

TAE

# Lady's Realm

WHY NOT SPEND DAY AT

**SELFRIDGES**

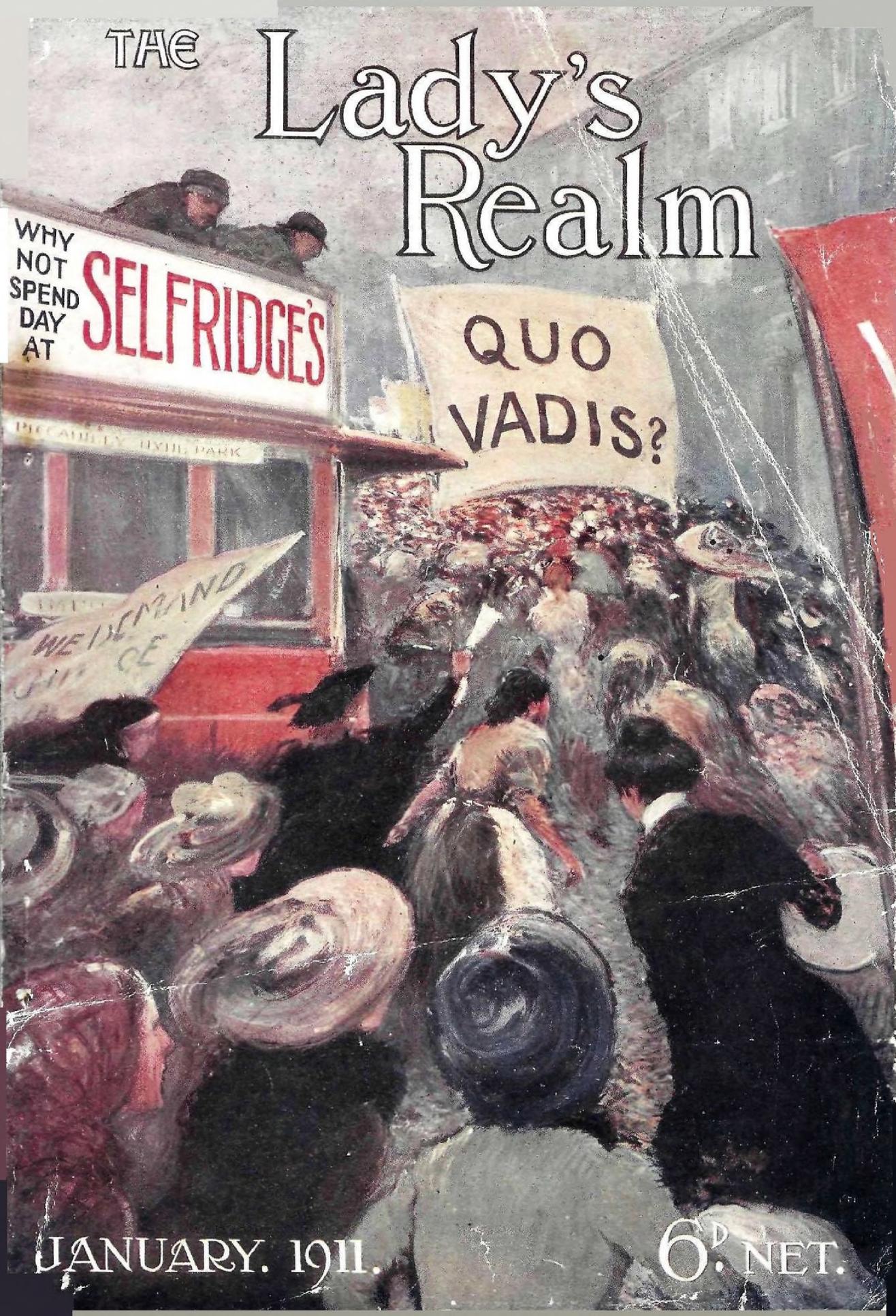
PICCADILLY HYGIE PARK

QUO VADIS?

WE DEMAND  
JUSTICE

JANUARY, 1911.

6<sup>d</sup> NET.



# THE SCOTTISH

Assets  
£20,000,000



# WIDOWS'

ESTABLISHED  
1815

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Transacts all Classes of Life Assurance and Annuity Business

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Send your Dress or Suit  
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**THE CLEANERS**  
to be dry cleaned & made like new  
**FIXED CHARGE 4!**  
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SEND FOR PRICE LIST **1, HALLCROFT ROAD RETFORD** BEST WORK LOW CHARGES

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WORLD-RENOWNED  
"Glycerine & Honey Jelly"

TRADE MARK **"Glymigel" Jelly.**

**FOR CHAPS, ROUGHNESS OF SKIN, ETC.**  
Invaluable at all Seasons of the Year. It SOFTENS and IMPROVES the HANDS, FACE and SKIN after exposure to WIND AND COLD. OVER 40 YEARS' INCREASING DEMAND Sold by all Chemists and Stores in Metallic Tubes, 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d., or sent postage free for stamps by Sole Proprietors,  
**OSBORNE, BAUER & CHEESEMAN,**  
Perfumers to Her Late Majesty Queen Victoria,  
19, GOLDEN SQUARE, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.  
N.B. - Sample Tube sent free with Stamps.

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# ADAMS'S FURNITURE POLISH

for FURNITURE, BOOTS, MOTOR CAR BODIES, PATENT LEATHER, OIL-CLOTHS, and all Varnished and Enamelled Surfaces.

"THE QUEEN" says: "Having made a fresh trial of its virtues after considerable experience with other compounds of the same nature, we feel no hesitation in recommending its use to all housewives"

Made at Sheffield and Sold all over the World.

In writing to Advertisers please mention "The Lady's Realm."



*Music Room, "Empress of Ireland."*

**For Comfort in Travel**

— ACROSS THE ATLANTIC —

**Book by Canadian Pacific**

— "EMPRESS" Steamers —

R.M.S. "Empress of Britain" & "Empress of Ireland"

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In direct connection with Canadian Pacific  
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*Or Local Agents Everywhere.*

**PAULDEN'S, MANCHESTER.**

**LADY'S DRESS SKIRT,**  
In Black, Navy, Brown and Green Serge. Well made and finished throughout. A splendid garment. Delivered Free to any address on receipt of P.O. or **3/11** If waist over 26 inches. 1/- extra.



**1,000 NORFOLK GOLF JERSEYS,**  
In Navy Blue, Brown, Ruby and Green. Sent free on receipt of P.O. for **1/11½**

**PAULDEN'S, STRETFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER.****PRACTICAL HINTS AND NECESSITIES.****LINEN AS A DRESS FABRIC.**

It may be said to be only during comparatively recent times that we have learned to associate the word linen with gowns and costumes without feeling that our doing so bordered upon the incongruous.

Such dress linen as was placed on the market a few years ago might certainly have had the solitary advantage of being a durable material, but close acquaintanceship soon proved that it had little further merit to commend it. In these days, happily, scientific art applied to weaving, dyeing, and finishing has now placed within the reach of every lady desirous of maintaining her reputation as being always smartly dressed a fabric at once beautiful to the eye, pleasant to the touch, undeniably becoming to the wearer, and possessing the inestimable advantage of being cool in the hottest weather.

The near approach of the Coronation season is foreshadowed by the enormous contracts that are being placed by leading firms in the West End for coloured costume and dress linens—and these in every conceivable shade—and there can be no possible doubt that there will be in the coming year an unprecedented vogue for this class of material. It necessarily follows that the colours that will be in greatest demand will be the suites of purples and royal blues, though of course not exclusively so, and it is the foreknowledge of the certain demand for these linen fabrics that has been provocative of the most painstaking efforts on the part of manufacturers to ensure the production—not only of a large assortment of varied shades—but such improvement in the making of the linen as shall secure to the wearer an entirety of satisfaction in appearance and durability. The result of these efforts has been that there will now be within reach of every one at a minimum of cost dress linens of excellent quality in an infinity of shades, and, however fastidious a lady may be, it will be possible for her to select a colouring that is bound to prove in every way satisfactory. The very finest qualities in these goods can be obtained from the following firms: Robinson & Cleaver, Ltd.; Harrods, Ltd.; D. H. Evans, Ltd.; Woolland Bros.; John Lewis, Ltd.; Peter Robinson, Ltd., Regent Street, etc.



D. H. Evans's is one of the well-known shops that have "made" Oxford Street. We are certain that most of our lady readers have visited their premises at some time or another, and if so there is no need to praise them any further, as one visit there will speak for itself. For those who have not been we cannot do better than urge them to go without delay, for D. H. Evans's is the shop for quality and cheapness, and the goods you purchase there will certainly give you satisfaction.

**INDIGESTION**

Is the primary cause of most of the ills to which we are subject. **WHELPTON'S VEGETABLE PURIFYING PILLS** arouse the stomach to action. Headache flies away, Biliousness, Kidney Disorders, and Skin Complaints disappear.

ASK FOR  
**WHELPTON'S  
PURIFYING PILLS**

And remember there is no **PILL**  
**"JUST AS GOOD."**

1s. 1½d. of all Chemists.

FREE BY POST 14 STAMPS.

**WHELPTON'S, 4, Crane Court, Fleet St., London, E.C.**

# WINTER SKIN TROUBLES

—“Chaps,” Cold-Sores, Chilblains,  
Eczema, Rashes & Spots—

BANISHED BY

# Zam-Buk



**THE** skin breaks  
out in cold-sores,  
blotches, and chaps in winter  
when it is not sound enough to  
resist the rigour of the weather.  
Just that needful strength and flexi-  
bility are restored to the skin by rub-  
bing the hands, neck, and face over  
with that purest and most soothing  
of balms, Zam-Buk. In this precious  
balm are certain rich herbal juices  
which the pores of the skin greedily  
absorb, and which quickly heal up all  
sores and cracks by growing new  
healthy tissue. Thus eczema, ulcers  
and blood-poisoning—perils that  
lurk in the skin in winter—are  
nipped in the bud, and the hands  
and face secured from blemish  
of every sort. Zam-Buk is  
Nature's ideal cure for all  
winter skin troubles.

*Of  
all  
Chemists.*

**SOOTHING, HEALING & ANTISEPTIC.**

# FOOT'S BED-TABLE.



The  
Adapta

(Patented).

Can be instantly raised, lowered, reversed, or inclined. Extends over bed, couch, or chair, and is an ideal Table for reading or taking meals in bed. To change from a flat table to an inclined reading stand, simply press the push button at the top of standard. It cannot overbalance. Comprises Bed-Table, Reading Stand, Writing

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- No. 1.—Enamelled Metal Parts, with Polished Wood Top .. £1 7 6
- No. 2.—Ditto, with Adjustable Side Tray and Automatic Book-holders (see Illustration) .. £1 15 0
- No. 3.—Complete as No. 2, but superior finish .. £2 5 0
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Carriage Paid in Great Britain.

Write for Booklet A 15.

J. FOOT & SON, Ltd. (Dept. A 15),  
171, New Bond Street, London, W.

BOOK  
OF  
1000  
BARGAINS

# PEACH'S

GREAT ANNUAL

## CURTAIN SALE

The Best of Goods to be cleared to make room for Spring Goods. GENUINE REDUCTIONS in all Departments. Lace Curtains from 2/- per pair. Swiss, Muslin, and CASEMENT CURTAINS in every variety and style. Cretonnes, Tapestries, Roller Blinds, Household Linens, Ladies and Gent's Hosiery, Blankets, Quilts, Laces, Blouses, etc. Just write on a Postcard, please send BARGAIN CATALOGUE No. 117.

S. PEACH & SONS,  
Dept. 117, The Looms,  
NOTTINGHAM.

WRITE  
TO-DAY

Sale finishes Jan. 31, 1911.



# FATE

THE  
STARS  
TELL  
YOU.

4,000 TESTIMONIALS.

I will send a TEST HOROSCOPE, comprising seven pages and cover on receipt of 1/- P.O. and ad. stamp for postage. Simply give date, month, and year of birth—time if known.  
MR. NEWTON VERTY (B.D.),  
4, Duke Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.

# LADIES CURED FREE.

Ladies are often cured with our FREE SAMPLE of ELLIS'S PILLS for FEMALES. Why don't you send for one? You may be cured also! We sell our Pills at 15 stamps per box, or the EXTRA STRONG ones, which we recommend, for 4s. 6d. post paid under cover, with full directions, book of illustrations, and useful hints. The 2s. 6d. EXTRA STRONG COMPOUND PILLS, certain and harmless, are a combination of costly drugs, ensuring very speedy cure, prepared from Original Prescription of Celebrated Nurse, and are unobtainable elsewhere. Guaranteed stronger and more effective than Pills, etc., sold at 1rs. 6d. and 2rs. elsewhere. Quarter of a Million Testimonials. I guarantee every case undertaken. No one is so successful as I am! Nearly every customer writes me a letter of thanks and most of them have tried other things in vain. Take my advice and send to me first and save your money. I have thousands of testimonials. Each case separately studied. Write me at once if you really want a cure for all Female Ailments.—Mrs. Ellis, 27, Surrey Lane, Battersea, London. Kindly mention this magazine.



## IMPROVED KNITTED CORSETS.

SUPPORT WITHOUT PRESSURE.  
Good Unshrinkable Sanitary Cotton and Pure Woolen Underclothing. Write for Illustrated List Free. Also our

UNBREAKABLE 'HERCULES' CORSETS  
in Coutil, from 3/11. Sample Steel Free.

Mention LADY'S REALM.

Knitted Corset & Clothing Co., 118, Mansfield Rd., Nottingham.

## How to Colour the Hair with perfect safety.

We can bring back the original and natural colour to grey hair.

We can bring back the former freshness and beauty to dyed or bleached hair.

Our "SAONETTO" Hair Colouring restores the colour and imparts it when the pigment is absent. It is a very cleanly preparation, washable and fast in practice; does not stain the skin nor come off on the brushes, linen, etc. No smell. Nothing to betray that you have used it. Absolutely safe. No grease. No stickiness. One liquid. Lasts on an average for three months.



DAME DOROTHY PEMROSE

(of *Hearth and Home*) says:

"The very best stain for the hair which has ever come under my notice (and I have experimented with many scores of them) is 'SAONETTO.' It never comes off on hat-lining or pillow." Again: "I am so pleased with your hair stain that I am continually recommending it to my correspondents."

THE COLOURS.—No. 1, Black; No. 2, Dark Brown; No. 3, Medium Brown; No. 4, Hazel Brown; No. 5, Auburn or Chestnut; No. 6, Golden Chestnut; No. 7, Gold Blonde or Golden. Sent carriage paid per Parcel Post, in plain wrapper, for Postal Order as follows: Trial or 2-oz. size, price 2/9. Medium or 4-oz. size, price 5/-. Large or 10-oz. size, 10/6. Abroad, large size only, price 13/-. post paid. Send with first order tiny piece of natural hair, not grey. State colour required. Name "LADY'S REALM."—Address: S. W. HENRY & CO., 30, Red Lion Square, London, W.C.

# MAYPOLE SOAP for Home Dyeing

ALL COLOURS,  
**4d.**  
per tablet.



BLACK,  
**6d.**  
per tablet.

The Art of Dressing well is understood by most Ladies, and **Maypole Soap** furnishes the means for all. What we wish to convey by this statement is, that to buy new things for every change in colour dictated by fashion is extravagant, and for most people impracticable. It is also unnecessary when by the use of the **Maypole Soap** you can **Dye at Home**, in a few minutes at a small cost, to the most delicate and brilliant shades or colours, your Silks, Satins, Velvets, Laces, Curtains, Feathers, Woollens, and Woollen and Cotton Goods, such as Blouses, Dresses, Petticoats, Underwear, Tights and other Properties, Lingerie, Corsets, Stockings, Children's Frocks, Pinajores, Hoods and Bonnets, Kimbos, Shawls, Silk Scarves, Sashes, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Parasols, Antimacassars, Toilet Mats, Lamp Shades, Chintz and Cretonne Covers, Blinds, etc.

**NO MESS. NO TROUBLE.  
WON'T WASH OUT OR FADE.**

COLOURS STOCKED:—

ECRU  
FAWN  
NAVY BLUE  
SCARLET  
ORANGE  
ALOE GREEN

TERRA COTTA  
LIGHT BLUE  
SALMON PINK  
CANARY  
MAROON  
CARDINAL

MAUVE  
PINK  
DARK BROWN  
PLUM  
CRIMSON  
DARK GREEN

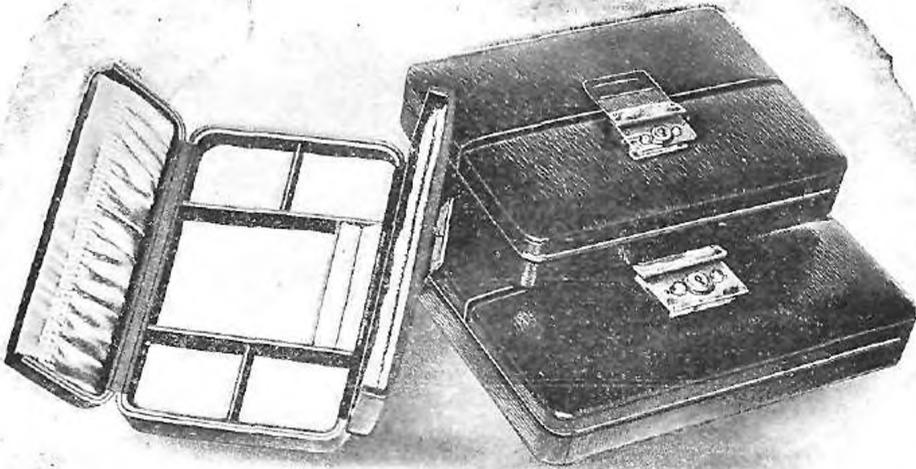
CREAM  
NUT BROWN  
PURPLE  
CERISE  
HELIOTROPE  
BLACK

Sold Everywhere.

Send for our Free Pamphlet, "THE PERFECTION OF HOME DYEING," and Amusing Novellies for Children to: R.L. DEPARTMENT,

**THE MAYPOLE COMPANY (1899), Ltd.,**  
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## MY SPECIALITY.—NOVELTIES IN TRAVELLING REQUISITIES.



My very flat Jewel Cases for Travelling. Made in Royal Red, Purple, or Moss Green Polished French Morocco, lined best quality Apricot Watered Silk and Silk Velvet. Fitted with lock and key.

**French Morocco.**

**Brown Russian Crocodile.**

6 x 4 x 1 1/2 ins. .. .. .	Price 6/6	6 x 4 x 1 1/2 ins. .. .. .	Price 10/6
7 x 5 x 1 1/2 .. .. .	8/6	7 x 5 x 1 1/2 .. .. .	13/6
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**BOSWELL HENSMAN, 91, Regent Street, LONDON, W.**

In writing to Advertisers please mention "The Lady's Realm."



"He is a man with a peculiar gift - seeing gift," says *Modern Society*.

**Dr. Cooper, M.R.C.S.** "The surprising accuracy with which he reads your past and future is startling. One fancies that if he had the advice of such a faithful guide in the early part of one's career, much of the disappointment might be avoided."

**Clifton Bingham** writes - "Mysterious as all I can say of your marvellously correct review of my life and present position."

Rub stove black or ink on the thumbs, press on paper; send, with birth date and time (if known), a P.O. for 1/- for cost of chart, etc., to be sent you, and stamped envelope. I will give you a

**FREE READING OF YOUR LIFE**  
from chart to advertise my success.

**PROF. G. ZAZRA,**  
90 New Bond Street, London, W.

A Professional Man writes: You  
**ASTONISH & HELP.**

## BEADS, CORALS, PEARLS, AMBER, AGATE, etc., and all the Requisites for Art Chain Making.

*Venetian, Parisian, Bohemian, and all kinds of  
Beads kept in stock.*

**APACHE BEAD LOOMS FOR CHAINS, FOBS,  
BAGS, AND APACHE BEAD WORK.**

*The finest selection in London; an assortment unique  
for variety, shapes, colourings, and originality.*

**Hundreds of Customers supplied by post.**

**PRICE LIST FREE AND SAMPLE CARDS SENT ON  
APPROVAL.**

**F. E. ROGIER, 14, High St., Kensington, W.**



## ARE YOU IN DOUBT?

**ASTROLOGY** will help you to decide: let me consult the Stars. They rule your destiny, the **Old and Reliable Astrologer, "Mercury,"** reads the stars and can assist all who desire to utilise life's opportunities to the full. Thousands testify to my accuracy. Send birth date now, with 1/- P.O. for Test Hexoscope of your life. Two years' confidential advice added free.

**PROF. MERCURY, C.H.,**  
Hawthorn Road, Llandaff, Glam.

### C. & G. KEARSLEY'S ORIGINAL Widow Welch's Female Pills.

Prompt and Reliable for Ladies. The only Genuine. AWARDED CERTIFICATE OF MERIT at the Tasmanian Exhibition, 1891. 100 Years' Reputation. Ordered by Specialists, for the Cure of all Female Complaints. Sold in boxes, 1/12 and 2/9, of all Chemists, or post free, 1/2 and 2/10, from

**CATHERINE KEARSLEY,**  
(Dept. L.R.), 45, Waterloo Road, S.E.



## Oatine

clears the skin by thoroughly cleansing the pores, and removing the dirt that soap and water cannot reach. It is the secret of beauty.

### A FREE SAMPLE

of Oatine Cream will be sent on application; or for 3d. in stamps a box containing eight of the Oatine preparations, and book on Face Massage. — **THE OATINE CO., 152a, Oatine Buildings, London S.E.**

## LADIES!

### SEND AT ONCE.

**MRS. STAFFORD BROOKES,** The Eminent Lady Specialist, has much pleasure in announcing that her remedy for **Restoring Health WITHOUT MEDICINE** is the only certain and speedy one known.

### I GUARANTEE EVERY CASE.

Send at once stamped addressed envelope for full particulars and testimonials (guaranteed genuine under a penalty of £1,000.)

A LADY writes—"Dr. Douglas has recommended me, for which I thank him." WRITE NOW.

### MRS. STAFFORD BROOKES,

(Dept. 305), 220, Ardgowan Road, Hither Green, London, S. E.



Jack Sprat could eat no fat,  
His wife could eat no lean;  
But both agreed when Jersey Dainties  
Came upon the scene.

Charles Whitlock, of 23, Sloane Street, is an adept at resetting one's own jewellery, and his charges are moderate. Goods will be sent to country customers if THE LADY'S REALM is mentioned, and a London trade reference is given.

## KEATING'S POWDER

### KILLS

FLEA, MOTH,  
BEETLE & BUG

Tins 1<sup>d</sup> 3<sup>d</sup> 6<sup>d</sup> & 1<sup>/-</sup>

# Courvoisier Cognac



CHATEAU AND DISTILLERIES

*The Brandy of Napoleon*



# FURNISHING SECTION. DEPARTMENT

FOR:—TAPESTRIES, BROCADES, GLAZED CHINTZES, CRETONNES, PRINTED LINENS, CASEMENT FABRICS, BLINDS, POLES, TABLE COVERS, CURTAIN VELVETS, CUSHION SQUARES, CHENILLE CURTAINS, PERSIAN AND INDIAN PRINTS, ORIENTAL EMBROIDERIES, etc., etc.

THROUGHOUT the Month of January our widely renowned FURNISHING SALE takes place. Without question it is the best SALE in LONDON for Glazed Chintzes, Cretonnes, Tapestries, etc. Below we give TWO EXAMPLES OF VALUE. The Quality and absurdly Low Price of these TWO CRETONNES are but an indication to purchasers of the genuineness of the BARGAINS IN ALL FABRICS.

SPACE PREVENTS US GIVING OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

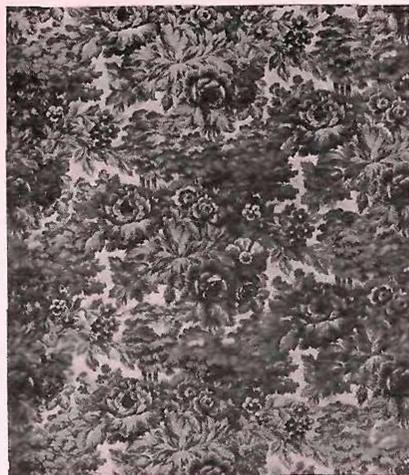
All contemplating buying Furnishing Fabrics should write for the Sale Catalogue



THE "BEVERLEY" CRETONNE  
31 inches wide, in 6 different colourings.  
Heavy Rep Cloth. Wonderful Bargain  
Per yard ... ..  $6\frac{3}{4}$ d.

LOOSE  
COVERS  
MADE  
BY  
EXPERI-  
ENCED  
WORKMEN  
ARE  
OUR  
SPECIALITY

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THE "HARBORNE" CRETONNE  
31 inches wide. Beautiful, well-covered Foliage Design in charming colourings  
Per yard ... ..  $6\frac{3}{4}$ d.

P.T.O.

JOHN BARKER & Co. KENSINGTON, W.  
Ltd.

# FURNISHING SECTION

continued

## A REMARKABLE EXAMPLE OF VALUE IN HAND-PRINTED ENGLISH GLAZED CHINTZ

We are also clearing out hundreds of pieces of **Best English Hand-Printed Glazed CHINTZES**, the Usual Prices being 2/- and 2/6 per yard, at

Per yard **6 $\frac{3}{4}$ d., 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ d.**

**50 Needlework Tapestry TABLE COVERS**  
Size about 1 yard square, at

Each ... **1/11 $\frac{1}{2}$**

**36 Heavy Tapestry TABLE COVERS**, in either Crimson or Green colourings, size about 2 by 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

Each ... **7/6**

**100 Hand-Printed Persian TABLE COVERS**, about 1 yard square, Antique designs.

Each ... **1/6 $\frac{1}{2}$**



**THE "GRAFTON,"** English Hand-Printed Glazed Chintz. 24 inches wide.

Ordinary Price 2/-  
Per yard ... **6 $\frac{3}{4}$ d.**



**THE "HELENE,"** Cream Ground Silk Brocade, charming design and colourings, 52 inches wide.  
Ordinary Price 8/6

Reduced to, per yard **4/11**

**200 yards only, Morris Design, Hand-Printed LINEN**, 34 inches wide, the usual price, 2/3 yard, clearing at;

Per yard ... **9 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.**

**Heavy Serge CURTAINS**, in Crimson or Blue, with wide, handsome **Silk Border**, length about 10 feet.

Per pair ... **12/11**

**45 Hand-Embroidered INDIAN CURTAINS**, in Red, size about 3 yards by 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards  
Very artistic.

Each ... **10/9**

**1000 Tapestry and Brocade CUSHION SQUARES**, in every design and colouring.

Each **1/=-, 1/6, 2/=-, 2/6, 3/=-, 3/6**

## 12/6 Maternity SKIRTS

POST FREE **SELF-ADJUSTING**

The great advantage of these garments is that they always present the **Appearance of Ordinary Walking Skirts**, Pleated from waist, and made with our self-adjusting "Maternity" Band.

**REQUIRE NO ALTERATION WHATSOEVER.**

**TAILOR MADE to Measure.**  
Black, Navy, Brown, White, Green and Royal Victoria Cloth, Light and Dark Grey Tweeds. Can also be had in finest quality All Wool Serges, Habit Cloths, Tweeds, &c. Our Latest Catalogue of other designs in Maternity and ordinary Walking Skirts, with patterns, post free. When ordering, state length, back and front, waist and hip measurements of your ordinary skirt, also present measurements for baby. Send for Illustrated Catalogue—Everything for baby. Enquiries to the Managers.

**WOOD BROS., Dress Experts, 15, North Parade, MANCHESTER.**



## BORAX STARCH GLAZE

Makes ironing easy!

Just a pinch added to liquid starch gives a splendid ivory-like finish—prevents the iron sticking—saves time and trouble.

**1d. packets everywhere**

Samples of Borax Starch Glaze, Borax Dry Soap, and "Californian" Borax—Free.

The Patent Borax Co., Ltd., Birmingham



## The R.S. Reducing CORSET Patent

With extra strong Elastic Belt. Reduces Copplency. Improves the figure. Prevents Abdominal Weakness. Affords binding support.

**BLACK, WHITE, OR DOVE.**

Real 10/6 Whalebone. Black Italian (lined white) 12/6. Sizes stocked, 19 to 26 inches. Over 20-inch waist, all over and extra.

**We fit any figure.**

Should the Corsets not fit, we exchange, and make a pair with any alterations required, 1/6 extra. Sent post free on receipt of waist size and P.O. Colonial Orders, 1/6 extra.

*Illustrated List of Belt Corsets for Abdominal Weakness, etc., Post Free.*

**R. SCALES & Co., Corset Manufacturers, Newark-on-Trent, England.**



## KENDAL

He is said to describe one's life with wonderful fidelity. To introduce his famous system he will send you a descriptive reading as a test of his ability. The Countess of Kimberley says: "What he told her was excellent." Mrs. Kendal, the great actress, has written to him, saying: "You have astonished me with your accuracy. It is marvellous." *The Standard* says: "Without equal." Rub a little ink on your thumb, press on paper, and send with your birth-date, 2/- P.O. and stamp. **DO IT NOW.** You will be amazed.

**KENDAL, 86, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.**



## JOVAL

Same Quality as the famous

**LARGE SIZE BACK HAIR NET** with the **ELASTICITY & INVISIBILITY** OF REAL HAIR

Each Net bears a ticket with the Trade Mark

If unable to obtain locally write for sample 1/2 dos, enclosing 10/- in stamps stating color desired to

**A. S. A. LTD., 24, HOLBORN, E.C.**



## THE "LADY'S REALM" RECOMMENDS

# JOHN BOND'S "CRYSTAL PALACE" MARKING INK

WITH OR WITHOUT HEATING, WHICHEVER KIND IS PREFERRED. Awarded 45 GOLD Medals and Royal Appointments for Superiority.

**FREE** AND ENCLOSED WITH EVERY BOTTLE A VOUCHER ENTITLING PURCHASERS TO THEIR NAME OR MONOGRAM RUBBER STAMP, WITH PAD AND BRUSH. ALSO WITH 15. SIZE A LINEN STRETCHER.

100 YEARS' WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION. Price 6d. and 1s. Sold by all Stationers, Chemists and Stores.

## THE HAND OF FATE

YOUR PATHWAY SMOOTHED

**YOUR PATHWAY SMOOTHED.**

Would not your pathway in life be smoothed if the periods of special importance were pointed out to you? It is not always necessary to battle with difficulties or even have them. Let me point out your best course in life.

**HUNDREDS OF TESTIMONIALS.**

Miss Kenyon, Buntingford, writes: "I find it absolutely correct in every detail."

Miss E. Jones, Worcester Park, Surrey: "I was very much surprised at the **EXTREME ACCURACY** of your reading."

Miss J. M. Pacey, Rusden: "Your advice is very helpful."

Dr. M. Murray, Gateshead: "I consider my horoscope a splendid investment."

A. Mason, Wolurn Sands, Bucks: "True in every detail."

A. Kennedy, Brynbaran, N. Wales: "Have profited so much by your advice during the last year."

D. Rowe, Oxford: "Remarks very accurate in each month of horoscope received **TWO YEARS AGO.**"

As a Test, send birth date, 1/- P.O. and stamp, for a Trial Horoscope. **Old Sol** (Dept. 17), Forest Hermitage, Barnes, London.

*Old Sol* will send you **TWO YEARS' GUIDE FREE** if you mention *Lady's Realm*.

**DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS—SEND NOW.**



## HAVE YOU SUPERFLUOUS HAIR?

If so your life is a misery, for no woman can be happy who is thus disfigured. Have you tried to get rid of the unsightly growths? There is no need to despair, for Madame Bond's Lincus "Hairmoline" will accomplish and fulfil your utmost wishes. This is the celebrated treatment which Dr. A. B. Griffiths so heartily endorses. Not only is it efficacious, but it is pure and non-injurious. Sent for an ounce, 2/6 complete, post free (sent in plain wrapper). (Foreign postage 6d. extra.) Par-ticulars and testimonials post free. "Hairmoline" has succeeded in thousands of cases. MADAME A. BOND, 111, Bull Street, Birmingham.



## SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

All sufferers are earnestly requested to write for my new remedy

# 3003 "ANTICAPILLA" (Regd.)

a fragrant liquid compound, entirely free from all poisonous ingredients, which entirely and permanently destroys the root and follicle, leaving the appearance of the hair as im-movable, without the slightest pain or injury to the skin, leaving the hair as white and smooth and clear as if there had never been a growth of hair upon it. It never fails to cure the most stubborn and painful cases, even when all other and oft-repeated treatment has failed to have the desired effect. One bottle, sufficient to cure, sent post free for 4/6 to Foreign Countries 5/6, which I order to return if results are obtained in any way unsatisfactory. No plucking or burning or cutting of required, as it is entirely unlike any other preparation offered for a similar purpose. Letters strictly confidential. Address—**Mr. R. H. THOMPSON, DEPT. 11, 140, Strand, London, W.C.** Wholesale BAILEY & S.

THE BEST IN ART & LITERATURE.

# TUCK'S

Many are the new and promising lines in every one of our Departments this year. Among the host of splendid and novel Christmas and New Year Cards the lead is undoubtedly taken by the "LUCKY CHARM" series.

NEW  
**XMAS CARDS**  
**CALENDARS**  
**TOY BOOKS**  
**TOY NOVELTIES**  
**POST CARDS**  
**BIRTHDAY CARDS**  
**ZAG-ZAW**  
THE ROYAL PICTURE PUZZLE  
 ETC. ETC.

**OF ALL LEADING DEALERS**

*Lists of Picture Puzzles and 60,000 TUCK'S Postcards of all leading Dealers or post free on application to*

**RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS LTD** Raphael House, City, LONDON.



## 'Ewbank' SWEEPER

IS AN IDEAL PRESENT FOR ANY WOMAN. GIVE HER A "EWBANK" & YOU'LL GLADDEN HER HEART. REDUCE HER WORK, AND ENSURE A CLEAN TIDY HOME IN THE NEW YEAR

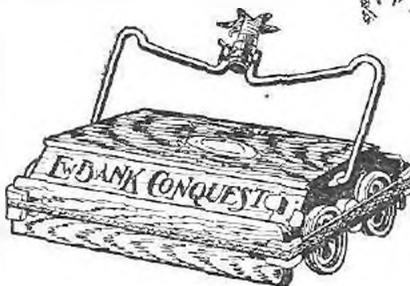
"Ewbanks" are all British, and run as smoothly as a new bicycle—last, as only British machinery can last. They do their work perfectly and silently.

That's what I call a real Xmas present

The Ewbank is fitted with Mohair Guard and Rubber Corner Buffers to save the furniture and your nerves.

**ASK YOUR DEALER FOR A LIST of the new Ewbanks with Corner Buffers and Ball-bearing Brush.**

A COMPLETE RANGE FOR XMAS AND NEW YEAR GIFTS FROM 10/6 TO 23/6.



In writing to Advertisers please mention "The Lady's Realm."

# Get away from the Spectacle Habit!

It is very rarely necessary to wear eye-glasses or spectacles no matter how much your eyes may trouble you. Dr. Gilbert Percival's method of eye massage has completely revolutionised the treatment of the eyes. Thousands of people are using the Percival Method with perfect success, and if you suffer with your eyes you can do the same.

**MY FREE BOOK ON THE EYES  
EXPLAINS HOW YOU CAN OVERCOME  
ALL EYE-TROUBLES, WITHOUT  
SPECTACLES, OPERATION OR  
MEDICINE.**

Remember—all minor eye weaknesses are caused by poor circulation of the blood in the eye arteries, and such errors of refraction as Near-sight, Far-sight, and Astigmatism are due to the eye being distorted and out of shape. The

natural method of correct massage which my Free Book describes restores the normal circulation of the blood and the normal shape of the eye. **Why not see Nature with the Naked Eyes?** My Book is published at 1s., but in order to teach the public the folly of the spectacle habit and the proper care of their eyes, it has been arranged to give away a certain number each month at cost. Write now for your Free Copy, and you will be able to get rid of your eye-trouble right away. Just send your name and address with three stamps in foreign, if abroad (postcards ignored). Do this wise act to-day. **G. Percival, Nou-Vita Eye Institute, 8-119, Exchange Bldgs., Southwark, London. (Estab. 1903.)**

## Allen & Daws' Extra Pin Money

Sent throughout the British Isles and to all parts of the Empire in exchange for Old Gold, Jewellery, Precious Stones, Sterling Silver and Sheffield Plate, Platinum, Teeth, Snuff Boxes, etc.

Send anything you have to  
**120, LONDON ST., NORWICH**

Immediate Cash sent or Offer Made.

ESTABLISHED OVER HALF A CENTURY.

In writing to Advertisers please mention "The Lady's Realm."

## PRACTICAL HINTS AND NECESSITIES— (continued).

If any of our readers are anxious to find a good convalescent home, we cannot speak too highly of Pennlee, Highcliffe, Hants. The Castle is a beautiful modern structure situated on the cliffs. It has been occupied at different times by various crowned heads and other notabilities, who in turn have benefited from the life-giving air of Highcliffe. Those seeking rest and health will, if it is to be had, procure it by a stay at Highcliffe. They will be provided with all comforts; the Superintendent is a thoroughly capable housekeeper and trained nurse.

### THE BOILENE.

This new and invaluable invention is calculated to cause the greatest satisfaction to users in the sick-room, nursery, and kitchen: no home should be without it. Beef-tea is made with no trouble at all, while baby's food can be prepared without constant attention. The Boilene is also very convenient for making custards or sauces, or for boiling milk, and there is no risk of their burning or boiling over. Write to the Universal Novelties Company, 33, Fumival Street, E.C.

### THE SWAN FOUNTAIN PEN.

Swan Fountain Pens are always suitable gifts at Christmas time for either a lady or a gentleman. They are useful, elegant, and of excellent quality. They make writing easy, and soon will prove a necessity of daily life. If you ask yourself when choosing presents what will be a suitable present for so-and-so, your question, you will find, will be amply answered by "A Swan Fountain Pen."

Many other presents lose their value with their novelty, but a Swan will remain always the same, rendering faithful service and proving a continuous reminder of the giver.

A Swan pen can be posted to any part of the world at a small charge of 4d. or 6d., and the proprietors are able to chose a suitable gold nib from a specimen of handwriting. The Swan pens are guaranteed to give satisfaction, and if the nib does not suit, it can be exchanged free of charge provided the pen is in perfect condition.

The Swan may be had ornamented or plain, in silver, gold, rolled gold, or simply with plain black case, of all stationers and jewellers, or from the manufacturers, Mable, Todd & Co., 79 and 80, High Holborn, W.C.





**BENGER'S**

*IS QUITE  
DISTINCT*

*FROM ANY OTHER  
FOOD OBTAINABLE.*

While easy to prepare, it is distinctly not one of the "made in a moment" variety of foods. Its preparation requires a little care and takes a little time because the natural digestive principles begin the process of digestion while the food is being cooked.

Benger's Food possesses the remarkable property of rendering milk, with which it is mixed when used, quite easy of digestion even by Infants and Invalids. Consequently it can be enjoyed and assimilated when other foods disagree.

Benger's Food is known and approved by all medical men.

The Proprietors of Benger's Food issue a Booklet containing much valuable information on the feeding of Infants and Invalids. A copy will be sent post free on application to Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester.

Benger's Food is sold in Tins, by Chemists, etc., everywhere.

B12

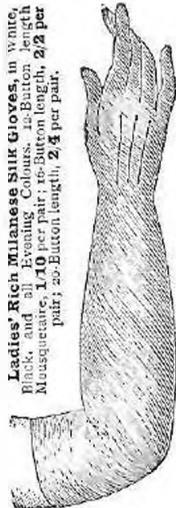
# THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY'S

## SPECIALITIES.

**FOR EVENING WEAR.**

**Unequalled Variety. Remarkable Value.**

Ladies' Rich Milanese Silk Gloves, in Venice, Black, and all Evening Colours, with high Mousquetaire, 17-Button length, 2/9 per pair; 20-Button length, 2/4 per pair.



The "Ellaïne" Fine Glace, in White and Cream only.  
 12-Button Mousquetaire, 2/10 per pair.  
 16-Button " 3/10 " "  
 20-Button " 4/10 " "

The "Operetta" Real Kid Gloves, in White, Black, and all colours.  
 12-Button length, 3/11 per pair.  
 16-Button length, in White, Cream, and Black only, 4/11 per pair.  
 20-Button length ditto, 6/11 per pair.

The "Cinderella" Ladies' 8-Button Length Mousquetaire French Suede Gloves, in Black, White, Cream, Lavender, Biscuit, Pastel, Tans, Browns, Mole and Navy, 2/2 per pair.  
 12-Button length ditto, 2/10 per pair.  
 16-Button length ditto, 3/10 per pair.  
 20-Button length ditto, 4/6 per pair.

Girls' 12-Button Length Milanese Silk Gloves, in Black, White, Cream and Light Shades, all sizes, 1/6 per pair.

Men's White Dress Kid Gloves, 2 Buttons, 1/-, 1/4 and 2/- per pair; 3 pairs for 2/10, 3/10 and 5/9.

Boys' White Dress Kid Gloves, 2 Buttons, 1/- per pair; 3 pairs for 2/10.



No. H 121.—Ladies' Lisle Thread Hose, with Lace Openwork Ankles, in Black, White or Tan, 1/- per pair.

No. H 132.—Ladies' Lisle Thread Hose, with handsome Lace Openwork Ankles, in Black, White, Shoe-bronze, Pink, Sky, Cardinal, Heliotrope, Navy, Mole, Reseda, Purple, Tinsel Silver, Gold, Myrtle, Saxe, Old Rose, Nil, Grey, Amethyst, Yellow, Suede and Champagne Shades, 1/3 per pair.

No. H 212.—Ladies' Plated Silk Hose, with Lace Openwork Ankles, newest designs, in Black, White, Shoe-bronze, and all Evening Shades, 1/11 per pair.

No. H 228.—Ladies' Pure Silk Hose, in Black, White, and all colours, with silk clox, 4/11 per pair.

No. H 435.—Ditto, with lace openwork ankles, 5/6 per pair.

**UNDERWEAR.**

No. H 466.—Ladies' Ribbed Silk and Wool Combinations, with fancy crocheted tops and short sleeves, or shoulder straps, 4/11 each.

No. L 719.—Ladies' Rich Satin Court Shoes, in Black, White, Cream, and all evening shades, with bow, as illustration, or small paste ornament, 4/11.



No. L 722.—Ladies' Fine White Kid Court Shoes, as illustration, 6/11 per pair.



No. L 780.—Ditto, with strap, 7/6 per pair.

No. L 734.—Ladies' Bronze, Black, Glace, or Patent Leather Shoes, as illustration, 10/6 per pair.



A Wonderful Line in Ladies' Glace Silk Underskirts, of exceptional quality in Black, Navy, Emerald, Old Rose, Mole, Saxe, Cinnamon, Grey, Reseda, Amethyst, Drake's Neck, Green or Purple Shot, and Ivory, 10/11 each.



A Wonderful Line in Ladies' Soft Satin Underskirts, as illustration, in Black Old Rose, Heliotrope, Royal Amethyst, Emerald, Navy, Reseda, Saxe, Cerise, Sky, Pink or Ivory, 9/11 each.

No. B 52.—Stylish Fancy Spot Net Blouse, with wide Tucks and Insertion, finished with Silk Jabot, as illustration, in Ivory or Paris shade. Sizes, 13, 14, 14 1/2 ins. 6/11 each.



Postal and Post Office Orders to be made payable to THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY at the General Post Office. All Goods are sent Post or Carriage Free to any part of the United Kingdom. Note our only Addresses: 45 & 45a, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E. C., and 82 & 83, NEW BOND ST., W. Write for Illustrated Price List of all Departments, post free.

# THE LADY'S REALM.

Edited by Mr. VERE SMITH.

Published on the twenty first of each month preceding date of issue.

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**FRINGE NETS** made of HUMAN HAIR.  
Large size, 5/6 per doz.  
Smaller size, 4/- .. "

## UNIVERSAL HAIR CO

**SWITCHES** of PURE HUMAN HAIR.  
22-in., 5/- .. 22-in., 7/6.  
24-in., 12/6. 26-in., 13/6.

**TRANSFORMATIONS, ANY STYLE, 30/-**  
Made of the finest quality Human Hair. An entire covering for the Head. The only measurement required is the Circumference of the Head.



**TROUPETS** from 6/6. Any Style to Order.  
All Orders by Post receive personal supervision and are promptly executed.  
Satisfaction and promptness are our sole aim.  
Price only 15/6  
Best Value at Lowest Prices.



An accurate match to every pattern guaranteed.  
A pattern of hair and remittance must accompany each order.  
Managers always in attendance.  
Light, Grey, Pale, and Auburn shades extra.  
Best quality hair only used.  
Consultations and advice free.



Entire Transformation, 30/-.  
Toupet only, 10/6.



Our 5-in. Parting. Hair falling to shies only, 12/6. With Hair falling 10 back, 15/6.



Cluster Wigs and Scalps made to Order.  
Send for Catalogue with full Measure and Form.  
**NOTE OUR ONLY ADDRESS.**  
Satisfaction Guaranteed.  
All Goods securely packed and free from observation.

**A very graceful Toupet** with slight division on left side, price 15/6.  
Entire Transformation, 30/-.  
Ladies' Combings made into Tolls, Curls, etc.  
Smaller Clusters of Curls at 6/6, 4/6, and 2/6.  
Temple curls, 1/- each, or 1/9 per pair.  
Larger Sizes to order.

**Send for New Illustrated Catalogue.**

**84, FOXBERRY ROAD, BROCKLEY, S.E.**

In writing to Advertisers please mention "The Lady's Realm."

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Reading Covers for "The Lady's Realm" can be obtained free on receipt of 3d. to cover postage.

Yearly Subscription 10/- post free to all parts of the world (Canada 32).

Handsome gold blocked Cloth Cases for Binding—Nov. to April, and May to Oct.—with Title-page and Index, post free 1/9.

American Agents: The International News Co., New York. [All Rights Reserved.]

All contributions should bear the name and address of their respective Authors, and MISS. must be typewritten, and where properly STAMPED and ADDRESSED ENVELOPES have been sent with them, the Editor will endeavour to return rejected contributions. Articles should be accompanied by good photographs. To provide against possible loss, copies of contributions should be kept.

Editorial Offices: 8, Clifford's Inn, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

**THE 'TENSFELDT' PROCESS**

# Electrolysis

**HOME TREATMENT**

**for  
Superfluous Hair**

**WOULDN'T** it be a great relief to you if you could get rid of those troublesome superfluous hairs that are now spoiling your appearance. I mean, **rid of them for ever**, so that they will not grow again.



It can be done—thousands have done it for themselves already—without leaving the slightest marks or disfigurement.

After removing my own hairs I concluded I could not be of greater help to my sex than by writing a booklet, in which to describe how simple

and effective the process is and how you can do it yourself in the privacy of your own home.

I want to place a copy of this book called "The Face Perfect" in the hands of every sufferer from this dreadful scourge of superfluous hair.

*It is Free to you, write to-day and I will send it in plain and sealed envelope.*

**MADAME TENSFELDT,  
122B, Princes St., EDINBURGH.**

In writing to Advertisers please mention "The Lady's Realm."

# The "Wincarnis" Campaign against COUGHS, COLDS AND CHILLS.

At this season of the year most of us habitually suffer from Coughs, Colds, and Chills. These ailments are bad enough in themselves, but their *real* danger is in their liability to develop into Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Influenza, or even Consumption, unless the system is equipped to withstand these more dangerous illnesses. The proprietors of "WINCARNIS" are organising a campaign against COUGHS, COLDS, CHILLS, BRONCHITIS, and INFLUENZA, and propose to distribute another

## 100,000 BOTTLES OF "WINCARNIS" FREE

to the first 100,000 applicants sending the coupon from this advertisement. These bottles are not mere tasting samples, but contain enough "Wincarnis" to do you a definite amount of good. You owe it to yourself to send for a free bottle now.

**SEND THIS**   
**COUPON**  
**NOW.**

FREE TRIAL COUPON

To COLEMAN & CO., Limited,  
W16, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

Please send me a free bottle of "Wincarnis." I enclose three penny stamps to pay carriage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

*Lady's Realm, Jan. 1911.*

### PRACTICAL HINTS AND NECESSITIES— (continued).

#### MRS. DORA MOLE'S HAIR TONIC.

If you wish your hair to be bright, glossy, and silky, you must use Mrs. Dora Mole's Hair Tonic. This invaluable preparation is patronised by such well-known women as Miss Irene Vanbrugh and others, who are eminently satisfied with the results of usage and who, we are told, are freely recommending it to their friends. The tonic is perfectly harmless and greatly enhances the appearance of a woman by showing up her chief beauty, the hair, to its best advantage. The necessity of tonic for the hair is extremely obvious. For as we ourselves are very apt to get run down unless we have something to keep up our strength, so the hair, unless treated with something which will renew its vitality, will quickly lose all its gloss and become very poor.

#### THE VELVET GRIP STOCKING SUPPORTERS.

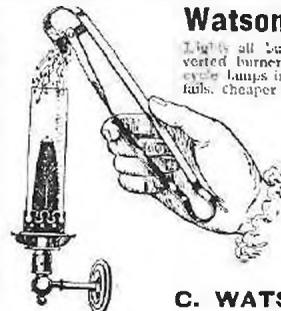
These supporters are the only ones that grip the hose really securely without injury to the hose. They are most reliable and comfortable and can be thoroughly recommended. It is simple economy to procure good supporters

### PRACTICAL HINTS AND NECESSITIES— (continued).

and unnecessary extravagance to buy common ones, for though this statement may seem contradictory, a little consideration will prove its veracity, for you will double the life of your hose if you buy the Velvet Grip, whereas imitations will rub holes immediately and make them quite useless. If you cannot procure the Velvet Grip supporters from your draper, write direct to the manufactory, Hackney Road Works, London, N.E.

**For the Home.**—To light the Gas WITHOUT MATCHES 6 months ago would have been impossible, now it is absurdly easy. No more matches will be required.

#### Watson's Gas Lighter



Lights all burnable gas, upright and inverted burners, gas stoves, also acetylene cycle lamps in any wind. Simple, never fails, cheaper than matches. Can be used by a child. Accidents impossible. No oil, no battery, simply a simple instrument that cannot get out of order.

Send for Sample, 7d.

Strong Steel Gas Lighters, 30 in. long, 3/6 each.

*Last for years.*

**C. WATSON & CO.,**

10, JESSEL CHAMBERS, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.

## GO-GO-ENE

### Hair-Restorer and Shampoo SACHETS.

Infallible for producing luxuriant growth of hair; stops falling out; removes dandruff; restores colour. It contains no dye.

**GO-GO-ENE, Ltd.,**  
109, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.

In sizes **6d.** and **1s.** each, post free.

## A PERFECT COMPLEXION

secured by

**MASSAGE AND ELECTRIC TREATMENT.**



Ladies personally treated for Skin Discolouration (including Leucoderma) by entirely New and Harmless Method. Splendid Results. Terms on application. Reduction for a course.

Electric Scabs and Hair Treatment for falling and falling Hair. Manicure. L'Esperance Herbal Skin Food. 2/- and 3/6, is unrivalled.

Scientifically and Permanently Destroyed by **ELECTROLYSIS.**

30 to 40 hairs in half an hour. **7s. 6d.** Consultation and advice free, personally or by letter. Pupils received. Orders post free in the United Kingdom.

**Madame GERTRUDE HOPE,**  
Certified Complexion Specialist,  
7, South Molton St., Bond St., W. Telephone 4288 Gerrard.

### PRACTICAL HINTS AND NECESSITIES— (continued).

#### THE IDEAL DIARY FOR 1911.

There is no nicer and more seasonable method of remembering friends than giving them a diary. Those published by Charles Lettis are unusually attractive, neatly bound and just the sort a lady would vastly appreciate. "The Daily Mirror Ladies' Year-Book" for 1911 offers a deal of practical information in diary form. With all these little pocket diaries is given a £1,000 Railway Accident Insurance, so one really does get a considerable return for the small price charged for this firm's publications.

The **Cookery School, 78A, Westbourne Grove, London, W.,** reopens after the Christmas holidays on Wednesday, January 11.

The lessons may be begun at any time, but it is a slight advantage to join at the beginning of the term, so those thinking of taking lessons should send at once for a prospectus.

The lessons are all practical, and the terms are very moderate.

A special feature is made of short courses for certificates, and every description of cookery is taught.

The Principal of the School has brought out a cookery book of high-class and economical cookery recipes as used in the School, and it will be sent free of postage to any one mentioning this magazine. The price is **4s. 6d. net.**

Notice to Ladies and Gentlemen who have sent their Left-off Garments to Miss Karr of London.

MISS KARR wishes it to be known that she has taken larger

Premises at **34, De Crespigny Park, London, S.E.** Special Rooms for Best Goods.

**LEFT-OFF CLOTHING.**

Ladies and Gentlemen wishing to dispose of same, MISS KARR will be pleased to receive Parcels or Trunks of every description and pay full value for same. Miss Karr is highly recommended for selling on commission.

Bankers: London County and Westminster Bank.  
Address: **34, DE CRESPIGNY PARK, LONDON, S.E.**

### PRACTICAL HINTS AND NECESSITIES— (continued).

How many little extra treats we might give to ourselves and our friends but for that one drawback, the absence of the great necessity of life, money. If you have any odd trinket, old gold, precious stones, sterling silver or Sheffield plate, platinum, teeth, or snuff-boxes that you do not want, why not send them straight off to Allen & Daws, 120, London Street, Norwich? If you do they will return you the full value of the article you wish to get rid of, either making an offer or sending you cash immediately; and by this means you will not always have to deny yourself anything you may desire through want of **£ s. d.**

A very pleasing addition to the breakfast or tea table is "Varsity Toast."

Prepare some hot buttered toast and spread on it some "Varsity Relish," place in hot oven for about one minute and serve. It will be found most delicious.

"Varsity Relish" can be obtained at most first-class grocers for **6½d.**

### For **SUPERFLUOUS HAIR** use



**DRASETA.** QUEEN OF REMEDIES.  
THE ORIGINAL PREPARATION.

Superior in every respect to every other means yet known for removing superfluous hair.

Absolutely harmless and non-injurious to the most delicate and sensitive skin.

**BETTER THAN ELECTROLYSIS. IT DOES NOT SCAR AND COSTS MUCH LESS.**

**OCULINE** Grows beautiful, long, thick Eyelashes and Eyebrows. Also for Styes, etc. 2/6 post free.

Copies of Testimonials and List of Specialities on application to

**MISS SANDERS, 52, Maddox Street, Hanover Square, London, W.**

and

**Messrs. W. E. Lowe & Co. (Chemists), 8, Stafford Street, Old Bond Street, London, W.**

In writing to Advertisers please mention "The Lady's Realm."



"Full many a gem the dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear," the poet tells us. I think he was foretelling the existence of Cash's specialities, for they indeed deserve the name of gems, and not everybody realises their worth. They pass through their draper's and buy



common embroideries for their linen and under-clothing, while Cash's, which is recognised as the foremost of all *par excellence*, lies in the "dark unfathomed" boxes on the draper's shelf often unasked for. Correct your mistake while you can and have your underclothing trimmed



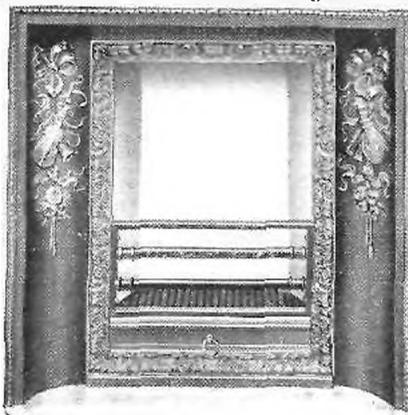
with Cash's frilling—that frilling which makes your nightdresses look so refined and dainty, which makes your bed appear so charming when edging your pillow-cases, and which looks so sweet on children's little garments. Please mark that no frilling is genuine unless bearing the name of J. & J. Cash.

Other specialities are Cash's names, initials, etc.; buy some of these and sew them on your linen. They are so distinct that no article can be mislaid. We advise our readers to write to Messrs. J. & J. Cash, Ltd., Coventry, for a

pattern-book and a catalogue, and read for themselves about the numerous creations of this well-known firm.

CARRON FIRE-GRATES.

We all like to think sometimes of the glorious past. We sit and gaze into the fire dreaming of long ago. Why not have an article which may lead us back a hundred years more easily? Such an article is a Carron fire-grate. These



grates are exact eighteenth-century models. They give a charming air to a room being executed from models of the great craftsmen of the period of Sheraton and Chippendale. They combine daintiness of exterior with the highest utility.

Write to the Carron Co., 23, Princes Street, Cavendish Square, W., for a free catalogue.



**PATENT GANESH CHIN STRAP**

Removes a Double Chin, restores lost contours, keeps the mouth closed during sleep. £1/1/6. Stronger Straps to prevent Snoring, £1/5/6.

**MRS. ADAIR**

92, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W. (Oxford St. End) [Phone 3792 Gerrard.]

5, Rue Cambon, Paris; and 21, West 38th Street, New York.

Patronised by Royalty, Recommended by the Medical Profession.

**Ganesh Eastern Muscle Oil** (Regd.). The greatest skin food and muscle producer in the world; it makes the skin fresh and healthy by producing the muscles and feeding the tissues. The muscles of the eyelids can be strengthened by massage with the oil. 5/6, 10/6, 21/6, £1/10/6.

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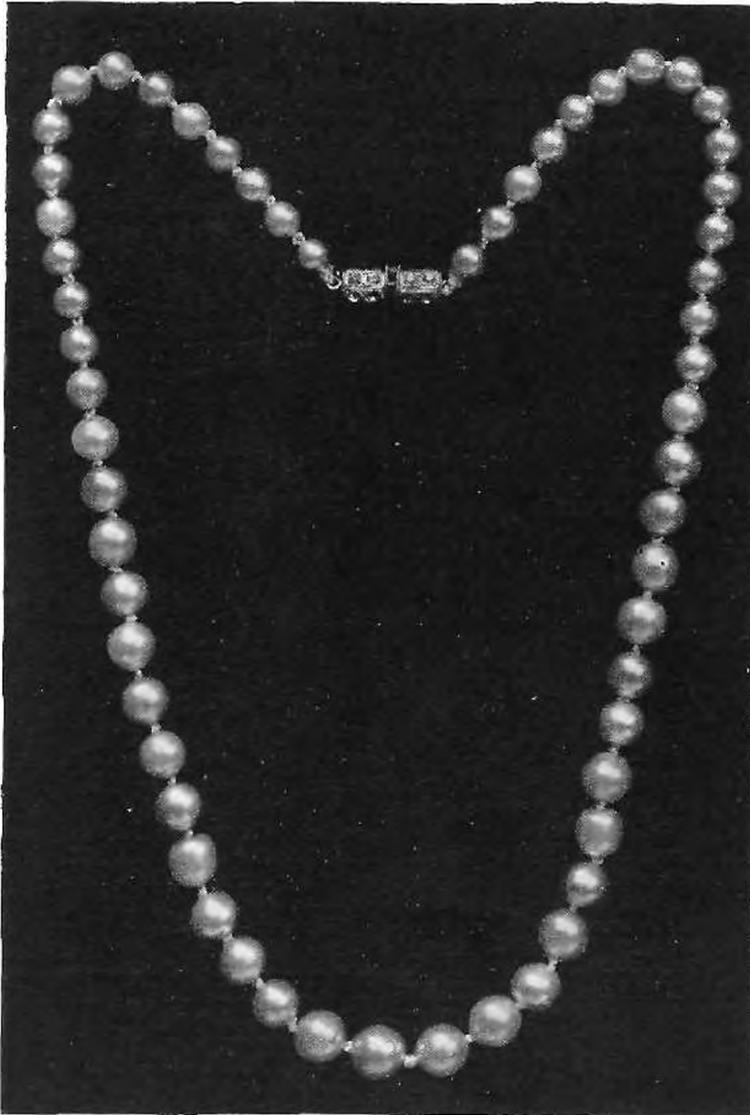
**Patent Ganesh Forehead Strap** removes lines from forehead and corners of eyes. £1/5/6.

Send for Lecture, "How to Retain and Restore the Youthful Beauty of Face and Form." Mrs. Adair sends to ladies' houses, reasonable terms.

## PRACTICAL HINTS AND NECESSITIES—(continued).

It is especially in connection with pearl reproduction that the name Whitlock flashes into memory, for the celebrated Whitlock day-light pearls cannot possibly be distinguished

We have been able to obtain a photograph which we reproduce on this page. The price of this one is three guineas. There is a tiny knot between each pearl, as would be the case



from the genuine pearl of the ocean, being identical in shape, colour, and radiance. This assertion will be a revelation; it is perfectly true, however, and the success which has so justifiably attended the introduction is quite unprecedented.

in a row of genuine pearls. A second quality is two guineas, and a third one guinea. My readers who cannot call can have them sent by post to any address in the world on receipt of remittance sent to Mr. Whitlock, Court Jeweller, 23, Sloane Street, London, S.W.

In writing to Advertisers please mention "The Lady's Realm."

# D. H. EVANS & C<sup>o</sup>, Ltd.

290 to 320, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

OUR WINTER SALE commences JAN. 2, 1911,  
and continues for One Month.

Any Goods ordered from this Advertisement before date named will  
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No. 1.—**The New Riding Knickers**, sent lined Chamole Leather and Leather at knees. In Black only. Usual Price, 11/6; Sale Price, 10/9

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No. 4.—**Real Shetland Spencers as supplied by us to Royalty**. Under the Patronage of the late Queen Victoria we developed the Scottish Industry connected with Real Shetland Hand-Knitted Garments. We have supplied them to members of every Royal Family in Europe. Particularly suitable

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No. 7.—**Ladies' White Hand-Knitted String Gloves**, for Hunting. Sale Price, 1/9 per pair.

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Write for Sale Catalogue which contains Illustrations of 600 other Bargains.

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## ***Publishers' Announcements***

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# **The LADY'S REALM**

during the coming year, 1911, will be an epitome of the best thought of the day on all matters which really interest the educated woman, both in regard to her peculiarly personal interests as well as her increasing power in the world's affairs.

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The LADY'S REALM articles are always presented to the reader in an attractive and interesting manner: this has won for the magazine the important place which it holds among contemporary literary publications.

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# **THE LADY'S REALM**

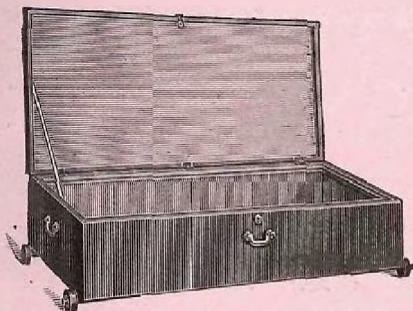
is the most enjoyable illustrated magazine before the public. It stimulates the mind by its originality, and offers wholesome hours through its excellent short stories. You will be doing your friends a kindness by drawing their attention to this fact.

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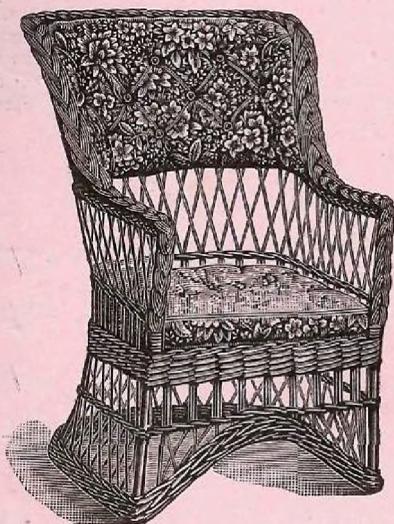
***There are subscribers to the LADY'S REALM from every civilised country in the world, and thousands of readers in British Colonies.***

# JANUARY BARGAINS AT BARKER'S

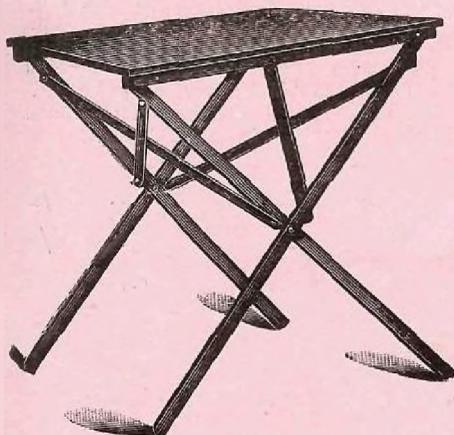
in the BRUSH AND TURNERY DEPARTMENT at the New Premises in  
Kensington High Street, London, W.



No. L.R. 9



No. L.R. 10



No. L.R. 1

## UNCREASED CLOTHES

☛ To prevent ugly creases in wearing apparel, they should be laid out flat, and at full length. This can be done quite easily in the **Under-Bed Wardrobe**, which measures: Length, 52 in., Width, 24 ins., Depth, 12 ins. It is made of extremely light and strong three-ply hardwood, and runs out of sight, under the bed, on 4 wheels. Brass handles at each end, and a brass fitting for padlock. A space-saving article which can be used with advantage in every bedroom.

Only ... .. **17/9** each  
Sectional Tray ... .. **4/3** extra

## TO SIT AT EASE

in one of these Chairs is a "rest" cure by your own fireside. The wicker framework is stoutly made, yet light enough to move about easily. The covering fabric strikes a cheery note of colour in any room.

The Sale Prices are:

Upholstered in Cretonne... **7/11**  
In Green Velvet Corduroy **11/6**

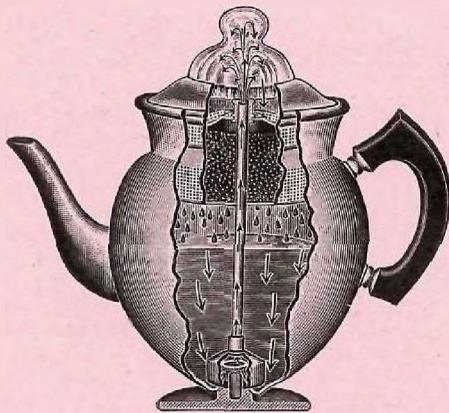
## A "HAND" AT

Bridge, Whist, or other card games can be conveniently played on the green baize-covered top of this compact Table. It occupies very little space in use, and folds up flat when done with. For social gatherings it is indispensable, and prevents damage to the ordinary furniture.

In several sizes, at the following prices:

Special Cheap Line, 22 x 22 in. **3/11**  
With Beaded Edge, ,, **5/3**  
Larger size, ,, 26 x 26 in. **9/6**

**THREE LEADING LINES, obtainable in the Ironmongery Department, are shown overleaf.**



No. L.R. II

## A FRAGRANT CUP

Of Coffee can be well and quickly made in the **Universal Coffee Percolator**. It is intended for use on any kind of range, stove, or gas ring. A handsome utensil made of pure aluminium with polished black handle.

		Price
To Make 4 Breakfast Cups		<b>12/6</b>
" " 6	" "	<b>14/-</b>
" " 9	" "	<b>16/-</b>
" " 14	" "	<b>18/-</b>

A Nickel-plated Spirit Stove to fit any of the above, for **10/6**.



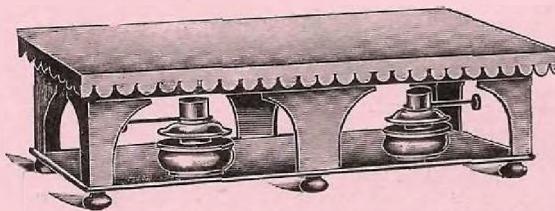
No. L.R. 17

## HEALTHY HEAT

The atmosphere of any room, hall-way, or passage, can be conveniently heated by these oil stoves. The lack of smoke or smell from these stoves makes the heat provided a healthy one. Placed at the foot of a staircase, or other open space, a pleasant warmth can be circulated to the upper parts of the house.

In two qualities:

	Candle Power :		Price
Ordinary Perfection Oil Stove	100	...	<b>11/6</b>
	300	...	<b>15/9</b>
"Kensington" Perfection Oil Stove	100	...	<b>14/6</b>
	300	...	<b>18/-</b>



No. L.R. 8

## APPETISING DISHES

Can be kept warm and served hot by using **Boyd's Table Heater**. With one of these at hand, the late arrivals at table are no longer a source of anxiety to "The Lady of the House." Made of genuine English copper, and handsomely finished, in 3 sizes:

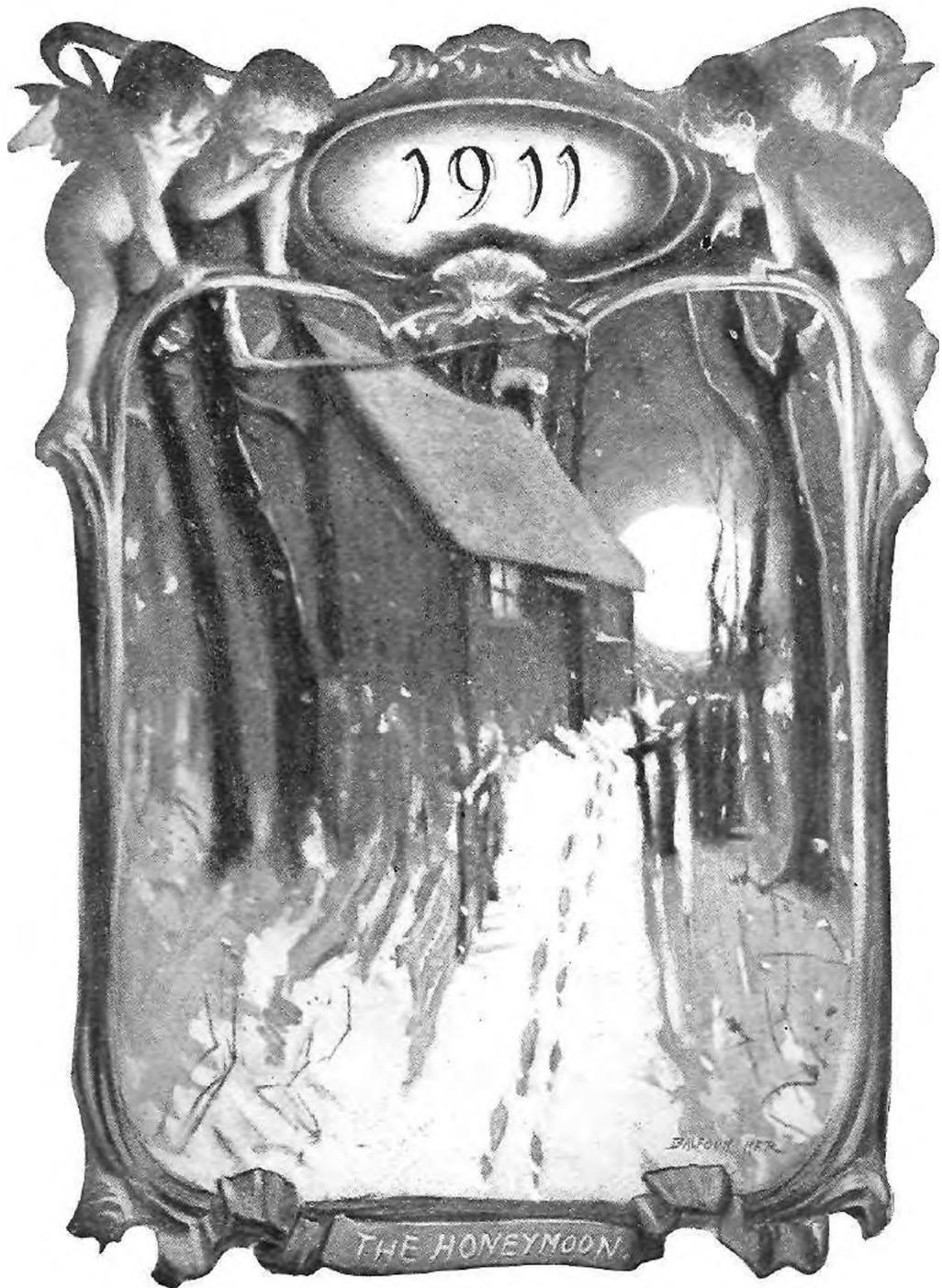
Length	With	Price
14 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins. ...	1 lamp ...	<b>16/9</b>
24 ins. ...	2 lamps ...	<b>26/9</b>
33 ins. ...	3 ,, ...	<b>39/9</b>

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Telephone: 3520 Kensington (20 lines). Telegrams: "Barkers, Kensington, London".





WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON

# THE LADY'S REALM

Vol. XXIX

JANUARY 1911

No. 171

## Editorial Greetings for the New Year.

IT is not too late, I hope, to express seasonable greetings to our large family of readers. A person of discernment endeavours to make sure that his expressions of goodwill are not scattered haphazardly to the world at large. It is sometimes a little trying to offer spontaneous goodwill to those who cordi-

ally hate us and the work we stand for; but the body of readers of a particular publication are generally of a like outlook, temperament, and frame of mind, or they would not look for their mental *divertissement* month after month in the pages of their particular pet magazine. THE LADY'S REALM has a fairly large family



" OSSIP SCHUBIN "

One of Germany's important women novelists at work.



*Photo Boissonnas.*

**PRINCESS BARIATINSKY**

who is at present in London to play in English a comedy written by her husband.

throughout the world, and an increasing one!

The times do seem a bit out of joint, I allow, but I should imagine most of us do not fret overmuch on that account. "Come storm, come sunshine, keep a smiling face and a stiff lip," is my toast. Keep the old British spirit burning and the flag flying, and to perdition with the enemies who would have it otherwise! I raise my glass to you; whether you are living in this politically flea-bitten Britain; amid the prairies of "our Lady of the Snows" or on the plains and hills of India, far-away Australasia and New Guinea (we even have a reader there), I wish you the best of luck and a cheerful heart during the coming year.

**"Quo Vadis?"**

**T**HIS general unrest so vaguely prevalent is a matter of much concern among women, and I have given this number over to expressions of opinion on the subject by women publicists of England, Germany, and France.

"Quo vadis?" is an appropriate title, and if it does nothing more than give readers food for thought, it will have served its purpose.

**Woman and Compulsory Military Service.**

**U**P to the time of going to press with this number several letters have come to hand endorsing my recent appeal to the women in the matter of compulsory military service for the manhood of the country. This is very gratifying, as the parson says of the Easter offertory, but we want active co-operation if women are deadly serious. I want a woman with organising ability from each village and town throughout the kingdom to make herself the centre of a very pertinacious

band who mean to give the men a bad time unless they move in this direction.

Will you help? It is all very well telling me I "hit the nail on the head": I want you to hit somebody's head instead—to make them *think and see a little beyond their own garden length*. Modern methods of persuasive argument are very polite, but the old method of inducement with a bludgeon often brought about quicker and more effective results.

### The Will of the People.

OUR race are sometimes inclined to live on phrases, despite the common sense with which they are generally accredited. *Vide* that old chestnut about the Battle of Waterloo being won on the playing-fields of Eton (which it certainly was not). Then there is another equally catchy and attractive phrase which is much in evidence in these days—the "will of the people." I should like to know, kindly reader, to what extent your will and mine prevails outside our domestic and business boundaries. Does our will prevail by the mere dropping of a ticket, say, in the ballot-box, or does our will prevail in the matter of arranging income tax or death duties? It seems to an onlooker that politicians and other clamouring persons spend most of their time fighting about non-essentials. Food and clothing for the body, a covering for the head, a little mental stimulant



Photo Bassano.

HERMIONE

the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lytton, Knebworth, Herts.

and decent companions, about sum up my modest requirements.

### Caring for the Poor.

THE chief pawn in the game is apparently that very extensive class "the poor" (which includes most of us!), each party and sect clamouring for the sole right of exercising their beneficent care in looking after a class of people whose only desire, judging from what they say of themselves, is to be left alone. Mr. Stephen Reynolds, the well-known writer who has made the real poor (*i.e.* illiterates) a life-long study, is not only conscious that the poor want to be left alone, but he is con-

vinced that they ought to be left alone. The average healthy, sane person only desires as much happiness as there is to

widely-read of contemporary German novelists, as also one of Berlin's most popular hostesses. In a beautiful studio



MISS ZENA DARE  
the actress, taking her exercise in the Row, Hyde Park.

be found in a topsy-turvy world, but the majority of people put obstacles in the path of others attaining this in their own particular way by the confounded interest they take in *doing good*—to somebody else.

#### A Popular Austrian Novelist.

“**O**SSIP SCHUBIN” is the masculine and Russian-sounding pseudonym of an Austrian lady who is one of the most

“Ossip Schubin” and her sister, Fraulein Marie Kirschner, the clever artist, give weekly “at homes” attended by the best-known people resident in or visiting Berlin. In this charmingly cosmopolitan *salon*, where the cosy English fashion of gathering in an informal way round the afternoon tea-table was introduced for the first time, one may meet members of the Imperial court, the different Embassy corps, and all the most talented artists and writers

of the day. No hostess in the German capital brings the world of society and art more successfully together.

"Ossip Schubin's" books, too, are cosmopolitan in their themes. Her last, *The Tragedy of an Idealist*, reveals a familiarity with English life and character unusual in foreign writers, and should serve to dispel many fables still current about England abroad. Her earlier stories describe the Austrian court so vividly that they led the critics astray as to the identity of their author, then hardly out of her childhood, whom they took to be a highly-placed official; while others describe country life in Bohemia. In *Boris Lensky* one may recognise a portrait study of the great musician Rubinstein, who was a friend of "Ossip Schubin's" girlhood.

The celebrated authoress spends the summer months in her picturesque Schloss "Krnsko," far away out of the beaten track, some miles from Prague and near the castle of the Waldsteins, the friends and patrons of Beethoven. She is glad to retire here for awhile from social life in Berlin to work hard in answer to the pressing demands of thousands of insatiable readers.

### A Ghost Story.

THERE is a story going the rounds of a lady of the suffragette order, who arrived to spend Christmas at an old Jacobin house that was reputed to be



*Photo Lafayette.*

#### MARQUIS DE SOVERAL

Late Portuguese Ambassador to the British Court, who has followed his Royal master into exile. The Marquis was a close personal friend of his late Majesty King Edward. He is unmarried, and is welcomed in English Society for his bonhomie and genial nature. Among his friends the Marquis is generally known by a very intimate *sobriquet*.



LADY BURRELL, ONE OF IRELAND'S FAIR DAUGHTERS  
 Second wife of Sir Merrick Raymond Burrell, J.P., a well-known Sussex county gentleman.

haunted. Insisting that she was afraid of nothing, she begged to be allowed to sleep in the haunted room, and accordingly she was put there for the night. As midnight struck she woke to hear a clinking sound coming along the corridor. She listened, and heard steps; then her door opened, and she dimly made out a figure in the dark coming toward her. Too

terrified to speak, she watched it advance, and suddenly became aware of a heavy burden weighing her down before she fainted dead away.

Recovering, some hours later, she still felt the burden, and afraid to move she cried for the maid, who entered the room exclaiming, as her eyes fell on the bed, "Drat that boy, he's been at it again!"

explaining that the under-footman had a habit of walking in his sleep, taking a plate-basket with him, and carefully laying the table, the lady's bed being covered with a neatly arranged array of spoons and forks.

### Christmas Abroad.

**T**HE big hotels at fashionable seaside resorts are being affected by the craze for the hotel Christmas; managers find that they get more and more custom each succeeding year; while since the craze for winter sports has reached such a pitch, all the smart hotels at the fashionable Swiss skating resorts are crowded during Christmas week with English visitors, whose one and only idea seems to be that of being relieved of the burden of Christmas preparations, and to escape somewhere where they can enjoy the delights of the festive season as far away as possible from their own homes and their own domestic circles.

### An Ingenious Costume.

**T**HE moiré coat and skirt is the correctest thing imaginable for a front pew at St. George's, Hanover Square, or



THE CROWN PRINCESS OF DENMARK

Born in 1879 on Christmas Eve, and was married to Prince Christian of Denmark in 1898 at Cannes. The Princess and her husband are very much liked in democratic Denmark for their genial good-nature and simple court life.

St. Margaret's, Westminster. I heard a month back of a certain lady whose ingenuity and pluck far exceeded her dress allowance. After reading of the daring with which the great M. Poiret requisitions the most unpromising materials for some of his most startling creations, she took her courage (and her scissors) in both hands and "blew together" a costume of plum-coloured moiré, such as thrifty souls use for silk-simulating petticoats,

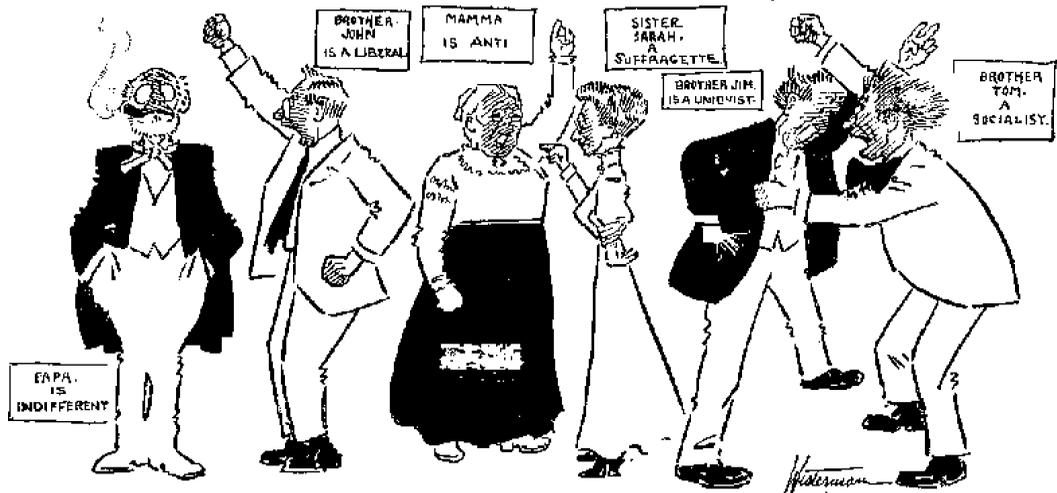
and, with the help of a providential fog, cut a dash among the Paquin- and Doucet-gowned *convives*, and gained a reputation for sinful extravagance which years of subsequent shabbiness will scarcely live down.

### Decorations for Ladies.

THE fashion of giving orders to ladies is of much more modern origin than the custom of decorating men for some service rendered to their country, and even at the present day there are comparatively few women who are so honoured. Most European States have a medal or order which is bestowed alike on men and women who have distinguished themselves either in art, in scientific research, or in literature. The actual Royal orders are for the most part only bestowed on women of Royal

or noble birth, and are generally given to those who have spent their lives in the atmosphere of courts. Queen Victoria initiated nearly all the English orders for ladies. The Victoria and Albert Order was founded on February 10, 1862, and is in four classes. The Imperial Order of the Crown of India was instituted on December 31, 1877, in remembrance of her having been proclaimed Empress of India. This order is of only one class, and is given to those women who have done service in India, to the wives and relations of Indian Princes, and to the wives of high Indian officials.

The popular order of the English Red Cross was founded in more recent years (1883), to be bestowed on those women who had given their services as nurses in the time of war.



Peace and Goodwill at this time of the year in our Happy Family.

# The Wise Men of Petit-Pré

BY MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

THE year was one of public rejoicing throughout Switzerland, for in it occurred the birthday of the Federation, which is observed only once in a hundred years. In the Canton of Neuchâtel, which, till 1848, was a principality vested in the King of Prussia, enthusiasm ran as high as in the older cantons; and in a certain unimportant rural commune, which I call Petit-Pré, it ran higher even than at Berne or Zurich. The place, with its five hundred inhabitants, was as much a unit of the republic as any city, and, being small, was all the prouder of its entity. It was with disfavour that the citizens of Petit-Pré heard rumours of a project for the grouping of villages in the coming celebration, holding that each village republic—that is, commune—ought rather to emphasise its independence than to sink it on this occasion. The proposal had been discussed and rejected among them weeks before it was made. Members of the Communal Council were in no doubt as to the course expected of them when they received a deputation, composed of the vice-president and the treasurer of the Commune of Bernier, one night in April in the village school-room.

The President of Petit-Pré, Monsieur Auguste Favre, agriculturist, sat back in his chair, fingering his pleated chin and blinking at an oil-lamp with a metal shade which hung above the centre of the plain deal council-board; his eight colleagues, also agriculturists, imitated his demeanour as far as in them lay; while

first one and then the other of the delegates spoke for Bernier. Bernier, it was represented, was the chief town of the district; it had ten times the population of Petit-Pré, from which it was distant less than three kilometres. Why should not the commune of Petit-Pré join forces with Bernier at the approaching national festival as those of St. Medard, of Valpinet, and of Ombresson had agreed to do? Together the result would furnish a spectacle of more magnificence than any one of the communes could achieve separately, with an edifying exposition of unanimity and brotherhood. When, all this and more having been said, the delegates seemed exhausted, the president of Petit-Pré stood up and said:

“Gentlemen, you have heard the proposal of our friends from Bernier. It is for you to reply, accepting or refusing that proposal in the name of the commune.”

He sat down again, and at once fell to fingering his chin and staring at the lamp as before.

The schoolmaster, Monsieur Klaus, who sat, as clerk, at a remote table by himself, but was in truth the moving spirit and intelligence of the council, touched the broad back of one of the members at the board and, leaning over, whispered in his ear. That member sprang to his feet, as if galvanised, exclaiming hoarsely:

“If the celebration is to be in common, why should it be held at Bernier and not at Petit-Pré?”

He sank back as suddenly, and, pulling out a handkerchief which was also a map of Switzerland, mopped his face with it.

"But, gentlemen," cried one of the delegates in extreme surprise, "is not Bernier the chief town of the valley—as it were the elder brother of its other communes?"

The elegant, town-bred French in which this query was enmeshed intimidated the peasant audience. But the schoolmaster, a man of culture, protested.

"The right of primogeniture is unknown in our republic. It is the appanage of monarchy and oppression."

Technically speaking, Monsieur Klaus had not the right to speak ere he was spoken to in that assembly. But to-night he could not be still, regarding the proposal of the deputation as an attack on himself with intent to deprive him of a chance of distinction. In Petit-Pré he would, of course, be pageant-master; whereas in Bernier, which boasted greater lights, he would be nobody at all.

"Monarchy and oppression," he repeated, rolling the r's formidably, as if those words epitomised the aims of Bernier.

"That is true—very true," came in chorus from the members of the council; one of whom stood up and gave it as his opinion that all the communes were but younger brothers, that they should keep the feast, to which they all looked forward, separately—which meant together, in the truest and most fraternal sense—Petit-Pré, like Bernier, instead of Bernier alone finding itself illuminated and full of the sweet sounds of music, while Petit-Pré lay deserted, dark, and silent beneath the stars.

Applause followed this peroration. The picture of their village desolate was very moving.

"But surely, gentlemen, you will not decline our proposal summarily?" cried the vice-president of Bernier.

At that the elders of Petit-Pré again hesitated, fearing lest the word "sum-

marily" might involve some penalty, and wishing that they had the code at hand, to look it up. Again the schoolmaster, who was known to have the code by heart, spoke out to their relief.

"Each commune has free choice in such a matter," he pronounced judicially.

"But, Monsieur le Président . . ."

"I will put it to the vote, monsieur."

The motion that Petit-Pré should join with Bernier in the rejoicings otherwise than in spirit, as behoved true brothers, was unanimously rejected.

"But at least," pleaded the vice-president of Bernier, "the people of Petit-Pré will not abstain from assisting at the patriotic discourse, which Monsieur Elie Pom of the Federal Council will deliver in the square at Bernier at eleven o'clock in the morning of that auspicious day?"

"Fear nothing, monsieur. We shall not forget our brothers."

The delegates then withdrew, leaving the village fathers with a sense of duty done. No sooner did the president return from speeding the departing visitors than Monsieur Klaus cried:

"If I may proffer a suggestion to Monsieur le Président, it is that we at once appoint a committee and a director, and inaugurate the festal work. Members of the Council will be *ex officio*, that is understood; and in addition—"

"Wait, wait, Monsieur Klaus! Allow us time to think." The president stopped him with a touch of irritation. In that room, with the implements of his daily work around him, the schoolmaster was apt to forget the respect due to the council, his employers, and admonish them as small children. Monsieur Klaus, rebuked, ran the handle of his pen through his stubble of fair hair and bit his lip hard, looking down. Having given the snub due time to take effect, the white-haired president pursued calmly:

"What say you, my colleagues? It seems to me a good idea. Monsieur le Pasteur must sit with us on the committee,



*Drawn by Dudley Hardy.*

"The President's daughter-in-law made a vexatious suggestion."

and, if I may suggest it, my daughter-in-law Julie. In a question of costume and of decoration the ladies will demand their say."

"Aye, the ladies may be useful," replied the councillors indulgently. "There is the wife of the pasteur, who has such good taste, and the widow Pictet, who has so much money."

"And if I may proffer a suggestion," put in Monsieur Klaus, himself again, "Mademoiselle Rose Bonnaz, my colleague of the girls' department, could set her young ladies to work upon the costumes in the hours assigned to needlework. Would you add her name?" he asked with deference.

"Let it be so. Now we are complete. Monsieur Klaus will have the goodness to draw up the list of names and to notify those members who are not here present."

The schoolmaster bowed, speechless, a prey to great embarrassment. He was sucking his pen convulsively, and moving about in his chair, very red and uncomfortable. The agriculturist with whom he lodged, his usual mouthpiece on the council, came shortly to his rescue, saying:

"Gentlemen, I have the honour to propose that Monsieur Klaus take part with us on this committee; and that, seeing the satisfaction he has always given in the organisation of our annual schoolfeast, he be appointed director of the fêtes, under the orders of the said committee."

This motion was immediately seconded.

"A good idea, indeed!" said the president with benevolence. "Who more deserving than our Monsieur Klaus? I will put it to the vote at once."

Monsieur Klaus bit hard at his pen, and tried to frown as if he thought of refusing. He believed that he had enemies, and smiled sardonically when the motion was carried without one dissentient voice.

He then, with the approval of the council, drew up a project of rejoicing, which included an open-air service, a banquet, a procession, the illumination of

the schoolhouse, and fireworks. But it was on the procession that his thoughts were focused in the days which followed; for that alone offered scope to an erudite imagination. It must demonstrate the whole history of Switzerland, her progress, her institutions, her religious and social freedom, her intellectual and political superiority. It must convey a patriotic lesson to the minds of all beholders.

The episode of Tell and Gessler, the League of the Forest Cantons, Zwinglius, Calvin, Napoleon I., the retreat of the French from Sedan upon Neuchâtel, when the Swiss massed their militia on the frontier and forbade the Prussians to traverse it under arms—the Past, both recent and remote, was present with him. His speeches before the committee were admired. They displayed such control of the subject in all its bearings that after the first two meetings his colleagues left it to him; merely stipulating that whatever he did must be kept secret from the men of Bernier, who were known to be watching Petit-Pré with jealous eyes.

It was not till the preparations were well advanced, and many of the dresses finished, that any voice was raised against his management. Then at a meeting in the president's house, a crowded meeting, in a narrow room, Madame Julie Favre, *née* Bonnivet, the president's daughter-in-law, made a vexatious suggestion. Madame Julie was a town-bred lady, who had been to boarding-school; she was also heiress of a hundred thousand francs. With her a certain elegance had invaded the old chalet, where the president and his wife, and his sons and his sons' wives, dwelt under the same roof, with stables, pigsties, granaries—a roof resembling that of Noah's ark. Flowers and books appeared there. She was not a lady who could be suppressed or ridiculed. Her wish to figure in the pageant had from the first been pronounced; but her possession of a baby two months old had been considered an invincible drawback. She now objected.

"Monsieur Klaus, in your love for the past you are forgetting the present and the future."

"Pardon, madame, not at all. The Communal Council, bringing up the rear, expresses the Present perfectly."

"And the future, Monsieur Klaus?"

"Madame, I do not know how one can represent the future, seeing it is not yet known."

"Ah, Monsieur Klaus! Monsieur Klaus! It could be done so easily! Do not our dear children represent our hopes of it? Let the children, I entreat you, join in the procession, not as children merely, but dressed up somehow to express futurity."

"They should have wings like little angels. Ah, it is ravishing!" cried out the widow Pictet, who was sentimental.

"Then," Julie continued, "I would have mothers, with young babies, walking in front of those children. I myself will gladly carry my own darling Alfred, though he is so heavy."

"It is delicious! It is exquisite!" The women flung themselves on Julie.

"It is a fine idea!" exclaimed the pastor in the background.

"You will go and tire yourself, Julie," grumbled the president.

"It is an idea," murmured Monsieur Klaus, for whom applause had weight. "First, the glorious past, and then the present, and then the future bringing up the rear."

"Never!" cried Julie, horrorstruck. "The future leads!"

"That is true, Monsieur Klaus," said the president gently. "There is no gain-saying that. One looks forward to the future; one looks back upon the past. Therefore the future is in front."

"And the more remote the future," added Julie, "the more in front it is. Therefore the mothers with their babies must walk first."

Monsieur Klaus himself was puzzled for a moment, troubled with a sense of being spun right round. Yet, to have women

exhibiting their young at the head of the procession, which makes or mars effect, was quite intolerable. The composition of the tail did not much matter, provided only that the tail was long. In a tone of high insistence he rejoined:

"That may be, mesdames et messieurs; none the less, is it a fact that the past always comes before the future—in civilised countries."

The confidence of his opponents was something dashed by this announcement.

"But why, explain to us, dear Monsieur Klaus?" challenged the privileged Madame Julie.

"Because, madame, because——" Monsieur Klaus sought wildly in his brain for a word, and, seizing one, the first to hand, produced it solemnly, "because, madame, it is precedent."

The effect of this definition was magical. It flashed conviction into every brain.

"Ah, precedent," sighed Julie, disappointed.

"Ah, precedent. My faith, and so it is!" exclaimed the president, and smote his forehead. The pastor also murmured, "Very true."

"So the mothers must be content to walk among the hindmost," Julie pouted. "But, dear Monsieur Klaus, you will at least dress up the children in some pretty fashion? Not in their usual clothes, I do implore you!"

Monsieur Klaus acceded to her prayer gallantly. He at once fell deep in thought upon the subject, all the women watching him. Raising his eyes at length he asked:

"What say you to the colour of hope—the blue of heaven, whence all hope descends?"

"It is a beautiful idea!" exclaimed the pastor.

"I call it ravishing!" sighed the widow Pictet.

"Yes, that will do all right," conceded Julie, who still sulked a little.

So it was arranged. Mademoiselle Rose Bonnaz and her sewing-class, with every

one in the village who could use a needle, set to work on sky-blue garments for the boys and girls. And this activity, like everything else concerning the pageant, was kept jealously hidden from the folk of Bernier, whom Petit-Pré defied in all fraternity.

At last the great day dawned—without a cloud. From an early hour the village instrumentalists blared out stirring patriotic tunes before the schoolhouse, which showed flags at every window. They went on doing so, with short intervals, till half-past nine o'clock; when the pastor stood forth in his gown and bards upon the schoolhouse steps, and bawled:

“Mes frères!”

At once the crowd was stilled, every man took off his Sunday hat, and gazed devoutly at its lining if it had one. The sermon lasted half an hour. It was followed by prayers of a patriotic character put up by private individuals, one of whom, the oldest inhabitant, spoke so broad a patois that the children giggled till they caught the pastor's eye. A few hymns were sung; the president cried “Vive la patrie!” with a flourish of his hat; the band struck up once more and started marching, and the whole assembly moved off up the long straight poplar avenue to Bernier, chanting:

“O monts indépendants!”

At Bernier in the market square a lame man with a studious face harangued the crowd from a temporary stage, on which sat the communal authorities, each wearing, as did every member of the crowd, a red-and-white rosette with the federal cross in its centre.

“Mes frères!” he kept on crying.

As he grew excited and indulged in gestures his lameness grew more painfully apparent. The Federal Council is composed of invalids, it was mentioned in the crowd; how should it be otherwise in a land of workers?

When the speaker sat down, after an hour and a half, more songs were sung; and then the people of Petit-Pré straggled

back to their own village through the hayfields, under the dark pine-forest which hid half their sky. At the heavy mid-day banquet in the schoolroom there were more speeches on fraternity, more songs, more shouting of “Mes frères.” But minds were absent, dwelling on the triumph soon to come—the great procession. Now Bernier should see, and learn for once!

By four o'clock all the constituents of the pageant were mustered before the schoolhouse by the energy of Monsieur Klaus.

He stood a moment, mopping his brow, and smiling proudly as his eyes ranged over them, before he gave the signal to advance. The band struck up, the head of the procession moved off gaily, at length the forward impulse reached the very tail—all was in motion. Monsieur Klaus then ran and overtook the vanguard, to which, as the patriot Stauffacher, he of right belonged.

There was the Past—ten ranks of historical persons, male and female, in grand costumes, some hired, some made on purpose; and then the Present—members of the Communal Council all in sober broadcloth, each wearing a black hat shaped like a pork-pie with a brim to it, the gendarme in his uniform, the pastor in his gown and bands; and then the Future—children clad in blue from hat to kae, with a twinkle of white stockings and white shoes beneath, followed by some twenty mothers carrying babies, and a few fathers bearing heavy children, before whom walked the village butcher with a banner thus inscribed: “The Future—Hope of the Fatherland.” An unorganised group of men and women brought up the rear.

The band played, the children sang:

“Roulez, tambours, pour couvrir la frontière!  
Au bord du Rhin guidez-nous au combat!”

as the procession crossed the fields to the first halting-place, a group of chalets under the eaves of the forest; where



*Drawn by Dudley Hardy.*

" In a trice a dozen separate fights were raging "

Monsieur Klaus had arranged that all the historical persons should strike proper attitudes: Tell should take aim at the apple, Gessler should scowl tyrannically, the reformer Zwinglius should strike his Bible, the three original patriots should visibly renew the oath sworn centuries ago upon the field of Uri, and so on; the same to take place at every halt.

Arrived at the first chalets all went well. No one forgot his part, the children sang "O monts indépendants!" with all their might. And yet a sense of failure came to every one. What was it? Everything seemed perfect.

The singing flagged perceptibly, the posturing relaxed. All at once a voice cried:

"This is stupid. No one is looking!" It proceeded from the deep throat of the reformer Zwinglius.

Exclaiming "What ails these peasants? Are they all asleep?" Monsieur Klaus precipitated himself against the door of the nearest chalet. "Hi, père Carteret! Awake! Come out and look!"

"I am not within! I am here with all the family!" piped an old man in the rear of the procession.

"It is droll," muttered Monsieur Klaus, with an attempt at gaiety. "It seems they are all out with us—the inhabitants. Forward!"

At his command the pageant moved again, but somehow limply. There was no more singing. The very children drew dejected faces, and whispered anxiously among themselves. When again, at the next halt, there were no spectators, the horror of the marchers became loud-voiced and angry. Where were the mountain-herdsmen with their wives and families who of right belonged to Petit-Pré? Where but at Bernier, persuaded, doubtless, by the promise of a grander show?

"We are betrayed!" cried Gessler, furious. And the cry was taken up down all the ranks. Some women, many children, wept aloud. The rout was total. In vain did Monsieur Klaus essay to cheer

the marchers, even shame them into perseverance. They kept falling out by twos and threes, and making off sullenly across country. It was no procession that returned to the starting-point, but a series of despairing groups, eccentrically dressed. This was a pity, for a goodly crowd from Bernier, which had come down, elder-brother-like, to cry "Bravo!" was waiting for them in the open space before the schoolhouse.

"What is it?" asked a member of this crowd, struck by their disintegration. "Has a disaster overtaken you?"

A girl of Petit-Pré replied:

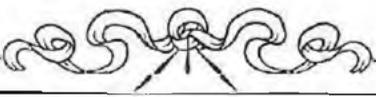
"Ah, you say well—a disaster! Picture to yourselves our chagrin: there are no spectators. Every one takes part in the procession!"

Her blabbing set compatriot teeth on edge.

The men of Bernier took some seconds to grasp the meaning of her words. Then a guffaw went up. "No spectators! Heard one ever the like? No spectators! Oh, Good Heavens! Good Heavens!"

This was much more than injured Petit-Pré could bear. The reformer Zwinglius cast away his Bible and flew at the throat of the foremost man from Bernier, screaming out "Infamous traitor!" In a trice a dozen separate fights were raging. The men of Petit-Pré, who were angry, drove back the men of Bernier, who were amused. Women screamed, and so did children. Monsieur Klaus, who might have kept some order, was fighting among the fiercest; the president and other elders used foul language never heard from them before. The pastor sprang upon the schoolhouse steps and cried "Mes frères!" again and yet again, but no one heard him.

The illumination of the village at nightfall was performed in sorrow. The fireworks excited only the smallest children as yet unskilled to read beyond mere form and colour. Petit-Pré had become a byword for collective zeal.

# QUO VADIS ?

## THE QUESTION OF THE DAY

**W**HITHER GOEST THOU ? What means this general unrest among women throughout the civilised world to-day? I have endeavoured to get some answer to the question asked by my title. Three women publicists, from England, Germany, and France, have been commissioned to write their views without prejudice (so far as any writer with bias can write thus). I have also included in the series an article which has recently been published in one of the most widely read of the women's journals in America (by permission of the editor). This must be taken as a statement of facts and not as an expression of opinion, but even as such it will give many readers "furiously to think." Our pages are open to a reply from any authoritative writer who wishes to offer some facts as against this American indictment.

THE EDITOR.





"Are the lights in the New Year's sky of 1911 a false dawn, or do they presage the coming of a new and better day?"

Englishwomen are stirred by a vague unrest. They are asking themselves the question, Are the lights in the New Year's sky of 1911 a false dawn, or do they presage the coming of a new and better day?

**S**TRANGE things are happening in the world of women to-day. A new spirit of unrest works havoc in the home; an eagerness for wider fields of work, a fierce lust for liberty and equality, are driving women away from the old standards, pricking them on towards a distant goal, seen as yet so dimly that at times the keenest-sighted and stoutest-hearted sighs: "Is it a mirage after all, this land of promise, towards which we are straining—this fair inheritance we claim, not for ourselves, but for our children and our men, for our brothers as well as our sisters, for all the great family of humanity?"

There are those who see in the feminist movement a dance of Mænads, a shrieking sisterhood on whom the rod of some false god has fallen "and stung them forth wild-eyed," leaving their distaffs and their duties for mad orgies on the mountainside, as Pentheus in Euripides' drama saw in the women of Thebes, possessed by Bacchic frenzy, "maniac armies."

To others a martyr's halo beams round the head of the vote-seeking breaker of windows and hustler of Cabinet Ministers.

Others again say there is no woman question at all; it exists only in the excited fancy of a negligible few, who for their own ends foment discord between man and woman.

These last must be blind if they cannot see that something is stirring women the world over, moving them to timid experiments, to bold claims, to rash excesses.

They must be deaf if they cannot hear the ever-swelling murmur of the woman's march towards freedom.

The wind flaps oddly in the banners borne by hands unused to holding such emblems aloft. Now and then discordant cries rise from the vanguard. Disorder and indecision turn the procession at times into a mob. Stones and mud wound and bespatter the marchers.

Fifty years ago a few strong women stepped out, shoulder to shoulder. Their aims were definite, clear, soon told.

"Law," they said, "and custom ordain that when woman asks, man should have the right to give or withhold. On his 'yes' or 'no' hangs the fulfilment of our wishes. Gladly or grudgingly we have endured this for centuries past. Now we wish for freedom to do as we please. Give it to us."

That was how this movement among women began. The history of its development is the history of our own life times.

What is the end to be—the common weal or the common woe?

What is the meaning of the general restlessness which pervades all ranks and all races of women to-day?

Whither do these new desires tend, these reiterated cries, these travailings of spirit which have seized womankind like those strange possessions of which we read in mediæval chronicles?

Are the lights in the New Year's sky of 1911 a false dawn, or do they presage

the coming of a new and glorious day after the murky night of storm and fears ?

In the sixteenth century there came to Italy a Renaissance of art and learning, which opened to the eye and soul of man worlds undreamt of by strugglers in mediæval darkness.

Are we to have in the twentieth century the Renaissance of woman—a rebirth whose consummation will touch the springs of human life, not within the boundary of a country or a continent, but from pole to pole ?

Perhaps.

The idea is so large, so all-embracing, is it wonderful that women, whose natural dispositions and age-long training have made them take an individual rather than a general view of life, should be content with looking at the subject from the point of view of their own tastes or ambitions and fads ?

To the woman who tries to solve this modern riddle of the Sphinx, the woman question, as we face it to-day, whether she comes to it with the light-hearted curiosity of a charming young girl whose ideas are as yet unformed, or with the strenuous prejudices of the advanced feminist, I would say : " If your ear is to catch the answer, already vibrating faintly, distantly, in the far-off harmony of the spheres, you must come with humbleness for your ignorance and awe for the thought of what the answer may mean for mankind."

I am an inquirer, not a prophetess. I am listening for the answer.

On two points, though, I have already come to a conclusion.

To treat the woman question from the point of sex-antagonism is futile. Woman's good is man's good. Till the scales have fallen from eyes which see man impoverished in giving to woman, the bitterest battles are as yet unfought. The interests of male and female humanity lie closer than the bark to the tree. The knife that tries to separate them brings death to both.

To begin one's study by praising or attacking the different manifestations of the movement—frivolous unrest, suffrage agitation, higher education—instead of trying to look at it from the standpoint of an heiress of the ages, a living link between history made and history yet to come, is likely to be as useful as an attempt to study bacteriology without a microscope.

To most women it is infinitely difficult to realise that the whole is greater than the part. This, however, is an axiom that will stand fast while a hundred generous feminine impulses flare up into brief warmth and flicker down to a cold, ashy death.

The question is a vital one, but it is only national to this extent : on the character of her people depends a nation's strength or weakness, and nature has put it into the blood and bones of us to wish that our England may stand high among the nations.

In this country, just now, the mood of Hamlet is on us all.

" The times are out of joint," we cry, and we curse the fate that has set our birth at a moment when the effort to set it right interferes so crudely with the harmonies of a well-ordered existence.

A theme for general and special discontent is the restlessness of the modern woman—from the society *élégante* to whom the ties of family and morals are tiresome shackles, interfering with her pleasures, to the bricklayer's wife who leaves her lord to rock the cradle and toast his own kipper while she attends a political meeting. We are agreed only in being thoroughly dissatisfied with one another and ourselves.

It is difficult to play the game with spirit and be a looker-on at the same time, but the human mind can perform more complicated feats than this. In playing the game of life this attitude of subconscious criticism is necessary if we hope for success.

John Stuart Mill says of our country : " There is no place where human nature

shows so little of its original lineaments. Both in a good and a bad sense the English are farther from a state of nature than any other modern people.

It is the generally accepted idea that English women rather than men are responsible for the conventions and restrictions which burden the British character.

Very likely it may be so.

We see, then, the Englishwoman tied about with a tangle of social red-tape, which her own hands have knotted fast. Then comes this mysterious force of nature which, working silently and secretly through æons of time, tingles in the veins of woman and makes her, almost against her will, realise that the moment is there for a great awakening. Conscious of a law stronger than herself, woman obeys. The Frenchwoman, with her inborn *savoir-vivre*, the German woman with *methodic slowness*, the Slav with temperamental impatience to see the fulfilment of her desires, the Eastern woman with the fatalistic purity of purpose peculiar to her race—all respond to the call of the voice that says: "Woman is born to freedom. Free man needs a free mate."

The Englishwoman, too, responded—earlier than most, but "the product of too much civilisation and discipline" was bound to perform ungainly antics in her efforts to escape from her self-made bonds. Her struggles are often painful to watch; but given that curious British disposition which grasps the idea of national freedom so grandly and misunderstands so utterly the longing of the individual for freedom, how could it be otherwise?

Another reason for the discords and the doubts lies, I think, in the suddenness with which all the conditions of life have changed. At the same moment that the possibility of an education more or less on the lines which had been kept exclusively for men was offered to women, the perfection of machinery as an industrial power killed at a blow all the old arts and crafts of domestic life, which

had filled their days with so many practical household duties that if such an education had been available sooner they would have had no time to make use of it. So elastic and so full of vitality is the feminine temperament that the Elizabethan or Georgian housewife would, I do not doubt, have made a brave attempt to burn the candle at both ends—and herself and her progeny would have suffered in the process.

Those who cry that woman was better off under the old régime are speaking idly to the wind.

The old régime is over.

To æsthetic or romantic minds, universal education and the lordship of machinery may seem far less desirable than the days when every woman baked her own bread and distilled sweet perfumes from her own garden. They mourn the picturesque past and deplore the material present. Such an attitude is like that of the child-lover, who, comparing the adorable grace and divine innocence of childhood with the deeply lined face and sin-soiled soul of adolescence, should cry shame on the laws of being which permit man ever to outgrow the pure ignorance of infancy.

Life without growth is death-in-life.

If the choice between "fifty years of Europe and a cycle of Cathay" were offered to the woman of 1911, perhaps she would vote in large numbers for the more peaceful period; but the choice is not hers. Willy-nilly, present-day Englishwomen are living in the most difficult half-century in which poor womanhood was ever ordained to practise the never-too-easy art of living.

This general spirit of unrest is inevitable.

When the half-baked intellectualism of the Babu breaks out into foolish mouthings and sedition, we realise philosophically, from the safe depths of our English arm-chairs, that the sudden grafting of Western book-knowledge on to the mystic wisdom of the East could not fail to produce, in the beginning, lamentable results.

Looking back on that glorious Italian Renaissance, we see the pages of its history stained by individual crimes and horrors,

watched with the eyes of the seer or the scientist, we should foresee the coming storms. The suddenness with which they



inflamed by the records of ceaseless wars and party conflicts. A consciousness of the boundless power of the human soul for the highest good in art and learning seemed to wake simultaneously with the lust for liberty in the sphere of human passions.

The mills of God grind slowly ; we are much too engaged with our own affairs to notice their ceaseless work. If we

break is disconcerting, because we have been too busily engaged with the details of living to think about life. It is not till the grinding of the countless little wheels within wheels is heard at our own doors that we prick up our ears, open our eyes, and say : " What is this that has burst upon us ? Is it a second deluge or the end of the world ? "

There is no imminent need to fear either.

Women are in a difficult position at the

one is going to suggest seriously that if woman's influence on affairs should, in course of time, be exercised rather in open



moment. With one generation of training to men's sixty, they are invited all at once to take up the economic burdens which have hitherto been carried only by men, and allowed a freedom of mind and action for which no long period of probation has prepared them.

A discussion on the power of woman's influence on man is not in place here. No

couradeship with man's judgment than in the quietly secret ways in which the majority of good women have exercised their power in the past, a new and unlovely type of woman must be evolved for which the old type of man can feel nothing but repulsion.

Put in the crudest way : Manhood has been the freer, stronger, womanhood the

more gently virtuous and weaker state. If a new phase adds strength to the weak, it need not decrease the strength of the strong. A new, nobler type of woman will produce a finer type of man.

The question of this general unrest is not one on which it is possible to take sides. The eternal ideals are not changing because the sudden inrush of women into trades and professions has given rise to many complications in a society whose laws were never passed for such a contingency.

We can no more help living quickly in this age of electricity and radium than the yeoman's wife of spacious Tudor times could help jogging through life in leisurely fashion. It may be foolish for women to want to have everything at once, it may be unreasonable for them, having quietly obtained an inch of concession to snatch at an ell, but it is surely the most natural thing in the world.

Simple enough, of course, to say that these things *should not be*. Unfortunately, however fiercely we italicise the words, uttering this or that sentiment will alter nothing. These things *are*.

Leaving on one side the woman who works, whether she be factory hand or highly paid professional, let us look at the woman of leisure. The same unrest is obvious in the rich and leisured classes.

What about the society woman of this stressful and fretful period? Does her carelessness of home ties, her terror of boredom, her greediness, her love of money, and that general looseness of principle with which she is charged, point to a decadence which is cankering the heart of the nation? Are her spasmodic efforts at patriotism, her dilly-dallying with philanthropy, her enthusiasm for sport, above all her atrocious manners, signs of the deterioration of womanhood?

To begin with, I think the fierce attitude of the critics who hurl vituperation at the modern society woman lacks justification. Vulgarity is odious, but hypocrisy is worse.

The woman who drives her own motor,

or shoots big game, or risks her complexion and loses her grace of movement by indulging furiously in sports which would have horrified her grandmother, does so for one of three reasons: either because she has no better scope for her energies, or moved by that love of adventure which led Mother Eve into such mischief, or wishful to please some man—none of them very execrable motives after all.

To an excess of primness a certain licence always succeeds. The swing of fashion's pendulum must not be mistaken for the heart-beat of a people.

Bad manners are odious, but—alas that it should be so—they are not necessarily a sign of social corruption. If youth no longer shows polite reverence for age, age is only reaping the fruits of long-exercised tyranny over youth.

Even in reviewing these superficial tendencies, even in considering a class which counts for so little in the democracy of to-day, one sees that feeling of need for a readjustment of values, a general stock-taking of all the ideas and conventions which have done good service for a very long time.

Society to-day (no longer using the word in the sense of the world of fashion) suffers from many sores and deformities, but the spirit of hurry-scurry, the craze for experiment and the hunger for the things that are difficult to get, are not, it seems to me, symptoms of sickness but of health.

Are we, as a nation, apathetic, money-grubbing, inordinately swollen in conceit? We are always telling one another and the world at large that this is so.

Happily I have not set out to discuss this proposition, only to attempt the task of analysing the cause and guessing at the ultimate end of the movement which is affecting England's women with a sort of moral St. Vitus's dance.

For lack of skill to coin a better term, I have called this cause the feminist movement. It may seem at the first flush only to affect those classes of the community

who are obliged to approach the problem of existence with care-furrowed brows—the women who have to earn for themselves the good things of life or go without them altogether. But I must insist that the movement is far wider and stronger than that.

The world is shrinking every day, and civilisation is spreading its unlovely trail into the most picturesque and beautiful corners of the earth.

Languages that have held the souls of races imprisoned in their syllables are dying out, ancient crafts are being forgotten, high traditions and old historic costumes are dropping into disuse, Art twists herself into strange contortions, and Science tries to amuse the groundlings.

It is a mad, dizzy century whose second decade is just beginning. What a theme for the pen of the historian who writes its history from the other end!

Difficult as it is to see distinctly when one stands in the noise and the fog of it all, one thing emerges clearly from the seeming confusion of cross-currents—this rushing stream of feminine impulse which is carrying with it the womanhood of the whole world.

In the palaces of Stamboul the Turkish ladies devour Frankish schoolbooks instead of sweetmeats and discuss philosophy and science with a pathetic earnestness; purdah women practise Western arts to win their husbands' love; Parsee girls study law and medicine in European

universities, and Chinese ladies are breaking the ancient traditions of the most conservative society in the world in order to satisfy the craving for freedom and knowledge which is urging them—no one knows whither.

We have not watched this movement gradually growing. Secretly and silently it has gathered strength, unnoticed and unsuspected except by a very few.

The Early Victorian matron stands popularly for the quintessence of all that is contradictory to the spirit of to-day, yet she must have had dormant within her the seeds which have developed so surprisingly in her daughters and granddaughters.

So little do we understand the inwardness of things.

Our own half-century is destroying a fabric which has stood the wear and tear of two thousand years.

We may well gaze breathless and bewildered at the ruins, and ask ourselves, Shall we be able to build a better house than the one which has fallen about our ears?

Why not?

In the past, woman had so few tools, such scanty materials at her disposal. In the future she is to be allowed freedom to search for what she needs to build a house of life strong and fair, in whose shelter the sick may grow sound and the incomplete develop into harmonious beauty.

M. STORRS TURNER.



In Germany, where we are apt to consider women's interests bounded by "Children, Church, and Kitchen," the feeling of unrest is very strong. Women of the new and old way of thinking lift their voices in public strife.

In the artistic world liberty often verges on lawlessness. Whither are they going, these many different tendencies ?

**E**VEN the most superficial consideration of the question in Germany must bring to light the fact that amongst the various opinions there are two distinct ones. One section exists of women who desire nothing better than to cast aside their trade and their wage-earning freedom to seek shelter in the security of home duties. They, in their way, are asking "*Wohin ?*" "*Quo vadis ?*"—"Whither goest thou ?" On the other hand, another and perhaps a younger section demand the right to throw aside all home duties, to free themselves from prejudice, to live untrammelled, and to lead their own individual lives. The former group, it is perhaps unnecessary to state, is recruited from the older women, from those who are touching the age of forty, or who have passed beyond it. They have, so far as their light led them, lived out their lives according to the modern creed. They have been wage-earners and independent ; they have spent their best years in factory, in shop, in toil outside of the home, and now they wonder what their reward has been, or is likely to be. Without reference to the question of home and family it is useless to touch the subject of the life of the German woman. She has been always the home-maker ; hers has been for generations peculiarly the kingdom of the little circle enclosed within the wedding-ring. She was nourished and

brought up in the idea of a sheltered home and devotion to its ideals, to the parents, the children. Now that she has sacrificed her old ideals to wage-earning, she has learned what this absolute freedom means. She was the mother of men whose devotion to their fatherland is proverbial ; she is to-day the type of the free woman, and she is asking herself "*Wohin gehst Du ?*"—"Whither goest thou ?" At forty she has been perforce compelled to realise that there is no place for her anywhere. The *Ladenmamselle* (the shop-girl) has, at forty, reached the utmost limit of her wage-earning capacity. Unless she has found promotion and a position as head of some department, she is not wanted. Heads of departments are a limited few ; she must step aside and make room for the younger generation. With fever in her eyes, she, and her sisters, the typists of limited education, the factory workers, and hosts of others, are asking "*Wohin ?*" Lonely are the lives led by women in all great cities, and German cities offer no exception. Such are some of the penalties of absolute freedom and of the creed of self-development at the cost of home, of family, of all cherished relationships that formerly made life pleasant.

It is but a short time since, at Heidelberg, a representative gathering took place of the Federation of German Women's Societies. On this occasion

burgomaster and women toasted each other with pleasant speeches and with mutual appreciation. Exactly opposed to this same incident, indicative of masculine good-will towards feminine aspiration, there exists a controversy waged over the relations of men and women towards each other at the universities. Some women recently took exception, at Bonn, to the words of songs sung by the men at their *Kommers* (i.e. musical evenings). The contention in response was that the men were willing to concede to their women fellow students every right to attendance at the universities, absolute liberty with regard to being present at the gay parties where beer is drunk and songs sung. One reservation was made, and it consisted in the suggestion that one of two courses was open: the women must either take part in the evening's amusement, refraining from criticism, or they must be prepared to withdraw their presence at the point when men begin to sing songs and choruses that, in feminine ears, seem to lack refinement.

Placed thus in opposition to each other these two incidents do much, in a synthetic way, to suggest the different trends of opinion among German women. Germany is too vast, too varied, to admit of any one type. There are many factions, and these arise partly out of the constitution of the country. On all broad issues the women are at one; it is political questions, to a considerable extent, that entail the variation. The women of Prussia, for instance, vary from the women of the south; and in making reference to the feminist movement of Germany, Austria is usually, perhaps mistakenly, reckoned with as well. Frau Marianne Heinisch bears a name known to all who have any acquaintance with the development of affairs. Just over a year ago I chatted with her, in Vienna, in her dainty home, of the women of Berlin, Munich, North Germany, as suggested by Hamburg, and Austria.

I referred to the admirable work done for women in the capital. Although over seventy years old, Frau Heinisch was busily preparing for a voyage to Canada, her first sea-trip, to represent the woman's movement at the World's Congress in the Dominion. In 1904, when Frau Marie Stritt and the Countess of Aberdeen joined hands in Berlin, I listened to the remarkable speeches in which the demand for liberty and equality of the sexes was made and recognised. A feature of that Congress held in Berlin was the hearty support yielded by the representative men of the country to the thinking women who stood for the world's progress towards development of a higher standard of life.

In Germany the women of the older school to-day look at the question from a standpoint no less keen than that which sways the younger generation. Their vision is just as clear, their ideals as high, although the younger workers seem to have altered the position of affairs considerably. An immense change within, comparatively speaking, a few years has taken place in the actual position of the women of the country, in their outlook on existence and in the chances offered to them as trained and skilled wage-earners. The German woman recognises the necessity for some substitute for the domestic life that has come to be regarded, by a certain proportion of the community, as work to be relegated to the State or to any one who cares to take it up.

From the art of a nation, from its pictures, its books, it is not difficult to trace something of its spirit. German women have never been so prolific in the art world as they are at present. Apart altogether from that group who, with clear intellectual vision and logical reasoning, base their demands on sound arguments and who have advanced progress morally and physically, there stands the German school of the typical modernists. In the Schwabing district of Munich there

is known to exist a school of thought beside which the cult of the Latin Quarter of Paris is suburban. In Berlin, six years ago, I made acquaintance with the woman of the time who trusted to her own self-development for every human satisfaction—"the right of the individual to the development of her own undisciplined nature, to the satisfaction of her own tastes and her own *Tendenz*." In pictures and in books I grasped the meaning that underlay her attitude. Exhibitors in the Secession included, and include to-day, women who paint life as seen through the eyes of the realist. Thus viewed, it holds no illusion; there is no romance in it, no suggestion even of the soul that lies at the back of things. It is entirely free from any indication of the tenderness that probably coloured existence too highly for the dreamers of generations that have gone before. Prolific writers are pouring forth books, chiefly novels. There are women in Germany to-day writing with a strong human grasp. The mass of novels from these feminine pens, however, is scarcely likely to have any lasting force. The average woman novelist amongst them is entirely subjective; her inspirations come from within herself. With a microscope in her hand she examines her own inner consciousness, lays bare every

thought and feeling. From the very fact that she recognises no restraint, those inner thoughts and feelings are too apt to touch the neurotic in art. Hysterical vapourings of personal emotions wrought to high tension play a large part in narratives that lack action almost entirely, and that might very well be utilised as pathological analyses. The German woman is nothing if not intense: hence her power as actress, as singer; hence the types created by the poet, the dreamer; hence the noble qualities that have, in days past, been attributed to her.

A glimpse of the women who throng a socialist meeting at Berlin, from princess to work-girl, would convince the most sceptical of that intensity of feeling and of purpose. When the national philosophic calm is united to this fever of intense endeavour, the movement takes on a different aspect. The women are deeply sincere, whatever may be the party to which they belong, and through that sincerity they have gone a long way from the feminist starting-point. There are those who, knowing the whole question as only they who work in the midst of it and live by its inspiration can possibly do, to the question, *Wohin?* make the reply, Towards higher ideals and a better interpretation of human love and devotion to duty.

F. MARIE IMANDT.



The Frenchwoman denies that any ungracious or restless spirit animates her countrywomen, but she sees a "movement" among them which she calls "Féminisme," a vindication of what is best in women.

THE "Woman Question" in England, *Féminisme* in France, are one and the same thing: both claim for women equality of rights, equality of education, equality of opportunities; but whilst in England the movement is marked with all the expression of a struggle, in France it appears subdued, silent, almost latent.

This simply arises from the fact that conditions are different in the two countries.

Racial characteristics and past history are different, and one great factor which intensifies the struggle in England—the numeric potentiality of women—does not exist in France; there, the number of men and women is fairly equal, both men and women depend upon each other's good-will, and their lives are so closely interwoven that it is almost impossible to divide their interests.

Still, twenty years ago *Féminisme* had to pass through its acute phase, when women attempted to graduate in the different professions regarded, up till then, as man's own realm.

There was then a decided oscillation in public opinion: "Should they be allowed to graduate or not?" And after considering the issues the answer was "Why not?"

The reasons which led to this answer were:

1. There was no clause in the statutes of any of these professions ostracising women from their rank.

2. Having no surplus of women to contend with, the men knew quite well that marriage would always remain the

most sought-for of all the professions, consequently they felt that it would be only fair that all unmarried women, or those who had become widowed, should have the chance to "face life" with the weapons best suited to their aptitudes, whatever they might be.

So women were allowed to graduate; they became doctors, barristers, architects; not only did they take their degrees, but they proved themselves worthy of them, and slowly each profession acknowledged their worthiness and offered them the prerogatives and privileges attached to these professions. The doctors became *internes*; the barrister was entitled, should the occasion arise, to step into the judge's place.

But the main reason of the "why not" of the acquiescence of men rested upon the fact that women in coming forward took a step which was expected of them.

The *Code Napoléon* may put them on the same footing as infants and imbeciles, but Napoleon was an accident in the history of France and he could not change the characteristics of the race, nor could he efface the imprint of past history; and whenever we think of *Féminisme*, we must bear in mind that as far back as we can trace woman has been a power in France. Chivalry in the Dark Ages called her the leading spirit; she was the one looked up to. Later the women shared the glory of the Renaissance—Marguerite de Navarre, Anne de Poitiers; they enhanced the light of the

*Roi Soleil* himself. Mlle. de Scudéry, Mme. de Sévigné, Mme. de Maintenon, reveal all the possibilities, all the latent power, of intelligence.

From 1316 the *châtelaines* voted in all municipal affairs; in 1576 they not only voted, but were elected to the States-General—that first-born expression of republican spirit. All through the eighteenth century the *prud'femmes* shared the co-operative administration of the arts and crafts of the country—whilst Mme. la Duchesse du Maine, Mme. la Marquise du Châtelet, Mme. d'Épinay fostered what was to be the highest and purest in the ideals of the French Revolution.

Mirabeau decided: "To man the activities of the world, to woman the gentler rearing of the race to be." Consequently the liberties of women were not taken into account in framing the new Laws of the Nation.

Olympe de Gouges in 1791 wrote a "Declaration of the Rights of Women and Citizenesses," but the issues at stake in the great struggle for freedom were too big to be hampered by the consideration of such details.

But the women did not care. Even were their rights not proclaimed, they would take their natural rights—the right to think, to act, to live, and to die by the side of the men. And they used these rights lavishly, loyally: Charlotte Corday tries to stay the Terror; Mme Roland, rising above the miseries of the times, proclaims the glory of the days to come.

Hand-in-hand the men and women of the French Revolution stood abreast, facing life and death in a line of perfect equality.

Napoleon came and crushed with the heel of an autocrat whatever liberties had been left to women by the Revolution.

The Code relegated them to a state of inferiority, but they took little heed of his decision. Life was hard, children were born only to be given away to the great Moloch, and the women of France

learned the value of human life. It became very precious to them; and when Napoleon, after the wars, left France a manless country, every woman in the land wished for a child who would live and become strong and rich and independent. For this they worked and worked: every new-born boy was to have a *patrimoine*, every girl her *dot*; to make one's children stronger and richer and better than their parents, became the unwritten law under which both men and women bowed low.

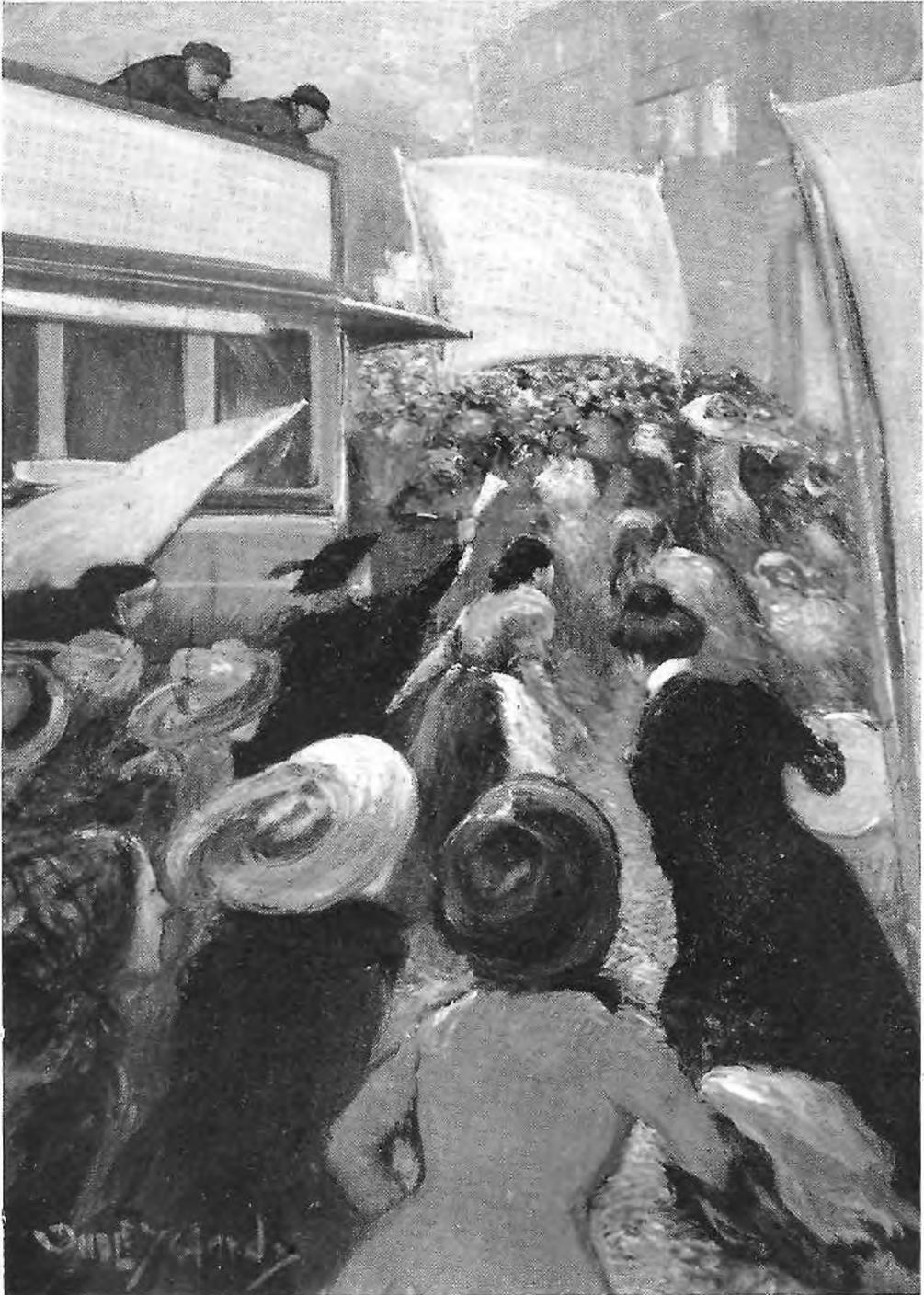
No work, no self-sacrifice, could be too great to achieve this ideal; and thus, in spite of fluctuating politics, the plodding, stolid ballast that we call the "*classe bourgeoise*" repopulated France, and filled the purse of every homestead, so that when 1870 came, 5,000,000,000 fr. indemnity could be paid up, leaving enough to enable the people to rise again.

It is that close, constant, intense collaboration of the French woman which made the French man answer when asked to make room for her, "Why not?"

It does not mean that all things came easily, pleasantly; but it means that when the seed of women's emancipation was thrown on the French soil it grew, because it came into an atmosphere ready for it.

So there was no apparent struggle. The women came and took their place, and what remains to be conquered will be conquered silently, quietly. Because *Féminisme* is not only a proclamation of the rights of women; it is a vindication of what is best in women, against what is inferior and unworthy, against all the characteristics which have been fostered by centuries of subjection and which now have no *raison d'être*. The word "honour" for the woman of the future will cease to be only the synonym of sexual "honesty"; it will become, as for man, the standard of loyalty and of truthfulness.

Still, to blossom, seeds even in the best soil, under the most favourable climatic



*Drawn by Dudley Hardy.*

" 'Whither goest thou? ' "

conditions, must be cultivated, and *Féminisme* in France has had its pioneers, its workers, its friends, and its enemies.

In France, as in England, woman is the *éducatrice par excellence*—teaching in all its branches, from the primary education to the highest grades in the most crowded profession. Mme Curie succeeded her husband as professor at the Sorbonne; The *Ecole Normale*, the University Training College for professors, has just received with honour a woman student: this amply shows the liberality and absolute equality of the sexes in that profession.

There are just now in France a good number of women barristers called to the Bar. Several have pleaded with success, and Mlle. Galtier has just had the honour *de prêter serment à la Cour d'Appel*.

Lately, also, the School of Architects has opened its doors to Mlle. Irelat.

Literature, for which women are so essentially fitted, "with their natural gift and acquired talent of observation," swarms with names equally known on both sides of the Channel—Marcelle Tynayre, Daniel Lesueur, Gerard d'Jourville, A. Barine; and there are now eighty-three women doctors all practising, and not only accepted, but welcomed by the public.

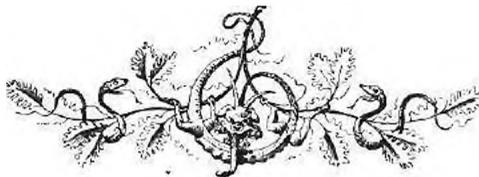
In the domain of philanthropy the women of France, as here, have done everything to alleviate the fate of other less fortunate women: *L'œuvre des Libérées de St. Lazare* to help the women when they come out of prison; *La Société de la Croix* union for the nursing of the sick as well as of the wounded.

There is no room here to give a list of all the women known in the world of art and music. We must be satisfied in mentioning the friends of *Féminisme*—those who have used their talent to promote the *Féminisme* in its general aspect.

Any one wishing to follow the movement in France should read the beautiful book of E. Lamy, *La Femme de Demain*; *Le Féminisme Français*, by Ch. Turgeon; and last, the charming book of Emile Faguet, *Féminisme*, just published, in which he summarises not only all we know about the movement, but all he believes it will accomplish.

Woman will have a great moralising influence when she has her say in public life, not because she is superior, but because she is less gross, more apt and ready to forget herself and to think of others. The strong will help the weak because the women of the future, being free as a sex, will be linked in the bonds of solidarity to the other women; their enlarged and cultivated intellect will enable them to be better judges. They will appreciate more readily the power of intelligence, and allow a lesser part to the power of money. But the main thing will be that the educated, cultured woman, having, as Mr. Lamy says, *des clartés de tout*—that is, large, broad notions of everything—will become more and more the depositor of "general ideas," which men through the hard competition and actual condition of life are bound to neglect so as to throw all their energies in the "specialisation of their own craft or science."

LUCIE CARO.



# What Women have Actually Done where they Vote

A Personal Investigation into the Laws, Records, and Results of  
the Four Equal-Suffrage States of America: Colorado, Idaho,  
Utah, and Wyoming.

BY RICHARD BARRY

Although, doubtless, much will be presented in opposition to the facts and records presented here, we believe that in this article is given the fairest and truest picture of the actual results of women's votes that thus far has been written on the subject.

## A FOREWORD

THOSE in favour of "votes for women" have repeatedly said that if the ballot were given women the following results could be counted upon as inevitable: (1) higher wages and better hours for working-women; (2) great reforms in child-labour laws; (3) a decided decrease in divorce, and better marriage laws; and (4) a positive regulation of the social evil.

There are four States where women have the full right to vote: in Wyoming women have voted for 41 years; in Colorado for 16 years; in Utah for 15 years; in Idaho for 14 years. In each State women have voted long enough to show what they would do with the ballot, and Mr. Barry, the author of this article, was asked by the editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal* to visit each State personally and find out, not by the expression of personal opinion, but from the actual State records and laws, and from authoritative officials, exactly

what better laws for women and children existed in those States where women had voted from 14 to 41 years than existed in the States where they cannot, by law, vote. In other words, what had women actually done with the ballot to raise the legal protective standards of childhood, womanhood, and the home where they had the power to effect the reforms which, in the East, they claim would be brought about if the vote were given to women.

Mr. Barry spent several weeks in the four States, and although *The Ladies' Home Journal* is, from policy, opposed to woman suffrage, it stood prepared and ready impartially to print the results of Mr. Barry's investigations no matter which side the investigations favoured. What *The Ladies' Home Journal* wanted was to get at the actual truth from the actual authoritative records of the States. And these, it believes, are presented in Mr. Barry's article.

*The Editor of "The Ladies' Home Journal."*

**I**N four States of America women have full suffrage. I went there to find out the definite accomplishments of women's votes.

My first step was to learn what women's votes have done for women and children. On the statement of Eastern advocates for "votes for women," that in States where

women have the ballot we could expect conditions that affect women and children to be much better than they are in those States where only men vote, I based my initial investigations.

Before I went West I ascertained that Oklahoma, the newest State, is commonly conceded to have the best child-labour laws in this country; and my first surprise came when I found that these laws were compiled from the best provisions of the laws of New York, Illinois, Massachusetts, Ohio, Wisconsin, and Nebraska, and that Oklahoma did not go to any of the States where women vote to find a model when providing for its child-labour laws.

I found that Wyoming and Utah, where women vote, prohibit the employment of children in mines only, while the States of Nebraska, Oregon, New York, Wisconsin, and Illinois, as well as several others, where only men vote, prohibit the working of children under fourteen years of age in twelve specified employments during school hours.

### The Question of Child Labour had never been Discussed!

When I asked officials of the suffrage States how they could account for this condition where women vote, they replied that the question had never been discussed. They added that such a law was not necessary anyway, as there is no chance of child labour in the mountain States, where they have no factories. Yet Montana, where only men can vote, and which is as sparsely settled and as free from factories as Wyoming, Utah, or Idaho, all three States where women vote, has a constitutional amendment prohibiting the working of all children under sixteen years of age.

While I was in Denver one of the newspapers undertook the *exposé* of a revolting child-labour condition near the city. As it was the paper of the party out of power, and as an election was in progress, the opposition papers and every man in office pooh-pooled the *exposé*. Nothing came of it. Nor did the voting woman of Denver even investigate whether it were true or not that children were being overworked and abused in the outskirts of her own city. I sought the reason for this, and

found, for example, that the most prominent political women's organisation of Denver was absorbed in a factional fight. In February, when knowledge of the condition of the abuse of child-labour first became public, this women's political organisation held a meeting at which the members fought with their fists. Women who wore false hair lost it, and one woman lost a handful of real hair. Their debate was not over the outrages committed on children in their State; it concerned the choice of one of their number for endorsement to an unimportant office. In May, when I was there, and the employment of children in factories was more widely discussed, this same woman's political organisation was absorbed in a more desperate fight: one faction was striving to have the treasurer arrested for refusing to distribute the funds of the organisation as this minor faction desired.

I found, too, that no proof of age, other than the mere statement of the child or parent, is required in any of the four suffrage States, whereas nineteen States require documentary proof of age. None of the States where women vote is in this last list.

### Women are Bound by Political Expediency as Well as Men.

I could not understand this singularly lax condition, so I sought Judge Ben Lindsey, of the Juvenile Court, who is outspoken in his theoretical belief in woman suffrage. He admitted that the conditions in Colorado were far from what they ought to be, and was frank to say that the women of his State are fully as much bound by the political expediency of the moment as are the men.

Then he told me his experience in the last Legislature. He had seven Bills affecting the Juvenile Court which he asked to be passed. They were all drawn with an eye to the protection of children and were modelled on proved legislation elsewhere. When it came to submitting them to the Legislature he asked the one woman member of the Lower House to introduce them. The woman member introduced the Bills. The woman's clubs publicly endorsed them and women went to the State House to lobby

for them. "Three," said Judge Lindsey, "concerned technical trivialities in the reading of the law, and were of no particular moment except that they would expedite legal procedure. One of them was revolutionary and vital. Three concerned important changes in the law."

The first three were passed. The last four never got out of committee. The unimportant Bills got through; the important ones are still pigeonholed. Yet California, Illinois, and Massachusetts, where women do not vote, have found no difficulty in passing similar laws.

Judge Lindsey could not explain why his laws failed of passage; the woman member of the Legislature would not. But I found an old State Senator who told me the truth.

"The Legislature has nothing against children," he said, "and if some sensible man had presented those Bills and explained their need in simple, forceful language, they would have been passed."

I also found that the eight-hour law for working-women failed in the last Colorado Legislature. A similar law went easily through the Legislature of Illinois, but was annulled by the Supreme Court, after which a ten-hour law was passed. Now why should such a law for women fail in Colorado, where the women vote, and pass in Illinois, where they do not vote? I asked this of a prominent official of the State of Colorado, and he answered: "There is nothing that a woman wants to accomplish that she cannot accomplish *without* the ballot."

In twenty States where only men vote, laws have been passed limiting the hours that a woman may be employed. In not one of the four States where women vote are there any laws restricting the hours of labour for woman employees.

In thirty-eight States the earnings of married women are secured to them and cannot be required by law (as can the earnings of married men) for the support of their families. Eight States have no such law, and Idaho, where women have voted fourteen years, is one of them.

Thirty-four States compel employers in stores, factories, shops, etc., to provide seats for female employees. Idaho is *not* one of them.

There are other good laws pertaining to the work of women. For instance, Massachusetts prohibits an employer from deducting from the wages of women when time is lost because machinery has broken down; Delaware has a law exempting the wages of women from execution, while Indiana, Massachusetts and Nebraska have laws prohibiting night work by women. None of these laws is found in any of the four States where women vote!

But, some one will say, these are super-critical examinations of the *law*. Do the *conditions* of the States where women vote make these laws so necessary? Suppose we see.

### An Alarming Increase in Juvenile Crime.

In 1905 and 1906 there were sixty-seven children committed to the Golden Industrial Home, the Colorado State reformatory. In the following two years one hundred and ninety-seven were committed there: an increase of three to one.

The chief of police of Denver told me that juvenile crime is on an alarming increase in that city. Judge Lindsey says this is due to the increased pressure of economic conditions, but he does not deny the fact.

The criers for women's votes have pointed to the establishment of Judge Lindsey's Juvenile Court as one of the greatest achievements of woman's ballot, and have repeatedly said that Colorado was the first State to establish such a court. I found *this to be untrue*, as the juvenile courts in Boston and Chicago both antedated the one in Denver. Nor is the Denver Juvenile Court an exclusive possession of Colorado. Fifteen States where only men vote have established such courts.

I went into the question of child illiteracy in the four States where women vote, and found that the United States census of 1900 showed that Wyoming had one illiterate child to every hundred and eighteen people in the State. Oregon, a Western, sparsely settled State where women do *not* vote, had only one illiterate child in every two hundred and forty of the population. Colorado, where women vote, had one illiterate child to every sixty persons in the State, or four times as many as Oregon,

where women do not vote. Nebraska, again, where women do not vote, and with twice the population of Colorado, had only half as many illiterate children.

In none of the four States where women vote was I able to find any Home Finding societies for the placing of destitute children, such as you find in Massachusetts, Illinois, New Jersey, and a number of other Eastern States. This is the most humane and economical method of caring for the orphan, and yet you do not find it where women vote.

The conclusion of my investigation of the laws for children was, as any one can see from the actual records I have given, that instead of being better protected, or even as well protected in the States where women vote, they were actually less protected in the States where women had for years the opportunity to pass laws for them, and the *conditions* parallel the laxity of the laws.

#### The Social Evil has not been Abated.

I have heard woman suffragists in the East declare that when women voted the social evil would disappear. Mrs. Catt, the international president of the suffrage societies, told me that it would certainly eliminate prostitution.

To ascertain this condition in Denver I quote the woman who ought to be as well informed as any one in this country: Mrs. Kate Waller Barrett, National President of the Florence Crittenton Home for Wayward Girls.

"In all the seventy-eight Florence Crittenton homes in the United States, I never saw such a collection of young, innocent girls of the better class as there are in the Denver home," said Mrs. Barrett. "There are fifty-eight girls there, most of them still in their teens. The number of illegitimate births among young girls is increasing at an alarming rate. So-called 'free love' is also alarmingly on the increase."

The chief of police of Denver joins with the chief of police of Salt Lake City (the only two towns of any size in the woman suffrage country) as my authority for the statement that prostitution is largely on the increase both in Colorado and in Utah. Idaho and Wyoming, being rural communities, can show a better record, but still no better than similar communities elsewhere.

Denver and Salt Lake City are among the few remaining large cities in this country where an open, segregated district is given over to the public practice of the social vice. In one of the principal streets of Denver painted women exhibit themselves in the doorways and windows: while two blocks away is a schoolhouse, and children daily pass through this district on their way to school. Salt Lake City has the only "stockade" in America, a walled space in the centre of the city, where the social vice is practised under police protection.

I asked a prominent woman why these conditions were such in cities where women voted, and she condoned them as being "incident to a Western town." Yet Los Angeles, California, a Western town where women do *not* vote, banished its objectionable district, a relic of early days, five years ago.

Nor have the women stamped out polygamy, not even when they have the ballot, as in Utah. This on the statement of the most prominent paper in Salt Lake City, *The Salt Lake Tribune*, which on August 1 of this year published a list of one hundred and fifty men who had contracted plural marriages recently.

As for drinking among women, I was told, and saw for myself, that few cities in the country—not New York nor Chicago nor San Francisco—are any worse in this respect than the capital of Colorado. Even some of the drug stores in Denver, according to good authority, serve whisky and brandy to unescorted girls.

Last year the police board of Denver passed a regulation prohibiting all unescorted women from entering cafés and restaurants where liquor was sold after 8 p.m. Instantly a storm of protest was raised, not by the refined, respectable women, not by the women of the streets, but by political women. These political women complained that their "rights" were being interfered with—that they might be compelled to be on the streets after 8 p.m., and that it would be an outrage to prohibit them the use of restaurants after that hour.

"Ladies," said the chief of police, addressing a committee of these women who visited him. "I can prove to you from the records here in my office that the women

of Denver drink more whisky than the men. Shall I open my books and show you?"

They did not ask for proof. They withdrew their protest, and that regulation is in effect to-day. But this regulation stands not by reason of, but in spite of, the political women of Denver.

**Divorce has Increased Largely in the Four States.**

My next step of investigation was to see to what extent divorce had been checked in the four States where women have voted for so many years; and in examining the divorce records of these four States I found that the laws are as lax as anywhere in the Union. Except that each State requires a year's residence, they are as lax as in Nevada and South Dakota. Several attorneys in Denver told me that, except for the year's residence as against a six months' residence in the other two States named, it is just as easy to get a divorce in Colorado. All the ordinary pleas are substantial grounds, except incompatibility of temper, and that bar against easy divorce is more than made up by the clause in the law which permits a divorce on the grounds of "mental cruelty." In one case a man did not speak to his wife at breakfast, and was adjudged to have committed "mental cruelty."

The newspapers of Denver constantly carry advertisements of "divorce attorneys," and one of the Friday afternoon diversions is to go to the County Court and observe the "divorce mill." Ordinarily the average time required to "grind out" a divorce is four minutes and a half.

The following table, taken from United States Government statistics, shows the increase of divorce in the four States since equal suffrage became a law, down to 1906, since when the figures have not been computed. In Wyoming woman suffrage came in 1869, in Colorado in 1894, in Utah in 1895, and in Idaho in 1896.

YEAR	IDAHO	UTAH	WYOMING	COLORADO
1894 ..	89	189	66	364
1895 ..	134	202	71	414
1896 ..	139	225	70	450
1897 ..	129	228	63	398
1898 ..	162	209	84	437

YEAR	IDAHO	UTAH	WYOMING	COLORADO
1899 ..	136	234	99	426
1900 ..	204	273	122	450
1901 ..	243	264	144	509
1902 ..	223	295	94	460
1903 ..	296	350	160	538
1904 ..	281	410	137	476
1905 ..	296	355	145	508
1906 ..	320	387	143	557

I could not find from any of the records that women have made any successful effort in any of the four States to correct the divorce laws. Nor has the fact that women vote done anything to correct the evil itself. Instead, as these figures prove, divorce has been on the constant increase in all the States where women vote.

**Important Laws sneered at as "Fad Legislation."**

But, some one will say, do you think it fair to charge up these conditions to the voting of women? Please remember I am making no charges; I was not commissioned to make charges—I was asked to examine conditions and give results.

I give further results. For example, Indiana, where women do not vote, has just passed the model marriage law of the country. It provides for the examination by a physician of both bride and bridegroom before a licence shall be issued. It is a law which women would naturally be expected to favour. It was passed primarily in the interests of women. It did not come from a State where women vote. It has not been even suggested for passage in any of the four woman-suffrage States.

Illinois has just passed a law regulating the practice of obstetrics with the aim of preventing the recent alarming growth in blindness among babies. In not one of the four States where women have a vote is there such a law.

Massachusetts and New Jersey have taken a deliberate stand against the instalment-furniture evil. In Colorado and Utah the political women apparently do not know that there is such a thing. Yet the wives with small incomes in Salt Lake City and Denver are as much oppressed by it as they are in the East, where, without voting directly, women have influenced the Legislatures to abate the evil.

Idaho, where women have voted for fourteen years, is the only State in the Union lacking a law to compel railroads to provide suitable segregated toilet-rooms for women and children.

Eight of the Eastern States have recently passed laws abolishing the common-law marriage. This is perhaps the most important step possible toward the conservation of the home. Colorado, Idaho, and Wyoming, where women vote, have not passed such a law.

I asked a woman legislator why none of these laws had either been originated or copied in the woman-suffrage States. "Oh," she replied, "we don't believe in *jud* legislation!"

### Women were promised Higher Wages.

One of the strongest promises made by the advocates for "votes for women" is that if suffrage were given them by the men they would have the weapon in their hands that would compel men to pay women higher wages.

My next investigation was to see how this promise had been fulfilled in the four States where women had voted 14, 15, 16, and 41 years.

You can hire plenty of girl typists just out of school, in Denver and Salt Lake City, for \$5 and \$6 a week. You cannot hire even the greenest boy for less than \$7.50 a week. This ratio of male to female wages extends pretty generally throughout the scale of skilled labour.

The cash-girls and sales-girls of these two cities are paid exactly the same as similar girls are paid in the department stores of Chicago. And it costs more to live in Denver or Salt Lake City than it does in Chicago.

In the four States where women vote there are comparatively few girls in domestic service, and domestics are much in demand; but great as that demand is, the Swedish and Norwegian hired girls get from \$18 to \$25 each a month where the Japanese "boy" gets from \$25 to \$40 a month.

Newspaper women are paid less than newspaper men, just as they are in the East. One curious fact must be noted in this connection: among the newspaper women of Denver I found that two out of every three did *not* believe in woman suffrage.

### One Woman says Suffrage is a Hindrance.

In none of the four States did I find a woman in executive management of a corporation. There are no women real-estate operators or promoters. I did not even find a woman cashier of a bank, though I inquired for one.

In school-teaching it is the same as in the East. The grades are taught by women, the high schools and universities largely by men, while the principals are, nine times out of ten, men. And the men are paid more than the women!

In Denver there are eight woman attorneys, or one to every twenty thousand of the inhabitants—which is just half as many, according to the population, as there are in Detroit, for example, where women do not vote. I asked one of these women, an excellent attorney who has fought her way valiantly to the top and who is a credit to the Bar and to womanhood, how suffrage had helped her. (She is a voter, too!)

"Helped me!" she said. "It is not a help, but a hindrance. Woman's political enfranchisement does not aid industrial equality. The attitude of men has been (and I quote the words that one of them used to me once): 'There! You've got your rights! Take them!' It could not possibly have been any harder to succeed in New York or in Philadelphia than it has been in Denver. Men give women 'rights' here, not privileges. The business woman here does not meet with courtesy, chivalry, or justice. I do not expect the courtesy and chivalry in business, but if I could get within long-distance-telephone reach of justice I would be satisfied; plain, simple justice as between man and man. Not flattery, not charity, only justice!"

### How the "Wets" carried Denver.

Another positive claim made by the advocates for "votes for women" is that if women were given the ballot they would uplift and purify politics.

I was in Denver at the time of the last election, and had, therefore, a first-hand opportunity to study the question of woman's honesty in politics. I saw scores of women accept money for the election held in Denver on May 17, 1910. An

incalculable amount of money was spent on that day. In my own very restricted sphere I saw about \$17,000 paid out to women in five-, ten-, and twenty-dollar lots.

Two issues were before the people. First, the temperance question: should the town be wet or dry? Second, the water-franchise question: should the city own its own water plant or let a corporation have it?

On the temperance question every one of age could vote, and the ballots were about *half male and half female*. On the franchise only tax-payers could vote, and the ballots were about two-thirds male and one-third female. The great bulk of the money was spent by the saloon-keepers to keep the town "wet," and by the corporation to get the franchise.

The corporation, though it spent hundreds of thousands of dollars, could not purchase the male electorate. Municipal ownership won by a comfortable majority.

But on the temperance question the vote was: For the "drys," 17,237; for the "wets," 33,191; the "wets'" majority, 15,954. With the votes half female and half male the saloon-keepers won almost two to one.

For two weeks before that election the women and children of the working-classes paraded the streets making strenuous appeals for a "dry" town. Three nights before the election the Auditorium held 5,000 people, largely women, fighting desperately for temperance.

That same day I sat in the office of the campaign manager of the "wets" and saw a stream of "political" women pass in and out. Each woman took with her a ten-dollar note and instructions how to work her precinct. There were 211 precincts and four women workers to each precinct. The night before election each of them got another ten dollars; the committee-women twenty-five and the chairwomen seventy-five dollars apiece.

*One woman came for her ten dollars and was rudely shown the door.*

"Why?" I asked the manager.

"She double-crossed me last election," said he. "I paid her, then she sold out to the other side and worked for them. Two days ago I gave her ten dollars. Now she is back for more. I throw her out. To-day or to-morrow she will go to the other side and get paid. The night before election

I'll hunt her up and slip her another ten, or maybe fifteen. Then I stand a chance that she will work for me, but I will not be sure."

"Are many of these women like this?"

"Nine-tenths of them."

"Why do you continue employing them?"

"Because the other side does. I don't dare neglect them. I would rather spend the money and take a chance on half or more of them working for me than freeze up and have the whole pack on me. Besides, they are often useful. Where there is an ignominious job I can't get a man to do I can always get a woman."

"What kind of an ignominious job?"

"Well—last election there was a district I knew was against me. The polling-place was in a schoolhouse. I gave a woman ten dollars and told her to go there when the polls opened and challenge everybody, to delay the election in every possible way. I wanted to keep the vote down. That woman certainly earned her money. She held up everybody. She made them go back and get their certificates from the County Clerk. She almost tried to make them produce their birth certificates. The first three hours of the morning only fourteen votes got through. About eleven o'clock she held up the alderman from that ward. The policeman on the beat hunted me up and told me to take that woman out or he would arrest her.

"'You'll not arrest her,' said I: 'if you do I'll have the polls closed and notice posted "Closed, Women Intimidated by the Police." Then the election will swing my way. You'll not dare make a martyr of that woman.'"

"'You know that woman is crazy,' said the policeman.

"'Certainly,' said I.

"'Then why have you got her there?' said he.

"'Because she's crazy,' said I.

"'Then we went off and left her to her work.'"

### How Women Sell their Influence.

On election day I asked a number of the "wet" workers why they were against temperance. One of them, a middle-aged

woman, with two daughters and a son, said: "I don't believe in saloons, but the business people want them, and the City Hall wants them, and there's money for me in working for them—so why oppose them?" She was not exceptional; there were thousands like her. Such women won the election, two to one for the saloons.

One woman told me she had started to work for the "wets," but was later out for the "drys." She was very pretty, very smartly gowned. I asked her why she had changed.

"Why," she said, "the 'wets' gave me seven dollars and a half two days ago, and I was for them all right, but this morning I found they had given my sister ten dollars, and now I am for the 'drys.'"

At that moment the "wet" manager came up, quietly handed her five dollars, chatted with her pleasantly for a few moments, and passed on. "How about it now?" I asked the girl. "Still for the 'drys'?"

"No, sir," she said. "I'm out for the 'wets' now—and just wait till I tell Jane."

"You'll lose Jane," I said to the manager.

"Don't worry about that," he replied, wise in his woman-suffrage wisdom. "I slipped Jane two-fifty at the same time. I can't imagine how I ever got mixed there. It will take a lot of explaining to haul the price in that family down to ten dollars next election."

### All Political Women have Lost Something.

A little later, in one of the most exclusive polling-places, I talked with one of the highest officials in Denver. The votes were being cast in a garage. Women were

driving up in their automobiles, and were being escorted to the ballot-box by their husbands, brothers, fathers, and friends. All looked perfectly orderly and respectable. But, out in the street, two girl workers, smartly dressed, were seated in a carriage, with their feet poised on the opposite seat, nibbling the candy just handed them by the manager on his rounds, and chatting familiarly with every male hanger-on that came along.

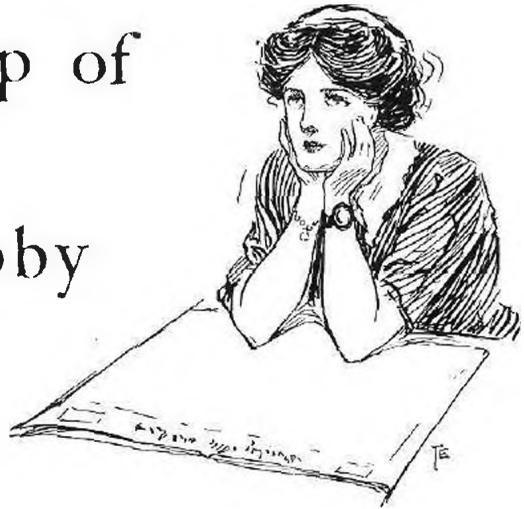
"Don't fail to look below the surface," said the official. "When any one tells you that women mixing in politics help any, tell him he has no real knowledge of the subject. In this election about a thousand women are being paid as workers, and 422 more women are sitting as officials at the polling-places. Every single one of those women has lost something, that indefinable something that ought to set her apart. I would no more think of letting my wife or daughters come here to work than I would think of taking poison into the kitchen.

"It is inevitable," continued this political manager—and I may well close with his words, as the man stands high in Denver's political circles, and voices the opinion that I found was held by many—"it is inevitable," he said, "that women should lose not only their fineness, but also their characters, when they mix in politics. They cannot see the game as we do—not because they are mentally inferior, for I do not believe they are, but because they lack the experience in affairs. So men do not treat them seriously. Woman suffrage in this State is a joke, when it is not a shame. High-minded men ignore the woman voter; to low-minded men she is—well, the less said about that the better."



# The Courtship of Mr. Lancelot Chuckabubby

BY  
AVRON STRAWBRIDGE



ONE morning, after breakfast, Helen came over and sat on the arm of my chair.

"Well?" I inquired, looking up with a smile.

She frowned.

"There is nothing to smile at, Mew. On adding things up, I find that, as far as our household expenses are concerned, we are, on the average, about thirty shillings out each week."

I sighed, and lay back. There could be but one solution to the difficulty.

"I suppose Jane will have to go," I said, after a pause; but as Jane had been the housemaid ever since I was eight the idea of parting with her seemed somewhat of a wrench.

"Jane shall *not*," said Helen, with a firmness that surprised me. I raised my eyebrows interrogatively.

"The fact is," she declared, "I've hit on a plan. To start with, I don't mind telling you that the house is perfectly hateful without a man in it, and unless one of us marries, as far as I can see we are likely to continue like this until the end of the chapter."

I sighed reproachfully. She declined to notice it.

"We are going," said she decisively,

and in a manner not to be disputed, "we are going to look for a lonely young man."

"Eh?" I inquired, starting up.

She pushed me down in the chair again, and continued more firmly than before.

"We are going, I say, to look for a lonely young man, and when he has been found we shall let him the empty room upstairs, and . . ."

"What?"

She laughed shamelessly.

"We've only to advertise or answer an advertisement. It's quite simple. Let them all come to your Club, pick out the nicest one, and bring him home!"

I lay back and fanned myself gently. When I had caught my breath again, I looked up.

"Have you spoken of this—er—Napoleonic idea to mother?" I inquired.

"That will not be necessary," said she, with an airy wave of her hand that I envied. "Anyhow, not until a suitable applicant has put in an appearance."

She took the paper out of my hands.

"We'll look now—there's no time like the present."

We looked.

There were several advertisements of people wanting to come into a private family, but none of them sounded attrac-

tive. Just as we were giving it up, a paragraph met my eye :

"Apply to Pluckem & Binks. The only sure method of finding suitable homes for suitable people. Tact and discretion guaranteed."

I looked at Helen.

"The very thing!" cried she, triumphantly. "You'd better call on them at once, and explain exactly what you want—that he must be nice, that he must be clean, and that we are in no hurry."

So, after lunch, I put on my hat, and, having cut out the slip of paper whereon was writ the address of Pluckem & Binks' Agency, I repaired thither and stated my case.

The young man, who was fair, and who, moreover, spoke through his nose, was sympathetic. He understood exactly our needs, and would choose the applicant with discrimination. In fact, he was sure he had the very thing we were looking for on his books just then.

He glanced at his register, and turned over the pages.

I imagine that matrimonial agencies must be conducted on somewhat similar lines. Presently he looked up.

"A coffee merchant?"

I shook my head.

"He's a very desirable young gentleman, and could give the highest references."

I shook my head.

"He would pay two guineas, and he is fair."

I was adamant.

He sighed, and went on.

"A buyer from Messrs. Smithem & Co., Ltd. A *very* handsome gentleman."

I shook my head.

He frowned. I was so very particular.

"Do you mean not in trade?" he inquired suddenly, looking up again.

"That depends," said I warily, "but on the whole I should say—not. And we don't really care much about his age.

What we want," I pursued reflectively, "is a comfortable sort of man, who could be depended upon to display an intelligent interest . . . one who would weed the garden and nail up things . . . one with sufficient manners to chase a burglar, and possessed of sufficient intelligence to set a mousetrap in a case of emergency."

The young man listened intently.

"There will not be the slightest difficulty," said he.

"I'm glad to hear it," said I; but, as he saw me out of the office door, I wondered . . .

Three days afterwards I was busy making covers for the drawing-room when there was a ring at the bell, and a few seconds later the maid brought up a letter and a card.

I looked at the card, and thereon was writ :

"Mr. Lancelot Chuckabubby, The Red Tape Office, Whitehall."

I was surprised. I only know one man at the Red Tape Office, and his name is not Lancelot Chuckabubby. Then I picked up the note and tore it open.

"DEAR MADAM,—

"I am looking about for a private family, as I am alone in London and have no relations. I called by chance on Messrs. Pluckem & Binks, and they referred me to your Club. I went, but as you were not there I've taken the liberty of coming to your house, and should be grateful if you would let me know when I could have an appointment.

"Yours very truly,

"LANCELOT CHUCKABUBBY."

For a moment I was annoyed: then I remembered that mother was out, and that she had told me that the electric light man would call. Why should she not think that Mr. Chuckabubby was he? I determined to risk it.

It was getting dark, and the lamps were not lighted; but in the twilight I

saw that the first exportation from Messrs. Pluckem & Binks was what one might with tact describe as "a foreign gentleman." What I could imagine that the youth at Messrs. Pluckem & Binks would describe as "a distinguished foreign gentleman."

He rose as I entered, and, though the twilight was deepening, I saw that he wore a La France rose, and carried grey suède gloves; that he was clean-shaven, that he was stout, that he shone, and that he was, moreover, a curiously pudding-headed person.

He thanked me profusely for consenting to receive him. He explained that though I might have mistaken him for English (I had not!) in reality he was a Persian, but had become naturalised before going into the Red Tape Office.

As mother might be coming in at any moment, I took him up to the drawing-room, where I might in more safety continue my cross-examination.

Having settled the question of finance, we drifted towards more intimate topics.

"Have you any peculiarities?" I asked him, when he had lighted a cigarette in answer to my invitation.

"Though I am English," quoth Mr. Chuckabubby, without a second's hesitation, "I am sympathetic and true."

"I did not mean that exactly," I returned hastily. "I mean in your home comforts—for instance, do you like a hot-water bottle?"

"I don't mind," murmured Mr. Chuckabubby dreamily. "When do I come?"

"When do you come!" I gasped, "oh, not for ages! You see," I added uneasily, "one can't possibly make friends as quickly as that. You must come to my Club some day to tea, then when you've met my friend, if we get on well together, I'll ask my mother if you may come and call."

"What day shall I come to tea at your Club?" inquired Mr. Chuckabubby, suddenly sitting up, by which token I gauged that, whatever that gentleman had been

deprived of, the virtue of persistency had been left to him.

"Oh, shall we say Saturday week?" said I, anxious to get rid of him.

"Saturday week," reflected Mr. Chuckabubby gloomily, "is a long way away, and after you have spoken so gently to me, and I have sat by the fire and smoked my cigarette, I shall feel lonely. No, no, it is too long!"

"How long have you been in England?" I inquired with guile.

"Fifteen years," said he unsuspectingly.

"You must have been lonely a long time," said I.

There was a silence. He looked into the fire, and by the flickering flame it seemed to me that he was pouting.

He is not pretty when he pouts.

"When next go you into town?"

"I'm very busy week-days," I said.

"Why do you smile?" asked Mr. Chuckabubby.

"It's a habit of mine," said I. "You'll get used to that"; but in spite of my smile I was feeling uneasy, for time was getting on.

"I could sit here for ever!" sighed Mr. Chuckabubby.

As I did not answer he looked up.

"You tell me when I go."

I pulled myself together.

"You go *now*," said I firmly.

He rose, and threw his cigarette into the fire.

"What do you do now?"

"I eat," said I—"that is," I added coldly, "when I am given the opportunity."

"And after dinner?" continued Mr. Chuckabubby unabashed.

"Oh, I work."

"Bah!" exclaimed Mr. Chuckabubby, pouting again.

I shrugged my shoulders.

He reached the door, then suddenly came back.

"You will not come out with me this evening?"

"Good gracious, no!"

"But for why?" cried Mr. Chuckabubby wildly.

"I have told you."

"You would not come for a little stroll now, perhaps?"

"I want my dinner," said I, in tones calculated to freeze boiling oil.

"But after your dinner?" pursued Mr. Chuckabubby.

"It is utterly impossible."

"You are very unkind," quoth he, "and what you imagine I can't think. If you did but know my heart you would go for a stroll. I will wait for you outside till you have finished—eh?"

There was a sudden ring at the bell.

I laid my hand on his arm.

"For goodness' sake go!" I said, in an agitated voice.

"Not if you do not promise that I see to-night the sparkle in your eyes I love so well."

I heard the front door being opened, and then my mother's voice.

"If I wait you come, eh?"

A step was on the stairs.

"If you'll go at once, I'll meet you at the Marble Arch Tube, and you shall take me to the cinematograph," I whispered frantically.

I opened the drawing-room door.

"And I shall want," said I, in carrying tones, "one hall lamp, a burner here, a burner for the dining-room, and two in the kitchen."

Mr. Chuckabubby put his hand to his dazed head.

"Go!" I muttered in a ferocious undertone, giving him a prod.

"You follow presently?" he whispered.

"Yes, yes!"

"You swear?"

I nodded violently.

"Then all is well," said he—and went.

As the motor bearing me towards Hyde Park Corner passed the tube I saw him standing there.

One could have recognised him at a

mile, for besides his face he wore a blue felt Terriss hat with a bow behind it.

"Ah!" said he, as he stepped forward, with evident relief, "I was afraid you would not come."

"Am I late?" said I.

"An hour late," exclaimed Mr. Chuckabubby discontentedly.

He put an unlighted cigarette in his mouth and began to chew it fiercely.

I spoke gently, but there was a delicate sub-tinkle in my voice which, Oriental though he may be, Mr. Chuckabubby understood.

"I'm sorry to seem ungracious," I explained, "but I had better make things clear. Either your cigarette goes—or I do."

"Eh?" exclaimed Mr. Chuckabubby, with a violent start.

He had been pondering on his grievances. I looked at the cigarette. He took it out of his mouth and slipped it hurriedly into his pocket.

"You've taken your correction very nicely," said I; "but, you see, it had to be done."

"Yes," agreed Mr. Chuckabubby, "and it gives me all the more pleasure, for there was an English lady fair, who was very much in love with me; she was a very smart lady, and she love me so much that she say, 'Lancelot, I correct you!' . . . She tell me many things. . . . She tell me, 'Lancelot, you must not scratch your leg when there are ladies in the room'; 'Lancelot, you must clean your nails'; 'Lancelot, you must not wipe your fingers on your socks when you've been eating jam'; 'Lancelot, you must have your trousers pressed'; 'Lancelot, you must not talk all day about yourself.' She love me very much. . . ."

He sighed; he was evidently sorry for her.

"And so when you corrected me, I remembered that she corrected me because she love me, and . . ."

I interrupted him.

"I shouldn't trade on that assumption,"

said I; then, as I saw he did not understand, "Do you mean I am in love with you?" I insinuated with much gentleness.

"No, no!" cried Mr. Chuckabubby hastily, "not yet, not yet; for you do not know the sort of man I am, but when you do . . ."

"Here we are!" I exclaimed cheerfully, gazing up at the brilliantly lighted portals of the Cinematograph Entertainment.

We went in and sat down.

He wasn't in the least interested in the show.

"I play the flute," was Mr. Chuckabubby's remark at the first interval.

"That is an instrument on which at least one can't play out of tune," I said, with an attempt to encourage him.

"Do you like it?" asked Mr. Chuckabubby.

"Yes," said I.

"What would you do should I go serenade you?"

"I don't know," said I.

"And your friend?"

"My friend is firm. She would probably pour the water-jug out of the window."

"But you would not," whispered he tenderly.

"Ah, you would not?"

"No; if the policeman didn't move you on I should send out the maid with a penny to get you to go away."

The show concluded, we came out.

"It is a strange country," reflected Mr. Chuckabubby.

"What do men do when they wish to serenade a lady?"

"They go and have a drink," said I.



"Am I late?" said I."

"I do not drink," quoth Mr. Chuckabubby with dignity. "What must I do?"

"I *really* don't know," said I. "This is my motor . . . thank you so much for taking me to the cinematograph entertainment."

I swung on to the step, and when I had climbed on to the top and had settled myself on the seat, I looked down to nod my *good-night*.

In some mysterious way he had disappeared. I gave a sigh of relief and sank back.

"It is Saturday week I come to tea at your Club?"

"Oh, good gracious!" said I, with a violent start. He was sitting beside me.

"It is next Saturday week?"

"Yes."

"You will forget?"

"Most probably."

"You distract me!" cried Mr. Chuckabubby, scratching his head wildly. "You do not understand how sympathetically I feel towards you."

"Alas!" said I, wearily closing my eyes.

Ten minutes later, as the conductor shrieked "The Prince Alfred," I rose and clambered down.

Mr. Chuckabubby was still in tow, but it was not until we reached the gate he delivered his parting shot.

"Saturday week, mind, and it has been a rare opportunity with me for conversation with an intelligent lady. . . ."

"Good-night, good-night, Mr. Chuckabubby," I cried hysterically, as I put the latch-key in the door; but it was not until I had closed and bolted it behind me that I ventured to be thankful.

It was no later than the following Sunday that the bomb-shell burst.

"What was in that parcel which was left for you this morning while you were out at church?" asked my mother quietly as we sat down to lunch.

The parcel had contained three sketches

by Mr. Lancelot Chuckabubby, and moreover a note, which intimated that Mr. Chuckabubby would give himself the pleasure of calling on my mother that very afternoon.

I cleared my throat.

It is difficult to explain things, and my explanation was wonderfully well received considering all things; but it must be added that the confession was given in a *more or less expurgated form*. Even thus, my description of Lancelot had raised symptoms of anticipation in their breasts; so much so that my mother was graciously pleased to say she would make a point of being at home when he called.

He did so on the stroke of four, and it was a pleasing visit!

Beads of perspiration stood out on his face, till it looked like a savoy cabbage after a spring shower; but he bore the ordeal bravely, and set himself nobly for the task of fascination.

"The fellows at my office," quoth Mr. Chuckabubby, when we had got him under weigh, "are not gentle to me . . . they are rude . . ." he gave a circular look that embraced the company. "I may say that at times they are even rebellious."

We sighed sympathetically.

Mr. Chuckabubby nodded.

"They do not like the way I dress," he explained, suddenly beginning to scratch his leg, and displaying in the process a generous portion of green sock—"my hat, for instance . . . to me a fine hat in blue felt seem all right, but they do not like it—they do not like the bow at the back . . . and my stick, they do not like my stick."

There was a pause, while he pondered darkly.

"I remember a time," said he, "when I did have an Astrakhan collar to my coat; but they got so very rebellious over this that I had to have it removed. They do not like me, I think," he reflected complacently, "because I am so clever! But I am what I am . . . and I know when I am right. For instance,



"When he had finished, he held it up for admiration."

shook my head. 'I care not for the books,' I said; 'if you send in that design with the fool pillars, you will lose the competition'; and then I show him mine. He look at it and say 'Good,' then he scratch his head and say 'Very Good!'

Mr. Chuckabubby lay back in his chair, his childlike face assuming a look of bland content.

"It was a joke," said

he; "it was *my* design won the competition, and the Chief was so please that he made me first architect, and moved the other fellow down; but the other fellow did not see my joke. I explained it to him, but he did not laugh . . . in fact, he was very nasty with me."

There was a pause.

"Have you got a plain card?" he exclaimed, turning suddenly to Helen.

"Yes," said Helen obediently.

"And a piece of bread?" said he, turning to me.

"Yes," said I.

We got him what he required; then he took out his chinks and bent over the table.

"I will draw," said he, in gracious tones.

I play a little joke on the head architect, he did not like at all. He had been nasty with me, and he could not draw. He make a design for a Government Competition . . . the Chief like it, but when I see it I go to the Chief and say, 'No, no, this is all wrong; it is out of proportion, and he does not know his period.' The Chief was rebellious and say, 'I bring you books to show that it is right.' I

Admiringly we sat round him as he drew.

It was really quite a clever performance, considering the short time it took, but it instinctively put one in mind of those coloured chalk things one meets at the street corner.

When he had finished, he held it up for admiration.

"It requires genius to draw like that," remarked my mother, drawing a big breath.

"It *does*," agreed Mr. Chuckabubby pleasantly.

In attempting to follow an excellent lead I turned to Helen, and then, I must confess, made an unfortunate remark.

"These pavement artists are really wonderfully clever," I remarked genially; then, realising what I had said, I stopped.

Mr. Chuckabubby frowned.

"Have you ever had any lessons?" asked my mother, coming to the rescue.

This did not make matters any better, and Mr. Chuckabubby's frown was darker than before.

"I have studied under Italian masters," he said airily, but with a dignified wave of his hand.

"But that must have been very expensive," exclaimed my mother, who will persist in thinking that because a man is young he has no money.

As the Astrakhan collar had failed to make its impression, Mr. Chuckabubby was now forced to speak openly.

"Many of the fellows at the office," quoth he, out of the fulness of a great pride, "are keeping a wife and family on what I earn to-day."

"Is that so?" responded my mother. She had been thinking of something else.

Mr. Chuckabubby bent towards her confidentially.

"I must make myself plain, Madame," said he, "and will now speak to you with a very artistic simplicity. As a matter of fact, I am saving up to buy furniture. . ." Then he stopped, and looked over at Helen and myself significantly.

"Ah!" said my mother, in tones of one who had been deeply impressed, though in reality she had not heard a word.

"I do not care for drink," he continued, drawing his chair closer; "the fellows at the office do not like me for that . . . in fact, they do not like me for anything; but I say, why spend money on drink, when I'm saving for furniture?"

"One can but praise your economy," said my mother coldly.

She doesn't like young men who don't drink.

"And I am sympathetic and true," he added.

My mother put up her lorgnette and looked at him.

"I'm also affectionate," pursued Mr. Chuckabubby, pleased with the effect he was producing, "and I have a gentle nature; and in that though I am English because I belong to the Territorials, I may say that I am an exception . . . and when you know my heart," said he, with a concluding flourish, "you will have all confidence in the good fellow that I am."

The expression of cold surprise on my mother's face had changed to one of genial interest.

She looked at the clock.

Mr. Chuckabubby looked at me.

"You tell me when I go," said he in a whisper.

"You go *now*," said I firmly.

"You come too."

"No."

"Please."

"No, no; do be quiet."

"I beg of you."

I looked round desperately, and my mother, who had overheard his last remark, came to the rescue once more.

"The air will do you good," said she, turning to Helen, "and you will both take Mr. Chuckabubby to the station."

We put on our hats, and when we got out Mr. Chuckabubby looked at me.

"Your mother is nice," remarked he kindly; "do you not think so?"

"Oh dear no!" said I. "What a funny idea! I don't think so at all!"

Mr. Chuckabubby looked puzzled.

"It is a strange country," reflected he oncemore; then, suddenly remembering, "Where do we walk?"

"To your station, of course," said I. "Which station do you go from?"

"I don't mind," murmured Mr. Chuckabubby dreamily. "The furthest one will do."

"There is London Bridge," suggested Helen.

"So there is," agreed Mr. Chuckabubby.

"Bayswater, however, lies between," I reminded him unkindly, "and we will leave you there."

We reckoned without our host, however, for when we reached the station and said good-bye preparatory to getting on our motor, Mr. Chuckabubby proved rebellious.

"I will come back with you," said he; "the air will do me good."

We were beginning to learn it was useless to argue; and so we let him come.

We had no sooner reached the top of the 'bus than he opened fire once more.

"I will be delighted to take you to the play," said he, "if you will make an appointment."

We shook our heads.

"Please."

We said it was utterly impossible.

He begged us with tears in his eyes.

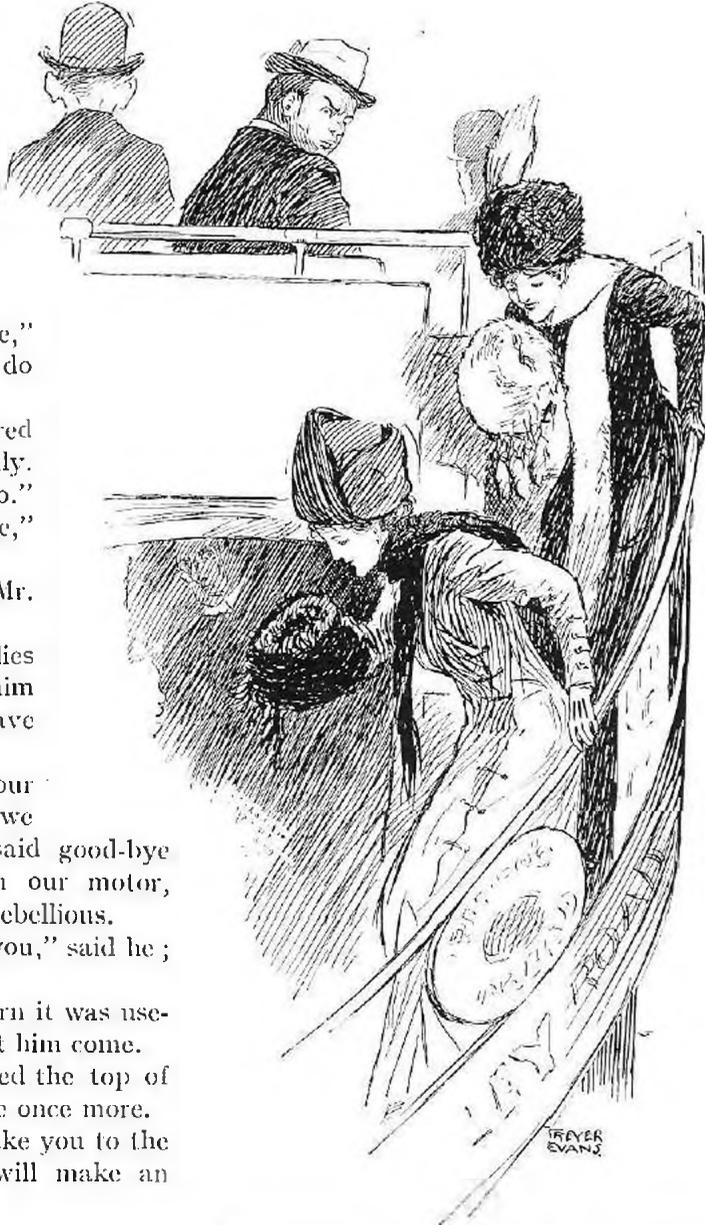
We were granite.

He vowed he would throw himself into the canal.

We smiled heartlessly.

Suddenly Helen's eyes caught mine. It would save much argument to accept now.

"Well, then, one night, perhaps," we conceded.



"We had pulled ourselves together, and were clambering wildly off the 'bus.'"

"What night?" said Mr. Chuckabubby.

"Tuesday," said we, choosing any night at random.

He was delighted.

"Tuesday. Where?"

"Outside the Haymarket at 8.15," said Helen decisively.

"And you will come, on your honour?" urged our swain.

"No, on a 'bus," said I shortly.

We had not bargained for a promise, but it was too late to hesitate, and so we gave our word, and left him on the outside of the gate.

The *dénouement* came with startling and unexpected rapidity.

We were going down on the top of the motor-'bus to keep the promised appointment when a singularly plain person on the pavement attracted our attention.

"Just look at that awful man!" exclaimed Helen; "if it were only a little fatter and shone more it would be the image of Lancelot."

I nodded.

"It's extraordinary the attraction we seem to have for these horrible bounders, isn't it?" she reflected.

I nodded again.

"He's just a big baby savage let loose on civilisation, and he has yet to learn he can't have all he wants."

"He has!" said Helen, with a laugh.

There was a pause; then she slipped her arm through mine.

"Just think, Mew, isn't it awful? They say every man can get married if he wants to. Fancy any woman ever being able to live with *that!*"

Her enunciation is singularly plain.

As she spoke the omnibus drew up at Oxford Circus, and as we rose to get down—we turned.

Our hearts stood still.

Behind us on a seat sat Mr. Lancelot Chuckabubby, and it was obvious, by the expression on his face, that our voices had carried.

It was a terrible second! The next, we had pulled ourselves together, and were clambering wildly off the 'bus. We did not look round.

Several weeks went by, and we heard no more of Lancelot. We had definitely put him out of our minds when an unexpected thing happened.

One morning on my breakfast-tray I found a long envelope, of bridal appearance. I tore it open leisurely; then, with an exclamation, nearly dropped it on the tray, for within, on a card in beautiful silver lettering, I read:

"The marriage of Mr. Lancelot Chuckabubby to Miss May Salmon will take place at All Saints', Bayswater, on the 15th inst."

And thereon was writ, in an unmistakable handwriting:

"With Mr. Lancelot Chuckabubby's compliments—so *there!*"



# The Tragedy of Two Royal Sisters

**T**HE Grand Duchess Elizabeth, the Czarina's sister, and widow of the murdered Grand Duke Serge, is steadily lapsing from religious exaltation into religious mania. Thereby she confirms an ancient Russian proverb, which says: "All the brains of a family go wrong together." The proverb applies because it is essentially the same nervous malady which afflicts the Czarina in her castle and her sister, the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, in her Moscow cell. The expression alone differs. Alexandra Feodorovna has the mania of persecution, and believes that all the world is conspiring against her life. Elizabeth Feodorovna believes that the heavens are leagued against her, and that she can save her soul alone by wrestling with her accusing conscience, by spending her days in holy works and her nights in anguished prayer. Thus Destiny, with an irony even more than usually grim, afflicts with spiritual gloom the two



A POPULAR PICTURE OF THE GRAND DUKE SERGE OF RUSSIA AND HIS WIFE.

Anglo-German Princesses, not long ago the wildest, bravest, and merriest of all the daughters of Europe's courts.

How intense are the exaltation and ecstasy in which the Grand Duchess lives is shown by her latest obsession. It is the obsession of an expiatory pilgrimage to Jerusalem; and already the plan is being worked out in detail. Should the Grand Duchess fulfil her intention she will stay at the German institution

called the "Johannesstiftung," founded a decade ago by Kaiser Wilhelm on the Mount of Olives. By such a pious pilgrimage she hopes to expiate her sins—mostly imaginary—and the sins of her dead husband, the notorious Serge. In the idea ferments the neurotic germ which

has sent the Czarina to her native Hesse in the hope of a restoration to lasting health. Both sisters long passionately for spiritual peace. The younger sister and Empress finds it nowhere. The elder sister now seeks it with a better chance of success in the bosom of the Greek Orthodox Church.

Like most people who take to religion only when all worldly comforts have failed them, the Grand Duchess cherishes her faith with an almost abnormal intensity. The most worldly woman in Russia has suddenly become the most unworldly. It is that which is giving people in Russia cause for so much comment. The Grand Duchess's devo-



THE GRAND DUCHESS AS A SOCIETY WOMAN.

tion to the Greek Orthodox Church is all the more striking because she was born outside it, and remained outside it for years after her marriage. She is the second of four daughters of the Grand Duke Louis IV. of Hesse, who married the Princess Alice, the favourite child of Queen

Victoria. The third daughter married Prince Henry of Prussia, the Kaiser's only brother; while the fourth became the wife of the Czar of Russia.

It was from this last marriage, indirectly, that the Grand Duchess's troubles began. Some eleven years before her sister became Czarina she had wedded the Grand Duke Serge Alexandrovitch, brother of the Czar Alexander III. and uncle of Nicholas II. The marriage was an unhappy one; Serge had more brains than his nephew, but even less character. Unlike Nicholas II., he was actively wicked, and given to a life which necessitated his expulsion from St. Petersburg, when he became, and

for years was, Governor-General over the unfortunate people of Moscow. Serge's rule at Moscow seems to have been despotic and rather cruel. The Grand Duke encouraged the excesses of the police, domineered in a way which made him greatly disliked in Russia, and, it is said, did not scruple to fill his pockets with money subscribed for sick soldiers. What made him hated in still wider circles was his use of his influence over the Czar in order to prolong the misrule which finally led to the revolutionary outbreak of 1905.

The Grand Duchess Elizabeth from the first practically lived apart from Serge. Report declared that her real attachment was to the notorious General Trepoff; and society, knowing Serge's character, regarded this indulgently. Naturally, when the Terrorists sought a victim they set eyes on Serge. Twice they *forbore from blowing him up* only because his wife drove with him in the same carriage; the third time they found him alone and blew him to bits. The Grand Duchess visited the assassin in gaol, and questioned him; and it is said that he told her to her face she was well rid of her husband.

Up to Serge's death, Elizabeth was the merriest woman in Russia. For seven years after her marriage she had stoutly resisted all inducements to join the Greek Church, and even when she did join, her change seemed a mere formality. Immediately after Serge's death came the difference. The once frivolous and worldly Princess spent all day on her knees in prayer and ecstasy; and at last came to the decision to devote the rest of her life to religious

aims. The reports published last spring describing the Grand Duchess as having become a nun were not true; her idea was to revive an antique Russian institution known as "Obitel" or "Habitation," for the furthering of charitable works. It was to be carried on by Sisters, who should promise to live only for good works, but should not take religious vows.

The "Habitation of Mary and Martha."



THE GRAND DUCHESS IN THE DRESS OF THE REVIVED INSTITUTION.

as it is called, has lately been opened in the Bolshaya Orduinka Street in Moscow; the ceremony of dedication

breast hangs an eight-pointed cross with the effigies of Christ and of the Virgin Mary, and on the reverse side, of Mary



INSTITUTION IN MOSCOW TO WHICH THE GRAND DUCHESS ELIZABETH PRESENTED AN IKON WORTH £10,000.

was a gorgeous one. The central figure was the Grand Duchess herself, and with her were the Princesses Shakovskoi and Obolensky, two young and beautiful girls belonging to the highest aristocracy, whom the ardent Grand Duchess converted to what she now regards as the only possible life. The institution has altogether forty-five Sisters, all of noble birth, of whom eighteen have finally taken the oath. Everything was done to increase the solemnity of the dedication. The Grand Duchess insisted on reviving an ancient dress, which, according to tradition, was worn in Russia a thousand years ago, and is entirely white. The head-dress, called "apostolik," is a white linen kerchief, and above this is a long white linen cloth which falls on both sides below the waist. On the

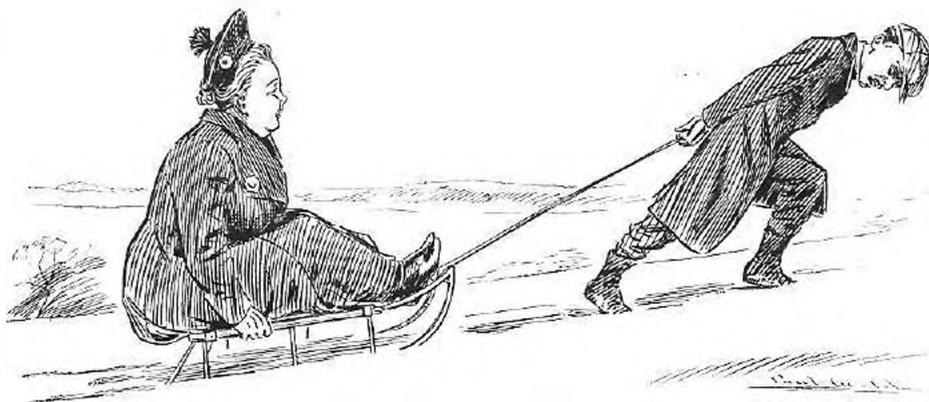
and Martha. Thus robed, and surrounded by a brilliant assembly of clerics, generals, and high officials, the Grand Duchess was consecrated for the work by the Moscow Metropolitan Vladimir. The ceremony consisted in taking off the "pokuivalo" or head-dress, and the cross of a Sister, and putting on the "pokuivalo" and cross of a Superior. Immediately after the ceremony, the Grand Duchess made a round of the slums and thieves' dens of Moscow, and proved the genuineness of her conversion by going down on her knees in her snowy robes and washing the dirtiest floor she could find.

The feature of the Grand Duchess's conversion which excites the most comment is the fact that she combines religious humility with tremendous pomp

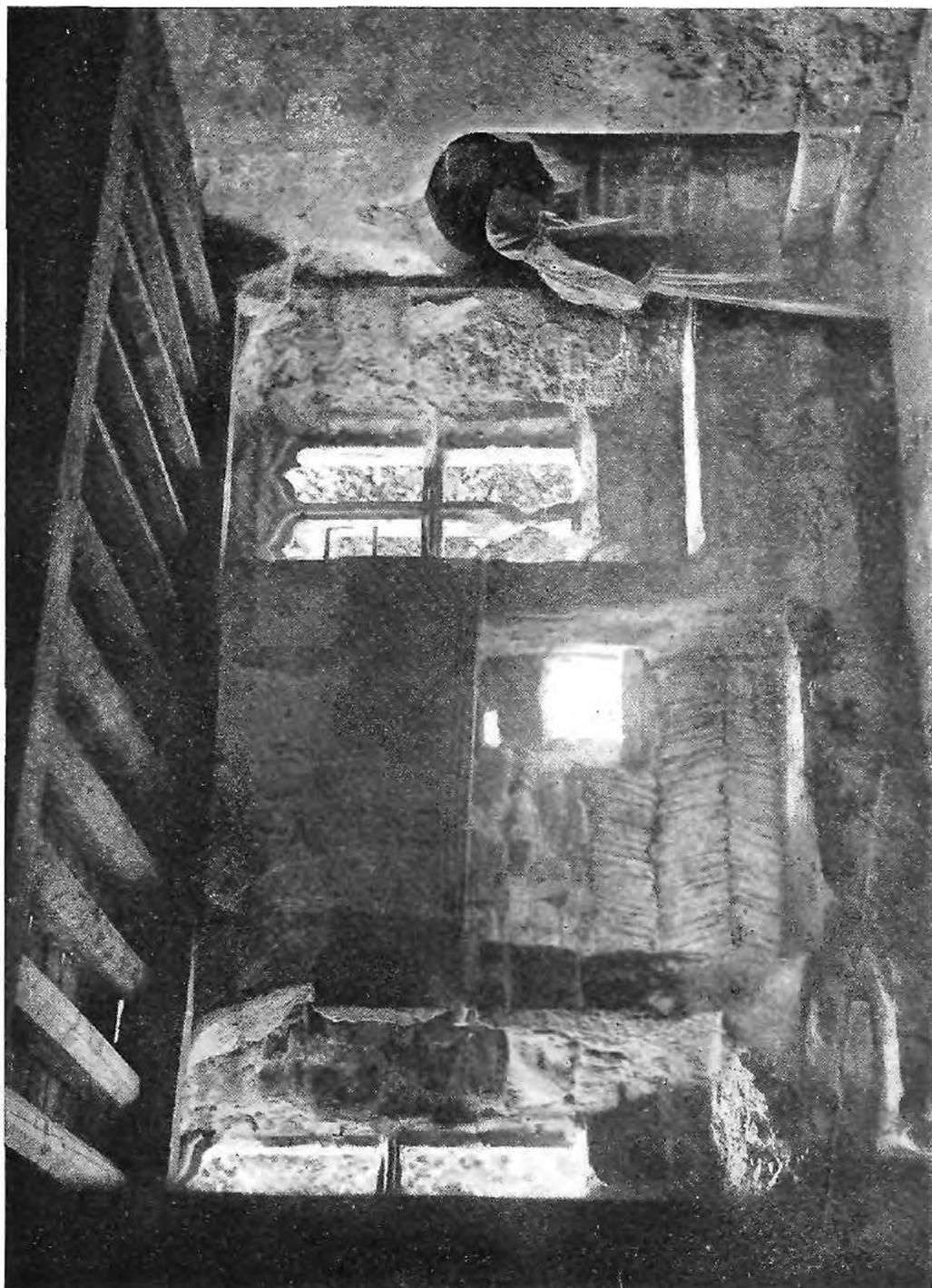
and ceremony. At present the Grand Duchess is finishing a series of prolonged visits to all the most famous monasteries and shrines in the Empire. Never did pilgrim travel with such royal state. In the special train travel a whole host of secretaries, aides-de-camp, and high ecclesiastics. The procedure is to visit the monasteries, hear divine service in the chapel, pray a short time before the sacred images, and whirl away by special train to the next monastery. All Russia is at work to make the pilgrim's progress easy. Governors and all the high officials meet the train; peasants are impressed to mend the roads; and order reigns—temporarily—everywhere. The Grand Duchess probably does not realise what her religious exaltation costs. The wording of the telegrams which she sends to bishops and monastery archimandrites shows how absorbed she is in her devotions. At Ufa, in East Russia, she joined a religious procession, and persisted in carrying a heavy ikon through the streets. On arriving at another monastery, she telegraphed to the Bishop of Ufa expressing joy at "the undeserved glory of being allowed to carry the miraculous ikon." At the convent of St. John the Baptist near Pskoff she lay an hour before an image and wept.

Missionary work is the Grand Duchess's newest interest. Ordinarily the Russian Orthodox Church does not concern itself much with the conversion of the heathen; but there are active missions in the Volga Provinces, which are largely inhabited by Mohammedan Tartars, and even by heathen, such as the Tchuvashes, who are the descendants of the old Shaman fire-worshippers. In this district the Grand Duchess addressed a Mohammedan village, and implored the villagers to come over to the Christian fold. She subscribed £10,000 to a missionary union. The vast sums spent on these pious journeys are, of course, a heavy expense to Serge's widow, but Serge was the richest of all the Romanoff Grand Dukes; he lived on his salary as Governor of Moscow, hoarded his vast private income, and added considerably to his fortune by various enterprises. To-day the Grand Duchess has command of at least £3,000,000, but she is doing her best to make it rapidly less.

Naturally her lavish expenditure on religious aims is regarded by her relatives with disfavour. The Grand Duchess has no children of her own; and she is courted by hard-up and greedy relatives, who watch her dwindling substance with unfavouring eyes.



"Oh, Harry! isn't this grand!"



THE RETURN.

# GANDER AND GOOSE

BY C. D. FRANKLIN

**I**N no very amiable frame of mind, Alexander Sterry, a tall, powerful, red-headed man, was walking round the boundary that separated his little estate—farm, he himself usually termed it—The Homestead, from the park of Newton Hall.

The Homestead—it consisted of some eight hundred acres and a fair-sized, rambling, old farm-house—had been in his family's possession for many generations. Sterry came of a fine old yeoman-farmer stock; his ancestors, down to his grandfather, having lived at The Homestead and cultivated the land as far back as local records existed. They had been a hard-headed, close-living crowd. Funds had accumulated, as funds will in such circumstances, till Sterry's grandfather, not finding sufficient outlet for his capital or business acumen in so small a place, had migrated to London, and there started a banking-house. The business had prospered. Sterry's father had continued it on the same lines—sound, steady methods had not made a fortune, but had secured a competence; and Sterry found himself, owing to his father's late marriage and premature death, head of the banking-house and master of The Homestead at the early age of twenty-six.

Good fortune had in no wise spoilt the Sterrys. Alec, in spite of a public school and university education, retained still the simple, kindly nature of his fore-

fathers—a nature that had won the love and respect of the villagers from all time, and made The Homestead's owner undisputed squire in the neighbourhood. Much to the chagrin, it is rumoured, of the successive owners of Newton Hall—a place always changing hands—who had thought that the Lordship of the Manor, which went with this huge property, should have carried the humbler title with it. But no; a Sterry had been squire ever since the oldest inhabitant could remember, and the villagers refused to recognise any but a Sterry as squire now.

Sterry's annoyance at the moment this story opens was due to the present occupier of Newton Hall. Its owner, who had been living at the Hall himself till quite lately, was a cheery soul; many a happy day and many a convivial night had Sterry spent in his company. Now, however, he had let the place, preparatory to going abroad for two years. This was bad enough. Then he had let it to a woman; that was worse. But worst of all, the woman was young; also the possessor of incalculable wealth. Truly Sterry had cause for annoyance. No more pleasant days in the Hall coverts; no more jolly evenings with a companion after his own heart. At most a couple of stiff calls each year. His ugly face—there could be no doubt as to its ugliness—and a broken nose (Public Schools "Heavyweights"), together with a long scar from cheekbone

to chin ("Varsity "Rugger" match), did not improve its appearance, the only two redeeming points being a fresh, clear skin and a mouthful of white teeth—took on a ferocious scowl at the thought.

"Damnation!" he exclaimed aloud, and with hearty sincerity.

Out of the air above him came a rich, low chuckle.

Sterry spun round on his heel, glancing here and there. No sign could he find, however, of any thing or person to account for this extraordinary noise. There were several trees standing like sentinels in the boundary hedge, but he could see no movement in any of them.

"Damnation!" he said again, this time even more forcefully, while the scowl deepened so much as to become almost a caricature of a scowl, and the corners of his mouth twitched suspiciously.

Again the chuckle. Now his eye caught a tiny movement in the leafy canopy of one of the trees. He strode towards its base.

"Come down, you young scamp!" he roared. "What the devil are you doing up there?"

At this there came a perfect ripple of laughter. The branches above him parted and a lovely face peered down at him, framed by the green leaves and a tangled mass of glorious brown hair.

Sterry gasped.

"Whatever are you doing?" he said, when he had in a measure recovered from the surprise occasioned by this apparition. "You'll break a leg or something, as sure as my name's Alexander. Come down at once!"

The head nodded saucily.

"Don't you worry, you-whose-name's-Alexander," it said. "Turn the other way, and I'll be with you in a second."

Sterry did as commanded. After a deal of rustling and shuffling behind him, some one touched him lightly on the shoulder. He turned, and found himself face to face with a tall girl of some sixteen summers.

A quaint picture she made. She seemed to have outgrown her plain, patched frock, whose sleeves, being considerably short of her wrists, showed much of a well-browned arm. The frock itself, torn in two places, was a mass of green; her short nose likewise gave evidence of having been in intimate contact with the tree-trunk. Feet small and sensibly shod, hands slim and long-fingered, but covered with dirt, face piquante and plentifully smeared with green; the whole crowned with a shock of silky hair, deep brown at the ends and almost golden at the roots. Altogether she reminded Sterry of some newly discovered Old Master—she might be beautiful if the grime and dirt were washed off.

"Well?" she drawled, when he had finished his scrutiny.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, at your age. Why, you're almost a woman!"

"Perhaps I ought, but, anyway, I'm not, Mr. Sterry. By the way," she inquired, as an afterthought, "I suppose you are Mr. Sterry?"

"That's me," Sterry answered, as regardless of grammar as the ever-famous monks. "And you're——?"

"Oh, I'm Kathleen Labelle, sister to the great Miss Labelle—of Newton Hall, you know," she added, in reply to his unspoken query.

"Then, Miss Kathleen Labelle, how the blazes did you know me? Surely I haven't seen you before?"

A mischievous smile danced in her brown eyes.

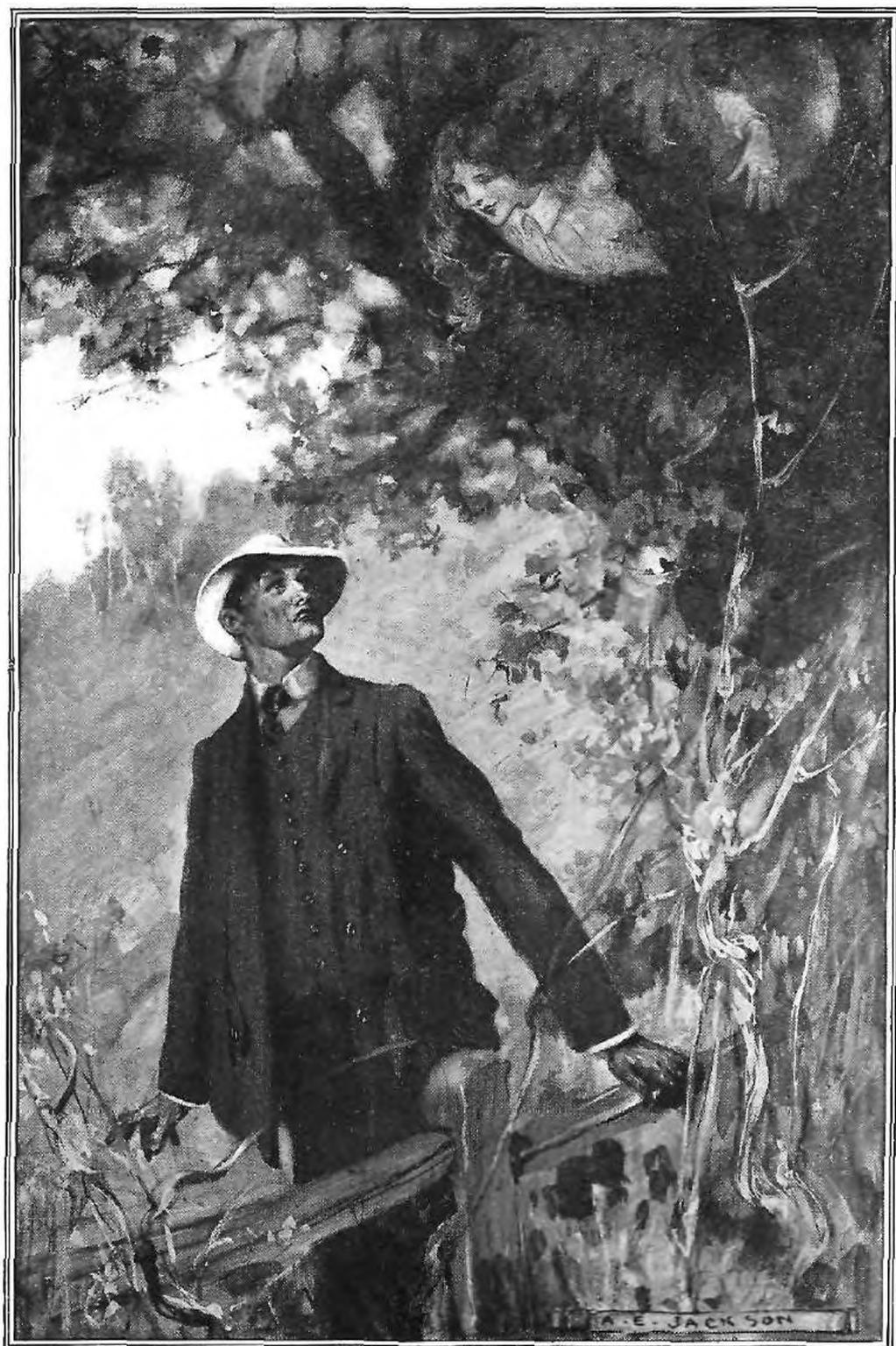
"The moon sees many brooks," she quoted. "But, seriously, it wasn't you I recognised."

"What, then?"

"Your thatch," impudently.

Involuntarily Sterry put his hand up to his head; he tried to look offended. It was of no use, however. Miss Kathleen Labelle's smile deepened, and the next moment they were both laughing heartily.

If two strangers can see and enjoy the



*Drawn by A. E. Jackson.*

"The branches above him parted, and a lovely face peered down at him."

point of a joke against one of them, they are no longer strangers. Sterry continued his walk along the boundary, but not alone. The process of making a firm friendship went forward without a hitch.

"Who told you about my hair?" he asked.

"A little bird," replied the girl. "A very nice little bird. It said——"

"Wait a minute. I'll tell you what it said. It said: 'If you see a tall, handsome man, with "such locks as the Greeks lov'd, which moderns call auburn," avoid him like the dev—er—h'm, that is to say, avoid him.'"

"Oh, please don't mind me!" she laughed. "You swore so much just before we met that you couldn't shock me now. But what the bird said wasn't a bit like that. As near as I can remember, it said this: 'If you see an ugly face, with a broken nose, and surmounted by a crop of shredded tomatoes soaked in paraffin and set on fire, moving about six foot in the air, and can overcome your natural repulsion at the sight, throw your arms round its neck and kiss it, for it belongs to the very best fellow that ever lived.'"

There was a pause.

"Well, Miss Kathleen," Sterry said at last, "I'm waiting."

"What for?" asked the girl, with a surprise that was obviously manufactured.

"For the last part."

"Oh! that's only what the bird said. I've no intention of following his advice, Squire. I think I shall always call you that. It fits you so."

"Please do. It sounds so nice when you say it."

The girl rattled on gaily. Nonsense begets nonsense; soon the two were grinning together over the silliest of sayings and the weakest of jokes. Time fled. It seemed to Sterry that they had been chatting but half an hour when his companion announced that she would have to run to be in time for lunch.

"By the way," Sterry remarked, as

they shook hands in parting, "I must call on your sister."

"She said only the other day she wondered if you were going to. Or if Squire Sterry was too grand to know her."

"I meant no discourtesy, but the fact is, I rather dread that sort of thing. It'll be all right, though, with you there to pull me through, Miss Kathleen."

"I'm afraid you'll have to sink or swim by your own unaided efforts, Squire. Alice, my sister, you know, is awfully strict, and doesn't let me come down to see visitors. I should get into a fearful row if she knew about this morning, for instance. So you mustn't mention my name to her, ever. She's got a perfectly wicked temper."

"What rot!"

"Yes, isn't it?"

"I mean that I shan't have you there to take care of me when I call, Miss Kathleen," explained Sterry.

"I daresay you'll survive. Alice isn't as bad as all that. In fact, she's rather like me, so she can't be so very terrible, can she? Well, good-bye, Squire."

"I say, could you—that is, do you ever—I mean, shall I——?" stammered Sterry.

"I can when I like, and I do sometimes, and you might to-morrow morning," the girl called back over her shoulder as she disappeared.

From the idiotic smile which creased his face, it was to be presumed that Sterry not only understood the meaning of this cryptic utterance, but also derived considerable satisfaction from it.

"Carpe diem," says the hackneyed old tag. Sterry had forgotten his Horace, so remarked instead, "Take time by the forelock." And, since he acted upon the idea, it came to much the same.

He arrayed himself in respectable clothes, and paid his official call on the elder Miss Labelle that very afternoon. Though there was no chance of seeing his companion of the morning, it would be

as well, he thought, to propitiate the fates, in the shape of her guardian. He knew both mother and father were dead, therefore supposed that the care of the younger had devolved upon the elder sister.

Miss Labelle was in, he was informed. Would he walk up? Half a minute later he found himself in the presence of a tall, well-dressed young woman, and a short, colourless lady, who might have been any age from thirty to fifty. It was difficult to see plainly, for the blinds were half down, making the light dim and uncertain. The younger of the two he put down as Miss Labelle; the elder as her companion. His surmise turned out to be correct. The younger came forward to receive him; then introduced him to the other.

During the twenty minutes' conventional chat which followed, Sterry took every opportunity of studying his hostess. There certainly was a distinct family resemblance to Kathleen. Miss Labelle, however, was exquisitely gowned, and her hair, not unlike her sister's, was elaborately dressed in the latest fashion. A pair of eyeglasses gave her an austere aspect beyond her years, at the same time making it difficult to distinguish the hue of her eyes. But the greatest difference between the two sisters lay in their skins. There could be no comparison between the brown and freckles of the one and the dull white texture of the other.

Sterry was not very favourably impressed by Miss Labelle. Clever, in a sort of way, she might be; hard and cynical she undoubtedly was. She made many bitter remarks about society in general and her own set in particular; but, on the other hand, was most cordial to him. Altogether, when he rose to go, he was forced to the not unpleasant conclusion that he had made a good impression.

As Miss Labelle gave him her hand, she expressed in most sincere tones her hope that they should meet again shortly, and intimated that she would return his

call at once. Amid the slightly incoherent declarations of mutual esteem, which both parties seemed to think necessary and proper on such occasions, Sterry took his leave.

The next morning, and the next, and the next, and many others, Sterry strolled in the direction of his fair neighbour's boundary, seldom without seeing something of the cheery little maiden whom he had caught tree-climbing. As the days flew by, it was not only in the morning, and not only on the boundary that he met her. She formed a habit of dropping in on him at all hours, lunching with him, tea-ing with him, playing billiards and tennis and walking with him about his little estate. Sterry had wondered how she managed to get off so easily at all hours of the day. The explanation turned out to be that her governess had left, and, until the new one arrived, she was allowed to do pretty much as she liked, provided that she did not go into the village, or worry her sister or her sister's friends.

Kathleen's visits were not always harmonious. She possessed quite a fair share of the "wicked temper" she had so generously ascribed to Miss Labelle. When Sterry had annoyed her, the waves of her rage would beat helplessly against the immovable rock of his good nature, till they had exhausted themselves with their own violence. Then a blissful calm would reign—for just so long as no other breeze ruffled the waters.

At first Sterry encouraged these visits. His own feelings were merely friendly; and surely, he thought, scandal could point no accusing finger at his intimacy with a school-girl. Gradually, however, their relations changed—on his side, at any rate; and sometimes he could not help thinking that she, too, had begun to regard him in a different light. The frank *camaraderie* disappeared; she showed a disinclination to meet his eyes, and once or twice he detected a sudden

deepening of colour under the grime on her cheeks at some accidental touch of their hands.

In these circumstances, doubts commenced to assail Sterry as to the propriety of her visits. He hinted to her several times that she ought so to arrange matters that he should meet her when he was up at the Hall, and thus be properly introduced. As long as she could, Kathleen disregarded these hints utterly. Not until he put the case openly would she consent to take any notice of it.

"Ah! don't ask me to do that, Squire," she then said, throwing out her hands in a pretty, appealing gesture. "You don't know Alice like I do. There'd be an awful row. She'd spot the whole thing at once; and probably I should never be allowed to see you again."

"But I don't like going on like this," Sterry answered stubbornly. "It isn't right."

"Would you have me turned out of home, penniless?"

"What?"

"Oh, didn't you know? All the money was left to Alice. I wasn't even mentioned in the will."

"What a shame!" he said hotly.

"It was, rather. But then, you see, Squire, I've always been a harum-scarum sort of girl. And Alice was always careful and shrewd. So I daresay it's all for the best, you know."

"That is as it may be, Kathleen"—the formal "Miss" had been dropped long ago—"but it's a beastly shame all the same."

"Then you won't betray me? You wouldn't like to see me singing in the streets, would you, Squire, for coppers?" She started singing in a high, nasal voice, then broke off with a laugh. "I'm afraid I shouldn't get many. I should soon starve. Promise, Squire, if you don't want me to."

Sterry gave a grudging assent.

"That's right. I'm so glad. Besides, I'm beginning to get very jealous of Alice.

If she knew, I think she'd be quite capable of sewing me up in a sack and dropping me into the moat."

"Nonsense!"

"Well, anyway, it's 'Mr. Sterry' morning, noon, and night at home. 'I saw Mr. Sterry in the village;' 'Mr. Sterry is coming to dinner to-night;' and so on."

"Nonsense!" said Sterry again, with smiling confidence.

Truth to tell, though, there seemed to be reasonable grounds for jealousy on Kathleen's part. Invitations from Newton Hall showered down upon Sterry with much greater frequency than ordinary politeness to a near neighbour demanded. Added to this, when he was there his hostess's demeanour, while civil and no more towards the other guests, was cordial and no less towards him.

The great conspiracy of silence did not succeed for long. One morning, a week after the compact had been made, Kathleen came rushing into Sterry's study through the French windows. And such a Kathleen! Sterry had seen her quiet, merry, saucy, and tempestuous before, but never sad. Yet it was a very dismal, red-eyed Kathleen who disturbed him then. He jumped out of his chair and ran towards her, holding out both hands.

"Why, whatever is the matter? You've been crying."

"Oh, Squire!" answered the girl brokenly, "she knows!—she's found out!"

"Who? Not your sister?"

"Yes, Alice."

"But how?"

"I don't know. I only know she called me this morning and taxed me with it. Then there was such a lovely shindy." A momentary gleam of the merry, fighting Kathleen danced in her eyes; it soon died out, as she went on miserably, "And she says I'm to go to school in Germany for two years. And never to see you any more till after then. I'm supposed to be in my room now; I got out down the creeper. There'll be

another row when I get back. But I don't care."

"Germany! Germany, indeed!" exclaimed Sterry. "And for two years! I won't let her send you there."

"How can you prevent it?" asked Kathleen artlessly.

Her hands had remained in his, forgotten by both in the excitement of the moment. Now he drew her to him.

"At present I have no right, Kathleen," he whispered. "You alone can give it me. Will you, dear?"

She lifted a shy, blushing face, and he found his answer there.

Five minutes later.

"Do you really mean to say you prefer me, a penniless kid, to her, an heiress?" Kathleen asked.

Sterry assured her, with suitable guarantees that, strange though it might be, such was the case.

"I can hardly believe it. It sounds too good to be true. But—oh, I say, she's my guardian, you know, Squire!"

"Well?"

"You'll have to see her," in an awed tone, "and ask her consent—doesn't it sound funny? Our little breeze this morning will be nothing to that. I wish I could change into a mouse, and be there to see the fun."

"So do I, if it would amuse you."

Kathleen turned and gazed at his face in wonder.

"Gracious," she said, "I don't believe you're even nervous!"

"But I am, Kathleen—horribly," Sterry confessed.

"Then you don't look it. And yet I know there'll be such a dreadful scene."

"It won't be as bad as you think, probably. Why should it?"

"I must be off, Squire," she put in, kissing him shyly. "I hope it won't, for your sake. But you'll see. Good luck, anyway."

Sterry might have been nervous that afternoon, as he waited in her drawing-

room for the elder Miss Labelle, but certainly he did not show it. A more cool and collected man, outwardly at least, could not have been imagined.

When Miss Labelle appeared, dressed in a dull, brown gown, almost matching her hair, she seemed paler than usual—more subdued. Possibly the morning's scene with Kathleen had left its mark upon her. After the usual formal greetings, Sterry went straight to the point.

"Your sister, Miss Kathleen, tells me——" he began.

"Ah!" Miss Labelle put in, "I hope you have come to make some explanation—some excuse—for your——"

Sterry interrupted her.

"Not at all," said he. "There is no need for me to excuse a harmless companionship——"

"Harmless!"

"Yes, I repeat, a harmless companionship. As to explanation, surely that is self-evident?"

Miss Labelle leant indolently back in her chair.

"Pray pardon my dullness," said she, almost with insolence; "but what may be self-evident to intellects like my sister's and—er—yours, is the very reverse to my poor brain."

Sterry took no notice of her tone.

"I mean," he explained easily, "that your sister has been kept—well, I had nearly said, a prisoner—much in the background, shall we say?—since you have been down here. She has had no friends, no companions, and has never been allowed to see any visitors. To me it seems only natural that she should jump at the first opportunity of making a friend. Even if the friendship was secret and, perhaps, somewhat unconventional——"

"Only unconventional?"

"For which I am to blame," Sterry continued, as if she had not spoken. "But had you treated her—— However, I am not here to judge your conduct towards her——"

Miss Labelle heaved a big sigh of relief

"Really?" she sneered. "*Really!* I was quite beginning to think you were; and was getting horribly frightened."

"But if I were," Sterry pursued, a hint of sternness creeping into his voice, "you would not get off very lightly. I have not come here, though, nor do I wish, to talk about the past at all——"

"I should rather think you don't!"

"But about the future. You are Miss Kathleen's guardian?"

"Yes," laconically answered Miss Labelle.

"Then I wish to ask you for her hand in marriage, Miss Labelle."

"Really? Is that so? How very interesting! Then I may take it that you don't know the terms of my father's will?" nastily.

Sterry kept his temper admirably.

"On the contrary, Miss Labelle," he replied, "Miss Kathleen told me long ago."

"You know that she has nothing, absolutely nothing, but what I give her, Mr. Sterry?"

"Why, certainly, Miss Labelle."

"How honest of her! And how very noble of you!"

"I may take it, then, that you consent?"

"You may take no such thing," Miss Labelle replied, with considerable force. "I do not. A raw girl like that! Why, she doesn't even know her own mind, probably. It's only a girlish fancy. If she still thinks so when she comes back from Germany, in two years' time, then perhaps I will consider it."

"That brings me to the second object of my visit," said Sterry evenly; then he launched his bolt. "I say she mustn't go to Germany at all."

"Really!"

Miss Labelle, who might have been expected to show some signs of the temper to which Kathleen was so fond of alluding, at this flat defiance, seemed most unconcerned. She uttered her favourite word with an absent-minded air.

There was a pause.

Sterry, much too wise to spoil the effect of his ultimatum by explanations, was quite content that Miss Labelle should let it sink in. Thus it was the woman who eventually broke the silence. Hitherto she had kept her eyes steadily upon him; now, however, she looked anywhere but in his direction. Hitherto she had been as composed and unconcerned as he; now she showed every sign of nervousness. The sneering voice, too, was replaced by a softer tone—one more like her sister's.

"Has it never struck you, Mr. Sterry," she said, changing the subject abruptly, "that money is an immense power?"

"Often."

"And have you never desired to handle the power a large, a very large, sum would carry with it?"

"Often."

Miss Labelle seemed then to find it difficult to proceed. A higher colour tinged her cheek, she fidgeted with a cushion, and commenced several questions, only to break off, leaving them unfinished.

"Supposing," she said, at last—"supposing there should be some girl, quite rich, and as nice-looking as Kathleen. And supposing she should—should—that is to say, if she admired you, and—and—liked you. And you had met her a lot. And supposing she showed she—she—was—well, fond of you, you know, by asking you often to her house——"

"Please," interrupted Sterry. The drift of her remarks was obvious. He spared her further humiliation. "Please, Miss Labelle, don't introduce me to any of your rich friends. It would do no good. Quite useless, I assure you. I could never care for any one but Kathleen."

Still Miss Labelle evinced remarkable self-control. Indeed, the beginnings of a smile dawned on her face.

"Then I am truly sorry for you, Mr. Sterry," she said. "You would have done much better to have had me. Oh! you knew what I meant, and I knew you

knew it. For"—she now smiled openly—"for my sister doesn't exist."

Sterry sat up suddenly and made as if to speak.

"Wait!" exclaimed the girl hurriedly; "let me explain first. I didn't deceive you wantonly or heartlessly, really I didn't." She appeared rather frightened at the way he was taking it, and continued with a deprecativ air. "I had been rather run down by my first season, and my doctor told me to run wild for a time. I am only nineteen. And I had just put my hair up—not long enough to get used to it. So I let it down, and put on short frocks, and really ran wild. No, let me finish"—for again Sterry had attempted to say something. "Then I met you, and I thought it would be such fun to pretend for a little while. And it was fun. It was so easy to deceive you, too. The eye-glasses"—she threw them aside—"paint and powder, fashionable gowns, and a smartly dressed head were sufficient. Then you began to show that you—you—liked me a little," breathlessly. "And I thought it such a fine chance to see if it was me or my money you liked. Oh! I know I oughtn't to have doubted you. But I had already had five proposals—all for my money, I knew. And I wanted to be quite sure. I'm very sorry, Squire. You will forgive me, won't you?" She thrust out her hands with the appealing gesture, which he had so often seen her use as Kathleen.

"Easily," answered Sterry. "Especially as I, too, have to ask you to forgive me."

"I? Forgive you? Whatever for?"

Surprise, and a touch of suspicion, tinged her voice.



"He seized the girl in his arms with brutal roughness, and kissed her mouth."

"Because——" he laughed. "It is so funny. I can't help smiling. It was such a rare little comedy. You see, I knew you all the time."

She drew a deep breath.

"You — knew — me — all — the — time," she repeated, as if trying to force her

brain to comprehend the full meaning of his words.

"Yes," continued Sterry, leaning back comfortably in his chair, "it's only in books, you know, that people are hoodwinked so easily. I suspected you after I had seen you five minutes as Miss Labelle. Then, as you shook hands when I called that day—you remember?—I saw a long scratch on your wrist, exactly like one I had seen on your supposed sister's in the morning. That settled it." He laughed again, as he rose and walked over to her. "So we've both to forgive each other. We're 'quits,' as I used to say in my school-days."

The girl was sitting motionless, as if frozen, save that her hands twitched spasmodically, a deep flush mounting to her face and neck. She stared up at him on his approach.

"So you knew me all the time, eh? While I thought I was being so clever, you were fooling me—laughing in your sleeve at me—making fun of me to your friends, probably. How dared you! Oh, what an idiot I must have looked—what a fool! And you laughed. You're laughing now——"

Her voice rose higher and higher as the words came tumbling out. The little tantrums Sterry had seen her in as Kathleen were nothing to the rage that now consumed her. She sprang to her feet and faced him, her eyes glittering dangerously. Sterry's smile died away. Poor chap! He did not know much about women. He tried to appease her with reason. Reason and an angry girl!

"But you deceived me first," he said. "You should have trusted my love. You had no right to 'test' me. I could never have done what I did, if you hadn't done what you did."

He might as well have tried the powers of his reason on an angry cat.

"You—you——" she screamed. "You stand there and talk to me of your love. You—who could make a laughing-stock of me. You smug-faced hypocrite! You

hideous, red-headed cad! You fortune-hunting bounder! You—you——"

At this point the very rush of her own words choked her. This only angered her the more. If her tongue would not serve her, there were other weapons.

She lifted her open hand, and struck him with all her might full on the face.

Sterry made no attempt to evade the blow. An angry red flowed up to his cheeks; then ebbed, leaving him white. Beneath the calmness of centuries, the Sterrys had concealed a temper at least of average size. This now welled up in him. He sprang forward, seized the girl in his arms with brutal roughness, and kissed her mouth.

As she tore herself from his embrace, Sterry caught her two wrists in his strong hands, and held her at arm's length. Struggle she might; free herself she could not. His face was set and pale, save where the red finger-marks showed, finger by finger, on his cheek.

"I say you love me," he said, the very quietness with which the words were uttered betraying the tempest of passion seething within him. "And I love you. Send me away now, and I shall go. But I shall not come back. If you should want me, you will have to come to me."

"I don't love you!" cried the girl indomitably. "I hate you! I loathe you! Go!"

He released her; then picked up his hat, stick, and gloves, and walked to the door. There he turned and ceremoniously bowed to her.

"Go!" she cried again.

Very quietly the door was shut.

The girl raised her two wrists, and gazed at them. Each was encircled by an angry band of crimson. She dropped on her knees against her chair. A deep, dry sob wrung her slight form, as again and again she pressed her lips to the marks of his unwitting violence.

That same evening, Sterry was sitting in his study before dinner,

Passion had spent itself. Pain alone remained. Why had he lost his temper? he thought miserably. Had he pleaded instead of acting like a hooligan, she might have softened towards him—might have let the better side of her nature triumph. Soften! He touched the finger-marks on his cheek and smiled grimly.

Hark! What was that?

Again. A low, timid tap on the French windows.

Sterry sprang to his feet, crossed the room, and flung the windows back. Outside on the steps stood a short-frocked, grubby figure, with long hair hanging down far over her shoulders, the whole framed in the glow of the setting sun.

"I'm Kathleen," she said. "Don't forget I'm Kathleen, Squire. Alice would never have dared to come; nor would her pride have let her. But Kathleen is here humbly to ask forgiveness for her."

He drew her inside. There flashed across his mind some slight idea of the struggle that must have taken place between pride and love before she could dare this—and of the greatness of the love that had conquered. While he had been sitting at home nursing his pride, she had flung hers to the winds. Could he do anything to show his contrition—to show his appreciation of her splendid courage? He bent his head and kissed her hands. As he did so his eyes caught the red marks there. He looked up.

"Did I—did I—?" he began.

"Yes," she replied tremulously. "So we're 'quits,' as you said this afternoon."

"And you can come here after that?" he asked, in awed wonder. "What can I ever—how can I possibly make up—?"

"Hush!" she interrupted. "That was Alice. I am Kathleen. Remember, always and for ever to you I am Kathleen."

"Always Kathleen."



## A New Year

WE write our page, a blot we make;  
 We scratch that out, but still remains  
 A scar.  
 Forewarned—another page we take,  
 But there we make no blots nor stains  
 That mar.

We live our life, we sin a sin,  
 We hide it, too, from holy light,  
 Until—  
 A New Year dawns, then we begin  
 With new resolve, to do the right—  
 His will.

JESSIE BENNETT GOODWIN.

# The Gentle Art of British Snobbery

BY M. BIRD

**I** FAIL to see why THE SNOB should be a person so universally reprobated.

All the hypocrites of all the ages have expended their venom upon him, while themselves acting up to every principle of which he is the exponent. If Englishmen (I don't pretend to understand any posturing foreigner) would be honest and look facts in the face and label them with their proper names, they would long ago have recognised that what they call "snobbery" is merely Business Instinct carried into social affairs. A business man can't afford to trade with shoddy firms, or he spoils his credit with good people. Very well then. To succeed socially it is necessary that YOU DO NOT KNOW THE WRONG PEOPLE!

All this I have stood and declaimed many times to my family and friends, with a wealth of illustration and a certain flow of eloquence, upon my sheepskin hearthrug in far Australia. We have had many a humorous and even witty debate upon the theme, "Which would you rather be, a beautiful pig or an ugly baby?"

In which I have taken up the unassailable position, that though for a while the admiration of the small pigs around you and below you may satisfy your baser nature, there will always be in you, along with the beauty that exceeds theirs, some sparks of imagination, some higher ambitions, that will reach out beyond the sty and yearn to be, if but one of the humblest, among the human infants that gambol on the lawn. Liberties are permitted to the stupidest babies that are

denied to the cleverest of performing pigs, I have pointed out; and ugly babies may by strength of character and natural ability rise to the position of leader even among babies of greater initial advantages. And I have always concluded by making this point—and thereby silenced my adversary when he quoted the old adage about crocks trying to swim with brazen pots—that no man can afford to waver between the two kingdoms: if the baby once allows himself to be inveigled into the pigsty, he will thereafter offerd the delicate nostrils of other babies by the smell of pigs.

I have always remembered with disconcerting clearness a scene in the old Rectory in Devonshire where I was brought up. The buxom village woman who did our dairywork stood with arms akimbo beside the churn and replied to some question of my mother's as to the general style of the new people who were moving their goods into one of the houses in the neighbourhood. "A cottage piano!" said she, with great emphasis; "that classes *them* at once!" And she thumped her butter with a vigour sharpened by disillusion.

It is these trifling things that act as guides to the wise man through life. I made up my mind, when I left the old country at an early age to seek fortune in the new, that I would return with a grand piano.

I have done so.

And I made up my mind also to keep clear of pigs and get into the society that matches a grand piano.

I have—I *think* I have—done so.

But there is no such simple and satisfactory dividing-line drawn between one set and another in English society as is seen to divide babies from pigs, grand from cottage pianos. If undesirable people were but marked by tails and snouts, or, like pianos, by the difference between three dropsical mahogany legs and four invisible castors, life in England would be simpler.

every social set. In one place wealth and that alone is the passport to the best social functions. In another there must be birth and pedigree as long as your arm or, no matter how dull your conversation, how refined your appearance, how full your pocket, *you can't get in!*

I should not complain of that, mind you, for, as I say, these social distinctions are what, as a business man, I have always seen the need for. But I say, let us have



"A cottage piano! That classes them at once!"

I imagine even old inhabitants must occasionally find themselves astray in this quaking quagmire of persons socially unknowable. They may be to all appearance of the respectable, solid, and desirable type. They may live in a big place, they may live in a small house, they may be and do anything, and be *taboo*. Or they may be anything and live anywhere, and yet be socially acceptable. There is no standard common to every place and

a regular sliding-scale, and know where we are. What I do not like, is being cut by nice people in one place and having my boots licked by equally nice people in another. I will take one or the other with a good grace, and make my arrangements accordingly: no man is more adaptable than I am. But let me know where I am.

For instance, when I first came home

I took what I then thought a good house—a commodious modern house on the edge of a large town. Smugton is a cathedral town, and full of nice houses inhabited presumably by nice people. I say presumably, for I was not permitted to enter one of their nice front doors. All round Smugton there are large places, with parks, two of them containing deer of a sheeplike tameness. In these places are small families of considerable possessions and immense pride. But my new motor was not permitted to pant its way up one of the long avenues nor disturb one of the somnolent deer.

Why? . . . WE KNEW THE PIPSONS!

There is a blot on the scenery of Smugton, and the Cathedral and the County shudder over it. Pipson's Linoleum Factory stands on the outskirts of Smugton—the Pipsons live in one of the best of its red-brick houses.

I had responded civilly to the advances of a hearty middle-aged gentleman on the station platform. He had the look of the typical stage farmer which I had been taught to associate with English county magnates, so I stamped up and down the platform beside him, travelled alone with him in a first-class compartment, and accepted with some gratification his suggestion that he should send his wife to call upon mine. How little did I guess that by this simple act I was hounding myself out of Smugton, barring myself for ever outside the pale of all decent society there!

No warning whiff of linoleum drifted to my nostrils as we chatted about the price of pigs and the approaching Fat Stock Show. But by the day of the show my suspicions had been aroused. And when the fête for the county infirmary came off, suspicion became a certainty. There was the County, and there was the Cathedral, and there the hangers-on of either. There, again, was the professional element—doctors and lawyers, tailing off into dentists, chemists, and estate agents. And Smugton Trade, big and small.

And between both worlds, isled as it were in an odour of linoleum, were my wife and I . . . FOR WE KNEW THE PIPSONS!

The smell of the pigsty was upon us, to return to the ingenious metaphor referred to in paragraph 3.

Having hastily left the lonely horrors of life at Smugton, we took a large furnished house at Mudchester, to see how we liked it. There we determined to be very careful. We made as complete a list as possible of the kind of people we must not know until we had had time to look about us. This no doubt would eventually have landed us in the very highest circles had I not made an unfortunate *faux pas*. As I have said to my wife several times in answer to her needlessly pointed criticisms of my behaviour, it is absurd to say that I was ungentlemanly: it was because I was too anxious to become the associate of gentlemen only that I fell into the error that induced us again to move our quarters. The hoardings of Mudchester were gaudy with red-and-green labels advertising somebody's Beer. I have no doubt that I ought to have known that the brewer of the beer was a member of the British peerage, but I did not. Therefore, when I was introduced by the lawyer who took my house for me to a man bearing the name that glared at me from every railway embankment, wall, and tramcar, I own that I was short in my manner to him. Having turned to the lawyer and inquired by a gesture towards the nearest poster if it were the same and received an affirmative nod in reply, I intimated plainly that it was not a connection that I desired to follow up. I noticed that the owner of the name appeared more amused than abashed, which I understood better when the lawyer informed me afterwards in a reproachful voice that HIS FATHER IS A PEER!

We knew that this unfortunate incident would make us the contempt, if not the

laughing-stock, of all Mudchester society, so we removed our grand piano before reprisals could commence. But where are you to have these people? Why may one man brew beer and be a peer

establishment and see a very ordinary-looking lady being besieged by a crowd eager to purchase petticoats of her aristocratic hands or to follow her taste in stockings or the finer kinds of lingerie.



"I own that I was short in my manner to him."

and another make linoleum and be a social pariah?

Trade has little to do with it, I am told. In London, which is the place in which to study strange varieties of snobbery, one may enter a milliner's or linendraper's

The owner of the business (or the manager put in by the syndicate) will stand by the door to point out the source of attraction, saying in a telling aside to every customer that enters, "*Her father is a lord!*"

While I was wondering where to go next, loafing day after day in and out of the lonely splendours of a crowded London hotel, I met an old acquaintance. We greeted one another with mutual cordiality, and he proposed Raw Park as the solution of all my difficulties.

"The advantages of both town and country at Raw Park," he assured me. "It's a regular Garden Suburb. Give it time, and it will be a perfect little paradise. Modern houses built in the most picturesque style . . . hot and cold water . . . drainage system . . . incandescent gas . . . tiles round the bathroom . . ." and so on for half an hour's rhapsody. I was fired by his enthusiasm, and felt at once that Raw Park was just the place for us to make a start in.

"And the people?" I asked tentatively—"are they . . .?"

"The nicest set in the world. Of course, you have to wait to get to know the right ones—people are mixed everywhere, but less so in Raw Park than any place I could name to you, and I know most," said Robinson.

So we transplanted ourselves to one of the artistic new houses, which I found, to my satisfaction, comfortable as well as picturesque.

My friend Robinson came in for a smoke and a gossip after dinner on the evening of our arrival, and the talk naturally turned upon our future in Raw Park. I asked him for a few hints as to the kind of people I should meet, and if there were any it were better to avoid, to tell me which and why. For I told him frankly that we desired to get into the best social circle in the place, and felt certain from former experiences that to do so it was necessary to avoid contact with all others.

Robinson hesitated, and looked rather uncomfortable. "I'm a man of the world myself," he said, in a queer voice, "and I know 'em all. Of course, if you want to be exclusive . . . but I should have thought that, coming from the

Colonies, you would have taken a man for what he is worth."

"So I do!" I protested hotly. "But you surely don't mean to tell me that there is no reason for this separation of people into cliques that I find in every place in England—that one set is not actually and positively nicer, better bred, better mannered, more interesting, more informed, than the others it will have nothing to do with?"

"Each one thinks it is a heap better than its neighbours, anyway," said Robinson. "But once you get into its magic circle you find much the same sort of material. There is a lot of jealousy, a lot of side and affectation, false pride and false shame, and that sort of thing, but not a mugful of brains among them. I do hope," said Robinson, quite earnestly, "that you are not going to join a clique and become a bear to all outsiders! It is so idiotic and unnecessary. I thought when I persuaded you to come and live here that you would bring a breath of Colonial common sense to the place, and take a man on his merits."

He pleaded quite eloquently for the open mind, and I was genuinely moved by his appeal, although I saw the weak point in his argument.

"What you call snobbery," I said to him, "is merely Business Instinct brought into social affairs."

He anathematised Business Instinct with needless vigour, which caused me to defend it with perhaps more heat than was exactly called for.

"I am a married man," I said to him at last, with studied moderation, "and must think of my wife. Social position is very important to a woman. My wife could hold her own in any society, and it is my part to see that she has her chance."

"Then I'm thankful that I am a bachelor," said Robinson, "and can afford to study my inclinations instead of my interests."

"Your point of view will probably alter when you do marry," I said banteringly,

"You can be a snob whether you are married or single," said he, rather warmly.

So I changed the subject quickly. I was not going to quarrel with Robinson till I knew what set he was really in, for it was manifestly absurd to suppose that he had the entrée to all, as he would have me believe.

We waited and watched. But it took us quite a long time to grasp the true geography of Raw Park. Its social circles were multiplied infinitely. To a newcomer their individual members seemed marvellously alike—and few of them interesting. There was a daily exodus of the men to offices in London, and the station platform was the place in which to observe these. There were clerks in the early trains, with paper turned back over their cuffs and a perpetual flow of political small talk. Later the employers of clerks went Citywards, each with his *Times* or financial paper and his talk of stocks and prices. Later came the professional men, exuding politics again. And the listener heard a strange variety of talk—serious things treated lightly and foolish things with intense seriousness, but through all a note of striving and envy and ambition. Criticism of any third person was sure to be directed to his attitude towards some one in a position either above or below his own. False boundaries were set to friendliness, false limits to behaviour.

One must not live in Puppy Road, or Big Dog Avenue could not know one even if it wished, lest the Bigger Dogs of the villas up the Hill should show their teeth!

This would not have mattered had the villa-dwellers been more interesting or had more of anything but money. But search as I might, I could not find a thing to set them thus apart from their neighbours beyond the employment of a few more servants. I found myself catching the infection of Robinson's trenchant style.

"What," he would ask, "can money give us more than our neighbours, when once we have reached such a standard of

physical comfort as none of the dwellers in Raw Park fall below? Can a man wear more than one pair of boots, sleep in more than one bed, or eat more than a certain amount at a time? Can riches double his appetite or, while giving him three pairs of boots, give him also the feet to wear them?"

"It becomes a question of quality, then," I hastened to point out.

"That is more a matter of taste than riches. I don't have a bedroom fire any more than the clerks who live in Thomas Street, not because I can't afford the coals or have no fireplace, like them, but because I hate a hot room!" said Robinson, with a triumphant air.

But of course any one can argue anything that way. The clerk may even give the same reason—I should myself in his place—but, knowing little of Robinson's circumstances, I do not like to make this retort. For I like Robinson—although he is a crank—and he is certainly well received in practically every set in Raw Park. Even the barristers' wives ask him to all their parties, and the Church people are only mildly reproachful to him, although he never gives them the opportunity of preaching at him for his good.

Robinson is a literary man, and prides himself on not caring a button what he says to anybody.

I believe this to be true, although it is scarcely credible in a man reared in this atmosphere. Why, he has said things to me . . . but I have not taken offence, for I have known that he has not intended the innuendo that I have seen.

And Robinson is certainly a person accepted by even the most exclusive people in Raw Park, although he is not an old inhabitant. I can't quite understand why, though he is very amusing, and you can trust him to be sincere.

After a time we found ourselves well in the most exclusive set in Raw Park, and then began to enlarge our circle of acquaintance beyond its borders. We paid

visits to big houses—we knew a few people with titles—I got among some good names in the City—and we began to hold our heads a little high, as we were now entitled to do.

It was not a question of who would know us, but rather whom we would know! We had had to know a good many people when we first settled in Raw Park who were now practically no use to us, and I learned that any sort of suburb is unfashionable as a place of residence, which decided us to remove ourselves into London itself. And we have established ourselves in a pleasant social circle in Mayfair.

Now the question of what we may *do* rather than whom we may know is the pressing one of the hour.

How can one discover what it is that will cause every one to recognise at once that one is worthy of consideration?

There is a definition, quoted with approbation by a well-known writer, that a Gentleman has his handkerchief in his cuff, and doesn't carry his money in a purse. That is more detailed and up-to-date than "Manners maketh Man," but hardly carries one far enough. We have the sanction of Wise Men and ancient Proverbs for exclusiveness in the company we keep, but Manners change too quickly with the Fashions. For instance, elaborate courtesies and compliments are out of date. I am of opinion that for a man a breezy brusqueness is the right thing nowadays: the attitude denoted in my favourite saying, "I'm a plain, blunt man myself." I stick to my plainness and bluntness in spite of my wife's strictures, and find that our swell friends like 'em.

If a man is bluff and breezy he will go down all right, but I tell her that she has to be more careful here than I have. We are both keeping our eyes open, and have made note of several useful points.

When you ask really smart people to your house, you should take care to ascertain that they are all of one "set," keep every one else out of the way including yourselves, give them the best of everything, and let them give their own orders to the servants. They dislike having to ask through their host or hostess for what they want, and, left to themselves, they amuse each other with jokes they all know and you do not.



"A Gentleman has his handkerchief in his cuff."

Then to give smart parties to which people will crowd you must have some sort of attraction. To this end "Freaks" may be taken up. But this with discretion, and they should be dropped again before they become a nuisance. If you encourage a snake-charmer fellow from Mogador or an emaciated Persian clairvoyant, he will come to you regularly for his meals like a pet dog, and you will be terrified lest he should knife you when at last you

nervously put your foot down and him out.

That reminds me of the difficulty that arose out of my wife's fondness for large dogs, especially spaniels. Fashion decreed that she must have a pet dog like all her smart friends; but one of the strictest rules laid down at present is that your dog must be smaller than your hat. It was needless for her to go in her largest hat to a dog-fancier's shop and measure every spaniel in turn. The smallest was

sure to prove a good three inches outside the allotted size.

Then I found that it was no use to persuade a distant connection of Royalty or a well-known society leader to come to our little dinners unless I saw to it that a paragraph appeared in all the papers next day recording the fact. The Hereditary Princess of Impi-Cuniostein was very much annoyed by my omission of this small act of recognition, and sent her lady-in-

if I would hold my own as a host, was Pheasant Shooting. I must take a big "shoot," employ many very expensive keepers to rear and fatten the inmates of the ten thousand eggs which I had to buy every spring, and I must have a "shooting-lodge" at which the guns could stay and eat and drink of the best.

Then at the appointed season, when the days are shortest and the weather at its greyest, I must gather men, not necessarily



"To go in her largest hat to a dog-fancier's shop and measure every spaniel in turn."

waiting to tell me what I ought to have done. "It is merely a question of a guinea or two," said this lady, with asperity, "and is a courtesy that We expect." She also intimated that it would require a handsome present to soothe the offended susceptibilities of the Princess and induce her to grace our table with her presence once again.

Among the men, I found that the entertainment I must positively give them,

my friends, but men who can be depended on to shoot the largest number of birds in the shortest space of time. With an army of beaters and a battalion of loaders, with highly trained dogs and the perfection of modern weapons and every aid to slaughter, these gentlemen will slay with gusto and precision hundreds of my fatted and pampered birds.

Then at the end of the day we all inspect the collected "bag," parading between rows of stiff brown bodies, the



A chilly reception.

shimmering beauty of whose plumage is tossed and dabbled by violent death.

No ; I am no sportsman !

My mind is merely divided between regret for the jolly brown birds and wonder what on earth I can do with all this game before it goes off. And I know that I have not shot a tenth of my individual

share in this grand total—know that my sporting guests are laughing at my ineptness behind my back, though I do not catch them smiling.

And while I write out my account of the battue for the sporting weekly papers, I say to myself every time, "This is the most expensive of all forms of snobbery and the most revolting."



## If I were You

IF I had lived in the gutter, you say,  
 Ere the dark was dawn, ere the dawn was day,  
 Ere the sun arose on my infant eyes  
 In an underworld of sad surprise,  
 I would be as you, coarse, bitter, old,  
 Cursed from birth by the lust of gold ;  
 I would be as you, foul and defiled,  
 A menace to man and woman and child.

And, if you had had my chance, you claim,  
 The sunnier skies and the nobler name,  
 The childhood guarded and guided sure  
 By a father sane and a mother pure,  
 You would be as I am, strong and young,  
 Where deeds are wrought and songs are sung ;  
 You would be as healthy, and as fresh,  
 In your human heart and your human flesh.

And you may be right. Perchance the beast  
 That roars in you, in me, at least,  
 Has growled, and growling shows that we  
 Are fashioned one humanity.  
 Perchance my passions unexpressed,  
 In you are but made manifest ;  
 Perchance in you I ought to see  
 The Hell from which life rescued me.

If this be true, if desperate chance  
 Of vast, unequal circumstance  
 Has given me much and scanted you,  
 My brother, this is also true :  
 Out of my noblest, I must give  
 Your lost abundance while I live,  
 And, at the doors of darkness stand  
 To meet you, with an outstretched hand.

MARGUERITE OGDEN BIGELOW.

# "BLUE RIBBON" WOMEN OF 1910

OUR LADY CHAMPIONS



MISS LUCAS.

Badminton: Winner of the Ladies' Singles, All England, 1910.

Miss Lucas is the lady "All England" Champion of that increasingly popular indoor game Badminton. She has an excellent service, and is very skilful in returning a difficult shot. Miss Lucas takes a keen interest in all Tournaments, and while playing introduces so much zest into the game, with grace and agility, that to watch her is a pleasure.



MISS E. GRANT-SUTTIE.

Golf: Ladies' Open Championship, 1910.

MISS ELSIE GRANT-SUTTIE is a cousin of Sir George Grant-Suttie and of the venerable Lord Wemyss (who has been such a keen golfer), and, like them, she comes from East Lothian, where she was taught to golf by Ben Sayers. She has played with all the leading amateurs and professionals at North Berwick, Kilspondie, and Muirfield, as well as in the South. In 1908 she won the Stroke Competition at St. Andrews prior to the Ladies' Open Championship there. Playing for Scotland (in the Internationals) in 1908 she defeated all her opponents (including Miss Titterton, Lady Champion of 1908), and repeated this performance in 1910.



MISS E. KYLE

Golf: Ladies' Scottish Championship, 1910.



MISS LLOYD-ROBERTS.

Golf: Ladies' Welsh Championship, 1910.

MISS LLOYD-ROBERTS is a pupil of J. H. Taylor and learnt her game in Mid-Surrey. She belongs to Hythe, Rhyl, and St. Rule Golf Clubs, and holds the record for Rhyl and Mid-Surrey. Miss Lloyd-Roberts also plays for Middlesex Ladies' County Golf Club, of which she has been captain.



MISS HARRISON.

Golf: Ladies' Irish Championship, 1910.

MISS MABEL HARRISON, the Irish Lady Champion, learnt her golf on the fine sea links near Dublin. Her home club, Malahide Island, with its long carries over sand-hills and difficult approaches, is one of the best of schools for golf, and it has made Miss Harrison skilled in every class of shot. She has a great command over her club, drives a long straight ball with an easy swing, has a good run-up approach shot, and possesses a perfect golfing temperament. Miss Harrison is also a good tennis and hockey player, and, playing all her games in a sporting and generous spirit, is most deservedly popular.

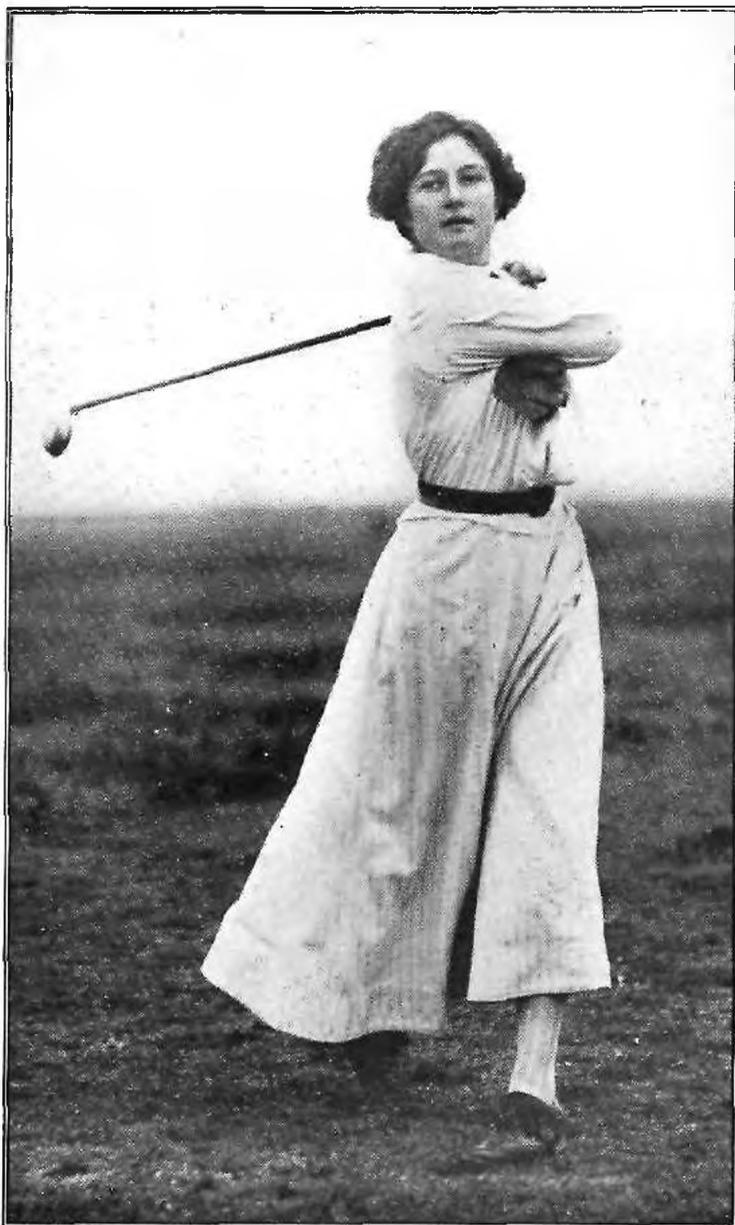


MISS JULIA F. M. JOHNSTONE.

Fencing: Ladies' Amateur Championship, 1910.

MISS J. F. M. JOHNSTONE, the Lady Amateur Fencing Champion, began fencing in 1903. A year later she joined the Salle Bertrand, where she still is. M. Felix Bertrand being her sole instructor. In 1904 she gained the third prize in the International Competition held at the Ladies' Army and Navy Club, in 1906 the fifth prize in the International Competition at Hurlingham promoted by the Ladies' Cercle d'Escrime, in 1907 the first prize in the National Competition organised by Prof. Druse, and in 1909 she captained a team of four lady fencers from the Salle Bertrand who won the first Ladies' Challenge Cup Competition. (At the time of writing this they have won the Cup for the second time.)

Miss Johnstone has been fond of outdoor sports from her earliest years. She is a keen lawn-tennis player and a powerful swimmer, and has won many prizes in both these sports.



MISS CECILIA LEITCH

Driving on the Silloth Course.

**T**HIS young player won considerable distinction by her plucky and sporting game against Mr. H. H. Hilton at Walton Heath, when she won a challenge match against the English champion.



MISS LYCETT.

Skating: Winner Swedish Challenge Cup at Prince's Rink, 1910.

**M**ISS LYCETT, so well known at Prince's, is very modest of her reputation as a really first-class ice skater. She has taken part in many figure-skating championships and has usually been "runner up" to the winner, generally a gentleman. Miss Lycett takes a keen interest in all winter sports, (especially ski-ing), and regularly visits Davos Platz and St. Moritz to participate in them. She is also an adept at cycling, golfing, and punting.

# THE MAN TO BLAME

By ALICE AND CLAUDE ASKEW

“**M**AUDIE!—Maudie! Where on earth is the girl? Maud!” Mrs. Larking, as usual, was searching everywhere but in the right place. Maud, having duly changed the luncheon plates for the first-floor lodgers—very particular people, who were always fond of dilating upon the excellent service to which they were accustomed in their own house at Brixton—and set out a well-worn cheese in place of the remains of a substantial apple tart, was enjoying a few minutes’ well-earned repose in a dilapidated easy-chair which formed one of the features of the so-called back garden.

She had a novel in which she was deeply absorbed. Of course it was a love-story, and she had shed tears over the misfortunes which happened to the beautiful heroine. But all came right in the end—she knew that, because she had looked.

She had expected to be left in peace for a quarter of an hour at least. That was about the time she allowed before Mrs. Treddall, the first-floor lady, would ring the bell for the table to be cleared. It was always Mrs. Treddall who did the ordering about; her husband had no definite place in the scheme of things—he was invariably snubbed all round. He was a mild little man, who wore very large spectacles, and he was always smirking. Maudie rather liked him, but

she abominated the rest of the family: two grown-up girls, a hobbledehoy son, who had once attempted to kiss her—her!—and two younger children, who spent most of their time in quarrelling. She disliked Mrs. Treddall the most, however, acutely sensitive to that portly matron’s lack of breeding, and resenting dumbly the way in which she was treated—as if she were a servant in the house.

Now, Maudie was not a servant, but Mrs. Larking’s eldest daughter, and quite a pretty girl—a fact of which she was only too well aware.

Nevertheless, she was expected to do as much work in the house as any ordinary servant. It seemed right and proper to Mrs. Larking, who knew not the meaning of the word repose, that this should be so. Since she was on her feet all day, why should the girl laze about the place? Heaven knew that there was enough to be done, what with the lodgers and the children and the sewing and the cleaning up and the cooking; but when one has a big, strong girl for a daughter, why on earth should one pay wages to a maid? So argued Mrs. Larking, who could certainly never be accused of idleness, although Maudie would have said that her mother went about her work with unnecessary fuss.

As long as Maudie could remember it had been the same thing. Her father, of whom she had affectionate memories,

had died when she was little more than a child. He had some employment at the Post Office, but his wages were not sufficient to support a healthy and rapidly increasing family—existence had been eked out by letting lodgings. The house, luckily, was a good-sized one, and it was Mrs. Larking's own property.

Maudie's father had not left a penny, nor did her two brothers, both older than herself, ever contribute to the expenses of the establishment. One had gone off to America, where he was completely swallowed up; the other led a loafing existence as a bookmaker's clerk in London—when he was particularly short of cash, however, he would turn up at Cromer and cadge from his mother. He was her favourite son, and she could never refuse him.

The three other children were too young to work. Effie was only twelve, and the twins were nine. Maudie had to look after them, of course.

She had taken things philosophically enough—till quite lately. Her lot had not galled her. Naturally she had her day-dreams, coloured by the novels she was so fond of reading; but the limits of her own little world contented her, and she could gaze across its boundaries without envy or desire for the seemingly unattainable. Her ambition for the future was to have a nice little house of her own, not let out in lodgings, and preferably in the country, a kind husband with a settled income, and two or three dear little babies—she adored children as a general rule, though the Treddall progeny had been getting on her nerves of late.

All this was perfectly normal, and as it should be; nor was there the smallest reason why this particular dream should not be realised. The first essential—the husband—was there, ready to claim her whenever she gave the word. Jim Withers was no myth, but a very reasonable specimen of everyday humanity. He lived with his people at No. 39, a

little lower down the street; he was steady and hard-working, an engineer in good employ, and his prospects for the future were all that could be desired. There had been a sort of understanding between him and Maudie ever since the preceding winter, and she really liked him very much, but she had coquetted with him as in duty bound, and of late she had not been quite the same—he could not imagine what had come over her.

It was not only to Jim Withers that Maudie had changed in the course of the last two months; she was no longer the same to herself. She had realised the restrictions of her little world, and something dormant within her breast had quickened to active life. It was as if she had partaken of forbidden fruit, and her eyes had been opened. She saw herself a drudge, and wondered how she could have borne her lot so patiently and uncomplainingly for all these years. She was oppressed by "the daily round, the common task"—the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow. Her dreams became broader, and more highly coloured. Jim Withers no longer played the same part in them. Yet it was he who had shared the little house with her—the ideal house—up to a month or so ago; but now, why, even the little house had taken on another aspect altogether. Its walls had expanded into those of a mansion.

Neither Mrs. Larking nor Jim Withers nor any one else could guess what had come over the girl—they only felt that in some subtle way she had changed, and not for the better. Mrs. Larking complained that her daughter "gave herself airs," that the work was neglected, that the twins were too often left to their own wicked devices. And Maudie would reply tartly that she wasn't a slave in the house, and that it would be just as well if a regular maid were employed instead of the occasional charwoman; which answer, Mrs. Larking

being possessed of a quick temper, did not conduce to harmony.

There were times when Maudie was sorry, a little ashamed of herself. She was, however, only dimly aware that her attitude towards her environment had changed. All she knew was that things jarred her which had never jarred before. Why was it so? The answer to that question was buried deep in her breast.

"Maudie!—Maudie!—Maud!"

When Mrs. Larking made use of the more formal name it indicated that a storm was brewing. Maudie sighed and laid down her book, marking her place with a letter, written in a scrawling feminine hand, which she had received that morning. Then she made her presence in the garden known.

"What is it, ma? I'm here."

The word "ma" had escaped her accidentally. She always said "mother" now. She bit her lip and frowned.

Mrs. Larking, her face rubicund, appeared in the doorway. "Oh, dear," she panted, "I'm that flustered. All the way upstairs I've been, to the very top of the house, and here you are the whole time! It's a shame, I call it—with my rheumatics too."

Mrs. Larking would say "rheumatics." Maudie had corrected her in vain. Furthermore, in the girl's opinion, that complaint was a wholly imaginary one.

"You'd have found me here if you'd looked." This assertion of the obvious passed for repartee. Maudie was cross because she had been compelled to close her book at a point of intense interest.

"I didn't think I was wanted," she added, in a softer tone. She had a real affection for her mother, which persisted in spite of her newly acquired "airs." "Mrs. Treddall hasn't rung to clear away."

"No, it's not that; it's Mr. Turner. He's just sent word that he'll be home at three. He's got friends, and wants tea for four. And there's his room not

tidied up—everything littering about. I couldn't have people shown into such a room—that I couldn't."

Mr. Turner was the ground-floor lodger. He gave very little trouble as a general rule, but his disposition towards untidiness was the bane of Mrs. Larking's heart.

"I'd put things straight myself if I'd got the time," Mrs. Larking continued half-apologetically, "but there's the washing, Maudie—you know."

Maudie knew. It was a Wednesday, and Mrs. Larking's energies were devoted to the wash-tub. Maudie was not expected to assist at this function: there was plenty of other work in the house to be attended to—work which did not spoil the hands. The girl was proud of her hands, which were delicate and well-shaped—in spite of everything—but it was only during the last month or so that she had become particularly solicitous on their behalf.

In the end a compromise was effected. Maudie wanted to go out that afternoon at half-past four. She had promised to meet her friend, Delia Lucas. As long as no objection was offered to this, she would do anything that was wanted of her about the house: she would clean up Mr. Turner's room, make and serve the tea, and she would be back in plenty of time for the dinners.

"You're always gadding about with that Lucas girl," grumbled Mrs. Larking. "What on earth you do with yourselves is more than I can understand."

However, Maudie had her way, and her mother did not notice the slight increase of colour in her cheeks when she spoke of the appointment with Delia Lucas. It was an appointment of which the latter was blissfully ignorant, so Maudie's blush was not uncalled for.

The tidying of Mr. Turner's rooms took some time—Effie, however, was summoned in to help. The two girls chatted as they went about their work.

"I say," remarked the younger, who

was sharp beyond her years, "didn't you have a letter this morning from Mabel Preston? How's she getting on? Don't I wish I was her!"

"How d'you know I heard from Mabel?" demanded Maudie suspiciously.

"Because I caught sight of her name on the letter," said Effie promptly. "That's all, really."

"She's to be in panto this winter," confided the elder sister; "getting on like anything. Says it's a lovely life."

"How rippin'!" ejaculated the other enviously. "I say, Maudie, wouldn't you just love it?"

Maudie thought well to rebuke this enthusiasm. As a matter of fact, Mabel's letter had shocked her a little—it would have shocked her a good deal more some months ago. Mabel was a pretty girl, but Mrs. Larking had always qualified her as "a fast lot." She had run away from home and gone "on the stage"—a term which may have many gradations of meaning. There had been many tears shed over her, but Mabel didn't mind that. Her letter to Maudie was mainly about the nice boys—"real gentlemen, my dear; so different to our Cromer crowd"—whose acquaintance she had made, and who took her about and gave her presents.

"Why don't you skip as I did?" This was the awful suggestion with which the letter closed. "You're pretty enough to get on, and I'm sure that old Levison would soon find you a 'shop.' Think it over, my dear."

"I shouldn't like it—I shouldn't like it a bit," Maudie had told herself virtuously, but she had not destroyed the letter.

She had vaguely resented that allusion to "our Cromer crowd"—especially since the phrase was practically coupled with the name of Jim Withers. "How's your Jim, by the way? He's not good enough for you, Maudie. Does he still whistle, and wear his hat on the back of his head?"

Maudie dropped into a chair by the open window. Effie had been called from the room by her mother. There were a few minutes available for peaceful reflection.

The girl made quite a pretty picture as she sat there, her cheeks warmly coloured and her fair hair a little untidy but shimmering gold in the autumn sunlight. A young man passing up the street had no doubt whatever in his mind as to her beauty. He was whistling a tune as he walked. Maudie shuddered as the sound fell on her ear.

It was Jim Withers, who had been home to lunch, returning to his work. He had a jaunty step, and his soft felt hat was set well back on his head, exposing to view an abundant crop of sandy hair. He had a pleasant, good-tempered face, broad shoulders, and sinewy arms. There were two passions in his life, football and Maudie. Of the latter he was not yet certain, and so he placed her second.

"Hullo, Maudie!" He halted by the window, which opened directly upon the street. "How's things? You look rippin'!"

"I'm all right, Jim." The girl smiled and nodded. "How are you?"

"Oh, goin' strong!" His vocabulary was limited, but his eyes made up for the inefficiency of his tongue.

"Going back to the works?" As well might she have asked a fellow passenger on the Channel boat if he was "going across." She knew that he was going back to the works. But, no more than he, did Maudie shine in conversation.

"Yes. And I say, Maudie"—he drew a little nearer—"what d'you think? I had a bit of good news this mornin'."

He would clip his n's so shockingly, and he was not always quite certain as to aspiration. Maudie noticed these things now—all the more because she kept such a strict guard upon herself.

"I'm glad of that, Jim. What is it?"

"Why, promotion." He rubbed his hands gleefully together. "Better screw. They talk of sendin' me up to London—givin' me charge of a department. What d'you say to that?"

"I'm delighted." She spoke feelingly. "But won't you hate leaving your people?"

"Yes, there's that. But, look here, Maudie"—he leant his elbows upon the window-sill and gazed at her fixedly—"it would be different, wouldn't it, if I took some one with me? An' I could do that now, easy as easy. There isn't nothing else I should want—but a wife. Won't you say 'yes,' Maudie? You've kept me hangin' around an' I haven't worried you—now, have I?" He pleaded with unwonted eloquence.

Maudie wrinkled up her smooth brow. She wished this hadn't happened—to-day.

"We could have a nice little house somewhere just outside London, all our own," he went on earnestly, "and you could furnish it after your own heart. I do want you so, Maudie. Don't you care a little bit?"

That little house—all their own. No more dinners to be served to cantankerous lodgers; no more Mrs. Treddall and her kind. She would be her own mistress—he living her own life. Had not this been her dream—up to a few weeks ago? Why did she hesitate now? She could hardly have explained her feelings to herself, but—something jarred.

"It's awfully nice of you to want me, Jim," she faltered, "and I do care for you. But I can't give you an answer directly, I can't really. I don't seem to know my own mind quite. Wait a bit longer, won't you—till the winter? Then I'll say 'yes' or 'no.' I will honestly."

He sighed, and the corners of his lips went down. "All right," he said; "have it your own way, Maudie. But I must say it's rough on a fellow." He hesitated, and then blurted out: "Some one told me you've been goin' about with a

smartly dressed chap from one of the hotels—a gentleman down here on holiday. I'd break his head if I thought he was playin' the fool with you. Stick to your own class, that's my motto."

Maudie's cheeks flamed. She drew herself up with dignity. "I think you should mind your own business, Mr. Withers. I can look after myself, I assure you."

"Oh, all right—all right," he said hastily; "no offence meant. You've got your head screwed on straight, I know that. An' a jolly pretty head it is too."

The girl was mollified, and sank back into her seat. They talked together for a few moments longer, then Jim declared that he must be moving on.

"Remember that you've only got to tip me a wink when you're ready," was his parting injunction—"an' the sooner the quicker."

He seemed to take her ultimate consent for granted. His good temper had quite returned. He smiled broadly, and raised his hat, lifting it from the back with a would-be comic gesture.

There had been a time when that particular way of raising the hat would have made Maudie laugh; now it rasped her very soul. Why was Jim Withers so terribly vulgar? He was the best of fellows at heart.

At half-past four precisely, having dressed herself carefully in her smartest frock—she had an instinctive ability in the matter of clothes, understanding just what suited her best, within her limited means—and adjusted a prettily beflowered hat upon her fair curls, she went out to keep her supposed appointment with Delia Lucas.

Delia was conspicuous by her absence. In her stead there was a tall, handsome young man, very well dressed in grey flannel and a grey Homburg hat, who was, undoubtedly, the gentleman of whom Jim had complained. His cheeks were a trifle pale, but he had well-cut and aristocratic features, soft black eyes,

and dark hair and moustache, which suited the natural pallor of his complexion.

He smiled down at the girl as he took her two hands in his. "So you've come, Maudie? I'm glad."

As if she could have stayed away when Sydney Verriker had made an appointment to meet her! She laughed shyly at the very idea of such a thing. Why, there wasn't a single household duty that she wouldn't willingly have neglected, and cheerfully faced Mrs. Larking's wrath afterwards, in order not to be five minutes late at the rendezvous.

"What shall it be?" he asked. "Concert—rink—cinematograph—or a walk?"

"Oh, let's go for a walk," she decided promptly. "That will be much the nicest."

He agreed, though not without a slight wrinkling of the brows. Perhaps he would have preferred to remain, for the greater part, at least, of the couple of hours that they would spend together, in some public place, for there was a rather awkward topic that had to be broached that afternoon, and he was not sure how Maudie would take it. She might quite conceivably cry and make a fuss if they were alone, which she couldn't well do if they were sitting listening to a concert. But, after all, why should she cry? There was really no cause for tears.

However, Maudie had declared for a walk, and a walk it had to be. The two young people wandered off along the sea front, and the town of Cromer was soon left behind. There were plenty of pleasant places that they knew of, easily accessible—ideal spots for lovers' rambles.

Maudie chattered gaily, but her companion was unusually silent and self-centred. As a general rule it had been he who did the talking while the girl listened admiringly, drinking in what was to her the revelation of a new world.

It was now some two months since she

had first nibbled at forbidden fruit. Till then she had always "kept herself to herself," as she would have put it in the old days, and had never indulged, as did so many of her friends, in the fascination of chance acquaintanceship. She was content with the boys of her own class, such as Jim Withers, and had no desire to look higher.

But something—she could not explain what it was—had made her break her rule when Sydney Verriker appeared upon the scene. It was just that strange attraction which draws man and woman together almost despite themselves—certainly Maudie had not succumbed at the first temptation.

She had encountered Sydney several times upon pier or parade—and his glances of admiration had met with no response from her—before the ice was actually broken. Perhaps it was Delia who was mainly instrumental in this. She happened to be with Maudie on the occasion of the fifth meeting, and she had giggled. Delia had a way of giggling.

"My! But that chap's gone on you, Maudie. Isn't he tip-top, too?"

"He's got nice eyes," said Maudie, which was practically an admission of interest.

Delia was surprised to learn that her friend had never even returned the stranger's smile. For herself she had no scruples in such matters. Passing friendships with nice-looking young men—summer visitors to the town—were, to her, quite in the order of things, excellent, and withal profitable, fun. Entertainments cost money, and why should you pull out your purse when there is some one else ready to do so for you? Besides, these flirtations lead to nothing, if a girl has her head screwed on straight. So argued Delia.

Maudie didn't say much, but the temptation to play with fire had seized upon her. The next time she met Sydney she returned his smile. And after that, of course, it was all plain sailing.

He was staying at one of the smart hotels with his mother and two sisters. His mother was Lady Verriker, and he himself had the title of "Honourable" before his name. The Hon. Sydney Verriker! It nearly took Maudie's breath away when she first learnt this.

They soon became great friends, and Sydney arranged all manner of delightful excursions within the limits of Maudie's spare time. He was kind and affectionate without once overstepping the mark of propriety, according to her ideas. A kiss or two, sitting with clasped hands in the semi-darkness of a cinematograph show, soft flattering words whispered in her ear in the course of their rambles—all this was as it should be, what she had expected.

She was as level-headed as Delia, in her greater experience of these matters, could have desired. She was not allowing herself to fall in love—really. She knew quite well that the day must come when Sydney would go away. She hated to think of that day—but recognised that it was inevitable.

Only, all the while, there was a subtle change coming over her—a change of which she herself was unconscious, at least in so far as its danger to her future welfare was concerned. She was learning to expect more of life than up to now she had ever dreamed of asking. She was beginning to chafe at the barriers which hemmed her in. The environment which had contented her so long took on a new and unpleasing aspect. She saw her friends, the folk of her own class, with the eyes of a new understanding.

For Sydney, during the pleasant intimacy of two months, had lifted her, if not to his own level, still to an appreciation of that level which made her disgusted with the lower depth which was her inheritance. That was where the mischief came in.

How could she care for Jim Withers, as she had done, when she was constantly comparing him with Sydney Verriker?

The comparison was odious but inevitable. Jim was an utter vulgarian, excellent fellow though he was, and Maudie shuddered to think what opinion Sydney would express if he knew that Jim was her husband-elect. Sydney, in discussing love and marriage, had often said that so pretty a girl as she must not think of marrying a "bounder." He often talked contemptuously of "bounders," and she knew exactly the type of man to which he referred. Jim was a "bounder," according to Sydney's views, and so were most of her other men friends.

Sydney was so correct in his talk, too. Now and then he corrected Maudie when she was guilty of any particularly flagrant error. And so, the seed falling upon receptive soil, she soon learned to spell Vulgarity with a capital V, and realised how the word could be applied to most of those among whom she had her being.

Sydney liked to tell her of himself, of his home, of his people, of his friends. Of course he had not the smallest idea how those odious comparisons kept cropping up and racking the girl's brain. She knew Penington Park—the Verrikers' country seat—as if she had been there, and how could she help hating No. 52, Clarence Street, Cromer, when she would awake from a day-dream of the magnificence of the one to the contemplation of the sordidness of the other? And oh, how she had grown to abominate lodgers—as represented by the Treddall family!

For all this Maudie was happy enough because Sydney was there to brighten her existence. It was possible, so Sydney had said, that his mother might wish to winter at Cromer, and since he had not spoken of any change of plan, Maudie soon decided that this course had been adopted. And so, having no anticipation of the little idyll coming to an immediate end, she unconsciously allowed Sydney to fill her mind more and more, while his influence over her outlook upon life grew stronger than ever.

And now—well, all unexpectedly, poor

Maudie had received a heavy blow. Sydney was leaving Cromer—going away the very next day. His mother and sisters had already taken their departure, and he was only staying an extra twenty-four hours in order to travel up with a friend, a certain Montague Panmure, whom Maudie knew by sight.

“I hate travelling *en famille*,” Sydney explained. “Mother had her maid to look after her, so she was all right. Monty and I will go up together comfortably to-morrow.”

“Oh! but why—why didn’t you tell me of this before—warn me?” said poor Maudie, with a sob in her voice. It seemed as if the very earth on which she stood was crumbling away beneath her feet.

“Because, dear, I did not want you to worry,” he replied lamely. “After all, it had to come, hadn’t it? We’ve had a very nice time together, and I don’t know when I’ve spent such a pleasant holiday—thanks to you. But I always think one should make one’s ‘good-byes’ as short as one can.”

He had nothing to reproach himself with. He had been particularly careful that the girl should not get any foolish ideas about marriage into her head. A seaside flirtation—no more than that. She had taken it in the right light all along.

Still, he had expected that she would be upset a little, would perhaps have been disappointed had it been otherwise. She had sobbed, and he had kissed away her tears. She was taking things better now—the worst was over.

“Shall I never see you again?” she whispered mournfully. “Won’t you come back to Cromer next year?”

He shook his head. “No, little girl. We never go to the same place two summers running. Besides, it’s best for both of us that we should part. It wouldn’t do to get too fond, would it? Some day you’ll marry a nice boy—not a bounder—and then you’ll remember that I gave you good advice.”

They were sitting on the beach.

Maudie picked up a handful of pebbles and allowed them to slip slowly from between her fingers. It was all very well for him to talk of “nice boys,” but where was she to meet them? He had always treated her as if she were of his own station—it was natural for a man of his breeding, but a mistake.

A little later they parted. There were a few more tears on Maudie’s side, a little more comforting from Sydney. The end of a pleasant flirtation demanded as much. But how could Sydney guess the wrench at the girl’s heart—the wrench that was not for love of him, but because, with his going, she felt exactly as if she were being dragged back to a world of which she no longer formed a real part. Sydney had taken her out of bounds, and now—now she felt lost and homeless.

Oh, the ugliness of Clarence Street, and its deadly monotony of grimy and discoloured house-fronts! “Board and Apartments”—there was scarcely a ground-floor window that did not bear the hateful insignia. Maudie felt, as she dragged her weary way home, as if those words were branded upon her very flesh.

Sydney Verriker had made her see things with his eyes. Unconsciously he had demanded, and she had paid, a heavy toll. He had robbed her of content—and he had given nothing in its place.

Maudie was late by fully half an hour. Mrs. Larking had been laying the table for the Treddalls’ dinner with the help of Effie. The tea-things had not been cleared from Mr. Turner’s room. The twins had been fighting in the kitchen, and broken two of the best plates; in the effort to separate them Effie’s dress had been badly torn. Mrs. Larking’s patience had entirely given out.

She greeted her daughter with shrill vituperation. “So there you are at last. A fine young lady, gadding about with heaven knows who while we’ve got to do all the work! No thought for your mother, nor for any one else either.

An' me with my rheumatics toiliu' up the blessed stairs when I should be in the kitchen seein' to the cookin'. You're a wicked, ungrateful girl, Maud, that's what you are, an' I say it to your face."

Poor Mrs. Larking, her tempers meant very little really. Maudie was quite accustomed to them, and loved her mother none the less. But just now the strident tones of the old woman's voice rasped her to the quick. She made no answer, but she muttered to herself: "Damn!—damn!" as she climbed the weary, narrow stairs to her own room.

Here she locked the door, and, throwing herself down on her bed, broke into a fit of sobbing. Presently Effie came and knocked, after trying the handle in vain.

"I say, Maudie, hurry up and come down. You're wanted."

"I can't." Maudie dug her fingers into the counterpane. "I've got a bad headache. Tell mother she must do without me—for once."

"Oh, I say!" There was a pause, then Effie's voice became persuasive. "But you must come, Maudie. Don't you want your own dinner? And then there's Jim; he's sent round to say that he'll look in later on—and he wants to see you particular. You know."

Maudie had to stuff the bed-clothes into her mouth to prevent herself from shrieking. "Oh, go away, Effie!" she cried dully—"for heaven's sake, go away!" Then she rolled over on to her face once more, and refused to notice any further assaults upon the door.

But presently she sat up, and with nervous fingers took Mabel Preston's letter from the bodice of her dress. She read it through again and again.

"Why don't you skip, as I did? Think it over, my dear."

Maudie was thinking it over—and she was not in the proper frame of mind to

form unbiassed judgment. She only knew that she hated her life, that she could never marry Jim Withers, and that in London she might possibly meet men who were gentlemen—like Sydney—perhaps even Sydney himself.

"Why not?" A look of resolution settled on her face. Then she got off the bed and went to a little table where she had writing-materials—all she required for a letter.

And then and there, without allowing herself to hesitate, she wrote a letter to Mabel announcing her intention of running away from home on the following day.

She pleaded her headache as an excuse for not seeing Jim, but when he was gone she ran out and posted her letter. Then she went straight back to bed—but not to sleep.

The next morning found her resolve unchanged.

Sydney Verriker and his friend Montague were comfortably ensconced in a first-class carriage on their way to London.

"What about that little girl of yours?" queried Montague casually. "I hope she took the parting easily?"

Sydney blew a thin cloud of smoke from between his pursed lips. "Oh yes," he said, "that was quite all right. Of course it was an understood thing between us that there was nothing in it. And I can flatter myself of one thing, Monty—I've left her none the worse for our pleasant philanderings. I'm not a man to hurt a girl, and she was quite a good little soul. No," he added complacently, "Maudie has no cause to reproach me—none at all."

And even when, a year later, he met Maudie under a lamp-post in Piccadilly, he saw no reason to change his mind. Only he wondered who was the man to blame.

## SOME PLAYS AND PLAYERS



*Photo by Foulsham and Banfield.*

MR. CHARLES HAWTREY AND MR. AUBREY SMITH IN "INCONSTANT GEORGE," PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

### INCONSTANT GEORGE

**G**EORGE BULLIN (Mr. Charles Hawtrey) suffers from that terrible infirmity, an inclination to make love to every woman he meets. Nor can he ever make up his mind which lady deserves most of his amatory attentions. The plot hinges on the old story of an ass being placed between two stacks of equally attractive hay, and starving in the process of making up its mind from which to eat. George is very popular with the fair sex, despite his inconsistencies probably due to his very susceptible organisation.

The audience is convulsed with laughter at the plight of the unhappy George in being forced to get out of his luxurious bed time after time, in order that he may reply to the accusations of his friend who has made him a visit at an unseasonable hour.

★ ★  
★  
★

MISS PHYLIS BEDELLS, who so daintily dances her way to the hearts of the audience in the new nautical ballet, "Ship Ahoy!" at the Empire.



Photo by Lallie Charles.

MLLE. LYDIA KYASHT.



Photo by Ellis & Walery.

★ ★  
★  
★

MISS PHYLIS BEDELLS IN THE NEW BALLET, "SHIP AHOY!" AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE.

MLLE. LYDIA KYASHT, the famous *première danseuse* of the Empire Theatre, is by birth a Pole and received her training in her exquisite art in the Imperial Ballet at St. Petersburg.

The ballet is presented there but three times in every fortnight, owing to its heavy strain on the artistes; but Mlle. Kyasht, delicate and frail as she looks—and she resembles nothing so much as a dainty Dresden figure—finds that dancing in two ballets every night at the Empire Theatre has brought her strength and health—far beyond her expectation.

She is a tremendous believer in fresh air, and lives high up at Hampstead, where she practises in a room in her house specially dedicated to her art.

★ ★  
★  
★



DORIS KEANE, HATTIE WILLIAMS, AND G. P. HUNTLEY IN A SCENE FROM "DECORATING CLEMENTINE," GLOBE THEATRE.

### DECORATING CLEMENTINE

AN ADAPTATION FROM A FRENCH FARCE

CLEMENTINE MARGERIE is a novelist married to a decent, simple-minded sportsman, and one of the few faithful spouses in the play apparently. She hears that a rival female novelist is to have the Legion of Honour bestowed upon her. Clementine becomes jealous, and from this time all the troubles begin, and upset what has been a very happy married life. Then the play proceeds through a network of intrigue in the endeavour of these two ladies to win the decoration. Eventually Clementine concludes that even this may be bought at too great a cost, so she returns to conjugal happiness and finds it more soothing than ambition and jealousy.



*Photo by Foulsham & Banfield.*

**A SCENE FROM "GRACE," DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.**

The players in this scene are Lady Tree, Irene Vanbrugh, Edmund Gwenn, Dennis Eadie, Leslie Faber. "There are three rules that should be followed in this life, my dear," says Helen Vernon to her friend Grace Insole. "Never sin—that's best; but if you do sin, never repent—that's bravest; and if you do repent, never confess—that's wisest." This is the gist of Mr. Somerset Maugham's latest clever play.

★ ★

★

★ ★

GRACE

HELEN VERNON, an unmarried woman of thirty-five, has all her life loved Claude Insole, the husband of Grace. She is a capable and self-reliant sort of person, who strives for the happiness of the man she adores, even though it come from another woman. The high breeding of a woman of her class is splendidly depicted by Miss McCarthy. She holds the audience in intense admiration during the scene in which she denounces Grace's selfish desire to confess her sin to her husband. Then Helen gives her the sagacious advice which we have written below the drawing-room scene from this play.

★ ★



Photo by Foulsham & Bayfield.

★ ★

★ ★

MISS LILLAH MCCARTHY AS MISS VERNON OF FOLEY  
IN "GRACE."

★ ★



*Photo by Foulsham & Banfield.*

**DAIZIEL HERON AS BEZAK, THE MAGISTRATE, RECONSTRUCTING THE CRIME DURING HIS CROSS-EXAMINATION.**

### **"THE UNWRITTEN LAW," GARRICK THEATRE**

**A** RUSSIAN student, Rodion Raskolnikoff, has strange ideas regarding the sanctity of human life, and kills with an axe the manager of the flats where he lives. Two workmen are suspected of the crime. All are brought before a harmless-looking magistrate, called Bezak, a fanatical specialist in the art of extorting confessions by cross-examination. He suspects Rodion, who is on the point of confessing when one of the workmen takes on himself the guilt of the crime so as to save his comrade. Rodion eventually explains, and is sent for three years to Siberia.

# My Lady's Greenhouse

## THE HEATED HOUSE

BY F. M. WELLS

THAT phase of gardening which means gardening in a higher temperature than our climate affords, and with a roof over our heads and a floor beneath our feet, has wonderful charms. We become even more intimately familiar with our pot-plants than we are enabled to become with the plants in the out-of-door garden. And a glad, gay greenhouse or conservatory is a remarkably joyous place. It invites us to do our best, puts us on our mettle as it were, and never more so than at this early season of the year, when such grand results should reward our efforts. When I say a *heated* house, I mean heated during winter and early spring.

Among the flowering plants that seem to me quite indispensable are Begonias of tuberous sorts, and *Primula obconica grandiflora*. Of course we may grow these plants from seed and expect to flower them the same season, if the seed be sown early enough and in sufficient heat. Two or three years ago, however, I made a discovery, and since then I have never troubled to rear the plants from seed. I found that as the spring advanced, say early in April, it was possible to purchase quite small seedling plants at an inexpensive rate. And these, carefully grown on from that stage, have proved most satisfactory, and, what is also very much to the point, first-class plants of excellent strains. I

cannot too greatly emphasise the importance of securing the best strains possible, either in buying seed or seedlings of all kinds of plants. I may go so far as to say that plants of inferior strains are not worth growing. The moral is, go to good, reliable firms and pay a fair price for what you buy. Later on in the year seedlings of *Cinerarias* and *Calceolarias* may also be obtained at the same inexpensive rate, and where only a few plants are required of each, it is a good deal cheaper than buying an expensive packet of seed.

There is one greenhouse annual plant that we must certainly not omit, so useful and so beautiful is it. We must sow seed of *Schizanthus Wisetonensis*: it is wonderfully light and dainty, and remains in flower for months. In reality a half-hardy perennial, the scarlet *Salvia* may yet be treated in all respects like an annual, and seed sown early in the year will give us plants that shall be radiant and dazzling in their scarlet glory during the late autumn. There are certain plants that we prize doubly because they flower when they do. And pots of scarlet *Salvia* in dull November are certainly plants to which we owe a distinct sense of gratitude quite apart from the admiration we bestow upon them. To save the trouble of sowing and rearing seedlings every year, however, I generally keep some of the old plants

through the winter, and strike cuttings from them in the early spring. I go further than that even, I keep some of the old plants, and some of these if growing on a single stem make delightful half standard plants with a little training, and they flower profusely for a second and even a third season.

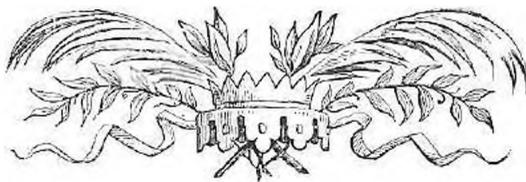
One of the first things to do after the new year has turned is to secure a supply of glorious *Lilium auratum*. No delay must be permitted here, for as soon as possible after the bulbs have arrived from Japan they should be potted up, though some will say that the work can be done as late as early March. It may, but the results will be less satisfactory in all likelihood. Nothing else that I can think of is so splendidly decorative as these lilies in full flower in the conservatory, and in that state it is difficult indeed to realise that they have cost something like nine-pence each. Any one who has a bazaar stall in prospect during the early autumn might well be recommended to pot up a dozen or more of these lilies if they could be timed to flower when they were wanted, and the trouble of them was no matter. Peat and loam with a little sand makes a good mixture for them, and if peat is difficult to obtain then leaf-mould may be used in its place. The bulbs should be planted low in the pots, and considerable space should be left, as later on stem-roots will be formed, and that will be time enough to fill up the pots. Of course these auratums are hardy, and do not need heat: when they are planted they may be placed in a cold frame, and plenty of dead leaves should be put in between and around the pots, which should stand on a bed of ashes;

dead leaves may also cover the tops of the pots until growth pushes through.

I am simply touching on the work that may be taken in hand during the early days of the new year, and included in this work must be the taking of *Chrysanthemum* cuttings. I find it advisable not only to secure the cuttings of the indoor varieties, but also to bring under cover old plants of the early flowering out-of-door varieties, and as soon as they have made young shoots of two or three inches to plant these and rear them under glass until the end of April, when they may be hardened off and planted outside in the flowering quarters. We must not forget that many firms sell *cuttings* of chrysanthemums, as well as young rooted plants, and these both of indoor and out-of-door varieties.

Zonal *Pelargoniums*, in other words, our familiar geraniums, are hosts in themselves in any conservatory or greenhouse. We can have them in flower the year round, and I would remind my readers that a batch of cuttings taken in the early spring will make grand flowering-plants for the following winter in the conservatory.

I have an important caution to give to the zealous novice: Do not starve your pot-plants. Remember the restricted root-run they have, the small amount of soil they are supplied with, and feed them accordingly. Liquid manure, made by tying sheep-, cow-, or fowl-droppings in a bag, and immersing this in a barrel of water, may be given every week in a much diluted form, soot water made in the same way may also be used, and many of the concentrated fertilisers to be bought in 6d. and 1s. tins are very useful if used according to instructions supplied with them.



Some  
1911 Gowns  
for  
Evening  
Wear



FIG. II.

The above is a delicate creation in Louis XVI. bleu faille and silk voile to match, trimmed with silver lace and with a border of blue fox.



FIG. I.

This dainty evening frock looks charming in citron-coloured satin and silk voile trimmed with a gold-beaded embroidery. The waistband is composed of mauve velvet.



FIG. III.

This simple gown looks very well in mauve mousseline de soie trimmed with velvet and surmounted with a habit of gold-beaded tulle.



FIG. IV.

This is a beautiful creation in white tulle embroidered with floss silk and pearls. The tunic is in tulle bordered with crystal pearls. The waist and fichu in satin lend a dainty finish.

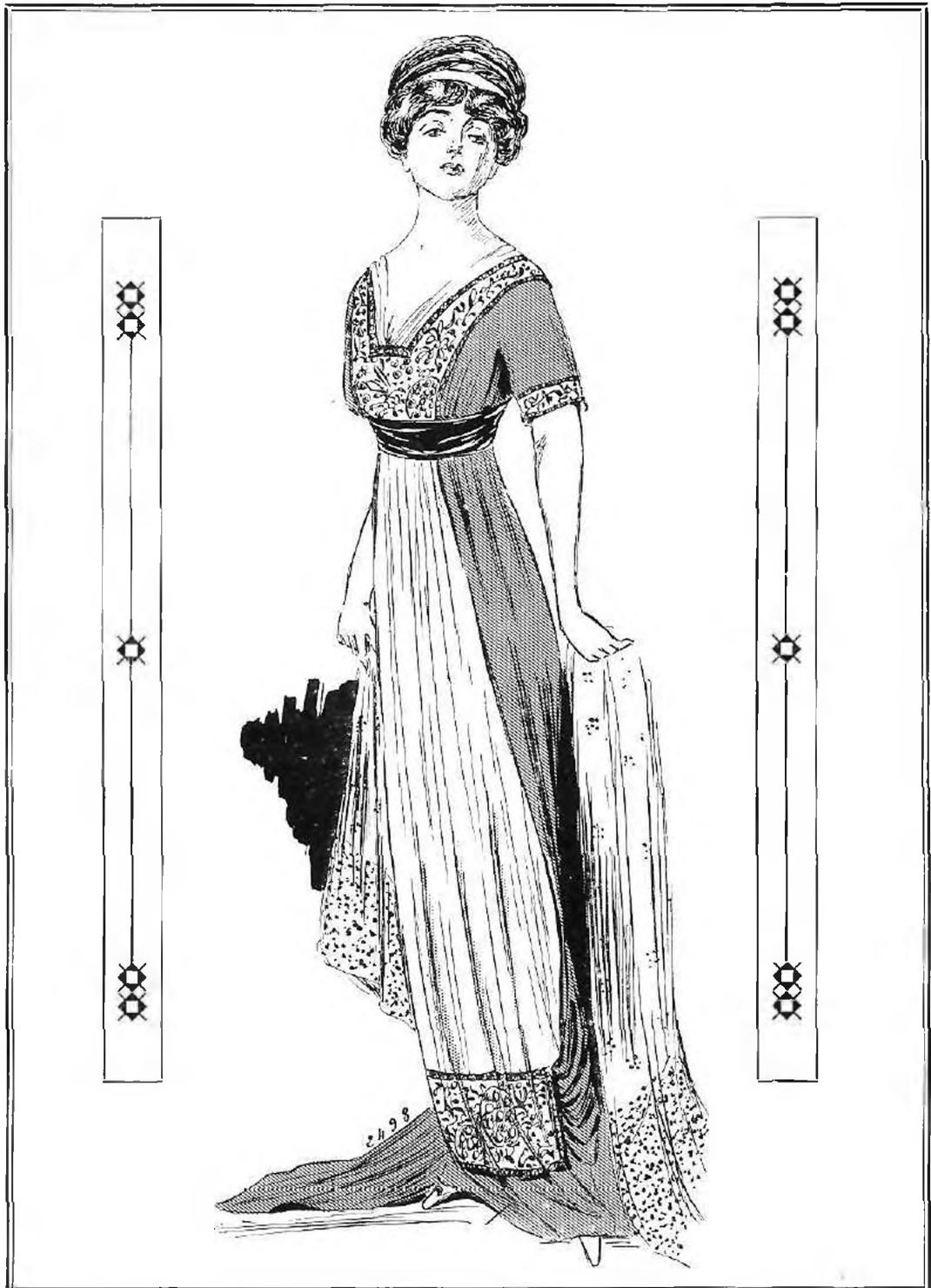


FIG. V.

A robe after this style in silk voile and rose-coloured Bengaline satin trimmed with bronze gold lace and a band of black velvet round the waist, makes a beautiful evening dress.



FIG. VI.

This is a little evening frock in silver-grey silk voile on transparent silver turquoise embroidery, touched up with turquoise jewels.

# The English Bride in Canada

BY  
CURRIE  
LOVE



SOME CANADIAN PRODUCTS SHE DOES NOT EXPORT!

**I**N Calgary, Alberta, where British settlers are so numerous as to lead to the remark that the city is more English than Canadian, there is an Englishwoman who came to Calgary from Devonshire as a bride, just six months ago. Her comments on Canada and Canadian customs are interesting to the many Britishers who intend to migrate to western Canada's hospitable shores, taking their wives with them.

"A woman's outfit," said the little bride, "need be just what she would get for her trousseau if she intended remaining in England, except that she had better get a fur coat for the coldest months here. She would need the customary half-dozen sets of new underwear and that sort of thing, and I should strongly advise her to

bring out all her table linen, blankets, bedding, curtains, and household furnishings of that sort, as well as whatever furniture she needs, because she can get everything like that a great deal cheaper in the old country.

"Canadian customs laws are rather lenient to the British settler too. There is no duty on articles that have been used, and although there is supposed to be a duty of 20 per cent on new articles, it is unlikely that duty would be enforced if the customs authorities understood they were a bride's effects, and she was coming into the country to remain as a Canadian citizen.

"If a woman expects to have any sort of social position, which means that she will go out a great deal, she will need at

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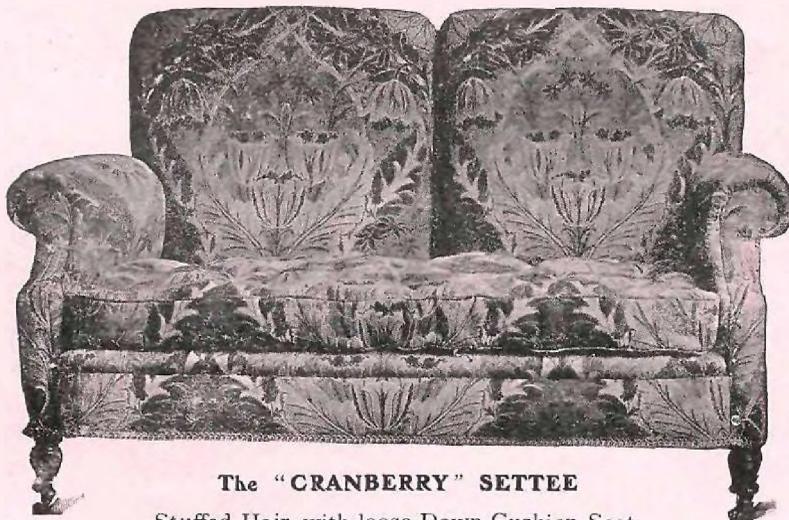
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# THE TALE OF A SIGN

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2. AN INSPIRATION.



3. THE RESULT.

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boiling water —  
that's all.

6 cubes 6d.,  
12 cubes 1/,-,  
50 cubes 3/6.

At all leading  
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• • Stores. • •

least two pretty evening gowns and two nice afternoon frocks, which she had much better get in the old country, because dressmaking is so expensive in Canada. A visiting dressmaker gets two dollars (8s.) a day besides her meals, and a fashionable modiste will charge anything from fifteen to twenty-five dollars just for the making of a frock, and that price will not include 'findings,' such as thread, hooks and eyes, etc. With your material and trimming, sixty to seventy-five dollars is not an exorbitant estimate for a fashionable, silk-lined evening gown. Ready-made cotton shirts, or, indeed, ready-made clothing of any description is not more expensive than with us; but if you want exclusive things, you certainly have to pay for them. It is the same with millinery, which is also much higher in price.

"Housekeeping costs more money: first, because rents are so high. An ordinary, comfortable house with seven rooms, hall, and bath, in a good locality will rent at \$50 (£10) a month, and then, of course, heating and lighting will be extra. That is why so many people in Calgary own their houses, either buying outright or building, because they prefer to pay instalments on a house that will belong to them when it is paid for; rather than to pay rent to some one else and have nothing in the end.

"The grocer's and the butcher's bills do not take long to mount up. Staple articles, like sugar, are about the same price as at home, but fancy biscuits, imported cheese, and all things of that sort are much more expensive, while domestic service costs about twice as much as it does in England. For instance, for service for myself and my husband we must pay from fifteen to twenty dollars (£3 to £4) a month. Of course we keep only one servant, where in England we should probably have two or three, and there are many people here who do not keep a servant at all in a small house. Women here think nothing

of doing their own housework. When only one servant is kept, the mistress usually helps a great deal, and the maid is given at least one full afternoon out during the week, and Sunday afternoon and evening. Dinner is usually at noon on Sunday, and the maid is expected to lay the table for tea before she goes out.

"Boarding-house life is rather more expensive than in England. Rooms may be had at from \$10 to \$20 (£2 to £4) a month for one room, and from \$25 to \$30 (£5 to £6) a month for two rooms. By taking all your meals at one place, you may get them for \$28 (£5 12s.) a month, and at that scale of prices they will allow you single meals at fairly reasonable rates—say, breakfast at 25 cents (1s.), luncheon at 35 cents (1s. 5d.), and dinner at 50 cents (2s.). The hotels serve table-d'hôte meals at the rate of 50 cents (2s.) for breakfast, 75 cents (3s.) for luncheon, and 75 cents for dinner. Restaurants where meals are served *à la carte* are much more expensive, and a good dinner for two people may cost anything from 3 to 5 dollars (12s. to £1). I should say Calgary decidedly needs good boarding houses.

"Laundry service is expensive too. A charwoman, coming to the house by the day, will get \$1.50 to \$2 (6s. to 8s.) for her day's work, and, of course, her meals. If you send your work out, a laundress will charge from 40 to 60 cents (1s. 8d. to 2s. 6d.) a dozen for soft things, and 75 cents a dozen for starched things. That is reckoning at the cheapest price. Steam laundries charge by the piece, and you will pay 25 cents to have one shirt laundered, or \$1 for a dress, and I have known them charge 25 cents for laundering a silk night-dress.

"But you must remember that, if expenses are higher, salaries are much higher too, and one can afford to have bigger living expenses and still have more money than in England.

"I expected to have to learn different customs over here, but I find good manners

FOUR GRAND PRIZES IN 1910  
AT BRUSSELS, LONDON, BUENOS AIRES



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CORNS, BUNIONS, and  
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Ladies making up  
Children's Underclothing  
will find

# Cash's Frillings

well able to withstand the necessary constant washing.

Children's garments, which are otherwise quite good, often have to be discarded owing to the trimmings wearing badly. Cash's Frillings obviate this. They are well-made from fine cambric, and have a world-wide reputation for wearing and washing qualities.

Ladies are invited to write for pattern book containing actual samples of Frillings, which will be sent free on mentioning "Lady's Realm."



Child's Nightdress, trimmed with plain Frilling, and Spoke Edge Insertion.

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will supply six pounds of their choicest Ceylon or Indian Blended Tea at 1s. 6d. per lb., or China at 1s. 10d. per lb., carriage paid, to any address in the United Kingdom.

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is the Best Remedy for  
ACIDITY of the STOMACH,  
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GOUT and INDIGESTION.

Safest Aperient for  
Delicate Constitutions, Ladies,  
Children and Infants.

the same the world over, and there seems very little that is different. For instance, a man will pay a woman's car fare if he is taking her anywhere, but not if he meets her accidentally as they are getting on the same car. Other small courtesies and customs are just the same as in England.

"Fashions are perhaps a little more American than English, but, on the whole, much the same. People here entertain a great deal more than we do, and think much more of social life. For instance, though we do have afternoon bridges

is worn, but for ordinary occasions what we would consider morning dress is ordinarily worn. At the theatres you seldom see women in evening dress unless it is a very special performance, and then you are as likely to see half the women in tailored suits as in even slight *décolletée*. Generally you might say that Canadian women dress much more elaborately for the street and much less elaborately for the house than we do.

"Evening dress is always worn at all the balls, of which there are a great many here. The music is usually



COUNTRY-BORN CANADIAN TYPE OF WOMEN.

at home during the season, we do not have anything like the number of afternoon teas that they have in Canada. People dress for the afternoon much as they do in England, but the difference in dress for the evening is perfectly amazing. You go to a house dinner where there are two or three guests, or go to make an evening call, and you'll probably find your hostess in blouse and skirt. Of course, if it is a large, formal, dinner-party, evening dress

supplied by a six- or seven-piece orchestra, which is good, and there is always an excellent floor. The style of dancing is prettier than ours, I think. Where we have only waltzes, two-steps, and lancers, they have two or three round dances, such as a three-step and a French minuet, in addition to our two round dances. They do their waltzes and two-steps rather differently from ours, but their style is prettier and easy enough to get into.

*For Those Infectious*  
**FAMILY COLDS**

Take the Breathe-able PEPS  
 & Banish the "Cold-Germ"  
 from the Home.

COLDS have a habit of running "thro' the house" because the first sufferer who happens to come in scatters broadcast countless germs which are then breathed in by the rest of the family, who in turn become infected.

There is no limit to the consequences of a cough or cold; it may leave a permanent chest-weakness, and no wise alternative remains but to treat the first symptoms with Peps. The rich medicinal and germ-destroying fumes which these tablets give off when dissolving on the tongue, pass into the throat and bronchi, and carry a soothing and healing influence through those delicate channels right on to the furthest recesses of the lungs, where germ-disease may be lurking.

Every inch of sore, torn, and inflamed tissue is reached by Peps; and the cold, however severe or old-standing, is soon overcome. With a box of Peps always handy, coughs, colds, and influenza are banished from the home and kept away.

Peps are free from all harmful drugs, and can be given with perfect safety to the most delicate child.

*The Peps breathe-able tablets can be  
 obtained of all chemists or stores, or  
 direct from the PEPS Co.,  
 Carlton Hill, Leeds.*



"The suppers served are good and quite elaborate. One thing that seems odd to me is the way Canadians have tea and coffee at every meal. Even at dinner, where we would have beer or claret, they have tea or coffee, and at the dances there is seldom anything to drink except claret punch or something of that sort.

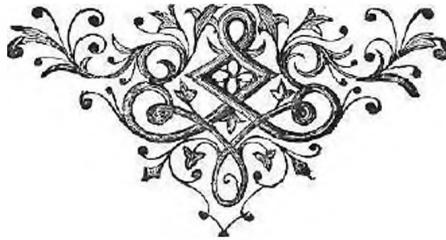
"Another thing that seems odd to the English mind is the lack of difficulty in obtaining a marriage licence. Here you may just walk into a jeweller's shop, pay \$3.50 (14s.) for a licence, and be married within an hour if you choose, at any hour of the day or night that you can get a minister to marry you, while in England we have to have our banns called for three successive Sundays and be married before three o'clock in the afternoon to make the marriage legal. The style of wedding is much the same here, except that it is not necessary to be married in a church, and many people have house weddings.

"It is often said that Canadian girls have a great deal more freedom than we have, but I do not think that is so, because even in England the chaperon is becoming more or less obsolete. You may see a Canadian girl down town or at the theatre without a chaperon occasionally, but on the whole they are no freer than the English girl. One interesting thing about Canadian society life is that the girl who works for her living is quite as prominent

socially as the girl who lives at home. That is becoming more the case in England than it used to be, but still, not so much so as in Canada.

"One thing I wish I could impress on English people, and that is the perfectly delightful climate we have here. Before I came across I thought, like most English people, that this was a frozen country all the year round, without any warmth or sunshine. I've been here six months, and in that time I don't think I've seen more than two days when the sun was not shining. It is almost perpetual sunshine, and the summers are even warmer than those at home. The freezing point doesn't come until late in November or early in December, and then the weather breaks up again in March. Why, the farmers break their ground in March and April.

"You must remember, when I speak of the difference between English and Canadian customs, that I come from Devonshire and not from London, and that I'm speaking of society in the provinces and not 'in town'; also that I know nothing of the customs in eastern Canada, but only in Calgary, which is essentially a western city. And when you remember all this, you will understand my criticisms. I've found the western people delightful, hospitable, sociable, and kind. There are a great many British people here, and I could not find life anywhere more pleasant than I've found it in Calgary."



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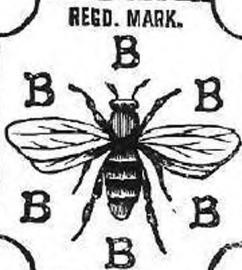
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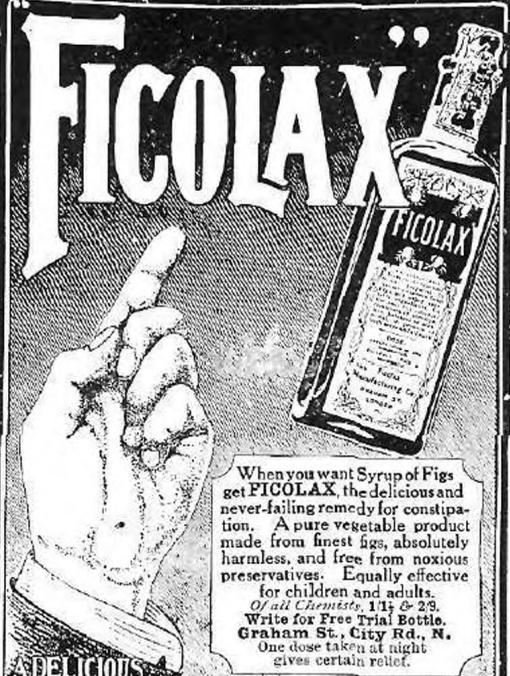
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## How to Procure Manual Beauty

**W**E cannot obtain this kind of beauty, so essential to the handsome woman, without rigid attention to small detail. First and foremost, of course, comes the washing of the hands, and then the drying: Immerse them in warm, not too hot, water, and wash well with some good soap, such as glycerine, buttermilk, Pears', or any other suitable preparation; then envelop the hands in a large, soft bath-towel, and dry gently but well. The water very often clings to the finger-tips just underneath the nail, and a soft damask or huckaback towel will be found most suitable to remove it. It is very necessary to dry the hands very thoroughly, especially in cold weather, as insufficient drying is in most cases the cause of chaps and roughness of skin, and than these there is nothing more ugly. Care must be taken when drying the finger-tips not to drag the flesh far away from the nail. The space between them should be kept as small as possible.

Even when this process is finished it is seldom that all the moisture is removed from the skin, so to remedy this the hands may be gently rubbed with a little soft, finely ground starch. A portion of the powder should be placed on the back of the hand and the hands rubbed back to back against each other. If starch is missing from the toilet table, a little fuller's earth may be used instead, being applied by means of a soft powder-puff. During the summer months this treatment will be found all that is necessary. But in winter, when the cold winds penetrate every crack, when everything is obscured by a thick veil of fog, and when the snow is falling heavily, some soothing emollient lotion is needed to protect the skin against the fierce elements. A home-made one, the result of the following recipe, is excellent for this purpose: Carefully squeeze a lemon to remove the juice, and well strain the latter. In this way a clear acid liquid will be obtained, which has a decided bleaching effect on the skin. Half-fill a bottle with this liquid, and then add pure glycerine with two or three drops of tincture of benzoin—to increase the bleaching power—so as to fill the bottle. Shake the mixture well every time before use. For those who dislike the smell of lemon juice, glycerine diluted with rose-water may be used, but plain glycerine is injurious to many skins. Any stickiness that may remain on the hands after being treated with either of these lotions may be easily removed by immersing them in

a bowl of oatmeal, so that the grain comes in contact with every part; rub the hands gently together, and the powder will remove the excess of glycerine, leaving them beautifully soft and white. Gloves should always be worn, having been donned before the wearer goes out, else the wind and cold will work havoc in a few minutes. Never wear tight, badly fitting hand-gear, otherwise manual beauty will never be obtained.

When the hands have been washed and dried, it is advisable to practise a few exercises to improve the flexibility of the wrist and the beauty of the arm. A really beautiful wrist should be small and narrow, tapering down from a well-rounded white arm.

The following exercises will tend to procure these for those who practise them: Slowly turn the hand, using the wrist as an axis, making the movement as free as possible. The hand must be outspread, and the fingers unclenched, or there may be undue straining of the muscles. Massage, too, is very beneficial. Gently knead and pinch the flesh with the finger and thumb of the other hand. Then form a bracelet of the fingers and thumb, and enclosing the other wrist, gently move the hand up towards the elbow. Repeat this about a dozen times.

The circulation, too, is most important; a woman with bad circulation is far more subject to chaps and chilblains than others; so, to improve this, gently pinch the flesh with the finger and thumb of the other hand; but care must also be taken to keep the wrist warm: woollen wristlets are easy to procure, and do not show underneath a cuff, which, of course, must never be too tight.

It often seems quite incompatible to keep the hands dainty and to indulge much in games and sports. Well, it is perhaps rather difficult, but if a little care is taken even the many bruises, abrasions, and hard knocks which one receives in a good game of hockey, golf, or tennis may be eradicated. Before beginning a game it is advisable to harden the palms with a little whisky or methylated spirit, as this treatment helps to prevent blisters and the ugly reddening of the skin which comes after much contact of the hand with the hockey-stick or tennis-racket. Eau de Cologne or toilet vinegar also answers this purpose.

Sunburn may be removed by rubbing the skin with slices of cucumber, or with a solution made by soaking the cucumber in milk for a few minutes.

# ECONOMY

Should be one of the principal factors in your household management.

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SEE THAT YOU  
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# COOK'S "LIGHTNING" SOAP

The best soap for most purposes, which, being made from pure and sweet materials, keeps the clothes a good colour and makes them wear longer.

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# Anxious Mothers

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BOOY  
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Are the best value on the market.  
The name "Nugget" on each article is a guarantee of high quality.

*Basel & Co. Ltd.*

## A Few Useful Nursery Hints

**T**HE care of the nursery is a very important item among the numerous duties of an ordinary nurse. It is here that a child receives his first impressions of life. His early years are generally spent almost entirely in his nursery; and if that is not well attended to, and well arranged with careful forethought, who knows what influence his early recollections may have both physically and morally in his after-life?

The nursery should, if possible, be a southerly room, with plenty of windows. It should be simply but well furnished, according to the age of the child. The room must be bright, and the walls preferably distempered, in a pretty colour, and hung with appropriate pictures—*i.e.* those that come within the scope of his imagination, together with a religious picture or so, which will teach him gently and simply to love and revere all that is holy. Regular hours are very necessary. Let the child be taught to map out his day. Accustom him to early rising, say, about 7 a.m., and then arrange his hours; if he is too young to go to school, some time should be given to lessons at home. Plenty of exercise and fresh air are most important. The meals should be served regularly, and the child accustomed to do without food between meal-times. Plenty of nice picture- and story-books should be provided, together with what toys the child cares for. Give him a cupboard in which to keep them, and let him make it his task to look after this cupboard and keep it in order.

Pets are great playthings for a child. Let him have a dog or cat, rabbits, mice, or whatever he likes best; but it is a great mistake not to accustom him to animals, for he will grow up to fear them, and even ill-treat them unless he is taught to love them. This love for animals will be almost a safeguard, I might say, in the future, for they always know those persons who care for them, and will seldom do them an injury.

The child should always be allowed free access to his mother whenever he pleases. He should feel that he can go to her with all his trials and troubles, and should not be left too much to the care of the nurse,

or he will grow up a stranger to his best friend.

Young children have not much reserve strength, and are very mercurial, so that they are apt to get ill quickly, and also to get well quickly. The nurse and mother should be very observant, and never let the slightest complaint pass unnoticed; for even big children will, for example, very often only complain of headache when really they are suffering from pneumonia. It is very necessary to be well supplied with disinfectants, as Jeyes' or Condy's fluid, Sanitas, or any other good preparation. When an ailment is noticed the doctor should always be sent for, unless the nurse or mother is quite sure that the complaint is of little or no consequence, as delay in these cases very often proves fatal.

Games are a very important item in a child's up-bringing; they give him recreation and amusement, and at the same time teach him many things, though he may not know it. They accustom him to give up his own will to his little companions, to bear defeats bravely, and courageously to bear with the little hardships occasioned by them, preparatory to those suffered in his after-life.

The nicest games for a child are those he invents for himself; a favoured nurse is sometimes allowed to take part in these—to be the consulting physician to whom the sick doll is brought, for instance; and she can generally go on with her work whilst sharing in the play. Never interfere needlessly with a child's games or bring them ruthlessly to a conclusion.

A child should be accustomed to amuse himself, and not always depend on another for his fun; but on wet days a little extra recreation may be provided to avoid idleness and discontent. Some old games never fail, as, for instance, "Blindman's Buff," "Hide-and-Seek," "Puss in the Corner," and "Tom Tiddler's Ground." Don't restrict the child too much; allow him if possible some time to have a good romp and make as much noise as he likes. Story-telling, too, is always a welcome pastime. The nurse or mother who is an adept at this art possesses a means of effectually amusing her child and giving him great pleasure.

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of  
Super-  
fluous  
Hair.**



**A Lady Will Give You Her Secret Free.**

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SAUNDERS'S FACE POWDER  
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This admirable preparation of world-wide reputation is free from anything which can injure the skin; it preserves the Beauty and Freshness of Youth in extreme age.

**In three shades—  
Pink, White, and Cream.**

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Any small girl will be delighted with the "LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER" box, which contains tiny knives, forks, spoons, plates, pastry cutters, book of recipes for making Plasticine dainties for dolls' parties.

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**I accept no payment if you  
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*Write me to day.*

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Kingsway, LONDON.**

# Invalid Cookery

BY E. GOMME BARKER,  
(Cert. Royal National School for Cookery.)

THE essence of successful cookery for invalids is daintiness.

Keep a plentiful supply of spotlessly clean tray-cloths and serviettes, and use fresh ones on every occasion. Keep the patient's things in a separate place, with crockery (some of your best), spoons and other necessaries. A silver spoon should, if available, be reserved for the sick-room; it seems to render the simplest food more palatable.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now as to the cooking itself.

STEAMING is generally recognised as the best method for meat, fish, or puddings. Fried food is apt to be indigestible, and in boiling much of the nutriment goes into the water; but steaming, besides being simpler, preserves the juices.

Suppose, for instance, your patient is ordered filleted sole. All you have to do is to roll the fillets and place them, with a tablespoonful of milk, pepper and salt to

taste, between two plates. Stand them over whatever saucepan you have on the fire (maybe potatoes or pudding for the family dinner), and steam for twenty minutes, or until the fillets look curdy. Test with a skewer, and when tender, remove from the fire, using the milk for sauce if allowed.

White sauce made with flour is not easily digested by invalids, but by using plasmon in place of flour, a very palatable sauce may be obtained. To a teaspoonful of plasmon, mixed with cold water, add the hot milk with which the fish has been steamed; place in a saucepan and stir over the fire, letting it boil for five minutes; add a small piece of butter, and pour the mixture over your fish. Garnish with lemon and parsley. Do not take the dish into the sick-room. Serve a small portion on a hot plate, cover the remainder, and keep outside over boiling water.

Chops, custards, rice or other puddings may be steamed in the same way, and when making "boiled" custards, if you have not a double saucepan, stand a basin in your ordinary saucepan and use that.

In making Beef Tea care must be taken to prevent boiling; otherwise the albumin coagulates and you get the curdled appearance which is so disagreeable.

The best method is to cut up  $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. best gravy beef into small pieces, removing all fat and skin; place in an earthen jar with a pint of cold water, cover tightly with kitchen paper and stand in a saucepan of boiling water on the hob for 2-3 hours. (If more convenient, it may be stewed in a *slow oven*.) It must not cook too quickly. Salt may be added after the juices have been extracted from the meat. If put with the raw meat it tends to harden it. When serving Beef Tea if you find the slightest particle of fat, place small pieces of clean blotting-paper on the top until all the grease is absorbed.

BEEF JUICE is made by shredding the meat finely and adding cold water in the proportion of  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint to  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of meat. Stand the jar (covered as before) in hot water, but do not let it boil. Three or four hours should suffice to draw all the juice from the fibre. It may then be strained through muslin, and a pinch of salt added. Serve in a red glass to disguise the colour.

Do not keep for more than one day.

VEAL TEA should be made in the same way; or equal quantities of beef, veal, and mutton (neck) may be used. The latter makes a tea which, besides giving variety, is lighter than beef alone.

## Pure Indian Tea

Has been awarded the GOLD MEDAL at  
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THE cult of the teapot is spreading among our Continental neighbours, and with the increased consumption of tea comes an increasing discernment. They fly more and more to Indian Teas, because they know them to be rich, pure, and of exquisite flavour.

The British teapot filled with an infusion of delicate Darjeeling or Nilgiri Orange Pekoe is now the highest *chic* at Parisian afternoons.

The English grocer is well aware of the many merits of the various Indian Teas. He knows the exquisite *lemony* flavour of the teas from the Nilgiris. He realises the richness and softness of the autumnal teas from the Doonars. He values the unique "Muscat" tinge of a high-class Darjeeling. He knows exactly the potency in a blend of a pungent Assam.

Do not then be outwied by your *Parisienne* friends in appreciation of British-grown tea, but go to your grocer and bid him furnish forth an Indian Tea suitable to your purse, pleasing to your palate, and infusing satisfactorily in the water you use. The task is easy to any grocer who studies the many varieties of

Britain's Best Beverage

# BRIDE CAKES

*The Charm of the Wedding Feast.*



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Cannot be ordered too early.

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is very nice with Cheese.

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# VARSVITY RELISH

The VARSITY RELISH, allow me to utter,  
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