

Chapter 1 : 30 best Coffee stall images on Pinterest in | Mobile cafe, Coffee carts and Coffee van

*The Coffee Stall Keeper by Billy blog.quintoapp.com I had this coffee shop long Sir dishing out coffee and tea Ever since Big Ben was a wrist watch and the Thames that was as dry as me.*

Sims Who Was Jack the Ripper? The deeds of darkness of this miserable wretch, cursed with one of the most terrible forms of blood lust, are known over the world. During his short career of carnage he built up for himself immortal infamy. I have, while travelling abroad, purchased in various languages pamphlets and booklets on Jack the Ripper, more of less of the catch-penny order, and I have seen them eagerly purchased at country fairs on the Continent by the gaping village folks. A year after the last of the murders I was in a little town in the South of Italy on market day, and I bought of a man who carried a banner on which the crimes of Jack the Ripper were gorily depicted, the last copy of the red covered penny dreadful he was selling. Whenever during the last nineteen years a wholesale slaughterer of women has been brought to trial in this country the cry "Is he Jack the Ripper? Deeming Neil Cream, and Chapman were all in their turn brought into the controversy without the slightest justification. From Germany, France, Spain, the United States, and South America there have come stories from time to time of women slayers whose deeds have led the local Press to revive the murder mysteries of the East-end of London. A good many murders with which he had absolutely nothing to do have in this country been popularly attributed to the Whitechapel monster. I have seen six, seven, and eight East-end murders of women debited to the Ripper, but, as a matter of fact, his murders were five in all, and no more. The other murders of women committed about the time were in a totally different "handwriting. They were as follows: Annie Chapman, forty seven, her throat cut and body mutilated, in Hanbury street, Spitalfields, Sept. Elizabeth Stride, throat cut, in Berner street, on Sept. Most of the murders marked an advance in the disease from which the madman who committed them was suffering. It was impossible for any journal of general circulation to describe them fully. The mutilations were in all the cases, except one in which probably the murderer was interrupted, ghastly and revolting, and in one case an internal organ had been removed in a manner which showed beyond the shadow of a doubt that the miscreant was person of anatomical knowledge. Maniacal as was the fury with which he hacked and ripped his unhappy victims, the instance in which he skilfully removed and carried away with him this internal organ must be borne in mind when discussing the identity of the monster. Into the separate details of the murders which during the autumn of the year kept the public mind in a state of seething excitement, and caused a panic in the East-end and were undoubtedly the main cause of the resignation of the then Chief Commissioner of Police, it is not necessary to go. The public indignation over this series of unparalleled atrocities vented itself upon the police authorities, and the Home Secretary by declining to offer a reward came in for a considerable amount of fierce criticism. But when all has been said the fact has to be admitted that the best efforts of the police were foiled not so much by the cunning of the murderer as by the conduct of the victims themselves. Being of the unfortunate class, they willingly accompanied the man who was to murder them into dark and hidden places where, at the hour of night selected by the fiend as the most favourable for his purpose, there was little chance of attention being attracted. In no case except in the last, which was the only one that occurred inside a house, was the faintest cry heard. Such a cry usually means nothing in such a neighbourhood. Some years ago I stood in a little room in a slum in the East of London. It was a room on the ground floor, and the window opened on to a back yard. In this yard a woman had recently been murdered. The occupants of the room above had heard her shriek and call out "Murder! I asked the woman living in the room why she had not got up and given an alarm, or, at least, looked out to see what was the matter. Her reply was very much to the point. They were killed, hacked, hewn, and mutilated in the dark byeways in and around Whitechapel and left lying where they fell to greet the horrified eyes of the first person who should pass that way. To realise the most remarkable feature of these maniacal deeds it must be borne in mind that the murderer, after cutting the throat of his victim and hacking the body about with maniacal fury, always, except in the last instance, in a dark place, left the scene of his butchery and walked home through the public streets, He had a home somewhere, he slept somewhere, ate somewhere, changed his linen somewhere, sane his linen to the wash somewhere, kept his

clothes and lived his life somewhere, yet never during the series of murders did he arouse the suspicions of any person who communicated with the police. The first murder was committed on Aug. One man only, a policeman, saw him leaving the place in which he had just accomplished a fiendish deed, but failed, owing to the darkness, to get a good view of him. A little later the policeman stumbled over the lifeless body of the victim. One other man believed that he had seen the Ripper soon after the double murders of Sept. This man was a coffee stall keeper. In the early hours of the date of these murders, between three and four in the morning, as far as I can remember, a man came to the stall and asked for a cup of coffee. The customer stood drinking his coffee, and the stall keeper said, thinking of the murder of Sept. The sleeve of his coat was drawn up by the action and the shirt cuff came into view. The cuff of the shirt was stained with blood. The man with the bloodstained cuffs had suggested between two and three in the morning that "two" murders might be heard of in a few hours. The coffee stall keeper gave his information to the police and to Dr. Forbes Winslow; who at that time was writing letters on the subject of the Ripper murders in the Press and expressing a very strong opinion that they were the work of a homicidal maniac, who had a trained knowledge of surgery. What was the man with bloodstained cuffs like? That was the question. The coffee stall keeper described him from memory. He purchased the book and went off with it to Dr. I present the portrait as one put forward by a man who had every reason to believe that he had seen and conversed with Jack the Ripper, as the "double" of the Whitechapel Terror. Various witnesses who had seen a man conversing with a woman who was soon afterwards found murdered said that he was a well dressed man with a black moustache. Others described him as a man with a closely trimmed beard. There are two theories with regard to the identity of the Ripper. One has everything in its favour, and is now generally accepted by the high authorities who had the details of the various investigations gathered together and systematically inquired into. It is betraying no state secret to say that the official view arrived at after the exhaustive and systematic investigation of facts that never became public property is that the author of the atrocities was one of three men. Let us take them separately. The first man was a Polish Jew of curious habits and strange disposition, who was the sole occupant of certain premises in Whitechapel after nightfall. This man was in the district during the whole period covered by the Whitechapel murders, and soon after they ceased certain facts came to light which showed that it was quite possible that he might have been the Ripper. He had at one time been employed in a hospital in Poland. He was known to be a lunatic at the time of the murders, and some time afterwards he betrayed such undoubted signs of homicidal mania that he was sent to a lunatic asylum. The second man was a Russian doctor, a man of vile character, who had been in various prisons in his own country and in ours. The Russian doctor who at the time of the murders was in Whitechapel, but in hiding as it afterwards transpired, was in the habit of carrying surgical knives about with him. He suffered from a dangerous form of insanity, and when inquiries were afterwards set on foot he was found to be in a criminal lunatic asylum abroad. He was a vile and terrible person, capable of any atrocity. Both these men were capable of the Ripper crimes, but there is one thing that makes the case against each of them weak. They were both alive long after the horrors had ceased, and though both were in an asylum, there had been a considerable time after the cessation of the Ripper crimes during which they were at liberty and passing about among their fellow men. The third man was a doctor who lived in a suburb about six miles from Whitechapel, and who suffered from a horrible form of homicidal mania, a mania which leads the victim to look upon women of a certain class with frenzied hatred. The doctor had been an inmate of a lunatic asylum for some time, and had been liberated and regained his complete freedom. A month after the last murder the body of the doctor was found in the Thames. There was everything about it to suggest that it had been in the river for nearly a month. Each murder had shown a marked increase in maniacal ferocity. The last was the culminating point. The probability is that immediately after committing this murderous deed the author of it committed suicide. There was nothing else left for him to do except to be found wandering, a shrieking, raving fiend, fit only for the padded cell. What is probable is that after the murder he made his way to the river, and in the dark hours of a November night or in the misty dawn he leapt in and was drowned. From this time the Ripper murders ceased. There have been no more. Women have been barbarously and mysteriously murdered since, but never with the unmistakable "handwriting" of the Ripper upon the deed. The other theory in support of which I have some curious information, puts the crime down to

a young American medical student who was in London during the whole time of the murders, and who, according to statements of certain highly respectable people who knew him, made on two occasions an endeavour to obtain a certain internal organ, which for his purpose had to be removed from, as he put it, "the almost living body. Wynne Baxter, the coroner, in his summing up to the jury in the case of Annie Chapman, pointed out the significance of the fact that this internal organ had been removed. But against this theory put forward by those who uphold it with remarkable details and some startling evidence in support of their contention, there is one great fact. The American was alive and well and leading the life of an ordinary citizen long after the Ripper murders came to an end. He was a raving madman then and a raving madman when he flung himself in the Thames. The fact that I had the unpleasant experience of having my portrait pointed out to the authorities as the portrait of the Ripper, caused me to take a keen personal interest in the East end horrors, and I have in my museum some curious documents and gruesome photographs connected with the crime. Two of them are unprintable.

**Chapter 2 : coffee-stall - definition and meaning**

*The coffee-stall was a favorite one; for, besides being under shelter, which was of great consequence upon rainy mornings, it was also in so private a niche that the customers taking their out-or-door breakfast were not too much exposed to notice; and, moreover, the coffee-stall keeper was a quiet man, who cared only to serve the busy workmen.*

These fine mansions in Renaissance style were erected in the years and The houses had a frontage to Church Road, overlooking Palmeira Lawn but were separated from it by a private carriageway and wall. Henry and Octavia Lanchester had a large family of five sons and three daughters. Octavia was an educated woman who taught Latin and mathematics at a school in London. When her sons began to study Euclid she was able to help them. Perhaps it was not surprising that her daughter Mary taught at Roedean besides being an artist and writer. The house at Hove left a lasting impression although he was only aged five when they moved in. There was open countryside behind the house, which the children explored at leisure and the sunny nursery on the first floor had commanding views of the English Channel. The children loved to watch ships sailing past. Just to make sure they were not dreaming they carefully noted the paddle-boxes, five funnels and six masts. They probably did not know that Brunel was once a pupil at a Hove school. Unfortunately, as that part of Hove became built-up, the sea views were lost. Lanchester formed a private syndicate to develop motor vehicles and the Lanchester car was the first English car to be powered by a petrol engine. He was also one of the pioneers of the petrol omnibus. Lanchester was interested in the theory of flight too and in he delivered a lecture on his vortex theory of flight. But he was ahead of his time and his theory was neither accepted nor properly understood until the s. In he purchased a house on the east side of Wilbury Road from Osmond Dash who had bought it from the Stanford Estate the previous year. Reynolds built seven houses in Lansdowne Street in and some in Cambridge Road. Two houses he built in Cambridge Road were too close to the boundary wall contrary to the plans and had to come down. He built four more houses in at Cambridge Road. The stabling included coach houses and living quarters for the grooms. Opulent Mansions It seems that no expense was spared in the building and fitting-out of Palmeira Mansions. The entrance was through a porch of rusticated columns supporting entablature, frieze and cornice, leading to a lofty hall. The floors were of tessellated pavement, there were carved marble chimney-pieces and over-mantels, marble fenders and tiled hearths. Granville Greysmith of Ship Street, Brighton, painted frescoes on the walls. Venetian blinds were fitted throughout. This description of the properties is taken from an article printed in Brighton Gazette 21 February Slump Unfortunately, Palmeira Mansions were erected just as the property market was going through one of its periodic slumps. It was the same story when houses in Palmeria Square were newly built. The Directory recorded that only four houses in Palmeira Mansions were occupied but by the number had risen to ten. However, the census recorded six unoccupied houses. The slump affected Henry Jones Lanchester badly because he found his work at Hove had all but dried up. He was therefore obliged to leave Hove and remove with his family back to London. When other residents heard about the move, they were horrified and soon a petition bearing signatures asking for the coffee stall to be allowed to remain was presented to Hove Commissioners. That august body then decided it was not necessary to order its removal. Pageboy in Danger In a policeman was passing by Palmeira Mansions when he noticed a pageboy standing on an outside ledge in order to clean windows. In September Mrs Whitefield of 29 Palmeira Mansions was summoned before the courts for permitting a servant to stand in a dangerous position on a windowsill. Trees and Lamps On 5 July the surveyor reported that owing to the trees on the north side of Church Road in front of the mansions, the light from the lamps situated on the private wall was considerably obscured. He recommended erecting two new lamps on the kerb of the pavement, one midway between Rochester Gardens and Palmeira Avenue and the other midway between Palmeira Avenue and Salisbury Road; the lighting of the two existing lamps should be discontinued. This still did not solve the problem and in January the surveyor suggested four new lamps should be placed on the curb and new lamps should replace the old ones on the wall. Middleton In this postcard the tree problem in front of Palmeira Mansions is obvious. Note the original lamp on the right and the hackney carriage stand on the left. Private Roadway In Mr R. Tilt, property owner, erected two posts in the

private roadway, thus preventing through vehicular traffic. Although a private roadway, it had always been open to public use and by May one post had already been knocked over by a cab. Hove Council ordered the remaining one to be removed. It is interesting to note that in recent times when renovation of the area was taking place, the vexed question of who actually owned the private roadway had to be looked into before work could begin. The Chief Constable took it upon himself to time no fewer than 79 omnibuses. He recorded that on one occasion two omnibuses travelled at 13mph and two at 14mph while another notched up 15mph. At the time the maximum legal limit was 12mph. Renovation In the late 20th century Palmeira Mansions were something of a sorry sight. There was one house in particular that stuck out like a sore thumb because it was still in its unadorned state of what used to be called Roman cement whilst all its neighbours had succumbed to a pleasing coat of creamy white. At last, this house too joined the club and today Palmeira Mansions have never looked so handsome. Middleton One of the lovely new lamps was photographed on 6 April There has also been a trend to re-convert the mansions from offices to residential use; plans for such conversions were before the council in January and July The upturn in their fortune was no doubt helped along by the restoration of the private wall, which was completed by December The walls and piers were renovated and then specialist Robert Cook re-plastered them. New lamp stands and lanterns were re-created from an original model and they are an impressive sight today. The area was further enhanced by the installation of new bus shelters, which instead of being brash and modern, were especially chosen to harmonise with the surrounding architecture. Middleton Palmeira Lawn and Palmeira Mansions look their best in this photograph taken on 22 August Note the discreet bus shelters in the background. Number 33 This house deserves a special mention because of the impressive interior, fitted up to the specifications of wealthy Arthur William Mason. This was not the first Hove house Mason occupied because his previous rental property was at 11 Palmeira Mansions. The first occupant of number 33 was Mr R. Gillespie and in he sold the property to Mason, who was well able to afford it because his father had just handed over his business to his three sons. The business in question was an ink manufacturing enterprise that George Holt Mason had founded. Arthur William Mason A. Mason was obviously proud to have joined the ranks of polite society and he commissioned a coat of arms and adopted the motto *Facta Non Verba Deeds not Words*. He made extensive use of his coat of arms and it appeared on his cutlery, dinner service, on the side windows of his cars and in stained glass windows in his house. At first glance the subject of the coat of arms looks like a domino of sorts. In fact it is a try-square, a tool used by masons and others to mark a right angle and check its accuracy. Traditionally, the tool had a steel blade and a wood stock secured by rivets. Mason used this device as an allusion to his surname whilst the five rivet holes signified the five letters in the name. On 17 December A. He had stabling and a coach house plus living quarters erected on it. Later on the stables were converted into a garage to hold his fleet of cars consisting of two Rolls-Royces and a Daimler. The interior of the house in its heyday must have been a wonderful sight. Fortunately, much of it remains to this day. Mason was married three times, His second wife was called Grace and they married some two years after his first wife died. They had no children and she died in She was some thirty years younger than he was while his first wife had been five years older than her husband. Mason died aged 80 in June , the cause of death being lung cancer. In September there was a two-day sale of the house contents. In Ada Marian Jacobs ran the establishment. Her career extended back to the Great War when she started a nursing home at 31 Brunswick Road, which by had expanded to number 33 Brunswick Road. But the lease on the Brunswick properties expired in In the English Language Centre acquired number 33 and remain the owners to this day. Glen Davie, principal from to , said he found the interior very shabby when they took over and he personally sanded the floors. Marble Halls and Staircase The entrance hall leads into a vestibule lined with white, veined marble with a stained glass window on the right hand side depicting the coat of arms. A startling wall-sconce light features a serpentine dragon of iron rearing over hot coals at the top of the lamp. The dragon has a ring in its mouth, which probably once held decorative chains. Steps lead into the main hall and immediately in front of you there is a huge, oval mirror framed in dark wood and decorated with cherubs, foliage and flowers. The hall is richly embellished with Italian marble in colours of black, green and tan together with alabaster from Derbyshire. The floor has a geometric design of red, grey and white tiles and the pink, flecked pillars are fluted. The walls are panelled in pale alabaster. The curved staircase is also a marvel

in marble. The newel post is pale green on a black base, the balusters are rose while the rail is flecked black. According to researcher Jackie Marsh-Hobbs there are similar marble balusters on the grand staircase in the Foreign Office in London. Middleton The marble staircase inside number

**Chapter 3 : Full text of "Jessica's first prayer"**

*The Coffee Stall Keeper Have I had this coffee shop long, Sir, dishing out coffee and tea? Ever since Big Ben was a wrist watch and the Thames that was as dry as me.*

He also continued to comment and look into the crimes long after they had come to an end. Evidently Sims was referring to suspect Montague John Druitt. It was this letter which led ripperologist Stewart P. Evans to suspect Dr Francis Tumblety. Indeed, he devotes very little space at all to the Jack the Ripper case, other than to give details of how he himself Sims was, at one stage, put forward as a suspect. This is what George Sims had to say: The stall-keeper noticed that he had blood on his shirt-cuffs. You may hear of two murders in the morning. At dawn the bodies of two women murdered by the Ripper were found. He took it first to Dr. Forbes Winslow, who was writing letters to the papers on the Ripper crimes at the time. The redoubtable Ripper was not unlike me as I was at that time. It is also worth noting that he was wrong about the time of the discovery of the bodies of the two victims in question. Each of his murders was more maniacal than its predecessors, and the last was the worst of all. After committing that he drowned himself. His body was found in the Thames after it had been in the river for nearly a month. Had he been found alive there would have been no mystery about Jack the Ripper. The man would have been arrested and tried. However, all the facts that he reveals about the fate of his suspect point to his having been referring to Montague John Druitt. It is also more than obvious that his suspicions were as a result of his acquaintance with Melville Macnaghten as he commits to paper a glaring error that Macnaghten had been responsible for "that Druitt was a doctor. Druitt actually came from a family of doctors, but he himself was a lawyer and a school teacher. Yet, in many of the statements that he makes about his favoured suspect, he is demonstrably and provably wrong in the facts he so confidently states about Druitt and his guilt. If Jack the Ripper had, indeed, been found alive, there would have been no mystery concerning the case, and the murders themselves would soon have been forgotten. And, if that had happened, what would I have to blog about?

**Chapter 4 : The Coffee Stall Keeper by Billy Bennett - Famous poems, famous poets. - All Poetry**

*The coffee-stall was a favorite one, for besides being under shelter, which was of great consequence upon rainy mornings, it was also in so private a niche that the customers taking their out-of-door breakfast were not too much exposed to notice; and, moreover, the coffee-stall keeper was a quiet man, who cared only to serve the busy workmen.*

By this hour at Covent Garden market, in the center of Dickensian London, the streets are alive. More approached Covent Garden from the south, from the market gardens that lined the south-west side of the river. Image is in the public domain via wikigallery. The coffee-stall keepers appeared carrying cans of coffee from yokes on their shoulders, the little smudge-pot charcoal fires already lit underneath, winking in the diminishing darkness. These early risers had woken long before daybreak with the aide of various stratagems. Alarm clocks had not yet been invented wind-up alarm clocks did not appear until, and even clocks were beyond the reach of most workers. In the first three decades of the century, the watch patrolled the streets nightly, dressed in long, drab greatcoats and slouch hats, carrying rattles and calling out the half-hours. For a small fee, these men stopped at houses along their routes, to waken anyone who needed to be up at a specific time. Later this job of knocking up, as it became known, was taken on by the police – a useful way to earn a little extra cash, as well as an aid to good community relations. The very poor, who could not afford the requisite penny or two a week, paid a halfpenny or so to an equally poor fellow worker who woke his friends on his way home from nightwork. Image is in the public domain via Austenonly. Today, eating out is more expensive than cooking at home, but in the nineteenth century the situation was reversed. Most of the working class lived in rooms, not houses. They might have had access to a communal kitchen, but more often they cooked in their own fireplace: Water was a rare and precious commodity in working-class housing, which did not begin to see piped water usually just to the basement kitchens until late in the century. The nearest running water might be a street pump, which functioned for just a few hours a week. Several factors – the lack of storage space, routine infestations of vermin and being able, because of the cost, to buy food only in tiny quantities – meant that storing any foodstuff, even tea, overnight was unusual. Workers therefore expected to purchase their breakfast on their way to work. On the major routes, however, these stalls were everywhere, ranging from the simplest makeshifts to elaborate structures. Some consisted of a board laid over a pair of sawhorses, a can of coffee kept hot by a charcoal burner, and a few plates of bread and butter; if the owner could manage a blanket over a clothes horse to protect a bench from the wind, all the better. Others were more robust. At Islington, a regular coffee stall by a pub was erected nightly: A lamp was lit, the table was covered with a cloth and laid with cups, saucers, a loaf and a cake, and in fifteen minutes a snug little booth was ready for customers. Who the customers were, and which the busy times, varied by location and cost. Street sellers of food, walking to the markets to get their supplies for the day from about 3 a. Judith is also the author of a crime fiction series, beginning with A Murder of Magpies. She lives in London.

**Chapter 5 : Jessica's First Prayer by Hesba Stretton**

*THE COFFEE-STALL AND ITS KEEPER* In a screened and secluded corner of one of the many railway bridges which span the streets of London there could be seen, a few years.

ON a foggy or a frosty night a London coffee-stall is a pleasant thing for the eye to fall upon. It looks like a little bit of Home come out of doors to comfort the cheerless and the cold. Most canvas tenements have an unpleasantly temporary look about them, - are disagreeably suggestive of vagrancy. The covered coffee-stall, on the contrary, has, as I have said, a look of home. We know that although its glow may vanish in the garish light, of day, it will re-appear next night in the same place, like a night-blowing cereus to shed [] its perfume. Brightly gleam or cosily twinkle the lamps of the coffee-stall. The round eyes of its cans have no angry heat, but warm welcome in their red glow, which surrounds them with a ring of light, pleasantly reflected in broken radiations from their polished silver-like tin, their burnished gold-like brass. How fragrant is the aroma of the coffee, although it may not have come from Mocha. Tea and cocoa may also be obtained at the coffee-stall, but the beverage from which it derives its name is the specialty which deservedly gives it its fame. Let those who will talk of chicory, - to many palates a pleasant, and by them demanded adulteration, - and of chicory itself adulterated with turnips, carrots, and Venetian-red, - of horse-beans, burnt crusts, and so on and so on: It warms the cockles of the heart, and makes the footsore one inclined to leap like the kids of the dervish who was - well, perhaps, not its discoverer. How, I might go on to say, how richly oleaginous is its cake, how piquantly salt its bread and butter, how delicately cut its sand-[]wiches, how full-flavoured its eggs, however fresh its watercress,- were it not for a fear that I might be supposed to have some covert meaning of satire; whereas I sincerely wish to glorify the hot, brown, cheering beverage, and warm, redly-golden, cosy look of a night coffee-stall. All coffee-stalls have more or less of this cosy look, but I am referring particularly to the night stalls more or less screened from the wandering night wind. I had taken it into my head to walk from Greenwich to London by night. The public-houses were closed, and so Deptford Broadway was almost empty and quiet. Here and there gas or a candle still burned in an upper window, but for the most part the walls were blank. Beside the palings of Hatcham Park lurked a rough, but as he saw a policeman on the other side of the way made manifest by the gaslight gleaming on his metal hat-crown this walk was taken in the days, or rather nights, before our constables were helmeted like ancient Romans, the rough preserved a statuesque quiescence. The dim roadside villas and dull roadside terraces no other thing expressed than long disquiet merged in rest. The Surrey Canal may call itself Grand, but that night it looked very much like a torpid slug. A little way beyond the canal bridge I overtook a very early market waggon grinding up to [] town with a high-piled load of cabbages, its drowsy driver, perched upon the shaft, nodding as if bent on. A little farther on I came upon, two constables conducting an "overtaken" brother of the force to the station-house, or peradventure to private repose. As I passed St. Last of all St. Homely though it was, it was prominently picturesque in itself and vaguely picturesq,ue in its surroundings. Not far off, lighted windows in two great hospitals told of wakeful sickness and watching care. Hard by, a minster-like church indistinctly raised its pinnacled tower. On both [] sides rose many-floored warehouses, solid blocks of blackness in the general gloom. At the foot of the granite steps lapped the dimly dark, secret-holding river, flecked with trembling and broken lines of light from ship and shore. Inside the coffee-stall, screen, on the pavement, lay what I thought at first was a bundle of mildewed rags. I was wondering why the stall-keeper should choose such an unappetizing settee, as I supposed the bundle to be, when I found that it was a girl curled up very much like a cat. The lamp shone down full upon her face, but she slept on as if she meant never to wake again. Friendless, famished, [] fagged out, frozen, homeless, she had met with one who had given her food, drink, and rest in shelter from the cold. No wonder she slept soundly. It was hard to refrain from wishing that she might never wake again, but cease to live, as she lay on the earth that had been so cruel a step-mother to her, with a heart softened by the first act of kindness she had received, no doubt, for many a day. I can only liken it, so far as colour and cleanliness are concerned, to the heaps of mud we see scraped up by the roadside: One foot, shod with dirt as with a sandal-sole, peeped from beneath her dress, and most likely the other had not shoe or

stocking either. She had on some kind of little shawl, or rather neckerchief, originally, perhaps, like those worn by milk-women, in which she hunched up her shoulders and folded her hands; but she did not seem to have any under-clothing,- at least what looked like dirty flesh showed here and there as faintly lighter streaks and blotches through the gashes in her gown. Perhaps, however, the most pitiable part of her attire was her bonnet. It had been of the tawdry "fine" kind, and the [] wire stalks and a few of the flabby, washed-out, and then dirt-engrained calico petals of its artificial flowers were entangled in her touzled hair. Whether her face had ever been pretty I cannot say, it was so disguised in dirt and disfigured by disease. I could not have guessed her age within four or five years, but the stall- keeper declared that she could not be sixteen. It was easy enough, however, to guess her history. Perhaps she was left an orphan, and had taken to the gutter as naturally as a duckling takes to the pond; perhaps she was sent into the streets by her parents to beg or steal, under pretence of selling; perhaps, unable any longer to endure the barbarous tyranny of some Mrs. At any rate she found her way into a low lodging-house, where all the little modesty she had left was laughed out of her, and she was ruined whilst yet a mere child. Thenceforth her life became a round of theft, precocious gin-drinking, frequent hunger, and the most squalid form of vice, the beggarly wages of which the lad who claimed her, like a Kafir, as his slave to work for him, appropriated, and to escape from the loathsome consequences of which she would commit some desperate act, and rejoice to find herself in prison. This is plain speech, but it is necessary to speak plainly when the life of the poor wretch I saw lying under the coffee-stall tarpaulin is typical [] of the lot - of scores, - perhaps I should be nearer the truth if I said hundreds, - of young girls in London. Shortly after I stopped at the coffee-stall another man stopped there, whose arrival almost made me start. This was a man whom by some strange chance I had come across frequently in all kinds of places,- north, south, east, and west. After our meeting at the coffee-stall I often met him in this puzzling way. I have not seen him for two or three years, and I miss him. A superstitious feeling sometimes came over me when I once more met this mysterious stranger. Am I a false coiner or something of that kind, without knowing it, and is this a detective dogging my steps? His eyes, too, were as those of an eagle,- an eagle tamed, instead of being rendered savage by hunger; but there was a touching kind of simple amiability playing about the almost childlike little mouth which contrasted so strangely with his gaunt pinched cheeks. He always wore the same threadbare black suit, the frock-coat buttoned well up to the chin; as ,if to hide the lack, or the lack of cleanliness, of linen. The nearest guess I could make at his character had been that he was a political refugee. I was not, therefore, surprised when he raised his limp-brimmed hat, and said in a slightly foreign accent, "If you please, coffee, madame. He was clad in bone-buttoned corduroy, and had a warm comforter round his neck. I suppose he was some market underling. He growled, with his mouth full, at his hard fate in being compelled to get up so early. I crossed the bridge and struck through the City, sealed and silent as a sepulchre,- the fabulously wealthy City, left to the charge of a few policemen, private watchmen, and more jovial, sailor-like, cheerily "Good night, sir! Good morning, you mean," answering firemen.

**Chapter 6 : London Characters | Spitalfields Life**

*William Robertson Russell Bennett DCM MM, better known as Billy Bennett, ( -- June 30, ) was a British comedian who specialised in parodies of dramatic monologues and was billed as 'almost.*

The coffee-stall was a favorite one; for, besides being under shelter, which was of great consequence upon rainy mornings, it was also in so private a niche that the customers taking their out-or-door breakfast were not too much exposed to notice; and, moreover, the coffee-stall keeper was a quiet man, who cared only to serve the busy workmen, without hindering them by any gossip. He was a tall, spare, elderly man, with a singularly solemn face, and a manner which was grave and secret. Nobody knew either his name or dwelling-place; unless it might be the policeman who strode past the coffee-stall every half-hour, and nodded familiarly to the solemn man behind it. There were very few who cared to make any inquiries about him; but those who did could only discover that he kept the furniture of his stall at a neighboring coffee-house, whither he wheeled his trestle and board and crockery every day, not later than half-past eight in the morning; after which he was wont to glide away with a soft footstep and mysterious and fugitive air, with many backward and sidelong glances, as if he dreaded observation, until he was lost among the crowds which thronged the streets. No one had ever had the persevering curiosity to track him all the way to his house, or to find out his other means of gaining a livelihood; but in general his stall was surrounded by customers whom he served with silent seriousness, and who did not grudge to pay him his charge for the refreshing coffee he supplied to them. For several years the crowd of workpeople had paused by the coffee-stall under the railway arch, when one morning, in a partial lull of his business, the owner became suddenly aware of a pair of very bright dark eyes being fastened upon him and the slices of bread and butter on his board, with a gaze as hungry as that of a mouse which has been driven by famine into a trap. A thin and meager face belonged to the eyes, which was half hidden by a mass of matted hair hanging over the forehead and down the neck, the only covering which the head or neck had; for a tattered frock, scarcely fastened together with broken strings, was slipping down over the shivering shoulders of the little girl. Stooping down to a basket behind his stall, he caught sight of two bare little feet curling up from the damp pavement, as the child lifted up first one and then the other, and laid them one over another to fain a momentary feeling of warmth. Whoever the wretched child was, she did not speak; only at every steaming cupful which he poured out of his can, her dark eyes gleamed hungrily, and he could hear her smack her thin lips, as if in fancy she was tasting the warm and fragrant coffee. Ah, very bad indeed! There, you must never come again, you know. There, put your poor feet towards the fire. She was seated upon an empty basket, with her feet near the pan of charcoal, and a cup of steaming coffee on her lap; but her mouth was too full for her to reply, except by a very deep nod, which expressed unbounded delight. The man was busy for a while, packing up his crockery; but every now and then he stopped to look down upon her, and to shake his head gravely. And they think nothing of giving me smacks and kicks and pinches. But you must be off now. Let me carry some of your things. But when the appointed time was finished, she presented herself at the stall, with her hungry eyes fastened again upon the piles of buns and bread and butter, which were fast disappearing before the demands of the buyers. The business was at its height, and the famished child stood quietly on one side watching for the throng to melt away. But as soon as the nearest church clock had chimed eight, she drew a little nearer to the stall, and at a signal from its owner she slipped between the trestles of his stand, and took up her former position on the empty basket. What business is it of yours where I live? You must be a very good man. He made good coffee, and the police let him alone! It was quite true; yet still, as he counted up the store of pence which he had accumulated in his strong canvas bag, he sighed again still more heavily. He purposely let one of his pennies fall upon the muddy pavement, and went on counting the rest busily, while he furtively watched the little girl sitting at his feet. Without a shade of change upon her small face, she covered the penny with her foot, and drew it in carefully towards her, while she continued to chatter fluently to him. It was time to be leaving now; but before he went he would make her move her bare foot and disclose the penny concealed beneath it, and then he would warn her never to venture near his stall again. This was her gratitude, he thought; he had given her two breakfasts and more kindness

than he had shown to any fell-creature for many a long year; and, at the first chance, the young jade turned upon him, and robbed him! She stooped down, and picking up the coin from amongst the mud, she rubbed it bright and clean upon her rags, and laid it upon the stall close to his hand, but without speaking a word. Daniel looked down upon her solemnly and searchingly. The snug, dark corner, with its warm fire of charcoal and its fragrant smell of coffee, had been a paradise to her for these two brief spans of time; but she had been guilty of the sin which would drive her from it. All beyond the railway arch the streets stretched away, cold and dreary, with no friendly faces to meet hers, and no warm cups of coffee to refresh her; yet she was only lingering sorrowfully to hear the words spoken which should forbid her to return to this pleasant spot. Daniel turned round at last, and met her tearful gaze with a look of strange motion upon his own solemn face. After a while Daniel allowed her to carry some of his load to the coffee-house, but he never suffered her to follow farther, and he was always particular to watch her out of sight before he turned off through the intricate mazes of the streets in the direction of his own home. It was a single room, which had once been a hayloft over the stable of an old inn, now in use for two or three donkeys, the property of costermongers dwelling in the court about it. The mode of entrance was by a wooden ladder, whose rungs were crazy and broken, and which led up through a trap-door in the floor of the loft. The interior of the home was as desolate and comfortless as that of the stable below, with only a litter of straw for the bedding, and a few bricks and boards for the furniture. Yet Jessica was hardly a burden to her. It was a long time since she had taken any care to provide her with food or clothing, and the girl had to earn or beg for herself the meat which kept a scanty life within her. Jess was the drudge and errand-girl of the court; and what with being cuffed and beaten by her mother, and overworked and ill-used by her numerous employers, her life was a hard one. But now there was always Wednesday morning to count upon and look forward to; and by and by a second scene of amazed delight opened upon her. He was dressed in a suit of black, with a white neckcloth, and he was pacing with brisk yet measured steps along the lighted streets. Jessica felt afraid of speaking to him, but she followed at a little distance, until presently he stopped before the iron gates of a large building, and, unlocking them, passed on to the arched doorway, and with a heavy key opened the folding doors and entered in. The child stole after him, but paused for a few minutes, trembling upon the threshold, until the gleam of light lit up within tempted her to venture a few steps forward, and to push a little way open an inner door, covered with crimson baize, only so far as to enable her to peep through at the inside. Then, growing bolder by degrees, she crept through, drawing the door to noiselessly behind her. The place was in partial gloom, but Daniel was kindling every gaslight, and each minute lit it up in more striking grandeur. She stood in a carpeted aisle, with high oaken pews on each side almost as black as ebony. A gallery of the same dark old oak ran round the walls, resting upon massive pillars, behind one of which she was partly concealed, gazing with eager eyes at Daniel as he mounted the pulpit steps and kindled the lights there, disclosing to her curious delight the glittering pipes of an organ behind it. Before long the slow and soft-footed chapel-keeper disappeared for a minute or two into a vestry; and Jessica, availing herself of his short absence, stole silently up under the shelter of the dark pews until she reached the steps of the organ loft, with its golden show. But at this moment Mr. Daniel appeared again, arrayed in a long gown of dark serge; and as she stood spellbound gazing at the strange appearance of her patron, his eyes fell upon her, and he also was struck speechless for a minute, with an air of amazement and dismay upon his grave face. How ever did you find your way here? What do the ladies and gentlemen do when they come here? Daniel stood at the end of the aisle, frowning upon her whenever she glanced behind. She gained the lobby at last, but already someone was approaching the chapel door, and beneath the lamp at the gate stood one of her natural enemies — a policeman. Her heart beat fast, but she was quick-witted, and in another instant she spied a place of concealment behind one of the doors, into which she crept for safety until the path should be clear, and the policeman passed upon his beat. The congregation quickly began to arrive. She heard the rustling of silk dresses, and she could see the gentlemen and ladies pass by the niche between the door and the post. Once she ventured to stretch out a thin little finger and touch a velvet mantle as the wearer of it swept by, but no one caught her in the act, or suspected her presence behind the door. Daniel, she could see, was very busy ushering the people to their seats; but there was a startled look lingering upon his face, and every now and then he peered anxiously into the outer gloom and darkness, and even once called to the policeman to ask

if he had seen a ragged child hanging about. After a while the organ began to sound, and Jessica, crouching down in her hiding-place, listened entranced to the sweet music. She could not tell what made her cry, but the tears came so rapidly that it was of no use to rub the corner of her eyes with her hard knuckles; so she lay down upon the ground and buried her face in her hands, and wept without restraint. When the singing was over she could only catch a confused sound of a voice speaking. The lobby was empty now, and the crimson doors closed. The policeman also had walked on. This was the moment to escape. She raised herself from the ground with a feeling of weariness and sorrow; and, thinking sadly of the light and warmth and music that were within the closed doors, she stepped out into the cold and darkness of the street, and loitered homewards with a heavy heart. Peeps into Fairyland It was not the last time that Jessica concealed herself behind the baize-covered door. She could not overcome the urgent desire to enjoy again and again the secret and perilous pleasure; and Sunday after Sunday she watched in the dark streets for the moment when she could slip in unseen. She soon learned the exact time when Daniel would be occupied in lighting up, before the policeman would take up his station at the entrance, and, again, the very minute at which it would be wise and safe to take her departure. Sometimes the child laughed noiselessly to herself, until she shook with suppressed merriment as she saw Daniel standing unconsciously in the lobby, with his solemn face and grave air, to receive the congregation, much as he face his customers at the coffee-stall. She learned to know the minister by sight "the tall, thin, pale gentleman, who passed through a side door, with his head bent as if in deep thought, while two little girls, about her own age, followed him with sedate yet pleasant faces. The younger one was fair, and the elder was about as tall as herself, and had eyes and hair as dark; but oh, how cared for, how plainly waited on by tender hands! Sometimes, when they were gone by, she would close her eyes, and wonder what they would do in one of the high black pews inside, where there was no place for a ragged, barefooted girl like her; and now and then her wonderings almost ended in a sob, which she was compelled to stifle. It was an untold relief to Daniel that Jessica did not ply him with questions, as he feared, when she came for breakfast every Wednesday morning; but she was too shrewd and cunning for that. The risk of discovery increased every week, for the sun was later and later in setting, and there would be no chance of creeping in and out unseen in the broad daylight. Already it needed both watchfulness and alertness to dart in at the right moment in the gray twilight; but still she could not give it up; and if it had not been for the fear of offending Mr. Daniel, she would have resolved upon going until she was found out. They could not punish her very much for standing in the lobby of a chapel. Jessica was found out, however, before the dusky evenings were quite gone. The pew-opener was nowhere to be seen, but their quick eyes detected the prints of the wet little feet which had trodden the clean pavement before them, and in an instant they discovered Jessica crouching behind the door. It was a question difficult enough to perplex them. The little outcast was plainly too dirty and neglected for them to invite her to sit side by side with them in their crimson-lined pew, and no poor people attended the chapel with whom she could have a seat. But Winny, with flushed cheeks and indignant eyes, looked reproachfully at her older sister. Let us ask the chapel-keeper. Jessica had seen his pale and thoughtful face many a time from her hiding-place, but she had never met the keen, earnest, searching gaze of his eyes, which seemed to pierce through all her wretchedness and misery, and to read at once the whole history of her desolate life. His children ran to him, leaving Jessica upon the mat at the door, and with eager voices and gestures told him the difficulty they were in. Are you the minister, sir? At first he stared blandly forwards, but then his grave face grew ghastly pale, and he laid his hand upon the door to support himself until he could recover his speech and senses. Jessica also looked about her, scared and irresolute, as if anxious to run away, or to hide herself. The minister was the first to speak. Be a good girl and listen, and you will hear something about God. Standing, put this little one in front of the pews by the pulpit steps. Not far from her Jane and Winny were peeping over the front of their pew, with friendly smiles and glances. Jessica was happy, but not in the least abashed. The ladies and gentlemen were not at all unlike those who she had often seen when she was a fairy at the theatre; and very soon her attention was engrossed by the minister, whose eyes often fell upon her as she gazed eagerly, with uplifted face, upon him. She could scarcely understand a word of what he said, but she like the tones of his voice, and the tender pity of his face as he looked down upon her. Daniel hovered about a good deal, with a air of uneasiness and displeasure, but she was unconscious of his presence.

Jessica was intent upon finding out what a minister and God were.

#### Chapter 7 : Christian Heritage Ministries: Articles & Interviews

*Interspersed with these suppliers and produce sellers were many more who made their living around and in the markets. The coffee-stall keepers appeared carrying cans of coffee from yokes on their shoulders, the little smudge-pot charcoal fires already lit underneath, winking in the diminishing darkness.*

#### Chapter 8 : The Lighthouse Keeper (Billy Bennett Poems) | Famous Inspirational Poems, Poetry, Quotes

*Jessica s First Prayer. CHAPTER I. THE COFFEE-STALL AND ITS KEEPER. (Typographical errors above are due to OCR software and don't occur in the book.).*

#### Chapter 9 : The Lighthouse Keeper by Billy Bennett - Famous poems, famous poets. - All Poetry

*LibriVox recording of Jessica's First Prayer and Jessica's Mother by Hesba Stretton. Read in English by LibriVox Volunteers. Jessica is a little girl who used to be an actress till she grew too big.*