

to a story far more touching, far more full of beauty, far more true to the nature and simple grace of womankind—the story of Rebekah. I need not tell it. You know it as perfectly as I do. But the first picture or scene therefrom comes up before my mind's eye as I write. It is the evening of what has been a sweltering, broiling day—a day in which the sun has been blazing fiercely in a sky of cloudless blue, but is now declining red and fiery towards the western hills—a day on which the dust has burned beneath the feet, and weary camels and tired men have struggled slowly citywards from the wilderness, and knelt or thrown themselves down by a well. People come and people go, but heed them not. Will no one draw a drop of water from the depths of that great tank, that the tired travellers may drink and be refreshed?

At last there comes a beautiful but simple maiden with pitcher on her shoulder. Her innocent looks embolden the servant of Abraham to beg that he may drink a little water. All the kindly woman's nature comes gushing out then. She feels not only for the man, but for the dumb beasts with their pleading eyes. She draws water for all.

Though told but briefly in the Book of books, it is easy to fill in the lights and shades of such a life-story as that of Rebekah's. It is evident she was all that a wife, mother, and mistress of a house ought to be, and that she did not think it derogatory to her great beauty to prepare with her own hands the savoury meats that were to grace her husband's table. So much for Rebekah.

The Queen of Sheba was a lady, but one who thirsted for knowledge; else why her visit to the great King Solomon?

And now to draw nearer home, both as regards time and place. A great many girls—well, let me say young ladies for once in a way—complain that after they leave school they have really nothing to do, which they can do heartily and with right goodwill. They take up "fad" after "fad," and these fads blaze brightly enough while they last, but like a will o' the wisp they soon go out, and those who adopted them are more in the dark than ever.

Parish work is a favourite with many in the country, and if gone into with energy it is really a good thing. But I suggest not only that cooking in a rational way should be learned, but the management of the servants, and the whole household as well. I say boldly that the married man whose wife can superintend and manage his house, and properly supervise the domestics without friction or crossness, and who knows to a nicety when the dinner is properly cooked, and what is needed to make it a success—without waste or stinginess—is blessed above the generality of men. An old proverb says that when poverty comes in at the door love flies out at the window. Well, I do not know about that, but I have known many cases in which a bad

dinner sank love for the time being to about three degrees below freezing point. It is getting less and less the fashion for men to marry for beauty or personal attractions alone. Those that do so generally repent it before long. Let us take a rough and ready example. Jones has married a beauty, but she does not know how to cook a potato, nor how long the simplest joint takes to do, and the servants therefore are the real mistresses in the house, and do pretty much as they please. There is a general slatternliness everywhere, and a topsy-turvy air in kitchen, scullery, and pantry. The cook, perhaps, is good-natured, but she cannot get the others to work up to her; so dishes are spoiled and meals are seldom or never ready at the regular time, though if only for health's sake they ought to be "to a tick," as the saying is. Jones has been slaving away in his office all day, and has a little distance to walk through the mud and rain, but he has visions of a brightly lighted dining-room, a well-spread table, and a comfortable fire; and the very thoughts of such home comforts banish weariness and *ennui*. But the vision flies away when he enters his house. His wife is at the piano, "trying over something." Even from the hall he can hear the sounds of laughter in the kitchen, and Mrs. Jones wheels round as he enters the room. "Dinner won't be ready for half an hour yet, dear." Poor Jones! He simply sighs, and perhaps goes away and smokes. Can you blame him?

Now there are schools for cookery almost everywhere. I am not much taken with them, and I speak advisedly when I state that as a rule the branches taught are tooknick-knackish, too Frenchified. Girls learn little at them, and what they do learn they forget. Englishmen are wholesome, solid eaters. I maintain that English girls ought to be taught English cooking first, and let the fricassees follow. And this they must learn at their own homes, in their own kitchens, with their own fingers in the pie. It would be cheaper far and better to give the cook—honest soul—an extra pound a month and let her be the preceptor.

But mothers should let their daughters take entire management of the household for months at a time, they themselves merely supervising. The girl who is thus honoured should give orders to tradespeople; should get the bills and pay the bills; should see that she gets tender meat from the butcher, wholesome vegetables from the greengrocer, and justice from all; she should see, too, that things are done at the right time, that rooms are properly aired and dusted and set in order; and above all things she should study the dispositions of those under her, and be able to give orders with calm and unruffled dignity, never either losing her temper or being for one moment too familiar. If she lives in the country she ought to know how and when to gather shrub-fruit and herbs for preserving, and also how to manufacture jams and jellies. A girl that can do all this, and do it cheerfully, is a treasure in

her mother's house, and when she comes to have a house of her own she will be a blessing.

As to the actual cooking, what I most earnestly desire to impress upon my readers is the necessity of learning to prepare the essentials of a good meal before going into the fine art business. As it is, the teaching of cookery usually begins at the wrong end, just as some people in China begin their dinners with nuts, sweets, edible bird-nests, and jim-jams, gradually working down to the solids and finishing off with the soups.

As to books on cookery, all that I have ever seen are too intricate, too voluminous, and altogether confusing—what our cook calls "worrying, sir." Moreover, the authors who write them seem to glory in bad French. Why dishes at a table should not have straightforward English names has always been a puzzle to me. But I trust there is a good time coming, when the people of these islands will feel independent enough to stand on the dignity of their own cuisine, and call a haddock a haddock.

It must not be forgotten, however, by would-be girl-housekeepers that the serving up of a meal is one-half the battle. The appearance of a well-laid table positively takes the digestion and appetite by storm: immaculate linen, shining plates, glittering glass and silver, and a flower. O, we must have a flower, be it ever so humble!

For breakfast, dinner, or supper! there is always plenty of things to ring the changes on, and change there certainly should be every day, and every meal should be served with the regularity of a ship's chronometer. But beware of fuss; beware of talking much or giving many orders to the servants in the hearing of those around the table. It is here that Calypso should come in; and do not forget it, please. Many a man's dinner has been completely spoiled and his digestion deranged for the day by hearing servants nagged at during the process of bringing in the dishes.

At a future day, with our Editor's kind permission, I may have something more to say about food and health; meanwhile let me conclude with a word or two of advice to our little housekeepers.

Do everything calmly and quietly. Take time to think. I want you to find home-cooking a healthful employment, and if you worry yourself you will get nervous, and nervousness spoils both sleep and complexion, and digestion also. The cooking of any dish should not spoil your appetite by any manner of means. But you are not to bend too much over the range, nor heat the face and hands to an uncomfortable degree.

Finally, you must give yourself just a quarter of an hour's rest to cool down in your own room before appearing at table. Half an hour would be better. Do not hurry even in dressing.

A LONDON ART SCHOOL.

By ONE OF THE PUPILS.

In all arts, no matter how great the individual talent, instruction in the various technicalities of the special branch of art, and a sound foundation, undoubtedly save time. Firstly, as, owing to the perversity of human nature, a self-taught student invariably begins the wrong way to work, and has then laboriously to unlearn; and, secondly, one gets at once the quickest and best style of working by adopting

the teacher's method, arrived at by him after years of practical experience. Look at most amateurs' half-finished drawings, and you will see what I mean. If a water-colour sketch, all crispness of touch and clearness are early lost, the washes being muddled about whilst wet, owing to no settled knowledge of how to produce the effects aimed at, trusting to chance to find out how to get them; and fate, alas! is

rarely favourable. Perhaps, however, an inferior oil painting is worse, hopelessly smeary and slimy, all brush work lost, and the paint drying into lumps and hard edges. As I have personally suffered these adversities in both branches of painting, I can speak feelingly. From a tiny child I have always drawn (horses being my speciality), and have studied them and their ways deeply. Without this study it



BEFORE THE MASTERS OF HER ART.
(From the painting exhibited in the Royal Academy by W. A. Menzies.)

is useless for anyone to take up this particular subject, as the British public are far too "horsey" to tolerate a badly-drawn "gee," and also the endless varieties of character and action can only be successfully attempted or even seen by a real horse-lover. One great reason of the popularity of Landseer's and Rosa Bonheur's works is the insight shown into a horse's mind and thoughts. Almost anyone after a little study of anatomy can draw a moderately correct animal, with the proper amount of legs, and generally a very strong development of mane and tail, but without the speaking look and small marks of character that distinguish one horse from another.

My education in drawing was the ordinary schoolroom one of copying from feeble lithographs, etc., with the exception of one term at a provincial school of art, where I won a South Kensington prize for original sketches of horses. Soon after this I went to stay with an artist in London for a short visit, and whilst there my paintings were seen by Mr. Heywood Hardy and others, who all prophesied success, but deplored my want of technical excellence. One well-known old artist in particular urged me whilst there was time to lay a solid foundation, and regularly ground myself in drawing. He told me he was "too old to do this himself, but he felt the want of it severely every day."

Taking the advice so kindly given, I made diligent inquiries for a good and cheap art school, and at length fixed upon Mr. Calderon's, in St. John's Wood. It is considered one of the best in London; the percentage of his students successfully passing the examination into the Royal Academy schools is larger than any other, also several Royal Academicians have entrusted the art education of their sons and daughters to Mr. Calderon, a convincing proof of their opinions.

The terms are very moderate, only six guineas per quarter, exclusive of the evening classes; easels and stools are supplied by the school. There are six masters, including the principal, Mr. Calderon, three attending every alternate day. When I first joined there were 160 students, elderly men and women, youths of both sexes, and children from eight years old and upwards. For those who prefer it there is a ladies' room and a lady teacher. The ground floor of the school is divided into three class-rooms—the antique, the painting room, and the aforementioned ladies' room.

Perhaps a short account of my life there, beginning with the first day, may best give the information that other struggling artists besides myself may be anxious for. I had capital rooms, board and lodging, for thirty shillings per week; and there is also a boarding-house in connection with the school. School hours begin at 9.30, so I presented myself very punctually with two paintings to show the masters, that they might be able to judge what course of study would be best. Several girls had already arrived, and good-naturedly pointed out the dressing-room, and introduced me to the master for the day on his arrival. The two sample paintings I began by showing him were of horses with landscape; and as I was sure of my horses' anatomy, the master was very complimentary on my "evident talent," and credited me with an all-round knowledge of drawing I did not possess! He told me to join the life-class, and took me to a little office in the school, where at certain hours you can buy canvases, paints, etc. I bought a canvas, and was then placed amongst a circle of students ranged round the model, an exceedingly pretty, refined woman, with pitiful dark eyes, quaintly dressed in grey, with amber touches of colour. I felt so sorry for her, as she used to grow whiter and whiter from the fatigue of keeping

in one attitude from 10.0 a.m. to 12.30, with five minutes' "rest" every hour. How eagerly she watched the clock, and at the hour jumped down from the platform for a stretch, and then began to knit a sock for her baby.

About an hour after I had begun to try and draw just the head and shoulders of the model, the master came round to inspect, and found my attempt so faulty in drawing that he advised me, if I had courage enough, to begin at the very beginning of Mr. Calderon's drawing course, and work my way up through all the stages. As I had had a picture accepted by the Royal Academy, and published a financially successful book of "Hunting Sketches," this was a great blow to my pride, but I agreed to the proposal, and settled to begin in the afternoon.

It was now 12.30, and all the students made a regular stampede for lunch. At this hour a window is opened in one of the rooms round the school-yard, and through it, as at a refreshment stall, soup, coffee, buns, etc., are served out to hungry purchasers. After the first day, when I brought sandwiches, I used to get a cup of boiling water from the refreshment window, and make myself soup from a pot of Liebig's extract. All sorts of cooking used to go on over the dressing-room fire—even chops! Some of the girls had their own kettles and saucepans, which they kept in lockers, with pots of jam, tins of biscuits, etc.; also last, but in many cases not least, dry shoes to change on their arrival. With astonishment I watched the girls eating dry sandwiches, and still drier sponge cakes, with only an orange or apple to slake their thirst! Many, regardless of red noses and indigestion, used to read over their lunch, not novels as I fully expected, but such books as Ruskin's, Carlyle's, and Emerson's Essays. At 1.30 school begins again, and I set to work at the "beggarly elements." I was given a cast of a freehand ornament, to be drawn the exact size. I began putting it in with loose, sketchy lines, and in an hour thought it finished; but when the master saw it he said, "Those sort of lines are not allowed here," rubbed it all out, and then, sharpening my pencil to a needle's point, drew a delicate, firm, prolonged line as a pattern. At 4 p.m. the afternoon schools end. Many used to stay for the evening classes as well, refreshing themselves in the interval with tea.

So ends my first day's adventures, and I will wind up with a description of the course of instruction as far as I have gone.

After a bout at the freehand casts, I began to try for my "Pass" (so called from the word being written by Mr. Calderon on any successful drawings sent in for examination), to be promoted to a more advanced stage, for at this time I was doing the same work as a tiny boy of eight, who, by the way, became a fast friend of mine! The "Pass" work may be sent in for examination every Saturday or Monday before 10, and consists of a large sort of design in relief on a cast. There is a choice of two, and I in a weak moment took the "Alhambra design," a terribly intricate pattern supposed to be a copy of a portion of the Alhambra. The other "Pass" subject is a very involved looking lily or passion-flower, with foliage, in rather high relief. In addition to doing one of these, an ordinary cast of an ornament must be enlarged exactly in proportion and to scale.

After a hard week's work at the Alhambra, I had drawn it all in; but it was such an intricate and fully covered design, that if one took one's eye off for a second it took a good hunt to find the place again. I took this "Frankenstein's" monster to Mr. Calderon on Monday, but after carefully looking at it he pointed out several places where the lines were not fine and good, nor did my rendering of the design sufficiently explain itself; in fact, he said it was "too amateurish!" I worked

away at it again, and after two days had, at last, perfected the "Alhambra," and then began on my other "Pass" work, viz., the enlargement. I settled to make my ornament one-third larger than the original, which, alas! involved me in endless arithmetical calculations, sums of long division and rule of three. Had I chosen an even number, say three or four times as large, I should have escaped this complication. Before sending my papers in they were looked at by one of the masters, and signed with his initials, and on Saturday afternoon I left them in the office. To my great joy, on Monday I found the joyful word "Passed" signed on the drawings, and later in the day was complimented by Mr. Calderon himself on the style of the work!

"Outline features" was the next step. Four of each feature, viz., nose, eyes, mouth, and ears, had to be drawn in outline, with the smallest amount of shading (all done with charcoal), and in four different positions, each set of features on a separate sheet of cartridge paper. These I "Passed" quickly, and then began shading. Armed with a bottle of chalk powder, stumps, and a fine pointed piece of india-rubber, I was planted on a donkey easel before a very simple-looking cube, and began to shade it. For about two days I toiled away, trying to get anything like an even surface of shadow, but I only made terribly smeary-looking marks, and here and there jet black spots. My fellow-students were very kind in trying to help me, pointing out the way that had helped them, and encouraging me by saying I wasn't a bit stupid in *not being able* to do it at once, as they had taken quite as long, and many had taken a fortnight or three weeks, to get into the knack. On the third day I found out the trick of the work, and when I had finished the cube a student told me she had been sent by one of the masters to look at it, on account of its "superior manipulation." The next step, after doing the cube, is to try for a "shaded Pass." A cast of apples or plums must be faultlessly shaded, and then a set of "shaded features." Then comes outline heads, and finally heads and full-length figures, exquisitely shaded and finely stippled.

At this stage of my career I and several other of the students went, by Mr. Calderon's permission (rather grudgingly given, as he said "everyone wished to rush at once into painting heads, regardless of weak drawing, so always remained amateurs"), alternate days, into the painting room, beginning first by painting a cast in monochrome. In the "rests," or as a little relief from the severe technical work, we used to make little fancy sketches on the margin of our paper. The tiny sailor boy was capital at taking likenesses, and did several for me of students working near him. An Irish girl was first-rate at dogs; she drew some playing the violoncello, piano, and drum, with great spirit and humour; another had drawn a gruesome picture of a man dangling from the gallows by moonlight. My speciality was horses, and it seemed such a physical relief to let one's pencil go with a good fling in a horse galloping, rearing, etc. It used to be a great amusement to go round and look at all the variously ornamented boards. One of the masters, seeing some of my sketches of horses, said, "If you would only draw other things with the same knowledge and love that you show in horse-drawing, you could do anything."

The life in this paper may sound hard and irksome, and the hours long, but everyone seemed very happy, and in earnest. I enjoyed my first term intensely, and had the pleasure of feeling a real improvement in my power of drawing and command of hand, and am eagerly looking forward to again enrolling myself as a "Calderonian."

SOPHIE TURNER.