

QUEER NAMED HOTELS.

Facts About Inns Obtained From Commercial Travellers.

"SPEAKING of hotel names," said a commercial traveller the other day, at an up-town hotel in New York, where he happened to meet a Western customer: "I have a list of 230 at which I stopped last year. They show that a wave of Anglomania has swept over the United States, leaving euphonious, historic and impressive names everywhere. In my list they are named Wilsons, thirty-nine St. James, twenty-five Arlington, twenty Brunswick, twelve Clarendon, eleven St. Cloud, seven Albion, and so on. The old-fashioned names such as American, National, Eagle, Central, Commercial and Metropolitan have nearly gone out."

"There is one town," said another, "where there are no hotels St. James, Arlington, Victoria and that. The new hotels in Milwaukee are the Palmer, the Park and the Schilze, all good German names. The old hotels are the Plankinton, named after the owner, and the Republican."

"That reminds me of the one hotel at Racine near Milwaukee. It ought to be popular with bridal couples. It's the Huggin's House."

"The hotel with the longest name is Strathmore-on-the-Amelia-Beach Hotel, at Fernandina."

"The queerest name is the Hotel Thudium, at Carlisle, Pa. The Noggie House, at Mansfield, Ohio, is the least euphonious. There is a Sycemar Hotel at Dulphus, in the same State."

"There is nothing in a hotel name," said the first speaker, "to indicate the sort of time a man is to have there. Some years ago I rode twenty miles in a snow storm in South Dakota just to spend Sunday at a hotel called the Royal. It was a big barn of a house, put up in haste when the great rush of settlers took place, and everything about it was cold. The partitions were of heavy brown paper, such as they used at the Family Dormitory near the World's Fair. The paper had warped and the seams were open - but I could push my arm into the next bedroom. I had seen a sign only a few minutes when the heavy fall and squeak of Dakota boots on the stairs aroused me. Two settlers who had been doing the saloons came into the adjoining bedroom and one seemed to be almost entirely full. Pretty soon he discovered that the partitions were of paper and, whipping out his pistol, he exclaimed: 'Jim, I bet you ten dollars I can shoot through every bedroom in this row.' I was pretty nervous until his companion soothed him and I heard his heavy snoring as though he were in my room. I think the bed springs in that Hotel Royal were made of old tomatoes."

"You've noticed, of course, that the Palmer House, in Chicago, has become a favorite hotel with the Jews. By the way, there is a summer hotel in Wisconsin that no one has any other guests than Jews. They engage their rooms a year in advance. It is the most elegant summer hotel in America and the table is not surpassed by that of any hotel anywhere. The main building was put up by Captain Parker, a Chicago millionaire, as a summer residence, and all his pictures still adorn the walls. When he died the building was enlarged, and from June to September the wealthiest Jews of New Orleans, Memphis, Louisville, St. Louis, and Chicago occupy every room. The prices are steep but the place is elegant."

"There is only one place in the United States where the hotel runners are allowed to struggle over the unhappy wretch who steps from a train. That is Albany. I suppose if a man knows

where he wants to go he is not loathered, but if he doesn't he is pulled and pushed like Jack among the maidsens.

"I have found four Delmonico Hotels in Kansas, and in each the tough steaks is a feature, and the exacting guest who asks for a napkin is called an Eastern dude."

"There is a woeeful lack of originality in the naming of hotels. When Boston was a more important town, relatively, the Revere and the Tremont were famous houses. Soon every little town had his Revere or Tremont. In New Orleans the St. Charles was notable, and hardly a town of six hundred people in the South and along the Mississippi failed to adopt the name. In the forties the Planters, at St. Louis, was a great tavern, and the name bloomed throughout the West, even in sections where there were no planters but only farmers. Chicago contributed the name Sherman to hundreds of hotels in the Northwest, but the Sherman, like the Palmer and the Grand Pacific, is overshadowed by the new hotels such as the Auditorium."

"Most second-class hotels make a mistake in one respect. I don't mean the family hotels, but hotels on the American plan for transients. They have almost the same bill of fare as the first-class hotels. They offer the same in meats and they furnish the bedrooms in the same impressive manner, but necessarily with cheap materials. With less variety at the table they could give the best instead of inferior things in profusion. Bedrooms furnished neatly with light, pretty and cheap furniture, cheap and pretty three-ply carpets that could be replaced by new frequently, clean sanitary, and the sort of thing would that give you a feeling of homeness and neatness that you can never get from more expensive furniture and carpets and lace curtains that have to last long after they are soiled."

WHAT IS BEER?

Malt Said to Have Been a Discovery of the Egyptians.

THERE is only one man whose definition of it will be universally accepted by Englishmen; that man is Dr. Samuel Johnson, the great lexicographer. To be quite sure of what he says about it reference must be made, not to any ordinary "Johnson's Dictionary" that lies handy, but to one of the great, in calf, and quite a lift for any ordinary man. From such a tone the following extracts are taken:—

Ale: a liquor made by fermenting malt in hot water, and then filtering the liquor.

Beer: Liqueur made of malt and hops. It is distinguished from ale either by being older or smaller.

If any man knew what he wrote upon, and especially upon things English, he was Dr. Johnson. It may, therefore, be taken for granted that Bishop Westcott is right; liquor not obtained solely from malt and hops is not English beer. Francis Bacon, in his Natural History, says: "Beer has malt first infused in the liquor, and it afterwards boiled with the hop." It is known that almost every sort of grain, or cereal has been employed at one time or another and in different countries to produce malt; it is equally well known and admitted that in England the recognised grain for this purpose always has been barley.

There are those who say that the conversion of grain into malt from which beer is obtained was a discovery of the Egyptians; and it came about in this way. The climate of their country and the periodic inundations of the Nile, largely deprived them of the vine, from which their native wine is made. In the northern shores of the big pond derived their sparkling wines. The dwellers in the

Nile would not be without a national beverage, and they appealed not in vain to the corn, for the growth of which their country was famous. It would seem, therefore, that we are indebted to Egypt for something else besides the gipsies. The northern and western nations of Europe soon acquired that portion of "the wisdom of the Egyptians," which had reference to the brewing of beer. Early in the Christian era it was made largely in England, and to a still greater extent in Germany, where as every one knows it still holds the field as an important national industry, no more than a national drink. But the truth seems to be that beer of some kind is made all over the world wherever grain grows.

Not quite 100 years ago, Mungo Park was on his memorable travels in the region of the African Niger, and this may still be read in his diary under date, "December 11th, 1795; arrived at Koojar, the frontier town of Wuodi. I was entertained in the evening to a 'noethering' or wrestling match, followed by a dance. In the course of the evening, I was presented by way of refreshment with a liquor which tasted so much like the strong beer of my native country (and very good beer, too) as to induce me to enquire into its composition; and I learnt with some degree of surprise, that it was actually made from corn which had been previously malted, much in the same manner as barley is malted in Great Britain; a root yielding a grateful liquor was used instead of hops, the name of which I have forgot, but the corn which yields the wort is the holcus spicatus of botanists." Did these Mandingo negroes also get the secret from Egypt? The art of brewing the one so universally known that it must have been discovered by many peoples independently of each other. Beer was called by the Greeks "barley wine." Herodotus, the father of history and to some extent of geography also, said the Egyptians made their "wine" from barley. It has also been defined as the "wine of grain"; and on last Christmas Day an eloquent inmate of a British Workhouse not unpoetically called it "The port wine of Old England."

Beer and ale have been the popular drinks of the English for no one knows how long. Brewing was one of the domestic duties of a good housewife. In early times, when a young woman was

spoken of as a probable wife for some one, it was asked,

"Can she bake, can she brew,

"Can she sluice, can she sew,"

and if in her case the first two words in each query could be truthfully translated, and the rhyme made to read thus,

"She can bake, she can brew,

"She can sluice, she can sew,"

then the happy avian was thought to be set up for life. The poet John Lydgate, who lived between 1370 and 1430, in his "London Lapskenyng," describes the experiences of an impetuous stranger at Westminster, in the City, at Cheap, East Cheap, and Cornhill, all at that time separate places. He was seeking legal redress for real or supposed wrongs, as in the verse he says:—

To Westminster Gate I presently went,

When the sun was at high prime;

Cookes to me they took good heed,

And proffered me bread, with an ead wine

fulle of leafe, both fat and full fine;

If I to thole they began for to spread,

But, wanting money, I might not then need.

A contemporary poet also describes, with even greater minuteness, the drinking habits of the times, dwelling with special commendation upon the custom of women resorting to taverns, clubbing their money for a carouse, and, when they had no money, pledging their ears and even their husband's apparel. Some think that women have only taken to such evil courses in this nineteenth century. Let such read an anonymous old English poem, entitled "Gossip Ming," written at least 600 years ago, and they will receive enlightenment. It is true the women of that time did not go to drink beer, for the best of all reasons: they had that at home daily.

"This is the thought that gossip take:

Once in the week merry they will make,

But all small drink they will forsake.

But wine of the best

Shall have no vest.

How say you, gossiped is this wine good?

"That it is, quoth Elmore, by the rood!

It cheereth the heart, and comfort's the blood,

Such junkies among

Shall make us live long.

Anne, did a pipe of Muscadell

For of wine is my love, it well

Swete wines keep my body in hale;

If I had of it sound,

I should take great thought."

The drink and the gossip over, to some observation they go home by different and circuitous routes, and each of the "showeth her wisdom," for

"She telleth her husband anon

"She had been at the church."

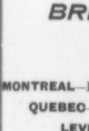
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