



ALISON LAURENCE was one of the girls at Vitrie's studio.

A little, pale thing, with dark, wistful eyes, and hair that hung like a dusky cloud over a broad white brow.

No one knew much about her private life. She gave her address at 9 Ayner's Street, but she made few friends, none intimate enough to visit her.

Vitrie was always fond of her. He treated most of his pupils with a sort of contemptuous

pity, and scoffed at their work in such a way, that the feeble were soon disheartened, and only the strong and persevering remained.

Vitrie's studio was a good example of the "survival of the fittest." He was apt to be hard, and sometimes almost cruel.

"You cannot paint—you will never paint," he would say briefly, to some anxious girl, who had thought she had a great gift that way. Vitrie spoke the bare unvarnished truth. But Alison he always treated with respect, and, as far as in him lay, with gentleness.

"She has genius," he would sometimes say, as he stood over her, watching her work.

Little, and delicate as she looked, she came to the studio in all weathers, and stood for hours, painting at her easel, in perfect silence: painting not only with hands and eyes, but with all her soul. Now and then, Vitrie would ask her if she were not tired, and push a chair towards her, and then she always looked at him gratefully, with her sad, dark eyes, and that little, faint shadow of a smile she kept for him alone, and said, "No, thank you."

Vitrie got into the way of seeing her home in the evenings; he said the streets through which she had to pass were not fit for a young girl to walk down alone late in the day; but he always left her at the door of No. 9; and she never asked him in.

One snowy night in December, when the short day's work was over, Vitrie was sitting at ease in his little smoking-room; he lived in rooms opening out of the studio, attended by an elderly housekeeper, who cooked, and did the housework for him.

He heard light, hurried steps coming across the studio, and a knock came at his door.

"Come in," he said, and there stood before him the little figure of his favourite pupil, her eyes fixed on him with an expression of terror and misery he could not bear to see. He threw down his cigar, and sprang up.

"Mr. Vitrie," she said in a low tone, and quickly, "I have come to say 'Good-bye.' I am leaving London to-night—for years—perhaps for always, and I could not go without seeing you again—" She broke down, and Vitrie strode towards her, and seized her hands.

"What is the reason?" he demanded roughly.

"I cannot tell—I promised"—gasped the poor girl.

"My little one," Vitrie's voice was low and pleading now. "My best pupil—you will not leave me like this—you are in trouble—I am your friend—tell me."

"No, no. Oh, Mr. Vitrie, let me go—say 'Good-bye!'"

"My darling, how can I? Don't you know—have you never known that I love you—you, yourself, apart from your work, ever since you came to the studio. I think you bewitched me with your quiet, gentle ways, and your courage and perseverance. Alison, trust me, I love you—tell me what this means."

"You love me?" she said softly, "oh, thank God—I never thought—I never dared to dream—if you love me, then let me go—if you love me."

Vitrie freed her and stood watching, as if turned to stone, as she went out into the winter's night without once glancing back.

Next morning early Vitrie called at 9 Ayner's Street, and learnt from the voluble landlady, that Miss Laurence had lived there with a drunken old father, and that last night they had both left secretly, but the week's rent had been found on the table; and the police had been inquiring after Mr. Laurence, but he had left no trace of his destination. More than this Vitrie could not find out. But he understood enough. He knew that Alison was a girl who would be likely to cleave to her father in his disgrace and misery, and fly with him, striving always to protect him, and keep him from falling lower.

Then Vitrie went back to the studio to work as usual, but there was something in his face that morning that made the usually noisy young pupils as quiet as if a sudden

death had occurred amongst them. As the morning wore on, and the easel of the master's favourite pupil stood with the unfinished painting, and no little figure hard at work there, the students began to whisper amongst themselves, and Vitrie caught the words, "Miss Laurence." Then he spoke, low, but so that all could hear him. "Miss Laurence is gone," he said.

"Gone!" reiterated the students, "gone for good?"

"For good," Vitrie answered, and none durst ask another question.

He went the round of his pupils as usual, but he never once glanced at the silent easel with the unfinished painting.

Only in the evening, when all had gone, and twilight was creeping on, one of the students came back to fetch some forgotten gloves, and there saw Vitrie standing in the dim solitude, his head bent on his arms which were clasping the deserted easel.

Whereupon that student crept away in reverent silence, and in tears.

It was a December evening three years later. Work was over, the students gone, and dusky twilight lay on the studio, making the easels, and lay figures, and draperies, and quaint pots and jars look dim and strange. Vitrie sighed, as he cast a glance round the deserted studio.

He looked older and sadder than formerly, and his hair was getting very grey.

Suddenly there was a knock, and the great door opened, and he could discern in the dimness a little well-remembered figure; the pale clear face raised towards him with great, dark eyes fixed on him, half frightened, half longing.

"Mr. Vitrie," said a clear girl's voice, "I have come back to explain, but perhaps"—with a piteous break in the voice, for Vitrie gazed speechless as at a ghost, "you have forgotten about me—it is long ago, I know—"

"Forgotten!" cried the painter fiercely, and then the little figure was clasped in his arms, and nestled to his heart.

"It was my father," she said at last, "he was getting old, I could not leave him in his trouble—he had no one but me—but he did very wrong, I will tell you—but you must not be hard on him, he is dead—"

"My little one, my little lost bird, come back to me," said Vitrie, in a voice none of the students would have recognised, it was so thrilling and tender.

"You need not explain if it hurts you; I know a little, I can guess the rest, and you have come home—I am satisfied."

VANDA.

LIVING IN LODGINGS.

By JOSEPHA CRANE.

PART I.

THAT the young and unprotected female should live in lodgings by herself at first sight seems very unsuitable. Mrs. Grundy says emphatically that it can't be done, but necessity, which knows no law, is often obliged flatly to contradict her. There are very many reasons why this should be the case, though I am not prepared to enumerate all of them, simply because those reasons vary according to different circumstances. However, I will touch upon a few which determine a girl to take this course.

In these enlightened days, most girls want

to work, girls at least who have any "grit," as our American cousins would say, in them, and whether it be philanthropy, art, or the purpose of earning money, which makes them take wing from the old nest, or whether they are practically alone in the world and have no nest to leave, it matters little—the result is pretty much the same. Towns, usually big ones like London, etc., are constantly the centres of attraction to them, simply because there the ways and means for attaining their desire are easy, and training in all kind of arts and crafts is to be had cheaply.

The girl who thus launches forth into the world may not be or desire to be affiliated in

any way with any community of workers, under whose roof she could shelter herself. A flat may possess no charms for her, and if her purse is small, she may not be able to meet the expenses of a good boarding-house. A cheap one she shudders from, as also she does the idea of "boarding" with an impecunious family, where, if she be hungry, a second helping will be regarded as greediness, and the shifts and the contrivances to make ends meet cause her constant vexation.

Another reason—she wants liberty. This girl is by no means fast, or advanced, as to the position of women, but she wishes for freedom which cannot so well be obtained

unless she live alone. By this I mean a freedom which is natural and right, and to some people a very necessity.

In a boarding-house or family, for instance, unless able to pay for a private sitting-room, it is well-nigh impossible to see friends who come to visit her and not the people with whom she is boarding. Or, she may have to see people on business connected with her work, and not be able to do so in the privacy which is desirable and sometimes absolutely necessary. Consequently for these or other reasons, the girl I have in my mind decides to take lodgings simple or grand, according to her means.

Now to this young damsel, or others who may desire to do the like, I offer a few words of advice, drawn from the wells of experience, and likely to be of use possibly to some who are either reckless and foolhardy, or nervous and timid, or—there is the third class—ignorant, and consequently, often inevitably, foolish.

As the body ranks second to the soul, I will here touch upon the moral aspect of the question, supposing my girl to live from choice or necessity alone in lodgings, I will say in or near a big town—London for example. If you are alone and desire to maintain your self-respect, and to live *sans peur et sans reproche*, you must have some common-sense and use it. The latter will guide you in the choice of rooms to secure a thoroughly respectable house. Now I do not wish to alarm you needlessly, but I do desire to warn you, and in all cases—I make no exception—you should ascertain the character of the owners, and make sure if there are many lodgers and of what kind they are. A girl ignorant of London might find herself in very objectionable quarters, did she not make due inquiries of the kind. If there are several or any gentlemen-lodgers besides yourself, it would be better for you to look for rooms where there were only ladies, or married couples, etc. Should you, however, be obliged to live in a house where there are gentlemen lodging as well, beyond a slight bow of acknowledgment if they open a door for you or render any passing act of courtesy, it is better for you to have absolutely nothing to say to them. And—though I don't want you to be prudish or silly, unless burglars are burgling, or the house is on fire, or something equally out of the common way happens—you should never go to their sitting-room or permit them to come to yours. If pretexts are made of bringing up a letter, etc., etc., you can simply and politely show that you do not encourage such attentions if they necessitate coming to your door.

Living alone you are bound to be more than ever careful even about these apparently minor matters, and not from thoughtlessness be among those whom I have classed as the ignorant and foolish. Those who are reckless and foolhardy, just take any rooms haphazard without stopping to inquire into the matters mentioned above, and the neglect of this precaution often causes them to suffer annoyance, in the long run, to say the least of it.

To the nervous and timid girl, however, with whose fears I have deep sympathy, I would say, that, given the fact that you choose your rooms carefully and are in a quiet house, there is nothing to alarm you. Take care of yourself and you will be safe, and if you are quiet and sensible you will be as much protected by your own dignity as if you were under the wing of the best Mrs. Grundy ever known as chaperon. Unless it be your relations, do not have gentlemen-visitors at all. If your business, as in some cases is likely, necessitates your having to interview men, it is better for you to go to their office or studio, and if they come to you, to ensure the visit taking place in the day-time.

Now as to the actual circumstances of your living alone. There are advantages and there

are drawbacks. The advantages:—You can study better, and give yourself up to your work more fully than if you are obliged to consider others, their hours and their company.

You can—if economy is an object—economise in many ways, quite impracticable under other circumstances; you can see your friends with more facility than you could if obliged always to see them in the presence of others; for, in the natural course of things you cannot have any but your very *intimes* in your bedrooms.

The drawbacks:—Well, there are very many. But they need not dismay the timid, nor frighten the nervous. "Forewarned," as you know, is "forearmed," and as a sensible girl, you won't take a discount off the advantages of your solitary life, if I as your friend point out its snares.

In living alone you are your own mistress. True, you have to be guided by the will or caprice of the landlady who legislates for you, when it will be "handy" for her to give you your meals. And you cannot command all the attendance you would under other circumstances require. But for all that you are—really and truly—free in a way never attainable elsewhere.

So you must take care of yourself, and see that though that art or work for the sake of which you elected to live this life prospers, that it does not do so at the expense of your own higher life deteriorating. How can it do this?

In answer to that query, I would say that in family life there are many and various means by which the individual character is perfected, if it wills to be so, be it noted, for circumstances by themselves do not alter people for the better. Often they affect them for the worse if grace be not a handmaid.

At home, the chaff and the banter are all so much to the good for the rounding of angles, for the establishment of friendly footing, for the encouragement of a kind of spirit which discerns the playful words to mean only what they seem, and no more. All tricks vanish under fire of the close observation of quick-sighted brothers and sisters, who remark with the frankness of their kind on any such peculiarities that they observe. And these things are in themselves most valuable. For when you "see yourselves as others see you," you are often astounded at the amount of light this imparts to you, and you often cannot get over the humiliating fact that you were peculiar, or odd, or the victim of tricks without knowing it.

And these tricks are not got rid of quickly. There are tricks of speech, bad grammar, ugly expressions, slipshod English, etc., which all pass unnoticed—at least unremarked upon—unless our own kith and kin are there to proclaim the fact. Then there are tricks of manner. A girl sits down in a peculiar way with her skirts drawn ungracefully tight over her knees; she winks and makes faces without being aware of so doing; she hesitates and stammers; she rubs her head or pulls her nose, or twitches her mouth, or plays a tune with her fingers, or swings her foot, or picks her fingers, or is very absent, or interrupts talkers, or laughs and talks too loudly, or slams doors, walks noisily, or does these and a hundred other things without let or hindrance when there is no one to correct her.

So, be on your guard. And be wary and do not acquire one or any of the aforementioned tricks, or any of the many not here indicated.

When you live alone, unless you are careful you are very apt to get selfish. In family life there are always others to be considered, and the verbs bear and forbear to be continually conjugated. But when alone there is an absence of all this, and there is the danger of being too much concentrated on No. 1. Of course, there are the outside interests of work

or study, but as far as people are concerned do not get self-contained. If, as your circumstances dictate, you are freed from the ties, iron or golden, as they may be, of home-life, yet try and be in touch with humanity, and human things. Keep your eyes open and ask Almighty God to let you have:—

"A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise."

If you do this you will soon find something to do in the way of showing kindness and interest in your fellow-creatures. If you have no friends or acquaintances needing anything, you will, if on the look-out, find someone to be good to. Some poor child or servant—perhaps the maid-of-all-work in your own lodgings—or others to whom you can say a kind word, to whom you can do a kindly act, for Christ's sake.

Think of others as well as yourself, for in a life of solitude there is the danger of thinking self, and the interests surrounding self, of paramount importance, and letting others be, to a greater or lesser extent, forgotten.

As you have to take your meals alone you must be careful to maintain those gentle ways to which you are accustomed at home.

However poor the arrangements are, and simple your food, partake of it like a lady. Do not use your own knife in helping yourself to more butter, but use the butter-knife, even if that be not a silver, or even plated article, but a long steel knife, ground down to being short and serviceable only for butter. Sit down to your meals, and do not take them at intervals, when walking up and down the room. "Eat at your own table," says Confucius, "as if you were at the table of a king." Observe as much decorum before your simple meal as if in company, though you cannot demand as much, or any state. All these things will help you to the maintenance of that refinement which every good girl would desire to cultivate if she possess it, to acquire if she have it not. Another advantage is, that habit is not easily broken. Indeed, we all know that the old proverb, "Habit is second nature," is very hard to break. If you, in the solitude of your lodgings indulge—if it be indulgence—in untidy ways, queer tricks and slovenly manners, rest assured such will follow you when you are away. When on a visit in a pleasant, well-appointed country house, or lunching or dining with your friends in Mayfair, you will, if accustomed to untidy and queer habits in your little lodgings, feel extremely self-conscious, or—and I do not know which extreme is the worst—be ignorant of the solecisms you commit, simply from having been careless and untidy in your everyday life. As I am on the subject of food—meals rather—let me urge upon you to have good food. Not by any means costly living or extravagant dishes. But good, wholesome food, that which you know agrees with you the best, and which you can have cheaply if you are thoughtful and not wasteful.

I think it was Shirley Brooks who said that if a woman lived alone she took usually tea and ate something out of a cupboard, and that is not at all so far from the track as some people might imagine. The health of many a girl who lives alone deteriorates very much; she becomes anæmic, or has other kindred ills, the fruits of being run down, all caused, if the truth were known, of her inattention to food. Now I do not mean to advocate slavery to fixed hours, when such bondage would materially interfere with your work, but I do deprecate long fasts needlessly undergone, and the bad choice of food. If you have to be out for a great many hours, and cannot return for the meals you usually take, then make a point of having some food out. Take sandwiches with you if you like to do so, and this is important where you are uncertain about getting some

small meal. If you know you can get the latter, then get it. The many new dépôts all over London make such refreshments easy to obtain, and a cup of good chocolate or cocoa, coffee or tea with any light accompaniment you may select will repair the waste and give you fresh fuel for your day's labour.

It is all very well for you to tell me you can go for eight hours or more without food, but if you are working, walking, or travelling, it is bad for you, though you may not discover that fact for yourselves until you are ill and you have to pay a doctor and chemist's bill in a lump, instead of having spent that money or less in small sums for little meals very necessary, and by no means to be classed under the head of luxuries.

Another very great evil which results from not taking enough food must be touched upon here. As I have already said, insufficient nourishment brings bodily weakness in its train, neuralgia, etc. When pain comes or you are very tired and depressed perhaps, often distaste for ordinary food is the result, and then?

Cannot you answer that question for yourselves? If you cannot, then let me in all friendliness do it for you, and tell you that many a drunkard—yes, do not shrink from the truth—has begun the terrible path downwards leading to moral and temporal ruin by taking stimulants to allay pain which might possibly have been warded off by regular habits of simple wholesome meals, or to get the filipp that stimulants undoubtedly give in times of depression.

Now don't misunderstand me. I am not a teetotaler. So far as I know I never shall be one. I give all honour, for it is due to all those who, feeling the taking of alcohol in any shape or form to be a temptation to themselves, give it up because they cannot be temperate, and must exceed if they use at all one of God's good gifts, and I respect those who, for Christ's sake, are willing to give up what is to them no occasion of falling, but a luxury, because by so doing they can help their weak brother.

You may say there is no danger to you. I hope there is not. Only—prevention is better than cure, and if you provide yourself with good food and take it as regularly as you can, you will arm yourself against that which has been and is a temptation, nay, an occasion of ruin to hundreds and thousands of your sex.

To be on the alert and to watch against your foes only argues a possession of common sense, not by any means an inclination to side with the enemy. Then, too, if you do take stimulants, make it a rule only to do so with your meals. This is most important. When tired and depressed, if you can afford wine or stimulants of any kind, it is often to many people a temptation to take it in between meals or whenever they are "down." There are many reasons for this. One is that it is so very convenient. If you are in lodgings where there is much work and few domestics to meet it, you may in your charity not like to summon the tired servant to give you a cup of tea or coffee or make you some substitute for beef tea, such as is found in the many preparations so much advertised. Consequently you take a glass of claret and a biscuit. In your case you may never exceed moderation; in others it is the beginning of a habit which often has fatal consequences to the health of mind, soul, and body. Another warning. Do not take stimulants to work upon. It is false strength and will do you no good. If you find them beneficial to your health, take them with your meals after your labours, whether mental or physical, are over. Then, if taken in strict moderation, they may do you good.

But if you are very busy, and as I have said you do not like ringing up the servant to give you other refreshment than that you can so easily obtain from stimulants, what are you to do?

Take the trouble of finding out what best suits you as a filip or restorative. Milk, soda and milk, milk with the yolk of an egg beaten up in it, is quickly prepared and can be kept in your room if that is cool. Even if kept downstairs and you have to ask for it, that is very little trouble.

If, however, you prefer tea or cocoa, or Liebig, etc., be independent and prepare it yourself. Have a small spirit-lamp and kettle for use when you have not got your sitting-room fire burning. Do not let it go downstairs at all, but keep it in your own possession and clean it yourself. A china Hobbs' teainfuser, which costs about eighteenpence, is invaluable in lodgings, as with it a breakfast-cupful of good tea can be made with boiling water, and the necessity of a teapot be done away with. This small article consists of a perforated receptacle for a spoonful of tea, which is put in when the cup is full of boiling water. It is then covered for three minutes

with the saucer which goes with it, and when that is removed, the top containing the tea is placed upon it. This with condensed milk makes you independent of servants, and your kettle can give you water at any time for beef-tea, etc. If these things are more troublesome than stimulants, it is worth taking the trouble.

It may be said that all these warnings about stimulants could apply equally well to those who do not live alone. So they may, but they are more than ever applicable to those who are alone, because the very fact of their solitude brings with it circumstances which render the liability of abusing instead of using stimulants very much more likely.

Some people get depressed when alone, and these had better never elect to live this kind of life unless very sheer necessity obliges it. But if they are obliged to do it, then they need to be more than ever careful.

Another circumstance is that there is no one to give them a hint or to regulate the quantity they take.

Many people who live alone get to be very slovenly in dress. This is to be guarded against. If you have many visitors, or few, or none at all, be as neat and tidy as you possibly can, for untidiness, like all bad habits, is not easily broken. If your evenings are usually spent indoors, it is a good plan to keep an old dress to get into, in which you can lie down if you are tired or sit over the fire in. It will save your walking-clothes, and the change of dress will in itself be a refreshment.

Now to turn to the lodgings themselves.

The girl who wants to live alone for the purpose of work or study has usually not a very long purse, and consequently I shall bear that in mind as I offer you a few hints about choice of rooms.

Having already touched upon the question of a respectable and quiet house being strongly advisable, I will say no more on that most important subject.

Upstairs rooms are more cheerful than those downstairs, and brightness of aspect is always to be aimed at, more particularly for the sitting-room. The higher up, in fact, that you go, the healthier will your rooms be, only if your sitting-room is very high up, you must remember that unless there are more servants than one that your chance of much attendance is small.

(To be concluded.)

UNIVERSITY DEGREES FOR WOMEN: THEIR HISTORY AND VALUE.

By KATHARINE ST. JOHN CONWAY.



UCH has happened since 1856 when Miss White startled the great men of the London University by her application to be allowed to enter for a medical degree. We have no actual record of the scene in the Senate House,

but tradition has it that it was of the stormiest kind, and that the one or two brave Senators who dared to support the application were practically compelled to recede from their position.

In the end a legal opinion was taken, and after many wigs, big and small, had met in its solemn conclave, it was declared "Impossible under the Charter," and the enemies of the Higher Education for Women rested in the

fond belief that their peace was finally secured.

But in 1862, Miss Garrett, now Mrs. Garrett-Anderson, M.D., and head of the Women's Medical College in Handel Street, London, had the temerity to bring the whole matter up again by an application similar to that presented by Miss White. When she was met with a refusal on the ground of the Charter, her friends were ready with a memorial addressed to the University, praying that the Charter might be altered.

In the debate on the matter in the Senate, Mr. Grote advocated the women's claim so ably, that a resolution instructing the Senate to endeavour to gain the admission of women to the examinations was only lost by the Chancellor's casting vote.

Cambridge and Oxford were then appealed to, and, after much persuasion, sanctioned the printing of extra papers for girls in the local

examinations, which had hitherto been only open to boys. This may seem only a slight gain in itself, but it had the effect of revolutionising the education given to girls in our Middle Class Schools, and was the indirect cause of the starting of the Girls' Public Day School Company in 1871.

Following up the attack upon the two older universities, six women began to study together in a small house at Hitchin, near Cambridge, and after much trouble obtained "extra papers" for the "Previous" or "Little Go" examination, which is the first step to a degree. They were entirely dependent upon the kindness of the examiners for their knowledge of the results of their efforts, but they succeeded in the work they had undertaken, and in 1873 were allowed the use of the papers for the Tripos (or the Honours Degree) on the same lines.

By this means, in 1880, Miss Scott received

LIVING IN LODGINGS.

By JOSEPHA CRANE.

PART II.



N engaging rooms you must remember that when you are told a price per week you would do well to inquire precisely what that sum covers.

Many a one who does not do that is filled with astonishment when the first

week's bill is handed in to find many items charged, which they fancied were included in the sum named. Some of these are as follows—

Boot-cleaning, attendance, kitchen-fire, light in sitting- and bed-room, hall gas, washing of table-linen, bed-linen, blinds, curtains, etc.; cruet (meaning salt, pepper), etc.

Now if you are bent on not spending more than is really necessary, you will find it far better to arrange with the landlady for one fixed sum, to include all the above items.

As for fire in your sitting-room, that is also usually best paid for at so much per week—not so much a scuttle.

In making your bargain remember that your plans and needs must be taken into consideration. If, for example, you are out all day and your fire can be kept in with a block, you should pay less than if you were likely to be in part, if not most of the day, and desiring a cheerful fire to sit by.

If you wish for late dinners, you will nearly always be asked more rent; and in engaging rooms you should always state if you dine early or late. The former, be it known, suits nine landladies out of ten, and though you may not like it so well, you may be obliged to yield for the sake of economy. If, however, you have little money and so cannot afford to indulge your whims, yet you can make your supper really your chief meal, if you can put up with cold things accompanied by a cup of hot cocoa or something of the kind, always possible with the busiest of landladies. Another matter which affects the fire, etc., and consequently your payments, is your bath.

I hope, by the way, that you take one, not occasionally, or weekly, but daily.

It is a necessity and luxury too, for all lovers of their tub would, I think, agree with me in considering it the latter, and also say that they would sooner economise in some other respect and have that which tends to health and beauty. Yes, beauty! For to be in health means to look nice, and a skin kept in a good state by frequent cleansing looks better than the skin to which many cosmetics and lotions are applied.

But if you take a bath you had better state the fact to the landlady, ascertaining precisely if there is a bath-room in the house, and when you can use it, and if not when you can have water in your own room.

If you want hot water you must be prepared to hear that you must pay for it accordingly, as sometimes your requirements in that respect means that fire has to be kept up for that purpose, when otherwise it would be allowed to go out, and besides that, the landlady accustomed to people who do not conjugate the verb "to bathe"—and they are many—may think your request peculiar, and hesitate about the trouble it causes to her or her servants. Servant, I may say, for in small lodgings of low rent, more than one domestic is rarely kept.

However, if you take my advice, you will look upon your tub as a necessity, and deny yourself a new dress, or some small luxury so as to be able to pay for it, and also to give the servant an extra tip for whatever trouble it causes her in bringing up and taking away water.

As to the latter, you do not need such a very great deal; and if you are wise you will provide yourself with a travelling bath large enough for comfort and yet not so big that the can of hot water is lost in it.

These baths can be had very inexpensively when the cost is contrasted with the comfort they provide, and for travelling-purposes they serve instead of a trunk. If, by the way, you take your travelling-bath when away for your holiday abroad, and wish very often to use it when you are staying only one night in a place, you will find it more convenient if you have your arrangements such that the bath need not be fully unpacked. You can have a linen bag to fit the bath closely and draw together over its contents with a running string; this can be packed and lifted out *in toto*, when you want the use of the bath, and replaced when the latter is done with.

I have known of people who had a wicker-basket made to fit the inside of the bath, and that when packed was lifted out and replaced when the bath was not wanted.

If your occupation is such as to require quiet, you must inquire in taking your rooms what noises there are; musical instruments—babies are the chief disturbers of peace. If you are delicate and not a good sleeper, inquire what noise there is at night. I write feelingly on this subject, as I have known what it was to be kept awake through most of the night with professional musicians singing and playing, or else noise caused by the members of the household coming in late and being quite regardless of the amount of noise made.

If you live in lodgings for any length of time, you can beautify even the ugliest rooms and the dingiest furniture if you have a little taste, and you can very considerably add to your own comfort by the purchase of some articles which are not at all expensive. Before however you do this, you must count the cost in this respect. Unless you make special agreement to the contrary, you can leave or be requested to do so at one week's notice, and so your tenure of lodgings is in consequence very uncertain. Very often you do not discover many disagreeable things that you cannot put up with until you are in the rooms, and you are obliged, because of them, to leave. On the other hand, you may find yourself perfectly comfortable, and like your quarters, but meanwhile your landlady, for reasons of her own, may suddenly give you notice. Though you may like her and her ways, she may not like you; she may have found some one to give her more rent, or she may have old lodgers returning to her, or some reason or other may decide her to turn you out. So that, as you may have to move often, if you accumulate the things which add to the look and comfort of your rooms, you must be prepared for the trouble, which it undeniably is, of packing and moving about with the extra luggage they entail.

If however you like beauty and comfort, and do not mind the trouble involved in extra possessions to take about with you, I can suggest a few things. I advise you as far as is possible to pack them together, and to only open the box when you know you are fairly likely to remain in the rooms.

Pretty cushions about a room are very

ornamental as well as useful. These are better made of down, for though it is more expensive, it takes much less room in packing, and that is a consideration. A coloured *couvre-pied* thrown over an old sofa is nice, and also is comfortable when you lie down for a rest. This you can make yourself very easily with some cheap art serge roughly embroidered in crewels, or if you are not fond of needlework, you can buy what answers the purpose at a very small cost.

If you have friends to tea often, you may like to have your tea nice, and you may groan over the cups, etc., sent up by your landlady. Now you can get a few things for tea at a small cost, and if you have a Japanese tray and some of your own tea-spoons, all the better. I should advise your washing up your things yourself; your spoons at least, and thus ensuring their being taken care of. These with some worked tea-cloths will pack easily and be found very useful indeed, and with your spirit-lamp and a box of biscuits you can be, if you desire it, quite independent.

A good lamp is often not found in lodgings. If you have one, you had better keep it in order yourself, and for this purpose you had better provide yourself with a pair of housemaid's gloves as well as lamp-scissors, rags to wipe glasses, etc., with, and a brush for the chimney-glass. These said gloves you will often find very useful when you want to do something that would soil your hands. For example if your fire is going out and you want to renew it, you can often save the servant by doing it quickly yourself. It is well to keep a few bits of firewood in your cupboard so as to be able to kindle the fire soon, and a small pair of bellows are often most useful in helping you to get up a blaze.

If you like to boil your own eggs and make your own cocoa yourself, you can keep a small saucepan in your cupboard. A very nice way of doing eggs is in the little fire-proof crockery pipkins, which can be purchased now in most large shops for a few pence. You can get one just for one egg, and as a variation from a boiled egg, you will find it very nice. You place a piece of butter the size of a walnut in the little pan, with a good pinch of salt. When the butter has nearly melted—for the pan goes on the fire—break the egg into it and stir it round until it is consistent. It is eaten out of the pan itself and the egg thus cooked has a very nice flavour. If you get a larger pan, you can make yourself a very nice dish with more eggs, and if you add a little milk it is often a great improvement. One very great drawback to having your meals in your sitting-room, is the inevitable odour which seems to remain afterwards. It is always well to open the windows after a meal, and let the room be thoroughly aired. A spray atomiser is a nice thing to have, as if you spray a little *eau-de-Cologne* or any favourite perfume about the room, it will freshen it—after—please note this—after you have let the smell of viands, etc., out. For perfumes should not be used to cover a smell. In winter, fire, which purifies the air, removes odours very efficiently.

Photographs about a room are very nice and so are any little knick-knacks of your own which serve to give your rooms a home-like appearance. Where to place these things is often a difficulty, for in many lodgings every table and bracket and corner is crowded with gimcracks of every sort belonging to the landlady, and these are as a rule in horrible taste. It is far better to get them out of the way altogether, and this can be done without

hurting the feelings of the possessor if with tact you ask for their removal on the score of wanting more room. A mantel-mat on the chimney-piece will set off your own things, and this can be made of plush or velvet in a colour that will go with most things.

If you like to provide yourself with an Oxford chair, you will often be glad of it, and if not a folding deck-chair is often useful. If you wish, you can make the latter look very pretty by covering the whole length of the canvas with any material you like, embroidered roughly in a bold pattern. The deck-chair I use has an appendage fastened with a couple of screws, which turns it into a lounge, not by any means a bad substitute for a sofa.

A folding screen is very handy. I got a cheap one slightly damaged at a sale. It was covered only with very ugly Japanese paper, and I re-covered it with coloured sateen which cost, I think, fourpence-three-farthings a yard. How useful it is I am continually discovering. It shuts out draughts and is ornamental as well, for on it are hung photographs and pictures.

Now as to the relations between yourself and the landlady, there is need for care and tact.

I will start with saying that the landlady we

hear of so often in plays and read of in novels, who fleeces her lodgers, and has a permanent cat in her establishment which eats all the ends, however small or large they may be, is not always found in real life. Of course she exists, and in some lodgings the lodgers are cheated, and the landlady and family live off them in some way or other. But there are very many other lodgings where nothing of the kind ever goes on, and it is to these I trust you may be guided should you require them. Remember this however. If you are paying only a comparatively small sum for what may be classed as poor lodgings, do not expect that you can have the attendance, comforts, etc., to which you would have a right if you were in first-class rooms, paying proportionately. It is often most ludicrous to see how some people exact attendance and attention from a little overworked London slavey, which by rights they could hardly expect where a staff of efficient servants was kept. Be considerate. If you are one of several sets of lodgers and the domestics are few in number, then do not ring your bell on every small pretext, and drag the servants up and down to attend to you. Learn to wait upon yourself, and if you cannot pay much to expect but little waiting upon. An occasional tip to the

servant goes a long way, and it is well to give it now and then.

To have a latch-key saves trouble, and the landlady will generally give you one. If your lot is to live in lodgings you will, as I have said before, find drawbacks and advantages. If you are good-humoured and contented, you will make the best of things where you cannot improve them, and you will learn to put up with many minor trials, all of which are in themselves part of the discipline of life. And remember ever, that it is all part of your life, and that the way in which you live, the example you set, your words, your ways, tend ever and always one way or another. By your impatience, ill-temper, exacting ways, and want of charity you may do much harm, even in the narrow circle of a life like this, and if you are true, just, gentle and good your influence will tell, and those with whom you have to deal will know for a certainty that you are living the higher life and being governed by high principles. Principles which make you considerate and thoughtful and careful for others as well as yourself. And in a house where many people live, all their homes under the one roof, consideration the one for the other is one of the Christian virtues which most tells in its effect all round.



A DREAM'S FULFILMENT.

By Mrs. L. B. WALFORD.

CHAPTER IV.

VERA lay in bed and sighed. She was better now, almost well; well in everything save ability to move without the aid of either stick or some supporting arm. But alas! her three weeks' holiday was over, and now what was to be done? The sigh brought a big, brown, motherly face to the bedside.

"Well, my dear, what ails ye now?"

"Nothing ought to ail me," said Vera, smiling back. "You have been so kind, so wonderfully kind, and I feel as if I never could thank you enough, or love you enough. As soon as the pain would let me I began at once to be happy with you; and though it was hard to give up, you know," nodding, "still I really did not feel, I did not seem to mind till—to-day." Her lip quivered, and she broke down with the word.

The Misses Claybury, aunt and niece, had departed that morning, unable to prolong their stay, and forced to the conclusion that it was equally impossible for poor Vera to go with them. They had promised that they would themselves convey to Vera's relations full intelligence of her state; and if desirable, one would accompany George to report it to her employers at the telegraph office. It was to be hoped that under the circumstances her place might be kept open, and her brother-in-law had himself volunteered a line of assurance on the subject of expenses.

Everyone had done what they could, and it was with a guilty sense of repining against a fate whose cruelty had been so tenderly

mitigated in all respects, that the poor invalid yet sighed again. "My lost dream!" that was the burden of her heart.

Sometimes it seemed to her as if this check upon the very outset of its fulfilment must have been sent as a punishment for her too fixed determination to carry it out in the teeth of every obstacle. It had been too much to her—swallowed up every other thought—excluded every other sympathy.

Vera was a pious-minded girl, with perhaps a tinge of morbid introspection in her nature. She recognised the hand of Providence in her present trial, and she bowed her head in submission even while her tears flowed beneath the chastening rod; but she had something yet to learn in life. She thought she was being taught a lesson—she did not yet comprehend that an all-merciful Father has many ways of teaching His children. . . .

"But I do think, Hector, my man, that she's the bonniest, and the sweetest bit thing that has come to this house for many a day." Mrs. Macfarlane, who was not much of a writer, had never informed her son, the stalwart young owner of Invermark Farm, of the accident which had brought her a visitor during his absence; wisely considering that he would pay but little heed to it whilst away on a round of business, and that it was time enough to spring the news upon him when he would be disposed to give it its due importance. "Hector, all the fun I've had out of it, you wouldn't believe," proceeded the good old dame, with twinkling eyes. "She tells me such tales of London and its doings—but all

the time it's, 'Oh, I love the country! I long for the country! I'm just daft to live in the country.' Just daft's my word, for she talks the prettiest English. And as for reading—you've brought some books with you, have you? Aye, I thought you would. I told Vera so."

"Vera? Is that her name?" At the moment Vera was heard calling from above. She had fancied the man's voice below meant that Dr. Makellar had arrived to carry her, as he had promised to do, outside into the little garden. The day was lovely; the sun warm, yet modulated in its rays; and she was eager for the treat. Was it the doctor who had come?

"Not exactly the doctor, it's—ahem! a younger man." Good Mrs. Macfarlane coughed and hesitated. "He'll carry ye better than the doctor would. He's that big and strong, and I'll tell him to be careful."

"Oh, then, tell him I'm ready." ('The doctor's assistant,' concluded the patient to herself.) And her mind being full of the change so important to an invalid, she neither raised any objection, nor felt any reluctance to accept the substitute provided. She was now able to move to an upright position, and was fully dressed; indeed, by the help of a shepherd's crook, and laying hold of different articles of furniture with the other hand, she could move about her own small chamber. Beyond that, however, she could not venture.

"Hector!" called Mrs. Macfarlane from the landing. "Hector"—on hearing his