table an' bigger. Everybody was totin' LONG SAM LUCAS Artist of Negro Minstrelsy And how he does laugh. "You couldn't

have seen 'em if they hadn't had color on 'em.' Foolish? Perhaps, but sober judges

"MY GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK" SINGER LOOKS and tired business men roared over just such foolishness when Sam Lucas in-BACK ON THIRTY YEARS OF LAUGHTER spired it and carried it out.

To get a little ahead of the story, ask

piece of stage scenery. First he crouched against the painted wall. Then he stealthily

The name of Sam Lucas has been one When he got to be a barber in St. Louis to conjure with for more than thirty it was harder for him than for anybody years. There are men to-day high in else to shave customers because his clithe ranks of business, leaders in public entels was in a chronic state of broad afairs, who will tell you that they'd rather grin. No wonder that when Callender's have one of the great big laughs they've Georgia Minstrels came to town all the had many a time with long Sam Lucas than take the prescription of the greatest "Why don't you go and be a minstr "Why don't you go and be a minstrel yourself?" That was in 1871, when Sam doctor on earth.

"Why," said one of these men recently, was 28 years old. He lacked just half an "the rest of his kind were only blackemiths compared with Sam Lucas. He thin that he looked nearer seven feet than was an artist. six. His face too was long and narrow. "a regular horse face," he declares, and

That's no mean praise for a negro minstrel. The explanation is that Sam the widest thing about him was his laugh. Lucas is something more. He is a gentle. Also it didn't seem possible that he hadn't twice as many joints as most folks have. He makes music and poetry-simple both of them, but sweet and sincere-as natu- any old timer if he remembers seeing Sam rally as he breathes. He is a born actor. Lucas catch an imaginary fly high up on a Finally and best of all, be has a great. rich. joyous laugh that is like a burst of

rose and rose and kept on rising, open-One ought to hear Sam Luças tell his ing up joint after joint as if he were made story himself. It needs his rich Virginia of telescopes. Higher and higher he

"I jest had to see folks laugh!" he says. "If I came onto the stage an' saw a man sittin' down in front readin' a newspaper I never rested till I made him stop. I-I'd work harder than a bricklayer to make that man laugh. An' if I couldn't have done it ninety-nine times out of a hundred, well, I'd have quit the business. I'll never forget one time we played down East somewhere; down in Maine, I think it was. Why, the show was over a little after 9 o'clock! We never got an encore. inch of being six feet tall, but he was so Not a single encore. An' I went down into the house when the janitor was goin

round turnin' out the lights an' I says: " 'What kind of a town is this, anyway? The people here don't seem to know how to clap their two hands together nohow

" 'They dassent.' says the janitor. When a good show comes to this town we don't allow no noise. No, sir! If they made any noise we'd send 'em to jail in two minutes!" " It was in 1873 that Sam joined the

Callender aggregation at the bottom of the bill. One year later he was at the top

'I said to myself," he tells you. "that I didn't have a good enough voice to make any great success that way. So made up a specialty acc and rehearse i it with a banjo player in the company and when we'd got it perfect I says to Mr. Callender that I'd got up this ac, and I'd like to put i, on if it was agreeable to him. So he said: 'All right, Sam; next matinée we play you can try it an' see how it goes. "I, went so well that it stayed; stayed

in the bill regularly and I got a raise of salary to \$5 a week. That wasn't very much accordin' to present notions. but Mr. Callender paid all our expenses. and I went on workin', though it never was like work to me, never in all the years I've been at it. Folks have always said to me: 'Sam, do you really have as much fun as you look like you're havin'?' And I can tell you honestly that if I ever did go onto the stage feelin' kind of down in the mouth, as 'most anybody's bound to do once in a while. I never went off feelin' that way. I don't know whether other folks had as much fun as I did. certainly hope they did.

"Well, about a year after I joined the show Charlie White started the White's Georgia Minstrels. Callender had made such a hit with his that everybody began to imitate him, and all the companies had a 'Georgia' tacked on somewhere. Callender. Bob had been one of our you just how he stood on that long ago An' then she'd say: ends, and when he went I got the chance morning, his hand resting on the table he interrupts himself. clock was the old man's servant; it never all the time-"When I say I was writin' those songs wasted time, there was never a frown on music both. But I couldn't write the week was to be wound up for another that knew how to put the notes down the one that described the old man's But they were my songs, published over death.

my name. See!" and he brings out a "You know," says Sam, "that folks are pile of sheet music most of them having superstitious when a clock strikes more half wistfully, half satirically.

he was almost the biggest man on earth. he was almost the bigs of the leaves at the bottom of the cup and he says. "You see, after a while I found that the leading men with the other shows that house. An' the clock struck twenty-before you know it. you find yourself hold them close to her nose to get the hold them close to her nose to get the hold them close to her nose to get the hold them close to her nose to get the hold them close to her nose to get the hold them close to her nose to get the hold them close to her nose to get the hold them close to her nose to her nose to get the hold them cl



White got our best man. Bob Hight, to go the dining room where a tall clock con- "And I'd tell her about the barber shop ties of various teas they, will be surprised with him, but the rest of us stuck by veniently occupies one corner and show an' how the minstrels came and so on.

" 'An' you say you done wrote all dem to take his place. Well, then it was while he looked the old timepiece over songs. No. I don' want ter heah dem. easy. I got \$20 a week and was at the and imagined its story. He wrote the My lan'! All dem songs! Well, you might top of the bill. I was writin' new songs two other verses-one telling how the jus' sing me one of 'em. jes' one of 'em.' "But it wasn't always like that. The colored preachers used to call me 'de I'm perhaps givin' you a wrong impres- its face, its hands never hung by its side debbil' and warn everybody not to come sion. I was composin' them. words and and all that it asked at the end of the near our show. I always used to go to be depends on the woman. Ask any expert is as handsome does." church on Sunday an' many's the time the scores down. I'd sing them to a man seven days work. The last verse was preacher has leaned over the pulpit and without a moment's hesitation that it is said: [Sam puts the preacher before]

your eyes as he gets up and bulwarks nimself behind a chair instead of a pulpit]: on the title page a picture of Sam i ueas than it ought to. They think it's a bad midst dis' mawnin'. Not cawntent wid resplendent in frock coat, jewelled scarf- sign; somebody goin' to die. So I wrote a-sendin' notice dat he was a-comin', he and conduct a tasting experiment of her pin and low waistcoat. He regards it about the alarm ringin' when it had been is hyar himself, a-settin' in our midet.' "An' me." laughs Sam, 'bein' there with dumb for ninety years. An' the neigh-"That's the Sam Lucas that thought bors all said-jest what they would have the intention of givin' them not less than said if they'd been the neighbors I'd two dollars!"

were getting \$100 a week, while I was four-that meant the whole round of a laughing as if you were a whole year's aroma. Why, there are teas that smell And mirth in arrears.

New York Palate Dull to Tea

Lots of It Drunk Here, but the Finer Qualities Somewhat Neglected-- Points for the Tea Buyer

Tes drinking has become so much more from ping pong. It "takes a better roll general in this country within the last ten and has a cleaner appearance." In other years that the new law forbidding the im-portation of colored varieties of tea has It has been especially popular in the South, caused greater interest than would have where tea was for years a neglected bevbeen possible in the '90s. It is still true erage. It is only recently that the Souththat most tea drinkers know next to ern States have taken an appreciable They will swallow almost any amber cupping quality. cupping quality. colored liquid provided it is poured out

of a teapot.

know three or four names, and if they mitting a preference for Formosa tea ask for anything in particular they men³ as they allow themselves to express. tion one of these names.

of many grades and can be bought at taste. from 30 cents a pound up. The thirty Up.

mu The experts will be only too glad if the American people can be roused to correct this ignorance. The more farsceing of them welcome the new law with its establishment of official standards because States

There are two ways of judging teas. ping quality. The two do not always go together and it is a fact that many American housewives buy their tea chiefly because it has style.

Style means color and form. The leaves are prettily rolled and of a pleasing tint. To secure this alluring shade it has been the custom of the exporters to add coloring or facing matter, making a glossy tinted leaf. For instance, there is one district in Japan which produces, as one expert says, "the most stylish teas coming from that country; but they lack fine cupping quality, the liquor very often being grassy in flavor."

Possibly it is from some of these stylish varieties that the beverages are brewed which drive consumers to declare that they taste as if made of hay. With tea coloring no longer allowed this matter f style in appearance will not cut so much figure. And if in addition housewives can be taught to study the cupping qualito find how badly they have managed

their tea buying in the past. It would be a revelation to them to sit down at the testing table of an expert tea buyer. Perhaps they have been drinking something they have barely tolerated. Yet the tea taster, with his array of steaming cups, may find one that holds real delight for them. Which one it would what is the best tea and he will reply

entirely a matter of taste. Unless some enterprising grocer installs

own. She must brew a dozen cups simultaneously, one from each sample. She must sip a spoonful from each in turn. Then let her scoop out with her spoon

Oh, oh, oh! how Sam laughs! And how the leaves at the bottom of the cup and visoran What are you lau

It is rather interesting, by the way, that certain tastes prevail in certain sec-Nine-tenths of them so disguise the tioms. New York, for instance, prefers favor, if there is any, with rum or lemon or both that it would be almost a crime to give them fine tea anyway. They The experts come about as near to ad-

The one quoted above describes it as Apparently they think that if they ask for English breakfast tea or Ceylon tea fragrant of teas." Foochow Oolongs they are exhibiting the discrimination have a delicate cup, but less body than the of a connoisseur. They do not seem to realize that "English breakfast" is a trade might prefer Foochows and another Forname for Congo teas and that these are mosas. It depends on the person's own

Up-state New York buys more Japan cent kind is just as much an English break-fast as the one that costs ten times as and the Northwest. Most of the New England States take the black tess. The Southern States have used almost exclusively the green teas until recent years. Now they are gradually changing to black.

India teas, which are popular in Engthey believe that it will result in raising land, are just winning a foothold. the quality of tea used in the United The better grades are said to have both body and aroma. They are called the "Burgundy of teas," because they are One is by what the experts call style. rich and heavy. Probably that is the res-The other, in their phrase, is by the cup- son the English almost invariably take cream in their tea.

Ceylon teas, on the other hand, are delicate and seem to have some peculiar affinity for lemon or rum. They as well as the India teas are divided into grades known as Broken Orange Pekoe, Orange Pekoe, Pekoe and Pekoe-Souchongs. These are trade names, it must be understood. Orange Pekce tes may come from Ceylon or it may come from Assam or Darjeeling in India. The original Orange Pekoe, which was a China tea, does not exist in this country to-day.

These grades are classified according to the tip and the fineness of the leaf, the Broken Orange Pekoe being the finest and the Souchongs the coarsest.

And yet here again the person who buys simply on style may be mistaken. For the experts declare that it is misleading to judge either the Ceylon or the India teas by the Pekoe tips, as many of the coarse leaf teas possess the finest flavors. And there are the Packlums (one of the South China Congous, the lower grades of English breakfast), which are described as "the most stylish in appearance of all China black tea, the leaf being small and evenly made. The better grades show many white tips. They are handsome, but lack body and character." Apparently it is true among teas as among human beings that "handsome

The real tea lover has a rather tolerant contempt for what are known as scented

teas. The fragrance is not natural but is imparted by flowers, seeds or roots. a tea tasting table for the education of his In some districts these are placed with Mah bredren, de debbil is hvar in our customers the best thing for the housewife the tea while it is being fired and afterto do is to buy a dozen samples of teas | ward are separated by sifting. Generally the scenting material is spread over the tea when it is ready for packing, one nound of blossoms to a hundred pounds of tea, and allowed to remain for a day. Then it is removed and the chest of tea is fastened up.

Flowery Pekce is an example of these scented teas. It is a white, velvety tipped more alike than roses and vioother af and is used for



SAM LUCAS FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH

accent and his irresistible laugh; his stretched, till his audience thought he manner of an old school gentleman and would never stop. And when he finally an' they say he can't count his there's his touches of delicious mimiery. In did reach his utmost extension, standing on tiptoe of his long feet, with his long spite of that accent he wasn't born down South, but in Washington Court House, arm and his long fingers almost up to the Ohio, sixty-eight years ago last August. real stage flies, he looked as if he could tickle a giraffe under the chin. Sam You have to have his word for it that it was so long ago. Nothing else could Lucas's flycatching is a tradition of stage make you believe it. When you ask funny business

It was in 1873 that Charlie Callender. him how he managed to get that accent after Sam had written to offer his services. anywhere outside of Dixieland he says sent word to the aspiring barber to meet genially:

I can tell you in one minute. Three or fo' hundred cullud people had been emancipated and had come up to Ohio sing in a quartette, and as he had already befo' I was born. They were as Southbegun to make up songs on his own account he took some of these along with this ern as a cotton plantation. I grew up among 'em, so I suppose I couldn't help him

talkin' the way they did. Times were "An' maybe I wasn't proud when I had mighty different then from what they my first rehearsal, the rest o' the comare now. We didn't have schools. pany sitting out in the regular seats an used to go across the fields at night to watchin' me. You see I'd had my music a lady that taught me my letters and arranged with parts for the orchestra. I made out somehow to learn to read and which was something nobody in that show write. But I never had any real educahad ever thought o' doin.' They'd just stand up befo' the orchestra an' hum. tion.

He wasn't really great at singing.

east he hadn't a wonderful voice. But

he had something much better. He

could make up words that went to the

hearts or the funny bones of an audi-

that haunted their memories. He has

you have ever hummed "My Grand-

father's Clock" you have repeated a

melody which first sang itself in Sam

He could write songs and sing them; he

ence. And he could make up melodies

"As for music and poetry, well! My 'Teedle dee dee dee. Tumty tum ty tum. father couldn't have whistled a tune if it An' when I handed round my scores I had of cost him his life. But he did love could see the other members o' the company nudgin' each other an' saying' music, notwithstandin'. My mother used to sing, but 't was only like this, you know. 'My gracious! That fellow must be some And weaving back and forth in good old thing great. campmenting fashion, Sam sings:

De Lawd-He-sent-His an-ge daown'.

My, my, how well I remember it. The only light we had was a sort of tin trough with grease in it and a wick hangin' out he end." With his irrepressible in-First for acting everything out, Sam several scores of songs to his credit. If bends a newspaper, indicates the wick puts it beside him, and settles himself. Mother'd say: 'Naow, then, you chillen, thar an' behave yo'selves. I'm Lucas's imagination. If you have ever gwine do my knittin'. My Lawd! I said "Every day'll be Sunday by and lighter got dis hyar knittin' done las' by" you have echoed a song Sam Lucas He reaches for a glove lying on a wrote. If you have said "Carve dat posear him and "knits" with such per- sum!" you have him to thank for the mimicry that the whole scene comes phrase. ore you. Then he begins a droning darky hymn. One line, another, the could dance; he could wear the funniest Grandfather's Clock.' words come more slowly, his head droops,

his eves close. Mammy is asleep. But ikens with a start.

"Lookin' straight at us children too! one corner of his long head. He could laughs Sam. "An we sittin' there not devise funny business that made you daring to smile, though we're almost laugh because it was just so plain foolish. " with laugh inside. An' then she One of the programmes in which he was again: 'De Lawd-He sent-"" afterward at the top of the list was divided beg is again: 'De Lawd-He sent ---a mammy dozes and again she into two parts. In the first the per-"s with accusing eyes fixed on her formers, who were all negroes, did offic ing. She waves her knitting at the the usual plantation stunts. LWG "But we wanted to make the second kaninnies.

"What you chillen settin' dar fo'? Git paht refined." says Sam, "an' of cohse we tiong out o' hyar! Yo', go out an' pick up had to have some explanation of how

all the plantation darkies could get eduham laughs his big joyous laugh over cation. So I hit on the plan of sendin' recollection, and so do you; for 'em to Canada fo' that purpose. The right there is the secret of Sam Lucas's end of the first act showed us all ready in the corner stood a regular grand-He has gone through life laugh- to start north. Bundles! You never father's clock just like the one in the ing, and he has never had to laugh alone. saw such big bundles -as big as that verse Mr. Work had given me."

I left Mr. Callender life and then it stopped. getting only \$20; sc of the top o' the wave! That's where I rode then-and where I thought I'd al- Ninety years without slumbering.

ways be ridin'. My pockets were full of His life seconds numbering. money an' I thought there'd always be more where that came from. I had as But it stopped-short-never to go again,

many clothes as the King of England has, so many of 'em.

"I thought I could do anything! An' I pretty nearly could too. Why, I'd ought to been killed for some o' the things I did. I remember one time in Boston when I had a new song. You see, when the people get to know you an' like you, why, it don't matter what you do; they'll think it's great. It must be great just because you do it. An' so, when my turn would come, it was jest-walk onto the ing him a trial at \$4 a week. He was to stage! 'Hi!' says the audience; 'it's Sam Lucas!' and it was all shoutin' after that. I remember my song that time was like

How kind to his wife is the young married

man. When his mother-in-law is at home At his quiet behavior his comrades all grin, When his mother-in-law is at home!

"And then I forgot what came next So'l just went on: Whaht-il-whm-brt-el md-er-st-munst-an-

When his mother-in-lay is at home! "And so on. I ought to been killed. But-it was Sam Lucas! They didn't know or care what I did. All they wanted was to see me-and I suppose I really was a sight. I didn't often play tricks like that one though. I had a new song so often perhaps I was bound to forget one once in a while. I suppose the most famous song I ever sang was 'My Grandfather's Clock.' And it's the song I lidn't get credit for either. I don't be-

ieve the true story of that song is known o many people. "It was written when I was with the Hyers Sisters and this was how it happened. I was here in New York and went around one day to see a man named Henry C. Work, the man that wrote 'Wake,

he pulled out a paper and said: 'Here, Sam; here's the first verse for a song. 1 wrote this one but I can't seem to make anything more out of it. Maybe you It was the first verse of 'My can.'

clothes on the stage. He was the first My grandfather's clock was too tall for the comedian to appear with a hat not much shelf.

So it stood ninety years on the floor larger than a collar button perched on t was taller by half than the old man him-

> Though it weighed not a pennyweight was bought on the morn of the day that

he was born. And was always his treasure and pride. But it stopped short, never to go again, When the old man died.

"I read it and took it away with me out I didn't do anything with it for some time. Then one morning when we were

out on the road I got up from the breakfast table at the hotel where we were stopping and as I turned around there

Tick, tock, tick, tock When the old -man-died.

"I always loved that chorus." and Sam picks up a guitar and sings it softly, delinately, lovingly. "Yes, I wrote that and I wrote the music. I mean I made it up. Yes, just exactly as it goes. I took the song back to Mr. Work and he published it as his but with my picture on the front of it, a picture of me standin' with my elbow on a big grandfather's clock. No. I never got a cent for it, except that I had a big success singin' it before anybody else did. The royalties Mr. Work received from that song amounted to thousands of dollars "

If Sam Lucas had not already been famous the singing of that song would have made him so. He had imitators by the score. And then in 1876 he turned another leaf in his career. He became the first colored man to play the part of Uncle Tom, first with a company in Cininnati, then for a month with a first class ompany in Boston. He went on the road with this company, playing among other places in Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's home town. Mrs. Stowe witnessed the performance and wrote to the management saving that Sam Lucas came nearer

to portraying her idea of Uncle Tom than any other actor she had seen in the past "The trouble with most white actors, says Sam carnestly, "is that they play Uncle Tom like they would play Hamlet They make him King Richard. straighten himself up an' look his marster in the eye an' say at the top of his voice You may kill me if you like! But I won't

do this thing! No! Never!!' Why," and Sam shekes his head gently and smiles with the assurance of knowledge, "slaves didn't talk that way to their marster shoutin' defiance and proclaimin' what they wouldn't do, as if they were savin Nicodemus!' Just as I was about to leave they were just as good or better than their marster.

And then he shows you Uncle Tom as he should be played, and you subscribe on the spot to Harriet Beecher Stowe's verdict

"Yes," he muses, "it does seem wonder ful when I look back now an' think how jest a few years made such a mighty fine feathered bird out of me. I'll never forget the first time I went back to Washington Court House after I'd got to the top o' that wave I was tellin' you about. Clothes! You never saw such clothes as I had on! An' I guess everybody from miles around was at the deppo to see what was like. White folks, too, My, ves! guess there was more white folks than lack there. An' they crowded round me so I thought I'd never get uptown without havin' my fine clothes torn off me. They'd

call out: "'Sam! Don't you 'member how used to han' you bread an' jam over the back fence? Don't you 'member, Sam?' "An' when I got home to my mother she'd sit an' look at me an' say:

and went with the Hyers Sisters. Talk the old man died. Remember the chorus? at? Oh-well-and then you look again lets do! And just as one person prefers roses to violets, so there is some one tea at this long gentleman in waiting on the that will be the most pleasing to each Spirit of Fun; and he laughs; and a person might as well be asked why he gets the individual.

smallpox or the grip as for you to be asked why you laugh when Sam Lucas of finding the one best brand for your does. Not that it's all hilarity with him. personal taste. It can't be done half so well, and certainly not half so quickly He is full of kindliness, generous and affecby trying half a pound of one kind and tionate recollections of people with whom then half a pound of another and ther he has been associated. Back in the early half a pound of another, and so on indefindays of his career, when he was with the Callender show, the "three Frohman boys" were with it. too.

how the first tasted. "Daniel, the oldest," save Sam, "was our advance agent. Gus was-well, he did Of course one needn't run through the a good many things: he used to bill the whole list of teas. There are scores of town, take tickets and so on. And Charlie, brands. One can buy tea for 25 cents a he was a little boy then; jest a boy, you pound or one can pay \$6 a pound for it The most popular brands sell at retail know, that used to run errands an' do 'most for from 60 cents to \$1 a pound. There any little odd job. He was a sort of favorare certain main distinctions that every ite with me an' many's the time I've taken

him to my room an' seen to it that he tea drinker should learn, and in learning these he will probably arrive at a decision looked nice to go into the dinin' room. as to his own choice of brand. I'd look him over an' I'd say: 'No. no! There used to be an impression that all that collar ain't clean enough. We gotte green teas were colored and all black put on a bran' clean one!' You know how

loys are about things like that. An' teas were uncolored. That was not correct. There were uncolored green teas when his hair needed cuttin' I'd do it. and there were "faced" black teas. But because you see I was a barber. Time there was some foundation for that imcertainly have changed, haven't they? says Sam, with this time a little smile, pression.

not the big, contagious laugh. Most of the colored teas were green teas. Many of them were the cheaper When you ask him in what part of the grades which were colored and faced to country he has found the warmest welcome, he hardly knows what to say. Now, there's the middle West. What fun he's had out there! He wrote a song one time called "And We Ought to Be Thankful quality, not for its appearance in the

tens.

for That." When the show would reach a town Sam would pick up some item of local package. interest and before night he would have a new verse to that song. He struck one Indiana town where the bank cashier, who had posed as particularly pious, had recently skipped to Canada with the bank funds. That night Sam's local verse told about "our bank cashier" and ended:

He's skipped with the boodle

But he's left us the bank And we ought to be thankful for that'

wasn't already at the show thought there was a riot when the applause broke loose That's the way the middle West took to Sam. But he didn't have to go out there to find friends. He played in Boston nineteen straight years without going outside the town! And he went to England

In modern slang, that's some record When it was made he was playing in 'variety" companies which later were known as vaudeville. In the earlier days when he was with the Georgia Minstrels and the Hyers Sisters, there was just one part of the country where they were put to inconvenience. That was the South. There they couldn't stay at hotels but had to be distributed among the colored folks to be distributed among the colored folks living in the town. In later years this difficulty was overcome by taking a special car and living in that. Southern audiences were all right. The white folks let the colored people have both the gallery and the balcony on such occa-sions.

"At other times." says Sam, "colored folks had to be satisfied with the gallery."

"These varieties have little merit in the cup." says the expert, "being without body or character. They are used chiefly for blending in black teas, and even then This is the only really satisfactory way should be used sparingly, perhaps one bound of scented to twenty of the black. Not only does each country and each district of each country produce a tea peculiar to itself, but the different pickngs from the same bushes are unlike. Only the young terminal leaves are taken. itely. By the time one reaches the fourth These are nipped off by hand, three of kind one wouldn't be able to remember four at a time. They are not picked until

plant is about five years old. Then they are collected, generally three times year, until the bush loses its vitality.

In China the first picking is in April or May and as a rule produces the best tea. The second comes a month or two later and is the largest crop. The third is in August or September and is inferior to the other two. In India and Ceylon, owing to the cli-

The india and ceylon, ownly to inside the mate, there are from twelve to sixteen pickings running through the whole year. The Oolongs, unlike the other China tess, are best in the second picking, the summer crop. And the autumn picking is better than the third pickings of other variaties.

picking is better than the third pickings of other varieties. Java teas, grown by the Dutch from seeds imported into Java from India and Ceylon, have not made much headway in this country. They are graded in the same way as India's and Ceylon's. England is the chief market for Java teas, used there for blending with Indias and Ceylons. The medium and hence grades are considered as comcover up their defects. There will be no more of that under the new law. That is why the gealers hope that people are going to learn at last to buy tea for its

stocks. The expert who has been quoted throughout this article gives the follow-ing rule for telling to which of the three general classes tea belongs: **3**" If you find, after steeping your tea for about five minutes, that the leaves are of a brownish shade it is a black tee. If they are wholly granish it is a Japan teas will be most affected by the new law, Japan's and some of the China The pan fired Japan teas will now look like what have been known to the If they are wholly greenish it is a green tea. But if they are greenish only in the middle and brown around the margins trade as sun dried, having an olive green shade. Pingsuey gunpowder will be dui gray. It was a bright green.

the middle and brown around the margins it is an Oolong. "The quality should be judged entirely on the cup. At a given price a better cupping tea can be attained without style, as style adds to the market value without adding to the cup merit. There are between 200 and 300 cups of tea to the pound; so that at \$1 a pound a cup of tea costs less than half a cent." In New York, according to the dealers, public taste is slowly being educated to appreciate and to demand a better quality of tea. The quantity used has increased immensely within the past decade. Ten years ago a tea room venture was These Pingsueys, by the way, are good example of the mistaken principle on which many Americans have bought Well, well! Everybody in town that tea. They form one of the two general varieties of China green teas, the other being the Moyunes. This is the way they are described by an expert:

"Moyune and Pingsuey teas are divided inco gunpowder, imperial, Young Hyson and Hyson skin; the different names de noting the style and make of the leaf.

Immensely within the past decade. Ten years ago a tea room venture was pretty nearly a foregone failure. Now a certain section around Fifth avenue is fairly spattered with tea rooms and most fairly spattered to have going. Before the new law went into effect Pingsueys were bright green and Moyunes a dull gray. In the future the Moyunes will retain this color and the Pingsueys of them manage to keep going. tozen hotels have elaborate ait

will be more like them.
"The latter will still take a better roll and have a cleaner appearance, especially in the lower grades; but the Moyunes have more character, body and flavor in the cup. However, Hoochows (similar but a finer variety than first crop Pingsue#s) and first crop Pingsue#s are quite delicate in the cup and far outclass the later Pingsue#s) and first."
These are the distinctions which competent housewives ought to be finding out for themselves, but probably not one in hundred of them knows Pingsue?
Id them manage to keep going. Hair a dozen hotels have elaborate aiternoon tease and even offices have set up a samovar.
Afternoon tea became inevitable when the dinner hour passed the 7 o'clock mark. When that function—of dinner—came the life saving institution which it is in England. So New Yorkers have immed almost indifferent, at any rate humbly uncomplaining, as to its quality.
These are the distinctions which competent housewives ought to be finding out for themselves, but probably not one in hundred of them knows Pingsuey

and stayed seven years over there. "And I never lost a day." says Sam.