

Else, *because* he never doffed his penitential hair-shirt, nor washed and anointed his body. If being uncomfortable were virtue, virtuous indeed those dirty old monks must have been! Well-born ladies, too, would dry a beggar's feet with the hem of their garments to show their lowliness of mind, and walk about humbly, in miserable scrapey under-vests for the glorification of their creed.

Our nineteenth-century ladies have left them far behind! With the hem of costly gowns (purchased at Peter Robinson's or Marshall and Snellgrove's) they do not dry a tramp's feet that have first been well soaped; no, they sweep up the dust tramps have carried in on unwashed feet from the slums of our great city, mingled, perhaps, with the refuse of garbage dogs disdained.

Well may they wear those large hats we see borne past us in Regent Street! Are they not nineteenth-century haloes?—fit circlets for those who humble themselves to the dust!

Unfortunately, sanitary authorities assure us that our modern scavengers, like some other votaries of church and fashion, are doing more harm than good. Their spasmodic and ill-organised street sweeping simply does much too much in stirring up atoms of undesirable nastiness, and too little in the way of depositing them where the chariots of sanitation, otherwise known as dust-carts, could carry them away.

In Gray's Inn Road, the other day, I saw a beautiful old widow, a professional crossing-sweeper, with an immaculate white frill round her venerable face, nursing a broom, and licking her lips as she emerged from a tavern. If this experienced benefactress of society were placed at the head of these sweeping enthusiasts, much might be saved in the way of taxation, and the dustman be benefited. It is pleasant to think that there are still amongst us a goodly number of ladies who line the hem of their walking-dress with mackintosh or leather—easily cleaned with a damp cloth, and fit for walking wear in a minute. Anyone who has ever brushed the hem of a dirty walking-skirt knows what repulsive work it is. The most unscientific among us knows to-day that dirt collected in the street is dangerous. If brushing our train is the cause of robbing the maid—to whom we entrust the hateful task—of her greatest treasure, "health," by causing her to breathe clouds of dust, possibly

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laden with the germs of consumption or other nameless horrors, we are guilty of manslaughter.

Who worthy of the name of woman would dare say of any sister whom she exposed to danger for the gratification of a whim, "She is paid for it"?

Where danger of infection *must* be faced in the discharge of duty, business-like courage, coupled with wise precaution, may be looked for; but anyone persisting in exposing her servant to avoidable risk, after the fair warning a dozen daily papers and various periodicals have given, is more than silly or thoughtless. There is only one term applicable to the behaviour of people who wilfully seminate disease, "cold-blooded criminality."

In Hungary this has been recognised, and a law has been passed against the wearing of trailing garments in the streets.

In Oxford Street, the other day, a lighted cigar lay glimmering on the pavement. It suggested a new danger.

Some years ago, at a polo match at Hurlington, I saw a gentleman set fire to a lady's muslin dress by carelessly throwing a match he had used for lighting his cigar against it, while he was intent upon watching the game. There were hundreds of us standing around, all clothed in summer garments. Had the victim been less perfectly self-possessed, a frightful accident might have terminated the fête. As it was, she stood perfectly still in her flaming dress, while the culprit threw a coat he happily carried over his arm, around her. The flames were smothered; the lady was uninjured. White as marble and quite as calm, she acknowledged the startled apologies of the delinquent with a slight bow, and walked to her carriage.

Those who, like myself, have lived in countries where ten weeks of skating on miles of flooded meadow-land is possible, where even thirteen weeks of such delightful pastime is not unheard-of, know that to skim across a broad stretch of clear ice, through clear air, crystal below, sky above, resembles no other exercise. Flying is not quite invented yet, though the outlook is promising. When it is, it cannot be much more pleasurable. Swimming comes next in rank; mountaineering, if you know how to use a long leaping-pole, is almost as delightful. I suppose those who find lawn-tennis and golf interesting prize those games as much as the bicyclist does his machine; but everybody who enjoys exercise of any kind will know that it

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