionally high, never anything but cool nights, and never in the daytime any temperature that was oppressive or which any visitor from America would think other than delightfully all right.

OUT-DOOR SPORTS.

One is impressed even at the sea-side with the devotion of the English to sports and amusements. Daily as the tide recedes, leaving its unusual length of almost level sand, would the boys go out and pitch wickets for a little attempt at the national game. Every English boy loves cricket, and every English old man who began life as a boy still loves this game in his old age. In a match the other day between neighboring corporations one of the players was eighty-two. There are many who say that the South African war would have been ended long 'ere this only for the tendency of English officers to sacrifice war to sport. More than once the Boers have surprised them in the indulgence of this national weakness with the most serious consequences. They were not caught "napping"; they were caught playing cricket. But it's a glorious game for those who have plenty of leisure, as these holiday-loving Englishmen seem always to have. Between cricket and base-ball the difference in time is the difference between two or three hours and two or three days, and isn't that, when you come to think of it, about the difference in quickness and adaptability between the two nations which severally have made cricket and base-ball their national games? But I advise my readers not to put this question in just this form to any Englishman.

INDOOR AMUSEMENTS.

Of indoor amusements these English watering places afford more than would be possible, more than could obtain a paying support, in a climate like our own. The roof garden is a form of the American invasion which hasn't yet materialized. In London the amusement halls are no better ventilated in summer than in winter, and it's the same even at the watering places. The Pier Pavilion is only a fancy name for a room about as close as they make them, and the entertainment it offers is more endurable than it would be in a city, only because between acts you can go outside and get the sea breezes. But two theatres open every night and with their reproductions of popular London plays drawing a good patronage, is rather unusual, one would think, and I thought it decidedly unusual that a place no larger than this should one evening have yielded its quota of patrons to two theatres and should then have had left the thousand or more who attended a beautiful out-door production of the "Midsummer Night's Dream."

GREAT WALKERS.

But the real, ever-continuing amusement of this English watering place is to be found on what is called the Parade, a smooth concrete walk, about forty feet in width, slightly elevated and bordering on the sea. The English are still great walkers. A Cambridge don thought nothing of doing his ten miles in the morning. In this feat he usually footed it from our quieter resort to big, bustling, beautiful Brighton; sometimes, too, he would walk all the way back, making his ordinary ten the rare English treat of a twenty-mile jaunt. The climate makes walking a delight. The average Englishman's notion of a good time is to have a good walk, and ths used to be true of English women; but in these days the fashions in dress are a decided handicap on feminine pedestrianism. The tendency here isn't at all toward short skirts and a plain street dress, but the very opposite. Trailing skirts which must be held up if they are not to serve as street-sweepers; soft, clinging materials which serve admirably to reveal the form but do not conduce to freedom of movement—that's the style in England, whether you see it in the tony shopping quarters of London, in the Sunday dress parades of Hyde Park, or on show at any of the watering places.

SWEET VOICES.

And apropos of women, they so far outnumbered the men, wherever one went at this resort, or at any others on that beautiful south coast, as to make the last census report of a million more of the fair than the other sex an almost self-evident truism. Delightfully self-evident, too, for these female English cousins of ours, when they are of the better class, are tall and well-formed and have beautiful complexions. They seem determined not to fail of this latter distinction, however, much it may be necessary to reinforce nature by art. And not only are they beautiful to look at, but as they pass and repass on the parade you cannot help admiring the subdued and melodious tones in which they carry on conversation. Their charming voices are certainly one of their greatest charms, and yet it is not alone the tone of the voice that makes it so pleasing; it is the underlying spirit of courtesy and gentleness. An American woman, not any too romantic, said the other day that she spoke to the English ladies on the beach as often as she could, on any conceivable pretext, just for the pleasure of hearing their reply, for it always came in a spirit of the most perfect politeness and in cadences that delighted the ear.

PAY CHAIRS.

Next to promenading, the favorite diversion at the English sea-side is sitting; not in the sands so very much—we are all dressed rather too fine for that. So we take chairs, and, of course, have to rent them. I had hoped comfortable seats might be free somewhere in England, but the resort at which they are is still, I fear, a far-distant Eldorado. There is one place, they say, where a local magnate furnished such seats. Besides being public-spirited this man was much given to the use—or misuse—of Scripture, the result being that the seats had this inscription upon them: "Presented by John Jones—The sea is His and He made it." But no erratic genius of this kind furnished free sittings at that beautiful resort on the south coast. You got free use of a chair only if you paid a penny, and if you wished an adjustable deck chair with a canopy top for a sunshade you must pay two-pence, which was little enough considering the luxury you got, especially if, while resting so comfortably, your eyes and other faculties were well used in the study of your surroundings.

Only for what the census had told us one might not have noticed particularly the large number of children at this resort. But here they are, of all ages and sizes. The nurse and the baby carriage are ubiquitous, and you begin to think that in reporting the birth rate to be on the decline English statisticians must have made a miscount. For the better-to-do children the most stylish and popular form of diversion is a ride in the beautiful carriages that are drawn by goats. There is Cindedrella's coach, a gorgeous fancy in red and yellow; also a miniature State coach of decided beauty, with Victorias, Broughams, Surreys, dog coats, and many other kinds, all generously patronized, and the whole array making at certain hour one of the most pleasing features of the parade. But motor-cars are also in great plenty here. Several that are for hire carry eight persons each, beside the plague.

There is, however, one English institution that will probably always hold its own whether against motor-cars or goat carts or even flying machines, and that is the esteemed English donkey cart. Every well-regulated English establishment has one for the diversion of the little folks. You find them, of course, at all resorts, and in some of the country places there are many people of position who still keep a donkey cart to ride to church and go to market in. I know one English vicar who does, and it's been a question with me whether their large and long experience in trying to make donkeys go hasn't had a large share in developing in the English race that stock of patience which has made them universally successful as colonizers and civilizers. Those who can overcome the foibles of the patient ass can easily take up the other white man's burdens.

At night the parade is crowded to hear the band and see the sights. One night there was a carnival, and every one had to take good-naturedly whatever fell to his lot. The coarser set used up their superfluous energy in the typical English pastime of throwing at the cocoanut, or, if they wanted something more warlike, they tried to throw a club in such a way as to knock clay pipes out of the mouths of repulsive figures that were labelled Kruger, Det Wet, Steyn, etc. What followed might have been worse, but it wasn't pleasant to have water squirted in your face, and one might perhaps have taken with better grace the showers of rice and confetti had he been one of the happy principals at a wedding. On ordinary nights the side of the parade toward the sea presented a mixture of amusement and religion which every one could take in according to his natural or gracious bent. Here was the children's service, made attractive by the Chinese lanterns that illuminated it, and close by was another children's service which seemed to be much better patronized, viz., a Punch and Judy show. Strolling singers, for a penny in the slot, would give you really fine renditions of "Ben Bolt" or "She Wore a Wreath of Roses," and then you could pass on if you wished and never fail of finding somewhere a meeting of the ever-present and ever-useful Salvation Army.

The Quest of the Queen.

(Written for The Sunday Times.)

Long years ago, within the distant east,
There dwelt a King. Upon the yearly feast
He gave to wisdom there were banqueted
A thousand sages, who were meetly fed.

On golden trenchers. When at last the wine
Had blessed the scholars with its flow divine,
The King arose. Deep silence hushed the hall
As on their ears each heard this promise fall:

"Men of the courts of Wisdom, from my hand
The bounteous products of a favored land
Have fed ye freely. But not this alone
Shall mark the day; for many a precious stone

In linked brightness with fair mates shall gem
Even the edges of your garments hem!"
He paused. They shouted gladly, while their eyes
Beamed greedily in thinking on each prize.

But once again the King took up the tale.
"Sith all this I will do, ye will not fail
To grant me one request; denied—you rot,
Jewels and all, within some hideous spot

For aye forgotten. Hear ye, I was told
By an old witch of knowledge manifold
That for each man an enemy is born
To wreck his hopes and make his life forlorn.

An enemy who straightly, day by day,
Follows his steps, confuses all his way
With blurred suggestions, who may some day smite
His soul to darkness and undo him quite.

She never lied. Therefore, I bid ye tell
My foeman's name. The bitter pain of hell
Shall torture him. Ye surely can declare
The wretch, or point me out his secret lair!"

Now, theories are very pretty things,
But to be asked, pointblank, by men like kings
To show up, a la Holmes, a certain spot,
To prove who traitors are and who are not,

On penalty of swift incarceration
Would scare the deepest students. Consternation
Sat on the Sons of Wisdom, saving where
A withered savant curled within his chair

Like a thin leaf, and dimly smiled to see
His puzzled brethren falter timorously.
Then, suddenly from his dry, wrinkled throat,
His laughter rose in many a cackling note.

"Your pardon, Majesty," he wheezed, "she told
Naught but the truth! Most gracious, pray you hold
Me harmless, as I teach you where to seek

This man, that you your utmost wrath may wreak."

He rose, and all the holiday array,
Half deeming that his wits had gone astray,
Poured onward as he led, while at his side
There strode the King. Through all the garnished pride

Of stately chambers on they pressed. At last
Their halting leader warned them back and passed
On to a silken curtain. "Behind this, oh, Sine, he said, "your traitor surely is!

And as you find him, so each man might find
His enemy; and he had but the mind."
No coward was the King. Somewhat amazed
But with drawn sword and angry eyes ablaze

Aside the heavy folds the monarch tore,
Saw an armed figure, stayed to see no more,
But in wild fury made a desperate pass
At his own tall reflection in a glass.

Deponent saith not how he took the check—
Shortened the rash old savant by a neck,
Or let him swell in silks, all glittering,
Boasting at large how he reformed a King.

One thing is certain—good it is that we
From need of such plain hints are wholly free,
And so can laugh with quite untroubled breast
Over the ending of the monarch's quest.

CLINTON DANGERFIELD.

THE SOUTH DOING HER FULL SHARE

In Making the Pan-American Exposition a Success.

HER COURTESY TO PRESIDENT.

Louisiana Makes a Hit on Rice—Welsh Day to Be a Feature—Big Prizes to Be Awarded in a Great Musical Competition.

By Charles Edward Lloyd.

(Special Dispatch to The Times.)

BUFFALO, N. Y., September 14.—It was a graceful courtesy, far above party politics, for the southern commissioners, exhibitors and visitors to meet in the Florida pavilion recently that they might pay their respects to the President of the United States in a body, thus emphasizing their regard for him and his high office. A card reception was held by the President in the United States Government Building at 3:30, to which Secretary W. V. Cox, of the Government Board, issued a number of extra tickets for the friends of the southern commissioners. The reception in the Temple of Music was public. Dixie made a good showing at both. In addition to the southern commissioners, Colonel Eggleston, of Lake Charles, La., superintendent of the Louisiana and Texas rice kitchen; Mr. M .W. Hays, the Boston representative; and Colonel I. C. Wade, the Atlanta representative of the Southern Railroad, were prominent in getting this body of representative southerners together that Dixie might hold her own in point of numbers here by the great waters of the North. It is a subject of universal comment that the South has done its share in making the Exposition a success, and Buffalo has surely done more than her part in the cordiality of the welcome and liberality of the concessions she has extended to that section. President's Day, the most notable of all the special days of the Exposition, was a fitting occasion for every part of the Union to honor the man on whose shoulders rests the responsibility of the presidency of this great and growing nation. The southerners did their part.

RICE MADE A HIT.

Commissioner and Mrs. R. R. Poole, of Montgomery, Ala., arrived at the Exposition in time to attend the presidential reception in the Government Building. It is mainly due to the foresight and energy of Mr. Poole that Alabama has such a fine exhibit here. It has been the best advertisement the State ever had, and will be worth millions of dollars to her in the future.

The Louisiana and Texas Rice Kitchen has been another unique and valuable advertisement for the South and for that cereal. The sale of rice in and around Buffalo has increased 50 per cent. since the Exposition opened. Mr. Pritchard, the agent for one of the big rice-mills at Crowley, La., was here recently. He says the shortness of the corn and bean crop will largely increase the demand for rice this fall and winter. He had just returned from a business trip to Chicago, where he found the people were waking up to the value of rice as a food. The Rice Kitchen here ought to have been ten times larger than it is. It would have been filled. There is a crush around the doors every day and thousands continue to be turned away.

COTTON MEN TO MEET.

The meeting of the New England Cotton Manufacturers' Association, to be held here September 24th, 25th and 26th, will bring a large crowd of southern cotton manufacturers and planters to the Exposition. It stands to reason that the cotton-mills of the future will be located where the cotton grows. This convention opens up a fine opportunity for northern and southern manufacturers to get together and formulate plans advantageous to both sides of Mason and Dixon's line. The South needs capital and skilled labor. Many northern manufacturers might be induced to go South where climatic conditions are much better than at the North. Mr. D. A. Tompkins, of Charlotte, N. C., has been invited to address the association. He has the reputation of being a clear and forceful speaker. No man has the facts better in hand, and few have done more for the material advancement of southern industries. Mr. Tompkins will address the association on the 25th, and his speech will contain statistics showing the immense strides made in the manufacture of cotton goods at the South during the past decade.

WELSH-DAY.

September 19th is Welsh-Day at the Pan-American Exposition. Among the staunchest of the early settlers of this country were the emigrants from Wales. It is an open secret that the followers of the Prince Powis were never conquered by Saxon or Angle. They retreated to their mountain fastnesses and claim today to be the only genuine "unconquered Britons" in the world. When Wales finally became a part of Great Britain it was on condition that she should be ruled by a Prince born on Welsh soil. The condition was fulfilled. Hence the origin of the title, Prince of Wales, now borne by the heir apparent of the throne of Great Britain. When Cromwell established his rump Parliament the Welsh were most loyal of all his subjects to Charles I. They fought for royalty with traditional bravery until the battle of Harlech was decided against them and their leaders were thrown into the Tower of London, some of whom languished there defiant eighteen years. When Charles II. ascended the throne he rewarded many of these with large land grants in Virginia and the Carolinas.

GIVEN LAND IN VIRGINIA.

The son of one of the great commanders of Harlech, who was kept in the Tower for years, was given a grant of land in Virginia that included the hill on which the National Capitol at Washington stands. Another was granted a large tract in North Carolina, whose son became a major in the Revolution and a general in the war of 1812. The Continental Congress voted him 30,000 acres of land for distinguished gallantry in the first war. The city of Nashville, Tenn., is in the center of the tract. Several of the officers of Lord Baltimore's ships were Welsh gentlemen. Baltimore and the eastern shore of Maryland owe much to these Welsh settlers.

These Welsh Americans have a record of which they may well be proud. In the land of their adoption they have made loyal and distinguished citizens. They have won success in every field of endeavor. Among them are the foremost soldiers, sailors, statesmen, jurists, authors, poets and musicians of America. Their strong, clean feeling will insure a fine representation on the day set apart for them at the Pan-American Exposition. There will be exercises of rare interest in the Temple of Music, September 19th, when the annual Eisteddfod will be held.

BIG MUSIC CONTEST.

The Exposition will distribute $2,000 in prizes to winners in a great vocal competition. One thousand dollars will go to the best mixed choir. Another $1,000 will be divided among soloists and choruses. The conductor in the Temple of Music will be W. E. Powell; the judges—William Madoc, of Chicago; Edward Broome, of Montreal, Canada; and Professor John Lund, of Buffalo.

Presiding officers will be:

Morning Session—Rev. D. Rhoslyn Davies, of Allegheny, Pa.

Afternoon—Hon. Ellis H. Roberts, Washington, D. C.

Evening Session—General Thomas L. James, of New York

The quality of the music will be classic and the voices cannot fail to charm. As regards music, Wales may be called the Italy of the North. A great deal will be expected of the descendants of a race sprung from the land that inspired "High-born Hoel's harp and soft Llewellyn's lay."

Our Dwelling Place.

I hold to the invulnerable creeds,
And what is writ in many a learned tome
Concerning God; but for my simple need
I ask no more than this,—that God is Home.

—S. T. Livingston, in Harper's Magazine for September.

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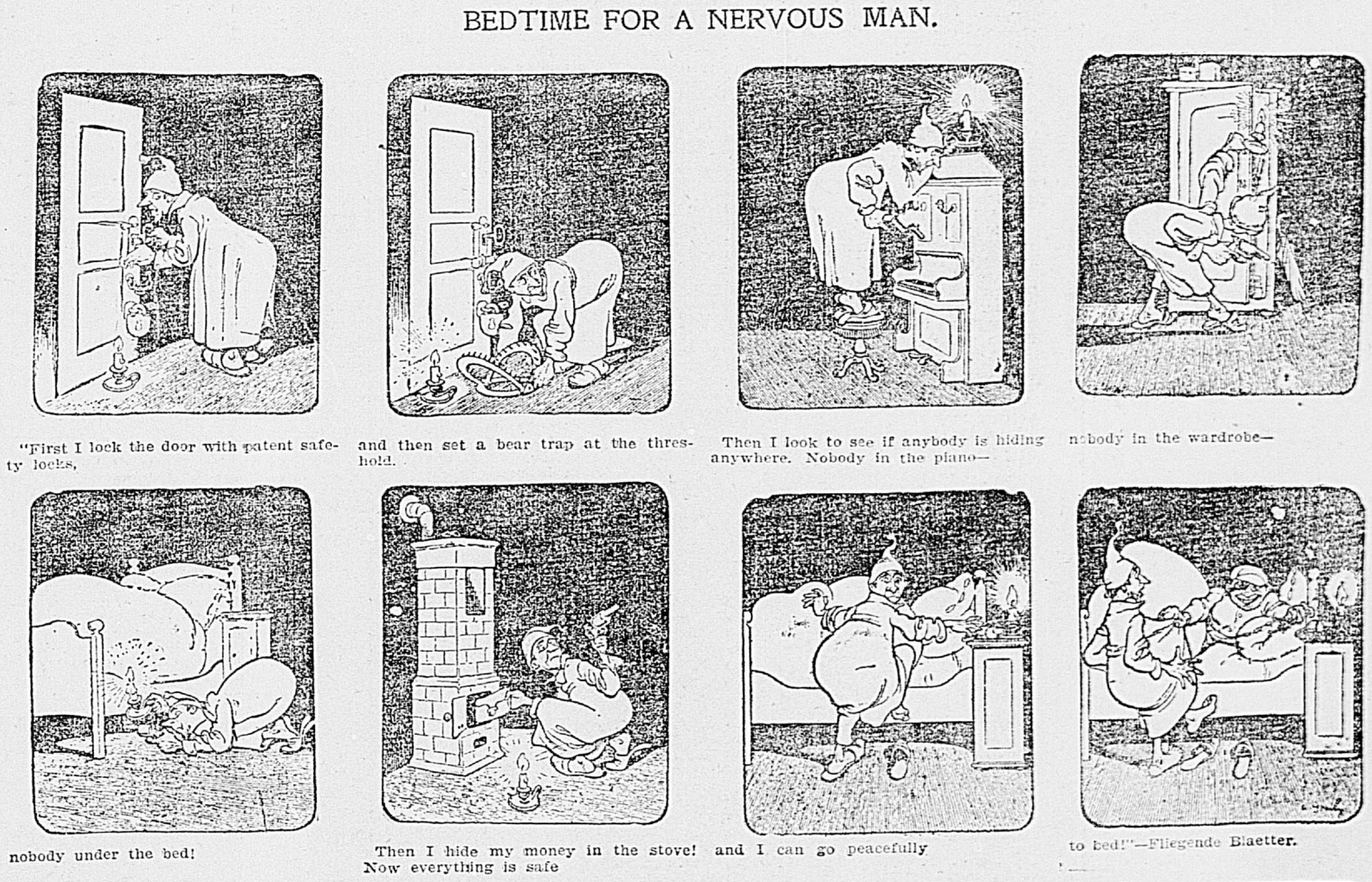

"First I lock the door with patent safety locks,

and then set a bear trap at the threshold.

Then I look to see if anybody is hiding anywhere. Nobody in the piano—

nobody in the wardrobe—

nobody under the bed!

Then I hide my money in the stove! Now everything is safe

and I can go peacefully

to bed!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

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