

Master Jack's pet vanities, whereas she had only seen his future through his own eyes, and had been so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his dream, that she had been impelled to make the sketch. But how could she explain this? and if poor Jack's feelings were hurt, how sorry she should be! For the moment she longed for courage to claim and keep her sketch.

"I shall tell Jack that you did not mean to make fun of him," said Ellie, softly. "Do not mind the laughing."

"I don't," said Marion; "only Jack is always so kind, and I could not bear him to think I was so rude as to ridicule him."

"I will explain it," said Ellie, kindly, and all Marion's distress melted away before Ellie's gift of thought-reading;

for full of fun though she might be, this same little fairy had a perfect genius for smoothing out snarls, and clearing away pitfalls which endangered the happiness of other people.

So the "caricature" was included with the other sketches and taken by Mrs. Trelawney into her own especial care.

Cousin Rufus meantime had accompanied Ruth to the end of the garden which bordered on the marsh, and was hearing all about the new departure; asking many questions, and thoroughly ventilating the subject.

"I wish Frank were here," he said, at length. "He's your man. But—at any rate you can't go wrong if you take a small part at a time, for your experiment.

Yes, yes! I quite see the uselessness of trying to grow anything in that sand up there, and better let the fields lie fallow, than work them at a loss. Now about the drainage—I can help you there."

So the next hour was spent most profitably for Ruth, who, note-book in hand, took down every practical suggestion advanced by Cousin Rufus, for future assimilation. The whole party then went into the house for early tea, after which the wagonette was filled with its load, and Cousin Rufus took the reins. There were last farewells, and wild waving of handkerchiefs so long as the road lay in the valley, but all too soon the hills hid the carriage from sight.

(To be continued.)

## WOMEN'S WORK: ITS VALUE AND POSSIBILITIES.



HE working woman has become a commonplace. Forty or fifty years ago the term was practically non-existent, suggesting only factory hands, women workers at the pit's mouth, seamstresses and charwomen; it

was never held to include those who took refuge in the arduous paths of governess and lady-companion life, or in the few practically useless occupations then open to penniless women. These were on an entirely different footing to their humbler sisters, but they were less fortunate, since their work was only to be obtained, with rare exceptions, in families and in private houses, where they were necessarily placed at the mercy of caprice or unkindness.

The ideal woman of that period is as far removed from the ideal woman of to-day as genius is from mere ability, or Jane Austen's heroines from those of Thomas Hardy. The young lady with sloping shoulders, gazelle-like eyes, and unchanging amiability would find no place in the present world of women. A course of gymnastics would be ordered as an antidote to her tendency to faint at critical and uncritical moments, and her frequent weeping would rouse irritation rather than sympathy amongst her friends; should she return to the "Book of Beauty," she would find her place usurped by a type, distinct; with characteristics utterly unlike her own. In place of her rounded, irresolute chin, she would find a chin, firm and resolved; her mouth with its drooping lips would be displaced by one as beautiful, but indicative of self-control and energy; her expression, inane and colourless, would be overshadowed by one of intelligence and character. And the new type is as perfect in beauty as the old. But where was only weakness there is now strength and purpose.

This new type is the evolution of the old, the grafting of character on to physical beauty. It is not sufficient for a woman to be beautiful in these latter days. The world looks for something more than delicacy of outline or perfection of grace, and the plain woman with brains stands on a higher level than her handsome sister, in whom culture and intelligence are lacking.

The woman who works, thereby lessening the burden on the shoulders of father or brother, or aids in meeting the expenses of the home of which she is mistress, is nowadays held more admirable than she who, bound down by the instincts and the hereditary teaching of ages, spends her days in

domesticity or profitless self-occupation, when there is every need of her contribution, at least to her own maintenance. But every excuse is to be found for her who hesitates to profit by the battle waged and won during the last three decades by her stronger fellow-women, or who is timorous of entering the lists where the fight for daily bread rages hotly and unceasingly. The suddenness of the change in the position of women surprises many of them as much as it does all thinking men. Some do not grasp the situation, and the spectacle of women entering into all branches of work in increasing numbers fills them with alarm and insecurity. There is a widespread feeling, especially amongst the lower middle-class, that a woman becomes unwomanly when she enters into the same field of labour as a man, in direct competition with him. Far from being lost the woman who hesitates stands a better chance than the woman who never thinks at all—of being saved from herself.

When the history of the nineteenth century comes to be written it will be found that the women, more especially those of America and England, have, socially, made its major portion, and the New Zealander, who is to wander amongst the ruins of London, in some distant age, will find that our greatest claim to his admiration was our acceptance and honouring of the work of our women.

"Every why hath a wherefore," says Dromio, and the wherefore of the working women question has many whys. The greatest is the force of example. The earlier pioneers of the capabilities of woman, in spite of scorn and jeers, proved incontestably her right to take her life in her own hands and do with it what she would; their success, in the face of a public opinion as bitter as it was unjust, paved a way along which present-day women are moving. It is to such women as Mrs. Cady Stanton that all women owe a debt of unspeakable gratitude. The state of public feeling in England fifty years ago as regards women-speakers is described by this anecdote.

Mrs. Stanton and her husband were determined upholders of anti-slavery, and having been married shortly before the great World's Anti-slavery Convention held in London in 1840, decided to spend their honeymoon in coming to England and attending this Convention. On the very eve of the first meeting they found themselves becalmed off the coast of Devonshire with no prospect of a favourable wind. But ten hours rowing in a small boat brought them to Torquay, from whence by dint of hard travelling they succeeded in arriving in London in time. Mr. Stanton and the other American delegates were eagerly welcomed, but Mrs. Stanton, and

other American ladies who had travelled over 3,000 miles in order to be present, were denied admission. A memorable scene ensued, yet in spite of powerful appeals from many members of the Committee, they were excluded, the clergy especially making a piteous appeal for their withdrawal. "Such an innovation seemed to them to imperil church, State, and even Christianity itself," said a writer at the time. The presence of women on public boards to-day is a significant comparison.

It was Mrs. Stanton who called the famous "Convention of Women" at Seneca Falls in America in 1848; the "Declaration of Sentiments" then drawn up, urging the claims of women to be "citizens, wage-earners and holders of property," raised such a storm of ridicule throughout the country, that but for its promoter's indomitable energy, the whole question would have remained where it was. Mrs. Stanton has lived to see laws passed giving women a right to the control of their own property, to the guardianship of their own children; to see colleges opened for women, and the power of voting for school boards granted to them in half the states of America. And by lecturing she was enabled to send her two daughters and five sons to college.

There have been many others besides this admirable woman who have expended time and health, the harvest of whose endeavour is now being reaped by thousands of women in all countries, but she is one of the best examples of what women have done for women.

Commercially and artistically the woman of this end of the century has the world at her feet. Given the necessary qualifications she has only to choose, to work hard and courageously, and she is accepted.

Statistics are the advertisements of progress, and it is interesting to know how many women in England and Wales are at the present moment engaged in earning their own living. Figures are not things of beauty, very rarely are they things of joy, but in this instance they are subjects for rejoicing. No fewer than 6,000,000 wives and daughters of working men earn their own livelihood; there are 196,000 women wage-earners in the professions; 1,578,000 in various industries; 64,000 in agricultural labours; and 19,000 in various businesses, making in all a convincing total of 7,857,000.

In America there are nearly three hundred remunerative occupations open to women; in England the number falls very little short. With us literature and journalism, amongst the professions, perhaps claim most, many of the others being comparatively untried ground.

Journalism was one of the first professions entered by Englishwomen. Its advantages



are many: it gives scope for an individuality and originality, generally denied to women in private life. There are some subjects peculiarly their own, and this editors have not been slow to recognise. It is safe to say that there is not a newspaper in the Kingdom which has not at one time or other given employment to women-writers. The existence of the "Writers' Club," formed exclusively of lady journalists and authoresses, is sufficient proof of the secure position women hold in the writing world.

The *doyenne* of women-journalists is Mrs. Crawford, the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* and of several other prominent journals. Mrs. Crawford is a brilliant example of her favourite theory, "There is nothing that a man can do, that a woman cannot do, and there are some things that would be more difficult for a man to do, than it would be for a woman." When she was very young, some letters of hers fell into the hands of a London editor, who was so struck by their vivacity and originality that he engaged her as a contributor to his paper. She promptly set herself to master the science of politics—a subject usually avoided by journalistic women as too complicated and ungenial—as a consequence her political writing has always received the consideration it deserved. Mrs. Crawford has done many things that men would hesitate to do. During the Commune in 1871, she entered Paris, interviewing the Communist leaders as they sat in Council, escaping all harm and insult by her sympathy, her courage, and her ready wit. She has walked the wards of cholera hospitals amongst the dead and the dying, and more than once has rushed through a thunderstorm to the nearest telegraph office from a ball, in satin slippers and an evening gown, to send a description of the dresses to an expectant editor. And yet with all this hurry and rush of living her domestic life has been of the happiest.

The names of women-authors are legion, the majority of their work bearing more than favourable comparison with that of men. But what George Eliot said of feminine writing is still applicable: "It must be plain to everyone who looks impartially and extensively into feminine literature, that its greatest deficiencies are due hardly more to the want of intellectual power than to the want of those moral qualities that contribute to literary excellence, patient diligence, a sense of the responsibilities involved in publication, and an appreciation of the sacredness of the writer's art." The prevailing tone is not far removed from flippancy, whilst a tendency to verbiage, a straining after effect and the glorification of the commonplace are the greatest blots upon the majority of the literary work which women produce, although there are unmistakable signs that a finer and purer style is being sought after.

Publishing is only one step removed from writing, and many women would do well to follow the example of Madame Gautier, a Frenchwoman who is now publishing her own books. Another Frenchwoman, Mdlle. Guillaumin, was the sole proprietor of a successful publishing business for twenty-six years, in addition to conducting the *Revue des Economistes*. She was an old maid, and used to boast of never having quarrelled with anyone she had ever employed. Her literary staff dined with her once a week, whilst she always invited the women working in her establishment to evening entertainments. She used to declare that, "Men are never actuated by chivalry in trade relations, and that the sooner women get rid of this delusion the better it will be for them."

An experiment in publishing by two young girls in Chicago, one of whom has been a journalist and the other a book illustrator, will be watched with the keenest interest by those

who admire new departures. It is said that there is only one woman in England who is proprietor, editor, and manager of a newspaper. This is Mrs. Comyns; the paper is the *Feathered World*.

Art and Literature are sisters, and the artistic possibilities of women have come rapidly to the front of late years. To those cynics who declare women have little or no sense of humour, the position of Mdlle. de Lessier ("Marie Duval") is sufficient retort. She occupies a unique position as the first lady comic artist, showing the way to many whose talents lie in this direction. Her caricatures are full of subtle humour and wit; and as she has been entirely self-taught, she is deserving of a peculiar gratitude, as proving the application of which most women are capable. It is to this power they owe their success.

It is scarcely necessary to speak of artists. Their admission to the Royal Academy—the most conservative of associations—speaks for the deserved recognition their work receives. But the by-paths as it were of art, many of them unknown to the struggling girl with artistic talent, need detailed description.

The designing of Christmas cards or kindred small things are a fruitful and well-known source of income, but designing for pottery is more difficult and less followed. It is here that a woman's natural inventive capacity should be used. The abominations of form and colour which were tolerated because they could not be prevented, are dying a natural death before the introduction of equally serviceable but beautiful objects of constant use; but there is still room for improvement, and manufacturers of all kinds of ware are only too anxious to secure original ideas in shape and colouring. House decoration, too, is being taken up most successfully by women, and one firm of ship-builders has placed a woman-decorator at the head of their decorative department. She is responsible for the decoration of every vessel that leaves their yard, directing a band of girl assistants in mechanical and ornamental drawing, in carving and designing. The following shows the wisdom of her selection. "The scheme of colour or ornamentation of work upon wood, metal or upholstery, is in correspondence with the country to which the vessel will belong, and the port from which it will sail."

The fact that a girl, clever at mechanical drawing and calculations, was recently given a splendid appointment by Lord Armstrong at his ordnance works on Tyneside, is full of suggestion for women of a mathematical turn of mind. One bye-path of art is as yet comparatively untrodden. This is *gesso* work. It was much used in mediæval Italy, being lately revived by an English lady. It is very beautiful, bidding fair to become popular; but its study is laborious, combining a knowledge of modelling and painting. An ordinary deal box may be made into the most exquisite gem of art by a skilful worker, the delicacy of manipulation needed being essentially woman's work.

To turn to the sterner professions. Medicine has in the last few years been entered by more women than the total number of those who adopted it in the twenty-five previous years, and to-day there are hospitals in England where only women-doctors and nurses are employed, whilst at least one London hospital possesses a woman-house-surgeon. At the Paddington Green Children's Hospital, not very long ago, a woman was appointed to this position, competing for the post with nineteen men-candidates. There are girl-students at many of the hospitals, medical women growing more numerous every day, in spite of the unreasonable prejudice against them. This prejudice is inexplicable, and, curiously enough, women are themselves to blame for it still existing. Where there is

a man-doctor and a woman-doctor, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred women call in the man. Custom is the bugbear of progress, but with every year its barriers are being gradually forced down by the number of women who elect to follow the healing science. On the Continent the conferring of a medical diploma on Mademoiselle Clémence Evvard at Brussels caused a great sensation last year. She is the first woman who graduated there, and was so enthusiastic about her work that she stayed six months over the required time in the hospitals. There are only two women-doctors in Belgium, Mademoiselle Van Deist, who was educated in Switzerland and merely received her diploma at Brussels, sharing the honour with Mademoiselle Evvard. But the Belgian women possess a "Doctor of Literature and Philosophy," the equivalent degree not having as yet been conferred on any Englishwoman. It is an age of advancement however, and as we already possess women's colleges, not as Tennyson described them in the prologue to "The Princess"—

"With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,  
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair,"

but for the object of making women worthy of their higher nature, the future may possibly bring such an honour to pass.

Dentistry is not an alluring occupation, but now, instead of fainting or wailing impotently under the forceps, women are wielding them, both in London and Birmingham; whilst a large number of women are making lucrative incomes by massage, the West End School of Massage annually giving certificates to students, who are sent to all parts of the world.

The urgent need for medical women in India is constantly being insisted upon by missionaries, military men, and civilians alike. "It would be a benefit to India, a benefit that could not be exaggerated, if English medical women, educated completely in England, could settle in the chief towns of India," said an eminent Hindoo; and Doctor Sophie Jex Blake, in the *Nineteenth Century*, maintained, "It is impossible to fill up the demands of so vast a country as India." Lady Dufferin's work amongst the Zenana women has placed unlimited practice before women-doctors; Miss Annie M. Hone considers it "One of the finest chances of developing the energies of young girls seeking a sphere of usefulness that the world has ever afforded." This is another opening worthy of the gravest thought.

The subject of women's work is so vast that any cursory consideration of it must necessarily leave much unsaid and much untouched upon. It is almost possible to put the prefix "woman" to any work or profession nowadays. We have women-musicians, missionaries, fruit and flower growers, farmers, astronomers, teachers, factory-inspectors, stockbrokers, accountants, commercial-travellers, curators of museums, mine-owners, explorers, jewellers, typewriters (almost exclusively a feminine occupation now), manufacturers, even one sea-captain, and as many more—all occupations at one time reserved for the male.

And with this new order of things what is the position of woman? Has she become less lovable, less worthy of the mission she was created to fulfil? Has this new power, which time and circumstance have placed in her hands, robbed her of that

"Amazing brightness, purity and truth,  
Eternal joy and everlasting love,"

which have filled the ages with poems to her fame?



She has lost nothing. She has rather gained a broadness of sympathy, an acuteness of intelligence, which give her an added charm. Her greatest pitfall is that of unwomanliness. Men have resented her entrance into competition as much for their own sakes as for hers. Old ideals are replaced by new but slowly, and if the working-woman, remembering that she is a worker first, a woman afterwards, meets men upon a common ground, she will have little reason to complain of their treatment of her claims to recognition. It is

the unwomanly woman, the woman who pines the dress and manner of men or expects the elaborate courtesy of the drawing-room in a busy office or business-house, that brings ridicule upon her more sensible sisters. And this is the strongest complaint men bring against their women-colleagues in business.

Husband and wife working steadily for the good of a common home, sisters and brothers endeavouring to lighten family burdens by combined endeavour, is so common a spectacle that it has ceased to be marvelled at,

but it is none the less beautiful or admirable. Idle women amongst the unmoneyed classes will soon be as rare as idle men, and when that time does arrive the parrot-cries of "Inequality" and of "Subservience to the male," will be heard no more.

The prospect of such a future is glorious, a true golden age, and it is in the power of every woman to hasten the coming of such a time, and to bear her share in the hard and stern realities of every-day life.

F. H.

## WHEN THE LEAVES FALL.

By K. E. V., Author of "Winnie's Waiting," "A Clear Case of Proof," etc.



T was a cold, gusty March morning, grey clouds were drifting across the sky, trees swayed and creaked ominously, and the snow-drops and crocuses that had found their way through the brown earth seemed in danger of being exterminated.

The breakfast-room at the Cedars was a pleasant contrast to the outside world; a wood fire crackled and blazed on the tiled hearth, shining on china and silver that adorned a table at which two persons were taking their morning meal. The lady who sat at the head of the table was unmistakably mother to the young man at her right hand; her grey hair was parted from her unwrinkled brow, and her kindly dark eyes had as much life in them as those of her son, who glanced out of the window from time to time with a very discontented expression.

"The letters are late this morning," remarked Mrs. Gillingham as she gave her son his second cup of coffee.

"Talk of an—here they are," he said, and in a few minutes a servant entered with a goodly pile on her waiter.

Young Mr. Gillingham sorted them out, but only two were for his mother, the rest being "mostly bills," he said, and pushed them aside for future consideration, turning his attention to his mother.

One of Mrs. Gillingham's letters was quickly disposed of; the other caused her some surprise, for, with a little exclamation, she looked across at her son.

"Well, mater," he said, "something interesting?"

"Just listen to this, Percy—no, you will soon find out who it is from, I won't tell you yet.

"MY DEAR MRS. GILLINGHAM,—

"I am in distress for my young friend Edith Lambert, and I have a plan for her good in which I am hoping you will play the principal part. You may remember that little Dick Lambert had rheumatic fever from which he recently recovered, but he has since developed serious heart disease, and his only chance for comparative recovery lies in perfect rest and quiet, which, among the four other children, he cannot get at home. They cannot send him to a convalescent home, as he would not be happy without his sister, and they cannot afford to take lodgings anywhere for any length of time.

"This is the plan that has occurred to me, and if you at all object, my dear friend, please do not mind saying so—would you have Edith at the Cedars ostensibly as your companion now that Mr. Percy is away, and let her bring

little Dick? The child does not look ill, and I think would be no trouble, and Edith could leave home comfortably now as they have a cousin with them.

"Please let me have an answer soon, and by all means refuse if you would rather do so.

"I hope Mr. Percy is well and enjoying his trip.

"With kind regards,

"Yours very sincerely

"JULIA BROWNING."

"Well, that is cool!" exclaimed Percy; "it is just like Miss Browning to expect people to do such a thing."

"She does so much good herself that it does not seem to her a great deal to ask; you see, she does not know that your trip is postponed, and thinks that I am alone."

"Then she will soon find out that you don't want a companion—really, mother, I believe though you want to do it."

"I really believe I do," said Mrs. Gillingham



laughing a little; "not if it would put you out at all, Percy dear, but I have felt a great sympathy for Miss Lambert, and should like to help her."

"Who is Miss Lambert? Miss Browning has so many impecunious friends that I can't unmix them."

"She is a lady and not exactly poor, though far from well off; her father was a naval officer and was twice married; his second wife died leaving twin babies and several other children, and soon after the Captain was drowned, and since that Miss Lambert and her elder brother have nobly cared for the children."

"Do the unfortunate elders have to work for the small fry?"

"Yes, though there is some money; Edith has a small income of her own, and her brother is in a bank, so they manage fairly well; only this illness of the little boy has been a great strain on them; and should you mind if I do as Miss Browning asks, dear?"

"You might invite them for a month; I can

clear out if they are unbearable. I suppose Miss Lambert will have no fun in her, and the youngster is breakable—but ask them by all means if you like."

"Thank you, dear," said Mrs. Gillingham in answer to the not very gracious speech. The onus of entertaining the prospective guests would certainly fall on her, and she could not help dreading it; but the thought of the anxious girl decided her, and she wrote to Miss Browning that afternoon.

Percy Gillingham saw the letter lying on the table and offered to post it. "I say, mother," he said, pausing with it in his hand, "how did you put it? You could scarcely say that as she is too poor to pay for lodgings, you will graciously take her in."

"Scarcely," said his mother. "I have rather left it to Miss Browning; it is not a very easy thing to do."

A week later Percy drove to the station to meet the expected guests, his mother having been detained at the last minute. He did not object to his errand, and even felt some interest in the comers. Life at the Cedars was quiet, and though he did not expect much pleasure in the society of Miss Lambert and her brother, their coming was a change.

He had not started any too early, for the train was coming into the station as he drove up, and, giving the reins to a bystander boy, he went on to the platform. There was no chance of his making a mistake; less than a dozen people had alighted, among them a young lady dressed in grey, holding the hand of a small boy in a sailor suit.

Percy introduced himself, and the girl's rather anxious face brightened, and he noticed that it was really pretty, its sweet expression being perhaps its greatest charm. She was chiefly occupied with her brother, whom she was glad to get settled in the pony-carriage.

"How do you feel, little chap?" Percy asked as he tucked rugs round the small legs.

"Quite well, thank you," the child said, so gravely that Percy put him down for a prig, yet in another moment the little face changed, and the boy sat up clapping his hands. "Look, Edie, look, I thought the trees were getting their leaves on, isn't it jolly?"

"Hush, Dick, dear, sit still!" Miss Lambert said, adding by way of explanation to Percy, "The two trees in our garden at home have not begun to bud, but Dick thought the country ones would be sure to be earlier."

"So they are," said Dick triumphantly.

The child did not look ill, scarcely delicate; there was a healthy colour on his cheeks, and he gazed from side to side with eager interest. He was a nice-looking little fellow, with loose light hair and dark blue eyes. Percy began to think he might be rather a nice little companion.

Mrs. Gillingham was waiting to receive them, and Edith was reassured as she felt her



a family, and we found them searching everywhere for materials wherewith to build their nest. Not finding much that was suitable in my sitting-rooms, they went to the flower-vases and began pulling out the orchids and maiden-hair fern to line their nest.

It looked very pretty to see the little grey bird flying across the room with a great pink flower in her beak; but we thought a more suitable substance might be offered to them, and very gladly they welcomed some little twigs and dried grass, with which, after much cooing and confabulation, they constructed the family home.

In a day or two a pair of snow-white eggs appeared, and then for a fortnight the little hen-bird sat patiently brooding over them, scarcely leaving them long enough to take her necessary food.

In due time we found two little doves were hatched, small, pink feeble-looking creatures they were; it seemed quite wonderful to think that they could ever grow up to be like their parents.

Patience was so tame, that she would let me peep under her soft feathers to see how the tiny birds were progressing, and even if I took one of her children away to show to my friends she was in no way perturbed.

It is a great surprise to see doves feeding their young ones. They take the tender little beak within their own and then pass the soft food, with which nature provides them at that time, from their own crop into the beak of the fledgelings.

The young birds seemed to have excellent appetites and grew rapidly, developing tiny quill-feathers all over their bodies, and in a few weeks they were clothed with soft grey plumage, so that we could hardly tell parents from children.

I have often heard doves spoken of as being less intelligent than other birds. On the contrary, my birds seem to think and almost to reason, as I believe my readers will agree when I tell them some of the clever things they have done.

One day when I was sitting in a room some distance from the verandah where the doves were, Peace found me out and came tapping

with his bill against the window. I am always accustomed to attend at once to any such appeal from a bird or animal, since I generally find it to mean that they urgently require something.

In this case, as the evening was chilly, I let the three doves into their cage and brought it indoors; but I soon found all was not right, for the male bird was greatly excited, apparently longing to get out again, so I opened the cage door and the window of the room, and away he flew. Presently I heard Peace cooing loudly, and, following the sound I found him under the verandah with the young dove that was missing; he was evidently trying to show me his truant child, and as soon as I took them both up and carried them to the cage, Peace was quite happy and content.

When the weather became warm and sunny the little pair decided that their next nest should be built in some clematis growing up the pillars of the verandah.

It was a charming spot to select, for the little mother-bird had flickering sunbeams shining upon her whilst she sat, and leaves to shelter her from the heat.

Now again a domestic difficulty arose and Peace came to tell me about it. What was he to do for building-materials? I provided small flexible birch twigs and was amused to find that when I offered one, the little builder took it gladly, and flying off to the nest presented it to his wife, and she wove it into the family dwelling.

Later on in the day it seemed to me that the comfort of the home would be improved by some softer material than interlacing twigs, so I added a carpet of fine soft shavings; these also were quite approved, and after a time the nest was considered perfect. I felt inclined to call it our nest, as I provided the materials and was allowed to help in the building.

Two snowy eggs soon appeared, and then the parents took it by turns to sit upon the nest for about four hours at a time. This should teach us a beautiful lesson of unselfishness, for it must seem a little hard to have to sit still hour after hour and see another bird

able to fly about enjoying the air and sunshine. I think my dove was well named Patience. But doubtless the strong feeling of mother love made it easy, and the affectionate little father-bird seemed always ready to take his turn in the domestic duties.

The first heavy shower after the nest was built made me rather anxious for the comfort of the sitting bird; she would soon have been soaked with rain, so I racked my wits to devise a shelter. With some contrivance I managed to fix a slanting roof of stiff cardboard so as to keep off rain and scorching sunshine.

By talking quietly to my pet she seemed quite to understand that she was not to be alarmed, and sat calmly on her nest whilst I fixed her shelter.

The bird that is off duty is fond of coming to visit me in the house. I am quite accustomed to see a dove sitting amongst my working materials, I have even found an egg lying on my writing-table as a modest gift and token of affection from my gentle Patience.

Peace looks very pretty when he perches on a white marble bust in the drawing-room. He dearly likes investigating anything fresh, and I once found him in the museum busily pulling an old nest to pieces, because it contained some materials he thought would be desirable for his own home.

I learn many lessons from my little doves. I see how affection begets confidence.

These little creatures trust me perfectly, and that gives me true pleasure, and makes them very dear to me.

I think it is thus our Heavenly Father would have us show our love to Him. He says, "I love them that love Me," and the text goes on to say, "and those that seek Me early shall find Me."

Then let all the dear young people who read about my doves try to learn, from their history, how they can please God by showing their love and trust in Him, by going to Him continually with all their difficulties, not doubting that He will hear, and abundantly answer their prayers.

E. BRIGHTWEN.

## TWO BY-PATHS OF WOMEN'S WORK.



IN these days when the keen and anxious competition for bare livelihood is affecting women as well as men, and when parents have grown to consider the question, "What shall we do with our daughters?" of equal importance with the old cry, "What shall we do

with our sons?" the majority of the professions and occupations, once exclusively reserved for the bread-winning male, have been thrown open to women of all classes. From an educational point of view girls share equal privileges with their brothers. Step by step, from the Board School to the college, women may climb the mount of knowledge through the pleasant fields of culture on precisely the same level with men; and each year the wisdom of this equality may be seen from the most cursory glance at examination results all over the kingdom. The advancement women have made upon the old feminine ideal, whose "education has not been neglected; that is to say, she can write and spell, and speak

French, and play on the harpsichord," has entirely justified the recognition made by the country of her right to equal mental development with man. But there are many women to whom the higher education is impossible, perhaps for monetary reasons, perhaps because prejudice and old-fashioned notions have held them from sharing in the new advantages placed before them. But, be the reason what it may, there is a distinct class of women who, fairly well-educated, and with parents in a good position, find it necessary to work. The sterner occupations, for which lengthy training is required, are closed to them; literature, art, the City, business, the many avocations within their reach, are overcrowded; they need occupation, but the world does not seem to need their labour.

Perhaps such women, anxiously seeking work, and meeting only failure and disappointment, will learn a valuable lesson from the useful and successful business carried on by the Lady Agents in Kensington, and the Ladies' Agency, near Victoria. The word "business" scarcely applies to the new paths these two agencies have struck across the limitless area of female occupation, for the work undertaken by each comes under no recognised heading of labour.

Both agencies are entirely distinct, and in

no way connected with one another, nor do they follow the same system. Priority must be given to the Ladies' Agency, conveniently situated in Belgravia, and close to Victoria.

A small number of ladies, knowing the difficulty so often experienced by the travelling public and country residents of finding suitable rooms in London, formed themselves into a syndicate, for the purpose of providing good apartments not only in private houses but in hotels. Thus, a lady living in the country and wishing to stay for a few weeks in London, by writing to the agency stating the description of rooms she requires, the locality, the rental she is prepared to pay, would find on her arrival every arrangement made for her comfort, and, what is most important, a thoroughly trustworthy landlady, the agency engaging no rooms of which they have not personal knowledge. The percentage, paid according to the rental of the rooms, is very small, when the trouble attending apartment-seeking is remembered. This agency exists practically for the benefit of the travelling public, complete arrangements being made for families passing through or staying for a short visit in London, but it also engages furnished houses both in town and country. So successful has the venture proved to be that during the



present summer its operations were extended to the Continent. Its recommendations of rooms and hotels at Dieppe, Boulogne, and many of the French watering-places, as well as in Paris, Rome, Naples, and the Italian cities, have met with such approval that Cairo, the Riviera and other winter resorts in Europe will be added to the already lengthy list of places to which the ramifications of the agency extend. The only other branch of this much-needed work is the engaging of travelling-maids and couriers.

That the ladies who form the agency lighted upon a by-path full of possibility when they opened their doors, has been proved most decidedly by the response made from all parts of the country, and from Europe, and even from farther afield. The great advantage is of course that they know exactly the requirements of their clients, and are able to meet them by their personal knowledge of the rooms they engage on their behalf. The saving of nerve-worry and discomfort to frequent travellers is incalculable, whilst landladies, whose names are upon the books, are beginning to contrast the steady supply of lodgers sent to them by the agency as against the old system of occasional recommendation, advertising, and the display of cards.

There is no room in London for another agency of a similar nature, but thoughtful and energetic girls may, if desirous of following a remunerative and pleasant occupation, take many hints from this account. In seaside or provincial towns, there is always a demand for rooms, and many harassed visitors, victims of designing and untrustworthy landladies, would hail with

delight the establishment of a reliable agency, which would relieve them of the anxiety and trouble of trying new houses, and by its recommendation be sufficient guarantee of the fitness of the apartments as well as the excellence of the proprietor.

The Lady Agents have not been established so long in Kensington as the Ladies' Agency in Belgravia, but they have already every reason to be satisfied with their particular venture. They confine themselves exclusively to the engaging of servants, and to shopping. The first part of their work smacks of the ordinary registry office, but the system upon which the ladies are supplied with required maids is worked upon a very different plan. No fee is taken either from mistress or servant until both are satisfied, nor is a servant's name placed upon the books until her character has been proved beyond all disputing.

The second part of the scheme is especially useful for country and colonial ladies. It is well known that even the best shop-keepers rarely suit their customers, who are obliged to conduct business with them by post, at least in the all-important matters of dress and millinery; in consequence, the Lady Agents receive as many commissions as they can execute. They are three in number: they have made shopping a fine art, and as in the case of the Ladies' Agency, knowing their clients' requirements, they are able to buy for them much more satisfactory materials than they would otherwise obtain by direct communication with the shops and large drapery establishments. One great branch of the shopping business is the colonial connec-

tion, especially with Australia, where the Lady Agents have many clients. They also intend to extend shopping operations to Paris, where they will doubtless in time establish a branch agency.

This system on a small scale might very easily be adopted in the larger provincial towns, by girls who have acquaintances or friends in neighbouring villages and in the country round about, who would very gladly depute the burden of a day's household shopping at a small charge or percentage, to an efficient buyer or agent. In some instances the objects of both these agencies might be combined with success to the agent and advantage to the client.

Before such a scheme could be carried into effect, a certain connection would have to be formed or failure would probably be the only result. Such agencies are not started without considerable preparation and the distinct promises of commissions, but the necessity for a person possessing common sense and average taste, who will save purchasers the fatigue of a railway journey and a tiring day's shopping in a country town or provincial city, is so urgent—especially in the more remote country districts—that any girl determining to undertake such work would receive as much employment as she could fulfil.

The idea is in every way worthy of serious consideration. The operations of the Ladies' Agency and of the Lady Agents have been detailed with the object that girl readers of this paper living in districts where they may utilise their time by similar occupation can, if they so desire, derive information and suggestive hints therefrom.

F. H.



## THE GIRL'S OWN GUILD OF SCRIPTURE-READING AND STUDY.

BEING a scheme for studying the Bible day by day for self-culture, with test questions to prove that the reading has not been wasted.

### RULES.

Half-an-hour's study and reading each day.

A course of Biblical study will occupy three years and three months.

Ten questions to be published each month in the "G. O. P."

Answers to be sent in by the first week in the following month by readers in Great Britain; by readers in Greater Britain answers to be sent within a month later.

Books required for the present year's study:—*The Bible Handbook* (Dr. Angus, R. T. S., 5s.); *Bible Cyclopædia* (Dr. Eadie, R. T. S.); Oxford (or Queen's Printers') *Aids to the Study of the Bible*, 1s. or 3s. 6d.; and the *Revised Version of the Bible*.

Prizes will be given at the close of each year (not of the course).

First Prizes will be given to each student who has obtained the necessary number of marks. Also a certain number of Second Prizes, according to the number of the students, will be given to the best of those who have reached the required standard. Hand-

writing and neatness in the MSS. will be considered.

First Prizes to consist of books to the value of One Guinea. Second Prizes to the value of Half-a-Guinea. Students who are prepared to make-up the answers to the questions that have gone before may join at any time during the first six months of the "G. O. P." year, i.e. from November to April inclusive. But in all cases the subscription will be 1s. per annum, payable always in advance, and sent by postal note to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. Each letter in connection with this work to have written upon the envelope "The Girl's Own Guild." A card of membership will be sent to each member, signed by the Editor.

### QUESTIONS.

131. What period is embraced in the 1st Book of Kings? by whom is it supposed to have been compiled? Name some of its sources. Into what natural divisions does it fall?

132. The history of what two great prophets does it contain?

133. Briefly describe David in his various aspects, as king, warrior, statesman, poet,

musician, prophet, and as an eminent type of Christ?

134. What event precipitated the recognition of Solomon as the successor of his father? And where was he anointed?

135. Who were the Cherethites and Pelethites, and where are they and their captain mentioned? On what three occasions was the captain sent as an executioner?

136. In what respect was the prayer of Solomon remarkable? And where do we find that David predicted his great wisdom?

137. Who were the two Hiram of whom mention is made in the history of David and Solomon, and in what connection did they severally stand in regard to the erection of the Temple?

138. Give the two names of Solomon and their respective signification, and state by whom the second name was given?

139. Give the three allusions to Solomon in the New Testament, and show by a reference to Deuteronomy, that Solomon violated the principles of the Hebrew constitution, and the laws laid down for future kings.

140. When was God's last manifestation of Himself to Solomon? and how were His judgments fulfilled by His message to Jeroboam, through the Prophet Ahijah?