

The perfect young lady will also be as particular about her dress when at home as when in company. One often hears it said, "It does not matter what we wear at home; anything will do." But it does matter. The texture of the dress need not be so expensive or the trimmings so elaborate as that worn in company, but the general aspect should be the same, and the wearer will always be more at ease when she is daily accustomed to be carefully dressed.

So far we have discoursed mainly on what the perfect young lady should be; now we will turn to what she should do.

One of her home duties is to take part in the entertainment of callers, guests, and visitors. The daughters of the house should help their mother on all occasions, and take her place without embarrassment when she is absent. When callers arrive, the young lady should come forward and join in the conversation; she should bestow her attention on those with whom her mother is not occupied. This same rule applies to behaviour to invited guests. The daughter of the house is expected to be pleasant and conversable to each and every one, and ready to accede to any expressed wish on their part. Acquiescence to play or sing, or to display any accomplishment, should be given readily; some young ladies show undue reluctance, and make so many excuses, and require so very much pressure and persuasion.

In speaking of entertainments of all kinds, I must give a word of advice. It sometimes happens that young ladies are eager to go to them, and yet have not a *chaperone* for every occasion. It is well to observe a certain amount of delicacy in asking to join others who may be going. If they are particular friends, well

and good; but some young ladies do not hesitate to ask this favour of comparative strangers. We were once surprised by a call from some young ladies whom we knew only by name, who came to ask to join our party to a public entertainment. This placed us in a great dilemma, for they were *very* imperfect young ladies, who always caused themselves to be talked about, and we did not wish to be responsible, or even to be considered as their friends.

A young lady whom I know was anxious this summer to go to a public tennis-ground some miles away, at which there were weekly contests which she found pleasure in watching. Each week she asked a family near her home to take her; she took her seat in their carriage, caring nothing for any inconvenience to which she might put others, and utterly disregarding the fact that they would invite her to join them if they wished for her company.

There are young ladies who borrow money from their friends. Now, the safest, and really the happiest, rule is to refrain from buying anything for which we have not the money in hand; but sometimes an allowance is over-run, and borrowing appears to be a necessity. Young ladies sometimes forget, or do not care, to pay back. No excuse will cover over this dereliction; whatever is borrowed—whether it be money or stamps, whether of great or small value—the strict rule of repayment should be observed. It is easy to slip and slide from one level to another, and I have known cases where young ladies have been utterly regardless about repayment. The same may be said about bills and debts. Much misery is often caused to work-women by careless, thoughtless young ladies, who delay giving payment for work done for them.

A MORNING AT THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.

BY A FORMER STUDENT.



THE clock strikes ten as we mount the steps of the School of Art; but we are not the first-comers, for when we are admitted into the hall a group of girls is standing round a table, on which lie three open books, in one of which each student must sign her name, together with the hour of her arrival and departure. As we are only spectators we need not stop here, but will follow a girl carrying a T-square

down-stairs into a large gloomy room, where in semi-darkness a few early students are hanging their hats and jackets on the pegs

assigned to them, each of which has a card beneath it bearing the name and school-number of its owner.

We are glad to leave this subterranean dressing-room, and climb the stairs to the top of the house, where the Elementary room is beginning to fill. One side is taken up by a row of windows, and the desks cross the room at right angles to them, so that the light falls over the left shoulder of each student. A blackboard on a raised dais shows where lectures in geometry, perspective, and kindred subjects are given; but this is not a lecture morning, so the casts that cover the walls of the room are being fastened to the rail above the desks, and boards are being put into position, with an accompanying hum of conversation, by the apron-clad damsels, who are now appearing in great numbers. A word about the aprons.

An apron is a recognised institution in a Ladies' School of Art, but the size and shape give ample scope to the taste of the wearer, and surely a greater variety it is impossible to imagine. Some few of the



THE ELEMENTARY ROOM.

size of a large pocket-handkerchief, with a pointed apology for a bib in front, are to be seen, but the general preference for large aprons shows that the female art-student is not altogether without a feminine regard to the condition of her dress. But look at the colours! There is an Indian-red apron tied with black strings, making its owner look even more ghastly than nature intended; there is a fine selection of Pompadours, in which the more startling contrasts of colour, and eccentricities of pattern, are prominent; and finally, there is every shade of brown holland; sometimes befrilled and adorned with lace, while in others the æsthetic taste of the wearer is satisfied by a bow of ribbon supposed to be suited to her complexion, and so placed that it is evidently for ornament rather than use.

While we have been looking round, the desks have been rapidly filling. The seats near the windows are occupied by the painters in water-colour from the flat. Next to them come those occupied in shading in chalk from the flat, while the darker ends of the desk are left to the beginners, who are struggling with free-hand copies. The adjoining room is given up to the drawers of models,—an easy group of cubes, bottles, &c.,

being placed in the middle, the artists arranged in a circle around it.

There is a considerable noise to be heard, and it is not lessened by the entrance of a bustling student who drops her board, catches her sleeve in her neighbour's mug of water and overturns it, then, while apologising loudly for the accident, whisks her other neighbour's india-rubber into a distant corner. She, however, is much easier to endure than the student who enters the room slowly, having opened the door very wide, and made every one think the governess was coming, and then moves to a seat near the window, upsetting the copy of each student on her left hand, and ruffling the hair of every one on her right, finally taking her place with a self-satisfied expression, ignoring the fact that something else besides hair has been ruffled during her stately progress.

Suddenly there is a hush; it is half-past ten, and the governess enters, and goes steadily up and down desks for the greater part of an hour, during which silence and industry prevail.

When she leaves the room there is a slight pause; and then requests for assistance in matching a green, for the loan of a knife, or the passing of the box over which the pencils must be cut (for neatness itself is the ruling power in the School of Art), become audible. Presently a conversation that is not about pencils, or any kindred subject, begins, and as the laughter grows louder, the monitress, a gentle girl seated at an easel in the corner by the window, looks nervously in the direction whence the sound comes, and finally moves towards the three culprits, and tells them, what they knew perfectly well before, that talking is not allowed. One of the three, who knows by experience how patient the monitress is with the dull ones who attend her geometry lectures, is silent, and betakes herself to her drawing; the



IN THE LIFE ROOM.

other two, though lowering their tone for a time, soon become more noisy than ever. The mistress looks despairing, till a neighbour of the rebels says a few words which have a marvellous effect, and they betake themselves to making caricatures of their reprover, an employment that, being carried on silently, gives infinite relief to the mistress, who looks gratefully at her ally.

But we have stayed long enough in the Elementary room—let us descend one flight of stairs to the Elementary Figure room.

A more artistic air prevails here. Easels have taken the place of desks, and casts of antique sculpture are the models. All are busily at work when the door opens gently, and a girl glides in and whispers to another. There is a general fixity of attention on the work in hand, for the errand of the new-comer is well known. She is one of the class—happily not a large one—who live upon other people. She never buys chalk, charcoal, drawing-pins, or any of the little etceteras she needs, and scarcely ever paper. She borrows from one and another, and never returns the loan. Her principal harvest is among new girls who do not know her character. Indeed, should a girl have a conscience that will not allow her to say that she has not the article wanted when she has, or a delicacy of feeling that will not permit her to refuse an asked favour, she will find her expenditure in the necessaries of art, if they may so be called, very nearly doubled.

It is too late for the governess's morning visit, so the students begin to gather round the fire to warm their chilled fingers, and a general buzz of conversation



SIGNING THE BOOK.



"THE CRITICISM SEEMS TO BE FAVOURABLE."

is to be heard. They have been a little too hasty in their conclusion, for the appearance of the governess sends half a dozen girls flying to their easels; one takes up her bag and leaves the room; very few have the strength of mind to go on warming their hands.

At half-past twelve the students pour down the staircase from all the rooms, the icy air from the open windows driving out the few who are stopping "just to finish this bit," so that we must see the Painting room without the students. Here are studies of fruit, flowers, and game, in oil and water-colour, all showing care, many of them considerable talent. Certainly there is much more to be seen here than upstairs, only the artists are gone, and the room would be empty if a girl had not invited a friend from the Figure room to criticise her work. The criticism seems to be favourable, for both artist and critic look very well satisfied.

Outside the door is a group of girls waiting to speak to the governess, whose sanctum adjoins the Painting room. Here copies are given out, paper is supplied, and much minor business is transacted; but there seems to be some awe at entering the precincts, judging from the remarks we hear: "Get me some paper when you get yours," "You go in first," "Come in with me," &c. &c.

Down-stairs is a very large room—the Life room—so called because a live model sits there for the head students. To get into this room is the great object of ambition to the whole of the elementary divisions; and

a student is much congratulated and envied when the governess gives her leave to draw in the Life room two days a week. Not that she will attempt the model for a long time, but to be permitted to pass freely in and out of those swinging doors without a feeling of alarm lest she should be caught; to be able to give the latest information regarding the black man with the leopard-skin round his shoulders, or the pale young woman with violet eyes, about whose beauty the *élite* rave, though the "common herd," as far as they dare express an opinion, think her rather plain, is in itself delightful.

There is a window in the staircase that overlooks this room, and much amusement used to be got from it by the passers up and down the stairs. But the authorities, finding orders that no one was to look through the window ineffectual, have so arranged a high screen that the model is only visible to persons within.

But we are lingering behind. Let us hasten after the students whose voices tell us they are down-

stairs. In an apartment adjoining the dressing-room are gathered a large number seated at long tables, eating the lunch they have either brought with them or obtained from the kitchen. Round the fire is a crowd of girls eagerly watching various saucepans and kettles of a Lilliputian type, in which their own particular cookery is going on, while a second row is scarcely less anxious that room may be made for their culinary apparatus.

In the dressing-room, the girls who cannot find space in the lunch room are seated on boxes, while a few are straining their paper by the window.

One thing strikes us, and that is the great prevalence of eye-glasses and spectacles among the students. Either drawing must be bad for the sight, or the rising generation must have indifferent eyes; perhaps both these causes have something to do with it.

At the sound of a gong at one o'clock there is a general bustle, and as the students stream up-stairs to work again till three o'clock, we must take our leave of the School of Art.

TALKS WITH MY PATIENTS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

MY RECKLESS PATIENT.



T may be said that, though intended to convey many useful lessons, and strike not a few warning notes against the folly of abjuring all allegiance to the ordinary laws of health, the case I have chosen with these ends in view is rather an extreme one. I do not deny it.

It has the merit, however, of having been painted from the life, and, I am sorry to add, from the death, and it is one that has made a deep and lasting impression on my own mind, accustomed though I am to view sickness and misery in every form, and death in every phase. Moreover, the patient, long before he really was a patient, was a personal friend of my own, one at whose house I was always a welcome guest when I paid a visit to the Highlands of Scotland, on a shooting or fishing, or merely a reading excursion.

It is almost needless to say that I shall give neither the correct name of my patient nor the name of his residence. Let me call the former McBride, and his home the House o' Dunroon.

You should have seen him as I saw him first, when his feet were brushing the dew from his native heather, and you would have admitted that a better specimen of the genus Scot was seldom to be met with. Tall, brawny, bold, and handsome, his face open and manly, his figure firm and elastic, light in tread and soldierly in carriage, he looked like a man who might—bar accident—live to ninety and over. His age was about

forty, although his immense beard was already tinged with grey, doubtless from exposure in the hills to all kinds of weather.

It was an early summer morning, the tops of all the mountains were still buried in cloudland, though by-and-by the mist would lift and we might then have more sun than we wanted, for we were bent upon a fishing expedition to Loch E—.

McBride came of a long line of good men and true, men who had made their mark in the proud history of their country, men who had been always soldiers and never anything else when they had the chance, and who had distinguished themselves on every well-fought battle-field in their day and generation. As for McBride himself, soldiering had not been his profession, for the simple reason that the estate had devolved on him, and he had stayed at home to attend to it. But he was first in the country at all field and athletic sports; there was not a child within a radius of fifty miles that had not heard of McBride of Dunroon; and both old men and young in the district had many wonderful tales to tell you, had you chosen to listen, of the exploits and doings of this scion of chieftains.

We had a seven-mile walk before us on this particular morning, but as interesting conversation lightens the road when people are walking, I had only to draw McBride out a little to make the time pass quickly enough. I got him—though he was no man to boast—to talk about his ancestors, and of their relations with neighbouring clans and other great Highland families, and so the loch hove in sight ere I could have averred we had walked a couple of miles.