

to have taken their place. The use of black lace at the neck and wrists seems increasing, and if not black, a lace to match the dress, or else cashmere lace of every hue is worn.

## THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

By ANNE BEALE.

As the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER continue to take a kindly interest in the inmates of the Princess Louise Home, they will like to hear a few more "results" of their labours in its behalf, and of what is being done by its secretaries for the benefit of friendless girls, both at home and abroad.

Quite lately Mr. Gillham and Miss Tidd have offered to meet young unprotected girls arriving in London from any part of the world, and to do their best to see that they reach their destination safely. Already they have aided a girl from Holland, whose only idea of London appeared to be the Thames Wharf, and who was in danger of being entrapped by unscrupulous people. But Miss Tidd found her with much difficulty, and sent her safely to a situation that was awaiting her, but concerning the locality of which, in the country, she had no idea. A member of the Girls' Friendly Society, residing in Yorkshire, also asked assistance in procuring lodgings for an invalid girl near a hospital, which request was readily granted. The need of such supervision has long been felt, and we hope the Princess Louise Home and its friends may be the means of usefulness in all quarters of the globe, just as the Girls' Friendly Society proves to be, by securing a friend to its numerous members wherever they may be placed. "Helpful and helping one another" is just what each individual may be in his or her particular sphere.

When last we wrote we had two "bazaar children" in the Home; we have now four. We call them so because their admission was the result of the appeals in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER and the funds contributed by its readers, either in coin or articles for the bazaar, and subsequent sales of work. The two last admitted were children, one of an invalid father, the other of a poor insane mother, and both are, we hope, preserved from much danger and likely to be trained for respectable service. All our four protégées are doing well.

And we have not done with bazaars yet. The one contemplated at Easter did not take place, owing to adverse circumstances; but we still hope to hold it in October next, when the surplus work of our girls, together with such articles as they have since kindly contributed, will be again offered for sale to "the benevolent public." If it comes off they shall be duly apprised of its result. It is truly gratifying to all connected with THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to find, by the many letters addressed to Miss Tidd concerning the Home, how much that periodical is appreciated. A small mass of correspondence now before us testifies to this fact; and also to the desire of the writers to aid in such good works as it advocates. Old and young equally contribute. Some months back, a lady who is at the head of an educational establishment took twenty of her pupils to see the Home—all readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER; and they gave the inmates a musical entertainment, which delighted them greatly. But it would be difficult to say whether entertainers or entertained had the most pleasure; for all were regaled with a fine feast of tea, buns, cake, and the like, and were heard to exclaim, "I never enjoyed anything like this in all my life!" This is another

proof, if one were wanted, of the enjoyment always derived from pleasure given to others. It would be impossible to estimate the good that has ensued from our bazaar, not only to the Home, but to those who have helped it by individual effort. One of our benevolent young readers has been the means of inducing all the Woodhouse girls to join the Children's Humane Society, and has thus aided in inculcating the law of kindness to animals. If each of these new members can manage to gain another, the good cause will spread imperceptibly, but surely, through the instrumentality of her who first stirred up the sympathies of the inmates of the Princess Louise Home. No one can tell the consequences of one action, whether good or bad; therefore it behoves all to be careful in their conduct, so that they may, by example as well as action, preach their little daily sermon in their home pulpit.

While we write much excitement prevails at Woodhouse, and is felt from matron to the youngest pupil. This is caused by preparations in the shape of best clothes, and laying in of provisions, preparatory to the summer excursion to Harwich. Since the last "outing," the governess, Miss Corbett, has married, and her place has been filled by another, so changes are perpetually occurring everywhere. She was a great favourite, and herself a Woodhouse girl, as was mentioned in some former paper. Her history is encouraging to all who desire, as the Church Catechism says, "to do their duty in that state of life to which it hath pleased God to call them."

Now we must thank all those who have helped us, both in the names of the Woodhouse girls, and of all connected with the institution. The following list of donations is up to July 21st, and Miss Tidd has also received, at 54, New Broad-street, several parcels of small articles for the forthcoming bazaar.

N.B.—It is New Broad-street, E.C.; not New Bond-street, W.

Nettie, 1s. 6d.; Reader of G. O. P., 10s.; Marshall, 5s.; Pupils of Miss Mary F. Stewart, 10s.; Collected by Miss K. Poole, 3s. 1d.; Two Well-wishers, 10s.; E. B. E., 1s.; Per Miss Anne Beale, 4s.; Jersey Girl, 1s.; Highland Lassie, 6d.; Ted Forfay, 2s.; Whiptop, 1s.; H. J. N., 1s. 2d.; Three Friends, 2s. 6d.; Willie, 1s.; Mrs. Hume, 12s.; Mrs. Holland, £1 and two oil-paintings.

## THE SECRET OF HOME HAPPINESS AND WEALTH.

By MEDICUS.



MR. JONES had been married about six months, and he was just as happy as the summer day was long—and the month being the rosy month of June, that, I think, is saying a good deal. Mr. Jones's home was always the very acme of cleanliness and tidiness, and the quintessence of comfort. Mrs. Jones was always

as bright and cheerful as the birds that sang on the garden trees. Everybody confessed that these were facts which brooked no gainsaying. But nobody troubled his head or her head to find out why Jones was so happy and comfortable. Good-hearted people looked at the pair of them, as they went or returned arm in arm or hand in hand to church, and felt that the sight did them good; ill-natured people—and I am right sorry to say that there are still a few of these left alive in this beautiful world—ill-natured people tossed

their heads and probably smiled and said, "Ha! wait a little, their troubles are all to come yet."

Well, I think I know one of the secrets of Mr. Jones's happiness, and it was this: Mr. Jones never had to hunt about for anything he wanted; he never missed a slipper nor a wrist-band button. Oh! I can assure you that had Mr. Jones's wrist-band buttons come both off, he could have sewed them both on again himself, without any other aid whatever. He had a wonderful little pocket-book sort of a thing, or rather I should say he *had* had it; it was something like a doctor's pocket-case and something like a fisherman's fly-book, but it wasn't either, for when you opened it and spread it out on the table in front of you, behold, it was filled with nicely-arranged skeins of different kinds of thread—I think skeins is the right word to use; there were also scissors there, and a lot of needles, and a bodkin—I believe you call it a bodkin, I mean a long steel thing, with a bigger eye than a darning needle, and a blunt point. The needles were all nice large-eyed ones, so that you could thread one quickly, without having to bite the thread, and twirl it, and wet the end of it, and shut one eye, and deform the whole of one side of your face, as you make frantic attempts to induce the thread to submit to the inevitable. There was also a thimble in this case, but Jones had never used that in the way ladies do, his plan was a more simple though probably less elegant one, for when he was about to mend a rent, he stood the thimble on the table in front of him, and at every stitch pressed the blunt head against the thimble, and the business end of it into the cloth, and through it went, far enough for Jones to lay hold of it on the other side, and draw the thread up.

I should have called the case a *multum in parvo*, or a "hold-all," or a "bachelor's guide to independence." Jones didn't. He called it a "housewife," which he pronounced "housif." He had not been married more than a week when one day he caught the sleeve of his coat on a nail and tore it.

"It doesn't matter much," Jones said to himself, or to the sparrows, there was no one else to hear. "It doesn't matter very much, I can soon put matters right."

So, lo and behold! when his wife, wondering why he was so quiet, went about half an hour after on tiptoe into the study, there was her husband seated before the table, with his "bachelor's guide to independence" in front of him, and the thimble in position, labouring away at the rent, and looking all over as serious as if he were making his will and had nothing to leave.

"What are you doing, dear?" she asked, "and what is this?"

"I'm mending an ugly rent, my love," replied Jones, looking up in her face, as she stood behind the chair. "And that is my 'housif.'"

Mrs. Jones laughed so merrily, that the birds on the lawn cocked their heads and listened, and then began to sing in chorus.

"It is my 'housif,'" added Jones; "my 'indispensable.'"

Then Mrs. Jones put her hand upon it, and took it softly away.

"I'm your little 'housif,'" she said, "and I mean to be your 'indispensable.'"

Reader, do you begin to perceive the reason why Jones was so happy? You do, but wait a moment.

Jones was something in the City, but his house was a pretty little suburban, or almost country, villa. One servant was all that was kept, and, indeed, one was all that was needed, for Mrs. Jones could do everything, and her husband was away most of the day. Now, there are many little cares and worries quite inseparable from even a suburban villa

with one servant. Being only a man, and a medical man, I am not supposed to know what these are. If I were asked, I might say that probably the firewood was damp of a morning; that the kitchen-range smoked, and the kettle obstinately refused to boil; that the milk was unnaturally blue and ghastly-looking; that the gas-pipes leaked, and the water wouldn't flow; that the joint was tough, or the fowl done to a cinder; that the potatoes got all through the water, and coffee got spilt over the clean tablecloth. I daresay there are more than these, but I can't guess them, and, no doubt, Mrs. Jones had her share of them. But—and here is another of the secrets of Jones's happiness—she never complained to her husband. He had cares of another kind, and she was wise enough to know that, and always to meet him with a pleasant, contented smile.

One of Mrs. Jones's worries might have been that the servant was not perfection; that she was not clever enough or tidy enough, or had not enough memory; or was pert and saucy, or sleepy and stupid; or let the crockery slip through her fingers, and the tray with the tea-things fall downstairs. Perhaps—but, as a girl, Mrs. Jones had been well brought up—she had been taught that servants are only human beings after all, imbued with the same kind of minds, the same kind of feelings, with the same hopes of a happy here and a happier hereafter, and with probably every wish to do well and to please; beings, too, that a kind word will soften, that a harsh one will help to harden, and the want of appreciation render careless. She did not expect perfection in a servant; she did not expect her to be as clever in household matters as she herself was. She even felt it to be her duty to try to teach her, not naggingly and discontentedly, but kindly, patiently, forbearingly, and, above all, encouragingly.

By acting thus towards her servant, Mrs. Jones was no loser, but quite the reverse, and the gain to her own health and happiness, and to her husband's comfort, was immense, for she never lost her temper—if she did, she had the good breeding not to show it; things were done cheerfully and well, and a world of worry saved.

A world of worry saved! This paper shall not have been written in vain, if even half-a-dozen of my girl readers will but bear these words in mind—a world of worry saved. Most of you are too young to fully understand how extremely detrimental to the health is worry. Little worries—sometimes the smaller they are the worse—undermine the health, unfit the mind for business or study, destroy the complexion, wrinkle the visage, silver the hair, and induce premature old age itself. I would not tell you so, I would not speak thus strongly, if, while pointing out the destructive power of little cares and worries on the health of both body and mind, I could not also tell you how to avoid them, and by so doing to secure a chance of a longer, and brighter, and happier, because healthier life. It is for you, girls, then, in the heyday of youth and strength, to cultivate command of yourselves, command of your tempers, command of your actions, command of your tongues, and to learn to subdue all signs of emotion while talking, never to show either anger or ill-feeling. Believe me, that to do so is to learn to be ladies and acquire good-breeding, and to retain youthfulness of appearance as well as beauty.

I must not come out of my sphere and assume the rôle of preacher to you, but I tell you that, for your own health's sake, you ought to follow the dictates of Scripture, and endeavour to "love one another."

I am telling you a kind of story about Mrs. and Mr. Jones, so let me return to them.

There were times, then, when Mrs. Jones

had occasion to chide or admonish her servant, but it was never in the presence or even within hearing of her husband.

Just think for a moment of what the effect of doing so would have been. Jones loved his wife; we are bound to take that for granted. Had he seen her annoyed with the servant, had he heard her scolding her, it would assuredly have broken in upon the peace of his mind. It would have rendered him unhappy to have thought that his wife was unhappy. The thought would have lain like lead upon his heart, even in his hours of business; it would have met him every night at his own door like a dark and threatening incubus. It would in some measure at least have tended to make his home life less of a dream of bliss and contentment.

They tell me, girls, that there is a skeleton closet in every home. Perhaps; but I think the mistress of the house ought to have the key of that closet as well as every other key, and she should keep it locked; she has generally the power of doing so.

Now I'll tell you something else about Mrs. Jones. Probably you may think that her education was in one particular cruelly neglected, and I am not going to say whether I think it was or not. But, though Mrs. Jones had plenty of music in her soul and loved melody and harmony well, she could not play on that much-abused musical instrument called a piano.

But she could listen in a well-bred manner while others played or imagined they were playing.

I just remember Jones and his wife being out one evening at a house where I myself was visiting. And I remember that one of Jones's neighbours, a lady—to appearance—but not one of the good-natured ones, made the following remark, and mind you, I think she did so mischievously.

"Mr. Jones," she said, loud enough for everyone in the room to hear her; "your wife does not play, I think?"

I must call your attention to the character of the remark.

The lady did not say, "Your wife cannot play, I believe, Mr. Jones?" It would have been more candid, though perhaps less polite, if she had spoken thus, but by using the words "does not," she evidently wanted Jones to infer that she believed his wife could play if she only chose.

Poor Jones! His face fell for just a moment, as he said, bluntly—

"My wife can't play, madam; but," he added, brightening up, and making everybody in the room smile, "what a nice little dinner she can place on the table. Won't you run out to Rose Villa some evening, and give me a chance of proving my words, Mrs. D—?"

Yes, reader, Mrs. Jones could cook, and that was still another secret of Jones's happiness. She could cook, and was not ashamed to do so either. I do not say that her abilities as a cook were equal to those of a French *chef*, but she could, as Jones said, place a nice little dinner on the table for her husband every evening, all the year round. And had you sat there, I do not know which you would have admired the most, the well-laid, spotless cloth, with its bright silver and glass, and its flower-gemmed epergne, the flavour of the viands, the cool and pleasant looks of the wife, or the quiet content that dwelt on Jones's face.

You will observe I have used the adjective, "cool," in the last sentence. I did so on purpose, for, mark me, Mrs. Jones did not come in to dinner all of a flutter, and heated and anxious-like, and seat herself at the table. Jones would have been very much troubled indeed if she had done so; it would have quite taken away his appetite and spoiled his dinner. He would have felt as if a pint of cold water had been flung down his back, and

would not have had the heart to tell his wife all the news of the town in the cheerful and happy tones of voice she so dearly loved to hear. So the whole effect of the good cookery and the good dinner would have been lost or thrown away.

A dinner without pleasant conversation is no dinner at all, and a daily succession of such dinners is as sure to induce dyspepsia, and all its attendant evils, as intemperance in eating or drinking is.

Well, then, I think, for every reason in the world, all girls should learn to cook a wholesome dinner. I'm not going to give lessons in cookery, I do assure you, although I am vain enough to think I could give good advice even in that art; but I wish to record my impression that good cookery has a great deal more to do with the comfort, health, and happiness of a household than most people are aware of.

Variety and change of diet is to be studied; every month has its things in season; these should be used when in their prime; but, on the other hand, everything that happens to be in season should not be crammed on the table all at once. For health's sake, one joint for dinner, or two at most, are enough, with vegetables and pudding and sweets and fruit to follow. In small households, where only one servant or two are kept, soup may be healthfully dispensed with; and when there is fish it should be a fish dinner.

They say that there is a little cherub that sits up aloft to look after the life of poor Jack. In these days of almost mastless ships, I do not know where the cherub sits, unless on the top of the funnel, so he must be a terribly black cherub. But there is a terribly black cherub on shore in every family, who sits, not aloft, but down below, to look after the life of poor John, and that cherub is the kitchen range, and it cannot be too much studied nor too much thought of, if we would banish sickness and keep unhappiness away from the door.

I do pity from my very heart the girl who gets married before she has acquired the arts of plain cookery and housekeeping, and my heart bleeds for the young wife who has prepared and placed before her husband a dinner that is spoiled, and that she knows is spoiled. It must almost break her heart to see that husband trying to make the best of a bad job, and to laugh pleasantly at her attempts at cooking. Love is all-powerful I grant you. Love may prompt a man's teeth to get through a steak so tough that it might be used for gate hinges; but teeth may tire at last, and even love take flight.

"When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window." So runs the old saying. I do not believe a word of it.

"Poor and content is rich and rich enough," says William Shakespeare, and love can snap its fingers at poverty. But there are one or two things that love does not get fat upon, and tough meat is one of them; a badly boiled potato is another; so is mashy, olive-brown vegetables, half-raw fish, potted meats of any kind, smoked tea, or— But there, why should I bother my brain by raking up recollections of nasty-nasties? So just a word in conclusion. "Learn to cook," and if it ever be your lot to get married, may you be just as healthy and as happy as Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

