

The following examples will perhaps make the matter still plainer:—

C.	i.
Cries	Street: "New Oysters, new!"—"Selections from the works of Thomas Ravenscroft ( <i>Pam-melia</i> ), p. 3.
Children	Among my few blessings, I have always reckoned this, that every child in the world loves me. Amongst grown men I question whether there are five upon earth who do.— <i>Landor</i> : "Letter to Southey, quoted in <i>Forster's Life of Landor</i> ," i. 452.
Criticism	A principle which underlies all Goethe's critical writings is that of expatiating on the good and the positive, and of passing over in silence the defective or the mistaken, as if it were a nonentity—a mere negation.
Cries	Street: The Common Cries of London Town. "Popular Music of the Olden Time."— <i>Chappell</i> (vol. i.), 219.
Children	Talking nonsense to: "Queen's English."— <i>Alford</i> , p. 334, <i>et seq.</i>
Chinese	Character: "Philosophy of History."— <i>Hegel</i> , p. 144 (Bohn's Ed.)

Our remaining examples should, of course, be entered under the letters printed in the margin in italics.

*A—a.* Arabia not a land of song. That Arabia is a land of song is an agreeable delusion.—"Arabia," *Palgrave*, i. 310.

*A—e.* Affectation, Thoughts on.—"Critical Essays," *Foster*, i. 34.

*A—i.* Amiability: Truly, better is amiability than beauty.—"Four Ancient Books of Wales," *Skene*, p. 574.

*A—i.* Animals, Folk-lore of.—"Popular Tales from the Norse," *Dasent*, intro., p. 58, *et seq.*

*B—e.* Bells: Not used by Mohammedans.—"Thousand and One Nights," *Lane*, i. 429.

*B—e.* Beauty: An indication of high birth.—"Danish Ballads," *Prior*, i. 258, 261.

"Tell me . . .

Of what so noble race you're born  
To be so passing fair."

*B—e.* Beauty, Ideas of, in the Middle Ages.—"Ancient Danish Ballads," *Prior*, i. 255.

*B—i.* Bible, The Language of the. The language of our English Bible is not the language of 1611 (when it was translated), but the language which prevailed from time to time during the previous century. For the translators of the Authorised Version made use, when they could, of the version of the New Testament by Tyndale, of 1525.

*B—o.* Brother and Sister: Original meaning of *bhṛātṛ* seems to have been he who carries or assists; of *skusar*, she who pleases or consoles; *svasti* meaning in Sanscrit joy or happiness.

*E—i.* Epitaphs, Famous:

"Renowned Spenser, lie a little more nigh  
To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lie  
A little nearer Spenser, to make room  
For Shakespeare in your three-fold, four-  
fold tomb."

*Will. Basse, on Shakespeare.*

*F—o.* Flowers, Folklore of: Honey-suckle—Charm against evil.—"Tales of the West Highlands," *J. F. Campbell*, iv. 417. Ivy—Charm against fairies, iv. p. 342.

*L—i.* Life: Shall I not everywhere enjoy the light of the sun and stars? and may I not seek and contemplate, in every corner of the earth, under the canopy of heaven, consoling and delightful truth?—*Dante*. Quoted by Longfellow. Tr. of "Inferno," p. 200.

*L—i.* Life: The life of a Christian man is nothing but a readiness to die and a remembrance of death.—*Latimer*.

*S—o.* Sorrow:

"Oh, there is never sorrow of heart  
That shall lack a kindly end,  
If but to God we turn and ask  
Of Him to be our friend."

*Wordsworth*, "The Force of Prayer," p. 373.

*T—u.* Truth: All men wish to have truth on their side, but few to be on the side of truth.—"Aphorisms," *Whately*, p. 9.

*W—o.* Woman's reason: I have no other than a woman's reason—I think him so because I think him so.—*Shakespeare*, "Two Gentlemen of Verona," i. 2.

*Y—o.* Young, Characteristics of the: One of the discriminating characteristics of the young is that they are lovers of honour, and still more lovers of victory.—*Aristotle*, "Rhetoric."

Some letters, it will be found in practice, require more space than others, but the letters which are fullest will depend to a great extent on your own individuality. Everyone has some pet subjects, and these naturally will have most entries. As a rule, too, such letters as I, K, Q, X, Y, and Z will have rather an idle time of it, but all these things you are perhaps as well to discover for yourself.

In making your entries, a very important matter is the catchword. This should be the word representing the leading idea, the word, in fact, by which you would be most likely to refer to the entry again. For instance, if you were going to enter this article, it would go in a page devoted to *C—o*. "Commonplace Book, How to Keep a," *GIRL'S OWN PAPER*, vol. iii., p. 601. You would not think of placing it under "How"—of course not.

When two catchwords suggest themselves it is best to enter both in their respective places, giving the full entry in one case, and in the other only a cross-reference. Thus, in the above examples, we have an entry "Animals, Folklore of," and this should have a cross-reference, "Folklore of Animals—See Animals." The entry, "Birds, Folklore of"—if there were such an entry—should be treated in the same way, and "Brother and Sister" given above should have a cross-reference, "Sister and Brother—See Brother."

It is also a common plan to have a few general headings, for the purpose of grouping entries together, but the fewer of these general headings we have the better. Under the general heading of "Advice," for instance, we would place such a maxim of prudent counsel as—

"The mouse that always trusts to one poor  
hole

Can never be a mouse of any soul."

*Pope*, "Wife of Bath," 298.

A commonplace book is one of use only to the owner, and should never be so much as seen by other people. I remember hearing an eminent author say that in his will he had ordered all his commonplace books to be burned, perhaps for this reason chiefly, but also from a charitable wish that a whole army of critics might find employment in discovering with what old bones his genius had been manured.

Make the entries in your commonplace books whenever it suits you best. The great point is, once having adopted a system to stick to it. It is not a bad plan when reading a book to make a little pencil mark in the margin over against those things which you think are worth entering, and when the book is finished, write up your commonplace book before returning the book to the library or replacing it on your shelves. Other entries you are better to make at once in your notebook, transferring them at intervals from that to your commonplace book.

When once an entry is made, do not think you have done with it for ever. Turn over your commonplace book frequently, and every day will be found to add to its value and suggestiveness. By such means as this, girls, we become more useful members of society, and enjoy what is best worth enjoying—a vigorous, intellectual life.

JAMES MASON.

## WHEN I WAS A GIRL.

By FAIRLEIGH OWEN.



OFTEN wonder, looking back over the lapse of years, whether any of you who read this will be able to recall as many differences between these days and those of half a century, say, to come. It seems difficult to suppose so, for the introduction of railways has, of course, caused such marvellous changes in every way. Still, there is no knowing what the development of sciences, yet in their infancy (as so we are told) may do for the future. You may be sailing through the air in balloons, and conversing with absent friends by word of mouth across the Atlantic. None can tell.

But it is of minor matters I am thinking just now.

Say you want a light. You draw a match across the roughened side of a box; in a moment the candle, lamp, or gas is kindled, the match blown out, thrown away, and no more is thought about it. Nothing could be easier or quicker.

But fancy having to strike with a piece of flint upon a steel, shaped for your hand to hold, something like the handle of a small kettle. These you struck for some minutes, till the sparks which flew out fell upon a piece of tinder in a box below; then you puffed at the spark, holding to it a brimstone match till that ignited, and a flame was obtained. Then the lid of the little round tinder-box was popped down upon the tinder, and its smouldering sparks were quenched.

The tinder was made of a bit of old linen scorched for the purpose; the matches were thin strips of wood about four inches in length, pointed at each end, and dipped into yellow brimstone, which had a most repulsive smell in burning, and was apt to get down your throat and into your eyes, and set you coughing; while in unskilful hands the steel had a vicious habit of striking one's knuckles instead of the flint. Too often a draught from an opening door would extinguish the newly-lighted candle, when all the ceremony had to be gone through again.

Fancy all this, on a cold winter morning, before a light could be obtained.

But careful housewives, in order to obviate the necessity for "striking a light," were accustomed to burn a rushlight set in a contrivance especially adapted for it: a long tin cylinder pierced full of holes, whose ghostly shadow thrown upon walls and ceiling in the silent hours of the night will be among the familiar memories of my contemporaries when they were young.

I saw a tinder-box and steel the other day in a museum among the "curiosities," and I almost expected to see by their side the snuffers and snuffer-tray which were wont to hold the place of honour between the tall, silver candlesticks on every table. How

troublesome we should find it nowadays to interrupt our readings or work, every fifteen minutes or so, with a response to the constant request, "Please snuff the candles."

Tallow dips and rushlights were all the common use at that time. Waxlights, of course, for those who could afford them, and lamps, in which colza oil was burned, also very expensive and troublesome, for the manufacture of lamps was not carried to the perfection it is at present.

With the memories called up by the "nick-nick" of flint and steel, and the smell of the brimstone match, comes one which you, dear young readers, will, I am thankful to say, never see revived.

The cry of "sweep," uttered in a plaintive childish treble, in the snowy winter morning, the little bare feet pattering up the stairs, the almost baby form, half naked, thrust up the chimney, the choking tones replying to the hoarse shouts of the man's voice below; the little head thrust forth at the top, with rattle of the broom to give token of a completed ascent. These make up a picture, alas! so common as to call forth little comment and but a small amount of pity in those days.

But, girls, if you could now see, as I have seen, the bleeding little feet and elbows, soot-begrimed and frost-bitten, and heard the threats with which the poor children were urged on, when perhaps some faulty construction or unwonted obstacle in a flue caused them to falter; if you saw the half-famished mites, taken almost from their cradles to such a round of life—untaught, uncared for—what would you think of it? I daresay it would make your hearts ache, and give you bad dreams, as many a time it did to me, when I was a girl. People get used to things unfortunately, and to hear a helpless little sweep being sworn at by a brutal master, to know that the terrible cruelty of even lighting straw beneath them was no unusual practice, so to force them up a chimney—these things were such common matters then, the mass of the people did not think about them. Only the thoughtful few at last bestirred themselves and the practice was stopped.

Almost as painful, too, then, to a tender-hearted child was the sight of dogs harnessed by ropes to small carts filled with hearthstone, bathbrick, or salt, which were hawled from door to door.

No matter the size or breed of the animal, all were pressed into the service. Of course those most commonly used were the mongrel species, by nature wholly unfitted to the task. The creature's efforts to drag often a heavy load, with lolling tongue and starting eyes, its bony frame strained to the utmost, ill-fed and badly treated, made the spectacle a shocking one. I remember once seeing a man seated in one of these carts, and a couple of the willing brutes half breaking their hearts in accomplishing the feat of dragging the "superior being" who drove them.

I suppose it was the rejected ones of the race which then swarmed the streets in numbers you would not believe possible. There was no tax on dogs then, and anybody who chose kept one, or discarded it, how or when he pleased. Starving, mangy, diseased, they hunted in the gutters for food, fought over the offal, and lay about at corners, crushed out of shape by some accident in the roadway.

Distressful objects, only less so than the beggars, which were indeed plentiful in those days I speak of. Crippled, maimed, old, able-bodied and young, one met them at every turn. Also sailors, who had lost an arm or a leg—often both—in the wars, and who begged, sometimes silently, more often roaring lustily, as they pegged down the centre of the road on wooden legs, some sea song, such as—

"Cease, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer,  
List, ye landsmen all, to me,

Hear a poor, disabled sailor  
Tell the perils of the sea."

I do not vouch for the exactitude of the words. Numbers of black people, too, there were about then. A negro footman or coachman was quite the custom, and a black page boy the height of fashion. Indeed, one then met more "coloured people" in London than one does in the streets of New York to-day. Now the number is very few, and as servants they appear to be employed scarcely at all.

There were more street entertainers then. The organ-grinders were not common, but there were hurdy-gurdy boys, who carried white mice, and buy-a-broom girls, dressed in the costume of their native country, with their quaint caps and monotonous plaintive song. Jugglers were plentiful, who tossed balls, balanced plates on sword points, swallowed fire, and drew yards of coloured paper from their throats. Men, with pan pipes and tabor, led a bear by a chain, sometimes a monkey perched upon its back or head, clutching with its hands the bear's shaggy coat, while the unwieldy animal performed an absurd dance, as it was called.

The stilt dancers, too, were in great favour. They were rather startling, coming upon one suddenly looking in at a first-floor window. A girl and a boy generally dressed in the Highland costume, mounted upon tall stilts, and accompanied by a man with pipes and a drum, who looked sharply after the contributions of the spectators.

How we children admired them as they stalked too and fro, made believe to dance, and elevated one stilt high in the air, balancing on the other. I believe we envied them their accomplishments. We know now they were indeed subjects for pity, untaught, exposed to all the hardships of such a life, and unfitted for any useful calling in the future.

From our nursery window, too, objects were familiar which have long disappeared. The postman, with his scarlet coat, ringing a loud bell, as he strode down the street, carrying a brown leather-bag for the letters people hurried to the doors to give him. There were no stamps, no prepayment of letters then, as I have said. Then, the lamplighter, with a long ladder on his shoulder, and a lantern in his hand. How swiftly he ran up and down that ladder which was leaned against the small projecting arm attached to the lamp-posts! You might well wonder what it is placed there for, since the ladder is dispensed with, and the lamplighter goes his more leisurely rounds with his long wand. To "run like a lamplighter" was quite a proverb in those days.

What were the police about, you may ask, to permit the swarming of the streets with stray dogs and shameless impostors, as many of the beggars were known to be?

There were no policemen in those days. Lying awake, as was too much my habit as a little child, well do I recall the voice of the husky old watchman as he cried the hour beneath the window, "Past two o'clock and a rainy morning," or, "Twelve o'clock and a moonlight night." That was the formula by which he announced the hour and the state of the weather at the same time.

The watchman—old, weather-beaten, slow of movement, and heavy of foot—was the only guardian of the streets at that time. No wonder that robbery and law-breaking were carried on to a terrible extent. They wore huge, heavy, drab top-coats, carried a lantern, and their temporary abodes were small boxes similar to those used by the sentries, having a seat within and a hatch door, whence they issued at intervals to cry the hour and patrol the streets, and where I fear they might too often be found securely wrapped in slumber.

The streets were much dirtier, too, bad as we are accustomed to consider them now. Crossing sweepers drove a good trade, and were known

at their various posts as well as certain buildings. From year to year they were to be seen, and rumour credited more than one with dying possessed of a large fortune.

The wonder is how we got along at all in the mud with the foot-gear which was then worn. Thin, low shoes were general. The children's had straps, the elder people sandals. The soles were no thicker than those of ordinary house-slippers; boots were a later fashion, and those only of slight make, with cashmere tops, mostly coloured. They were called "Adelaides," and laced up at the sides. More recently the very old fashion of high heels was revived. These have been carried to such an absurd extent, we may hope for a reaction to a less dangerous and unhealthy style, though not to the thin sole and sandal slipper of half a century past. Certainly there were pattens. I wonder if by chance you have seen any of these—now almost obsolete! In some country places they still linger among the very ancient dames; but in the time when I was a girl the familiar click of the patten rings fell in harmony with the pattering of the rain upon the windows and the downpour from pipes and housetops into areas below. Most effectual in raising one out of the wet they must have been, when once the difficulty of walking in them was overcome. I cannot speak from experience, for before I was of an age to enter on such dignities the patten was almost superseded by the French clog, an ingenious contrivance as far as it went, which sometimes was not very far, as too often some buckle or strap would give way, compelling us to carry home the clogs, ourselves wet-footed.

But the elderly ladies stood by their pattens, with the stout strings and leather thongs over the foot, and the staunch iron rings beneath.

Well do I remember my aunt's maid sallying forth to fetch her mistress from some cosy tea-drinking, laden with the pattens and cloak, and carrying a horn lantern to light them on their way.

No gas, no cabs, no late shops open to make cheerful and bright the suburban side-walks. Visiting was a momentous matter in those days. We kept early hours, too, in the matter of rising and retiring.

Of course, it is in London that the changes speak of are most to be remarked. Fancy the Strand, where the Grand Hotel has just been opened, so narrow that two hackney coaches could only pass each other, the upper stories of the houses so overhanging that people could talk across from opposite windows. Fancy Trafalgar-square, its fountains and Nelson's column and lions all vanished, a high wooden hoarding surrounding the space, where the skeleton of a whale is being exhibited within a shed erected for the purpose.

People walked inside the whale. Among them was one very small child, holding by its father's hand. As they came out wondering, there is a stir in the street, and the words, "The king, the king!" are hastily repeated from mouth to mouth.

A carriage drives quickly along; soldiers ride before and after; their drawn swords and scarlet coats glitter and flash in the sun. A stout gentleman in a brown coat smiles and bows, as the people cheer and lift their hats.

You will laugh if I say that I believe the sky was bluer and the sun shone with greater warmth and persistency that day than it ever does now. Yet I remember our choicest wear was dainty muslin; we laid aside our merinoes and linseys in May without hesitation, and the wide Leghorn hats meant shade from real summer suns in June and July.

Without a doubt, among the many things which have changed for the better, there is one we cannot count. The old-fashioned winters we have had a renewal of lately, but the summers I knew when I was a girl—where are they?