

just let them know that your name is O'Shaughnessy, and that your ancestors were Kings of Ireland when theirs were begging bread on the streets! Talk to them straight, and let them know who they are dealing with!"

"I will so!" said Pixie. She chuckled gleefully at the anticipation, but alas! her joy was short-lived, for at that moment the shabby dog-cart passed the window, and the Major's voice was heard calling impatiently from the hall.

"Ten minutes late already. We shall need all our time. Tumble in, now, tumble in! You have had the whole morning for saying good-bye. Surely you have finished by now!"

The children thought they had hardly begun, but perhaps it was just as well to be spared the last trying

moments. Bridgie and Esmeralda wrapped their arms round the little sister and almost carried her to the door, Pat and Miles followed with their hands in their pockets, putting on a great affectation of jollity in their anxiety to disguise a natural regret; the two women-servants wailed loudly from the staircase. Pixie scrambled to her seat and looked down at them, her poor little chin quivering with emotion.

"Bridgie, write! Esmeralda, write!" she cried brokenly. "Oh, write often! Write every day. Pat, Pat, be kind to my ferret. Don't starve it. Don't let it die. Take care of it for me till I come back."

"I'll be a mother to it," said Pat solemnly.

And so Pixie O'Shaughnessy went off to school.

(To be continued.)

## MADemoiselle JANOTHA AND HER CAT.

AN INTERVIEW WITH "WHITE HEATHER."



NATALIE JANOTHA AND HER PET.

"MAY I come in?" No answer. I enter, and find the room empty. I take a place in a comfortable chair, and look through the windows left wide open on to the green trees that surround me, when suddenly, as if by magic, there appears from the outside, on the window-sill, a splendid black cat. The elasticity reminds me of a panther, the dignity of pose is that of a lion. A powerful head, with pointed sharp ears, with eyes

that are like two intellectual searchlights, a golden necklace, and a greeting in quite weird tones, make me realise that it is "Prince White Heather," who has left his balcony, his grass, his flowers to see who is the visitor.

After shaking the extended little paw, subtle yet powerful, I turn to the lady who enters the room, full of anxiety as to the safety of her treasure. My interest awakened, I explain that I want a few facts concerning White Heather for the fair readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

The lady begins, "Yes, this is White Heather. As you see, he is quite black—this means 'good luck,' therefore this name was chosen, though his names are legion. John Oliver Hobbes calls him the 'Marquis of Haddock,' at the Court of Berlin he is named 'Othello,' the celebrated Dr. Irwin Palmer, who saved Miss Janotha's hand (the hand of a *pianiste* remember) when by sheer mistake White Heather dangerously wounded it, calls him henceforth 'Shajtan'; besides he has an unpublished vocabulary of pet names in all languages of the world. But I daresay you would like to know all about him?"

"At a bazaar given for the Sailors' Home he appeared, a few months old, in the hands of the sole lady survivor of the *Elbe*. Miss Janotha bought it to exterminate mice. All Royal visitors who honoured her by their visits were welcomed by this pet, who shared their gracious notice. The late Empress Frederick honoured by a visit that beautiful place where music-flowers held their sway. But

the time for travelling came, and so it happened that White Heather accompanied Miss Janotha everywhere. In America the late President invited White Heather to the White House, and several little locks of his hair were kept by the fair Americans for 'good luck.' A collection on the steamer was made by White Heather, and resulted in twenty guineas additional gift to the 'orphans.' Let us add that the only partridges on that journey were kept for White Heather! In this country he has been everywhere—Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Channel Islands, with the red letter days of Osborne and Balmoral. Her Highness the Princess Eva called her doll White Heather. Her Majesty Queen Alexandra graciously petted White Heather. He paid a farewell visit to the *Maine*, bound on her charitable voyage. Among the illustrious names who know this little *mascot* are such great ones as Mr. Gladstone, Sir Henry Irving (who calls him Sphinx), Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who in her wonderful voice exclaimed, 'Regardez ses yeux.'

"But let us follow him to Rome. There he was bidden to the Quirinal, to the beautiful Queen Margherita. At Monaco the Princess of Monaco saw him at the Castle, and always inquires kindly after him. In Germany, Holland, France, everywhere he has been welcomed and interviewed. He has been painted by Gutzon M. Borglum, in Paris by Steinlen, and in England by Louis Wain. His travelling coats and baskets are usually chosen by his good fairy, Mrs. John Morgan Richards. Let me add that he is a great *gourmet*, fish and birds being his usual fare—haddock boiled without salt, partridges, grouse, or mallard duck when in America; water is his only beverage."

The interview proper ended, let me remind the readers that Miss Janotha, who possesses this little *mascot* friend, is the Court *pianiste* to the German Emperor. She was born in Warsaw. As a child she studied with private tutors; her English governess had the historic name of Miss Rhodes. Her musical talent was shown very early, as she took part in a charity concert when only seven years of age.

Soon afterwards she left for Berlin, where she studied specially under the great Madame Schumann, and played often with Professor Joachim. Under his direction she played the great piano "Concertos" with the Royal High School Orchestra. She was introduced to the German Emperor and Empress when only thirteen or fourteen years old, and the late Empress Augusta always called her "her dear child." In order to replace Madame Schumann at concerts in London, Miss Janotha was sent to this country, and her visits since that first great success have been frequent. Sometimes it seems as if she belongs to England, as at all great charities one sees her name. Our beloved Queen



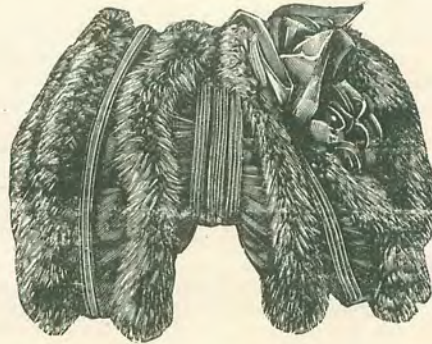
Victoria very often commanded Miss Janotha to play, honouring her by bestowing upon her the Victoria Badge and decorating her personally with the Jubilee Medal. And recently her Majesty the Queen Alexandra sent a beautiful photograph, signed, to her.

A short time ago Miss Janotha, as a tribute of her devotion to her late Majesty, organised the Memorial Concert at the Mansion House. The Lord Mayor took the chair, and, though the City can boast a history of nearly 700 Lord Mayors, this permission for a concert was the first given. Madame Sarah Bernhardt recited, Mrs. Marchesi-Brema sang, Miss Opp recited a poem written

by the Lady Mayoress, Messrs. Ben Davis and Bispham gave their artistic help, and the Welsh Ladies' Choir, conducted by Mr. Novello Davies, sang the German Emperor's "Song to Ægir."

Of course White Heather was present, and held a court in the drawing-room, reminding one and all of Dick Whittington and his cat.

It is with commendable sisterly pride that Miss Janotha, to conclude, tells us that her brother, Major Janotha, has recently been created Knight of the Order of the Red Eagle and decorated with the Verdienst Order by his Imperial Majesty the German Emperor. MARY DE G.



## UNDERLYING PRINCIPLES OF WORK.

BY MRS. IENSON.

AFTER choosing my title, it has seemed to me a little assuming—not that it was so in my mind at all. I do not propose to go down to the fundamental bases of life; but between the surface, where our lives have to be carried on, and the fundamental truths in which those lives must be rooted, and by which they exist, there lies a large region which connects the two, which is like the middle distance in a picture, linking foreground and background. We often want some principle, deeper than our surface thought, able on the one hand to touch that, and, on the other, to be rooted in the deepest depths of our life and hope. Sometimes we find, as a practical matter, that to apply a vast motive to a small act ends in failure. We do not like it to be so, but it is. Here comes in the value of these middle principles, rooted far more than appears at first in the depths of life, and yet really in our power to grasp and put in motion, enabling us to bring the two together so that the connection we failed before to effect may thus be eternally complete.

These middle principles still are underlying principles; therefore we must give ourselves trouble to work for them. We cannot reach them without thought, and we must not expect, therefore, to find them in the ordinary surface causes which lead us to undertake work. Let us consider these, the surface reasons, first of all. I suppose they are something like the following—

- Because someone asks me.
- Because all my friends work.
- Because I am wanted.
- Because I like being wanted.

Not that I wish to underrate these reasons. Some of them have their roots much deeper than perhaps at first appears—in corporate feeling, real kindness, response to need, etc.; but often such work is undertaken hastily, or, at any rate, without considering the matter all round and in relation to the whole of life. Someone asks us—how more than pleasant to say yes!—besides it is the right thing to work; all round, all one's friends are busier and busier; it does not do to fall behind; it will throw us with such a nice set of people; it is so delightful to be wanted,

to be told, and sincerely told, that no one could do this special work as well as oneself; and it is so full of stimulus and satisfaction to exercise faculties that we feel within—and so we accept it. There is nothing wrong in all this; on the contrary, there is much that is good. Still, let us try to go a little deeper and ask ourselves first, "Why should we work at all?" After that, we will try to see what principles should govern the choice of work, and, most fundamental of all, what methods of work we should set before us.

### I.—WHY SHOULD WE WORK?

What is "work"? It is activity in some region of our created life. We were born that life should be manifested in activity. Look through the whole creation; wherever life appears there is activity—functions in the living things made to correspond by their activities to the world outside them, made to use and be used by the surrounding universe. In the vegetable world, in the whole animal world we trace this, right up to humanity; and one of the great sources and stimulus to activity is the provision for the necessities of life. We see this running through all organic life, and when we reach humanity we find that for the majority of men too there is a similar necessity, drawing out a similar activity. But for those who have not this imperious need, for those who are not obliged to labour for daily bread, what should be their attitude to life? Surely, in obedience to the law which we see governing the whole creation, we should regard our leisure as the free payment of our activity. We receive our wages first, and do the work afterwards. Let us look to it that we so do it as to justify our creation.

### II.—CHOICE OF WORK.

And now what principle should regulate our choice of work? Roughly speaking, there are three kinds of activities—bodily, mental, spiritual. There is no sharp line of division; they intertwine and mix, but in all work one or other of these activities is the most prominent. We must decide for ourselves which special branch shall be ours. What shall guide us in this decision? Mainly, I