

THE Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

EDITED BY

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Special Notice.

All communications of a Business Nature or relating to Competitions must be addressed to the LADIES' PICTORIAL CO., and NOT to the Editor.

Removal.

The business of the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY has enlarged to such an extent that we have outgrown our present quarters and have leased, for a term of years, the entire building at No. 192 King St. West, which we will occupy after January 30th, 1892.

Individuality.

There is no such a thing as individuality in popular parlance. If a man goes out of the beaten track in speech, clothes, meals, manners or morals, he does not display individuality. He is a crank. If he goes very far, he is a genius. If he goes so far that a placid satisfaction is felt that he will never get back again, he is clapped into an asylum. So argues the man who keeps on the track. To him no wayside flower of poetry offers any temptation to pause and cull.

"A primrose by the river's brin,
A yellow primrose 'twas to him,
And nothing more."

No shaded by-path of knowledge, with fresh, untrodden grass, allures. The green meadows of science sparkling with the dews of many mornings, do not invite him to explore. Nor does he lie on soft reed-beds and let the music of the streams sink into his soul. No will-o'-the-wisp dancing through hill and vale eludes his eager fingers. He plods on.

Plodding is easier to some than to others. Some men plod because, wishing to make life comfortable, they do not spend it chasing after a star. Others, because there is a stern goal in view. But all plodders join in the same cry of condemnation: "He who is not as other men are is mad."

Perhaps he is, but there's method in his madness. We are all as sheep being led. But the sheep follow a leader who knows what he is about. We do not.

Anybody can lead anybody else. If people followed the bent of their own inclinations; ventured to have a taste peculiar to themselves; dared to wear their coats inside out! Then we would have individuality, not merely of a few strong characters—such will impress the world any way—but of every one important and unimportant. We will have individuality. Why not show it? The Creator made peoples noses different, for some wise purpose—certainly not that we should be led by them.

Are We Going Backwards?

The wholesale admiration one has for the German people in spite of their beer-drinking tendencies is constantly receiving fresh fuel. We have long had to acknowledge them the superiors of other people's in science, music and philosophy, which is to say, in the greater part of human culture, but we have a few compensations. English people can point complacently to a magnificent literature, and we of the other continent of English-speaking people, can say that the Germans have no sense of humor; "but look at us! We are an awfully funny people." A country, however, that can keep up a paper like *Fliegende Blätter*, (you all know the jokes of this capital comic paper; they appear quite frequently on this continent,) is not to be looked down upon on the score of lack of humor.

Every one knows the extent to which the "degeneration of the race" has been mooted in the newspaper world. We are all supposed to be crabs, so far as our progress is concerned. Well a German, Dr. Kaarsberg, with the desire to know the truth of all things which distinguishes the German student, determined to look

into this matter. If, as the pessimists declare, civilization has caused degeneration, then it is to the uncivilized we must go in order to find perfect health, contentment and happiness. Dr. Kaarsberg accordingly went to the land of the Kalmyki to discover Elysium. What did he find?

There it is alternately scorching hot and freezing cold. "Heaven and earth are united in one blur by clouds of fine dust." Flies and vermin feast on blood. Then comes drenching rain, then dust again, and so on. The Kalmyki are indolent, brave, clever robbers, faithful servants, moral, good-natured, brutal when aroused, big eaters and strong drinkers. They have no wish to be civilized, and are content to be fossils, and the race is dying out—probably for want of the beneficent influence of civilization.

No doubt Dr. Kaarsberg is able, from the Kalmyki alone, to combat the pessimists theories of the degeneration of the civilized race, but one does not care particularly for that. The world is not going to degenerate, or not degenerate simply because some people say it will or it will not. What is worth noticing, though, is the faithful endeavor of scholars to know the truth at all hazards. It is delightful to hear of a man like Dr. Kaarsberg who betakes himself to the cold and sterile steppes in order that a wrong theory may not find followers. It is not surprising to learn this of a German. They are ever interested in abstractions. But it gives one an added sense of confidence in the world's progress.

Visitors to the Sanctum.

"WHO is that you were dancing with, my dear?" asked Lady Milliflours of her daughter.

"My dear mother, how am I to tell? They all part their hair down the middle and say the same thing," answered the beautiful and accomplished daughter Arethusa Dealtis.

This is said of society young men in London—English young men in fact. Travellers in Canada are unanimous in declaring that society in Toronto is very English.

What do I mean to insinuate?

Oh! nothing.

PEOPLE are always rushing in the Sanctum with the latest story. Barney Riggs slammed the door after him in his anxiety to be ahead of Algernon Booby. "Sit down, Barney," I said, severely. I cannot listen to you just now." Then he guffawed and kept on guffawing. I hurried my work so as to stop him laughing. The immediate consequence of the hurry was that I stuck the mucilage-brush in the ink bottle, and then, looking around for somewhere to dip the pen in, took the mucilage bottle for ink. Barney thought that was very funny, and I told him that if that was his idea of a joke his story would keep. There is no snubbing Barney though, and he proceeded. "I was behind one of the alcoves in the library at the Osgoode Hall ball. (No. I was alone. I was so.) And presently I heard voices in front of me, (no I did not. I stayed there. So would you have.) And there was a girl speaking (she stopped though, occasionally) and she said: (How could I get out when I had ripped my coat up the back?)

"I love your waltzing, Frank dear. I feel so selfish having all your waltzes to myself."

"Then he said: 'Dearest,' (I had my ears covered, of course, all the time, but they spoke so loud I couldn't help hearing,) 'who else would I give my waltzes to but you.'

"But there is Mary T—, poor girl! She has so few partners, and I should like her to have a dance with you, just to see what a waltz really is.' (She did so say that. They're engaged. I know them both. No, I won't tell you who they are.)

"But I can't give her one; I am engaged to you for them all," he went on.

"Dear, I might give one up to her, poor thing! I feel so selfish. Yes, I will. Now don't tease, Frank. Let me be unselfish for once."

"Very well, dear. What one shall it be?"

"Say the first extra. (It was a waltz now. Who's telling this story?) And you better go and ask her now. Do, Frank."

"He went."

"I still stayed there. (No, I did not expect to hear any more,) and presently Dick N— came up."

"Well, you saved that first extra for me, did you?"

"And she smiled at him, (I looked around the corner and saw, that's how I know,) and said:

"Yes, Dick, but it was awfully hard work."

THE other day, on the way down to the Sanctum, I met a dog whom I knew slightly. I had a mere bowing acquaintance with him, nothing more. And then I knew him only through Moosey. Moosey has a large circle of friends, but most of them he does not consider sufficiently eligible to introduce to me. Occasionally, however, he introduces the more desirable of them. The dog I met belonged to the latter class. So that with Moosey's friends, and the dogs of my friends, and the stray curs I speak to on the street and elsewhere when Moosey is not along, I have a large circle of canine acquaintances. Most of them greet me in a gentlemanly manner with a gallant wag of their tails. But the dog I speak of was very effusive. Now, as I have said, I only met him through Moosey, and it is not as I had known him at a friend's house. So there was nothing to justify his sprawling me out on all four points of the sidewalk. I thought that was altogether too demonstrative for a mere acquaintance.

When I got up to tell him so, and remonstrated rather sharply with him. I pointed out that the attitude he had forced me to

assume toward him was that of looking up to him, and that considering that I was an editor-in-chief and he was only an everyday poodle, it was not becoming. Neither had the passing pedestrian paid for the amusement he was receiving.

Moosey's friend seemed much cast down. And then, of course, I began to feel like an inhuman wretch. That's the worst of lecturing. No matter how much the offender deserves it, the minute he feels badly then you are in the wrong, somehow. Well, anyway, the upshot of it all was that I had to promise to give him a home for all time, and here he is now in the Sanctum. Moosey thinks it is the least I could do for any friend of his. Moosey, I might mention, elected to live with me without invitation or encouragement on my part, and now he thinks he owns me. Of course two dogs are rather in the way. I am always stepping on them and then having to grovel in the dust and apologize. I cannot think of any name for the new poodle. He has signified his willingness to be known by any name.

Somebody help me. Suggest names all of you who write me, or come to see me.

OCCASIONALLY business letters crawl into the Sanctum. Unpleasant remarks ensue, accompanied by blue pencil scorings. The letter then is flung back into business precincts and the Sanctum is once more sacred to the muses. Usually I unconsciously read the letters, from mere force of habit, I suppose. One has had to read a good many letters in a life-time. You dreamily drift through the heading and into the first few sentences before you are really aware of it. Then suddenly a word or phrase startles you, and you hurriedly go back to the first to see what you have been reading. That is what happened me in one epistle obviously meant for the more experienced members the business department. Here is the letter:

"GENTLEMEN,—Your paper, addressed to Mrs. —, my wife, has failed to reach me for the last two weeks. As my wife left me about three weeks ago without any clue to her whereabouts, I suppose that she changed her address on your mailing list; or, if the paper still goes to this place, she has it taken out."

There was much more in the letter, chiefly to the effect that the writer would like to establish a detective agency through our mailing lists.

While one sympathizes, of course, with the natural desire on the part of the husband to know where his wife is—even if that he may avoid that place—still he ought to let well enough alone. It is quite natural also that in her flight the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY should not be left behind. Her treasures would, of course, accompany her. But we would that our paper should not be regarded as an accomplice. The worst feature, however, is that the bereaved husband is left without both wife and paper. The former, of course, will have to be endured. But the latter—well, we cannot let him suffer. Some way we must manage that he receive copies of it from time to time. Such are some of the tribulations of this life. After a letter like this, I feel as if I could stand ten type-writers and a little imp at my elbow, standing first on one foot and then on the other and waiting for "copy." Well, here, take it.

Madge Robertson

Black Tea and Green.

Mrs. Scidmore, in her "Jirikisha Days in Japan," says:

The tea plant, as every one knows, is a hardy evergreen of the camellia family. In the spring the young leaves crop out at the ends of the shoots and branches, and when the whole top of the bush is covered with pale, golden green tips, generally in May, the first picking takes place. The choicer qualities of tea are never exported, but consumed at home. The average tea brought by the exporters for shipment to the United States and Canada is of the commonest quality, and, according to Japanese trade statistics, the average value is eleven cents a pound.

For green tea, the leaves are dried over hot fires almost immediately after picking, leaving the *theine* or active principle of the leaf in full strength. For black tea, the leaves are allowed to wilt and ferment in heaps from five to fourteen days, or until the leaf turns red and the harmful properties of the *theine* have been partly destroyed.

Tea which is to be exported is treated to an extra firing, to dry it thoroughly before the voyage, and, at the same time, it is "polished," or coated with indigo, Prussian blue, gypsum and other things, which give it the gray lustre that no dried tea leaf ever naturally wore, but that American tea drinkers insist on having. Before the tea leaves are put in the pans for the second firing, men, whose arms are dyed with indigo to the elbows, go down the lines and dust a little of the powder into each pan. Then the tossing and stirring of the leaves follows, and the dye is worked thoroughly into them. . . . This skilled labor is paid for at rates to make the Knights of Labor groan, the wage-list showing how impossible tea culture is for the United States until protectionist tea drinkers are ready to pay ten dollars a pound for the commonest grades. During the four busy months of the tea season the firers are paid the equivalent of eleven and four-tenths cents, United States gold, for a day's work of thirteen hours. Less expert hands, who give the second firing, or polishing, receive nine and six-tenths cents a day. Those who sort and finally pack the tea and who work as rapidly and automatically as machines, get the immense sum of fifteen cents. . . . Each year the United States pays over \$7,000,000 for the nerve-racking green tea of Japan.