

more the following week, when Madeline Burton gave in her name as a member of our club. She had frequently come to watch our games, so her excuse of want of time no longer served her; and though Cecilly likes to think it was the charms of the game that overcame her objections, I feel sure it was simply wishing to please her father. She has never become one of our enthusiastic players like Cecilly and Rose, who go rejoicing over wounds and bruises as a soldier over his medals; but she does enjoy the game, and the healthy outdoor exercise, with the companionship of those of her own age and intellect, has done far more to restore her to

health than all Dr. Symes's tonics. Her parish work is none the worse, for in these days there are few but work better for a little share of play. Indeed our hockey club has been a success in all ways. As Dr. Symes foretold, it has been the means of bringing the immediate neighbours into close and friendly contact, it has widened our range of acquaintances and has given us health and friends. Our constant intercourse with Mrs. Durrant and her daughter enabled us to see how Cecilly's "idle talent" could again be used in helping poor overworked Rose by undertaking the many music lessons she had had to give before or after her heavy lecturing

duties. And the Rector, hearing of Cecilly's love and talent for teaching, enlisted her services in starting a boys' club, where she soon found a dozen or so of youths all ready to be taught anything she liked to teach them. There is no one in this wide world happier than Cecilly is now. "Work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is very true; but it certainly is as true that "play and no work" does not agree any better with "Jill." There is work to be found by everyone; but many, like Cecilly, know not how to find it, and to them I will say, as I say to all my friends, "Where there's a will there is always a way."

A FEW HINTS ON REPOUSSÉ WORK,

AND HOW TO USE OLD PEWTER PLATES, WITH TWO ORIGINAL DESIGNS.

I DARESAY many readers have tried their hand at beating copper—repoussé work, as it is called—but for the benefit of those who have not, but would like to try this charming and by no means difficult art work, these few hints may not be *de trop*. Copper is the metal usually chosen, but I have seen recently some of those old pewter plates, such as were used in bygone homesteads in lieu of earthenware, beaten up with simple designs with excellent effect. These plates are to be picked up very cheaply at times in second-hand furniture shops and general dealers'. Pewter can be kept clean with Brooke's soap, but it may also be lacquered or varnished when it has been cleaned, and it will then keep its colour for a long time.

Those who start repoussé work would naturally choose a small square that might do for a door plate or pin tray, and then, when they have got their prentice han' in, they can go on to more difficult work, such as a plaque. Not that a plaque is so much more difficult to work, especially if you beat up a pewter plate, as you then have not the trouble to beat out the hollow of the plate. If you start with a flat disc of copper, the first thing after bedding your metal upon your pitch block is to beat out the hollow. You will mark a circle on the copper and then punch down the metal, but this cannot be done by merely hammering on one side, as you must

beat down the edge from the other side, which means re-bedding the plaque on the pitch. But at the Technical School in Regent Street the teacher of metal work makes the students beat out cups and other hollow vessels from the flat upon a small anvil, and those who have a small anvil (all materials for repoussé work can be purchased at a good tool shop) could do a good deal of work upon it, such as the hollowing of the plaque. You will remember that the beating of copper hardens it, and to soften it it must be made red hot in the fire.

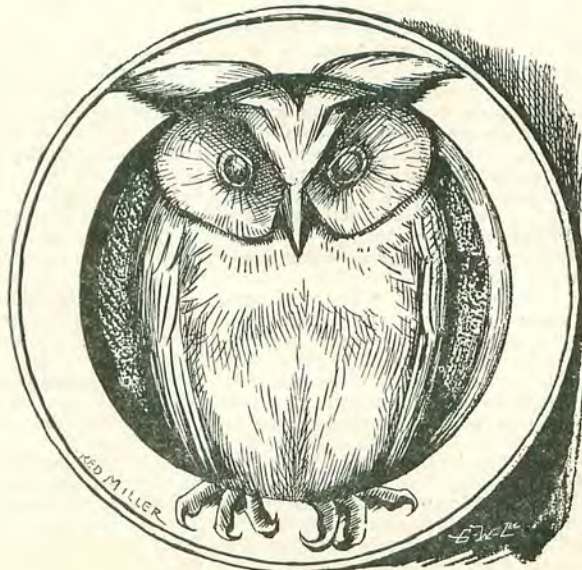
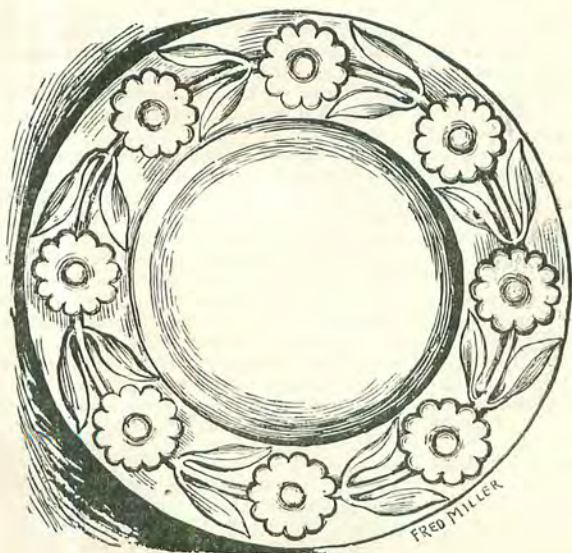
The design should be transferred to the metal with carbon paper, unless you are skilful enough to draw it out as you go; but I think it is safer to study your design on paper and transfer it, so that there is no hesitancy when you come to the work itself.

Take the first design, which is very simple in character, and only occupies the rim of the plaque. You start, of course, by punching an outline round the forms. This is done with a fine punch, and you move it along the design, at the same time giving it a series of sharp taps. At first there will be a little trouble in keeping the punch along the lines of the design, but practice will soon overcome this difficulty. One used to the work will put an outline round a plaque of this simple character with great celerity and certainty, keeping the punch along the lines and hitting it

each time it is moved along with the right force. The pitch upon which you work, being very yielding, offers no resistance to the bulging out of the metal which the punching causes. Where the background is punched over with a "star" or other patterned punch, this is now done, but the rim of a plaque would, I think, look better left plain, so you take it off the pitch and bed it on it the other side, in order to punch out the ornament to give it its requisite relief. Here you are working, as it were, backwards, and you must gauge how much relief each detail should have, for it is hardly necessary to say that some parts of the design should be beaten up more than others. In this case I think the flowers should be given more prominence than the leaves. A round-headed punch should be used for this part of the work, and it must be moved about as you tap it so that you hollow out a form without each punch mark showing.

What will astonish and delight amateur metal workers is the excellence of the effect they obtain in their first efforts. The fact is, beaten metal is so charming in itself that a comparatively small amount of skill seems to go a long way in this captivating craft.

The beating of the flat metal with a hammer upon an anvil gives it a choice surface, as the blows of the hammer produce



a number of facets, as it were, on the metal. Those who have seen beaten silver have been charmed doubtless with its beautiful frosted appearance, and silver is a delightful metal to work in. Sheet silver can be purchased at some bullion dealers'. It is comparatively cheap now, 2s. 4d. an oz., and those who get skilful in the use of a hammer and punches should try beating some small articles in silver.

In the second design we have a more difficult subject, as the owl occupies the

whole of the hollow portion of the plaque. The plaque itself should be beaten into a deeper hollow than in the first design, to allow of some parts of the bird, the head, for instance, being raised into considerable relief. The design can be transferred to the copper, and the eyes, beak, and some of the more prominent forms can be outlined, but it is not so simple an effect to produce as the ornament in the first design, and a good deal is left to the worker. She must feel her way by degrees just as a modeller does. The ears and feet

are carried on to the rim, which adds to the decorative appearance.

In designing animal forms for repoussé you must think of the animals as shapes rather than feathered or furred creatures, and they must be treated ornamentally instead of naturally. The owl in the present design is fitted into the shape of the plaque, and the quaintness of the subject is developed. Don't attempt to imitate feathers; it cannot be done well. Think of the bird as an ornament.

FRED MILLER.

THE LAW OF ORDER,

AND HOW BERYL CAME TO OBSERVE IT.

CHAPTER III.

DUTIES OF A HOSTESS—CHAPERONAGE.



THIS ROOM will do very nicely, I think," said Beryl. "If there is anything necessary, Clare, you must be sure to tell me. Father says I must get anything that is wanted. This Lizzie Delverton is really a second cousin of father's and not a bit old. She lives at Brighton with her

husband and children, and father saw her there last month and liked her so much that he told me to invite her here. I cannot think why he could not have asked her himself."

"Because an invitation always should come from the mistress of a house. You forget what an important person you are, Beryl!" I answered, and she laughed.

"Now, Clare, please take a tour of inspection round the room and be as critical as you like. I have made no attempt at arrangement yet, as you see, for I waited until you had seen over it all and told me what was wanted."

"The windows won't open at the top," I said, after a vain struggle with them.

"Does that matter?"

"Yes. Many people sleep with a bit of the window open at the top, both in winter and summer. All windows should be able to be opened easily. You can get a man to see to that, for the paint has stuck, and I am afraid none of you in the house will be able to do it. Now for the blinds. These Venetians want a little repairing, and the string is so much worn, I think you had better have a new one put."

"Very well," said Beryl. "You see I have brought up a piece of paper and pencil, and I shall make a note of all that you say I need do or get done."

"That is very methodical of you, Beryl. By the way, I have not seen you since you went to lunch at the Trevors'. Was it pleasant?"

"Yes," said Beryl emphatically. "It was delightful."

As I know that Mr. and Mrs. Trevor are an extremely quiet old couple—clients of Uncle Dick's—I was rather surprised at Beryl's tone and the evident pleasure she had had.

However I was at the moment examining the door.

"Put down 'key' on your list, Beryl, unless there is one somewhere belonging to this lock."

Beryl shook her head and made a note of the fact that a key must be fitted into the lock.

"And see that it turns easily, Beryl," I said. "Oh, how this door creaks! You must put a little oil down the hinge. Is the bell in working order?"

"Yes, for I tried it before you came, and you will see that the presses and drawers have keys, so that is all right."

"Are they empty?" I inquired.

"Nearly all. You see, I keep some of my summer things in these lower drawers and half the hanging press is filled with dresses. Surely this Lizzie Delverton will have enough room for her possessions with this"—and Beryl flung over the hanging wardrobe and showed an empty half, the other half being well stocked with dresses.

"Isn't that the dress you wore the evening you spent with us last week?" I inquired, as I recognised a pretty evening dress.

"Yes," said Beryl, "there is more room for it here."

"Now, dear, don't think me cruel when I say that you must empty out the drawers and presses and leave them quite free for your visitor. I see there is a press in the wall that if you like you can fill with summer things; but the rest must be empty. It is most annoying for a visitor to have to live in her boxes, as she has to do if she does not find empty drawers and presses in which to place her belongings. It also prevents her feeling that she has her room to herself if at any moment a member of the family may come to her room to take out dresses or anything they want. By the way, of course you know that once your visitor has arrived you do not enter her room during her absence without asking her permission."

"I did not know that," said Beryl. "Very well, I shall move all my things into that wall press and into my own room."

"Have you a bath for the room?"

"Yes, it is in the lumber-room at present; but it shall be brought down," said Beryl. "And I want to get a nice bath blanket, such as you have, to throw over it."

"Yes; and mind you have plenty of bath-towels to change. A big Turkey towel should always be on the towel-horse as well as the other towels."

"The housemaid should always ask a visitor on arrival at what hour he or she likes a bath, and whether hot or cold, and also if in winter a fire is liked or a hot water jar," I said, for Beryl had asked me to remind her of everything that could conduce to the visitor's

comfort; and in reply to my remarks she said that she must have a fire lighted soon to air the room and bedding.

"There do not seem to be many pillows on the bed," I remarked, "or a bolster."

"No; none of us use anything more than one pillow. I don't think there is a bolster in the house," said Beryl.

"You had better get one for this room," I said, "for it is usual to find one on a bed, and if your guest does not like it she can ask the housemaid to take it away. People who do not use bolsters and only one pillow are the exceptions. I should get another pillow. How about your linen—is that in good order?"

"Yes," said Beryl, looking pleased. "I am rather fond of nice house-linen, and when we got new sheets lately I got them all hem-stitched and the pillow-cases as well, and a few frilled pillow-cases for this room. About light, there is gas, as you see, but I suppose I had better put a little candlestick by the bed?"

"Certainly; and, Beryl, do not forget the matches," I said. "How often I have gone for a night or two to a friend's house and not found them. Now I always carry about a box of matches with me; but everyone does not do so."

"This is a nice sofa, is it not?"

"Very. Now if I were you I should put a nice writing-table close to it. Many people—like myself—like to write their letters in their room; and it is such a comfort to find everything handy and a table at which one can write. I remember last autumn going to stay a few days at Stoke Newington with an old friend and finding the most perfect writing-table. It was by no means an expensive one, simply a strong table with a pretty cloth on it, but it had everything that one could want on it."

"Oh, do tell me what the things were," said Beryl. "I should so like to get everything, too, for I want the room very nice; and really there is a charming writing-table in the lumber-room which only wants to be polished."

"I think I can remember everything," I said. "Writing paper and envelopes, correspondence and post-cards—of course in a little stationery case with a blotter well filled with blotting paper. In the pocket of the blotter were some telegraph and post-office order forms, luggage labels, both gummed and to tie on. Then there was an inkstand with plenty of clean ink in it. Many people have very smart inkstands, but you often find in them only a small quantity of very dusty ink. There was a penholder and a box containing pens of different kinds, pointed nibs and broad, a penwiper, pencil-ruler, sealing-wax, pen-knife, small candle and wax vestas. I think that was all. No, now I remember, there was