

common seals by their erect position, their fins being more like limbs and not useless fins by the side of the animal, and only of use to them when in the water.

The otarid therefore are less fish-like, the back fins coming forward like feet when in an erect position.

At the close of the last and during the early part of the present century fur seals existed in countless numbers in many parts of the world, but the greed and stupidity of men have succeeded in reducing their numbers in most regions. Fortunately, both for science and for commerce, the seal rookeries of the Prybeloff

Islands in Behring Sea have been placed under such restrictions as to render the animal slaughter compensated by the number of births.

It appears that of the total number of sea-bears about half are males, and the other half females, but all of these do not mix with the females, as they are kept off by the stronger males, and herd by themselves; it is these bachelor seals which are alone allowed to be killed in the Prybeloff.

(To be continued.)



THE SEA BEAR OR FUR SEAL.

## LIFE IN WOMEN'S CHAMBERS: A MOTHER'S IMPRESSION.

### CHAPTER I.



HERE is no doubt about the growing fascination of the life described in our title, especially for the imaginations of many of our younger lassies whose lines have been lain hitherto in undeniably pleasant places.

As lately as the spring of last year it was my good fortune to receive an invitation to stay for a fortnight with an old school-friend whose eldest daughter had just finished her three years' course at the University, and was generally supposed to have come home now "for good." And assuredly hers was a home in which any gentle, bright-natured woman might have felt it good to be.

An old, sun-warmed Shropshire Hall, with the gables and black, crossing timbers that declare its near kinship to the homes of picturesque Cheshire, far enough in the country to secure the young green of the trees and hedgerows from all contamination of smoke, near enough to the town to admit easily of attendance at lectures or concerts, and for those unemancipated enough to desire it, of shopping, both pleasant and profitable.

The home within walls, moreover, was as attractive as its outward surroundings. Its master and mistress were never more content than when their house was filled with young people, whose number often doubled their own contingent of five; three boys and two girls, if Hetty and Jack, who were twenty-two and nineteen respectively, may be included under that heading.

The dignity too that can only come to a household whose head is deservedly honoured by the community of which it forms a part belonged to it in no scant measure. On all hands it was acknowledged that among the landowners of the country-side few interpreted their public and private duties in as generous a spirit or fulfilled them more conscientiously than Major Bramston. His gentle wife also, my Nita of the old days, aided and abetted his every kindly scheme, and with her children had been wont to throw herself heartily into all the best activities of the villages in the valley.

When Hetty at eighteen had elected to go to College, there had been much pleading against it on the part of her younger friends, and many useful openings for work, of necessity, set on one side at least for the time. But her father and mother had stood by her in her desire for a better equipment for life, and had spared her bright presence in the home as ungrudgingly as they could.

But when I arrived at the Hall to begin my visit in the proud capacity of "Auntie"—elect, if not actual, of all the younger people gathered under its roof, I found Hetty, with the honour of her diploma still fresh upon her, in a flushed and determined mood that allowed little or no room for persuasion. Her father was perplexed and grave, her mother almost tearful, and the rest of the family generally in distracted opposition.

She had been offered work through a College friend under the auspices of one of the many semi-scientific, semi-charitable associations bent on the redemption of the East End of London, and had set her heart on accepting it forthwith, and on "living in chambers."

Half an hour's quiet talk with her, however, easily revealed the fact that, kind-hearted lassie as Hetty was, it was the latter part of her programme that had especially fired her imagination.

"Just think, auntie! Two dear little rooms of my own, four storeys up on the lift, to manage them just as I choose, to be absolutely free to come and go, to live my own life!"

She drew a deep breath and threw out her arms with a swimmer's motion as if she already felt herself instinct with new powers of being.

I could hardly help laughing. Hetty's curly fair hair, dear dimpled little face and radiant blue eyes, seemed so strangely out of place in the solitary surrounding she desired so earnestly. I knew it. She did not. But as the days went by I began to realise, as did her mother, that nothing but that knowledge would ever bring back to her her old content in her home and the much good work that lay ready to her hand there, or even enable her to give herself to it in any way sufficiently to secure her her own self-respect.

So it was decided that Hetty should try her plan for a year; but as I watched the change that came over her mother's face when the decision was made I wondered if ever the younger generation will appreciate the length and breadth and depth and height of the love, faith and self-sacrifice which they are continually demanding and often richly receiving from the elder.

No. 17A, St. Edward's Chambers, W., was to form the direction of Hetty's letters henceforward. Her father provided her with thirty pounds for her furnishing, and smiled a little sadly at her eager petition "to be compelled to live on my own earnings." In the first excitement of her victory she had no thought but of securing it to the last straw.

"Let me go up by myself, mother. Mary," her college friend, "has promised to take me into her den until I have made my own fit to live in; and I want to manage everything for

myself and then to have you come and see me when I'm settled."

"Mary," while the chief instigator of Hetty's new and unwelcome ambitions had, notwithstanding, been a frequent and favourite guest at the Hall. And although her heart was heavy "mother" said "yes" bravely to this request also.

"Why do Mary and Hetty always speak as if a den were the most delightful-sounding place in the world?" asked practical Bessie, who was sixteen and abhorred nonsensical notions.

"I expect Hetty's room will look just about as much like a den as Hetty looks like a wild beast," replied Jack with a grim twist of the corners of his mouth. "Now if she had seen some of our fellow's places at Rugby! Bird's nests and snakes in bottles on the window-sill, live mice and a hedgehog, and perhaps a tame toad or a tortoise crawling about the floor, half a chemical laboratory in one corner and a muddle of geological specimens in another, ink, crumbs, papers, dust over everything and not a clean rag, or a handkerchief even, two days after a fellow's washing had come in—she might talk about a den. But, bless me, a girl couldn't let herself be comfortable if she tried! I can just imagine what Hetty's show will be like. Not a chair strong enough to bear sitting down on, tables that upset the first time you go near them, with a lamp on one and half a hundred tea-cups on another, curtains enough to smother a fellow, pictures that can't or won't stay straight on the walls, cushions to take up all the available space left, and foot-stools kicking about on purpose to trip you up—bah!"

Jack stayed his enumeration for want of breath, and for once Bessie forbore to take up the cudgels on behalf of her fellow-womenkind.

It must be confessed that Hetty's den when fully equipped would have gone far to justify her brother's sarcasms, although irrational as he would have declared it, its essentially feminine weaknesses afforded her, if not physical comfort, an exquisite mental satisfaction that far out-balanced any other consideration.

St. Edward's Chambers for women loomed large as a red brick pile even in the wide and many-mansioned street of which it formed a part. It probably contained nearly a hundred inhabitants, as eager and self-conscious in their quest of life as ever Hetty had been.

A large proportion of them were young, a larger, perhaps, were growing old rapidly in spite of a pathetic clinging to youth; one here and there had white or grey hair which they were inclined to wave as a banner when everything else failed them. For to live in St. Edward's Chambers was popularly supposed to involve the impressing of a distinct individuality upon your friends and neighbours. The distinctiveness being the matter of the most moment.

And yet with hardly an exception to an old-world mother's eyes as well as to those of the "mere male," their rooms or chambers presented an almost monotonous collection of similar oddities. Early in their existence a clever woman writer pointed out the fact that the inhabitants appeared to clothe their own persons, their walls and their sofas indiscriminately. The "Art Serge" that appeals with curious certainty to the would-be free women of our time as at once economically and æsthetically worthy of their patronage, if it hang in limp folds over a draughty door one day, may be impounded for the making of an equally limp cloak on the next, and finally end its career as a "beautiful patch of colour," concealing a shabby table or even a dilapidated coalscuttle. Art muslin again has a refinement lurking in its penny-halfpenny lengths that is inconceivable to the Philistine mind; while amazing posters, the evolution apparently of Japanese nightmares, are becoming the essential accompaniment of "black and whites," after Whistler, or autotypes of the most extreme Burne-Jones, Rossetti school.

Carved oak bureaus stand out amazed at their own substantiality from a few rush-bottomed chairs, usually manifestly painted or "japanned" by amateur hands, and the

tables continually do justice to the masculine maledictions hurled at them. A sofa bed would be comfortable if it were not for the elaboration upon it of cushions and hangings supposed to conceal its identity, and a hammock chair or two invite to cigarettes and midday snatches of unrefreshing sleep—a consequence of work or excitement pursued mainly by lamp-light.

Hetty's particular art serge was peacock blue, her art muslin a delicate yellow and her floor rejoiced her eyes with a (for St. Edward's Chambers) unusually costly drugget of a rich moss green. Three or four little bookshelves with dangerously slender supports bore their burden of "favourites" proudly, and coloured pots on brackets, photographs of the home folk, and pictures framed, or "drawing-pinned," covered most of the convenient wall space.

At St. Edward's Chambers there were no little kitchens or sculleries such as are attached to many of their kind, to allow of the inhabitants indulging in any very substantial cooking on their own account. Few, if any of the women had any time for such employment of their energy even if they had had the inclination. Luncheon and dinner could be ordered at certain specified hours from the house-keeper's rooms below, and tables were laid and cleared with restless precision by maids who, alas! had little time to rest in, much less waste. What they must often have thought of the surroundings of their deftly set out cover were perhaps best left undetermined. But Hetty at any rate on the first day that I was invited to inspect her little domain had it radiantly ready for admiration.

It was still spring-time, and with the help of a box of daffodils and lilies-of-the-valley from the "Hall" garden, she had turned

her little study into a veritable bower. Her friend Mary, who made her dwelling in rooms on the topmost floor of all, had descended to act as assistant hostess, and a merrier, kindlier or more completely light-hearted couple of lassies never made an old auntie more welcome.

Already Hetty had begun to take an absorbing interest in her work and to speak of us and our and we as if the association of which she was the newest and probably the youngest recruit was infallibly the reforming agency of the century. Mary was perhaps quieter in her faith, but seemed a no less devoted adherent; and I went away to write a long letter of description to Mrs. Bramston to tell her that, perhaps, after all, the young folks could see further along the road of life than we, whose eyes were growing a little near-sighted and too apt to be sensitive only to the lights and shadows of our own immediate circle.

For nearly six months after that I was absorbed in sorrows and anxieties that had arisen nearer my own home-life. Then I heard quite unexpectedly that Hetty had had an accident in getting in or out of her lift that had resulted in a badly broken ankle. At the same time I learnt that her mother had spent some six weeks up in her chambers nursing her, and that now they were both home again together for Christmas at the Hall.

From a rather guarded sentence towards the close of Mrs. Bramston's letter I gathered that there was little fear of Hetty's desiring a longer lease of life in chambers. But it was not until I again accepted an invitation to watch the spring making its welcome conquest of the Shropshire valleys that I heard "all about it."

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

FOOLISH LISTENERS.

It is told of Bishop Aylmer that when he observed his congregation inattentive he would repeat some verses of the Hebrew Bible, at which the people stared with astonishment. He then addressed them on the folly of eagerly listening to what they did not understand while they neglected instructions which were readily comprehended.

THE NEWSPAPER NEAREST THE NORTH POLE.

The paper that is published nearest the North Pole is one edited by a Mr. Moeller among the Eskimos of Greenland. He set up his office in a place called Godthaab, among a people that did not know how to read. Twice a month he makes a long trip on skates through the country to sell his paper.

At first his paper consisted of nothing but pictures; then he put in an alphabet, then added a few words, and at last came to sentences, until now his journal contains long articles on important topics.

And so this little paper of his has taught the Eskimos of that neighbourhood to read; and what great paper in the world can point to a piece of work more useful and enterprising?

THE WISE GIRL.

"How foolish is the pessimist,  
Despondent and forlorn,  
Who always when she gets a rose  
Goes hunting for a thorn!  
The optimist has better sense,  
The charm of life she knows,  
She doesn't mind a scratch or two  
If she can get the rose."

THE DISADVANTAGE OF HAVING WHITE HANDS.

When Mary Queen of Scots made her first attempt to escape from the Castle of Lochleven, she entered the boat in the disguise of a laundress. She carried a bundle of clothes, and had a muffler over her face.

They had not gone far when one of those who rowed said in a joke—

"Let us see what manner of dame this is."

With that he tried to pull down her muffler. "In defence," says a contemporary account, "she put up her hands, which they spied to be very fair and white; wherewith they entered into suspicion whom she was."

The Queen was much put out, and entreated them to row her to the shore, but they paid no attention and just "rowed her back again."

THE CHEERFUL PHILOSOPHER.

'Twere easy told  
That some grow wise and some grow cold,  
And all feel time and trouble:  
If life an empty bubble be,  
How sad are those who will not see  
A rainbow in the bubble."

PATIENCE AND PERSEVERANCE.—Patience is very good but perseverance is much better. While the former stands like a stoic under difficulties the latter makes it its business to vanquish them.

THINK THIS OVER.—By all means, girls, go on learning, but remember that knowledge is worse than ignorance if it does not lead us to live wiser and better lives.

HE SAW HE WAS BLIND.

"Well, John, did you take the note I gave you to Mr. Smithers?" asked a gentleman of his rustic servant.

"Yes, sir," said John; "I took the note, but I don't think he can read it."

"Can't read it! Why so?"

"Because he is so blind, sir. While I was in the room he axed me where my hat was, and it war on my head all the time."

DEFINITIONS.—The "complete angler," as a definition of "a flirt," is particularly happy. Beauty has been called "a short-lived tyranny," "a silent cheat" and "a delightful prejudice;" while modesty has been declared "the delicate shadow that virtue casts." Love has been likened to "the sugar in a woman's teacup and man the spoon that stirs it up;" and a "true lover's knot" has not inaptly been termed a "dear little tie."

ALCHEMISTS.—"In their search for gold the alchemists discovered other things—gunpowder, china, medicines, the laws of nature. There is a sense in which we are all alchemists."—*Schopenhauer*.

THE SPEED OF THOUGHT.—"It takes about two-fifths of a second," says a scientific writer, "to call to mind the country in which a well-known town is situated or the language in which a familiar author wrote. We can think of the next month in half the time we need to think of the name of last month. It takes on an average one-third of a second to add numbers containing one digit, and half a second to multiply them."

the cloth and set out the luncheon on the level space of short turf in front of the hut; they had just finished and placed Mrs. Garth in the seat of honour, a capacious wooden arm-chair just within the doorway, when a distant whistle was followed up by a shout, and six sportsmen came tramping through the heather and ling, greeting the ladies with a chorus of thanks, and exclamations of satisfaction in their arrangements. The party consisted of Sir Cosmo Cameron and his son, Guy Garth and three other men, who have nothing to do with this story. They had experienced capital sport, and were accordingly in the best of spirits. Laurella

and Charlie greeted each other with a shy eagerness, which, however veiled a world of joy in the meeting, and at the end of the merry informal meal, whilst the remainder of the men enjoyed a smoke, luxuriously couched on the heather, the lovers strolled off with a murmured excuse from Charlie about showing Miss Lonsdale a fern, and wandered for a blissful half hour amongst the great boulders scattered about the moor, which were in truth the haunt of many a fairy fern, if only they had remembered to search for them.

With a warm invitation to the ladies to repeat the honour they had done them and again share their meal on the day but one

following, the sportsmen resumed their guns and departed, whilst the girls set to work to wash up, and put away the plates and dishes, a task they would by no means leave to the servants, it being a time-honoured custom, and recognised part of the programme. Then Christie lighted a fire in the little stove and brewed some tea, which though milkless and a trifle smoked, was pronounced delicious, whilst Sybil harnessed Jock; and just as the mist began to dim the brilliance of the golden afternoon they started on their homeward drive. Sybil was occupying the fourth seat in the carriage.

(To be continued.)

## WOMEN'S LIFE IN CHAMBERS: A MOTHER'S IMPRESSION.

### PART II.



HETTY, a much graver, thinner and quieter Hetty than the one who had made tea for me in St. Edward's Chambers nearly a year ago, had set off after dinner with all the younger members of the family to sing at a village concert. Major Bramston had been detained by business in town, and Mrs. Bramston and I were left together by a de-

lightfully glowing fire in the oak-pannelled parlour "to have our gossip out," as Jack merrily phrased it. His arm had been thrown around his mother's shoulders the while, and there was an adoring light in his brown eyes that made me a little sadly conscious that there was a relationship beside which even that of "auntie" paled into insignificance.

When the door had closed on all the young people, and the sound of their merry voices and actively moving feet on the gravel of the drive had died away, Mrs. Bramston turned to me with a grave smile and a sigh expressive at once of relief and content.

"Well, Mysie," she said—we called each other yet by our schoolfellow names—"are you surprised to hear that Hetty is willing to stay home with us all after Easter?"

"I am very glad that it is so. You need a daughter to help you in the home, Nita," I answered her quickly, "but—"

"You are surprised a little. And so should I have been if it had not been for those six weeks I spent up with Hetty in her chambers," said Mrs. Bramston, finishing my hesitating sentence for me, her gentle face gathering colour with the swift memories that followed upon her words. "But, oh, Mysie, you cannot think how my heart aches for all those dear lassies up there, pretending so feverishly to be happy, wearing themselves out in the struggle to do without everything that made their mothers' lives before them full and complete, and working so bravely and honestly all the time! Although, Mysie, I am firmly convinced that their work would be fifty times better done if they only all lived in homes."

The stress she laid on the last word, and the quiver of emotion that accompanied it gave me the key to the direction in which her thoughts were tending; but I was too interested to interrupt her, and once started on her narrative her low voice hardly ceased until she had brought it to an end.

"I received the telegram from Mary, telling me of Hetty's accident," she said, "before eleven o'clock in the morning. The poor child had been just starting for her work when it happened; and when father and I

reached London it was still daylight. You cannot think, Mysie, what a comfortless muddle her two rooms were in. What the doctor must have thought of it all, I cannot imagine. She had never time to tidy anything before she went off to her work in the morning, and everything used to be left just as it was until she came home in the evening. Her study was not quite so bad; but the burnt-out ashes in the grate, the uncleaned table and the scatter of papers—not to speak of the dust over everything, made father beg me to get her out of it and home amongst us all as soon as ever it was possible. But the doctor would not hear of her being moved, so father had to go back by himself and just leave me to manage for the poor child as best I could. It was the queerest experience, Mysie. You know Hetty is naturally as cleanly and tidy a girl as you could want to have; but the life they all live up there seems to deprive them almost of the will as well as the faculty, for keeping things nice about them.

"When the worst part of the pain was over and I had time to look round me, I found all Hetty's tea, supper, and breakfast dishes put away unwashed. And the poor child had been using one of her pretty coffee cups for red ink, and another had mustard in it that must have been a month old. She had only seven saucers left out of the dozen when I came to count them, and one I found afterwards with some horrid kind of boot-blackening in it under her bed, and another, a broken one, had a half-burnt night-light standing in it, a mass of mouldy grease!"

Mrs. Bramston stopped to laugh at herself for the tone of disgust that had slowly crept into her voice. But her own home breathed the very spirit of refined, perhaps it would be even better described as reverent housekeeping in its darkest corners, and I could well understand the effect a bachelor woman's random often reckless makeshifts would be likely to produce upon her.

"Sorry little details, Mysie dear," she continued, "but they were a consistent part of the whole. I never realised before that Hetty had no wardrobe or set of drawers of any kind in which to keep her things. She told me afterwards that she did not believe that there was such a piece of furniture in the building. She had put up a corner shelf with a curtain from it to do duty as a hanging closet; but it seems that something she put on top was too heavy, for it had all come down together, and was lying in a heap in a corner when I came to her. The poor things," she ejaculated as if repentant already of her strictures. "They haven't really any time. They are in a hurry, Mysie, from morning till night. The journalists are perhaps the worst of all, for they are kept dashing out and in all hours of the day and

night, and are hardly free even to get a comfortable dinner. Hetty confessed to me afterwards that most of them kept all their cleaning and tidying up to be done on Sunday morning, and so secured Sunday afternoon in readiness for visitors. But I said to her I was afraid that that meant they had no time at all for dusting out the corners of their inside lives; and the poor lassie was so weak that she broke down and cried like a child with her face pressed tight up against me just as she used to do in her nursery days. But it was truer even than I thought at the time."

The grave lines in Mrs. Bramston's face seemed to deepen as I watched her, with her thin delicate hands folded tight in her lap apparently living over again some of the more seriously sad experiences of her brief life in chambers.

"It isn't that any of the lassies have anything really bad in them," she went on almost as if she were thinking aloud. "Indeed, Mysie, I think many of them are striving to live true to their ideals in a way that might put our quieter, easier lives almost to shame. But the lack of all gentle, softening influence in their surroundings, no little children, no old people, no mother's faith to start them out in the morning and bring them back again at night; it seems to produce something in their natures which leads to a hard cynical way of talking about things, of other men and women, of their people they have left at home, of themselves perhaps most of all, that used to make me shudder! You see, Mysie, when Hetty was getting stronger and they had grown used to me, her old friends and neighbours used to tumble in and out of her room just as in the days before her accident. Tumble did I say?—well, I cannot explain it, but it's the only word that seems to describe it properly. And I used to keep in my corner with my knitting, and I think even Hetty sometimes forgot that her old mother was there. They used to sit about on the floor in the most uncomfortable attitudes, laugh and make fun incessantly, say the cleverest and most daring things, and I think were genuinely fond of one another and as ready to be kind when occasion offered as women could be. But for all that if one of them went out of the room the rest were sure to begin discussing her, analysing her ways of speech, her work, her dress, her character and life-story generally. And, Mysie, if there were the least suspicion of a love story you should have heard them! Of course they pretend to be cynical and superior and advanced and all that kind of thing; but it's the poorest, flimsiest affectation. I don't believe but that the hardest among them thinks in her heart of hearts that a baby is the loveliest thing in the world, so there!"

Mrs. Bramston's eyes looked suspiciously like crying although her lips were curved to laughter.

"I remember once that a sturdy little science student with short hair had to hurry off to a lecture. 'Dumps' was the ridiculous name they had for her, and she didn't seem to mind a bit. They said she had done some brilliant original work already. Directly the door was shut a hospital nurse, her closest friend I believe, began to tell in the drollest way about some half-consumptive student whom 'Dumps' had helped in his work, lending him books and things, and who now was hopelessly in love with her. The question was whether 'Dumps' loved him or not, and I must confess she seemed to have discussed it quite openly herself, a case of symptoms she declared it. He had 'flustered her' she confessed so that she could not do any of her work properly for a week; but that might have been abstract emotion! Then she forgot him usually when she was on her bicycle—fancy the poor girl remembering anything when she was riding through that horrible London traffic!—but once, it seemed, when she thought she was going to get crushed by a passing waggon she had been conscious of angrily regretting that she had not insured her life in his favour so that he could finish his studentship without any worry!"

Both Nita and I laughed involuntarily at this turn of the story, but I thought with her that there was a tragic side to it too.

"It is like the children pulling up the plants by the roots to see how they are growing, Mysie," she said. "If it doesn't kill the plant outright, it destroys its chance of flowering and I am afraid of fruit-bearing also."

I assented and she started again.

"Another afternoon, Dumps was kneeling on the floor by Hetty's sofa making a semi-professional examination of her poor ankle and lecturing away on bone formation until I feared that she would be wanting to try some of her experiments on the child herself. In the midst of her chatter a pale shadowy-looking girl, an engraver on copper I think she was, came silently into the room and crouched down over the fire. She had not spoken to any of us, when she suddenly looked up and said in the queerest, driest kind of voice—

"I've had a letter from home, girls. The dad died yesterday." She had spoken so abruptly that none of us could get a word out

in answer for a minute, and she gave a little laugh and added: 'Well, he knows now.'

"Knows what, dear?" said Hetty. I think she was so distressed for her friend that she hardly knew what she was saying.

"That I smoke cigarettes, perhaps," replied the girl trying to laugh again. 'Anyhow, I don't mean to wait so long as dad did till I find out if there's anything on the other side.'

"And if you will believe it, Mysie, the poor creature went on to talk of death in the vaguest, saddest way, of dying and suicide and the best way of leaving life behind her, just as if her father's death were the merest incident to her, on a level with any other death she might have read of in her histories or newspaper. And yet I believe that her heart was breaking all the time."

Mrs. Bramston sat silent for a little after that, her lips set very tightly together. When she spoke again it was on the same subject.

"They seem to think it a kind of weakness to show much affection for their home people. One splendid-looking girl described her mother as 'the most impossible infliction life had yet lain upon her,' and in the same breath insisted that Hetty should accept a pot of her home-made jam! She had just received a great box of good things from home, 'tucked in' she said 'with blankets. Mother never will believe I can be warm enough when I sleep in a garret seven storeys high!' Hetty said it was all journalese and I must not take any of it seriously. But—there is a 'but' in it, isn't there, Mysie?"

I honestly owned to thinking there was a very big "but" indeed!

"It all comes, I think," said Mrs. Bramston at last beginning to sum up her impressions, "of trying wilfully to do without the human relationships that God has set about us right from the very start. Men and women are not born grown up, right away, as units. There are a hundred ties in a family that can never be broken without a loss of life-blood all round. We need mothers and fathers and brothers and sisters, aye, and," with an affectionate look at me, "uncles and aunts and cousins. And when we are grown up ourselves and strong in our own strength we need the children and the old folks to keep us reverent and tender. Then if we live to grow old there is a natural place still for us, and life's hardships are tempered to our human weakness all the way along. Progress will come through an ever-widening out of the circle of those to whom we are thus 'bound,' perhaps some day till it includes

the whole human race. But meantime to voluntarily choose the unnatural isolation of that life in St. Edward's Chambers seems to me nothing short of moral suicide. Mind, I do not say that there isn't an immense field of work for women outside the home; but I would entreat of them as they desire to keep quick and sensitive to the claims of that work upon them, and to do it faithfully and well, not to cut themselves off from ordinary human relationships; but to start out to their work from a home and to come back to a home at night. They tell me that there is a growing amount of work that so exhausts a woman's strength and is so irregular in its hours that no home could arrange for her comfort and its own at the same time. If that is so I am old-fashioned enough to say that such work ought not to be, either for man or woman, and we only perpetuate an evil by providing other evil conditions to meet its requirements. Do I speak too strongly, Mysie? If you could only have watched those poor women as I did; their lack of all peace or rest of spirit; their unceasing recklessness, callousness even; the tastelessness that all life seemed to have for them except during moments of feverish excitement. They none of them seemed to want to be alone except when they were completely exhausted, and perhaps the strongest characteristic which they have in common is their dread of old age. They own that they dare not think of it. Even the power to save money for it comes to very few, the expenses of their life are necessarily so high. And the ties they make there seem to snap the moment they pass from actual sight of and contact with each other. 'Where is so and so?' they say. And when they have flung a smart epigram or two after her or made a few careless inquiries, the place that knew her knows her no more. Only the other day Hetty had a letter from one of the nicest of them, as I thought. She wrote that she was going to marry a man 'who has nothing but his power to make a home for me to render him even endurable.' She ended by daring Hetty to congratulate her. Poor lassie! poor lassie!"

But with that Hetty's bright voice was heard calling in the hall for "Mother" and "Auntie." And with a half-guilty look at one another we two older women hurried out to welcome our young people home with hearts brimming over with thankfulness that it was "home" in such real sense to them all.

(To be continued.)

## HINTS ON HOME NURSING.

### A ROLLER BANDAGE

ought to be from 5 to 8 yards in length, and the width suitable to the part to be bandaged, 2 to 2½ inches for the head and extremities, 3 to 4 inches for the thigh and abdomen, and about ¾ of an inch for a finger bandage.

The selvages should be torn off and the bandage rolled up very firmly.

#### WHEN BANDAGING REMEMBER

(1) Fix the bandage by one or two turns, the outer surface of the roller being next the skin. (2) Bandage from below upwards, and from within outwards over the front of the limb. (3) Use firm pressure equally over the parts and bandage evenly. (4) Each succeeding turn should overlap two-thirds of the preceding one. (5) End by fixing the bandage firmly with a safety pin, or a neat stitching.

The roller bandage is put on in one of three ways, either spiral, reverse, or in the figure of 8.

### THE MANY-TAILED BANDAGE

is made by placing a piece of bandage, the length of the limb, and placing across it pieces of bandage of sufficient length to go round the limb. The long piece is placed at the back of the limb, the shorter pieces tacked in their place pass horizontally round the part to be bandaged, and, when completed, ought to look like the figure of 8 bandage.

### THE T BANDAGE

is made of two pieces of bandage in the form of a T; the horizontal piece is to go round the waist, the shorter piece passes between the thighs, and fastens to the waist portion in front.

### IN PUTTING ON A SLING

the apex of the triangle should be placed at the elbow and pinned, the two ends being tied round the neck in a reef knot.

### THE TRIANGULAR BANDAGE

is made by a handkerchief or piece of calico folded into a three-cornered shape; it is useful for keeping dressings on the head, breast, and other parts, it also makes a good sling to support the arm.

### STARCH BANDAGE.

In some cases it is well to starch the bandage to prevent it slipping; one teaspoonful of starch should be mixed into a smooth paste, and add, while stirring, half a pint of boiling water; as soon as it is cool enough it should be spread all over the bandaged part.

### OATMEAL DRINK.

Put a quarter of a pound of coarse oatmeal into a saucepan with three quarts of cold water, boil half an hour, sweeten to taste with brown sugar. It can be drunk either hot or cold as preferred, and flavoured with lemon.