

GIRLS AS I HAVE KNOWN THEM.

By ELSA D'ESTERRE KEELING, Author of "Old Maids and Young."

PART I.

THE SENTIMENTAL GIRL.

THIS is the girl who has "dear five hundred friends," to borrow a phrase from Cowper, and whose friendship divided among so many yields so small a part to each that Coleridge will not call it friendship, but calls it "a feminine friendism."

This is the girl who kisses other girls with an indiscriminateness which made a man say lately, "It makes men envious." To which—alack and alas!—the answer made was, "It's meant to do that!"

This is the girl who uses words of the kind that Oliver Wendell Holmes called "highly oxygenated," but which are, if the plain truth be said of them, the weak expression of weak feeling.

This is the girl who, even when she is least inspired, may forget that only the Divinity should be adored; who is never without what a witty woman writer has called "a gentle sorrow"; whose favourite words are "so" and "oh"; and who writes at an early age

a novel the heroine of which—I quote from a manuscript beside me—has "hair of the colour of Aventurine glass, of a lovely brownish-red tint with golden flashes in it," which hair turns white with fright in a single night.



GOLDEN FLASHES

sometimes lays herself open to the terrible charge levelled by a writer on the emotions at Sterne and Byron and others of the school of literature to which they belonged. Says Professor Bain, "Some of the sentimental writers, such as Sterne and Byron, seem to have had their capacities of tenderness excited only by ideal objects, and to have been very hard-hearted towards real persons."

This is the girl who said dolefully the other day, "Oh, yes, one meets heaps of men, but they don't propose!" Concerning which speech one can only say that it might with advantage have been left unmade.

This, finally, is the girl whose letters show up the untenability of Miss Bingley's rule, as set forth in Jane Austen's novel *Pride and Prejudice*.

"It is a rule with me"—so said Miss Bingley—"that a person who can write a long letter with ease cannot write ill."

The average sentimental girl can write a long letter with ease, and can write ill. In a long letter by such a girl which has been placed at my disposal, she constitutes herself petitioner for a poor family, of which she writes, "They are getting into despair as to how to meet their rent, much less food. It is a fearful idea of people in one's own class wanting for food." The sentiment of that is rather narrow, and the wording of it is execrable.

Tact is not always but is sometimes denied to the young sentimental letter-writer. "I have been reading"—so wrote some little time ago a girl to a novelist—"your last book, and have fallen in love with you, and now the thought has come into my head, 'Could not I collect together my feeble attempts at writing and publish them?'"

The writer who is informed that his work has suggested the collecting together of feeble

attempts and publishing them is made the recipient of a dubious compliment.

Very often the inducement to do a thing as set forth by the girl-sentimentalist is of a kind not calculated to weigh strongly with persons less sentimental.

A lady of high accomplishments and keen relish of social intercourse asserts that while on the staff of a London High School she suffered for years from the invitations of young girls who, in imploring her to accept their family's hospitality, never failed to emphasise the fact that there would be "nobody else invited."

There is a very general idea that the girl-sentimentalist totally ignores the practical side of life. That is not so.

"I have a short wait here," so writes a girl from the Welsh border. "This letter is the last I shall write on English soil, and I want it to be to you. In spite of good resolutions, I have cried without ceasing since I left — Not even the evident amusement of a small boy, my *vis-a-vis*" (spelling is not a strong point with this writer) "could dry up those tears. Dignity doesn't help one to forget an aching heart. I must fly now to see to my luggage."

The heart in a girl like that is balanced by the head, and the same thing is true of the girl-writer of the next letter-extract:



THIS GREAT NEW THING

"I look often at his picture upon my table, and wonder why it is there. I am so exquisitely happy, and yet so keenly aware of my own shortcomings. This great new thing that has come into my life makes me feel my own unworthiness. Tell me of all my misspellings, please."

The misspellings of the average girl-sentimentalist are legion; in fact, I have heard a schoolmistress say—the speech having been addressed by her to a younger schoolmistress—"Put down sentimentality; it leads to misspelling."

From this schoolmistress I have it that the girl who can spell "parallel," "ridiculous," and "predilection," is rarely an incurable sentimentalist.

My own experience has been that it is the sentimental girl who writes—and says—



THE YOLK OF TYRANNY

"rearily" and "warited," and the following curiosities in spelling are culled from the—unpublished—works of girl-novelists:

"He had suffered the yolk of tyranny."

"She carried a little book, with guiltedges, a prayer-book."

The girl who describes a prayer-book as a book with "guilt" edges is almost guilty of profanation. Tell her this, and so far is this sort of girl from being a hardened sinner that the strong likelihood is

that she will never again commit this error. An appeal to her heart is always better than an appeal to her head. This fact was realised by the Israelite who said to a young maiden of this type who had written "sinagog" for "synagogue," "You must not spell the name of our temple like that. It is not only incorrect, but very unkind spelling."

"I will never spell so again," was the young maiden's answer.

Sometimes the defence of her spelling put forward by the girl of sentimental rather than logical bias is very remarkable. "Court-martial," said recently a young English damsel who had written "court-material" for "court-martial," "makes quite as much sense to me as 'court-martial.'"

The objection to this form is, of course, that it does not make quite as much sense to other people.

It may be asked now, Does the non-sentimental girl experience no difficulties in connection with spelling? Certainly she does.



UNDER A BAD SPELL

She was heard the other day saying that the word assassination had been a standing difficulty to her until another girl told her that it began with "two asses" as thus, ass-assination. The non-sentimental girl has also been known to say, looking up from a book—"Hullo, here's 'wobble' spelt not with an 'o' but with an 'a'—'wabble.' Now I wonder which is the right spelling."

This is perhaps the place in which to say that there is nothing more difficult than to determine what forms the line of demarcation between the sentimental and the non-sentimental girl. There are persons who assert that a girl who uses the interjection Hullo! may be safely termed non-sentimental, but that is so far from being true that among the girl-readers of this paper there will be one with whom Hullo! is a favourite expletive, and who said, this summer, as a full-blown rose which she was presenting to a person greatly loved by her fell in a shower of petals to the ground, "Even the roses fall at your feet."

That was surely the language of sentiment. Others assert that girls who wear men's collars with men's neckties may safely be dubbed non-sentimental, but it was a girl in boy's attire to the waist whom the writer of this paper heard say in reference to a beautiful woman to whom she gave the whole homage of the girl's heart that beat under the boyish garb that she favoured, "She is ordered by her doctor to Buxton to drink the waters. Happy waters!"

That was surely the language of sentiment. If there be aught in a name, it is to be regretted that Angelina is no longer a name much given in baptism, and that no poet of this day follows him who sang in praise of "the dear Amanda." Not that Angelina or Amanda is the best possible name for a

sentimental girl. No; such a girl should be called Delia. Mr. Henley has given the reason why—

"Sentiment hallows the vowels in Delia."

To return to the sentimental girl as writer. Misspellings, it has been stated, are legion with her. Of other marks by which you shall know her a leading one is that she has a tendency to write all abstract nouns, starting with "love," with capital initials; she writes impassioned postcards, favours such obscure phrasing as "farewell, but not good-bye," has been known to bring a letter to a close with the words, "Ever yours always lovingly," and to send "much best love."

To sum up, however, the sentimental girl must not be too harshly condemned. To one and other of us she has signed herself "Yours ever" and has been ours for a day; this has made us feel bitter. To one and other of us she has said, using words which are used by Shakespeare, who, one feels quite certain, heard them from a girl-sentimentalist, "I love thee best, oh, most best, believe it," and, having said that to us, has been heard by us saying that to another; this has made us feel jealous. In bitterness and in jealousy we are apt to misjudge the girl-sentimentalist, thinking hard thoughts of her, saying harsh things of her, instead of being right happy

to be of those to whom she makes her Shakespearian protestations. Shakespeare is very good in print, but he is very much better from young lips.

Some people are greatly alarmed by the spectacle of a girl who appears to be without sentiment. This girl's heart is wrapped in a cool outer shell, like the world, but, like the world, it has, be sure, a hot nucleus. One could not be a girl, worth the name of girl, and this thing be different. To have a heart full of love in one's body is not to be sentimental. To be sentimental is to have a heart full of loves and likes, and to wear it on one's sleeve.

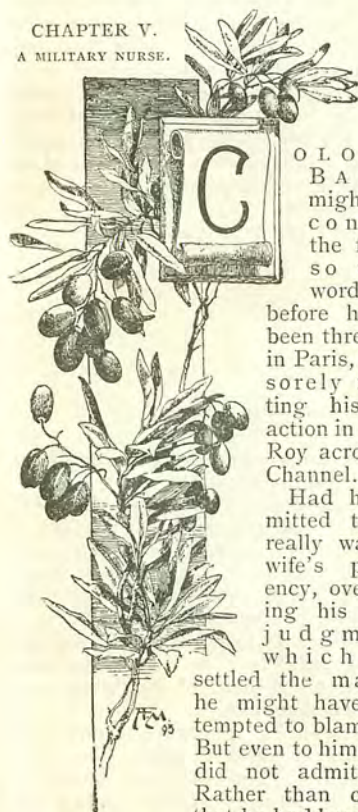
(To be continued.)

"OUR HERO."

A TALE OF THE FRANCO-ENGLISH WAR NINETY YEARS AGO.

By AGNES GIBERNE, Author of "Sun, Moon and Stars," "The Girl at the Dower House," etc.

CHAPTER V. A MILITARY NURSE.



COLONEL BARON might not confess the fact in so many words, but before he had been three days in Paris, he was sorely regretting his own action in taking Roy across the Channel.

Had he admitted that it really was his wife's persistency, overbearing his better judgment, which had settled the matter, he might have been tempted to blame her. But even to himself he did not admit this. Rather than confess that he had been man-

aged by a woman, he preferred to look upon the mistake as entirely his own. Moreover, he was too devoted a husband to condemn openly any fault in his wife. She was, of course, a woman, and as such he would have counted it *infra dig.* on his part to have been controlled by her; but she was also in his eyes the fairest and most charming woman that ever had lived; and the one thing on earth before which the Colonel's courage failed was the sight of tears in his Harriette's large grey eyes.

That they should return home, as at first proposed, by the end of a fortnight, unless they were willing to leave the boy behind, was impossible; and neither of them would for a moment contemplate that idea. No matter how well Roy

might get on, he would be a prisoner beyond the fortnight. Small-pox is a disease which "gangs its ain gait," and makes haste for no man's convenience. Even after actual recovery, there would still be need for quarantine.

Had Roy remained at home, he would probably have sickened at the same date, if, as was supposed, he had taken the infection from one of his schoolfellows. But then he would have been safe in England, and his parents could any day have returned to him. Now he seemed likely to keep them abroad, at a time when war-clouds hovered unpleasantly near.

When Roy first fell ill, the doctor who was hastily called in at once pronounced him to be sickening for that fell disease, which held the world in a thrall of terror. Not without good reason. It was reckoned that in those days nearly half a million of people died in Europe every year of small-pox; about forty-five millions being swept away in a century; while tens of thousands were rendered hideous for life, and large numbers were hopelessly blinded. We, who know small-pox mainly in the very modified form which sometimes occurs in vaccinated people, can scarcely even imagine what the ravages of the disease were in those years of its fullest and most unchecked sway.

Mrs. Baron was a fond and tender mother; yet when first that dread word left the doctor's lips, even she fled in horror from the sick room, agonised, not only at the thought of losing her child, but of parting also with her own attractive looks. From infancy she had been used to admiration; and she knew only too well to what a mere mockery of the human face many a lovelier countenance than hers was reduced. Though a most winning woman, she was hardly of a strong nature; and even her mother-love failed for the moment under that fearful test. The Colonel, kind but helpless, was left alone by his boy's bedside.

Soon, ashamed of herself, Mrs. Baron rallied and would have returned; but at the door she was met by the Colonel, who sternly prohibited re-entrance. She bowed to his decision, trembling, as she

did not always bow when her wishes were crossed.

The people of the hotel, no whit less dismayed, insisted on Roy's instant removal. The question was, where could he go?

Then it was that Denham Ivor came to the rescue. He had had small-pox; he had nursed a friend through it; he was, therefore, not only safe but also experienced. He would undertake the boy himself, allowing no other to enter the room. Neither Mrs. Baron nor Colonel Baron might again approach Roy, until all danger of infection was over. His steady manner and cheerful face brought comfort to everybody.

He consulted with the hotel people, and heard of a certain Monsieur and Madame de Bertrand, members of the lesser noblesse of past days, who lived in a street near, and who might be willing to take in him and Roy. Three years earlier they had both been inoculated, and had had the complaint. Their servant, too, was safe; and, since they had lost heavily in Revolution times, and were badly off, they might be glad thus to make a little money.

Colonel Baron hastened to the house, ready to offer anything, and he was met kindly, matters being speedily arranged. Roy was then conveyed thither, wrapped in blankets, already much too ill to care what might be done with him. Colonel and Mrs. Baron remained at the hotel, to endure a long agony of suspense. The Colonel was, indeed, almost overcome with terror, not only for Roy, but also for his wife, lest she should already have caught the infection.

As days passed this dread was proved to be groundless, and Roy was found to have the complaint on the whole mildly, though thoroughly. It was not a case of the awful "confluent" small-pox, of which fully half the number attacked generally died, but of the simple "discrete" kind. Though he had much of the eruption on his body, few pustules appeared on his face. There was a good deal of fever, and at times he wandered, calling for "Molly," and complaining that she was cross and

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PART II.

THE WITTY GIRL.

"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."

FIRST let us understand each other.

By the witty girl is not here meant the girl—if such a girl exists—whose conversation has the *high brilliancy* which characterises the conversation of certain men and women.

No. The thing here meant is nothing more than the common domestic wit-snapper, generally, say her enemies, more of a snapper than a wit, concerning which statement it is perhaps not unpermissible to say that he who makes it shows himself to be less a wit than a snapper.

While all but invariably of a character that loses much by the process of retelling, the wit of the girl here in view will sometimes bear being brought to book. The samples of it given in this paper are all authentic and heretofore unpublished. They do not, perhaps, reach a high standard of excellence, but they who know girls will concede that they are good girl-wit of the middle order.

Take a case like this: "My name is May. I feel I am reaching the age when I should be called Hawthorn."

Or take this: "Your mother will miss you when you marry."

"No—then she'll 'Mrs.' me."

Such jests are the *bric-à-brac* of home conversation, and make it pretty.

He who listens to the talk between girls and their brothers will sometimes hear a thing worth noting, in compensation for the many things not worth noting which—if the truth is to be told—he will also hear.

The following does not show young Ethel at her best, but it also does not show her at her worst.

"D'you know, Jim," she said, "that two-year-old babies can marry on Jupiter?"

"Don't talk bosh, Ethel!"

"But they can. It's this way. A year on Jupiter is eleven years and ten months of our time, so the two-year-old babies are grown up. Ec—you didn't know that!"



Jim said nothing. But when young Ethel exploited her astronomy with Bob, she found her overmatch. This is precisely what was said by them—

Bob: "One can hear your voice ten miles off, Ethel."

Y. E.: "Make it nine, Bob?"

Bob: "Why?"

Y. E.: "Nine miles is the greatest distance at which thunder can be heard."

Bob: "TIT-BITS."

The fact is that young Ethel is less an astronomer than a student of current periodical literature. What matters it, after all, however, whence she gleans her general information, if her reading enables her to say—as I

once heard her say—with veritable wit, to a girl who was wearing a primrose brooch—

"Blossom and leaves of the primrose are — Radical."

There are funny men in Parliament who have never said anything much more funny than that.

In her captious mood the witty girl is very terrible. A North Briton has been thus



described by her:

"A big, lumpy, pale-faced, red-haired, freckled Scotchman," and it was a witty, but captious, girl who said of a certain pianist, a concert given by whom she had attended,

"His feet obscured the platform."

The literary appreciations of the witty girl are few. She is apt, in appraising poets, to take them at their weakest rather than at their strongest. She judges

Wordsworth by his "Idiot Boy," and she would be capable of passing sentence on Cowper as having cut in his door three holes of different sizes for his tom-cat, his tabby cat and his kitten.

Yet another tendency of the witty girl which must be strongly deprecated, is to harp on phrases which may have once had a faintly comical ring, but which have long lost it; such phrases as, "Where

does this live?" applied to inanimate objects, or, "Hang on to this," used in reference to objects held in the hand. It would be interesting to know who first evolved these mild witticisms destined to win such enduring popularity.

The singular phraseology of girls not minded to confine themselves to English of the academies has of late been made the subject of much comment. There follow here some specimens of it in which the facetious was aimed at, and in some cases not unsuccessfully.

Wordsworth was, by a Scotch Annie, described as a "baa-lamby;" a Welsh Beatrice described "a most wizened farewell concert;" her impressions of Holland were summed up by an English Madge in the words "flobby bread and flobby wall-paper," and an Irish Constance, writing to her home in Ireland from a school in France attended by her with her sister Ethel, penned this anomalous statement, "We are here six Irish, counting Ethel, and six English, counting me."

Both these girls were the daughters of an Irishman and an Englishwoman. She who was accounted of the six English had been born in her mother's country, while she who was accounted of the six Irish had been born in that of her father. In drawing the fine line of distinction which made her English and her sister Irish, the young maid Constance aimed not at precision but at wit, and, as behoved her father's daughter, she did not aim at wit in vain. Her letter was read with laughter.

In almost all girls' letters there is a marked quality of phrasing which, even when not witty, is mirth-provoking. Take the following:

"Papa has just come back from London, and has brought me a very thin umbrella, with a steel stick running through it, just simply frightfully elegant; also a pair of shoes, fawn antelope, embroidered with gold beads. You needn't sniff."

Sniff, indeed? Perish the thought!

"Tinpot" used as an adjective does not spoil the following curious bit of description penned by a London girl during a stay in Ryde:

"I am enjoying myself very much in a quiet, non-dissipated, tinpot way—walking on the sea-wall and the pier, reading Carlyle and Marion Crawford, and making little vests for Kilburn orphans."

Only a girl could have written that, and of its kind it is admirable.

An idea largely held by girls, in common with women and men who have a witty tendency, is that appreciation is a form of ignorance. It was, be it here called to



Appreciation a form of ignorance



remembrance, to correct this notion, that Wordsworth wrote, "True knowledge leads to love," and that Browning wrote, "Admiration grows as knowledge grows."

It is doubtless the circumstance that unkindness is so often confounded with wit that has led to the fact that of all good gifts the good gift of wit is the one held in least liking by the majority of persons. The truth would seem to be that, with wit, as with everything else not intrinsically bad, the thing of main importance is that it be handled carefully. Like gunpowder, it has its uses to him who knows how to avail himself of them. He who does not, would do well to do what certain savages once did. Having come into the possession of a bag of gunpowder, they carefully preserved it till the spring, when they planted it as they did their corn. It did not burst forth when the corn burst forth; so much the better for the sowers. That gunpowder was very safely deposited, and much wit might with equal advantage be held over till the next planting season.

Another thing. The wit-snapper should always carry about with him a little balm and a little honey. That was a good sword that Cambuscan had; it could heal the wounds it gave. Only the wit-snapper who



carries a little balm and a little honey will be as well equipped as was the knight whose story Chaucer "left half-told."

A further point which calls for passing comment is this. Wit and merriment do not always go hand in hand; indeed, they are often sundered wide. Thus, of the world's famous humorists, it is well known that they were mostly melancholy at the home-fireside. Something very similar holds good in the case of girls—and there are many such—who, while witty in society, are deplorably glum in the family circle, in this unlike a girl of girls whom her father called "Minnehaha"—laughing water—so merry was she in her home, beyond which her influence was to be shed so far that she is known to-day from Indus to the Pole as the friend of Indian women.

If they be right who consider, in opposition to Juliet, that something is in a name, then those among us who hold that such a name as Juliet tends to annihilate wit in the possessor

of it are not mere fancy-mongers, and we are entitled to a courteous hearing when we submit that on the other hand the name Nelly, and still more the variant of it by which it becomes Nell, almost announces the



owner of it to be a wit. This circumstance is quite independent of the fact that Scott has said, in just so many words, in reference to a particular case, "Mistress Nelly, wit she has," and if any explanation of it may be hazarded, the one which will probably satisfy most is that persons named Nelly or Nell—and the number of such is, happily, legion—are hardly ever found lacking in whimsicality.

In the few cases in which they are deficient in this quality they should be called—and, as a

matter of fact, they are generally called—Nella, the name Nella being that form of Nelly or Nell by which all the sparkle is taken out of it.

In conclusion, a word on wits under their physiognomical aspect. That a certain type of face in general denotes a witty person may be allowed.

"The slightly tossed nose," says one of Thomas Moore's biographers, "confirmed the fun of the expression."

"The slightly tossed nose" for what the French call "nez retroussé" is happy wording. Girl-readers of this who have "tossed" noses are, by their faces, wits. Let this console them, if it so hap that they want consolation. On the other part, girls with short upper lips have a part of beauty, but lack a part of wit. Wherefore, if they be vain, let there be a curb put on their vanity, and let girls with long upper lips hold up their heads, for a long upper lip denotes wit.

OUR PUZZLE POEM REPORT: "TO A GIRL GOLFER."

SOLUTION.

TO A GIRL GOLFER.

Take a helpless little ball,
Drive it into space;
If perchance you see it fall,
Try to find the place,
And, as it is very small,
Hit again that hapless ball
With a savage grace.

If your strength and courage stand
Such unwonted strain,
By-and-by your ball will land
On a little plain,
Near a hole—you understand—
Into which you putt it and
Then begin again.

PRIZE WINNERS.

Seven Shillings and Sixpence Each.

Edith Ashworth, The Mount, Knutsford.
Dr. R. Swan Coulthard, Coventry.
Mrs. Deane, Lismoye, Ballymoney, co. Antrim.
Edith E. Grundy, 105, London Road, Leicester.
Edward St. G. Hodson, Twyford, Athlone, Ireland.
G. Honeyburne, 16, Hawkshead Street, Southport, Lancs.
Louise M. McCready, Howth, co. Dublin.
Annie Manderson, Waterfoot, Crumlin, co. Antrim.
F. M. Morgan, The Library, Armagh.
May Robson, Garry Lodge, Perth, N.B.
W. Shattock, Hillmorton Villa, Sneyd Park, near Bristol.
Mrs. Isabel Snell, 51, Mere Road, Leicester.
Alice Woodhead, Tickhill, Rotherham, Yorkshire.
Elizabeth Yarwood, 59, Beech Road, Cale Green, Stockport.

Very Highly Commended.

Florence Ashwin, Rev. S. Bell, Nanette Bewley, M. J. Champneys, Edith Collins, Nellie R. Hasmer, Helen Lapage, Annie Roberson, A. C. Sharp.

Highly Commended.

Eliza Acworth, A. A. Campbell, N. Campbell, Rev. F. T. Chamberlain, Rev. J. Chambers, Mary I. Chislett, N. Chute, Nina Coote, Mrs. Cumming, R. D. Davis, Wm. Fraser,

Percy H. Horne, J. Hunt, Alice E. Johnson, Mildred E. Lockyear, Winifred Lockyear, Annie G. Luck, Mrs. T. Maxwell, F. Miller, E. C. Milne, E. Nerve, Edward Roquelski, Gertrude Saffery, S. Southall, C. E. Thurgar, Aileen Tyler.

Honourable Mention.

Mrs. Acheson, Elizabeth M. Caple, Annie J. Cather, J. A. Center, Mrs. Crossman, Ellie Crossman, Winifred Eady, A. S. K. Ellson, Phyllis M. Fulford, Agnes Glen, Alice Goakes, Beatrice E. Hackforth, Sadie Harbison, M. Hooppell, Rose A. Hooppell, Mima How, A. J. Knight, E. M. Le Mottée, Carlina V. M. Leggett, May Lethbridge, E. E. Lockyear, E. Lord, E. Macalister, Margaret A. Macalister, Nellie Meikle, C. A. Murton, Jas. D. Musgrave, Mrs. Nicholls, Henrietta M. Oldfield, Hannah E. Powell, Ellen M. Price, F. C. Redgrave, Ada Rickards, James Scott, Violet Shoberl, Mildred M. Skrine, Marriott T. Smiley, Annie E. Starritt, Ellen C. Tarrant, S. Taylor, Mrs. Walker, W. Fitzjames White, Florence Whitlock, Emily Wilkinson, Edith Mary Younge, Helen B. Younger.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

HITHERTO we have been in the habit of associating all that was best concerning the game of golf with the Scottish Nation. In the future we shall have to remember that out of fourteen golf puzzle prizes, five went to Ireland and only one to Scotland, and modify our view accordingly. Of England's share we find it difficult to speak with becoming modesty.

If the north of the Tweed had been honoured by our earliest presence we should have found no difficulty in explaining away the National failure—for how else can it be regarded?—in connection with this puzzle. "A poem with such a title," we should have said, "must surely contain advice about our noble game. As we have played it with considerable success for at least four hundred and fifty years, we can need no advice, and therefore we will not trouble to solve your puzzle."

But our birthplace was many miles south of the Tweed, and such an explanation would not appeal to us with any force. The simple fact remains: Ireland receives one pound seventeen shillings and sixpence, Scotland, only seven shillings and sixpence, and England—well, modesty forbids us to say how much!

Not long ago golf was regarded as an occupation for elderly gentlemen whose time and energies were at the service of any respectable game. With much impressiveness they used to traverse the links decked in red coats, the brilliancy of which signified the extremity of the danger to which the unwary onlooker was exposed.

But a few years have changed all that. Now for one elderly, impressive, red-coated gentleman to be found, there are many young men who cannot afford red coats and maidens in plenty who wouldn't wear them if they could. To this last class our puzzle poem was addressed, not by way of advice but as a sympathetic intimation that we know all about the game in which they so freely indulge.

Naturally enough the title was frequently rendered "To a golfer," and after much serious consideration we decided to accept it. This being so, some who did not receive prizes will possibly wonder why. The explanation is simple enough: our ruling left us with so many claimants for the five guineas that we set aside those who did not trouble to indent the lines properly.

We wonder how many of the solvers who wrote "helpless" in the first line really discovered that the p was less than the other letters. It is also to be observed that the ball in the same line was much smaller than the others in the puzzle and therefore was intended to be designated "little." Hence the rhythm required the word "very" in the fifth line—s—very small. So many solvers failed to notice these points that it is necessary to call attention to them.

It was not even right to leave out the "little" and the "very," because then the rhythm of the first verse would not coincide with that of the second.

Authorities differ as to the spelling of by-and-bye; apparently the more modern ones prefer it without the e, and of course we accepted both ways as correct.

The statement in line thirteen does not seem to have been universally understood. When you are playing golf you do not "put" the ball into the hole—unless no one is looking!—but you putt it in, which is a very different matter. Curiously enough, not one solver who wrote "put" pointed out that the reading involved a mistake in the line.

If any of our readers would like a puzzle on any particular subject or subjects, let them mention it. Their wishes shall certainly receive consideration and very possibly fulfilment.

Peggy tossed her head, and glared at the reflection in the glass in a lofty and scornful manner, as though it were the offending party who had had the audacity to assume superiority.

Robert was one with Peggy in hoping that his people would not leave town until such time as the calendar should be despatched on its travels, for when they were installed at the Larches he was expected to be at home each week from Saturday until Monday, and the loss of that long holiday afternoon would interfere seriously with the work on hand. He had seen so little of his people for the last few years, that he would be expected to be sociable during the short time that he was with them, and could hardly shut himself up in his room for hours at a time. Despair then settled down upon both partners when a letter arrived to say that the Darcy family were coming down even earlier than had been expected, and summoning Robert to join them at the earliest possible moment.

"This is awful!" cried the lad, ruffling his hair with a big, restless hand. "I know what it means—not only Saturdays off, but two or three nights during the week into the bargain! Between you and me, Mariquita, the governor is coming down here to economise and intends to stay much longer than usual. Hector has been getting into debt again; he's the eldest, you know—the one in the Life Guards. It's a lot too bad, for he has had it all his own way so far, and when he runs up bills like this, everyone has to suffer for it. Mother hates the country for more than a few weeks at a time, and will be wretched if she is kept here all through the winter. I know how it will be, she will keep asking people down, and getting up all sorts of entertainments to relieve the dullness. It's all very well in its way, but just now when I need every minute—"

"Shall you give up trying for the

prize?" asked Peggy faintly, and Rob threw back his head with emphatic disclaimer.

"I never give up a thing when I have made up my mind to do it! There are ten days still, and a great deal can be done in ten days. I'll take a couple of books upstairs with me every night and see if I can find something fresh. There is one good thing about it, I shall have a fresh stock of books to choose from at the Larches. It is the last step that costs in this case. It was easy enough to fix off the first hundred, but the last is a teaser!"

On Saturday morning a dog-cart came over to convey Robert to the Larches, and the atmosphere of the vicarage seemed charged with expectation and excitement. The Darcys had arrived; to-morrow they would appear at church; on Monday they would probably drive over with Rob and pay a call. These were all important facts in a quiet country life, and seemed to afford unlimited satisfaction to every member of the household. Peggy grew so tired of the name of Darcy that she retired to her room at eight o'clock, and was busy at work over the September batch of cards, when a knock came to the door, and she had to cover them over with the blotting paper to admit Mellicent in her dressing-gown, with her hair arranged for the night in an extraordinary number of little plaited pig-tails.

"Will you fasten the ends for me, Peggy, please?" she requested. "When I do it, the threads fall off, and the ends come loose. I want it to be specially nice for to-morrow!"

"But it will look simply awful, Mellicent, if you leave it like this. It will be frizzed out almost on a level with your head. Let me do it up in just two tight plaits, it will be far, far nicer," urged Peggy, lifting one little tail after another, and counting their number in dismay. But no, Mellicent would not be persuaded. The extra plaits were a tribute

to Rosalind, a mark of attention to her on her arrival with which she would suffer no interference, and as a consequence of her stubbornness, she marched to church next morning disfigured by a mop of untidy, tangled hair instead of the usual glossy locks.

Peggy preserved a demeanour of stately calm, as she waited for the arrival of the Darcy family, but even she felt a tremor of excitement when the verger hobbled up to the square pew and stood holding the door open in his hand. The heads of the villagers turned with one consent to the doorway; only one person in the church disdained to move her position, but she heard the clatter of horses' hoofs from without, and presently the little procession passed the vicarage pew, and she could indulge her curiosity without sacrifice to pride. First of all came Lord Darcy, a thin, oldish man, with a face that looked tired and kind, and faintly amused by the amount of attention which his entrance had attracted. Then his wife, a tall, fair woman, with a beautiful profile, and an air of languid discontent who floated past with rustling silken skirts, leaving an impression of elegance and luxury, which made Mrs. Asplin sigh and Mellicent draw in her breath with a gasp of rapture. Then followed Robert with his shaggy head, scowling more fiercely than ever in his disgust at finding himself an object of attention, and last of all a girlish figure in a grey dress, with a collar of soft, fluffy chin-chilla, and a velvet hat with drooping brim, beneath which could be seen a glimpse of a face pink and white as the blossoms of spring, and a mass of shining, golden hair. Peggy shut her lips with a snap, and the iron entered into her soul. It was no use pretending any longer! This was Rosalind, and she was fairer, sweeter, a hundred times more beautiful than she had ever imagined!

(To be continued.)

GIRLS AS I HAVE KNOWN THEM.

By ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING, Author of "Old Maids and Young."

PART III.

THE VULGAR GIRL.

As translated by Cowley, Horace is made to say—

"Hence, ye profane, I hate ye all,
Both the great vulgar and the small!"

There will be no attempt made in this paper to deal with the great vulgar, but some attempt will be made in it to deal with the small, being the category to which, it may be assumed, belongs the average vulgar girl.

It is of course impossible within the limits of a short essay to indicate more than a few of the leading characteristics of this girl. She it is who not only wants to monopolise the

conversation, but who wants to confine it to one subject. She should remember the quaint counsel, "The honourablest part of talk is to give the occasion, and again to moderate, and pass to something else." Moreover in conversation she too often follows the rule laid down by a French author for those about to write love-letters:

"Begin without knowing what you are going to say, and end without knowing what you have said."

If at the end of a conversation she sometimes knew what she had said, the vulgar girl, who is not necessarily a callous girl, would feel very unhappy.

Her tendency to talk indiscreetly has doubtless its origin in the precipitancy which causes her to break in upon the speech of others. There is a lesson which she might learn from a certain polite echo. This echo may be heard opposite to Mugdock Castle in Scotland. It will repeat any sentence of six

syllables in the exact tone in which it is uttered—waiting till the sentence is finished.

Another result of the lack of deliberation which characterises the vulgar girl is seen in the fact that the latest book, the latest play, the latest picture, is to her Thingimybob. That nomenclature is somewhat vague, and is moreover out of date, but it still commends itself to the vulgar girl, as does the sobriquet *The Bard* for Shakespeare.

Her singular phraseology, which she conceives to set her at an advantage, in reality sometimes sets the vulgar girl at a disadvantage. Of Tennyson she said the other day—

"I don't pretend to understand him any more than Browning, but then he tootles on prettily, and that's what I like in poetry."



A main difference between Browning and Tennyson was here correctly set forth, but the phrasing was in questionable taste. "Tootles" is a good word, but to say that Tennyson "tootles on prettily," is to understate his merits. It shall here be pointed out in passing that "I don't pretend" is a favourite form of asseveration with the vulgar girl, and is one which she should try to vary, if only because it inferentially asserts that other people do pretend.

The vulgar girl is "by way of being" (her own phrase) witty. One part of her wit is to say "muchly" for much, and another part of it is to say "free gratis" for free of charge.

Flippancy as a substitute for wit so often evokes mirth that the vulgar girl as would-be wit not incomprehensibly largely indulges in it. I sat beside her once during a performance of Beethoven's Septett, one of the loveliest things in music, with here and there a heart-delighting gaiety in it. During the fifth movement of it she whispered to me—

"Isn't it like 'The Bogie Man'?"

The levity in what follows was even more remarkable. The speaker was a young bride.



"I didn't feel a bit nervous at my wedding," she said. "You see, I have been used to private theatricals."

A girl like that mistakes gaiety of head for gaiety of heart.

As a sample of vulgar girl-wit at

its crudest, I give the following, in which a girl spoke of a lady—

"She couldn't turn white, but she went the colour of an unripe tomato."

The vulgar girl who is "by way of being" witty is not "by way of being" sentimental, and is rather addicted to signing her letters "Your's," which word she believes to be rightly written as above, with an apostrophe. This girl, for the rest, is generally good-natured, and her vein of censure is more often odd than terrible. Thus she said the other day of a dentist—

"He is a horrible little snob, but that doesn't matter when he gets into your mouth."

As often as not the vulgar girl has both sense and sensibility. Of the latter fact she is profoundly ashamed, and has

been known to say of a book that has deeply agitated her—



"I got to feel quite eye-in-water over it."

She affects to care only for the gaieties of life, but knows something of its gravities, and has often a bit of heroine in her. The worst thing about her is her speech. "Jolly" is her favourite adverb. She is jolly glad when she is not jolly mad, and she will soon describe herself as jolly sad. She uses the verb "mashed" hideously; where her prototype of twenty years ago said "swell" she says "swagger;" and she does not stick at saying "beastly." For the rest, she has always some pet word of the hour. Thus "dotty" is an adjective now much in favour with her. Thereby hangs a tale. The vulgar girl sometimes knows Italian, and it was she who translated a line from a famous lady's epitaph—

"Vergine magnanime, dotta, divina."

"A virgin magnanimous, dotty, divine."

On the other hand there are vulgar girls who do not know Latin, and one of them has been known to say "effluvia" for "smell," the Latin for "smell" being "effluvium."

The pronunciation of her own language is by some thought to offer insuperable difficulties to the English vulgar girl, who pronounces the "t" in "often" but does not pronounce it in "Westminster," whose favourite colour, she has been heard to aver, is "terror cottar," who plays an instrument which she calls "the varlin," who says "towards" and "interesting," who pronounces "ate" "et," and whose vocabulary has been known to include the words "pantomine," "Feb'uary" and "sec'etary." So far is this list from exhausting the faults of pronunciation of the said vulgar girl, that it must be added that she gives to no one vowel its proper sound, while among the consonants "h" initial and "g" final stumble her. She is particularly careless regarding the latter consonant when the form which her vulgarity takes is that of would-be "smartness."



girl. To "bus" she has lately added "biz," and "spec" has found her approval.

The pity of it!

Just as she has always a favourite word, she has mostly a favourite phrase. In one instance known to me it is "You know what I mean," and everyone knows what she means, as well everyone may.

Take this assertion—

"It's one of those schools where they sleep in carbuncles—you know what I mean."

Of course everyone knows what she means. Or take this—

"I can't be in six or seven places at one; I'm not omnivorous—you know what I mean."



Of course everyone knows what she means. They call her Mrs. Malaprop; but, in point of fact, her case is a notable improvement upon that of Sheridan's heroine, the ignorance of that lady having been of a shade by just so much deeper that it left her unwitting of the fact that she was wrong. The girl here in view has a shrewd suspicion that she is wrong, but pays her hearers the compliment of assuming that they will understand her. In only one instance, so far as has come to my knowledge, has she ever overtaxed her listener's powers of comprehension. She spoke of a living novelist.

"I can't bear his books," she said. "They're so very *femme de chambre*—you know what I mean."

Not only did the person addressed not know what she meant, but he will not now be induced to believe that she meant "*fin de siècle*," and unconsciously used what, it seems to some of us, was a very happy substitute for this rather hackneyed phrase.

I have in the foregoing dwelt more particularly on what is to me the most striking fact in connection with the vulgar girl, the base uses to which she puts her native speech; that my account of her may not, however, be wholly inadequate, I have also conferred with persons whose views on manners and deportment, as frequently expressed by them, have led me to believe that they may be better able than I am to point out what, from the social standpoint, constitutes a vulgar girl. Of the many *data* supplied me, I give below a few.

The vulgar girl is "arch."

The vulgar girl is "coy."

The vulgar girl loves "chaff."

The vulgar girl has side-long looks.

The vulgar girl calls milk "cream" and bacon "ham."

The vulgar girl shouts or whispers.

The vulgar girl thinks all other girls vulgar.

The vulgar girl has never been told, or has been told in vain, to sit up and put her knees together.

The vulgar girl is the girl of whom the vulgar boy says that she is "not half a bad sort."

(To be continued.)



and out" wears one of them. They are very becoming and pretty, and look well with everything. In this case the toque is made to match the boa and the gown, which is of violet velveteen. The new boas of this winter are made flat, not round, and they are lined with either satin or a pretty fancy silk, so they protect the shoulders in a slight degree. There is also white Tibet lamb, which is now dyed to resemble the blue fox. The second figure, dressed for indoors, wears a dress of the new red. The collar and revers of the short Eton coat are trimmed with black satin ribbon. A silk vest underneath the coat is made of a red silk broché with a black pattern on it. The skirt is trimmed with a black ribbon, and has a rounded front, which is brought up as far as the waist at the side. There is a lace necktie and some trimming inside the high collar. The leading colour in Paris just now is red, and the trimmings for it are generally bands of black velvet or satin. For the red hats to be used with these dresses Parma v'ols are the favourite trimming.

The shade of red worn may be best described as a hunting pink, in fact, a real scarlet, and as it must always be trimmed with black, astrachan is in great favour for its decoration. So is black velvet, and thus toned down, it cannot be called ugly. It is, moreover, very becoming to people with good complexions and fair skins. The small red jackets are seen very frequently worn with a skirt of another colour, which really ought to be black, and which harmonises with them best of all. These little jackets are worn by the best-

dressed people, and are especially nice and bright for young girls, not in their teens, but in their twenties, perhaps.

Never has velvet been so popular as this winter, and, of course, in naming velvet I include velveteen, which is often of so good a quality that it looks like the real thing. I have always found a good velveteen an excellent investment, and if treated with care, and used as the "going-out-of-doors" dress which it really ought to be, it is very valuable. Every tone and shade of colour can be obtained in it, and as velvet blouses are still in fashion, we can select with ease either for day or evening wear.

Our third illustration shows a single figure wearing a costume of grey cloth, which is cut into what is called by some of our writers an eel-skin skirt. But I observe that in France it is merely called a fitted skirt, which really means that the dressmaker must bestow just as much trouble upon it as she does on the bodice, and that you must distrust everyone who wishes you to believe otherwise. I notice that paddings for the back and hips are already for sale, and much advertised, but this tightly-fitted skirt is not for the short and stout, nor for the tall and very thin. On neither of them can it be esteemed a success. The dress in our illustration is in grey cloth, with black velvet trimmings and bands, and steel ornaments, a delightful combination of colour. The back of this dress is really princess, while the front has the style of a short double-breasted jacket, very short. This combination is one of the new cuts of the

season. The shaped flounce is headed by rows of black velvet, and the sleeves are made with square cuffs, not the much-worn "flare" cuff. The toque is of grey velvet, white silk and feathers, and grey tips, with steel ornaments.

One can scarcely see any real change in the dressing of the hair. All that one can say is that there is a decided tendency for it to go lower on the head, and the present hats and bonnets really answer better when the hair is rather high. There are plenty of small ornaments for the hair to be seen in the shops, but the most popular of all for the evening is, I think, the black velvet bow.

The favourite perfume is still violet, and *Violette de Parme* seems to be the correct kind. I note that the pretty black *moiré* ribbons with slides have now been applied to the muff, and have taken the place of muff chains with many people.

One of the odd fashions of the day is a single eyeglass, and many women have taken to it. This hitherto has not been a woman's fashion, but a man's, and has even been thought rather an affected one; but I hear that these single eyeglasses are prescribed by doctors, as so many people require help in one eye and not in the other. Just now, however, they look odd, as we have not been used to them, and it is certain that both eyes should be worked alike, the strain being too much for one. Besides, the eye that may need extra help may be the left one. So an oculist should decide the question as to which eye should wear the glass.

GIRLS AS I HAVE KNOWN THEM.

By ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING, Author of "Old Maids and Young."

PART IV.

THE MOODY GIRL.



As there are few things more certain than that girls are given for what stars are given—to give light upon the earth—the moody girl fails lamentably to fulfil her vocation.

Some are of the opinion that this girl is a nineteenth century product, but so far is that from being the case, that she figures in a play of a hundred years ago. Says Miss Biddy in Garrick's comedy "Miss In Her Teens"—

ALAS (S) "When I say 'Heigho,' it means 'Yes.'"

Yes could hardly be said in a mournfuller way, and the case of Miss In Her Teens to-day is only by so much more mournful than that of her prototype of Garrick's day that when she says "Heigho" it as often as not means "No."

Her cause of grief is what the moody girl is rarely able to state. There are people whom this surprises; yet there is nothing surprising in it. The lives of most pessimists, looked at closely, show these persons to have lived under fair advantages, and not, as they would make out, under unfair disadvantages. Many of them follow a process uncommonly like that followed by certain "sturdy beggars," who, if rumour concerning them be true, rubbed their skins with blistering plants—wild ranunculus and the like—to cause sores which should excite sympathy. The moody girl is she who picks from life's full garden wild ranunculus only, and puts it to a wicked use devised by "sturdy beggars."

Has she no aspirations? In truth, she has no

fewer than Ovid had, and, like Ovid, she might say, "I see and approve the better things; I follow the worse"—in Ovid's language, *Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*.

What is she like to look at? Lean as a rake? Not necessarily. Watts' famous picture named "Aspirations" is the presentment of a fat-faced, woolly-haired boy. A moody girl known to me has nothing bodeful in her face, and has a little, plump, white hand—Napoleon's hand. Her wail, too, is Napoleon's: "Nothing is left to do!" Another has a round, troublesome little face with *poco fatto*—"little done"—written all over it. One moody girl only known to me looks the part she elects to play. This girl has a thin, pallid face, with thick, straight, black, moist, heavy hair. She says dreamily, and says often, "I know I'm disagreeable." She says little more than that.

The moody girl has rarely a wide range of conversation. She is apt to end her most voluble narrative with a portentous "But however." There is a moody girl now living who goes by the name of "But However."

Of another moody girl now living a tradition has it that she never speaks, except to ask, "Is there a letter for me?" Howbeit sometimes a moody girl can string twenty and odd words together, and there is on record a

very notable statement in the form of a paradox once made by such a girl; to wit, this—

"When married I shall never know happiness until I have shown my husband that I am master, and then I shall be miserable because I shall despise him."



What she was hoping for

Well-a-day!

This is the place perhaps in which to tell of the slaty-blue girl.

Figure to yourself a damsel in a slaty-blue dress and slaty-blue hat, wearing slaty-blue gloves, and having slaty-blue eyes and slaty-blue lips, and figure her to yourself as "footing slow," to borrow a phrase from Milton, and as doing this as one of a party of us making a rush for a train "already in." And figure us seated in a third-class compartment, a little child in which is drawing his finger down the window-pane. To whom the slaty-blue girl says (as we phrase it, "dyingly") from the end of the seat—

"Don't, please. That gets on my nerves."

The moody girl is hyper-nervous.

Here is another story of her. She was my visitor, and I led her to a seat and spoke of this and that. She listened absently, then said, as she glanced at a penny bunch of sweet violets distant from her by the length of a large room—

"Would you mind that bouquet's being taken away? I smell to agony."

Rather unamiable that, but not intentionally unamiable. Now there are moody girls who are intentionally unamiable—Baubles, for instance. We call her by that name, because she has the word "baubles" much on her lips, and in sound it



is not very remote from Barbara, which is her baptismal name.

Baubles is always in deadly earnest; that one may be in lively earnest she does not dream. Another thing; she knows that there is such a thing as "a foolish face of praise." She has still to learn that there is such a thing as a foolish face of blame. Bauble's face is her misfortune. In the following I give a conversation which I once had with another girl regarding her.

"She loves you," said this other girl.
"Does she?" I asked, pleased, but surprised. "She looks at me as if I were especially abhorrent to her."

"She always," was the answer, "looks like that at people whom she loves."

A girl like that is scarcely in the possession of her full reason, and what shall be said of a girl like this? She met a woman of her friends some little time since in the street, and responded to her greeting by a stare of blank non-recognition. The following day brought an apology, coupled with the intimation that she had moments when she could not bow.

A case like that becomes interesting in connection with the anatomy of melancholy. The girl who has moments when she cannot bow is suffering from a form of the disease known in mental pathology as "impulsive insanity." The victims to this disease lapse into states of defective control.

What shall one say to the moody girl? Shall one not tell her to face life cheerily? There has never been known a year of nights on every one of which the stars shone, but no more has there ever been known a year of nights on not one of which the stars shone. The moody girl takes life as if all her years of days had been years of nights, and as if on not one of these nights the stars had shone. She has much to learn, this chiefly, that there are compensations for almost everything.

"Look at my teeth," so said a moody girl to a German philosopher, "look at my teeth, and I am a singer."



Her teeth were large and protruding.

"Those teeth are good for a singer," said the German philosopher.

Envy—this thing may not be said aloud, but it may be said in a whisper to the moody girl—is at the bottom of much self-made misery. The cry

of Shakespeare's Helena is the cry of many Helenas.

"How happy some o'er other some can be!"

This, too, is true of the moody girl. She is pre-eminently a faultfinder. In this she is the more to blame that they who find fault are they who seek fault. She is lavish of her censure and is chary of her praise. She should be told what a Frenchwoman has said—

"'Tis in a sort to participate in good deeds to praise them." In the Frenchwoman's language, "*C'est en quelque sorte se donner aux belles actions que de les louer.*"

The suppositions of a moody girl are sometimes singular. "I suppose," says one Sybil, "any of us could remember six unpleasant circumstances in our lives more easily than six pleasant."

This Sybil it was who cited to her father the famous line regarding "the loud laugh," and who learnt from him that the loud groan shows every whit as much "the vacant mind."

What makes for moodiness? A life of ease according to the poet to whom belongs the phrase "stretched on the rack of a too-easy chair." The rich girl who wishes she was poor is full as common as the poor girl who wishes she was rich.

Her brother does not spare the moody girl. Sometimes his gibes are stupid; once in a while they are fairly clever. As boy's satire, what follows appears to me rather good.

"Any baby can put its finger in its eye and cry."

As girl's satire, what next follows—being the speech of a girl not moody on the subject of a moody girl—is excellent.

"She is one of those people who always bring up miserable subjects and—sympathise."

A rather common type of moody person is that composed of girls who not only themselves wear habitually a dolorous expression, but who admire this expression on the faces of others. I sat to such a girl once for my portrait. She surprised me by her variant of the photographer's familiar request. "Will you," she said melliflously, "please try to think of something—unpleasant?"

I tried my hardest and succeeded, within the limitations set to Irishwomen.

It has been said here that no fixed type of face belongs to a moody girl. Everyone therefore, who could paint such a girl would paint a different face. The one that I would paint would be that of one Maud Mary. It is a wonderful face, even without the smile. Something can be told of it, but all could never be told. The colouring of it is rich brown and red, the lips are the line of scarlet praised by the Psalmist, the eyes are pitch-black in shadow and golden-brown in light, the eye-brows and lashes are black, like the hair, and a black frown is much on the face, this with the result that a smile coming to it is like the flashing of light out of darkness. Maud Mary asked me once for a motto. I gave her one which is from Pythagoras, and has been praised by Bacon: "*Cor ne edito,*" "Eat not the heart."

Maud Mary asked for another motto, a motto in rhyme, and in English. I gave her one from Shakespeare—

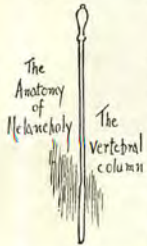
"Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the way,
Your sad tires in a mile-a!"

(To be continued.)



A HINT

The pathetic onion as a studio property



VARIETIES.

FORETELLING THE WEATHER.

One morning a countryman knocked at the door of the celebrated astronomer, Sir Frederick William Herschell, and requested the favour of a few words with him.

When Sir William entered the hall the countryman said—

"I ask pardon, Doctor, for disturbing you, but I am in a quandary, so I have made bold to call and ask your advice. You must know that my meadows are a great deal too long for cutting, but before I begin I should like to hear whether you think the weather will soon break up?"

"First look round," said the astronomer, "and tell me what you see."

"See," said the countryman; "why hay that is not worth saving. What dunderhead owns it that lives so near you and cuts it without asking your advice?"

"I am the dunderhead," said Sir William, "and had it cut the very day before the rain came on."

WORK FOR ALL.—No girl is born into this world whose work is not born with her; there is always work and tools to work withal for those who will

RETURNING GOOD FOR EVIL.

An old man of the name of Guyot lived and died in the city of Marseilles. He amassed a large fortune by the most laborious industry and the severest habits of abstinence and privation. What appeared his miserly ways made him anything but popular, and the populace pursued him with hootings and execration whenever he appeared.

In course of time he died, and when his will was opened the following words were found: "Having observed from my childhood that the poor of Marseilles are ill-supplied with water, which can only be procured at a great price, I have cheerfully laboured the whole of my life to procure for them this great blessing, and I direct that the whole of my property be laid out in building an aqueduct for their use."

LET THE FLOWERS LIVE.—"I like to see flowers growing," writes Charlotte Brontë, "but when they are gathered they cease to please. I look upon them as rootless and perishable; their likeness then to life makes me sad. I never offer flowers to those I love; I never wish to receive them from hands dear to me."

RAILWAYS WERE NOVELTIES THEN.

When railway travelling was in its infancy an old Scotch woman was about to make her first railway journey. While waiting at the station she began to ask the passengers, one after the other, "Are you gawn to Perth?"

On receiving from each one an answer in the negative she exclaimed in amazement, "Guidness me! Will the railway folk send a train a' the road to Perth juist wi' a' pair auld wife like me?"

THE SECRET OF HIS SIMPLE STYLE.

When Charles Dickens was editing *Household Words*, he one day wrote to a contributor asking him to call.

The contributor came with an uneasy feeling that he was going to get a scolding about something, but it turned out that his chief wished to compliment him.

"I am constantly struck," said Dickens, "by your admirable simple style. How did you attain it?"

"Well, you see, Mr. Dickens," said the contributor, "there are so many words I don't understand, and so many words I can't spell, that I have to use a very simple sort of language."

close at hand. In any case, I hope to write to several of you whose real names and addresses I have, or through the Correspondence page, with the Editor's permission.

I must give one or two brief extracts which prove how greatly many of the members of our "Twilight circle" value such religious communion. "A periodical is so vastly improved when the spiritual side of one's nature is looked after and fed." "It is most encouraging and cheering to know that God's name is upheld in the magazine read by so many girls as well as those more advanced in life. I get such blessing out of our little 'Talks in the Twilight.' So many would not buy what they call a 'religious book,' and these talks give them the opportunity of seeing a few words from the 'Book of books' when they otherwise would not."

This sweet message came on Christmas morning. "Another year has passed and we

have still been meeting in spirit; and, in the enjoyment of our 'Twilight Talks,' I am sure we must all feel very thankful that we have been permitted to see another year. I am certain most of us, if not all, have derived still further good from the loving, spiritual instruction. E— is, I am pleased to say, quite a different girl, and, with God's help, is continuing to overcome her besetting sins. She still enjoys the talks, and the first thing each month is to look what subject has been chosen, so interested is she." You will all rejoice with me in knowing that this dear girl's life has been marvellously influenced for good by our meetings, and her mother adds, "I, as one amongst many, thank you for the benefit that has been wrought in our home. I too have learned many useful things on the duty of a mother to her children. The work is influencing the older as well as the younger classes, so there is no limit to the good effected, under

God's blessing." I have only touched my pile of letters, and there are such delightful ones unquoted from—piles of them. What can I do but just add how truly they are appreciated, and thank all the writers for them, and God for having stirred them to open their hearts so fully so me?

Who, after reading what I have quoted here and there, will say that religious teaching is deemed superfluous by, or is other than welcome to, the dear girls and friends of all ages who meet with me in the twilight?

I hope to take "Sunday" and "Rest" at one of our meetings, in compliance with many requests.

To all dear correspondents I send loving thanks, sympathy, and the assurance that I long to be of use to them. Also the prayer, "May God bless and help each and all according to their needs."

(To be continued.)

GIRLS AS I HAVE KNOWN THEM.

By ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING, Author of "Old Maids and Young."

PART V.

THE GIRL WHO GOES IN FOR ART.

"To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm than all the gloss of
art."—*Goldsmith.*



THE last girl of the girl-who-goes-in-for-art type that I have known is one Norma.

She is owner of a studio having few pictures in it, and those few indicating that she holds what was Balzac's view of *le beau (c'est le laid)*. It used to be a point of courtesy to term

ugly persons clever; it has become a point of courtesy to term ugly pictures so. They offend this girl direfully who do not so term her ugly pictures.

Quite as typical as she is the girl who shares her studio.

Picture to yourself a curiously invertebrate-looking person of some prettiness of that distinctive type to which the name pre-Raphaelite is a little vaguely applied, a girl with lips habitually parted and her tongue much shown, this giving her a foolish look, as the same thing gave Coleridge a foolish look. Just as Coleridge had, however, a fine brain, so has this girl. Among a thousand and one affectations under which she hides her very real cleverness, a leading one is that which distinguishes her speech. She favours adjectives with the suffix *some*. "Lovesome" is in high vogue with her. This word found favour with Chaucer, so it may pass. "Dovesome" is less pleasing, though it is handy as a rhyme. Other two adjectives in "some" favoured by the girl who shares Norma's studio are "oilsome" and "weepsome." She apologises for extending an "oilsome" hand; she describes a kindly act as "weep-some."

Altogether this girl's use of descriptive words is very remarkable. She more rarely has recourse to the French language than her ancestresses had. The words *recherche* and

distingué are never heard from her; but, so far from its being true that she taboos French altogether, she prefers *banal* to "trite," and *bourgeois* to "vulgar." This thing is the more regrettable that she pronounces French less well than her predecessors did.

The vein of censure of the girl who goes in for art is, it is only fair to say, on the whole mild. Her abomination is the cheap and the shoddy, but she rarely uses these words because, she says, they pain her mouth. For *old-fashioned* she uses preferably "suburban" (pronounced *s'urban*), or "early-Victorian," or "rococo." These words are not synonymous, but she uses them as synonyms. Finally, her use of the word "elementary" is interesting. A symmetrical arrangement of wall-pictures is objected to by her as "elementary." Symmetry is a thing very abominable to her.

This girl's name is Margaret, and she is called in her circle "the Meg." The girl who goes in for art is rarely called by her name. This thing was so ten years ago, when some of us knew a girl whose initials were W. P., and whose nickname was Willow Pattern.

This girl was lovely and was loved. Her lover was woefully poor, but that troubled Willow Pattern not at all. He had, she said, "a rich chin." They married, and they are to this day as happy as happy can be. *Nota bene*: They are still poor, the world says; for the world is so blind that it has never noticed that Willow Pattern's husband has a rich chin.

They manage to eke out a living by picture-painting. If they would paint portraits they would be somewhat less poor, but they will not do that. A British matron tells how she once in this matter fared with Willow Pattern.

"I want you," said the British matron, "to paint my portrait."

Said Willow Pattern, "Sorry I can't do that; but I will make a picture of you if you like; I shall put a swan in it, and call it 'Woman and Swan.' Do you mind?"



"Well, yes, rather," admitted the British matron. "I wanted to be done as just me; but never mind, you shall have the job all the same."

Said Willow Pattern (gasping), "I beg your pardon."

Said the British matron, "Now get out your paints, child, and do me."

So far there has been nothing said of Lilla. Lilla, by the irony which often rules in names, is a fallow, shady-lipped girl. Her hair is dressed in one thin plait worn round the head, and I always see her as I last saw her—sitting before a cup of cold tea, with the milk like a mackerel sky on it. She was talking to another girl. I did not hear their talk, being myself in conversation with the fourth person present, but I noticed the singular beauty of Lilla's voice, and here and there such fragments of quaint inversion as, "Hither came," "I like it much," "Think you?"

Next of kin, mentally, to the girl who goes in for art is the girl who goes in for art-criticism. This girl sits much with her hands folded and reads reviews not only of books, but of pictures and concerts. There is such a girl in London of to-day who never knows how much or how little she has enjoyed a concert until after perusal of the subsequent morning's paper. This girl is aged sixteen.

There is such another girl in London upon whom a perfect raid is made by persons humorous when the Academy exhibition of pictures opens. Most people, not professional artists, according to this girl, go about picture-exhibitions idiotically admiring everything. Nothing will induce her to believe that this spirit of admiration is perhaps not so much the result of idiocy as it is the result of a clear consciousness on the parts of those feeling it that they lack all painting ability and so may fairly regard, with mingled wonder and delight, the work of persons who, to state the case for them at the lowest, do not lack all painting ability.

Sentimental nonsense that, according to the girl who goes in for art-criticism, and who points out that here the projection of a shadow is obviously wrong, there the execution is flabby; here the design is feeble; there the treatment of the lights, while striking, is technically questionable. If all that came from a girl at first hand, one would lose all hope of her, but every word of it has been



read where most of us can read it, and a certain *naïveté* attaches to the pompous retailing of it, which *naïveté* is as a saving grace; howbeit there are persons who will not recognise this fact. It is said of a great painter living that he "foams at the mouth" when a certain young girl is named, because she once told him for his encouragement that a picture of his was in her deeming "beautifully felt;" and there is a pianist of note who vows that he will remember till his death that a young English girl informed



him that he had "a beautiful finger." The jargon of art on the lips of young girls apparently fails to please.

There is another vein of language which the girl with artistic tendencies sometimes works, and which equally misses, in some cases, the desired effect.



"What is your sister like?" asked a boy of another boy recently.

"Oh, she's one of those girls who jabber about sunsets," was the answer. "Want to speak to her?"

"Not me!"

Wit is not a shining quality of this type of

girl, but once in a while she contrives to be quits with the other person.

"In my days," said a severe old person some little time ago, "a girl could only be one of three things: a teacher, a shop-girl, or a servant-maid. To-day you can be doctor, gardener, whatnot. You have only to make your choice. My opinion being that you have not the slightest talent for art, Gladys, let me know what you would like to be."

Gladys (piqued): "Of the three things you have named, 'whatnot' displeases me least."

The severe old person smiled.

This sketch shall be brought to a close with a story of two innocents abroad, one of them having been the girl who goes in for art.

They were evidently trippers—wedding-trippers. This is precisely what happened. They were standing before a world-famed picture in a world-famed gallery. I, standing albeit at some distance from them, seemed to myself to be in fullest evidence; but perhaps I was not. There were no other persons in the room. The girl said—

"You should not say of a portrait, dear, that it looks as if you could walk round it. It sounds all right, but it's the wrong thing to say."

To which he, smiling—

"Who told you so?"

"Reynolds."

To which he, no longer smiling—



"Who's Reynolds?"

"Never heard of Sir Josh—"

"Oh, yes. I didn't know you meant him. Of course, I've heard of him. What made him say that?"

"I'm not sure; but it may have been that he thought if you saw a real man you wouldn't say, 'He looks as if you could walk round him,' and of course you wouldn't."

He, smiling anew—

"No, perhaps not."

"Well, then"—she was now in fine pedagogical vein—"looking at a man or woman in a picture, you should feel just what you would feel looking at a real man or woman. That's what I understand by it, dear."

"You're awfully clever, darling, and so was Sir Joshua, no doubt; but it's not human nature to feel towards a man or woman in a picture just what you would feel towards a real man or woman."

As he said this, the exponent of human nature walked round the girl by his side, then caught her in his arms and kissed her. When this demonstration was over, she said—

"It would have been horrid, wouldn't it, dear, if anything had come between us and our marriage? You needn't say 'yes,' because I know you mean it. Besides there's somebody over there, and perhaps she's taking notes."

Perhaps she was; she was in a public building.

It is one characteristic by which you shall know the girl who goes in for art, that she and those with whom she by preference associates behave in public very much as they behave in private. This makes some frown, and makes some—smile.

(To be continued.)

THE RULES OF SOCIETY.

By LADY WILLIAM LENNOX.

PART III.

I LEFT off last time in rather an abrupt fashion: but possibly the unfinished condition of my article may—on the principle of serial stories, which always exhibit a certain unexpectedness and incompleteness in their instalments—have given my readers an appetite, so that, like *Oliver Twist*, they are "ready for more." I will therefore now proceed to explain what was meant by the "other thing" spoken of at the end of my paper.

It had reference to what is often felt to be a difficulty with regard to country house visiting, and consists in not knowing how long to stay. When, as sometimes happens, the duration of the visit is settled and plainly mentioned beforehand, it is a real comfort; for if you are invited for a week, or from such a day to such a day, the dates being given, there is no room for doubt: you know exactly what is expected of you and can make plans to suit. But when the invitation is vague as to its ending, though explicit as to its beginning, and you are asked to "come on the 8th and stay with us; we shall have a few cheery people," it is hard to say for certain whether the traditional three days, "press day, dress day, and rest day," as the line runs—though for my part I fail to see where the "rest" day comes in—are intended to cover the time of your visit or whether a week is meant. At all events it is always better to be too short than too long as regards time when others are concerned besides yourself. A prolix, long-winded individual is invariably fled from when he begins to speak, and anybody who gets a reputation for outstaying his

or her welcome is not likely to be asked much anywhere. It would be terrible to be known as "that woman who can never be got rid of when she once comes." Far better is it to arrange for a short visit, and then, should your hostess really wish you to pay a longer one, she can say so and try to persuade you to alter your plans on her behalf. But, unless it is quite clear that your company is still desired, it is wise to keep to your original intention, because sometimes politeness, carried perhaps rather beyond what is necessary, may be misunderstood, as really occurred on one occasion when some people who had paid an unreasonably long visit were leaving the house at last, to the relief of their entertainers. An unlucky impulse prompted the hostess to say, "Good-bye, must you really go?" Whereupon, to her dismay, the departing guests turned with a smile and said, "Oh no, we are not really obliged to go just yet," and they actually stayed. Here again we may take counsel of the wisest of Books which says, "Remove thy foot from thy neighbour's house lest he grow weary and hate thee."

While on this subject it may be well to remark that the same rule applies to all visits, even what are called "morning" visits—calls made because they must be made more than with the idea of any pleasure to be evolved therefrom. The temptation to remain too long in such cases is, of course, not great, but it does not follow necessarily that the visitor goes just when she ought. Shyness, a sort of difficulty in finding the right moment in which to get up and say good-bye, perhaps sometimes a feeling that you have seemed stupid and dull, and that you must try and

sparkle somewhat before you go, to take away the bad impression given of your abilities; all sorts of little under-currents common to human nature seem at times to hamper people and make them do *gauche* things, among them being that of sitting on when they ought to leave.

Even if you are with a friend, not an ordinary acquaintance, and have lunched with her, it is better to make a move to depart soon after; for although you may have nothing particular to do that day, she may have, and in London especially there is such a pressure of things which must be got through somehow that few of us can afford to let our afternoon slip away, and with it the chance of seeing such a person, going to such a shop, writing important letters, etc., etc.

Now I will return to the country house, to make a few observations, this time not to the visitors, but to the visited; and, as I have all through my articles tried to make it clear that I do not address myself to people who live in luxury, I wish to repeat that fact, and to say that I have not "in my mind's eye" a magnificent castle with everything to match, but a house on a modest scale and establishment ditto.

You, inhabiting a nice, comfortable abode of the kind, have bidden some guests to come and stay; perhaps for an "At Home" in the neighbourhood, perhaps with no special object in view; but the country is pretty, they can walk or "bike," and there is the pony-carriage and possibly a dog-cart, useful for men in the shooting-season.

Well, first I hope you have not asked too many, for, except in the case of very young

LETTERS FROM A LAWYER.

PART VII.

The Temple.

MY DEAR DOROTHY,—It is perfectly astounding to me that people not absolutely devoid of common sense should be taken in by the so-called confidence trick, a device so transparent that it seems incredible that any sane man could be deceived by it. I am bound to say in justice to your sex that I have never heard of a case when a woman was a victim to the confidence trick. I suppose it does *not* appeal to them in the same way that it seems to do to some men.

Perhaps the true explanation of the gullibility of mankind was that given by a rogue who was had up and convicted at the Old Bailey. When asked what he wished to say, why he should not receive punishment for this offence, he replied that he ought to be treated as a great moral teacher, because the confidence trick could only succeed with people who were covetous and desirous of acquiring other people's money without giving an equivalent for it, and that when they found that they had lost their money, it taught them to be more cautious and less grasping.

There was some truth in what this "great moral teacher" said, but unfortunately for him he had also a lesson to learn, and the Recorder gave him several months in which he might give it his careful consideration.

The "Free Portrait" scheme is a bait which allures a good many people. They cannot resist the temptation of getting something for nothing. A man calling himself A. Tanquerey or F. Schneider, and giving an address in Paris, is, I believe, the author of this ingenious system of extracting money from the unwilling pockets of the public. He

professes in his circulars and advertisements to send you a crayon enlargement of any photograph you send him "absolutely free of charge."

After you have sent him the photograph, which is generally one of special value to yourself, being, we will suppose, the only portrait you possess, of a deceased parent, friend or relation, you receive a letter stating that the portrait is ready and will be forwarded to you on the receipt of two or three guineas for the frame.

If you decline to purchase a frame, and write telling him to return your photograph, you receive no reply to your letter, and finally, to recover the photograph which you value, you send the money for the frame, and receive a fairly good crayon enlargement of your photograph in a frame which has cost you as many guineas as it is worth shillings.

There is a class of advertisement which may be seen in almost any weekly paper which just borders on the fraudulent. Even if they are genuine in themselves—and some undoubtedly are not—they open the door to fraud. I refer to those advertisements offering articles for sale in connection with monetary prizes to every purchaser and winner in a competition which can be guessed at a glance.

Every purchaser is told in the advertisement that he will be entitled to receive a prize of £10 if he guesses rightly; but when he has made his purchase and sent in his solution, he will find that either only the first letter opened gets the prize, or that every competitor having guessed correctly, he is only entitled to receive a halfpenny for his share of the money. In this last case, of course, the thing is a swindle because no one would have purchased the article and answered the competition if they

thought the money was going to be divided amongst the winners.

I tried one of these competitions myself, not because I thought it was genuine, but because I wanted to see how it was worked. The task I had to accomplish was something like the following:

"Give the names of the fruits and flowers mentioned below—Soer, Reap, Liput, Cepah, Socruc, Ragone."

Well, you can see at a glance they are rose, pear, tulip, peach, crocus, orange. I sent in my answer and a shilling and a penny stamp, and in due course received a puzzle worth about twopence.

Later on I received a letter stating that my solution of all the words was correct, and enclosing my share of the prize—a halfpenny stamp.

In a similar competition I saw it stated in the papers that 6,000 answers had been received, which shows that the game must be a very paying one for those who issue the advertisements.

What a number of young women there must be waiting to get married! In answer to an advertisement which appeared the other day in the *Exchange and Mart*, in which a lady, "disappointed in love, offered her *trousseau* at an enormous sacrifice," over 1,400 replies were received.

But the lady "disappointed in love" disappointed also the 1,400 ladies who wanted a *trousseau*, for her advertisement was a bogus one, and was merely another trap to catch the unwary.

One has to be very sharp, but the sharpest of us are sometimes taken in, including even

Your affectionate cousin,

BOB BRIEFLESS.

GIRLS AS I HAVE KNOWN THEM.

By ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING, Author of "Old Maids and Young."

PART VI.

THE ATHLETIC GIRL.

WANTED: A groom, tall, good-looking, steady.

WANTED: A housemaid, neat, respectable, no fringe.

WANTED: A cook, good, plain.

So run certain familiar advertisements. They are cited here as containing the descriptive words which have a particular applicability to the athletic girl, who, to state the general case in regard to her, is tall, good-looking, steady; neat, respectable, with no fringe; good, plain.

This fact notwithstanding, the average athletic girl would not make a successful groom; still less would she give satisfaction as a housemaid; and least of all has she in her the makings of a good cook. Some hold

that she has in her the makings of a good pianist, but that is a mistake, for she has no *adagio*. "I call a girl like that a fortist, not a pianist," was said of her the other day.

Not always, but very often, the athletic girl's is the prosaic type of mind, concerning which Lowell writes—

"The danger of the prosaic type of mind lies in the stolid sense of superiority which blinds it to everything ideal, to the use of everything that does not serve the practical purposes of life. Do we not remember how the all-observing and all-fathoming Shakespeare has typified this in Bottom the Weaver? Surrounded by all the fairy creations of fancy, he sends one to fetch him the bag of a humble-bee, and can find no better employment for Mustard-seed than to help Cavalero Cobweb scratch his ass's head between the ears. When Titania, queen of that fair, ideal world, offers him a feast of beauty, he says he has a good stomach to a pottle of hay!"

The athletic girl easily thus runs to prose. Sometimes her prose is very funny. She looked up lately from a novel with the speech—

"There's one thing I do want to know most awfully, Daddy—how people 'gnash' their teeth. Is it anything like this—or this—or this?"

Each question was accompanied by a facial illustration. Daddy is a serious man, but he laughed heartily.

Sometimes, however, Daddy shakes his head. The following is a case in point.

"Do you know, my dear," he asked, "the difference between a soprano and a contralto?"

"Why, of course, Dad," was the answer. "The one's a squeak and the other's a squawk."

Such a girl has some knowledge, but she lacks some grace. Very often the athletic girl lacks both knowledge and grace. Sometimes, too, she lacks brains. The outward marks by which you shall know her in that case are that she has large ears and a little forehead. There are exceptions to this rule, but they are not many.

Of accomplishments the average athletic girl has few. All the French she knows she puts into a smile, and that smile is the one with which she meets any references to customs of the good old time. It says—

Nous avons changé tout cela.

Twenty years ago this girl was the girl who wished she was a boy. It is one of the changes which time has wrought in her case that she no longer wishes that. She is happy and proud to



be a girl of to-day, believing, as she does, that girls and women never had a chance to distinguish themselves in feats of strength till to-day. Remind her of Joan of Arc, and she will reply that that was an isolated case; draw her attention to the passage in Motley's *Rise and Fall of the Dutch Republic*, referring to the garrison of Haarlem in 1572, and she will stare. The passage in question runs—

"The garrison at least numbered one thousand pioneers or delvers, three thousand fighting men, and about three hundred fighting women. This last was a most efficient corps, all females of respectable character, armed with sword, musket, and dagger. Their chief, Frau Kenau Hasselaer, was a widow of distinguished family and unblemished character, about forty-seven years of age, who, at the head of her Amazons, participated in many of the most fiercely contested actions of the siege, both within and without the walls."

Elegance of speech is not, as a rule, a primary characteristic of the athletic girl, and it has been noticed that, while she prefers the use of any name to that of the baptismal or family one, she usually goes to the brute creation for a substitute, selecting—in so far as merciful—the names of the pleasantly associated animals commonly called domestic. Thus ass, goose, duck, pig, cart-horse, cow, and—*lately* at the zenith of its popularity with her—*hound*, are all of her word-treasure. It is to be expected that she will add to this list in the course of time "barn-fowl," and some other, and that, when she has exhausted the names belonging to the domestic animals, she will have recourse to those placarded at the Zoo. It does not seem probable that she will ever be guilty of the banality attaching to the use of Christian names alone.

As a letter-writer the average athletic girl does not shine. First, as for her handwriting, it is perhaps best described in some words which Goldsmith gives to Tony Lumpkin—

"Here are such handles and shanks and dashes that one can scarcely know the head from the tail."

The speed at which she writes, too, is productive of direful blunders of the kind of *Dear Madman* for "Dear Madam"; and the "burst of speaking," to use a phrase from Shakespeare, which characterises her *viva voce* manner, has its effect upon her epistolary style. It lacks repose. Another detracting feature of it is connected with the fact that this type of girl affects insensibility just as her ancestresses of a hundred years ago affected sensibility. There is scarce a whit to choose between them in their affectations.

It is not that the athletic girl has no heart. There follows here her description of a parting scene in which she was one of two.

"I made an owl of myself, got the gulps, and could not even say good-bye."

In other words, the athletic girl broke down.

Books enter little into the life of this girl, yet she—may—belong to a reading society. The following (writer, an athletic girl) bears witness to that fact—

"Our next Shakespeare reading is next Tuesday. Last year I never took part in them,

but am going to this year, though I rather hate them. *Twelfth Night* is the play chosen, and I have been given two rotten parts where I have to say every now and then, 'Good my lord,' and 'Prithee, tell me.'"

The same girl writes—

"I have just read a most frightfully good book, *The Prisoner of Zenda*. It is simply the thrillingest thing that ever was written."

In another letter she writes—

"Do you know the poetry of Gordon? An Australian man. All about horses. First-class."

The margin-note style is in peculiar favour with the athletic girl.

The personal note is one seldom struck by this girl, and the elegiac note is one scarcely ever struck by her. Even when she has a grievance she keeps a high heart. Who but she could write—

"For some extraordinary and unknown reason my head is aching. It is such a novel sensation that I rather like it."

Her letter-endings take their colour from her character, real or assumed. "In haste" is much in favour with her, and I have letters from her ending "Bye, bye!" and "Ta, ta! Yours affec."

I will close this paper with a true story. In it will be shown how a lady, late an athletic girl, was wooed and—not won.

Her admirer was a widower, with one child. His home overlooked the school of which this lady, young as she was—for she was only six-and-twenty—was head-mistress. The widower, on re-marrying bent, sent in his card on what was called "office day."

The name on the card was *Colonel Hewson*. The young head-mistress, whose name was Alice Joyce, read it, and gave the conventional order, "Show him in."

Alice Joyce had some slight acquaintance with Colonel Hewson, and had also some slight inkling that he admired her. She did not admire him, and would have liked to deny herself to him, but she was not authorised to do this on "office day." Perhaps he had come to place a pupil. His only child was a boy, but, perhaps, he had girl-relations. "Show him in," said conscientious Alice Joyce, and Colonel Hewson was shown in.

"I thought you'd be surprised to see me," he said crisply, on entering.

Alice smiled, and requested him to be seated. Then she left it to him to open the talk, occupying herself with a revolving book-case, which she gently agitated.

Colonel Hewson was a bronzed man of travel, who, according to rumour, had penetrated into Asiatic jungles, and seen tigers and other undomestic animals eye to eye without blenching. He had, however, never before entered a lady's school, and a terror the like unto which he had never experienced now held him tongue-tied.

Alice Joyce, good-naturedly racked her brains to think of something that would set

him at his ease, and ultimately put the young head-mistress's stock question—

"Would you like to see our gymnasium?" Colonel Hewson expressed himself as not unwilling.

The gymnasium was empty, save of apparatuses, of which, movable and immovable, it had a great number. Alice Joyce had considerable skill in showing these off, and handled weights and bars with a facility which impressed



ENTERTAINING A DUMB BEAU WITH DUMB-BELLS

her visitor. Up and down the gymnasium they went, swinging dumb-bells. Suddenly Alice Joyce pulled up short—

"As you are so much interested in all this, Colonel Hewson," she said, "do come and see the girls at it."

"Can anyone come?" was asked.

"No, no; only parents and anyone whom I may happen to invite. I shall be pleased to see you, though you're not a parent."

Colonel Hewson expressed his deep sense of obligation with a rather blank face, adding, in mild protest, that he regarded himself as a parent. Here was one result of Alice Joyce's having become a head-mistress. She had come to narrow the meaning of some words. She was startled herself to find that things had come to this pass, and said apologetically—

"When I say 'parent,' I mean the person in that relationship to girls—my girls. It is stupid of me, because, of course, there *are*" (her voice paused on a higher note) "other parents."

Colonel Hewson's face remained rather blank, and he put his hand on an iron ring suspended from the roof. Alice Joyce the while had stationed herself beside a trapeze bar. Colonel Hewson in a lady's gymnasium was not the most valiant man in the world, but he now took heart of grace and proposed marriage to Alice Joyce.

The end of the story is perhaps best told in the words of the heroine—

"Of course I said 'No' to him. Really men are very tiresome. Fancy a man's proposing when you're showing him the gymnasium!"



CRUSHED

(To be continued.)



GIRLS AS I HAVE KNOWN THEM.

By ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING, Author of "Old Maids and Young."

PART VII.

THE OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

"Modest as morn, as midday bright,
Gentle as evening."

(A girl described by the poet Andrew Marvell.)



A MARVELLOUS GIRL

By the old-fashioned girl is not here meant the girl of a type extinct, but the girl of a type still existing, if in less numbers than of old. I have a sheaf of letters by this girl beside me. None of these letters bears date earlier than 1893. One of them, written on Christmas morning of that year, begins—

"To-day is just like a beautiful Spring morning, the crocuses and buds showing above ground, and all the buds forward."

A week later, the writer announces—

"The weather is so open that Eva was able to pick some rosebuds on Christmas Day."

Under date February 12th, 1894, there is the following—

"The kitten Sixpenny is getting plump on bullfinches which the gardener shoots. They do a lot of damage to the fruit-buds."

The same letter contains this communication—

"The violets and camellias are backward this year, but all the crocuses and snowdrops are now at their best, and we daily examine daffodil buds."

"Jacob, a jackdaw," is mentioned in a subsequent letter, where the reference to him runs—

"Jacob, a jackdaw, has been lately acquired. He resides in a big aviary, and sometimes has a rabbit put in with him to get change of air."

A girl who writes letters like that is a girl who would have been after the heart of Gilbert White of Selborne.

The old-fashioned girl is sentimental in so far as to be sentimental is to have a tender and susceptible heart, for her sentimentality is not of that order the other name of which is mawkishness. In fact, it is of a kind that justifies the singular assertion made by gentle William Shenstone: "The French use the word *naïve* in such a sense as to be explainable by no English word, unless we will submit to restrain ourselves in the application of the word *sentimental*."

This sentimentality, the other name of which is *naïveté* of feeling, in the old-fashioned girl led her to say the other day to a woman whom she loved, "I wonderfully admire you," and *naïveté* of feeling it is that inspires phrasing so charming as this, which I cite from the letter (date May 1st, 1894) of

an old-fashioned girl: "It is four years since I have seen you, my friend, except by letters."

It has been said in the foregoing that the old-fashioned girl exists in less numbers to-day than in days gone by; so far is she, however,

from being as uncommon as the great auk, that I who write this have only to shut my eyes to see a long procession of old-fashioned girls pass before me.

First passes Ann (in her own explanatory phrasing, "plain *A-double-N*"), who always brings her letters to a close with "believe me," and uses a nominative of address in writing a postcard.

Next pass Elizabeth, Betsy, Bessy and Bess—no *Elsie*, mark you.

Elizabeth wears boots with toe-caps, and is, we who know her believe, the last girl who will use the phrase, "canons of good taste."

Betsy wears in winter a crotched muffler and Ringwood gloves. She always says at a visit's end, "Now I must be going," and



A VISITATION

generally says that she has "paid a visitation." This makes new-fashioned people smile, and, as Betsy only says it when in merry pin, this pleases her. Betsy is a wag in her old-fashioned way. Thus she always counts her cherry-stones, and affects distress if they come to *never*. This also makes new-fashioned people smile.

Bessy we call "the quotation girl." To Bessy, coffee is "the fragrant juice of Mocha's berry brown," and Bessy at the tea-table refers to "the cups that cheer, but not inebriate." Bessy will herself only be described in a quotation—

"Old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good."

Bess uses what we others call "dictionary words"—such words as *pusillanimity* and *titillation*. Bess—does this need telling?—hails from beyond Tweed.

Next passes Susan, who says, "Papa and mamma," when she does not say "Father and mother." The new-fashioned girl says "papa and mother." Susan, too, prefers the word "lady" to "woman," and "gentleman" to "man." In fact, she has somewhat aristocratic leanings: but condescension is no part of her manner, for she knows that politeness levels up.

Next pass the Marys, some of whom are Pollys.

Polly, number one, combines a love of cookery with a love of bookery, to phrase the matter as a certain poet would have phrased it, and to these loves she adds a third, the love of needlework. If you should tell her that a good needlewoman makes a bad student, she will tell you in reply that Minerva beat Arachne in the art of needlework. She

is so far from being a bad student that it is only part of her knowledge to know that.

Polly, number two, is not learned at all, but is of marvellous dexterity with her fingers. She should have lived in the days of spears and spindles, some people say. These people are of those who have nothing in their heads but a tongue.

Of the Marys called Mary, there passes first that Mary to whom, albeit her home is London, a Monday Popular Concert is not "a Pop," and to whom a photograph is not a photo.

Next passes the Mary to whom an Ellen said—

"You must have been born grown-up, like a fly, Mary."

To whom Mary: "What do you mean?"

"Why, don't you know, goose, that flies don't grow, that they—let me think of the way it's put in the books—emerge from the larva in a perfect state?"

To which Mary, dreamily: "Do they? That's very interesting."

A less old-fashioned Mary might not have found a fact conveyed as that fact was conveyed in a primary degree "interesting."

The old-fashioned girl is not always handled tenderly by the new-fashioned girl. "Here's a description of you," so sneers one Muriel, and reads aloud from a book, "A young lady in the possession of all the virtues which adorn the most amiable of her sex."

To which the Mary sneered at answers, "No, no; that flatters me."

Lastly, there passes Emma, the old-fashioned girl who heard lately with amazement that (so the new-fashioned girl phrased the matter) "cut glass is vulgar."

"How can," said Emma, "glass be vulgar?"

Emma lives in a world in which not only is cut glass still in estimation, but in which the word "vulgar" is used in a sense in which it is inapplicable to glass.

Emma is very fastidious in regard to phrasing. She is never caught using the form "different to," and she follows the rule which prescribes the use of "better," where the ungrammatical say "best." Of her adjectives, which are few and carefully chosen, a favourite one is "elegant," which she uses elegantly. Her spelling has an old-fashioned look. Thus she writes *shew*, *sew*, *ribbon* and *bason*. She prefers *carven* to "carved," and, in regard to another past participle, she is open to the gentle satire of the *Cornhill* essayist, who wrote in 1885 of "very young ladies" what follows—

"They write first, 'his health was drunk,' and then, alarmed at the apparent inebriety of that harmless past participle, alter it incontinently to 'his health was drank.'"

Emma prefers the sound of "his health was drank" to that of "his health was drunk." Such archaisms as *to pen for to write*, and a

braid of hair for a plait of hair, are also in favour with Emma, though her notions in style have undergone some modification since she wrote her first English composition, which began, "I sit down to write an essay." Emma is at present engaged upon writing a novel in letter form, modelled on Sir Walter Scott's *Redgauntlet*.



REDCAUNTLET AND BLUE-STOCKING A NOVEL COMBINATION



AN INFANT PHENOMENON



An old-fashioned girl

That is a secret. Emma has many secrets. New-fashioned girls are said to have none.

Never believe it!

Perhaps the old-fashioned girl is seen to least advantage in a new-fashioned school. The modern system of examination perplexes her. It was not quite a dunce, but merely a bewildered old-fashioned girl who wrote what follows in obedience to the injunction, "Comment on the grammatical peculiarity in the sentence—'Cromwell was by far our remarkablest governor.'"

"*Carlyle did not know better English, or perhaps he wanted to make a joke.*"

Not that the old-fashioned girl is not sometimes a frank ignoramus. This must be allowed to be the case when she defines—I cite here from authentic documents—*phenomenon* as "a very bad-tempered person," and *emolument* as "great flattery."

In dialogue with the new-fashioned girl the old-fashioned girl does not always come off best, but once and again she scores, if only by

the utterance of a bold paradox. Take the following.

"I wish," said the new-fashioned girl, "I was dead."

"You are always wishing something impossible, Evelyn," answered the old-fashioned girl. "The moment you are dead you will be wishing you were alive."

Paradox of a kind less mordant and less moribund is contained in the following, which I set down as the favourite exclamation of an old-fashioned girl born blind—

"Ah, I see it all now!"

Sometimes the sorrows of the old-fashioned girl are of a kind calculated to rouse the amusement of those who are of a newer fashion. This is surely the case in the matter of one Ada, who writes—

"I have contracted the miserable habit of writing short words backwards, putting 'dab' for 'bad,' and much more dreadful things than that. I feel that in writing my own name I write it backwards, and that it is only by

happy accident that it reads all right. This comes from a game which we have been playing, and which consists of naming words that make sense spelt backwards. The boys like it (this will shock you), because of the word *mad*."

Useless were it to tell this Ada that the word which "mad" spells backwards is one in which "the boys" may fairly take delight, meaning merely, as it does, "a bank to confine water." The stricken Ada knows boys better.



ANOTHER
INNOCENT

(To be continued.)

IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

PART XI.

THE LITTLE ONES OF THE FAMILY AND THE GLORY OF MOTHERHOOD.

"A joyful mother of children."—Psa. cxiii. 9.

I CALLED the subject of our two last talks all-important, because I could hardly imagine one possessing wider interest for you. But when I introduced it, I alluded to you, my dear girl friends, not only as the wives, but as the mothers of the future. Marriage and motherhood are alike sacred subjects—the latter certainly not less so than the former.

Before the day arrives when the sweet but solemn responsibility of motherhood comes to the young wife, girls who are members of large families have mostly shared in the toil, anxiety, and, let us hope, also in the joy and brightness that the little ones bring into the world with them.

It makes me glad as I call to mind many beautiful pictures of sisters who have been second only to the real mother in their loving care of, and tender sympathy with, the younger members of the family.

Many a delicate ailing mother has been aided on the path to renewed health by the thought that the children, about whom she would otherwise be painfully anxious, are being lovingly watched over by an elder sister. As she has lain, so willing yet so unable to fulfil her maternal duties, her heart has been full of joy, and her thoughts have gone up in praise to God for the gift of the precious daughter who is cheerfully carrying the weight under which she, unaided, must have sunk.

There are, thank God, many girls who are little mothers almost from their cradles. We can find them in rich homes and poor ones. In courts and slums where the direst poverty prevails, the baby, often unwelcome to the elders, is passed over to the ceaseless care of one who is only a few years past babyhood herself.

From the very first the little deputy-mother deems it her baby, her choicest treasure, and finds beauties and charms in it which are invisible to other eyes. Its increasing size and weight may cause her greater weariness, but they are none the less sources of pride and joy, and make her forget her own aching back.

She would go hungry that it might be well

fed; cold, that it might be warmly bundled up in the shawl that ought to do duty as covering for both of them. Her baby may be but a caricature of the pink and white loveliness of another infant clad in silk and lace and with two nurses to watch its every movement; but let a ragged dweller in the same court disparage the looks of her darling, and she would fight the slanderer as stubbornly as ever knight of old did in defence of the charms of his ladye love.

I must not dwell on this picture. Long ago when the "G. O. P.,"* was itself a baby under two years old, I wrote with heartfelt respect of "Little Nurses." I had studied them in many places, and the sight of their devotion had inspired my admiration and loving sympathy.

Turning from the baby devotee of the slums, and not for a moment forgetting sweet pictures of sisterly devotion which I have seen in other ranks of life, I am going to indulge in a little croak about the decay of the maternal spirit in many of the girls of to-day.

I was journeying northward some three years ago, and during part of the time I had only one companion. She was past girlhood, probably some years over thirty, and in the course of conversation she spoke of her old happy home and the gradual scattering of its inmates, until she found herself the last one left. Her parents had died not long after each other, and brothers' and sisters' homes were far apart. That there had been true family union and affection amongst them I felt sure, for my companion could not speak of the good father and mother without a trembling of the voice and tears which she turned away to hide.

Later the talk turned on children. I suppose, as an old mother, I must have expressed my deep love for them, and I was almost horrified when my companion exclaimed—

"I loathe children. I cannot bear even to touch a child."

The expression on her face proved her sincerity.

Need I tell you, dear girls, that a barrier seemed to rise up between my companion and myself, as I heard these unwomanly, nay, I may say, inhuman words? Only a short time before, the girl had been moved to tears as she

spoke of the loving devotion of which she had been an object, both as a child and from her youth up. Yet her memories of her own home life and of the parents she mourned, had not awakened in her cold heart one spark of tenderness for the helpless little creatures who are so dependent on those around them.

A truly feminine nature, with its motherly instincts fostered as they ought to be, instead of being crushed down and stifled, regards every child with tenderness, and would make the surroundings of all the little ones brighter, purer, and holier if it were possible to do so.

It happened on that same journey that a comely Scotchwoman got into our carriage at a country station. At the door she held out one of the loveliest year-old babies I ever saw, and addressing my companion, said, "Here, tak the bairn, please, whiles I lift in the others," for there were two more youngsters on the platform just a step above each other in size.

My companion fairly shrank into her corner and kept her hands firmly clasped, whilst her face expressed disgust and vexation at the unceremonious request. The mother's astonishment was almost ludicrous, but I promptly said, "Give me the bairn. I'm used to bairns, you see, and this lady is not." It was a delight to hold the bonny smiling darling in my arms. Her beautiful clothing and the pretty neat garments of the elder children were eloquent of loving care. And the mother was eloquent too about the object of the half-hour's journey which was to show the children to "my ain guid mither, who is just wearyin' for a look at them," I was told.

I heard about five older ones at home, and how they had to go, two at a time and the baby, to see the grandmother, with many particulars which brought this comparatively young mother into fullest sympathy with me, the old one.

I was quite sorry to give up my pretty charge when parting time came. Sorry, too, that my other travelling companion, who sat silent in her corner with averted eyes, could not appreciate the charms of childhood, or care to impress on her memory the beautiful picture of motherly self-devotion and industry furnished by that sample batch from the flock of eight. How each bright healthy face, each spotless tasteful garment would appeal to the

GIRLS AS I HAVE KNOWN THEM.

By ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING, Author of "Old Maids and Young."

PART VIII.

THE BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

"ONELY man," says Sir Philip Sidney quaintly, meaning by "man" what we term a *human creature*, for there is here no sex limitation, "onely man, and no beast, hath that gift, to discern beauty."

When "that gift" is of generous proportions, as happens once in a while, there is given the further ability to discern "something than beauty dearer." That phrase is a poet's. Beauty has been from of old a theme of poets, and the poets of this country, from Chaucer to Browning, have made beautiful girls their theme. Chaucer has good and bad to tell of them. The good may be read in many a tale, and the bad will be best left unread. Browning has good and bad to tell of them. There is good told of "beautiful Evelyn Hope—sixteen years old when she died," and there is bad told of "the beautiful girl, too white, who lived at Pornic by the sea," the girl who hoarded gold.

Browning, perhaps better than any English poet who ever lived, could describe a beautiful girl's face and incidentally point out a thing in it detracting from its beauty. He does this with remarkable directness in his poem called "A Face," which opens—

"If one could have that little head of hers
Painted upon a background of pale gold,
Such as the Tuscan's early art prefers!
No shade encroaching on the matchless
mould
Of those two lips, which should be opening
soft
In the pure profile; *not as when she laughs,
For that spoils all.*"



How did that girl laugh? Probably as too many an English girl laughs—riotously. Of such an one was said a little while hence: "When she laughs, there seems no room left in the world for any other sound."

The loose use of the word "beautiful" in English is largely commented on by foreign visitors to this country. The many English faces that are lovely in colour must strike everyone, but that only a minority of these are lovely in line is undeniable. Now a face to be beautiful must be lovely in colour and in line.

"Health and mirth make beauty," says a Spanish proverb wrongly. They do not so, though they make what is by many deemed a better thing than beauty, being that lovely and pleasant thing named comeliness.

The following is a question put by a girl—"Can a girl with a bad nose be called beautiful?"

That is a question which one is tempted to meet with the counter-question—*What is a bad nose?*

A bad man—and even, alas! a bad woman—is a thing conceivable; but—a bad nose—No.

The thing meant by this girl, it has transpired, is an unbeautiful nose. Certainly a girl with such a nose, suppose it to take the form of a tip-tilted nose, cannot be called beautiful. For her consolation, let her be told that she can fairly be called pleasing, the actual fact, it would seem, being that a tip-tilted nose sets a girl in one matter at an advantage. A London journalist some little time ago gave his readers this piece of information—

"One of those statisticians who find out what others cannot find out asserts that girls with



A NEW READING
The *retroussé* nose.

retroussé noses marry sooner than young ladies with Greek and Roman noses."

That is a remarkable assertion, not the least remarkable thing about it being the phrasing of it—"girls with *retroussé* noses," "young ladies with Greek and Roman noses."

Welladay! If it be conceded, as I think it must be, that classical outline is an essential part of beauty, "young

ladies" with Greek and Roman noses are not without one feature essentially beautiful. In the case of those with Greek noses, there are commonly other features satisfying the severest exactions in regard to beauty. This fact notwithstanding, the faces in question may be so far from pleasing to those who look, as the poet did, for something than beauty dearer, as to bring upon themselves the censure contained in certain words by Shakespeare—

"This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking,
moving,
And yet so fast asleep."

Beautiful faces too often lack animation.

As a natural consequence, beautiful faces lack another thing. A young face to be pleasing must hold out a promise, just as an older face to be pleasing must tell a story. Now there are more unbeautiful young faces that hold out a promise than there are beautiful young faces that do this, just as there are more unbeautiful older faces that tell a story than there are beautiful older faces that do this.

In like manner, the regularity of line that is a main part of beauty is often attended by defects in another direction, calculated to arouse comment such as the following, being a speech made in reference to a woman of great beauty—

"Her profile is delicious, but her full face is an empty face."

The woman in question lacked somewhat in intellectuality. A beautiful woman—so fairly on the whole are gifts distributed—is rarely a clever woman, and a beautiful girl is often a goose. Thus it was a beautiful girl of not ten but twenty years of age, who put to paper this account of Spain—

"That is where the Inquisition was, and there are bull-fights there, and the ladies wear black on their heads, and *Westward Ho!* was there."

It was a beautiful girl who asked lately—"Has a cow horns?"

To which the counter-query put by an un-beautiful girl was—

"Did you ever hear of the nursery rhyme of 'the cow with the crumpled horn'?"

It was a beautiful girl who wrote of a sailor as unfurling the anchor, who spoke of the dress of a Chinese mandoline, who answered the question put by a Frenchwoman, "What is the English for *raison d'être*?" in the words, "*Raison d'être* is English," and who formed one in a dialogue which took the following turn—

He: "What are dead languages?"

She: "The languages which



were spoken by the dead Romans and Greeks."

He: "But how could the dead Romans and Greeks speak?"

She: "Silly!"

He: "'Silly' yourself!"

Not only do beauty and stupidity often go hand in hand, but beauty and commonplace affections often do this. Butterflies love the flavour of cabbage, and some beautiful girls—by their own confession—"love" onions. It is no crime to like onions, but to "love" them is to waste sweetness.

That vanity, as a whole, is less often met with in beautiful girls than in un-beautiful ones is a well-known fact, and it is a fact which I am so little inclined to challenge that I give the following cases as being to my full belief exceptions to the rule.

A beautiful girl, known to me, while really very young poses as being very much younger. Her age is seventeen or thereabouts, and she poses as being fourteen. If her age were forty or thereabouts, and she posed as being seventeen, one would more easily forgive her. She will derive the benefit of this mental bias some twenty years hence.

In the case of another beautiful girl known to me, so much of her is dress that her appearance seems to warrant what once seemed to me an unwarrantable piece of English, being the following extract from a society paper of the year 1887—

"Among the younger ladies was a pretty white tulle with marguerites and a white satin bodice."

At first reading of that I asked myself, "What sort of a young lady is a pretty white tulle with marguerites and a white satin bodice?"

I do not ask myself that question now.

Thirdly, a beautiful girl of my acquaintance

has a face with what her enemy calls "Inspection invited" all over it. That is unbeautiful phrasing, but the charge thus levelled is not without foundation in fact. One hopes that some day there may happen to this girl what there happened once to a beautiful girl. She looked in the glass to see her face, and she saw her heart, and that day all vanity left her.

As a picture of a beautiful girl I give in conclusion the following:—

The Girl with the Face, described by one who knew her.

She used to pass my windows. She had a face of quite perfect loveliness, the mouth and eyes very merry, and flashing brown hair that hung open to her waist.

She was slightly deformed, her figure being thrown on one side, like the leaf of a begonia.



PANS
UP TO DATE



The fashion-plate girl.



HEART VERY HARD
AND IN THE WRONG PLACE

I never liked the leaf of a begonia until I came to see her.

In all I may have seen her a hundred times, then she ceased passing my windows, and after a while they brought me news that she was dead. By special favour, they let me

see her lying in her coffin, and this is how she looked:—Her mouth, that had always been very merry, was quite grave, and her hands were folded on her breast. They had put a rose in one of them, and it laid its soft round cheek against her breast. Some of them—this vexes

me still as I write it—had tried to lay her hair about her so as to hide that slight deformity that made her lie like a begonia leaf.

This girl was in death, as she had been in life, the most beautiful girl I ever saw.

(To be concluded.)

SHEILA'S COUSIN EFFIE.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN, Author of "Greyfriars," "Half-a-dozen Sisters," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN SUSPENSE.



YPHOID fever!"

The doctor had come and gone, and that had been his unhesitating verdict.

"I may nurse him? You will not be so cruel as to keep me away?" Sheila had pleaded, her eyes full of tears.

The doctor had looked her all over, asked a few questions as to her health and general condition, and had then made answer—

"If you will be sensible and take

the proper precautions, you may help in the nursing. Typhoid ought not to be passed from patient to nurse, though it sometimes is. But a person in good health, acting under direction, ought to escape. I will try and obtain a nurse for you, but we have had to send for a good many already. Under her you may help, and you also, Miss Ray, since you wish it so much. But remember that you must be reasonable and obedient, or I shall send you both packing in double quick time!"

And so when North came back from an anxious day in the town, during which time he had found that nearly a dozen of their people had sickened or were sickening with the insidious fever, he returned home to find grave faces awaiting him, together with the news that Oscar had come back with pronounced symptoms of the malady, and that Sheila was with him upstairs, a nurse being expected from London in the course of the evening.

North went straight up to his cousin's room. Sheila sprang up, thinking it was the doctor's step. He took both her hands in his and gave her a cousinly kiss of sympathy. It was the first time he had offered her such a salute, and somehow it brought the tears to Sheila's eyes. She felt that it was a mark of sympathy she scarcely expected from the undemonstrative North.

"What a good thing that you are here, Sheila!" he said.

"Oh, I am so thankful!" said the girl. "I should not have known how to bear it out there!" and she suddenly felt a wonderful illumination of spirit, as she realised the Fatherly guiding in all this trouble, as she had thought it, which had ended by bringing her to her brother's side, just when he needed her most.

"I will try never to be angry and rebellious again!" she said in her heart, and turned to the fire to dash the tears from her eyes.

North went over to the bed and took Oscar's hot hand in his. The listlessness of fever was upon the patient, but his eyes lighted at sight of his cousin.

"How's little Tom? Have you heard of him?"

"Yes, I've been to see him. He's got all he wants—except your visit. Hunt does not think his will be a bad case. But we have a good many down with it in that alley. It is thought to be the state of the drainage. You must have picked up the poison during some of your peregrinations there, but away from it all you ought to get on like a house on fire."

North spoke cheerfully, nor was he unduly anxious about Oscar at this juncture; but he knew enough of the fever to be aware that it ran a tedious course, and that Oscar had a long bout of sickness before him. He was half surprised himself how much he had missed the boy at the office and about the works the past two days, and how little he relished the thought that he must learn to do without him for some weeks to come. They had got into the way of walking to and fro in company, or working together in the evenings, and discussing together a great many plans with regard to the business itself and the people in the employ of the firm.

"He has got this fever poking about amongst the work-people," North mused to himself, "and it was my doing to a great extent that he took up with that. I ought to have been more careful, for we have been told often enough that the town is not healthy, and that a new drainage scheme is badly wanted. I suppose now we shall have something done. I only hope we are not in for a regular epidemic! Perhaps my father and I ought to have agitated more, but it was not exactly our business, and our hands always seem pretty full. Well, well, one must hope for the best, but I wish Oscar had not been one of the victims. He never seems to have

much stamina. If it had been myself, I should soon have battled through."

North went down to the drawing-room, where there was a family discussion going on.

"I don't see that I am any good here," Cyril was saying, "and you will want all the room you can get, with Sheila back and this nurse expected. So I'll just go off straight to London, and take up my quarters there. I can really read better if it comes to that, and I shall be out of the way."

The mother was about to give an assent to this scheme. Cyril was very precious in her sight, and having one invalid already on her hands, she was naturally anxious about the rest. But she saw that North's face looked hard and cold, and she glanced across towards her husband.

Mr. Tom's eyes were fixed upon the glowing fire; he seemed to be pondering deeply.

"Raby has gone to the Bensons, you say?"

"Yes, they sent for her immediately upon hearing the rumour of Oscar's illness. Her room will be useful for the nurse; but as Ray and Sheila share Ray's room, there is no need for Cyril to leave unless we think it better. Perhaps we should be more comfortable with fewer at home. There is always the chance of infection, whatever precautions we may take."

"Just so," said Cyril, "and then I should only be another worry and bother. The London plan would be much the best. I suppose you would provide the funds, dad?"

Cyril spoke with the ease and assurance of a favoured son. He was the only one who ever spoke to his father by that familiar title. Mr. Tom did not take his eyes from the fire.

"You have your own allowance, and we have only reached half quarter yet. You must have plenty in hand."

Cyril coloured and then tried to laugh easily.

"What keeps one at home scarcely goes as far in London."

"That allowance was fixed when you went to Oxford and has never been changed. Many a man has less on which to bring up a family. It should stand the strain of a few weeks in town."

Cyril was silent, biting his lips. He was not accustomed to be denied anything.

"Well, I need not go, I suppose," he said rather sullenly. "I can stay here and take my chance, of course."

position, and another skep placed over it into which the bees, by repeated rapping, are driven. Driven bees can generally be bought fairly cheaply in the autumn. Several lots of driven bees should be put together into a wooden hive provided with frames fitted with foundation, or better still, ready drawn-out combs if you have them. Rapid feeding must then be commenced at once, and sufficient food for winter stores should be taken down and sealed over before the middle of September.

We must not be surprised if our extracted honey becomes opaque and solid on the approach of cold weather. This process is called candying or granulation, and is, in fact, a proof of the purity of the honey, though some kinds granulate much sooner than others. Well-ripened honey, when granulated, will keep good for years.

In concluding these papers a few words on the natural history of bees may be of interest. Some of my readers will be surprised when I tell them that there are about two hundred different kinds of bees to be found in England. Up to the present I have been talking only about one of these, and this one, properly speaking, is a honey-bee. Almost all the other bees are solitary in their habits, that is, they do not live in large colonies in hives, but singly or in pairs in holes in the ground, in old stumps or walls, or in the hollow stems of plants. Still they are, many of them, very

interesting, and well worth studying. They all feed on honey, and may be found on various kinds of flowers throughout the spring and summer. Some of them are large and beautiful like the well-known humble-bees; others are small and inconspicuous. Some resemble our honey-bee so closely that none but an expert could tell them apart; others again have such a strong likeness to wasps



QUEEN HUMBLE-BEE (*Bombus terrestris*).

that a novice would scarcely give them credit for sweeter relationships.

But readers of this magazine, who happen to reside abroad, might come across other kinds of honey-bees, wild perhaps, but to which, if put in hives, all the foregoing remarks would more or less apply. Several of the foreign races of the honey-bee have been tried in this country and have been

found to do very well. One of these, the Italian bee, is quite naturalised, and has spread so extensively over the country that it is hard to find a colony of pure English bees now, most of our bees being a cross between the English and the Italian races. Italian bees may be readily recognised by the pale semi-transparent, orange-yellow markings on the tail, true English bees being entirely black all over. The Italian bees are more prolific than the English race and they are easier to handle because they remain quietly on their combs when the hive is opened. A good cross between the English and Italian races is generally acknowledged to be the best honey-bee for all purposes in this country, but it has acquired a name for being rather bad-tempered.

Books that will be helpful to those who are "going in" for bee-keeping are *The British Beekeeper's Guide Book* (paper, 1s. 6d.), and *Modern Bee-keeping* (6d.), published by the British Bee-keepers' Association.

Finally, the beginner must not be disheartened by a few difficulties and failures. They should, on the contrary, spur on to greater efforts in seeking to avoid them in the future, for it is chiefly by first failures that experience, that most important factor in every successful pursuit, is gained. Persistent effort will bring its reward, and the bees will soon become a greater source of interest than we ever thought could be possible.

GIRLS AS I HAVE KNOWN THEM.

By ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING, Author of "Old Maids and Young."

PART IX.

THE TALL GIRL AND THE SMALL GIRL.



"OFTEN the cockloft is empty in those whom Nature has built many storeys high," says quaint old Fuller. "Long and lazy," says the proverb.

"Divinely tall," says Tennyson.

Now in thought go over the tall girls whom you have known. Perhaps they were not unlike the tall girls known to me.

Cicely—by herself called Thithily—is one of these. She has a little head atop of a long body, and when she laughs, which she does much, displays to view two rows of foolishly small teeth. Cicely laughs to keep herself from crying, for she has a very hard time of it.

Poor?

No. She has everything that money can buy, but lacks a thing that money cannot buy.

Muriel is the poor long girl known to me.

Muriel's wail is, *There is so much of me to dress.*

When last I saw Muriel, her boots were down at heel, and to shamefacedness she added—shamefootedness.

Dearest to me of long girls is one Dorothy, big and beautiful and kind, knowing some things—not many—and wanting to know more.

Said Dorothy one day—

"Is there not such a word as 'magnanimosity' for 'kindness'?"

It was hard to have to tell her that there was not, and that, if ever such a word as "magnanimosity" shall be, it will certainly not be a word for "kindness."

Have you noticed that a big girl mostly has a small girl for her friend, and *vice versa*? Shakespeare, who noticed all things, noticed that. With Helena he puts Hermia, and with Rosalind Celia.

The tall girls of prose-fiction are numerous. For *A* there is Blackmore's Annie, who "never tried to look away when honest people gazed at her." For *B* there is Thackeray's Beatrix, and there is one for every other letter in the alphabet.

The "towering big" girl—to put the matter Hibernically—had a great vogue a few years ago as the heroine of *Trilby*, but, on the whole, the small girl has been more singled out for loving treatment by novelists than the tall girl. Dickens had a known preference for her, and his "little Nell" has eclipsed all big Nells. In the description of one Ruth, too, it may be noticed that he uses with loving iteration the word "little"—"pleasant little Ruth! cheerful, tidy, bustling, quiet little Ruth!"

In fiction subsequent to that of Dickens there is a Mary described thus—"a little dumpty body, with a yellow face and a red nose, the smile of an angel, and a heart full of many little secrets of other people's, and of one great one of her own, which is no business of any man's."

All readers of Kingsley's *Two Years Ago* will remember that Mary.

The poets no less than the prose-writers have busied themselves with the small girl. The mere word *Duchess* to most

people calls up a picture of stateliness, yet Browning describes a duchess as follows:—

"She was the smallest lady alive."

In these days of tall girls small girls are apt to fret. There is one known to me whose case is pitifuler than that of the little fir-tree in Andersen.

That little fir-tree, you will remember, thought of nothing so much as growing. The children sitting beside it would often exclaim, "How pretty and little it is!" It could not bear to hear that, says Andersen.

The case of the little girl known to me is just by so much sadder than that of the little fir-tree that she knows that her growing days are over. When last I saw her she was trying to give length to herself by a long tail to her dress, but the world was not deluded thus, and measured her, as naturalists measure the mouse, "not including the tail."

Happily a major number of small girls still carry a high heart, knowing that maids, as well as men, may be "little, very little, but not insignificant."

Those words are Sir Walter Scott's in reference to Thomas Moore, whose pseudonym, it may be remembered, was at one time Thomas Little.

This is perhaps the place in which to say a word about the persons whose littleness is bound up with their fame. One of the greatest generals of all time had for his best known sobriquet "the little corporal." Omit the "little" in that case, and the appellation is robbed of all that gives piquancy to it.

How much there may be in the mere word



"little" is shown in the following—true—story.

A living sculptor of note, a foreigner residing in London, made a tender group composed of a mother and her child. The mother was counting the baby's toes, and beneath the group was carved a legend which the artist conceived to embody a familiar nursery rhyme. The legend ran, "One pig went to market."



"Sir, sir!" remonstrated an Irishwoman, to whose inspection the group was subjected, "you've made a terrible omission. You've left out 'little.' No human mother would sing to her babe, 'One pig went to market.'"

The foreign sculptor beat his breast.

The ironical use of big for small and small for big is a thing of old custom. Thus one of the biggest English Johns who ever lived was known to his contemporaries, and is still known to those who cherish his memory, as Little John, and it is by a similar pleasantry, according to a learned writer, that Maria, who in Shakespeare's play of *Twelfth Night* is represented as a *little woman*, is called by Viola "Olivia's giant," and that Sir Toby says to her "Good-night, Pentheseilea," meaning by Pentheseilea *amazon*, if his meaning was not merely (and to me this seems to be the more likely thing) to twit the little woman by giving her a long name.

Indubitably there is a beauty in tall stature. On the other hand the case of small girls *versus* tall girls is in one agreeable respect analogous to that of ants *versus* elephants. Though an ant is not the smallest creature that is, it looks very small beside an elephant; yet it has long been voted mentally superior to the elephant; in fact, Coleridge was wont to speak of the ant as the most "intellectual" of animals. That may be so, or may not be so; it is established fact, however, that the majority

of women who have distinguished themselves by their intellectuality have been little women. This is true of the poetesses, from Sappho to Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Among women-writers of imaginative prose it would be easy, but would be invidious, to name living ones. Of the great dead it is enough to name Charlotte Brontë and Jane Austen, both of them little women.

Among the many women who have distinguished themselves as rulers Queen Elizabeth made good in high dignity what she lacked in high stature, and the same thing is true of the queen who to-day occupies the throne of England.



TWO GREAT LITTLE QUEENS

To give one more instance of the great in the little, it was a little woman who worked the prison reforms which make the name of Elizabeth Fry a deathless one. The list of great little women is indeed very long.

A word must be said here in reference to a charge much levelled at small persons, especially small girls and women. They have been said to be unduly self-assertive, and their sisters have been praised for their superior meekness. It is not always, but it is sometimes, the case of the high holly branches and the low. The high holly branches put out no prickles, because, as the botanists explain, they do not need them. Above a certain height there is no danger of attack.

In fairness to tall girls it must be allowed that they are sometimes attacked. Said a little

Irishman to a big English girl whom he met under the stars one summer night—

"I'm wantin' to light me pipe, miss. Will ye kindly hand me down a star?"

The nonplussed English girl was silent, and Pat the saucy went on his way unpunished.

Gentleness and bigness often go together, but lest any long Meg who may chance to read this paper lay the too-flattering unction to her soul that there was never shrew that was bigger than a mouse, be it here set down that the famous Long Meg of Westminster was a dreaded virago. There is also no reason to believe that the shrew of Shakespeare's comedy—the lady ironically styled "the kindest Kate"—was of small body dimensions.

It may be allowed, however, that vehemence is more often a distinguishing mark of little persons than of big ones. Similarly, little persons are, as a rule, more prone to indulge in a scornful vein, and here there shall be a thing whispered to the small girl. The tall are rarely so contemptuous to the small as the small are to the—smaller. This appears to have been so from of old. Thus it was, according to an old Greek fable, the ant that said of the mite when the beasts—including the elephant and the whale—were summoned before Jupiter, that she—the mite—was so small as to be beneath notice. This objection—coming from the ant—must have surprised the elephant and the whale.

To conclude. Since (as the proverb has it) they are not all big men who reap the harvest, and since, equally, they are not all small men who do this, the thing of main importance would appear to be not a man's physical height; and, as is the case with men in this matter, so is, it may safely be assumed, the case with the daughters of men.

[THE END.]



DIET IN REASON AND IN MODERATION.

By "THE NEW DOCTOR."

PART III.

THE DINNER.

AT what time do you dine? Dinner is the chief physiological event in the day. Therefore the answer to the question "At what time do you dine?" is a very important one, although the true reason for the answer is not often understood.

There are really but two ways of arranging the day's meals; the one, the more rational, we may call the French way; the other, the less rational, we may call the English labourer's way. The first arrangement is carried out by nearly every nation except ourselves. It consists in a very light breakfast, a fair meal after noon, and the chief meal in the evening.

The second arrangement consists of a fair breakfast, the chief meal at about one o'clock, and a small meal in the evening.

And then there is our own, the irrational method of feeding—a big breakfast, a scrap for lunch, and the dinner in the evening.

But if this division of meals is not physiologically correct, why do we adhere to it?

The answer to this is that we choose the least harmful of several very wrong methods. The man in the middle class in England does not apportion out for himself any definite time for meals; if he did not dine in the evening, he would never properly digest any meal. Take a busy City man, for instance. He arranges his time in such a manner that he swallows down his last teaspoonful of tea at breakfast about a quarter of a second before he runs to catch his train. If it were not that he has to keep still while in the train, he would never digest his meal at all.

And then he rushes out of his office to snatch a bit of lunch between two items of business. He may play a game of chess over his lunch, but such a gross waste of time as sitting down for five minutes after his meal is never tolerated until he becomes a martyr to dyspepsia.

But after dinner he does rest, because he has nothing else to do. His business for the day is over, and he digests his meal in peace.

But with the working-classes the case is very different. They have certain hours given to them for their meals, during which time they are not allowed to work, and for such

persons it is advisable to dine in the middle of the day.

It would be of little good for us to describe the few advantages and overwhelming abuses of a sumptuous banquet, for, most fortunately for themselves, extremely few of our readers are ever likely to be present at one. Nor would it suit our purpose to describe a one-course dinner, so we will take the chief meal of a well-to-do man of the upper middle-class as the subject of our remarks.

Here is the menu:—

Tomato Soup.
Turbot and Lobster Sauce.
Mutton Cutlets and Tomatoes.
Roast Ribs of Beef. Horse-radish.
Spinach. Potatoes.
Cabinet Pudding.
Caviare on Toast.
Coffee.

We will first criticise the dinner as a whole and then dilate separately upon each item.

In the first place the meal is much too long. Dinner should never last more than half an hour, whereas this meal will take a full hour at least.

The second point is a most important one