

WOMEN DRINK AT BAR

PUBLIC HOUSES WHERE WIVES MEET TO TIPPLE.

A Barmaid Tells Her Story—Had to Take Brandy Before Breakfast Because She Was Tired—A Domestic Circle—A Mother and Twins.

(London Letter.) UNDOUBTEDLY the women of England are good, hard drinkers throughout, but it is among the lower middle classes of London that you must look for the sweet habit in its full perfection. Last year 9,450 women were taken into custody on the one charge of "drunk and disorderly."

Magistrates, clerks, missionaries and others whose daily duties oblige them to frequent the metropolitan police courts say that the trouble is increasing. Mr. Wynne Baxter, the well-known coroner, has just been testifying on the subject.

"Generally speaking," he says, "the question of drunkenness enters into half the inquests I hold. My usual question is, 'Was the deceased worse for drink?' and the reply given in an unconcerned tone, is: 'Oh, she had a drop,' as if it were the proper thing to do. I believe there are countless numbers of hard-working men who would have good homes if they only had good wives; but the women are never at home to meet them or have anything ready for them after their day's work. The husband goes quietly to bed, while his wife is still out of doors drinking with her friends. Monday is essentially a day for drinking with the women. Many men are unaware that their wives take their husbands' Sunday clothes on Monday morning to the pawnshop, pledge them, and spend the money in drink through the week. On Saturday, when the man brings home his money, the clothes are taken out again."

The charge sheets at most London police courts are almost always heaviest on Mondays, the proportion of women being ludicrously large. It is common to see thirty women charged at a single court in one day. At each metropolitan police court the Church of England Temperance society maintains a missionary whose duties concern the reclamation of women addicted to drink. In one of its annual reports the London Police Court Mission, as the organization is called, presented the following statements: "At the North London Police court in twelve months 345 women were



charged with simple drunkenness and 447 more with being drunk and disorderly. Of 2,554 women appearing at Clerkenwell (a much poorer district) 95 per cent were the victims of drink. One of the missionaries said: "One woman, aged 89, and twelve over 80 years of age were charged with drunkenness. The youngest drunk case was that of a girl 15 years of age. There have been as many as five girls in one day charged with being drunk, who were only 17 years of age. In one day forty-seven women have passed the bar, charged with drunkenness."

"I have been dealing with a large number of drunken women in my district," says another missionary. "One class is composed of low women, but there are many of what may be called the lower order of working people. We often have the wives of respectable mechanics and of men employed in the city. It is easiest to handle the younger women, of whom we have a number from 17 to 20 years of age. I think drinking is increasing among young married women from 18 to 24, some of them having very good husbands. We have a number of young girls. One girl of 15 was found one morning in the street senseless. She had been drinking with organ grinders. The mother was in court and was terribly put about."

In dealing with these girls and women the London magistrates are puzzled what to do. They say it is no use sending them to prison or reformatory homes, because it only hardens them. One magistrate will impose a fine of half a crown (50 cents) for the first offense, while another, sitting on the same bench, will let the "lady" go with a caution. Circumstances alter cases, and on the second offense the fine may be made five shillings. A woman who has been arrested several times may be imprisoned for several days, and the more incorrigible she becomes, the severer is the punishment, until the maximum of one month is reached.

At the northern end of Holloway road, there is a lively highway branching to the right, with eight large and thriving taverns within the space of a short quarter of a mile. We thought we would go in and out of them to see

the sights. It was not summing. The neighborhood is a respectable, even "decent," in the language of house agents. It was nine o'clock in the evening when we called for the first lemon squash, and got a glass of "four-ale." They were too busy to mix drinks. In our compartment there were nine women, or fifteen, if you count two baby girls in arms and four little misses brought by their mammas. One was being treated. The mother, quite a decent body, with a silk mantle and kid gloves, called for a half-quartern of Irish warm, and, swallowing three parts of it, handed the glass to the child with a "here you are, Martha," as though it were so much water. Three women were talking about their husbands. "That's all he brought me home, as I'm a living woman! Fourteen bob and five of us to keep! Oh, Lor! oh, dear! Well, drink up. I'll be fourteen to your tuppence this time, Mrs. Walters."

A saloon is a "pub," so called because it is not public. Instead of a long room, with a long bar, the space is cut up into compartments, resembling stalls in a stable. Where the



DU MAURIER'S IN REAL LIFE. Trough would be in the bar. The beer is pumped from various kegs under the bar as wanted, by means of a system of levers resembling the brakes of a locomotive engine. By means of continually pulling on these, barmaids get a good muscle and a reliable thirst. The barmaids all drink; and this is what one of them said, because we were a cheerful, cozy family party all complaining of bad luck.

"My father began life as a draper, and made a little money. And then took a little public house, and, unfortunately, lost it through the cup. When I was 14 I went to take a situation in a public house. I have been in the trade six or seven years. I began to drink because I was so tired in the morning. I felt the need of spirits before breakfast. The hours were late and we had to get up early. We were allowed to have anything to drink at our lunch and dinner time, and sometimes in the evening before going to bed. As a rule, brandy is what we begin on. I never knew a barmaid who did not drink it."

The talk turned to the subject of women frequenting the bars. It was agreed they had as much right to do so as men. The presence of the barmaids makes it cozy and homelike for the women drinkers. It was quite a domestic circle. Some were sitting down and some were standing up. There were only four men of us, and the ladies' tongues waxed eloquent. Some lubricated with four-ale, some with Scotch cold or Irish warm, and some with gin. The theme was the villainy of husbands.

"He comes home boozed every night, and I'm left without a brown to buy a bloater! I'm that worried that my 'art sinks and the spasm is that had I have to take a drop of something. Heaven knows I've been a true wife to him, and he beat me last night for popping his Sunday trousers!"

The next house was not so busy. I could count but eleven women customers. One of them was drinking under peculiar circumstances. I noticed her as I entered, talking with a man, presumably her husband, who seemed to be crippled, and who was in an invalid chair which she had drawn up to a side door. I followed her in and she ordered three pennorth of warm rum for him, and while it was preparing she had half a quartern of gin for herself and drank it. The last house was an exceptionally large place, employing seven barmaids and three men. I counted a hundred and twenty customers present. Among them there were thirty-six women, one a proud young mother, with twin babies in long clothes. Carrying one in each arm, she would have found it difficult to raise her gin glass to her lips had not a kind neighbor or two been present to assist her. We walked out. There is nothing of the pretty entertainment of the Parisian cafe in the London "pub."

STERLING HELLO.

Empress Brushes Her Teeth in Public. Manners are queer in many ways today, and it is to be feared that the lady and gentleman of "the old school" would be prodigiously shocked at some current fashions. One of the queerest illustrations of the change of things was noted in a famous cafe on the Riviera not long ago, when a still beautiful Empress, finishing her luncheon with her husband, prepared to depart. She called for a glass of water, and while the Emperor paid the bill and complimented the proprietor and the other customers gaped, she took a tooth brush from her imperial pocket and calmly brushed her pearly imperial teeth.

The North German Lloyd is soliciting offers for the construction of five steamers of 5,000 tons each for the trade between Bremen and Brazil.

THE PUEBLO OF TAOS.

SCENES IN AND AROUND ANCIENT INDIAN TOWN.

Manners and Customs of the Tribe Unaffected by the Contaminating Influence of Civilization—Happy in Barbarism.

(Taos, N. M., Letter.) IN the valley of the Rio Grande del Norte there is nothing more interesting than its Indian pueblos. Pueblo is merely the Spanish word for town, and this name was given to these Indians because they were the first whom the early Spaniards saw in permanent settlements.

Most of the pueblos are in the Rio Grande valley; there are a few farther west along the line of the Santa Fe railroad and one group of seven in northeastern Arizona. Here they have been, too, for 350 years at least, for here the Spaniards found them when they first came up into this country from Mexico in the first half of the sixteenth century. Many of the pueblos have been moved a few miles to new sites, from some of these the people have disappeared and left no trace or record of themselves. Others have as large a population as they ever had and retain to a large extent their old customs in spite of 300 years of influence from the whites.



THE PUEBLO OF TAOS.

They build their houses of adobe just as they always have, but the four and five story buildings have in most places disappeared. Most of them, too, now have doors. In former times when the danger from marauding Indians was great a town had very few houses, often only two of them. These houses were very large and every family had its own rooms in the common house. The only entrance to these rooms was by means of a ladder through a trap door in the roof. In case of attack the women and children were all shut up in the innermost rooms, while men remained on the roof to fight.

The pueblo of Taos is one of the best reminders of the old times. It lies about eight miles from the Rio Grande, just at the foot of mountains 13,600 feet high. Through the middle of the town runs Pueblo creek, a mountain stream which falls not oftener than once in half a century. There are 400 Indians here, about equally divided on the two sides of the creek. The higher of the two principal houses have five stories, the other has four. They have the appearance of irregular, stepped pyramids. Of course there are many rooms in the first story and a fewer number in the stories above, which can have neither sunlight nor air. These dark rooms are used for storage, principally of corn, wheat, oats and beans.

Occasionally one can still find a house which has no door, but they are not common. Most of the houses have a low door hung on iron hinges. A piece of rawhide serves as a handle. The rooms are about nine feet high and vary in size. A room fifteen feet square will serve very well as kitchen, sleeping-room and general living-room for four persons. Many families have houses in addition to the "town houses." This second house is a mere



A FAMILY IN HOLIDAY DRESS.

but built near the fields. Here the family lives in summer to keep watch over the crops in unfenced fields. In winter time, however, the family comes back to the pueblo, loads of wood are brought from the hills on burros, the doors are shut and all is made ready for the cold season. At this time the light and air in the rooms come through a trap door and small window, less than a foot square, near the roof. When the trap door has to be closed the little window is the only opening.

Long before the Spaniards appeared here the Indians knew how to use

adobe to build their houses. But now they find it more convenient to hire the Mexicans to make the bricks for them. They say the Mexicans can make them better. It is a simple process. Water from one of the irrigating ditches, which run in almost every direction through the fields, is turned on to a small piece of land. With spade and hoe the earth and water are thoroughly mixed until a loose mud is made. Then fine straw is brought from a threshing place near by and mixed with the mud. The raw material is ready. It is put into molds, carried a few feet and dumped on the ground in the form of bricks to dry in the sun. These bricks are left for two days and then are ready for use. A Mexican is paid \$6 for making 1,000 bricks, each fifteen by ten by four inches.

In building a house these bricks are cemented together with adobe. The walls are smoothed outside and inside, and within are covered with a wash of white or light drab color. This wash is made of earth found in the hills, and when fresh it gives the walls a neat appearance. For the roof large poles are first laid on, then smaller ones, then a layer of weeds, and lastly adobe. This makes a roof which may let through a few drops when the first rain of the season comes, but after that it is water tight.

Just outside the house are the ovens in which the bread is baked. They are odd-looking, dome-shaped things from four to six feet in diameter made of adobe. One small opening is left at the bottom for building the fire and putting in the bread, and another smaller one near the top for the smoke to come out. In this oven a fire is

built and kept burning until the walls are heated through and through. The fire is then drawn out, and the fine ashes are removed with a wet rag on the end of a stick. The bread is put in with a wooden shovel, and both openings carefully closed. As the walls retain the heat for a long time the bread bakes quickly and well. I have seen dogs sleeping in these ovens, fortunately not in the one in which the bread which I eat is baked. But perhaps I have not yet caught the dog which sleeps in that particular oven.

The stumpy little chimneys which are seen all over the houses are of adobe, too, but they are often topped with a broken pottery vessel. At the fireplace below the cooking is done. A little iron stand, a frying-pan and a few black pots, with a knife or two, are all the cooking utensils. But they are enough for such simple cooking; some of the poor families of Indians have only tortillas and coffee three times a day. Mix flour with water, put in a little salt, cook the mixture over the fire and you have the tortillas. The coffee, of course, has neither milk nor sugar.

But I am living with one of the first families in town. Here I get fat pork and one fried egg three times a day; frijoles, canned tomatoes, bread and even butter and chow chow. Some of these things, to be sure, are bought especially for me and are not shared by the family. It is all right, since I eat alone, sitting at a table, while the family is in another room sitting on the floor.

The ordinary bed is the floor, or possibly a platform raised a foot from the floor. Rawhides are laid down and on these the Indians sleep, rolled up in blankets. But there are at least two beds at this pueblo and one cot. In winter time the fire gives the light in

the evening. In summer a pine stick, in a few cases a candle, and in still rarer instances a very poor lamp, takes the place of the fire. As a consequence the people of Taos are early to bed and are up almost with the sun. Only the boys are out late at night on the rude little foot bridges which span the creek, singing and making night hideous. They are not so very different from the boys of civilized peoples.

The June bug makes more noise than a wasp, but he does not command as much respect.

SCHOOL FOR ANIMALS.

PIERE HACHET-SOUPLET'S PLAN TO EDUCATE THEM.

Their Indolence and Wayward Genius—Very Like Poets and Artists—Gymnastics Their Specialty—Susceptible to Bribery.



PIERE HACHET-SOUPLET, writing in L'Illustration makes a proposition to start a university for animals, at which they shall be drilled and educated with a view to develop their intelligence and all their latent possibilities. He thinks that man himself can learn a great deal by taking this step, apart from the benefit which the dumb pupils might derive. He suggests that attached to the institution there shall be a theater or track, at which the boarders shall vie with each other and exhibit their accomplishments to the public.

The first work in this university, the inventor urges, should be done with monkeys. A troop of intelligent simians should be secured and enrolled and then placed in the hands of competent instructors. One of the first points to be determined is whether the monkey is smarter than the dog. It is argued that the dog has acquired much of his intelligence by living for generation after generation in the society of man, and that his intellect is overestimated. The monkey has not had this advantage, and, of course, is handicapped. It is very difficult to keep monkeys in captivity in a northern climate, and they rarely breed in cages so that the question of improving the strain and giving the monkey a fair chance to grow up with the country is quite complicated.

The scientist puts forth the contention that the monkey is a much more amiable creature than people think and that it is not from malice or a spirit of mockery that he seems to imitate the movements of man, but simply that being built on the same principle as man he naturally conducts himself in a similar manner.

In training monkeys it is important to select the right sort, there being as much difference in the mental and moral makeup of monkeys as there is between those of the wild man of Borneo and Chauncey Depew. The very big monkeys show the most sense and almost anything can be done with them in the educational line, but the trouble is that as soon as they grow up they become fierce and dangerous, only the young ones consenting to work. The baboon and the mandrill make promising pupils, however, and should be accepted in the university.

Theoretically there is no difference in the training of monkeys and dogs, but practically there is a great deal on account of the savageness of the former. But the monkey has more chances than the dog in the line of gymnastics because he has four hands and besides has a natural fondness for calisthenics.

Monkeys pretend to be very much bored when being drilled. Their only idea seems to be to dodge their task. They know perfectly well what you want them to do, but they sneak out of it if possible. They never accept with good grace the role of public entertainers. They are very active in putting into practice whatever mental impressions they receive and not satisfied with merely doing as they were taught they make new combinations and experiments of their own.

It is just this listless genius which makes it hard to train them. In many respects the monkey has the artistic, non-plodding temperament. He is always trying to get away and always has to be put through his paces or he will avoid the issue. It is very difficult to make him perform unless you have a string or chain tied to him. In his love for loafing he excels even the spring poat.

You can get a monkey's mental measure much more quickly than that of a dog. He is a natural-born acrobat when he wants to be. Sometimes a bribe in the way of a date or a fig will make him work. He is much more susceptible of bribery than a dog.

Some monkeys walk upright without much persuasion, but others have to be tapped on the feet before they will do so. They easily learn to pick things up or to walk the tight-rope. When they do gymnastics the instructor claps his hands when he wishes them to change positions and they soon learn his system of signals.

The Way to Iron Lace Frits. Washington Evening Star: In ironing the lace frills on underwear or lawn dresses you can make the lace look almost like new after this fashion: Iron all the rest of the garment, then have a clean, wet cloth at hand, with which spat the lace till it is pretty damp, then rub it over with a moderately warm iron. Do the smoothing of the lace rapidly and leave it quite damp. As soon as you have finished a ruffle or a sleeve lay down and gently pull the lace out to its fullest width, smoothing and patting every fine stitch at the edge into shape. When you once get used to it you will not have to spend much time, and it improves lace wonderfully to treat it that way.

Prayer. The praying man is the man, who wins; prayer is mightier than battering rams; prayer conquers armies; prayer holds back the arm of God; prayer melts away the blindness of men.—Rev. J. K. Dixon.

BABY DID IT.

The Little Thing Was Sunshine in That Dingy Street Car.

On one of the cold, rainy days of the past week a Washington Star reporter was on a car on the Pennsylvania avenue line coming down Capitol hill. There was a pretty good load of passengers. It was cold, wet and uncomfortable inside of the car, and the rain beat a tattoo on the windows without that brought anything but pleasant reflections to the passengers who would have to face it. At the Peace monument there was a big reinforcement of passengers. They piled in very unceremoniously, bringing with them a rush of cold air and scattering showers of spray from their soaked garments. In the crowd which got aboard was a woman with a baby in her arms. The woman was rather poorly and thinly clad and had no umbrella. There was some delay in her getting a seat and she looked decidedly forlorn and helpless trying to maintain her balance and at the same time look out for her child. But with all the environment calculated to make men mean and surly some one had enough gallantry in spite of the weather to offer her a seat. But mother and child got many a reproving look from the other passengers. Those who were in an ugly mood on account of their unpleasant surroundings found it very soothing to their ruffled feeling to think, "Well, there's a bigger fool than I am," and one lady whispered to her neighbor loud enough to reach the ear of the writer: "The very idea of taking a baby out in such a storm," and finished her sentence with a shrug of her shoulders which meant more than she said. But baby was wrapped up snug and warm in a blanket and its mother, heedless of what her neighbors might think, began to unroll the quaint covering to see how his diminutive majesty was getting on. Everybody in the car was watching her with looks of mingled disapproval and curiosity. She finally got the roll undone so that Mr. Baby's face became visible. And such a face as it was! There was probably never a more completely surprised set of people in that street car before. Baby was a real beauty of the sort that is apparent to somebody else besides the mother. Such eyes, such dimples and, withal, such a bright, healthy, smiling face in all probability will never light up a similar occasion. Baby's appearance worked like a magic charm on the rest of the passengers. As soon as his face was uncovered he took a survey of the passengers about him with owlish gravity. Then, as if struck by some highly ludicrous idea in the contemplation of the scene, he burst into a great fit of baby laughter. He chirruped and chuckled and kicked up his heels in such glee that inside of a minute he had the entire car on his side. The scowling looks had all disappeared as if by magic and people forgot all about the disagreeable weather outside and their uncomfortable surroundings within and joined with baby in a broad smile at the novel situation. Somehow that baby's genuine, healthy and spontaneous good spirits had for the time put an entirely new phase on life for all who saw him.

DOCTOR SUPPLANTS MINISTER.

The Confidential Intimate and Adviser of Country People.

It is now the country doctor, not the country minister, who is the confidential intimate and adviser of the people, says the Boston Transcript. He alone it is who now knows the antecedents of men and women, the history of their families, their inherited qualities, their record of trials and temptations, the skeletons in their closets. The clergyman, however able, has usually been for a year or two only in his parish; he has not yet got really behind the scenes; he knows nothing of the hereditary traits, the traditional obstacles, with the utmost official deference he is left in a great degree outside of their lives. They do not turn to him, after all, as they do to the family physician who assisted some of them into the world, who tided the perplexed household through that long siege of fevers, who remembers grandfather in his prime and knew the long tragedy of Aunt Eunice's desolate life. Even the sympathetic stranger soon finds out to whom he must go to learn the social ties and traditions of the community; certainly not to the clergyman, who is apt to be but of yesterday. Fortunately this position of confidence into which the country physician is now lifted is in itself a liberal education; he learns to prescribe for the sick soul as for the invalid body. Perhaps he does it as well, on the whole, as his predecessor, the clergyman, did before him; but it is nevertheless an essential change of dynasty, and every added breaking up of a strong and prosperous clerical influence makes the transformation more noticeable. In place of the country solicitor, the Talkington of the English novels—the man who held in his strong box the mysteries of every family—we had for a long time in New England the semi-official class of country ministers. Now, with the multiplication of sects and the abbreviation of pastorates, the minister practically abdicates and the physician takes his place as the confidential adviser of the community at large.

A Locomotive's Life.

Some careful experiments which have been made in England prove that the life of a locomotive is about 500,000 "train miles." In other words, that a locomotive of the latest approved pattern will run 500,000 miles before wearing out so as to be useless. In making this run of 500,000 miles the fire box will have to be renewed three times, the wheel tires five or six times and the crank axle from three to five times.