And were they married? Yes, dear reader, all within a month; for Thursday, Feb. 3rd, was the day, and they were married in the withdrawing-room of Sandwick Place, and there they honeymooned at Abbotsford; and there they might have studied Rob Roy's gun and his purse, and Flora MacDonald's pocket-book, and Montrose's sword, and Cleaverhouse's pistol, which inspired "Bonnie Dundee" that very year: but, I fear, they did not, although they were there over a fortnight. But dear Sir Walter, he enjoyed the wedding immensely, and he gave £500 worth of jewel- lery to the bride, with horses and a carriage and what not for the groom, and he told them that he and Louisa would be always kind to Abbotsford upon them, which united with Lochore was a very pleasant heritage; and he was full of fun, and made jests about discipline-Colonel Throckmorton, and about the officer Colonel Thackwell; and he made the most delicious love to Janie, the very prettiest sort of love, and he captured her heart for ever, so that she loved him deeply, and her love became the sweetest drop in his cup of life, which often this contained but few sweet drops, for the sad days soon began for that great and gallant gentleman.

Yes, they were married (in time even the citadel capitulated), although they did not quite live happily ever after. Still "old papa" bought Walter a captaincy, which brought in £400 a-year, and he introduced them to Sir Robert Sibbald, who had set him on novel-writing. But what was better still, he wrote Janie the sweetest and tenderest letters, lest she "should feel less happy than I could," and she so much liked her, and her little way of saying things. "Not quite eh? either, but just a little quiet interjection, which shows you are attending," and he informed her how much he was at their roomy, old-fashioned house in St. Stephen's Green, and told her of her pony, and so on.

At which she became very grim; in fact, too grim even for his brave heart, for he was involved in the great debts of the publishers, and the very next year the crash came, and there were no more joyful Christmas gambols, but only a fierce struggle for seven years, until that sunless, sombre, autumnal day, when Walter dined with him and his "honey" at the breezy, joyous chief of these letters, a broken-hearted and worsted soldier in the vain struggle of "time and tide." Then young Walter became Sir Walter and a lieutenant-colonel, and then he too died, as people who do not always do; but there were no little Walters of Times, and Lady Scott lived on in London for many long years after that. And though the story ends sadly, yet it is not all sadness, for it was much to have known and loved dear old Sir Walter and delighted him even in his sorrows; for Sir Walter's chief delight was in his family life, which made poor Byron once say to him, "I would go to God I could have your peace of mind, Mr. Scott," and it was a happy thing to have ministered to that peace, was it not?

POUND A WEEK: WHY GIRLS SHOULD EARN IT.

Curious, some may think it, curious and perhaps a little ludicrous, well, that the propriety of a young woman earning a certain wage should call for any serious defence. The payment of wages for services rendered (whether we distinguish those wages by the term Civil List, salary, rent, honorarium, fee or price) is so unquestionably a part of the constitution of a sound social system, that it may well seem ridiculous to speak of it at this time of day. But humanity, with its invertebrate love of change, has lately tried to out the principle that those who render services should receive a wage, and to substitute for it the illogical practice of paying wages to those who render no service, and of demanding services from those who receive no wage. Humanity cannot of course convert these practices into a principle under penalty of starvation: but it introduces them here and there among certain sections of the population. I need not observe that among those sections women are largely comprised.

But indifferent success can, in the nature of things, attend the effort to make women work without wage. An appeal to this effect meets, I think, with noble response from women of the highest type who engage in public life. Women of type less than the highest take out their wage in distinction, popularity and advertisement; or they give such poor work that nobody but themselves would call it work at all. But since asking even women to do work without wage is much like inviting water to climb uphill, I need not long tarry over this part of my subject.

For the other side of our modern heresy that I think it more needful to draw attention to the theory that women should take a wage and do no work. This theory and its corollary, which is that the heresy will not perhaps be recognisable to the ears of some of its upholders; but I think it discloses the truth of the matter. For if many women are being asked to do is to accept board, lodging, and a dress allowance on condition either of remaining absolutely still, or of only making believe to be still, their request is put to women by persons of the most diverse views in all other matters.

There are the old-fashioned parents who say, "You should remember that you are a young lady, my dear. If you struggle to earn your living, vulgar people will forget that you are the daughter of gentility." There are the sentimental people who say, A girl should always be seen and beautiful and passive. Follow this prescription, and you will certainly find a man—father, brother, or the eventual husband to support you. If the girl should murmur a disapproval for the "supported" condition, she is "unwomankind," and with that all disapproval is uttered. Laughter, however, is driving both the old-fashioned people and the sentimentalists out of existence; therefore we need scarcely trouble to send ridicule after the retreating figures. But younger heretics are coming into the field and taking their place; their heretics are that they are ultra-modern and advanced. These come dressed, moreover, in a panoply of pseudo-scientific, and don the air of the humanitarian; so that a simple girl with no arguments, save youth's instinctive craving for activity, can scarcely defend herself against their sophistries.

Everyone must be familiar with the usual line of attack. It takes the form of an appeal to a girl's generosity and to her fellow-feeling for other girls. The individual girl is reminded that if she remains living at home tranquilly and quietly (for movement is of itself expensive), she can just manage to subsist. Then it is pressed upon her that she will be doing work for "God's sake!" Is it so hard of her to wish it. Moreover—and it is at this point that our tender-hearted girl succumbs—she must gallantly deprive other girls of a wage who need it more. Some persons I have known to be so possessed by the force of this reasoning that they will strongly argue that a responsible post should be accepted by every candidate, regardless of all qualifications of efficiency; and I have also heard the argument pushed yet a point farther in the assertion that a young woman should make her own pictures or make her own jam, because, by so doing, she must be keeping some person out of employment.

The apologists of these preposterous views would have yet to go a few steps further to be absolutely consistent. They should choose for Premier a claimant for Poor-House relief; they should buy only the talent of women writers, and should decline to take tickets to see the performance of a prosperous actress. They have not, however, to the best of my knowledge, yet gone so far, nor have I yet heard them express disapprobation at the conduct of any woman who earns an income that is exceptionally large, or who obtains fancy prices for her pictures or her poems. By and by, in short, is almost entirely reserved for the deterring of young women from entering the field of professional and industrial life. And since I believe that girls are far more often withheld by such an argument than by any indisposition of their own to wholesome, well-paid labour, I think space may not be thrown away in considering upon what foundation the argumenal structure rests.

It rests, does it not, upon the assumption that the useful work which can be done in the world is limited? As the population of the world increases, the amount of employment, we would be led to suppose, does not diminish, but tends to diminish. The larger and smaller allowance per head, like drinking-water in time of drought. Consequently the less each person can contrive to do the kinder he (and particularly she) will be to his neighbours. Yet each person who is born requires to be fed, clothed, educated, amused, and the rest; thereby adding to the stock of work that wants doing. The whole tribe of idle sounds too absurd for human acceptance. We do it an injustice, however, if we do not see ourselves of the circumstance that has given rise to this argument; for the machinery has altered the conditions of some kinds of work, and has shifted employment from one set of persons to another.

But there is no proof that the general stock of work is growing less. It needs little imagination to foresee that manufactures may increase greatly, that trade can be indefinitely extended, and that in demand for many services is only waiting to be formulated when the services are supplied. Indeed what we term the "Women's Movement" means, if we regard it from this point of view, the creation of many demands. Who is it, for instance, who employs the expert woman shorthand-writer? It is in many cases, the woman-businessman, the woman-doctor. Who requires the woman-accountant? The society
for promoting some reform in which women are interested, or the governing body of a public school. The employment of girls in the Civil Service leads to the engagement of a woman-doctor to attend them, and the factory girls whose labour machinery so largely utilizes, become the factory inspectors to safeguard their conditions of service. Though in London and other large towns we are slowly waking up to the fact that the capacities of women of the educated and workman class and of proper class are not wisely allowed to atrophy, yet, in the country a vast amount of this labour is wasted much useful labour. In how many of our rural districts is there a trained nurse, much less a midwife, with a nursing staff of women? In how many counties are there educated women trying by their own practical exertions to unravel the farmers' and their children's difficulties, in how many are they riding through their daily toil for at best bicycling over the country to kill time—and simply because they believe paid labour to be wrong? You will ask, seeing that I am so near the end of my exhortation, why I am especially appealing to girls to earn a pound a week? My chief reason is that I regard a pound a week as the average beginning salary of the middle-class girl. If you go to the factories or the workshops, you will see that very few things are so important as the policy of such girls. On the contrary, the market, in trade parlance, will acquire tone; better salaries will be offered, better work be done, and the factory or the workshop will be a hollow name. So long as women are withheld from earning a living until the moment when they are capable of doing it painlessly, the iniquities of underdressing and underpayment are the curse of the women's employment. That is why I would beg girls not to wait to earn a living till misfortune, poverty and helplessness come, but now, while they are young, fit, strong, and independent, and are theirs, to take the Queen's shilling of the worker's work—a pound a week.

In my next article, the readers of The Girl's Own Paper and I may take counsel together in what way that pound shall be earned.

MARGARET BATSON.
A POUND A WEEK: HOW GIRLS MAY EARN IT

PART II

A pound a week is a pecuniary expression that may not possibly be altogether free from certain bitter-sweet associations in the minds of many, or even of a large body. The remembrance of advertisements in which a pound a week was offered to any lady or gentleman who would be good enough to do nothing in particular and to suffer her or his private arrangements to be in no wise inconvenient, further negotiations commonly revealed that the throwing of a spurt at catching a herring, or of a capital investment, to catch the spurt was to be an inevitable preliminary of the programme. But the attraction of the matter was not the operation of the law of chances with regard to throwing and catching, it was — am I not right? — the advertiser's explicit assurance that the pound a week could be earned "at home," and that practically it would earn itself. It would insinuate itself into the purse in accordance with the rule of its obliging constitution.

Here it is that the advertiser demonstrates how well he knows the amateur wage-earner. If there is one characteristic which differentiates this typical personage from all others, who work under the impression of disposition to take trouble. There are young women, and perhaps, though less numerously, young men, but my concern is with young women—who would declare if the prospect of fame and fortune sooner than they would work very hard and undergo privations in the present. They love not success, the less but inertia the more. The misfortune of most of the girls who expect their pound a week on impossible easy terms.

It is not on such terms that I can offer it them, for I lead them to expect that a nominal willingness to do anything and accept any position of trust will meet with glad and golden recognition. The public is neither ill-natured nor ruthless. It puts up with a vast amount of incompetent service and does not grumble overmuch. But the public, we must always bethink ourselves, quite without the inventive faculty. It cannot and will not do. It looks to you, the girls who are wishing to wring from it your pound or pounds a week, to do the thinking and inventing. It is you who must satisfy its needs, forestall them even if you can, by sifting up those blank spaces in its corporate life which the inventor denotes "felt wants."

The present moment, however, is not one which we need occupy in an intellectual journey in search of "un disco," Nevertheless, when we have within the last couple of decades shown such a wonderful alchemy in lengthening the list of public requirements that it is no longer possible to supply what the world already knows that it wishes to have. Let us look then in a curatorly way at some of the occupations by which a girl may earn a pound a week, or those who are solenmely pressed with the prospect of translation to the teacher's rank. It is pleasant to think that in the realm where hither to she has mutely obeyed, she now may govern. Then, too, she wishes to give voice to all the ideas of her restrained childhood. She will make study more attractive to other girls than it was to her. She is blithe, full of energy and enthusiasm. Industry do not tire her beyond measure. The profession, on its side, reserves its most generous favours for the young. A girl may have strength, the attainments of her education. But so long as the attractions of youth last, she may, receive if not her pound a week, at least her £2s. a year with board lodging, which are not inconsiderable. But as years go on, the profession smiles less upon her, and she upon it. The public continually examines her mental qualifications and finds she is not up to the mark. If she is not enough to be promoted, then the rest of her life is secured to her in dignity and comfort; but if, coming to middle life, she is not found worthy to earn more than her pound a week, neither is she allowed to earn that sum. She must go forward or backward; a pound a week is her Rubicon.

I would be the last to urge a young woman to undertake educational work which does not, to begin with, possess every educational qualification that the public is likely to demand for the next few years. It is quite as much a student as a teacher; for she will only succeed in crossing that middle-age Rubicon I have alluded to, if by constantly nourishing and developing her own mind she makes way for the loss of youth. But if we decide that your young friend is manifestly fitted for teaching, then which branch of the profession shall we advise her to pursue?

"Let her become a private governess," says one counsellor. "She may obtain £80 to £100 a year; will have an easy life, no expenses except for her board and clothes. The girl does not know when she is well off, if she declines to be a governess." "Enter a High School," says another. "You will have more than a pound a week, and if you are successful, who knows that one day you may not become a head-mistress, with a comfortable house over your head, and hundreds a year in capital savings. You will be spared to know how to spend." "But you have forgotten elementary teaching!" explains a third. "The board school teacher in London, for instance, has emerged from the ex-pupil teacher stage. Or think how nice it would be to become a village schoolmistress! And then follow certain familiar rhymes in connection with rose-crowned cottages, and the pleasure of teaching little children."

Personally, I do not attach much importance to the honeysuckle and woodland class of argument in connection with school teaching; for I think that a girl who found elementary teaching interesting at all, would find it most interesting, and, according to divergent considerations, the public cannot and will not do. It looks to you, the girls who are wishing to wring from it your pound or pounds a week, to do the thinking and inventing. It is you who must satisfy its needs, forestall them even if you can, by sifting up those blank spaces in its corporate life which the inventor denotes "felt wants."

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inequality, however, is already in a fair way to be remedied by the creation of lectureships, and other teaching posts to which better incomes are attached. A County Council Lecturer on Health, for instance, receiving £150 a year and cheaper than that of an elementary teacher, receives a couple of pounds a week, and thinks herself sometimes badly used if the salary is no more. Cookery, lecturing I cannot recommend, too many complaints having reached me of the dearth of employment for well-qualified teachers. But I think that enough has been said; the reader is yet undone, and I fancy that there are still many directors of girls' clubs, homes, and charitable institutions who could employ suitable women. Nor are there teachers in some of the rural industries, such as dairy work, poultry-rearing, and bee-keeping, too numerous yet. One dairy-lady who I know makes £250 a year by County Council work and adds to this amount fees for lecturing in vacation times. She is no doubt remarkably clever, attractive in manner, and a skilful dairy-woman. Still, if it is necessary there must be room for others, who, being less gifted, would be content with a smaller reward. And there are other teachers, of whom I have not the remotest idea, who, like the cook and the lip-language for the deaf and dumb, etc., of whom I might speak were it not that these stand outside my pound-a-week limit.

As clerks and secretaries, how many girls try to win the weekly pound. Too many, because clerical life does not allow room for much initiation, or that expansion of powers which can come with full experience. A natural sense of difference, and a shrinking from responsibility, induce girls to adopt that kind of subordinate, shadow-life which is many times called clerical life. And there are bad ways of becoming a clerk and good, or, perhaps, I should say ways that are different.

Cases there are, no doubt, in which a girl only does her duty to herself and others in becoming a clerk. She may not be a girl who cares to take the initiative, but she may be a good clerk in her lines of work. Under these circumstances, if the clerical career appeals to her, let her try her chances of entering the Civil Service. The hours are long, but the work magnificent; and the pay (if the post is actually a clerkship) begins at £65 per annum, and will be raised if the young woman shows capacity.

Yet, to my thinking, girls for their desires far too generally upon what are termed "posts," and far too little upon occupations in which they might create posts for themselves. They do not take sufficient heed to the chances which trade puts in their way. They would have them, for instance, become cooks, dressmakers, milliners—mind I do not mean teachers of these crafts, but actual crafts-women—in far larger numbers. I would have those who can draw not permit themselves to sink into the mere designing of impossible fashion-figures, but use their capacity as illustrators of books and newspapers, becoming art-students of the life about them. In the town I have been the means of teaching a few girls some money and put their fortunes to the touch, as their British fathers and grandfathers have done to the advantage of our race. I would know, when you will put together a little money and do a little thing, and they will declare that never were they so happy as in the season when they were young, and only earned a pound a week."

MARGARET BATESON.