

cause of the admission of women to the legal profession, and of bringing it before the Bar Council.

Never surely was a noble gift more gracefully conveyed than that of seven priceless pictures to the nation by Rosalind, Lady Carlisle. In a letter referring to the transfer of the pictures, Lady Carlisle writes:—

"It is with the utmost gladness that I transfer these pictures from my keeping into the hands of the nation, as they will find a safe and lasting home in the National Gallery, therefore, it is with eager pleasure that I hand them over.

"The more one thinks over the happiness of the pictures going home to their rightful place where all pictures that have stood the test of time and secured a verdict in their favour should go, the more one wants to speed them on their way."

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THE STRICTLY TRAINED MOTHER.*

Two strenuous, conscientious single daughters take such very managing care of their gentle little old mother that tragic happenings are nearly the consequence. Lookers-on see most of the game, and the story is told by a friend of the Bettertons who had known them on and off for many years.

"In the days of my girlhood the Bettertons used to sit opposite to me in church. I got to know their faces very well indeed for sermons were long at St. John's."

Mr. Betterton was a strict disciplinarian. Mrs. Betterton was a fragile and pretty little lady. The two elder daughters were grown up. They were large young women. There was a third girl whose name was Ellen. It was Ellen who made history, for she defied her father and married the man of her choice. He never spoke to her again and after his death Ellen refused to see her family as they would not receive her husband. Years after Mrs. Dormer met them again and her old interest revives. The wistful depression of the old lady touches her, and the managing daughters irritate her. She discovers that old Mrs. Betterton is fretting in secret, for the runaway Ellen, who is still in disgrace with her sisters. Old Mrs. Betterton says touchingly,

"I admire my daughters' energy, but there is nothing left for me to do now that is of vital importance, and I am not yet so old that I can be satisfied with a childish pretence at employment, therefore, I cannot but live a good deal in the past."

In an expedition to Golder's Green Mrs. Dormer accidentally makes the acquaintance of Ellen and the unconventional genius she married.

"A man and a woman caught my attention as they climbed up the hill. They were both stout, and they both walked with springing steps. I

felt convinced that they lived in the garden suburb, and had emerged from an up-to-date little house. The man was large and untidy and shock-headed. He took off his soft hat and fanned himself with it as he walked. They talked to each other eagerly. They sat down on the grass a few paces away from me.

"Polly is making a mistake, I think, but there seems no use telling her so."

"Don't worry" he shut the book with a sigh, "you can't prevent Polly from making a fool of herself, and if you could, you shouldn't, for the worst sort of tyranny is the sort that won't allow the young to make their own blunders. Where should *we* be if we had never done rash things? Where would you be, Nell? In a horrible smug place padded with down cushions and with never a window in it."

(Polly it must be here explained was a militant Suffragette.)

A few moments later they have invited Mrs. Dormer to share their lunch.

"Now I am not in the habit of accepting offers of food from strangers on Hampstead Heath, but there was something engaging about this couple, and a kind of simplicity which disarmed convention. Then illumination follows. "Oh!" I cried, "were you the girl who dropped the offertory bag? Were you Ellen Betterton? I saw your mother a few days ago and she is hankering after you most sadly."

But before that long-desired meeting took place Death stepped in and claimed Ellen after but a few days' illness.

Then followed Polly's advent into the Betterton family for a visit, and the consequent upsetting of that over-managed household, and the formless jealousy of the two aunts. For Polly creeps into the old lady's heart. Was she not the child of her lost Ellen? Polly insists on being present at a drawing-room meeting of the Anti-Suffragists and airs her own views unabashedly.

Miss Betterton was "naturally not pleased to hear a niece of mine making a vulgar little fool of herself. Now, now, mother, why do you come back before the room is in order? You might just as well sit quietly in the boudoir till we are ready for you."

"You escaped," laughed Polly. "You hate that stuffy, prim little back room, don't you, grandmama? Why should you be poked away there? I wish you had come to the function and heard me and Aunt Harriet sparring. It was such fun."

"*Me* and Aunt Harriet! and *me* a long way first, eh, Polly?" said Miss Betterton."

The outcome of it all is that the old lady runs away. It is a clever sketch, and the Miss Bettertons are very true to life.

H. H.

A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

"Trouble knocked at the door, but hearing a laugh within, hurried away."

*By F. F. Montrésor. John Murray, London.

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