

resting on four pieces of felt. Here the pupils cut and sew pretty household and body-linen.

We come next to the classes for dressmaking, millinery, hairdressing, art embroidery, both hand and machine, the drawing class, and the class for elementary needlework.

The class for teachers of needlework is also on this floor; the pupils of this department must have gone through a High School.

Besides gaining a sufficient ability in the technical work, they must go through a thorough course of pedagogy, psychology, literature, &c., and must, in fact, acquire a good general German education before they can pass their Government examination and receive their diplomas.

The school of industry trains teachers for schools of industry, and amateurs and professionals in single branches; the training of teachers takes about three years, and includes the Government examination, which is obligatory.

On this floor is also the studio for art embroidery, with its many apprentice girls and professional embroideresses. Here you can see, and, what is more, you can order the most beautiful and artistic objects, such as cushions of all shapes, covers of all kinds, curtains of all forms and colours, also ornaments for your dresses, according to your own taste or the latest fashion.

The third floor belongs to the Victoria Stift, a large boarding-house, named after its foundress, the late Empress Frederick.

This establishment is conducted by a superior, who has a housekeeper and several servants under her. You will see the pretty single and double bedrooms, dormitories, studies, and conversation rooms of the boarders, who are all pupils of the Lette-Verein; we can lodge seventy of them.

The middle of the third floor is occupied by the pretty Aula, with its large windows and its beautiful organ. You see the portrait of His Majesty our Emperor that he gave to the Lette-Verein when it entered its new home.

You have now to mount the stairs for the last time and enter the photographic school, which is, as far as I know, the largest school of photography for ladies in the world. The school occupies about sixty rooms, and in them there are the newest and best apparatus in the department of photography. The school trains amateur as well as professional photographers; the course for professionals lasts eighteen months, and for amateurs six months.

Several years ago the Lette-Verein added a special course for hospital nurses, who are taught to make photographs of operations whilst they are in progress, and also the use of the Rontgen apparatus.

You have now seen the principal house, and will pass to the adjoining wing, which leads to the Bayreuther-strasse. You are now in the housekeeping boarding school; this school has accommodation for 150 pupils, who mostly belong to the middle-class, but we have also the daughters of officers and clergymen among them.

The course in this school lasts one year; as no servants are kept the house is kept clean and in order from roof to cellar by the pupils themselves, who cook their food, wash their linen, and have to do every kind of work which occurs.

Under the care of their lady teachers they learn systematically the cleaning of the house, cooking, and

laundry work. They learn how to make their own clothes, both dresses and underlinen, and also how to mend them. They have elementary lessons such as arithmetic, geography, letter writing, gymnastics, singing, and a little about nursing invalids; in short, after the end of one year they ought to know how to be good German haus-frauen (housewives). Very few of these pupils take situations after the end of their training, most of them go back to their homes and marry comparatively soon.

## A Book of the Week.

### PATRICIA: A MOTHER.\*

Mrs. Caffyn is one of the writers whose work is good enough to make us wish that it were better. There are many points in this book which are worthy of warm praise. The situation of the unconventional, and, of course, charming young Australian widow, left, through the spite and malice of her hypocritical husband, dependent upon her mother-in-law, and with her good name slurred, is a poignant one. The character of the elder Mrs. Portal—the sincerely religious, narrow, self-deceived woman, never for a moment considering poor Patricia in any other light than that of a cross which her mother-in-law is called upon to carry—is a conception both novel and natural. The book is spoilt by just what spoils the other books by the same author—by a certain vulgarity of style and of suggestion, which forces itself upon the mind of the reader continually, and is very hard to define.

Patricia, who is past thirty, like most modern heroines, was married to Gervas Portal for fourteen years. He was a handsome, neurotic person, exemplary in his outward life, but knowing how to make existence a very hell for his unfortunate wife. One of his slow tortures was the separating her from her only child, Tom, who was brought up by various relations, while his father compelled his mother to travel abroad. The book opens at the death of this odious person, and the newly-widowed Patricia finds that her unspeakable husband has carried his spite beyond the grave, and left her entirely dependent upon the bounty of her mother-in-law, who is Tom's sole guardian. Into the will in connection with Patricia is dragged the name of one Richard Venour, a neighbouring squire, who by the directions of the deceased is present at the reading of the will, likewise one Philip Gore, a local gossip and scandal-bearer, who, it may be safely asserted, will make the terms of the will known at every tea-table in the county.

Now it seems to the ordinary reader that, after this dragging of the name of Portal in the dirt, the shrinkingly refined and sensitive elder Mrs. Portal would have felt it impossible to remain in the neighbourhood, at least until the scandal had in some sort died away. Or we confidently anticipated that the free, impulsive Patricia, finding herself so humiliated by the man she despised and loathed, would make her escape from bondage and fly to the ends of the earth sooner than eat her mother-in-law's bread; or, finally, that Richard Venour, finding his name mixed up with that of a woman who was barely a slight acquaintance, should leave the country for a time to ease the strain of the situation. But as the book demands that all three should remain in juxtaposition, this they do. Patricia

\* By Iota. (Hutchinson and Co.)

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