

pected to help in the housework, or more trying still, to teach and train young girls for service. Altogether the work is wearisome, and not well recommended for shattered nerves, though to make many definite statements with regard to it is difficult, for everything depends on the size, style, and rules of the Home, which all differ materially from each other. The average pay is from £30 to £70, but board and lodging are provided as well, and often uniform. As a rule there is a Superintendent or Lady Secretary over the Matron. Matrons of Lunatic Asylums receive from £40 to £50, but I need scarcely add the post is an arduous and unpleasant one, especially to anyone troubled by "imagination" or liable to dreams. But some seem to have—and these not always the most muscular, the most stalwart—a peculiarly happy power over their unfortunate fellow-men and women, and for such no post can be more thoroughly recommended.

WITH regard to the choosing of Matrons, I once heard an amusing story, vouched for as true. The Institution wherein the vacancy occurred was a large one, and boasted two committees, one of ladies and one of gentlemen. Both were called on this important occasion. The ladies saw the applicants first, weeded them, and finally chose three to send up to the higher court. But afterwards they (ladies are permitted so to do, you know) changed their minds, and wrote a note therefore to the gents, which ran thus:—"Not the one with fringe!" Now the testimonials of this said Matron were excellent, spite of the obnoxious curls, and she, to the horror of the dames downstairs, was elected after all. "How could you, after our note?" cried Mrs.—, seizing on one of the disobedient males as he sought the hall door. "Madam," was the courteous reply, "we looked all over their dresses, but could not see a bit of fringe anywhere." The fair belligerent snorted and mentally dubbed the whole limited number on the committee of gentlemen, a committee boasting many able and well-known names, "a set of fools."

THE well-known novelist Miss Marie Corelli will be present at the Ober-Ammergau Passion play, to be held this year in the quaint little mountain village where, for centuries past, it has every ten years been performed by the country folk of the district, the only audience their fellow villagers until Dean Stanley accidentally discovered and then revealed to the world the fact that this play was thus enacted. Since then it has become fashionable, and the world throngs thither as the time comes round for the di-ennial performance, and lodgings become ungetable, and

the villagers grow rich, and the beauty, the touching sweetness of the idea fades away beneath the glare of popularity, for now, alas! the players think not, as once, devotionally on what they are acting, but are rather concerned as to how they act.

IN one of last year's numbers of this paper I wrote an article on "Lady Hair Dressers." In it I mentioned how horrified would be the poor *coiffeur* of a century ago could he see how "the ladies" have encroached on his proud province, though, as I then stated, it seems only natural for ladies to have their tresses arranged by some neat-handed Phyllis, instead of by a male's more awkward fingers. But, alas, for the poor barbers. The fair dames of the sign of the hairdresser's apron have not contented themselves with the luxuriant locks of their own sex, but must needs try their "prentice hand on man." Having obtained proficiency by practising on poor deluded mortals tempted by the promises of a free shave, they now wave the sharp razor over the head of their customers, lather their faces well, and then set to work determinedly to remove nature's growth. If they, by accident, cut a little too deeply, they beg pardon in the sweetest of voices, and the polite injured one is obliged instantly to forgive the careless charmer.

STRANGE to say, spite of the grumbles we hear on all sides as to women appropriating men's work, the large premises newly opened in Chancery Lane, where only female barbers are employed, is being well patronised, and shifty man is trying to argue that, although contrary to custom, shaving is peculiarly a woman's work, that it suits their delicate fingers, &c., &c. The truth is my gentleman likes being shaved by the hand of, just as he likes to receive his drinks from the hand of, a pretty woman, and he forgets the anything but dignified appearances he presents to her. Anyway, lady barbers are going to be a social success, so to the *block, mes amies*. Soon, when advertising for a wife, that man who wants a true help-meet will add to the long list of virtues and graces now usually enumerated, the additional one, "Must be a good barber."

VEVA KARSLAND.

THE young should be taught to trust in Providence and themselves, and to fight adverse circumstances to the last gasp. In a large majority of such gladiatorial combats he who thus champions fate to the uttermost wins the day; and at the worst it is a consolation to defeat to feel that nothing man could do to secure victory was left undone.

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