

ships. Thus the secretary of the well-known and successful Cunard Line writes :—"It is our invariable custom to appoint the widows and daughters of officers in the service as stewardesses, and there is rarely an opening for an outsider." He goes on to say that the salaries commence at £3 a month, and that new-comers are always relegated to the steerage. Even on the shorter sea routes, such as Newhaven and Dieppe, the appointments as stewardesses are made from the widows or other relatives of the staff. The wages are fifteen shillings a week each. On that line, "they are, if their conduct is satisfactory, employed as long as their health permits." In every case the life is a trying one, and female nerves will not hold out for ever. Steamers usually carry one stewardess for each class. Those appointed generally begin at the lowest, and mount upwards. But again I must reiterate, for the sake of any whom the blue wave tempts, that as the omnibuses post up, so I must write, "full." The only chance is to add another name to the long list of applicants for the next vacancy when due, but I fear it will prove somewhat after the trial of patience exercised by those who are oftentimes trying for years, alas ! to "get into the Incurable Hospital by vote."

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I SURELY need not say, people are "that just contrary," that those who suffer from sea-sickness should never dream, even if a vacancy did occur, of going as a stewardess. If such a one did, she should expect the fate of a young Doctor I once heard of, who, taken on an emergency (the ship's rightful Doctor having met with an accident), was so ill himself all the voyage he could scarce move from his berth. Fortunately there were not many cases of illness on board the ship save his own. The Doctor himself sea sick ! One smiles at the idea just as one smiles at the thought of a sailor feeling any distressing symptoms, even when the waves—

"Come as the waves come when
Navies are stranded."

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ASTROLOGERS have hitherto been only of the male sex. The philosophical reason may be that the eyes of women, like, so the poets tell us, "two twin stars," have been deemed too dazzling to penetrate the mysteries of the heavenly orbs their earthly ones are supposed, metaphorically, to resemble. Patience is, however, a woman's more than a man's virtue, and patience is one of the attributes of the true astrologer, whilst Caroline Herschell's patient devotion was, we know, partly the reason of her famous brother's discovery of Uranus, and proves that woman, if

she loves not the occult science of star-gazing, can love at least very tenderly the star-gazer.

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WE, however, hear that a woman's department will most likely be shortly formed permanently at the Royal Observatory, where already Miss Clemes and her associates are employed by the authorities, I learn, for the purpose of taking measurements from photographs, as well as photographs themselves. They also take "night observations," but whether watchful swain or lover takes night observations of them meanwhile is not notified. A serenade under the time-honoured, scaleless, ugly walls of the Greenwich Observatory would be romantic, surely ; and the modern Romeo might there suitably "swear by the moon" of his undying love for Juliet.

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BUT, in the interest of poesy, it is to be hoped the modern fair Juliet will not follow the example of a young lady I once heard of, who seeing a manly form crouching below her bedroom window, waited not to see if he would "tune up," but concluding it was a prosaic robber, emptied the contents of the water jug over the unhappy wight, who, soaking wet, fled precipitately. Needless to add, this practical individual never had any more youthful serenaders to ravish her heart with sweet sounds. Meanwhile in her family opinions still differ as to whether the mysterious *he* were a romantic lover or an unromantic thief. It is almost as difficult a question to answer as Mr. Stockton's still unsolved problem, was it the lady or the tiger ?

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THE last new grand idea is the *charlady*, or general undertaker, the latter term not here referring to funerals only, but to be understood in its fuller and broader and more dictionary sense, *i.e.*, Undertaker, a person who undertakes anything—from washing valuable china, to turning last year's dress. "It pays," says one who has tried it and succeeded, but to succeed it appears to me one must be able, as men phrase it, "to turn one's hand to anything"—a feat, alas ! very few poor ladies excel in.

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ONE of the pictures exhibited at Messrs. Tooth's gallery is a fine painting entitled "Scottish Sires," by Rosa-Bonheur, the famous French artist. The scenery is Scotch, and in the foreground is a group of Scottish hills, formidable and realistic enough to make one long to run away. This celebrated lady artist is worthy of the title, "The French Landseer." She is "getting on in years" now, but her right hand has by no means lost its cunning. This clever lady wears usually men's

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