

breakfast table inspires a desire for some one else to do the answering of them. It is such a trouble to write "No" to a score or so of invitations all on the same night, requiring that a man should be able to cut himself into squares ere he could attend even partly to them. Then there are questions from a perfect stranger, who is sorry to trouble, but would like to know why the printer's *devil* spelt "need" with two d's; whether it was his mistake or the author's; whether it was advisable to wear a greatcoat in winter; and whether high hats let in the cold air, and are therefore more unhealthy than bowlers; this long rigmarole letter being the result of an article on warm clothing in a magazine written by a poor busy man or woman, who no wonder seeks in desperation a secretary's aid. And here I would like to remark, although it is a little irrelevant to the subject, a man is always either too busy or not busy enough. I notice there is no happy mean. On the whole, I find gentlemen prefer lady secretaries—anyway until they have given them a trial—and besides they think they are cheaper, and cheapness is in most men's minds the one thing necessary for consideration. In America all private secretarial work is done by ladies; but then it is usual there to always use the typewriter, and it is universally acknowledged that women excel over men in the manipulation of this instrument. It is not so absolutely necessary for an English lady secretary to know typewriting, but a knowledge of it and also of shorthand is a great help to obtaining such a post—a post very, very far from easy to obtain, for if the demand for secretaries has increased, so has the supply, and there are hundreds seeking such posts unsuccessfully. Such positions are usually got through friends, but sometimes there is an advertisement for a lady secretary in the papers, the replies thereto being ever legion. Most secretaries are only engaged for so many hours a day, but a few are resident; in fact it so much depends on the position and needs of the employer that it is impossible to give even any proximate price, as circumstances alter cases, and it is only fair and right every lady seeking such employment should strive to please her employer by conforming as much as possible to his wishes. Professional men, authors, editors, and in many cases business men now employ lady secretaries, and society and philanthropic ladies often seek such aid. As to remuneration, it depends entirely on how much work is required, on the ability and experience of the secretary, and on the hours. The desire for such work is so great that many will undertake it for so low a sum as fifteen to twenty shillings; but this is too little for a really competent lady to ask, especially if to other accom-

plishments she adds those of typewriting and shorthand.

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THERE is a feeling abroad that a lady secretaryship is another word for matrimony, and that the lady secretary always marries her employer. Although there have been such cases on record as even—but I must not mention names—yet they are only the famous exceptions which prove the rule, and any seeking this as a bye-path to the hymeneal altar will only meet with disappointments.

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MRS. BISHOP (Miss Isabella Bird), the famous lady traveller, and the authoress of several well-known and interesting books about her numerous voyages, has promised to give an account of her experiences during her recent pioneer journeys in Turkestan and South-west Persia to the members of the Edinburgh Geographical Society, a society which now numbers 1,560 ladies and gentlemen. As Miss Bird in her late adventurous explorations has made many valuable geographical discoveries, her lecture will be well worth attending by those who, like the Athenians of old, desire to hear some "new thing."

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SPEAKING of lady travellers, rumour saith—and rumour, I believe, here speaketh rightly—that Miss Muriel Dowie intends going further afield than the Carpathian Mountains when next she "takes her walks abroad." It is even hinted that Central Africa will be her destination, and that she is bitten with the "Dark Continent" mania. She will not be the first woman to venture to beard the African lion in his lair, for she has noble examples before her in Lady Barber and Lady Burton. But she differs from them in one particular—she goes there alone and husbandless. It must be from choice, however; for apparently all the reporters, old and young alike, fell desperately in love with this pretty young lady when she made her bow to them and lectured them, and besides them, a whole hallful of people at the British Association meeting lately held at Leeds. She seems to have lectured to some purpose, for her hearers have sung her praises ever since.

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MISS DOWIE gave, in an interesting account of herself from her own pen in the *Gentlewoman* a few weeks back, her ideas on the art of lecturing thus: "I have been on the platform several times before, and have extensive views as to platform manners. I think they should be just as quiet as private manners, just as simple, just as easy. I don't like to see people come smiling forward in airy self-confidence. I don't know how they can feel it. You should come gravely down to the front and bow quite gravely too; to me it seems

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