

of a young woman whose garments suggested difficulties in the way of getting into them, and still greater difficulties in the way of getting out of them. They were eminently calculated to display the shapeliness of her nether limbs. She was a living, moving picture, sportive, lithesome and sinewy as a tiger. She was sandal-shod. "The blush was fixed upon her cheek." It was fortunate that her male companion was not seven feet high else she might have kicked his head off. Her hip-play, bodily contortions, and bacchantic leaps were of such a character that most girls would hesitate before taking their mother to see this young wanton. She would stand on her toe, with one leg extended, much after the style of a pair of scissors that have fallen to the ground, and only one blade has stuck. After a little rest, she performed a rhythmic, gypsy dance to a guitar accompaniment in slow *tempo*. The *danseuse* was habited this time in voluminous drapery to correspond to the charm of "woven paces and waving hands" in the trailing, dreamy measure. Her performance was the elaboration of what is sometimes called "Love", and was well-marked with the suppressed, tantalized sensuousness and the ecstatic tremors that belong to dances of the Oriental origin.

Outside, the Salvation Army were holding a service, for in this way only "the poor have the gospel preached to them." A young soldier from Gibraltar was telling his "experiences" for he was a soldier of the King too. As one looked at the drunken throngs, and then at this little band endeavoring to follow in the steps of the manger-born, work-stained, thorn-crowned carpenter, you wondered if things were not reversed nowadays, for it would appear that the ninety-and-nine are without the fold, and the one sheep inside.

Towards evening, the people became either quarrelsome or roysteringly happy. It could hardly have been otherwise, for all day they had taken long and strong draughts from the barrels of beer which had been rolled into the streets. One man