

one on. The bows always seem to go exactly right with her—naturally, somehow. To start a milliner's establishment requires a large capital—at the very least a thousand pounds. The materials come expensive, fashions change like the winds, leaving an unsold stock on hand, a new Parisian *mode* does not take, and, above all, there are bad debts ever to be considered. It is the fault of this last-named evil that so many good London milliners fail. Nearly all large drapers have now a millinery department. The young workers in these departments receive slightly more than those working in the dress-making; and the head milliner is generally very highly salaried. She is very often French, for English ladies still believe in the latest from Paris. Most London milliners pay annual or bi-annual visits to that gay little capital on business. Nearly all milliners take apprentices, and this is the best way of learning the business. The premiums differ according to the repute and position of the shop; some of those in country towns require only three or six months' time. Some of the large establishments in such towns teach very well, and it is quite a vexed question as to whether to learn the business in such, or to pay an extra high premium to enter a London shop is wisest. I should say the latter, if—a big if—there is money enough to pay the premium with, for the reference will always prove valuable. Sometimes, however, the premiums asked are very high, from fifty to a hundred pounds. Apprentices are advertised for in the daily and weekly papers. The *Christian World* is notably good for such advertisements. Careful inquiries should, however, be made before entering any place of business, as sometimes it is easier far to get in than out again. Applications for apprenticeship can also be made to any of the leading milliners. The work proves, however, very irksome to those who have no taste for it, and many a young lady, long ere the "time" is up, discovers she has mistaken her vocation. As to opening a milliner's shop I give *Punch's* advice to those about to be married, "Don't," unless, if I may add, under peculiarly favourable circumstances.

PUPILS in millinery are taken at the Society of Associated Artists, 97, Wimpole Street, at so much the course of lessons. Either classes can be joined, or else private lessons given if preferred. At the Millinery Club for Lady Workers, 30A, Ebury Street, ladies who "have not capital enough to start a shop" may exhibit their "goods for sale." This would be a good opportunity of proving whether the public would patronise a certain style, and of discovering what

was mostly popular—of gaining experience, in fact.

THE Christmas cards are very beautiful this year. It was rumoured that these artistic souvenirs of old Yule-tide were going out of fashion, but the display in the windows of the London shops is as large as ever, even more artistic than ever. The Religious Tract Society have some very pretty, yet simple designs. Packet 8 of this Society's choice selections contains six cards, designed by Marie von Bechendorff. The flowers are raised and reproduced also in one of the corners, whilst a distant landscape occupies the centre portion of the card; a suitable text and good wishes complete this truly artistic arrangement of colours. Packet 11 contains nine cards, with bold yet vivid landscapes and simple Christmas mottoes. No 3 contains a packet of twelve pretty designs of birds in monotone, with suitable New Year mottoes and verses. No. 5 contains four beautiful floral cards, also by Marie von Bechendorff, who, in her purity and effectiveness of style, reminds one of Helga von Cramen. I have purposely carefully named the number of each packet, for I know by experience how convenient it is, if busy, to just write straight to the publishers instead of being obliged to choose cards hurriedly in a shop where the immense number of "pretty ones" puzzles one's power of deciding "in favour of the fairest" quickly.

OF the nine lady students belonging to the London School of Medicine for Women, who had presented themselves as candidates at the recent examination for the M.B. degree at the London University, all passed successfully, five in the first division, four in the second. As this is a very notably difficult examination, the great success of these ladies speaks well both for their own brain-power and for the teaching received in this School, teaching which is most thorough and conscientious and ever most happy in its results.

MISS MARIE CORELLI, the novelist, has left the uninviting shores of "Old England" to winter on the banks of the Lake of Geneva. She has taken the villa where

"In the years long since gone by"

Rousseau once lived. It is a quaint, red-turretted house, situated on a little hill rising just above the primitive railway station of Clarens and about two miles from Montreux, so noted now as a winter resort for invalids, for, although not nearly so mild as the Riviera, the climate is salubrious, and the little town is snugly sheltered by the mountains around. The views of the lake

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)