

EARL A PROBLEM
IN LUXURY TRADE
Demand for True Oriental
Variety is Growing, But
Where to Get Them is the
Rub—Cannot Foot Expert

(New York Times)
How to increase the world's supply of true Oriental pearls to meet the continually growing demand is yet unknown in the opinion of Australian pearl experts, who deprecate the Japanese method of producing pearls for a time being, but who have solved the problem from the age when pearls first became a considerable item in the world trade. They say that the Japanese have had to overcome the difficulty of assuring a constant pearl supply.

Following the Hegira, the Mohammedan left the Arabs in the Holy War and the caliph became the ruler of Mesopotamia, the merchants of Baghdad controlled the pearl trade between the East and Europe. They were the pearl merchants of the world, and extant Arabic literature of the Abbasid Caliphate includes the study of necromancy and the alchemist's art of making artificial pearls. A good as the real ones—a sort of alchemy which appears to have occupied the wise men of those days in the problem of turning base metals into gold.

Now from Australia comes the verger, H. C. Hopkins, in conjunction with experts of the Australian pearl trade, that the Japanese nurtured pearls so easily distinguished from the natural pearls of the East. Hopkins is a pearl expert, and he says that the Japanese can never become a dangerous competitor in the jewel markets of the world of the true Oriental pearl.

At present the great sources of natural pearls are the Indian Ocean, Persian Gulf, Central America, the West Indies, the Japanese islands and the coasts of Australia. Aside from the Japanese, marine pearl fishers are also important, though not as lustrous as the gems from the sea. The Australian industry is expected to become the most important of its kind in the world. Exquisite pearls of unusually fine luster are found on the coasts of West Australia and Queensland, and fine pearls have also been found in New Zealand.

Japanese Extend Their Quest.
It is curious to note that the pearl divers in the Indian Ocean have extended their activities to Australia, while there are some native Australians engaged in the diving in the western part of the continent. In the Western Hemisphere, chiefly in the Gulf of Mexico, the Japanese have been engaged in pearl fishing.

The strongest competitor of pearls of the East have been the pearls from the United States and the Australian pearl fishers have naturally been very much interested in pearl propagation, artificial pearls and all other things that would increase the supply of the jewel. Artificial pearls—first manufactured in 1860—have not proved a competitor of the real pearls, but the Chinese have succeeded in producing artificial pearls before the Christian era—long before the first to hit upon a method of nurturing the pearl so that it would be very similar to the natural pearl.

Probably noting that the natural pearl was a mother-of-pearl growth about an irritating substance that had found its way into the mollusk, the Chinese laid out upon the plan of introducing bits of wood or mud into the pearl-producing bivalve. The treated animals were stored in vats and fed for a period of three or four years—the pearl-producing period of the mollusk is usually at the age of four. At the end of the allotted time the mollusks were opened and the pearls extracted. The process, however, is very inferior to the real thing. It is a dull, fine white, the natural pearl being a lustrous white.

Scientists studying the Chinese method, as well as the biological process of pearl formation in the mollusk taken from the sea, came to the conclusion that under natural conditions the pearl is not formed around an irritating bit of sand that fortuitously finds its way into the shell, as formerly believed, but around a foreign matter that makes its way in through the outside surface of the shell. The mother-of-pearl secretion that the bivalve sends out is a medium of defense against its enemy. The parasite, dying as soon as surrounded, is oxidized and disappears by the time the full pearl is formed, leaving the gem lustrous as soon as "peeled" and polished.

The Japanese, learning the lesson taught by science, evolved the plan of introducing into the shell a tiny bit of chemically treated mother-of-pearl, which is the inside shell-lining, an important by-product of the pearl-fishing industry. It was reasoned that this bit of foreign matter, being of the same chemical composition as the pearl itself and similar in appearance, would prove the correct nucleus or the nucleus for the absolute determination of the two kinds of pearls has at last put the nurtured Japanese pearl in its correct place, from a commercial and technical point of view.

How to distinguish them.
Here is how the natural and nurtured pearls are distinguished from each other. To the expert, the Japanese

How Women Like to See Men Dressed

By WILLIS STEELL.

Women had the dressing of men all the present contents of the diminutive dark closet where now hang the conventional coats and trousers, insignificant in design and devoid of color, which represent masculine wardrobe, were thrown out and in their places gorgeous silks, coats of purple, blue and gold trimmed with Valenciennes or duchess lace would be seen. For the consensus among women is that the best dressed man ever saw was on the stage in a costume play.

Only a small proportion of wives and mothers is interested in the clothes the men wear. How could interest sustain it when these clothes from season to season are practically unchangeable? Fashion which now rules the feminine world abdicated the masculine early in the eighteenth century. Before then the ardent had as much to say about men's clothes as about women's. Her last effort was directed toward keeping the waistcoat or undercoat, as it was called, a brilliant item, either heavily embroidered or trimmed with lace and buttons. For a time this garment remained the high light in an otherwise drab landscape. Then it descended to the stage coach drivers of the early years of Victoria's reign and by steam engine time nobody but a "bouncer" wore it.

As soon as their boys grow out of the Fauntleroy age and fall into the clutches of the tailors, mothers—even the tenderest—lose interest in the youth's clothes and criticize nothing but the necktie. Women in general do not like to admit the defect but they confess to it. They stage an actor in the costume of one of the Louis. They like the wealth of color, the superfluity of embellishment. "Why, oh, why," they sigh, "don't men dress like that to-day?"

Actresses do not hesitate to express their preference. The fact that John Drew is or was the recognized "dress suit" actor of the American stage does not deter his celebrated niece, Ethel Barrymore, from acknowledging her keenest admiration for him in the costume of Paterfamilias. And she, in the last act of the picture, wears the same costume. Her brother John and Lionel don a picturesque period costume.

The best dressed man, the ideal dresser, in the sixteenth century was the man of the Renaissance designed his costume. His recent appearance on our stage occurred in Sim Benelli's play "The Jew," some of the success of which was due to the fact that the dress was worn by the man as well as by the women of the cast, proved to be one real attraction.

Miss Jane Cow is fully aware how much the three beautiful costumes, including the gorgeous Spanish shawls, she wears in "Malvaloca" are admired by the women in the audience but she says she has heard hundreds of women express equal admiration of the costumes worn by the men in that piece, adding their wonder that American men do not take some ideas from them. In the last act the three principals in the cast who have been seen in working garb before as "dressed up" wear tight trousers which give the effect of black satin although they are made of merino; a wide black satin waist, fine white shirt and collar with a simple black cravat and a coat that only reaches to the waist line like the bolero jacket well known to women. It is a pretty costume and admired by the men in the audience as well as by the women.

Miss Louise Closser Hale, who plays the life of the Spanish dame of Hidalgo in the same piece, shares the prevailing masculine opinion about men's clothes. The best dressed man she ever saw in the audience, because they were in never noticed, because they were in, conspicuous and worn perfectly, that is, the wearer wasn't conscious of them.

Chauncey M. Depew Follows Crowd.
"I have been wearing man-clothes for eighty years," said Chauncey M. Depew, "and as an eighty-nine year old I looked like a little old man, a miniature of my father, for the garments put on me then were modeled precisely after the ancient dandy-drapery of my generation ago or so."

"In all the years since then I have been dressed like other men; that is, I have exhibited no originality in the matter of clothes and could not successfully have accused of eccentricity. Like a million of my fellow men I have never designed a vest or a coat but have meekly donned whatever the tailor saw fit that I should wear."

"But in these eight decades there have been many changes and as they affected my comfort, adding to it or taking from it, as the case was, it was natural that I should observe fashion's decrees, whether I accepted them or rebelled against them. But let me admit that I have been pretty meek in these matters."

"To be comfortable is about all I asked throughout my life. Yes, I preferred that to being beautiful. The latter I could not help, nature being in these matters all powerful, but I could put up a remonstrance whenever a tailor sought to truss me up uncomfortably in some new fangled garment."

"So the clothes I best remember are the English tradition of loosely fitting garments has always appealed to me. I don't like to be tight under the armbones even in a dress suit."

"I doubt if the latter garment is ever quite so familiar to a man as his trim sack or business coat, and perhaps I may be right in declaring that that business garment, with its easy lines and convenient pockets, is still my choice. Here, however, custom decrees the same on a weekly submit, of course, but I still prefer the sack suit."

So gradual are the changes in the fashions for men that Mr. Depew found it difficult in remembering in what sartorial epoch he was most comfortably dressed. He did remember certain times when he was distinctly uncomfortable and by eliminating these periods the remainder of his life may be presumed to have been free from clothing troubles. For he was already so much of an elder when the recent tight clothes had a short vogue that it left him unscathed.

"I never liked the 'light trouser' epoch," said he, smiling as he recalled the court fight, drab pantaloons of a social crime and fiercer to adopt, seemed to me most uncomfortable. I was presented at court in Queen Victoria's time and again in King Edward's, and I wore the same dress on several occasions of ceremony, but judging from my own feeling I don't believe any ordinary man who thinks less of his calves than his head ever liked them. I keep those clothes, never could make up my mind to give them away, probably for the same reason that exhibits A. A. B. preserved in a court trial as necessary evidence that I once really wore them."

"For you see the darned things are so hard to get on. To have a wrinkle in one's silk stockings is a social crime and to avoid committing it one has to wear a pair of cotton stockings underneath. Then to keep the stockings up one has to wear a contrivance like a woman's garter, that is, the thing is suspended from the waist. Those young men who wear corsets with their court and evening costume are happier with this kind of garter than we old fellows."

"As I recall, my first grown-up suit, made after my father's pattern, was uncomfortable. It was short waisted, had long 'tails and clipped' me in various places. There was a dearth of pockets, too, that damped my ebullient, boyish spirits. In those days there was but one breast pocket in a coat and another in the tail; these were absolutely indispensable. My clothes, like everybody's then in my village, were made by the tailor out there; from good imported woolen cloth, mind you, but without any reference to what styles the rest of the world of men wore. That tailor had no pictures of fashion hanging up in his shop, he cut and stitched from tradition. But he made good clothes, and was wanted to last till you outgrew them. And he charged for a complete suit what would correspond to \$25 in our money to-day."

"The men and boys who couldn't afford to pay for the English cloth, which was all we had, or for this tailor's art, had their clothes made at home. Probably three-quarters of the female population at that time tailored their husbands."

"Then the sack suit wasn't worn. Up to I will remember with me, gentle and simple, its solvent every man, gentle and simple, from good imported wools, for weddings and day-time functions we all, of whatever age, wore a frock coat, the thing erroneously called a Prince Albert. With that, and a swallowtail adorned with big bone or metal buttons, the masculine wardrobe of 1840 was complete."

"As for the trousers, the simple style now prevalent created strong opposition when introduced in London by the Duke of Wellington. "Without the flap buttoned smoothly over the waist and simple ancestors of the flap and the high stock and the ruff as well as the coat for every occasion. I think men have progressed along the lines of simplicity in dress, and that there have been fads, of course, but these were not generally adopted and hardly belong to memory. For instance, I do not have to be very old to recall when their shoulders were stuffed out so neatly where their real proportions ended, and there was the 'dickie,' a queer little shirt front that one tied around one's chest with tape. I never could imagine what a 'dickie' was meant for unless it was for defense."

Care About Details Makes Good Dresser.
That comfort is the prevailing want of most men and that this desire is being recognized by tailors was acknowledged by a notable member of the guild who 'buidle' for men prominent in society. When he 'graciously' accorded me an interview this man made the acknowledgment fully and said comfortable lines are being followed now in garments for every occasion."

"I refuse," said he, "to turn out an over-dressed man, and if a customer demands something eccentric in his attire I advise him to go to another tailor. I prescribe his shoes, and when these are the things I warn him that the knot of the string that ties his shoe must never be seen but is to be decorously tucked away inside the tongue of the shoe. I mention this to show how careful a man must be in attending to details if he wishes to have a reputation as a good dresser."

"The tight, wasp waist, the slit up to the middle of the back, the trouser drawn half way to the knee, the necktie and pair of cotton stockings, the makers of that abominable 'ready-made' garment are coming around to a freer cut and are discarding this bad style. There is a cult for the small clothes, that is, for putting men into knee breeches, but it grows slowly and I do not believe this generation will see it."

"There never has been a successor to Barry Wall, whom the papers took up and made a sort of modern Beau Brummel. The man was never what we call a 'dickie' but he was a lack of taste. "In New York's recent social history two men figured as perfect dressers but not conspicuously, not so that the mob would hear of their eminence in this direction. They were President Lawrence and Mr. Healy. Both are dead. As a man of great means and with no demands on his time, Lawrence truly embodied the outfitter's ideal but Healy, who came from the West, developed a correct and exquisite taste which rendered him a man to be remarked among his New York associates."

"These two men have left no successors in our city but while fashion may be in doubt about the human mirror in which we view ourself, it is able to look into many without unkindness, for the general average of good dressers is high."

Men Don't Follow Stage Style.
To a very much less degree than is the case with women is the stage used by men as a guide in their dress. A new style in women's dress frequently forces a style, and especially in Paris

owner's name and which the head waiter deigns with a solicitude seldom displayed in the more important affairs of life. Among the inn dignitaries Boots must not be overlooked, for it is almost as important as the Head Porter—in fact, can assume both incarnations, and must be entered for all local information, stamps, telegrams or time tables. The Simon purr Hall Porter wears many glittering medals and appears as a stout and often nervous with the proprietor himself and his minions, and when the Head Water bent over us—that was before he knew our disapproving drink had with what special view he was asking—asked us as respectable as some great functionary. When we spoke of water a blight was cast upon us, and from that minute dinner came to us tepid and savourless from the hand of a young waiter who was being worked in.

It never seems to dawn on the English innkeeper that on a cold, dreaching day the wandering guest might be appealed to by something hot for lunch. There is an invariableness about cold lamb and ham which leaves one as spiritless as the unadorned porridge which is invariably served in a soup plate for breakfast. We ceased after a time to dash our unobdurate wills against these laws and submitted.

The Function of Afternoon Tea.
But to return to the Maid's Head—Elizabeth's, I suppose—where fifteen shillings procured us a bedroom of a shape impossible to square by geometric laws, but which was entrancingly homelike, and flowered chintz bed hangings. Its lattice window overlooked a hidden court filled with greenery and open to the blue sky, where birds, with streamers flying from

and to transmit a large portion of this power to the manufacturing towns of the New England States. The distance from the Grand Discharge, almost directly south as the crow flies, through the city of Quebec to Boston is about 450 miles. The experience of other power shows that it is quite feasible to transmit this power at high voltage to New England. The cost of development will be great and the expense of operation high, but the only other electric power under such conditions can compete with locally developed power. The company will expect an annual profit of \$3,000,000 or \$3,000,000 a year. If the principle of public ownership held in Quebec as in Ontario, the light and power bills of the people might be lightened by this large sum annually from one company alone.

Altho the principle of public ownership is followed in Ontario, there are still a great many opportunities to use it. If more of the available water power were utilized the electric light and power bills of the people would be correspondingly reduced and coal shortages each year would grow proportionately less.

THE WATER POWERS.
(Toronto Globe).
The Canadian and American capitalists, headed by Sir William Price of Quebec and the Duke tobacco interests of New York, propose nothing impracticable in their plans to develop 1,200,000 horsepower at the Grand Discharge, where the waters of Lake St. John empty into the Saguenay River,

open the rude lattice and looking out into the garden, we seemed to have retired a time as remote as when Shakespeare had immortalized love in the cottage at Shroton. By morning the rain, which fell softly all night long, had only wet an inch or two of the furry thatch round the window.

Later when we were dressed and the sun came out a smell of bacon and toast was wafted up the window airway and I was glad to find that the weather would be none too digest the atmosphere of the Barley Moo, or the quaint, beautiful village, just across the river. A bridge—old in seeming as the Canterbury Pilgrims—here spans the Thames and at intervals there are niches in its narrow stone causeway for the pedestrian to tuck himself away and so avoid the hurrying car or motor. A penny toll is collected from each passer-by and at the tollhouse I saw an old placard posted up and this is how it read:

"For every Horse or other Beast drawing any Coach, Caravan, Berlin, Chariot, Vis-a-vis, Barouch, Phaeton, Merino, Calasche, Curriclo Chair, Gig, Irish Car, Whiskey, Hearse or like carriage, 6d. For every Ass laden or unladed id. For every Ox, Cow, Bull, Id. For every Calf, Pig, Sheep or Lamb, 1 farthing or for a score read."

We hated to leave the Barley Moo, for we could not rely on finding another lodging as primitive and quaint, but after breakfast the sun came out with authority and the spirit of adventure came with them. We consoled ourselves by saying that another night might find us equal joys and as we slid away from the landing stage out into the rippling, sun showered water and under the low arches of the bridge we looked back on the ideal village with a sigh of regret.

Some English Inns From Long Ago
By MAUD HUNDT CHAPIN.
THERE is probably no way in which the customs of England and America differ more than in the matter of inns, or hotels. Their very names suggest it. Who would expect inns and bath-rooms at "The Spotted Cow," "The God Begot Inn," "The Mortal Man" or "The Beetle and Wedge"? These English hostels remain a law unto themselves, placidly indifferent to the demands of modern life; guests may come and guests may go, but they remain.

Perhaps in nothing do they present greater contrast to the American hotel than in the question of food. There is no doubt in my mind that the English palate does not demand or sanction our feverish desire for variety. To be a cook there is to be harassed by no demand for the salad, roast and boiled it and ever shall be, and for salad, tomato will serve alike king and commoner.

exchanges humorous abuse with a young Boots in training who, like Sam Weller, was engaged upon a row of down-at-heel shoes. As I leaned on the window sill looking into the green heart of the cathedral bell strike 4. "Tea time!" I cried irreverently. "Let's go down to the funny old entrance court and have some!"

The Maid's Head, I must tell you, stands with its shoulder to the street which leads to the Cathedral and the Sampson and Hercules House. Through a low archway one enters a glass covered court where all the life and business of the antiquated hostelry center. On one side the homelike office, over which a woman always presides and where bottles decorate the shelves, here and water, or whisky neat, is decanted by the dignified female in charge, whom I hesitate to designate barmaid, and who with the head waiter, or Boots, decides with your fitness for the inn's best or worst. Across the starged pavement were the kitchen offices and the coffee room, from which the foot and legs of the public could over their heads be seen passing before the Maid's Head. Boots has his cubbyhole of this court and in its dim arches I saw rows of shoes awaiting his busy brush.

"Tea served in this court at little garden tables was not unattended by a thrill of excitement when a fly suddenly thundered into the small area or a motor sped among the tea drinkers. In England any meal can be dispensed with, but never tea, and those outlanders whose time or appetites forbid their assisting at its cozy little fires beyond the pale. English people eat so frequently that the custom has been laid to climate, dampness, the cold or the east wind, but we simplified the problem by laying it to appetite! At railway stations as many buns and cups of tea are sold as 'bookings' and jolly little refreshment wagons are trundled down the crowded platforms, their steaming brasses carrying with them an atmosphere which stood for a moment enchanted. Night was falling and before this sudden apparition of antiquity we felt that we had found our way back to an age of innocence. Who could imagine making such a house with the idea of renting it or of buying it for anything else in the world? But for love a man might plaster its low walls with its black timbers in quaint designs or weave the brown roof over as a bird weaves her nest. Through the long years it had become a part of nature here and seemed to have taken on color and beauty like the moss green bark of trees.

We saw a curl of smoke ascending from the chimney, a glimmer of candlelight shone out from the embowed casements, and, tired but happy, we passed through the low door, and confident that the Barley Moo would give us shelter.

It was delicious to drop to sleep in our tiny room, with its one candle where for midnight night never wholly obscured the casement's square of light. Setting

the Barley Moo, an ancient hostelry of old England where John Falstaff might have taken his ease.

Some English Inns From Long Ago
By MAUD HUNDT CHAPIN.
THERE is probably no way in which the customs of England and America differ more than in the matter of inns, or hotels. Their very names suggest it. Who would expect inns and bath-rooms at "The Spotted Cow," "The God Begot Inn," "The Mortal Man" or "The Beetle and Wedge"? These English hostels remain a law unto themselves, placidly indifferent to the demands of modern life; guests may come and guests may go, but they remain.

Perhaps in nothing do they present greater contrast to the American hotel than in the question of food. There is no doubt in my mind that the English palate does not demand or sanction our feverish desire for variety. To be a cook there is to be harassed by no demand for the salad, roast and boiled it and ever shall be, and for salad, tomato will serve alike king and commoner.

Looking back over a fairly wide experience of English hostels I recall an episode which occurred at Penzance. The inn where we stayed was the best and commanded a splendid station on that incomparable blue bay. We had arrived cold and hungry from our journey, longing for something hot, but not daring to expect it. We were wise. Cold joints stood upon the sideboard and boiled potatoes—which must some have felt heat. Bread is mostly eaten dry at luncheon, but when we found this being introduced into the hole bored through the pearl, the nucleus will at once be apparent if it is a Japanese cultivated pearl.

"Women often ask if it is possible to distinguish upon the wearer's neck at a distance of two yards between a collar of Japanese pearls and one of natural pearls. I find it impossible to say frankly that it is impossible to tell false pearls from the genuine just as it is impossible at a glance to tell an original work of art from a copy."

THE WATER POWERS.
(Toronto Globe).
The Canadian and American capitalists, headed by Sir William Price of Quebec and the Duke tobacco interests of New York, propose nothing impracticable in their plans to develop 1,200,000 horsepower at the Grand Discharge, where the waters of Lake St. John empty into the Saguenay River,

open the rude lattice and looking out into the garden, we seemed to have retired a time as remote as when Shakespeare had immortalized love in the cottage at Shroton. By morning the rain, which fell softly all night long, had only wet an inch or two of the furry thatch round the window.

Later when we were dressed and the sun came out a smell of bacon and toast was wafted up the window airway and I was glad to find that the weather would be none too digest the atmosphere of the Barley Moo, or the quaint, beautiful village, just across the river. A bridge—old in seeming as the Canterbury Pilgrims—here spans the Thames and at intervals there are niches in its narrow stone causeway for the pedestrian to tuck himself away and so avoid the hurrying car or motor. A penny toll is collected from each passer-by and at the tollhouse I saw an old placard posted up and this is how it read:

For every Horse or other Beast drawing any Coach, Caravan, Berlin, Chariot, Vis-a-vis, Barouch, Phaeton, Merino, Calasche, Curriclo Chair, Gig, Irish Car, Whiskey, Hearse or like carriage, 6d. For every Ass laden or unladed id. For every Ox, Cow, Bull, Id. For every Calf, Pig, Sheep or Lamb, 1 farthing or for a score read."

We hated to leave the Barley Moo, for we could not rely on finding another lodging as primitive and quaint, but after breakfast the sun came out with authority and the spirit of adventure came with them. We consoled ourselves by saying that another night might find us equal joys and as we slid away from the landing stage out into the rippling, sun showered water and under the low arches of the bridge we looked back on the ideal village with a sigh of regret.

Some English Inns From Long Ago
By MAUD HUNDT CHAPIN.
THERE is probably no way in which the customs of England and America differ more than in the matter of inns, or hotels. Their very names suggest it. Who would expect inns and bath-rooms at "The Spotted Cow," "The God Begot Inn," "The Mortal Man" or "The Beetle and Wedge"? These English hostels remain a law unto themselves, placidly indifferent to the demands of modern life; guests may come and guests may go, but they remain.

Perhaps in nothing do they present greater contrast to the American hotel than in the question of food. There is no doubt in my mind that the English palate does not demand or sanction our feverish desire for variety. To be a cook there is to be harassed by no demand for the salad, roast and boiled it and ever shall be, and for salad, tomato will serve alike king and commoner.

Looking back over a fairly wide experience of English hostels I recall an episode which occurred at Penzance. The inn where we stayed was the best and commanded a splendid station on that incomparable blue bay. We had arrived cold and hungry from our journey, longing for something hot, but not daring to expect it. We were wise. Cold joints stood upon the sideboard and boiled potatoes—which must some have felt heat. Bread is mostly eaten dry at luncheon, but when we found this being introduced into the hole bored through the pearl, the nucleus will at once be apparent if it is a Japanese cultivated pearl.

"Women often ask if it is possible to distinguish upon the wearer's neck at a distance of two yards between a collar of Japanese pearls and one of natural pearls. I find it impossible to say frankly that it is impossible to tell false pearls from the genuine just as it is impossible at a glance to tell an original work of art from a copy."

THE WATER POWERS.
(Toronto Globe).
The Canadian and American capitalists, headed by Sir William Price of Quebec and the Duke tobacco interests of New York, propose nothing impracticable in their plans to develop 1,200,000 horsepower at the Grand Discharge, where the waters of Lake St. John empty into the Saguenay River,

open the rude lattice and looking out into the garden, we seemed to have retired a time as remote as when Shakespeare had immortalized love in the cottage at Shroton. By morning the rain, which fell softly all night long, had only wet an inch or two of the furry thatch round the window.

Later when we were dressed and the sun came out a smell of bacon and toast was wafted up the window airway and I was glad to find that the weather would be none too digest the atmosphere of the Barley Moo, or the quaint, beautiful village, just across the river. A bridge—old in seeming as the Canterbury Pilgrims—here spans the Thames and at intervals there are niches in its narrow stone causeway for the pedestrian to tuck himself away and so avoid the hurrying car or motor. A penny toll is collected from each passer-by and at the tollhouse I saw an old placard posted up and this is how it read:

"For every Horse or other Beast drawing any Coach, Caravan, Berlin, Chariot, Vis-a-vis, Barouch, Phaeton, Merino, Calasche, Curriclo Chair, Gig, Irish Car, Whiskey, Hearse or like carriage, 6d. For every Ass laden or unladed id. For every Ox, Cow, Bull, Id. For every Calf, Pig, Sheep or Lamb, 1 farthing or for a score read."

We hated to leave the Barley Moo, for we could not rely on finding another lodging as primitive and quaint, but after breakfast the sun came out with authority and the spirit of adventure came with them. We consoled ourselves by saying that another night might find us equal joys and as we slid away from the landing stage out into the rippling, sun showered water and under the low arches of the bridge we looked back on the ideal village with a sigh of regret.

Some English Inns From Long Ago
By MAUD HUNDT CHAPIN.
THERE is probably no way in which the customs of England and America differ more than in the matter of inns, or hotels. Their very names suggest it. Who would expect inns and bath-rooms at "The Spotted Cow," "The God Begot Inn," "The Mortal Man" or "The Beetle and Wedge"? These English hostels remain a law unto themselves, placidly indifferent to the demands of modern life; guests may come and guests may go, but they remain.

Perhaps in nothing do they present greater contrast to the American hotel than in the question of food. There is no doubt in my mind that the English palate does not demand or sanction our feverish desire for variety. To be a cook there is to be harassed by no demand for the salad, roast and boiled it and ever shall be, and for salad, tomato will serve alike king and commoner.

Looking back over a fairly wide experience of English hostels I recall an episode which occurred at Penzance. The inn where we stayed was the best and commanded a splendid station on that incomparable blue bay. We had arrived cold and hungry from our journey, longing for something hot, but not daring to expect it. We were wise. Cold joints stood upon the sideboard and boiled potatoes—which must some have felt heat. Bread is mostly eaten dry at luncheon, but when we found this being introduced into the hole bored through the pearl, the nucleus will at once be apparent if it is a Japanese cultivated pearl.

"Women often ask if it is possible to distinguish upon the wearer's neck at a distance of two yards between a collar of Japanese pearls and one of natural pearls. I find it impossible to say frankly that it is impossible to tell false pearls from the genuine just as it is impossible at a glance to tell an original work of art from a copy."

THE WATER POWERS.
(Toronto Globe).
The Canadian and American capitalists, headed by Sir William Price of Quebec and the Duke tobacco interests of New York, propose nothing impracticable in their plans to develop 1,200,000 horsepower at the Grand Discharge, where the waters of Lake St. John empty into the Saguenay River,

open the rude lattice and looking out into the garden, we seemed to have retired a time as remote as when Shakespeare had immortalized love in the cottage at Shroton. By morning the rain, which fell softly all night long, had only wet an inch or two of the furry thatch round the window.

Later when we were dressed and the sun came out a smell of bacon and toast was wafted up the window airway and I was glad to find that the weather would be none too digest the atmosphere of the Barley Moo, or the quaint, beautiful village, just across the river. A bridge—old in seeming as the Canterbury Pilgrims—here spans the Thames and at intervals there are niches in its narrow stone causeway for the pedestrian to tuck himself away and so avoid the hurrying car or motor. A penny toll is collected from each passer-by and at the tollhouse I saw an old placard posted up and this is how it read:

"For every Horse or other Beast drawing any Coach, Caravan, Berlin, Chariot, Vis-a-vis, Barouch, Phaeton, Merino, Calasche, Curriclo Chair, Gig, Irish Car, Whiskey, Hearse or like carriage, 6d. For every Ass laden or unladed id. For every Ox, Cow, Bull, Id. For every Calf, Pig, Sheep or Lamb, 1 farthing or for a score read."

We hated to leave the Barley Moo, for we could not rely on finding another lodging as primitive and quaint, but after breakfast the sun came out with authority and the spirit of adventure came with them. We consoled ourselves by saying that another night might find us equal joys and as we slid away from the landing stage out into the rippling, sun showered water and under the low arches of the bridge we looked back on the ideal village with a sigh of regret.

Some English Inns From Long Ago
By MAUD HUNDT CHAPIN.
THERE is probably no way in which the customs of England and America differ more than in the matter of inns, or hotels. Their very names suggest it. Who would expect inns and bath-rooms at "The Spotted Cow," "The God Begot Inn," "The Mortal Man" or "The Beetle and Wedge"? These English hostels remain a law unto themselves, placidly indifferent to the demands of modern life; guests may come and guests may go, but they remain.

Perhaps in nothing do they present greater contrast to the American hotel than in the question of food. There is no doubt in my mind that the English palate does not demand or sanction our feverish desire for variety. To be a cook there is to be harassed by no demand for the salad, roast and boiled it and ever shall be, and for salad, tomato will serve alike king and commoner.

Looking back over a fairly wide experience of English hostels I recall an episode which occurred at Penzance. The inn where we stayed was the best and commanded a splendid station on that incomparable blue bay. We had arrived cold and hungry from our journey, longing for something hot, but not daring to expect it. We were wise. Cold joints stood upon the sideboard and boiled potatoes—which must some have felt heat. Bread is mostly eaten dry at luncheon, but when we found this being introduced into the hole bored through the pearl, the nucleus will at once be apparent if it is a Japanese cultivated pearl.

"Women often ask if it is possible to distinguish upon the wearer's neck at a distance of two yards between a collar of Japanese pearls and one of natural pearls. I find it impossible to say frankly that it is impossible to tell false pearls from the genuine just as it is impossible at a glance to tell an original work of art from a copy."

THE WATER POWERS.
(Toronto Globe).
The Canadian and American capitalists, headed by Sir William Price of Quebec and the Duke tobacco interests of New York, propose nothing impracticable in their plans to develop 1,200,000 horsepower at the Grand Discharge, where the waters of Lake St. John empty into the Saguenay River,

open the rude lattice and looking out into the garden, we seemed to have retired a time as remote as when Shakespeare had immortalized love in the cottage at Shroton. By morning the rain, which fell softly all night long, had only wet an inch or two of the furry thatch round the window.

Later when we were dressed and the sun came out a smell of bacon and toast was wafted up the window airway and I was glad to find that the weather would be none too digest the atmosphere of the Barley Moo, or the quaint, beautiful village, just across the river. A bridge—old in seeming as the Canterbury Pilgrims—here spans the Thames and at intervals there are niches in its narrow stone causeway for the pedestrian to tuck himself away and so avoid the hurrying car or motor. A penny toll is collected from each passer-by and at the tollhouse I saw an old placard posted up and this is how it read:

"For every Horse or other Beast drawing any Coach, Caravan, Berlin, Chariot, Vis-a-vis, Barouch, Phaeton, Merino, Calasche, Curriclo Chair, Gig, Irish Car, Whiskey, Hearse or like carriage, 6d. For every Ass laden or unladed id. For every Ox, Cow, Bull, Id. For every Calf, Pig, Sheep or Lamb, 1 farthing or for a score read."

We hated to leave the Barley Moo, for we could not rely on finding another lodging as primitive and quaint, but after breakfast the sun came out with authority and the spirit of adventure came with them. We consoled ourselves by saying that another night might find us equal joys and as we slid away from the landing stage out into the rippling, sun showered water and under the low arches of the bridge we looked back on the ideal village with a sigh of regret.

Some English Inns From Long Ago
By MAUD HUNDT CHAPIN.
THERE is probably no way in which the customs of England and America differ more than in the matter of inns, or hotels. Their very names suggest it. Who would expect inns and bath-rooms at "The Spotted Cow," "The God Begot Inn," "The Mortal Man" or "The Beetle and Wedge"? These English hostels remain a law unto themselves, placidly indifferent to the demands of modern life; guests may come and guests may go, but they remain.

Perhaps in nothing do they present greater contrast to the American hotel than in the question of food. There is no doubt in my mind that the English palate does not demand or sanction our feverish desire for variety. To be a cook there is to be harassed by no demand for the salad, roast and boiled it and ever shall be, and for salad, tomato will serve alike king and commoner.