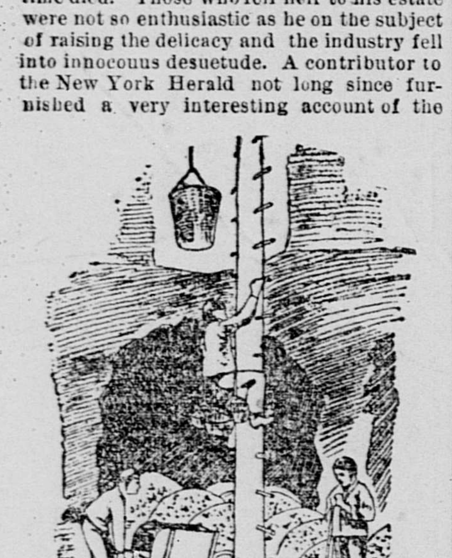
# MUSHROOM-RAISING AS AN INDUSTRY.

### The Manner in Which the Edible Fungus May Be Placed in the Market at All Times.

### WHAT A CROP CAN YIELD.

### The Natural Crop of Mushrooms. How to Tell the True From the False—A Point That Lovers of the Fungi Will Do Well to Remember—How Artificially Raised Mushrooms Are Brought to Perfection.

MANY years ago there lived not far from "Washerwoman's Bay," in the northwestern part of the city, a Frenchman named Parfait Lemaitre, who was of the opinion that he could in a short time make a goodly sum of money by supplying the markets with fresh mushrooms, when the natural crop gave out. He built a cellar for the purpose of artificially raising the fungi and for a while he did very well, but he was taken down with pneumonia and in a short time died. Those who fell heir to his estate were not so enthusiastic as he on the subject of raising the delicacy and the industry fell into innocuous desuetude. A contributor to the New York Herald not long since furnished a very interesting account of the



*Interior of an Artificial Mushroom Cave.*

manner in which mushrooms are forced for the markets, from which the following is taken:

A large number of persons who order stewed mushrooms, mushroom sauce and other dishes made of the fungus believe they are eating what has grown in open pastures. Let me tell them about this.

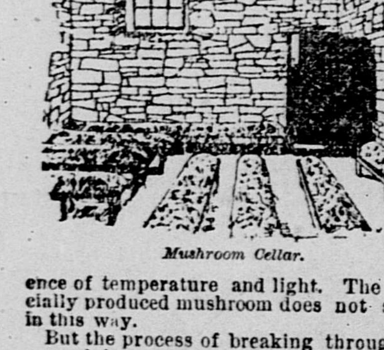
There is a natural mushroom crop every year, just as there is an annual crop of flowers [illegible] grasses. The mushroom season commences about the first week in August and continues till the last week in September, and in certain seasons well on into October. The whole face of the continent is then covered with plants of the mushroom family, most of them wooden, insipid and sickening, many of them deadly poisonous.

All the plants of this interesting family, pretty nearly, which are unfit to eat are called toadstools, from the old superstition that in silent places, when the moon shone bright, the fairies came in the form of toads and sat round about on these fungi till the dawn. It is very difficult for an inexperienced eye to detect the difference between some toadstools and the wholesome plant. But the difference is as marked in structure and other respects as it is in taste.

The true mushroom—that which reaches our market before the dew is yet dry upon it—is known as the Agaricus campestris. It abounds everywhere in open, wind-swept pastures, but as a rule it thrives only in ground run over by horses, cattle and sheep, the fertilizers from these animals being the best known medium for the development of the mushroom spawn, or seed. Many plants almost like the agaricus grow under the shade of trees and other umbrageous places, but many of these are very unwholesome and even deadly.

For the genuine plant select one whose gills or under radii do not join the stem—that is, do not grow to it—but leave a well-defined space all around between their points and the stalk of the plant. All the worthless and poisonous fungi that resemble the agaricus have the gills growing fast to the stem. Moreover, the bulk of wholesome mushrooms are a beautiful fresh salmon pink in the gills, this color changing to a dusk madder brown. One other point, the skin is tough and definite and peels easily, which, as far as I know, is not the case with the harmful sort. But no one keeping these facts in mind will ever gather a poisonous plant.

There is a common belief that our mushroom springs into existence in a single night. It doesn't. It takes some weeks' underground growth before it bursts through the sod. The broadening out of the umbrella-top, or efflorescence, is due to the air, differ-



*Mushroom Cellar.*

ence of temperature and light. The artificially produced mushroom does not spread in this way.

But the process of breaking through the ground is wonderfully swift. In the heart of Evangeline's Land this summer and along the higher ground of the Delaware I have watched by lantern-light the fungus actually making its way up through the sod. Its coming is manifested by the snapping or movement of blades of grass or weeds lying in its way. This is why people who at sunset mark a piece of ground that has not a fungus upon it are so surprised to find it white with mushrooms at sunrise.

During August and September mushroom-gathering is a very important industry through the United States and Canada. A farmer owning fertile pastures has the crop removed every morning by 9 to 10 o'clock, carrying home the gleanings in a bushel basket. But when the pastures are free there is great rivalry among the fungus-gatherers, and it has come to be a custom in many regions for the pickers to sally out with lanterns before the dawn. And a weird sight it is to see half a score of lights bobbing about like will-o'-the-wisps over the lonesome uplands.

The mushrooms are all taken to the railroad station, where they are sold for 30 to 40 cents a bushel to a middleman, who hustles them off to a hundred markets. They are shipped to New York from every point for hundreds of miles around, and in season become a freight just as regular as milk is. But they perish very soon, wilting in the sun or heat as rapidly as a flower. As a rule it is only the perfect ones that are bought for market, the shabby, broken or bug eaten ones being retained by the gatherers to stew and put in ketchup for domestic use.

Hundreds of thousands of bushels arrive in the large markets every day, New York receiving by far the larger share. They arrive in a good state of preservation, and the restaurant men pay for them only from 50 cents to 75 cents a bushel. They are light, of course, and do not weigh much in bulk.

While the plant can be obtained in this way, there is not a canned mushroom eaten, and people wonder how it is that these big, sprawling mushrooms are so much sweeter, softer and better flavored than the small, tough, greenish-yellow ones. But mushrooms in season brought from the fields sometimes becomes a drug in the market, though the best connoisseur of this luxury, a large cafe proprietor, told me:

"For the past six years the natural crop has been more or less a failure. Too much wet for some weeks and too much dry for others I take to be the cause. As a consequence all food purveyors have been obliged to open French tins in August and September—something quite unheard of some years ago."

Those who prized the luxury of mushrooms forty to fifty years back grumbled that they could not get them at any season of the year, and this stimulated importation from the caves and cellars lying outside of Paris, and also set our own people thinking about raising the plant artificially.

Numbers had cellars attached to private gardens, but only a few succeeded in raising mushrooms. Lack of attention to temperature, improper management of the beds, the use of inferior spawn and other mistakes were fatal. Then some market gardeners in Long Island, Staten Island, Manhattan Island and other points adjacent to New York, as well as near Boston, Philadelphia and Washington, began hollowing out caves and building dark places to raise the fungus.

A few succeeded, and the rest, becoming disheartened by constant failure, abandoned the project. The truth is they had not the knowledge nor the patience. They could easily have imported expert mushroom gardeners from France, instead of learning from the imperfect and very meager literature, pictorial and otherwise, belonging to the subject. I may add here that all the drawings to be found in the American Encyclopedia and the other three or four publications on the subject are to be traced back to a stupid, inadequate and inaccurate work printed about forty years ago.

*Interior of Mushroom House.*

From that time on artificial mushroom-raising has been carried on almost over the entire Union with varying success. The clumsy, thriftless and ill-informed have gone out of the business, but the careful and industrious ones have made plenty of money.

Said another restaurant man to me on this point: "Why, some of them are fairly coining cash out of this thing and no wonder. They know that the inferiority of imported mushrooms leads us to pay exorbitant prices for all that we can get taken fresh from the beds. We have actually to pay $1 40 to $1 50 a pound for these home-grown mushrooms just as soon as the natural season closes."

"Do you get artificially grown mushrooms from American gardens all year round except in August and September?" I asked another expert in mushrooms who keeps a restaurant in Liberty street.

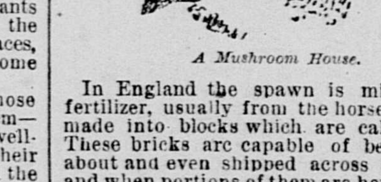
"No. That is the stupid and astonishing part of it. It almost forces one to the belief that there is no brains employed in the domestic business. For all their huge profits our mushroom men are timid. Do you know that just as soon as summer comes they close up their cellars, caves, dark houses and mushroom gardens and do not start them going again until October. They do this year after year in spite of the small natural crop of the six years just past. They ought to run them at their fullest capacity the year round, and if they have an oversupply in August and September they could can them, as they do in France."

From various other competent sources confirmation was obtained of these statements. The facts generally, as I gather them from all reliable sources, are: There are, round about New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and all the large cities, several market gardeners engaged in the artificial production. There is a general understanding among them to shut down at a certain season, but when they are running they get close upon $1 50 a pound for all they produce. A more plentiful supply would bring down prices, and thus they stand together to maintain what is practically a monopoly.

But look at the magnitude of an industry of this kind if properly developed. If you allowed but a pound of mushrooms each day to every fifty or sixty persons, and that is so low an estimate as to be almost ridiculous, it would represent a production of 1,000,000 a day or 365,000,000 pounds a year, which at 50 cents a pound would mean $182,500,000 paid to the mushroom gardeners in a year. Who will say, then, this is an industry that the people should not hear about and that should remain in the hands of a few covetous persons?

That all who read this and who are interested in the subject may have clear views about the methods of raising I give at some length the methods found the best by experts:

In Paris thousands of persons are employed in the subterranean places. Here they work the twenty-four hours through at a depth of from 60 to 160 feet, the light being so regulated and subdued as not to interfere in any way with the growth. A temperature of about 65° Fahrenheit is considered the best. Stable manure is obtained from the tortuous passageways of these caves, and the spawn is introduced into it, the whole being compacted and then made ready for fertilizing purposes.



*A Mushroom House.*

In England the spawn is mixed with a fertilizer, usually from the horse, and then made into blocks which are called bricks. These bricks are capable of being moved about and even shipped across the ocean, and when portions of them are here and there introduced into the mushroom beds they soon begin to develop and germinate.

In the French caves, however, the spawn is put into form like flakes or leaves, it being then known as micellium. The French raisers also use less manure than they do in England, and this, according to some authorities, accounts for the inferiority of the Parisian plant. Moreover, the surface of each bed is covered with about an inch of fine white stony soil.

Moisture is indispensable to the mass forming the bed, and this is regulated by artificial means, the water being brought from the surface. Above all, uniformity of temperature is kept up.

The different galleries bear crops in succession, the spawn being introduced into one series of beds while the crop is being removed from another. The work is thoroughly systemized, and the same rule prevails on this side. Thus one proprietor is able to send to the surface or out of his cellars in one day crops weighing from 50 to 3000 pounds. These are at once either prepared for the near market in Europe or sent to the canning establishments, and in this country they are sent to customers or handed over to the middleman.

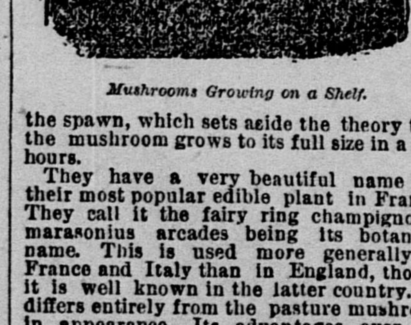
Imagine a range of beds, like that in the greatest of the French caves, extending for fully twenty miles of row upon row of beds.

The Parisian caves not alone supply the city itself, but forward vast quantities to almost every city in Europe. The amount of capital invested in the industry is not very great, but the return is astonishingly large. In Paris itself every one almost, in any kind of cafe, may be seen eating mushrooms, the price being within the range even of the peasant's purse.

The fungi produced in these places, as I have said, do not spread or assume the umbrella shape, but are gathered while in button form. In the natural fields the mushroom springs very rapidly into the extended form.

The hole remaining when the plant is removed is filled with fine earth. The beds bear from six to eight months, then the exhausted material is taken away and sold for manure to the market gardeners. There are no draughts in the caves, and the temperature can be thus easily maintained at a uniform point.

French experts lay much stress on the value of virgin or fresh spawn, for experience has shown them that spawn taken constantly from bearing beds loses its potency for reproduction. The beds produce in about six weeks after the introduction of



*Mushrooms Growing on a Shelf.*

the spawn, which sets aside the theory that the mushroom grows to its full size in a few hours.

They have a very beautiful name for their most popular edible plant in France. They call it the fairy ring champignon—marasonius arcades being its botanical name. This is used more generally in France and Italy than in England, though it is well known in the latter country. It differs entirely from the pasture mushroom in appearance. Its advantages over the latter are its greater abundance and its marked profusion of growth, the length of the season in which it may be gathered, the absence of variated forms, its adaptability for being dried and kept for years, and its very delicious taste. Yet it does not surpass, or even equal, the flavor belonging to the product of our American pastures.

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The balloon proposed for polar explorations is 99 feet in diameter and 500,000 cubic feet in volume. The journey will be made from Spitzbergen, and, with a favorable wind, will last four or five days.

# THE INS AND OUTS OF SPANISH LAW.

### Strange Interpretation Put Upon Official Obligations.

### An Innocent Young Man Betrayed by His Lawyer—Strange Law Governing French Gold and Silver Smiths.

PARIS, Dec. 5, 1890.—Some months ago, the French people were in a state of consternation because an innocent man had been condemned to death and saved, only by a chance, from the horrible fate that might have been his. This man's name was Borras, and since his rescue many criminals are trying to escape condemnation, citing the case of Borras as a precedent. Among these criminals is one, named Redon, worthy of notice, because his father has made so many exertions in his behalf. Redon Senior is a man of considerable wealth, and every paper that has published anything derogatory to his son has been sued for libel. August 4, 1886, Talabard, the Bishop of Moulins' cook, was assassinated, and robbery was the motive for the crime. After the inquest, Redon, a young soldier, was arrested and condemned to death; his sentence was afterward commuted to hard labor for life. Great was the excitement, for many persons, even the lawyers, said that Redon had been condemned without sufficient proof of culpability. It was proven that the murdered man had struggled with his assassin and in the struggle the assassin's clothing must have been stained with blood. Young Redon's clothing had not one trace of blood, and his shoes, that should have been drenched with his victim's blood, were without stain.

INTANGIBLE EVIDENCE.

One proof against Redon was that he could not account for the manner in which he had spent his time the morning of the murder; another, that in his possession were found 150 francs, and of the presence of this money he could give no explanation.

These proofs were very fragile and the poor father left not a stone unturned to prove the innocence of his son. All was of no avail, and we remember the account given by the journals of the touching scene between father and son, when the latter embarked for Cayenne.

Since then the father has had only one aim—to liberate his son. When he heard that the Chamber of Deputies was going to make a new law, relating to the revision of criminal trials, a law very necessary, as proven by the unjust condemnation of Borras, Redon Senior decided to go to Guiana and plan for his son's escape. Taking into his confidence the captain of a Spanish vessel, he aided his son and the two set sail for Spain.

The condemned man's flight was soon known and the Spanish authorities were notified. Perhaps Redon would not have been arrested had not a Spanish lawyer, from whom he asked advice, betrayed him to the authorities. Redon and his father arrived at Palencia in Spain, asked the address of

A SKILLFUL LAWYER.

And to him they explained the situation. As a lawyer he would have advised them to flee, but he had just received an appointment as magistrate, and as such he gave instructions to have them arrested. Great is the indignation among Spanish lawyers, and all the members of the bar at Palencia have been convoked in solemn assembly to decide upon his conduct.

The entire population of Palencia emphatically protests against the arrest of Redon and his father. A delegation of the inhabitants has gone to Madrid to intercede with M. Cambon, the French Embassador, and through him to obtain pardon from President Carnot. Poor Redon himself is very ill, and his father in despair. French lawyers unite with their Spanish colleagues in condemning the betrayer of a professional secret, and all affirm that had this betrayal occurred in France the author would have been severely punished.

CONFIDENCE BETRAYED.

When the unfortunate Redon presented himself under his real name to his lawyer he never dreamed that he was confessing to some one who had the right to cause his arrest: consequently the lawyer completely betrayed his confidence.

Senator Marcon, the defender of Borras, and at the same time a jurisconsult well versed in Spanish law, says that he does not find expressions severe enough to condemn the conduct of the Spanish official. "Of course," says M. Marcon, "he will always assert that as a magistrate he could not do otherwise than cause Redon's arrest; but Redon consulted him simply because he thought him a lawyer and obliged to keep a professional secret. In France a traitor of this kind would have been punished, because neither priest nor physician nor lawyer should ever betray the secrets confided to their charge."

But Spanish justice is very different from that meted out in France, and it is probable that, aside from general evidences of displeasure, the Spanish lawyer will not be troubled.

A very important question is now before a committee appointed by the Minister of Finance. This question concerns the law for the fabrication and sale of gold and silver articles. Now, the fabrication of gold and silver articles is regulated by the law of the Nineteenth Brumaire, year VI, and this law preserves many of the customs that existed before the Revolution.

A SINGULAR RESTRICTION.

At this time there was no liberty in manufacture. The choice of material, the manner of working them, the quality of the products, their dimensions and form—all were regulated beforehand, and whoever made changes was liable to vigorous punishment.

Under these circumstances the industry could make no progress; it is not strange that in former times this law was maintained, but in these days it is absurd.

To-day it is forbidden to make and sell in France any gold and silver objects not bearing the Government mark, and this mark is always a guarantee.

Inferior articles cannot be manufactured and sold in France, but some articles of inferior quality are allowed to be exported. However, there is great complaint that as the manufacturers are obliged by law to affix their own private marks to these articles, and at the same time the standard of weight and quality, they do not compare favorably with foreigners who are subject to none of these laws.

Consequently, all demand liberty, complete liberty, for the foreign market, while as to the regulation of the French market there is much discussion.

A MOOTED QUESTION.

Some believe that the severe law has made the reputation of French gold and silver workmanship, giving the purchaser complete security and protected the rights of the weaker gold and silver smiths. Others say that the Government stamp is not so great a guarantee as may be supposed, because many unregistered objects are really in circulation.

There are advocates of each theory, but all are convinced that the old law must in any case be modified. With this end in view the committee is providing itself with all the information necessary, and at the next meeting the reforms will be discussed and decided.

BARONESS ALTHEA SALVADOR.

# THE WHITE HOUSE.

### Reservation and Preservation of the Historic Furniture.

The disappearance of nearly all the massive old rosewood and mahogany furniture from the White House, and the vanishing of nearly every piece with a history dating back more than thirty years, were a disappointment to Mrs. Harrison when she came to the mansion. "Why, where is all the old furniture?" Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnston asked, when shown through the private rooms a year since. There has been poor housekeeping at times, and a stupid indifference to the value and interest attaching to anything which has held a place in the home of the Presidents since the century began. Sevres dinner sets have been given by the French Government and bought by our Government in administrations long gone by, but not a piece of table porcelain now in the mansion has an authentic history antedating President Lincoln's day. When a service became incomplete, or the mistress or steward considered it out of fashion, it was condemned, sold at auction and the proceeds used to buy new ware. No later than the last Administration the solid rosewood chairs of the state dining-room, with curving legs and heart-shaped backs that dated forty years away, were sold at auction, and cheap and commonplace modern chairs substituted. Mrs. Harrison found seven of the old rosewood chairs in the cellar, and repaired and upholstered in rich brocade, they now ornament the library. It is her wish to establish a garde meuble after the French order. A list has been made by her of every piece of furniture and table-ware now in the mansion, with the name of its purchaser, its cost, and subsequent history as far as can be known. When unfit for further use, or out of harmony with the style of the day, such articles are to be labeled, and put away in the spacious garret. In time they may return to fashion and use, or in longer time become curios and interesting relics of by-gone times. No cheap and trifling things should be bought for the mansion, and Presidents' families should be responsible for the keeping, and not allowed to disperse the relics in their charge.

To illustrate the spirit in which the contents of the mansion have been regarded at times, one mistress of the White House had some pieces of old mahogany condemned and sent to auction. At the sale they were bid in for her, and are now valued ornaments in an ex-Presidential home. While not dishonest, since the Government received all that the articles could bring at public sale, the transaction affords the moralist a chance to draw some fine conclusions as to the commoner official ideas of honor in dealing with the Government. Bric-a-brac dealers have had many fine pieces of furniture and porcelain from the White House pass through their hands, and city caterers have even owned parts of dinner services, and gradually broken them up in the course of many dinner seasons. With the present appreciation of relics and old wares, any piece from the White House would be considered a trophy to be hung on the wall. Mrs. Harrison said on entering the White House that she should make it her duty for the four years to leave it a more comfortable place for her successor. If her successors keep up the garde meuble idea White House furniture and White House plates will not be procurable at the curio stores of the city again. Only a few years ago part of the white and gold Sevres set used by Washington, brought here when the capital was moved to Washington, was sold by a Ninth-street dealer in antique furniture. Its only rightful place is behind glass panels in the state dining-room.—Harper's Bazar.

# THE SEA! THE SEA!

### A Bit of Description Two Thousand Years Old.

On the fifth day they reached the mountain, the name of which was Theches. No sooner had the men in front ascended it and caught sight of the sea than a great cry arose, and Xenophon, with the rear guard, catching the sound of it, conjectured that another set of enemies must surely be attacking in front, for they were followed by the inhabitants of the country, which was all aflame; indeed the rear guard had killed some and captured others alive by laying an ambuscade; they had taken also twenty wicker-shields covered with the raw hides of shaggy oxen. But as the shout became louder and nearer and those who from time to time came up began racing at the top of their speed toward the shouters, and the shouting continually recommenced with yet greater volume as the numbers increased, Xenophon settled in his mind that something extraordinary must have happened, so he mounted his horse, and, taking with him Lycius and the cavalry, he galloped to the rescue. Presently they could hear the soldiers shouting and passing on the joyful word, "The sea! The sea!" Thereupon they began running, rear guard and all, and the baggage animals and horses came galloping up. But when they reached the summit, then indeed they fell to embracing one another—generals and officers and all—and the tears trickled down their cheeks.—Xenophon, translated by Dakyns.

# NEW GOWN AND WRAP.

### A Fertile Imagination Is Needed to Supply Novelties.

Special to THE SUNDAY CALL.

NEW YORK, Dec. 22, 1890.—A few years ago—well, say some dozen or so—it was quite the custom among the majority of women to make a regular business of getting, at the beginning of the season, all the paraphernalia which their respective needs and engagements would seem to call for. The wardrobe question was then off their minds for at least three or four months, and all they had to do was to wear their fine feathers in alternation and rejoice therein. But this, too, is one of those things whereof the old order changeth, and the fashionable women of to-day are constantly adding to their possessions a fresh gown, a new and novel wrap, or a bewitching bonnet just arrived from Paris. So it is necessary for the purveyors of feminine attire to constantly issue new designs, and the fashion writers are kept busy chronicling the same. The most indefatigable of designers is Redfern, and there is hardly a day that does not see some new and stunning model placed on exhibition in his New York show-rooms. The flower show of a few weeks ago and the forthcoming dog show were stimulants to his fertile fancy and resulted in the following sketches:

*A Handsome Gown.*

This is a very handsome gown, suitable for visiting or any of the afternoon entertainments now in vogue. It is of faced cloth in a deep shade of old rose. Around the skirt is a border of brown cords and gold braid, and set at intervals with miuk tails. The bodice is braided to match in yoke fashion, beneath which are revers of brown velvet. The same braiding is on the lower part of the bodice, upon the hips and running lengthwise on the sleeves between bands of brown velvet. A fringe of fur tails run down in deep points on each hip.

*Stylish Wrap.*

The second illustration is the picture of a stylish wrap—a sort of coat and cape combined, and is made of natural and dyed seal, the latter falling in deep tabs over the lighter fur. The muff and turban carry out the idea in miniature. B.

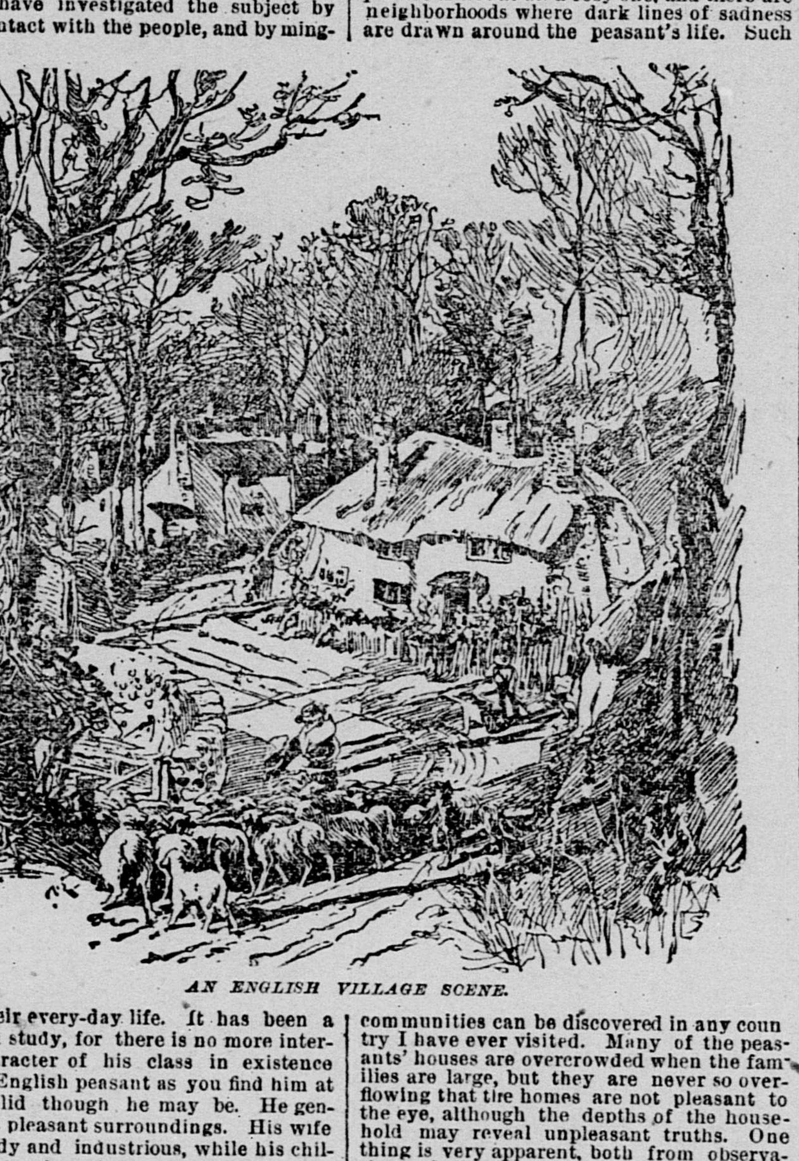
# ENGLISH PEASANTRY.

### An American Correspondent's Views of British Villages.

### Something About the Habits of the People. Children Are Not Allowed to Labor Until Ten Years of Age.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, during the last years of his life, once said: "The material welfare of a country is always found in a good peasantry." If that be true England must be a very wealthy domain, for nowhere during a traveling experience of many years and of many miles in many countries have I ever seen so contented and indeoendent a class of laborers as the men who till and the men and women who tend and reap the crops of the United Kingdom. The ordinary farm laborer in the United States knows no such degree of comfort and pleasure as his brother who works upon English soil. Only in the most favored localities of our own country is the farm laborer so well housed and looked after as in this, which I had always been taught ground its workingmen to the bone that the few might have and the many might wait or suffer. This may be true of some industries here, but it certainly does not apply to the agricultural laborer.

Taking three widely separated and typical sections of Southern, Northern and Middle England, writes Frank A. Burr, an American correspondent of the Philadelphia Times, I have investigated the subject by actual contact with the people, and by mingling in their every-day life. It has been a delightful study, for there is no more interesting character of his class in existence than the English peasant as you find him at home, stolid though he may be. He generally has pleasant surroundings. His wife is neat, tidy and industrious, while his children are cleanly, polite, pretty, and above all, healthy. His wife is a good housekeeper, too, not only in the economies but in the decoration of his home, and no matter how unsightly or old his house may be, it is always made attractive by pretty white curtains at the windows and boxes of flowers on the ledges. In fact, posies are everywhere. There is always an attractive little flower garden in front and a vegetable patch behind the abode of the humblest peasant who is willing to work, and dirt and untidiness are practically unknown where there is industry. This goes a long way toward making life pleasant, and its thorniest paths comparatively cheerful.



*AN ENGLISH VILLAGE SCENE.*

Just at this moment I am surrounded by one of the richest and most beautiful stretches of farming country I have ever seen. It is south of London in Essex, one of the prime agricultural counties of England. The only acres in fertility, beauty of landscape and perfect culture that can compare with it lie between Philadelphia and Harrisburg, in the counties of Chester and Lancaster, along the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. If the farms in that garden spot were smaller, the homes of the rich larger and more beautifully surrounded with flowers and shrubbery and the roadways lined with the pretty little homes of the workingmen one might readily mistake the one for the other. But rich as is that single section of the United States in all that makes agricultural life worth the living, it furnishes no such evidence of comfort for its farm laborers as does this and indeed most other sections of England where the land is tilled at a profit.

Romford is a beautiful little town, quaint and old, where 10,000 people live with as much satisfaction as in any place I have ever seen. Quiet and contentment reign, and it is so secluded in its rural dignity that almost all of the real typical conditions of English countryside life, high and low, can be found within easy reach of it. I have been traveling over the magnificent roads which lead out of it in every direction for a week, mingling with the peasantry in the fields and at their own homes, and cannot possibly reconcile what I see on every hand and hear from nearly every lip with the romances of poverty and sadness that I have so often heard at home and read in our newspapers.

All seem perfectly contented with this condition of affairs and not in the least disturbed by class exactions. The classes are in layers through all the substrata of existence, from the worthless loafer without a place to the head of the nation. Each of the lower grades is as tenacious of its rights on the farm and in the village as those at the right hand of the throne. Therefore, on the manor, whether they toil for the lord or for the gentleman farmer, who rents from him, the man, the herdsman, the shepherd, the stockmen and the drivers are each classes in themselves, asserting their prerogatives with as much dignity as a duke or prince. The house servants belonging to the master's household are divided into different classes according to the work they perform, each having separate authority and distinct duties for which they are held strictly responsible, but the inexorable caste is still maintained when the controversy comes.

In agricultural communities all these different grades of laborers should be classed under the head of peasantry, although the coachman and the higher grades of farm laborers would be indignant to the bone if they should be set down with the farm laborers who live in little homes sometimes quite a distance from the acres upon which they labor. They hold to the teachings of generations that the different grades of labor in the upward scale carry authority with promotion and that authority, no matter of what class, must be respected. Whatever else may be said of this view of life, it produces good laborers in all branches.

But in these favored agricultural communities, or in the darker places such as may be found in our country in greater abundance than here, the economics practiced in the peasant's household are entirely unknown to our working people. At many, if not most seasons of the year, the family are all producers. Father, mother and children, if they are large enough, add to the family store. Children are not allowed to labor until after they are 10 years of age and know how to read, write and cipher, and even then only at certain intervals and at certain kinds of work. The Government gives them a good English education and it compels them to receive it, or does its best to keep them at school until they have ample opportunity to fit themselves for the duties of life.

A national habit affects the rich and the poor alike, and one of the most interesting things about a peasant's career is the manner in which he follows as nearly as possible in the customs of those who can live at their leisure. No one here likes to get up early in the morning, and no one cares about breakfast. The peasant is no exception to the rule. He gets up early, leaving the folks in bed, takes a piece of bread, a glass of beer or milk or cold tea, and goes off to his toil. If he is far away he takes his breakfast and lunch with him, consisting of bread, bacon, a bottle of beer or something else to drink. Between 9 and 10 he stops a half hour, eats and drinks whatever he has, and this to him is the same as the rich people's late breakfast. About 1 he stops again, eats the balance of what he has with him, if too far away from home for his wife to send one of the children to the fields with something fresh. He then resumes his work, to return home at night to find ready for him a substantial meal of meat, vegetables, bread, and, as a rule, all the beer he needs. In fact, beer seems to be the mainstay of the laboring classes wherever you go.

Some six miles beyond here, just after leaving Brentwood, another pretty little hamlet, I talked with a peasant whom I found in the field eating his lunch and taking things exceedingly easy. I talked to him about his life, and he seemed perfectly contented with it. When I suggested that one of our laborers would think his diet a very light one he said:

"Yes; my brother, who got into a bit of a scrape here and has gone to America, says that a man will not go to work there in the morning until he has a shilling's worth of meat in his stomach."

This laborer gave me many interesting facts about peasant life in the south of England, where he has lived all his life. An hour after I left him I stopped at the home of a cottager by the roadside for a glass of milk, which was only an excuse to talk with the good woman who presided over the place in her husband's absence and probably quite frequently when he was at home. She said:

"Good girls about the house usually get from £15 to £25 a year, according to the work they have to do and their smartness. Cooks get £30 a year. A servant who is fit and wants to work can get a good home and good wages as a rule, but many of the young women are wild to get off to the city, where they get get harder work and less wages than at home."

This woman's testimony was only corroborative of what I had learned in many parts of England, where good agriculture dominates. But she also voiced the general sentiment when she said that while the girls could earn something in the summer time, it was difficult for them to get anything to do in the country districts in the winter, and that was a cause of serious discontent among them. But things have greatly improved of late years and all classes of farm labor have a better chance than in times past.

I have said this much of the agricultural classes in England as I have seen them. Much more might be written, but it would add nothing of moment to the story. The picture is not at all a rosy one, and there are neighborhoods where dark lines of sadness are drawn around the peasant's life. Such communities can be discovered in any country I have ever visited. Many of the peasants' houses are overcrowded when the families are large, but they are never so overflowing that the homes are not pleasant to the eye, although the depths of the household may reveal unpleasant truths. One thing is very apparent, both from observation and from the testimony of those who labor on the land, and that is that as a rule the condition of the workingman is improving when his efforts tend in the rightdirection. If it is not what it should be, it may become so in the future. But what surprises me is that they are as well off as they are in this country where life is settled, and the struggle for something to do is so great, and that you can find very few of them who would even consider the question of a trip to the New World, where such golden promises are made to the ear to be so harshly broken to the hope. After this careful inquiry I can quite easily understand why the English peasant prefers to remain at home. Although in our country he would have a thousand chances for advancement against one in these overcrowded communities, and would even have a chance to reach wealth and position, he accepts with perfect satisfaction the exactions which class imposes and has perfect confidence that it is the honest intention of the law to be fair to all alike and that in the end his Government will not neglect his true interests. No man in the country is more independent or now enjoys more political power than these peasants, for the laborers of any community have only to speak about the simplest matter and one of the strongest governments on the face of the earth will heed their protests. Liberty the English peasant has in large doses, but license, no, and he obeys the law because he respects it.

# ODDS AND ENDS.

Mabel (confidentially)—I was awfully stuck on you once, Jack.

Jack (gratified)—When was that?

Mabel—Before I knew you.

MORE THAN HE COULD ASK.

"Mr. Jimpson, if you marry my daughter, remember I can't keep you two.

"Oh, no; I don't expect that, sir. Just keep her, and I'll try to root for myself."

COUNTING ISN'T IN HIS LINE.

"O who cares for your opinion. You don't count."

"Of course not. I oughtn't to be expected to. I was a census enumerator."

THE RACE IMPROVING.

"How is your son getting along at school, Uncle Abe?"

"Mighty fine, sah. Gitten to be a gem'-man mighty fast. Ye jes' orter to see how he makes fun of us two ole ignorent nigger folks when he comes home. It makes me mighty proud, sah."

TIRED OF IT.

Simpson—Whatever induced your uncle to marry the widow of a man who was hung?

Jimpson—He had been married to widows before, and says he was tired of having the virtues of a former husband constantly flung in his face.

NOT CONGENIAL.

Rambo (the favorite boarder)—So Blankinsop has gone? Well, I'm glad of it!

Mrs. Cutlet (the landlady)—Why, I thought he was a very congenial room-mate.

Rambo (sneeringly)—No he wasn't. He didn't have a single coat that fitted me.

KNEW ALL ABOUT THE CASE.

Mr. Fellows (of Chicago)—How came the judge to grant your divorce before the petition was read to him to-day?

Mr. Bellows—He had once been married to the woman himself.

NOT MARRYING FOR LOVE.

English Lord—Do you think you could love me, darling?

American Girl—What difference does that make?

CORRECT.

Jake Jimpson—Why is Cora Bellows, who has had a dozen or more suitors, like a popular newspaper item?

Jim Simpson—Because she has gone the rounds of the press, I presume.

*All from Epoch.*

---

Harriet Hosmer, the sculptor, is a little woman who has not a masculine trait about her. It is forty years since she began the lifework which has made her famous, but time has dealt kindly with her. Her round face beams with a constant smile, and her bright, black eyes sparkle with good humor. Her brown hair is brushed smoothly back from her broad forehead and a black silk net holds it in place. She is usually attired in a neat costume of black silk and velvet, and wears a wide lace scarf about her throat.


**Something for the New Year.**

The world renowned success of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and their continued popularity for over a third of a century as a stomachic, is scarcely more wonderful than the welcome that greets the annual appearance of Hostetter's Almanac. This valuable medical treatise is published by The Hostetter Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., under their own immediate supervision, employing 60 hands in that department. They are running about 11 months in the year on this work, and the issue of same for 1891 will be more than ten millions, printed in the English, German, French, Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Holland, Bohemian and Spanish languages. Refer to a copy of it for valuable and interesting reading concerning health, and numerous testimonials as to the efficacy of Hostetter's stomach Bitters, amusement, varied information astronomical calculations and chronological items, etc., which can be depended on for correctness. The Almanac for 1891 can be obtained free of cost from druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the country. 52


# DO NOT WEAR TIGHT CLOTHES.

### A Few Pointers of Value to The Call's Fair Readers.

### Advice to Girls Who Want to Become Strong. They Need Good Nerves, Sound Digestion and General Vigor.

WITH room in their gowns for their bodies and in their shoes for their feet are more often met with now, I believe, than when I was a boy. Yet, even as there were great men before Agamemnon, so it was my fortune in youth to know girls, here and there, who could breathe, eat, sleep and even walk and row.

Nay, I have seen upward of 200 young women together, of all ages from 14 to over 20, dressed in short skirts and knickerbockers, and without corsets, taking a daily and thorough course of calisthenics, walking from five to twenty miles a day, and presenting both to the bodily and to the mental eye a delectable appearance. They were the girls who attended Dio Lewis' famous school at Lexington away back in the sixties. Nothing quite parallel with that experiment has been attempted since, and yet it was a successful one from almost every point of view. Dio Lewis may have had his frailties, like other people, but he was an enthusiast, and I never knew of his doing any harm, while I am sure that he did a great deal of good.

There has always been plenty of preaching against the way girls go on—the conventional girls; that they dress wrong and do everything wrong that has relation to their bodily health and condition. By this time nearly all of them must be familiar with the kind of fault that is found with them. Physiologically, the conventional girl, propped up by corsets and pinched by tight, high-heeled shoes, has not a leg to stand upon. Counsel for the prosecution has had it all his own way; the accused has offered no defence. Sentence has been pronounced against her; but the shoes and corsets still continue. Out of 10,000 American women only one is wise in her dress and physiological conduct; yet many if not most of the 9999 know better. This seems queer. Why is it?

For one thing, I suppose, many of them, though they know their indiscretions in the sum that they have been told of them, do not take the information seriously. They think there has been exaggeration. Have not their mothers, grandmothers and other female forerunners lived and had good enough health, in spite of shoes, corsets, late hours, tea, pickles and pastry, sedentary habits, bad air and all the rest of it? Certainly they have.

Well, then, what is the fuss about? If our ancestors have lived in comfort in spite of hygiene, why may not we? Are we not pretty and fascinating and clever in our tight stays and stilted shoes? A little headache, or indigestion, or insomnia, or neuralgia, or short windedness, or pain in the back, is inevitable to women, and is not intolerable after all. We don't care to be athletes or classic Venuses with big waists and feet. We want to be

LIKE OTHER WOMEN

And to have a good time. The danger has been over estimated. If it were not we should all have been dead long ago.

This is one rejoinder, and the other is a corollary to it. Women like to be in the fashion—to be dressed and to behave according to the prevailing mode; and though fashion changes day by day, it has for many centuries stuck to small waists and small shoes, and has eschewed regular and rational exercise. Countless women, it is true, work hard all day long and bear many burdens which men are never called upon to sustain. They toil in the kitchen, make beds and clothes, stand up behind counters and bring up children. This does not seem to leave much time for regular and rational exercise. If an extra hour presents itself they feel more like flattening out on the sofa. As for women who depend on housekeepers and servants, they are forced to get up late because it is late before they go to bed. They have their calls to receive and to make, their dinners and receptions to give and to attend, their drives to take. They live on cake, candy, tea, entrees, ice-cream and a glass of champagne—ingredients which do not make a good quality of muscular fiber. Their lives are spent in the effort to gratify their desires and to fight off ennui, and they have no spirit left for the gymnasium.

Upon the whole, therefore, it would seem that a general physical regeneration is hardly to be expected in American women. Nevertheless, there is a way where there is a will, and as a matter of fact a great many women do give attention to physical training, and spend considerable time at it, too. They ride, play tennis, fence, "vault" and take Turkish baths and massage treatment. Actresses, whose livelihood largely depends upon their bodily comeliness and condition, were the first to take up these things; and the circumstance that the stage has of late been approaching nearer and nearer to society and that certain women of society have gone on the stage, has made such training more or less fashionable.

But though actresses have the time for it, because it is a part of their business, and wealthy women in society, because it is as good a way of killing time as another, most women have neither the time nor the facilities. They cannot ride, because they have no horses; nor fence, because they have no fencing-masters; nor take Turkish baths, because only large cities have them and are expensive. They might play tennis, perhaps, but to do so with any effect takes nearly all the morning or an afternoon. For you must wear a tennis dress and go some distance to the tennis grounds, and wait for your turn at the courts, and play an hour at least and then get home and change your clothes. Moreover, you can play tennis only in summer, and by no means every day even then. A great many things that are easy enough theoretically are impracticable in practice, because our environments—the daily habit and tenor of our lives—are against them.

THERE IS A POINT TO BE NOTED HERE.

Nothing is so fickle as fashion, and it is probable that the present athletic fad among fashionable women will not last. Each one of them follows it chiefly for the reason that her friends do so, and not from any sense of duty to herself. There can be no security of permanence on that basis. Unless every girl and woman acts in this matter independently of others—unless, that is, she is prepared to keep up her exercise, even if the others fall away—the whole thing may die out at any moment. Therefore, the first thing to do in order to get healthy bodily development is to cultivate your will and your self-respect, and not to cease to do what you believe to be right because other people are remiss. To be conscientious is not easy, but it is contagious, and if you take a stand for yourself you will have the pleasure of seeing that you have confirmed and stimulated many wavering spirits, who, but for you, would have lapsed into indolence.

What your young ladies are after is not brain and muscle to match your brothers at school and college, but good nerves, sound digestion, quiet sleep and a general vigor and freshness of the bodily powers and functions. A reserve of vital force is even more essential to a woman than to a man, and your main attention should be devoted to maintaining and increasing that. You may do it very easily, for it involves abstaining certain habits that you now indulge in, rather than learning anything new. In all you must keep up an enthusiasm for improvement—to become better to-day than you were yesterday. That is the secret of success. There is little use in working against the grain. But instead of stopping work because it is against the grain you must compel the grain to go the way of work. To overcome difficulties is a stimulus; it generates electricity. To let difficulties overcome you is to obliterate yourself, and no woman wishes to do that.

Once at least every day water should touch every part of your skin, and every part should be rubbed till it is rosy with a towel or brush. The water need not be cold, it should not be, unless the heat of the room or the season makes it agreeable. You can bathe and rub yourself thoroughly in ten minutes, including the use of soap. Do not be afraid to use good soap on your face. If it makes your face shiny it is only because you have not rubbed it dry. Apply friction lightly and briskly with the palms of your hands and the shine will disappear.

If during the day you get into a perspiration never let the perspiration dry on your skin; take off your clothes and rub yourself with a towel. Perspiration cools the surface of the skin and sends the blood inward. If it dries so you get a chill, but if you rub yourself the blood returns to the surface and then you are safe.

Sun and air are as good for the skin as water. If you can find means of "tanning" yourself from head to foot in the sun so much the better. Clothes are a necessary misfortune in our climate and civilization, but to be without them for half an hour every day would be good for you, if you can so arrange matters. Make a habit of drawing your breath deep at every

INSPIRATION.

You can begin this when you are working indoors; by and by you will be able to do it all the time. But you cannot breathe properly with corsets on. You will have to choose, I am afraid, between good lungs and stylish corsets. You can have no idea until you have tried it what a refreshment and strengthening this deep breathing gives. It is to your insides what bathing is to your outside. You will soon find that the fresh air is a necessity to you and will take care to have your rooms well ventilated, especially your bed-room. Cover yourself well up in bed, but sleep with your window wide open, no matter how cold it is.

When you sit down sit upright. Never let the contour of your back be convex. Keep the distance between the hips and the top of your ribs as long as nature will allow. Your interior organs need all the space they can get, longitudinally as well as latitudinally. You will find it hard not to "slouch" at first, but stick to it; get up and walk about if it becomes too wearisome. When you lie down in the day time lie flat; don't prop yourself so that you are half lying, half sitting. Never heat your spine with feather pillows or cushions. Keep your spine and all that region cool and the circulation of your blood will keep it warm. If you lie on a sofa let it be a cane-bottomed sofa or of some non-heating material. The great nerve centers in your back must be kept fresh and healthy. Never read when you are lying down, but only when you are sitting erect.

Don't eat candy; you never would if you could see the inside of your stomach after doing so. When you are faint from lack of food, or from nervous wear and tear, don't get in the habit of patching yourself up with tea; it is no better for you than brandy is for your brother. It borrows from Peter to pay Paul, and ends by robbing both. Eat bread and milk chiefly, morning and noon; at dinner eat what you like, only don't eat when you are not hungry on account of an agreeable flavor. To eat a few nourishing things is better than to eat a lot of things poor in nutriment. In summer eat less meat. Pastry will do you no good, and too much of it will do you harm. Why not give yourself all the chances you can to be well? It is contemptible to lower your tone of health just because some unwholesome thing tastes good. Yet you are not to be an ascetic in diet by any means. But remember that the best time to eat unwholesome things is not when your appetite is too squeamish to eat anything else, but when it is strong enough to eat anything. Then there is a chance of your digesting the stuff, and that is the main thing.

And now, as to exercise, take all you can get, but never carry it to the point of fatigue, and take all you can in the open air, or in pure air at any rate. Gentle extension movements of arms, legs and body are the best; no heavy weights; no violent exertions. But go through a regular series every day, if only for fifteen minutes. There is an immense difference between fifteen minutes and nothing at all. Be ambitious, but be prudent, and by and by you and your daughters after you may revive the perfect type of womanhood.—Julian Hawthorne, in N. Y. Herald.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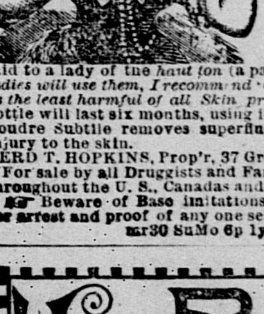

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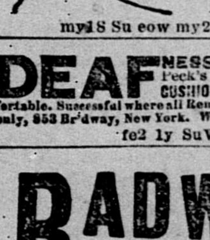

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