

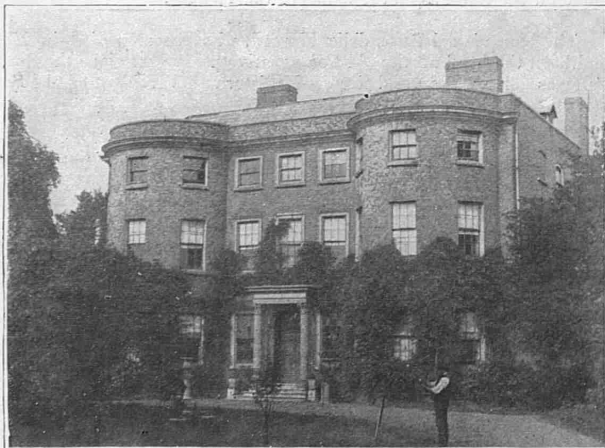
Mr. G. B. Nichols, who has done such excellent service in the Somersetshire cricket eleven, has written the libretto of a semi-historical romantic opera, "In the Days of the Siege" (Taunton being "the beleaguered city"), which is now being played in the West Coumtree. Mr. Nichols has had for collaborator Mr. Harold Jeboult, a young musician whose score is praised by local critics.

Writing in the *National Review*, Mr. H. F. Abell says that the interests of cricket are now sacrificed to the egotism of the batsman. All he has to do is to stand at the wicket and "smack" the ball to the boundary. By this means he makes "fours" without the trouble of running. Puffed up by such a system, he becomes, in Mr. Abell's phrase, "a veritable goat" in the cricket-field. This would suggest that he "smacks" the ball to the boundary with his head. Certainly the business of a batsman is to bat and not to butt, but I should like to have from Mr. Abell a more precise definition of the behaviour of the "veritable goat" at cricket.

I have recently seen a very interesting letter, rather more than a century old, written by a merchant of The Hague to his brother in London. The gentleman who showed it to me owes a moderate but sufficient competence to the revenue derived from an estate in Holland. His great-grandfather, the writer of the letter, made a fortune rather early in life, and decided to invest it in land. At the time he had a brother living in London, and this brother advised the purchase of certain land by Goodman's Fields in the East End. The matter was discussed by letter on several occasions, and in the final letter, the one I have seen, the writer says that, in view of the general outlook, he does not place any great reliance upon English investments. "I know Holland," says the writer; "I do not know your London, and, though I know you mean well by me, I am ill-disposed to venture my all in English lands." Roughly calculating, this decision costs my friend about £80,000 a year, taking into consideration the improved values of London property. It is not easy to realise that in the year 1790 there were still pleasant fields to be seen in the East of London, and that merchant princes lived and thrived in stately mansions situated in Prescott Street, Mansell Street, and Great Alie Street.

Walthamstow is one of the numerous mushroom towns which have sprung up within the last twenty years in the outskirts of London. It is one of the Eastern suburbs, and is inhabited almost entirely by working-men. All the picturesque places and old houses are disappearing to make way for shabby villas and symmetrical streets of two-storey brick houses. One of the old houses still standing, called The Winns, has just been presented to the district, along with its beautiful grounds, by Mr. Frank Lloyd and several other members of the Lloyd family. The last tenant of the house was the late Mr. Edward Lloyd, founder of *Lloyd's News* and the *Daily Chronicle*. Mr. Lloyd bought The Winns about forty-one years ago. The previous tenant was Mrs. Morris, mother of the late William Morris. The poet, it is stated, was born in the house. He was certainly born in Walthamstow, but another house also claims the honour of being his birthplace. The Winns has changed its name several times, and this may have caused some confusion.

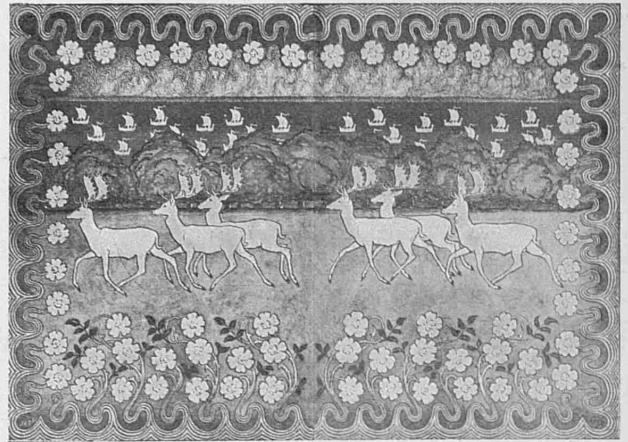
The Winns is a very good type of the solid house of the last century. It was the suburban mansion of a City merchant when it was built, and, in fact, until within the last fifty years there was open country between it and Epping Forest. It stands on Forest Road. Walthamstow had a



A MANSION AT WALTHAMSTOW WHICH HAS BEEN GIVEN TO LONDONERS BY THE LLOYDS, WHO OWN THE "DAILY CHRONICLE."

number of similar mansions, including four or five manor-houses. It contains a magnificent hall and staircase, and had some mural decorations of reputed value. The grounds, about ten acres, are exceptionally beautiful, containing fine old trees, ornamental lakes, rustic bridges, and thickly shaded paths. In presenting the house and grounds to Walthamstow District Council, Mr. Lloyd made it a condition that the

Council should buy ten acres of vacant land adjoining. The house and grounds would form an ideal public park, and the adjoining land would serve as playing-fields. The combination is necessary to make a perfect recreation-ground. Needless to say, the District Council accepted the generous gift. The grounds are ready for use by the public as



A QUIANT FORM OF BOOK-COVER DESIGNED IN DENMARK.

soon as the Council thinks fit, and the house could be used as a public library or local museum. As all vacant land is soon built over in rapidly growing places like Walthamstow—it has now a population of seventy thousand—the preservation of The Winns and its grounds, "for the use of the public for ever," as Mr. Lloyd put it, is a great boon.

I have just received the new guide-book to Copenhagen, published by the Danish Tourist Society, and edited for the society by Mr. Franz v. Jessen. Accustomed as we are to badly printed, badly illustrated guide-books, where every available corner is filled up with advertisements and odious prints of ugly hotels, this booklet, entirely a product of artistic Denmark, is delightful. From the cover to the tail-piece it is beautifully printed, illustrated, and designed. The Danes have always been a highly artistic people, with great originality, and "Copenhagen" is an admirable product of their skill in design and art. It is all Danish. I think a great deal might be done in improving the *format* of books by following the plan adopted in this book, which gives credit on the back of the title-page to everybody concerned, as follows—

Cover, end-paper, headings, tail-pieces, and initials drawn by Mr. Gerhard Heilmann; illustrations from photographs by Danish photographic artists. The pictures have been reproduced by Messrs. Galle and Aagaard, Mr. F. Hendriksen, Mr. Bernh. Middelboe, and Mr. G. Pauli, all of Copenhagen. Text is translated into English by Miss Dagny Falkmann and Mr. Oskar Hausen, both of Copenhagen. Paper from the Fredericksberg Paper Manufactory. Lithographing of map, printing, and stitching by the Central Press, at Copenhagen. Edited for the Danish Tourist Society by Mr. Franz v. Jessen.

As a specimen of the work, I reproduce the paper of the inside of the cover. It is printed in grey and blue, and, in colour, looks very quaint.

Who tips club waiters? I have been making some inquiries lately on this vexed question of members of certain clubs, and have heard strange stories. The prevalence of the tip is beyond dispute, despite the penalties that must needs accompany the discovery of the procedure, although it may not be found, of course, in the very best clubs. I dined the other evening at a big political club, and my host apologised for the inordinate length of the intervals. "Truth to tell," he said, "I would rather endure any interval than tip the waiters, and many of my fellow members, who are less scrupulous, get better service." A member of another club, non-political, told me that, after trying the two methods, he found that prompt service followed a tip, and indifferent service was meted out to members who never gave the waiters anything but trouble and a Christmas-box. Beyond a doubt, the man who makes himself objectionable to the club waiters must endure many a small annoyance, and in the desire to lead a quiet life the system of tipping has entered many a club of repute, and will take hard work to uproot. It is a very unpleasant system, and yet, seeing how deeply rooted it is in the modern order of things, can one wonder if it extends to the club?

From Vancouver, B.C., comes a quaint story, for the truth of which I can thoroughly vouch. It appears that a certain Lady Blank, who has lately gone to live in Vancouver, one day entered a shop there, and ordered some goods. "Name and address?" asked the shopman. "Lady Blank," she replied, and then gave the address. For several moments the shopman scanned her up and down with a look of ineffable contempt; then, turning to his companion, he asked sneeringly, in a loud voice, "Say, does she think I'd take her for a *man*?" Women of title are obviously not plentiful in Vancouver.

How the world wags! The *Era* says that Dr. Hodgson, the Rector of Deptford, "had the honour of being received by Madame Bernhardt" when she went "dahn East." It used to be all the other way.