

could very well have dispensed with—which Sandy Somerville had been wont to bestow upon her.

"It will go with me wherever I go, I will keep it to the last day of my life. It was awfully good of you to work it for me, Sophy," Sandy declared fervently, looking with the utmost respect at the not too elegant muffler, which Sophy had designed with a view to warmth rather than beauty.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Sophy with something like asperity—she was not quite sure that he was not laughing at her. If not, she hated to have Sandy make an idiot of himself by paying clumsy unmeaning compliments which were not at all in his way. "I daresay you will lose it and the rest of your luggage before you get on board ship. I have heard Maggie say that you can never take proper care of anything that is your own. It won't matter in this case, for very likely you will tear it the first time you wrap it round your throat in a hurry—you are in a great hurry in a war. There will not be a rag of it left in the course of a month—so far from its lasting to the end of your life."

"You are wrong, as you will see," he told her reproachfully. "I will bring it back with me, that is, if I ever come back."

"What is to hinder you?" she cried so quickly that the words sounded as if they were spoken in anger. "You know the war is to be over very soon after you go out. You must make speed, else you will be too late for the hospital experience you are counting upon, and you must also be quick in getting home again"—reluctantly. "What will your father, and mother, and Maggie, and the little ones do without you?"

"You will miss me too, Sophy, just the weest bit. There will be nobody to make stupid game of your Fernley Girls' Guild and your other fine devices. You will be quit of a graceless loon of a medical student. Still, you will miss him just the least thing."

"It was of your family I spoke." Sophy drew herself up with great distance and dignity—she had less patience than ever with Sandy Somerville in this new development.

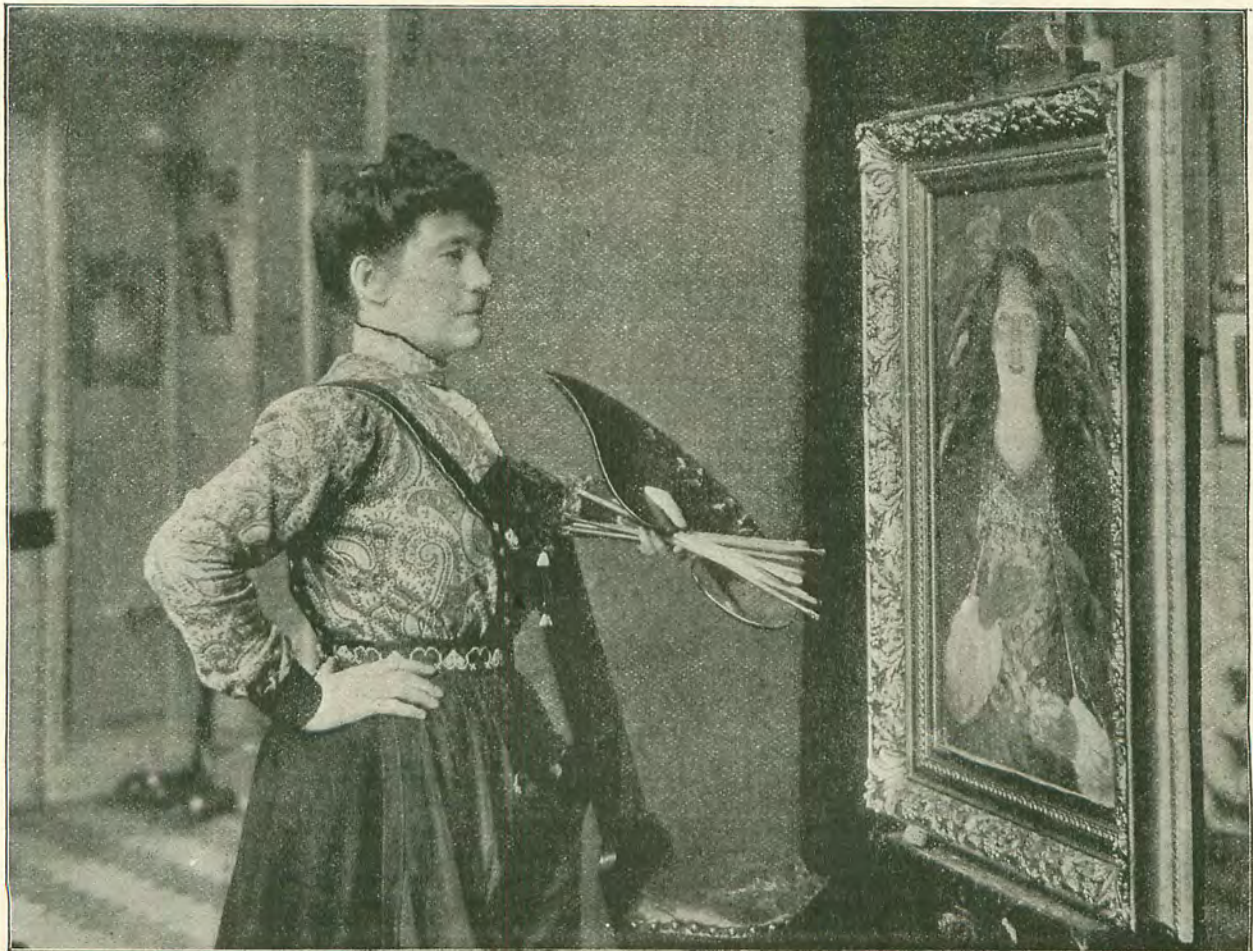
(To be continued.)

MRS. JOPLING.

MRS. JOPLING is a very successful teacher, and she has an art-school in Kensington. In her young days she herself studied in Paris, and she instils the best lessons of

the French studios, as well as the English, into the minds of the young artists under her care.

A short walk down Earl's Court Road, and a turning



MRS. JOPLING.

[Photo by Haines.]

just before reaching Cromwell Road, brings you to Logan Place, and on your right is a large one-storeyed building with "Art School" written up in big letters. I rang the bell, a girl in a blue painting apron opened the door to me, and Mrs. Jopling herself walked across the studio to meet me. She is a tall, clever-looking woman, with charming manners and a soft deep-toned voice. This building, she explained to me, was her school. The pupils had all gone now, but their easels were left all over the studio. There was an inner small studio on one side of the large room, and on the other side was a kitchen, where the students could cook their luncheon. Mrs. Jopling not only holds a class here for girls learning painting, but she also has an art-club in connection with the school. Girls often pass through one or other of the art-schools and cannot go on with their studies, because a studio of their own and people to engage as models, are luxuries beyond the limits of their slender purses. But here girls can join this club by paying ten guineas a year, have all the advantages of a large studio to work in and a constant succession of models to paint from, and work away at their own sweet will, without instruction and without interference.

Many of our readers will remember our coloured picture of "Dear Lady Disdain," Mrs. Jopling's Academy picture, which forms the frontispiece to our volume for 1892.

Mrs. Jopling is a woman of diversified gifts. Besides being in the front rank of women-painters, she has written short stories, some poetry and newspaper articles; she is fond of music, cycling, golf, riding, driving, and reading. At her invitation I went up two steps of a ladder placed against one of the windows in the studio, and looked out upon the garden of her old home; such a charming house and prettily laid-out grounds. On leaving Kensington, Mrs. Jopling migrated to Queen Anne's Gate, but she soon found it was too far away from her school and her students, and so she has come back again to a house near by.

The picture by Mrs. Jopling of the Daughter of Herodias, carrying the head of St. John the Baptist, was hanging up in the inner studio. An imperious-looking girl, with golden red hair, encircled by leaves, and bearing her horrible burden under her arm, in the act of carrying it to her

mother. This picture was exhibited at Burlington House some years ago.

In the portrait which we publish, Mrs. Jopling is at work on her picture for this year's Academy. It is her conception of the Irish saint, St. Brigit or St. Bride of Kildare. This saint lived between A.D. 453 and 523. She was the daughter of one Dubtach of Fochart Muirthemne in Leinster, and from her fourteenth year was noted for her extraordinary piety and beneficence. Saint Bride was a woman of great fame and influence. She was buried at Kildare, where a perpetual fire was kept up in her memory. Her day falls on February 1st. She was regarded as one of the three great saints of Ireland, St. Patrick and St. Columba being the other two. Mrs. Jopling took her conception of her from Miss Fiona Macleod's book *Iona*.

Mrs. Jopling asked me to come with her and see her new home, and the studio which she is building for her own special use. In her charming drawing-room, with its pretty plain white-wood book-cases running nearly all round the walls, she showed me Millais's picture of herself. It must have been painted at about the time when Sir John Millais was at the height of his fame, and is a striking likeness of her as a young woman. Sir John took a great interest in Mrs. Jopling's school, and had a high opinion of her ability.

After looking into the pretty dining-room, we mounted up the stairs to the studio, which was still in the workmen's hands. The light was so clear that it was almost like being out of doors. On one side Mrs. Jopling has had a wooden verandah made, so that she can have the advantage of placing her model really in the open air, and so getting all the effects of outdoor work. Mrs. Jopling goes in entirely for figure-painting, either portraits or subject pictures.

A few weeks ago the Royal Society of British Artists decided, after having been formed for one hundred and seventy years, to become vigorous and progressive. They began their new policy by electing that very rising and gifted painter, Miss Fortescue Brickdale, to become a member, and then, at the beginning of April, they still further opened their doors and invited Mrs. Jopling and Miss Kemp Welch to join their roll of membership.



ECHEVERIA METALLICA.

BUDS GROWING ON LEAVES.

WE are so much accustomed to think of plants as springing from seeds or cuttings that the idea of growing them from leaves strikes one as something very new and strange.

My attention was specially called to the fact that some plants do thus propagate themselves, when a friend of mine,



CARDAMINE PRATENSIS.

who had long been resident in China, related to me some of her experiences as a botanical collector. She was one day examining some specimens that had been placed in blotting-paper in a press some months previously, and which she expected to find thoroughly dried, when she came upon a spray of *Bryophyllum calycinum* with well-formed young plants growing from the notches all round the edges of the leaves. Pressed as they were between sheets of paper, they received no ray of light, and consequently the immature plants and their slender rootlets were of course flattened and perfectly white, but they looked healthy and vigorous, and no doubt had they been planted in moist earth they would soon have become green and increased in size like any other plantlets.

It was rather singular that, soon after I heard of this incident, another friend presented me with a leaf of this very plant, *Bryophyllum calycinum*.

Of course I immediately resolved to see for myself the mode in which the young plants would develop. I placed the leaf between several thicknesses of white blotting-paper laid on a plate which I kept constantly moist and covered with a glass. Placing the plate near a small stove which supplied gentle continuous heat day and night appeared to be the right treatment, for in ten days' time it was easy to discern the group of cells, which exists in each of the