

caprices of fashion affect the pocket and the peace of mind often of their poorer sisters.

I MUST just expostulate about one thing, though, alas! the expostulation will never reach the ears of the sinners. The manufacturers each season fill the rooms with young apprentices whose parents desire that they should learn the trade, and cast off as much as possible the older hands. Later they will do ditto by the girls they are now teaching. Thus they get their work done cheaply by those who are giving their time to learn the trade, in a hope—often fallacious hope—of earning a living, or leastways a portion of a living, by it some day. Of course, no one objects to the apprenticeship principle, but when it is used by the masters as a means of additional gain, and to the detriment of those they employ, or should employ, and who have already been through their years of small wage as improvers, surely it is time to protest. Alas! everything is so overcrowded in these sad days that the women dare not. Are there not hundreds of others waiting eagerly to take their places? And so the poor see—know the evil going on around them—behold injustice in high places, and yet are perforce silent.

THE literary ladies' dinner was held last week at the Criterion, when some twenty-four literary sisters (no brothers admitted) met to discuss a very good dinner and each other. After dinner several ladies spoke—Mrs. Graham Tomson for poetry, Miss Mabel Collins for fiction, Mrs. Billington for the Press, Miss Ellice for the gentlemen, Miss Temple for the happy spinster, &c. The speeches were all short and to the point, thereby setting a lesson to many a male after-dinner orator. Some of the dresses were very pretty; Mrs. Tomson looked very handsome in yellow velvet, with a single yellow rose in her dark hair; Miss Temple wore a very beautiful flowered satin dress, trimmed with fine lace; Miss Mabel Collins wore blue velvet; Miss Honor Morten, the able and energetic honorary secretary, a very charming, yet simple dress, a combination of blue and white; and Miss Alex Smith wore black silk and lace. Mrs. Meade, the editress of *Atalanta*, kindly took the chair, and a pleasant and genial chairwoman she made. To her and to Miss Morten's endeavours the success of this meeting of "literary ladies" was mainly due.

THE late Miss Amy Levy, the clever young poetess, who has passed—it seems but yesterday—to an early grave, was present at the first Literary Ladies' Dinner, held last year. Mrs. Freiligrath

Kroeker recalled the fact to the ladies present in a few sweet verses on the fair young girl whom "Death spared not." May I venture to quote one or two verses of the dainty little poem?

"Thus was she with us but last year,  
Dusky of hair, of pallid brow—  
Our sister worker, then so near,  
So utterly departed now.  
Not utterly! She is at peace,  
Her spirit lives amongst us still,  
Her work has life to stimulate,  
Her verse has plaintive power to thrill."

I AM glad to be able to record the fact that the Women's Printing Society, College Street, Westminster, is at last proving a financial success and is paying a five per cent. dividend to the ladies who have been willing to "bide a wee" without their interest to give the girls a chance. The great drawback has been that the apprentices had first to be taught before any business could be really undertaken. Now the probation time is over, and the many orders received and the style of work done prove that women can quite rival, if not out-rival, men as compositors. There is now a good opening for women in this new branch for women's work.

THE "cup that cheers but not inebriates" is becoming the cup *par excellence* of Great Britain, and afternoon tea is ever welcomed by young as well as old maids—ah! and even by the gentlemen also. To meet a want of the age—this is peculiarly an age of supply and demand, or rather *vice versa*—Messrs. Drew and Co., of Piccadilly Circus, have patented a charming concern—a travelling tea basket. It is cleverly arranged so as to be small enough not to be cumbersome, and contains kettle, cups, spirit lamp, &c.; in fact, every requisite for afternoon tea for either two or six persons. For invalids—and indeed for anyone travelling by train who is partial to a "cup o' tay"—this useful invention comes as a boon and blessing, and to thirsty men and women—leastways to those of them able to afford the necessary expenditure of cash to purchase the article in question. This novelty would form a capital wedding present. Is anyone who reads these lines racking her brain what to give to some friend about to follow Miss Tennant's example and get married?

IN *Woman* it says: "The marriage of Mr. H. M. Stanley and Miss Dorothy Tennant has been definitely fixed to take place on Saturday, the 12th of July, at half-past one, at Westminster Abbey. The Prince and Princess of Wales will be present on the occasion." This is distinctly a piece of society news, and not, therefore, if you

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