

der the heading of "sundries" in his expense bill. I don't know upon what basis this mathematician computes his statement, but after a severe mental effort, superinduced by reducing some of the items to almighty dollars, I rehash some of the particulars.

First thing in the morning Mr. John Brown of London desires to ascertain how the world wags; so he buys himself a paper. Of course, if he wishes to go deeply into the arbitration treaty and incidentally keep up his dignity, he invests in the Times, which will cost him six cents. Perchance Mr. Brown may belong to the sporty class, with a hard-hearted landlady or some other cross to bear. In that case the Morning Leader or Mail fills the bill at one cent. But no matter what paper he buys, before he has finished his rasher of bacon in the morning he has spent just \$15,000.

He gets up from his breakfast in a hurry, pulls on his shoes (or boots as they call them over here), snap goes his shoe lace. At that precise moment Mr. Brown will have to invest several hundred dollars in strings.

Mr. Brown catches his 'bus, train or tram; the former averaging three cents a ride promptly collects from him \$25,000, the trams some \$7,000 over and above that amount; while the suburban railway companies touch him to the daily tune of \$87,500. Of course, if he likes to take a cab he can charter the major portion of the twelve thousand that patrol the streets of the great metropolis, the drivers of which have to pay the owners \$45,000 before they make a cent towards their own living expenses.

Naturally no self-respecting business man would go to his desk unshaved, and despite the paradoxical fact that Mr. Brown generally shaves at home, he further spends \$12,500 upon the tonsorial artist. I don't blame Mr. Brown for shaving at home. The average English barber is a fearful and wonderful creature, who dwells in an uncarpeted abode, redolent of stale tobacco and suds; his uniform, especially out Islington-way, being composed of a very dubious looking apron, shirtsleeves of the same hue, collar of the vintage of the eighties, together with a breath resembling a blend of ottar of roses and cashmere bouquet, warranted to corrode a sheet anchor. You wedge yourself into a hard seated wooden chair that resembles a Spanish garrote, which similitude strikes one very forcibly when he swoops down on you with murder in his eye and a razor that is second cousin to a dental forceps, in his hand. The manipulator goes over your face once, extracting hairs; and much as you might enjoy the operation and beg for for it to be repeated, he is firm. You are shaved, enough, next! Such luxuries in England as close shaving, bay rum, powder, and face cream are unknown outside of a few of the best places, and are considered effeminate.

However that might be, Mr. Brown can't resist the flower girls en route, and promptly parts with \$3,000 for violets and button holes.

If he happens to be in arrears with his board bill and his landlady won't shine his shoes, he has to indulge in a penny shine to keep up his status. The shoe-blacks daily rake in \$7,000 in two cent shines.

The match sellers, too, daily dispose of \$2,000 worth of "lights" wherewith the votaries of the goddess Nicotine re-

light their pipes. Mr. Brown is an inveterate smoker. His pipe is never out, and whether he smokes shag in an old clay pipe—a whiff of which transports the Utahnian back to the valleys of the mountains, so famous for our good old rag carpets—or indulges in a five-bob cigar, just as sure as midnight comes he has sent \$75,000 up in smoke with nothing remaining but a little ash and a furred tongue.

Mr. Brown is also a great epicure. In fact, it is conceded that an Englishman is always equal to a meal under any circumstances or pretext. One well known writer of the early part of the century goes as far as to assert that if London were devastated by an earthquake, the surviving Englishmen would hold a dinner upon the ruins just to celebrate the event. Be that as it may, every man has to sustain nature, and whether Mr. Brown stands up to a lunch counter on the Strand at the cost of a shilling, dines at the Savoy to the tune of one pound ten, or takes his humble cup of coffee and a bun at Lockhart's for three cents, the man of figures computes that he daily spends exactly \$1,250,000, which includes one million pounds of meat, two thirds that weight of butter, together with a couple of million loaves of bread.

We must not omit Mr. Brown's little bill for "pick-me-ups" with which he moistens his throat and lubricates his gullet. From champagne to, arfand, art he stows away beneath his capacious vest the contents of some \$40,000 quart pots which, if piled one on top of the other, would make a column some 25,000 feet high. Whether Mr. Brown is carried home on a stretcher, or salutes the partner of his joys and sorrows with a chaste kiss that is above suspicion as regards an aroma of stale beer or cloves, whether he goes to bed heastly drunk or supremely sober, his day's liquor bill costs him somewhere about \$120,000.

While on the subject of beer I will note that I visited a model brewery the other day in company with my companion; (any one who insinuates that we went there for any other purpose than to allay curiosity is respectfully referred to the ten last words of 1 John 2:4.) Not that this brewery is fitted up with all the latest contrivances, or for that matter that we pose as connoisseurs on beer in general. But this aforesaid institution, from all accounts, was such a unique establishment in its way that any man who, unmoved, could gaze upon that elegant structure and then pass by on the other side and not desire an introduction to the bread-winners engaged therein, would be, to say the least, a trifle blase.

Contemplate the fact, oh, ye prohibitionists! A brewery run, operated, owned and worked, by a harmonious band of Sunday school teachers, local preachers and Scripture readers, with a goodly sprinkling of teetotalers and an F. R. G. S. thrown in to elevate and give tone to the tout ensemble; a brewery that manufactures its tubs within the precincts of what, at a remote date, was a Roman Catholic place of worship before America was thought of; a brewery that does not own a single public house, or cater to the bar trade, and a brewery withal that turns out a good brew. Such an institution is the Fremlin Brothers' brewery, situated on the banks of the Medway, Maidstone, Kent.

I had heard about this workingman's

elysium—whose musty precincts were never desecrated by an oath, and where the bosses treated their employes as though they had white skins—and being somewhat of a skeptic, I applied to the superintendent for the privilege of strolling over the premises. Such a request staggered Falstaff, Jr. (nee Cooke), for a moment; visions of enterprising Americans annexing Fremlin's famous recipe, and underselling the English product (much in the same way as they imported British dairymaids and are now exporting and flooding the English markets with American cheese), floated across his troubled brain. Finally, after undergoing a rigid cross-examination, worthy of the redoubtable Li Hung Chang, during which I confessed that I did not know the difference between wort and a bran mash, we were graciously allowed to become initiated into the mysteries of brewing, with someone to accompany us to see that we did not sample too much malt extract.

In my regenerate days in Sanpete county, I had acquired a hazy idea of the process of brewing, from the good old Danish housewives who, with the aid of several tubs, hops, hot water, straw, together with other mysterious ingredients, accompanied by inexplicable incantations, concocted a dubious beverage. Fremlin's somehow don't work it quite the same. To begin with, they do not brew their beer in the wash-house with the aid of a copper stick. They have a five-story building instead, furnished on several floors with what the unregenerate Western boy would designate as numerous "bully swimmin' tanks;" while on the topmost floor, is situated a roller mill that crushes the malt.

To brew good beer, three things are essential, good water, good barley and good hops. The art of brewing, to be technical, consists of eight distinct processes. 1. Grinding; 2. mashing; 3. sparging; 4. boiling; 5. cooling; 6. fermenting; 7. cleaning; 8. racking and storing.

In the first process the malt is ground, when it is transferred through the floors into the mash tuns below, a requisite amount of hot liquor (any man who calls aqua water around a brewery stands in extreme peril of being fined half a crown) is added, and the whole is stirred in the mash tuns—affairs that bear some resemblance to the Kimberly diamond washing machines. For the benefit of the uninitiated, the mashers are very plebeian looking individuals. Probably on this particular morning, they did not appear to the best advantage, being minus their cigarettes, red ties, four ply collars, and canes, and other impedimenta. In fact, on the contrary, they seemed to have an abnormal tendency towards leather aprons and corduroys. However, in the mash tuns were some wooden rakes, that revolved, raking and stirring the mash right. Throughout this second process lies the secret of good brewing, as the heat of the liquor is most important.

After a space of time the water once more changes its name to that of wort, —or malt extract, to be less technical. This is run down to the floor below into huge coppers, that have a capacity of thousands of gallons. But for the seductive aroma, one would imagine it were wash day in Giant Fee Fum's castle. Here the hops are added and anything else that suits the fancy and