

who serve them. Few Americans visit Europe without complaining of the execrably slow service. The fact is, they carry over their American habits and expect of European waiters what they are wont to exact from waiters at home. Hence they are disappointed and disgusted.

"Tipping has been condemned, but, I think, altogether too harshly. It is a universal custom that has come to stay. I not only countenance it but I favor it. I think that about 10 per cent of the value of a check is the right thing to give the waiter, and if it be given it will insure service that no ruling of the proprietor can effect. I beg to differ from many restaurant keepers in the matter of help in general. I want to say a good word for colored waiters. I doubt if facts warrant us in saying that they are inferior, on the average, to white help, or that they cannot attain to the highest proficiency in their work. Certainly for cheerfulness under depressing circumstances the black man has scarcely an equal. Counting the annoyances incident to the calling he has therefore one good feature to recommend him.

"In waiting there are fat places and lean places in greater proportion, perhaps, than in most other lines of employment," said a waiter who was asked for information pertaining to his business. "Practically, a waiter is graduated up to easier work and better pay. At a counter restaurant he has to work for all he is worth and there is never a chance to get a nickle in tips. The cheap restaurants, where 10-cent and 15-cent checks are in the ascendancy, are not a bit better. So far as restaurants are concerned, those that offer the greatest inducement to a waiters are those that people patronize not for the necessities of life but for the luxuries. Oyster houses, where people drop in after theatre or at odd hours, are, as a rule, desirable places for us. Little parties usually expect, on such occasions, to remember us—give us something to remember them, I mean. When we are seeking employment we take all these little things into account, for, you understand, we measure places in dollars and cents every time. An obscure place in some alley is preferable to the finest-equipped restaurant in town provided it draws the right class of custom for us.

"Where the best pay comes is in the establishments where \$10 or \$15 dinners are ordered. Such dinners require lots of attention on our part, but nine times out of ten it is attention that is well paid for. Of course we 'lay' for such parties and places. Who wouldn't? In hotels the coveted places are the family tables. New men never get these; they have to be satisfied with the transients, and there isn't the pleasure or the money in them that there are in the others. Then, again, hotels that are patronized by traveling men are generally classed with the fat places. Drummers are, as a rule, generous in their use of money. Deliver the waiter, however, from a theatrical troupe. The average actor is the rudest, the most imperious and particular, and the most close-fisted guest any establishment ever had.

Give me one of the tony restaurants that usually draw a wealthy class of patrons. If I can get in the private rooms of such establishments I shall expect to pocket from \$8 to \$12 a week besides my \$1 a day."—*Chicago Daily News.*

The Tower of London.

To describe the Tower of London in detail is absolutely unnecessary—it is too well known as a whole, but there are little facts not generally realized by the public and there are nooks usually unvisited. It was my good fortune on a recent day to go carefully round this grand old pile with a special order from General Milman, the resident governor. Passing by the Traitor's gate, I went into the Bloody tower, in a room in which I found myself standing upon the very spot wherein were imprisoned the two little princes, and from the window of which centuries after Archbishop Laud leaned out to bless Lord Strafford as he passed to death upon the scaffold just beyond. An old, old room this, full of historic interest, and now inhabited by one of the picturesquely attired beef-eaters. St. John's church, one of the oldest Norman churches in the kingdom, built in 1087, is too well known to require description, so I will pass on to the armory departments, where I saw Lord Wolseley going round on an evident business inspection.

In passing down a staircase in this White tower, wherein is kept this armor, and in which is placed a stand of fifty thousand modern rifles, I noticed the enormous thickness of the splendid walls, and on inquiring I was informed that they were fifteen feet in depth. Beneath the White tower are the dungeons which are never shown to the general public. Here is an eternal twilight, a musty smell, an icy chillness. The first one, pure Norman in its architecture, is called the Torture chamber, for here were stretched upon the rack the miserable victims of political necessity or of religious bigotry. In a very narrow passage leading out of this great chamber, and which is known by the name of Little Ease, because in it a prisoner could neither sit nor lie down, was wearily imprisoned the misguided Guy Fawkes. In the pitch dark dungeon beyond, which has no flooring but the damp cold earth, were once imprisoned three hundred Jews, who in the thirteenth century were suspected of the crime of clipping coin. A dreadful place this, and hideously suggestive of the undreamed of horrors of these "good old days of yore." The door, an old oak one, iron bound, and immensely strong—shut off these poor wretches from all communication with the outer world.

In this dungeon, or series of dungeons, was recently discovered a very deep well, into which we fearfully peeped. From the dungeon to the church is but a short step; in the old days the journey was usually made from the latter to the former. St. Peter's dates from 1272: it is full of the saddest, tenderest interest; within its dingy walls and beneath its historic pavements there lie the bodies of three of England's queens.

Ruskin finally says of this church that "it is the saddest spot in Christendom, for here are buried in dishonor the greatest in the land, while at Westminster abbey they are buried in honor," a most touching and suggestive contrast. Most of the beautiful brasses were removed in Cromwell's time.

I was deeply interested to hear that in repairing the chancel in 1877, there was discovered the body of Anne Boleyn, which was recognized by the historically tiny neck, and by the fact that the body lay just in the spot described in the burial registry, also were discovered the bones of a big man, which belonged beyond doubt to the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth. These were reverently reburied in their long, long resting place.

Upon the wall, and preserved within a glass case, I saw the three coffin plates of the noblemen last decapitated upon Tower hill—Lords Kilmarnock, Lovat and Balmerino. The inscriptions were all in Latin, and that upon Lord Balmerino's ran as follows: "*Arthur Dominus de Balmerino, decollatus 18 die Augusti, 1746. Etatis suae 58.*" The very little font dates back to the reign of Edward III.

Not satisfied with my morning's round I went the next night to have a chat with the deputy chaplain of the Tower, Mr. Foster, who told me many interesting little facts, some of which are mentioned above. To my surprise he informed me that the Tower is not supposed to be haunted nor is there any ghostly tradition hanging round this spot. Just before 11 he and I stepped out into the cool night air. A wild windy night, clouds chasing each other over the moon, whose misty, watery rays fell upon that ancient Norman keep. Just at my hand, and railed off, was the very spot wherein was lifted so often "the axe's keener edge." It was upon this very spot, and from yonder identical window shining white in the moonshine, that Lady Jane Grey, the nine days' queen gazed as her husband slowly passed to his death; for she was imprisoned in the house of Mr. Partridge, the gentleman jailer, wherein now resides the official who to this day bears the same title.

But the silence, pregnant with such memories, is suddenly broken by the clash of arms, the tramp of feet, and the hoarse cry of military command. In the fitful light we see a small body of soldiers drawn up, and beneath the Bloody tower comes the guard, preceded by a warder bearing the keys. "Halt!" cries the officer in command; "who comes there?" "Keys," is the immediate response. "Whose keys?" "Queen Victoria's keys." "Present arms." "God preserve Queen Victoria." "Amen," is the clear, deep answer of all the soldiers. Every night for untold years had this ceremony taken place. It is over now. Thoughtfully I wend my way past the Traitors' gate, beneath which the water is mournfully lapping, and, passing out of the grand old gates, I leave history behind, only to plunge into the vast weird Babylon of this nineteenth century.—*London Echo.*