

paratively new art, practising assiduously on his patient sweet-tempered wife. Nearly all the large photographic firms take pupils and apprentices, who give their time, from two till four years, and pay a premium, the amount varying from £30 to £100. Ladies are largely employed, both in show-rooms and also in mounting, spotting—*i.e.*, taking out the white dots caused by air-bubbles—retouching, &c. The salary varies after the art is learned from fifteen to twenty-five shillings; but where artistic skill is needed, as for retouching, shading, monotints, &c., the pay varies from thirty to sixty shillings, according to the talent of the worker and the amount of labour evolved. Lessons should be had of some good retoucher, and a knowledge of perspective free-hand drawing, and art generally, is of great advantage. The hours are usually from nine till five. Applications for employment should be made to the best firms, such as Barraud, Van der Weyde, Elliott and Fry, &c., but any vacant posts are eagerly sought after. The Stereoscopic Company's advertisement—"Free lessons in photography"—means only showing you how to manage the apparatus you buy of them. This company does not take lady assistants. There is a great opening for artistic ladies in photographic work, although it is so immensely popular, and no wonder, for the occupation is pleasant, eminently suitable to ladies, and more remunerative than most.

TINTED photographs have now quite gone out of fashion, to the regret, alas! of many a poor lady; but I heard lately that there is a demand for ladies to paint magic lantern photographic slides. All know how these photographic slides are growing in popularity, and how often they are used now by lecturers to illustrate the subject, be it travels, or astronomic or microscopic research, he or she would describe to the listening audience. The eye helps the ear, and after all men and women are but grown up children, and many have a lurking fondness for the old "magic" friend of their youth. The slides need care in painting, but to ladies accustomed to "tinting," the work would come easy. Miss Butcher, of 22, Collinger Place, would send further particulars should any reader desire them.

MISS CAROLINE FOTHERGILL (Sister of Miss Jessie Fothergill, the novelist) has been appointed secretary of the National Society for Woman's Suffrage. She is a good organiser, and speaks I hear well in public. She was a well-known figure in Manchester society, and will be much missed by many an inhabitant of that great north country manufacturing town, where she first beheld the light of day—well, some years ago, but it is not polite to

name a lady's age. I must add that the Society is to be congratulated on its capable new secretary, whose duties will prove, I expect, yearly more arduous.

THERE was, a few weeks ago, a most interesting article in the *Queen* newspaper on "The Songs of Romany Land." On this same subject also a charming little book was published last autumn by D. Stott. All lovers of the dark-eyed gipsies, who have remained so strangely distinct a race for so many generations, will, I am sure, gladly read this novel and fascinating addition to Bohemian literature. It is nicely "got up," to use a trade expression, and has the air as well as the words of some of these quaint ditties. The authoress is Miss Alex. Smith, better known as the writer of "Music of the Waters," a book which shows great research and clever compilation, and which makes many a dear old song dearer still by telling in simple, charming language its oft-times pathetic history.

THE late Miss Eliza Cook, the well-known poetess, left behind her only £5,000. At one time she was extremely popular, and Miss Cook's name was a household word. But evidently, according to this last proof, poetry does not pay. Remember this, ye who soar on the wings of rhythm and fancy, and never hope to connect your ideal productions with a solid foundation of £ s. d., more necessary—if less ornamental—than the soul's poetic flights. But there are exceptions; the Bishop of Exeter's royalties on his poetical works amount yearly to thousands of pounds. VEVA KARSLAND.

THE JENNY LIND HOSPITAL.

DURING a recent visit to the beautiful old city of Norwich I had the good fortune to obtain an introduction to a lady who had the proud satisfaction of calling it her birthplace; and as we sat at a window overlooking the market-place, and listened to the deep swelling harmony pealed out by the bells of St. Peter Mancroft, and watched the lights springing up under the pretty flower-stalls and in the shops surrounding, my new friend kindly offered to show me the town lions, and learning that I was interested in hospitals promised to show me the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, and also the Hospital for Children, named after the sweet singer who so electrified the musical world in the past.

"My father was passionately fond of children," said my friend, "and it was during a visit made to us by Madame Goldschmidt, that he told her of a long-cherished idea of building a Hospital for children, and then he asked her if she would come

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