

Badenoch Arms. Her patient had talked to her of Robina, and had shown her Robina's farewell letter, and the nurse had asked to be allowed to show it to the Infant-mistress, as she knew she had taken interest in the lost girl. The mistress of the public-house had given permission, and had said Miss Soutar could keep the letter if she liked, together with two or three other trifles which Robina had left behind her.

The pitiful little parcel lay on Miss Soutar's table. The old nurse had said that the innkeeper's wife did not seem to like to destroy them, and did not seem to want to keep them. And indeed that might well be the description of anybody's feeling towards such relics.

There was a little, dirty, ill-used birthday book. Robina's name and an old date were written on the fly-leaf, and scattered through the pages were other MacFavish names, painfully written in poor, faded ink. Then there were a few childish scrawls—records, thought Morag, of Robina's first situation. Then girls' Christian names only, in showy flourishes—Katies and Maggies and Nellies—and then men's names (Nigle names), written (perhaps not always by their owners) in vulgar levity, with all sorts of notes of exclamation or interrogation, mocking the quaint little verses of poetry assigned to each date. And the book smelled of beer and tobacco.

Then there was a silver finger-ring,

with "Mizpah" engraved on it; an old marker of perforated card, worked with the words, "To my dear sister," and sewn upon a piece of tartan ribbon; an old valentine, whose strongly-indicated folds showed that it had laid by for years—it was a picture of a windmill and a church, with a couple hand-in-hand, apparently walking from the one to the other: among its border of hearts and forget-me-nots was the printed inscription, "For my Sweetheart," but on the back, in clumsy, laborious writing, were the lines—

"The lily's white, the vi'let's blue,
The rose is sweet, and so are you."

Then, last, fresh and new, beside its battered surroundings, there was Morag's poor little Christmas card. Robina had not cared to take the "Best wishes" that had reached her on the very eve of her flight.

Miss Soutar let Morag read Robina's letter to the publican's wife. It ran:—

"Don't be frightened about me. I'm all right. I'd got to go, and there was no use making a fuss. I'll fall on my feet. I've made my bed and I must lie on it—and not such a bad bed either! Don't be surprised if I come back in a carriage and pair. I won't pass the Badenoch Arms without stopping, and them that wouldn't look at me now will then say I always had my good points."

"That is all that the newspaper-man founded his showy story on," said Miss Soutar, "and the Badenoch Arms people did not contradict him, for the romance and the mystery brought custom to the house. The nurse says the newspaper-man himself is one who is always hanging about the bar, and has a long score. And very likely that paragraph has turned a dozen silly girls into barmaids, or would-be barmaids. By such base breath the public weathercock is blown!"

Morag Henderson carried away with her from Nigle two gifts. The one was from Miss Soutar, and was a small, strong album, with Miss Soutar's own photograph therein. The other was a dress-piece of light-grey merino. That actually was bestowed by Mrs. Cay! It had lain in that lady's wardrobe for six years, having been presented to her by one of her sons' wives, when she was only a prospective and propitiatory daughter-in-law. Mrs. Cay considered it too "light" for her own wear. But Morag knew nothing of all this, and was highly gratified by this tardy mark of approbation.

"Be sure and show it to your Aunt Rebecca, and tell her that I gave it to you," said Mrs. Cay, "because she will be pleased to know that I must have been satisfied with you." In her own heart she added, "Rebecca Henderson can't call me stingy, after that."

(To be continued.)

DOMESTIC SERVICE

AS REVEALED IN THE PAPERS SENT IN FOR COMPETITION CALLED "MY DAILY ROUND."

THIS competition has done much to dispel many erroneous notions which have been tenaciously held for many years concerning domestic service generally, and the bond between mistress and maid particularly, and if for nothing else it has done good service; it has cleared the atmosphere and given us a chance of seeing things as they are, and we thank the competitors, one and all, for the honest, fearless way in which they have put their daily round before us.

It is the fashion to think that between mistress and maid there is an ever-existing antagonism, and that the old-fashioned servant, living for many years in the same situation, has died out: the majority of our competitors tell quite a different story—for example:—

"I am a general servant and have been with my present mistress for twenty-three years."

"I came to my mistress twenty-two years ago. Sons and daughters all grown up but were all babies when I came to this my first situation. My mistress does all she can to make things pleasant for me."

"Mistress is a true friend; have been here seven years."

"I have been here ten years; I do the washing, baking and gardening. Mistress very kind."

"I have been here seven years and a half; it is my first place. Mistress is very kind, a true friend."

"The five years I have spent in this house have been happy ones."

"I came here at the age of 16 and have remained for over 13 years."

"I am working housekeeper, have been in my situation nine years and hope to remain

here until I retire to my cottage which I have had built."

"I have been here seven years; my mistress says I have been a comfort in her home."

"My mistress is always most kind and studies our comfort; have been here five years."

This is the tone and length of service of



A "GINERAL" IN A ROUGH LODGING HOUSE.

the majority of the two hundred and twenty-two servants who sent in papers; some few found fault with the mistresses for being thoughtless, fidgety, and late in giving orders, the last being, as they declare, disastrous to the proper working of the house.

The amount of work done by some servants is simply marvellous, and, strangely enough, the more they have to do the happier they seem; they are up at five in the morning, and at work the whole day; this is usually the case with dairymaids, kitchenmaids, farm-servants, and mothers' helps.

A farm-servant says: "I never worked so hard in my life and have never felt better in health."

A mixture of general servant and dairy-maid in Argyshire says: "My daily round is a very busy one; there is hardly a moment all day that I can get some quiet and leisure."

Here is the work of a "mother's help" at a farm some miles from a town. She is up at six, sweeps the kitchen, and while the dust is "pitching" gets the sitting-room in order, prepares breakfast, feeds the poultry, three hundred in number, dresses and bathes the little girl. After breakfast she clears away and goes to the dairy, where she makes everything clean, and then goes upstairs, makes the beds and turns out rooms; then comes back to the kitchen and makes puddings or pies, and puts meat and vegetables on to cook, then sits down to give the little girl lessons; next she cleans the lamps. As soon as a dinner is over and she has washed up, she goes out to feed the ducks, chickens, and turkeys; she then cleans the knives and makes herself tidy, then gives the little girl more lessons, including music.

When she has prepared tea she goes out to look up the eggs and give the poultry supper. After tea she washes up and helps in the dairy. It is now about six o'clock, and she can sit down to needlework until it is time to get the children's supper; she then bathes them and puts them to bed, then she prepares supper at nine o'clock. After this meal she lays the kitchen-fire for the morning, clears away the supper and goes to bed. In the summer she is much busier, because of cheese-making and a greatly-increased number of poultry. She finishes up by saying: "Mine is a very busy daily round, I have very few idle moments, I am generally happy. I have a very kind mistress, and I like her very much."

The most unsatisfactory position appears to be that of "lady-help," she neither belongs to the drawing-room nor to the kitchen. One says: "When we have a party I sit and chat in the drawing-room for a short time; this is one of my worst trials, for I feel terribly in the way when I am with the visitors, because I am sure some of them look down on me, and I cannot stand it; the servants too are jealous of me." And another says: "The want of respect and consideration is very marked, and I feel that a 'lady-help' is, so to speak, all 'help' without the 'lady.'"

One thing has struck us very much in looking through the papers, which is the late hour at which servants as a rule rise; considering the enormous amount of work to be done before eight o'clock, the one hour allowed for it seems to us so little; it seems

that something has to be omitted, either the toilette, or the prayers, or the work.

The principle which governs domestic service nowadays appears to be "Forbearance on all sides."

Servants claim to be considered as flesh and blood with the failings, desires and longings which belong to human beings, which is quite right.

Mistresses, on their side, expect to be faithfully served for the wages asked and received, and it seems to us from the papers sent in that mistresses are conceding much to the modern idea of service, and that servants are parting with many of the prejudices which used to form a barrier between mistress and maid, and thus it will be possible to have happy home-life both upstairs and down.

The Aspirations of Servants.—Some girls desire to bring sunshine into the lives of those with whom they live; others long to become trained hospital nurses, while some of the dairy-maids look forward to means and opportunity of going through a course at the Dairy Institute at Kilmarnock, and not a few are made happy by the thought that they are engaged and hope soon to be married.

The Sunday.—The way this day is spent by the servants is in almost every case satisfactory. It is a day of rest; they go to church or to chapel morning or evening, or both; many are Sunday School teachers, and as a rule have plenty of time for quiet reading. Very many of the competitors are communicants.

Phrases.—In some parts of England the competitors speak of "mashing" the tea, "infusing" the tea, "brooming" the carpet, "pitching" the dust and "making out" the lights.

A few of the competitors are laundresses, and it is interesting to learn something of their work. One says, "I am what is called a packer and sorter in a steam laundry. I start work at seven in the morning and keep on till seven at night with intervals for meals. When the work is first brought to be washed it is my duty to sort it into different lots and see if each has our mark on it. When all is sorted I go into the packing-room and sort the clean clothes putting them into the different racks. The racks are square places provided for the different families washing. About eight girls are employed to do the packing and sorting, and between sixty and seventy in the laundry.

"I live close to my work and go home to dinner; one half the time allowed I practise the harmonium."

Another says—

"Commenced work in the laundry at the age of fifteen and have worked at that alone for several years. Work in the laundry is arduous at all times if carried on to any extent but as with most work in getting used to it grew to like it. We have no machinery but a wringing machine so it all has to be done by hand; neither do we use any chemicals nothing but the best yellow soap and soda. Flannels and coloured pieces must not be put into soda water as it would cause them to shrink and turn colour. Sunday is a day of rest sweet and welcome to us as to all toilers. Laundry work is thought by some to be a dull, hard, monotonous kind of work; this I think

depends upon whom we live and have to work with. I do not think a young girl should be kept entirely to laundry work as she is kept from learning so many things that is necessary to domestic life. After a hard day's work in the laundry one does not feel to want to sit at needlework in the evening if there is an hour to spare before bed time for the hands feel so stiff and awkward; after washing therefore a good book is very nice."

Another:—"I am a laundry-maid living at a boy's school where there are sixty-five persons. With help three days a week I wash and iron for fifty-six of them house and table-linen included. I begin each morning at seven the heavier things we do through a machine, scrub them and do them through again before putting them into the copper. Some people object to the scrubbing they think it wears things out so quickly. I find it does not any more than rubbing with your hands. My evenings I spend in going to meetings or sewing or reading. On Sundays I go to Chapel and Sunday School. I own I have plenty to do but I believe if a person, especially a young woman, has a will to work and has set times for different things and keeps to them she will find work as easy again."

"I am head of three laundry maids in a gentleman's private cottage laundry. We board ourselves and do our own cooking. We finish our days work at half past eight and have supper at nine; there is then an hour we can spend as we please in writing reading or music. We cannot be out after nine without permission from the steward and must not go out for a night without permission of the mistress.

"Our work does not leave us much time to go out except on Saturdays and Sundays. Wages £25. £18. £14."

Ironer in a collar factory says:—"Ironing though seeming simple to an onlooker is really a profession of its own and requires a large amount of skill; the way to iron has to be learned—to iron the materials the right way of the threads, to give due and not too much pressure of the iron, to be able to handle the work properly and lightly so as not to soil it and last not least to be able to give a good and entire finish to it and show that it is the work of one who knows how to use her tools thoroughly and who takes a pride in the finish and style of her workmanship.

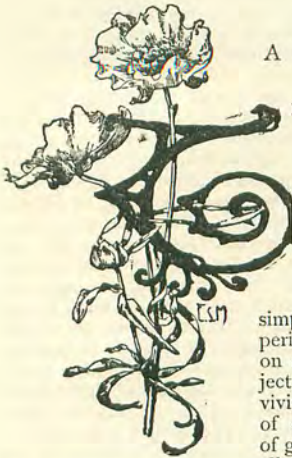
"The materials for our work consist of an ironing slab, ironing blanket and ironing cloth. The stone slabs are supplied to us gratis by the firm while we have to pay for the blanket and calico, the former costs a shilling and the latter is supplied to us at two pence a yard."

Another collar-ironer says:—"Old unused heaters are called 'trifles.' It takes about twenty to twenty-five minutes to iron twelve collars. We pay each week eightpence for heaters. The box irons are rubbed first on a piece of old calico which has a piece of Japanese wax tied in one corner; this cleaning prevents the box iron from sticking to the wet starched work. By nine o'clock we ought to finish off about a gross but this is not always the case as we chat upon different topics and what we have read."



"MY DAILY ROUND."

A COMPETITION FOR ALL GIRLS WHO WORK WITH THEIR HANDS.



THE present competition seems to stand out from all others in its intense reality and significance; for it is not simply a test of superior knowledge on any given subject, but rather a vivid living picture of some hundreds of girls dwelling in all parts of the empire,

engaged in every variety of work, and performing their daily round before our eyes, and they have placed the pictures so graphically and minutely before us that, after regarding them with great care, we seem to be quite familiar with every class of work, whether it be that of the tailoress, the weaver, the domestic servant, the teacher, the cow-girl, the turnip-clipper, the nurse, the shop-girl, the dairymaid, or the farm-servant.

The papers, four hundred and eighty in number, are all so good that it has required the greatest care to select for the prizes. Of course they are not all equally grammatical or equally well written, but there is an amount of earnest care bestowed on each quite wonderful, when one thinks of the little leisure these girls have. The tone of the papers is remarkably good.

The characters of the various competitors, all unconsciously, come out strongly in their papers, and it is amusing to notice their little peculiarities cropping up during the one day they have permitted us to see them as they are.

We think our minds may be at rest on one point, viz., that domestic servants will not fall

victims to the new disease which a New York physician has been explaining to the world—a sort of mental derangement resulting from early rising, and which has been described as "matutinal mania."

The aspirations of the girls may be seen in the way they spend their small amount of leisure, and their descriptions of life are so fresh and interesting, that it has been determined to give some extracts from the papers in one or two short articles.

As there was some little misunderstanding among the competitors as to whether the papers were to be written on foolscap sheet, or page, the length has not been allowed to disqualify the competitor.

For graphic description of "My Daily Round," for presenting it clearly before the understanding, and for creating an interest in it in those who read it, the following have been selected for prizes and for honourable mention:—

PRIZE WINNERS.

FIRST PRIZE, £5 5s.

"Ivy," Tailoress, Gravesend, Kent.

SECOND PRIZE, £4 4s.

"Violet," District Nurse, Ambleside, Westmoreland.

THIRD PRIZE, £3 3s.

Eliza Hall, Cardboard-Box maker, 2, Brick Street, Derby.

FOURTH PRIZE, £2 2s.

"Violet," Factory-girl, Florence Street, Glasgow, s.s.

FIFTH PRIZE, £1 1s.

Heather, Turnip Clipper, Highlands. (*Please send full name and address to the Editor.*)

Honourable Mention.

I. Mary E. Williams, Apprentice to Artist Photographer, Oswestry, Salop.

2. Clara Trace, Corset-Maker, Eastville, Bristol.
3. Caroline Garrard, General Servant, Chessham, Bucks.
4. Adelaide S. Notton, Dairymaid, Newport.
5. E. E. Whaley, Tie-maker, Peckham.
6. J. T. McCann, Weaver, Glasgow.
7. Rose Fox, Cotton-weaver, Bedford-Leigh.
8. R. A. Cole, Nurse and Superintendent, Shepton-Mallett.
9. Mary Blacklock, Farm Servant, North Tyne.
10. Maude Stocker, General Servant, Cambridge.
11. Elea E. Walrond (Violet), Cheddar Cheese Maker, Beaminster.
12. Jeannie M. Dunlop, Cow-girl, Ayrshire.
13. Bessie Poole, Milliner, Somerset.
14. Annie Stickland, Useful Help, Dorset.
15. S. A. Walkden, Cotton-weaver, Lancashire.
16. Florence Abbott, Cook-General, Kent.
17. Nellie Webster, Servant and Housekeeper, Kerriemuir.
18. Mary Laver, Working Housekeeper, Wellingborough.
19. Sarah Ann Godwin, Shop-girl, Luton.
20. Sarah Alice Everitt, Housemaid, Atherton.
21. Marian Andrews, Confectioner, Bradford.
22. Sarah Calvert, Dressmaker, Bradford.
23. Elizabeth Renkauff, Dressmaker, Camberwell.
24. Eleanor Dewhurst, Cook-Confectioner, Barrow-in-Furness.
25. Bessie Mary Draper, Cook, Southsea.

Should any of our hand-working girls care to have another competition of this kind we will gladly arrange for it if a few such girls would let us know by letter or post-card.

THE EDITOR.

FIRST PRIZE ESSAY (£5 5s.).

MY DAILY ROUND.*

My occupation is that of a tailoress. It is by no means what (if I had had my own way) I should have chosen. It was always my ambition to be a teacher, but Providence willed it otherwise. I have felt inclined at times to be somewhat discontented with "my daily round," but as I grow older I see more and more plainly that my path has been marked out by Him who never makes a mistake, and who is too wise to err, too good to be unkind. I am twenty-five years of age, and work at home with my only sister, whom, both working together, I shall have at times, to include. Our united efforts support the home, and we live with our widowed mother, who does the housework and gets our meals. We can make overcoats, jackets, and waistcoats, but our principal work is waistcoats. We have to do as well, what is always a nuisance in the busy time, alterations and repairs. Sometimes during the day a jacket will be sent to have the sleeves shortened, or a vest wanting a new back, or perhaps the

buttonholes want reworking. This may not sound much to do, but often it puts the day's work entirely behindhand, and we are unable to finish what we could easily have done had we had no hindrance. Our hours of work are various. We have our busy, very busy, and slack time. During the busy season we reckon to work from half-past six in the morning till half-past seven at night, and when very busy we often work from 5 A.M. till nine or ten at night. We continue very busy from Easter till after Whitsun, about eight weeks, and those eight weeks seem like eight months. Often by the end of the day we get so tired that we can scarcely hold our needle for very weariness. I have often said I should like to count the number of stitches I make during one of those days out of curiosity. Our slack time commences in October and November, but our quietest season is after Christmas, during January, February, and the beginning of March. At this time we have some very quiet weeks indeed, but we have ever proved the truth of the Scripture which says, "The Lord will provide," and then we employ ourselves in making our underclothing and dresses. The payment for our work varies with the kind of vest we have to make, but on an average we are paid about 2s. 3d. each. Our

weekly wages are scarcely ever the same, but on reckoning up I find we earn on an average 29s. weekly. We are employed at three shops, and although it is rather a hard push in the summer to satisfy them all, we find it only too easy to do so in the winter. Two of our employers are exceedingly kind to us. One especially. For instance. A few weeks ago, my sister, whilst pressing, burnt a forepart of a vest. She took it at once to the shop (I must say, somewhat in fear and trembling), but our employer was most kind over it. He said he never blamed anyone for an accident, and was only angry when he knew these things to happen through carelessness. This same master has shown us how to improve many little things in connection with the work, which has been most helpful, and I am sure such masters as he lose nothing by their kindness. One of our employers is a man very hard to please. He seldom, if ever, gives encouragement and is a man of very little patience. However, everyone has to take the bitter with the sweet, and I cannot help feeling thankful we have two kind masters to one the contrary. If during the busy season we are unable to do the amount of work required, or one of us should be ill, it is a serious inconvenience and loss to the firm. At that

* This essay is printed exactly as written, without any correction whatever. We hope to print the remaining prize essays next month.—Ed.

time every tailor and tailoress is fully employed, and we have known it to be most difficult to get an extra "hand" during the busy season.

I have said that our principal work is waistcoats, and of these we make many different kinds. There are livery-vests, made of hard fawn or blue cloth, dress-vests for evening wear, clergymen's, made to button to throat with a small stand collar, also double-breasted, bound, ordinary tweed, corduroy, as well as white and fancy vests for summer wear. An ordinary busy day's work to us would be to make four vests, and such a day's work I am going to describe. We are roused one bright summer's morning at six o'clock by mother knocking overhead, and although we would fain slumber on, we must get up at once if we are to finish our day's work in good time. We commence work about half-past six, having to make a bound vest, a fancy black, a grey tweed, and a youth's blue serge. My sister does all the fitting-up, pressing, etc., whilst my work is principally machining and hand-sewing. First of all the four backs are taken from the vests and given to me to machine. This gives me employment for a short time, while the facings are being fitted, welt holes cut, buttonholes marked, and welts baisted on ready to machine. Everybody knows that getting work ready for the machine is a much slower process than the actual machining, and so we get the welts of the vest to be bound ready for binding, so that while I am felling the braid on these by hand, more machining can be got ready.

For an hour and a half we are both hard at work on the pockets, sewing on the welts, pressing open the seams, baisting them ready for stitching, then stitching them across with silk or binding, as the case may be, pressing them again, and then baisting the welts down ready for the pockets to be sewn. They are not all quite as forward as this, however, when we hear what is always a most welcome sound—a call from mother that "breakfast is ready," and we are usually quite ready for it.

During the busy time we never take more than a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes to breakfast, then up to work sharp again, if we are to be finished by half-past seven. Now, feeling better for our meal, we finish our pockets and get the canvases baisted in, and then I can say good-bye to the machine

for two hours at least, for I have twenty-four tackings to do, and they take me five minutes each. I get rather tired of sitting by the end of that time, and a bit tired of the tackings too, so I am glad to find that in the meantime the canvases have been pared and stay-taped; also several facings sewn round, and the seam pressed open ready for me to pare. This I can stand to do, being very glad of the change. When this is done the vest to be bound is ready for binding, and now I am sitting again until dinner-time. This takes me nearly an hour to bind, and then comes the buttonholes, all of which I have to work. These I work in the four vests straight off.

There are, as a rule, seven buttonholes in most vests, six for the buttons and one for the watch-chain. Sometimes, however, customers prefer not to have a chain-hole, and I must confess I prefer it too, for when one has a considerable number to work right off, one less is a consideration. I can work a button-hole in five minutes, but that is my quickest. I have often tried to work them in less time, but have never succeeded. I keep on at these until dinner is ready, about one o'clock. Then we just eat our dinner, wash our hands, and return to work at once. This sounds rather hard, perhaps, that we should have no rest, but when sometimes I begin to think it feels hard, the thought of those days when we have only too much rest comes to me, and then I cannot help feeling thankful that it is necessary to return to work immediately after dinner.

The afternoon is as a rule very quiet, except for a short time just before two o'clock, when we usually have a visitor. This is a friend of ours, a milliner. During her dinner hour she runs in to see us, and her visit, although short, is often a nice little break in the day's routine. I must say, however, that we do not care for many visitors in our workroom. They hinder far more than one would suppose. We have found again and again, that to finish a fixed quantity of work in a day, the whole thought and attention is wanted, and this cannot be given when there are visitors. I am usually sitting all the afternoon. I finish my buttonholes about a quarter to four, and then find that one of the foreparts has been pressed, and the lining baisted in ready for me to fell. All the time I have been at work my sister has by no means been idle. She has had to get the

foreparts ready for me to work the buttonholes. The edges of the grey tweed, fancy black and blue serge, have had to be baisted, pressed, double-stitched with silk, and many other little things have had to be done, scarcely worth mentioning perhaps, but which takes more time than one would imagine. And now I am busy *felling the linings in*. These take a quarter of an hour each, and I get about four felled in before tea. This is rather a hurried meal, but a cup of tea greatly refreshes us, and we feel all the better for it.

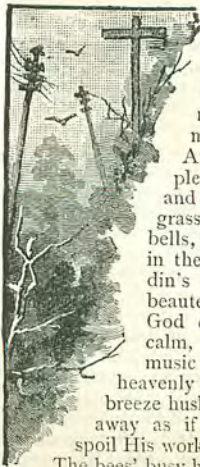
After tea whilst I am finishing the linings, each one of which has been got ready for me, my sister commences baisting in the backs of those that have been filled, then machining them, and getting them in a condition for me to put the finishing touches, as far as the sewing is concerned. I may here mention that none of these vests have collars. It is fashionable sometimes for gentlemen's vests to be made without collars, a fashion which waistcoat makers appreciate. When the buttons are sewn on, and the last stitch put in, my sister presses that one off, and this is done to each until all are at last finished, and we are free to wash, change our dresses, and take our work home. This we are glad to find gives satisfaction, and we get more work out for the next day. Then we sometimes go for a walk, or study our Sunday School lesson, both of us being Sunday School teachers.

Having to work hard all the week does make one appreciate Sunday, and we do indeed realise that it is the best of all the seven. There is one thing in connection with my daily round for which I am very thankful, and that is, that I have not to work alone. My sister and I working together makes our lives so much less monotonous than they otherwise would be, and all through this day that I have been trying to describe we have been conversing together, and sometimes singing. I have often thought that it is very little influence for good that I can exert, my life is so very commonplace, but four lines I have often heard come to my mind with wonderful comfort and they are these—

The daily round, the common task,
Can furnish all we ought to ask.
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To lead us daily nearer God.

I declare the statements in this paper to be true. "Ivy," Gravesend, Kent.

LITTLE ELIZABETH.



HE western sky was glorious that evening; purple and gold and crimson and yet low, all mingled their colours to make a glorious sunset. And the crimson and purple and gold rays stooped and kissed the trembling grass and the shining bluebells, and touched each ripple in the tiny stream till Aladdin's Palace was not more beauteous. And over it all God cast a mantle of holy calm, like a strain of silent music out of one of His heavenly songs, and the very breeze hushed its sighing and died away as if afraid to breathe and spoil His work.

The bees' busy hum was over for the day and the last bird gave one frightened twitter, and then, as if afraid to be alone, spread his

wings and sought a hiding-place in a golden furze bush; and the rabbits and tiny field mice curled up in their nests and slept, and all things were full of peace.

And many a lover turned his eyes for a moment at his sweetheart's whisper to "look at the sky," and gazed and gazed—till he almost forgot the one he loved was by his side; and to many a sorrow-bound heart the sight of God's finger touching all things with glory, brought calm and peace, as it spoke to them of a land of rest and joy.

But there was little of peace and joy to be read there by little Elizabeth. Her mother, dying, had left her, an unwelcome burden to the parish. "Only a Gipsy child" people called her; so there was nothing but drudgery and blows and beggary and glances which spoke of anything but love or peace.

So that glorious sky told of no love as she went on her evening errand, for she did not know what it meant. But she toiled wearily down the grassy path towards the spring, where every tiny green blade sprang up to

greet the rosy light, and stood erect, as if to try and see more of the western glory than its fellows. And then Elizabeth sat down to rest.

It was the only time in the day when she could rest, without the terror of being disturbed by angry scoldings or worse—but she dared not stay very long—but to-night she was worn-out from much work and little to eat. So she sat her down and rested her poor thin old face on her little thin hand, and put her sharp elbow, which peered blue and bare through her torn sleeve, on the sunset green turf. And then she gazed and gazed across the grass and the little wood and the tiny rippling stream, away and away to the bars of glory in the sky.

And the little blades of grass each wept a tiny drop of dew as they looked at her wasted young face and her tired expression. And as she gazed, those wonderful bars of light seemed changed, so that she forgot her errand and her mistress. And if you had passed by then, you would have seen a look in her eyes like

through them. There is no other light in the room, for the night-light has long since gone sputtering out, so hardly anything is visible.

It is cold too, and cheerless. And what a long time it will be before the servants stir and someone comes in with the morning cup of tea or chocolate. Slumber still seals every eye in the house, and she would not dream of depriving anyone of her rest. That would be selfish, she thinks. So will lie and count the weary minutes till grandfather's clock on the staircase grunts out the hour of night.

How she wishes she could only get off to sleep again! She tries and tries, on this side and on that; but all in vain. The very pillow has hardened its heart against her, and the attempt to sleep only sets her brain on fire and whirls her from one disagreeable train of thought to another.

Happy birds begin to sing—if she is a dweller in the quiet, green country—sparrows bicker, cocks crow in the distance, and every sound near or afar tells that God's world is awakening to the joy and gladness of another day.

But she—“Oh, dear! oh, dear!” she says, half aloud. “Will it never, never be morning?”

Now, reader, if this paper of mine does no other good save that of giving a few hints to the convalescent or the weakly, who awake between the dark and the daylight, it will not, I think, be written in vain.

Sleep, you must know, is essential to all of us; but it is life itself to the invalid. The strong can do with probably only five hours, if the work of the day has been performed out of doors. We should also remember that some people can sleep more in three hours than others can in ten, and seven hours of genuine slumber does anyone more good than a dozen if the sleep be indifferent and disturbed by wearying dreams. You see, one cannot sleep healthfully unless blood almost completely departs from the brain, leaving no more in the millions of tiny, hair-like branching blood-

vessels, than is sufficient to carry on a species of organic life.

The most perfect form of sleep we are acquainted with in Nature is probably that into which the trees fall during the winter. Yonder, for example, is a great sycamore nod-nodding in the breeze just outside my wigwam window while I write. It is leafless and bare and unconscious. When summer winds rustled its bonnie branches, and summer sunshine glittered on every leaf, that tree was conscious of a feeling of gentle warmth if nothing else, and had anyone lopped a limb from it, though incapable of feeling pain, the wound would at least have felt cold. But now the tree is wrapped in deepest slumber. It seems dead and yet it is alive, and already buds are beginning to shoot out on every twig. That is a healthy tree, and its sleep is natural. By-and-by the sap will return, and it will once more awaken.

I have told you of the tiny blood-vessels of the brain. They are elastic as to their walls, and small though they be, they are supplied by nerves still smaller.

Note this now: If the tone of the body and nerves is well kept up; if the heart is strong enough on both sides; if sufficient open-air exercise is taken every day; if sufficient food and no more is taken, and if the mind is easy and free from the effects of excitement, then *bad* sleep is a sheer impossibility.

But during illness of some kinds, and especially during convalescence, the body is weak, and the nerves which incite the contraction of those tiny blood-vessels, and are thus the motor force which compels the expulsion of the blood, have greatly lost their power, and so sleep at its best is bad, and therefore fitful.

At that hour of the morning then, between the dark and the daylight, the body is at its weakest, the heart at its feeblest point. It is ebb-tide, and at this time the lamp of life is more apt to flicker and go out than at any other period of the day or night.

And now I stand face to face with the question, how is the fitful sleep of the invalid

or convalescent to be rendered more healthful, and that weary early waking prevented? Manifestly by strengthening the muscles and nerves, and so restoring the balance of nature.

Your doctor may well be trusted with the medicinal treatment of your case, but I want you to remember that your doctor cannot be always with you.

Besides, while drugs that tend to tone the body and elevate the constitution do much good when skilfully administered, narcotics or sleeping draughts are as a rule worse than useless.

Your mainstay is food.

Food that can be easily digested. Food before going to sleep. But *above all*, food that can be taken early in the morning between the dark and the daylight.

This enables the convalescent to get a firmer hold of life; it tones the nerves and restores resiliency to the brain capillaries.

If one has a nurse—well and good; but convalescents seldom have. Therefore—and I wish I could put it in stronger language—the midnight snack or the little early morning meal should invariably be placed near at hand the night before. Have what you like. That is the rule, and I would not even forbid a spoonful or two of wine. But an egg with a morsel of bread and butter, washed down with a mouthful of milk, is excellent. So is milk pudding, blanc-mange, arrowroot, or bovril with toast. The bovril can be kept hot over a night-light.

The food that is tasty is more likely to digest, because it excites the flow of the salivary glands. Contrary to the generally received opinion, a morsel of cheese is sometimes eminently digestible on this very account.

Now having discussed the little meal, resign yourself to rest. You will, nine times out of ten, doze off again, between the dark and the daylight, and awake stronger than when you went to bed.

The title of my next month's Health Sermon will be “Our Servants Ten.”

MY DAILY ROUND.

SECOND PRIZE ESSAY (£4 4s.).

It may interest you to hear a little about my work, so I will give you just a short sketch of my work for one day. I am a district-nurse, and live with my aunt in a small cottage in a pretty country parish of about two thousand inhabitants.

Usually I rise at seven, and help with household work until about ten, attending to any patients who are well enough to come to me to have their sores attended to. It is impossible to work just to time, but I always try to be in to dinner about one, and to tea about five o'clock. My first patient to-day was a boy to have a very badly-cut finger dressed. Then a mother with a year-old baby, having an abscess to be dressed.

My first visit was to an old woman very ill of bronchitis. I washed her and made the bed, and also dressed her bad legs, in the meantime getting to know all about the night she had passed, and giving hints as to her food, and anything likely to be a comfort to her.

My next visit was to a poor old man, who, unfortunately, had got a bedsore before I was sent for to attend him. I found him very weak and very weary. So whilst I was washing him, making his bed, and dressing the poor back, we had a chat. I told him of a dear old patient I once went to see in a work-house infirmary. I found him in bed, with his face covered by the sheet; and asking him

why he had his face covered, he said, “Oh, it is nice to feel alone sometimes in this big ward, but God is so good, he is taking away a little at a time to make me glad to go.”

My next patient is a poor little motherless girl of seven, who was badly burnt three months ago; it was a dreadfully bad case, and took me several hours daily. Now she is doing so well, the dressing only took about twenty minutes to-day. Whilst I am preparing the dressing she always cries, but as soon as I begin dressing the wounds she is quite good; and as I put on the last bandage, her face beams with pleasure to think the dressing is over once again. To-day I had to admire a beautiful doll, which some kind friend had sent her.

I always enjoy a little play with the sick children if possible, and indeed many of the children seem to think I go just to amuse them—one little sick boy saying to his mother, when it got to evening and I had not been in to see him, “Mother, isn't nurse coming to play ball with me to-day?”

My next visit was to a poor woman with rheumatic gout. I bandaged her poor painful limbs, and made her as comfortable as possible, and also sent for the doctor, as she was looking worse than when I had seen her the day before. I was also called in to see a neighbour, who had a sore throat.

My next patient was a boy with a carbuncle on his neck; his mother had been dressing it with a slice of raw bacon! It was most inflamed and painful, so I bathed it well with hot water, and applied a water dressing; I also ordered him some cod-liver oil, and was very pleased and surprised when he told me he liked it!

It was now one o'clock, so I was glad to go home to dinner. Almost before I had finished dinner a girl came with a badly-crushed finger. She had been to the doctor the day before, and he sent her to me to have it dressed daily until well.

Then twenty minutes' rest in an easy-chair, with an interesting book. Out again at 2.15 to another part of the parish, where I had a patient, a young girl, who had been in bed a month, and who was delighted to be told she might come down to tea.

My next patient had varicose veins, which I had to bandage; I also gave her sister a lesson in bandaging (part of my work being to teach people to help each other). I was then asked to go and see a neighbour, whom I found in bed with influenza; I did nothing at this house except give a few simple directions. Then off to another part of the parish to see a poor man, an incurable case, who was going to be moved to the workhouse infirmary, some miles away. I washed him, and made him as

comfortable as I could under the circumstances.

I then paid a second visit to my patient with bronchitis; then to an old man who is quite bedfast. I had nothing to do for him, except have a chat, as a daughter had come to nurse him, who had done all that was needed.

Then home to tea at 5.30. While at tea I was sent for to a child who had scalded her throat. On getting there I was pleased to

find the case was not so serious as the mother had feared.

One more visit to my poor patient with bronchitis, and home again at 8.30, feeling very tired, and glad to rest until bedtime, with the happy feeling that "something attempted, something done, had earned a night's repose."

This is just an account of the work of one day, of course the work varies according to the sick cases; sometimes I devote a whole day to a bad case, if the doctor thinks it necessary.

I think district nursing one of the happiest things a woman can work at, and very healthy work; the long walks undo the harm a nurse may get by working in close, stuffy, sick rooms, and it is such a happy feeling to think you have made a few poor sufferers a little easier.

I declare the statement in this paper to be true.

District Nurse,
Westmorland.

"VIOLET."

THIRD PRIZE ESSAY (£3 3s.).

DEAR READER.—I am going to write you a few lines about my own work, for I feel that working girls of our day ought to know more about each other, and have a feeling of fellow sympathy and love one for the other, especially for those girls who are poorer than ourselves and who perhaps have to work a great deal harder, and often get less money for their work. Now I want you to suppose for a little while, that you are going to view the place or workshop, in which I pass a larger part of the day, I will start from my home, ten minutes pleasant walk will bring me to the work-shop, you ask what it is, well it is Card-board Box Manufacturing, and these works cover an area, of 2,500 square yards, and are situate with about 100 yards frontage to the street, and will be found one of the most complete manufactories of its kind in the midland counties, they are well lighted and properly fitted up for the making of boxes.

Now we will go inside, when we get inside the porch you see two doors, one leads to a neat room or office in which the master receives his friends, or persons who come about the work, that is not the door we want so we will go through the other one, this brings us into the chief room in which the work is done, before we go round, I must tell you that not only boxes are made, but bobbins, pattern-cards, stars, & in fact all cardboard goods in immense quantities. Bobbins and pattern-cards are made for the silk mills, pattern-cards are so called, because of the many patterns of silk or cotton cord that is fixed on them. Now I know you are anxious to see how boxes are made, about seventy six girls are engaged in making the boxes, First of all on Monday morning at 8 O'clock, (at which time we start work) the girls take their books to the managers desk, and work is given them in their books according to what orders are in, suppose a girl as in her book $\frac{1}{2}$ Gross of small square boxes which are used for holding reels of cotton. She would first of all get the cardboard for the boxes, which would be cut the required size under a 42 inch guillotine, they are then passed to the scorer which slightly indents the board: the corners are then cut out by a corner cutting machine, when the box can be bent to the required size; it is now ready for the girl to take to the table and fasten the corners together either with strong paper or linen; now paper is required to cover the box and for this she goes to another machine and gets all she requires for covering the box and lid, this process goes on day by day, but of course different payment is made according to the size and quality of the boxes, from one shilling to about nine shillings and sixpence per gross. It is very interesting to see the girls at their work.

Now for the patent folding boxes which are made by the machines, this is entirely a new department in box-making, and is the latest adaption, to the needs of our manufactures, who send out their goods in boxes, but often have not room for the bulky article known as the ordinary lidded box. Folding boxes have many advantages, they are stowed away as compactly as the boards of which they are

made, before manufacture, for instance, 3,000 folding boxes 12 in by 6 in by 5 in occupy no more room than a gross of ordinary lidded boxes. They are the handiest for use, and in less time than it takes to write, they are removed from the store shelf, and goods inserted. The works are personally superintended, they are arranged with every care, and fitted up with a great variety of the latest machines invented for box making.

Let us see what one of the patent folding boxes run through. First the boards are cut and grooved to size, in the cutting or grooving machine, at one operation, this groover is a large machine, which, when passing the boards through makes marks both, downwards and across, which then can be bent into the shape required. Thence to the stamping machines which forms the shaped and tucked in ends; the box before going under this machine is perfectly flat, except for the groover marks. And finally the box goes to a most ingenious wire stitching machine, which stitches both the sides of the box together, which forms it into its right shape, this machine does its work with admirable precision; three stamping and three stitching turn out about 3,000 boxes per hour. Folding boxes are mostly used for, gelly powder, soap, Fullers earth, bonbons, butter, wine bottles, egg powder, sweets and many other things beside. I will mention at this part, that the younger girls work these machines and are paid from 2s 6d to 5s per week, and for this they work from 8 am to 7 pm, we have from one o'clock till two O'clock for dinner, and from 5 till 5-30 for tea.

Tea, milk, and sugar is found by the master for which we all pay two-pence per week. The tea is mashed altogether in a large urn, which is always kept nice and clean and bright. If you could be in the shop at half-past 4 o'clock in the afternoon, you would perhaps be interested to see the way in which the tea is served out. First of all two young girls take mugs round to each girl at her table, these mugs belong to the works, and are provided for the use of the work people, while the two younger girls take the mugs round, the tea is being mashed by an elder girl who deals it out to the other two girls, into milk cans which they take round, and fill every mug with tea, then directly the clock strikes five we all have a quite and pleasant half hour. Then the same girls that took the tea round, collect all the mugs after tea, and wash them up ready for the next day's use.

But I must not forget to mention my own work, which is in making reels and bobbins, these are made for the silk mills: this work is simple and easy and can be learned easily, both the reels and bobbins are made for the use of silk, cord, braid and velvet ribbons, of which I daresay you often see in the milliners shops; there are many different sizers required both in bobbins and reels, first of all I will tell you how I make the reels. A large quantity of cards are cut at one time, under the guillotine of which I have mentioned to you before, The card board for reels and bobbins is mostly stronger than that which is used for ordinary

boxes. When the cards are all cut I take them to another machine, which cuts the square corners off the cards, then I go and get the pegs or small pieces of wood, whatever size I require then I get a wooden frame made for the reel to fit in, with three holes in it. I then put a peg in each hole, fix a card on each side of the frame, and tack them to the pegs. A reel is simply three pegs so far apart from each other, with a card each side tacked to the pegs, for these I get 6d per gross which takes from one hour and a half to two hours in making.

Now I will tell you how the bobbins are made I have five different kinds, they are all made the same way, only the cards are cut in different shapes and sizes, but most of them are round cards. Now suppose the card is from 4 to 8 inches round, this I take and punch a hole in the centre, with a punching machine, then I punch two round pieces of woodpulp, or thick soft, white cardboard, about one or two inches round, which are tacked to the card with three tacks, these I make on a square iron block with a small piece of round narrow iron in the centre, on which I fix the woodpulp and cards, for these I get three half pence for a gross of cards, which I can make in an hour. The cards that I make are finished by the box hands, they put a narrow gilt edge of paper round the cards, and fix two cards on to a tube which forms the bobbin, and finally they are put into boxes made for them.

I cannot explain to you much about box-making in its self, as I don't make them, but I am expecting to leave the work soon which I have told you about, and go on a box table. We have a strict, but very good master, who will have his work done well, and likes to see everything clean and in perfect order. So on Saturday the girls clean their tables and floor, of course the room is swept every night by four of the young girls, but on Saturday it is done very well, and the girls that sweep, clean and polish the tea urn and cans, blacklead two stoves which the girls hot their dinners in during the week, all the mugs are washed again, and many other things are cleaned, the sweeping girls as we call them, get 8d or 9d each per week, which they collect from each of the elder girls for sweeping under their tables.

There is nothing more left for me to tell about the work, I hope you will not find it dry, but work is often dry and hard to us, I think if we could only sympathise more with one another, and obey our Heavenly Masters commandments, and have love one for another. Our daily round would become a pleasure instead of a labour, and we could say in the lines of the dear old hymn.

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ELIZA HALL

I declare the statement in this paper to be true.

Eliza Hall, Derby.

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MY DAILY ROUND.

FOURTH PRIZE ESSAY (£2 2s.)*

NELLIE, get up at once, or you will be late, are the first words that greet my ears as I awoke to-day. Late I echo as I jump out of bed and look at the watch hanging on a nail on the wall. Clocks are not depended on in our house, they are always behind time, therefore I look at the watch. I find it is a quarter to seven. I am ready for breakfast, about a quarter past seven, being the youngest, I am sent for the milk, my big sister makes the breakfast. When I bring the milk we all sit down to breakfast. How I enjoy a cup of tea in the morning. At twenty minutes to eight I am ready for the road. It is raining. Dad, tells me to put on my old waterproof. I glance at it hanging in the lobby, shall I put it on I wonder, its rather shabby, but then, it will keep me dry. As I stand wondering whether to don it or not, I hear a voice saying Nellie, if you dont hurry you will be locked out, so I snatched up my umbrella and ran. I hurry along the street, but it is so wet that I am compelled to take the car. I see one coming laden with passengers, as it does not stop until it reaches the station, I pluck up courage and run after it.

Now. I knew my hat was reclining gracefully on one side of my head. I knew my skirt was flapping in a most unelegent manner, But I run on and try to look as if it were the most pleasant thing in the world, to run after a tram, especially when one is short of wind. I find every seat occupied by men, while up the centre stands I double row of ladies. One man who thinks he is somebody orders the ladies to stand up a bit, while he takes up the room of two. The car reaches the cross and I jump out, and proceed on my way to the warehouse. Girls are hurrying from all corners, and as they shake the water off their cloakes

they exclaim, delightful morning delightful weather we are having. The warehouse is on the top flat, so we have to climb three flights of stairs. I can assure you there are plenty of groans heard on all sides. One suggests that the master ought to have a hoist for the girls. Another girl begs to be allowed to head the petition when it is brought out, but all nonsense is stopped when I voice exclaim's you are all locked out. Then there is a rush for the door, but alas, too late the door is shut and about six of us are on the wrong side of the door. For a moment there is perfect silence. But something must be done we try knocking gently then a gentle kick but it is of no use we will need to sit on the stairs for an hour. I look for a seat and find a chair minus a back also a leg but it is better than nothing, but I am only allowed one half of the chair, Nora White insists on taking the other half so I let her have it after a bit of a struggle. If I had thought for one moment that I would be locked out, I exclaim, I would not have spent a half-penny on a car. Youve no room to talk said another if you had come away from home without your breakfast you would have something to grumble about. But all things come to him that wait's, and at last the door is opened as the clock strikes nine. The forewoman looks at us reproachfully over her specks, but, not one of us has the courage to meet her gaze. Our warehouse is full of angles and corners, at one end there are the steam machines, in the middle of the room, the forewoman's table stands and the sewers then you turn a corner and the treadle machines meet your view, It is a treadle machine, I work. I think steam machines are unhealthy, When I take off my hat and jacket and start my machine, I am asked on all sides if I was

locked out, and if it was nice to stand outside, I disdain to answer them, and call on a message girl to take up my work. one does not need to call more than six times on a girl, she comes at last and carries my work and my book to the mistress. I receive a dozen blouses. I seem up the sleeves and stitch round the cuffs and the collars, then the bodices come next. I expect Mr. Editor, you will know what blouses are, so I wont go into details, but a blouse has to go through six pair of hands, before it is ready to go down to the saleroom. We work nine hours a day, from eight O'clock till ore, and from two O'clock till six. The blouses I am doing just now are perfectly plain, but that is something unusual, for I generally get samples to do. What we have been doing of late are white muslin ones, one mass of tucks and lace, and they are anything but pleasant to do, we have to be so carefull and not soil them. The hours are rather long but we make them slip by. we have always plenty of singing and jokes among ourselves. We stop at five minutes to one to get our boots on and our hats and jackets. I go home for my dinner unless it is very wet, A good many of the girls cannot get home so they have to be content with a cup of tea. I get back again at two O'clock and start work, another four hours pass and we stop for the day. I am home about halfpast six and have tea then the dishes are washed up and any sewing that is to be done. My Sister and I make our own dresses, so I have always plenty to do, but still I like reading and I get many a scolding for putting aside my work, and lifting the Girls Own Paper.

I declare the statements in this paper to be true.

VIOLET.
Glasgow S. S.

FIFTH PRIZE ESSAY (£1 1s.)*

I AM sixteen years of age, and for three years I have been working in the fields. I get tencepence per day and I take my meals and sleep at home, I am not in the house very often, only when the day is very wet. Just now I am clipping turnips, that is, pulling them up and cutting off all the roots, stalks, and dirt with a curved knife, leaving them then in rows for the cart to take to the farm. This is the hardest work I get all the year, as there is a great deal of frost and snow during the time of clipping. my companions in the field are three old Highland women who have no language but Gaelic, having lived in the Highlands here all their lives, and as there is a great many turnips it takes us four nearly all winter to clip them. in the winter I am out at eight in the morning till six in the evening getting from twelve to one for dinner. but in Spring, Summer, and Autumn I must be out at seven in the morning to six in the evening during hay-time and harvest I am three or four hours later and sometimes the farmer gives us our tea in

the field but I get the same wages as usual. When the turnips are finished I help to plant the potatoes and after that comes the sowing of the corn, I have to carry corn to the man who is sowing. in May I am putting the peats in small heaps to dry. in June I am hewing the potatoes and turnips. in July and part of August I am at the hay. in the end of August and part of September I am at the harvest I have nine sheaves to gather and tie them up in July and August I am sometimes thinning turnips then I am maybe a day at the hay and another at turnips in the beginning of October I cut down the thistles that grow in the grass parks and then the men begin to dig the potatoes and I keep gathering to one man when they are finished, the clipping of the turnips begin. that is my years works and I like it well though it is very cold in the winter now I will tell what I do when I am in the house on a wet day. I rise at six and help Mother with the breakfast and get the Children ready for school, then I put on a pot of potatoes for the

hens and pig. then I wash the dishes, and make the three beds. then I feed the hens and pig. then I clean the kitchen and help Mother to get dinner ready by washing potatoes and cutting up vegetables. after dinner, I wash up the dishes, tidy the kitchen, and put on another pot for the animals. then I sew or knit for a while. and I feed the animals again, and takes in plenty of peats and water for the evening. then the children come from school, and I have to get their dinner ready. then mother goes to milk 10 cows at the farm, and I get supper ready. after supper, I wash the dishes and tidy up things, and sew or knit and help the children with their lessons. I go to rest at nine there are no amusements here at all but I dont weary as I am used to it now the only young people on the farm are my sisters and myself I think I have told everything I know & I declare this to be true.

HEATHER.

* These essays appear just as they were written—without correction of any kind.—Ed.