

thereupon deducted, and we thereupon all took the opportunity of getting out of that hotel as speedily as possible."

"OF course I ought in common fairness to say that, when appealed to respecting the exorbitant price, we were met with the remark that 'odd cups of tea, after breakfast hour, were always charged by Mr. Russell in that establishment at one shilling and sixpence each'; but as I am in the habit of having no less than *two* 'odd' cups of tea per day after breakfast, and always mean to have two 'odd' cups of tea per day after breakfast whenever I am travelling, I shall, for the future, take care to only patronise those hotels where my not very unusual request will be cheerfully and reasonably acceded to."

To make good my two points, I beg leave to say, on reference to my bills, that for a double-bedded room at Russell's Hotel, very inferior in size and furnishing to the one at the Imperial Hotel at Waterford, we were charged no less than seven shillings and sixpence per night, being exactly one shilling and sixpence more than the price at the latter place, and everything else was charged in pretty much the same proportion. There is no questioning these facts, for they are in black and white; nor is there any question about the standing of the Imperial Hotel, which is the best in Waterford, being recognised as the leading county hotel, and made use of by the judges when on circuit.

Now as regards the tea, I must distinctly inform my respected correspondent, whose good-natured motives I do not for one moment question, that *there was not made to us "the slightest acknowledgment of the charge being the result of an error."* The charge was deliberately made in two different bills, and when the attention of the waitress was drawn to its unfairness "she went to see about it," returning with the message, "that Mr. Russell made it a rule to charge one shilling and sixpence each for any odd cups of tea served after breakfast time," and it was only upon a further expression of surprise at the demand that the waitress brought us corrected or revised bills. These are the exact circumstances and these are the exact facts, and I should not write so strongly upon the matter were I not so sure about it.

I CAN assure both Dr. Roch and the proprietor of the hotel that I have no wish whatever to "inflict an unmerited injury on an establishment such as the hotel in question." I have simply related the affair as I experienced it, and as many of my

readers may be visiting the same neighbourhood for a short "jaunt" as I did, I have considered it my duty to simply tell them what to expect to find.

If this unusual rule, as laid down by Mr. Russell, is still in force, I would respectfully suggest its being rescinded, or if not, at least let it be printed and hung up in the establishment, where it can be seen and duly noted by visitors. Had the hotel in question not professedly been a "Temperance" one, I should probably not have noticed the occurrence at all; but as I am myself an ardent advocate of temperance in all its possible forms, I do not wish to see the efforts on behalf of it hindered by unsympathetic and unfair charges or unkind restrictions.

I NOTE with not a little pleasure the continued success of the Lady Guide Association, which I hear has proved a success thorough and complete. The permanent address will shortly be 66, Cockspur Street, which is perhaps the most central portion of busy London. Thanks to the energy and determination of Miss Edith Davis, its founder, there appears to have grown up among us another recognised and legitimate occupation for women.

THE "Battle of Life" still attracts considerable attention in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*. Last week Mrs. E. Lynn Linton brought her vigorous, trenchant pen into requisition, and on Friday last Mr. James Runciman, whose "taking" journalistic style is the best thing of the present day, had a very interesting letter. I quote the following:—

"WHEN a publican expresses supreme content with his jolly dinner, and his trotter, and his expansive wife, that is all right; but when someone tells me that 'the Eye of Heaven gazes on joy,' I cannot help thinking that the Eye of Heaven, if it is really a discerning eye, must wink. I know I do."

AGAIN, another little bit, which is a perfect gem: "Do any of the kindly optimistic people ever try to imagine the course of a bleak life? One wild morning, about four o'clock, when powdery snow was dancing in wreaths over the iron ground, I found a poor chap squatting in a recess out King's Cross way, and he coughed with a hacking click that was ugly. He wore the remains of a summer overcoat; he had no shirt, and he was dying of consumption—dying on that cruel road, with a wind blowing enough to cut you in two. I did not ask *his* opinions on the joys of life."

LUCINDA.

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