

## LONDON THE CINDERELLA OF THE CITIES

Story of the Hall for the County Council and the New Embankment.

For 18 years the greatest, the healthiest and the wealthiest city in the world has been without a civic habitation worthy of its ancient settlement and honored name. The size of London, its power, utility and dignity, have not yet secured adequate expression in embodied brick, chiseled stone, or fashioned bronze.

London has been too long the Cinderella of the cities in the matter of municipal recognition. Like poor Cinderella, her county council had to work and live in the basement dwellings of Spring Gardens. Her sisters, the borough councils and the city corporation, feast or junket in the Guildhall and Mansion house, or disport themselves in the numerous town halls and other buildings that have been granted to them by the grace of parliament or the cheerful consent of their constituent ratepayers. The Metropolitan Asylums board and Thames conservancy without comment have installed themselves in riparian palaces, so that with greater ease they can do lesser work. Only the council is without a home and exist in lodgings.

The bold policy of banks, insurance offices and large commercial houses having prominent sites, adequate space, handsome exteriors and internal attractiveness, stimulates a joy of work in staff, an order in business, and a supreme command of organization impossible in low, mean and disorderly habitations, which but for high ideals of public duty would drag down the average public man charged by popular vote with a city's government.

This has been recognized and prac-

otland Yard, and forming in the new structural approaches, changed amenities and nobler environment, a great riverside embellishment, useful, yet ornamental. Ranking appropriately, yet modestly, with Greenwich hospital, Lambeth palace, the houses of parliament, custom house, Chelsea hospital, Hampton court—buildings that survive to us as worthy and monumental reminders of the days when the River Thames was the chief, as it was, and as it must again be, the widest, cleanest, prettiest, quietest thoroughfare in this great metropolis.

Looked at from the point of view of a great and beautiful riverside improvement, the embankment of the south side of the River Thames offered opportunity for a fine and bold treatment of this present squalid spot. The best embankment in the world runs from Blackfriars to Westminster bridge and the houses of parliament. This noble roadway has received a handsome lengthening of its Victoria Tower gardens, fronting as far as a new Lambeth bridge by a new embankment wall and a riverside promenade backed with fine offices overlooking a garden that will occupy the land where the old houses and wharves now stand facing Lambeth palace on the north side. From this garden there will be, when the county hall is finished, a finer view of houses of parliament, Hospital, Lambeth palace and council offices than that which feasted the eye of Canaletto when he painted the Stangate shore in the years that are gone; a better view, even, than that which caught the artistic eye of Sir Thomas More,

## CHIEF FIGURE IN SENSATIONAL SCANDAL.



This portrait of Hedges, the coachman and former express wagon driver, whose presence in the Platt party on a tour of the west led to the public scandal over senator Platt's domestic troubles, is enlarged from a group photograph of the party taken in Colorado.

### BOOKS IN QUEER BINDINGS.

Human Skin Among Other Things Used for Coverings.

Extravagance in binding has frequently furnished an opening for the display of fantastic tricks and fads. In a book-seller's catalogue was once an advertisement of a Latin copy of Apuleius' "Golden Ass" bound in the skin of an ass. A book relating to Jeffrey Hudson, the celebrated dwarf, was bound in a piece of the silk waistcoat of Charles I. Fox's historical works were bound in foxskin, and Bacon's works were dressed out in oagskin. One offspring of the French revolution was the grim humor of binding books in human skin. France was not alone in this practice. In various parts of England the skin of murderers has been tanned and used to bind books. The public library of Bury St. Edmunds has a book containing the account of the trial of a man for murder, bound in his own skin. Eccentricities of binding in such skins as cats, crocodile, mole, seal, wolf, tiger, bear, etc., abound. The

### VERY LIKE THE ICE TRUST.

Attitude of Grasping Corporation and Thieving Waiter.

Mayor Brush, of Mount Vernon, had been describing to a visitor the municipal ice plant that, thanks chiefly to his work, Mount Vernon had set up. "Reproachful?" said Mayor Brush. "Yes, it is a fact, the ice trust is reproaching sorrowfully the cities that sick of its extortions, have at last set out to make their own ice. "In this respect the ice trust reminds me of a certain waiter in a Parisian cafe. "An American ordered at this cafe an hors d'oeuvre, agneau pre sale, artichoke salad, peche Meiba, and so on, and when the waiter brought him a bill of 30 francs, he paid it like a man. "After his change was brought, he counted it, and pushed a franc toward the waiter for a tip. "But the man, pushing back the franc, said in gentle reproach: "Pardon, monsieur, but that is the counterfeit franc."

## MAKING A LANDING IN BALLOON RACE.



—From Published Reports.

use of cloth in binding is one of comparatively recent date. In 1835 Archibald Leighton introduced cloth for covers, the first books so bound being Byron's complete works.

### White and Red Wines.

"A misapprehension about the strength of red and white wines exists," said a Californian. "Because red wine has a darker, richer look people think it is more intoxicating. The opposite, really, is the case. Red wines are made by fermenting grape juice, skins and seeds together. White wines are made by fermenting juice alone. In the skins and seeds there is a lot of tannin, and red wine contains much tannin, while white wine contains none. This tannin, an astringent, closes the pores of the stomach and prevents the alcohol in the red wine from entering the blood freely, and going, as the saying is, to the head. "White wine—champagne, for instance—has no tannin and hence its intoxicating properties are much more keenly felt than those of the tannin-filled red wine."

### Peer a Practical Christian.

For many years past the earl of Tankerville has preached Christianity, and now he has given practical proof of the sincerity of his convictions. The countess, an American lady, is his right hand in this religious work. "Couldn't you get Krotchet to give anything? It's certainly a very deserving charity." "Yes, but he said the subscription price was beyond his means." "H'm! He meant beyond his means."

### Real Style in New York.

They were wasting a few idle moments at the Women's Dependence league in intimate remarks. "As a womanly woman, with womanly ways, I want to propose Mrs. Dahlgren for our next president," said Mrs. Peter F. Rhinelander. "Who is the womanly woman with womanly ways, yourself or Mrs. Dahlgren?" asked Mrs. Pembroke Hood, always with an eye to correctness of expression. "I hope it is not necessary for me to state that I am too much of a lady to refer to myself in so glowing terms." "Oh, very well. It is Mrs. Dahlgren. She is the perfect one." "The most exquisite creature in petticoats! Why, my dears, she even washes her dishes with perfumed soap!"

### Not a Beauty.

Knox—Blinker's fiancée must have all kinds of money. "Blow—Are you acquainted with her?" "Knox—No; but a friend of his pointed her out to me to-day."

### Just Possible.

The two angry men were about to come together. "Stop right where you are, my good men," said the person, who happened along just then. "What's the use of fighting?" "But," protested one, "he called me a liar, parson." "And he called me a lazy loafer," said the other. "Well, there's no use in fighting over a difference of opinion," rejoined the parson. "You may both be right." —Chicago Daily News.

## HER HOUSE IN ORDER

By ELLIS WYBURD

Miss Dennett-Brown was much elated. The post had brought her two gratifying communications—one from her banker announcing the advantageous sale of some shares in a company she believed to be unsound; the other from her married sister in London telling her that Lady Macintyre had made up her mind to settle in Chipperton.

She was only the widow of a city knight, it is true, but she had a handle to her name, and was supposed to be wealthy.

"It is just what we want in Chipperton," Miss Dennett-Brown remarked to her unmarried sister, Olivia, "some one to give tone to the place and lead society."

And already she saw visions of garden parties, at which she would be an honored guest, and bazaars at which she would be asked to hold a stall. With her mind's eye she even began to range rapidly over her somewhat antiquated wardrobe and to reckon up its possibilities.

"She will be a great acquisition, but"—turning to her letter—"she is not to be here till the end of the London season, Carrie says."

Having decided that this was to be regretted but could not be helped, she armed herself with a sheath of tracts and went forth in great good humor to visit those of her neighbors who, being poor, had apparently forfeited the Englishman's right to consider his house his castle.

She went first to some pretty chalet-like cottages just on the outskirts of the town, in two of which new tenants had lately come, whose acquaintance she was anxious to make.

The door of the first was invitingly open. Through it she saw, in the little sitting-room opposite, a woman who was engaged in ironing some lace-looking articles. She was of a pleasant, but homely countenance.

Miss Dennett-Brown rapped sharply on the door with the handle of her umbrella, and without waiting for permission, entered.

"I hope I do not interrupt you," she said.

The woman's face expressed surprise—and could it be possible?—a shade of annoyance. But she said politely:

"Oh, not at all; if you will go into the front room I will be with you in a minute."

"Don't move," exclaimed the other. "Go on with your work—I will sit here," and she plumped herself down into a chair by the table. "I love to watch people work."

"I expect it is fascinating sometimes to those who themselves have nothing to do."

Miss Dennett-Brown was a little taken aback and tried to look severe.

"Oh, I am a very busy woman, I assure you. Do you always do your own ironing in here?"

"No, not always. I sometimes iron in the kitchen—but to-day the kitchen is rather in a pickle."

"Ah, that is a pity. Do you not think it is a good rule to clean your kitchen early? An ill kept kitchen is—well, you know, so very untidy. I think I have a little paper on that very subject. I am sure you will find it useful," and diving into her string bag, she produced a tract.

"Her House in Order," it is called," she said; "it is most interesting."

"Thank you. Kindly put it down, and I will show it by and by to Susan."

"Read it yourself, my good woman—read it yourself—it will teach you a great deal."

The ironing being now finished, the mistress of the house suggested an adjournment to another room, as her visitor seemed inclined to stay. The latter unceremoniously pushed open a door in the passage, looked with disfavor at a pile of unpacked luggage, and sniffed ostentatiously.

"A very unpleasant smell here," she said. "What is it? Stuff—very stuffy! I should keep that window open if I were you. Let me see, when did you come in?"

"About ten days ago."

"Oh, you are not very quick in settling down, are you? I shall be around again next week with the 'Parish Magazine,' and shall hope to find you quite straight; in the meantime, mind you, read the little paper—it will be a great help. No, I will not go out into the other room—and, oh, don't forget to send the story to your soldier son."

"I will certainly send it. Who shall I say sent it to him?"

"I'm Miss Dennett-Brown—but you can tell him it was one of the parish visitors. Oh, and I have not asked your name."

"I am Lady Macintyre," the other replied sweetly. "I have come in here to be near the Poplars, which is being got ready for me—pretty, quaint little doll's house, isn't it?"

But Miss Dennett-Brown could not reply; she felt a cold, creepy sensation down her spine, and finding herself suddenly bereft of speech—fled.

"How was I to know?" she asked plaintively when her sister reproached her with want of penetration. "She looked just like any one else—not so aristocratic as Mrs. Wegg, the postman's wife, and she had on an old holland overall—and—and" she went on breathlessly, "it was mean of her not to say who she was at first, and to lead me on—and it was just like Carrie to say she wasn't coming yet—she always does get hold of the wrong end of a story—of course we shall not be invited to the Poplars now!" And the much-injured lady wept.

## Our Washington Letter

Some Things of Interest from the National Capital—Assistant Postmaster General Hitchcock Stops System of Fining Postal Employees as Means of Enforcing Discipline in Department.

WASHINGTON.—Fining of employees as a means of enforcing discipline in the postal service, a system that has been in operation for many years, is to be abolished. First Assistant Postmaster General Hitchcock, who has jurisdiction of all post office employees, after a year's observation has reached the conclusion that it is detrimental rather than helpful. He proposes to establish a uniform system of efficiency records. To that end he has started Assistant Superintendent John A. Holmes of his bureau on a tour of inspection of the largest post offices of the United States. Dr. Holmes will confer with postmasters and their assistants regarding the change.



The practice of subjecting 250,000 or more employees to the liability of being fined for making errors in handling mail or for misconduct is believed by Mr. Hitchcock to be a type of punishment rightly termed humiliating and degrading. As there is no definite schedule of fines applied to specific cases of dereliction, their imposition is solely a matter of discretion on the part of the administrative officers. A wide variation in severity occurred in the relative fines imposed by different officers. The system frequently led to resentment on the part of employees receiving the heavier fines.

In criticism of the system Mr. Hitchcock said that in the absence of an efficiency record which enables the clerk to receive full credit for the amount and character of work done, the plan of fining for errors is likely to discourage rapid work because of the increased liability for mistakes. Under Mr. Hitchcock's new plan, which will be used as a basis for all increases and reductions in salary, employees will be given the opportunity that when they become careless or inefficient a reduction in salary will follow. The periodical promotions that are made at the beginning of each fiscal year will affect only employees who deserve advancement on their efficiency records.

The amount of reduction in the salary of an inefficient or delinquent clerk will not be lost to the department, as in the case of fines, but will be utilized in the promotion of the most deserving.

### NO DIVORCE SCANDALS TO BE PUBLISHED.

The report about the bevy of young women sent out by the United States census bureau to collect statistics of divorce, sent a shudder through the circles of Pittsburg, Newport, New York and South Dakota. It was at once surmised that this meant taking off the lids of scandal in every divorce case. Protests were heard by the census officials. The acting director of the bureau, Mr. Rossiter, felt called upon to say:

"It has been reported that the census agents will have interviews with divorced persons and ask them all sorts of personal questions. Nothing of this kind will be done. We are simply sending a corps of clerks from our offices in this city, as we continually do in collecting various kinds of statistics, and they are being installed in the courthouses of 20 of the larger cities, where, under the direction of an employee of the bureau, they will go through the divorce records of the last 20 years hurriedly and in a business like manner, and take out certain cold facts, which will never have any personal significance to the bureau of the public."

It is estimated that between 30,000 and 50,000 cases are recorded for this 20 year period in each of the cities of New York, Chicago and Philadelphia, and that 1,000,000 are recorded for the entire country for this period. It is likely that our clerks, used as they are to doing this sort of thing daily, will remember or will even look at names as they run through the records? Of course not, unless, perhaps, they happen to be personally interested in some particular case, and even then they are sworn to secrecy and would lose their position if they gave out to anyone what they had read. Our records will not even contain the names of the divorced persons when they are complete. It is a block of statistics that the government is after, and nothing else."

Mr. Rossiter estimates that it will require about a year to conclude the government researches upon the subject of divorce. At present there are 20 clerks at work in New York, 30 in Chicago, ten in Philadelphia, 12 in Boston, four in Baltimore and proportionate forces in other cities.

### INDORSES PHONETIC SPELLING.

Charles A. Stillings, public printer for the United States government, who was the first to be notified of President Roosevelt's adoption of the phonetic or simplified style of orthography urged by Andrew Carnegie and a number of leading educators and literary men, has enthusiastically indorsed the president's decision. In a letter to the president Mr. Stillings said that only recently he had appointed a commission to revise the public printing office's "manual of style."

Mr. Stillings expressed himself as having no doubt that all departments of the government would take their cue from the president and advocate the phonetic changes. To provide the printing office with a uniform code of spelling would, he declared, "reduce considerably the necessary force of proofreaders and so lessen to an appreciable extent the cost of the office's operation." The amount of composition and presswork will also be reduced, appreciably lessening the expense.

Charles A. Stillings, as official printer for Uncle Sam, rules over the greatest printery in the world. He was appointed to the post in October, 1905, by President Roosevelt.

Mr. Stillings was connected with a Boston printing house for some years, was once secretary of the Typothetae of Washington, and at the time of his appointment was manager of the printers' board of trade of New York city. He is a son of Gen. Stillings, who was adjutant general on the staff of the late Commander-in-Chief Blackmar of the Grand Army of the Republic.

### TO SEEK QUIET OF CLOISTER.

History will be repeating itself if the reports which reach here about Countess Marguerite Cassini have any foundation in fact. It is alleged that the beautiful chateleine of the Russian embassy is soon to retire from the world and assume the black garb of the Sisters of Mercy in Paris, at whose convent she was received in the Catholic church some time ago.

Countess Marguerite, who was for three years the most intimate friend of Mrs. Nicholas Longworth and one of the most fascinating women who ever figured in Washington society, is remarkably handsome and talented. She is barely 25, but she has drained to the dregs the cup of international popularity.

She became chateleine of the Russian embassy in Washington when she was less than 17. While in Washington she sat for no less than 300 photographs and more than 20 oil paintings and crayon sketches.

As chateleine of the Russian embassy she became a society leader in the diplomatic set, and retained her leadership as long as she remained in this country. Her entertainments were noted for their brilliancy and invitations to them were eagerly sought, and seldom, if ever, declined. She was particularly popular with the young officers of the army and navy stationed about the city, and it was several times rumored that Cupid was not to permit her return to Europe.

### RELATES A QUEER EXPERIENCE.

A few days after Chester I. Long, of Kansas, had been elected to the senate, he returned to his seat in the house of representatives to serve out his term there.

Long was talking to some members in one of the cloak-rooms, and after awhile the conversation switched to palmistry.

There were various opinions expressed. Some of the talkers thought there might be something in it, but most of them pronounced it a fake and a fraud.

"Of course," said Long. "I do not believe in it. It is absurd to think it more than an amusement, but I had a queer experience, nevertheless. I wouldn't have this known for the world. It must not get out, and I tell it to you in the strictest confidence, but, before I was elected, I was at a fair in Kansas City and just for fun, I had my palm read by a palmist there. Strangely enough, that palmist told me I was soon to be elected to the senate. Now don't say anything about that. I don't want it to get out. I am quite ashamed when I think it had any bearing on what happened."

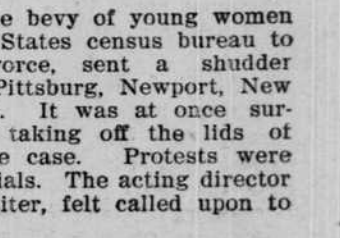
"Well," said Representative Shattuck, producing a copy of a Kansas City paper, "evidently the palmist isn't ashamed of it." And he showed Long a flaring advertisement which had for its top line: "I am the palmist who told Senator Long he would be elected."

### Candid Confession.

Sir Mortimer Durand at a dinner at Lenox said of a certain unkind action:

"It was a logical action. There was reason behind it. But to be simply logical and reasonable in our treatment of others is not enough. A certain amount of kindness, or unselfishness must be thrown in or otherwise we are cruel."

"I heard of a reasonable but cruel young lady the other day. A young man proposed to her and met with a flat rejection. He seemed hurt and



View of New County Council Hall from Westminster Bridge.

ticed by private enterprise, and everywhere but in London municipal administration has built a suitable habitation, and in so doing founded a public-spirited name.

But now London, through its county council, is to have a civic building, a municipal home, an administrative office in which to strenuously carry on the multiplex duties that are intrusted to it for the good government of mighty London.

For over ten years the council pressed its claim; for all that period the health, time, and fruitful energy of its councilors and staff were "cribbed, cabined, confined;" and to some extent its work has suffered by the lack of centralized, spacious and well-equipped offices.

Patient, submissive, tolerant to an intolerable degree, the council practically unanimously, irrespective of party, decided a year ago, for the good government of London, to secure a new home away from the old site, which has been neither suitable, sufficient, nor available, for its ever-increasing work and its multiplying responsibilities.

And, as the council was being evicted from Spring Gardens, parliament would not have it at the Adelphi site, and the timid refused to have it in Parliament street, where better could it be placed than on the spacious plot of ground occupied by dingy wharf, none too pleasant factory.

The river on the north, a public terrace intervening between a fine embankment and the county hall. This structure is a solid, massive, dignified, useful building bounded on the south by Belvedere road, improved as a relief approach to Waterloo station from Westminster bridge for the western traffic that now obstructs the southeast corner of Bridge. On the west St. Thomas' hospital, opposite to the house of parliament, enhancing the beauty and view of that great pile.

In keeping with the abbey, New

as he drifted with his daughter, Margaret Roper, past the parliament he adorned, down to the ebb tide to his death, through Traitor's Gate to the block at the tower.

Certainly the view from Westminster bridge is now and will be still finer than when Wordsworth's lines were written, when the council's work between Vauxhall bridge and Charing Cross is completed, and the projected county hall on the south side between Westminster and Charing Cross railway bridge leads to the southern embankment. This great improvement which is slowly revealing itself, from the end of Abingdon street to the Tato gallery, has cost over a million of money.

And now the public, council and architect have all cooperated in making the Ark of the Civitas of a free community fair to look upon and as worthy a repository of the municipal archives, the center of civic activities, as continental cities boast, and, in erecting a fitting workshop for London's devoted adeiles, will give space and encouragement to those municipal governors who have made London in 18 years of their administration the municipal Mecca to which all civic pilgrims turn for instruction, example, and ideals in modern city government.

JOHN BURNS, M. P.

### Remarkable.

A celebrated actress, fresh and youthful looking, was in the habit of invariably taking 18 years from her age. She was called once in a law case and gave the usual response. Her son was called immediately after and on being asked his age, he replied, promptly: "Six months older than my mother."—Il Riso.

### Hopeless Case.

Eva—I heard Reggy telling that tall blonde that we are here to-day and gone to-morrow.

Katharine—Poor Reggy is 'gone' already.—Chicago Daily News.

### WAYS OF FRENCH HUSBANDS.

Punctilious in Small Courtesies That Please Women.

The French husband has a faculty that amounts almost to a genius for bestowing the delicate attentions which cost little except the exercise of a modicum of tact and thoughtfulness, but which carry joy to every true woman's heart. He not only thinks to take home to her often (in the absence of the means to make a larger offering) a ten-cent bunch of violets, pinks or roses from the flower market or the itinerant flower vendor's barrow on his route, but he presents them gallantly with the compliment and the caress the occasion calls for; and this makes them confer a pleasure out of all proportion to their intrinsic worth.

He remembers her birthday or fête day with a potted plant, a bit of game, a box of bonbons, a cake from the pastrycook's or a bottle of good wine. He is marvelously fertile in expedients for making the time pass quickly

and agreeably for her. He has a thousand amusing and successful devices for helping her to renew her youth. He projects unique and joyous Sunday and holiday excursions. He improvises dainty little banquets. He is a past master especially in the art of conjuring up amiable mysteries and preparing charming little surprises. And in all these trivial enterprises he vindicates the old French theory that true courtesy consists in taking a certain amount of pains to so order our words and our manners that others "be content with us and with themselves."

The American husband is particularly solicitous to do the proper thing; the French husband to do the agreeable thing.—Independent.

### Sing.

Banish the sighs,  
For sighing is leaden,  
There was never a heart  
Made lighter by sighs;  
Sing of to-morrow,  
Forgetting the sorrow—  
A song to the heart  
Will go high to the skies!  
—Milwaukee Sentinel.