
Selections from
*The Girl's Own Paper*,
1880–1907

*The Girl's Own Paper*, founded in 1880, both shaped and reflected tensions between traditional domestic ideologies of the period and New Woman values in the context of the figure of the New Girl. These selections from the journal demonstrate the efforts of its publisher (the Religious Tract Society) to combat the negative moral influence of sensational popular literature while at the same time addressing the desires of its audience for exciting reading material and information about topics mothers could not or would not discuss.

Selected fiction gives a rich sense of the conventions and the domestic ideology of the time; the nonfiction prose ranges from essays on conduct and household management to articles on new opportunities in education and work.

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Selections from
The Girl’s Own Paper,
1880–1907

Terri Doughty
EDITOR

broadview reprint edition
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*Note on dating of volumes: Beginning in its first year of publication, the issues up to the end of September were collected and bound as annuals for the Christmas market. The first volume covers January to September of 1880. Subsequent volumes would cover the period from October to September; thus, the second volume covers October 1880 to September 1881, the third covers October 1881 to September 1882, and so on. Although the annual volumes are customarily identified by the second year covered, I have for accuracy’s sake listed above the particular year in which each article was published.
Introduction

The Girl's Own Paper was founded in 1880 by the Religious Tract Society as a companion to the successful Boy's Own Paper, both designed to counteract the influence of penny dreadfuls and cheap romances increasingly available to a susceptible working- and lower-middle-class audience. According to the editor, Charles Peters, The Girl's Own Paper would endeavor to be to girl readers “a Counsellor, Playmate, Guardian, Instructor, Companion, and Friend. It [would] help to train them in the moral and domestic virtues, preparing them for the responsibilities of womanhood and for a heavenly home” (qtd. in Reynolds 139–40). To this end, the magazine consisted of first fourteen, then sixteen pages of serial fiction, short stories, advice on household management (including cookery, housework, and both plain and fancy sewing), rules of etiquette, information on health and recreation, and, increasingly, information on new educational and professional opportunities for women. The weekly issue cost one penny (there was also a monthly edition, which cost sixpence). Letters to correspondents, a few letters published from correspondents, and lists of contest winners indicate that readers ranged from pre-teen girls to women in their fifties (there are even a few answers to male correspondents). In terms of class, readers ranged from servants to members of the upper-middle class. However, although the magazine was intended for working-class as well as middle-class readers, there are more articles on managing servants than on being a servant. The fiction and the material on domestic skills and social responsibilities imply a reader who is out of the schoolroom but not yet married: she should be looking forward to marriage, but until that happy day must learn to make productive use of her time and energies. There is also a persistent focus on economy; clearly readers are expected to be concerned about keeping up appearances on a budget. The magazine was highly successful, as The Girl's Own Paper rapidly reached a circulation of over 250,000, ultimately surpassing that of the Boy's Own Paper (Forrester 14; Dunae 135).

The Girl's Own was not the first magazine for girls. The earliest periodical addressed specifically to young women was the Young Ladies' Magazine of Theology (1838); its brief run suggests that it lacked an audience. However, the 1860s saw the emergence of more successful periodicals for adolescent girls: the English Girls' Journal and Ladies' Magazine (1863–64), a weekly penny paper published by Edward Harrison; the Young Englishwoman (1864–77), a sixpenny weekly published by Samuel Beeton; and the Young Ladies' Journal (1864–1920), started as a sixpenny weekly by Edward Harrison, after he had sold the English Girls' Journal and Ladies' Magazine. These magazines established a format of mixed short fiction, serial romances, fashion reviews, and articles on household management. Kirsten Drotner, in her excellent history of English Children and Their Magazines 1751–1945, calls the 1860s a period of transition in girls' periodical publishing (119). By the end of the decade, a short-lived sixpenny monthly called the Girl of the Period Miscellany (1869), no doubt capitalizing on and perhaps a response to Eliza Lynn Linton's 1868 essay, "The Girl of the Period," a notorious attack on the modern girl, added a new note to the mix: a focus on stronger, more independent heroines in its fiction and a movement toward practical, less high-minded advice in the nonfiction prose. The Girl's Own Paper would later refine and popularize this approach.

The Girl's Own attempted to capitalize on the new "girl culture" evolving in the 1880s and 1890s. During this period, "girl" became a contested signifier, creating a problem not only of definition, but, as many writers of the period would suggest, of identity. Generally, "girl" refers to an adolescent, unmarried female, but with many young women remaining unmarried for longer periods (by the early twentieth century, the average age at first
marriage for women was 25), and some not marrying at all, age and marital status become decreasingly reliable as defining factors (Mitchell 8). On the one hand, this created a problem for some commentators, attested to by the prevalence of periodical articles with variations on the title, “What Can Our Girls Do?” These articles generally construct girlhood as a dangerous period, implying that if a girl is not safely occupied or contained in either the parental or marital home, she represents a frightening potential for social disorder. On the other hand, fluidity in the definition of girlhood could be liberating, just as the expanding space framed by the schoolroom and the marital home created an opportunity for independence of a sort, whether through formal education or work. As the Answers to Correspondents section of The Girl’s Own attests, many of the self-identified “girl” readers were hungry for information on education, work, and independent living. The new girl culture, manifested in a range of novels, periodicals (The Girl’s Own would be joined by magazines like The Girl’s Best Friend and Girl’s Realm), sports, and leisure activities, was both a market response to and the producer of a newly self-conscious class of young females who inhabited an evolving period of adolescent opportunity, neither children nor wives and mothers.

These New Girls were uneasily related to the figure of the New Woman. As the heroine of an anonymous 1902 Girl’s Own story entitled “The New Girl” notes, it is “curious that while we talk so often about the New Woman, no one ever mentions the New Girl. The New Woman must have ‘grewed’ somehow; she must have been a girl once, and yet no one ever thinks of that” (24: 153). The New Woman was not “christened” as such until 1894 (see Jordan); however, she had been developing as a cultural stereotype since the 1870s. The New Woman rode a bicycle and advocated for rational dress; she smoked; she was educated; she wanted to do man’s work; and she wanted the vote. In the popular press, the New Woman was usually caricatured as an ugly, often mannish, bitter and unhappy spinster. She was the opposite of the “womanly woman,” who embodied the virtues of feminine self-sacrifice and devotion to the family, a true “angel in the house,” in the term popularized by Coventry Patmore’s famous poem of the same title (written in four volumes published between 1854 and 1861). New Girls interested in new educational and professional opportunities had to negotiate the tensions between these two mythical creatures, the monstrous New Woman and the sweet Angel in the House. How far might a girl carry her independence yet avoid being attacked as unwomanly? How far might a magazine cater to the growing market for information on new opportunities for women yet avoid being attacked for promoting unwomanly desires?

Some critics have found The Girl’s Own Paper’s response to this question to be hopelessly conservative. Even though the magazine was distributed by the innocent sounding Leisure Hour Office, it was published by the Religious Tract Society, which maintained that the magazine should improve the moral and religious character of its readers. Annual reports and minutes of the Religious Tract Society record its concern to balance the paper’s secular appeal with its spiritual purpose (Dunae 135; Forrester 16). Certainly the fiction in The Girl’s Own was reactionary, working to absorb and tame rebellion. There are plenty of “madcaps” and rebels in Girl’s Own serials, with titles like “Wild Kathleen” (vol. 1, 1880) and “Ethel Rivers’ Ambition” (vol. 7, 1885–86). Without exception in these stories, willfulness, ambition, and “unwomanliness” are punished. As a case in point, Ethel Rivers, who declines a perfectly suitable marriage proposal because she wants to become a great writer, finds her work ridiculed by reviewers, and the strain of work makes her go blind. Suitably humbled, she finally marries her magnanimous suitor and regains just enough eyesight to raise her family and write occasional stories for children. Serial summaries make for depressing reading. The nonfiction pieces are much more complex than the fiction, however. There are indeed reactionary elements in the nonfiction, particularly in the advice on household management, conduct, and self-culture. Even in seemingly progressive essays, one can find apologetic or cautionary asides: a hospital nurse, describing her profession in 1888, pauses momentarily to explain, “[d]o not misunderstand me; home duties must ever come first, and, home duties must ever come first, and, well-performed, are surely the truest outcome of real love. I am far,
indeed, from setting up nursing above such duties" (see pp. 106–07 in this volume for the full article). Similarly, a rather spirited defense of "Modern Girls" by Amy S. Woods in 1893 loses some of its vigor as the essay progresses. After extolling how far the modern girl has come, and noting her ability to rival men's educational achievements, the writer abruptly changes her tone: "I do not for one moment desire to question the superiority of man" (14: 500). From this point on, the author's sentiments are utterly conventional. Nonetheless, The Girl's Own provided a great deal of progressive information as well, catering to the New Girl's desire for guidance on how to negotiate the changing cultural status and identity of women.

The 1894 cartoon "The Child: How Will She Develop?" (16: 12–13) illustrates perfectly the balance maintained by the magazine. The "good" girl moves from social and academic success at school and college to a happy and productive life as wife and mother. The "bad" girl is disliked at school and wastes her time reading what appears to be a French novel, a standard code for lack of morality since the eighteenth century; she ends up discontented and alone with her cat (some stereotypes have had a long life). The point of the cartoon is twofold: first, it shows that women can pursue education yet remain "womanly"; second, it shows that the New Woman, she who dresses in mannish clothing and engages in sexual warfare (note the placard behind the girl which exhorts women to "arise to suppress the enemy—man"), is not an appropriate role model for Girl's Own readers. Readers are given a middle ground to occupy: they may pursue new opportunities, but only so far. The editor of The Girl's Own, Charles Peters, was particularly skilled at containing the new girl by providing content that fed into the development of an idealized girl culture while still seeming to direct girl readers away from the more "dangerous" aspects of that culture.

This ability to respond to market demand yet still appear to serve the conservative aims of the Religious Tract Society contributed in no small amount to the success of The Girl's Own Paper. Girls could find progressive information and inspiration in its pages, and remain safely wrapped in the paper's cloak of respectability. Although numerous girls' magazines emerged in the late nineteenth century, none had the longevity of The Girl's Own. There were cheap weeklies aimed at working-class girls, such as The Girls' Best Friend (1898; in 1899 the title changed to The Girls' Friend, which ran until 1931), a halfpenny paper published by Alfred Harmsworth, who built a publishing empire from catering to what critics felt was the lowest common denominator. These penny and halfpenny papers focused almost entirely on romance and sensation. They marketed escape rather than self-improvement and did not really compete in The Girl's Own's market. The main rivals to The Girl's Own were magazines like Every Girl's Magazine (1878–88), Atalanta (1887–98), and Girl's Realm (1898–1915), sixpenny monthlies that catered predominantly to the middle-class girl, offering the established mix of fiction and nonfiction articles designed to educate and promote personal development. Atalanta, edited by the popular novelist L. T. Meade, was particularly noted for the quality of its fiction. It also, as Sally Mitchell notes, celebrated women's achievements and culture (11–13). However, Meade was able to sustain the magazine for only eleven years. Girl's Realm, which emphasized sports and recreation, lasted a bit longer, but toward the end of its run, it started to move more in the direction of a traditional women's magazine, with more of a focus on the domestic arts; eventually it merged with Woman at Home. The Girl's Own experienced some of the same problems with readership shortly before the First World War. After Charles Peters's death in 1907, the magazine was edited by Flora Klickmann. In 1908, she retitled the magazine The Girl's Own Paper and Woman's Magazine in an attempt to broaden its readership. She discontinued the weekly penny numbers and made a number of changes to the contents of the magazine, cutting down on the number of serials, focusing more on short fiction and informative essays. The magazine continued to offer advice on professional development, but it also devoted greater attention to matters of fashion and domestic management. In 1929, the magazine was briefly titled The Woman's Magazine and Girl's Own Paper, before it split into two separate magazines in 1930 (Klickmann resigned as editor

VARIETIES.

Rules for House-Furnishing.

The following general principles on house-furnishing have been laid down by a French writer:—
1. The dwelling must be like the dweller.
2. In every house the chief room should correspond to the chief interest of the dweller; for instance, in an artist's it should be the studio, or in the case of a man of letters the study.
3. Furniture should be bought bit by bit, and never all at once, as it is by degrees that our ideas grow and develop.
4. When buying always be guided by taste only, a sense of fitness and a feeling of need, never by any idea of imitation, nor by vanity, nor by the price.

Whether we agree with all this or not, there is no doubt that the more completely a house represents the character, tastes, and ideas of its inmates, the more original and interesting it is, and the more lovable and home-like, if we care for the people living in it.

An Expensive Young Lady.

Estimates of the rate of expenditure of any class of people must be taken with a grain of salt. But no doubt there is some truth in the following attempt made recently by a New York journal to reckon up the cost of the fashionable New York girl.

With £50 a year as a low estimate for her dress, a sum ranging from £180 to £300 a year is set down for "finishing" her education at a really first-class school. And this does not include "music, painting, dancing, modern and dead languages," English and French excepted, which are all extra.

The budget is given approximately thus:—
Education, £180; dancing, £8; riding, £8; fencing, £8; music, £10; athletics, £13; baths, £30; bonbons, £30. The total is £293.

But in this estimate there is no allowance for painting, swimming, bowling, languages, flowers, matinees, tickets, a maid, a groom, a manicure, a hairdresser, gifts, charity, or clothing.

Life Worth Living.—Make life a ministry of love, and it will always be worth living.

Browning.
Governing Your Temper.—First study to acquire a composure of mind and body. Avoid agitation of one or the other, especially before and after meals, for whilst the process of digestion is going on. To this end, govern your temper, endeavour to look at the bright side of things, keep down as much as possible the unwholesome passions, discard envy, hatred, and malice, and lay your head upon your pillow in charity with all mankind. Let not your want outrun your means. Whatever difficulties you have to encounter, be not perplexed, but only think what is right to do in the sight of Him who sees all things, and bear without pining the results. When your meals are solitary, let your thoughts be cheerful; when they are social, which is better, avoid disputes, or serious arguments, or unpleasant topics.

"Unquiet meals," says Shakespeare, "make ill digestions;" and the contrary is produced by easy conversation, a pleasant project, welcome news, or a lively companion.

I advise wives not to entertain their husbands with domestic grievances about children or servants, nor to ask for money, nor propose unreasonable or provoking questions; and advise husbands to keep the cares and vexations of the world from themselves, but to be communicative of whatever is comfortable, cheerful, and amusing. Self-government is the best step to health and happiness.—Other.

How to Look Old and Ugly.—We are doing a great deal towards making ourselves look old and ugly when we give way to worry and fearfulness.—Baedeker.

Beware of Pride.—There is no passion which steels into the heart more imperceptibly and covers itself under more disguises than pride.—Addison.

Moral Courage.—Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary to do so, and to hold your tongue when it is better that you should be silent. Have the courage to speak to a poor friend in a threadbare coat, even in the street, and when a rich one is nigh; the effort is less than many take it to be, and the act is worthy a king. Have the courage to adhere to a first resolution when you cannot change it for a better, and to abandon it at the eleventh hour upon conviction. Have the courage to say you hate the "polka," and prefer an English song to an Italian "piece of music," if such be your taste. Have the courage to wear your old garments till you can pay for new ones. Have the courage to prefer propriety to fashion—one is but the abuse of the other.—H. Jones, F.S.A.

A "Fairy" Story.

By Mrs. BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness."

I am often envied as the possessor of one of the most charming bird pets it is possible to imagine.

My "Fairy" is a tiny white-breast, a sleek, delicate grey-coloured bird with a pure white breast, of lovely form, swift in flight, and of most engaging disposition.

I met with it in this wise. A plaintive little cheeping sound attracted my attention one morning at breakfast-time, and looking outside the window, I saw a tiny half-fledged bird sitting on the ground, looking pitifully up at me; it pleaded its hungry condition with open beak, and seemed to have no fear at my approach. Of course such a poor little motherless wifie must be cared for, so I brought it in, and it received very readily the provisions I offered it. I never saw such a tiny quaint-looking piece of bird-life; its little throat feathers were beginning to show on either side like a small white crest; it had about half an inch of tail, and minute quills all over its body gave token of coming feathers. The delightful thing about it was its exceeding tameness; it would sit on your finger and gaze at you with a considering expression; no noise frightened it; it was quite content with life in a basket, or on the table, and therefore it became my constant companion, and has grown to be very dear to me and a wide circle of friends.

Fairy's advent was in July, and for the first month the early morning feeding was no small care, but love makes all things easy, and at last my small charge could feed itself, and learnt the use of its wings.

Daily baths were taken in my soap dish, which was ample large enough at first, but Fairy is promoted to the sponge basin, in which she flutters every morning to her heart's content and dries herself afterwards by swift flights about the room. The bath over, the next thing is to search for flies on the window-sash, or on the floor; these are snapped up as great dainties, and in this way Fairy has greatly promoted my comfort all through the heat of August and September (1894) by keeping our rooms free of winged insects.

at this point) and The Girl's Own once again became a strictly adolescent magazine and experienced a kind of renaissance throughout the 1930s. During the Second World War, The Girl's Own suffered under paper shortages and was reduced in format in 1941. The magazine never quite regained its popularity after the war. In 1947 the title changed to Girl's Own Paper and Heiress; in 1951 this was shortened simply to Heiress, but the magazine lasted only a few more years, ceasing publication in 1956.

The prose selections reproduced here come from the period of Charles Peters's editorship, 1880–1907. It might seem more reasonable to have cut off at either 1901, Queen Victoria's death, or 1914, the beginning of the First World War, but I found 1901 an artificial cut-off point, as the magazine continued its work in girl culture well into the twentieth century. I also did not want to select material from the magazine after Peters's death in 1907, as Flora Klickmann's changes in title and content moved the focus of the magazine away from girl culture specifically. By contrast, under Peters The Girl's Own helped to make girl culture. Essays and articles on the following topics illustrate the tensions in late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century girl culture: household management, conduct, self-culture, education, work, independent living, and health and sports. Each section is organized chronologically, with pieces presented by date of publication. Because many of the articles were published anonymously or pseudonymously, it is not always possible to identify authors. I have done so wherever I could, but I have not provided author biographies. Each section does, nonetheless, have a brief introduction to set the individual articles in context. The Girl's Own Paper is not widely accessible, save in library collections of bound annuals, and most of these are kept in special collections. The facsimile pages reprinted here allow readers to see texts as they appeared in original layouts. This means that in addition to the selected texts, readers will find fragments of non-featured articles, stories, poems, and sundry "varieties" used as "filler" by the editor. Setting aside the filter of editorial selection and introductory contexts, this is as close as readers can come to an unmediated relationship with the original texts. A cartoon supportive of women's education like "The Child: How Will She Develop?" exists side by side with "filler" that emphasizes traditional cautions to women on self-monitoring and self-policing, as well as hints on household management. Readers can experience the tensions and contradictions in the design and content of the magazine that spoke to its conflicted readers. This reprint edition finally brings some of this fascinating material back into general circulation. It also serves as a snapshot of a cultural moment: the emergence of a new girl culture and its challenge to traditional notions of femininity.
Works Cited and Recommended Reading


I would like to thank my colleagues Marni Stanley and Helen Brown for their lively interest in and support for this project.

The articles reproduced here were scanned from original annuals of the *Girl's Own Paper* from the editor's own collection and volumes from the libraries at Malaspina University-College and the University of Victoria. I owe particular thanks to Lyn Makepeace, Humanities Librarian at Malaspina, and Joanne Whiting, of Inter-Library Loans at Malaspina. I also must thank the staff of the Centre for Digital Humanities Innovation (CDHI) at Malaspina for technical support. All scanning was done by the editor and CDHI staff.

In particular, I want to acknowledge the assistance of Anne Correia, whose energy and commitment to the project were indispensable.
From the first, *The Girl's Own Paper* regularly featured articles on household economy, cooking, needlework, and managing servants. Household hints were also often used as "filler" on pages. A few articles were clearly designed for newlyweds, but most were aimed at unmarried girls, promoting the value of domestic duties. If *The Girl's Own* provided information on educational opportunities for girls, it also provided patterns for girls to sew academic hoods for their brothers. In its first decade, the magazine ran serial stories, such as Dora Hope's "She Couldn't Boil a Potato; or, The Ignorant Housekeeper and How She Acquired Knowledge" (vol. 8, 1886–87), that were thinly disguised lessons in housekeeping. In the 1890s, articles not only continued to preach domestic ideology, but some also began to attack New Girls who might want to grow into New Women. Others, looking forward to the development of domestic "science," tried to appeal to New Girls by emphasizing the intelligence, training, and skill required to manage the household.

Alice King's "Higher Thoughts on Housekeeping" (vol. 5, 1883–84, pp. 235–36) insists on the vital importance of domestic duties, urging girls to resist the seductive lure of new work opportunities. King was a regular contributor to the magazine; she also shared "higher thoughts" on work for girls, emphasizing the traditional feminine virtues of self-denial and self-sacrifice.

The anonymously written "How to Live on £100 a Year" (vol. 7, 1885–86, pp. 228–30) addresses a common problem for those of the lower middle-class: how to afford marriage without sacrificing standard of living. The article is supposedly by a young wife, illustrating her successful economies.

The author of the next piece, Phillis Browne [Sarah Hamer], was a frequent contributor to the magazine in its early years, writing about how to shop for and prepare food economically. "The Bride's First Dinner-Party" (vol. 8, 1886–87, pp. 214–16) uses fictive elements to liven its explanation of how, with the help of servants, to prepare for a dinner-party. Note that this article is followed by a poem about a college-educated girl.

Emma Brewer wrote a series of pieces entitled "Our Friends the Servants" (vol. 14, 1892–93); the segment included here (pp. 402–03) gives advice on managing female servants' social lives, warning mistresses particularly to restrict them from receiving male visitors to avoid domestic disruption.

Queen Victoria is often referred to as a domestic exemplar in *The Girl's Own*. "The Queen at Home" (vol. 15, 1893–94, pp. 337–39) focuses on the Queen's love of home life at Balmoral Castle. It appeared in the same year that the New Woman was christened. Clearly, the "homely" Queen is a more favoured model of femininity for *The Girl's Own*.

Mrs. Orman Cooper's "Queen Baby and Her Wants" (vol. 18, 1896–97, pp. 92–93) covers more than how to prepare a layette for a newborn. The article makes a clear attack on the "unwomanly" New Woman in its opening. Subsequent pages focus on the making of babies' clothing.

By the turn of the century, however, even household management had become a subject for formal study. "London's Future Housewives and Their Teachers" (vol. 20, 1898–99, pp. 737–39) describes classes at one of the London County Council's Schools of Domestic Economy, at the Battersea Polytechnic.

Finally, "Good Mistresses" (vol. 26, 1904–05, pp. 588–89) not only illustrates the magazine's ongoing attention to domestic matters, but also typifies the magazine's shift to a more solidly middle-class market.
might be "good-bye" to all the happy interchange of thought and feeling which had so brightened the last few weeks for her, that in losing Frida her life would become colourless and grey. At a dinner she was the greeting for the musicians at the end of their performance, and it was not till Frida and Szántó were nearest, that a burst of applause testified to them the stillness had come from sympathy, and not from lack of enthusiasm. They went back to the terrace, and Frida, seeing herself and looking across the river to the opposite bank, the mother and sisters was just rising over the trees, said, simply—

"How lovely your music is, and how it tells me the heart's sadness of 'Farewell.'"

"Frida," said Szántó, suddenly, "this shall not be farewell. Do you not feel it cannot be? I love you; you shall weep no more. You shall be no musician now, without your inspiration. We have been so happy; let us make our lives a harmony. Think what we have done, and be, if we were together! Dear Frida, tell me you will be my wife."

Frida raised her great eyes to his; they were colourless, but the happy light in them could not be hidden. No fears of the future beset either of them as they sat beside the still night. She still never talked, as lovers will, as if the world held no other hopes or joys than theirs.

In the morning too, and Mrs. Somers seemed for the first time unpleasing, as she came to tell Frida they must go. Herr Bund was to see Herr Bund to-morrow morning, and no shadow of doubt arose in the girl's mind as to his reception of Von Szántó's proposal to become her son. As she drove home in the soft air, she did think with something of awe and yet with a sort of pride, that she still had no real acquaintance with life, but would not everything be easy, for Demetri would be with her? This thought silenced all doubts, and left her to enjoy the happiness of the few hours before the time when she would see her father at breakfast, and would warn him of Von Szántó's coming. She often remembered that night in after days: just the idea of her best friend, and the waking from short slumber, that her best friend could be dying, with something glorious that had broken on her life. At breakfast Frida appeared, looking less likely to live, and, as Herr Bund could not help silently admiring her, as she began to tell him, in her usual way, of the doings of the previous night. He was much interested apparently in his letters, and Frida found it rather hard to be sure he was attending to her sufficiently to make it possible she should mention the subject nearest her heart.

At last she told him of the "Farewell," and of the silence which the audience had kept for the few minutes at the end, and then she said, "We went out on the terrace, and Demetri."

At this, the first time he had heard her mention Von Szántó's Christian name, Herr Bund looked up and said, "My child, you are speaking of Count Szántó."

Frida rose, and, going to her father's side, said, "He will be always 'Demetri' to me now, father. He loves me; I have promised to be his wife; he comes this morning to tell you."

Herr Bund started from his chair, and, confronting the dismayed Frida, with rage in his countenance, exclaimed, "What! You have the assurance to tell me you are going to marry?"

After all I have done for you: after your education, and the never-ceasing care I have bestowed, you throw up your career, you

Alice King, "Higher Thoughts on Housekeeping" (Volume 5, 12 January 1884, p. 235).

**HIGHER THOUGHTS ON HOUSEKEEPING.**

By Alice King.

As we wander through the woods on a summer evening, who has not paused to admire the little spots of gleaming light which sparkle along the grass? A ray or the sunshine is so bright as were those stars which have been dropped from the clear blue sky above. Whatever the bright little lake, whatever the beautiful creature, whose dazzling beauty, like a blinding ray, makes you think, which glitter and match with such strange radiance; surely they must be some of the most material things as housekeeping. The daytime, flashing hither and thither in the sunlight; they must be resting here after their busy days have gone weary. We stoop down with this idea strong in our minds, we take one of the tiny lamps of harmless fire in our hand, and carry these comrades with us and place it carefully under a glass, expecting tomorrow morning to rejoice our eyes in the brilliancy of its rays. The sun rises; we turn, we gaze, we value, eager towards our radiant treasure which we laid by before we slept. What do we behold? Nothing but the natural, the indescribable, the never exalted by that ever crept through field or hedgerow. The girl who has a real talent for housekeeping will generally see the glowworm in its nature and character; she will shell around her a soft brightness which will make the whole house shine, and really there will be a brightness which shines on others, and do not make herself shiny; and when we come to know her intimately, we often find that she is the quietest, most silent, retiring member of the household.

Some of our readers will, perhaps, smile a little contemptuously to hear the word "talent" applied to what seems to them such a vile and stupid girl of housekeepers. We can assure them, however, that there are, among our girls, born housekeepers, just as there are there are born authoresses and sopranos. A talent for housekeeping is, to speak shortly and comprehensively, a strong development in a woman of what we call the administrative faculties. Where these exist naturally in a girl she will generally show once an inclination and an aptitude for managing and overlooking a household and keeping the whole domestic machinery going at once briskly and smoothly.

When a girl displays splendidly this faculty to the attentive eyes of those who watch over her youth and education, everything should be done in the household to help her to the full into active use. She should be early entrusted with money, and should be allowed to manage her own and perhaps her sisters' things; she should be encouraged to take an interest in all practical matters, such as the price of various commodities of food, etc.; she should be permitted to employ her power of arranging and settling small household affairs, such as parties or excursions of pleasure, or administering the funds of small charities; she should attend cookery classes, and be helped to make the experiments in the art of cookery itself.

Our girls should not entertain the foolish, erroneous idea that the housekeeper will be the stupid girl of the family; far from that, she who will make a really good, effectual housekeeper will be the quietest, most steady, way, with a stock of shrewdness, and practical common sense, and bright clear thinking, it requires the intellectual power to rule well the domestic affairs of even a comparatively modest household; the eyes of the mind have to be looking at all their ways at once, and a woman must be travelling in as many directions. A girl who would be a really good housekeeper must have a clear head, and must avoid
nothing so much as muddle and confusion. The usually-kept account-book; the hazy, incomplete recollection of whether the joint of beef or mutton came first into the harder; the slovenly store-room, where things lie huddled because of a grand disorder—these things most certainly do not belong to what can be called "good housekeeping."

In these days, when so many young women of gentle birth and nurture are so often in need of making a respectable livelihood, it would be well if the prejudices that could be got over among us against ladies taking situations as housekeepers in hotels or boarding-houses or large private establishments. On this point we want to do away with what Jack false pride and much false shame: our girls should learn to feel and think that there is nothing low and degrading in such positions in life, if they are filled conscientiously and bravely, and with a high Christian sense of duty. If ladies would show themselves thorough practical workers as housekeepers, no doubt the prejudice against their occupying such situations would rapidly die out among us. It is certain that their husbands' feelings, and not those of inferior sense would, in the long run, be a real help to them in such a calling; they would do them much good, as far as inferior sense would teach them that small economies are not beneath a good housekeeper's notice, whereas the above suggestion of performing little domestic duties with their own hands. A real lady knows that she is just as much a profile and much false ashamed as when she plays upon a piano, or sits on a sofa doing creative work.

If the mothers would tell a little more practical housekeeping in their school days, the benefit would certainly be inestimable in the future. As a general opinion, people of inferior mind would, in the long run, be a real help to them in such a calling; they would do them much good, as far as inferior sense would teach them that small economies are not beneath a good housekeeper's notice, whereas the above suggestion of performing little domestic duties with their own hands. A real lady knows that she is just as much a profile and much false ashamed as when she plays upon a piano, or sits on a sofa doing creative work.

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CONSIDERABLE interest was shown awhile ago in an order of the directors of a certain bank, that in the future none of their staff were to marry, except under special circumstances, on a lower salary than £150 a year, this being considered the minimum upon which such responsibility should be undertaken. There was evident good sense in the order; but when one realises that the majority of those who marry do not obtain this income, and still a large proportion live respectably and in moderate comfort, it is clear that there are more things in household life than are dreamt of in the philosophy of a bank director.

Now the object of this article is decidedly not to recommend the grave step of marrying on £100 a year, which certainly involves the necessity of continual frugality and watchfulness; but since, after all, this is an everyday undertaking, I hope the following hints may be of interest and practical help to many readers of this paper, indicating how affairs may be managed so as to avoid the overcare which we know is not the better part of life.

In determining on prudential grounds, the first step, the great factor is of course the good sense of those directly concerned and the judgment of their advisers. All will agree with me that it would be the height of unwise for anyone to adopt household cares unless suitable means of residence—furniture, etc.—are provided, and both parties financially unencumbered; and unless, also, previously contracted habits of extravagance are laid aside, and, in their place, substituted a mutual recognition that in this dual control every effort should be made to husband resources, deeming trifling savings neither inconsequential nor sordid. To illustrate how a small house should be managed, let me give you my own experience. I will endeavour not to tire you. Before I married I was respectably placed, my income £100. My fiancée lived in a comfortable home; but she was ready in household matters, and dust with her needle. With mutual help we have fully sustained our £100 status, while our friends have all been retained, and I can at any time invite a friend home; nor have invitations to be declined through our not being 'bare nits.'

H., "How to Live on £100 a Year" (Volume 7, 9 January 1886, p. 228).
I had in hand sufficient to furnish the house, while redeeming gifts a.d. much to its beauty, and so did the work of a pair of loving busy hands. Through this, I found refreshment near my place of employment, but a little over a mile away, just in the country, I found a pleasant walk. There was a small farm in front and a large one behind, for £16 a year. I considered this high, when rates were reduced, but, as the accommodation was good, I took it. The walk was by no means a disadvantage. Now came the time for the exercise of forethought, and I strongly recommend you to bear in mind the following conclusions, to make the best of your circumstances.

In starting housekeeping, the amount you have in hand should never be fully expended, as some requirements are certain to be at first overlooked, and will only be noticed after the lapse of a short time.

It is important to always have in hand as much money as will suffice until the next instalment of salary is due, and a pound or so over. To be always holding the last shilling is the best practice. You cannot then be very humiliating to have to borrow small sums; it is equally so to have to ask the gas or ale collector to come and take it; and then you always be in a position to secure any passing opportunity of making a favourable purchase of anything you may require.

Never, on any account, run a bill or get into debt. You have not yet drawn on the fortune, even if you have the system of cash payments which gave the stores such an advantage over the shops; but in most towns their cash customers are not as liberally paid at the same time as those for similar payment will have on similar terms to these stores. For cash, the simplest method of exercising forethought, and I strongly impress this, as credit is obtained with such fatal facility that a little determination is sometimes necessary to avoid it. One should always start small, and you will almost certainly overrun your income, and land in a mine of debt from which escape is difficult.

The great secret of managing a small income to its greatest advantage is the proper apportioning of the different items of expenditure, assigning them the limits beyond which they should not pass, providing for the regular payments for food, rent, clothes,—reserving sufficient for the tailor or bootmaker in their turn, and keeping an eye to possible sickness or accident. You may say, ‘My income can be managed well enough without that trouble. We hardly ever have a bill owing, and we can easily manage if anything comes and are able to do with.’ True; but is this the best way? This is the way friction commences which may one day break out and come and be done with.”

To illustrate this fully I append a list of expenditure, but no item an extravagant one.

The early years of housekeeping require rather fewer expenses; there are no renewals or breakages; and if well supplied, there are very few expenses indeed, and a decided start ought to be made to lay aside a “nest egg” upon which you can back in case of any reverse. The following list is a tried one, the family numbering three children besides their parents, but as time goes on further alterations will come.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Amount (weekly)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Groceries</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flour, 1s. stone</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eggs, 1s. butter tub</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milk, 1d. per day</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Butter, 1s.</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bacon, 1s. cheese, gd.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vegetables and fruit</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charwoman, etc.</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Loos</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Toilet soap: 0.4
Washing materials: 0.1

Common things at these prices, do you say? Definitely not. Your cash payment places you in a position to secure more, and would not consider these prices at all indicative of inferiority.

You enter more for milk, butter, and eggs than for grocer's food. There is nothing so wholesome or so perfect a food as dairy produce, when obtained from something good, is much cheaper than new, so can be used more freely for cooking purposes. It contains a really larger proportion of useful forming material than new milk. In early summer the best farm lamb butter can be obtained very cheap indeed; and it is a good plan then to obtain about a couple of stones, and press down in stone jars with a little salt, and keep in a cool place until winter, when it is double the price.

For vegetables and fruit, rest upon how your marketing is done whether this sum suffices. A little more for eatables, vegetables or fruit, but a very little management will procure an ample and well-varied supply of good produce. I find in my own family—besides amusement—a good supply of fruit: also early green peas and beans, and sufficient potatoes to always render the house plentiful, so in this I obtain a distinct advantage over urban residence.

A butcher would tell you I did not allow enough for him. It is, however, a truism that in most families too much meat is eaten; and we have a few few. You are to consider this not an economical method to lay out the whole of your portion in one purchase, and when this is distributed, to be obtained a pound of meats or several less expensive articles, to make a whole and a half, and to make a dinner for the whole family, so that it may be obtained a pound of meats or several less expensive articles, to make a whole and a half, at £1 0s. Per

Household Management 19

Total for the year: £103 15 0

We have not reached the hundred here, but have spent quite as large a proportion as is prudent. There is no doctor's bill, insurance, or any other holiday allowance; nor any provision specified for such possibilities as loss of work, illness, or any serious event; to which expense which all households are liable. If you are relying upon your own resources, and for the first year or two place a £2 to note at the credit of a banking account, and afterwards add a regularly a few pounds yearly, you place yourself in a far more secure and independent position than otherwise. To neglect to make some reserve, whatever the income, at least in the early years of a household, is shortsighted, if not positively wrong. As to insurance, a systematic habit of depositing in your bank is probably as profitable a method as any of insuring those around you against desolation, if you will only resolutely make the deposits.

To make the best of your income it is necessary to place some such limit upon the different headings; and although this list has not been drawn up with a view to practicality, it is, of course, not necessary that it should be followed literally, provided the decision exists and is kept rigid. You will really not want for effective, not as well clad when a bachelor. I make occasional changes with the clothes of other days. By always brushing and folding those not in use, I keep them presentable. My dress suit promises to last a lifetime, through ordinary care. My old tweeds will, in time, be expected, and clothe the limbs of my son.

As to the other dress items let my wife speak:—If you accept them, of course, to keep everything tidy, but I make all the clothes myself, so there is only the cost of the materials for the last apportion a year's allowance as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Amount (weekly)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dress materials, 23s. and 14s.</td>
<td>0 17 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 pairs boots</td>
<td>0 15 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jacket material</td>
<td>0 10 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meats means</td>
<td>0 10 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Linen, etc.</td>
<td>0 1 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gloves</td>
<td>0 7 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Children's boots</td>
<td>0 1 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; clothing</td>
<td>0 1 10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

H., "How to Live on £100 a Year" (Volume 7, 9 January 1886, p. 229).
**The Girl’s Own Paper, 1880–1907**

"The following year would be rather different."

"It is a good plan to get a dress every year of good cashmere or other similar material, and, if your older dresses are wearing, a second serge (if cold weather), or a pomponair or cambric for summer. I make my older dresses last a great deal longer than they would otherwise, by wearing a polarnise of print, sateen, or indeed almost any material I have on hand, over them. It is needless to say that a good large stew pan with a lid is necessary when working about the house. A good felt hat, plainly trimmed, is cheap and effective, and lasts a very long time. For summer wear, straw hats or your old cheps retinned are the best, and I think that women who lead busy lives always appear to look their most attractive with a little trimming as possible. For a jacket or mantle I purchase such material as is suitable—not the most expensive, of course. In making it up, I find the paper patterns very useful; indeed, I could hardly do without them. I do not go out very much in cold weather, so one jacket now lasts me two years, being altered a little the second year. The items for linens include hose; and I may say how much better it is to sustain the stockings by suspenders than the old-fashioned method which I very rig-/idly condemn."

"When my cashmere are worn they come in for the bairs. I wish my old boots would also last me as long as the most costly pair of little one’s attire. It requires very little money to cloth them, as they have the reversion of their cost in them."

"My friends sometimes wonder how I manage to get through so much dressmaking as well as to attend to the household; but they find me in good health and spirits, and rightly conclude that to be busy is by no means to be unhappy. If I bought ready-made clothing, it would add little to my income."

"Wine or beer I consider I cannot afford, so on that ground, as well as for example to the little ones, I diminish them for consideration. My cigars, too, were knocked off long ago. If your finances are satisfactory, and you are in good health, finding your life happy and interesting, you need not upon my word."

"Myself sometimes wonder how I manage to get through so much dressmaking as well as to attend to the household; but they find me in good health and spirits, and rightly conclude that to be busy is by no means to be unhappy. In general, I am too busy in the morning and busy until afternoon; but I get out with the children pretty often, and if I do not go out I do a little gardening as I make the flowers my own special care."

May you all, dear girls, possess the con-""tents of your life!"

A word or two more as to my expense list. I need hardly say how greatly coke saves the coal. It should be sifted and not dust thrown away; the remainder should be used again. I need only mention, also, the necessity of breaking up the old walls and worn linen, using worn sheets by cutting them up the middle and joining the sides, etc.

"The police are said to amuse Christian purposes; but you will doubtless supplement it by occasional acts of charity among the poor."

**Chapter III:**

**A Born Soldier.**

**Important business letters, and still more publicly important political news in the Tones,** occupied Mr. Prettyman so engrossingly the following morning that he appeared to forget the intruder altogether. Mrs. Prettyman did not return his salute, knowing that "time and the hour" operated wonders with her husband.

Soon after he had left home for the city, Jones, the policeman, arrived, with a woman whom he had arrested on suspicion. Sampson told Mrs. Prettyman that the policeman wished to confront the woman with the boy before proceeding further. Mrs. Prettyman was in a terrible fuss, as may be imagined. She ordered Ada to bring down the child, which she did with much difficulty. The policeman and his charge stood inside the hall door, and they opposite. No sign of recognition passed between the woman and the policeman."

"Do you know her?" whispered Ada, and Master George shook his head.

She had made some slight inroads into his confidence. Not so Jones; for when he stepped cautiously forward towards him, he botched through the nearest open door.

"May I be struck dead, my lady, if ever I see that child before," said the woman. "I am a poor hardworking, striving soul, as have not half a day's work all along of being took up by this gentleman. And he've lost half a day's wages to the public, poor little thing, for meddling with what don't concern him. That's what the pli'ce is for. I wish they'd..."
THE BRIDE'S FIRST DINNER PARTY

By PHILLIS BROWN, Author of "The Girl's Own Cookery Book."

A certain young lady, a member of The Girl's Own Cookery Class (in other words, an individual who has educated herself in cookery, with the help of the articles published in the journal), was married a few weeks ago. Her husband is an exceedingly good fellow, and holds a salaried position in a mercantile establishment. He has plenty of common sense and energy, and, if all goes well, he will make his way; but at the present moment he is not very well off. He has, however, managed to save enough to furnish the small home very prettily and very well, while his wife has received from her father a handsome trousseau, a good supply of house linen of every sort and kind, and, a good many odds and ends of things. Besides this, the young couple, having a large circle of friends, have been presented with a considerable number of wedding presents.

Young beginners in these days are really very fortunate; for they get so much friendly help by way of advice that the difficulty seems to consist in choosing what to take. There are, however, some particulars which must not be neglected, such as the comfort of the house, the comfort of the food, and the comfort of the life that is to be led in the home. These latter points will be dealt with more fully in a later chapter. In the present chapter I propose to speak of the dinner, which I consider the most important part of the wedding presents.

With high tea it was possible to have everything cold, and put on the table all at once, and this would enable the mistress to see the table laid, and know that everything was in order. But right before the guests arrived, a consideration to be disregarded where there was only one little maid, and that one too eighteen, though clever for her age. The bride thought of the anxiety which she would have to go through to make everything look well. She had thought of the trouble she would have to do over the buffet. Then, too, high tea was quieter, and less pretentious, and the young house-keeper need not desire to make a display beyond her means.

On the other hand, dinner would be plenarian; and, best of all, it would furnish an occasion for bringing out all the pretty presents, the bright silver, the exquisite glass, the artistic table ornaments, the elegant dinner and dessert services. Where was the good of being posh, when you had not the means to keep up the pretense? If they were always to be kept locked up in a cupboard? With these presents a dinner-table could be laid out so effectually that the food would be quite a minor detail. Besides, "the master" preferred dinner. In his bachelor days he had been accustomed to dine out leaving business, and had learnt to regard high tea as a nondescript sort of meal, only to be accepted at a pinch. Yet in those days it could not well be avoided. Of course, the master's likes and dislikes counted for a good deal with the mistress. In a couple of months the most ambitious dieter should be pluckily abandoned.

But then the question, "Which meal would be the more expensive of the two?" was not one of the first to be settled. The whole dinner service was an important consideration after all. Everything had to be paid for with ready money, and a committee of two of men and women would have to go to the foreign must cover all expenses apart from beverages. There were to be six guests, eight in all with master and mistress; could the thing be done for £1 sterling? The young lady was doubtful. At this stage of the negotiation, a double knock was heard, and in a minute or two the maid, young but clever for her age, came up and announced at Mrs. Jones had called to see Mrs. Smith. And who, exactly, was the person to consult. Any was an old school-mate of the bride's, had been married a couple of years ago, enjoyed almost the same yearly income, and deserved the reputation of having arrived at Dora Greenswell's idea of perfection; that is, she had, up to this point, not merely married, but had made them tie over in a handsome bow. Yet she had been hospitable, too. A person of such abundant experience would be sure to know what was best.

"Amy, if you were in my place, which would you decide upon, a high tea or a small dinner?"

"I have begun to consider the claims of hospitality, you have Mabel! What is your mind like?"

"She is a very good little girl, and she does her best, but she is very inexperienced. If all goes on quietly, she manages excellently, but if she were to be flouried, I do not know what would happen."

"That's bad," remarked experienced Amy Jones.

Yet she means well, and really does her best," continued the young mistress, anxiously eager to defend her first domestic. "She can make plain dishes fairly, and is interested in her work. If I tell her a thing, she never forgets."
“That will never do,” said Mabel. “We must take something away.”

“Or, one thing, you might take the tarts and cheeses; they are not necessary.”

“If you just want a little bit of the sort to conclude the meal,” said Mabel.

“Then make jam sandwich. I will give you a simple recipe, by following which you can save time and make it less than half an hour.”

“Thanks. But that will not make matters right. We must reduce much more than this.”

“Suppose that before doing so we draw up a dinner, and see what we can make of that. I will draw up another a la carte.”

“Very good. Only remember to take into consideration Emma’s limited capacity,” said Mr. Whipple.

Again there was silence. After a few minutes Amy read aloud once more:

**MENÜ**


** Estimate.**

Potato soup, 1d.; tomatoes farci, 1½d.; mutton, forcemeat, gravy &c., 6d.; potatoes and celeriac, 6d.; orange jelly, 1½d.; ready-made pudding, 1½d.; macaroni cheese, 6d.; dessert, ½d.; coffee, ½d. Altogether, 10d.

Mabel was silent for a moment from amazement. Then she said:

“That is extraordinary. I would not have believed it.”

“Yes, dear. But you must take into account, not only the number of courses, but the nature of the courses. And I have a very simple and homely one. Therefore you were scarcely fair to yourself.”

“I only described the sort of high tea we should have had at home before I was married.”

“And you forgot that your mother did not need to make a sovereign cover all expenses.”

“And yet your dinner sounds more satisfactory than my tea, and I am sure it would look as if Emma could manage a dinner like that; she is not entirely ignorant. She can roast a joint, and boil potatoes very well, and she can bake a pudding—”

“Then I am sure she could manage, for everything else you could yourself prepare beforehand. Of course, if she were more of a cook, you might have a little fish, or perhaps a tripe of game after the mutton, and still keep within the sovereign.”

“I feel that I wish to experiment first in a small way,” said Mabel.

“You well. The potato soup you know well. It is good, and cheap; you can get it ready beforehand, so that Emma will only have to make it hot. The mutton you can get the butcher to bone, and then stuff it with real forcemeat, and roll it early in the day, leaving Emma to roast it. The gravy, also, you can make ready, and put nicely seasoned and free from fat, in a cup, so that Emma will need only to put it in a saucepan to get hot when she begins to dish the meat. The tomatoes you can prepare. The celery and potatoes you may leave with her, I should think.”

“Decidedly; she boils vegetables very well, and can mash potatoes, and put browned potatoes on top, which, if they are nicely seasoned and free from fat, are a great help. Now I think better make the sauce for the celery, though.”

“You might make it, and put it in a gillpot in a saucepan with boiling water round, to keep hot. Then surely if you make the soup, if you prepare the meat, and make the gravy, make the sauce, get the tomatoes ready, make the jelly, mix all the vegetables, cook the macaroni, disht the dessert, and altogether make the coffee, there can be no danger.”

“I shall be better tired by the time our friends arrive,” said Amy, looking a little grave as she realised the responsibilities which she was proposing to take upon herself.

“Oh, yes; you will have to be very quick, and to do all the head-work. But you said you did not mean to do it, and besides remember this, if once you can succeed in your attempt you will find that you are not at all tire with providing dinner than you are with providing high tea. But there are two things you would do well to try for, in particular. What are they?”

“First is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ’tis for the meal which is coming, ”

“Right; and the second point?”

“I was going to say that if you have anything served in a style superior to your ordinary mode, you should try to keep Emma up to the better way as a regular thing. This will really be as much to her. It will make her more skilful, and fit her for taking a better situation afterwards, and, strange to tell, she will be better paid for it. Right? I mean not to have to serve smaller portions. If you serve smaller portions, because you have a large family and wish to save money, it is one to be glad to be shown refined ways, and they respect a mistress who understands and insists upon the best modes of doing things for more than they respect a mistress who lets them to do as they please. And really you will find that when Emma knows what ought to be done, and is not allowed to do as she pleases, her time is required for the various dishes.”

“That is precisely,” said Mabel, who had been listening very quietly to her friend’s remarks, and who was evidently giving all her thoughts to this, “I can see that everywhere I do not know exactly what I shall have to do. I shall make up a list of every ingredient, and have everything where it will be close to my hand, the day but one before the dinner. The day before I shall make the jelly and, with Emma’s help, brighten all the glass and silver, and look out any pretty ornaments and services. Then simply eat on the evenf day I shall make the soup, and put it ready for making hot; yes, I shall even fry and dish the sippets and chop the parsley, which will have to be sprinkled in the last possible moment. Just as I shall stuff the mutton, dish the soups (those delicious soups! they were there without needing to be in the estima how good it was of Fran; Bergmann to give them to me), I shall stuff the tomatoes, turn out the jelly, dish the dessert, arrange the coffee cups and saucers—but, oh, the trouble, what shall I do for that? Emma never makes it properly.”

“Few servants ever do,” said Amy, “I should look after it yourself in this case. The coffee is so very important. Really good coffee, served at the close even of an uncomfortable dinner, perverts the whole of the evening, while inferior coffee spoils the most recherché repast. Why should you not steal away for a minute or two when your friends leave the dining-room, make the coffee, and send Emma in with it. Then all is sure to be right.”

“Yes, that will be best. Well, as I was saying, there must be a little something for dessert before luncheon. Then, after luncheon—”

After luncheon I should lie down for an hour, said Amy.

“Oh!” said Mabel, dubiously.

“Yes. It would be unfortunate if the dinner was a success, and the hostess laid out the next day through fatigue.”

“Very well. Yes, I will certainly rest awhile after luncheon. Then, I think, I shall put her vegetables, tidies the kitchen, and attends to the roast, I will lay the table; and I know I can make it beautiful.”

“What shall you do for flowers? We did not allow for them in our estimate.”

“You will have some corn a week ago in a large fancy bowl, and it will be lovely. Have you never done that? You get a few ears of corn, not boiled an hour before the dinner hour, so that the ears are close together and are partially covered with the water. Put the bowl in a warm place, and before the water begins to boil, put a few of the blades will peep out and grow to be very pretty. There could not be anything more effective for the next day. If you add a few of the grass last five or six weeks, it is a most convenient decoration when flowers are scarce. But I must make a list of things with corn in harvest time for this purpose.”

“I will remember to do the same,” said Amy, “I never heard of growing corn in a bowl.”

“I can give you a little meanwhile to experiment with. Then, when the table is laid, I will dress, and when I come down will present Emma first with a written menu, giving a list of what is to go in each course, and a few notes of reminder, something of this sort—

REMEMBER

To put the pudding and tomatoes in the oven, also to pour the sauce over the macaroni and set it to brown, as soon as the last guest arrives.

To put the plates for soup, meat, tomatoes, ready-made pudding, and cheese to heat half an hour before the dinner hour.

To make the milk boil before stirring it into the boiling soup, and to sprinkle in the chafing-dish at the last minute.

To shut the dining-room door after taking in or removing dishes, &c., and to move about as lightly as possible.

To begin to dish the meat and vegetables and make the gravy hot the moment soup is brought in, so that everything may be quite ready when the bell rings.

To put the coffee (left ready ground on the dresser) into the oven, to get hot, as soon as dessert is in, and at the same time to set a jug of milk in a saucepan of boiling water.

“What is that for?” said Amy.

“It is to scald the milk. Coffee tastes so much more delicious when the milk is scalded, not boiled. There, I think that is all. I will write the notes early, and then, if anything else occurs to me, I can put it down. But, Amy, for safety’s sake, you would give me the recipes for the dishes in your menu. I have one or two, but they may be misplaced, and I should not like there to be a mistake.”

“There is not much fear of a mistake, if you take all that trouble. But I will give you the recipes with pleasure. In return, will you give me the recipe for the soup plums? I should like to have it, for I intend to make some with the stewed plums.”

The arrangements thus laid down were implicitly carried out, and the "Bride’s First Dinner Party" was a Dining Party, so that every guest remarked, when the evening was over, “What a clever little woman Mrs. Smith is! How fortunate her husband is to have a wife thus as industrious.”

**Phillis Browne, “The Bride’s First Dinner Party” (Volume 8, 1 January 1887, p. 215).**
in a moment, “What lovely wedding presents!"
For the benefit of those who may care to have them, I list two eggs, which were exchanged between Amy and Mabel.

**Potato Soup**—Melt a piece of butter the size of an egg in a stew-pan. Throw in two pounds of potatoes, weighed after they have been peeled, the white parts of two leeks, and a stick of celery, and 1% cup of cold water. Sweat for a few minutes without browning. Pour on a quart of cold stock or water; boil gently till the vegetables are tender, and pass through a sieve. When wanted, make hot in a clean stew-pan, and add salt and pepper. Boil separately half a pint of milk; stir this into the soup; season it with chopped parsley, pepper and salt, and two spoonsful of flour, an ounce of butter in a stew-pan, and half an ounce of cinnamon. Pour the soup into a dessertspoonful of chopped parsley. If cream is allowed, the soup will be greatly improved.

**Tomato Farces**—Take eight smooth red tomatoes; cut the stalks off, and slice off the part that adheres to them; scoop out the seeds from the centre without breaking the sides. Melt an ounce of butter in a stew-pan. Put in two tablespoonsfuls of cooked ham chopped, two tablespoonsfuls of chopped mushrooms, two shallots, two teaspoonfuls of chopped parsley, pepper and salt, and two ounces of grated Parmesan. Mix thoroughly together with the seasonings, and bake on a greased baking tin in a moderate oven for ten or fifteen minutes. The tomatoes should be tender, but not broken. If the ingredients for this farce are not to hand, a little ordinary veal forcemeat may be used, but the taste will be inferior.

**Rolled Loin of Mutton**—Get the butcher from whom the meat is bought to bone the loin; spread veal stuffing inside, roll it up, tie it with tape, and bake in the usual way. Thick, smooth gravy should be served with it. This may be made of the bones.

**Mashed and Browned Potatoes**—Mash potatoes in the usual way. Prepare beforehand six or eight good sized potatoes of uniform size. Parboil them, then put them into the dripping-tin round the meat for about three-quarters of an hour—less, if small—and baste them every now and then till brown. Pare the mashed potatoes in the middle of the tureen, put browned potatoes round, and sprinkle chopped parsley on the white centre.

**Stewed Celery**—Wash the celery carefully, and boil it till tender in milk and water, to which salt and a little butter have been added. The time required will depend on the quality. Young, tender portions will be ready in half an hour or less; the coarse outer stalks will need to boil a long time. Drain thoroughly, dish on toast, and pour white sauce over.

**Sour Plums** (a substitute for red currant jelly served with meat; to be made in the autumn).—Take three pounds of the long, blue plums, almost the last to come into the market, called in Germany zwetschen. Rub off the bloom and prick each one with a pin. Boil a pint of vinegar for a quarter of an hour with a pound and a-half of sugar, a teaspoonful of cloves, three blades of mace, and half an ounce of cinnamon. Pour the vinegar through a strainer over the plums, and let them stand for twenty-four hours. Next day boil the vinegar, and again pour it over the fruit. Put all over the fire together to simmer for a few minutes until the plums are tender and cracked without falling to pieces. The town while hot.

**Ready-Made Pudding**—Mix two tablespoonfuls of flour, an ounce of sugar, and a very little grated nutmeg, with a spoonful of cold milk to make a smooth paste, then add boiling milk to make a pint. When cold, beat two eggs with a glass of sherry, mix and bake in a buttered dish for half an hour.

**Orange Jelly**—Soak an ounce of gelatine in water to cover it for an hour, and put with the juice of two lemons, a corner of a pound of loaf sugar, and simmer for a few minutes till the gelatine is entirely dissolved. Remove any scum that may rise, then add the juice; boil up once, and strain into a damp mould. This jelly has a delicious taste, and is not supposed to be clear.

**Macaroni Cake**—Wash half a pound of Naples macaroni, break it up and throw it into boiling water with a lump of butter in it, and boil it for about half an hour, till the macaroni is tender. Drain it well. Melt an ounce of butter in a stew-pan, stir in one ounce of flour, and, when smooth, half a pint of cold milk. Stir the sauce till it boils, add salt and pepper, an ounce of grated Parmesan, and the macaroni drained dry. Pour all upon a dish, sprinkle an ounce of macaroni over, and brown in the oven or before the fire.

**Sandwich**—Beat three eggs, and add a breakfastcupful of flour, to which has been added a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Beat the mixture till it bubbles. Add a scant breakfastcupful of sifted sugar. Beat again, and add half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Turn into a shallow baking tin, glaze, and bake for a few minutes in a quick oven. With the oven ready, this cake can be made and baked in half an hour.

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**A GIRL GIRL.**

**By CATHERINE GRANT FURLEY.**

"**Why, sir, should you seem so startled**
When you chance to come on me
Talking silly baby-language
To the child upon my knee—
To this happy, crowing urchin,
While his peasant mother stands
Watching us, while she is wiping
Thick-bladed soap-suds from her hands?"

"**When you met me first, at dinner**
You were seated on my left hand,
To the professor on my right;
And you saw I cared to listen—
To the facts that he was telling
Of the strata of the earth.
**And again, when of the Iliad**
My companion chanced to speak,
You were less pleased than astonished
That I quoted Homer's Greek.
And beneath my half-closed eyelids
I observed your covert smile,
Whose sparkle of Ruskin,
And I answered with Carlyle.

"**Then you thought you read me fully—**
**Woman in her latest phase,**
Following with feebler footsteps
In far-reaching mankind's ways.
All self-taught, conceiving creature,
Something neither wise nor good;
Losing for a vain chimera
All the grace of womanhood.

"**Failing in her mad endeavour,**
Though in every languid vein
Love-warmed heart-blood she replaces
With cold ichor from the brain.
Woman striving to be manlike,
Making him her enemy,
Fighting where she best had yielded—
This was what you saw in me.

"**Sir, I claim to be a woman:**
Nothing less and nothing more;
Laughing when my heart is joyful,
Weeping when my heart is sore;
Loving all things good and tender,
Nor so coldly over-wise
As to scorn a lover's kisses,
Or the light of children's eyes.

"**Over-wise! Nay, it were folly**
If I cherished in my mind
One poor fancy, one ambition
That could part me from my kind—
From the maiden's hopes and longings,
From the mother's joy and care,
From the gladness, labour, sorrow,
That is every woman's share.

"**Not for all life's garb of duty**
In the self-same tint is dyed;
I must walk alone, another
Shelters at a husband's side.
Yield I claim her for my sister,
While—though I must stand apart—
All her hopes, her fears, her wishes
Find an echo in my heart.

Phillis Browne, "The Bride’s First Dinner Party" (Volume 8, 1 January 1887, p. 216).
CHAPTER V.

Among mistresses who earnestly desire the welfare of their servants there is no question which causes them more anxiety than that of allowing men visitors in the kitchen, men visitors especially. It is indeed a difficult question, and cannot be solved for everyone alike.

I know several ladies who have thought it right that such of their maids as were engaged in the character of governess or companion should have access to their sweethearts from time to time in the kitchen; but in every case where this has been granted that has been under my notice, the results have been so disastrous as to necessitate the withdrawal of the privilege. It was found utterly destructive of harmony in the kitchen, and gave no real pleasure to any one. In some cases the fickle men forsook their old love in favour of younger and more attractive of the fellow-servants, and it is not difficult to imagine the bitterness, anger, and sharp words which became the fashion after such faithlessness.

In others the sweethearts borrowed money of all the foolish girls in order to lay it upon horses in which they were interested; in others, where more stimulant had been taken than was good for them, they have boasted to imagine the bitterness, anger, and sharp words which became the fashion after such faithlessness.

In simple fairness the privilege cannot be granted to one without extending it to all; this, in many houses, would fill all the rooms with the smell of tobacco. It is well to remember that the government cashier's department is not the only one in which the cause of waste is robustly advocated.

To illustrate the evil of receiving men visitors, there was on one occasion one who has come under my notice, the results have been so disastrous as to necessitate the withdrawal of the privilege. It was found utterly destructive of harmony in the kitchen, and gave no real pleasure to any one. In some cases the fickle men forsook their old love in favour of younger and more attractive of the fellow-servants, and it is not difficult to imagine the bitterness, anger, and sharp words which became the fashion after such faithlessness.

It seems that for a time she was happy and contented, but when the family were good and thoughtful letter, that I give one or two quotations from it.

"The servants we have," says the writer, "are nearly always beginners, and our experience is that their greatest enemies are their relations and friends, who are always worrying them to 'better themselves' before they are in any way fitted for a better place. When we put them in a better place, they are simply dismissed after being there a week or a fortnight, and this sort of playing of cards, makes them lose heart and go to the bad."

"My sister-in-law went the other day to see a girl whom I had retained in my house, and she told me that she had remained in your house it would never have come to this. It was my friends who were always worrying me to go in for higher wages, but I could never keep a place more than six months."

"The want of training and the impatience while undergoing instruction is at the root of a good deal of the evil." The writer then gives an example of the opposite — "We once had a girl who was rather stupid and slow, but patient. She remained with us for three years and slowly learned all that could be taught in such a house as ours. She called upon us a few days since and told us that she was in a place as cook and getting £45 a year. This girl had no brains, but she was so patient, respectful, and anxious to do her best that in the end she quite succeeded in making up for the want of them."

There are a few things in the relationship between host and hostess which it would be to consult the mother at home; and my experience is, that no good mistress ever withholds a favour from her maid, if she can possibly grant it. And now for my story —

We were sent for one evening, just as we had settled down for a quiet hour or two — to read books and work, by a dying woman, whose home, if such it could be called, was in one of the worst parts of London, inhabited mostly by criminals.

We started off at once, and at length found ourselves in a row of squalls, each with a broken chair and a rickety table and a room on the floor of a house, that the men visitors were there.

We were successful at last, and stumbled up the dark flight of stairs, and came to the door. The man replaced the sheet, and we went in. It was then that she told us the rest. This is our story. We were too late to help her, poor thing, but we did what she so earnestly desired, viz., to see her parents and tell them she had not been buried in a pauper's grave. She had livened a few of the details on a soiled piece of paper, which the husband had promised the dying woman to give us, and he told us the rest. This is why we came too late for help, poor thing, but we did what she so earnestly desired, viz., to see her parents and tell them she had the right to be buried in a pauper's grave. She had livened a few of the details on a soiled piece of paper, which the husband had promised the dying woman to give us, and he told us the rest. This is why we came too late for help, poor thing, but we did what she so earnestly desired, viz., to see her parents and tell them she had...

Emma Brewer, "Our Friends the Servants" (Volume 14, 25 March 1893, p. 402).
be guilty of the second, but one all and one are evil in their result, and it is easy to see that, let them do as they may, it cannot be remedied in this fashion.

Servants have feelings to be wounded and right wrongs done, and when these are ignored they feel that their occupation is compromising to their respectability and freedom.

We lose many good servants in this way, and get in their place large importations of very inferior ones from the Continent. It gives one a feeling of sadness that while the mother country struggles in increased need of good and trustworthy servants, she cannot retain them or make friends of them, but has to look on while her Colonies attract those she herself would so gladly keep. I do not know if all are aware that every month ships leave England with a number of servants on board; indeed, as many as fourteen go over to Queensland, all told, carrying on an average, two hundred servants on each ship. Any young woman with good health and good character can get a free passage to Queensland if she is under thirty-five years of age. This colony, even above others, values highly our friends the servants, and very good and reliable ones they make of the servants, as "duly qualified." They go out as "aids," or as permanent servants, calling for workers. It is a curious thing that now, when many of our servants are under-rating their position, gentlewomen are turning their attention to domestic service as a means of earning their living, and up to this have been very successful. They go systematically to work, apprenticing themselves for a certain number of years to the Aids Home, Zelah, Bath, or like teaching institutions, and go through a thorough course of training in the special branch they select, so that at the end of the term they can enter the ranks of domestic servants as "duly qualified." They go out as "aids," or as permanent servants, and very good and reliable ones they are. I have visited in houses where they have served, so can speak with knowledge. This training has turned out very happy in many cases, where whole families of what are called a superior class have, through misfortune, had to emigrate. The women and girls used to be of no real service in the home, but now with this training they are valuable and steady helpers to the masters and mistresses; and where there are too many girls to find occupation at home, they hire themselves out as domestic servants or to other families, and often getting very high wages, and naturally, later on, make thoroughly good wives. The way some of our general servants, who were snubbed here in the Old Country, have prospered in the Colonies savours more of romance than reality.

There are good positions waiting to be filled not only in London, but in all parts of England in one branch of domestic work, and that is laundry work. I hear there is the greatest difficulty in obtaining laundress matrons in many of the great institutions. Miss Steer, a great authority, says:—"The post of laundry matron is one of great importance in an institution, and there is of ten difficulty in obtaining women who are well qualified, both as heads and as heads must be thoroughly in the work, and I cannot understand why, with the great desire expressed on all hands for Christian work, women with ordinary health should not get themselves properly trained as laundry superintendents. In their daily work, and while earning a fair salary, they would have many opportunities of influencing and guiding those under their care. It seems a matter of surprise to me that women should cast about them to find a field for their industry, when they are on their honour, and on their honour, and on their honour, and on their honour, and on their honour. There are good positions waiting to be filled, and I cannot doubt that many women would be happy in such a post."

I thought this announcement might prove of service to every class of domestic servant; it is something to know of an occupation still calling for workers. There is scarcely any subject which one touches in the relationship between mistress and maid that does not bristle with difficulties, and for the reason that no two cases are the same—that which would be quite correct in the one would be a serious evil in the other. Sometimes, for example, that of rigid locking up from the servants. It is one of their great grievances, and the reason for which they are often get an answer."

A Chinese Compliment.—In China, where fans are carried by men and women of every rank, it is a compliment to invite a friend or distinguished person to write some sentiments on your fan as a memento of any special occasion.

The Graduating Girl.—"Twas not her essay we admired, Though "twas of "Earth's perfection;" But how the way she was attired Just suited her complexion.

Emma Brewer, "Our Friends the Servants" (Volume 14, 25 March 1893, page 403).
THE QUEEN AT HOME.

The fact that our Sovereign is what her people understand as a homely woman has in no small measure contributed to her well-deserved popularity. It was the Times which once said that the English people were a nation who found their pleasures chiefly at their own firesides. When the present Queen came to the throne, the time was, in more respects than one, the opening of a new era. The old order of things, which had held on from the eighteenth century, was passing away, and all at once, as it were, the people were charmed when the royal palace became a pattern home. Though George III. and Queen Charlotte had been worthy characters, the English Court had generally shown no very favourable contrast to those of the Continent. The Queen has ever found her chief joy in domestic life; but, while at Windsor, Osborne, and London, she has, perforce, lived more or less in state, becoming the Sovereign of Great Britain, she has been most at home at Balmoral.

Probably that fact is explained not only by the charmingly romantic surroundings of the Highland castle, but also through the estate having been the private property of the late Prince Consort, who erected the house. He first leased the estate in 1848, and finally made the purchase for £32,000. The property extends over about 10,000 acres, in addition to certain hills, and, being on the right bank of the Dee, is fifty miles from Aberdeen and nine from Ballater. The estate formerly belonged to the Farquharsons of Inverary, who sold it to the Earl of Fife. For persons seeking rest and change from the strain and hurry of London life there is no more attractive spot in the British Isles.

To see the Queen really at home, therefore, we have to follow her to Balmoral, where the surroundings are more in keeping with the royal taste than anywhere else. This fact gives additional charm or interest to the little book on the Sovereign's residence in the far North, which one apparently well acquainted with the circumstances has just issued.* Balmoral is the only place where the Queen can unbend from her royal state to enjoy the friendship and

* The Queen at Balmoral, by Frank Pope Humphrey (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1893).

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sympathy of the common people. Being about nine feet above the level, the spot was commanded by Sir John, and has remained in Scotland for its dryness and general healthiness. Mr. Humphry says, "it is a beautiful district, when the sun is shining. The hills are in tender leaf and the broom bursting into yellow bloom; or in summer, when the hills are purple. In autumn—the (opposite) favourite season here—when there is an inde-

scribable glory upon hill and valley of golden birches, heather, scarlet rowan, and brown bracken."

When the Queen and Prince Albert first visited Balmoral about forty years ago, the charm of the solitude and peace of the neighbourhood, in comparison with the fatigue and excitement of life in Lon­
don, was irresistible. With the estate of Abergeldie, which is leased from the Gordon family, and the forest of Ballochbuie, the land comprises a total of 40,000 acres. On the occasion of their first visit the royal couple went from London to Aberdeen by sea, when they had to take a carriage drive of fifty miles. An Act of Parliament stopped the railway from coming nearer than Ballater. The old-time castle—originally a farm-house—which was found on the estate half a century ago, gave place to the present palace in 1853. To Prince Albert, who leased it, it was the loveliest of all the fairy-tale castles, of which he had dreamed in the early days at Windsor. The contractor for the building encountered some difficulty when materials rose in price on account of the Crimean War, but the Duke of Edinburgh, who had himself superintended the laying out of the grounds, Balmoral became the Prince's favourite residence, and at his death be­
queathed to the nation the estate and its buildings.

The walls may inspect the house when the Queen is in residence, and on entering the hall one is confronted by stags' heads, and among them is the head of a boar which Prince Albert killed in the Fathetland. Then a bust of the Queen, as she was in 1867, con­fronts you in one of the staircases, when the pair of arms is a life-size statue of King William of Scot­
tland, 1503-1509. In the ball, under glass, the colours of the 79th Highlanders, which did service in the Crimean War, are displayed. The parachute, which was made good the deficiency. After he had watched the builders' progress with interest, and had himself superintended the laying out of the grounds, Balmoral became the Prince's favourite residence, and at his death he be­queathed to the nation the estate and its buildings. During his residence at Balmoral the Queen had herself the large drawing-room increased to supersede the old one, the Queen herself "giving five hundred pounds to the building fund.

Abergeldie Castle, the house of the neigh­boring estate now allied with Balmoral, stands on a picturesque site over two miles away; and on the ground floor of its old square house, the Queen marked the spot where was chained the last witch of Deeside, and who was burned at Craig-na-ban, now included in the royal estate.

A benefit of another kind took place on that same spot in 1856, when the then Prince of Prussia presented a piece of white heather to the Princess Royal as a preliminary to the serious question of asking her to become his wife. The Duchess of Kent, as mother of the Queen, was accustomed to pass the autumn at Aber­
geldie. The ex-empress Eugenie passed some time here after the death of her son in 1879, and the Prince of Wales with his family has often stayed there.

One pleasing characteristic of Balmoral and other royal estates is, as Mr. Humphry tells us, you never see posted up "threats of prose­
cution for trespass," the intimation being, if there is any board at all, that the path or road is "strictly private," and such a notice would seem to be more effective than the harsher and more commonplace "private property." The Balmoral has many memorials, reminding the visitor of various Highland customs which the Queen finds pleasure in perpetuating. The oldest of these is the Queen's chair, put up a memorable day in the fall of 1852 to com­memorate the opening of the estate; the Sovereign placed the first stone, the Prince the second, and then others added to the pile, the Prince Consort placing the topmost stone. Each marriage that has since taken place in royal Balmoral has been commemorated by a cairn.

G. H. P., "The Queen at Home" (Volume 15, 3 March 1894, p. 338).
The royal mistress of Balmoral also manifests great interest in the quaint or picturesque customs of the Highlands which come down from ancient times. One of these is Halloween, when the torches and the dancing remind one of superstitions which have come down from the days of the old fire-worshippers. Centuries ago the day's celebration might hardly have been considered complete without the burning of a witch at eventide; but as material for such a bonfire cannot now be obtained, a more simple programme is prepared—"The Queen going out for her evening drive is met on her return by a crowd of servants, keepers, gillies, children, each bearing a torch made of splints of fir tied together. They open the door, and then they march round and round the castle, the glare of their torches illuminating wall, and turret, and tower." The excitement culminates in the great bonfire at night, when, in solemn procession the "witch" appears in a cart to be consigned to the flames, which in the good old times might have been considered her native element.

It was a happy day for the poorer sort of people of Deeside when Prince Albert purchased the Balmoral estate. The cottagers, hardly better than the cabins of Ireland, were such as had served Highland peasants from time immemorial; but these, when made of stone, are thus not only well cared for, but each is known by name, and when accident or sickness occurs the royal sympathy appears to be never wanting. Thus, one old lady on the estate met with an accident, and a telegram was sent from Windsor to say that she was to have whatever was necessary sent from the castle. In regard to the ailments of her tenants, the Queen has a good memory. "She does not confuse your neuralgia with rheumatism," it is said; "nor inquire as to the welfare of your broken arm when you have had a fever." Many of the cottagers have gifts which, they will tell a visitor, they received from the Queen's own hands: it may be the material for a gown, some trinket which will become an heirloom, a statuette or flower-pot from the Continent. When asked how the Queen is, and is said to buy of the special industries of the place where she is staying, and many things appear to be purchased expressly for the Balmoral cottars.

In the season they also receive gifts of venison and beef at Christmas, while from the Christmas-tree at Osborne unformed friends in the distant Highlands will invariably receive their gifts. Better than this was the establishment of schools before the days of national education, and, as is well known, the profits of the royal books on Life in the Highlands were devoted to the founding of bursaries or scholarships. Mr. Campbell, parish minister of Craichie, is one of the royal chaplains, and his manse contains many presents from his Sovereign: pottery from Mentone, an exquisite group of Fra Angelico's angels from Florence, ... a pair of vases, with pale pink roses and leaves in high relief." There was a former mistress of Craichie manse, who confessed to feeling a little embarrassed when, in the midst of her household work, the Queen would be announced as coming; but embarrassment vanished as soon as the royal visitor opened her lips. Some of the old peasant-women also felt under some restraint, but, as one of them remarked, "if the Queen did not want us to feel that, for she was just a woman like ourselves." Of the Queen's servants John Brown will probably be the most famous in history; but his contemporary Grant, and his successor, as attendant on the Queen, Francis Clarke, will also be remembered. It was Prince Albert who first discovered the good qualities of John Brown when the latter was a stable-boy, and he soon got promoted until he was the Queen's chief attendant. Perhaps there never was a more faithful servant, so that, without exaggeration, one may say of him, "I believe he would have stood between the Queen and a bullet any day." Everybody does not seem to be aware that the Queen's Indian empire is represented in the royal household by an Indian secretary, a personal Indian attendant, and the native Indian cook.

There are four shielis on the Balmoral estate—hunting-lodges, in which any holiday-makers from London might think themselves fortunate in being permitted to pass a month. The nearest of these, named after the Queen, is the one from which the castle. The Danzig Shiel, in the wood, is surrounded by a remnant of the ancient forest. "Everything indicates that we are entering the heart of a great forest. No sight or sound of an outer world greets us. Great Scotch firs shut us in on every hand; the atmosphere is loaded with their resinous fragrance. When the beams of the low-running sun strike them, their red bark glows like the decaying embers of aningle-nook. In cooler lights it is a redder purple. Their tall, straight trunks have a columnar aspect, and, if you look up, you fancy anything you may fancy through vast porticoes into the mysterious depths of prodigious giants. In fact, you may fancy anything you like, as you find yourself seized upon, taken possession of by the spirits of the Balloch Buie. Now and then an ancient birch, gnarled, crooked, and patched with black moss, breaks the uniformity of the pines."

Thus Balmoral is one of the most interesting spots in England, and in the future will have memories which will dwell in the hearts of Hampton Court, Kensington, and Holywood, though the rooms at the last-named palace are said to be the most interesting suite in Europe. Mr. Humphrey's book is extremely readable; he is somewhat of an enthusiast in the matter of Highlands and Islands, and he seems to have made himself the wide and enchanting domain of Balmoral.

G. H. P., "The Queen at Home" (Volume 15, 3 March 1894, p. 339).
"Queen Baby and Her Wants."

By Mrs. Orman Cooper, Author of "We Wives," etc.

PART I.

Her Clothes.—Perhaps there is no subject more fascinating to the ordinary woman than that of baby-clothes! Of course "the new woman" finds no charm therein. I am not writing for that modern production, only for those sweet, womanly souls who have the instincts of motherhood implanted in them. To such—whether she be mother, sister, cousin, or aunt—those wee, dainty garments which we fashion for "the trailing clouds of glory," that come "out of the nowhere into the here," are a wonderful source of pleasure. The tiny frills and tucks, the delicate laces, the fine-drawn work, the invisible hems, are each dwelt on with a kind of awe. So much love is tucked into each fold, so much pleasure run into each gusset.

Now in this paper I shall try to recommend only those things which I have personally found most convenient. There may be many other garments thought necessary by some. But I am an old-fashioned woman in most ways, and have tried no new-fangled notions. My one aim has been to have garments that will not be of double flannel. A thin tape must be attached to the outer one by the band. But, whichever way it is made, the pilche should try the temper of my babies too much, that will give the minimum of weight with the maximum of warmth, and that will make my treasures look like little bundles of daintiness, purity, and comfort.

I will begin by saying that the outfit for babies is generally too large. The tiny queen—who when she comes rules the household with a rod of iron—needs at first a very moderate trousseau. She will require, at the most, four nightgowns, four day-gowns, or monthly robes, four long flannel petticoats, four flannel binders, four little vests, or six wee shirts, two or three robes, twelve dribblers, or bibs, three dozen diapers, six pilches, and several soft fleecy shawls and flannel squares.

We will begin at the very beginning, as we would dress Queen Baby on her natal day.

The Binders.—These may be made of strips of soft flannel, with raw edges. They should be about six inches in depth, and the full width of ordinary flannel. Do not hem them, they are softer without it, and the nurse can double them if necessary when putting on. Every woman should realise that binders are used for warmth, not for support. So many old nurses put the roller on as tightly as possible to support the spine. It should do nothing of the sort. The binder is to keep baby from catching cold in stomach or chest. There should not at first be any way of fastening, save with needle and thread. (Pins, even safety ones, should never be tolerated.) After awhile some soft linen buttons at the proper place, and neatly-worked buttonholes at one end will be a comfort.

Over this binder I should advise a soft wool vest, instead of the ordinary linen shirt. It should not be hand-knit. Nothing but a machine can produce web of sufficient gossamer-making to suit our little queen's tender skin. At the shops they can be bought for 1s. 1d. apiece.

If the shirt is thought to look nicer, let it be made of soft pongee silk instead of linen. Why torture a helpless infant with starch and cotton lace. The silk may have a tiny frill of Valenciennes sewn on at the armholes. This will not rub and fray the wee arms; and can be washed out in one's hand-basin. These silk shirts look very dainty, wash like a rag, and wear well.

The flannel pilche is our baby's next garment. It holds the diaper in place. I have found that ordinary fine birdseye squares that are sold, are not so nice for the wee one as hygroscopic or swansdown ones. These are very cleanly and absorbent besides being delightfully thick and warm. They cost about 7d. each.

The pilche itself is made in three different ways. Some women use only a simple square of flannel, held together with a safety pin. I prefer one yard of flannel, folded corner-wise and split in two. The edges I bind together with silk ribbon and full the top into a band of calico two inches wide. Sometimes the inner point is bound separately and only attached to the outer one by the band. But, whichever way it is made, the pilche should be of double flannel. A thin tape must be run through the band and should pass through a loop sewn at the point. This point is drawn up between the little feet and keeps all this part of baby's costume neatly together.

We now come to a garment which is very pleasant to make and admits of much decoration if we wish, viz., the barrow or flannel petticoat.

Choose a soft, white, Saxony flannel as fine as possible. It will take nine yards for the necessary four petticoats. But as these are worn day and night a less number would not

Mrs. Orman Cooper, "Queen Baby and Her Wants" (Volume 18, 7 November 1896, p. 92).
do. They will cost about 3s. apiece, including silk, etc.

Join together one width and a half of the flannel and hem all round with fine herring-bone. The length should be twenty-seven inches long. This is the skirt. For the bodice take a strip of flannel from the end of the roll about seven inches deep. Mitre the two ends, and fold in three. Armholes are hollowed at the two folds. At the back, quilt on a diamond of extra flannel to cover the delicate limbs. Under one arm cut a slit and buttonhole it thickly with silk. Now take a coin and mark out all round the upper part of the strip in scallops. Or better still, get a couple of yards of Brigg's edging and iron off the pattern. Buttonhole each scallop with white silk and put a dot of the same emroidery there. These strips are for the two little bodices and sleeves. The length should be twenty-seven inches long enough for the skirt (thirty-six inches), but six are usually sufficient. Four of them, those worn at night, are made from eight yards of fine cambric. They are thirty-two inches long and two breadth's wide. Fold each length down the centre and cut out as shown in the diagram. The pieces left in shaping will cut sleeves ten and a half inches long. Cuffs are included in this measurement, and are simply the ends hemmed, bordered with Cash's narrowest frilling, and turned back. They are cut in one piece. For these little monthly gowns I always make a breastplate of thin tucks covering the bosom. Each one is feather-stitched with fine crochet cotton. Our queen, at this period of her existence, is better without ribbons, so this thickness on the chest is welcome. A band—also thickly feather-stitched—meets these tucks at the waist, six inches from the neck. It is finished with long sash ends of the cambric. These keep the dress in position when tied in a bow, and the frock is finished with a frill and a draw-string at the neck.

Baby's daygowns are made of Nainsook or striped cambric sometimes. Mine are always fashioned from the deep tucked cambric or buys by the yard. It has generally groups of three tiny tucks with spaces between which I fill with one inch Valenciennes. It is made long enough for the skirt (thirty-six inches), but the bodice, cut after the pattern given above, may be lengthened with an edging slightly more artistic folds than any of the starched points and arms. But, of course, if preferred emroidery can always be substituted for lace instead of embroidery or be bought at any good shop. So I would advise these to be left alone; only pretending they should both be made of washing silk, trimmed (if possible) with thick silk cord and real lace.

I am afraid the editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER will frown if I lengthen this paper much further. But at least I must ask for space just to talk about Queen Baby's bed. Of course all kinds of handsome ones can be bought, but I never could find one to suit me. I will just tell you how to prepare a dainty inexpensive nest for the birdies.

The way to put on this barrow is as follows. The baby is laid on the quilted back, her arms brought through the holes, one pointed (fitted with a piece of ribbon) is drawn through the slit under the right arm, and brought to meet the other in front. Here it is tied. By this arrangement the petticoat (which of course, if prefereable, the little toes, and needs no strings sewn on it.

Except when Queen Baby is going to wear a robe, immediately on the top of this barrow comes the chest. It is well, however, to have two white petticoats at least. For those we must be cut as diagram. Allow an inch hem at either end of the bodice and make a tiny gowns cannot be too simple in make. Mrs. Orman Cooper, "Queen Baby and Her Wants" (Volume 18, 7 November 1896, p. 93).
Is one stands at the entrance of a large Board school either at dinner or tea-time and watches the pupils trooping out, one often wonders what will become of all these lively children in a few years' time, what they will make of their lives, and how enough work is to be found for them all. Has it ever struck any of my readers that, whatever the boys may do in the way of work, sooner or later that of the girls is certain? They are going to be the wives or housekeepers of these or other boys. They will be dressmakers, tailoresses, servants, factory girls or what not for a time, but their final business will be housekeeping, and housekeeping too on small means, so that a great deal of skill, care and knowledge will be needed if they are to do it well.

How are the girls to be trained for this very important work of theirs? Their school life is very short; the time they will have to spare after leaving school will be very little, their leisure hours in the evening being wanted for rest and recreation as well as for learning; it will be small wonder if many of them marry without any knowledge of household management and if the comfort and happiness of their home is ruined in consequence.

The question is so serious that people interested in education have given it a great deal of thought. There is little doubt that, if it were possible, the best plan would be to give a year's training in housekeeping to every girl when she leaves school; but alas! since most girls from elementary schools are obliged to earn money as early as possible, this plan cannot be carried out. The only thing that can be done by the managers of elementary schools is to proceed on the principle that "half a loaf is better than no bread," to give the girls, while still at school, weekly lessons for a certain number of weeks each year, in cookery and laundry-work, and sometimes in housewifery generally, and to encourage them to attend evening classes after they have left school. A great deal of good has been done in this way, but the children are so young and the lessons necessarily so few, so far between and so fragmentary, that the result is very far from being all that could be wished.

Seeing this, the Technical Education Board of the London County Council five years ago began to establish, one after another, Schools of Domestic Economy to which girls should go for five months at a time after leaving the ordinary schools, and where they should be occupied for the whole school hours five days a week in household work, thus giving them...
future duties as housewives. The question of extra teaching for their girls is also the material required by each girl for under-garment during her time at the school. Making herself a dress, an apron and some dainty dishes — no waste of any kind is allowed.

Crossing the corridor we find two rooms given up to dressmaking and needlework; here again both students-in-training and girls are working in separate classes. One of the students, who has nearly completed her course of training, is helping a teacher with a class of girls (fifteen in number again we notice), and the other students, under the head dressmaker, are busy on their own work — this morning they are dressing and making into dainty dishes — no waste of any kind is allowed.

The head cookery teacher is busily engaged preparing the food materials bought in by the students, who has nearly completed her course of training, is helping a teacher with a class of girls (fifteen in number again we notice), and the other students, under the head dressmaker, are busy on their own work — this morning they are dressing and making into dainty dishes — no waste of any kind is allowed.

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Do the students here cook dinners for sixty people?" we ask in wonder; and in answer, Miss Mitchell takes us next door into a smaller room where the girls are at work on their dinner for the charge of a teacher and a student, also busy on dishes which are to be ready by dinner-time. Everything left from one day's dinner, we are told, is brought up to the cookery schools again by the "housekeeper" to be re-cooked and made into dainty dishes — no waste of any kind is allowed.

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We ask why it is that every class we have seen consists of fifteen pupils only, and are told that in all classes for practical work for which funds are supplied by bodies such as the Technical Education Board the number of pupils is limited to fifteen, so that the teacher may be able to attend thoroughly to the practical work of each pupil, instead of having to teach her class somewhat in the manner of a drill sergeant, as most inevitably be the case when dealing with large numbers.

But the morning is getting on, and we hurry downstairs to the laundry, perhaps the most striking of all the class-rooms, a glass partition shutting off the washing-room, with its large ironing-room, fitted with long solid tables on which blouses of many shapes and colours are being ironed into crisp freshness. A special feature of the room is the white-tiled screen keeping the heat of the ironing stove, with its dozens of irons, from the rest of the room, while the height and good ventilation keep the room fresh and pleasant even in hot weather. We turn away from this vision of dainty whiteness to be in time to see the last class we are to visit this morning, the "housewifery" class, which is conducting a "spring-cleaning" in one of the social rooms of the polytechnic, which leads itself admirably for the purpose of teaching the girls how to turn out a well-furnished dining-room. The laundry and washing lessons are a great feature of the Domestic Economy Schools, we hear, and include the whole routine of household work apart from actual cooking, washing, and dressmaking, these being, as we have seen, given to the girls in the charge of the teacher and student, also busy on dishes which are to be ready by dinner-time. Everything left from one day's dinner, we are told, is brought up to the cookery schools again by the "housekeeper" to be re-cooked and made into dainty dishes — no waste of any kind is allowed.

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Anon., "London's Future Housewives and Their Teachers" (Volume 20, 19 August 1899, p. 738).
CHAPTER XXI.

THE TELEGRAM FROM THE NORTH.

The days went on: the mysterious "knocks" did not recur, and as the police inspector made no more inquiries, and the Marvels attempted no further intercourse with the little house with the verandah, the very memory of them rapidly faded from the minds of the little household there, and especially from that of its mistress, ever becoming more preoccupied with the prolonged delay of letters from Charlie, or indeed of any news from the Slains Castle.

Lucy's brother-in-law, Mr. Brand, went down to Bath to attend Mr. Bray's funeral, and his wife Florence accompanied him "to be with the dear old lady in her sorrow." Indeed, Mr. Brand left his wife with the widow while he went to and fro between Bath and London, looking after his own business and winding up Mr. Bray's affairs. Lucy would have liked to visit the old lady in the early days of bereavement, but, of course, in her circumstances any such expression of sympathy was out of the question. Still, every evening, no matter how tired and despondent she felt she wrote a loving little note to her mother's old friend, so that every morning she might find it on her breakfast-table. Also, Lucy copied a little picture of the Surrey village where she knew Mrs. Bray had first met her dead husband, and she sent it to the widow as a tender sign of sympathy. Lucy did not wonder that Mrs. Bray herself never acknowledged these tokens of love, for she knew the lady was old and feeble, and that deep grief is sometimes very silent. She knew that Mrs. Bray received all her remembrances, for Florence wrote delivering the old lady's "thanks for all kindnesses," and adding how grateful she also was for Florence's companionship, and for all the arrangements "Jem" was making for her welfare.

"There is not so much property left as one might have supposed, considering that Mr. Bray has earned such a large income for so many years," wrote Florence. "But then the Brays have always lived among people of rank and wealth, and naturally they got into the habit of spending as their friends did."

"Ah," said Miss Latimer, as Lucy read the letter to her. "In that way, earned incomes, however big, soon break up and vanish, as did the clay jar in the fable, when it raced with the iron pot!"

Lucy resumed her reading. "Florence goes on: 'Never mind; they have both enjoyed the best of everything and have had many advantages which they might not have had, if people had not believed them to be rich. Jem is always saying that there's nothing so expensive as poverty. Therefore, though there is not much property left, it won't matter much, for in many ways Mrs. Bray's spending days are necessarily over. Jem is managing so cleverly that she will scarcely know she is poorer than she used to be. She will even be able to afford to go on living in the same house, when she returns to London. It would be a great trial to her if she could not hope to do that—and it can be managed, for, you see, she is old and can't live long. She trusts Jem implicitly and leaves everything to him. She always says, "I don't want to know anything about money matters; I never have known and I don't wish to begin now. I ask for nothing but my little comforts and Rachel to look after me." And then Jem assures her that is quite easy, and so she is satisfied. I can't think what Mrs. Bray would do without Rachel. She is more devoted to her mistress than ninety-nine daughters out of a hundred are to their mothers. I don't anticipate that my girls will be half so kind to me when my dismal days come—and of course, I hope they'll be married and gone off long before I'm an old woman. I should not like to be the mother of ungathered wall-flowers! But where am I likely to find a Rachel? I'll just have to go and stay at an "hydropathic" when I'm an old woman. But old age is a long way off yet—and I devoutly trust that I'll be dead before it comes.'"

Anon., "London's Future Housewives and Their Teachers" (Volume 20, 19 August 1899, p. 739).
her eyes. “God bless you! You ask very little of me, but yet it is the hardest thing of all,” he said as he turned to go.

Bryde suddenly remembered the money that was such a burden to her. “Stay,” she said. “Will you take this for me, Captain Estcourt? It is the last thing I shall ask of you. Will you find out from whom my father won this last night, and return it quietly?”

He took the bag from her, warm from its resting-place upon her breast. “I will do it as a sacred duty,” he said simply. “I think you will be glad to know that part of the money was won from young Sevett of ours. He is in terrible trouble to-day, poor fellow.”

“I am—very glad.”

Bryde kept up bravely until the door was closed behind him and she was alone, and then she flung herself face downwards on the sofa in bitter tears. (To be continued.)

GOOD MISTRESSES.

The question of servants, with their numerous faults, and the worries attendant upon them, is one which has frequently been discussed. Let us turn to the subject of mistresses, good, bad and indifferent, for on somewhat the same principle that a man is what a woman makes him, so also is the behaviour of servants, whether meritorious or otherwise, depends in no small degree upon how they are governed by those who sit in the seat of authority over them.

The ordering of a woman’s household is one of the chief responsibilities of her married life, and if she wishes the domestic wheel to run on velvet, she must see to it that they are oiled by skilful management and forethought. The minds and bodies of men, and women too for that matter, are inseparably connected, and react upon each other; consequently the fact of his material comforts being attended to, and his home rendered a pleasant place to him, will undoubtedly exercise a very soothing effect upon a man’s temper and character generally.

When everything goes by clockwork, and there is apparently no flaw in the household arrangements, it does not invariably follow that there is a good mistress at the head of affairs.

Perfectly trained and skilled servants may leave her very little to do, and the real test of merit lies in the capability for keeping things nice with badly trained or indifferent ones. There are some women, fair weather mistresses we should call them, who manage very well when the wheels run smoothly of their own accord, but who find themselves hopelessly at a loss when their servants are inefficient or make mistakes.

One of the first things essential for the mistress of a household is that she should possess practical knowledge of domestic affairs. Before she can teach others she must know herself what ought to be done, and the manner of doing it, and if she is lacking in this respect, she must make it her business to find out. Good mistresses, as a rule, are born, not made, but they can be developed by dint of perseverance.

There are many women who, from their cradles, so to speak, show signs of a veritable talent for housekeeping and household management, and whose childish souls are centred in their doll’s kitchen to the exclusion of other toys. What we like doing we mostly do well, and this preference, which grows with their years, helps them considerably when they have duties of their own to manage, and renders their duties a real labour of love.

There are others, however, also a large class, who detest domesticity and its attendant cares and responsibilities, and find, to their cost, that the taste is not one easily to be acquired.

If they are rich, they leave everything in the hands of their housekeeper, and if they are fortunate enough to engage an honest and capable woman, so much the better for them. But if, as often happens, they combine this disadvantage with a slender income and a husband who likes to be looked upon in the light of new ideas, and rebelled at according to circumstances permit, it is a somewhat dreary prospect for both the parties concerned.

Whether it is a congenial occupation or not, the duties of a household must nevertheless be attended to, and even in those cases where all the practical details fall upon the housekeeper’s shoulders, an establishment is always the better for a little occasional personal supervision from the mistress herself.

It is not, however, those households where everything is on a large scale, and the mistresses’ role merely a nominal one, which we are discussing at present, but those more numerous, smaller establishments where only two or at the most three servants are kept.

A general rule to be observed when dealing with our inferiors in station is that they should be treated with consideration and kindness, and that the fact of their being human beings like their masters and mistresses should never be lost sight of, but it must also be remembered that firmness is necessary in our dealings with those under us.

A woman should make a study of her servants’ characteristics, so as to be able to discriminate as to the amount of praise and blame which it will be beneficial to bestow.

Some natures require a little judicious severity, while with others a few timely words of encouragement will, if rightly earned, bring out and foster their best qualities. These may seem somewhat superfluous considerations to some people concerning those who serve us, but there would be fewer complaints from both drawing-room and kitchen if they were more frequently put in practice. A mistress should never be afraid of reiterating a given order. This is not a point where silence is golden, and it is better to speak too much than too little when it is a question of teaching servants their duty.

She should also not be content with having given an order, but should see that it is carried out, and if not, promptly demand the reason.

It is a mistake that is often made on first engaging a servant, to overlook any carelessness, or slovenly habits, on the score of her inexperience, or “not knowing our ways.”

It is better far to begin as you mean to continue, for later on any fresh suggestions on the mistress’s part will be looked on in the light of new ideas, and rebelled at accordingly. Tidiness and cleanliness are, of course, essentials, and most especially so when only one general servant is kept, whose appearance is often apt to suffer, on account of the extra amount of work she has to get through.

In the case of new parlourmaids or page-boys, a mistress should see that the table arrangements are as carefully attended to, and the waiting as ceremoniously performed, when she and her husband are alone, as on the occasions when they are entertaining guests at luncheon or dinner. This is not only good training for the servant, but also relieves the mistress’s mind from the fear that any mistakes may be made when strangers are present.

G. C., “Good Mistresses” (Volume 26, 10 June 1905, p. 588).
It is sometimes rather a disadvantage to a woman, as far as her domestic education is concerned, to possess an easygoing husband, who is either oblivious to or tolerant of trifling defects. Naturally, under these circumstances, unless the wife is methodically-inclined, and has a talent for government, she lets things slide, and does not aspire to perfection.

Her husband is content with matters as they are, so this and that omission or mistake is allowed to pass unnoticed and unproved. This should not be. A mistress should not rest until everything in her department is as well ordered as possible, at all times, and nothing should be slurred over because it is not likely to be noticed by the master's eye.

Again, there are women who, either from natural in- dolence of character, or a dislike to taking their servants to task, allow things to drift on as they like, until their husbands protest, when they rouse themselves, and make strenuous and generally futile efforts at a wholesale re- formation. The ideal mistress of a house is one who keeps all her domestic affairs perpetually and perfectly in train, so that if her lord and master complains, she can have the satisfaction of putting it down to his mood, or his liver—which is quite the same thing—and be able to lay the soothing unction to her soul, that it is that which is in fault, and not her housekeeping.

On behalf of the husbands, we must first remark that, as a rule, they have, at any rate, what they consider a reason for their complaints, and it is only occasionally that they grumble when anything is perfect.

A mistress should be able to rise to emergencies, such as the advent of an unexpected guest, or a household at sixes and sevens, at a moment's notice. She must remember that she is the governing power, for although the master is the head of the house, it is from the mistress that the servants usually take their orders. She is therefore the one to whom the entire household will consider they have a right to look for help and guidance in any difficulty, and she must be prepared with clear decisive orders, and, if necessary, explicit instructions as to how they can best be carried out.

Even to the domestic woman, whose happiest moments are those in which she is looking after her home and her servants, the management of a Houseold is not always a bed of roses. There are many crumpled leaves here and there, and occasionally a few sharp thorns lurking in unexpected places. A fit of the sulks, or a strongly developed taste for stimulants on the part of the cook, innumerable break- ages and general stupidity from the housemaid, or dis- honesty from the page-boy, all these, trifling as they may perhaps appear to lookers-on, are distinct and very real grievances to a mistress.

They should not, however, be allowed to depress her unduly, but, on the contrary, put her on her mettle to make things go smoothly again. Just as adversity brings out either the best or the worst qualities in human nature, so do the pin-pricks of life—which often irritate more than the sword-thrusts—the little disappointments and daily worries, help to prove of what stuff a woman is made.

A great deal more could be said on this subject did space permit, for it would be hardly exaggeration to call it an inexhaustible one.

In conclusion, we would impress upon young mistresses who have not quite settled down into the domestic groove, that they should avoid the error of allowing their household duties to fritter themselves over the entire day. Let them devote an hour or two in the mornings to orders, accounts, supervision, and perhaps a study of the cookery book by way of adding a little novelty and originality to their husbands' dinners, and then they will be at liberty for the performance of social and family duties.

There is no real reason why a woman should not be an admirable mistress of a house, and yet play her part in Society as well, and if the two roles are ever found to clash, she will have only herself and her bad management to blame for it.

G. C.

AUNT PATTY'S PAYING GUESTS.

BY ZOLANTON THORNE.

CHAPTER XI.

THE UNFORESEEN BEFALLS.

In spite of the fears she had exhibited on her arrival, Paulina Dicks was apparently content with her life at Gay Bowers. As she appeared cheerful, and was never one to disguise her feelings, we could safely conclude that she was not dull. Of a highly nervous, energetic temperament, she was for ever planning new enterprises, and whatever she took in hand she accomplished most thoroughly.

When she wearied of cycling, she took to driving about the country roads in Aunt Patty's little old-fashioned chaise. Sometimes her father and sometimes Miss Cottrell accompanied her. Aunt was much afraid that she overdrove the fat little pony, that had grown accustomed to an easy life; but Paulina declared that he was far too fat, and she was doing him good by rousing him from the silly jog-trot which was the pace he preferred.

She played croquet occasionally under protest to please her father; but she was indefatigable at tennis until she heard Alan Faulkner say that the common was just the place for golf, and drew from him an admission that he was extremely fond of this game. Then nothing would do but she must learn golf. It was in vain that anyone raised objections. She made light of every difficulty suggested, and would not rest till she had coaxed Mr. Faulkner into helping her to arrange a course and get the requisites for the game.

"What Pollie Dicks wants she'll have," said her

G. C. "Good Mistresses" (Volume 26, 10 June 1905, p. 589).
he inclusion of articles on etiquette in the early years of *The Girl's Own Paper* indicates the editor's sense of his audience: lower middle-class, would-be socially mobile readers eager to know how to present themselves. As the magazine developed a wider circulation, however, it began to feature fewer articles on etiquette and conduct. Presumably, judging from the Answers to Correspondents at the end of each issue, readers still had an interest in both subjects, but the editor seems to have decided to relegate advice on social relationships, courtship, and general behaviour to the back pages. At the beginning of the twentieth century, articles on etiquette made a bit of a comeback, perhaps in response to the perceived end of an era and sense of social changes following Victoria's death and Edward VII's ascension. By this point the magazine was also well established in the middle-class market, so articles on conduct and etiquette served to reinforce class markers. Throughout its first decades, though, at regular intervals *The Girl's Own Paper* offered guidance to girls on matters of conduct.

Ardern Holt's "Etiquette for Ladies and Girls" (vol. 1, 1880, pp. 211–12, 407) is a good example of the early advice on how to avoid social embarrassment. S. F. A. Caulfeild, a frequent contributor to the *Girl's Own*, indicates the magazine's sense of mission in her subsequent article "Etiquette for All Classes" (vol. 3, 1881–82, pp. 90–91) which, as the title suggests, addresses the working-class girl as well as the middle-class girl, encouraging the former to adhere to a higher standard of conduct.

"Unpopular Girls" (vol. 7, 1885–86, pp. 484–86) takes a motherly approach to matters of conduct. The anonymous author, identified only as a middle-aged woman, teaches by negative example. She promotes traditional feminine codes of behaviour.

*The Girl's Own* also addressed conduct for wives. In the late 1880s and into the 1890s, the periodical press conducted a heated discussion of the status and worth of marriage. However, *The Girl's Own* begs the question of whether or not marriage is worthwhile. Instead, the Countess de Boerio, in "Some Marriage Thorns, and How to Avoid Them" (vol. 14, 1892–93, pp. 659–60, 763–65) teaches girls that submission to one's husband is the only guarantee of marital bliss. If young women were unhappy in marriage, they apparently had only themselves to blame.

Margaret Bateson's "Paying Visits" (vol. 24, 1902–03, pp. 150–51) is a sample of the renewed interest in social etiquette in the beginning of the twentieth century. It offers commonsense advice on how to be a good guest.

Gordon Stables, a retired naval doctor, also wrote for *The Girl's Own* on health and beauty under the pseudonym "Medicus." "To Girls in Their Teens" (vol. 26, 1904–05, pp. 106–08) is typical of the advice he offered girls. No fan of the New Girl, he praises traditional feminine virtues.
yelled backwards through the past and glanced at the future, finding no rest.

Presently he felt a gloved hand softly touching his fingers, that were still closed over his eyes.

"Are you feeling better, sir?" Zara whispered.

He caught her hand in both his with an eager grasp, and looked at her with pleading eyes.

"We are friends, are we not, Zara? Promise we shall always be friends. You must forgive me, my poor child!"

"I have nothing to forgive, sir; and there's no reason I know of why we shouldn't be friends."

Paul rose slowly from his leaning place on the rock.

"No reason at all. We are friends, remember."

"All right. Now I must go home; for Miss White will wonder what in the world has happened to me. I am coming out in a new song to-night. I wonder if you will like it, sir?"

"I shall not hear it, Zara."

"Oh! I have paid my last visit there."

"Can't you see why I ever went to the place? To meet you, Zara. Now we have met and spoken, and perhaps pity each other."

"I hope you also will soon bid adieu to the 'Harmony Music Hall.'"

"Yes, and lovely. She is the daughter of a London clergyman."

"But a clergyman's daughter won't want to know me, Mr. Tench, unless she comes to bring good books, and G lecture me about singing in public, and the like of that. I don't care for such visits; and I hold there is some merit even in trying to amuse people who haven't much pleasure in their lives. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," the old saying tells us. And those who have the art of amusing deserve to be paid. The vicar's daughter will not agree with my opinions, so she had better not come."

(To be continued.)

ETIQUETTE FOR LADIES AND GIRLS.

"No manners make the man;" they even more decidedly make the woman, and few gifts ensure greater happiness and affection to their possessor than a good manner.

Now, while all good manners are the off-shoot of a good heart, and while kindly courtesies and thought for others are the very kernel of the matter, still there are certain laws laid down which it is necessary to thoroughly understand, and I purpose to set these before my readers. For etiquette and good breeding are not identical though they are twin sisters; for example, it is possible for a foreigner to be perfectly well bred and yet show an ignorance of some details of etiquette.

All the niceties of personal behaviour in regard to eating, drinking, and eating, are learnt imperceptibly by children from their parents and guardians, hence it is most necessary that mothers who are unable to have their children constantly with them should ensure innate refinement in the teachers and attendants who surround them.

It is when a girl is old enough to "come out," as the phrase is, and to take a recognised position in the social world, that a knowledge of the code that rules good society becomes necessary. For there is but one recognised code in really good society, although some old-fashioned modes may prevail in country places.

The right-hand corner of a lady's card turns down means that she intends the call to be on the young ladies as well as their mother. Cards should bear the prefix of their owner—Mrs. Miss, Lady (if a knight or baronet's wife), Countess, or any other title. The only one never used on a card is "Honourable." The Christian name without a prefix or as a barbarous mode of addressing a good society—such as "Jane Brown," though young gentlemen, at college and elsewhere, put the name without "Mrs."

While Social cards leaving the question of calling. Calling hours are from three to six. First calls should be returned within the week. Calls should be made also within the week after entertainment. Whether it be a dinner, or an "At Home," held either in the evening or afternoon, always assuming that the "At Home" is a party for which invitations have been issued. Many people in London, and large towns, though not, perhaps, the ultra fashionable people of London, have certain days in the week when they receive no calls, and as the friends who put in an appearance are in fact paying a call, a subsequent call in consequence of being present at such an "At Home" is, therefore, unnecessary. After a dinner-party it is best to go in if the lady is handing out leave cards, or if it is etiquette to go to town to take the initiative, for, of course, it would be almost impossible for their acquaintance to ascertain when they could be received. If a call is made simply cards are left at the door and there is no inquiry as to whether the..."
mistress is at home, the same plan should be adopted in returning the call. Servants should be failed to remember the distinction. It is a vulgarity under any circumstances whatever to send visiting cards by post. If after an entertainment is given, a call is made, it would be best, if you are very punc
tilious, to write a polite note; but to send cards by post, or going abroad, cards are left with P.P.C., viz., pour prendre congé, or pour dire adieu written upon them. If young ladies are away from home, and have been accepting hospitality in the way of dinners and other parties their names should be written in pencil on the card of their chaperone.

In the country old residents call on new-comers, but in London and in towns generally this plan does not hold good, and an introduction is necessary before a call is made. When a call has been made the receivers can continue the ac-
quaintance or not as they please, but first calls are generally followed by in-
vitations from those who make them. Cards left in the case of illness should have the words “to inquire” in pencil on the top. So very young ladies a morn-
ing call is often an ordeal they would fain avoid; but this should not be encouraged. If admitted, they, with their mother, would be announced by the servant, and should take a part in the conversation without in any way monopolising it. Sup-
pousing other callers were present they can, if they, please, enter into conversation with them; their so doing does not require an introduction nor necessitate an ac-
quaintance. A quarter of an hour is enough for a ceremonious call. Neither when other visitors come or go those present rise; they can, if they please, bend slightly, but it is not necessary.

If the call is made about five o'clock, tea is generally served, and, as a rule, poured out by the lady of the house without ceremony.

When calls are received at home more devolves upon the young ladies of the house; then they are expected to help their mothers in the conversation and in dispensing tea, etc. They can, if they please, receive lady visitors in their mother’s absence, but it depends on her approval whether gentlemen are admitted, and this is not often allowed if there is but one daughter.

A young lady visiting at a house must use her discretion with regard to remaining in the room when visitors call. It de-
pends whether she thinks her hostess would wish her to do so, and unless she happens to be herself acquainted with the people who come, it would be better, after a short interval, to retire. If visitors call upon her who are unknown to the hostess, as a young lady it would be right for her to introduce them, her chaperone taking the place of her mother for the time being.

A young girl with all the freshness of her youth and the sweet dignity of womanhood has a sure passport into society which secures her a warmth of welcome; it de-
pends on herself whether this grows or is early nipped in the bud.

Fastness and prim sedateness are equally to be avoided; a calm, frank, unembarrassed manner is a prophylactic interest in and that others, a habit of saying the right thing in the right place, the power of being a good listener, or of being to the speaker—these are some of the component parts of good and pleasing manners. The fault of the age rather runs towards young people assuming too much, being too confident and self-assertive and too thoughtless with regard to their elders—all essentially bad manners.

People who have at all a large acquaintance should keep a visiting book with the names and addresses of those on whom they are on visiting terms, and a correct alphabetical list of the several names of the family who, in case of an entertainment being given, would be invited. Without this a hostess is apt to forget the number of sons or daughters. A supplementary list in a small note-book kept in or with the card-case saves a great deal of trouble when visits are paid.

Twice a year as a broad rule is sufficient number of times to call on acquaintances, unless they have given entertainments which necessitate card-leaving.

On hearing of the death of an acquaintance, cards should be at once left at the house, and when the relatives feel able to see their friends again they send by hand or post either specially printed cards or their own, with thanks for kind enquiries, which are acknow-
ledged by a call.

Ladies do not leave cards on gentlemen, unless they have been entertained. After a dinner given to ladies by a bachelor a wife would leave her card with her husband’s. Of common sense should be exercised in all these matters. The wife of a naval officer would hardly leave her husband’s cards on mutual acquaintances when he was at sea.

A CANADIAN HEROINE.

It was towards the end of June that one afternoon a clergyman was riding through the forest in the neighbourhood of the Beaver Dams, near the town of Thorold,—a place which received its name from the remarkable constructions of the in-
dustrious animal which has been adopted as the national emblem of Upper Canada—where there was a small force of British troops posted. In the twilight he ob-
served a travel-worn woman approaching the forest pathway, with an air of bodily weariness, yet of mental alertness and anxiety. As she drew near he recog-

ised a worthy Canadian matron, whom he had more than once seen in his con-
gregation in the schoolhouse in the village of Chippewa.

"Is it not you, Mr. Trueman!" she earnestly replied. "I was afraid it might be one of the American scouts. Have you had a letter ? I have no home," she added, in a tone of bitterness. "Can’t I be of service to you ? Where is your husband?" Neville asked, wonder-

ing at her distraught air.

"Haven’t you heard?" she replied. "He was sore wounded at Queenston Heights, and will never be a well man again; and our house was pillaged and burned. But we’re wasting time; what reck my private wounds when the country is overrun by the King’s enemies? How far is it to the camp?"

"Farther than you can walk without resting," he answered. "You seem almost worn out."

"Nineteen miles I’ve walked this day through woods and thicket, without bit or sap, to warn the King’s troops of their danger."

"What danger?" asked Neville, wondering if her grief had somewhat affected her.

"The enemy are on the move—hundreds of them—with cannon and horses. I saw them marching past my cottage this very morning, and I vowed to warn the King’s soldiers or die in the attempt. I slipped unseen into the woods and ran like a deer, through

Ardern Holt, "Etiquette for Ladies and Girls" (Volume 1, 3 April 1880, p. 212).
truth, she was still more afraid to think of facing Miss Nelly with the admission that she had made no attempt to accomplish the object of her visit, but had, as a sleepless night to fight down her nervousness. Walking forward to the counter, she hastily lifted her bag on to it, and, with trembling fingers, undid the clasps. She next proceeded to undo the paper coverings of the doll's bedstead, which had been covered with the greater part of the dress.

Meantime, Mrs. Budgen returned to the shop, and stood looking on with a countenance more mystified than did Maggie. She was not used to such nervous customers.

"Is it anything of matching that you've come about, miss?" she asked at last, doubtfully.

"Aye, miss, matching!" was the snappish answer. "I suppose you're after wanting to match some silks, or woofs, or tassels, to some of the things you've got there—isn't that it?"

"Oh, no," exclaimed Margaret, with sudden energy at the idea that some imputation of incompleteness had been cast upon her goods.

"No, indeed! they are all finished off beautifully, I am sure you will find, if you only kindly just look at them, please."

It was Mrs. Budgen's turn to repeat words now.

"Look at them! look at them!" she said twice over, while her companion hurriedly pulled out of the bag parcel after parcel, and displayed the contents before her astonished eyes. "And pray, miss, she almost gasped at length,—and pray, miss, if I may make so bold to say so, may I be that of the people, am I to look at all these tal-lals here?"

"Oh!" answered Margaret Hill, in tones of gentle assurance, her courage and confidence reviving as her eyes rested on the really pretty collection she had set out. "Oh! I should like to look at them before you buy them, and I know my sister would too, to make sure that they are all right and perfect."

Her voice was perfectly decided in spite of the slightly nervous tremor still lingering in it. Nelly making her calculations at home did not feel more innocently certain that their merchandise had only to be offered to be accepted than did Maggie. Poor Maggie!

Having finished her little speech, Margaret Hill raised her eyes to her listener's face, to receive the expected gracious assent to her reasonable proposal, but instead, she started back from the counter as if she had been shot.

The woman gazed at her for an instant with eyes that literally blazed with anger, and then let loose her indignation in words.

"Before I buy them! Before I buy them!" she shouted, in sniffs and tears, then her listener had ever had to submit to before.

"Do you mean to say that you've kept me all this while from my dinner, and dawdling here, to look at your trumpery rubbish because you thought that I'd buy it! I wouldn't give you a shilling, no, nor a paper of pins, for the lot, so there."

With those last words, happily for poor, young, inexperienced Margaret Hill, Mrs. Budgen left her sharp round, and once more retired to her sitting-room, and her half-cold dinner. Had she remained in the shop most difficult, the started and terrified girl would have run out of it, and left all the tasteful little affairs made by her sister and herself at the shopkeeper's counter, even without much payment for them as a paper of pins. As it was, the pucking was the most difficult task that Magritie performed in life, and the elegant bedstead was huddled into its wrappings with an utter want of the attention it had early been bestowed upon by its Elinor.

(To be continued.)

ETIQUETTE FOR ALL CLASSES.

of many are the queries put to the Editor of this Magazine on the above-named subject —as may be observed by readers of the correspond­ence columns—that it may not be offering "too much" of a good thing to collect together some of the answers already made, and to supplement them in the form of a separate article.

The word "Etiquette" signifies a "Ticket," and its origin to the ancient custom of presenting a card, containing a list of directions and regulations to be observed at Court, to those about to be admitted. As employed by us, it therefore denotes the whole collection of laws by which, in all countries, though customs may vary in each respectively, "polite society" is inexorably governed.

Much that has reference to etiquette may be found, not merely under the title of "The Foundation of all Good Breeding," but likewise in "The Art of Letter-Writing," "The Art of Conversing Agreeably," and "Dinners in Society." But as multitudes who read this paper never once in "society"—as we understand the expression—and to whom much advice that has been already given must be altogether superfluous, I gather a few ideas, partly suggested by the correspondence, which may meet the position and circumstances of this class, as well as the better informed.

In the article entitled "The Foundation of all Good Breeding" I endeavoured to demonstrate that certain rules which may appear very trivial are the natural offspring of the highest and noblest feelings. In the present article I wish to point out the fact that amongst these rules of etiquette there are some which belong as much to the young girls of the working classes as to those in a higher position. Further more, that they are positively essential to their morals and preservation, not alone from the gross evils to which their more or less unpro­tection subject them, but also from making most unfortunate marriages, plunging them in pecuniary difficulties and distress. From these remarks it will at once be apparent that the point from which I now regard the question of good manners is that which has reference to the department of our girls towards those, of all ranks and ages, not of their own sex.

In common with others, I have been amused, yet even more shocked, with the strange ques­tions raised as to the conduct of young girls and women with reference to young men. Hitherto an extraordinary amount of freedom, and reckless want of caution, as well as of self-respect, has been winked at by the parents of respectable girls of the middle and lower classes, simply because many of them were brought up to, or, as I have here it graphically described, "dragged up," in the same utter disregard or ignorance of the risks run, by infringing the common laws of female self-restraint, tact, and propriety.

At this moment, as I write, my thoughts have been interrupted by loud laughter out­side my open window. I looked up to see three well-dressed, fine-looking girls—two of the latter seventeen years of age a little younger—and, as the habit is of many young people, they accompanied their laughter by rolling their eyes, like beads on a string, first one side, then the other, and tumbling up against one another in a very ungraceful way. I enjoy hearing the happy sounds of merri­mote amongst the young and the lighthearted smile in the freedom from care, and the keen sense of the ridiculous, which result in laughter at almost any inconspicuous joke—for I was one of that class myself, in

"... the days that are no more!"

But such abandon and complete free­dom of action are inadmissible elsewhere than within the precincts of home, or in that of an in­timated friend, when all around are on familiar terms; with the merry-makers within some garden enclosure; in a country field, and amongst familiar associates; or at some comic entertainment. But even under such circum­stances, the duty of restraint, tact, and propriety never ceases. From these remarks it will at once be apparent that the point from which I now regard the question of good manners is that which has reference to the department of our girls towards those, of all ranks and ages, not of their own sex. I am of opinion that such abandonment is generally the result of some lack of dignity of demeanour in themselves—some ill-bred and unseemly laughter or loud talking, inviting the attention of strangers—or from looking in a man's face as he passes. A girl's conduct is thus very often misunderstood, and she has to pay the penalty. Ac­quisitions are continually formed in this way that may be most unsuitable, and lead to grave and disastrous results. Besides this, they are formed clandestinely, and might be highly objected to by the parents.

I learnt from information obtained from domestic servants of my own family, that it is permissible in their class to allow a man to take a girl with them without any objection; and if found agreeable by the girl, she consents to his "keeping company" with her, should he want to make her his wife.

Now, to you, my young friends who belong to this class, I more especially address my­self, and tell you that of which you are now quite unaware—that you must by no means presume to introduce himself to you; that it is a gross act of impertinence, and
shows that he thinks you of little account, and free to be "taken up" and dropped as quickly as possible, and not to be cared into whose hands you might chance to fall. Just, for example, as they might pat a stranger's shoulder at the door of a house, without asking anyone's leave; treating you, in fact, as if you were a poor "wait or stray," to use Sir Walter Scott's pretty word, to be handled by every one, and none at all too good to spare a "kind hand" to lead you in.

Should respectable young women become so free as this? Turn over the page, pray you, a new leaf. Etiquette requires the introduction of a man to a woman, whether strangers, except in the case of a very aged man, they should never take the back seat, facing the horses; nor should you offer to resign your place in their (a man's) favour, as that would imply that they did not know the most common rudiments of etiquette in reference to one of the gentler sex. But suppose the case of your driving with ladies only. If in any carriage the guest of your party, or family to enter first, and assign the best seats to them; at the same time inquiring whether, to escape from unacceptable intrusion, or any of them would prefer to drive backwards; or, whether any young person, who would naturally take a seat with his back to the horses, would suffer from giddiness or sickness from going backwards. If a guest yourself, offer to sit backwards in that position; but yield to the wishes of the hostess, if she appear decided in her desire that you should take the other seat. It would be ill-bred on your part to keep her waiting to seat herself, while you were arguing with her about the occupation of her own carriage! To "do as you are desired" is a golden rule in all cases connected with etiquette.

While on the subject of your conduct in a carriage, I must remind you to sit well to the corner, so as to throw back the shoulders and elbow on the inside for the habit of saying, "Kindly pass your opinion on my writing," instead of "kindly oblige me with," or "give me," or "would you be so good as to criticise it," or "pronounce an opinion?" all of which modes of expression would be correct. But the limits of a single article forbid the further multiplication of examples of under-bred expressions and inelegances. Any further hints for your guidance on the subject of a suitable selection of words and course of conduct must be reserved for a second paper on the rules of etiquette. In the meantime, do not fail to answer the question of complimentary and family mourning, giving the relative degrees of its depth, consisting in the case of a very aged man, whose training whose faith to bear the smallest appearance derogatory to your propriety of feeling, nor be permitted to bear the least misconception.

Of course, since you have plighted your faith to a man, the case is quite otherwise. Gifts may pass between persons betrothed to each other, without any fear of misconstruction, and with perfect propriety.

Selections from The Girl's Own Paper, 1880-1907

S. F. A. CAULFEILD, "Etiquette for All Classes" (Volume 3, 5 November 1881, p. 91).
A Middle Aged Woman, “Unpopular Girls” (Volume 7, I May 1886, p. 484).
they dwell perpetually on their defects, mental or physical. Pinpointness prevents their hearers showing their interest or appreciation, and very often, without knowing it, what they feel, "At your age, neither your opinion nor experience can be of importance to anyone but yourself. You are not old enough to judge; your eyes are green, you are very indolent; it is a pity you do not try to improve!" If they are contemptuous of the compliments and deny the defects, which would be the shortest and pleasantest way out of the difficulty. Nothing remains but to take the earliest opportunity of escaping the infliction with a determination to keep out of the way of it for the future. All egotism is offensive, but that springing from "the pride that ages humility" is perhaps one of its most irritating manifestations.

The next thing to talking about yourself is talking about your relations. Young mothers are famous for teasing their friends with baby talk, but some girls are quite as great offenders. "My brother at college," "My uncle the Dean," or "My sister who paints," are perpetually in their mouths. Family affection is a pleasant thing to see, and a right thing to encourage, but it is possible to give out more than what "my people" think and say. On the other hand, take care how you speak of your friends' relations. People may wonder by some opinion themselves of their parents, husbands, brothers or sisters, but they do not like to hear others echo this opinion. A well-intentioned friend calling parents "old lady" seemed quite in spirits. "Your parents are old, are they?" He says, as if he were referring to your friends' relatives. You may think this is a pleasant way out of the difficulty. It will be exactly right. Older persons, as a rule, are perpetually in their mouths. Politeness prevents their hearers from objecting. Habits of deceit are inscribed on their brows, as a reward to all who refrain from doing so keep it to yourself, however valuable it may be.

A Middle Aged Woman, "Unpopular Girls" (Volume 7, 1 May 1886, p. 485).
works are spoiled by the loss of one volume, or when a book is wanted for reference a space is found where it ought to be, and the owner has no guide to its whereabouts beyond a vague idea that it was "lent to somebody." I have known people so unscrupulous as to borrow a new, brightly bound volume, warp it over the fire or in the sun, lend it to their friends without the owner's permission, and at last return it, shabby, faded, and old.

Some women are fond of borrowing bags, portmanteaus, waterproofs, umbrellas, and articles of wearing apparel, forgetful perhaps of the fact that these things do not last for ever, and wear out quite soon enough in their owner's service. But housekeepers, I have been told to plague their neighbours by continual requests for small quantities of tea, sugar, flour, coined, and the like; "till they can get in their own." It will be remembered that poor Mrs. Carlyle in her letters complains bitterly of Mrs. Leigh Hunt, her next door neighbour, who seems to have carried the practice to abnormal lengths. Few girls, however, are likely to have the opportunity of offending in this way. They do, however, sometimes venture to ask the loan of jewellery and curiosities of value which are kept with special anxiety for their safety by amiable people, who are too kind and polite to refuse, but who would much prefer to keep their treasures under their own eyes. Of course these observations do not apply when your friends offer to lend without any hints of suggestions coming from them. But even then, except to relations and very old friends, it is better as a rule to avoid incurring the obligation.

Unpunctuality is a sad drawback in a companion. A girl agrees to call for her gun or to walk alone or finds a fresh companion? The causes which lead to unpunctuality are threefold—trying to squeeze too much work into a given time; careless forgetfulness, which makes girls oblivious altogether of engagements; and a habit of dawdling procrastination, which is easily that seemed most likely to escape notice. "Little things," you may say, "mere trifles, hardly looking for!" Not so; life is made up of little things. It is but a fly that spoils the pot of ointment, a little blot disfigures the fairest page, and a little failing may so obscure the good points of a girl's disposition in the eyes of her neighbours as to render her a bur­­bear to be shunned, instead of a treasure to be sought after. And it should never be forgotten that we are hidden by Divine authority to strive after "Whatever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report."
but one that invariably excited interest in women's minds, and won for him countless social invitations which his busy studious life compelled him to decline. But Auriol's joy was very short-lived. Telling her that Herr Frickenstein, naming a great German authority, was very anxious to be introduced to her, Claude Haviland told her very reluctantly, it must be confessed, up to a hairily-faced foreigner, and then left her, saying in a low voice, "I will try and get a few quiet moments with you later on." Auriol listened absently to the German's flattering comments on her writings, expressed in broken English, and tried to smile and look gratified as she told him how honoured she felt, but a tune of happiness was surging in her breast. Those "few quiet moments," when were they coming? Did he mean—"Could he mean?—And he had looked so agitated. Surely he would come to take her down to supper! But no Claude Haviland appeared, the task devolved on Mr. Walter Rowlands, the gentle maiden, whose delightful works of fiction have made his name a household word. On entering the room there was a temporary block at the door, and Auriol and her companion were kept waiting a few moments outside. Suddenly Auriol gave a start, and Mr. Rowlands glancing down at her saw her face had become deadly white, whiter than the dress she wore. "Nothing has happened." Then when transformation he led her to a less crowded part of the corridor, and began vigorously fanning her.

"If you will stay here, I will go and get you something," as he saw she was beginning to revive.

"No, thank you, I would rather go into the room. I was only a little faint. The evening is so warm.

What had Auriol seen? Only Claude Haviland gazing down with all his heart in his eyes at a slender childish figure leaning confidingly on his arm, her golden head touching his shoulder, and her melting blue eyes lifted up appealingly to his. What had she seen? Only two or three whispered words that she thought—"ack! ack! I should have been heres, and hers alone. But after the wedding she had been off on her honeymoon, and this sudden offensiveness, this had come to the rescue. No one should guess she had been wounded. With a mighty effort she pulled herself together again, and for the rest of the evening if was possible brighter, and talked with more animation than before.

People said they had never known Auriol Walgrave so witty and brilliant. Even the Duchess was heard to exclaim, "What has happened?" Auriol answered, with what she felt so radical and so radiant. Genius ought always to be dressed in gold and white."

During the drive home Auriol amused her friend by her graphic account of the evening's experiences. There was a certain dash of recklessness in her speech which her chaste mind attributed to over-excitement, thinking in the simplicity of her heart that the young author's mind had been touched by the adulation she had received. She did not see the strain of pain that passed over the girl's face when Claude Haviland's name was casually mentioned.

"Did you happen to hear who that young girl was to whom he was talking so much?"

"Some one told me she belonged to the house-party, but I didn't hear her name," Auriol answered, with what she was pleased to think was consummate indifference which she had not been able to suppress. 

"Aturiol's door with a cheery "Good-bye; I shall see you again to-morrow, or rather this evening I ought to say." (To be continued.)

SOME MARRIAGE THORNS, AND HOW TO AVOID THEM.

BY THE COUNTESS DE BOERIO.

PART I.

There are lots of girls out of ten is marriage, and matenity. These states are their natural sphere, and duty the chief duty of women, duty and love. These states are marked out, and in spite of many and great difficulties containing no real complications. Saint Paul says: "The wives submit yourselves unto your own husbands; as unto the Lord."

"And again: 'Let the wife see that she reverences her husband.'"

Saint Peter says: "Ye wives be in subjection to your own husbands; that if any obey not the Word, they also may without the Word be won by the conversation of the wives; while they behold your chaste conversation, as a pleasure."

Follow these broad lines of the duty of woman to her husband in spirit and in detail, and it certainly would never be the fault of the wife that marriage so often turns out a farce; but alas! women are frequently so capricious, so exacting, so tactless in their treatment of the man they have married that they drive him into ways and habits which, although in themselves wrong, are in reality the outcome of the wife's conduct. They drive him into ways and habits which, although in themselves wrong, are in reality the outcome of the wife's conduct.

The engagement of nine years, during which time he had been off on his honeymoon, and this sudden offensiveness, this had come to the rescue. No one should guess she had been wounded. With a mighty effort she pulled herself together again, and for the rest of the evening if was possible brighter, and talked with more animation than before. Auriol answered, with what she felt so radical and so radiant. Genius ought always to be dressed in gold and white."

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Countess de Boerio, "Some Marriage Thorns, and How to Avoid Them" (Volume 14, 15 July 1893, p. 659).
and herself proposing that they shall leave these scenes of thoughtless pleasure and idling, and return home to begin seriously the life they are to spend together, that change which she will smooth for him by her care, her thought, her love, the young wife flies off at a tangent; and the husband, rather than her common-scene, declares he is already tired of her, that she is the most miserable woman on the face of the earth, that she has married a man who has wearied of her as of a toy, in fact she makes a regular scene and drives her poor husband, who is also young and probably inexperienced in women’s ways, perfectly frantic.

Now this is the first critical moment in married life.

And now much depends on the husband and his delicacy of treatment and comprehension of his wife. With some women the gentle reasoning course is the best, with others firm displeasure, but in either case the result must be the same, that the wife be made to understand her error as regards her husband’s love, and that she be taken into his full confidence, and allowed to feel that though he cannot pass his life in idle adoration, that she is to him his one real thought, and that he loves her to give that consolation and peacefulness which shall make his home a very Eden. Some men, who have married sensible girls, succeed in making them understand this at once, and the first scene is the last; some take months, perhaps a whole year, whilst with others it becomes such a cause of discretion and misconception that love takes wing and both go their own way in life. I know some very funny stories of such scenes between young husbands put up as they do with such scenes, and how so many intelligent, loving women can behave so unreasonably, so illogically, or bring themselves to give such trouble and anxiety to a husband they really care for, and it is a fact that the more a woman loves her husband the more likely she is during these first days to allow her imagination to run away with her on this subject. The truth of it is that after marriage each see the other in a new light, many little faults and failings become evident, many little habits anony and aggregate which could not possibly do so beforehand simply because circumstances did not bring them into evidence. However much one may be engaged on one subject they cannot possibly see as much of each other as when married. The very hours of their meeting may have the privilege of being themselves up to the joy of being together, and for the time the ordinary things of life are forgotten. But after marriage it is different; picture for instance a man who is the pink of neatness and order discovering the wife he loves to be just the contrary. At first he will expostulate gently, if without producing any effect he will grow impatient; later, when time and habit have accustomed him to her, he will probably grow angry. If she is a woman who answers back or makes weak excuses without trying to mend her ways, quarrels will be the result. Or suppose a man to be very punctual, his wife the contrary, he will naturally at last become exasperated; should she reproach him by stating that “he never used to be like that before they were married,” he may well reply that what he then took to be glib chit-chat which amused him, or even bashfulness which charmed him, he now finds to be a habit, and a habit with which he will not put up.

One of the faults most obnoxious to by men is the habit of nagging. A nagging woman is their pet aversion, and to find that the wife of his bosom is one of this sort must indeed be a sore trial to a man. Avoid nagging, girls; if you have a grievance out with it frankly and have done with it; also, do not hint and insinuate and refer constantly to the subject in a martyr-like tone, and then declare with re-signation if asked for an explanation, that you mean nothing, that you are quite happy and have nothing, oh! nothing whatever to complain of. You must have the petty triumph of seeing your husband look utterly helpless and non-plussed; but oh! what a very small satisfaction it is, and how far are you from being the “helper” you should be, and making your home the little Eden of calm and joy your perhaps hard-working husband dreamed of. Another little fault which is most frequent in women and most aggravating to men, especially to some men, is the habit ofJeffersoning at them when you are right and they are wrong, and saying with mocking triumph, “I told you so, but you would not believe me.” How many serious quarrels have arisen out of that “told you so,” given in a certain tone of voice?

“Well, but have men no faults?” I hear you say; “is it all on the women’s side—the men being free from all the disadvantages of sex?” Yes, men have many and great faults, and some men, I agree with you, are perfectly impossible creatures; but for the most part men’s faults are perfectly amenable to a wife’s gentle influence, and little by little with time and tact will grow so beautifully that they will cease to annoy others, and they themselves derive benefit without knowing the cause of the change.

“A woman’s gentleness and patience with her husband’s faults should never fail, nor should she make her submission to his will too evident a favour; her submission should be graceful and dignified, given freely and willingly to please him, not sulkily and grumblingly because she supposes she must.

The sacrifices of self that a woman makes to keep the wheels of domestic life smoothly rolling should be known only to herself; outsiders should never be taken into her confidence, neither should her husband; it is her duty, and that should be her recompense, together with the increased degree of happiness, and the joy of making her husband love his home. A woman should never seek to make a man happy after her manner, by taking advantage of his love to impose on him her tastes, her preferences, her opinions; these she must keep in the background, and to order their life, and study what pleases her husband that she will find everything arranged naturally according to his tastes and ready to his hand without any ostentation. When a man comes home from work, whatever it may be, and in whatever class he is, the picture of a woman waiting for him whose sole thought is to be agreeable to him, will make him feel that he has not only a home arranged according to his own ideas, but a sort of enchanted place where every want, every delicate desire of his soul is ministered to; the wife is the angel of this refuge from the outside world and its troubles, and as such and through his gratitude becomes the greatest influence in his life. (To be concluded.)

THE FLAGS OF OUR EMPIRE.
WHAT THEY ARE, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

PART I.
The subject of flags may be very naturally divided into three distinct departments.
First, they may be considered historically; secondly, as at present in use; and lastly, with a view to practical work in their manufacture.

The history of the past is rich in interesting stories connected with the ensigns of all nations, and especially remarkable as regards that of our own empire, dating back to the early days of our first civilisation. But what is the antiquity of those times, compared with the era, in the history of the world, when the use of flags was first inaugurated? The earliest records to which we can refer are those supplied by Holy Writ, and the first is accompanied by Divine command (see Book of Numbers ii.). Besides this, there are no less than thirteen allusions to banners and standards, and eight to ensigns, in the sacred writings.

Most of our readers have seen representations of these banners and standards which were surmounted by an eagle, a pole supporting a cross-piece from which the drapery depended. The Assyrians and Egyptians carried standards consisting of poles surmounted with figures, but no drapery; so did the Persians and the very early Greeks. But later on they displayed a red flag at sea as the insignia of battle; and they hoisted a purple garment on a spear-head for the same purpose on land, this idea being copied by Clovis I. of France, who hoisted the blue cape of St. Martin as the royal banner. And so it held its place till A.D. 650, when it was superseded and en­
dered with a green fringe, terminating in five tongue-like streamers, called

Countess de Boerio, "Some Marriage Thorns, and How to Avoid Them" (Volume 14, 15 July 1893, p. 660).
PART II.

NEVER insist on getting your own way. Most husbands are only too pleased to concede to their wives’ desires if reasonable; in any case there is but little real pleasure in getting your own way by force, and making your husband give in for the sake of peace. Instead of an agreeable companion, you have probably one whose face is a mile long, who has nothing to say for himself, simply because he is utterly bored. Do you not think you would enjoy more the enjoyment if, putting self aside, you were pleasing one?

The enjoyment if, putting self aside, you were pleasing one? Do you not think you would have had double the enjoyment if, putting self aside, you cheerfully agreed to do as your husband wished, directly you saw that your plan was not a pleasing one? Why should wives always be those to give in? I hear you ask. Well! it is a difficult question to answer, except because they ought, because God ordained it so, and ordained that by gentleness and tact and patient submission, woman should gain and keep her influence; and woman’s influence is great, perhaps one of the greatest influences in the world. Men listen and reflect over an intelligent woman’s gentle advice, they weigh well her words, and finding them wise, follow them. If the same woman were to give the same advice in an opinionated, superior, nagging way, she would immediately rouse the spirit of the “lord of creation,” who does not like to be dictated to, and her words would fall on idle ears. Many wives of my acquaintance have tried this system, and always with success. Indeed the wife who had spoilt that I know is the most submissive. She never tries to force her husband to give way in any instance, she invariably tries to like to do what he likes to do. If there is a choice to be made between two things, and their opinions differ, she gives way quietly and does her best to hide any disappointment she may feel. He is a man of iron will, too, and has not the least idea of allowing anyone, much less his wife, to revolt against his rule. This young woman rebelled during the first year of her marriage, but, as she has often told me, she might just as well have tried to knock a hole in the wall with her head, her husband never gave way in any one little matter. She changed her tactics, she resolved to be a model wife, to submit gracefully to every desire of her husband; she did not succeed quite at first, for her character is naturally independent, and her temper quick, but after a time she found it easier, and what is the result now? She has so entirely studied her husband’s tastes that her own are almost identical, she has so won him by her cheerful submission to his will that he refuses her nothing he can possibly give her. His nay is still nay, and his yea yea, but she is so sure of his desire to please her, that when he does say nay, she knows quite well that he must have a very good reason, and, therefore, does not even discuss the matter with him.

Now if this young wife had continued her first system, she would probably by now be a most unhappy woman, and instead of being the sunshine of her husband’s life, she would have become a worry and anxiety to him, for she would never have got the better of him, however hard she may have tried; he would always be master, as every true man should be.

Let us now study a little the cause and result of these first quarrels; by first quarrels, I do not mean those little disputes between bride and bridgroom, which, like lovers’ quarrels, are the renewal of love, but those more serious ones, which although they may begin out of nothing, increase in severity, so that words are said by both which wound like sharp swords, and leave their mark for many a day after.

The most perfect confidence and free exchange of ideas and feelings should exist between husband and wife. From the moment that they, in particular the wife, keep silence, and nurse their little grievances, these last assume enormous proportions, until they burst forth in one tremendous storm which does double damage, leaving a quiet little grumble which would have done. Under these circumstances, we can safely say woman shows herself in a most unfavorable light. She appears to be a creature who has neither reason nor logic, nor even any idea of truth. She allows her heated imagination to run away with her, and says the most utterly preposterous things she can lay her tongue to, and what is worse, she thoroughly believes them for the moment. This belief gives an appearance of reality to her words, which strikes as a funeral knell of happiness on the young husband’s ears, in-experienced as he is in women’s ways.

Woman is not at times mistress of her words, and most certainly seldom attaches the same importance to them as her unhappy audience; thus, an hour, nay, sometimes half an hour after, she will utterly deny having said such and such a thing; calm and reason have resumed their sway, and she either cannot really remember what she said in her wrath, or she is ashamed to remember.

The husband requires all his tact and delicacy at this moment. If he, alas! has lost his temper, the result of these first great quarrels is, that they become the point of departure of a permanent yet secret hostility, which ends in a sort of moral divorce, and sometimes in separation.

SOME MARRIAGE THORNS, AND HOW TO AVOID THEM.

BY THE COUNTESS DE BOERIO.

If be, taking advantage of these strong expressions and words, reproaches her with them, after peace has been made, and insists on her owning to them instead of quietly accepting her defeat, he risks starting her off again worse than ever; for woman is apt when thus pushed into a corner, during or directly after one of these nervous attacks of temper, to turn round on her husband and say, “Well, yes! I did say so, and I meant it,” etc., followed by perhaps still more cruel words.

Neither should the husband remain utterly silent and passive during the torrent of unkind words with which his wife assails him; instead of conciliating her, it will probably make her doubly furious. She will imagine he does not consider her words answering, and will in consequence stab him morally with the sharpest swords she can think of. She will paint him in the blackest colours, and end probably by declaring that she can never look on him with affection again. Oh! a great deal of patience and kindness does those poor husbands need to bear with the sometimes terrible waywardness of their young wives. But once a husband thoroughly understands his wife, and knows that this excess of language is but the outcome of a nervous condition she is perhaps hardly mistress of, his task becomes far easier. He knows that no one can criticize her cruel words, nor does he ask himself if she is right or wrong; he sees, and understands that she suffers, that her woman’s vivid imagination has run away with her, and made her imaginary grievances really exist for the time being, and so there is a general air of anxiety and tenderness about his manner, pleasant to the exacting and difficult character at such times of woman; she softens, gives way to her feelings in tears, and then smiles and gentle words appear as readily as May flowers after April showers.

The subject of dispute between husband and wife is, it almost always changes its character as soon as the wife takes refuge in tears. Her husband’s one idea now is to comfort her, not to show her where she is wrong and he right. Their reconciliation is complete, and whether their respective opinions are changed on the subject of the quarrel or not, no further mention of it should be made just now. The husband who holds his tongue soon reaps the fruit of his wisdom. The less he says and appears to think of his wife’s conduct, the more she remembers it to her own disadvantage, and the greater her humility and sorrow. When a woman is not forced to defend her conduct, or blush for it by allusions and reproaches, she as a rule judges it very

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and severely. These rules apply to the great majority of women, but some are with their husbands than with a jug of water poured over them, and then to be left to come to their senses at their leisure. This style of woman is less violent, but also has thousand times more aggravating, being such a peculiar mixture of sulkiness and violence, and taking so long to regain patience that her husband becomes convinced that to be more than almost more than to bear with her is a virtue, the weaker vessel, however is not the only one to give way to angry violence. Men also often forgets himself, and man, the king of the earth, has a petulant, little thing which, although it may sometimes alarm a woman at the time, is certain to raise in her feelings of contempt for his weakness. An explosion of temper does not end with men as with women, in tears which relieve and leave her in full and calm possession of herself; on the contrary she feels humiliated, worn-out not only physically, but what is more serious, morally; his will seems to have deserted him for the time being, and she is thus entirely at the mercy of his wife. Never woman more mistress of the situation than now, and oh, girl, remember well that your husband could be her steward of the husband who presents a very pitiable spectacle, shorn of his will and manly dignity. Let me warn you, "our girls" that a good woman, a kind and true woman, will never, however weak-minded and feeble she may be, allow herself to consider as she is mester. She will always appear to be subservient, she will even persuade herself that his will is law, and so great will be her tact and gentle thoughtfulness for the man she has promised to "love, honour, and obey" that as well as others will never suspect that she is the mainspring of their common life. Some women seem to think it gives them of their power, this a sort of independence of their husbands. These I think have missed their vocation and were never born to be wives.

Some women indeed of all must have a touch of it, having learnt by experience that this violence suddenly transfers the power from their husbands to themselves, do not hesitate to take advantage of it in a way which is very mean, but alas! essentially foolish. She knows her faults, her weaknesses well enough to hold him as it were in her hand. She knows what words, what kind of voice even, of silence will annoy him and provoke an explosion of anger strong enough to leave him powerless and destroy the resistance he has opposed to her too often unreasonable demands. Is this loyal, think you? Is it worthy of men's beholding?

A wife should tenderly bear with her husband's faults and weaknesses, as he with hers. She should know how to put him at peace with himself. Sookie him as a mother a suseptible child, with a patience which has no concession or pity in it, only an infinite tenderness.

There is another type of wife of whom I have not yet spoken, and this is the woman who makes sacrifices to her husband, and there is a resolution to be taken, submit her opinion to her husband's with seeming good will, though it may be against her most entire conviction. She renounces doing whatever she wished to do, puts aside her grievances, sacrifices her interests, her plans, and thus shows herself in the most exemplary light, vice a vice her husband. Only, for she has made sacrifices it to herself, not to her husband's advantage, she knows not only he that she herself admits that it is an exigence. In fact, she must be

publicly given her "victim's" diploma, and it is only on this condition that she consents to be portrayed in one of the most powerful means of aggravating a man. His masculine pride insists on his authority being recognized, he loves to feel that his will is paramount, that when he speaks "let no dog bark." But he hates to be mole to feel that he is a tyrant, that he has always had his wife convinced that if he had never spoken. When she thus submits it is a more cruel blow to his pride than to his reason. He resists deliberately the victor, having obtained his desire, but morally he is vanquished, her conviction having escaped his notice. So instead of being grateful to her for her sacrifice, he feels injured and all his satisfaction disappears. A man very much dislikes to feel that a woman convinced against her will is of the same opinion still. Learn by this, girls, to submit yourselves gracefully, cheerfully, as though it were a pleasure to you, or don't submit at all. You will find that in the long-run you will gain by it.

Woman has naturally a temperament given to occasional fits of bad temper; man has them less by nature than by habit. How many women have quarrelled with their husbands, if, when they feel this nervous irritability coming on, they would go frankly to him, and say, "I am in a bad temper to-day, I shall quarrel some for nothing: will you be careful what you say and do, and be a little more patient?" What husband could resist such an appeal? A young couple, friends of mine, who had frequent "scenes" the first year of their married life, which made them both very unhappy, have employed this method, and I doubt if you would ever have heard them quarrel now. An impatient word is the nearest approach to such a thing. This avowal of inferiority, this petition for his help makes the pleasure man's vanity (and he has plenty); the patience he has now to exercise towards his wife is no longer a sacrifice obligatory, but a protection, and he therefore experiences a certain satisfaction born of this tribute to his manly superiority. This is the surest way for woman to surmount her natural nervousness; to thus acknowledge her bad temper before her husband has suffered from it is simply to have the sense to fight it a dose instead of alone. Matrimony shows itself in this as in every other case a visible and sure advantage. The same system cannot be practised by a man, however acute he may be to the moment when he confides to his wife his worries and anxieties and seeks consolation, his bad temper changes its character in her eyes; instead of resenting it as an injustice to herself, and a discomfort to endure, she looks on it as a burden to take with him, and to lighten it if possible (or she should do), and this sympathy in these little daily trials serves to draw them still closer instead of separating them.

Sulkiness is also a fault of some women, very detrimental to married happiness. I am personally acquainted with some young wives who think nothing of sulking for days at a time, and refusing to say more than "yes" or "no" to their husbands. They generally imagine themselves totally amiable to any other man who may be present, and indulge in an exaggerated gaiety of manner which is but a mark of weakness and else quite often that their silence may be the more felt when alone with their husbands. This is a most dangerous game to play. For another woman of the same way of life begins —it succeeds, her husband is miserable, it is pleasing to her vanity to see him suffer and in so doing to increase his love and longer, thus it grows and grows until at last it becomes so prolonged that she does not know how to return, and all her habitual manner. The young husband too often while tires of trying to make those eyes soften, those lips

smile and speak, so that when the wife does come round, she finds her husband has taken her advice, and that he has been so charmed by the "kiss and make friends." I do not advise, as you know, violence, but violence and angry language are not the best means to anything for this, or as the servants likewise, so often are the orders given and countermanded, until at last they are taken over by a man, well, still hold in his impatience. "What do you wait for?" cried the general impatiently.

"The counter-order which will follow," was the unhesitating answer.

Thus you see, girls, marriage is a state not to be entered into lightly, just for the sake of being called Mrs., and having a house of your own; and that reminds me of a warning I have not given you. Do not, when your husband comes home, tired, worried, perhaps a little cross, meet him with complaints of your services, and your own little domestic and household troubles. Your first thought should be to chase away the frown on his brow, and the shadow on his face, not that you are forced to ask his advice, do so later on; when calmed and tranquillised by the brightness and joy of your husband, being his wife, giving him a welcome, he can listen to you patiently, and not feel that you are adding to his worries, without in the least considering his quiet and comfort. "Oh," but I hear you say, "men themselves are selfish enough, and even the best of them are often impatient." Yes, I know they are, but that is neither here nor there. Men, as I think I have said before, are quick to judge of the position entailed more or less selfishness; they are masters, and have to insist on certain things in order to keep their place as director of their household, and then, when they come home from their duties, perhaps worried, and with reason, they expect, and, as the bread-winners, merit every attention; they do not know what little things during the day are the cause of the household machinery going wrong, what bother their wife has had all day, what probability very insignificant in comparison with their own, and so they grumble and grow nasty right, and treat them, and make them themselves very hardly treated, and their husbands selfish cross-patches, and thus the harmony of a whole evening is turned into a discord.

Then again, I know of wives who insist on doing the heavy work, who dance, go to ball, and concert, and dinner, night after night. The poor man goes out of good-nature, or perhaps because he considers it his duty as his wife's protector. He is very likely not a dancing man, or is too weary to dance, so he looks on at the whirling couples and listens to the clanking brass band, and thinks what idiots they all look. Who is the selfish one, think you? The weary-eyed but what bother their wife has had all day, what probability very insignificant in comparison with their own, and so they grumble and grow nasty right, and treat them, and make them themselves very hardly treated, and their husbands selfish cross-patches, and thus the harmony of a whole evening is turned into a discord.

Countes de Boerio, "Some Marriage Thorns, and How to Avoid Them" (Volume 14, 26 August 1893, p. 764).
CHAPTER IX.

While the fortunes related in the last chapter were befalling Blanchardyn, Darius, the son of Alymodes, was waiting in his city of Cassidonia for tidings of those who had started with his prisoner on the journey to the King of Salamandry. But he waited in vain, since all but Blanchardyn were drowned in the sea, as has been told. When no tidings came, Darius could not understand it. He caused a great fleet to be made ready, and furnished with soldiers and artillery, that he might go back to help his father in the siege. He committed the charge of his city to his sons, and hastened by a favourable wind; but when the ships were near the realm of Tournaday a terrible storm came on, and the winds and the sea arose in such fury that Darius and all his folk feared instant death. They were driven far away from land, and tossed about until they were cast upon a little island, fair and fruitful, belonging to the kingdom of Friesland. So beautiful was this island that the King of Friesland, Blanchardyn's father, was wont to go there three or four times in the year for change and diversion, hoping to forget a little the great sorrow that abode at his heart for the loss of his son, of whom he had never heard since his departure. The Queen also had fallen into such melancholy on account of Blanchardyn that no one living could rouse her and give her any comfort. This grieved her husband greatly, and so, with a few of his people, he would come to the island to seek relaxation in a beautiful palace he had caused to be built.

It befell that he was staying there just at the time when the fleet from Cassidonia was driven into the haven nearest to the palace. Darius and all his men landed very early one morning, in great joy that they had escaped the perils of the deep, not knowing to what country they had come. They made their way to the palace, where they found three of the King of Friesland's servants. "To whom does this palace belong, and what is the name of the island?" they demanded.

With fear and trembling the men replied that the palace and island
"But surely you don’t mean to say that you have constituted yourself their guardian?" cried the young man in astonishment.

"I cannot—I must not leave them at present, Charles," said Ella piteously.

"Come into the park for a few minutes. I will be responsible for your late appearance at the shop," said Charles Brierley; and taking Ella’s arm he led her to a seat under the trees in a park close at hand.

"Now, let us look this matter fairly and squarely in the face," he said. "I am not going to lose you for the sake of a chimera. If, as you told me some time ago, your salary is necessary to the comfort of those at home, surely out of my increased income, Ella, you and I can allow Mrs. Derwent and the children enough to keep them in comfort. We will do that instead of saving ourselves for the next few years; at any rate, until the children are educated and able to support their mother."

"You are very generous, Charles," said Ella, with tears in her eyes. "But I must not impose such a burden upon you. We know not what the future may bring. There is nothing else for it. I feel that I must release you from your engagement."

"Nonsense, Ella. I cannot, I will not give you up!"

"Need you go to South Africa, Charlie?" broke out the girl impulsively.

A cloud came over the young man’s face, and he said—

"Would you have me be a milksop, Ella?"

"I did not mean that. I ought not to have said it. I am selfish," she faltered. "God will give us strength to bear this separation."

"But it is such an unnecessary separation," he retorted. "If I am willing to bear the responsibility of the maintenance of Minnie and the children, why should you invent unnecessary scruples respecting the matter."

"Money is not everything, Charlie," returned Ella, softly.

"No, it is not. I suppose love is something, though you seem to value it at a low rate," was the moody response. Then with a quick repentance he added, "I ought not to have said that, Ella, but you try me sorely. Think of all the loneliness of the future, dearest, of the long weary months without a sight of each other’s face. Think of all that, Ella, and then send me away from you—alone."

The girl dropped her head in her hands, and the young man continued—

"God made us for each other, Ella. He gave us the power to love. Do you think He intended our lives to grow together, and then to be cruelly torn asunder?"

Still Ella was silent with covered face and bowed head, and as he looked at her a sense of awe came over him. He knew by intuition that she was praying. Then a feeling of despair seized him, for he loved Ella Derwent with all the love of a strong, true, ambitious nature.

Presently the girl uncovered her face, and as he looked into her eyes he experienced a feeling of contrition. How could he press one who was evidently suffering so keenly! Leaning towards her, he said—

"Ella, forgive me, you are braver than I."

Then he took the hand that lay limply upon her lap, and raising it to his lips pressed a kiss upon it, and was gone.

For a few moments Ella sat under the trees perfectly silent. The sun was still shining overhead, and the leaves still whispered softly in the summer breeze; but for Ella the aspect of nature had changed. She gazed across the park with bewildered eyes. Surely she would awake to find that the last half-hour had been a hideous dream—a vision of the night. But the dream would not be banished, and, rising from the seat, she hurried across the park.

Whether Charles Brierley had interposed on Ella’s behalf she never knew, but no word was said respecting her late appearance, and as though guessing from her altered looks that something serious was amiss, her companions seemed to vie with each other in paying her little attentions. (To be continued.)

PAYING VISITS.

BY MARGARET BATESON (Mrs. W. E. Heitland).

Paying visits is one of the special pleasures of girlhood. I do not mean to say that visiting is the exclusive privilege of girls, for, of course, it is not. Everyone stays with everyone, and it probably never was more the practice than now for people to visit about the country, spending a few days at one house, and a few at another. But middle-aged people, though they often greatly enjoy staying with their friends, do not set out to pay visits in quite the same spirit as does a girl. The time which they can spare from their home and business is limited, and reminders of their own affairs, in the form of correspondence, pursue them wherever they are.

But to a young girl paying visits is an occupation and an amusement in itself. To be staying in another house than her own is always somewhat of an adventure; the habits and ways of other people are all new to her, and everything unfamiliar is noted by her fresh and observant mind. But a girl gains peculiar advantages from a visit, inasmuch as she usually becomes much more like a member of her host’s family than an older guest, or even a young man, can do. She finds a place for herself in the family circle, and shares in all the occupations of the daughters of the house, gaining in this way a knowledge of the inner life of the household which is all the more valuable if up to this time she has seen little of the world outside her own home.

Visiting then may be regarded as a useful part of a girl’s education, and it is certainly a very pleasant one. It has its own little difficulties, however, but these can usually be obviated if a girl understands what she is expected to do. The relations between host and guest are governed by common-sense, kindliness and good feeling; and the rules which some writers on etiquette lay down with much precision are really of no great consequence. The general principle for the girl-visitor to bear in mind is that she
must adapt herself and her wishes to the convenience of her hosts. It ought hardly to be needful to remind a visitor that a friend's house is not an hotel. Nevertheless, there are visitors who seem to forget this fact, and who inflict upon their friends all the inconveniences and selfishness of which unfortunate hotel and boarding-house keepers are the victims. Young visitors, however, commonly err more from carelessness than social custom. From any of making their friends' convenience subservient to their own.

One cause of possible difficulty is generally removed by the host, or rather the hostess, who, in writing to invite the visitor, should give some tolerably clear indication of the length of stay which she wishes her guest to make. If she says "a week-end," "a few days," "a week or ten days," the visitor will understand pretty well what is meant. I would only hint that the longer periods indicated should not be interpreted to mean the maximum in each case. An invitation for "a week or ten days" might be accepted for a week and the inside of a week; "some weeks" might be taken to mean a fortnight, and so on. But the important point is that dates, once fixed, should be adhered to. Only under most exceptional circumstances may visits be prolonged beyond the time originally agreed upon. I have heard of a visitor who came for a week-end and remained for years. Such persistence in staying must, to say the least, have upset his host's arrangements. For it is needless to say to a friend, though this may not have been the case, that the hostess must be able to arrange for the visitor's comfort and time. This is a matter on which no legal action can be taken. The inexperienced visitor may also like to be reminded that if a visit is to be made to the public on the Sunday the visitor need not offer to pay her share of the expense, though she may do so—her hosts, however, probably not. And, I am on the subject of conveyances, I may say that, for the cabs which take her to and from the station, what­ever the visitor may offer to pay, her hosts may prefer to pay themselves. The host's coachman, if a private carriage has been placed at the visitor's disposal, and they may also give something to the housemaid will be a sufficient acknowledgment of services for the cabs which take her to and from the station, whatever may be the case. As the date of the visit draws near, the girl-visitor naturally writes to tell her hostess by what train she will arrive. She should try so to arrange the plan of her journey as to reach her destination some time between four and seven o'clock. This again simply means that she studies the convenience of her host by not letting her arrival interrupt the plans of the day. It is not necessary to make an iron rule upon the subject. Supposing a girl to be travelling straight through from Ireland or the Continent, it may be necessary to arrive in the morning. But a girl should bear in mind the fact that the arrival of a tired visitor during the business hours of the day is not likely to be convenient, and should therefore do all in her power to mitigate any trouble she may cause. The inexperienced visitor may also like to be reminded that a hostess should be firm on the subject of paying for the cabs which take her to and from the station, whatever may be the case. The common-sense rule is that the visitor consults her hostess before making any plans of her own. The hostess does not then feel that she must keep up an incessant conversation. Bedtime brings the question, "Who is to make the first move?" The visitor is the reply of strict etiquette. But in practice the hostess usually says on the first evening, "I do not know what time you are in the habit of going to bed, but you must not sit up later than you like," and the visitor can presently, on this hint, say good night.

One more visitor's puzzle is connected with her own private friends in the neighbourhood where she is staying. The common-sense rule is that the visitor consults her hostess before making any plans of her own. The hostess may call upon the visitor without asking for the hostess; but the visitor should generally ask her hostess whether she may introduce these strangers to her. It often happens that a lady does not care to add to an already large acquaintance, and she may then make some excuse for not appearing. As a rule she will express a desire to be punctual at meal-times, and she may also give something to the chaise of the hostess, a sufficient acknowledgment of services for the cabs which take her to and from the station, whatever may be the case. The hostess usually says on the first evening, "I do not know what time you are in the habit of going to bed, but you must not sit up later than you like," and the visitor can presently, on this hint, say good night.

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measurer"—and an examination of a thermometer made for outdoor use will show that a certain point or degree is labelled "freezing," and another "dew-point."

Now, although we speak of dry air or damp air, perfectly dry air is impossible under natural atmospheric conditions. As long as the atmosphere surrounding our earth can come in contact with a water surface, or a damp surface of any kind, the air will be called dry, for evaporation is continually taking place between those surfaces and the surrounding atmosphere. Evaporation means that a part of the water is changing from the liquid into the gaseous form called vapour, and this vapour mixes with the air. A special machine, not unlike the thermometer in appearance and principle, has been invented to determine quiet meditation. Though I do not expect them to arrive at a given time, and this is called a hygrometer. But the air cannot keep this water-vapour for an unlimited time or in unlimited quantities. The atmosphere is continually returning it to the earth from which it was received, and the return is made as dew, fog, mist, hoar-frost, rain, or snow, according to the temperature and other atmospheric conditions prevailing at the time of return.

Although air can be compelled to assume a liquid form under the double influence of extreme cold and extreme pressure, it does not naturally have any "substance." It cannot be grasped like a solid, or tangibly felt like a liquid. You cannot tread upon air or float upon it, and its properties are in some ways on the edges of our understanding. Nevertheless, air has a certain power of supporting alien substances having weight, such as particles of dust or masses of water-vapour. But when the proportion of water-vapour to air is in a certain prescribed ratio, this power is not sufficient to uphold a form which in time falls, and this deposit only ceases when the new point of saturation proper to the lower temperature is reached. This occurs because a part of the vapour "condenses" when the temperature falls, and this becomes relatively more heavy as compared with the smaller space of atmosphere which it then occupies.

The form in which this condensation occurs naturally varies with the amount of the fall in temperature, and the rate of that fall. If a current of cold air comes in contact with a section of saturated and warmer atmosphere, the moisture in this is condensed, and becomes visible in the form of the mist. But when a section of saturated atmosphere touches earth which is at a lower temperature, the condensed vapour is deposited in the form of dew, if the temperature of the earth is only low enough to cause simple condensation; as hoar-frost, when the temperature of the earth is so low as to stand at the point which causes the vapour to assume the solid form. After a warm day the land loses its heat more rapidly than the surrounding atmosphere, and thus we get the copious dew-fall of summer mornings. On frosty nights, however, the temperature of the earth falls below dew-point and reaches freezing-point, so that the vapour solidifies as it falls, and is seen next morning as hoar-frost.

The appearance, and principle, has been invented to determine the temperature of the earth at or below freezing-point. Snow is formed for an identical reason. A cold air-current causes a cloud when it enters a part of space which is saturated with vapour at a slightly warmer temperature. When it is cold enough to condense yet more vapour, we get a fall of rain. When the cold air-current is at the temperature of freezing-point, or below it, the condensed vapour falls as snow.

Ice is formed when water in its natural liquid state is subjected to a temperature at or below the point at which water, or its vapour, condenses—becomes solid. They are none the less both the same thing and due to the same cause.

Let us now turn to the first picture, representing the twig of a tree covered with hoar-frost. Seen thus closely, the dazzling white appearance, familiar to all who have seen trees on a frosty morning, explains itself. The twig is covered with a multitude of white crystals, so closely packed that on the edges only can we see that the covering is not a solid dress, but a composite garment formed of infinite small feather-like particles. A glance at the third picture shows one of these particles in isolation, and we at once see that it is a most complex and very beautiful growth having the appearance of a fern. It is, in fact, not one crystal, but a vast agglomeration, or joining together, of minute crystals, and picture four adds yet further to our knowledge, showing us a "frost-flower" which must be of almost record size, since it measured more than twelve inches across.

How these crystals grow cannot be seen very well on the branch of a tree, where the space which can be covered is limited, and the crystals are consequently pressed close one against another. Thus no single "flower" can grow to its fullest possible extent without coming in contact with the petals of another "flower"; and remember that these "flowers" are not single crystals, but an infinite number of crystals piled one upon another until they assume the form of "snow". A glance at the third picture shows one crystal, but a vast agglomeration of crystals which, in time, will grow into full "flowers" by the addition of other like particles.

J. S.
having a perfect rudder with which to steer, and well-adjusted compasses by which he might find his way with unerring certainty across the trackless ocean? You would think such a man very unwise, to say the least. Nor is a girl any wiser who, while young, neglects to lay up a store of precisely that kind of knowledge which shall best fit her to encounter the storms and squalls that shall rage around her, and to withstand the buffeting of the wildest waves that may threaten her barque with destruction.

While still in dock or in harbour, the captain of a ship that is soon to sail is the busiest of men, and his crew must be busy also. For on what is done then depend the comfort, the health, happiness and the very lives of himself and his people, as well as the success of the voyage. And mark this, the captain works with a will and with whole-heartedness, and he is really happy while so engaged. He is so impressed with the necessity of the duties that devolve upon him, that he needs no guiding hand to direct him, no word of encouragement to stimulate him, and so he sails away at last in peace and with the assurance of safety in his heart.

A Marked Contrast.

Between such an officer as this and the more thoughtless of girls in their teens what a marked contrast there is! To lounge and to laze seem to be the chief objects of the lives of the latter. Their school hours, or those spent in learning useful things, are looked upon by them as the troublesome and irksome of all the weary day. If their own wishes were to be consulted they would do absolutely nothing except read and play. Such a girl lives in a fool's paradise, comforting herself with the thought that some day some gallant hero will appear upon the scene, coming from somewhere and somehow, to throw his heart and fortune at her feet, in order that she may have him. If a girl has money, even without other attractions, she may get a husband; but, ten to one the marriage will be a very unhappy one as far as she is concerned; for from his point of view it has been one of convenience, or, I might say, commerce. I do not mean, however, to let this health sermon degenerate into an essay on marriage or love either, although I know a little about both.

But I must say this, that marriages of convenience have been the curse of France and are rapidly becoming the run of our own land. No happiness in married life is possible unless, as fishermen say, " love bears up the crew." " Marry for love and work for silver (money) " is the one motto that has made Scotland so great and noble a nation as it is, and it is well known that her statesmen and soldiers and great engineers not only " run " England, but are to be found on the highest seats of honour in almost every country under the sun.

But, girls, don't lay yourselves out by dress and coquetry to attract men. I can assure you that men do not go by looks nowadays. As to dress, a man never add, whether you like it or not, that he has small respect for such clothing, just as if he be holding a card, and every man who has acquired a knowledge of all that is useful in a household wife must have respect for her husband, and, after all, he would prefer male friends to her; he will spend longer evenings at his club, and become generally less. I am telling the truth, girls, in my own simple, sailor way. Of course you may know better, but really there are some things that even young people don't know.

Looking Forward to Having a Home.

" Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." That is, if love dwells therein. But is love all? I think not, and, whatever the rich may do, the middle-class man cannot be long happy with a wife who knows nothing about household affairs. The girl will never make a proper wife who has not acquired a knowledge of all that is useful in a home before she is married.

Some people will tell you that marriage is all a lottery. Not so much, say I, as one generally imagines. Married life will be like a placid river winding slowly through beautiful scenery under the rays of a summer's sun, if man and maid have both been ready for all its duties before the nuptial knot was tied.

Both husband and wife must be healthy. If they lack strength or have seeds of disease in their bodies, to marry were a crime. They must be healthy and strong, and they must be good-natured and willing to bear and forbear, and help to carry each other's burdens.

But rest is essential sometimes, and the summer or autumn holiday should come like a blessing to both, and a good husband won't forget this.

Hints from Other Lands.

Although we—the " G.O.P."—have princesses who read our paper every month, it is not for them I write, nor for the wealthy either. As a rule, our princesses are humble, and, therefore, " ladies " in the sweetest sense of the word. A middle-class man, on the other hand, especially among the " nouveaux riches," will go on their own little way in spite of anything I may preach. Don't envious them for their fine dresses, their French hats and made-up faces, not even for all gold that glitters. It is not all gold that is good, and it is not all good gold. Many of them are mere weaklings, and even our old aristocracy—our sword aristocracy—would soon die out entirely if their ranks were not being constantly recruited by the strong and healthy among the middle-classes.

You girls have to look at yourselves, and you won't find that your face will be your fortune either, if you have no looking glass to back it up with. Men-folks are, owing to the steady advancement of education, getting fewer every year, and therefore marriages are becoming fewer also. A bonnie face is not such fine bait as it used to be. The young man on the lookout for a wife, unless he falls into his calf-love, and marries then, looks behind the scenes. Is the young lady with the bonnie face kind to her parents? Is she nice towards her little brothers and sisters? Does the star of honour shine in her heart even above that of love?

And, to come down a peg, does she know anything about housekeeping, anything about cooking, anything about sewing? In Norway or Scotland, and no girl who has been brought up well would dream about entering into the holy bonds of matrimony who had not first acquired these useful arts. She is not fitted to be a wife until she has. She ought also to be able to nurse a sick person and be an adept in little matters of surgery.
MANNERISMS.

Nothing is so objectionable in a girl in her teens or sweet-and-twentieths as little mannerisms visible in her gait or face. If I am walking beside a girl on the village highway, one whom probably I have never seen before, I can, before I pass her and cast a sly glance with the tail of my eagle eye at her face, whether or not she is a lady. However humble in circumstances a girl may be, mind you, she can be a lady in the truest sense of the word.

But concerning this lass behind whom I am walking, there are little pedantic movements about her body, little sways and jerks that show me, prove to me that she is self-conscious, proud in a manner, confident that she is a beauty, though she may not be. A lady walks gracefully and easily and calmly.

But bad and silly as mannerisms of body are, those of voice and face are ten times worse. Few girls can open their mouths in company without giving themselves away. No, nor look at you. Suppose a lassie's eye is sweet, soft and brown, or heavenly blue, is that any reason why she should roll them about like a duck in thunder, or like a snail that wears its eyes on the end of stalks? A lady's eyes are placid eyes, their motions involuntary.

Yes, you may have rosy lips and a mouth that isn't a bit big, but, ôi, for beauty's sake keep it still! Smile if you like, but don't work your pretty mouth, nor purse it, nor screw it. This is abominable, and if you do, you'll soon have wrinkles all down your upper lip like the meridian lines on a map that converge towards the pole. Keep your eyebrows still. Don't wrinkle your brow. Be calm, be placid. Never laugh when you speak or read, be the yarn ever so funny, else you show your teeth too much and utterly spoil your beauty.

IDLENESS.

If my gentle readers only were aware what an amount of injury accrues to youthful bodies and youthful minds from idleness, they would avoid it as they would poison. Take the body first. A girl who idles and never takes pleasant happy exercise in the sunshine, or who reads the trashy love-serials of the every-day magazines, sitting and poring over them till her neck becomes cramped, soon gets deformed. Her spine gets bent forward like a raspberry cane, and her head refuses after a time to poised well. Her face wrinkles early, and she loses complexion because important organs of the body are all huddled together, as if in a tub. She gets stout about the waist, loses figure and never grows, or if she does grow, it is to lankiness and scragginess.

The mind suffers; it becomes languid and lax. In a word, body and soul go to the wall, and she becomes a mere weed in the world, in which she might be a thing of brightness and a joy to look upon.

Don't be idle. Time is short and there is much to do.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

By GEORGE W. HASTINGS.

PART II.

EXPOSURE.

HE next thing is to get ready for the actual taking of the photograph. For this it will be necessary to obtain some plates and insert them in the camera. Plates are made in varying speeds; some are more quickly acted upon by light than others, and so require a shorter exposure. The former are generally known as rapid plates, the latter as ordinary plates. For snapshots fast plates are essential, but for most purposes ordinary ones will do.

It will be well for the beginner to obtain a box of ordinary plates of the proper size for the camera. These will be found to be labelled "Only to be opened in a dark room or ruby light," and so it will be needful to choose some place which can be converted into a dark room. For the putting in of plates any room will do, provided daylight can be excluded. If preferred, plates can be put in at night; moonlight has little effect, especially if direct rays are not allowed to fall on the plate. Later on it will be of advantage to have a dark room fitted with a cupboard for chemicals, etc., and with a sink and tap. For the present purpose any small room or cupboard will do. As it is difficult to work in the dark, a red lamp may be employed; one with a big red chimney will do very well. If preferred, the window may be covered with red paper, or fitted with a sheet of red glass. In any case all daylight must be strictly excluded, or the plates will be ruined.

Before closing the door, the dark slides should be put ready, or the back of the camera opened for the insertion of the plates. With dark slides the business is quite simple. A plate is taken from the box and looked at by the light of the red lamp. It will be seen that one surface is shiny and the other dull. The dark slide should then be opened and the plate inserted with its face outwards, i.e., towards the shutter of the dark slide. If the slide is a double one, another plate is put in similarly and the slide closed up.

With a camera of the magazine kind, wherein several plates are carried, the case is different. Inside the camera will be found a number of metal sheaths which work in a groove. In each of these a plate must be put face outwards, and the sheath put into its place in the camera. Film cameras again have spools of film, or packs of cut films; nearly all cameras of this kind have a different system, usually very simple, whereby the spools or packs are inserted. Instructions as to their use are always given with the cameras.

When putting in plates it is well to lightly dust the film of each with a soft camel-hair brush. This often saves pinholes and such worries from occurring at a later stage.

As soon as the camera is charged, or the slides filled, the box of plates should be shut carefully; and the door may then be opened. The advice as to shutting the box may appear unnecessary, but beginners are inclined to forget this, and consequently the opening of the door results in the ruin of a number of the plates left in the box.

Now comes the actual taking of the picture, and this should be a matter of care, not a mere snapping of the first object that comes into sight. In the first place it is well to start on an inanimate object; not only is the

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Gordon Stables, "To Girls in Their 'Teens" (Volume 26, 5 November 1904, p. 108).
Since the implied reader of *The Girl's Own Paper* is an unmarried “girl” between the late teens and early twenties, a good portion of the magazine was devoted to providing its readers with ideas for ways to occupy themselves profitably in the years between the schoolroom and marriage. A prominent focus was on self-culture. The magazine provided guides for reading, sheet music for instruments and vocals, and competitions for writing and fancy needlework, among other activities. Eventually, the magazine sponsored clubs for girls: for instance, the Erinna Club for girls interested in literature, and the Fidelio Club for musicians. The emphasis on self-culture was rarely progressive; the pursuit of self-culture was most often presented as preparation for matrimony and motherhood. It was a girl’s duty to ensure that she would be a graceful and interesting companion for her husband as well as an intelligent teacher of her children.

“How to Form a Small Library” (vol. 2, 1880–81, pp. 7–8, 122–23), by James Mason, not only addresses the mechanics of building a library, but also presents a recommended reading list on a variety of subjects. In a bit of puffery it also recommends that girls read and collect *The Girl's Own*.

J. P. Mears’s “How to Improve One’s Education” (vol. 2, 1880–81, pp. 794–96) discusses reading for girls, filling gaps in a girl’s education in English studies, arithmetic, English history, foreign languages and literature, music and drawing, and needlework and housework.

“Between School and Marriage” (vol. 7, 1885–86, pp. 769–70), by the Author of *How to Be Happy Though Married*, a telling title, notes that this time in a girl’s life can be a difficult one. During the latter decades of the nineteenth century, the time for most girls between sexual maturity and marriage was expanding. This article encourages girls to continue to see marriage as their destiny and to develop their domestic skills.

*The Girl's Own* was fairly conservative in its recommendation of fiction. A number of essays warned against the dangers of bad fiction and against mistreading. Mary Louisa Molesworth, a popular children’s writer best known today for her fantasy *The Cuckoo Clock* (1877), tries to present a balanced view in “On the Uses and Abuses of Fiction” (vol. 13, 1891–92, pp. 452–54).

Dora de Blaquiere’s “Magazine and Book Clubs, and How to Manage Them” (vol. 13, 1891–92, pp. 710–11) typifies *The Girl’s Own’s* encouragement of clubs for self-improvement. It always promoted the productive use of leisure hours.

“Self-Culture for Girls” (vol. 20, 1898–99, pp. 225–26) is the first part of a rather lengthy series, which includes detailed appreciations of particular poets and other authors. Space does not permit inclusion of the entire piece, but this first section is perhaps the most interesting. Lily Watson, a frequent contributor to the magazine, presents a detailed definition of self-culture and a rather high-minded argument why it is a necessary pursuit for all girls.

Lady Dunboyne’s “Study” (vol. 26, 1904–05, pp. 312–13) is a good companion piece to Watson’s. It shares a sensibility with the earlier piece, but focuses more on the personal benefit of study.
**How to Form a Small Library.**

*"Books, we know, are a substantial world, both pure and good."*—Wordsworth.

It would be easy to fill a whole number of this magazine with the good things that have been said from time to time about the habit of reading. Some of these have been far-fetched, no doubt, just as we find man's expressively, inclined to extravagance when he speaks of his love for most, but in the main they are no more enthusiastic than the subject deserves.

In books, be it remembered, we have the best products of the best minds, and in such a form, too, that we can conveniently make them our own use. Through books we enjoy the companionship of the most noble spirits, and many of the present but of the past. Think of this, and you will be inclined to re-echo the words of Sir John Herschel, "If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life and in times when people are reluctant to send to the library window, before he goes round to at-home fireside-loving husband. Like to like. Unhappily, it is not always so. The book-lover marries, and is linked for life to one who thinks books an encumbrance, and the money spent on them a waste. When he comes home, the newly-married man goes round to his own front door to ring the bell. Alas! It is a difficult thing to convince some people that there is any necessity for buying books and owning them. I only point out how many circulating libraries there are in the country, and how there are public libraries and free libraries for the express benefit of earnest students and those of voracious literary appetite.

Now the value of these institutions no one can deny. But the fact remains that to get real benefit from the best books we must buy them and keep them always beside us. Think of sending to a circulating library for a copy of Spenser, or Milton, or Dante, to be read and returned in fourteen days. No, books to these are not to be run through as you would a volume of travels or a popular story.

Books of reference, also—dictionaries, commentaries, and such like—should own. Asking at the library for the loan of a dictionary would show what is ill-furnished a house as begging your next-door neighbour to lend you a teapot or a frying-pan.

However, though it cannot be stated too emphatically that no one who really loves books should abandon the pleasure of possessing them, and that, however small, everyone should have a collection of his own, we do not advise the neglecting of circulating libraries. In them we find the literature of the day, and with that it is the duty of everyone to be more or less acquainted. We live in the present, not in the past, and if we are to be of any use in our time, we must understand what is going on.

James Mason, "How to Form a Small Library" (Volume 2, 2 October 1880, p. 7).

*How many books should our small library contain?*

This is a question of considerable difficulty, but as we are bound to name some number, we say fifty. Fifty volumes of good books form a respectable library, and they may be so selected as to contain a vast fund of knowledge, and information.

Of course, compared with others, this number of books is impossible to buy all literary works, and it is perhaps not desirable even to buy a great many, unless you wish your room to be like that of one of my friends in which you cannot sit down for the books piled up on the chairs. Fifty will do very well to start with.

Fifty, then, be it. It will be a matter of great surprise if you stop at fifty. In book buying the appetite increases with every purchase. I began—by way of illustration one may be permitted a scrap of autobiography—not so many years ago with modest notions and a handful of a dozen books. Now I have considerably over four thousand volumes, and the modest notions have given place to extravagant visions of additional spoil. But none of your friends are ever likely to be in such a fix. The famous founders of libraries have for the most part been old bachelors.

Now what will be the cost of our small library of fifty? The purse of the fairy tale that was always full of gold and silver has either been lost, or the present posseessor keeps it for himself; otherwise, we might speak of cost with perfect indifference. But as it is, we must look the question in the face, and in times when people are reluctant to spend because money is hard to obtain, we shall do our best to be economical.

At one time books could only be obtained at great expense, but things have changed since then, and the best literature is to be had.
James Mason, "How to Form a Small Library" (Volume 2, 2 October 1880, p. 8).
HOW TO FORM A SMALL LIBRARY.—II.

We agreed, you may remember, to aim at accumulating a library of fifty books. Now what these fifty are to be is a nice question, for a great deal depends on the character and education of the people who are to read them.

The poet Southeby once drew out a “list of a gentleman’s necessary library,” and the works he put in it were the Bible, Shakespeare, Spenser’s “Faerie Queen,” Sidney’s “Arcadia,” the works of the Rev. Cyril Jackson, Walton’s “Complete Angler,” Clarendon’s History, Milton, Chaucer, Jeremy Taylor, Southey’s Sermons, and Fuller’s “Church History.” These are all good books, and one of Southeby’s scholarly tastes might think his bookshelves completely furnished with nothing else; but it is doubtful whether we, who are less sedate, would care for five books out of the whole thirteen.

Perhaps the poet would have been as little satisfied with the following list of a girl’s library; but if you, girls, are pleased that is enough.

The longer I think about the fifty, the smaller the number seems to be. Let none of you run away with the impression that a little book-case can contain all the literature of worth in the world. Even had you ten times that number you might well heave a sigh at the consideration of the number of works of beauty and glory of which you have not so much as turned over the leaves.

Many of our books will be necessary ones, but others I shall mention only “on approval.” They are recommended, certainly, with all the enthusiasm with which one introduces his best friends; but if a girl desires to read other books, then those others are likely to do her most good, so let her buy them, after taking counsel with some friend whose judgment she respects.

In selecting the fifty I have tried to put it to myself in this way: Suppose I were Mary, or Kate, or Alice, and banished—of course for nothing at all—to a desert island, what books would I carry with me of a useful and fairly representative kind, so that the time might be pleasantly and profitably spent till rescue came? And if you would ask me, what would I have taken? I have asked myself that question, and I can only answer: Turn it, and turn it again,” says an old writer, “for everything is in it.” The Bible should form the keynote of every collection, and all the rest should be in harmony with it. Get a good edition, with notes, and strongly bound, so that it may stand constant handling.

Whoever reads the Bible will welcome every aid to the understanding of its sacred pages. The best of all helps in this direction is “Cruden’s Concordance,” of which there are several cheap and serviceable editions to be had.

Of other religious books to be placed beside the Bible and the Concordance, we shall choose five. The first is the “Pilgrim’s Progress,” the work of the “prince of dreamers.” No other book in the English language, the Bible alone excepted, has been so much read, so much known, obtained so constant and so wide a sale.

Besides prayer-book and hymn-book, you should have a good devotional reading. Bogatyriy’s “Golden Treasure” is an old favorite, and one of the best of those recently published is “The Daily Round.” The “Book of Prayer,” edited by Lord Selborne, is one of the best of our sacred poetry. With the concordance, I ought to have mentioned the new Companion to the Bible, published at 56, Paternoster-row, a little book, with much information on scriptural subjects. The Bible Handbook of Dr. Angus is also of great value.

We have now decided on seven books, but perhaps we have gone ahead too fast. We should, maybe, have begun by speaking of what are strictly utility books, books not for reading but for reference. These form a good solid foundation for a library.

There must be a dictionary of your own language, of course, and let it be the best you can afford to buy. When you get it, too, use it; and never fail to look it up. There is no other way of making never failing of guessing at a word whose meaning you do not know. As a supplement to the dictionary, you must have, “a good work on English Grammar, including, if possible, a sketch of the history of the language. When on the lookout for this, at your second-hand book-seller’s, do not buy the first that you find, but make a careful choice.

Next comes a Dictionary of Dates, which will give you a disjunctive fashion the history of the world. To this should be added the Elements of History, and if you are to benefit by it you will gain a correct idea of the orderly progress of events.

A Dictionary of Biogrophy cannot be done without; neither can a Gazetteer, and we can as little dispense with an Atlas. Let these books be of recent date; give the cold shoulder to anything that belongs to the past. Let us buy the best of modern works.

There is Plutarch’s “Lives” to start with, a great fund of useful knowledge and displaying a more intimate acquaintance with human life and manners than perhaps any other.

“It may be read,” says the great Scotch philosopher, David Stewart, “from beginning to end in a few hours, and yet, after the twentieth perusal, one seldom fails to remark in it something overlooked before.” Then there is the “Specimen of English Prosody” of Addison and Steele, an inexhaustible mine of humour, invention, and good counsel; last of all, we must have the Shakespeare works.

What about Poetry? Now we feel pinched, indeed, for room, and filled with alarm lest we should not be compelled to make another shelf. Let us begin by getting a good general Collection of English Poetry. There are several good ones to be had, books which will familiarise us with the names and highest efforts the chief writers of verse of our land.

We must next make a collection of fiction, and a very choice one. The good English fiction of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is unmatched in the world. There are many excellent books, but only a few are worth saving; and, as it is, you must be very careless indeed before you forget the “Life of Johnson,” and this, “The Vicar of Wakefield,” and this, “Tum Verum,” of which I always remember how Alfieri, the great tragic poet of Italy, read it with such enthusiasm that he was afraid to handle it in the next house where he thought he was mad. The second is Boswell’s “Life of Johnson,” and let the third be some collection of the lives of eminent women.

Amongst volumes of Essays we may select as many as we did of biographies. The first are those of Lord Bacon, a book containing a great fund of useful knowledge and displaying a more intimate acquaintance with human life and manners than perhaps any other.

“Whoever sets a high value on the Bible should form the key of the whole of our tether. It is, indeed, the prince of books, the key of the whole library. None who sets a high value on the Bible will ever look at it merely as a religious book, but will be surprised at the many useful lessons that belongs to the subject, and not to either the poet or his translator; the Iliad, at any rate, has rather much fighting in it.

The next whose works you must buy is Shakespeare, the greatest dramatic poet of the world. Then comes Dante, in whom the Middle Ages found a voice, and of Dante the most readable translation is Cary’s. We must not forget the gentle Spencer either, or Milton, and these are all the poets I shall insist upon. They are five of the greatest of the great. Read them, and as you do so thank heaven for having sent such genius to brighten, elevate, and purify the lives of men.

But you may wish to add other poets, for in times most prosperous we do not despise lights. Choose, therefore, three others, whom you please. Cowper, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Longfellow, and Scott. It is quite possible that you may pray don’t forget the “Holy George Herbert.”

How are we getting on now? We have already, thirty-five books and more, and now that we are enumerating fifteen more shall be at the end of our tether.

We shall make a collection we shall devote five books. One will be “The Vicar of Wakefield,” and this, by the way, you may meet with bound up in the same volume with Goldsmith’s Poems, and

James Mason, "How to Form a Small Library" (Volume 2, 2 November 1880, p. 122).
some of his dramatic and miscellaneous works. Thus you will increase your collection without incurring the rule as to the fifty. The remaining four should be one story by Scott, one by Tennyson, one by Thackeray, say "Pendennis," "David Copperfield," and "Vanity Fair," and one favourite story. What is it that you do to? What? no! You ask me to choose, do you? Then, I say, a good translation of Grimm's "Fairy Tales." The enjoyment of which all happy people can never grow too old. These will supply more nourishment to the imagination than half the novels in Christendom.

This will be a delightful corner of our library, but we must not be too much taken up with it. The rule, as somebody says, should be this—"Mix light reading with serious reading, so that the one shall not engross nor the other weary." Good Letter-writing is a rare accomplishment, and we have included a model in this department. Critics of most opposite tastes, Southey, Jeffrey, Robert Hall, have pronounced the poet Cowper the most charming of letter-writers. An edition of his selected letters, with memoir, and notices of his correspondents, is published at the office of this paper.

In science we must have something, and the most charming of all is "The Satire, Natural History of Selborne." Get it by all means, and it will teach you, as it has already taught many, to be a close observer of nature and an enthusiast for rural life. Add to this one work of a thorough observer of nature and an enthusiast for rural life, the most charming work in this line I know. Get it by all means, and it will teach you to handle them so that you will be able to pick them out blindfolded or in the dark.

Having started your collection, keep it in good order. Keep everything in order, but especially your books. It should be such a collection that you may not only be able to pick them out blindfolded or in the dark, but also to handle them so that you would wonder she could take them without hurting the child to see Polly. Then step towards the table and open a book. This is a useful practice, and in the course of time you thus secure an interesting record of all the books which have passed through your hands.

JOHNNY AND PEACOCK.—These were a pretty pair of horses, that ran together in a carriage. They were merry little things, full of tricks and capers; but as docile and free from vice as possible. Very often, when Johnny was riding two horses, that Johnny would stop and give Peacock a sly kick, not enough to hurt him, but certain to be followed by a start for Johnny is twenty years old, and has had in one volume, whereas, in the course of time, there is no saying how many volumes out of Peacock's head, he is of course, in a manner you never can tell. He is always severe to us; and we shall always remember him just as one book." Thank you, Mary; you are a very nice example of woman's work, and we love you very much.

Now our library is complete. Complete, at least, for the present; for, as I said before, there never comes by what it should be. In these fifty books you have a little collection representing the best thought of all time, and containing an immense store of the most useful information, and no one who possesses it and uses it can fail to lead a happy intellectual life—a life, too, that may exercise some good influence in the way of morals. But never forget that many of the books just named are not of necessity the right ones for you. If you hope you will be a head and win your friends; but never, no, never, form a library on a plan suggested by somebody else with regard to your own inclinations. If a library is worth anything, it should faithfully represent the tastes and aspirations of its owner. To own more books than we can read is one of the conditions of intellectual growth. Our minds expand even by the contemplation of the subjects we cannot master and the authors with whom we can never hope to grow familiar.

It has already taught many, to be a close observer of nature and an enthusiast for rural life. Add to this one work of a thorough observer of nature and an enthusiast for rural life, the most charming work in this line I know. Get it by all means, and it will teach you to handle them so that you would wonder she could take them without hurting the child to see Polly. Then step towards the table and open a book. This is a useful practice, and in the course of time you thus secure an interesting record of all the books which have passed through your hands.

Blind Mare. When returning home in a cab, one day, I was much pleased with the kind and gentle manner in which the cabman treated his little animal. The mare was called Polly, and then she obeyed the rules, and even for the present; for, as I said before, there never comes by what it should be. In these fifty books you have a little collection representing the best thought of all time, and containing an immense store of the most useful information, and no one who possesses it and uses it can fail to lead a happy intellectual life—a life, too, that may exercise some good influence in the way of morals. But never forget that many of the books just named are not of necessity the right ones for you. If you hope you will be a head and win your friends; but never, no, never, form a library on a plan suggested by somebody else with regard to your own inclinations. If a library is worth anything, it should faithfully represent the tastes and aspirations of its owner. To own more books than we can read is one of the conditions of intellectual growth. Our minds expand even by the contemplation of the subjects we cannot master and the authors with whom we can never hope to grow familiar.

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HOW TO IMPROVE ONE'S EDUCATION.—II.

AVING already discussed a variety of methods by which one may obtain something towards this end, it now remains to make special mention of the actual work to be taken in hand. The aims for English girls, it scarcely seems necessary to remind them that they should know their own language well, and that excellence in English studies should be our first, though not our only, aim.

1. English Studies.

To be a fair English scholar it is necessary to be able to read and write a clear correct manner. Elegance and grace of style may be added to these, but though they charm us they are not absolutely necessary. While neatness and accuracy are altogether indispensable. To procure these qualities one requires a good sound knowledge of English grammar and analysis of sentences. When one associates with well-educated people, one naturally acquires a habit of good speaking; nevertheless, it is really essential that one should know and be able to apply the laws of language. Unfortunately, the study of English grammar has not been made as easy and clear as it might be, and it is more than probable that many readers of this paper have decided that grammar is "very dry"; to these especially we would say that the subject is most interesting, and will not only repay you for any labour you may bestow upon it, but will give you much pleasure. Of the most clear and useful books on this subject, and most to be depended upon, the following may be named: "English Grammar and Analysis, arranged in a Series of Lessons for Home Use," by George Gill, price 2d.; "English Grammar," by Dr. Morris, ts., published by Macmillan in the Primer Series; "Mason’s English Grammar," published by Bell and Daldy; "Morell’s English Grammar and Analysis," published by Longmans, London; "The Handbook of the English Tongue," by Dr. Angus, published by the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row. The two first of these are quite easy books, anyone may understand them; the last is for more advanced students, and "Craft’s History of the English Language" is a useful book to study with it. All these books may be consulted with advantage; but it is not necessary to use them all to attain to a satisfactory degree of proficiency. Having studied well at the basis of every word, and acquired the power of applying the rules of syntax, the next phase of our work lies in reproducing our own thoughts accurately and neatly. A few hints here: Make up your mind what you want to say, and say it in the simplest manner possible. Never use a long word when a short easy one answers exactly the same purpose. Never use a word of the meaning of which you are not absolutely sure (look in the dictionary if you have a doubt). Avoid long sentences. In writing letters be perfectly natural; you would not speak if the person to whom you are writing were present.

Style in composition depends largely on the command of language that one has, that is, the number of words that come readily to one’s mind when one is inspired by imagination. A good style may be obtained by the careful reading of well-written books, and by trying to write from memory abstracts of what one reads. Too, too often in speaking is to avoid careless and inelastic speech, and to speak as if what was being said were being printed at the time. The habit of exact, methodical speech, and of writing, in the most choice language, may be acquired by all who will take the pains to do so. Of the as of composition, Angus gives much help to the book already mentioned, and there is a composition primer in Macmillan’s Series. A book on "English Composition," by Johnson, for pupils preparing for examination, and published by Longmans, also contains a good deal of useful information, put in a simple manner, and the specimen compositions or short essays written by pupils is encouraging, and shows what may be done by ordinary people in this line. Of course it is expected that they should all be perfect, and many girls doubtless will be inclined on reading some of them to say that the one they are not very good. Some at least will be encouraged by the use of this book.

Before proceeding further, it would be well here to remind the reader that though several books will be named on each subject of study, it is not in the least intended that they should all be consulted at the same time. The intention is rather to help the young, which must include students in various stages of mental growth; as well as to cover the ground of the various books which may already be in the hands of those who read this, and thereby save to spend in buying what is necessary.

To the student who works alone we will advise the use of one book at a time and these mastered first, then a wider reading. The case is quite different where a good teacher is at hand, and explains and points out the apparent differences which exist in different books on the same subject.

2. Of Arithmetic every girl should have some practical knowledge. One must keep up the practice of bills of parcels, the use of weights and measures, the working out of sums for paper-packing and carpetting, as well as know something of interest and stocks. All bills should be tested, and no girl who has the full charge either of her own or another’s money should think of spending it without keeping a strict account. It should be easy also to calculate how much the odd ounces of the meat should come to, as well as the quarters of yards of dress material, &c.

3. English History is, too, a necessary part of a complete education, and much may be added to the store of knowledge on this subject detailed in "Wall’s History of England," the chief writers of our country, with the time in which they lived, and the kind of work they did, and their custom of the times. The powers of observation and ;comparison should be sufficiently trained to help each one to form an opinion for herself. It is not so difficult to repeat the opinion of another, though much deference should be given to the opinions of well-read people. "Chaucer’s Prologue," at least, should be well studied among the old writers; Spenser’s "Fairie Queen," should not be a stranger. It is wise to cultivate an interest in "Criticism," "Bacon’s Essays," and some other writings of those times, should be quite studied. Of Milton’s prose works, as well as his poetry, there are a number of good books, and Johnson’s "Lives of the Poets" should be read. One should also know something of the works of Addison, Defoe, Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, by no means, Burke, Cowper, Jane Austen, Lord Brougham, Tennyson, Thackeray, Dickens, Miss Mulock, and many others too numerous to mention here. It is of mental culture only that we are now treating, and do not pretend to to us to have made the slightest mention of the works of these last. "The Girl’s Own Paper," "The Young Girl’s Own Paper," and many others are too numerous to mention here. It is of mental culture only that we are now treating, and do not pretend to to us to have made the slightest mention of the works of these last. "The Girl’s Own Paper," "The Young Girl’s Own Paper," and many others are too numerous to mention here.
the history which they represent, and so on. The "Epochs of History" (Longmans) will be here of great use.

Every student of history should read Dr. Arnold's "Lectures on Modern History," as well as those of Professor Smyth: they could be obtained from any good library, and are invaluable as showing what great teachers of history think to be necessary, and also in helping the student on historical reading. For the few who are already well informed, and require deeper or more general historical reading, some special study of idioms, "First Steps in French Idioms," by Buc (Hachette), will be of much use. The book which every student who wishes to know French thoroughly should use is "Le Questionnaire Francais," by Karcher (Traubner). It contains questions upon all the niceties of the language, and its systematic use must of necessity produce a thorough knowledge of French.

In reading French travel books, I say that instead of devoting one's time to extracts from different authors one should read short original tales, such as those of Souvestre, viz.: "Au coin de fée," "Récits et souvenirs," "Sons la tombe," &c. After this we should recommend Baume's, Buchheim's, and Neven's "Le Concis de 1815." "Vaterlooo," "L'histoire d'un paysan," &c. The reader cannot fail to be interested by these works, and their natural, simple, and conversational style makes them extremely useful.

For those who have much time to give to a special study of idioms, "First Steps in French Poetry" (Longmans) and "Stauff's Litterature Francaise," especially the fifth volume, are of the greatest use.

Classic French authors may now be studied, with explanatory notes, and biographies of the authors. The volumes devoted to Racine, Molière, etc., are excellently published by Hachette, and Mérimée is a most valuable book, the notes, explanations and directions of passages, idioms, &c., being beautifully rendered.

French poetry may now be studied, and no better book to begin with than Cassal and Karcher's "Anthology of French Poetry" (Longmans) and "Stauff's Litterature Francaise," especially the Fifth volume.

As such MSS. are generally classed as "accomplishments," and formerly were taught to them (especially to music) by some girls that they secretly had time to do anything else. Now, however, music with most parents takes its place.

5. GEOGRAPHY as a study is so closely connected with history that it is scarcely possible to be well informed on the subject without a good knowledge of the other. Geography may be studied in a variety of ways; it is possible to reduce it to a dry series of facts; but a good geography should make it one of the most delightful and enjoyable of studies. Much may be learned through a good railway journey. A railway journey may be made intensely interesting (and far less fatiguing than it sometimes becomes) by following carefully the geography of the line, whether flat or hilly, whether pasture or cultivated land, whether mountains, rivers, lakes, or towns. Books of travels will be useful as Neven's book, but reference to a special study of idioms, "First Steps in French Idioms," by Buc (Hachette), will be of much use. The book which every student who wishes to know French thoroughly should use is "Le Questionnaire Francais," by Karcher (Traubner). It contains questions upon all the niceties of the language, and its systematic use must of necessity produce a thorough knowledge of French.

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As such MSS. are generally classed as "accomplishments," and formerly were taught to them (especially to music) by some girls that they secretly had time to do anything else. Now, however, music with most parents takes its place.
as one of the required subjects of education. There cannot be a doubt about music being a unifying subject, and once it is given much pleasure to most people.

With a few exceptions we may say that people of all ages know and like music. The study of music often has the soothing effect on the sick and suffering. There are many indications that music is the source of real pleasure and satisfaction.

Among the fourteen lessons in harmony, by J. P. E., published in the English Magazine and Science, 1875, will be more than reward every student who will carefully study them.

To all who play we would recommend most highly the “A Plan for Teaching Music to a Child,” by Miss Agnes and J. E. Clementi, and “The Elements of Music,” by Mrs. Frederick Inman, published by Simpkin and Marshall (rs. 6d.). It gives a great deal of very valuable instruction to those who teach themselves as well as to those who teach others. Mrs. Inman has a musical soul, and is perfect as a teacher of music. She has done and continues to do much good in helping the love of good music.

The fourteen lessons in harmony, by J. P. E., published in the English Magazine and Science, 1875, will be more than reward every student who will carefully study them.

With regard to improving one’s drawing, the most common fault is not the drawing but the defect in the technique. The hand that is at fault is usually an occupant of the hand, not the pen. One thing will be well to remember, not to be too ambitious, then we shall give sufficient time to secure success in our step by step. Help may be got by watching others draw, and only those who have understood it well. It is not evident that the greatest grace in realising the ideas of beauty is the power of being able to “manage” the harmony. Sunday music at home, especially in country houses, is a source of real pleasure when the family join in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, making melody in the heart.

To all who play we would recommend the cultivation of the power to accompany songs. One who plays skillfully is often called a gentleman of adaptation, and a certain forgetfulness of self in a good accompanist; no desire to exhibit, but the gentlest grace in giving utterance to the most gentle sounds in order to add charm and effectiveness to the voice of the singer. We find ourselves wonderfully repaid for the efforts they make in doing their best when playing songs for the happy evening. We spend in practising together such an elevated form of self-improvement. Everyone is more or less familiar with songs, but there are one or two books on drawing and art may be obtained by inspection of the drawings annually exhibited in the Museum, and no greater encouragement. Vere Foster, too, has done much in the same direction, and his books on drawing and on writing are well known to be of success. A series of papers on sketching from nature has already appeared in The Girl’s Own Paper, and The Harriet Davis Album (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, Fleet-street), is certainly one of the most helpful of books that could fall into the hands of those who wish to show you how to make and be patient with her, will you ? She said —very soon—grow to love and honour you; as who could help doing? I suppose she fancies, looking back, that she is quite the same to me as when I had only her.”

She is jocose, and looks upon me as an interloper, the young wife said to herself. But she did not breathe the thought to her husband, who was evidently so anxious to see her and his daughter on truly affectionate terms with one another; and to please him she exerted herself next morning to be even more than usually kind and cordially to poor Sophy, who came down to the breakfast table cold, silent, and, it must be confessed, rather ugly.

But her well-meaning advances met with no better return than they had done on the previous evening. The note was the slightest suspicion of patronage in her manner which ruffled up every ill feeling in the girl’s heart, though so delicate herself, and in the face of intruders and household interests, it seems scarcely possible that anyone could be quite ignorant. To our readers we recommend the use of “Honor Comfort,” by J. Stoker (Stewart and Co.), “The Chemistry of Common Things,” by Macadam (Nelson), “Home Duties” (Thomas Laurie), and careful study of the papers on “The Difficulties of a Young Housekeeper, and How She Overcame Them,” by D. Hope.

Improvement in needlework is so thoroughly within the means of every girl that it seems scarcely necessary to mention them. Of course, practice, and patience, and determination not to be satisfied unless one does the best that can be done, are among the secrets of success. For those who are not obliged to work for themselves, the dressing of dolls for children’s hospitals, and the making of garments as charity work are inducements to call forth earnest work. To those whom the making and mending of clothes is a necessity, there is another point: be most careful in giving your work step by step.

Among the higher influences of drawing we may say that people of all ages know and like music. The study of music often has the soothing effect on the sick and suffering. There are many indications that music is the source of real pleasure and satisfaction.

Among the fourteen lessons in harmony, by J. P. E., published in the English Magazine and Science, 1875, will be more than reward every student who will carefully study them.
BETWEEN SCHOOL AND MARRIAGE.

By the Author of "How to Be Happy Though Married.''

This time in a girl’s life corresponds to that in a man’s which is passed in a university, or in learning the work of his profession. Too many girls look on it as a mauvais quart d’heure, which may be dwelled through in an irresponsible way until they have a house of their own. Marriage represents a home, a position; sometimes even less than that—a trousseau, or a wedding tour. So they hasten through the years of adolescence as well as may be in order to reach the end of a wearisome task.

And yet if the girl is mother to the woman—that is to say, if the woman will be what the girl now is, this time, which is essentially one for settling habits, cannot be anything less than the most important in life. If the girl spend it in thoughtless idleness and discontented trifling, the result will be seen in the character of the woman. It is well for any of us when our work is cut out for us, so to speak, and we have not to look about for a profitable way of passing the time; but this last is the miserable condition of many girls belonging to daughter-full houses in easy circumstances. What can they do between school and marriage?

When the financial resources of her father are slender, a girl is quite right to seek for some employment by which she may earn her own living, and perhaps help her brothers and sisters; but when this is not the case, let no feeling of quixotic restlessness induce her to rashly leave home. It may be her plain duty to remain at home, and she may be independent and pay her way quite as much as one who earns and pays current coin. She can pay her way by filling in the little spaces in home life as only a dear daughter can, by lifting the weight of care from her mother, and by slipping in a soft word or a smile where it is like oil on the troubled waters of a father’s spirit. What better remuneration can a father have for his exertions?

All rights reserved.
penditure upon his daughters than their
laugh, poor humour, and sympathy
so, upon the day of his marriage.
"is, and ever was, among the delightful sounds of earth," and most fathers will agree
with him in taking the same view.

Those girls soon slide into uselessness, and
drifting aimlessly through modern life, who have no system in the ordering of their
lives. We ought not to be chained to our
system, but should arrange our time so
as to improve every precious moment, and find
facility in the performance of our respective
duties. Especially valuable are the hours be­tween ten and one. These should be occupied
with study, music (if you really have a
taste for it), or the learning of some useful art
by which you can earn your living. But
so well that they could earn money if neces­sary? Habits of attention, method, and dis­patch in the pursuit of any line of branch
craft or art, lay a better basis for the character of a noble house-mother than the idle scan­tering of common girl existence. The
daughters of wealthy families need not rush
into the labour market simply because they
have the power to do so. The Queen's
engrave they need not be engravers, any more
than they need become servants because they
can dust. The "practised in meditation, and in suitable
clothes without lung-compressing corsage,
will give a firm hand, a trained eye, a clear
complexion, and the light-heartedness that
comes of a body unlogged in its machinery.
They will confirm health and perfect beauty.

Girls who have been well brought up dress
with simplicity; they are occupied, but not
preoccupied, with dress. Two young men,
the other day, were heard commenting, "sotto
voce, upon the coming attention.
"Yes; very pretty," said one, "but entirely
spilt by that terrible hat trimmed with gil­bets!"
The bed-covering that was decorated with
an arrangement of a bird's head, feathered
neck, and claws. It is a great help to pay a girl's
hats—as it is, too, when they undertake the elementary teaching
of younger brethren.

"What can I do to help mother?"
This should be a question with all girls. In a
Large and rural home, the daughters
supervise different departments. One may be
responsible for the arrangement of the kitchen
and dining-room, and see that the table is
properly furnished with viands and the economy
of everything downstairs administered wisely.
Another takes charge of the drawing-room or
bedrooms. The next week perhaps, they
change employments; and in this way their
mother has time to read, to go out, to receive
friends, and to make a woman of herself.

We agree with Mrs. Warren in thinking
that there is no household work such that a
girl should deem it beneath her position to
know how to do it. To scrub floors, sour
spice-cans, blacklead and clean grates, to
black out a girl was a picture to wash and iron.
All these things may be done in a right or a
wrong way, and it is only by learning how
they ought to be done that a woman can
teach others. Whether her destiny lies in
the old country or in the colonies, her knowledge
of housework will be the greatest of blessings
to herself and to others. Every day a young
lady should do a little bit of household work
thoroughly, so as to be a master of perfection
to the servants, who are only too ready to
be satisfied with half-done work or
"That'll do." Now, father, are you satisfied? Just look at my
testimonial. Political economy, satisfactory;
fine art and music, very good; logie, excel­lent!"

Father: "Very much so, my dear, espe­cially as regards your future. If your husband
should understand anything of housekeeping,
cooking, mending, and the using of a sewing-
machine, your married life will indeed be
happy."

All girls cannot marry moneyed men, nor
can they be sure, in the uncertain conditions
of modern life, but that men who are rich
will confirm health
and
ever

"He
was, as
"This is, in all probability, the

66 Selections from The Girl's Own Paper, 1880–1907

Author of How to Be Happy Though Married, "Between School and Marriage" (Volume 7, 4 September 1886, p. 770).
In an instant the woman started to her feet. The fire had begun to send up a cheery blaze, and did more to light the room than did the sputtering candle which was sinking in the socket.

"It's well there is no more light," murmured Sue. "The place is like my thoughts—it won't bear looking into.

The more light, the more rubbish is shown that wants clearing away. Here goes for the outside business."

Sue's capable hands began the work of tidying with a vigour that told little of a long day's work in the rag-cellar. Cleaning materials at her disposal were of the scantiest; but she made the best of them, and in a short time produced a wonderful change in the look of the room.

"I'll do better next time," she said; then turned to a low shelf, on which crockery, saucepan, and frying-pan rested side by side. No wash-basin or soap-dish was visible. There was a brown earthenware bowl that did duty for many purposes, but was rarely used as a wash-basin. "I'll make shift with it," thought Sue. "Warm water will be best;" and she poured half the contents of the now boiling kettle into the bowl, then took a battered tin can to the outside tap in the court. With its contents of water she washed her face, cooled the water in the bowl, and prepared for the much-needed wash. But another want had to be faced. "No soap, of course; and no washing clean without that."

There was a hard scrap sticking fast to the shelf, but she was decided that it would be worse than nothing for the work to be accomplished. She was about to throw a shawl over her head and shoulders and go to the nearest shop, when she noticed the little packet given her by "Uncle Mat."

"I've never looked at my present yet," thought Sue. "I may as well see what it is before I go."

Perhaps she had a presentiment of its contents, and thought they might render a journey needless. At any rate, she found what she wanted—a square of soap. No fancy article, but just plain yellow, of excellent quality.

"Thank you, Uncle Mat. You saved me a step by giving this, and I've no doubt you would be very pleased if you could know that I'm going to use it to wash my face."

I'd have said, 'Let anybody try it on, that's all; and before they are five minutes out of bed they'll wish they had kept their civil tongue in their heads.' But I hadn't thought twice about pushing a good mouthful of this soap between the teeth of any woman; greater authors had been impudent enough to offer it straight off. But the ugly man with his pleasant voice and kind ways made me look at myself inside and out as one may say—not at him. And an ugly sight he showed me. If ever we meet again, I'll thank him both for his talk and his present. He shall see for himself that neither of them was lost on me."

(To be continued.)
However beautiful. Such books are the product of immense learning and research, and profound scholarship: to be read, understood, and discerned. But as regards fiction in general, if it is to fall into its right place so an influence for good on a girl, it should be looked upon among the sweetest of her life; otherwise it not only unites one for ever with reading; and more or less poisoned with vanity to be set aside; but it actually loses its own charm if indulged in too much, or at other times. First thing in the morning and last at night seems to me very prominent among these unsuitable times. Not only does one’s heart and waking thoughts to the best and highest interests of all; but besides this, novel reading is the foron leaves one in a customary and desultory condition for the day’s work; and sitting up late at night over an almost their first pasteboard. One can make one’s brain unhealthy, tired, and listless.

As to what fiction to read, I would, to start with, strongly advise a girl, on first beginning to feel her own loneliness, to read some of the best older novels. Sir Walter Scott is badly out of fashion. I know. You may find woefully dismally life. I cannot believe that young human nature has changed so extraordinarily as all that in half a century. The mischief is entirely due to premature, and perhaps indiscriminate, indulgence in novels while still very young. Case after case before children is very really past. If girls had as few books as their grandmothers in their youth, fresh from school, as are now in our uncleaned suit, let most of them be as susceptible to the wonderful charm of the great northern wizard as the mothers in their own. Indeed, I have seen it tested. Some young people I know were brought up on the Continent under rather strict surveillance. Story-books of any kind were rare; novels unknown. Just as they were growing up, a return to England opened out a wide field to them; and as they were wisely directed, the Waverley novels were almost their first pastime. One can scarcely exaggerate, and shall never forget, the delight and enjoyment these boys and girls found in them. Nor has this freshness of their experience, such as is derived from any such unworldly life, been lost or weakened.

As to the Waverleys come others, varying so widely that no one can complain of monotony in our older fiction, though its amount may be limited. Dear Mrs. Molesworth, you need not risk any

..."It is such a strange chaotic distress as to whether any such unhappy ones, I do not think..."
as well as the many excellent German tales. It is a great mistake to imagine that all French novels are objectionable or unwholesome. There are some already "standard" ones, besides the two or three—Paul and Virginia, and The Exiles of Siberia—which our grandparents were restricted to; a few of George Sand's, one or two of Balzac's, and some others, which I really think everybody would like to read; and a great number of modern ones, pre-eminent among them perhaps those of Mrs. Craven—whose dear many friends are still mourning—no mother need object to a daughter's reading, though of course they must be chosen with care and knowledge. As works of art, too, as models of literary skill, French novels stand unrivalled. There is no such thing as slovenly or slip-shod writing in French. The exigencies of the language, its poverty of words as compared with our own, necessitating extreme variety and delicacy of expressions or combinations of words, and partly from the same cause, the much greater precision of grammar, make it impossible for uneducated or half-educated authors to exist. It is to be regretted that our own standard in such directions is so much less stringent.

In closing, I should like to say a little more about what seems to me one of the greatest dangers of fiction for the young, one of the chief tendencies of the language, its care and knowledge. As works of art, too, as well as the many excellent German tales. Among these, "Fanny" and the "Midshipmite". Still, he was too well-bred to adopt the manners of his brother-lads, and other wild creatures; should be allowed to do just as he liked; and he is fanciful, indifferent to his clothes, and an admirer of staid and sober air, looked as if life and mirth might flourish beneath its careful tendance. The walls had been whitewashed again and more than once, but I}/${ are now not susceptible of this to an extent which cannot be a photograph. In the former the characters must be true to life; the situations and action, the verisimilitude, are true to life (in the sense it is to say) impossible, and but rarely improbable; but more than this one cannot ask. Into all fiction, if it is to serve its purpose, must be infused a breath of the ideal; it must be touched by the wand of Hans Andersen's, Spirit of Fairy-tale. It is the attempt at literalness, the exaggaration of the "realism" we hear so much about, that is degrading and distorting art in so many directions. Pictures, on canvas or in books, must be "composed"; subjects striking and beautiful selected; all matters grouped, harmonised, refined by the poetic genius of the artist, the "maker." For poetry, in the widest acception of the word, is the soul of all art. We must see with the artist's eyes; it is his power of seeing as others do not, and of partially communicating this power, which makes what he is.

And, after all, as regards our own experience, I doubt if any human being, even at the close of the longest life, really feels at the end of the third volume. Not only do we live again in the interests, the hopes, and fears of those around us, but we feel our own life still. We are not meant to close the book of ourselves, it seems to me, for surely all that makes us will live on; not only our few good deeds, our two or three completed tasks, but, better still, the teaching of our fatherland, the clear vision of our mistakes, of the fitfulness of our best efforts, of the scantiness of our self-renunciation—the influence of all this training on our characters, which are ourselves, and must last. And above all, the love for God and for each other, which, however imperfect yet, the germ and main spring of true living—all these will be found—"continued" in the Book of Golden Letters waiting for us to read when this poor stained first volume is done—in that new life "whose portals we call Death."

MISS FANNY; A STORY OF YOUTHFUL LIFE.

ADAPTED FROM THE DANISH.

BY ANNE BEELE.

PART I. MISS FANNY'S ACQUAINTANCES.

An elegant young lady left Copenhagen by steamer to pay a visit to the honest shoal to be avoided. I have already alluded to the pier watching the smoke. She stood on the pier watching the smoke while she went off on her trip to the country. And owner of Soholm. No sooner did he say, "Let me take the little maiden to Soholm."

Although Fanny wrinkled up her nose at the prospect of this Jutland cavalier, the offer was accepted; and thus it came about that the melancholy midshipmite stood gazing at the smoke when she went off on her adventures with the baron.

Fanny was a much-admired damsel, and she held up her curly head as if she knew it. She had two brown eyes, which shone as if she would think you could never darken them; and a clever little

* This story was originally translated by Augusta Peeler, but never before published in English.

The baron was a widower. His wife had died soon after the birth of Peter, and he had loved her so dearly that he could never forget her, as some good men are said to do. He had a brother-lad and found consolation in Peter, who became to him henceforth both wife and son. He was a kind man, and such an honest fellow that about Miss Fanny and the midshipmite. Still, he was too well-bred to adopt the manners of his brother-lads, and other wild creatures; should be allowed to do just as he liked; and he good boy never failed to fulfil his father's loving wish. A rare devotion to horses, dogs, servant-lads, and other wild creatures; a magnificent indifference to his clothes, and an amiable simplicity to give, which was not disdained, were amongst the early features of young Peter's character. He was also remarkable for making friends with everyone. Peter was the baron's chum, and Fanny, perhaps, excepted. These traits filled the baron's heart with joy and pride.

Mrs. Molesworth, "On the Use and Abuse of Fiction" (Volume 13, 16 April 1892, p. 545).
Book and magazine clubs are associations formed with the object of buying new books or magazines by adding the members' subscriptions together, so as to constitute a common fund. They were immensely popular about twenty years ago, and did good work in that day; but at present the advance of postal facilities, and the spread of the great circulating libraries, have diminished their usefulness, and they are less needed than they were. Nevertheless, in many parts of the country they are still flourishing, and principally in those places remote from London, and not touched by the railways; and likewise in some of our distant colonies they are in great favour. They are valuable as enabling one to procure, at a moderate cost, the book wanted; and in the same way to read the best literature at the earliest moment that it is out, if it be desired. They were rarely formed for novel-reading, the aims of their founders being usually of a higher character, and looking towards the best and most solid forms in all branches of art, science, history, and general literature. The kind of books selected would be biographies, essays, philosophy, and poetry; and amongst the authors represented would be Ruskin, Frank Buckland, and Professors Dawson and Tyndall; Whymper and Mrs. Bishop; Teneyx’s and Longfellow; Thoreau and Richard Jefferies; the Greville Memoirs, Prescott, Motley, and Greene. I have selected these names at random from a list of books shown to me, and should advise the intending secretary of such a club to send for catalogues to Mudie’s or Smith’s, and thus to get suggestions and ideas—supposing that the members of her club should need them, and have no ideas of their own. A weekly paper, dealing solely with the reviewing of books—such as the Athenæum, the Academy, or the Literary World—would be of great value to the members, as well as to the secretary, and would be a means of guiding their choice, and drawing attention to the best of the new books of the day.

There are two ways of managing them—the most usual being, I think, a yearly subscription of a guinea or more, and at the end of the year the books are disposed of either amongst the members, or to a second-hand bookdealer. This seems to be the general way of conducting magazine clubs; and the magazines are divided by the members at the end of the year.

The other way of managing a book club is to allow each member to choose a book, sending in three names in case of someone’s selecting the same volume, the book chiefly desired being marked 1, 2, or 3 on the list, according to the member’s taste. The price of each, and the name of the publisher, should also be given. Each person pays for her own volume, and generally is entitled by the rules of the society to have the first reading of the same. A book society is generally got up by some enterprising person in society who does not mind trouble; and on her shoulders rests the duties of secretary—a rather onerous post, as unpaid ones are often apt to be. A treasurer also is needed to receive and account for the money; and if too large, the work entailed on the secretary is too much to be pleasant. Members pass the books from one to the other themselves, entering on the list pasted inside the date and name, in order that it may be known that she had incurred no fine by retaining it too long. I have a dozen lists of different book clubs. The main of them agree as to the amount of fines being fixed at one penny a day for retaining a book too long. The following is a copy of one of them:—

THE WHITEHOUSE BOOK CLUB.

This book to be kept one fortnight only, and to be sent on to the member next on the list.

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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<td>Mrs. James</td>
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Fines are to be incurred by the offender on this list, and paid in to Treasurer.

This book, after circulation, is to be retained by General Birch.

The order of circulation is sometimes very puzzling indeed to arrange, and needs time and thought; for members find it more convenient to exchange the nearer they are together, of course; and care should be taken to avoid the expense of carriage on all occasions when possible.

A magazine club is conducted in much the same manner. My half dozen lists vary one from another, some being mostly reviews, others only magazines ranging from sixpence to a pound; and here, perhaps, it may be noted that the average price is from one to two guineas a year. The methods of dealing with the books are various, and one of the most usual is that the secretary gives each member a card, with the name of the book; and at the end of the year, the list is sent in to be divided amongst those who are not satisfied. These are sometimes called "wronged," according to the old French phrase. Whether the book shall be added to the library, or sold out of the stock, is left to the discretion of the members, who may have been influenced by the price. Thus, a book which cost one shilling, and is estimated at two or three guineas, usually finds a purchaser; but if that of five guineas, the chances are against it. This is the method adopted, I believe, by the great majority of book clubs. It is often performed, if too large, the work entailed on the secretary is too much to be pleasant.
to one shilling and sixpence. In most of them the American magazines are included, with two or three half-crown reviews, three shilling magazines, and several sixpenny ones. The members send in a list, which is then voted upon; or each member sends in the name of a review or magazine. The W— Magazine Club consists of eight members, one guineas a year being the fee paid by each, and one dozen magazines are taken, the price of the twelve being £7—5s. 8d. is left for postage, etc., as well as the discount taken off the magazines when purchased. The list contains one review, seven sixpenny and three shilling magazines, and two at one and sixpence each. But I only give this as a specimen. I think it is considered best to have fewer members in a magazine club than in a book society, as the former are circulated oftener and much more trouble is entailed, the magazines being kept only one week. Magazine club rules are a little different. The following come to me from Scotland.

MAZZINE CLUB RULES.

To be kept six days—Sundays excepted—and returned to the secretary by the member who last received it. If it received any day after the third week, it is returned till the Saturday week. Day of transfer for all magazines.

The magazine club may, of course, be much smaller. Indeed, I often find that in this country it takes the shape of two or three ladies arranging to take in a certain magazine each, and exchanging them, when read, with each other. In the case of three ladies, each has a magazine for ten days, and pays for her own. Of course, in this case, there are no lines. It has been a little difficult to write so as to make myself understood; but I shall be very glad if my description of these useful little clubs incites any of my readers to start one among their own circles of friends. The magazine club is specially delightful; and now that so many of our best and most able magazines are sold at sixpence or three shillings, a little help in the way of those with very slender purses. In the case of families joining, I should recommend a selection of Sunday monthlies to be put in; and also that illustrations should be thought of, as young people learn much through them, I think, and through their means take more interest in what they read.

There is no doubt that the newest, freshest work goes into our reviews and magazines today; and we shall find our zest in life will be enhanced, and the happiness of our home-circle increased, by the appearance of our monthly visitors in their newest garb, or yellow, or vested only in sober brown and drab. The advent of all new ideas is calculated to keep us young in thought, and, what is still better, youthful and fresh at heart. So shall our love be larger for all good, and our sympathies wider, with every effort towards the higher ideals of life.

CHAPTER II.

THE CRYSTALLISING OF FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

This poetic industry of extracting the sweetness of flowers appeals more especially to the grown-up and refined classes of society; but who among all ages and conditions would refuse or fail to appreciate the products of Mons. Negre? I ask them if they would give me a chance of accepting it. In fact, I felt quite mean, as I walked through his factory, when I thought of the thousands of young people who would like to have been in my place.

The fruit which grows in and about Grasse is especially beautiful; some of it will grow only in a warm and clear atmosphere such as obtains here. Among these are the fig, the mandarin orange, the lemon, and the Japanese plum. These fruits are consumed by them; but she could give us no information on this point beyond saying that eight or nine thousand kilos of apricots and plums are preserved every season, and about the same quantity of other fruits, such as figs and strawberries, etc., making in all about eighteen thousand kilos, or, roughly speaking, nearly forty thousand pounds. All fruits must first be cooked, as I have said, slowly in sugar and water; and it is necessary that the sugar be of the very best quality. This being done, the non-cook ladies place the fruit slowly out on to a wire netting over a table, where it is carefully examined by girls, who remove every imperfect one, no matter how slight the imperfection, leaving only those without crack or blemish to cool and drain. After this they are glazed or crystallised; and as two syrups are used both for fruits and flowers, the process is somewhat long.

When the glaze is dry, and does not come off on being touched, it is a sign that the fruit is ready for use, and it will be found that in this process to crystallise it has been subjected it has suffered no detriment, the juice has not dried up in the least, neither does the most delicate fruit lose its flavour or brilliancy. Selecting lovely fruit placed on one side owing, perhaps, to a slight crack in the skin, I wanted to know what became of it, and found it was made into household jam, with just the same care and ingredients as are used in the crystallising of the fruit; indeed, so good is it that it is sold after it has been put up. The manner of cooking violets for eating is slightly different, these being cooked in sugar only; and great care is needed to have the right quantity of sugar—just much and no more; then the violets are taken into an adjoining room heated by pipes, where they are left twelve hours on a wire-covered table to drain and crystallise.

These gridiron tables enable the workers to detect any momentary and imperfect specimens, which is at once removed. All the violets are brought in from the environs—that is to say, from the gardens of Grasse, Cannes, Nice, and Bordighera, where the culture of the orange, the rose, and the Parma violet has become a very lucrative industry. The peasant flower-farmers contract to give the firm the same quantity every year.

The sweet chestnut, which grows abundantly in and about Grasse, holds quite a prominent place among the crystallised fruits, and having passed through the transformation scene, is known as marron glacé. It requires only three days to arrive at perfection, and the same syrup in which it is cooked serves to crystallise it.

There are no duties in England on these fruits, though there are on alcoholic perfumes such as are produced by Bruno Court. As Madame Negre laughingly said, "Sugar and fruit seemed a more natural and pleasing combination than flowers and jell;" and yet we reminded her of the exquisite result of this apparently incongruous blend.

The home of these magicians is, as I have said, quaint and curious enough to set it apart from ordinary houses; and surely the transformation imposed on every flower and fruit that finds its way within its premises is one of the most marvellous things of any fairy story, and the beauty of it all is, that nothing so transformed loses anything of its beauty and value. Both here and at Bruno Court's success has been obtained, and a reputation made by thoroughness, skill, and that clinging flavor of these qualities by the incessant need of meeting the ever-increasing demands for their store.

From Cannes to Grasse is but a short railway journey, and a day spent amid its beauty and quaintness, together with a sight of the poetic inlets carried on with such care and thought, is a day to remember always.

Emma Brewer.
PART I.

There is perhaps no word in the present day which has been more frequently used and abused than "culture." It has come so readily to the lips of modern prophets that it has acquired a secondary and ironical significance. Some of our readers may have seen a clever University parody (on the Heathen China) describing the encounter of two undergraduates in the streets of Oxford. One, in faultless attire, replies proudly to the other's inquiry where he is going—"I am bound for some tea and tall culture."
He is, in fact, on the way to a meeting of the Browning Society, and when a Don hurries up to tell him the society has suddenly collapsed, great is the lamentation!

Probably the society in question deserved no estimation at all; but there is a sort of time-honoured respect for culture's sake which does deserve to be held up to ridicule.

We seek to be like at last, however, a very real pathos, in the letters that are reaching us literally from all quarters of the globe, as well as those who have similar needs and longings unexpressed. "How can I attain self-culture?" is the question asked in varying terms, but with the same refrain.

Girls, after school-days are past, wake up to find themselves in a region of vast, dimly-perceivable opportunity, but with the same refrain.

"Moving about in worlds not realised."

More to be pitied is the lot of those who have not had any school-days at all; there are women that they cannot make their own. Their case is like that of the heir to some vast estates, who cannot enjoy them because they cannot prove his title.

What, then, is this much-talked-of culture? There are several things which it is not.

It is not the superficial smattering of certain accomplishments.

It is not a general readiness to talk about things of new books.

It is not the varnish acquired from associating day by day with well-educated and urbanised persons.

It is not development to an enormous extent in one direction only.

It is not attending one course of University Extension Lectures.

It is not the knack of cramming for examinations, and of passing them with éclat.

It is not to be thinking of culture at all, but there is a sort of "culture" which does deserve to be held up to ridicule.

The garden is taken in hand and cultivated, it is not given over exclusively to weeds and of straggling flowers that have run to seed, or deteriorated in the soil, and knows what will do well and what will not, and harmoniously developed in accordance with its natural capacity.

It is not a superficial smattering of certain accomplishments.

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STUDY.

BY LADY DUNBOYNE.

Study is to appease one of the three great cravings of human nature. The body craves for food, the soul craves for love, and the mind craves for knowledge, which knowledge can only be acquired by study. And for the general well-being of the human organisation this hunger of the mind for knowledge requires satisfying just as much as the hunger of the body for food, or the hunger of the soul for love. We are apt not to think so, because the operations of the mind and their consequences are not directly exposed to the human eye, but they exist none the less and work silently and incessantly within us for good or ill.

No wonder if we reflect a moment we shall find that the hunger of the mind for knowledge is the only one of these three human cravings which cannot be appeased without conscious effort on our part. We eat mechanically; we love involuntarily, but we cannot know knowledge without conscious effort and, as we are always inclined to postpone making efforts to a more convenient season, our mind-hunger too often remains unfilled. This is an increasing evil amongst the women of the present day. All the new inventions, such as bicycles and motor-cars and telephones, which should simplify life for them and give them more leisure for occupations requiring thought and reflection, seem to add to their restlessness and to the neglect of the regular study which is so essential to their well-being. And their minds become dwarfed for want of proper nourishment, and they themselves, upon whose mental guidance Nature has decreed hangs the fate of future generations, become totally unfit for the high destiny assigned to them.

There are infinite capacities in the human mind. It is so made that nothing but work can satisfy it. Give it wholesome, regular work and its might and strength increases, its Divine origin asserts itself, and in this world of death and mortality it testifies of powers that can never die, of capabilities that can never be limited. But withhold from it its proper food, and it becomes a prey to the moth and rust of corruption, a victim to the inner discord which inevitably follows the violation of Nature's laws. Does not this truth manifest itself on the very features and countenances of human beings? In scenes of gaiety where

"While fashion's arts decay,
The heart distrusts asking if this be joy."

how often does the querulous voice and the bored demeanour speak of the want of harmony and happiness in the inner being: whereas in the lecture or class room, or wherever two or three are gathered together for the purpose of acquiring knowledge, the beaming eyes and animated features speak of inward contentment and conformity to the true and rightful calling.

But to experience the satisfaction study is capable of giving we must not enter upon it without forethought and reflection. For to study, though it may seem a simple task in prospective, is, at first at all events, a difficult one in execution and to persevere, especially if we push the matter above the scope of our nature, is an almost impossible task. The youth endeavoured and the man acquired.

And the second stage is the essential one of the three, for on its fulfilment the other two depend. Without it the first would come to no use, and the third to no fruition. And girls should appropriate it as their guide and watchword when entering upon that period of life in which they are freed from the daily duties of lessons and are as yet untrammelled by the daily duties of practical life. During that period they should listen for the voices of their childhood, for the promptings of their nature while it was yet fair and fresh from the Hand of God, and they should bring their intellects to act in accordance with those voices and those promptings, in other words they should cultivate the talents which stirred their hearts and imaginations as children. Children's predilections are sure augurs of their capabilities. The history of nations and of literature and of art, all three testify to this great truth. Napoleon used to amuse himself with a miniature cannon and playing at battles during his childhood; Nelson with a miniature ship and sailing it on a pond, during his. Charles Kingsley's delight as a child was to make a puppet in his nursery and to preach sermons to his imaginary congregation. There are still extant some of these youthful bursts of eloquence delivered at four years old. Scott loved to listen to his mother and grand-mother reciting poetry long before he could read. And there is a story of a celebrated painter being too poor as a child to buy paint brushes and providing himself with them from the bristles of his father's horse.

The secret of a happy and a useful life is to find one particular occupation in which we can always be absorbed and in which our efforts and activities...
must be brought to bear upon the highest part of our nature.

"Every man has two educations, one which he receives from others and one, more important, which he gives himself." And one of the first and most important steps in self-education is to find out the subject for which we have most aptitude and to cultivate it to the utmost of our capacities. Girls are apt to follow a sudden impulse to work at what happens to be brought before them. They see a sketch painted by one friend, hear a song sung by another, a poem recited by a third, and they immediately devote themselves to painting, singing or reciting, as the case may be. Now this is a great mistake. We each have our special talents, and we are wasting them if we allow ourselves, like the Athenians of old, constantly to spend our time on some new thing. It is all very well to know something about everything, but it is very much better to know everything about something, about that certain something to which our hearts and minds respond and to the cultivation of which distractions of pursuits are fatal.

There may be some people capable of mastering many subjects, but they are few and far between, and the geniuses and mental helpers of the world are to be found amongst those whose whole energies have been concentrated on one subject to the exclusion of all others.

The great sculptor, Edgar Boehm, took no sort of interest in politics, but was persuaded on one occasion by a friend to go to the House of Commons to hear Gladstone speak. At the end of the speech he was asked his opinion as to its merits. "If I must tell the truth," he answered, "I was so occupied in studying the orator's face and expression, that I did not listen to a word he said." Such a man was bound to succeed. He looked upon every detail of life with an artist's eye, he treated every trivial circumstance as a means to increase his knowledge and to strengthen his capabilities in his own beloved art.

We cannot all be Edgar Boehms, but we can each follow his method of making one study an object around ourselves like the Athenians of old, constantly to spend our time on some new thing. It is all very well to know something about everything, but it is very much better to know everything about something, about that certain something to which our hearts and minds respond and to the cultivation of which distractions of pursuits are fatal.

Thought and reflection are the first mental exercises we have to use in regard to it. As I said before, we must meditate carefully upon our childhood's experiences, and by means of this process of retrospection we must ascertain the study for which we have most predisposition. And having made quite sure of it, we must enter upon it with faith and trust, thus exercising the Divine part of our nature. Spiritual inspiration lies always about our path and about our bed, the study for you, and that it will help you to steer wisely and to see it and stretch out the hand of trust to grasp it. As Tennyson says—

"Speak to Him thou, for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet,
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."

God is ever ready to bless our endeavours if we are using them according to His will, and how can we use them more surely in accordance with His will than by improving the special talents with which He has endowed us? We cannot explain these mysteries but we know them to be true, and we know too that the life of the soul depends upon faith and trust for its very breath, that by means of them it sets up noble aims and high endeavours and becomes a source of blessing to all around it.

And finally we must use practical means to help us in study. Discipline and method must be brought to bear upon it. We must set apart a certain time daily in which we can be undisturbed and alone. Solitude promotes study. The presence of another individual, unless that individual is acting and feeling with us, raises a disturbing influence and in some inexplicable way seems to draw our thoughts from our work on to himself. Having once chosen the time, we must adhere to it in spite of any difficulties which may arise. Outside instructors are employed for particular hours and are only put off for very special reasons. Self-instructors should follow the same rule. Before we begin we must surround ourselves with books of reference and with any mechanical helps or implements we may require. And then we must set to work diligently, patiently and perseveringly. Above all we must aim at thoroughness. A little thorough study will be of far more use than a great deal superficially got through. It will not only leave a deeper and more lasting impression, but it will necessitate thought and discipline and all experiences that invigorate the mind and strengthen the intellect.

Now I cannot promise you that this course of study which I am urging you to plan out and pursue for yourselves will bring you wealth or fame or distinction, but I can promise you that it will bring you what is far better. I can promise you that it will brighten many a weary hour and that we know too that the health of the soul depends upon it. We know too that the change home and that no doubt the change home brought will be of far more use to a great deal superficially got through. It will not only leave a deeper and more lasting impression, but it will necessitate thought and discipline and all experiences that invigorate the mind and strengthen the intellect.

THE HEART OF

By MRS. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY, Author of "About Peggy Saville," "Pixie O'Shaughnessy," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

June 15th.

O-DAY the first roses have opened in the garden, the rose-garden at the Moat, for we came home two months ago, and are still luxuriating in the old haunts and the new rooms, which are as beautiful as money and mother's beautiful taste can make them. I felt a sort of rush of happiness as I buried my face in the cool, fragrant leaves, and, somehow or other, a longing came over me to unearth this old diary, and write the history of the year. It has been a long, long winter. We spent three months in Bournemouth for Vere's sake, taking her to London to see the specialist on our way home. He examined her carefully, and said that spinal troubles were slow affairs, that it was a great thing to keep up the general health, that he was glad we had been to Bournemouth, and that no doubt the change home would also be beneficial. Fresh air, fresh air—live as much in the fresh open air as possible during the summer—Then he stopped, and Vere looked at him steadily, and said—

"You mean that I am worse?"

"My dear young lady, you must not be despondent. Hope on, hope ever! You can do more for yourself than any doctor. These things take time. One never

Lady Dunboyne, "Study" (Volume 26, 11 February 1905, p. 313).
Although almost all of the fiction and a certain amount of the non-fiction in *The Girl's Own Paper* were fairly conservative, if not reactionary, the magazine was always more progressive in detailing educational opportunities. In part this must have been a response to a clear demand from readers, as there are numerous replies in Answers to Correspondents that address questions regarding admission to particular schools and training for various careers. Initially, the main focus was on secondary and post-secondary education. However, by the turn of the century, the magazine began to focus on newer opportunities in technical and professional training. This seems to have been designed to encourage readers to consider not only nontraditional work, but also professions that might be considered lower class (see the chapter on Work). Also, some of the technical training was promoted as beneficial to girls who were considering emigration.

J. A. Owen's "Girton College" (vol. 1, 1880, pp. 492-93) and E. A. L. K.'s "The North London Collegiate School for Girls" (vol. 3, 1881-82, pp. 494-96) are typical of the early articles that described pioneering educational institutions for girls. Girton College was founded in 1869 at Hitchin, Hertfordshire, by Emily Davies and Barbara Bodichon, both active in the promotion of women's education and suffrage. The college moved to Cambridge in 1873. At the time of this article, women were not yet allowed to sit the Tripos examinations; that would come in the following year. The North London Collegiate School for Girls had been founded in 1850 by the educational pioneer Frances Buss; it was considered a model school for the quality of the education it offered its students.

"The Girls of the World: Facts and Figures" (vol. 7, 1885-86, pp. 198-99, 268-69) is a multi-part series by Emma Brewer that makes use of the new science of statistics. The section reproduced here focuses on education, comparing that of English girls to that of girls around the world. Those who follow current debates on gender and education will be interested in this article's data comparing the abilities of boys and girls in different fields of learning.

An anonymous Lady Graduate shares her feelings of pride and accomplishment in her description of "Presentation Day at London University" (vol. 19, 1897-98, pp. 676-77). The institution described is Bedford College (the first English post-secondary institution for women, founded in 1849 by Elizabeth Jesser Reid), affiliated with the University of London, which was the first English post-secondary institution to offer degrees to women, beginning in 1878 (Oxford did not offer degrees to women until 1920, and although Cambridge offered the title of degrees to women in 1921, it did not grant full degree privileges to women until 1947).

Lily Watson describes "The Battersea Polytechnic" (vol. 25, 1903-04, pp. 628-31), explaining the concept of technical education but focusing mostly on training in domestic economy. Students include teachers in training and young women intending to emigrate.

The anonymously written article on "Pitman's Metropolitan School" (vol. 25, 1903-04, pp. 308-10) emphasizes the benefits of commercial training.

Lena Shepstone's description of the Swanley Horticultural College in "Gardening as a Profession for Girls: How They Are Trained at Swanley" (vol. 26, 1904-05, pp. 424-28, 596) is interesting both for its promotion of physical labour and its concluding discussion of the benefits of this type of training for girls who are planning to emigrate.
GIRTON COLLEGE.

The course of study comprises divinity, modern languages, English, French, and German classics, mathematics, moral science, political economy, history, and ethics. It is, in fact, an all-round course, designed to prepare students for a career in the professions, as well as for teaching and other forms of public service.

The text continues to describe the various aspects of the college, including its history, founding, and the various student activities and opportunities available. The emphasis is on the educational experiences and opportunities provided by the college, with particular attention given to the academic curriculum, extracurricular activities, and the social and cultural life of the students.

The text concludes by noting the high reputation of Girton College, both nationally and internationally, and its continued success in preparing students for a variety of careers and contributions to society.
are played on the lawns near the building. After lecture many of the students take exercise before dinner. Some of them make riding parties; those who can afford to hire. Most of the lectures take place in the afternoon, and, on an average, a student has only one lecture a day. The variety of subjects causes the attendance on each course to be rather small as yet. The lecturer reviews the work done by each student since the last lecture; any questions are answered, and special help needed is given. Then the lecturer gives his lecture proper, without the limitations of class book.

After dinner there is often choral music. After that, the students usually give themselves for a time to their labours, which are only wanted for the roots of the plants, but in London it is wanted by the leaves too, or the foliage gets choked and poisoned by the smoke. Plants breathe through their leaves, as we do through our mouths, so it is necessary to the lives of some, and to the health of all, that their leaves should be kept clean. Otherwise, in watering your garden, you should try to imitate nature. Do not water your garden in a hot sun; it makes the foliage shrivel and turn colour. Nature takes care about this, for when rain falls the sun is hidden by clouds. So in hot weather do your watering very early, or else in the evening, unless your garden is shady, and then any time will do. You should water as seldom as possible, except when the foliage needs washing, and then you should be very careful to soak the roots thoroughly before any water touches the leaves. A sprinkling of water on the surface of the ground does much more harm than good, as it makes the ground cake, and then the earth below gets both hotter and drier than if the surface were loose, and not a single drop of water will have reached the roots of the plants.—L. M. Forster.

J. A. Owen, "Girton College" (Volume 1, 31 July 1880, p. 493).
hands, and then concentric rings were formed until the whole green seemed in motion. Another pretty figure was made by the lasses and girls in the Maypole, at the end of a street, dependent from the top of the pole, and by skilfully jettison 'in and out' plait them all, and then by a back and movement unplace them.

The Robin Hood games made a prominent feature of every observance. An ample space, marked off from the crowd by a barrier of rope, was entered first by six young wood­men, bearing axes and furnished with hounds. Six maidens, clad in blue and crowned with prunelles, led in a sleek milch cow profusely streaked with flowers, head a procession which traverses the town.

Tiny children in waggons follow her, and after them boys dressed appropriately to represent all trades, and maidis to personate gipsy girls. A short service is then held in church; and the company proceed to an open space, where the maypole is erected. The queen of a pavilion, wherein her maids-dispose themselves round her; two courtiers approach; one crowns her, and the other presents the sceptre. Songs and dancing round the pole then take place, and then the queen and her subjects retire for refreshment.

THE NORTH LONDON COLLEGIATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Perhaps among the many and various phenomena of nineteenth-century civilization none is more curious and interesting than the sudden demand made for the vigorous growth, all over the country, of large public schools for girls. Twenty years even ago, if the daughter in an ordinary English household had twice the intellect and capacity of her brother, his head it was that Latin, Greek, and mathematics must at any cost be made to fill, or at least to seem to fill, if she had aspirations for anything beyond her piano, songs, and a domestic knowledge of the short-sighted pupils, and so to prevent in the injurious care of the deaf. A short-sighted pupil, who could not see the board, was looked upon by the rest of the class as being the cause of the whole class suffering, and was punished.

The old customs have almost dwindled down to the practice of carrying garlands commonly amours among the maidens in remote villages, and of erecting the same at the solstice festivals, which bear the marks of their ancient origin. The May fair of some small town, with still its joustings, and clown, the apologies for the hobby horse and the Maypole, the miller's son, and the song of the Maypole to the Springtides, points to the time of Queen Elizabeth.

It is still customary for the young girls of Edinburgh to rise early on May morning and to repair to Arthur's Seat, there to bathe their faces in the dew. And in the streets of London the chimney-sweeps collect about their Jack-in-the-green—a man concealed in a framework of evergreens and herbs, dancing and soliciting halfpence from the passers-by. As the gratuities thus obtained often provided a rough assortment at the close of the day, the more respectable sweeps have withdrawn from these displays.

Perhaps the most interesting relics of bygone days are the schools. The gymnasium, still elegantly furnished, is on the site of a former middle-school, a daughter, as it were, of the original institution. The grand buildings in Sandall-road, which now show the home of the North London Collegiate School, represent not only a remarkable exertion on the part of the head-mistress and her friends to raise a building as public, and also the fine hall, with its galleries, and the examination-bill 1889 of the City companies, the Brewers and Clothworkers, the former company having most liberally supplied the endowment from an Educational Fund belonging to them, and derivable from property in St. Pancras. These new buildings were opened in 1879 by the Prince and Princess of Wales, who, at the same time, distributed the prizes in the examination-hall. The Princess of Wales was present at the time the gracious and kindly patron of the school.

Let us go into the school-house. To the right of the entrance is a large, light, and prettily room, known as the office; to the left is a room which looks almost like an own reception-room. Going straight through the corridor, and leaving on the right the stained glass and a highly decorated door, we come to the principal staircase leading to the upper floors. Stairs near the entrance, through the main door, are the gipsy girls. A short service is then held in church; and the company proceed to an open space, where the maypole is erected. The crown is given to her maids, dispose themselves round her; two courtiers approach; one crowns her, and the other presents the sceptre. Songs and dancing round the pole then take place, and then the queen and her subjects retire for refreshment.
Work then goes on without interruption until 1.30, when each girl takes her seat, and each
straps up her books, and passes down to her cloak-room. Every girl must be out of the
school-house by 2.30, when she stays for tea and dinner. The ordinary school-work is not
carried on in the afternoon, but music and har-
mony-lessons are given, and drawing lessons
are given to the more advanced pupils, whereas pupils
who stay at school for these lessons are ex-
pected to dine. An excellent plain dinner is
provided in the dining-hall for the moderate
cost of tenpence.

The last Wednesday in every month what is
known as a "Dorcas Day"—that is, the day
on which every pupil is expected to attend in
the afternoon for needlework. Then from one to
two hundred stay to discuss, and the chatter
in the dining-hall is almost deafening; but the
teachers are many of them so young and all so
bright and full of sympathy with the young
life around them, that they not only survive,
but often seem to enjoy the confusion of
voices.

A few words must be said about the school
course. It comprises Holy Scripture, Mathematics,
Art, Drawing, Science, Latin, French, and German, History, English language
and literature, geography, drawing, economics, and class singing.

The lessons are arranged somewhat between
the old-fashioned repetition lesson and the
modern lecture, and, by a combination of the
two methods, carries the advantage of both.
A history lesson, for instance, would be given
in the following way:—The teacher would begin by questioning pupils upon the work
done last lesson, the girls answering in turn,
and in the case of the lady taking the
lesson not being the ordinary teacher of the
class, and, therefore, not familiar with every girl's
name, she would be supplied with a box of cards, with the names written on them, and each
girl would answer as her name was read. Then
the teacher, having prepared her lesson from the history books, would give
an interesting sketch of the period, bringing
out by judicious questioning any previous
information, on the subject her pupils might
possess. Then, at the end of the lesson, she
would give a brief abstract of it, the pupils
taking this down in their rough note-books,
and bringing it in, neatly written out, filled in,
and enlarged upon for next lesson. Mathe-
ematics are arranged in the form of the
Fourth Form. This branch of study is entered
into by the pupils with a spirit that would
certainly be quite surprising, inasmuch as not
of dissatisfaction, to those who still con-
trone to pronounce the studies of geometry
and algebra topics of the female mind. One old pupil of the North London
Collegiate School having taken a scholarship
of £10 a year for three years at the entrance
examination at Girton College, Cambridge,
was there examined for the Mathematical
Tripos, and the examiners declared that,
how she had been placed and had taken the
position of twenty-fourth wrangler!

Greek is taught to those pupils who are
studying for the B.A. Examination of the
London University, or are intended to go
Girton College. The examinations taken
throughout the school are:--he College of Pre-
cessors, Cambridge, Junior and Senior, and
the London University Examinations, and the
list of honours gained in them is a long one.

Two of the staff members and two old
pupils of the school are amongst the first
graduates of London University; one
lady teaches Latin, and one honours in the
B.S.C. examination, and another being
placed in the first class in the B.A. examina-
tion, while an old pupil not only took honours
in Botany as a B.S.C., but won the first place
in the list of honours.

Discipline is as far as possible maintained
in the school by means of a healthy public
spirit, a public opinion, which is chosen by ballot, the girls of the form, the
headmistress, the staff-mistresses, and some of
the older girls. The members of the prefects
are responsible for the general con-
duct of their forms, and in the case of any
difficulty arising which is too great for them,
they may appeal to the prefects who are
chosen by ballot from among the members of
the Sixth Form. The prefects have the
power of suspending a pupil, on a private
note from her to the sweet, gracious, and able
women whom she gathers round her to second her in her great work; and many
parent, whose daughters have been educated

by Miss Bus, is only too proud to acknowledge that, in coming into contact with a lady of foreign power, such as she, the young children have gained a conception of the possible dignity of sayings, which is of no more value to them than the excellent instruction given in the school.

E. A. L. K.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

FLEBE AND THE CRICKER.-We advise you to write to Miss Leigh, 17th Avenue, Wagram, Paris, France.

LILY ROGSH.-Read “How to Improve the Education,” page 792, vol. I. Think more of others.

LILY.-You would find it easier to order foreign books from a foreign bookseller. You can find the addresses in any directory.

G. S. A.-We feel sorry for you, but can only refer you to the origin, but this appears such not to be employed.

E. A. L. K.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANNIE.-Your writing is fairly good.

G. S. A.-The following is the explanation of Stricken-d’armourissement. This, for example, is divided into twenty arrangements. Each inhabitant of one arrondissement votes for the member of his own arrondissement. By Stricken-d’armourissement is meant that said act at once.

LILY ROGSH.—You would find it easier to order foreign books from a foreign bookseller. You can find the addresses in any directory.

E. A. L. K.

LILY.-You would find it easier to order foreign books from a foreign bookseller. You can find the addresses in any directory.

G. S. A.-We feel sorry for you, but can only refer you to the origin, but this appears such not to be employed.

E. A. L. K.
and among others wrote to ask it from Lord Shaftesbury. Almost by return post came back a handsome donation, enclosed in a most kind letter, or the sum by which he would gladly help, if his income permitted. The same kind and ready courtesy was always shown to those who had occasion to ask for his votes for any of the innumerable charities in which he had an interest. Busy as he was to the last, one could not help contrasting the polite politesse and propriety of his treatment of all who sought his favor—property to which he had been accustomed from childhood—to such matters with the negligent tardiness of much smaller personages.

This is no such a life—one of very small and very menial of our own purely personal knowledge of so great and good a man. But when, three weeks ago, we sat in the gathering-place of England's highest chivalry, and listened—hailed by Lord Shaftesbury's eloquent description of the departed Christian knight, whose banner must now no longer wave in St. George's Chapel as a thrilling record of the remembrance that—just that once—the kind hand and brave heart of the true saint (earl) among his peers had sent us such words of personal greeting and goodwill. They were not written in vain; the letter was laid aside to be kept for many years, and its actual phrases were soon forgotten; but the germ of a good purpose was surely lodged in one childish heart, and the passionate longing to be enlisted in the great army of those who fight against all kinds of wrong and fraud, took root, and grew apace from that hour, and when the echo of those knightly vows, by which all who receive the order of the garter are bound, seems to linger about the beauty, and melody, and glorious worship of that royal order, the vow to combat wrong and wage war against evil in the name of Christ—it is a pleasant thought to us that one day yet, when innumerable rescued ones, from ragged schools, mines, factories, give their testimony how Lord Shaftesbury's hand was the one to touch their sorrows and aid them to better things, we too may be allowed to thank him for help given to choose the higher—"to suffer all rather than do ill," to "buy the truth and sell it not."

THE GIRLS OF THE WORLD.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

BY EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER III.

EDUCATION OF THE GIRLS AND WOMEN OF THE WORLD.

"Education is the guardian of liberty and the bolwark of morality."

—De Witt Clinton.

"The object of education is to develop in the child the perfection of which he is capable."

—Kant.

I shall try in this chapter to place before you the result of investigation concerning the education of the population of the various countries of the world, the attainments of girls as compared to those of boys, and the amount of crime and delinquency in girl criminals.

In these days education is appreciated and sought after by all classes and in all countries. None are thought too young, too old, too rich, or too poor to learn. Individuals and the states to which they belong are alike energetically working for the same end, a highly educated population, in the firm belief that, if education be accompanied by sound religious principles, it will elevate the nation, strengthen the national character, and check vice, intemperance, and pauperism. We owe our happiness, usefulness, and profitableness in after life to the class of education and training we receive in early days.

Our minds are being waged in all directions, and rightly so, for it is a great power for evil and an obstacle to all improvement. I remember reading many years ago the following lines upon the redness of ignorance, but I do not in the least know whose words they are:

Knowledge is a circle, a circle complete образом knowledge is power. —Voltaire.

Knowledge works potentiy through long centuries to enlarge discovery, and at length, makes record of it. Ignorance, wanting light, shreds a fire to the record, and the work of ages is shrivelled up in bawfulness."

Education and refinement may have their evils, but they are infinitely less than those which result from ignorance, and we must never forget that not only our own happiness and prosperity, but that of future generations, depend upon our training a child against the power of ignorance, which is another name for bond-age.

Statistics have been the means, not only of proving before us the giant strength for evil possessed by ignorance, and its power of tyranny over and enslaving those who bend beneath its yoke, but they have at the same time shown us the means of escape. We must, each one of us, be good citizens, and consider the education of the young a paramount duty; we must publish the necessity of this way of the difficulty, and show clearly the beneficial results of education of country in checking vice, and producing freedom, order, and happiness. Perhaps there is no sure test of the real condition of a country than the position of its women and girls, and there is no denying that in these days it is a noble and important one in most of the civilised countries of the world. It remains with us to strengthen this position by every means in our power, and carefully to put aside everything that would tend to foster decay in it.

To us women and girls is allotted the rule and government of the homes of the land. We are the companions of fathers, brothers, and husbands, and have the privilege to influence them, often to work with and for them, and not rarely to comfort and sustain them.

If we keep these homes of our pure, refined, and virtuous, we wage war against decay, and occupy the proud place of helping to build up the country, and strengthen the hands of the State. Loving, moral, and religious must be the character of the woman and girl of a country if the homes over which they preside are to be pure, restful, attractive, and refined. Wherever the homes of the land fall below this standard, statistics prove that the strength, life, and progress of that country is sapped, notwithstanding its armies, its laws, and every resource.

A great German writer says, "It is in the home that the true sphere of woman's greatness lies. Woman is called upon to comfort those who suffer, to be content with a little, to do nothing for herself and all for others, and quietly but efficiently give new attractions to the uniformity of home life."

The same writer says, "For house and family the husband is everything; within the family the wife is all; she is the inspiring, embalmed, and comforting power.woman is the great comforter of life."

—Zinzendorf.

Do you remember in the story of "Seven Years for Ranchi," how the hangman's wife, the infected master, mistress, child, and fellow-servant go mad? (Selections from The Girl's Own Paper, 1880-1907, p. 84.)

girls at the beginning of this century and that which is now within their reach is widely different—the one so meager, the other so abundant. We feel that one of the reasons for the early emigration of our forefathers was the difficulty of securing an education for their girls. Among the various reasons why the education of the people was left almost entirely to private industry, there were no girls of any rank in the United Kingdom for girls, and those that existed as a rule held in ill-ventilated rooms and presided over by unsympathetic people who were quite incapable of exercising and training the intelligence, and who certainly were not competent to exercise any good moral influence on the girls.

As short a time back as twenty years England, and indeed, it was time for the Government to make a vigorous effort in that direction. Nor is it true that the population of the population of both sexes was unable to read and write, and statistics showed that out of over a hundred women forty-eight were unable to sign their names in the register, and out of a hundred women forty-eight were unable to sign their names in the register. An Englishman is not all. Ignorance of common words and phrases amongst the girls was quite remarkable. The following is but one example.

I was on a visit at a vicarage about ten miles from London, when one afternoon a respectable-looking girl of about twenty and a young man came to the church vestry to announce their desire of "being asked to exercise any part in the education of girls". No, surely not. The following is but one example.

"You're a spinster, Miss," was the answer. "Spinster?" he continued.

The church clerk, who had been in the habit of coming to the church vestry to announce their desire of "being asked to exercise any part in the education of girls", had in a hundred could read. In the West Indies it was forbidden to teach the Negro either to read or write. In 1860, a girl in ten thousand could read or write, or play any musical instrument. The women were kept in ignorance about their poverty, some by the jealous fear of their husbands, and more than all because no provision was made for teaching them. Ignorance was esteemed the safeguard of rank and morality. For the very few who could read the books were too corrupt to place in their hands, and thus it ever is where the women are kept in ignorance and deprived of their influence. In fact, look where you will, with one or two exceptions, such as Hawaii, Saxony, and Russia, you will find that fifty years ago scarcely any provision was made for the intellectual improvement of women and girls. That picture is very different now, as you may see by the figures at the end of the chapter.

The picture is not as yet one of universal education and intelligence, precisely because the difficulty of securing an education for girls has been more than an uncommon one that we are spending too much money on education in this age; but statistics prove that the money so spent is more surely than anywhere else in the world ever will be.—that by its means the criminal population under thirty is decreasing rapidly, and, in fact, the number of criminals in the common among some classes is gradually being got rid of. Take, for example, the work of education. How, it is said to be, have the number of criminals fifteen per cent., and so marvellously has it dealt with the habits and manners of the people? That the head of the police declares that if things go on as now, the middle class of education is equally noticeable, and we have the assurance of Mr. Mundella of observation, precision, patience, neatness, and order; that it teaches forethought, economy, and happiness of our homes is worth cultivating.

(To be continued.)

OUR LAKE.

By Clara Thwaite.

Extra Christmas trees lose their prize in time, and we set our wits to work to find some novelty for the children, some new environment for gifts and toys at Christmastide.

There's a narrow ledge which regards needlework as beneath a clever girl's notice. Cooking is now being taught in many of our schools, and that girl is enjoying and pursuing by the lessons may be seen in the fact that last year the Government grants were given to the teaching of cooking, equal to the amount of those to the agriculture, and the result may be seen clearly in the agricultural districts, where the food of the schools is supplemented by vegetables, very much cooked as formerly. These two subjects special to girls, if well taught and made pleasant, which tends to increase the comfort, order, and happiness of our homes is worth cultivating.

the sea of sorrow to be crossed. Nonewatched with Him through His hour of agony, but He had described such loneliness shall never be His children's portion, for has He not said, 
I will be with him in trouble 
"— He who never slumbers nor sleeps nor grows oblivious of the smallest need of the footsteps of His followers.

The summer wore away; the long, light days were shortening considerably; the air began to grow chilly in the mornings and evenings; the wind now blew gustily at times, scattering showers of dead leaves; there was every sign of autumn having come, and winter would not be long in following.

Little or nothing had occurred during all these months to interrupt the even course of daily life at Ivy Cottage. Everything had gone on as usual; save that Miss Scott had come downstairs less and had remained in her room more. The warm weather this year had not seemed to revive and put new life into her as it had done in other summers, and now, with these chilly days, she had caught a fresh cold which had settled on her lungs.

It did not at first appear a more serious attack than many a former one, but perhaps she had less strength to fight against it. At any rate, the mischance rapidly increased; there came a day or two of anxious nursing and suspense, and then Miss Scott quietly passed away.

It was so sudden, so unexpected—not the less so that her life for years had been a precarious one, that Rosa could scarcely realize that it was true, that her gentle Aunt Mary would never again need her ministrations, having gone to the land where there is no more sickness. She mourned for her sincerely; the house fell silent; but this sense of loss caused her to redouble her attention to the one left, to whom Miss Scott had been everything in this world, and to whom, therefore, the blow was an irreparable one.

In fact, Mrs. Dunn seemed stunned and prostrated by it. All her sister had been the last remaining members of a once large family, and now she alone was left. She aged rapidly under her grief; a few weeks appeared to do the work of years upon her.

She no longer had strength or energy to rise from her bed, and not even the most exciting debates or the best written leading articles could any longer arouse the slightest interest in her. Rosa gladly now had read on and on by the hour together if it could have cheered her or helped to turn her thoughts for awhile into a different channel; but what had formerly been so absorbing a topic now seemed a weariness; so the papers were put by.

But Rosa succeeded better when she brought out the Bible and read about the "Land which is very far off;" about the heavenly Jerusalem, "the City of the King, where they whom He has redeemed shall be with Him and see His glory;" and the aged lady, which were sent to earthly things, seemed to look with a clearer vision than ever before upon these unseen and eternal realities.

Mrs. Dunn's moods were very variable now. Sometimes the old impatient, hasty nature showed itself, and she was difficult to please; but others she was wonderfully subdued and gentle, and unlike her usual self.

"Thank you, child," she said to Rosa one day, when the latter had been rendering some service. "You are very good to the old woman, and she has often been cross and disagreeable, but you've been very patient with all her little ways, and you've been a great comfort to us both."

"I am, Hannah! I only wish I could have done more."

"You have done all you could. You have done more than most girls of your age would have done, and I should like to thank you for it all before I go. Kiss me, Rosa."

The girl, astonihed at such a request from her常, once more drawn down at Ivy Cottage, for death had again entered the dwelling. With early mornings came a summons to come. Mrs. Dunn's moods were unlike her usual self. She went to work in their place, and inquired if it were possible to teach them the very rudiments of learning.

It was not until 1849 that the Government came to their aid, and included girls' schools in their plans for the education of India.
For a long time girls could not be induced to attend school without being paid for it, and those who could get a higher class could only be urged by appealing to their vanity. It was not until the Hawaiian government thought it necessary to educate girls and women of low caste, but I am happy to say that now all tastes are free to develop into wisdom, and the desire for education is rapidly spreading among all classes.

As many of us are engaged in zenana work, it is interesting to mention that the apartments of the women in native houses are called the zenana, and the efforts to instruct married women in India go by the name of zenana work. ... I am about Calcutta some of the richer Hindus hire lady teachers to come to their homes and instruct their women. This in itself is a great step forward. Missionary ladies all over India are engaged in this work of carrying learning and the knowledge of the Gospel to the secluded native women, while their husbands carry on the same work with the men. ... The opinion of one of the greatest statesmen in Europe is of a very high class.

The written language of Japan is largely in the Chinese characters. It would make this article too long and not un frequently they are more uncivilised than the savage. Perhaps some who read this may be wondering among these female criminals if so, I think they all which have not discovered the amount of education they have received, but have likewise brought to light many curious facts about crime.

Criminal women are nearly all of them uneducated; it is very seldom indeed that one well-educated is seen; and this is easy to understand. Few women have more than a hundred pupils, who are boarded, taught to read and write their own language, and to speak English, when the information is given in English, and the course of education is of a very high class.

Nearly all the greatans of the most important means for effecting the most important means for effecting the great reduction in the consumption of drink is about 9 per cent. of the girls remain uneducated, viz., three-fifths. In England and Wales the proportion of women and girls is about one in every 100,000 of single people, and 11 in 100,000 of married people, widows and widowers.

The proportion of those guilty of grave crimes is about 5.375,423 girls are receiving a good education. The proportion of criminals varies according to sect. For example, the proportion of the accused are wholly uneducated, viz., three-fifths. In England and Wales the proportion of girls and women criminals, wholly ignorant, is 39 per cent.; in France, 44 per cent.

To be continued.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

By Anne Beale.

We are on the second bazaar in aid of the Princess Louise Home. The secretary writes that "he shall be ever thankful to the readers of THE GIRLS' OWN PAPER if they will do as they did on the last occasion—send in contributions towards the bazaar expenses, as well as fancy and useful articles for sale." He also tells us that the Princess Louise has extended her willingness to open the bazaar, and, under Her Royal
PRESENTATION DAY AT LONDON UNIVERSITY.

By A LADY GRADUATE.

E S T E R D A Y was a bright, beautiful day. The sky was a deep blue, with white clouds that seemed to float in the distance. The sun shone brightly, casting a warm glow over everything. The trees were lush and green, and the birds sang joyfully. It was a perfect day to celebrate the achievements of the graduates at London University.

The graduates gathered in the large auditorium, dressed in their graduation gowns and caps. The atmosphere was filled with excitement and anticipation. The students were eager to receive their diplomas and move on to the next chapter of their lives.

The chancellor, dressed in his regalia, walked into the auditorium, greeted the graduates with a warm smile, and began his speech. He spoke of the importance of education and the value of knowledge. He encouraged the graduates to use their education to make the world a better place.

The graduates listened attentively, their faces filled with pride and joy. They were proud of their accomplishments and excited about the future.

The ceremony concluded with the presentation of diplomas. Each graduate was called to the stage to receive their degree, and they were given a certificate and a diploma. The moment was emotional and filled with pride.

After the ceremony, the graduates gathered together, celebrating their achievements and looking forward to the future. The day was a perfect way to mark the end of their academic journey and the beginning of their new chapter.

A Lady Graduate, "Presentation Day at London University" (Volume 19, 23 July 1898, p. 676).
higher planes. Then be again congratulated all on their success, and amidst ringing cheers sat down.

I think in that moment when Sir John Lubbock, the member returned to Parliament by the university, spoke of the fame of our university, its great work and high standard, there was born in the breast of each one of us a feeling of reverence for our Alma mater, a hope that we should never do anything which should make her sorry for her "alumni," but rather should add to her glory, and ever remain worthy children of a noble mother.

We all rose as the Lord Chancellor walked from his seat to the exit, followed by the members of the senate, and then we, too, moved from our places and ran hither and thither, seeking out friends, some only made in the examination-room in October. The most ardent opposer of higher education for women could hardly have disapproved of these happy-looking girls, their bright earnest faces glowing with health. Among them one saw no jaded looks or weary eyes, as one sees among girls who have no aim, no ambition, but to shine at a ball or get an eligible parti.

One hears so much of the injurious effect studies have on girls; many men deplore the strides women are making in the pursuit of knowledge; they prognosticate early loss of youth, bright eyes, and good looks; and yet here to-day I see a goodly number of English maidens as healthy, happy, and comely as surely were the women of bygone ages, who watched their brothers' progress, sighing as they ruined their sight over their tapestry.

Study, as Sir John Lubbock wisely remarked, leaves no time for dulness; the girl who has hard brain-work to do every day has not time to feel miserable. Petty worries and small annoyances leave her as she becomes immersed in Greek, mathematics, or whatever particular branch she has taken up. That study does not rob her of her high spirits and merry laughter is amply proved by the joyous sounds that issue from the rolling-rooms. The grey old corridors resound with girlish voices; one catches snatches of conversation as each returns from the robing-rooms. The f'Ye they prognosticate early loss of youth, bright eyes, and good looks; and yet here to-day I see a goodly number of English maidens as healthy, happy, and comely as surely were the women of bygone ages, who watched their brothers' progress, sighing as they ruined their sight over their tapestry.

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It is sweet to work and reach the appointed goal—only those who have given up pleasure and sacrifice have say how sweet. Let us hope amid the joy which is here to-day, some feelings of compassion are raised in our hearts; for those who strove like us, but did not win.

To my girl-readers I would say: Work, keeping the thought of success ever before you. Cultivate the brain-powers which God has given you. Read, and widen your knowledge; think, and broaden your views, and I can safely say dulness will not often trouble you, nor weariness make you its victim.

As we leave the university we talk of the next exam, we intend to work steadily on, not content with what is already won.

**HOUSEHOLD HINTS.**

**PICKLED FRENCH BEANS.**—Be careful to have them freshly gathered and quite young. Put them into a brine, make strong enough to float an egg, until they turn colour, then drain them and wipe dry with a clean cloth; put them into a jar and stand as near the fire as possible, and pour boiling vinegar over them sufficient to cover, covering it up quickly to prevent the steam from escaping. Continue to do this until they become green by reboiling the vinegar about every other day. They should take about a week.

**PICKLED CABBAGE AND CAULIFLOWER.**—Slice the cabbage very finely and cut the cauliflower in small pieces on a board or colander (a pastry board I find answers very nicely), and sprinkle each layer with salt and let it stand for twenty-four hours, sloping the board a little that the brine might run away from it. Procure as much ordinary pickling vinegar as you think will be required to cover the cabbage, and boil a small portion of it with a little ginger and a small quantity of peppercorns, also a small beetroot peeled and cut up to give it a nice colour; after it has boiled pour it in the remaining vinegar, but take out the beetroot. Put the cabbage and cauliflower into a jar and pour over the vinegar and spices; tie down and keep in a dry place. Will be ready for table-use in about a month.

**PICKLED NASTURTIUMS.**—Gather them when quite young, and let them remain in brine for twelve hours; have sufficient vinegar to cover them, and with a small portion of it boil a little Jamaica and a little black pepper; when it has just boiled, add to the remaining vinegar. Strain the nasturtiums and put them in a bottle or jar and pour over the vinegar and spices, and tie down. These are very nice to use instead of capers for sauce with either boiled beef or mutton.

It is not probable that many of our readers will remember the associations formerly evoked by the word "Polytechnic." There was, in Regent Street, a building which, on its first foundation in 1838, bore the high-sounding title of "National Gallery of the Arts and Practical Science," or something to that effect. This "Royal Polytechnic" afforded to the children of generations ago instruction blended with amusement. Entertainment so ostensibly qualified would hardly, we think, appeal to the modern child. But for the sum of one shilling our juvenile ancestors were admitted to a marvellous place where they might descend into a tank, fourteen feet deep, by means of a diving-bell, watch the heavy performance of an automatic acrobat, listen to the terrific strains of an organ which combined within itself all the instruments of a brass band, and see many a novel and contentious show.

Public classes were also held here; but after a fire in 1881 the building was sold, and its original purposes were abandoned.

The Battersea Polytechnic is a huge building fronting the Battersea Park Road. A brief article in The Girl's Own Paper for August 19th, 1899, entitled "London's Future Housewives and their Teachers," sketched the Training School for Domestic Economy; but since its publication the school has almost trebled its numbers, and a new wing has been added in connection with the Woman's Work—a wing which was opened on February 26th, 1904, by the Prince and Princess of Wales. Therefore we are not afraid of going over old ground, and the necessity of insistence on the opportunities before girls and women is...
obvious. "Line upon line and precept upon precept" is needful in these matters, and we are sure, from the questions that reach us, that much still remains to learn.

On entering the central hall we become aware of many boys and girls hurrying to and fro, giving brightness and life to the long stone corridors. These are the pupils of the Day Schools. There is a Science School for boys and girls (mixed), and a General and Commercial School for Girls. The latter provides a good secondary education, intended to meet the needs of girls who are preparing for commercial or business life, or for the ordinary examinations of the Civil Service. The fee for each girl is only £1 per term, or 10s. per half term. "Admission to the School is limited to boys and girls who have obtained entrance scholarships from a Public Elementary School, or who have passed, or are able to pass, the Sixth Standard of the Educational Code or its equivalent, or who shall exhibit such exceptional knowledge as shall warrant the Governing Body in assuming that they will be able to profit by the advanced education offered." Girls must wear the school badge. There are arrangements made for games, and the whole

prospectus of these Schools, from which we have just quoted, reads delightfully. But we had not intended to allow much space to the young people of the Day Schools, as we think there are other departments of the Polytechnic which may prove more attractive to our readers. And perhaps the most significant of these is the Domestic Economy Training School, which has greatly developed since the date of the article we mentioned. There are now nearly 90 students in attendance, while there were at that time only 30.

Who, then, are these students? They are, for the main part, girls over eighteen years of age who are preparing to be teachers. And we may say here, as we have said before, that for the High School girl—uncertain as to her career—of practical energy and household tastes, the post of Teacher of Domestic Economy offers many advantages. For one thing, the profession, unlike that of the ordinary governess, is not overstocked. The Superintendent of the Women's Department who showed us round, Miss Marsden, told us that no properly qualified students were at a loss for work. They may obtain

Lily Watson, "The Battersea Polytechnic" (Volume 25, 2 July 1904, p. 629).
positions in elementary, secondary, technical schools, or in Polytechnics. And many large institutions now employ a lady cook as head of the kitchen.

We entered one and another kitchen, large, spotless, airy, fitted with a variety of stoves. Two or three descriptions of kitchener were here, nor were gas-stoves lacking. One oil-stove attracted admiration by its absolute freedom from any suggestion of its motive power! At the tables girls were engaged in the various operations of cookery, under the supervision of a teacher.

One kitchen was especially to be noted; it was tiled from floor to ceiling with white tiles. Another is to be set apart in future for “high-class cookery.” Arrangements have recently been made for “special day courses” for Housewives and Colonial Training to meet the requirements either of ladies living at home or intending to emigrate to the colonies. The length of the course varies from three to twelve months, and the subjects included in the full course are practical housekeeping, including accounts, housewifery, cookery, laundry-work, needlework, art by their dainty manipulations. In one kitchen, however, we observed a number of younger girls. These, from the day-schools we mentioned, or from voluntary schools outside the Polytechnic, were being instructed by students, in classes of fifteen, and the students in turn were under the supervision of a mistress. A particularly fine cabbage lay before each child; a bowl of water lay close at hand for washing each piece separately. The children seemed to enjoy the process.

We have often said that teachers need to be trained how to teach, and the advantage of having pupils on whom to practise the art is no small part of the advantages of the Battersea Training School.

“What is done with the food prepared?” we inquire. For a sufficient answer we are conducted into a large and cheerful dining-hall where tables are laid for 120 persons. Each day the staff, students, and girls of the Practising School dine here on the eatables cooked in the kitchens, and fifty or sixty take tea. The tables, with a delicate bunch of azaleas on that prepared for the teachers, looked inviting.

Cookery is only one of the branches of domestic economy that are taught here; but we hold a firm conviction that the preparation of food is to become more and more the work of trained women.

In a former paper on “Girls’ Ambitions” we recommended the “domestic ambition” to our readers. What could be better for the middle-class girl who is engaged to be married, for example, than to attend such a course? Economy means the Law of the Home. We cannot help thinking that it would be wise, in certain cases, if money is scarce, to retrench in the cost of wedding festivities, that the bride may enter on her life well equipped. It will save her from having, in after days, to learn in a very costly school.

But we are anticipating a little. This training for housewives stands somewhat apart from the training for teachers, of which we first spoke, though practically the methods are the same. The majority of students are those training in view of the diplomas, which are recognised by the Board of Education, to qualify them for the posts we enumerated.

Students of various classes of society were busy in the admirably-fitted kitchens we entered, making cookery a fine

Lily Watson, “The Battersea Polytechnic” (Volume 25, 2 July 1904, p. 630).
Lily Watson, "The Battersea Polytechnic" (Volume 25, 2 July 1904, p. 631).
she looked up from the page, "this is a very silly half-educated article, but I don't see anything to mind, father dearest. This newspaper man can't hurt you."

"Ah, my dear, but it does not end there," said the Vicar ruefully. "There have been letters, many letters, in the same paper; and an agitation is going to be set on foot—I feel sure of it—to deprive me of the post of Curator and to remove the books. 'I have cut them all out.'"

He brought Rosemary as he spoke an old ledger, with dated newspaper cuttings carefully pasted in.

Realising the misery that this task had involved, Rosemary glanced at the letters with a swelling heart. They were all to the same effect—about the injury wrought by outworn trusts, by the "Dead Hand," and so on, while glowing descriptions were given of the volumes as housed in some brand-new Mechanics' Institute. The letters were signed by such names as "Vox Populi," "Inquirer," "Iconoclast."

"Someone is at the back of all this," said Rosemary meditatively, "I could neglect a book, any more than I could neglect a child."

Rosemary rushed at him and threw her arms round his neck.

"Cheer up, father dearest!" she cried. "This is all talk, talk! And what does it mean? I don't even believe this Daily Champion, though it is a London paper, is at all well thought of. 'They say—What say they? Let them say!'"

"I much fear, my dear child," said the clergyman sadly, "that in this case we shall find talk is followed by action."

(To be continued.)

PITMAN'S METROPOLITAN SCHOOL.

T

he associations aroused by this title in the mind of the reader will doubtless be connected with shorthand, and the mental picture which follows will probably shape itself into two or three dingy rooms, containing pupils hard at work upon that cryptic art. The writer is not ashamed to say that such was the image vaguely existing in her own brain until a close study of the prospectus and a personal visit placed the reality before her.

The School was certainly, on its establishment in 1870, exclusively occupied with shorthand, but it has now become a fully equipped and thoroughly organised Business Training College. Our readers should be specially interested in a description of the place, for, to quote the prospectus, it has made "a new field of enterprise, more especially for girls, who are now able, after six or eight months of study, to command a fair salary in light and congenial employment."

It must be clearly understood that the School stands alone. It is the result of private enterprise, and has nothing whatever to do with the authority under whose auspices the other Technical Schools (enumerated in the list of articles for the present volume of The Girl's Own Paper) were founded. The School claims the proud position of being the pioneer of all Commercial Training Institutions in the kingdom, and its list of successes (of which more hereafter) speaks for itself.

The building rears its huge front in Southampton Row, in an open and airy position overlooking the gardens of Russell Square. The light brick of its construction and plenty of windows give it a cheerful appearance. On entering through swing doors (flanked by separate entrances and passages for ladies and gentlemen) we find ourselves in a great airy hall, pleasantly warm on the winter's day. The place, it may here be said, is ventilated on the Sturtevant system, by means of which air is drawn into the building by a large and powerful fan, worked by an engine. The air is cleansed by an air filter, warmed in winter, conducted into every room of the building and changed through the corridors and all the rooms at frequent intervals. The fluttering of tapes from the ventilators above the doors shows that ventilation is really going on. None of the pupils wear the heavy-eyed look that comes from used-up air and stuffy warmth.

On the settees against the wall girls are resting; there is a bright, cheery va-et-vient throughout the hall, young people of both sexes are ascending and descending the wide stone staircase, while a lift is called into requisition for ourselves. We ascend to the fifth floor.

"Well, that is what Gervase says; but, you see, my dear, the letters are from different people. No," said the Vicar despondently, "it is the voice of the public speaking through this popular organ. It is not quite fair though," he continued with mild dignity, "to speak of the books being dusty and mildewed. I dust them myself every fortnight. 'I do not think,' said the Vicar meditatively, "that I could neglect a book, any more than I could neglect a child."

The Girl's Own Paper, 1880-1907

and find ourselves, with our escort, on a landing with doors, the upper half of which is of glass, admitting into class-rooms. Here the study of French and German under native professors is in progress. We entered in all four rooms, two being devoted to the study of each language, one to grammar, the other to conversational purposes. The system in the School is that of personal instruction. Instead of one master haranguing a large class, some of whom may be apathetic, others uncomprehending, here are three or four masters in one class-room; going round to the pupils individually, explaining difficulties, talking to each.

We saw tabulated on the walls the extraordinary results of the Society of Arts' examinations. These are best set forth in the words of a printed slip given to us concerning the results in 1903.

"In many respects the School takes first place in the kingdom, notwithstanding the fact that the number of centres has risen to 322, and the total number of papers examined reaches the enormous aggregate of 11,670. 'P.M.S.' awards include 91 first-class certificates (highest in the kingdom), eight prizes, tying for first place with one other centre; first place and first prize in German, in English, and in précis-writing; 30 first-class certificates in shorthand (the next best centre having 20); 14 'firsts' in German (no other centre taking more than 10); 10 'firsts' and medal in précis-writing (no other centre having more than five); nine 'firsts' in French (no other institution taking more than six). The total number of papers submitted was 342, and the high standard of excellence

maintained throughout is demonstrated by the fact that over 97 per cent. passed—91 first, 150 second, and only 91 third-class. Prizes of medals and money have been won in shorthand, type-writing, German, English, and précis-writing. There is for year after year a record of 'first prize and medal' taken in languages by pupils of this School.

On the floor below we become aware of the click of many type-writing machines, and girls are seen hard at work, with instructors passing from one to another. It is worthy of notice that this was the first School in the kingdom to teach type-writing. Among the machines in use in the School are all the leading makes, and the art of using them appears to be taught in an intelligent manner. No pupil, who has

not had abundant practice, is allowed to pass out of this department.

The great feature of the School is undoubtedly the Business Training Hall, to which we now descend, on the third floor. It extends along the whole front of the building, and is, as its name implies, a large hall fitted with office desks, and, in fact, with nearly every appliance that can be met with in an ordinary office. At either end of the hall is a telephone for practical demonstration. The pupils, in telephoning from one end of the hall to the other, observe the registered telephone numbers of the large London firms, and in this way become familiar with information they may afterwards need. There are up-to-date filing cabinets; specimens of the raw materials used in manufacture stand in museum-like cases round the walls, and in some cases the development of the product is clearly shown; the coinage of the different countries is exemplified. But we were most impressed by the fact that in this room the actual books in use are such as would be found in a business office. The student is, in fact, rehearsing his part with thoroughness. The dread of spoiling one of the formidable ledgers

usually entrusted to a clerk must be alarming to the novice who has to write in one for the first time in the master's office; but in this Business Training Hall he or she has to use, not just incantation, but the very books that will be handled later on. Thus the learner grows accustomed to the portentous leather-bound volumes, to the use of the copying-press, and so on. The "letter-book," we saw contained beautifully neat specimens of writing.

In some departments of the school, as in this hall, the students are of both sexes; in others the sexes are divided. We saw separate rooms for the girl book-keeping students, and then descended to the department which used to be the use of the copying-press, and so on. The "letter-book," we saw contained beautifully neat specimens of writing. The students are classified as Senior and Junior.

The Seniors are those over 21 years of age and those who are acting on their own resources. The Juniors are those under 21, or those who are sent by parents, guardians or business firms. Each of the Juniors has a log-book, in which the report of the day's work is entered day by day, to be taken home.

These are a few of the distinguishing advantages claimed by the School, to sum up what we have said:

All pupils are taught by specialists.

Students are taught individually.

Great care is taken to see that candidates are making satisfactory progress in all subjects.

Students are frequently examined in the subjects in which they are receiving instruction, and marks are awarded in order that their progress may be clearly ascertained.

We have written enough to give a general idea of the character of this great institution, which is in itself a significant feature of modern times. It is only the empty-headed and foolish who think it grand to despise commerce. They should remember that the need of interchange of commodities laid, in ancient times, the foundation of modern civilisation, of modern thought. It was in the market place (agora) that men learned to interchange ideas as well as goods; it was there that they listened to the words of the great philosophers. And the broad discussions of modern times may have had a remote prototype in some such episode as the following, exquisitely sketched by Matthew Arnold:

"As some grave Tyrian trader, from the sea,
Described at sunrise an emerging prow
Lifting the cool-haired creapers stealthily,
The fringes of a southward-facing brow
Among the Ægean isles;"

"And saw the merry Grecian coaster come.
Freighted with amber grapes, and Chian wine
And knew the intruders on his ancient home,
And snatched his rudder, and shook out mail sail;"

"As we entered one of the rooms, a pause in the dictation had just occurred, and a master, with the blackboard, was giving practical hints during the interval. "Assassinated?" asked a voice, and a symbol, which was the equivalent of the word, instantly appeared on the board in explanation. The opportunity of having difficulties cleared up from time to time as they occur is undoubtedly a great advantage."

We probably all remember that when David Copperfield had learned to write shorthand he was dismayed to find that he was totally unable to read what he had written! This danger is avoided by the provision of a transcribing room, where students are made to feel the interdependence of the "twin arts," shorthand and typewriting. It is worth mentioning that within the past ten years nine members of the School have taken the certificate for writing at the rate of 200 words per minute. At the Society of Arts' Examination, 1902, Pitman's Metropolitan School took 21 first-class certificates, no other, out of the nearly 300 centres, taking more than 10. At the National Union of Teachers' Special Examination for Reporting Honours, 1902, the School took first and second prizes in an examination at 150 words per minute for 10 minutes. At the London Phonetic Society's examination for the gold, silver and bronze medals offered to all London non-professional shorthand writers this School has for the past six years taken all the medals awarded.

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GARDENING AS A PROFESSION FOR GIRLS.

HOW THEY ARE TRAINED AT SWANLEY, AND THE DEMAND FOR COMPETENT STUDENTS.

PART I.

In the sunniest part of Kent, right in the heart of the fruit-growing district, is to be found an up-to-date horticultural college. Here women are trained in all branches of horticultural work, and when it is stated that scores of young ladies have been turned out from this college, and now hold responsible posts in all parts of the country, and also in the colonies, it is evident that the institution is not only a practical one, but supplies a decided want. Indeed, there is undoubtedly a demand for women gardeners, and in these days, when so many girls are seeking to find some suitable vocation, an account of the college and its work cannot fail to be of interest.

As already stated, it is situated in Kent, about a mile and a half across the fields from Swanley Junction. It was established in 1889, the college building itself consisting of a fine old house, part of it going back to Elizabethan days, standing in forty-three acres of land. "The college aims chiefly," according to the statement in the prospectus, "at giving a thoroughly systematic training to women who wish to become market-growers and gardeners in private places." That it has succeeded and is still succeeding in this desirable object is proved by the number of posts secured last year by Swanley students. Three obtained the position of head gardeners, while five found employment as under-gardeners, and another seven as gardeners. Two students also went as companion gardeners, another as a jobbing gardener, while six obtained situations in schools and institutions, and another three appointments abroad.

The forty-three acres of ground over which the students work is freehold land and belongs to the college. There are twelve acres of kitchen garden, two of flower garden, seventeen of fruit plantation, the remainder being meadow-land, etc. The main building includes lecture-rooms, class-rooms and laboratories, where most of the science teaching is carried on. Glass-houses for market-work are fifteen in number, each one hundred feet long, and a conservatory, with

Lena Shepstone, "Gardening as a Profession for Girls" (Volume 26, 1 April 1905, p. 424).
Lena Shepstone, "Gardening as a Profession for Girls" (Volume 26, 1 April 1905, p. 425).
range of glass for private work, has lately been added. There are adjoining stables, a work- 
shop, farm buildings, apiary, dairy, poultry-houses, etc. When the college was first started, only 
men were taken, but two years later women students appeared on the scene. Now it is devoted 
exclusively to the training of women. It may be said to have become a college for women since the autumn of 1903, when

it was decided to take only female students.

Whenever you visit Swanley, either in the summer or late in the autumn, you cannot help being struck with the quiet determination with which the young ladies go about their work. There is no excitement, no rush, all is quiet and peace. In all departments of the college it is the same. In the gardens and in the fields, in the glass-houses and conservatories, you come across groups of three, five, and perhaps eight young women, pursuing their labours, paying strict attention to their tutors, and evidently taking the keenest interest in the task set before them.

It was a delightful day when the writer visited this ideal Horticultural College, and requested the Principal to guide her over the grounds. Turning out of a quiet lane, just

Lena Shepstone, “Gardening as a Profession for Girls” (Volume 26, 1 April 1905, p. 426).
beyond the college building, we found ourselves in a large plantation of young fruit-trees, with gooseberry bushes growing between rows of trees alternately with potatoes and other vegetables. It was on the eve of an examination, and here and there, in quiet, shady nooks, might be found a student too much absorbed in books to bestow more than a casual glance at a visitor. Presently we came upon a group of women students busily engaged in picking gooseberries under the supervision of one of the staff of gardeners. To judge by his watchful solicitude and frequent suggestions to the workers, there is more art in picking gooseberries than would at first appear. A few yards from the gooseberry pickers were some lady students skilfully accomplishing the very delicate business of budding young fruit-trees, a task for which feminine fingers are especially adapted.

Near at hand was a pleasant paddock, where numerous coops held indignant hens, who clucked anxiously as we inspected their fluffy little families. The apiary occupied an enclosure near the poultry runs. Some score of hives of the latest pattern stood in rows, and bees in buzzing thousands filled the air with their humming. Two young girls, with their faces hidden behind bee-veils, had opened one of the hives, and had taken out the frame of comb, upon which the bees hung in clustering festoons. The two students were searching for the queen bee, whose loyal subjects seemed to take matters very calmly. After watching the proceedings for a few minutes, we deemed it desirable to pass on, not relishing the prospect of a possible sting from the more excited bees that were flying wildly about.

The flower garden, which is directly opposite the college building, presented a picturesque and even fascinating appearance. Every seasonable flower you could name was to be seen in bloom. Close by were the students' own gardens, little plots where girls can display their own individual tastes to the full. Some of these plots were very charming, both skill and artistic ability being shown in the arrangement of the flowers and shrubs. In the glass-houses all kinds of fruit, such as tomatoes, cucumbers, peaches and the like, are grown. There are also some very fine vineries at Swanley, while a couple of the houses are given over entirely to the production of tropical plants.
TWO LADIES OF THE STUART PERIOD.

By SARSON C. J. INGHAM, Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," "Selina's Story," etc.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. PEPPYS.

"Is the creature too imperfect, say?
Would you mend it
And so end it:
Since not all addition perfects aye!
Or is it of its kind, perhaps,
Just perfection
Whence, rejection
Of a grace not to its mind, perhaps?"

ELIZABETH ST. MICHEL was descended on her father's side from a noble French family, and on her mother's from the Cliffords of Cumberland, recognised as a noble stock. Of her life prior to her marriage there is no record in the Diary. Pepys' Diary begins 1660-66, when she had been for four years his wife. He does not indulge in retrospect, so we know nothing of their courtship and "parlous" beginning of married life.

The girl of fifteen found herself in London with a husband eight years older than herself, and in some things not as many wiser. He was, however, well able to take care of her, and had the spirit and the will to work for her when an opening was made for him. Indeed, the pair appear to have been extremely well matched. Sam Pepys doted on smart appearance and birth's beauty was a thing to be proud of, granted and approved wherever he might take her.

If she did not already know, she was not slow to learn that "fine feathers make fine birds." Things had to go very hardly with the Pepys if they did not manage to make a grand show when they walked abroad, went to the theatre or even to church. On holidays and public occasions Pepys was fond of taking his little wife out, and as his circumstances improved he gave her the desire of her heart in many a chic article of dress that caught her eye in the shop windows. The Diary shows us how kind he was, and what were Mrs. Pepys' "particular vanities."

April 15th, 1662.—"With my wife by coach to the New Exchange, and to buy her some things, where we saw some new-fashioned petticoats of sarsenet, with a black, broad lace printed round the bottom and before; very handsome and my wife had a mind to one of them."

May 14th, 1665.—"To church, it being Whitsunday. My wife very fine in a new yellow bird's eye hood, as the fashion is now."

Pepys declares on more than one occasion that the sight of fine clothes does him good, we suppose by enlivening his spirits, though we fail to see, how the study of Lady Castlemaines' muslin and lace skirts, hung out to dry, could do any man good, if he thought of her as she deserved.

The earlier years of struggle and obscurity ought certainly to be regarded as a touchstone of character. To the credit of the young couple be it spoken then, that when "poverty came in at the door, love did not fly out of the window." Both behaved in a manner that they could recall with pleasure when their ship came in.

Pepys records their conversation in the early hours of a cold morning in February, 1667. The winter was bitter, but its hardships were softened to them. He reminded Elizabeth that she used to get up and make the fires, and stand even at the wash-tub in the days when they lived in a little room at my Lord Sandwich's.

"I fought forever to love and admire her, and do; and persuade myself she would do the same thing again, if God should reduce us to it." So while Elizabeth was performing duties that she perhaps heartily disliked and women with less pretensions to birth and education might have shunned, she was adding to her husband's love fresh justification for their respect and admiration that he always preserved to feel for her. It is a thing to reflect upon. Hearts that have sustained each other during the dark days of adversity, are more closely knit than those whose lives have passed like a beautiful succession of summer days.

The pretty custom of St. Valentine's Day was honoured this same year by two of Mrs. Pepys' admirers, little Will Mercer and her husband. We shall see how Pepys consoles himself for the price of his Valentine.

Feb. 14th.—"This morning came up to my wife's bedside, being up dressing myself, little Will Mercer to be her valentine, and brought her name writ upon blue paper in gold letters, done by himself, very pretty; and we were both well pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's valentine, and it will cost me five pounds; but that I must have laid out if we had not been valentines."

The names of valentines were at that time to be drawn for. Two days after date Pepys writes, "I find that Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my valentine, she having drawn me, which I was not sorry for, it easing me of something more that I must have given to others. But here I do first observe the fashion of drawing of mottoes as well as names, so that Pierce who drew my wife, did draw also a motto, and this girl drew another for me. What mine was I have forgot, but my wife's was: 'To the courteous and most fair, which as it may be used or an anagram made upon such name might be very pretty.'"

The motto made a happy hit in falling to Mrs. Pepys: not only fair, but delicately ladylike if the vignette accompanying Pepys' Diary is to be trusted. So dainty and refined, she might have passed her youth among carpet knights and softly moving dames. The innocent eyes and gentle features do not promise heroic qualities. Only in the hard school of adversity could she have added to (or more correctly chorded with) her womanly dependence, virtue; the power to do and bear; the patience also that can continue in well-doing; suffer and be still. We have seen many such soft and pretty faces as Mrs. Pepys. They are sure of ardent admirers, while the cold critic pronounces them simple, bashful, vain and void.
GARDENING AS A PROFESSION FOR GIRLS.

**How They Are Trained at Swanley, and the Demand for Competent Students.**

**PART II.**

DAIRY-WORK plays a very important part in the students' education, while jam-making and bottling fruit are not neglected. Attention is also paid to table decoration, as well as to packing fruit and flowers for the market. In addition to practical work in the gardens and on the farm, a good share of the students' time is occupied with lectures and with laboratory research. Indeed, the authorities lay great stress on their lectures and an able staff of tutors are engaged for this one purpose. The lectures occupy an average of two hours a day, and after a glance at the syllabus it would seem that no subject or item is omitted. Take, for instance, work in the garden. There are not only lectures on the making of gardens and the formation of paths and lawns, but on the use of garden tools, the propagation of plants by seed, layers, grafts, buds, and cuttings, as well as on the eradication of weeds and insect and fungoid pests. Then there are lectures on botany, geology, entomology, bee-keeping, poultry-keeping and dairy-work. Mention may also be made of the courses in nature-study. The one held at the college in August last, which was termed a "holiday" course, was a decided success. Nearly sixty mistresses from elementary, secondary, and private schools in all parts of the country, from Cornwall to Fife, gathered at Swanley, where they remained for a period of twelve days. During this time they were instructed by experts in horticulture, botany, zoology, and bee-keeping. The aim of this gardening instruction was to qualify the visitors in the planning and management of school-children's gardens.

A description of the work done at Swanley would not be complete without reference to the Colonial Branch. Its object is to train young women for colonial life, so that they may take up positions in our various colonies. A number of young girls have passed through this department of the institution's work and are now doing well. One, a young, uncertificated nursery governess, took up an appointment in South Africa at a salary of £120 per annum, including board and residence. Another fulfils the duties of gardener on an estate of thirty-two acres in Natal, for which she was offered a salary of £200 rising in the third year to £250 per annum, in addition to a furnished cottage, firewood, vegetables, fruit, and a native servant. Married women, who have taken a course of instruction in the Colonial Branch before proceeding to rejoin their husbands abroad, have written saying how practical and valuable they find the knowledge obtained at Swanley, while unmarried women who have gone out to brothers and friends in South Africa, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand declare that the tuition received at the college has been the making of them.

It must not be imagined that it is easy work at Swanley, and no one should enter the college unless she is fully prepared to do whatever task is set before her. No gardening operation must be regarded as too menial. In the summer the students rise early and work commences in the gardens at 6 A.M. In winter, however, outdoor labour does not begin until 9 A.M. In wet weather students find plenty of occupation in the glass-houses and potting-sheds, or in the carpenter's shop, where women as well as men learn to repair and paint cucumber frames, and other similar work that occasionally falls to the lot of the practical gardener. At first the students work in small groups under a gardener's direction in the different departments in turn. Later on they are allowed to specialise in either private or market work, whichever they intend ultimately to take up.

Anyone may enter the college, provided there is a vacancy, who can give satisfactory references and is over sixteen years of age. There are both in-students and out-students. The former reside either in the college itself, or at South Bank, or at the Colonial Branch House. In each instance the accommodation consists of dining, recreation and bedrooms—either study bedrooms or cubicles. There are two courses, that known as the full Diploma course and the Certificate course. To gain the Diploma or Certificate, which means that the student has satisfied her teachers and examiners on the subjects she has taken up, two years' hard study is demanded, and the fee, which is inclusive, is from £80 per annum.

_Lena Shepstone._

Lena Shepstone, "Gardening as a Profession for Girls" (Volume 26, 17 June 1905, p. 596).
Along with many requests for information about education and training, *The Girl’s Own Paper* received numerous requests for information on opportunities for work. Despite its general focus on marriage as the desirable end of a girl’s existence, *The Girl’s Own* recognized that many girls needed to earn a living. From the earliest issues, the magazine offered surveys of work opportunities for girls and articles on individual fields of work. Some of the articles tried to focus on matching traditional feminine qualities such as a capacity for nurturance to professions such as teaching and nursing. There was also a tendency to promote women’s work in the decorative arts; as late as 1905 one can still find a rather ridiculous recommendation of painting cats on velvet cushions as “A New Profession for Girls” (26: 772–74). However, *The Girl’s Own* was generally progressive in noting opportunities in both non-traditional fields for women and new professions. The magazine also published articles by women workers; some of these are reproduced below.

“Female Clerks and Book-Keepers” (vol. 1, 1880, pp. 309–10) is written anonymously, but it was probably by S. F. A. [Sophia] Caulfeild, a frequent contributor who had earlier in this volume written a general article on “Earning One’s Living”; an editor’s note with it promised more information on specific occupations. The article argues that there is nothing unfeminine about these professions. A Nursing Sister does her best to debunk idealized images of nursing in “The Unvarnished Side of Hospital Nursing” (vol. 9, 1887–88, pp. 808–09). She also categorizes nursing as “woman’s work.”

*The Girl’s Own* occasionally addressed articles, often of a cautionary nature, to girls with literary aspirations. The anonymously written “Struggles of a Lady Journalist” (vol. 9, 1887–88, pp. 567, 586–87, 605) purports to share one young woman’s difficulties establishing herself in her chosen profession.

In 1896, *The Girl’s Own* ran a competition for essays by “girls who work with their hands.” The five prize essays were published as “My Daily Round” (vol. 18, pp. 75–77, 115–117, 172–73). The authors followed the popular practice of adopting flower names as pseudonyms. The first prize winner was identified as a “locomotive-tracer”; she worked in an engineering office, tracing designs. The remaining occupations described, in order, were pottery-painter, shirt-maker, lace-maker, and general servant. This competition proved so popular with readers that the magazine ran a “Competition for Professional Girls” and again published the five prize essays (vol. 18, 1896–97, pp. 412–15). The first prize winner, a hospital nurse, appears to have given her own name, Agnes Eugenie Smith. The remaining prize winners, a folklore collector, a musician, a writer, and a post-mistress, all published under pseudonyms. These essays mark a rare and valuable opportunity to hear working women’s voices.

The next articles reproduced introduce new opportunities. R. Kathleen Spencer, in “Pharmacy as an Employment for Girls” (vol. 21, 1899–1900, pp. 19–20), outlines how to qualify and where to seek employment as a pharmacist/dispenser. Florence Sophie Davson discusses “Women’s Work in Sanitation and Hygiene” (vol. 21, 1899–1900, pp. 29–31), which she describes as a form of “organized district visiting,” a formerly charitable undertaking by middle-class women.

By the beginning of the twentieth century, *The Girl’s Own* started to address the problem of overcrowded professions. In “Domestic Service as a Profession for Gentlewomen” (vol. 23, 1901–02, pp. 299–300), Alix Joson tries to persuade middle-class readers to reconsider work they might have considered beneath them. The magazine also offered tips for success in the workplace, such as Margaret Bateson’s observations on “Girls and Their Employers” (vol. 24, 1902–03, pp. 69–70). She presents the pros and cons of both male and female employers.

Finally, “House-Decoration: A New and Remunerative Employment for Girls” (vol. 25, 1904–05, p. 24) illustrates the ongoing concern to find new opportunities and create new professions in an ever-more-competitive market for work.
The employment either as a clerk or book-keeper to one can raise any objection on the score of its being unfeminine. It is respectable to work that we may be independent, and a girl may just as well go every day to write letters and keep accounts for some business establishment as sit at home to add up the housekeeping-book or act as her mother's amanuensis.

Already there is a certain demand for women as clerks. When the last census was taken in 1857 there were five hundred and fifty-two of them engaged in connection with commercial business in London alone, and the attention directed of late years to occupations for women must have tended largely to increase their number. Indeed, we may look for some very interesting and encouraging statistics on this head when the new census comes to be taken next year.

One advantage might be gained with the occupation of a clerk is that it does not require a special education. It is, therefore, particularly suited to those to whom circumstances have denied the careful training required for other pursuits.

The wants is a good ordinary education and punctual and orderly habits. Plain neat handwriting is indispensable, and no clerk is anything else than a sorrow to her employers who cannot copy correctly. Accuracy, then, must be made a special study. The ability to write a short letter, saying neatly what we wish to say, is another requisite. The ability to write a short letter, saying neatly what we wish to say, is another requisite.

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To meet this difficulty we would suggest to those girls who think of taking their place at an office-desk, that they should add to their daily qualifications enumerated above some special branch of knowledge. Short-hand, for example, would greatly increase one's chance of obtaining a situation, and a girl knowing French or German would bring small remuneration, and it is a great encouragement to the industries to know that in proportion to their labour so will be their reward. So then, my friends, if we are to be clerks, let us be the best possible clerks, striving to know everything that will make us more useful to ourselves and other people.

The routine of an office is usually simple, and a clerk seldom has any worry or trouble, except what makes for herself. With pleasant companions to walk with in intervals of business, she may be very happy, a great deal happier, indeed, than an ‘aliness exists.

The experiment of employing young women as clerks, and provided in the building—and well provided, too—of everything that will make us more useful to ourselves and other people. And what about the work? That is much the same as falls to the lot of insurance clerks in general. It contains nothing at all intricate, and for its execution requires nothing but ordinary ability and extraordinary accuracy. The example of accuracy we saw on the occasion of a recent visit were such that if our living depended on our furnishing similar specimens, we should entreat you, girls, to allow of our retiring on a pension into private life.

The salary begins at £3 2s a-year and rises by stages of £5 10s till at the end of a few years a young lady finds herself in the enjoyment of £100 or so of annual income, after which she will, no doubt, be content.

There can be no question about the fact that the young ladies like the employment and that the experiment of employing them as clerks has in this instance—thanks, no doubt, to judicious management—been a decided success. This Assurance Company began, in 1872, with the employment of ten young ladies, and their staff now includes no fewer than one hundred and seventy.

Over young men young ladies possess several advantages as clerks. For the same salary you would not get such a respectable class, and it is a doubtful point whether you would get the same amount of steady application.

Women, again, as a rule, are more happy and contented: a man must in the nature of things be pushing ahead, and, although he has been three or four years at work, he is pretty sure to be marrying and settling down and so requiring a larger income.

A considerable number of young men are employed in the office of which we have been giving an account, but unfortunately women never come into personal communication. So far as meeting is concerned, they might be a hundred and twenty divisions of clerks even coming into the building by separate entrances.

Another establishment in the metropolis where women are employed as clerks is that of the printers of the Post Office Directories. The experiment of employing young women was begun here quite recently, and the result has been so satisfactory that a handsome room has been built, capable of accommodating forty clerks, and is now quickly filling up.

The success of this experiment, we learn from the Committee of the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, is in a great measure due to the good sense and earnestness of the lady superintendent and to the good conduct of the two clerks who first learned the work with her in her own private rooms. Everything is done throughout in the most methodical manner; no talking is allowed, and each clerk goes steadily on with her work, which is too varied to become monotonous.

Insurance companies have in a few instances engaged young women as clerks, and provided them with occupation at country stations. We are not, however, sure that a railway booking-office is the right place for a girl. On the Continent, no doubt, it is a common field for women's work, but our ideas of modesty and retirement are against it.

Banks present more suitable openings, and we should be glad to see these institutions throwing open their doors to young women of intelligence and capacity. There is a demand for this class of Labour also from large warehouse and private counting-houses and though, as we have said before, every vacancy has a host of applicants, one candidate has as good a chance as another; and to keep from applying because we are not certain of success would be nothing short of ridiculous.

Whatever we are now speaking about is the business of copying petitions, law copying, and engrossing. "This work," says one of the "maids" taken by the piece, and can be done at home, provided the strictest business habits of neatness, punctuality, and dispatch can be maintained. I have heard, however, of a single erasure...
Anon., "Female Clerks and Book-Keepers" (Volume 1, 15 May 1880, p. 310).

..."The occupation of book-keeping is a highly responsible one. The care and accuracy with which its books are kept depend on the prosperity of a business establishment.

The duties of a book-keeper are several, and not to be found making free with what is not their own. One reason for this is, perhaps, that they are, generally speaking, exposed to the danger of the week; but we hope that a deeper reason will be found in their superior sense of rectitude and their more self-sacrificing devotion to duty."

"MORE THAN CORONETS."

By Mrs. G. LINNÉUS BANKS.

CHAPTER XV.

DINAH'S NEW MISTRESS.

ESRA'S ears had not deceived her. As she and Mercy followed the stranger, who called himself John Rutherford, up New Oxford-street, instead of hurrying along Southampton-street to their lodgings across the square, they might have seen standing before a bookseller's door the selfsame carriage which had whirled Dinah away from Euston; and they might have seen the self-same flagon, carrying a parcel of books to "my lady" in the carriage, and, after placing them with other parcels on the seat, stand back with one hand holding the door and the other touching his forehead, whilst their military friend, marching up, gave a brief order, then joined the lady seated within. They might have seen the footman pass his orders to the coachman, then mount to the rumble; but they would have been no wiser, for there was no Dinah then on the seat, and the man's resplendent purple-and-gold was concealed under a sober overcoat which came to his heels.

We, however, are privileged to follow Major Rutherford to his seat beside his sister, Lady Dynevor, of Dynevor Manor. He was a man above the middle height, erect, broad-chested, bronzed rather than florid, with a very decided cast of countenance, across which the thoughtfulness of affliction had drawn its ineffaceable lines, his hair having the non-descript tinge of dark brown on which grey has intruded before its time. Several years his elder was the lady, but not a thread of white was to be seen in the smooth bands about her brow, nor a line on her well kept face; and the clear eyes, the fair cheeks, the soft corners of her eyes; her cheek retained something of youth's freshness, something of the vigour of youthful hope; her head was an elevated dignified figure that had not lost its graceful curves. Perhaps Dinah knew the secret of her lady's wonderful preservation.

"I had a little money, the lady left you, Ernestine," said the major as he took his seat.

"Ah! an adventure? An agreeable one, I hope," and the lady smiled, revealing a set of strong white teeth, which did not come from the dentist.

"Partly," was the sober rejoinder. "A book-keeping business, " said she, as the two entered the post-office just as I had given in my telegram, and asked for a letter for Miss Stapleton."

"Miss—— The interruption which began as a started exclamation dropped into a somewhat languid manner, "Ah—— did not catch the name?"

"Stapleton," repeated the major, an observant. I had supposed Miss Dynevor to have slight colour even beneath the artificial bloom; "the young lady did not seem aware that a charge was made, and I saw she was overwhelmed with shame, having evidently left her pure behind. You may be sure I did not allow her to go back without her letter."

"Ah! just like my simple-minded brother — he! How do you know the girl was not an impostor?" And up went the lady's eyeglasses, as if to scan unfamiliar features.

"An impostor for a penny? Nay, Ernestine, that is an illiberal assumption. She was as much a lady as yourself," and the lady smiled, "sister," and said the younger sister.

"What younger one?"

"There was a sort of pétulant quickness about the girl, which I did not like. How do you know the girl was not an impostor?"

"She was a most lovely girl, both sixteen and thirteen years old—the very counterfeit of Blanche. Her rich chestnut hair, her dimpled cheeks, her large brown eyes, her dimpled lips — there was scarcely a line memory could not trace. I could not keep my eyes away from the child. I am sure she set me down as rude and impertinent. For my part, I felt as if I could have clasped her in my arms and wept over her! It seemed as if something whispered me, "The tears have given back your child. Blanche's babe was not lost—she is here!"

"This is really too absurd," broke from Lady Dynevor, with a faint affection of supreme indifference.

"You would not have said so, my lady, if you had seen the fair child as I saw her. Indeed, my dream was only partially dispelled when Miss Stapleton replied to my question, "Yes, sir, she is my sister! I was compelled to believe it. Miss Blanche has never seen me from the dead I could scarcely have had a greater shock," and the bronze soldier signed as he drew his hand across his forehead wearily.
as daintily adorned and hospitably supplied. She had three bridesmaids—Phillis, Laura, and Lucy; her white satin dress fitted her to perfection.

But—rain fell in torrents; a drip from a wet umbrella spotted the bridal robe; invited guests failed to appear; the newly-married Hyltons met them with the bridegroom's party at the church, but neither Miss Fringle, nor Mr. John Crossley, nor his wife came to do them honour. Indeed, the blinds at Pilgrim Place were drawn closely down, as the bridegroom's party at the church, newly-married Hyltons met them with their relative had shut out the sight. People were there who have no place in this history, and presents were many, but when the display came a small box was found marked "A present from Phillis Penelope Fringle to the bride." Within it lay, coiled upon cotton wool, a necklace of mock pearls, labelled clearly, "False as fair."

Yet that was not all. Whilst Mrs. Arthur Rivers was dressing for her honeymoon trip to London, there was an altercation going on between Arthur and his father, which boded ill for all parties concerned.

Stephen Heathfield had promised to give with Mabel four thousand pounds. It turned out one-half the sum had been already advanced to James Rivers, for investment in his business on Arthur's account, and had been otherwise employed; in fact, had gone to make up the sum cautiously settled upon Maud. The handing over by Stephen of his cheque for two thousand only provoked an explanation, and a final rupture between father and son.

Not a promising beginning for the new year or the newly-married pair.

(To be continued.)

THE IMMORTAL ROSE.

By EDITH PRINCE.

When the infant eyes awakened
Mother slept; her silent hand
Might not clasp the tiny fingers,
But they thought among God's band
She was chosen as the angel
O'er her baby watch to keep,
And in dreams her love to whisper,
For the child smiled in her sleep.

Crimson roses sweet they planted
To the mother's fond heart near,
And with baby's growth the flowers
Blossomed fresh each dawning year.
Sometimes when the maiden pondered,
Wondrous deep her blue eyes grew,
As she pictured clear the mother
That her waking never knew.

Then she said, "Dear God, the flowers
Planted here bloom in my heart.
Sometimes, dreaming of their beauty,
Of my life they seem a part.
Oh, then as their fragrance mounting
On fair angels' wings to Thee,
Grant my prayers their fullest pleading,
Sending down Thy love on me:
"So when soft my evening cometh,
And my hair is tinged with snow,
May the crimson rose immortal
Still in summer beauty glow,
Filling all my life with music,
And the light of grace divine,
Till I stand before Thy portals
With my mother's hand in mine."

THE UNVARNISHED SIDE OF HOSPITAL NURSING.

My article will be no grand intellectual study—merely a few plain facts; but if it should encourage any to work on more bravely in some daily routine, or inspire them with a desire to help their fellow-men in a more practical form, it will not be in vain.

Most people will agree with me in considering that nursing to a large extent comes under woman's work. Though some men are in every way thoroughly good nurses, as a rule women may find a useful work in attending on the sick, and are appreciated by them. Almost everyone thinks herself capable of nursing; except perhaps some few, who shrink from it with a kind of horror, and imagine they could never bear to see or do all that would be required of them.

I am aware that the market, so to speak, is already overstocked with women who have taken up the work of nursing; but are they nurses?

At a course of lectures attended when beginning hospital life, we were informed of the necessary qualifications for a nurse. I will enumerate some of them. Obedience, cheerfulness, patience, conscientiousness, observation, sympathy, judgment, neatness, and order. Hospital nurses are about as mixed a class as you could well conceive; daughters of men in almost every trade or profession, from a general's daughter to the poorly educated lady's maid or servant girl; and if you ask their reasons for becoming nurses, you will find here, too, a strange variety. Young widows and women of good education who are in trouble, imagine (and often find) that caring for others will lighten their own woe. Some from conscientious motives desire to devote their lives to good works; others take to nursing because they must gain a livelihood, and they think it sounds better to be a nurse than a companion, shopwoman, or servant. Some take to it because they think to wear a uniform and be called a sister lends a romance to their work.

(To be continued.)

A Nursing Sister, "The Unvarnished Side of Hospital Nursing" (Volume 9, 15 September 1888, p. 808).
A Nursing Sister, "The Unvarnished Side of Hospital Nursing" (Volume 9, 15 September 1888, p. 809).

Remember that the many details—such as salary, hours, and various duties—differ in different hospitals. I think, a student nurse has to have charge of about thirty-three beds, with two day-nurses, a probationer, and a night-nurse. One thing more: when you come to do your work, always try to do your best; you will then see that a nurse of suffering and death; very tiring to a young sister is a good deal of hard work: scrubbing, hours with a beloved one, or perhaps arriving by the second year, and from then on, the salary of a nurse (or rather a probationer, as she is at first called) is from £10 to £14 the first year, £14 to £16 the second year, and from £16 to £20 the third year, with board, washing, and uniform provided. A probationer goes on trial for one month. Some leave then because they feel themselves, or are thought to be, physically or otherwise unwell; others, however, stay on, really unfitted, because they do not care for it, and have not their hearts in it.

At the end of one year, and often much sooner, a probationer is given charge of a ward, under a sister, when she is called nurse; then if she proves to be self competent, she is given the post of sister. A regular nurse, after the first two or three years gets from £30 to £50 yearly; a period of two or three years, gets from £30 to £50 yearly. The first year there is a good deal of hard work: scrubbing, whereas, after two years, the ward tends to be less crowded and suffering and death; very tiring to a young nurse, but with which she soon becomes so strongly familiar. Accidents of almost every kind, heartrending stories of cruelty and wrong, friends coming to spend the last few hours, of sorrow or delirium, the death of a friend or relative, which, on his leaving the ward, have but very imperfectly set forth the brightness of the side to our hospital ward; or let us turn to the bright side. Anyhow, the easy thing to be desired. Each has his own little tale to tell, and loves to tell it, and the very knowledge of the trials or sufferings of the other draws nurse and patient nearer together.

Then there are the men and women leaving the hospital, and occasionally even those for whom there are about to take a longer journey, and wish before starting to give their nurse a last farewell. Often it is a pressure of the hand and just to say, “Oh! nurse, I am so glad you are; it has seemed so long since you went out,” the easy thing to be desired. Each has his own little tale to tell, and loves to tell it, and the very knowledge of the trials or sufferings of the other draws nurse and patient nearer together.

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THE STRUGGLES OF A LADY JOURNALIST.

So many in these days can write as few, owing to their social positions and similar causes, can put themselves in touch with the City men by whose intellect the vast money-making machinery of business and retail firms is set in motion ! This is why I have it so at heart to tell my own struggles, because I know that many a young woman who may band together, and by some concerted action render it possible for women writers to get together, would not be afraid of a few people in knowledge with literary ability, they may obtain remunerative employment in the field where

A few years later on the accident of life brought me into connection with a newspaper which was about to be launched. Its name, its size, its shape, all were of my originating; it owed its creation to me and to one besides, and though, as many another proud young mother has found before me, my devotion to this my first-born has been ill-requited, yet in helping to rear it I have the reward which comes of added knowledge.

The joyous moment when the telegram came from the editor to say that the paper was published—when the morning's post brought me the first number ever turned off the printing presses!

The hopes and fears, the excitement and almost delirious happiness of bringing such a venture safely to birth, cannot be described. But many a one can testify to its being a supreme moment in one's life.

All who know anything of this kind of work know the eager desire the young writers, who have much greater need of their faculties of organization than of their literary ability, there are many different combinations of people who write for a young paper which is believed to be well backed. Authors of note are generous in this way. They give the new venture a chance at first, but later on it must stand or fall according to its merits, and woe betide that paper which is not well backed. A few years later on the accident of life brought me into connection with a newspaper which was about to be launched. Its name, its size, its shape, all were of my originating; it owed its creation to me and to one besides, and though, as many another proud young mother has found before me, my devotion to this my first-born has been ill-requited, yet in helping to rear it I have the reward which comes of added knowledge.

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HAVING thrown myself into the work of helping on our paper, I discovered that I was surrounded by a fully-fledged lady journalist. I had the advantage of being trained under those well-qualified for the work, and so I was spared to insure me a thoroughly good journalistic education. So that, after going through the experience which practice alone can give, I grew accustomed to writing to order, and could turn off smart paragraphs, theatrical criticisms, articles on social and other topics of the day, at a moment's notice. Added to this, I qualified to publish the paper, and mastered all the intricacies of the advertisement department, for I consider no lady journalist has comprehended her trade properly until she has become versed in all the details of editing, printing, and publishing a paper. In these matters we shall be wise to take part by the work our sisters on the other side of the Atlantic so ably perform.

Being looked up to as part and parcel of the special organ with which I was so intimately versed in all the details of editing, printing, and which has hindered my being borne away ruthlessly on the current of despair. The power of foreseeing things, possessed by my friend, enabled her to construe my vacillating conduct into a happy omen. "Turn again, turn again, Whittington; thrice Lord Mayor of London," she cheerily remarked, quoting the hackneyed words as an encouragement to me to continue our route; and although in part my "Struggles as a Lady Journalist" may be attributed to my sojourn in London, yet my having overcome them is undoubtedly due to my having followed my companion's advice, and taken up my abode on the scene of my later labours.

Once established in London, as the solitary lady on the staff of the paper whose interests I held perhaps too much at heart, we worked like slaves, and had the reward of the amusements which bring such an occupation when it is well carried out.

The curious samples that came for review, and when I was out of town occasionally got opened at the office, it would take up too much space to tell of. Once I remember four wire dress-improvers were sent for me to notice, and being away at the time, the material staff was greatly exercised as to their use. But tales like this can be told by the score at most newspapers. What occasioned me most fun was, the letters I received from correspondents. One girl wrote to me for advice as to how she should dress, and that I might the better enlighten her on the subject, described herself as being "twenty years old, but looking much younger," and had no idea what "dressmaker works as these can be told by the score at most newspapers.

Another equally guileless young woman was sorely perplexed as to how to prevent the tip of her nose presenting a shiny appearance during the violent exercise of waltzing in a very hot atmosphere! Then there were the many many amateurs who thought the world would be the better for knowing what they wore when they sang at a concert held for the benefit of the school of the national schoolroom of their parish. Whilst, lastly, not to make the list too long, there were the foolish young men who addressed me, as to the presents they should give their young ladies, treating one to minute accounts of the ladies' tastes; and there were the other gilded youths who asked my companion was to wake me out of my vacillating conduct into a happy omen. MS. should have been sent up was out of the question, but it was a case of positive necessity; and, grieved as I was at the closeness of the resuming slumber into which I had fallen, she had to call me at 2 a.m. the following morning, and my task completed shortly before seven o'clock, to leave me exhausted and feverish in order to travel up to London by the strenuous mail-train, and send my manuscript in at the office in time to save the sub-editor from distraction.

So I came. The power of foreseeing things, possessed by my friend, enabled her to construe my vacillating conduct into a happy omen.

With the few, journalism is a profitable task, grudged the amount of labour I had to experience the struggles of one, nor to see the dark side of the shield as regards employment in literary work, I yet had many a day in which I did not feel equal to my self-imposed task, grudged the excessive amount of labour I had to endure. I had to write for stock, and after all was more or less hack work, and sorely wished, with sighs dedicated to the memory of my first poor piece of knowledge to carry through life; and if the experience has the double advantage of being gained early enough in life for your energies to recover from the shock, you may in many respects be the better for it.

If you have any spirit, any strength of character, it must show itself in such a crisis of your fate. Self-reliance came to my rescue, and instead of giving way to a morbid, brooding state of mind, which the treatment I had reaped the benefit of my mistaken confidence, and, with poverty staring me in the face, became a professional writer.
At this period the fungus of poverty struggled so successfully with the pride of birth in me, that I stripped off my social fetters, and, as many a one has had to do before, I went into the arena where all who work for their living meet on the common ground of equality.

My testimonials consisted of two flattering letters from editors of other papers besides our own, a pile of grateful acknowledgments from shops whose novelties I had at various times written up, and copies of all my articles which had ever appeared in print. Armed with these, I intended to commence life over again as a lady journalist.

My first move was to provide myself with a newspaper guide; and I believe I am not exaggerating in saying that I wrote upwards of a hundred and fifty letters to the editors of London and Provincial papers, proprietors of weekly journals, and others, telling them of my varied and all-rounded experience, and offering my services in any way they chose, if only they would engage me permanently on their staffs, or failing this, grant me temporary employment.

I must say, from one and all I received the most civil replies, but each answer as it arrived was more discouraging than the last, till at length my heart used literally to sink within me when I heard the postman's knock at my door.

Some editors said they had "no opening at present," others informed me that all their "town gossip and fashionable news came through press agencies," whilst the generality laconically announced that their "staffs were full.

After a time I became convinced there was no opening in these directions, and with the rejection of my one attempt at fiction, which got itself accepted by a sixpenny monthly magazine in the years gone by, I scribbled off a story, which I proposed offering to the editor of some present day periodical.

Need I say that I was again disappointed? That my tale was rejected on all hands, and that in each instance I was informed—although with the utmost courtesy—that the editors were overstocked with matter (some of them still had MSS. lying crowded in the pigeon-holes of their office shelves which had never even been glanced through yet), and it was rather a mark of favour towards me than otherwise that I should be told plain and straight tales of the kind I submitted were simply a drag in the market nowadays. Interest here and there might get one taken, or occasionally a lady with a handle to her name got her stories accepted as she could make their acceptance good; but if you were a nobody, who had never hitherto written anything to attract the notice of editors and command reviews, you had no chance whatever of getting your stories read, let alone taken.

What was I to do? Journalists are not in the habit of reviewing one another's scissors and paste productions; the most able article, the smartest par, does not live in the memory of press men, in these rapid days, much beyond the moment in which it is printed; and the triumph of the greatest leader writer is ephemeral compared to that of the writer of one successful novel.

I was conscious of the need to make money somehow. I knew if only I could tide on, the testimonials I could show, the proofs of my capacity as an experienced journalist which I could produce, would in time enable me to gain a livelihood somehow. But meanwhile! Why, I might starve.

(To be concluded.)


**ODD CHARACTERS.**

**A GALLERY OF ECCENTRIC WOMEN.**

By NANCETE MASON.

VI.--LADY HATTON.

ECCENTRICITY in single women is bad enough, but when married women have a turn that way, may or may not be doubly blended in the case of the same roof with them. Take the ease of the "strange lady," as an old writer calls her, whose story we have now to tell.

About the close of the reign of Queen Elizabeth—there are some interesting figures at Court was a beautiful young widow, about twenty years old, with no children, and possessed of an immense fortune. Her family connections were highly respectable, she being the daughter of Lord Burleigh, afterwards Earl of Exeter. But she was now known as Lady Hatton, her husband having been Sir William Hatton, the nephew of Sir Christopher Hatton, Queen Elizabeth's famous Chancellor. He had died in 1597.

Young, beautiful, and wealthy she certainly was, but it is just as sure that in temper she was a regular vixen. Her "gentle blood," in which she prided herself, never appeared in the softening of her character, so she was heartless, overbearing, and vindictive. In the gaieties of the Court—hawking, balls, masques, and so forth—she took great pleasure, as was natural at her years, and it was noticed that not only whilst engaging in such amusements, but in everything else, she was greedy of attention.

The powerful family relations and large fortune of Lady Hatton brought a host of suitors to her feet, all of them so dazzled by her money and good looks that they had no eyes for her mental failings. Amongst them came the illustrious Francis Bacon, then in the beginning of his life, who was assisted in his wooing by his ever faithful friend the unfortunate Earl of Essex.

An old proverb says that "he who would the daughter win must with the mother first begin," so we find Essex exerting his eloquence on Lady Burleigh. If she were my sister or daughter, I say of his letters. "I protest I would as confidently resolve to further the match as I now persuade you." And in another epistle of this kind—"If my fate be anything, I protest if I had one as near me as she is to you, I had rather match her with him than with men of far greater titles."

But Bacon was not to have her. The prize, such as it was, was to fall to Edward Coke, his rival in law as well as in love, who, like him, had cast a longing eye on the widow's great possessions. Coke was one of the most eminent lawyers that ever lived in this country, he was hardly the husband one would have expected a gay young widow to select. He made five years of age, which to twenty usually appears about the number of the years of Mephistopheles. To his family there was really nothing to object, he being able to trace his ancestors as far back as the twelfth century. But a great deal was to be said against his proving himself a husband who could manage the wayward will of a spoiled, whimsical young woman.

He had an overruling nature to begin with, an arrogant manner, and a bad temper, which showed itself not only at the bar but at his own fireside. But he was unrepentant in the end, for during the whole of his life he had no relish, he was seldom enthusiastic about anything, and never showed much sympathy for other people if he thought himself bound to his briefs, and heartily detesting all gaiety and expense. His habits were very simple. When the sun set he went to bed, and on most mornings he rose at three o'clock. He took regular exercise, sometimes riding and sometimes walking, and his only amusement was an occasional game at bowls.

If this odd bloke had been married before, his first wife was an heiress, by whom he had about £30,000, and with her, as she was sensible and affectionate, he had lived happily. She died in 1598, and Coke mourned her loss more than one would have expected in a man of his peculiar temperament. Her brother kept for his own exclusive use this entry on the day of her death: "Most beloved and most excellent wife, you well and happily died, and as a true handmaid of the Lord fell asleep in the Lord, and now lives and reigns in heaven." She left ten of a family—seven sons and three daughters.

Before she had been long in the grave her husband set what affections he was possessed of on Lady Hatton, and proposed to enter with her into another matrimonial speculation. How he obtained her consent we do not know, but the probability is she was urged to the match by her relations. No one seemed to see the folly of her marrying a man old enough to be her father and with irreconcilable differences in taste and manners.

The two were married on the 24th of November, 1598. We find an entry of it in the parish register of St. Andrew's, Holborn, as the marriage of Edward Coke, "the Queen's Attorney-General," and "my Lady Elizabeth Hatton." The beginning was singularly un fortunate; for the wedding ceremony was conducted landed them both in trouble.

Regular marriages just at that time were no good—good deal talked about, but Coke and Lady Hatton, in spite of that, resolved on having the marriage secretly performed. Perhaps it was that they thought themselves above taking notice of such things, or it may be that the lady refused to be paraded in the face of the church as the bride of the wrinkled old Attorney-General. At any rate, they were married in the evening in a private house...
The STRUGGLES OF A LADY JOURNALIST.

Then a desperate determination took possession of me. I made up my mind to work on till I could turn my experience to a money-making success. I therefore communicated to the Supreme Power willed it so, to die in harness.

Kays of counsel and of comfort came occasions to cheer me along the rugged path which circumstances obliged me to follow, and a keen sense of the ridiculous acted as my alpenstock.

Two well-known and able critics were good enough to read a lengthy manuscript of mine. One sent me a very favourable verdict, the other told me I was to persevere in writing fiction, neither of them being aware of my long apprenticeship to journalism; and I acted on the latter's advice.

From one I received a most satisfactory reply, acknowledging the receipt of my testimonials, as old stagers have their hands so po sition for a near friend of his own. And such a sop to the editorial maw having been known on occasion to lead to the donor's position, I filed this document, and after the lapse of a few months, happening to glance over the announcement of the daily paper, I found the following advertisement:

"We can readily say, without the least exaggeration, that, at the risk of being accused of vanity, we can state that, at the risk of being accused of vanity, we think that the achievements of lady journalists as it enabled him to assist, and it also plainly conveyed the fact to these able men that their instruction, even if of the minimum kind, would result in their being able to pass as a lady, by which she might obtain, by way of a maximum income, to something like five hundred a year.

I did not wish to put the sexes on an equality; but I did wish—in these days when, owing to top-yarrow turpuyrism prevailing some place where, wives have to help husbands to keep the children as well as to bear them—to gain some more respect for their sex. The gentleman who inserted the advertisement I allude to above told me he had refused, only the week before I called on him, seven hundred pounds from a lady, because his business would not allow of his helping on lady journalists as it enabled him to assist, I suppose, journalists proper.

For food for reflection was provided me here. Subsequently I wrote the round dozen letters I have mentioned to the London managers of various provincial papers, from whom I had, on an earlier occasion, obtained courteous replies.

One of them did me the ineffable service of putting me into communication with a literary agent who is teaching me to say that was her parting thrust, "you professionals cut the ground from under our feet, and keep us out of the field altogether." Being hit on the cheek when I offered my gentility side, and receiving a nasty slap when, in deference to a high command, I offered the fellow an advertisement. The necessity retired from the flashy presence a saddler but a wiser woman.

The other advertisement informed me that a well-known literary gentleman—whose courtesy I gratefully acknowledge, although he could not see his way to helping me as an unknown—told me I was to persevere in writing fiction, neither of them being aware of my long apprenticeship to journalism; and I acted on the latter's advice.

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My Daily Round.

A competition for all girls who work with their hands.

It is not possible to overstate the interest felt by all classes of society in these competitions for hand workers, or, as one girl quaintly calls it, hard workers, and the reason is not far to seek.

The ‘daily round’ of these hundreds of brave courageous girls comes as a revelation to those who are standing, as it were, with the gentle things of life, have no need to work with their hands, it illustrates the ennobling results of enduring hardship, and sows the seed of good deeds; it comes as an enlivening and encouraging to those who have lost heart in the battle of life; it acts as a stimulant to those who are one shoulder to another in the struggle; and it is a lesson to every one in whatever rank they may be to see what these handworkers get through cheerfully in their twelve or sixteen hours of daily toil.

Every line of the 300 papers just sent in has been read by us with all-engrossing interest. The quiet unostentatious way in which each writer has put before us her daily life, with its struggles, its pains, its pleasures, its self-denials, its aspirations, makes us feel that such lives spent in our midst must influence for good every class with which they come in contact, be they high in the scale or low down, and consequently the world is the better for them.

Studying these ‘human documents’ we see the lives of our working girls and their influence as clearly as though we lived with them. In all these papers written by weavers, teachers, needlewomen, artists, shop-girls, home-workers, farm-labourers, domestics, nurses, servants, tailors, laundresses and others there is not a vulgar phrase or expression of discontent, and the only painful part of the whole competition is the selection from these for prizes and Honourable Mention; all are so good and conscientiously written that it is with the utmost difficulty we make selection. We go over them again and again that we may be sure we are correct. Many a good paper has to be set on one side because the writer has forgotten the rules of the competition; for example, one admirable description of farm-life in Scotland ran into three full sheets of foolscap and had reluctantly to be put out. In another, the writer instead of confining herself to her special daily round took up that of her sister’s, which she thought more interesting than her own, and although it was beautifully written could not therefore be accepted.

We should naturally think that the twelve or fourteen hours of compulsory daily toil would be quite enough and even more than enough to satisfy these girls, but if you could read all their papers you would find their evenings as busy as their days. After their evening meal some go off to an evening class and teach dressmaking to poor girls, others to various polytechnics to study languages, science or music. Most of them make their own clothes, some of them have bedridden parents and devote their leisure in reading aloud to their mother and comfort her; while the majority of them are Sunday-school teachers and members of the church or chapel choirs. If any of their fellow-workers are ill the evenings are spent in visiting them.

This description of our competitors’ method of spending their leisure is not confined to those at home, but applies equally to those who earn their daily bread in our far-away Colonies.

It seems to us that these Competitions are doing good service in that they enable us to see and appreciate the daily lives of those girls who work with their hands.

**PRIZE WINNERS.**

**First Prize (£5 5s.).** ‘Eddiweis,’ Locomotive-Tracer, Gorton, nr. Manchester.

**Second Prize (£4 4s.**). ‘Pansy,’ Potterty-Painter, Hanford, Stoke-on-Trent.

**Third Prize (£3 3s.).** ‘Lily of the Valley,’ Shirt-Maker, Dalston.

**Fourth Prize (£2 2s.).** ‘Primrose,’ Lace-Maker, Branscombe, near Axminster, Devon.

**Fifth Prize (£1 1s.).** ‘Begonia,’ General Servant, Mount Pleasant Road, Hastings.

**Honourable Mention.**


**FIRST PRIZE ESSAY.** (£5 5s.)

Among the vast amount of useful work, begun, suggested, or carried out by the late Miss Emily Faithful, was the suggestion, some few years ago, to a friend of the employment, in his large Engineering establishment, of females, to do the work of tracing the Locomotive and other drawings passing through his hands. Undoubtedly by the example of a large firm, at no great distance from his own, who had tried the experiment, and failed; this gentleman built, in the new Offices, which he was then in the course of erecting, a commodious office, cloak room, etc., for the sole use of a few female tracers; and determined to give the idea a fair and patient trial. The practical carrying out of the notion, might have proved as great a failure as the one mentioned above, but for the pains-taking care of one of the draughtsmen; to whom the young girls were given in charge; and who tutored, and looked after them, to such purpose, that the idea became a fact accomplished in a very short time: for which I, for one, have cause to be devoutly thankful, as I am one of the aforementioned tracers employed by the Firm in question.

The Office in which we follow this employment—there are not a dozen of us, all told—is, I am glad to say, a lofty, airy, and well-lighted room; so that we do not work under the unhealthy conditions, which are the—often unavoidable—accompaniments of so many trades, in these feverish and busy days; nor do we breathe the vitiated atmosphere, in which so many of our borny English, Scotch, and Irish girls pass the greater part of their lives. We are paid by the hour; and our salaries commence at ten, and rise to fifteen shillings weekly. We commence work at 45 minutes past 8; and continue till 12.45; when we separate for dinner.

Those who like, can stay to take this meal in the office, if they prefer it; for, thanks to the kind thought of our employer, we are the rich possessors of an oven and grate, and, beautiful to say, of a nice little tin kettle, and pan; in which we can warm or infuse anything; and have a few cups and saucers, plates, etc., in a cozy cupboard in the corner. We return from dinner at 2.15; so that we have an hour and a half for our mid-day meal; a privilege for which I must say, I think we work all the better. At 5.15, we give up business for the day; our hours being timed so that we do not come or go with the draughtsmen, or the men; of whom, in busy times, the firm employs about 200.

Our work, which is brought to our department from the drawing offices by one of the

"My Daily Round: A Competition for All Girls Who Work with Their Hands" (Volume 18, 31 October 1896, p. 75).

Yielding and passing off to the left, I came to a small, square, two-storied house, having a sign above the door, which read, "The Old Mill." The door was opened before I could knock, and a small, elderly woman, with a pleasant face, welcomed me cordially. She led me into the house, which was lighted by two windows, and was furnished with a small table, chairs, and a desk. We sat down and talked for a little while, and then the woman said:

"You are welcome, my dear young lady. I am Mrs. Miller, and I have been in this house for many years. It is a good place to work, and I enjoy it very much."

"I wish I could live in a place like this," I said. "I think I should be able to do more work if I had a quiet place to work in."

"Yes, you would, certainly," said Mrs. Miller. "And you would be able to work more efficiently, too."

"I should like to have a little room of my own, like this," I said. "I could work better, I think, if I had a place to work in."
time, if we have any little, sweet, obilging detached views, pleading to be traced; if not, we have to do the best we can; taking the greatest care to keep the lines in as correct a position as possible. I am always glad, if I am going to begin anything, to get the chalk tucked on it before the dinner hour, as that gives it a little time to stretch in; or, if I can manage to get the chalk fastened down over a drawing the last thing at night, I am as pleased as two pins and a half; for having the night to stretch in, it generally does it thoroughly, and is as good as flat afterwards. Now the surface of this tracing cloth of ours, is very greasy; and would not take the chalk nicely if left in its present condition; so my next proceeding, is to go to the chalk box under one of the racks; scrape a little chalk into the duster I find there, and coming back to my desk, rub the chalk well over and into the cloth; after which process the ink should work smoothly and evenly enough.

By this time my covering of cloth has stretched, and must be tightened, which I hasten to do. And now I commence to put in, first radial corners, and circles; by which time the greater part of the morning is gone; and then the straight lines, curves, etc.; working from the right hand corner downwards, as far as I can reach across the board, which, when all is done, is as good as finished, I turn round, and continue to trace from the other side. The moments pass on. There is a subdued hum of conversation going on all round.

The day is close and sultry. One of the girls says something which I do not catch, which sets everyone laughing. The sunlight, which has been absent the whole of the morning, peeps suddenly in at one of the south windows, changing the whole aspect of things, and must be tightened, which I hasten to do.

I declare the statements in this paper to be true.

EDELEWEISS.

Gorton, near Manchester.

THE GIRL'S OWN GUILD OF SCRIPTURE-READING AND STUDY.

Being a scheme for studying the Bible day by day for self-culture, with test questions to prove that the reading has not been wasted.

RULES.

Half-an-hour's study and reading each day.

A course of Biblical study will occupy three years and three months.

Ten questions to be published each month by readers in Great Britain; answers to be given to the best of those who have reached the required standard. Handwriting and neatness in the MSS. will be considered.

First Prizes to consist of books to the value of Half-a-Guinea. Students who are prepared to make up the answers to the questions that have gone before may join at any time during the first six months of the "G. O. P." year, i.e., from November to April inclusive. But in all cases the subscription will be 1 per annum, payable always in advance, and sent by postal note to the Editor of The Girl's Own Paper. Patients of Matey, London. Each letter in connection with this work will have written upon the envelope "The Girl's Own Guild." A card of membership will be sent to each member, signed by the Editor.

QUESTIONS FOR THE MONTH.

361. Who was the author of the "Acts of the Apostles?" How does he designate it, and of what is it a history?

362. With what the apostles is this Book mainly concerned? In which two cities are its scenes chiefly laid?

363. Divide the book into two sections, and show which chapters contain, first the acts of St. Peter, and then those of St. Paul.

364. Relate the circumstances of the first apostolic miracles, the first sermon, the first persecution, and give the name of the first martyr.

365. Who was the first recorded Gentile convert? Give the name of the first place where the Gospel was preached in Europe.

366. When did the first and second general persecutions of the Church take place?

367. Give the name of the cradle and first metropolis of the Gentile Church. On what river was it situated? Who first preached there? What were the methods of instruction used? Who was the first convert who was received into the Church? How long did he remain in the Church? What was his name?

368. When was the first council of Jerusalem held? What were its decrees?

369. Give a brief account of the three apostolic journeys of St. Paul, and state by what name he was accused.

370. What are we told in the sacred writings of the early life and parentage of St. Paul?
would have said aristocratic-looking, only he disliked the word. A haughti­ness of bearing, and a somewhat im­perious manner implied a consciousness of superiority which Herbert also disliked, although the fine, intelligent face of his fellow-traveller and its handsome, well­defined features made him anxious to find whether he had a mind in unison with them. Herbert, however, contented himself with such questions as he wished to ask about the objects he passed to the coachman, and as the country was new to him, found enjoyment enough in commenting upon it.

At last the stranger put his newspaper into his pocket, and scanning Herbert rather curiously, as if to discover who he was, asked him if he was bound for Oxford. Herbert replied in the affirmative.

The gentleman made another short remark upon the weather. Herbert answered with equal brevity, not liking the tone he assumed. The stranger eyed him more closely, and was, perhaps, struck in turn by his appearance, for Herbert was good-looking. He inquired whether he were going to Oxford for the first time, but still the haughty tone, which was really innate in the polished cordiality, and Herbert's reserve increased. The stranger, whose keen eye seemed to look through the very heart, was interested, and he made an effort to understand not only his own pride, but that of his companion. He spoke generally of Oxford, its colleges, and its masters. The subject was too engrossing to be set aside, and Herbert sought to conquer his natural shyness, and to place himself on an equality with the haughty unknown, by conversing freely.

By degrees the young men forgot their reserve, in the pleasure of finding a similarity of thought and taste. The stranger was a man of the world, and was inwardly amused by Herbert's want of knowledge upon points that he had, from childhood, considered essentials; but he was not the less pleased and astonished when he discovered his superiority in literary acquaintances. The consequence of his new acquaintance ripened, and gladdened his mind never being of his speciality was over, he liked his new friend. Dr. Marsden, one of his grandfather's old college chums, had come to see him, and out of a warm shake of the hand, welcomed him to Oxford, and invited him to his house, where, he said, a bed was prepared for him until his own rooms were ready. Herbert followed him, and was soon seated in a room not unlike his grandfather's study, in which books and papers were the most conspicuous furniture.

Dr. Marsden was unmarried, never having found time to think of a wife, and having been wedded to study ever since his early youth. He was avowedly a silent man, and except on one or two subjects, rarely said more than yes or no. Absent to a degree, his mind never seemed at home, and a sudden question startled him as much as a sudden accident. But he was a good and kind man, and through no lack of professions, a staunch friend when once he became attached. He was predisposed to like Herbert for his grandfather's sake. Of his first evening of their intimacy was over, he liked him for his own, and for a very singular reason; because he did not trouble him with questions, but was contented to let his taciturnity take its course.

They certainly were not loquacious, but what they said was to the purpose, and Dr. Marsden was pleased with the remarks Herbert made upon his favourite subject, as well as with his ability to get to work at once, and leave no stone unturned to get on at college. The stranger, however, said the old man; "nothing to be done in the world without perseverance. Talents without it are like gas, easily kindled, but soon extinguished.

"And with it?" asked Herbert.

"Like a good coal fire, that will bear a puff of wind or a poker, and burn the brighter for them."

The following day was spent in visiting the lions of Oxford, and settling Herbert in some very plain rooms that Dr. Marsden helped him to procure. He also introduced him to several of his friends, all men of eminence and ability, Herbert called on his grandfather's other friend, Mr. Silvester, who received him very cordially and gave him a general invitation to his house, which was echoed by his wife, a good-natured woman, who was sitting in awful state at a work-table, surrounded by several grown-up daughters. From these fair damsels Herbert felt it rather a relief to a man, not having yet learnt the art of talking about nothing, in which, to be an agreeable caller, it is necessary to be versed.

It was to Dr. Marsden that he looked for counsel, feeling assured that he should obtain it, for there was in his manner a friendliness that he could not mistake, and an evident desire to be of service to him. Through his means he soon became initiated into the customs of the University, and by following his pithy, but sure advice, gradually saw his way clearly, and began a course of study that he hoped would insure ultimate success. He sought no further acquaintances, and courageously refused many an invitation from the Silvesters, contenting himself with sitting an hour or two, occasionally, with Dr. Marsden, in whose society he always felt himself benefited, even though conversation was carried on by fits and starts and short sentences. But the gradually became more communicative as their acquaintance ripened, and gladdened Mr. Lloyd's heart by a letter, in which he paid him the highest praise, and his sense of good was so warm and sincere, that it was evident he regarded his young-friend with feelings of esteem and affection, that he was nearest known to lavish upon an undeserving object.

(To be continued)
getting late." The first thing on opening my eyes I peep out of the window to see what sort of a morning it is. "Oh! how I love these bright sunny days, and the lovely showers too that makes it so much pleasanter for a long walk to work. I have to climb two flights of steps to the top storey where our branch of the work is carried on. On entering the workshop which is a very large one with white-washed walls and great wooden beams, I am greeted with a very strong smell of turpentine, oil and tar that we use for our work. There are fifty-four Paintresses and Gilders in the shop each sitting on a three legged stool under the windows which stretch the whole length of either side. Then we have a Designer who makes the patterns & a Manager who has to see that they are executed accordingly, besides a Lady who we take orders from and count the money. Our hours generally are from half past nine to six, but when we are very busy from eight till seven. For example, if I am at work and get home before the others we get an hour for the day, but I am pleased to say this has not occurred yet in my case. I will however take on occasional half hours and describe to you "My Daily Round" at the factory today. From one till two is allowed for this meal. During this time various occupations are engaged in such as needlework, reading, pencils. The oil causes them to go hard when not used for a day or two. For colouring a dinner set of fifty-two pieces, the oil causes them to go hard when not used for a day or two. From the beginning of the week what work each has done is counted so that it may be known at the end of the week what work each has done and what wages they have to receive. At half past twelve preparations are being made at the stove for dinner, such as cooking meat, from one till two is allowed for this meal. During this time various occupations are engaged in such as needlework, reading and much talking. Many I am sorry to say take much interest in halfpenny Novelties.

My daily round is a very busy and complicated one. I have always longed to be a hospital nurse, but this hope had to be laid aside when my father died five years ago leaving my delicate mother unprovided for with two of us not able to go to work & the eldest of all my sister invalid. I was then at a well known firm of shirt makers in a large town, & my patient is like a child; she has to lie down ready to put in the bodies. I can do this with a small knife in as much turpentine as will wet it and when fine enough add a little fat oil (as we call it) which is already prepared for us, and I may say the finer we grind it the easier it is to work with and our work is of a much neater appearance when it is finished. Now for my pencils, the oil causes them to go hard when dry so I put those that I intend using in my turpentine cup to soak while I am dusting and getting my ware ready, which for instance is four toilet sets called "Camelia" the "tropical flowers" are what we call "washed in," pink, this is done with a pencil I keep for the purpose by dipping it in turpentine and fat oil, then by any colour as deep a strength as I need it. I have now painted a few flowers and it is nine o'clock which from that to half past is our breakfast time and if we should happen to work a minute after the Manager will pop out of his office and cry "Now, girls do you know what time it is." Which means we must stop work at once because if the Inspector should find us working during meal times we are liable to a very heavy fine. After breakfast and a chat we set to work again, I finish pink, and the iron means ours are done in mauve and yellow, these I do together and now all the flowers are "washed in." While these are drying I deposit them in the light and dark green. All this time it is very noisy, some hunting after patterns or colours, others carrying up the pots to the? I workhouse to be painted or girt, (as we have all to carry our own up two flights of steps which is very heavy work) and often finding the tramp up and down with empty boxes on their shoulders asking if the ware is ready for them to carry away to the kilns. If I can do so, each piece as it leaves our hands has to be counted so that it may be known at the end of the week what work each has done and what wages they have to receive. At half past twelve preparations are being made at the stove for dinner, such as cooking meat, from one till two is allowed for this meal. During this time various occupations are engaged in such as needlework, reading and much talking. Many I am sorry to say take much interest in halfpenny Novelties.

SECOND PRIZE ESSAY (£3 3s.)

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THIRD PRIZE ESSAY (£3 3s.)

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shirts. I try to be finished by 7 o'clock things may be as homeslike as possible without mother, for it is mother who makes the home even though she be a great invalid at times & it is when the days work is done that mother is most missed, & I try to make up as well as I can for her loss, in the numberless little things which constitute home. There is now a meal to prepare for all after which my patient is ready to put to bed which is almost as trying as the morning performance ; My brother will carry her upstairs, he likes to feel he can do something for her.

Every day is very much the same except Tuesday when I do the washing which I get finished by dinner time & do my shirt work afterwards. Perhaps the next day I will only be ½ & in the busy time which is May, June, July. I have to do more than ½ doz. in a day, and I have to sit up late to do them, but one does not mind this when we think of the winter when for several weeks I shall have very little or nothing. It means very quick work while it is here & everything has to be done to time or I could not get all in, but I can never hurry over my patient as every movement perhaps gives her pain. I have no trouble with taking my work in when finished for my little sister brings it home with her at night & she has the benefit of my extra time in a sponge bath. My little sister is a great help to me on Sunday morning before school time & I have the dinner quite ready by 1 o'clock when service is over. This gives us time to be nicely cleared away by 2 o'clock. Now I make my patient cosy for the afternoon & get ready for S. School where I have a class. Lately I have been persuaded to give this up (at least for a time) but doesn't our Master promise "As thy day so shall thy strength be" & I am so thankful for the opportunity to tell others of Him who has done so much for me that I wish I could do more, and I try to live the thankfulness which no words of mine can express, for the price less gift of health by doing what I can for the weaker ones & instead of going out to seek for the work I longed for, it is given me within my own home. We who work with our hands have great opportunities of thinking while we are at work over the lesson we shall be giving the next Sunday in school.

I get home by 4.30 ; this gives two hours quiet rest including tea time which is always bright on Sunday when we are all at home & this is when I get a glance at the articles & monthly sermon by Medicus in the favourite G. O. P. leaving the stories until I may have more time for reading. Sometimes my patient will have a visitor to sit with her while I go to the evening service, or perhaps she would rather be alone. There are many little things to be done for an invalid which cannot be written here & when my shirt work is not so busy I make my own & my sister's clothes dresses included. Amongst other things there is the management of home & spending to the best advantage our small income, which, between my brother & little sister & myself now living, 25/- a week. I think it is as necessary to be careful "how we spend" as in "what we earn," for if the one is rather a worry at times, the other needs a great deal of forethought & economy, but through mother's ill-health I had a little practical experience in housekeeping, only I had mothers advice to look to, & at 27 (my age then) I did not feel equal to the responsibilities of father, mother, husband, & wife together with the duties of nurse, but still after nearly a year's trial I am proud of my home hospital & pleased to think I am useful to others, for even if it be only one talent with which we are entrusted by the Master & doing what we can with it we can look forward to the time of great rejoicing when we shall hear our Lord say—Well done because thou hast been faithful over few things I will set thee over many things. What is it that makes work such a pleasure Labour is sweet for Thou hast toiled And care is light for Thou hast cared Some the Master calls aside from active work & it is as important for these to watch & wait, at the same time living very useful lives & the reward is equal according to our abilities May we all make up our minds to do all the good we can even though we pass this way only once.

I declare the statement in this paper to be true "LILY OF THE VALLEY" Dalston * * * These essays appear exactly as written —without alteration of any kind.—Ed.

THE SECOND COMPETITION FOR GIRLS WHO WORK WITH THEIR HANDS.

FOURTH PRIZE ESSAY (£1 1s.).

MY DAILY ROUND.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I thought I should like to take advantage of your competition in “The Girls Own Paper,” for those who work with their hands, and in case you should think my “Daily Round,” is very easy and not worth writing about, I will just mention that I am afflicted with a very bad lameness, and nearly lost the sight of one eye, so perhaps you will understand then that my place is by no means easy to me, whatever it may seem to others, I am a general servant and I have been in my present situation, (indeed I have been in no other) eleven years, I must say; I have a very kind, considerate, mistress, or perhaps I should not have been able to stay so long. My day’s work begins at seven in the morning, when I rise from my bed and dress, strip my bed, open the window top and bottom, come downstairs, and clean the kitchen grate, then light the fire, and clear up generally. Then the dining room as to be swept, grate cleaned, and the room then dusted. By that time, my mistress being a great invalid, I get breakfast ready, and take her’s up to her in bed. I then come down, and have my breakfast, when I am allowed to sit over it nearly an hour, so as I do not take a quarter of that time to eat, I generally have a book, or some reading. If I have own paper, then, or I do bit of knitting, or needle-work, after that my time being up I go upstairs to the mistresse’s tray downstairs, and arrange her room ready for her to rise, wash supper and breakfast things up together, then clean my front steps. After which I go upstairs again, help my mistress to finish dressing, & then make the beds &c, take up the pieces off the floors (bedrooms) dust the rooms, and then at half-past eight, my mistress being downstairs I go into her to see about dinner, when she tells me what we are to have, after which I go to turn out the room, and I begin by moving everything I can out of the room, I can sweep so much better when it is empty, I thoroughly clean the grate, fire-irons, windows, & glass, and well dust the venetian blinds, then by that time, as I am rather slow through my lameness, I return to the kitchen and look to see that my oven is getting hot, & pots beginning to boil, I then prepare the vegetables, and whatever sweets there are to be eaten, and then get my joint into the oven or in the pot, I then go back to the room & return the furniture ornaments &c & there right places, polish up furniture, and finish dusting, then go and see my dinner is getting on alright, take all the lamps out, and providently trim and rell them by that time there are generally some letters ready I slip on my brass, or bright cooking utensils, to be seen, and then only take out the shop. I sit to work until 8 o’clock then I get my breakfast and put my house tidy and if I have any dinner to cook I get all ready. I sit to work again by half past nine or ten sometimes the two till 12 o’clock and if very busy for post as we call it, that is the work we are asked to do by a certain time; I get work only for a breast and cheese dinner and a cup of tea or an egg for we cannot afford meat dinners, every day I get fish and things very cheap in our village so it helps one a lot where we have not much money to spare, so after having my bit of dinner if not busy I take my book and sit down in the fields orcod in my hour or have for dinner, Sometimes there are two or three pieces of work between us so then I take my piece to a friends house to work alike or they come to mine and it is nice to have company at times so I get to work again and get that piece done and then put on my little kettle on my oil stove which saves coal in Summer, and get my tea then sit to work until 8 o’clock then I leave off and if I have not finished my piece; then I then take my can to get my water and do any odd jobs I find to do, then I leave the little can to a neighbour for her little girl to fetch my milk at the farm in the morning then I fetch other things may want for my use and if I have time to go to see a dear old woman, who I call a granary and who loves to talk to me, and then I go to see how much work my girl friend has done and then go home to my supper and book for living alone I love books they are so friendly, now I have lost my mother, Then I go to bed and before retiring I thank my Heavenly Father for his mercies, which I enjoy which are many I am glad to say then if I am spared I begin my mistress cuts it off, & so I have it nice and hot, which I think is very nice, as it is so tantalising I think one after, as had all the trouble of preparing the food to have it (I know many girls do) nearly cold, after the family have had theirs, especially if it is motion. After dinner of course, there are all the plates, dishes, &c to wash up, knives to clean, whatever silver, as been used, to rub up, and then clean the kitchen grate, and tidy up. On Fridays I clean all the passages and stairs, silver, Saturdays is the easiest day of all, (excepting of course Sundays) as I only have my kitchens to well clean out and any little thing to do that I have not done during the week. This is a nine roomed house and there is enough to keep me going always, & then of course when visitors are staying in the house there is more to do, and washing to, especially as up to now I have had all the starching, ironing &c to do by my self of course I am not able to do my work all so smoothly as I have written it down here there are so many interruptions, and answering the door is the worst of all, one as to every quarter of an hour sometimes ofener & to a lame leg it often means terrible aches. And there are so many little things to do that one scarcely remembers before or after the time they have to be done, Well, after I have tidied up the kitchen I go to chop many dress, and then as we have a large dog, I take him for a run, come home and get tea by 5 o’clock, I then clear up, wash up, and clean the rooms, if any errands I go and do them. When I come home, there is generally some needledwork to do or knitting heels to be set or toes to

finish, and as my Mistress is a very charitable Lady, I generally have plenty of that to do, I also do all the cutting out of the Material she gets for that purpose which is a great deal in the course of a year, I also do all my own needlework and make most of my own dresses, as I cannot afford to put them on only about one in two years, I only have fourteen pounds a year, and not that until last year, I also like to do a little on my own account to make up a small parcel by the end of the year for the poor little children, Then at nine o'clock we have a light supper, I then clear away once more, leaving the washing up until morning, We then have prayers, and go up to bed, for which I am quite ready, I expect my, "Daily Round," does not look very hard to me for I have the greatest difficulty to get up and down on my knee (I have only one). I have tried other work, dressmaking, and Furriers before I tried service but sitting so long did not suit me and so I had to try the very work I hated so and never shall like it try as I will, altho' I do my best and pray God to help me, and he has been very good to me, making the rough ways smoother, and helping me wonderfully, I hope dear Mr. Editor if you should think this paper worth printing that it will be the means of helping some one else to have courage and work and hope on, who have as great disadvantages to contend with as I have, perhaps greater. And now once more we have got to Sunday, and all is bright and clean, for that beautiful day of rest, what should we do without it, How it refreshes one us each up for Monday and, "Our Daily Round," once more.—I declare the statement in this paper to be true.

* * * These essays are printed exactly as written, without correction or alteration of any kind.—Ed.

CHAPTER X.

There was a tuning of instruments, and a buzz of many voices; there was a crowd of people of every rank and condition, and there were hearts beating with hope and expectation, and faces beaming with gaiety and excitement. Gwenlleen sat in the old hall unconscious of the scene that was passing, and without venturing to uplift her face to the gaze of the stranger. David was beside her, and they were stationed, with the other performers, upon a platform overlooking a large room filled with company. She had never heard him play that air, for which she had since added variations of her own composition. When David’s turn came, however, and he whispered to her that he must leave her side, she started, and listened with breathless attention. She had never heard him play that favourite Welsh air, “The March of the men of Harlech,” with his own original variations, so well before, and her heart beat when the well-merited “encore” followed, and he repeated the piece.

Still she listened with trembling, for a young girl, about her own age, advanced and seated herself at the harp. She appeared almost as timid as herself, but gradually recovering her self-possession, she executed a piece with some skill. Gwenlleen felt conscious of superior powers, and tried to summon courage for her approaching ordeal. She had come unprepared by practice, but at home neither her memory nor her finger ever failed her, therefore she hoped they would still stand her friends. There was one piece that everybody liked. It was an arrangement of Welsh airs that she had made with the assistance of David, some years ago, and to which she had since added variations of her own. Whilst the performers continued to play with more or less success, she was going through this piece in imagination.

At last her turn came, and when David led her forwards, and left her alone a little in advance of the other musicians, she thought she must sink to the earth. Her confusion increased, then, by way of encouragement to one so young, and evidently so unaccustomed to public performance, the company welcomed her by clapping of hands. She sat down by the harp, and the cheek that had been blushing like the rose, became pale as the lily. Her head sunk upon her breast, and her hand refused to produce a sound from the chords over which they were accustomed to run with such wild ease. She would have wholly failed, had not a vision of her mother, pale and anxious, presented itself to her mind’s eye, and carried her back to the cottage, recalling, as it did so, the circumstances that had brought her to the Eisteddfod. She made a violent effort, and succeeded in striking a few faint notes of prelude, and then she began the first air of her piece “Nos Galan,” or “New Year’s Night,” which every one present knew well.

It sometimes happens that persons, whose minds are agitated by fear, or any other emotion, perform mechanically the music which they have been used to play. This was something of Gwen- lleen’s case. Oppressive timidity and shame almost deprived her of consciousness; still her fingers ran over the strings without effort, and when the first difficulty of the commencement was mastered, she went from air to air with great effect and perfect correctness. There was not, perhaps, all the soul and fire of genuine genius that she threw into her notes when playing to her mother at home; but yet they were so exquisitely thrilling, that she was listened to with mute delight and astonishment by all. Nothing like it had been given before. There were those present who had heard Bochsa, and the other celebrated performers of the day, yet whose very souls were entranced by the simple and expressive music of the young girl, who sat trembling before them. Even the oldest harpers leant their heads upon their hands in deep attention, whilst many of them felt their eyes moistened, and their hearts beat.

COMPETITION FOR PROFESSIONAL GIRLS.—THE FIVE PRIZE ESSAYS.*

First Prize (£2 25s.)

Agnes Ensign Smith, Sunderland.

"Competition for Professional Girls: The Five Prize Essays" (Volume 18, 27 March 1897, p. 412).

* These essays are printed without correction or alteration of any kind.—Ed.
SECOND PRIZE (£1 15s.)

Transferred to the large minute books, with the headings written with red ink, and the page entered in the index at the back. This enabled me, when filling up my sheets, instead of writing them in a scruffy manner, to have the advantage of giving the detail to the receiver, for at a glance he could see how much information he had under each heading. My sheets I pagod, and joined together at the left-hand corner. I numbered each item of information given to me, and where the reciter's name was not to appear, I marked the top of the page with red ink. While to keep me right as to matters already sent off, I drew a blue pencil line through every page of the big book, so soon as the matter had been transferred to the sheets, as well as marking off the corresponding page in the index.

I have said nothing so far, as to the manner of dealing with those from whom information is to be got. At first I thought women would be much better versed in Folk-Lore, and much more communicative than men. In that I was soon found to be mistaken. Men I found to be much more willing to tell what they knew, and they really seemed to know more. With a lady, however, a F.L. collector need not expect to succeed unless she herself is interested in the subject, and has something in common with the reciter. There is no use going to a house and proceeding to pump the inmates right off. This would simply have the effect of freezing them up. The only way to succeed is to go in when you are invited; to be pleasant, kindly, and polite, and to converse with those from whom you expect to get information, as you would converse with your most intimate friend. Another thing that chokes the spring, is the presence of a good scrupulous note book. This brings me to the difficulties.

MY PROFESSIONAL WORK.

I am a musician, a sort of local celebrity in a small way, having at nineteen years of age been chosen out of ten candidates for the post of organist of a church. I was then engaged in the scholastic profession; it is quite different; the standard is very high, and so it ought to be. I fear I have not the push. My advantage over a great many girls who want to be singers is this: that I have studied history. All the same, I think it would add much to the pleasure, and profit of my Highland friends, if they had a Gaelic G.O.R. I declare the statements in this paper to be the truth.

THIRD PRIZE (£1 15s.).

You may do something as a singer, but I found that I could not get enough engagements. There are so many girls who want to be singers: it looks such a very grand thing from the outside. I fear I have not the requisite "push," and however that may be, I took the work that lay nearest and began to teach. Now it happens that the music-teaching profession is also very overcrowded. There are quite a large number of teachers within a stone's throw of where I live. Then too we are near London, and people have a great idea of going to town for lessons. All this makes it difficult to get pupils, and also keeps fees low. Un- fortunately for me, I was so absolutely untrained that I could not get it completed. Consequently, when I left the Academy I hoped to get something with a higher standard, but it ought to be: but in ours, nobody seems to care whether you know anything or not, so long as you do not charge much. The true evil is that there are a lot of bogus degrees and worthless certificates obtainable in music, and that girls rush into teaching directly they have got a certificate from anywhere and any grade. This is a sore point with every qualified musician so I hope I may be excused the word. I would not, if I could, advertise to teach for sixpence an hour, and get pupils, there is something wrong somewhere.

I am indebted for assistance from some qualified friend to have obtained. The Gaelic I wrote phonetically, and sent it into my large collecting box. It will be seen that this at least was a slow process, and many a time I found that I had forgotten important points of my information, and had in these cases to go back to my informant to have it repeated, and this I had even to do in many cases, two and three times over. Such experience soon convinced me, that if I was to have any pleasure in my work, or success; I must face the learning of Gaelic. Therefore, I made a commencement with the result that I can now speak it wonderfully well, and am besides able to do a good deal in the way of writing it. And now I am able to tell something of my encouragements.

IV. My Encouragements.

First among my encouragements is, that I have been giving entire satisfaction, and insinuated the fee at first I asked for went along got two thirds more, and consequently I make a fair salary. Then my Gaelic has improved so much that it is a great pleasure to hear a story in it. Moreover, and I have seldom now to search my dictionary for any word I hear. Folk-Lore is a wide subject, and the Study of it is most educational; so that to my profession I am indebted for a great deal of my culture, and general information, as well as the ability to put my thought into writing. It has also shown me my ignorance. Before I began collecting I was inclined to think that book learning was the only kind of learning under the sun. Now I know that there are people who may not be able to read and write, who nevertheless have their minds stored with most useful information. They know plants, and their uses; they know the names of stars, when, and where they rise, and when, and where they set; they know how to extract dye from plants, and even from the scurf of stones, and can tell far more of how our forefathers lived than can many who profess to have studied history. All the same I think it would add much to the pleasure, and profit of my Highland friends, if they had a Gaelic G.O.R.

I declare the statements in this paper to be true.

"ST. JOHN'S WORK"

Portcharlotte.
sent for me and offered me fifteen shillings instead of my two guineas! " That is all Miss Swainson was willing to do. I was most disappointed. but seeing I should get little if any more I said I would take her little boy for a guinea as a great favour and since he was one of my choir-boys. She held out for a long time, haggling and haggling, and I do not quite know whether he is a real or a pretended professed pity that I held out too; but at last she said, "Let us split the difference, Miss Pimpernel. Take seven."

That is the sort of thing one meets in the music profession.

As for the work, nothing can be more delightful. The hours are very irregular, because I must suit my pupils' convenience, & some of them must come at a certain time or not at all. Many of my lessons are given in the evening, and I am sorry for that, but in this district many people are engaged all day & have only the evening free. On Mondays I have little to do: two lessons, I think, two lessons in the evening, and lessons from six till nine in the evening. Until lately I then went out to give a lesson at half-past nine to a girl who is in a shop and cannot come by herself. I will not give one more if I do not get home till half-past ten, & in winter I found it very trying. On Wednesdays I go out at half-past seven, then off to church. Service is at half-past seven. Only the boys of the choir attend that, and as we sit in the gallery out of sight, it is all I can do to follow them in order & attend to my own work as well. At half-past eight the rest of the choir comes in and we practise for an hour or twice a week more frequently. I play and conduct as well. It is quite easy to me now to detect faults in the singing although I am accompanying all the while, and of course I have to stop and correct them. After practice I have to write down the hymns for the next Sunday, and give the paper to the verger for the hymn-boards. Also I must make a copy for myself, with the numbers of chants & everything else for the service-lists. Then I have to see that the books and music are gathered up and the place left tidy. I get home between ten and half-past.

Thursday is rather an off-day with me as far as teaching goes. I have a pupil at two, then rush off to church, play so long as I can and then off again. Friday is a fine day for me, as I have a pupil at two, then I rush off as a rule to church, and we all go off to business; we never stay to breakfast. I do not mind the vehicles on the road; & to note familiar faces. At 10 o'clock we start work: I have to write descriptions of dresses & other garments for five monthly fashion magazines; that is my chief work; some of the descriptions I translate from the French; sometimes I write by looking at the illustrations; but of most I have the patterns given me, which I open out separately on the table, & write from those, aided by notes & explanations which accompany each pattern. I also have to write descriptions to send abroad—lists of all being up to me as pleasant little surprises now & again: most often when I am very busy, seems to me. Another branch of my work is to read & correct the proofs off the magazines, before the latter are printed off; I get at the end of the month a large book of errors, which I have to correct—putting errata-corrected proofs back to the printer.

In other respects my work is like that of any other ordinary girl. I have a good long omnibus ride before we get to Plumstead, and there are many girls who work far harder for less.

I declare the statements in this paper to be true.

"PIMPERNEL.

5th January 1897.
Plumstead.
myself with nothing particular to do; then I employ my time in writing stories & things that come into my head; if these be worth anything, I get paid for them, which is nice for me; my regular pay is £1 a week, but more has been promised me in the near future. We work from 10-o'clock till 1-o'clock, that is, my sister & I: at 1-o-clock we go upstairs, where we find a hot lunch awaiting us: and very soon I am asleep in my mind. The result was a letter, written in my neatest style, to the village postmistress. This letter took me some time to write, for I was put to a fearful responsibility. The whole thing was to have two hours tuition a day, and I took the work cheerfully, in the quiet time before the village postmistress. This letter took me some time to write, for I was put to a fearful responsibility. The whole thing was to have two hours tuition a day, and I took the work cheerfully, in the quiet time before Council meetings. One dear old gentleman never comes to the whole world. The busy stream of men and women who hurry into the office for letter stamps, on their way to the city, in the morning, scarcely one is too busy or self-occupied to write a pleasant "Good-day," or make some kind courteous remark, before they mingle with, and are lost in the never ending procession of toilers for daily bread. I often laugh heartily over the comical questions people put, and the strange ideas they hold. Once a lady, very aged and feeble, came to deposit the savings of her life-time. When I gave her a bank-book with the look of encouragement on her face and said, "I am pleased to lend you the money, my dear, and I hope God will bless it to you.

Such confidence was certainly pleasant. One dear old gentleman never comes to draw his monthly allowance without bringing me a nose-gay from his own tiny garden-plot, or in the winter-time from some precious indoor plant, and one hot afternoon a great basket of strawberries came. Everybody down to the smallest telegraph boy remembers what a delicious feast they were.

The hours are long. On duty from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M. without only about 15 minutes for each meal, but by the kindness of my employer I get half an hour’s rest after dinner, in which time I do all my odd jobs of mending and brushing my clothes. I have to keep the accounts, and see that everything runs smoothly in the office, but I do all in my own way, and just as, and when I like. My salary is only a pound a week, but I have Sunday quite free, beside one evening. At 8 P.M. sharp I close the office, and, as I am engaged, and hope to be married before so very very many months are over, I spend the rest of my leisure time in making pretty things to adorn, what to me, at least, will I am sure be, the most wonderfully beautiful little home in the whole world.

I declare the statements in this paper to be true.

"DANDELION,"
Southgate Road,
Jilington, N.

"Competition for Professional Girls: The Five Prize Essays" (Volume 18, 27 March 1897, p. 415).
in disguise, for by exercising a little imagination you can make the story end as you like, and spare yourself the pain of disappointment. I rarely read a book without reflecting how much better I could have finished it myself," remarked the young lady with an assurance which evoked a smile on the officer's impassive countenance. "You don't look much like an authoress," he said, surveying the dainty little figure approovingly, and calling up a mental picture of the spectacled and cadaverous female invariably associated with a literary career in the masculine mind. "I am afraid my imagination will hardly stand such a strain; but books are the only refuge for the destitute on a voyage, especially during the first few days, when you find yourself shut up with a herd of strangers whom you have never met before in the course of your life. There is only one thing to do under the circumstances, and that is to lie low, and speak to no one until you have found your bearings and discovered who is who. If you'll only keep talking to strangers, you can never tell in what sort of a set you may land yourself."

"You can't, indeed! It's appalling to think of!") agreed the young lady, with a dramatic gesture of dismay which brought her little ringed hands together in emphatic emphasis. "For my own part I get on well enough," she proceeded, contradicting herself with unrouffled composure, "for I can find something interesting in all of my fellow-creatures; but I feel it for my maid. The curriers and valets are so very exclusive that she has been snubbed more than once because of our inferior station. Naturally she feels it keenly. I observe that those people are most sensitive about their position who have the least claim to distinction; but as she does my hair better than anyone else, and is an admirable dressmaker, I am, of course, anxious to keep her happy."

The big man looked down with a suspicious glance. Through his not very keen sensibilities there had permeated the suspicion that the small person in the white frock was daring to smile at him and amuse himself at his expense; but his suspicion died at once before the glance of infantile sweetness which met his own. Pretty little thing! There was something marvellously taking in her appearance at one moment, as she had spoken of inferior station, he had had an uneasy fear lest he had made the acquaintance of some vulgar upstart, with whom he could not possibly associate. But no! If ever the signs of race and breeding were distinguishable in personal appearance, they were so in the case of the girl before him. A glance at the head in its graceful setting, the delicate features, the dainty hands and feet were sufficient to settle the question in the mind of a man who prided himself on being an adept in such matters. To his own surprise he found himself floundering through a complimentary denial of her own estimate of herself, and being rescued from a breakdown by a gracious acknowledgment.

"Praise," murmured the young lady sweetly—I praise from Major Darcy is praise indeed! When 'Haughty Hector' designs to approve—"

The big man jumped as if he had been shot, and turned a flushed, excited face upon her.

"What do you say? You know me—you know my old home name! Who are you then? Who can you be?

The girl was on her feet and stood before him. The top of her smooth little head barely reached his shoulder; but she held herself with an air of much greater height. For one long minute they stared at one another in silence; then she stretched out her hand and laid it frankly in his own.

"Why, I'm Peggy!" she cried. "Don't you remember me? I'm Peggy Saville!"

(To be continued.)

PHARMACY AS AN EMPLOYMENT FOR GIRLS.

The employment of girls as dispensers has become much more general both in hospitals and dispensing pharma­cies, a few words on the subject may be useful to any who seriously contemplate adopting the occupation. In the first place, only girls of education, of average health, and who can afford to give the necessary expenditure of time and money should take up the profession of pharmacy. Lack of means at the onset has caused many girls to give up the occupation who otherwise were well adapted to a pharmaceutical career, for, unless a girl intends learning pharmacy thoroughly, taking the qualifying examination, it is unsafe to enter the calling at all; because not only the unqualified command but very low salaries, even if they obtain appointments at all, but it is positively dangerous to the public health. Young but experienced persons should dispense medicines.

The necessary requirements being forth­coming, a girl should turn her attention to the examinations required to be passed. Two only are essential. First, the preliminary examination of the Pharmaceutical Society, which is held four times in the year, and at the present time comprises Latin, English, and Arithmetic (including Metric System); fee, two guineas. This examination can be worked up alone now by any girl of average ability, but after August, 1900, will be more stringent, having the addition of Euclid, Algebra, and one modern foreign language.

Various other examinations such as the Matriculation or Cambridge (with Latin), exempt from it, a list of which can be obtained from the Secretary of the Pharmaceutical Society, 17, Bloomsbury Square, W.C. It is distinctly advisable to pass the preliminary or its substitute before commencing apprenticeship; frequently a pupil is not accepted until this examination is passed, and under any circumstances to divert to school subjects after having commenced other studies is a great hindrance. The other essential examination is the minor or qualifying examination, which carries with it the title of "Chemist and Druggist," and admits to membership of the Pharmaceutical Society. This examination is held four times in the year; fee, five guineas (after August, 1900, ten guineas). To be admitted, candidates must have attained the age of twenty-one, and, besides having passed the preliminary or its equivalent, must furnish a form proving having been engaged three years in practice either with a registered chemist, a medical practitioner, or in the dispensary of some institution. The subjects comprise botany (practical and theoretical), chemistry (practical and theoretical), materia medica, botany (including microscopy), and physics. It is usually necessary to attend classes at some school of pharmacy. The society's school is not specially recognised to give the most advanced teaching, and requires for a full course nine months' attendance; fee, ten guineas inclusive of book and apparatus. Girls who have worked diligently during the three years' apprenticeship, and who have attended classes in chemistry and botany at a science school, do not always require quite so long a period of study, and frequently six months has been found to be sufficient. Very many other pharmaceutical schools, both London and provincial, receive lady pupils for long or short periods of study, the fees averaging ten guineas for three months' full time course. This qualification having been obtained enables anyone to be mistress in own pharmacy, or to act as manager or assistant to a chemist, as head of a dispensary, and various other positions connected with chemistry and pharmacy, this being the legal qualification both to dispense and sell poisons.

These two above-mentioned examinations are necessary to be passed by every pharmacist; but two other examinations it is sometimes desirable to pass, though not essential:

1. The major examination, which is the highest qualification obtainable in pharmacy, to pass which is a desideratum to any girl who eventually intends owning a pharmacy, and carries with it the title of "Pharmaceutical Chemist"; fee, three guineas; subjects, advanced chemistry and physics, botany and each.

2. The assistants' examination of the Apothecaries' Society. Much confusion appears to exist respecting this examination, which may be well to state has no connection with the pharmaceutical examinations. It is held twice in the year at the Apothecaries' Hall, Blackfriars, E.C.; fee, three guineas. This examination carries with it no title, nor is it obligatory to qualify oneself, but only to act as assistant in the compounding and dispensing of medicines.

The subjects comprise pharmacy (practical and theoretical), theoretical chemistry, and a slight knowledge of materia medica; fee, three

R. Kathleen Spencer, "Pharmacy as an Employment for Girls" (Volume 21, 14 October 1899, p. 19).
guineas. Very many girls take this examination on account of its not being so stringent as the minor, therefore not requiring so long a period of study, nor necessitating the obtaining of a recognized apprenticeship as with the latter; but, unfortunately, very many are content to remain with this qualification only, instead of using it as a stepping-stone to the minor. This qualification is, however, accepted by many of the smaller provincial hospitals, and by some doctors, and is necessary to be admitted as a pupil in one of our largest provincial hospitals; but with this one exception it is advisable to have twelve or eighteen months' experience in practical pharmacy before attempting to obtain this qualification, since it is a very mistaken idea some girls hold that, after a few months' study at a pharmacy school to enable them to pass this examination, they can, without any real practical experience, obtain appointments. If they do, by their ineptitude they bring the whole question of the employment of ladies in pharmacy into disrepute.

It is then very essential to obtain practical experience, either by serving a pupillage of twelve or eighteen months in the dispensary of an institution, the fee for which averages about ten guineas, or by apprenticeship to a chemist: this latter course is the better one unless desiring a hospital career. A few ladies take this line, but they are very few, and generally possess business capabilities and capital—often the most sought after, in spite of the fact that the remuneration is usually not great. Some medical men require the minor qualification; and the Apothecaries' Hall certificate is accepted.

**Wholesale Chemists.**—A few openings present themselves in the laboratories for lady pharmacists; also, ladies are employed in superintending female labour in the packing of drugs, perfumery, etc.: these posts are often very lucrative; where poisons are concerned, qualification is essential, otherwise it is not so, though preferred, and these engagements usually leave the evening at one's own disposal, and afford a good opportunity for study.

Lastly, in chemists' shops, either as mistress of their own pharmacy—suitable for those possessed of business capabilities and capital—or as manager or assistant to a pharmacist. But few ladies hold either of the two latter positions: those who do, find the work congenial and fairly remunerative, and being usually well received by the public. This field is likely to further open up for really experienced women.

R. Kathleen Spencer.

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**THE PICTURE POST-CARD CRAZE.**

**HINTS TO COLLECTORS.**

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

**PART II.**

The page of forty-three picture postcards comprised some from both England and the East, the Continent of Europe and America, and opens with one of the most lovely views in Europe, the Colosseum, as seen from Terri­tet, with the Dent du Midi and its seven heads, as a background. On the right, too, we see one of those beautiful boats with their picturesque sails, which make a complete picture of themselves, even without their background of snowy peaks.

We have not many examples of portraiture amongst our cards, so we are naturally pleased to have the two (9 and 11) with the portraits on them, respectively of Longfellow and Lord Byron, with their several homes in the background, i.e., the house at Concord and New­stead Abbey. These two form part of a set of Eminent-Writer cards, in colours; and which comprise Dickens, Shakespeare, Tennyson, Scott, and Burns. The card between (10) is a Jubilee commemoration of 1887, a pretty, though rather garish card, with very gay colouring, and much gilding about it, and portraits of the Queen, and the Prince and Princess of Wales.

Damascus is the next (12) example, and I hope you will see that there is a cabinet card in the great square, a fact which is commented upon at once by everyone, because they have no idea that Damascus is so civilised. The sole legend impressed on this by the sender is "Bolting," and the date was last April. Number (13) is a coloured card from John, and represents the Jews' Wailing-place—of which you have often heard—beneath the great Wall of the Temple. This was posted at Jerusalem, and purchased there. The next three (14, 15, 16), are respectively Brighton, and the Pavilion, Guernsey, St. Peter's Fort, Casablanca, and Ohan; doubtless the number of these former will be augmented in a few years. Also, some gentle­men take lady apprentices; the fee for a three years' apprenticeship to a chemist varies greatly according to the amount of instruc­tion given, etc. Now for a few marks concerning appointments available after qualifi­cation.

**Hospital Appointments.**—Very many of these are open to female dispensers; and it speaks well for lady dispensers that those hospi­tals once opened to women invariably appoint a lady on any successive vacancy occurring. The larger institutions require the minor qualification, salaries varying from forty pounds to eighty pounds indoors and from sixty pounds to one hundred and fifty pounds outdoors. In smaller hospitals, for which the apothecaries' qualification is sometimes considered sufficient, the remuneration seldom exceeds fifty pounds outdoors.

**Doctors' Dispensers.**—These appointments, very many of which are open to ladies, are often the most sought after, in spite of the fact that the remuneration is usually not great. Some medical men require the minor qualifica­tion; and the Apothecaries' Hall certificate is accepted.

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R. Kathleen Spencer.

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R. Kathleen Spencer, "Pharmacy as an Employment for Girls" (Volume 21, 14 October 1889, p. 20).
among the flower-beds—gardening was her favourite occupation, and she certainly understood plant nature better than boy nature, but disappointment was less, and that she could see the result of her work, and maybe she was right. It was always a pleasure to see Miss Faith among her floral favourites, and she looked younger and happier. I watched her now as she picked up a broken jonquil that lay in her path—of course Cottontail had done her work, and she looked at it so pitifully, as though she grieved over the beautiful trodden-down thing. She had a curious idea that plants had feelings and could suffer; but I never could bring myself to believe it. For how could one ever enjoy gathering flowers and making them into posies if one were to imagine that the parent plant was wounded or lonely? It was just one of Miss Faith's pretty sentimental notions; but I have heard her maintain her point with great tenacity.

She came in presently and sat down beside me. I could see then how flushed and tired she looked.

"How warm it is for May," she said, laying aside her cape; "but you always look so cool and comfortable. I think, after all, Berrie, that I should like to change places with you. Darning old table-cloths and thinking one's own thoughts would be ever so much nicer than visiting the old grannies of Wyngate Rise."

"That depends on one's thoughts, Miss Faith; it is easy to have busy fingers and a heavy heart"—for I never held with these complaining speeches, and change of place never helped man, woman, or child yet if a doubting, depressed heart went with them.

"To judge by appearances, your thoughts were tolerably cheerful," I returned Miss Faith, for she never liked to be contradicted, and I have known her to be quite ungracious about it. She generally used the longest words she could find, and rolled them out with inexpressible scorn and defiance, and taken the child with her to the vicarage!"

Miss Faith was not softening matters at all, but I was pointedly run on in that fashion, for she had a knack of rolling up a grievance as boys roll a snowball, until it becomes quite unmanageable, and when one looks at it after all one should look at both sides of a question.

So I explained to Miss Faith that Nina had told her tale, and that she had corrected it, and then, as the child looked pale and tired, Hope thought a good run would benefit her. "I asked you to tell me this, Miss Faith," I finished, and I am quite sure that she did it for the best, and had no thought of setting your authority at defiance. My tone was a little indignant, but I might as well have spoken to a rock or a mule. Miss Faith simply turned a deaf ear to me.

"Of course you take Hope's part. Berrie—you always do; in the present day the elder people are expected to sympathise with the young ones"—with withering sarcasm uttered in a tremendous voice. "It is all of a piece. My wishes are disregarded, my authority set at nought. How are I to manage these headstrong young people?"—and there was real despair in her tone. "I must speak to Graham; he must judge between us; there cannot be two mistresses in one house. 'Is it to be Hope or I?'—that is what I should ask him."

"You will do nothing of the kind," I said sharply, for I was at the end of my tether, and she was as unreasonable and aggravating as possible. "You are just tired out, and you are going to lie down, and I will make you a nice cup of tea. There is nothing like taking a nap over a worry, Miss Faith; a good sleep just iron out one's creases"—for I had a comfortable, old-fashioned belief in what mother used to call forty winks and a cup of tea, and I have never known my prescription fail. For once, however, I had reckoned without my host. "Even a worm will turn," as Gordon used to say, and Miss Faith's outraged sensibility refused to be built up again."

"My brother must judge between us," were the only words she vouchsafed; when I took her up the tea-tray, she did not even thank me with her usual gentle courtesy as I placed it on the little table beside her.

(To be continued.)

**WOMEN'S WORK IN SANITATION AND HYGIENE.**

How strange our grandmothers would have thought it that ladies should actually be trained to work amongst the poor! The work of a lady inspector of nuisances is in many instances sort of organised district visiting, and in order to accomplish the work satisfactorily a very thorough training is needed. It is a work that all who work in the public health of the poor should possess not only a sympathy for them, but a very practical knowledge of their needs and surroundings. The State, nowadays, gives practical advice on important domestic matters by means of inspectors of nuisances, and those in authority hope by these means to ensure a greater increase of cleanliness and, as natural results, better general health and a lower death-rate. The way to the work which is being done in our time was gradually paved by the labours of Mr. Chadwick and others on the Sanitary Reform Act of 1842; by such works as Yoxall and Alton Locke; by the work of the late Dr. Purton, Miss Octavia Hill, and others now dead, but whose works follow them. Thanks to Mr. Chadwick's exertions, the Public Health Act was passed in 1848; since then other Acts have followed, all bearing on the public health, such as the Adulteration Act, Infectious Diseases Act, Public Health (Miscellaneous Provisions) Act, and others. We have not only had to learn sanitary science, but we have had to learn what sanitary science is.

So many years ago such matters as drainage, ventilation, and similar subjects were looked upon as fads quite outside practical knowledge. The study of which was considered a very suitable employment for old gentlemen with nothing better to do. We have learnt better.

Florence Sophie Davson, "Women's Work in Sanitation and Hygiene" (Volume 21, 14 October 1899, p. 29).
In 1856 a certain Dr. Roth, one of the pioneers of the health laws of to-day, succeded in interesting a number of ladies inhygiene and sanitation. This instruction was chiefly given to young ladies who were led to see how strongly the neglect of personal cleanliness, efficient ventilation, and the spread of the sanitary knowledge amongst all sorts and conditions of men and women. One of the earliest works of the Society was to ame “Women’s Bible” foracal with materials for cleaning—soap, pails, and scrubbing-brushes; when they went to read they offered these for hire at a farthing a set, and much practical good was done in this way. It is the boast of the Society that they never lost a single implement, and that the stumps of their brooms deserve to be photographed, so worn were they! This was known as “deput work.” This branch of work is carried on no longer, as it is supposed that the appointment of inspectors has removed the need. Gradually the Society arranged lectures, classes in nursing, and domestic matters for the working classes; they published an immense quantity of books and periodicals; they established the IQ.jpg and did other good work. Canon Kingsley wrote in earnest commendation of the Society, and in 1853 they published an immense quantity of books and periodicals. The Sanitary Institute was founded in 1867, to establish an examination board for granting certificates on sanitary matters. The registrar is Sir William Hunter, the chairman Professor Lane Notter.

Another field has been opened for women’s work, a field into which some should rush too hastily or with insufficient preparation, for the amount of practical knowledge required is considerable. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. To-day we all talk glibly of health and the evils attendant on its want, too often with only the most superficial knowledge of what we are speaking about. The celebrated architect, Sir William Blake, does admirable work. It is greatly to be wished that the health of the nation could be placed in the hands of trained nurses, instead of being left to the care of doctors who may not be sufficiently qualified. The Sanitary Institute does not train nurses for sanitation, she must set aside a considerable amount of her time to learn her new work, after which she either becomes a teacher, or a nurse, and afterwards she may become a school inspector. The Sanitary Institute is now a great power in the field of education, and has established a school for teaching practical hygienic and sanitary science.

There are many women who are not hoping for any definite appointment, but who would be glad to spend a year in obtaining organised scientific knowledge on these important subjects. In an interview with Miss Ethel Hurffitt, the principal of Bedford College, that very capable and well-informed lady expressed herself very decidedly on this subject, saying that she hoped shortly to see on every school board a board of guardians, who have definite scientific training. Miss Hurffitt also considers it just as important that women, who have a large proportion of their own to manage should be equally well-trained.

The course of training on hygiene at Bedford College has been under the supervision of Dr. T. M. Legge until recently, but as he has lately been appointed to the important position of Medical Inspector of Factories, he will shortly retire, to the great regret of all who have had the opportunity of working under him.

Dr. Legge, in an article in the Pharmaceutical Magazine, Dr. Legge writes: "One of the most delicate features of hygiene is that the most delicate feature, it enables the student to understand, and places her in a position to cope with, many of the social questions. Every woman is made in God's image, and love is one of the most austere professions. They exactly some of the foremost in the individual exercising it. . . . The educational value of this course is infinitely high, and those who are anxious to obtain a wide culture. A definite object, namely, the knowledge of the government, of public health, is kept steadily in view, and every path up to that end is conscientiously pursued."

FLORENCE SOPHIE DAYSON.
DOMESTIC SERVICE AS A PROFESSION FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

In these days of overcrowded professions, and with so many women of all classes forced to earn their own livelihood, it becomes very difficult for girls of moderate abilities to decide on a career. Although theoretically almost all professions are open to women, practically the number is very limited, especially for those who cannot afford the outlay required by a university graduation or the study of medicine. Nursing and teaching are the most popular professions for such, but the ranks of both are terribly overcrowded; and the remuneration for ninety per cent. of other nurses or teachers is decidedly small, and the number of years during which they can obtain good posts is also very limited.

The teaching of technical subjects was considered a paying occupation a few years ago, and therefore girls crowded to the training-schools and classes and obtained diplomas for laundry-work, cookery, dressmaking, and dairy-work, only to find the work extremely hard and the number of well-paid posts very small. Those who are doing this now say that it is getting worse and worse because the classes are frequently given to Board School teachers and the number of applicants for any good situation is very large. One teacher holding a good County Council position knows there are over thirty people waiting to take her post when she resigns!

On the other hand one hears everywhere the outcry for domestic servants, and mistresses say they would give anything for a good one. Whether this is literally meant in many cases is doubtful, but it certainly is a fact that the demand for good maids is very great.

There is nothing lowering in domestic work unless we make it so; it is not what we do, but what we are that constitutes our claim to be called gentlewomen; and yet how many girls consider it quite beneath their dignity to do domestic tasks! If they do it properly it is called "lady-helps." Nursing was thought degrading a few years ago, but to-day even members of the Royal Family are glad to be trained as nurses that they may minister to their loved ones or help the poor and suffering. People said that the study of medicine would detract from the womanliness of women, but if the right women study, they come out better at the end, and nowhere will you find more helpful, tender women than in the medical profession.

Some years ago a quaint booklet called Blessed be Drudgery was published—W. Gannet, I believe, is the author—and in it the writer soul-travels with every form of work, and that any man might be an artist in his own line. As examples, he mentions two shoemakers, one of whom when asked how long it took to learn his trade replied, "Twenty years, and then you must travel a year," and the other's answer to the same question was, "All your life."

Why can we not bring this spirit into the round of household duties? And if we wish to follow Charles Kingsley's advice to "Do the thing that's next you, Tho' it's dull at times; Helping, when you meet them, Lame dogs over stiles!" there are few more practical ways than by becoming really good domestic servants and helping to smooth the troubles of wretched housewives.

An ardent temperance worker on hearing that a friend intended to take up cookery as a profession, talked to her seriously about throwing away her life and living among the sordidness of food and pots and pans! Was such a remark in keeping with her principles? Surely there is no system of temperance work so likely to prove successful as the teaching of well-cooked food and temperance beverages. The good that might be done in this way is immense; but apart from that, as I said before, it is the spirit in which we do our work, more than the labour itself, that harms or improves us. The quaint words of the old poet, George Herbert, well express this—"Who sweeps a room as to Thy laws, Makes that and his action holy."

That there is scope for the work of educated women in domestic service there is no doubt; and many of those who have tried it are proofs of the healthfulness and even pleasantness of the life. Several girls, trained as technical teachers have found that work too hard, and so have taken situations as "lady servants," and find their present positions suit them far better, and they positively enjoy the work, while the certificates they hold enable them to command good salaries.

In order to band together gentlewomen willing to engage in this work, there is a "Guild of Dames of the Household" (President, Miss Nixon, "Mona," Tivoli, Cheltenham, who will be glad to hear from ladies willing to be trained), which provides training for gentlewomen between twenty and thirty-five years of age. It is through the kindness of nurses who have large staffs of servants that this training is obtained, and cooks also attend cookery-classes. The time taken is from one to four weeks or longer. No charge is made for rooms or training, but 10s. per week is the cost of full board, or single meals are provided at a very reasonable rate.

The "dames" are also put in communication with mistresses requiring their services, and Miss Nixon says that the demand for such is far greater than the supply. Caps are not always worn, but some wear a very becoming one with a band of willow-pattern sateen supplied by the Guild. Special aprons and a Guild badge are always used.

Mistresses are required to provide separate bedrooms, give a fair amount of leisure time, and from £18 to £30 per annum. Higher salaries than those named are sometimes obtainable. One lady, known to the writer, gives £35 to her housemaid who has a laundry certificate, and although she does no washing, she is required to do starching and ironing. The same mistress gives £30 to her parlourmaid. Another lady pays especially high wages to her two maids on the understanding that if they require extra help they must pay for it, and those maids like their posts very much and find the work easy and their position a pleasant one.

In the advertisement columns of a daily paper, among vacant situations I see "Lady-cook (kitchenmaid kept), £32; ditto, £50; lady-nurse, £30, etc."

Those who do not need training will find the fortnightly lists issued by the Central Bureau of the Women's Employment League, 60, Chancery Lane, W.C., a good medium for advertisements, and many ladies requiring gentlewomen advertise there.

In most families employing ladies, help is given with the harder and rougher kinds of work, such as scrubbing, and the maids are rarely, if ever, expected to do any washing. It has been found so much more satisfactory to have all gentlewomen in a house that it is now quite easy to get a post in such a family, the old style of lady-helps being found difficult to manage.

For nurses there is the Norland Institute, where training is given in all matters relating to the management of children, including a few months' experience in a children's hospital. The course there is one or two years, and the nurses have the additional attraction of a charming uniform!

One great advantage of domestic service as a profession is the healthfulness of it. The work offers great variety and plenty of exercise. It is not so mechanical as that of many clerks, and offers sufficient scope for intelligence to prevent one becoming dull.

Of course books and intercourse with one's equals are necessary to all, and every gentleman who enters this.
profession must take care not to allow herself to sink in her intellectual attainments. One mistress who has had a large and satisfactory experience with lady-servants says that many of her maids have been provided with introductions from their doctor, clergyman, or other friends, and have quite a little social circle of their own.

Another advantage is that training and experience in household matters are so valuable to all classes of women. Probably more than half of the trouble about domestic servants to-day is owing to the incompetence of mistresses who, not knowing what work really is, expect impossibilities, and so get less than they otherwise would do. From the lowest to the highest, every woman ought to understand how to manage a house, and a few years of domestic service would be a splendid training for future mistresses, and the "dames" will make far better wives and mothers in consequence of their experience.

**ALIX JOSON.**

**MARQUETRY, OR COLOURED WOOD INLAYING.**

The old furniture was charmingly ornamented with inlays, and there can be no question that inlaid decoration is the most appropriate way of ornamenting cabinet work, as it is one of the most durable. A great revival has taken place within the last few years in this class of work, and at the annual exhibition at the Albert Hall of works made in villages under the supervision of the Home Arts Association, some quite charming effects are obtained by the use of coloured inlays.

I was much struck, too, by the use of inlays in some of the modern French furniture known as *L'Art Nouveau.* A more naturalistic treatment was adopted by these French workers than we associate with inlays, and yet a charming decorative feeling was observed, so that the inlays did not pretend to be painted decoration, though the utmost effect was obtained by the careful disposition of the various coloured woods employed. Another feature of this French marquetry was the introduction of a sort of landscape effect by cutting some of the inlays like trees against the sky-line, allowing the motifs to come across these landscape effects. I have endeavoured to illustrate what I mean in the two designs, but my readers must remember that what is intended to be in colour has a very different effect when translated into black and white. I have devoted a chapter in my book entitled "Art Crafts for Amateurs" to the consideration of inlays, and though my space here is very limited, I will give my readers a few practical hints which I hope will help them in their work.

The French use woods such as walnut, birch, and mahogany, which have a very decided grain, and they stain it in such a way that instead of getting the whole surface one tint, it is light in some places and dark in others. They then cut out spaces which suggest a line of trees, and by inlaying these in some dark wood obtain the effect suggested in the sketches accompanying these notes. The foliage is then taken over this. The design of the inlays should be drawn on paper full size and transferred to the wood, and then with a sharp knife—a fixed blade in a wooden handle such as can be

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*Alix Joson, "Domestic Service as a Profession for Gentlewomen" (Volume 23, 8 February 1902, p. 300).*
NEW conditions create new difficulties. Customs change; and as they change we find that we need to re-arrange the old rules of conduct to suit the new manner of life. The remark is made every day by somebody, that girls are now entering many employments which formerly did not exist—at all events for girls. But people do not so often pursue their reflections further, and consider the problems of behaviour which are presented to every girl who enters a world of work which is new to her.

By way of example, let us think for a moment of the case of a country clergyman’s daughter who comes up to London in order to earn her living as clerk to a commercial man.

In the quiet rectory life she has known only gentlefolk of her own class and villagers, and by all, as the clergyman’s daughter, she has been treated with courtesy and a certain amount of deference. It has not occurred to her that she ought to be specially reserved in manner to anyone; it has not been necessary to keep people at a distance. She suddenly finds herself seated at a desk in a City office, and everything is changed. She finds herself reckoned a mere nobody. If she is one of a number of girl-clerks in the same office, she is only oppressed by a sense of her own insignificance in this new society; but if she is alone—the sole girl among a staff of men—her position is a much more embarrassing one. She realises at once, supposing her to be a girl of quick perception as they think her, that her happiness will depend very much upon the kind of behaviour which she adopts. But for a girl who is quite young and inexperienced, it is a far more puzzling matter to decide what is the right way to behave in circumstances so strange and foreign to her.

There are girls, I know, who think it far pleasanter to be employed by a man than by a woman. There are servants who think they would be perfectly happy if they were employed in a household without a “Missis,” and similarly there are girl-clerks who believe that all troubles would disappear if their employer were a man. If one listens to the cases of a number of girl-clerks, one is apt to think that, though little is said, much is probably being noticed. And what will be noticed, even more than the way in which a girl is treated by her employer, if he is not an older man, is the very marked difference in treatment between a girl’s appearance and a gentleman’s. Custom changes; and it is not clear that each one of us conducts the business of existence so perfectly as to be competent to direct more lives than one. As girls come to realise how much better a thing is individual responsibility and initiative than the close imitation of other people’s modes of life, one of the chief criticisms offered upon women employers will cease to be heard. Meantime, however, there are in the business world many admirable women employers—women for whom girl-workers feel the warmest affection. Such women, without forcing advice and admonition upon unwilling disciples, do genuinely befriend their girls. They set an example of conscientious work themselves, but they are observant of the health of their young people, and do not too often pursue their reflections further, and consider the problems of behaviour which are presented to every girl who enters a world of work which is new to her.

Girls have much to learn from men in the conduct of business. They may learn to be cool-headed, and to avoid the besetting fault of many women—getting into a fluster when there is a rush of work, or a decision is required in a hurry. And there are several other reasons which make it advantageous for girls to be associated with men in practical affairs. But at the same time I wish to point out that girls who choose to be employed by a man, because they think they will have more freedom and be less closely looked after, are not really gaining so many advantages. There is the independence they acquire will be more apparent than real. A man will not often make observations about matters outside the business in hand, though he may do so occasionally. Supposing him to be a gentleman, he will recognise that it is hardly suitable for a girl's appearance, is her manner. Any familiarity or freedom of manner will certainly be observed, and will either evoke familiarity from the employer, if he is not a well-bred man, or small errors and a possible dismissal. There are men, I am aware, who will behave in an under-bred manner to a girl, however blameless she may be; and it is not clear that each one of us conducts the business of existence so perfectly as to be competent to direct more lives than one. As girls come to realise how much better a thing is individual responsibility and initiative than the close imitation of other people’s modes of life, one of the chief criticisms offered upon women employers will cease to be heard. Meantime, however, there are in the business world many admirable women employers—women for whom girl-workers feel the warmest affection. Such women, without forcing advice and admonition upon unwilling disciples, do genuinely befriend their girls. They set an example of conscientious work themselves, but they are observant of the health of their young people, and do not too often pursue their reflections further, and consider the problems of behaviour which are presented to every girl who enters a world of work which is new to her.

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life it may not be pleasant to look back upon these little incidents.

To guard against such risks I would especially recommend girls who are coming up from sheltered country homes in order to become independent wage-earners, whether in shop or office, to try to keep their relations with their employers as much as possible on business lines. Nearly all the little awkwardnesses and disagreeablenesses that arise have their origin in the mingling of private affairs with business. It is not always possible to keep them apart, but the endeavour should be made, and especially by girls who are quite young and new to the city world. For example, a question of payment of salary may arise. It is never pleasant to press for payment of money due, but it becomes much more difficult if the girl who is owed money has been the recipient of her employer's hospitality. A girl may have the happiness to find a good friend in her employer, but she should certainly not rush into an intimacy before she has had means of learning the character of the man or woman with whom she is dealing. And if a friendship is established, let it be a friendship conducted on lines of which a girl's parents would approve. Some girls imagine that on entering an office they have left behind them all the ordinary habits of society and have come into a world with peculiar rules of its own. If this new world is governed on peculiar principles, a girl should wait until she has mastered those principles. She will not learn in a day how to live in Bohemia according to the laws of Bohemia—for even Bohemia has its laws—and on the whole she will be safer in assuming that the same social rules hold good in Threadneedle Street or Chancery Lane as those which are tacitly accepted in a country town.

Need I say that a girl should preserve a respectful bearing towards her employer? It hardly should be requisite, but there are girls who imperil their position by a lose of familiarity towards their employer which the latter will not like, though he may not care to resent it openly. An employer may often admit his or her failings quite frankly, but he will scarcely relish an equally outspoken perception of them on the part of his employee. It is a good rule that the employee should always show more deference than the employer seems to expect. This applies as much to girls who are engaged as private secretaries as to those who work in business firms. A girl does not necessarily cringe to rank because she gives a peeress her title. She only shows that she acknowledges the status of other people, as she would expect her own position to be recognised.

In short, most of the difficulties and perplexities which arise between employers and employed in their social relations with each other would disappear if the two parties would keep within their own proper limits of action. The mischief originates in the tenency of human beings to encroach upon each other; the disposition which each of us has to treat your business as though it were my business, to enlarge our borders by adding other people's affairs to our own province. If people kept to the terms of their bargains, employers would only ask that their workers should perform their duties efficiently, while the workers, on the other hand, would not feel themselves ill-used or slighted because their employers and employers' wives did not treat them as though they were private acquaintances. But in everyone the wish lurks for the "little more" which is not his rightful due; and when the wish is expressed in action, trouble comes.

"For him was lever have at his bed's head
Twenty bookes, clothed in black or red,
Of Aristotle, and his philosophy,
Than robès rich, or fiddle, or psalt'ry."

Chaucer.

The title of this article perhaps sounds a rather ambitious one, and yet if you look in a dictionary, the meaning given for the word library exactly describes what I wish to write about.

A library is a collection of books; an ambiguous term which may embrace any number from six to six thousand and upwards. It also means a place where a collection of books is kept; that may either be a modest little shelf in a girl's bedroom, or it may be a large building. The subject I wish to consider is a girl's collection of books, and the place in which she keeps it. Therefore, what better word can be found for it than library?

The fact that a girl takes in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER regularly declares that she is a lover of books; and though some may love them more intensely than others, I think all our readers must love them well enough to wish to take the best care they can of those they possess.

Books are more easily injured than thoughtless people imagine, and it is well to study their nature a little that we may be able to avoid everything that is injurious to them as far as possible. There are many things which are very destructive to books, and which we ought to do our best to guard against. Amongst these are dust, damp, great heat, gas, rats, mice, cockroaches, bookworms, borrowers, spring-cleannings, housemaids and book-binders; a long list surely, but we need only concern ourselves particularly with those things which are likely to interfere with a girl's library.

Of all these things I think a girl often finds borrowers the most hurtful, and the most difficult to guard against. There are two kinds of borrowers: first, the one who loves books so well that she is apt to keep them altogether, and never thinks of returning them. This kind of borrower is a tiresome person who needs to be looked after and worried till you get back the book. The best precaution I ever heard of against book-keepers of this description was one adopted by the owner of a nice private library. He kept a number of blocks of wood of various sizes, and when a book was borrowed he pasted on the back of the block a paper bearing the name of the book, the name of the borrower and the date. This was slipped into the space left by the book, and remained there until the book was returned. He very rarely lost a book.

A second kind of borrower is even more to be dreaded than the first. She comes for the loan of the last volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, there is such an excellent receipt for an orange cake in it. It is a nice fresh volume just from the binder's, and you hesitatingly lend it. She finds the recipe, but thinks she should like to try it before taking the trouble to copy it. Down goes the book...
HOUSE-DECORATION.

A NEW AND REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENT FOR GIRLS.

The home being emphatically the woman's sphere, house-decoration and furnishing would seem to be a particularly appropriate profession for such as possess artistic taste, skill, energy, and business aptitude, for all these attributes are absolutely essential in order to attain any success as a house decorator. It is not easy work, and, like most things, it is fairly monotonous; it demands health, perseverance, good sense, and capability in no common degree, but, on the other hand, it offers a new field of work and the prospect of very fair remuneration.

A well-known lady decorator gives it as her opinion that "in a very few years there will be an enormous demand for women to undertake this business. It is an eminently suitable trade for them, given some taste to start with; it is pleasant, though very hard work, and it is very profitable."

HOW TO TRAIN.

In this, as in all work, training is of paramount importance. "I think," says this lady, who has established a successful business of her own, "the best method of starting would be to get a year's training in a shop. (I have great faith in this, as I had to learn by the very roundabout way of finding out my own mistakes!) After the year's training, I should not think of starting for myself, but I should then try for a post as assistant manageress in another shop, in order to see different people's methods, and to see various sides of the trade. Then if I had a connection, enough capital, say £700 to £800, and really good health, I think I should have a very good chance of success if I began by myself."

In that admirable little paper, *Women's Employment*, issued by the Central Bureau for the Employment of Women, this subject was fully dealt with about a couple of years ago. In this paper this same lady decorator urges the necessity of a knowledge of detail in all the matters connected with house decoration. "A woman in this business can hardly have too many strings to her bow; so she should be prepared not only to undertake the painting and papier-maché of houses, but also all accessories, such as upholstery, blinds, carpets, and, if possible, furniture; and this is due to the reasons why I insisted upon the necessity for training. It is impossible to have all the business details in your head, and all the papers, materials, etc., at your finger-tips, unless you have had practical experience, and have lived in an atmosphere of business for some time."

IMPORTANCE OF DETAIL.

In this trade, as in most, it is the grasp of the items which go to make up the whole, which is such an important factor in ultimate success. "I find it very difficult," she informed me, "to make people understand the importance of details in business; they all enjoy getting out paper and curtain schemes, etc., for different rooms, but when it comes to measuring the room for paper, and the windows for curtains, it is a very different matter, and they think it would be such a very much better plan to leave this part of the business to the workmen." In any case it is essential that the woman decorator should have that thorough practical knowledge of her trade which will enable her to state the approximate amounts and prices for coverings, papering, repairs, etc., as such information may be demanded a dozen times a day in the ordinary course of business.

PROSPECTS AND REMUNERATION.

"I don't think it is a very exciting trade," she said, "as sometimes there are almost weeks of comparative idleness, and then there are months when sixteen hours a day of hard work is nothing extraordinary." In fact, on this point she is insistent. "Let no one think the business is anything but hard work—drudgery would be a better word—and the monotony is appalling at first, but I think, at the worst, after a year's apprenticeship it should mean that anyone of average intelligence should be able to earn £1 a week, and in a few years about £250 per annum."

The woman who has a business of her own ought reasonably to expect to make "a few hundreds a year." Of course, certain attributes make for success in this work. "Good health and business capacity are very necessary. I am sure an amiable temper is, or the capacity to imitate one, some sort of taste, and above everything energy and perseverance."

It is the want of thoroughness in this, as in other matters, which has so often brought the average woman worker into disrepute. No one should dream of becoming a decorator unless she means to work at it with her heart and soul. The experience is that women cannot imitate their examples. They are not amateurs, and fail to remember that business during business hours is the first, and indeed, the only consideration; that-morrow will not do as well as to-day; that there must be no trusting to memory, but that everything must be duly entered in its proper book, and that cash-books must balance, not be "only a shilling or two out!"

LADIES DECORATORS ON THEIR WORK.

There seems to be a general unanimity of opinion—from the expert point of view—as to the satisfied prospects afforded by this profession for women. In Scotland there are one or two energetic and talented ladies who have gained success in this field, and who recommend others to imitate their example. One lady decorator who for years has been "a trusted consultant in all matters of house decoration and furnishing," gives it as her opinion that provided a girl has "sense, energy and taste," she is convinced "that the field is emphatically a promising one for women." Another lady, who is a well-known mural decorator, amongst other things, is certain that "if women would have less pride and more enterprise, would cease to make pleasing but unappreciated easel pictures, and make a systematic study of decoration, and prove themselves thoroughly qualified and willing workers, many of them would exchange the present poverty and anxiety for lives of profitable usefulness, ease and comfort." If a girl, possessed of genuine artistic power, would like to devote her time and talents entirely and solely to decoration as distinguished from furnishing, and would not do better than be articulated for two or three years to a good architect, where she would be able to study the principle of design, both from a practical and theoretical standpoint. There is a lady in London who trains decorative artists, her course including woodwork, plaster-work, and architecture. The period of training lasts for three years, and costs £100. The student must be over nineteen years of age.

In conclusion it seems to be obvious that this work, or one of its branches, is worthy of the serious consideration of any woman who has her way to make in the world, and who possesses the necessary attributes and the requisite artistic skill. It demands undoubted talent, energy, perseverance and business qualities, but then so do most professions if success is to be attained therein; but this at least is not overstocked, and financially it presents unusually rosy prospects. "In conclusion," wrote a lady-decorator of note to me, "I must say I thoroughly believe in women going in for this work, as I have every confidence in its financial future."

And, I would urge, that it is only by taking up some work that is not overcrowded, and that demands some specialist knowledge and training, that any girl nowadays can hope to provide for her present wants and those of the future, at a time when cheap and excellent educational facilities have flooded the market with a superfluity of brains of a particular and unremunerative order.
Independent Living

In its early years, The Girl's Own Paper generally assumed, in writing of home life and household management, that its readers lived either in their father's or their husband's home. Toward the end of the 1880s, however, the magazine began to feature articles on independent living. Clearly, readers who were pursuing new professions, particularly in the city, were unlikely to stay at home, so The Girl's Own provided advice on finding accommodation, the legal responsibilities of tenancy, and economy for the single girl, among other topics. The magazine also acknowledged that many young women might not have the option of either family or married life.

"Sixty Pounds per Annum, and How I Live Upon It" (vol. 9, 1887–88, pp. 387–88, 444, 446, 600, 602, 712, 714) is supposedly by a young gentlewoman who, on the death of her father, and without any relatives who might take her in, finds herself struggling to maintain her status on the income from her few inherited investments. It details the process of finding and engaging rooms, as well as the economies necessary on a fixed income.

S. F. A. [Sophia] Caulfeild explores other accommodation options, along with social and professional connections for women, in "Women's Clubs in London" (vol. 11, 1889–90, pp. 598–99, 678–79). She surveys all the clubs, some of which were residential, offering city accommodations to "gentlewomen" and women professionals living in the suburbs and countryside.

The Girl's Own often offered suggestions for improving one's accommodations. "A Home-Made Shower-Bath" (vol. 14, 1892–93, pp. 516–17) shows how girls in flats without washing facilities may set up their own shower-bath.

Josepha Crane, in "Living in Lodgings" (vol. 16, 1894–95, pp. 562–64, 677–78) provides advice on conduct and tips on safety for the single girl living alone in lodgings. She also surveys types of lodging available, with recommendations as to the most economical and sensible options.

As rooms were often cramped, The Girl's Own periodically ran articles on how to make the most of one's space. Bed-sitting-rooms presented a particular problem for girls who wanted their room to look as little like a bedroom as possible. "How I Furnished My Bed-Sitting-Room for Twelve Pounds" (vol. 24, 1902–03, pp. 118–19) offers some solutions.

Flora Klickmann, a successful journalist and staff-writer for The Girl's Own from the 1890s onward, offers hope for the middle-class girl who shrinks from having to deal with lower-class individuals in lodgings and boarding-houses with "A New Hostel for Women" (vol. 24, 1902–03, pp. 380–82). Upon Charles Peters's death in 1907, Klickmann became the editor of The Girl's Own.
SIXTY POUNDS PER ANNUM, AND HOW I LIVE UPON IT.

BY A YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN.

"Where are the securities?" Mr. Greatorex exclaimed.

"Mr. Bertram has them, I believe. He is Uncle Tom's lawyer, you know." As I said this, I looked at him to have a bank account. Write to Mr. Bertram, and ask him to open one for you, now you have returned to England. Do you still, in all the mysteries of cheques and bank books?" he asked with a kind smile.

"Oh, yes," I answer readily. "My father was very particular in showing me how to do all kinds of business. He amused me, I think, to whilst working at my own business, and the absolute stillness which reigned within the large room. Mr. Greatorex sat in the large chair facing me, and looked out with an expression of vexed and perplexed emotion, as if a boy on his kind face, while I mutely gazed at the pile of papers before me, and was silent. Then I found myself saying, "There is nothing left; and there will be nothing in the future, Mr. Greatorex."

"No, my dear lady; I am honestly nothing. The value of the estate is quite covered by the mortgages on it and the interest on them. I much fear the shock of this recent heavy loss, through that wretched speculation, to have been too much from it, and had much faith in it and its promoters, that I suppose he had not thought it worth while to tell you of the true state of his affairs, when he hoped for a lucky coup, to repair them all." Mr. Greatorex sighed, and the vexed look deepened on his face. Besides being our legal agent for many years, he was an old friend, and naturally felt for the girl who found herself miserable, without, what I had always been thankful for, being the heir of a comfortable estate and fortune.

He broke the silence again by saying, interrogatively: "Are you at your aunt's?"

"No," I answered, "at Mrs. Murray's; my aunt is not in town."

"How is your grand-aunt's money invested?" he continued.

"In colonial stock and a mortgage; as just left it four years ago," answered Bertram and Kilday were her lawyers."

"Ah, yes," he said, "I remember, you have always had that, I suppose, for your rent. What does it yield?"

"About sixty pounds per annum," I answered. "Oh, if I had only been told, I might have saved something! As it is, I spent it all, though I have yet to draw my 5s. quarter, and there are some bills to pay for things." "Have you a bank account?" Mr. Greatorex asked quietly.

"No," I answered; "you forget, I have been abroad; Mr. Bertram sent me the money." "Who are the trustees?" is the next query.

"Mr. Bertram is one, and Uncle Tom the other."
impossible. My French, German, and music were good; but I doubted that I could teach them to others, or whether we were well enough grounded myself in their elementary parts. Italian came under the same category; and though I was well read in English and foreign literature, my reading had not been directed in such a manner as to enable me to impart my knowledge to others; and as for my other arts, they were of no use to anyone but myself. I might do something in literature, but one does not begin another at twenty, and that which was of no use either. No, I must live on my sixty pounds a year, and be happy and contented on that.

Meanwhile I was still sitting on my chair in the park, and though my meditations took some time to put on paper, they were not so slow in passing through my mind. I look back now with some wonder at myself, and the quiet way in which I took my misfortune. Perhaps, as I sometimes fancy, my experiences had done me good, and I was not so likely to feel anxious as when the struggle is only for one's self, it is never easy to do anything in a homely way, without fear of the feeling of helplessness or despair, so far as I was concerned. I had been in the park nearly two hours, as far easier and far less anxious. One can g--

to make some arrangement before Aunt Kate returns. You know her even better than I do, and how much real assistance she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only commiserated my hungry feelings, she only com...
A MAY SONG.

By MARY ROWLES.

O! the Maytime, welcome Maytime,
Of all months the sweetest corner,
Bridal of spring and summer time.
When the earth is gay with flowers, and the air
sweet with song,
Pastures deep in grass and clover,
Honey for each wandering rover,
Skies that laugh at tempests over
To the emerald month belong!
O! the hawthorn, fragrant hawthorn!
Summer snow-wreaths drifting lightly
Over the hedgerows, opening brightly
All its myriad, starlike blossoms to the glamour of the day,
Brightening all the children's leisure,
As they take their royal pleasure
Gathering largess of its treasure,
Filling hands and homes with May.
O! the bluebells, nodding bluebells,
Tinted like the skies above them.
Set where all may see and love them,
By the roadside, in the coppice, and the meadows between;
Every breeze that stirs the dingle
Sets their mimic bells a-jingle,
All the sweets of May time mingle
Out each fluted fold,
There--there--there--there!
SIXTY POUNDS PER ANNUM, AND HOW I LIVE UPON IT.

By A YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN.

CHAPTER II.

R. MURRAY proved quite as helpful and kind as his wife had declared him to be. He listened with great sympathy to the account of my many troubles, and quite agreed with us in the idea of my trying to live on what means I had, at least until I had tried the experiment and found the feat impossible.

"If you were not the quiet, staid lassie I have always known you, Margaret, I should not agree with you," he said; "but I think you may be trusted to form your own plans in this emergency. I shall trust Lucy to look after you, and you know where you can have help if you need it. For your father's sake you may depend on me always, as well as for your own."

He then sided us in the composition of an advertisement, which explained our needs clearly, i.e., two rooms for a young lady, unfurnished, in a quiet and thoroughly respectable street, in Paddington or near Westbourne Grove, where the landlady could furnish references as to her character and that of her house. This was inserted in two of the daily papers, and then we waited impatiently for some answers to it.

The next few days after our advertisement was put into the various papers we had several answers, some of which promised very well; we went to see each one in turn, but in all there was much lacking, and neither the position nor the people were what Mrs. Murray liked. Since that time I have so often thought that, if some of the money applied to building the "Peabody flats" could have been applied to building flats suitable to the purses of impecunious ladies, how good it would have been for me. It seemed nearly impossible to find what I wanted. Now I hope better days are coming, and the wants of gentlewomen who work, and gentlewomen who do not work but are also limited in means, will meet with attention. And flats are being built all over London, but in most of them, unfortunately, the rents are too high to benefit the class to which I belong. An ordinary London house, when divided out and let in unfurnished apartments, is not comfortable, because so thoroughly unfitted for the purpose. There is no privacy, and no freedom from the landlady's ever-prying eye, which even penetrates into the rooms which she does not furnish. The position is also trying, in regard to her, for her temper is rarely good, and she is often quarrelsome and excitable. In fact, few women in that rank of life have the needful patience and good humour which the office of landlady requires.

Fortunately, Mrs. Murray was very anxious that I should not be in a hurry, nor make a start in my new life without finding what was needful, both in position and people. And I was not idle, for I had much also to find out as to prices and ways of getting things in London, and I wished to plan my small income so as to make the best of it. I thought £40 per annum would suffice to cover my expenses for rent, food, fire, and light, the rent to include what services I required. A regard for the fire and lighting part, I acquired much useful information from a pleasant and practical little woman, who came to Mrs. Murray as a dressmaker, and did what needlework was needed in the house. It was through her kind offices that we ultimately found a small house to suit me in every way, as the advertisements proved of no real value after all. From her I learned that the price of coal was £1 per hundred, of coke £1 6d. the sack: and that I should probably find close by my new home a small coal merchant, who would send in just what I wanted. She thought I should find that the quantity also was named which last month brought her fortyweight for one fire. Finally she advised me, in addition to wood, to have some patent firelighters, or "wheels," at a farthing each, which would not only light my fire, but she said that in the summer one would be enough to boil my kettle, without the expense of lighting the fire at all, as they last quite twenty minutes. She also introduced me to the square blocks of coal, which are a penny each for the largest size, and three for twopenny for the smaller size. They seem to be made of powdered coal formed into blocks, and are very useful for keeping in a fire. They should be put on when the fire is good, and the July heat has burned for hours unbroke. For instance, if put on the fire at night they will last all night, and when broken up with the poker will light the fire and serve to boil the kettle in the morning. So they prove an excellent thing for sick rooms.

In one of my chats with my wise little dressmaker, she advised me to buy one of the white glass lamps with the pearly-white shades, for my ordinary use, and added that she had seen them at Is. 1d. in The Grove. On going in search of one, however, I found that I could only get one at 2s., but the wick was in, and it was ready for filling and lighting. There are several kinds of oil, some more expensive than others, but I found a very good, clear, bright oil, called "safety oil," of threepence a
quart; and later on I paid sixpence for my quart oil-can. The quart lasted me in the winter a week or so, and meantime the summer it spun out to a fortnight. I find my lamp, trimmed and taken charge of by myself, is a perfect success always. I do not break chimney. I have no smell from it, and no smoke; and armed with a pair of old gloves, a clean cloth, and some soft paper, I clean it without trouble.

I do not fancy that care enough is taken by ordinary servants, and that is the cause of the constant complaints about lamps, and the unpleasant smell and smoke from them. I had put down fire and light at £4 per annum, but I did not spend as much as that when I got into the way of managing my fire.

We had begun to despair of finding anything suitable through our advertisements, when one morning the maid came to me and said that Miss Dackett would be glad to speak to me. "Miss Dackett" seemed at first unknown to me, when I suddenly remembered that it was the name of my wise little dressmaker, usually called Eliza by Mrs. Murray, who had known her many years. So I hastened upstairs to find Miss Dackett and Mrs. Murray discussing some topic very eagerly, and as I entered Mrs. Murray said:

"I think Eliza has heard of the very thing you need, dear."

"Rooms?" I queried.

"Yes. Two superior servants who have left places where they have been for years, have taken a small house, and want to let the side places where they have been for years, but I did not spend as much as that when I got my warrant!"

"Mr. James Smith."

"I am certain the mystery will be explained in some very unlooked for way."

And it was. Mr. Fielden said he washed his hands of the whole affair, and I will volunteer no information. I was bound to clear Miss Martin; I am not bound to say that he would be eventually restored to his friends, and be made a private gentleman again; for as I entered, Mrs. Murray gave her address, and said I was to manage the whole affair, and I will volunteer no information. I was bound to clear Miss Martin; I am not bound to say that he would be eventually restored to his family."

"Dear--" he said, when my husband told him, "though you and I could never bring ourselves to doubt that."

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

5 person was more delighted at hearing the true story of Miss Martin's diamonds than was Mr. James Smith. "It is pleasant to know for certain that the things were the young lady's own, sir," he said, when my husband told him, "though you and I could never bring ourselves to doubt that." Then, with a look of grim satisfaction, "What a wicked pleasure in finding love thrown over Mrs. Martin's eyes, I am almost thankful for the veil which screen between the two ladies, and serve the purpose we had intended."

"As we walked home together Mrs. Murray decided that she would write to the references at once, and get the letter written as soon as possible, for I was sure that if peace and happiness were to be preserved, we must at once restore the diamonds."

"Another cause for anxiety the girl had been led by Eileen Martin's mind, the anxiety would have been a help to me in such a situation. The knowledge that he had been mistaken in giving it did not tend to smooth the lawyer's ruffled plumes, though he could scarcely help a formal expression of satisfaction that the young person had not been free from blame."

"It is a letter mortification to him to be proved less than infallible in a professional matter, and though he was language to know whether Mrs. Beau- champ's property had been recovered, he would not inquire. I was afraid that he would be eventually restored to his family."

"And it was. Mr. Fielden said he washed his hands of the whole affair, and I will volunteer no information. I was bound to clear Miss Martin; I am not bound to say that the lost diamonds are we still at fault?"

"Though one shadow had been lifted from Eileen Martin's mind, the anxiety would have been a help to me in such a situation. The knowledge that he had been mistaken in giving it did not tend to smooth the lawyer's ruffled plumes, though he could scarcely help a formal expression of satisfaction that the young person had not been free from blame."

"It is a letter mortification to him to be proved less than infallible in a professional matter, and though he was language to know whether Mrs. Beau- champ's property had been recovered, he would not inquire. I was afraid that he would be eventually restored to his family."

"Another cause for anxiety the girl had been led by Eileen Martin's mind, the anxiety would have been a help to me in such a situation. The knowledge that he had been mistaken in giving it did not tend to smooth the lawyer's ruffled plumes, though he could scarcely help a formal expression of satisfaction that the young person had not been free from blame."

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Pleasant was the true story of Miss Martin's diamonds than was Mr. James Smith. "It is pleasant to know for certain that the things were the young lady's own, sir," he said, when my husband told him, "though you and I could never bring ourselves to doubt that." Then, with a look of grim satisfaction, "What a wicked pleasure in finding love thrown over Mrs. Martin's eyes, I am almost thankful for the veil which screen between the two ladies, and serve the purpose we had intended."

"As we walked home together Mrs. Murray decided that she would write to the references at once, and get the letter written as soon as possible, for I was sure that if peace and happiness were to be preserved, we must at once restore the diamonds."

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A Young Gentlewoman, "Sixty Pounds per Annum, and How I Live Upon It" (Volume 9, 7 April 1888, p. 446).
CHAPTER III

The references proved everything that could be wished, the former mistress of my future landlady had not only been honest, and respectable, but one of the kindest-hearted women possible, a fact she had proved in the course of a long family trouble and illness. So Mr. and Mrs. Murray both expressing themselves as thoroughly satisfied, Mr. Murray wrote out an agreement for a year, which was duly signed, making me the mistress of my two rooms from the 10th of the month, to pay monthly, as I had quite resolved to follow the ready cash principle in everything, and to manage with as little as possible; one of my great objects being to lay by a little store in case of illness or other trouble, and also because I intended to try to come in time, so as to enable me to look forward to a change and a little travelling some future day, as well as for extra comforts in my old age.

Now, my girl readers will doubtless have said, perhaps even by now, What a very odd girl! She never apparently thinks of the future, nor provides for herself, and has no anxiety about your valuables."

I was just going to say that very thing," said Mr. Murray, and only take the few things which I rarely spent five minutes’ thought. Perhaps if I had had the quiet home, free from anxiety, of most other girls, it would not have been so; but I had been obliged to be practical and thoughtful, both for myself and for others, at too early a period in my girlhood from anxiety, of most other girls, it would not have been so; but I had been obliged to be practical and thoughtful, both for myself and for others, at too early a period in my girlhood.

The next day we went down to Richmond and so I thought with care be all I wanted for my two rooms. The bedroom I intended to do entirely, and in the drawing-room only a border of about two feet round the edges. In a short time I was back again, and covering my dress with the apron I had brought with me, I began my work on the floor. The marking out of the border did not take very long, and I soon had the pleasure of seeing the effects of my work. The chief merit of this varnish is that it needs no before use, and dries very quickly also.

The drawing-room board I talked me about an hour and a half to accomplish, and I was careful to work with the grain of the wood of the floor. Then I had a rest, and ate the sandwiches Mrs. Murray had given me; and when I felt quite refreshed I began on the bedroom floor, which looked like a tall pepper-pot; besides several old-fashioned trinkets, my four burning rings and lockets, and a set of camos.

Mr. Murray looked carefully over the silver, and at last said gruffly, "Do you know anything about the value of this, Margaret?"

"It is not only old but very valuable," said Mr. Murray, and only take the few things I need, if you will allow me."

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The next day we went down to Richmond to look at the furniture which Mr. and Mrs. Murray read my aunt’s two old servants much as I remembered them when a child, when I had once been with my mother to visit her. They had been respectively butler and lady’s-maid in the first days of service, but latterly, when increasing age and infirmities had gained on my aunt, and she had also suffered from her nephew’s losses, they had everything to her, and any help needed had been by a young general servant in the kitchen. My great-aunt had been nearly forty years a widow, and her husband’s money had gone back at her death, of course to his family; and except what she had left to me, her nameake and god-daughter—and (I confess to her) those old and loving servants—she had nothing of her own money, which had come to her from my great-grandfather. The furniture had all been carefully stored in one room. The bedroom without and the bed had been given to the two old servants, and the best of the furniture was stored; but there seemed more than I should want, and I chose out enough for the furnishing of my two rooms from the pretty spindle-legged articles, which were all of them very valuable in the eyes of the present day world. Some of the inlaid ones Mrs. Murray begged me to leave where they were, being as too valuable to take away. There was a small wardrobe and chest of drawers, a lovely sofa and tables and chairs, which would make my rooms look quite lovely, I thought.

Amongst the other-belongings was a small-sized Turkey carpet, which I seized on with no small glee. I had always wanted one, even though it was old; and its faded, delicate colour seemed quite perfect. Bennett, my great-aunt’s man, and arranged it for me to bring everything I wanted to town in a small van, and see it safely carried upstairs himself. He also promised to make the bar

A Young Gentlewoman, “Sixty Pounds per Annum, and How I Live Upon It” (Volume 9, 16 June 1888, p. 600).
As Mr. Murray went off to his office early. So the very next morning found me by nine o'clock, on my way to my new home, leaving promised Mrs. Murray that I would return to luncheon at half-past one. As I walked along I mentally made a note of the things I wanted, and thought that the iron bedstead, a pair of blankets, white quilt, small mattress, two pillows, a bath, and a set of bedroom crockery would be my first demands for the bedroom; and I must find out the prices exactly, though I knew, approximately, what they would cost.

Pondering on all these particulars of my household arrangements, I arrived at my new abode, and was warmly welcomed by Mrs. Warner, my new landlady, who was anxious to show me the carpet she had chosen for the stairs, of which I was to pay my third share. I admired her choice very much, and she had taken a lesson from me in staining the floors, a lesson evidently well-learned. She had stained the sides of the stairs just as I had suggested, and the general effect of the wall and stairs was very good, and thus felt that I should not be ashamed to give any one under my new roof.

I mounted the stairs slowly. I was tired with the heat, and the heat was becoming great in the sunshine, leaving Mrs. Warner much pleased with my praises of her choice of a style of carpet, and the pretty appearance of the hall. When I arrived at my landing on the stairs and opened the door of my new sitting-room, the first surprise was an exclamation of astonishment and delight. Poor old Bennett had certainly performed miracles in the arrangement of my rooms, and the small stair carpet and the pretty appearance of the stairs, of which I was to pay my third share.

I had been content to take upon herself, feeling that this fnctionary's place. It was she, too, who was, nevertheless, always lovable and charming—Dorothy, who in her pretty imperious manner for her daughter, a post which had entailed many duties and responsibilities, all of which Josephine had been content to take upon herself, feeling amply repaid for any little sacrifices she might make by the knowledge that Dorothy looked up and depended upon her as she might have done had she been a beloved elder sister. At home the rich English girl had been accus- tomed to the service of a maid, and seemed to have no idea of helping herself. "Of course it was hard for her to do so," Josephine thought, and many an hour was spent by her in supply- ing that functionary's place. It was she, too, who helped her with her studies—learning to speak English on purpose that she might do so herself in a few months. This little creature (often by taking it upon her own shoulders) when rules had been needlessly or wildly trampled on, was the one she kept under control. She now would have finished just the same kind of loving care upon her baby brother, but he was so surrounded by the attentions of nurse and parent, that she felt almost like an outsider. A French bonne had arrived from Nice, who was in every way capable, and was devoted to her little charge. As her little parent could bear that she should be left long in her care without the superintendence of his mother. Every present energy, every dream for the future, was inspired by love and anxiety for him. Josephine was no longer her parents' chief hope and occu- pation, but she accepted it as a natural and inevitable one. It was not the slightest murmur. Her unselhness was to be tested still more severely. Two or three days before the arrival of the Sea Nymph, Madame de Koccsaer told her daughter that her father had something of importance to tell her. The announcement was made with an anxious solemnity of manner, which prepared her for something disagreeable, and made her ask, in alarm, "Have I then done anything to displease him?"

"No, my daughter," replied her mother, tenderly, "and that makes it Assiduous for us to reconcile ourselves to the alteration in your position, which your father thinks it his duty to make. But come now, he waits you in the little sitting-room, in the little saloon; his arm, she led her in silence to her father's presence.

"What is it, my father?" asked Josephine, tremblingly.

"It is simply that your mother thinks you may regret that you are not a sole heir," replied her father with his usual good-natured smile, "and insists that I shall inform you of the fact, although of course you must know it."
Wandering from the busy fair,
Free awhile from noise and bustle.
Rests she idly in the shade;
And the softness of the air,
And the young leaves' dreamy rustle,
Seem to soothe the little maid.

Look of bird, half bold, half shy,
Pretty smile, now grave, now pleasant,
And a certain careless grace;
Dusky tresses, brilliant eye,
Air of princess, yet of peasant—
All bespeak her gipsy race.

She is silent as the morn,
Yet her kindling eyes say clearly:
"I like not your friendly stare,
Which scarce hides your kindly scorn
For the life we love most dearly,
Though we tramp from fair to fair.

"Nay, then, smile—if you must gaze—
On the humble path we follow,
While we bless you, hearth and hall:
Though they wander different ways,
Do the same bird and the swallow,
They are sisters—after all!"

Ellis Walton.

CHAPTER IV.

Sixty Pounds per Annum, and How I Live Upon It.

By A Young Gentlewoman.

A Young Gentlewoman, "Sixty Pounds per Annum, and How I Live Upon It" (Volume 9, 4 August 1888, p. 712).
**DERBYSHIRE SEED BREAD.** Take one pound of flour, quarter of a pound of sugar, a few caraway seeds, one egg well beaten, two teaspooonsful of baking powder; mix the baking powder with the flour and egg, and then rub the butter into the flour, add the sugar and the egg, and lastly mix the whole into a light dough with a little water. Put the raisins into an improvement to this very modest recipe, which costs little and will keep for days. Bake in a slow oven, forming into the shape of buns on the tin you bake in.

My small household arrangements in my new home were all gathered together in one of the large cupboards and standing about four feet high, which were fixtures on either side of the mantelpiece in the sitting-room. They were sufficiently deep and commodious to hold all my belongings, and were pantry, kitchen, and larder in one, while I used the top as my kitchen table, and had a shelf of white American cloth as a cover, which could easily be washed clean. The first summer and autumn of my living alone I did nothing with the aid of a spirit lamp. I have the lamp, stand, two saucepans, a frying pan, and a tea-kettle. I think, perform all kinds of cookery on my spirit lamp. The best of these lamps are those that have a lid, by means of which one can reduce the flame, and this will be found to keep the pot boiling or saucepan cooking for fully half an hour. This saucepan, sauce, and enameled pot, which are easily kept clean, and the frying pan should be this of also. Stirred stew, rice milk, batter puddings, custard puddings, blanmange, and all kinds of soups; all of these are most successfully managed with the spirit lamp, and so is my weekly spoonful of my unfermented bread, which is baked in the frying pan.

With the advent of winter the sphere of my cookery was greatly extended, and I boiled peas, lentils over the fire; and did enough of the former, and boiled enough potatoes to last me a week. My method of cooking the beans was to soak them overnight in cold water; about half a pint of beans are enough; the small white haricots must be used. In the morning drain the beans and put them into a saucepan with plenty of cold water and a little salt. They should boil gently till they are tender, but not reduced to a pulp. Two hours is usually enough, and then, when they are away nearly all the water and dregs in plenty of flour, with an ounce of butter, stirring, to which they are thickened by a tablespoonful of chopped parsley is also added. Another way is to rub the butter into an ounce of flour, add half a pint of water and a tablespoonful of flour when the beans have drained into a cullender, put them back into a saucepan in which the sauce has been heated. Shake them well over the fire till thoroughly mixed with it.

When cold they should be put away in a covered basin, and may be warmed up in many ways: curried, fried, mixed with the milk, or indeed the usual brown bread sold by them, are neither of them sufficient nutritious, and people are induced to eat that which does not suit them. The real unfermented bread is so extremely solid, and satisfying that one cannot eat much of it.

**MACARONI AND CHEESE.** Add to twelve oranges, one lemon. Squeeze out the juice, and put the rinds till quite tender. Then cut into chips, taking out the seeds. Add to the juice, with a pound of sugar to every pound of orange peel. Boil long enough for an hour over a slow fire, and when it begins to fasten, it is done.

**MARMALADE.** Add to twelve oranges, one lemon. Squeeze out the juice, and put the rinds till quite tender. Then cut into chips, taking out the seeds. Add to the juice, with a pound of sugar to every pound of orange peel. Boil long enough for an hour over a slow fire, and when it begins to fasten, it is done.

**STEWED TOMATOES.** Take a third part of the contents of a tin of tomatoes, or three or four fresh ones, cut up, put them on the fire, and add breadcrumbs to thicken them, a small lump of butter, pepper and salt. Boil for about fifteen minutes.

**TOMATO SOUP.** Take half the contents of a tin of tomatoes, put them on the fire in a small saucepan, and thicken with a little of flour, rubbed up with a little butter. When hot, add a pint of milk, boil till thick enough, and serve. This is delicious tomato soup, and with bread, will form an appetising dinner.

**Sauce with "Liebig's Extract of Meat."** Take a handful of the dried prepared vegetables for soup, and boil in a pint and a half of water for about half an hour; then mix enough extract in a cup with boiling water and a little salt to flavour the soup. This is generally about three-quarters of a teaspoonful.

**APPLE AND RICE.** Take three-quarters of an hour, strain off the water; let it, and this small lump of cheese, add a little butter and pepper, stir up well for a quarter of an hour, and serve. This may also be baked in the oven, with a little more cheese and butter on the top to make it brown, and served as macaroni cheese.

**MACARONI AND CHEESE.** Take two ounces of macaroni, boil for three-quarters of an hour, strain off the water; make a sauce of two tablespoonfuls of corn-flour and a little milk; put into the saucepan and boil. Then add small portions of grated cheese, add a little butter and pepper, stir up well for a quarter of an hour, and serve. This is delicious tomato soup, and with bread, will form an appetising dinner.

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Women's Clubs in London.

Part I.

I was, and I am, even within the limits of this present century, when the idea of forming a "Women's Club" never entered into my head, one of the most "advanced" of our sex; although it is even now suggested as a capital joke. But cared for only by a flood of ever augmenting difficulties—outcomes of the growth of an immense population, and with it the irresistible force of new and varied circumstances, we have had to over-rule many old-world prejudices, and control ourselves in the helm and steadying the ship through flood and tide beyond our power to stem.

Amongst the urgent causes necessitating social coalitions for personal improvement and mutual service amongst the several ranks of more or less educated women, more notably than others we may observe the increase of improvident marriages and those of the physically unsuitable, the many failures of financial enterprises, the deterioration of the value of land, and, most of all, the debased social coalitions for personal improvement and those of the very elite women was once in the recollection of many the most grotesque of comical phenomena must be to most of our readers, and amongst them there is a very inadequate number to meet the daily demand for reading and entertainment was made some fifty years ago in Russia and in New Bond Street—there is a small and unpretending club, exclusively for the benefit of women, and these, without exception, must be in favour of members of one family residing together, and foreigners, colonists, and Indians. A redaction or one of our readers might have passed certain examinations.

Unfortunately, there is no very apparent sign of the existence of a club to a general observer, in passing. I overlooked it myself, and was not even aware of its existence when I sought to interview them in Moscow, St. Petersburg, and in some German towns. About eighteen years ago the idea was taken up by a club in London, "The Bohemians," who had their rooms in Grafton Street, and opened their doors to the highest class of professional singers, prima donnas, and persons of life vocations. But a grave mistake was made in the selection of one of these guests, an abrupt end to this first attempt. "The Bohemians" passed through several changes, and survives under the name of "The Lyric," of the club, who like the credit of, I invite my readers to follow me, as I seek out the various clubs for women already existing in London.

I started on my interesting quest on a lovely morning, which made the grim, black houses less unattractive, and made even the many faltering foreign languages by colloquial intercourse. I found a very plainly-furnished smoking-room that I noticed three or more additional covers would often prove none too much too small. "When and where will you have dinner?" I was asked when it was a ladies' dressing-room, the office of the house-keeper. The chef would appear to be unsurpassed amongst his fellows in other clubs, so afirm many of the gentlemen frequenters of the club, who have the credit of being good connoisseurs in the mysteries of the culinary art.

In view of the multitudes who have to wait in relays to be accommodated with seats at the dinner tables, for whom some four hundred covers would often prove none too many, it has been for a considerable time past acknowledged that the mansion in use is very much too small. "Where will you have it?"—words of a well-known game that sometimes elicit singularly enigmatic replies, and yet, as I have said, we have found no solution of objective difficulties in this case, and no response of a generally agreeable character for the many expectants. No less than twenty-nine rules are given in their prospectus, and amongst them there is full membership must be qualified by having registered the number of six hundred—men and women, so far as may be, possible, in equal proportions. The election has been by a resolution passed at the general meeting in 1884, but the subscription for the current year of five guineas is required from every new member on election, and the same amount thereafter, to fall due on the first of January every year. But a reduction of one or one of our readers might have passed certain examinations.

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have passed the examination next after matriculation. Students who have passed the first professional examination of any medical corporation.

The committee is empowered to invite special members to join the club, such as ladies who have taken a prominent part in the promotion of education, but who are not otherwise eligible to become members of the club. The number of these special members may not exceed twenty-five; the regular members at the present time comprise about two hundred. And now I think I have given all necessary information respecting this useful little institution. No doubt it must be found not only of practical service to those needing a quiet retreat for writing or study, but also of refreshment, and a pleasant rendezvous for friends who could not arrange for private meetings elsewhere.

My next expedition was made to No. 3, Old Cavendish Street, and with this little proprietary club, entitled "The Victoria," I was much pleased. I was shown into a nicely-furnished reception or drawing-room, not very large, but lofty. On the same (first) floor these two drawing-rooms, with scenes, is a small table; also a comfortable library. On the first bedroom floor above there were four or five bedrooms, and on the second as many more. One bedroom could accommodate three people, as it contained a double and a single bed. Seven rooms are allocated to visitors, and fourteen, or even fifteen, persons could be received. The rooms on the second bedroom floor are charged for at a somewhat less rate than those on the first. This club is a real acquisition, as it is a nice quiet place, especially for gentlewomen, where young ladies may be respectfully lodged without a chaperon for a night or two. I heard that the young daughters of the rector of an important parish is a large provincial town were sent there without either breakfasts, hot or cold, or wish their readings and meditations to be separated from the large four-windowed general room by an iron revolving partition, which could be drawn up at will, whenever a larger room than that adjoining should be required. This, the general apartment, is pleasant, though unpretending. Two ladies were at tea in one corner, and there were others, busy or chatting and laughing together. There is a third room on the same floor, at the back, which is called "The Silent Room." Here those who have writing to do, or wish their readings and meditations to be disturbed by none, may find a quiet amount of quiet in which they require. Above these apartments I was shown a room of considerable size, full of chairs and benches. Here the lectures, debates, and entertainments take place every week, on Tuesdays, at 8 p.m., and friends of the members are free to attend them. This apartment can be hired by the members for private receptions and entertainments. There is a lavatory on this floor.

The admission of members is by ballot—seven forms a quorum, and two blackballs exclude; but it is red to a point of honour not to refuse to any blackball candidate on account of her opinions—which, I imagine, are of a very mixed character. The club is opened at 9.30 a.m., and closed at 10.30 p.m., and on Sundays from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. There is an entrance fee of ten shillings, and an annual subscription to the same amount. The lending library is free to all members, who number upwards of seven hundred, and applications from new candidates are still being received. One special feature of this club is that a lower class, or so-called "working women" are admissible for membership. This scheme appears to have ended in failure; and, in my opinion, very unnecessarily so. Hereditary ideas, feelings, sympathies, and, in many cases, prejudices also, must render social intercourse on an equal footing not only inexpedient but impossible. Let every man abide in the same calling as his father, and his father before him, was called. As for me, being a servant, care not for it." Here there is no confounding of ranks, so far as this world is concerned, although the poor (who are rich in faith, etc.) and they who believe are "all one in Christ Jesus, who is the Head of all," etc.

I met with much civility from the secretary of this club, who invited me to make use of either her office or "The Silent Room" for writing my notes; and when they were completed I set forth again in the now slanting sunshine, to pick up what information might be obtained in a visit to a perfectly different kind of institution.

No. 12, Gower Street, Bond Street, W., is a large house occupied by an aristocratic and purely fashionable club, called "The Alexandra." I was shown into a comfortable room at the back, occupied by the secretary, who somewhat reluctantly supplied me with the rules and list of members. It is a residential and proprietary club, providing six bedrooms for the convenience of country readers, and two for that of their sex. There are two drawing-rooms, dining, coffee, and reading rooms, and at the present time a new library is being constructed at the back of the house. An entrance fee of five guineas is exacted, and the annual subscriptions amount to £250. Under no circumstances may gentlemen be admitted within the precincts of this essentially feminine resort, nor even may a woman's step profane its sacred apartments who is not introduced as a visitor by a member of the club. Only two children may be permitted to enter, and that only for a short time, "if perfectly quiet," and "little boys above seven" come under the ban of their sex.

Luncheon is served between the hours of 12.30 and 2.30 p.m., and dinners are provided on due notice. For any further details inquiry should be made of the secretary, while for a view of the apartments the curious must obtain the good offices of a private friend, if she have one who has acquired the status of membership in this very exclusive sanctuary.

S. F. A. CAULFIELD.

(To be continued)

VARIETIES.

A STOREHOUSE FOR GOLD.—It is much better to have true gold in the heart than in the hand.

BE PATIENT.—People are always talking of perseverance and courage and fortitude, but patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude, and the rarest too. I know twenty persons are two guineas, the annual subscription to the same amount; and although there is a proprietress (Mrs. Gooch), there are many patronesses, amongst whom I may name the Marchioness of Abergavenny, the Countesses of Hertford, Guilford, Carnwath, and the Viscountess Strangford. Subscriptions are due in January, but ladies may join the club at any time, and are required to pay only twenty-one pounds, and--"I have long--dori't George, dear."

A LOVE STORY.

"No, George," faltered the maiden, "I fear it cannot be, for I am a gentle- man, I respect you as a friend, but--"

"Laurel!" he exclaimed, "be not your pass sentence, hear me out. A recent lucky stroke in business has enabled me to buy a beautiful house in Kensington, which shall be in your name. I will ensure my life for ten thousand pounds, and--"

"George," calmly interposed the lovely girl, "you interrupted me. I was about to say that the sentiment appears to me--I feel for you, though I am--" she was too much in comparison with the deep love which—"which I have long had for you, George, dear."

For George had interrupted her again.

A PIECE OF ADVICE.

"婚后," said an experienced member of the Society of Friends, "I hear thou art going to be married."

"Yes," replied John, "I am."

"Well, I have one little piece of advice to give thee, and that is, never marry a woman worth more than thou art. When I married my wife I was worth just fifty shillings, and she was worth sixty-two; and whenever differences have occurred between us she has always thrown up the old shillings."

POPULAR BELIEF.—It is a popular belief that if there was ever a head of a man in the moon, lunar history would no longer be a secret to us.

DO NOT QUARREL.—Is life long enough for quarrelling? Are there not many good people that they can afford to shut and avoid each other?—Richter.
in another friend cost her still deeper pain. Mr. Glynne was not amongst those who traversed the five straight miles of dusty road to pay their respects to the heiress of Wyndham. Aldyth hardly expected that he would come unless invited; but when some weeks later she chanced to meet him at Mrs. Greenwood's, there was such a lack of the old friendliness in his manner as made it impossible for her to remain aloof to his grave politeness except with a courtesy equally distant. Had anyone told John Glynne that he had spoken coldly to Aldyth Lorraine, he would have been surprised. He was conscious of an inward excitement on seeing her that forced him to exercise strong self-control. Whilst talking to others he thought only of her, and nothing that she said or did escaped his notice. But it was impossible for Aldyth to know this. She was conscious only that he remained aloof from her, and when others were having a considerable attention, appeared indifferent to her presence. When he quitted the drawing-room without having attempted to exchange a word with her, Aldyth's heart throbbed with painful resentment.

"Why should he be different to me now?" she asked herself. "I never needed a friend more than I do at this time, and he is so wise and good; he could advise me, he could help me. There are so many things I should like to say to him, but I cannot utter a word when he looks at me in that grave, wise, and good way. Oh, I think I must rest on his friendship; but that, too, is slipping away from me."

(To be continued.)

WOMEN'S CLUBS IN LONDON.

PART II.

PROBABLY but few of my readers are aware of the existence of a mixed association, the committee of which consists of both sexes in equal numbers, distinguished by the title of "The Denison Club." Its address is 15, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C., and in my peregrinations I made the discovery that the object of my search was the last house in the street, with a pleasant look-out on the gardens of the Embankment. I walked up to the first floor, and seeing no bell, I went in. A female attendant was sitting there, keeping guard alone, and in a few minutes she replaced her presence by that of the secretary. He gave me a prospectus of the society to supply all information respecting its raison d'être, and as there were no other apartments to be seen than three small sized rooms thrown into one, and the secretary was far from communicative, I had to content myself with the paper he gave me, and will extract the little that there is to be gleaned from it. The institution had its origin in the weekly meetings at dinner, provided in a Strand-side tavern, of six to a dozen men, mostly workers on charity organisation committees, with a view to discuss common problems. Out of this small beginning the circle of philanthropists expanded. They were recruited by fellow-sympathisers; a club was formed, and made its first home at Tooneby Hall. The opening meeting was attended by forty or fifty members in the summer of 1885; but difficulties arose, which led to its removal to their present rooms. "A club of social workers without women was an absurd anachronism," says the hon. secretary; and so the original members joined hands with the new workers, and a mixed club was started in the spring of 1885.

My readers will inquire what this little association combined together to effect. It was "to promote friendly intercourse and frank discussion between men and women interested in social and industrial questions, and to encourage study and investigation." Tea and coffee can be obtained by the members; writing materials and a few newspapers are provided gratis. The room is open every day (Sunday excepted) from 12 noon till 20 p.m.; but, as a rule, it is reserved for the use of men only on Wednesday evenings. To give some idea of the subjects discussed, the following may be named: "Trade Societies," "Regularity of Employment," "Poor Law and the Condition of the Poor," "How far Women's Unions Can be Successful," etc. The subscription required of members is £1 annuity.

I had intended to give some information respecting the "Tread the Nurses' Club," to which I next paid a visit, being in the same street, at No. 15. But as the hon. secretary promised to send me the forthcoming report, I will discuss its merits by-and-by, and pass on to the "Lady Guide Association," at 16, Cockspur Street, S.W. I had not an idea when I entered the pretty, well-appointed office, just facing the equestrian figure of George IV., that the club was one so comprehensive in its work, and offered so much to its members—the serving and the served—whether of the town or the country. Great taste is exhibited in the whole style of the reception, reading, and writing rooms, and although not a large house for the supply of the many requirements, it has the advantage of being residential, and can also afford accommodation for a few country members for some days if desired. There are two reception-rooms, one in which gentlemen may be received, the other for ladies only, with lavatory and a dressing-room (more convenient for those too far out of town to dress for evening entertainments at home). There are two compartments screened off in the ladies' club-room, for the use of those who require privacy, whether for seeing doctors, or other persons on business. There is a very nice sale a manger on the entrance floor, behind the several offices, where breakfasts, dinners, luncheons, teas, and suppers are served daily, and where members may entertain their friends. The ordinary annual fee for membership is 1½ sh., and, in addition to the free use of the sitting and dining rooms, a reduction is made to them in every department of the work carried on by the acting resident members. So extensive are the ramifications of business undertaken here, that I scarcely know where to begin; yet this article would be of little general use if I omitted to give a list of them. Lady guides—by the hour, day, week, or month—for London or abroad, are provided; a so teachers, companions, readers, singers, artists, amanuenses, shorthand and type writers, and repairers of wardrobes. Dress-makers, milliners, and needlewomen are recommended; purchases are undertaken; arrangements made for entertainments (dinners, balls, etc.), and professional entertainers provided. Apartments are found, houses taken, rooms at hotels engaged; houses are let or sold, and their artistic decoration and furnishing arranged. Travelling tickets are procured and steam passages taken. Travellers are met at stations; arrivals, departures, and addresses are registered; tickets for places of amusement are procured; money exchanged (deposit and ready-money system); and parties of six persons are escorted for rounds of sightseeing and excursions at so much a head, inclusive of food. I need say no more. Truly have already a good list of duties, for which this useful association makes itself responsible, under the patronage of their Graces the Duke and Duchess of Wellington. I ought not to have omitted the domestic servants' department, although the association does not supply a register office, and servants are not to be found there in daily attendance. On entering the outer doors, the visitor will observe a number of little arch openings on her left, in the painted screen dividing off the

S. F. A. Caulfeild, "Women's Clubs in London" (Volume 11, 26 July 1890, p. 678).
small offices, where orders are registered and advice is given, in re the several departments of business executed. Of these there are some eighteen. The apartments are prettily painted in the palest tint of pea-green, and in the distance an open glass door reveals a view of them. Of course the information as to terms, the visitor should either write or make inquiries in person, when some thirteen or more printed papers will be presented to her, as they were to me. These will give the fullest particulars on all the above-named subjects, and I feel that the recipient will be ready, as I am, to speak favourably of all she will see, and of the polite-ness which she will experience from the lady who will conduct her over the premises. 

The Dorothy is a name already well known, but in any case it is well merited. It consists of a pair of sister establishments. The first experiment was a "The Welbeck," a home and the locally selected was in Mortimer Street, W. The project of the promoters was to meet the requirements of persons of very small income, and of the polite-ness which she will experience from the lady who will conduct her over the premises.

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A HOME-MADE SHOWER-BATH.

—at least, not if I were to have room to move in it; therefore the two must be combined.

The fittest place for the combined pieces of furniture was the corner between the window and the fireplace. This corner measured along the walls from the angle to the projection of the chimney, forty-four inches, and from the angle to the window forty inches. The saucer bath I already possessed was thirty-six inches in diameter, so there would be just room for the whole arrangement; and if I splashed the walls, the heat from the chimney, which was the continuation of the kitchen chimney, and the sun, which shone nearly all day through the window, would soon dry them again.

The first thing was to make a washstand. This was soon done by taking the two unbroken folds of the clothes-horse, sawing some seven inches off the feet to obtain the right height, opening it at right angles, so that it would go close into the corner, and nailing boards sawn to the right size across the top. At the corners I fitted in smaller boards shaped with a knife, so that the top of the washstand, instead of curving in a straight line, curves round anyone standing at it.

The chief part of the bath I could not make myself; this was the tank to hold the cold water. I ordered it from a tinsmith—it held about six gallons, and had a brass tap let in at the bottom of the bracket made right; indeed, before I could get the weight sufficiently thickened to be sure the whole concern—bracket, tank, and water—would not all come down on me together some day, I had put up so much woodwork that the result (Fig. 3) was decidedly unsightly. However, the unsightliness did not distress me much, as it was to be covered.

Then in the corner of the wall, made by the projection of the chimney, I fixed up a triple bracket (Fig. 4) made from two narrow boards, and three quarters cut from the lid of a round cheese-box. This was covered in red American leather, and was intended to hold a jar of fine oatmeal for softening the water, tooth-powder, glycerine, toilet, vineagar, and all the toilet necessaries or luxuries for which there was no room on so small a washstand.

Then, lest the walls should grow damp from too much splashing, I nailed red American leather round them, raising it behind the washstand—where there would be most risk of splashing—and cutting it to about three feet high along the walls. On the floor I put a square of oilcloth a little larger than the space it was intended to fill, so that the edges stood up against the walls, forming a shallow saucer.
Before the washstand was put in place the top of it was covered with red American leather, and the front draped with red and white muslin, a fabric that will dry absolutely if wetted, but still was sufficiently opaque to hide the ugly woodwork. A red American leather valance hid the ugly woodwork of the bracket which supported the tank. Then I fitted a piece of indiarubber tubing over the mouth of the tap, and a small garden watering-rose to the end of the tube. It only remained to nail bars of wood to the projection of the chimney and to the edge of the window (this latter by means of a bracket support), run a string along and put up curtains, and the bath was completed.

"My little maid stands on a chair and fills the tank before the saucer is put in place. She says it gives her very little more trouble than the ordinary cistern." The bathing machine in the dry bath on a cork slab, washes in hot water at the stand, and then turns on the cold shower, either through the rose or straight through the tube. In either case it is less of a shock to the system than it is to go straight from a warm bath into cold; and, moreover, the bath can be made more delicious by a few drops of carbolic acid (well stirred into the water), a handful of sea-salt, or the peel of an orange. This latter makes an excellent tonic for the skin, if put in the water overnight, but it must always be removed directly the tank is empty, or it will make the inside of the tank, tap, and even the tubing slimy and unpleasant.

The tin tank for this bath cost me 7s., the tubing 1s. 6d., the gardening-rose 4d. The curtains, American cloth, and woodwork had all been used before, and were "waste" before I thought of utilising them in the way I have described.

A REMARKABLE DISAPPEARANCE.

A very striking case of disappearance is told of in connection with a brother of Grimaldi, the famous clown. This brother had thrown up the theatre, went to sea, and went on as a naturalist for years. On one occasion, however, when playing to a crowded house, Grimaldi, who had heard his brother's name, was told that someone wanted to see him, and it turned out to be his lost-long relative.

In the very few minutes they had for conversation the brother told him that he had returned to England rich and prosperous, and resolved to marry no more.

With much evidence of affectionate emotion he made an appointment for that evening; but he never kept it, and was never seen again.

INVENTING FAULTS.—There is such a thing as inventing faults. Trifling things said or done without the least intention are exag­gerated into serious transgressions. One would think there were enough real faults in the world to be repented of and abandoned without setting up imaginary ones that have no foundation, and can serve only to bring needless trouble, and to confuse the moral sense.

CHOOSING A HUSBAND.—A man in one of the Southern States of America asked a girl whether it happened that many beautiful ladies took up with but indifferent husbands. Here is her reply.

"A young friend of mine," said she, "once begged me to go into a delightful cane brake, and there he got the handomest reed; and I was to get it in one going through without turning. I went, and coming out brought him a reed that was as shabby a one as could be. When he asked if this was the handomest I had seen, "Oh, no," I said; "I saw many finer ones as I went along, but I kept on in hopes of a much better until I had gotten nearly through, and then was obliged to select the best that was left,"

GIRLS AND SINGING.—At the Milan Conservatoire where, during the time I was a pupil, Nava was master of the girls' singing class, and Oliphant was a pupil, and was one of those who were accepted as pupils by the directors.

Privately he would not accept as a pupil, on his own account, until I had gotten nearly through, and then new friends.—Reminiscences of Charter Oliphant.

A Deed of Heroism.

She: "I could never marry a man until he had done something brave and heroic."
He: "I'll take you at your word, dear. I ask you to be my wife."

Answer to Charade I. (p. 439).—
Not—vice—able—ness.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC II.

Two sons highly gifted are we,
Of a beautiful isle of the sea;
Music, poetry, art,
Has endowed each a part—
Guest, maidens dear, who we can be.

1. A national dish: if you buy it,
You will find it an excellent diet;
But its colour is blue,
And its decomposed through,
So you will not invite me to try it.

2. The patron of tuneful invention,
Whom the Latin mythologies mention:
His burning darts flew
Towards the mother he slew
And her children with vengeful intention.

3. At first I was least of the three,
But times have now altered with me;
My importance increased,
And, no longer the least,
I am almost the top of the tree.

4. A kingdom of old, greatly famed,
From its people a name derived:
Which, though fallen out of speech,
Still our pedagogues teach,
And the greatest of poets have claimed.

5. A bishop was regent installed
Over a kingdom by conquest enthralled;
Such rude power he held
That the natives rebelled,
And he then to his seat was recalled.

6. The most terrible thing in the world!
All the forces of earth seem unfurled:
Rocks, water, and fire,
The forces of earth seem unfurled:

XIMENA.

From a Scandinavian word "næs," a nose, which reappears as "ness," or "nose."
LIVING IN LODGINGS.

By JOSEPHA CRANE.

PART I.

That the young and unprotected female should live in lodgings by herself at first sight seems very unsuitable. Mrs. Grundy says emphatically that it can't be done, but necessity, which knows no law, is often obliged flatly to contradict her. There are very many reasons why this should be the case, but necessity, which knows no laws, is often obliged flatly to contradict her. There are very many reasons why this should be the case, but necessity, which knows no laws, is often obliged flatly to contradict her.

One snowy night in December, when the short day's work was over, Vitrie was sitting at ease in his little smoking-room; he lived in rooms opening out of his studio, attended by an elderly housekeeper, who cooked, and did the housework for him.

He heard light footsteps coming across the studio, and a knock came at his door.

"Come in," he said, and there stood before him the little figure of her favourite pupil, her eyes fixed on him with an expression of terror and misery he could not bear to see.

He threw down his cigar, and sprang up.

"Mr. Vitrie," she said in a low tone, and quickly, "I have come to say 'Good-bye.' I am going to Lodgings to-night—for years—perhaps for always, and I could not go without seeing you again—"

She broke down, and Vitrie strode towards her, and seized her hands.

"What is the reason?" he demanded roughly.

"I cannot tell—I promised—" gasped the poor girl.

"My little one," Vitrie's voice was low and piteous, "my little one, how can I? Don't you know have you never known that I love you—yes, yourself, apart from your work, ever since you came to the studio. I think you bewitched me with your quiet, gentle ways, and your courage and perseverance. Alison, trust me, I love you—tell me what this means.

"You love me?" she said softly, "oh, thank God—I never thought—I never dared to dream—if you love me, then let me go—if you love me."

Vitrie freed her and stood watching, as if turned to stone, as she went out into the winter's night without a word of warning back.

Next morning early Vitrie called at 9 Ayner's Street, and learnt from the voluble landlady, that Miss Laurence had lived there for many years, and that last night they had both left secretly, but the week's rent had been found on the table; and the police had been inquiring after Mr. Laurence, but he had left no trace of his destination.

More than this Vitrie could not find out. But he understood enough. He knew that Alison was a girl who would be likely to cleave to her father, in his disgrace and misery, and fly with him, striving always to protect him, and keep him from falling lower.

Then Vitrie set to the studio and work as usual, but there was something in his face that morning that made the usually noisy young pupils as quiet as if a sudden death had occurred amongst them. As the morning wore on, and the easel of the master's favourite pupil stood with the unfinished picture before it, and no little figure hard at work there, the students began to whisper amongst themselves, and Vitrie caught the words, "Miss Laurence is gone," then he spoke, low, but so that all could hear her. "Miss Laurence is gone," he said.

"Gone for good?"

"For good," Vitrie answered, and none durst ask another question.

He went the round of his pupils as usual, but he never once glanced at the silent easel with the unfinished painting.

Only in the evening, when all had gone, and twilight was creeping on, one of the students came back to fetch some forgotten gloves, and there saw Vitrie standing in the dim solitude, his head bent on his arms which were clasping the deserted easel.

Whereupon that student crept away in reverent silence, and in tears.

It was a December evening three years later. Work was over, the students gone, and Vitrie left his twilight lay on the studio, making the easels, and laying figures, and draperies, and quaint pots and jars took dim and strange shapes, as he cast a glance round the deserted studio.

He looked older and sadder than formerly, and his hair was getting very grey.

Suddenly there was a knock at the green door, and he could discern in the dimness a little well-remembered figure; the pale clear face raised towards him with great, dark eyes fixed on him, half frightened, half longing.

"Mr. Vitrie," said a clear girl's voice, "I have come back to explain, but perhaps—with a pitiful break in the voice, for Vitrie gave her speechless as a ghost, 'you have forgotten about me—it is long ago, I know—"

"Forgotten!" cried the painter fiercely, and then the little figure was clasped in his arms, and nestled to his heart.

"It was my father," she said at last, "he was getting old. I could not leave him in his trouble—he had no one but me—but he did very wrong, I will tell you—but you must not be hard on him, he is dead."

"My little one, my little lost bird, come back to me," said Vitrie, as the students would have recognised, it was so thrilling and tender.

"I cannot explain if it hurts you; I know a little, I can guess the rest, and you have come home—I am satisfied."

LIVING IN LODGINGS.

By JOSEPHA CRANE.

PART I.

That the young and unprotected female should live in lodgings by herself at first sight seems very unsuitable. Mrs. Grundy says emphatically that it can't be done, but necessity, which knows no law, is often obliged flatly to contradict her. There are very many reasons why this should be the case, but necessity, which knows no law, is often obliged flatly to contradict her.
unless she live alone. By this I mean a freedom which is natural and right, and to a people very a necessity.

In a boarding-house, family, for instance, unless able to pay for a private sitting-room, it is well-nigh impossible to see friends who come to visit her and not the people with whom she is boarding. Or, she may have to see people on business connected with her work, and in the long run, to say the least of it, a life entirely, is desirable and sometimes absolutely necessary. Consequently for these or other reasons, the girl is reduced to take lodgings simple or grand, according to her means.

Now to this young damsel, or others who may desire to do the like, I offer a few words of advice, drawn from the wells of experience, and likely to be of use possibly to some who are either reckless and foolhardy, or timid, or—there is the third class—ignorant, and consequently, of ten inevitably, foolish.

As the body ranks second to the soul, I will here prudish of the noblest sagacity is a question, supposing my girl to live from choice or necessity alone in lodgings, I will say in short, be very careful even about these apparently minor circumstances by themselves do not acquire one or any of the aforenamed drawbacks. And these tricks are not got rid of quickly. In a boarding-house or family, for instance, without stopping to inquire into the matters mentioned above, and the neglect of the pre­

So you must take care of yourself, and see that though that art or work for the sake of which you elected to live this life prospers, that it does not- do so at the expense of your own higher life deteriorating. How can it do this?

To answer to that query, I would say that in family life there are many and various means by which the individual character is perfected, if it wills to be so, be it noted, for circumstances by themselves do not alter people for the better. Often they affect them for the worse, and it is but the handmaid of a handmaid, of a handmaid, of a handmaid.

At home, the chaff and the banter are all so much to the good for the rounding of angles, and the estate of things is what I mean to say.

The drawbacks:—Well, there are very many. But they need not dismay the timid, nor frighten the nervous. "Forewarned," as you know, is "forearmed." If a friend is sensible girl, you won't take a discount off the advantages of your solitary life, if I as your friend point out its sores, and no more. All tricks vanish under fire of the close observation of quick­sighted brothers and sisters, who remark with the frankness of their kind on any such peculiarities in and about their relations, but only consider such as themselves most valuable. For when you "see yourselves as others see you," you are by that light so imparts to you, and you often cannot get over the humiliating fact that you were peculiar, or odd, or anything. And these tricks are not got rid of quickly. In a boarding-house or family, for instance, without stopping to inquire into the matters mentioned above, and the neglect of the pre­

So you must take care of yourself, and see that though that art or work for the sake of which you elected to live this life prospers, that it does not— do so at the expense of your own higher life deteriorating. How can it do this?

In answer to that query, I would say that in family life there are many and various means by which the individual character is perfected, if it wills to be so, be it noted, for circumstances by themselves do not alter people for the better. Often they affect them for the worse, and it is but the handmaid of a handmaid, of a handmaid, of a handmaid.

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At home, the chaff and the banter are all so much to the good for the rounding of angles, and the estate of things is what I mean to say.
To be on the alert and to watch against your foes only argues a possession of common sense, not by any means an inclination to side with the enemy. Then, too, if you do take stimulants, make it a rule only to do so with your meals. This is most important. When tired and depressed, if you can afford wine or stimulants of any kind, it is often to many people a temptation to take it in between meals or when they are down. There are many reasons for this. One is that it is so very convenient. If you are in lodgings where there is much work and few domestics to meet it, you may in your charity not like to summon the tired servant to give you a cup of tea or coffee.

Another very great evil which results from not taking enough food must be touched upon here. As I have already said, insufficient nourishment brings bodily weakness in its train, neuralgia, etc. When pain comes or you are very tired and depressed, perhaps, often disturbed for ordinary food is the result, and you will arm yourself against that which has no occasion of falling, but a luxury. Barnett has begun the terrible path downwards already, that stimulants undoubtedly give in times of work. Many a drunkard—yes, do not shrink from the friendliness do it for you, and tell you that they are doing it for you, and tell you that if you cannot, then let me in all distaste for ordinary food is the result, and have to pay a doctor and chemist's bill in a lump, instead of having spent that money or less in small sums for little meals very necessary, and by no means to be classed under the head of luxuries.

Another very great evil which results from...
LIVING IN LODGINGS.

BY JOSEPHA CRANE.

However, if you take my advice, you will look upon your tub as a necessity, and deny yourself a new dress, or some small luxury so as to be able to pay for it, and also to save the servant's trouble. For whatever trouble it causes her in bringing up and taking away water.

As to the latter, you do not need such a very great deal; and if you are wise you will provide yourself with a travelling bath large enough for or rather more big that the can of hot water is lost in it.

These baths can be had very inexpensively when the cost is contrasted with the comfort they provide, and for travelling-purposes they serve instead of a trunk. If, by the way, you take your travelling-bath when away for your holiday abroad, and wish very often to use it when you are staying only one night in a place, you will find it more convenient if you have your arrangements such that the bath need not be fully unpacked. You can have a linen bag to fit the bath closely and drawn together over it with a running string; this can be packed and lifted out in a box, when you want the use of the bath, and replaced when you return home with it.

I have known of people who had a wicker-basket made to fit the inside of the bath, and, having it in the trunk, that when packing it was condensed and replaced when the bath was not wanted.

If your occupation is such as to require quiet, you must state this to your landlady. Servants, and you are obliged, because of them, to be requested to do so at one week's notice, if your agreement to the contrary, you can leave or not at all, and other matter which affects the fire, etc., and consequently your payments, is your bath.

It is a necessity and luxury too, for all lovers of their tub would, I think, agree with me in considering it the latter, and also say that they would sooner economise in some other respect, and have less to do than to give up your health and beauty. Yes, beauty! For to be in health means to look nice, and a skin kept in a good state by frequent cleansing looks better than the skin to which many cosmetics and lotions are applied.

But if you take a bath you had better state the fact to the landlady, ascertaining precisely if there is a bath-room in the house, and when you can use it, and if not when you can have water in your own room.

If you want hot water you must be prepared to hear that you must pay for it accordingly, as sometimes your requirements in that respect means that fire has to be kept up for that purpose, when otherwise it would be allowed to go out, and then that, the landlady accustomed to people who do not conjugate the verb "to bathe"—and they are many—may think them more particular, and hence about the trouble it causes to her or her servants. Servant, I may say, for in small lodgings of low rent, more than one domestic is rarely kept.

hurting the feelings of the possessor if with tact you ask for their removal on the score of wanting more room. A mantel-mat on the chimney-piece will set off your own things, and this can be made of plush or velvet in a colour that will go with most things.

If you like to provide yourself with an Oxford chair, you will often be glad of it, and if not a folding deck-chair is often useful. If you wish, you can make the latter look very ornamental and is ornamental as well, for on it are hung photographs and pictures.

Now as to the relations between yourself and the landlady, there is need for care and tact. I will start with saying that the landlady we meet with is often very nice. I got a lounge, not by any means a bad substitute for a sofa.

A folding screen is very handy. I got a canvas with any material you like, embroidered with roses and grapes. The deck-chair I use has an appendage fastened with a couple of screws, which turns it into a lounge, not by any means a bad substitute for a sofa.

A folding screen is very handy. I got a couple of screws, which turns it into a lounge, not by any means a bad substitute for a sofa.

CHAPTER IV.

Vera lay in bed and sighed. She was better now, almost well; well in everything save ability to move without the aid of either stick or some supporting arm. But alas! her three weeks' holiday was over, and now what was to be done? The sigh brought a big, brown, motherly face to the bedside.

"Well, my dear, what ails ye now?"

"Nothing ought to all me," said Vera, smiling back. "You have been so kind, so wonderfully kind, and I feel as if I never could thank you enough, or love you enough. As soon as the pain would let me begin at once to be happy with you; and though it was hard to give up, you know," nodding, "still I really did not feel, if I did not want to mind till to-day." Her lip quivered, and she broke down with the word.

The Misses Claybury, aunt and niece, had departed that morning, unable to prolong their stay, and forced to the conclusion that it was equally impossible for poor Vera to do the same. They had promised that they would themselves convey to Vera's relations full intelligence of her state; and if desirable, one would accompany George to report it to her employers at the telegraph office. It was to be hoped that under the circumstances her place might be kept open, and her brother-in-law had himself volunteered a line of assurance on the subject of expenses.

Everyone had done what they could, and it was with a guilty sense of repining against a fate whose cruelty had been so tenderly mitigated in all respects, that the poor invalid yet sighed after her "first dream!" that was the burden of her heart.

Sometimes it seemed to her as if this check upon the view of her future fulfillment must have been sent as a punishment for her too fixed determination to carry it out in the teeth of every obstacle. It had been too much for her—swallowed up every other thought—excluded every other sympathy.

Vera was a pious-minded girl, with perhaps a tinge of morbid introspection in her nature. She recognised the hand of Providence in her present trial, and she bowed her head in submission even while her tears flowed beneath the chastening rod; but she had something yet to learn in life. She thought she was being taught a lesson—she did not yet comprehend that an all-merciful Father has many ways of teaching His children...

"But I do think, Hector, my man, that she's the bonniest, and the sweetest bit thing that has come to this house for many a day, Mrs. Macfarlane, who was not much of a dame, and laying hold of different articles of furniture with the other hand, she could move about her own small chamber. Beyond that, however, she could not venture.

"Hector!" called Mrs. Macfarlane from the landing. "Hector!—on hearing his

Josepha Crane, "Living in Lodgings" (Volume 16, 27 July 1895, p. 678).
Anon., "How I Furnished My Bed-Sitting-Room for Twelve Pounds" (Volume 24, 22 November 1902, p. 118).

**HOW I FURNISHED MY BED-SITTING-ROOM FOR TWELVE POUNDS.**

It ever so humble, there's no place like home.' This was certainly the writer's opinion after being in apartments for some years; and she determined to have a little nest of her own very big and bustling city where her lot was cast. At first she thought of finding that two rooms meant more furniture, more rent to pay, and probably not more comfort, she decided on having one large one, and then so arranging her household affairs that the room should have a good airing. For instance, she is a firm believer in having the windows of a room open all night, as well as in the daytime; a dummy sash is easily made by placing a roll pillow and a valance all round the width of the window, under the lower sash frame of any window. This ensures a constant supply of fresh air passing into the room without draught, and if the upper sash is lowered only an inch or so as a test of the foul air that always ascends to the ceiling. So this little programme was arranged: she would be dressed by seven on a fine morning, open the bed and open the window wide, then go out for half an hour's walk. Breakfast at seven-thirty, then to business until seven in the evening; after supper at nine a walk out, leaving the window open, then to bed at quarter to ten, the room smelling delightfully fresh. On a wet morning of course a window or devices of that kind in her room.

As it was a good-sized room, it took twelve yards of oil-cloth two yards wide. A pattern with a little red in it of rather light design was chosen, with a view to its not showing footmarks conspicuously. Then a couple of rugs at six shillings and sixpence were bought; these were Japanese in appearance, as it was decided that as far as possible the decorations should be Japanese. The blind was fitted by a local man, and the curtain pole and rings of bamboo with curtains of reversible cretonne still further carried out the leading idea. The bed bought is known as an American camp-bed; it is six feet long and two feet three inches wide. There is a spring bed attached to it and a mattress, the whole including a roll pillow and a valance all round, being covered with the ever-useful cretonne with a dash of red in it, and a large cushion, which is covered with turkey red and a frill round it by day, has its gay cover stripped off and is a pillow by night. Sheets, blankets, and quilt, in addition, make me a most comfortable bed, and these are covered round or devices of that kind in her room.

The next purchase of an enclosed mahogany cabinet, on which stands my lamp (on a mat to preserve its polished surface), is a most useful piece of furniture. When the top is opened, a sunk washing bowl with soap and brush-trays is revealed, and underneath, when the door is opened, is a cupboard, with a roll seven inches by two feet under the floor. The next purchase was a set of high bookshelves, which, after being scrubbed well and leather strips put along the front with fancy-headed nails at three halfpence a dozen, looked very nice. The two bottom shelves had a little curtain across them like the window curtains; this was slung on a penny wooden rod and rested on two cup hooks screwed in the wood. The lower shelf holds books, and the other one any piece of work there may be on hand, and my work basket. The next purchases were an exceedingly shabby cupboard and a large old drawing-board. The cupboard, after being well scrubbed inside and out, was covered with strong Japanese paper at a shilling a yard, and a clever friend cut two pieces of brown paper to fit the panels and painted a few Japanese chrysanthemums on each with exceedingly good effect. This cupboard holds my China and glass on the top shelves and crockery on the lower one, where usually are to be found a few tinned things, for when my friends come to see me they shall not find it in disarray. Mother should be able to spare the scrap of paper left over from the cupboard served to cover a rather deep box, which contains my gallon oil-can, a few cloths and dusters, and hanging on nails at one side are one tea-kettle and one soup-pan, for now and then I cook things on the oil-stove. The oil-cloth is carried right up to the fireplace, and the grate is hidden by a large Japanese umbrella. The box just mentioned is set in front of this, and on it is the 'Beatrice' oil-stove that warms the room. It sends out a good heat and is not much trouble to keep clean, and the dust that is inseparable from a fire is avoided.

When the temperature reaches 60° I promptly turn out the stove, and one gallon of oil, costing eightpence, serves for light and heat too for a week. The stove is particularly handy in the morning. My landlady fills the kettle over-night and puts it on the stove, and if it is lighted on rising, there is some nice warm water for washing with. Then by the time the room is aired, the water is boiling; I make coffee or cocoa and stand the pot under a cosy, and then warm up the porridge made over-night, or if I have an egg instead, I put it in a basin, fill the basin with boiling water, and cover it when I make the coffee. Then in ten minutes, by the time the table is set and the brown bread and butter cut, the egg is cooked. Sometimes I buy a little cooked beef or ham for my meals, and try to vary them as much as possible; but this subject is such a wide one that another
Anon., "How I Furnished My Bed-Sitting-Room for Twelve Pounds" (Volume 24, 22 November 1902, p. 119).

... (continuation of previous text) ...
the sweetest of sympathetic letters, but sorry though she might be, the force of circumstances kept the two girls so far apart, that what had been the saddest time in her friend's life had seen the climax of her own gaiety. She had been dancing, and singing, and pleasure-making while Sylvia shed the bitter tears of bereavement, and in a few weeks more she would be spirited off in Esmeralda's train to another scene of gaiety. The O'Shaughnessys were by nature so light of heart that they might not care to welcome among them a black-robed figure of grief! Sylvia felt as though the whole wide world yawned between her and the old interests, and did not yet realise that this feeling of aloofness from the world and its interests is one of the invariable accompaniments of grief. She was young and not given to serious reflection, and she knew only that she was tired and miserable, that the white cliffs about which she had been accustomed to speak with patriotic fervour, looked bleak and cheerless in the light of a wet and chilly evening. June though it was, she was glad to wrap herself in her cloak, and pull her umbrella over her head as she passed down the gangway on to the stage. In Paris it had been a glorious summer day, and the change to wet and gloom seemed typical of the home-coming before her. The cloaked and mackintoshed figures on the stage seemed all black, all the same. She would not look at them lest their presence should make her realise more keenly her own loneliness; but someone came up beside her as she struggled through the crowd, and forcibly lifted the bag from her hand. She turned in alarm and saw a man's tall figure, lifted her eyes, and felt her troubles and anxieties drop from her like a cloak.

It was Jack O'Shaughnessy himself!

(To be continued.)

A NEW HOSTEL FOR WOMEN.

One of the most interesting features in the woman's world of to-day is the provision that is being made, on every hand, for the comfort and convenience of those who are unable to live at home, or who have not means sufficient to provide a house for themselves. In London there are tens of thousands of well-born girls and women who have to
face the world single-handed in quest of a living, and who have possibly had to leave their homes behind them, in other parts of the country, in order to take up work in town. The majority of these cannot afford expensive rooms, and yet they shrink from the sordidness of cheap quarters and their attendant ills. Of course, there are boarding-houses as an alternative, but women have long ago discovered that cheap boarding-houses are even worse than cheap lodgings.

Moreover, in addition to the girls who are engaged in earning a livelihood, there are innumerable women, all alone in the world, who have a small private income, but not enough to enable them to live amongst people of their own station in life.

Formerly there was no other course open to such as these but to live by themselves in some out-of-the-way corner, and to endeavour to isolate themselves as much as possible from their uncongenial surroundings, dragging out a dull, uncared-for existence as best they could. The loneliness of such a life is something terrible, more especially for women, who are more nervously constituted than men.

During the last few years, however, much time, thought and money have been expended with a view to improving this state of things. It was felt that something might be done to bring such disconnected units into touch one with another. Women's "Settlements" arose, and have already proved a boon to those who were in want of some interest to occupy their lives. And now a new "Hostel"

has been opened at Crouch Hill, to meet the needs of the many better-class girls and women, who shrink from the associations of second-rate boarding-houses as much as from the ordeal of living by themselves in the vast city. Take, for instance, the case of the girl who is out all day giving lessons. When her day's work is done, she is too tired to look after herself. What she requires is to come home to a thoroughly well-prepared meal, in the first place; and then to know that there is companionship or perfect quiet, whichever she may desire. Nothing is worse for a girl, both mentally and morally, than to come home weary at night to empty rooms, with the feeling that she is a solitary figure of no account to anybody. One great aim of "The London Hostel" is to bring sympathy and friendship to those who are otherwise cut off from it in their everyday life.

A large mansion, standing in its own extensive grounds, has been appropriated for the Hostel. It is approached through lodge-gates and up an avenue of trees. Inside, the rooms are spacious and lofty; there is a grand piano and an Estey organ in the big drawing-room, and everything has been done to make the place as artistic, and at the same time as home-like, as possible. Meals are served at the following hours:—Breakfast, 8.30 A.M.; lunch, 1 P.M.; tea, 5.0 P.M.; dinner, 7.0 P.M.; and light supper at 9.30 P.M. Family prayers are held morning and evening. The Hostel is conducted on a Christian basis, but is entirely unsectarian.
Undoubtedly the success of the place so far is largely due to the very winning personality of Miss Helen Sarjeant, the Lady Superintendent, who gives her services to this work. Though hardly more than a girl herself, she has already had unusual experience in work of this kind, and she gives that note of brightness and cheeriness that is so much needed in such a household.

The inclusive terms for board and residence are from fifteen shillings a week, according to the bedroom. Full particulars can be obtained by sending a stamped directed envelope to The Secretary, "The London Hostel," Womersley House, Crouch Hill, N.

Would that many more such desirable homes might be established in London and other large cities and towns!

Flora Klickmann.

SOME NEW MUSIC.

(VARIOUS.)

"Home to Merry England!" What a joyful sound there is in these words to many a mother, wife, and sister's heart—faithful, anxious watchers through the war for the return of their dear ones!

"Ah! it's Home, sweet Home! O'er the laughing, leaping foam, And our hearts spring out to meet them Ere their feet can touch the shore!"

So sings Helen Marion Burnside fervently and sweetly as is her wont; and Myles Foster has set the verses which appeal to us to music of an easy and popular type—the pleasing swing of the refrain being especially taking (Weekes).

The names of the same writers appear in "Crowned and Throned," one of the successful prize march songs in a neat little album of scarlet hue, published by Metzler (fif.). Both words and music are again happy, and we re-echo earnestly their purport regarding our King and our Queen that—

"Their Crown is a Nation's love for aye,
Their Throne is a Nation's heart."

Alicia Adelaide Needham adds to this Ettie patriotic collection "The Seventh English Edward" in a more rugged and jovial strain—with parts for four voices. Now we are on the subject of patriotic songs, we must not omit to mention one which is of the greatest excellence—one likely to live for many a long year, we trust, namely "Land of Hope and Glory"—the words by Arthur Benson, arranged to most inspiring music by Edward Elgar. A choice of three keys is given, and the refrain will induce all our big brothers to join in it, so fine is the melody (Boosey).

For a decided contralto and a soprano, two duets by Tchaikowsky, "Evening" and "Morning" possess very much attraction; they are unique and poetic, and of the two "Dawn" is the easier (J. Williams). "The Meadow-Bank" is in a more every-day style with pleasant words and Frank L. Moor's equally pleasant music. This can be sung by a soprano or tenor, and a mezzo or baritone (Chappell). "Bella Napoli," by F. Boscovitz, makes a pretty duo; it is No. 20 of Messrs. Enoch's Two-Part Song Series (6d.), a very handy one.

These are some eligible pianoforte pieces suitable for drawing-room playing when more classic ones are not required: namely, a short melodious "Berceuse," by G. Wolseley Cox (Ashdown), a "Wigienlied" of W. Junker's, of the same happy type (Bretzkopf and Härtel); Graham P. Moore's slight but elegant "Valsé Noélette" (Bosworth); "Dans les Nuages," a graceful valse romantique by Tito Mattei (Chappell); "Le Premier Baiser," pretty and bright, by Martin Schmeling (Bosworth), and another dainty little morceau by G. Wolseley Cox, entitled "Bagatelle" (Ashdown). All these exact but small execution—they are so simple yet effective.

Passing from the piano to another instrument which in its really remarkably pleasing improved form is now in vogue, we see that the charming "Sérénade" of Pierre's is arranged for the zither-banjo by Alfred R. Watson, with accompaniment for second banjo (6d.) and piano; an extra mandoline part can be added (J. Williams). "A Faveur Favourite de Louis XIV," by Brisson is arranged by the same writer for the same instruments, and the stately dance measure of ancient days sounds extremely well (J. Williams). Herbert J. Ellis writes a neat and very easy Mazurka for banjo and second banjo which goes glibly at no great cost of study (Allen Bros.).

Here are some new songs especially suited to girls, in words, music and standard of difficulty. "The Bird and the Rose"—teaching a pretty story of contentment, by A. E. Horrocks (Boosey). "A Song of the Cruise," the words, full of courage and hope, by the American poet James Whitcomb Riley, music by F. Leoni (Chappell). Sadler ditties yet withal pointing sweet moral—such as "Birds of the City," by J. L. Molloy (admirably suitable for any "Waifs and Strays" entertainment) (Enoch); "The Garden of Dreams," by Hope Temple (Boosey), and Emily St. Maur's "Wooden Dolly" (J. Williams). "Sunbeams" is a charming one of Landon Ronald's (Enoch), and that and "A Passing Cloud" (Ashdown) treat slightly and sweetly of the tender theme. Then a soothing lullaby "Where Dreamikens Grow," by Florence Gilbert (Enoch). J. L. Roeckel's blithe "May Morning" (Hutchings and Romer), and the ingenious little songlet "Tell me," by Florence Wickins, end our list.

Mary Augusta Salmond.
The Girl's Own Paper presented regular articles on health. Most of these were written by Gordon Stables, a former navy doctor (a curious qualification for a writer on girls' health), under the pseudonym "Medicus." Generally the magazine promoted the notion of *mens sana in corpore sano,* or healthy body, healthy mind. Readers were encouraged to eat healthily, rest, take some exercise (usually in the form of walks), and avoid mental strain. A healthy girl was presented as a beautiful girl. The Girl's Own was somewhat cautious in endorsing leisure and sporting activities, for instance waiting until the Queen took up tricycle riding before endorsing bicycling. By the end of the nineteenth century, nonetheless, the volume of articles on sports and exercise had grown. In these first decades, though games for girls had yet to gain the same enthusiastic endorsement in The Girl's Own as games for boys had in The Boy's Own Paper, articles on sport still contributed to a new image of girls who were strong and fit.

Mrs. Wallace Arnold's "The Physical Education of Girls" (vol. 5, 1883–84, pp. 516–518) is one of the earliest pieces in the magazine to argue the necessity of physical education for girls, seeing physical activity as a corrective to too much time spent in study or mental activity.

The rational dress movement of the late 1880s was associated usually with the necessity of some form of divided skirt or knickerbockers to allow women more freedom of movement and safety in activities such as bicycling. It also advocated the abandonment of corsets for health reasons. Here, the Lady Dressmaker addresses "Reform in Underclothing" (vol. 9, 1887–88, pp. 19–20, 60–61).

"Ladies' Golf" (vol. 11, 1889–90, pp. 273–74), written anonymously, typifies The Girl's Own's cautious adoption of new sports for girls. The article endorses putting, but recommends leaving the "herculean 'driving'" to the men.

The Answers to Correspondents section of the magazine frequently features responses to readers complaining of nervous ailments. In "Nervous Girls" (vol. 15, 1893–94, pp. 60–61), Medicus [Gordon Stables] gives his usual bracing advice on how to regain and keep one's health. Cold baths, fresh air, walks, and avoidance of all stimulants are the key elements of his recipe.

Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, a doctor and Fellow of the Royal Society, presents a list of approved activities for girls in "On Recreations for Girls" (vol. 15, 1894, pp. 545–47). His three main criteria are that the activities not interfere with maternal and domestic duties, that the activities not "vulgarize" women, and that the activities lead to the development of beauty.

Probably the most liberating of recreations for girls, cycling, came to hold a prominent place in The Girl's Own. There were numerous articles on cycling clubs, on choosing and maintaining bicycles, and even on "fancy" or trick cycling (see vol. 21, 1899–1900, pp. 728–30). Reproduced here is Dora de Blaquiere's "The Dress for Bicycling" (vol. 17, 1895–96, pp. 12–14), which attempts to resolve the thorny problem of how to dress modestly yet safely when riding.

H. M. Pillans, in "Lawn-Tennis" (vol. 21, 1899–1900, pp. 305–308), addresses some of the prejudices against women tennis players and offers suggestions for their improvement.

At last, Lily Watson's "Athleticism for Girls" (vol. 24, 1902–03, pp. 61–62) summarizes the general attitude of The Girl's Own in this period regarding recreation for girls: it has its uses in the maintenance of a healthy body, but girls should "beware of the error of making it the chief end of their school life."
THE PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

BY MRS. WALLACE ARNOLD.

From the number of works existing on education it might be supposed that nothing fresh, or rather of interest, remained to be said on the subject; and doubtless this is true as far as regards the mental education of girls, which in late years has taken such immense strides. But there is one branch which appears to me not to have an yet received that attention which it deserves; need I say that I allude to their physical education, concerning which, as the title of my paper suggests, I would offer a few remarks?

Firstly, then, as to its necessity. In the case of boys we have but to look around us to see in what light it is regarded. A glance at any of the numerous school-magazines, or even the ordinary daily papers with their reports of athletic meetings, and accounts of football and cricket matches, etc., so often described in what seems to us so much unin teligible jargon, will assuredly testify that physical instruction is not forgotten or neglected in scholastic life. Indeed, to some anxious parents it would seem as though mental acquirements were too often subordinated to physical superiority, and one of our leading novelists took this view of the question in a recent novel. At any rate, no school for boys now but has its athletic club, and few that are without a gymnasium.

If, then, the importance of duly training the body in conjunction with the mind is thus recognised in the cause of our boys, surely the future wives and mothers of England—for such is our girls' destiny—may lay claim to a no less share of attention in this respect.

One of the most beneficial results of a really good education is undoubtedly the equilibrium established between the respective powers, mental and physical. If I might here quote that trite but ever true line of Juvenal, "Senex amara in corpore sano," which many of our girls have doubtless read while examining the silver medals of the Oxford University Athletic Club, brought home and exhibited with many pride by their brothers, or those brothers' friends, who are oftentimes of more interest in their eyes for the time being. I could add much more as to the necessity, but I have at least made out a primary case, and must pass on to more practical considerations, and the first of these that naturally presents itself is, at what age should physical education commence? To which I reply, it can hardly begin too early, though of course all exercise should be proportionate to age. "Let children," says Rousseau, "have substantial nourishment; let them run and play in the open air and enjoy their liberty." In these days of higher education for women we are apt to forget that, while forcing the mental faculties to the utmost at an early age, the precious time is slipping away during which their figures are being formed, and that habits are too often engendered which in later years cannot be abandoned or remedied. Many an anxious mother must have observed with pain how many hours her daughter is compelled to sit at her studies, the greater portion of the time being occupied in writing, and that at a desk which compels an attitude that must result in a stooping form. If not engaged in writing, she is probably at the piano, where the back again, having no support, becomes weary, and sinks on one side; then to the drawing-board, where the same stooping position produces a like result, inducing too often a curvature of the spine, as many of our doctors can testify.

Moderate bodily exercise, taken under supervision, will do much to correct—nay, prevent—this mischief. Many of the subjects of the education of the day are matters which can be as well, or perhaps better and more thoroughly, acquired after the age of seventeen. Not so a naturally easy and graceful carriage. From infancy up to about the age I have mentioned our bodies are being formed, and with them our habits, gait, and deportment.

Habit is a frequent repetition of the same acts causing different modifications in the organisation. In youth habit has the privilege of modifying the original constitution, and if the habit be a bad one, of injuring it so powerfully as to render the injury thus caused incurable. How careful, then, should we be that during these few early years none but graceful, elegant, and healthy habits are acquired. Of course, I am speaking now more particularly of bodily habits, though the rule applies with equal force to all, whether physical or mental. It is useless to recommend a child already deformed to keep straight; she may endeavour to make the effort, but following the bent of the acquired organisation, she quickly resumes the position that has become habitual. These considerations bring us to the second practical object of my paper—the best means of obtaining a good physical education for our girls; and these are calisthenics, practised when possible under a qualified teacher.

Mrs. Wallace Arnold, "The Physical Education of Girls" (Volume 5, 17 May 1884, p. 516).
NEW MUSIC.

ROBERT COCKS.

*Prize Day.* A cantata for ladies’ voices. Written by Jessie Moir. Music by Charles Marshall.—The first part is an introduction and chorus announcing the “Prize Day,” when the Kaiser’s prize is to be competed for by two equally successful students, who are created students, according to an old Greek tradition. Solos for soprano and contralto, with duets for the same voices and choral, a monologue of the scholar. There is also a pretty trio for soprano, mezzo-soprano, and contralto. The accompaniments are simple and effective. The cantata as a whole is most enjoyable. It is printed well and clearly, although in a small-sized book.

*Onto Canvas,* for equal voices. Words by Theo. Harriets. Music by Ch. Gounod. —“Artistic” is the title of one, and “Our Little Sister” is another. Both are easy and of small compass.

MEITZLER AND CO.

*Household Words.* Written and composed by Alfred J. Caldicott. The song is written in three keys: No. 1 in D, for contralto or bass; No. 2 in F, mezzo-soprano or baritone; No. 3, soprano or tenor. Although this is by no means one of Cotsford Dick’s best songs, it is smooth and pleasant.

A Carol for Christmas. Words by J. C. J. Caddick. This song is also written for contralto, mezzo-soprano, and soprano voices. A simple song, without pretension or difficulty for singer or accompanist.

*Saffron.* Words by Alice Lowthian. Music by Caroline Lowthian. —A pleasant little song, both as regards words and music. The composition is light and graceful.

*Sing to Me, Ballad.* Words by Dowager Marchioness of Downshire. Music by Lady Armstrong. —Words breathe a tone of sadness and disappointment, and the music is in Lady Hill’s usual style. The song is written in D flat, F, and G.

*Lingering Fancies.* Words by Robert Anthony. Music by F. Rivenhall. —The usual love song, not very original, but one easily sung and of moderate compass.

*Love must Make or Mar.* Written and composed by William A. Allen. —The style is bold and sustained, with an accompaniment to suit the words.

*My Heart’s Beloved.* Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by Hugh Clendow. —A pretty song for a high soprano, with an accompaniment that requires smooth and skilful playing.

*Rigand.* Far Joachim Raff. Piano in F and violin. —A good study, and one that will be appreciated by the admirers of this popular artist.

*Little Treasures.* A selection of popular melodies arranged as solos for the popular artist Michael Watson.—No. 13. “Au Printemps,” is an easy arrangement of Waldteufel’s charming waltz, especially adapted for small fingers. Words by Aphra Behn. Music by Ave Maria. —Schubert. Arranged for the American organ by Louis Engel.—This talented artist has been particularly happy in the arrangement of the favourite and well-known melody before us. It is one of six from the old masters, all equally adapted to the voice of the wind instrument.

*Three Melodies and Sketches* for the pianoforte. By Eugenie Woyce. Morning, Noon, and Night are separately treated with musical expression. No. 1, “Morning” (moderato cantabile in G), is smooth and soft, as an awakening to the day’s work and duties. No. 2, “Noon” (allegretto piacevole in A), is more stirring and brilliant, requiring good playing, but not difficult. No. 3, “Night” (sentimento con moto in D), is quiet and most restful, gradually passing from the time of activity to the time of repose. Each sketch is sold separately.

*Die Fussganger.* Quick March. Composed by Alois Vollmer. —A brisk, clapping march, suitable for young pianoforte players, written in the key of C, without any unmanageable stretches or difficulties.

*For de Flirters.* Pour le piano. By Hugh Clendow. —A very easy and pleasing little lesson for the student of the pianoforte, short and quickly learnt.

*Swan and Co.* To a Flower. Poetry by Barry Cornwall. Music by V. H. Zavertal. —This is some of Barry Cornwall’s pretty poetry set to suitable music. The accompaniment is very nice, requiring delicate expression. A Broad and Limpid Stream. From the Spanish, by J. G. Lockhart. Music by V. H. Zavertal. —A quiet song, with guitar-like accompaniment; without difficulty for either singer or player. The air is pretty.


*Souvenir d’Hembourg.* Mazurka. By V. H. Zavertal. —A brilliant mazurka, well marked, the character of the dance kept prominent throughout.


*WEEKS and CO.*

*Fantasia Brillante.* By C. F. West. —A showy drawing-room piece in five flat, a week’s work, not difficult for a moderately advanced pianoforte player.

WORK FOR ALL.

CLERKS, BOOK-KEEPERS, ETC.

There are othert more complicated exercisers with the expander, but those I have en- deavoured to describe are the most essential, and the best plan for me that I might draw these remarks to a close.

In conclusion, I will add that the exercises I have described, and which I can so consis- tently recommend, should be practised for ten minutes every morning, while still in the dressing-gown and slippers, before leaving the bedroom.

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The Lady Dressmaker, to my cost, a great deal too nice and attractive.

Very soon after our acquaintance began, the young man fulfilled Maud's wish by falling in love with me, and, had I been the daughter of the Queen, I could not have been approached with more respect.

Yet it is the truth that for two whole years I discouraged this young man, though I suffered a little martyrdom in thus doing violence to my own honest affection for him, and to the God-implanted feelings which gave birth to it.

Tom has often said since that no man ever had harder work to win his wife than he had, and, that he should have given up in despair before half the time was over, if he had not thought it was my pride which hindered the success of his suit, and that at the bottom of my heart I did care for him.

In looking back on that time, I am inclined to think that we poor proud people are often more unreasonable and unmanageable than our rich proud neighbours.

At last Tom roundly taxed me with want of straightforwardness, and said: "Olive, you may think it very brave and self-devoting to send me away, just because of the accidents of birth and fortune, for which I am in no way accountable. But I do not know how you will be able to answer, at the last, for having sacrificed the man who loved you, and whom I do believe you love, just to gratify your own false pride."

"Your mother does not yet know that for two years you have taken every opportunity of throwing yourself in my way, and have repeatedly asked me to be your wife," I replied.

"I ask you again now, and if you consent I will go straight to Castlemount, tell her the whole story, and seek her consent," said Tom, looking as much in earnest as the most exacting person could desire.

"Why have you never mentioned me to Mrs. Beauchamp before?" I asked, raising the real question.

"You have asked me to modify my proposal, Olive. You simply ask something which is beside the matter. You shall have your answer, dear, and then I shall expect to have an equally straightforward one. You ask why I have never spoken of you to my mother. How could I go to her and say, 'Mother, I have asked a Miss Stafford, a former visitor at aunt Edgecombe's and a friend of Maud Grant's, to be my wife?' I have repeated my proposal several times, and as I wish to be exact, Olive, perhaps you will tell me how many,—and she has refused me as often. What could my mother reply to such a communication? She would say: 'Where is the use of telling me this? If the girl will have none of you, there is an end of the matter.' I wish to take a different answer from you, but if this, if this, you look me in the face and say there have been no love for me, I will go my way and trouble you no more!'"

"I could not do this, and Tom's downright way of putting the case conquered. I felt that I could not bear the proposed alternative, and Tom left me that day in triumph. He had no idea in being my wife, but, only with his mother's heartily consent, which I did not believe she would give.

"I will never creep into any family," I said; "I must have a welcome, and feel that your mother will be my mother, or I will dwell among mine own people to the end of my days.'"

Tom cordially agreed to this, but at the same time he showed me that weak place in his moral character which it so pained me to discover.

"There is just one thing I want you to do, Olive," he said. "My mother will take it for granted that you are connected with the Stafford's of Lyndholme. Do not undeceive her. Of course I would not have you say anything but the truth. All I want is for you to be silent when she talks of those people, and to change the subject as quick as possible.'"

I looked grave enough as Mr. Beauchamp was speaking. Then I replied: "If I were purposely to leave Mrs. Beauchamp under a false impression, when I had the power to remove it, should I not be as guilty of falsehood as if I actually told one? I must tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"I do not know much of your family, myself, Olive. I have known you as the niece of Mrs. Hesketh, a lady of whose relationship no one need be ashamed, and as the friend and guest of my own cousin. I should be quite contented to know nothing, except that you are your own sweet self, and dearest of girls to me."

"That would not be sufficient even for you," I replied. "I shall tell you everything about my parents, their home, and position. When you know all, take the particulars to Mrs. Beauchamp, and abide by her decision."

"I will, should that decision prove just and reasonable. But you must remember, Olive, I am not a child, and the best mother in the world may wreck a son's happiness by the very means she takes to secure it.""

"You mean that if Mrs. Beauchamp should refuse you, you will not have any more consent to your engagement, there will be no doubt as to the justice and reasonableness of her decision. I intend to abide by it whether she says yes or no."

I tried to look very much in earnest, but I am sure Tom's hopes had risen since the discovery that in one sense I was on his side, and he did not believe, as he frankly told me, that I should have courage or cruelty enough to agree with his mother in any plan to make him miserable for life. (To be continued.)

REFORM IN UNDERCLOTHING.

By THE LADY DRESSMAKER.

PART I.

HERE is nothing in which a greater interest appears to be taken by women of all classes at present than in the alterations and reforms in their under-garments, which, inaugurated in our grandmothers and great-grandmothers, and carried on as a rule, and we may guess this even from the portraits of the last century and the early part of the present one, where Reynolds and Gainsborough depict the petticoat in full play, both on little girls and their mothers and elder sisters, long and very full, for the former to dangle round the feet and supply the needful warmth to the limbs. Even for very little children the petticoat touched the ground. From an American paper I cut the following, which shows that the drawers question was a subject of dress reform seventy years ago—""My grandmother," says the writer, "has been telling me something about how the present styles in women's under-garments came into vogue. When she was a child no one wore any lower clothes except stockings. After a while, there came a fashion for pantalettes, which consisted simply of a broad ruffle fastened by a tight band just above the knee. Children used to have two sets—one white for best and yellow nankeen or calico for everyday wear. She said there was a reason for the fashion for pantalettes, as there is for every decree of fashion. People had begun to think it more sensible to put on a pair of bloomers instead of having petticoats reaching below the knees, and so the extra covering for the limbs was invented. But the presence of a tight band about the leg was objectionable, on account..."

The Lady Dressmaker, "Reform in Underclothing" (Volume 9, 8 October 1887, p. 19).
of its discomfort, and the remedy for this led to the next step in the evolution of the present lower under-garment. To the outside of the broad ruffle was attached the base of a long acute-angled triangle of cloth. This triangle extended up the waist, where it was buttoned to the chemise. This relieved the pressure from the band, but as the support was one-sided, it caused the ruffle to hang unevenly at times. The only remedy for this seemed to be the adoption of the present form, in which the whole of the lower portion of the body is covered. For a long time if anybody dared dream of such an innovation she dared not speak of it, and when at last the bounds were leaped by some courageous woman who donned the first drawers, there was a wonderful hue and cry, compared to which anything in the history of modern reforms is as nothing. Women wear garments like men! Women trying to get into trousers! Horror! Shame! But the reform prevailed.

UNION OR COMBINATION GARMENT, WOVEN OF SILK, WOOL, OR MERINO.

It seems a funny thing that the medical men of that day should have been the foremost amongst the denounced of the new garment as "eminently unwholesome." Today, after so many years are gone, the battle still rages over the question whether both legs should be clothed in one garment, or each leg shall have its own by itself.

Now in the matter of dress there is nothing more difficult to cope with than custom. "We have always worn this," or "My mother wore just what I do, and considered it good," are often considered sufficient reasons to make you when you urge the subject of some change in clothes which will tend to the health and contribute to the general wellbeing of the wearer. Next to this class of persons comes another, composed of people who read, but not having read, do not apply any new ideas they may see either to themselves or their neighbours. After this class, in somewhat wilder spirit, come the people who are afraid to do anything or adopt an improvement for fear of "what people may say." It is of no use urging with them, first, that their under-clothing is not seen, and next that, even if it were, the question is one of purely personal interest and benefit. However, the subject is so widely taken up that people are obliged to think about it, even against their will. Women who work, in particular, are earnest inquirers into the newest ideas of clothing, because in their exposure to all weathers they soon find that their usual dress is unsuitable, lacking in warmth, and restraining the natural play of their limbs. The next thing with which they are likely to be particularly and for a long time, in large classes engaged in domestic service, that these articles are designed. Fortunately, our American author outlined one bad old idea, viz., that delicacy, a constant headache, and a general look of unwholesomeness is beauty. Health and beauty go together, and generally happiness follows, forming a blessed and blessing-giving trio. For myself, I could not rely on anyone's temper if their stays were laced too tightly or their toes were pinched by pointed shoes. But, alas! In spite of our advances towards emancipation, the general health of women and girls is not too good. Many of them, though not ill, never know the "blessedness of mere living," which follows on the possession of perfect health and a quiet conscience.

One bad old idea dies a hard and lingering death, i.e., the delusion that the flesh must be mortified if the spirit is to be benefited. If you impress on people the duty of the greatest personal attention to dress, diet, and comfort, you are met with the reply, "Oh, it would be selfish and wrong to think so much about myself." Those who are wise amongst us have come long since to the opinion that health is the means to a higher and more certain life of service, and that nothing is too small or puerile to claim our attention that will lead to the acquisition of that health, which will conduces to the general wellbeing of the wearer. Thev were the "union under-flannel," the "Emancipation waist and dress drawers."-the "chemisette," the "Emancipation suit," the "Emancipation waist and dress drawers." These are their trade names, we believe, and we give illustrations of them all, as they arc useful and sensible.

TO BOIL RICE

Four whites of eggs beaten to a whip, a pint of milk kept boiling; toss a spoonful of flour, enough to absorb the butter, and when thoroughly melted add a tablespoonful of flour, enough to absorb the butter, leaving sufficient moisture to stir easily about till it becomes of a rich brown colour; this will take fifteen minutes. If you wish for a paler gravy, for what is called a white ragout, the mixture must be taken off the fire while it is still pale, add to it the turnips sliced, two onions sliced, the steak at the top. The turnips to be laid at the bottom of the stewpan, then the onions, lastly the steak. A little water (this is important); stew them all tender—one hour and a half or more—then take out the steak, stir the gravy, and thicken it with the vegetables through a sieve, take off the fat; mix it in a basin with a teaspoonful of flour, add the pepper and salt. Mix all well together, then add the gravy to the vegetables; give it one boil up and pour it over the steak, and put the steak in the stewpan till wanted. Be careful to shake the pan occasionally to prevent the steak burning; flavour it to your taste.

HOW TO BOIL RICE AS IN INDIA.

Two quarts of water, one pint of rice, one tablespoonful of salt.

When the water is boiling throw in a tablespoonful of salt, then the rice, after it has been well washed in cold water; let it boil twenty minutes; throw it into a colander and drain off the water. When the rice is drained off put the rice back into the same saucepan, dried by the fire, and let it stand near the fire for some minutes, till it be dried up; thus the grains appear separately and not mashed into a pudding. Excellent with a little butter.

USEFUL HINTS.

FRENCH STEWED STEAK, OR OTHER MEAT.

The peculiarity of this method is that the gray is always prepared before putting in the meat and vegetables. Place in the stewpan two ounces of butter, and when thoroughly melted add a tablespoonful of flour, enough to absorb the butter, leaving sufficient moisture to stir easily about through a seive, take off the fat; mix it in a basin with a teaspoonful of flour, add the pepper and salt. Mix all well together, then add the gravy to the vegetables; give it one boil up and pour it over the steak, and put the steak in the stewpan till wanted. Be careful to shake the pan occasionally to prevent the steak burning; flavour it to your taste.

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The Lady Dressmaker, "Reform in Underclothing" (Volume 9, 8 October 1887, p. 20).
REFORM IN UNDERCLOTHING.

PART II.

The next garment that the Dress Reform Committee approve of is called the “chemelette” (fig. 1), now very generally known and sold in England under the name of the ‘combination’ garment (chemise and drawers combined). This is to be the second garment worn.

The “Emancipation suit” is a variation of the chemelette, or combination. It consists of a bodice made separate, with drawers to button on—a basque bodice and drawers (fig. 2), in fact—the bodice to take the place of stays. It can also be arranged to support skirts and stockings from the shoulder, and may be made of cotton, linen, or woollen. To make it, about five yards of thirty-six inches of material is required, and it can be made either in one piece or separately, as preferred. It can be lined and made sufficiently warm to take the place of all other garments.

The “Emancipation bodice” shows the bodice made up without the drawers usually attached to it, and with buttons for fastening on the skirts or drawers.

The dress drawers are intended to be worn in place of the underskirt, for extra warmth in riding or walking, and during extreme cold, in and out of doors. This article is made of coloured flannel, waterproof, or of the dress material, as may be preferred, made to fit the aisk closely inside the boot, or with gaiters to go over the boot, and to fasten by buttons arranged for the purpose on the bodice.

A new magazine published in New York, called Dress, is conducted by Mrs. A. J. Miller.

There may be some, however, of our readers who desire to have a petticoat instead of the divided skirt, which would not be a difficult thing to manage, as any well-shaped shape would answer. Questions on all these subjects have been asked by so many of our correspondent, and it will be a pleasure to the majority, perhaps, to have all the last new ideas and all the information thereupon that can be procured.

There are perhaps the greatest change of all will be in the direction of the much-abused and long-suffering washerwoman. Few of the community at the present time can wash woollens well, and it is to be hoped that the new departure will bring with it some washers of wool. But who knows that great alterations may not be expected in this department of work also? For I hear that there is no difficulty in performing the operation at home when the proper directions are followed, and aided by a small wringer to accomplish the most arduous part of it. Woollens are no longer rubbed. If very much soiled, a brush is used to aid in cleaning them. They are ironed when wet, and are carefully pulled the long way, to avoid stretching them out of shape. The first thing to do is to prepare for the washing of woollens is to cut up the soap into small pieces and boil it. The proportion should be about three-quarters of a pound of bar soap to six gallons of water.
When all the soap is dissolved, put into a tub to cool. When ready (at about 100 deg. Fahr.), add three tablespoonsfuls of liquid ammonia, or four ounces of lumps of ammonia. Soak the clothes for an hour, rinse twice in clean water of the same temperature as at the first washing, removing all the soap. Wring out thoroughly. Cover the clothes up when washing, and hang them out to dry thoroughly. But when the inner garment is always of wool, many ladies will feel it unnecessary to wear also woollen combinations, so coloured silk, cotton, batiste, and linen will all be available for the purpose of making this combination, as we in England call it, instead of the American name of chemisette. In this case trimmings of all and any kind will be available for the neck, sleeves, and legs, and the garment may be beautified to any extent. Some ladies have used it for the winter made of winey, with a cotton lining, and consider it comfortable and useful.

The idea of the gown form or princess robe, which may be used as the invariable foundation of all the dresses required, is a very excellent one, especially for working women. In these days this is really what the latest fashion itself has arrived at,—i.e., that the foundation is really the skirt, the draping being added. Any style of draping may be thus adapted to the same foundation, and the wearer of the gown form may follow the fashion of the moment as nearly as she likes. A good pattern of a princess gown is ready for the purpose of making this combination, as we in England call it, instead of the American name of chemisette. In this case trimmings of all and any kind will be available for the neck, sleeves, and legs, and the garment may be beautified to any extent. Some ladies have used it for the winter made of winey, with a cotton lining, and consider it comfortable and useful.

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LADIES' GOLF.

The ancient game of golf is fast becoming a very popular pastime in England, though it may possibly be some little time before it reaches that popularity which it obtains on more northern shores, where, so great is the enthusiasm of players of all ages, and " all sorts and conditions of men," women, and children, that in such places as St. Andrews, which has long been considered its head-quarters, golfing seems to be the one absorbing subject of interest and conversation from morning to night; and even the natural beauties and historic charms of the ancient city alike appear to be of secondary interest to this engrossing pastime of our Scotch brethren.

The name of golf (pronounced "goft") apparently had its origin in the German word Kolbe, or Low Dutch holf (a club), and the game itself is considered by the best authorities to be of very ancient origin among the natives of North Britain. In the reign of James II, it had already become a popular game in Scotland, for in an Act of Parliament dated 1337, in favour of archery, it is "decreeed and ordained that the weapon-schawings be halden be the Lordes and Barronnes, Spiritual and Temporal, four times in the year, and that futbol and golfe be utterly cryit up and not be used."

It is, however, only of late years that ladies have—with much more becoming and feminine taste than inspires them to compete in the more masculine spots of cricket and football—taken up a game which has, especially in the modified form in which they usually play it, nothing but favourable points to recommend it, embracing as it does all the advantages of open air, healthy exercise, education of the eye, and, like most games, developing control of temper and general judgment in deciding the best method of overcoming the various obstacles and "hazards" of the links, which might well be applied to the ups and downs of life generally, with beneficial effect.

Wise, the fair ones who of late appear apt to follow too closely the "lords of creation," are willing, except in few cases, to ignore the...
more energetic play of the men, with their longer links and herculean "driving," which requires greater strength of muscle than is expected in the "weaker sex," and are content with the more delicate part of the game called "putting"—(the "u" is pronounced like "u" in pretty)—this requiring but one club, and dispensing with the necessity of the "caddie," who carries for the men players a bagful of clubs, known as "spoons," "brassies," "wongs," "cleeks," "niblicks," and "putters," which their longer links and deeper bunkers, etc., necessitate for the different strokes.

The ground on which the ladies play is called the "Putting Green," and comprises (generally) eighteen holes, varying from about fifty to one hundred yards apart, arranged in an irregular circuit, commencing and finishing near the same point. It is covered with close turf, and if the natural inequalities of the ground are not sufficient, artificial holes, called bunkers, are made and mounds raised, as otherwise the game would be too simple and easy. Each hole has a flag or square piece of iron with the number of holes marked plainly on it, attached to an upright bar placed in it to show its whereabouts in the distance, and is emoved when the player gets near it, until he has holed out.

The balls are made of gutta-percha, are about two inches in diameter—white in colour, or black where daisies abound, and red when snow is lying.

The game is played by two persons, or by four (two each side), which is called a "Foursome"—playing alternately. It may also be played by three or more persons, each playing his own ball. The game commences by each party playing off a ball from a place called the "Tee," which is marked on ground within a few feet of each hole on which the player, after having holed out, places it to take his first stroke for next hole.

Each hole is won by the party "holing" in the fewest strokes, and the reckoning of the game is made by the terms "odds" and "like," "one more," "two more," etc. One round of the links is reckoned a match unless otherwise stipulated. In cases where an unlimited number play, and when handicapping is introduced, the match is won by the person who does the whole round of holes in the fewest strokes.

It is usual to have an attendant, either lady or gentleman, to note down the score as the game proceeds. After the balls are struck off, and in cases where an unlimited number play, and when handicapping is introduced, the match is won by the person who does the whole round of holes in the fewest strokes.

As several sets of players play on the same links at the same time, the rule is, that each party wait to take their turn in playing off from any hole till those in front have "holed out" at the next hole in advance, unless for any reason they allow those behind to pass them.

SCHOOLGIRL TROUBLES, AND HOW TO COPE WITH THEM.

ON LIVING THINGS DOWN.

There are some girls about whom you never hear an unfavourable whisper, much less a downright bad opinion. All evil seems to keep out of their way, and by a sort of magic spell they preserve the best of characters, and never have anything to live down.

We need hardly say, however, that these are not sent into the world thirteen to the dozen. The greater number of us are wandering and wayward daughters of Eve, always doing something not just right, and making efforts more or less successful in the way of reformation.

Faults amongst this large majority are of all sorts and sizes. Agnes, if ever she turns over a new leaf, will have to live down the unfavourable opinion of the more sensible of us, because of her frivolity; Rhoda will have the same trouble, on the score of selfishness; Sophia's weak point is vanity; and Grace will have a good deal to do before people think her anything else than changeable as the wind. By general consent Amy is a Paul Pry, worming out of everybody all that it is not her business to know. Julia has a character for doing stupid things, and it will be hard work for her to live that down, for the reputation of being a simpleton is one that pretty often sticks. It has been so with our faithful and hard-working Mary Jane, who never got credit for being anything else than "decidedly stupid," after the first incident that marked her going to service. She had come up from the country, as green as her native grass, and the first morning was told to put her master's boots on the tree. She literally obeyed. She hung all his boots—five pairs of them—on the tree in the garden, and it was very wet weather.

In this curious world it does not always happen that our own failings are the sole cause of trouble. Sometimes, because of one or two individuals in it, a whole family gets a bad character, and, as if living down prejudices against themselves were not enough, all connected with it are looked upon as somehow or other responsible for the doings of objectionable relations and ancestors. There used

Anon., "Ladies' Golf" (Volume 11, 1 February 1890, p. 274).
ob in her voice also. Then, so far as I could believe I heard correctly, it seemed to me that she reversed Aunt Maria's instructions, and signed out, "Oh, Tom, stand by Perry!"

I thought that if my ears did not deceive me, the captain and the second in command were going to make a signal to the other ships in father's squadron. In the event of the signal being cleared for action; at the same time there was ever so much signalling to the other ships at the moment.

I could not understand what reason Sally could have for pretending to snub and slight Perry, unless that girls as they grew up were bound to be affected. But I had no time to attend to the question because of the trampling and shouting overhead while the decks were being cleared for action; at the same time there was so much signalling to the other ships at father's squadron to get them into position.

It is they who have stood in the front ranks of the battle of life, and have borne the burden and the heat of the day; having to fight for others who have often heard themselves, and many oftentimes have had to suffer defeat, but still to hold their places in the contest.

The naval captains have often heard and say that a naval battle is one of the most beautiful and terrible sights that are to be seen. A fight on shore is nothing to it. The ships are generally in line or in a half-crescent if they have sprung to our feet at the first sullen growl of a big gun, not that we were in the cock-pit or even in the cabin at the time there was ever so much signalling to the other ships at the moment.

There may be no injury to any nerve or part of the body, not quite so bad as pins-and-needles in cases of sudden fear or bad news. But the loss occasions a thrilling feeling throughout the body, not quite so bad as pins-and-needles in cases of sudden fear or bad news. But the loss occasions a thrilling feeling throughout the body, not quite so bad as pins-and-needles in cases of sudden fear or bad news. But the loss occasions a thrilling feeling throughout the body, not quite so bad as pins-and-needles in cases of sudden fear or bad news.

Now this physiological reasoning may not be quite easy understood by my younger readers, who however must admit that I seldom understood it better. When one is momentarily nervous there is a positive loss for the time being of force power from almost every portion of the skin and muscles all over the body.

The very heart, for the time being, feels this loss, and sometimes said to stand still—as in cases of sudden fear or bad news. But the loss occasions a thrilling feeling throughout the body, not quite so bad as pins-and-needles in cases of sudden fear or bad news. But the loss occasions a thrilling feeling throughout the body, not quite so bad as pins-and-needles in cases of sudden fear or bad news. But the loss occasions a thrilling feeling throughout the body, not quite so bad as pins-and-needles in cases of sudden fear or bad news.

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I am sure that if my ears did not deceive me, the captain and the second in command were going to make a signal to the other ships in father's squadron. In the event of the signal being cleared for action; at the same time there was ever so much signalling to the other ships at the moment.

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seek to dose them very much with 'o logies.'

That force or vital power passes to the muscles, for example, through the nerves, just as electric force goes into a telegraph wire to work the instrument, and that if that force be not equal to the amount expended, the whole body is becoming indifferent and the result is the result. If in addition then to hard work day after day one has to stand up against the attacks of those who are caused by illness or small worries, that seem to have a directly paralyzing effect upon the nerves themselves. If they may stand up to the day, and in a little while the vessel has sprung a leak; pray repair the damage that our lives may, perseverence, be spared !

But the captain turned to them and replied, "To Bepone against hard work and repairs leaks is an impossi-

I am not making a speedy voyage—a won-

drous passage—so tell me not of leaks. I must

But people may not be able to run away somewhere and find themselves suffering from overwork, overstrain, and wear-

are not equal to the amount expended, the whole system—the supply of fuel to the

And as with communities, so it is too often

The symptoms of the first oncoming of an

Muscle, 'Nervous Girls" (Volume 15, 28 October 1893, p. 61).
ON RECREATIONS FOR GIRLS.

By SIR BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON M.D., F.R.S.

The day is fast passing away when the common belief existed that women were, by nature, consigned to the monotony of indoor life and domestic care. Hector might still declaim to his Andromache—

"No more, but hasten to thy tasks at home,
To guide the spindle and direct the loom.
My glory summons to the martial scene;
The field of combat is the sphere for men."

Yet I doubt if he would be quietly listened to in these days, if the enemy were at the gate, for we have now an army of women who would fight by the side of their husbands and brothers if necessity called them. Within a very short space of time, within my own recollection, certainly, a change has been effected in respect to the cultivation of physical exercise amongst women that is historical in its character. My old and able teacher of anatomy, when I was a student, was persistent in his lesson that women were not capable of cultivation, physically, like men. He did not pretend that their ribs differed in number from those of men, indeed, from two fine skeletons, one of a woman, another of a man, he demonstrated that the sexes were alike, strictly, in respect to ribs, but in the matter of muscles he held they were not alike; a woman could not throw a cricket-ball as a man did; she could "chuck" it by an "underhand movement," but she could not fling it or pitch it. The muscles were not formed for the work. We know better now, for have we not a ladies' team, and does not the team do credit to the old English game?

Of course the argument of the old-school men was based on a fundamental error. They simply witnessed the phenomenon of deficient development from deficient exercise, and they mistook cause for effect. Except under special circumstances women are just as able as men to take part in recreative pursuits; they are as much benefited by such pursuits, and, if yielding wisely

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Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, "On Recreations for Girls" (Volume 15, 2 June 1894, p. 545).
and judiciously to circumstances, they moderate their zeal so as not to show too competitive a spirit in any contests in which they may be engaged. A woman, indeed, if she be a scholar, is a most excellent judge of the science of health and to the usefulness of life, by their new efforts.

This general fact admitted, and there are, amongst scholars who have studied the subject carefully, very few, I think, who would question the assertion that women have been too much occupied with the mind to consider the body. This is, indeed, a current idea. The word 'woman' is often used as a synonym for 'vulgar'.

But the very fact that women are often thought to be exclusively under their control. They must undertake special maternal duties and functions which only apply to the female sex. Women, in their anxiety to compete in various best adapted for women which do not interfere with duties and functions especially belonging to the woman, duties and functions which cannot possibly be performed by men. One of the present time is that women, in their anxiety to compete in various recreative exercises, are given to forget the fact that they are born women, that what men can do; that if the race is to progress they must some day become mothers, that they are born females, that they must undertake special maternal duties, and that for home to be home they must, within the sphere of home, display domestic talent. They work which comes exclusively under their control. They must remember, moreover, without thinking of giving up what is good and useful for them in both their special duties, and that for home to be home they must, within the sphere of home, display domestic talent.

The fact that women cannot possibly be permitted to enter into such contests in which they must undertake special maternal duties and functions is admitted. This general fact admitted, there are, amongst scholars who have studied the subject carefully, very few, I think, who would question the assertion that women have been too much occupied with the mind to consider the body. This is, indeed, a current idea. The word 'woman' is often used as a synonym for 'vulgar'.

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Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, "On Recreations for Girls" (Volume 15, 2 June 1894, p. 547).

consider that a woman can continue to ride safely above forty miles a day, and she must be an accomplished rider, mounted on a light machine, a bicycle, and unencumbered by unnecessary dress who can bear that effort. From ten to twenty miles of cycling exercise per day under favourable conditions of weather and on good roads is truly useful recreation, and ought to be generally encouraged but not exceeded.

Riding in moderate degree is a good exercise for women, and the firmness with which women sit in rowing is in their favour. There are few sights more graceful than the appearance of a good oarswoman, and there is a fair amount of muscular movement in the exercise that leads to good development. But rowing is the exact opposite of cycling. In rowing, the upper limbs and upper part of the body are most brought into play. Rowing tells upon the respiration rather than on the circulation, and causes always when first carried out considerable dyspncea or shortness of breath. This is a danger therefore which ought to be avoided. At the same time, in persons of feeble and delicate chest, good results are obtained by careful and moderate rowing from the very expansion which in time is gained from it.

Cricket is an excellent game for women; it calls into play great groups of muscles, it teaches to measure distance, it causes precision of movement of the hands guided by sight, and it produces good active running movements of the body. The risks from it (less accidents) are overstrain, and especially overstrain from overland bowling, which is neither graceful nor useful, nor indeed anything more than a conceit. Skating and swimming are good and graceful exercises. Hockey is both a simple and good exercise for women, and, is, I am glad to say, coming largely into fashion. Golf, somewhat wearisome, is a fine exercise for women advanced in life, and archery, good at all ages, is probable to be a trainer of the sense and a cultivator of graceful movement. Croquet, a gentle pastime, having great claims on our attention as a recreative pleasure, deserves considerable praise. It was the recreation which of all others was first to call women out of the drawing-room on to the lawn, and to add to the other and more active delights of bodily movement.

I reserve to the last, riding on horseback. This recreation is unfortunately restricted to ladies of wealth and position, but it is a noble and splendid form of recreation when kept within legitimate bounds. I do not know that it is more healthful than cycling, but it is perhaps more exhilarating, and there is about it a touch of adventure which is by no means a contemptible part of all recreations.
There can be no doubt of the interest taken in the subject of the wheel as a new form of exercise for women and girls, and this year in England it has been unquestionably quite the rage. All these things are, however, so much a matter of fashion unhappily amongst ourselves, that when next season arrives we may find the fad of this year to have become the old fashion of the next, and something else to have taken its place in the way of exercise and amusement. But behind this parlour fashionable view of the matter there is the other view, that the bicycle seems to have come as a great emancipation to women, and that, when carefully learnt and used intelligently, it promises to be to her a source of pleasure beyond anything she has already had, and that it is more than probable it has "come to stay." As a means of getting about, without expense and with little fatigue, a practicable method of locomotion for everyone, youthful as well as middle-aged, it possesses advantages which appeal to all, and which will secure it a permanent acceptance as a well-beloved and useful friend. Its best motto, where women are concerned, would be, "Use, not abuse," as all the medical profession seem to declare with one accord that the abuse only is dangerous. An American doctor, who has given much attention to the subject says, that "It ought to be a law for every woman that her bicycle ride should terminate when a distinct feeling of weariness comes over her. No ordinary woman, who rides for pleasure once or twice a week, should ride at first over ten miles at a time. This represents, perhaps, an hour's or an hour and a quarter's ride, and if at the end of it she does not feel fresh and in a glow, she may be certain that she has ridden too long. The healthy, tired feeling, which anyone can recognise after athletic exercise, can never be mistaken for that weariness which comes from too much exertion, and overstraining of the muscles and nerves." The other danger pointed out by this authority consists in that arising from a high rate of speed. This is natural enough. The machine runs so easily, perhaps, that there is a strong temptation to increase the rate of progress, and every woman must learn to put a deliberate check on herself, to avoid dropping into it.

Yet another doctor, and this time an English one, must be heard: "Of all means of training the respiration, Dr. Fortescue Fox thinks cycling is the best. When a person first takes to cycling, he is troubled with shortness of breath, his heart beats uncomfortably, and his legs get tired, but after some training these discomforts all disappear. Why should not people of all ages, and especially of the weaker sex, be taught the exercise first of all increases the depth of breathing, and that without fatigue, as the respiratory movements are automatic; at the same time it will accustom the rider instinctively to take in at each respiration the volume of air required to aerate the blood and to eliminate a fixed proportion of carbonic acid, leaving in the circulation the precise amount compatible with health."

And now that I have devoted a short space to the healthful nature of the exercise, I will turn to the doctors' opinion of the nature of the dress to be worn, so far as they have given it; but first will give an account of the dress as used in America and in France, in both of which this exercise has advanced, and been practised longer than with us, as women were using the wheel in both these countries more than two years ago.

In France it seems that women never ride, nor have ridden, in skirts. The Bloomer costume was accepted as the proper thing from the beginning; and excepting a little ridicule from the comic papers, the question of the propriety of it has never been discussed. All French women appear to agree on the subject, that the Bloomers are an advantage; but their costume seems to have much to be desired on the score of beauty. In the environs of Paris, where women-bicyclists are as thick as flies, one may see fifty costumes in a morning's walk, exactly alike as to cut and pattern, and only differing in colour or in material. All wear low shoes, which are smart and well-fitting, and stockings of various colours. This summer many wore pretty-coloured silk ones, but the really smart riders are wearing the heavy English woolen ribbed hose. Gaiters are seen in very few instances. The Bloomers consist, and are ungainly-looking articles, like full bags, from which the legs protrude, looking diminutive and out of drawing. The jacket is tight-fitting, and reaches only to the waist; this is discarded on a long trip, and its place is taken by the "sweater," which completes the ugliness of the costume, by emphasising the sharply-defined curves of the figure, which look most ungainly. Some of the Bloomers are cut after the fashion of a man's breeches, and fit tightly about the hips, then full to the knees. Others have the fullest laid in pleats over the hips, which of course increases the apparent size of the wearer. The hat worn is generally a "deer-stalker," with or without feathers on one side.

Dr. I. Championniere, of the French Academy of Medicine, has written in the Nouvelle Revue an article very strongly in favour of bicycling for women, which he considers will create a great and favourable modification in women's physical condition, especially in that of French women, who, when they become wives and mothers, drop their habits of exercise to a greater extent than their sisters of England and America. In three points he considers it will benefit

Dora de Blaquière, "The Dress for Bicycling" (Volume 17, 5 October 1895, p. 12).
women. It will insensibly cause women to
train, and to modify their meals. Secondly,
it will increase their habits of attention; and,
thirdly, they will gain in courage and self-
control.

There is no doubt of the immense mania for
the bicycle in America, for the comic papers
are full of jokes, the fun of which is furnished
by the cycle. "How does George get along
since he began bicycling?" an interested friend
is reported to have asked. "On crutches," is
the reply; which shows a certain amount of
relish of the profession of the unseemly.

But Chicago, and her board of Aldermen, has
quite exceeded everything in the ordinance
recently passed, to regulate, locally at least,
the dress of riders, both male and female—
neither tights nor knickerbockers are allowed;
whatever is worn must be baggy, from the
ankles upwards. No stockings are permitted
to be shown, and no gaiters to be worn; and
all jackets must button up tightly to the throat.

But the other day I suddenly dropped upon

knee-breeches, without any fulness at the
knees, brown stockings fitting the body closely,
and brown bicycle hose and shoes. Topped
off with soft brown felt hats of generous
dimensions, these costumes make a very
striking effect. The wheels ridden by the
couple are precisely alike, and but for the
masses of yellow hair and slightly smaller
size of the woman, the couple scarcely
would have been distinguished, each from the other."

In America, as in France, the doctors are
loud in praise of bicycling. In fact, in the
former country, it was the wife of a leading
New York physician who first learnt to ride,
and became a pioneer amongst the fashionable
women, and it seems remarkable that the
higher ranks were also the first to adopt
the cycle in England; and that London, not
the country, should have been the place of
its début. A recent writer, Lord Onslow,
thinks that, in London, the craze will
probably not last beyond next season, but
that in the country cycling will have come
to stay.

In America, too, the wheelwomen have
adopted, almost with unanimity, some form
of "Bloomer Costume;" but knicker-
bockers, the divided skirt, and short tunics
and gaiters, are all adopted, as well as
the tailor-made skirt. Many of the costumes
seen in New York strike the onlooker as ex-
periments, but the sincerity of all is unques-
tioned; for a perfect absence of self-con-
sciousness has charac-
tised the woman-
cyclist from the first,
and her strides have
been solely in the direc-
tion of simplicity and
first principles. The
dress of whatever kind
it is, attracts no atten-
tion, and no unkind
remark; for the eyes of
American spectators
have long since become
accustomed to costumes
once thought conspicu-
ous. Indeed, it seems likely that neither the
late Mrs. Bloomer, nor Dr. Mary Walker, in
her semi-masculine garb would be much
noticed to-day.

Meanwhile, the literature of the bicycle is
steadily increasing. Beginning with Scribner's
Richardson. This little book is well worth
reading, especially by those who are on the
wrong side of fifty; and its advice, as to
attempting slow progress in learning to ride
being the surest and wisest plan, shows it
worthy of adoption by all. First learn all
the parts of your steed, and then learn how

"One of the most notable cases of unseemly
dress was that of a woman bicyclist who was
seen during the week on Grand Boulevard
clad in a pair of long trousers, which were evi-
dently borrowed from her husband or brother.
They fitted her rather loosely, and were held
around the ankles by an ordinary pair of
trouser guards, just as they are usually worn
by men. The remainder of her costume consisted of a shirt waist, a lady's jacket and
a man's soft felt hat. She rode a man's wheel,
and, except that the coils of her hair
showed plainly under her hat, would have
been easily mistaken for a man.

"A pair of noticeble costumes have been
frequently observed on the South Side. They
are worn by a man and his wife, and are
exactly alike in every detail. The two cos-
tumes are made up of handsome corduroy

Dora de Blaquiere, "The Dress for Bicycling" (Volume 17, 5 October 1895, p. 13).
This is however a state of things that will pass away as the dwellers in the country get more used to seeing women on wheels; and we must always remember that, as an old country, we are the innovators in our lives, and cling more to old ways than a new land like America—and things will right themselves, each woman will choose the dress that suits her face and figure. We will abide by the wishes or the prejudices of father, brothers, or husband in her selection.

Dora de Blaquiere, "The Dress for Bicycling" (Volume 17, 5 October 1895, p. 14).

They take the shape of a corset, which is so apt to be uncomfortable, and to impede movement.

The knickerbockers or "bloomers" of this year are not full, but they take the place of all under-petticoats. They are put on a yoke, which fits smoothly over the hips, and buttons at the back; expand over the knees to a great fullness, and are gathered just below them into a band, with buckle and strap, or else buttons and button-holes. When these are made to match the skirt, they require no other shoe than those which will not be worn, they should match the skirt and the knickers in colour.

In the Badminton Magazine Lord Onslow records the account of the skirt invented by, and called after, Lady Margaret Jenkins, and thinks that it most nearly meets the exigencies of the case. This consists of a deep hem inside the skirt, which, at a sufficient distance apart, to allow of the necessary play of the legs, is then brought round each leg to fit tightly, like a garter under the skirt.

The knickerbockers a woolen combination of wool, cotton, or silk and wool, should be worn, according to the season; and a pair of short riding stays is best, or else a buttoned, slightly corded, or boned under-bodice. Several modern makes of corset come close to the ideal thing for wearing, in the pursuit of any out-of-door recreation, especially cycling, where the heavily-boned stay is dangerous to health, and even to life. The figure of the hips be unduly accentuated. Whatever is worn, the long, the short, or the corseted, ought to be in the form of a sensible shape, with flat heels and a medium to leg to fit tightly, like a garter under the skirt.

... Last but not least ... you must remember that there is no gain, either in grace or beauty, in a small waist for bicycling; and an un-,

... You must remember that, as an old country, we are the innovators in our lives, and cling more to old ways than a new land like America—and things will right themselves, each woman will choose the dress that suits her face and figure. We will abide by the wishes or the prejudices of father, brothers, or husband in her selection.

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The popularity of lawn-tennis, as a game, can never be disputed. It has remained in favour now for many years, and still holds its own against golf, cycling, and many other forms of amusement which fashion decrees from time to time must be indulged in by all those who wish to be considered up-to-date.

It is true that among the many enthusiasts of the game there are few who obtain any real degree of proficiency, most girls reaching only a moderate standard, from which they find it impossible to advance.

Few games, however, can surpass it, providing, as it does, the combined advantages of healthy exercise for both body and mind, at the same time being an interesting game to watch, and affording much pleasant social intercourse.

The question has often been asked in the tennis world, "Why is the standard of the average girl's play so far below a man's?" Not implying, of course, that one ever expects to see "equality of the sexes" in this respect; but in the case of a game requiring skill rather than brute force the weaker sex should certainly be able to show to better advantage than at present.

The answers to this problem are many and various. I will first enumerate some of the reasons usually given, afterwards adding my
personal opinion as a player of more than ten years' standing. 

1. That a girl is not physically strong enough to make a powerful player.

2. That the sex are naturally unoriginal and incapable of working out the theory of the game for themselves.

3. That a woman’s dress greatly impedes her movements and handicaps her in more ways than one.

4. It is also said that a girl cannot run, and on a tennis-court so often stands upon her heels, thus rendering it an impossibility to move quickly. Surely this is more their misfortune than their fault? A woman has always been accustomed from her childhood to wear more or less high-heeled shoes. In tennis the rules of the games deny her this support, at the same time telling her to stand upon her toes. Observation shows, however, that she usually stands upon her heels, or strains the muscles at the back of her foot, which are unaccustomed to being stretched in this way. Doubtless this is one of the many reasons why a girl tires so easily, because this strain must act indirectly upon the spine, and soon gives a feeling of exhaustion.

My personal opinion is as follows:—

1. I agree that although the average girl is very persevering, she will not apply any theory to the game. She simply clings to the idea that “practice makes perfect”; this I can tell her from bitter experience is a fallacy. Unless she is going the right way to work, she may play for half a century with practically no result. There is always a right and a wrong way to do everything; and unfortunately the girl’s natural way of playing lawn-tennis is usually the wrong way.

2. Sporting women are practically a new creation. Until recent years it was never considered necessary for them to use either their brains or their muscles, which consequently have remained undeveloped for generations. Therefore it is not to be wondered at that the girl of the present day labours under many disadvantages.

3. They are too often handicapped by the problem of g, s, d. Girls and boys should be treated alike in this respect; with the former, however, it usually means an appeal to a parent or guardian, who is often willing to lavish money upon the boys, but begrudges every sovereign spent upon a girl. This takes the spirit out of her at the very commencement, for to become a first-class player cannot be considered as a mere amusement.

4. On the vexed subject of dress there is a great deal of nonsense talked. A girl with any common-sense carries a long or heavy skirt for tennis, or, in fact, any garment in which she does not feel perfectly free and comfortable. Altogether I am an advocate for reform in many ways, I do not like to see dress made a hurdle for excuses. The faults which are so often committed by the girl herself are in her dress. This does not take into account the frivolous individual with an eighteen-inch waist and a large horse upon a tennis-court. Doubtless her dress considerably impedes her movements, but happily this type of player is now no more than a memory of the old-fashioned laborious style. This meant hitting the ball when quite near the ground, the striker standing directly facing the net. Needless to say, this was a lifting and most tiring stroke. Note the grip of the racket, with the wrist facing outwards, the position of the body, the right foot being foremost, also that the racket is above the head. A poor girl striker is evidently looking towards the spot where the ball is intended to go. Now look at Fig. 2; imagine this player standing in exactly the same place; compare the grip and position of the racket, the angle of the body which is turned nearly sideways to the net, left foot foremost, the eyes being fixed on the ball, which is almost at the top of the bounce. Fig. 3 shows the position of the racket, as it should appear at the finish of the stroke. The ball is now travelling across the net, into the far corner of the opposite court.

Advice to beginners.—Stand in front of a cheval-glass, holding the illustration in your left hand, so that you see the reflection of it in the glass. (This enables you to see the figure facing the same way as yourself.) First put yourself into the position of Fig. 1, after wards into the position of Fig. 2, and remember that the one is up-to-date, and the other is out of date.

The Fore-Hand Stroke.—Again take up your position in front of a long glass, standing in the attitude of Fig. 2. Describe a semicircle (slightly behind) with the racket, so as to get a swing, at the same time bringing the weight of the body on to the front foot at the moment the racket touches the ball, bending the front knee a little, and carrying on the racket now until it is in the position of Fig. 3.

After the stroke is finished, bring the feet back level with each other, and stand straight facing the net, weight equally divided upon both feet, the body leaning slightly forward, the racket horizontal, supported near the head with the left hand.

The Back-Hand Stroke.—Fig. 4 shows the old style of a back-hand stroke. Notice the ball has already past the striker, consequently

Positions.—The following remarks, let it be clearly understood, are in no way original, but simply a repetition of “counsel’s opinion.”

In recent years it will be seen that the general style of play has been altered considerably. Fig. 1 shows an example of the old-fashioned laborious style. This meant hitting the ball when quite near the ground, the striker standing directly facing the net. Needless to say, this was a lifting and most tiring stroke. Note the grip of the racket, with the wrist facing outwards, the position of the body, the right foot being foremost, also that the racket is above the head. A poor girl striker is evidently looking towards the spot where the ball is intended to go. Now look at Fig. 2; imagine this player standing in exactly the same place; compare the grip and position of the racket, the angle of the body which is turned nearly sideways to the net, left foot foremost, the eyes being fixed on the ball, which is almost at the top of the bounce. Fig. 3 shows the position of the racket, as it should appear at the finish of the stroke. The ball is now travelling across the net, into the far corner of the opposite court.

all power over it has been lost. The head of the racket is very much below the level of the wrist, the left (instead of the right) foot being in front.

It will be found that this stroke requires a superhuman amount of strength, and even then seldom reaches the top of the net. Fig. 5 shows the correct back-hand stroke—the weight of the body well on the front foot; right foot foremost, knee slightly bent, the head of the racket slightly above the level of the wrist, which is rigid as soon as it comes in contact with the ball.

The Volley.—This is a most difficult stroke for the average girl-player. The chief features to remember are, to always strike the ball when it is in front of you, and in the case of an over-hand volley, reach well up to the ball (as if you were anxious to hit it as soon as possible). Turn a little to the side the ball is coming, whether right or left. The pace depends much on the swing of the body. Point the toe of the front foot, and bend the knee slightly, bringing the weight of the body from the back foot on to the front, as the racket meets the ball.

It is curious to note how many men break down at an overhead volley, if they have to step back for it. It is much easier to move forward a step than to move back one. Anyone who can carry out all these instructions has become a good player. It is easier said than done, and, as previously stated, it is much simpler to have the positions shown than to acquire them from printed instructions.

General Instructions.—1. Every ball must be hit when in front of the striker.

2. Always rest on your toes, and stand where you think the ball would fall at the second bounce.

3. Every stroke should be deliberate. The racket should meet the ball (never jerk it). The pace is regulated by the correct body-swing in conjunction with the arm.

4. Keep your eyes always fixed on the ball.

5. The racket (when not in action) should be held in a horizontal position, supported by the left hand. Never head downwards.

6. Cultivate independence, always remembering your own handicap; score in games and points. Umpires are not immaculate!

The Service.—It is important to cultivate a good service. Whether it is an over-hand or an under-hand stroke, the chief object in view should be to impart the maximum of strength, expanding only the minimum of force.

The over-hand service is undoubtedly the best style, and all should try to acquire it, but it is well also to cultivate an under-hand stroke, as variation has many advantages. For instance in a mixed double, the man is often puzzled by a cut, low-bouncing, under-hand service. On the other hand the girl often fails to make a good return from an over-hand stroke. Therefore suit your service to your opponent, and try to place it as much as possible.

Many girls have no idea where to stand to receive a service. The rule, as previously stated, is quite simple. Always stand where you think the ball would fall at the second bounce. Example. When waiting to receive a man's really hard service, your position should be about three feet outside the back line; but if it should be a screwed or twisted service, it will sometimes be necessary to stand almost parallel with the ball as it bounces, as if prepared to take it back-handed, but in

"Open Tournament." Select a court where a first-class player (with notably good style) is in action. Set yourself to watch not the game itself, or even what strokes he succeeds best, where he fails, and the reason why. I am assuming that a man is taken for the model, because a girl's dress and other loose draperies tend to distract the eye. Now keep your eyes fixed on the model, watch closely how high he throws the ball before serving, the swing of the racket preparatory to striking the ball; then again watch the fore-hand stroke off the ground, where the model stands, the position of the feet, the angle and swing of the body, the position of the racket when the stroke is finished, likewise the back-hand, the volley, and in fact all the different strokes. This will provide you a much more instructive afternoon than commenting on the personal attractions and beauty of the players. Handsome is as handsome does!

Having made mental notes of all these positions, retire to a private court, get some charitable friend to send you easy balls, and see how far you can carry out the lessons you have learnt.

I remember at a tournament watching a model for two days, and at the end being called upon to play a single myself. A bystander in the crowd was heard to remark to his friend, "Dear me, how much that man's style is like Mr. ———" This is proof that the suggestion is a practical one.

Health and Training.—Health and strength are undoubtedly the backbone of all sport. Without it none can ever hope to succeed; therefore it is a most important item in the career of a tennis player. Those who already possess these necessary and excellent attributes are to be envied, but the usual cry is, "I am not strong enough." To which my reply is, "Then make yourself strong enough," providing you have not a weak heart or infirmities of that nature.

People are very much what they make themselves. It is sad to see the individual who is content to believe that she is strong enough for all her requirements; one cannot help feeling that this contented person would be a better person in every way by remembering the fact that there is room for improvement in everyone, and that by developing the muscles of the body there

H. M. Pillans, "Lawn-Tennis" (Volume 21, 17 February 1900, p. 307).
would ensue consequent enlargement of the mind. It is a well-known fact that physical development not only endows the individual with strength, but improves his character and disposition. A well-known authority says, "It is one of the pleasantest features of fo-day to see so many girls and women realise, and are encouraged to participate in, what was once regarded only as man's domain, viz., the world of sport.

Some of the leading physicians now state that bicycling has cured half of the nervous and imaginary ailments due to inactivity of the mind and body. May it be said in future years that sport and honest work have cured the other half.

This training, however, will require patience, for people cannot be made "Samosas" in a week. Regular and consistent practice, night and morning, with dumb-bells, etc., even if only for ten minutes, will soon show a good result. A book entitled Strength and How to Obtain It, by Sandow, is most useful in showing the amateur how to go to work.

Fencing and gymnastics of all kinds are very much to be pitied; but pity without relief is like mustard without beef. Any speedy cure for this evil will be welcomed as a blessing to many.

Drugs and other strong remedies are sometimes resorted to, but as a rule they are to be avoided.

**Singles.**—The game of singles soon shows a girl the real necessity of training, good looks being decidedly more valuable than short-lived brilliancy. The great point of weakness, however, in this game lies in the backhand stroke, scarcely one girl in six possessing even a moderate back-hand, and consequently adopting the worst mistake of running round all balls placed to her side, endeavouring to take every ball forehand.

The advantages of this plan will be seen at a glance and, moreover, will be forcibly impressed on the memory, when a girl employing these tactics comes against a first-class player, who never hesitates to take full advantage of this weakness.

The correct position to stand on for a single is somewhere behind your line drawn straight down the centre of the court (except, of course, when serving or receiving a service). It therefore stands to reason that if a ball is placed to your left foot and you run and take it fore-handed, you find yourself either tucked up in a corner, or considerably beyond the side-line. This is exactly what your opponent wants, for she has now the whole court vacant to place where she pleases. If the beginner will adopt this suicidal plan, she simply kills herself by madly rushing from side to side of the court, instead of remaining more or less stationary. The better players, when they find themselves out of position, invariably lob the ball. This gains time and enables them to get back into position before the ball is returned.

**Advice.**—It is well to determine, "come what may," never to run round a ball. At first, be content with passing it carefully but gently back, placing it as near as possible to the net, and if possible, behind the back hand line. If you adhere to this train of thought, you will find how much you can improve in a very short time.

The player who can volley has a great advantage, being able to run in and kill short balls. We are not going to teach you to volley every shot, but to try and use this stroke as much as possible.

**Ladder Doubles.**—The definition of ladies' double has been given as follows: "A court with four ladies, viz., one at each corner, all having an equal line, one for the back hand line, and who are all much too tender-hearted to kill a ball."

This is the unkind criticism of a cynic. It is not to be disputed, however, that this event in a tournament is seldom wildly exciting for those on-looking; it is renowned for great head-work and punishing strokes, but nevertheless the ladies enjoy it; this in the meantime is a very good reason for supporting the ladies' doubles.

A committee of wicked men occasionally try to deprive the ladies of their doubles, on account of the great length of time they take; but every girl should take up the cudgels for the cause, for it is her right and privilege. Women without a doubles partner are much too tender-hearted to kill a ball, and are consequently often put in a position of uphill injustice. They cannot do without the support of the "fair sex," therefore why treat them so badly?

Page 305 shows a good study in positions.

Notice the lady champion in the far corner has no intention of losing her balance, the racket is held horizontally and she is standing well on her toes. Note also the extended body-swing of the player administering justice upon the ball. Apparently she is a heartless young woman, trying to prove herself an exception to the rule by killing a ball!

**Mixed Doubles.**—The players who are most successful in mixed doubles are those who can hit hard (not necessarily always into court, for the opposing man will usually try to volley any ball not going more than a few feet out). This, combined with some consistent lobbing, makes an ideal mixed partner.

What to do with a ball carrier is a question much disputed. A new idea is to ask a really weak girl player to remain stationary near the side line and only about three feet from the net, with instructions only to take balls within easy reach. This plan has proved successful on several occasions, but must be that the man must do the majority of the work. If the lady is new to this position, it causes much confusion and irritation to the opposite side, as she inevitably hits the ball back and brings the wood of the racket, which consequently falls where least expected.

One will say a weak partner is best from five to fifty yards outside the court, only coming near the line to serve. Some men are also keen about winning in this way, against indifferent opponents, but "weak woman" will not always be down trodden, and now often asserts her right to a portion of the court. The "lords of creation," however, do not as a rule like their partners to come up to the net and volley, and are a comparatively recent innovation, but time will prove whether it makes a successful combination. At present we must leave the question to the discretion of the better players.

"Gallant man" is always most profuse in his praise, often applauding very bad strokes, so long as they go over the net, but at the same time often complaints that his good strokes pass unnoticed. Possibly a little more equal division of praise would be better.

"Women have many faults, Men have but two, Nothing right they say, And nothing right they do."
ATHLETICISM FOR GIRLS.

For girls.

And Herbert Spencer, in his well-known essay on Education, pleads the cause of girls. After contrasting boarding-schools for girls and boys, he asks—

"Why this astonishing difference? Is it that a girl has none of the promptings to vociferous play by which boys are impelled? Or is it that, while in boys these promptings are to be regarded as stimuli to a bodily activity without which there cannot be adequate development, to their sisters Nature has given them for no purpose whatever—unless it be for the vexation of schoolmistresses? Perhaps, however, we mistake the aim of those who train the gentler sex. We have a vague suspicion that to produce a robust physique is thought undesirable; that rude health and abundant vigour are considered somewhat plebeian; that a certain delicacy, a strength not competent to more than a mile or two's walk, an appetite fastidious and easily satisfied, joined with that timidity which commonly accompanies feebleness, are held more ladylike."

Times have indeed changed, and we have changed with them!

In selecting a boarding-school for her daughters, the first question of many a matron is now, "Do they play hockey?"

To ensure the variety and efficiency of games is one chief care of the Principal, and she frequently has to provide a "Games Mistress." Hockey and cricket, as well as tennis, are encouraged to the full. Hockey especially seems fast growing in favour. The evening comes, but no "games" come with it.

The evening comes, but no "games" come with it. It is darkly whispered that once upon a time a requisition was sent to the Principals that dancing might be permitted among the girls in the hour of relaxation. The reply was a refusal.

Nothing but crochet and conversation may be the entertainment after the day's work.

Such was the programme of recreation at one of the most enlightened "Establishments for Young Ladies" in the days of our grandmothers.

A generation later things had improved. At a similar school of high standing which we take as an illustration, dancing was allowed and encouraged among the girls in the evening. The mid-day walk was supplemented in suitable weather by a rule ordering each girl to traverse a certain distance between landmarks in the garden, after breakfast, so many times. As the girls were just then in a hurry to prepare for school, they would run backwards and forwards at full speed! Croquet was permitted, and excursions into the country were sometimes arranged. But still (and we write of the sixties of last century) there were no games involving bodily exercise.

In boys' schools the case was even then very different.

Father and mother exchanged glances. The idea was not quite so new to the mother as to him. She smiled tenderly, sweetly, yet half sadly.

"If such a thing were to happen, and it were to be for her best happiness, I trust we should be able to choose with her. And we must comfort ourselves with the wisdom of the old saw—

"A son is a son till he gets him a wife,
But a daughter's a daughter the whole of her life."

(To be continued.)
had missed a catch.

The mothers, talk, one would suppose that hockey was the chief end of all education! The tone of the school—the amount of outdoor amusement in moderation, the "athletic" man; the ideal is felt directly to be a true expression of such importance that time is constantly devoted to the practice of physical exercise and the playing of games for a girl to possess perfect health and vigour without the undue development of muscle, the rough ways, the coarse

First, the violent exercise which is 'good for boys' is not necessarily good for girls. Then if excessive energy is flung away, and a face that would have been bright with another school. A thousand miles' railway journey in a pleasant bearing, an and a face that would have been bright not ? someone may say. And we may be accused of lack of sentiment...