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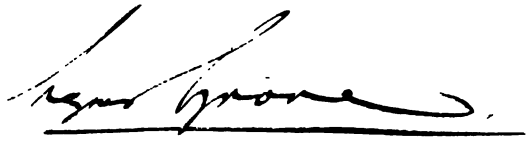


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THE SOCIAL FETICH

THE
SOCIAL FETICH

BY

LADY GROVE

AUTHOR OF "TWENTY-ONE DAYS CAMPING IN MOROCCO," ETC.

SECOND EDITION

LONDON
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TO

THOMAS HARDY

IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION OF TIMELY AID

AND COUNSEL, AND IN MEMORY

OF OLD AND ENDURING

FRIENDSHIP

PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION

I DESIRE to thank my reviewers one and all for their kindly courtesy and appreciation of my effort to amuse such of the public as were willing to become my readers. I take this opportunity of affirming, I may say of reaffirming, that my object was to amuse, and not seriously to instruct. Against those of my reviewers who have made this reaffirmation necessary, I bring the grave charge of not having weighed each word of my weighty utterances with sufficient care. Indeed, in his anxiety to make a point one writer of a review seized upon half a sentence and constructed therefrom a grave indictment. "How," he exclaims, "can Lady Grove know

that there are people who say port if she has never heard it called anything but port-wine?" The concluding portion of my sentence, "by those from whose verdict there is no appeal," was either unread or forgotten in the precipitate haste to put pen to paper. I draw attention to this apparent triviality, because in the omitted portion lies the keynote of my own subservience to the "fetich." I thought that I had made it abundantly clear that in my opinion there was One and One only from "whose verdict there was no appeal"! That only belief in the infallibility of that one had made the writing of the book possible. That there should exist rash mortals unable to share this profound belief is, after all, not my affair; they must take their chance of continuing unaided along the road to extinction from which this one would willingly have saved them.

There is, however, another matter that

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION

I should like to deal with in all seriousness: the pronunciation of our native tongue.

I cannot agree with the writer of the pleasant and kindly *critique* in the *Spectator* that the pronunciation of English can be described as "a remote and microscopic branch of social science," nor that it is "worth only half-an-hour's attention as throwing a new light on human folly!" When we wish to have our children taught the French language, as we all do, we take particular pains to inquire what part of France the teacher comes from, so that the accent to be imparted should be of the purest and the best. It is true that the accent thus acquired seldom bears the faintest resemblance to any accent heard in any known or unknown portion of the French-speaking world, but we have, notwithstanding, thought it worth while to try; we have not considered the

acquisition of this *foreign* accent of microscopic unimportance. Why then, I ask in all fairness, is a discourse on the beautiful, true, clear pronunciation of our own tongue to be dismissed in such scornful language?

My remarks on the value of the letter 'h' in English have, amongst some of my critics, been either voluntarily (for humoristic purposes presumably) or involuntarily misunderstood.

The *Spectator* again humorously remarks: "The sedulous pronunciation of mid-verbal h's should, we are told, be avoided. Is there really an inner circle where they say 'be'ind' and 'be'ave,' or are such words as 'vehement,' 'vehicle,' alone intended?" When the *Spectator* condescends to be facetious we all respectfully smile, of course. Having dutifully smiled, I beg leave to say that none of the words quoted were "intended." Mr. Hilaire Belloc in *The Morning Post* is equally

puzzled by the " mid-verbal h," but undertakes to put me right in the kindest possible manner ; he is, however, as seriously uncomprehending as the *Spectator* critic is facetiously so. And " Henry," in *Punch*, in a flight of wit suggested that a " mid-verbal h " was another word for " Chiltern Hundreds." When *Punch* is humorous the smile is mechanical but not always respectful.

Again, Mr. Belloc says : " Lady Grove is in error in regard to the letter ' h.' It is not because an ' h ' comes in the middle of a word that you should not pronounce it " [thank you, Mr. Belloc], " it is because it comes *before an unaccented syllable* " [the italics are not mine]. " For instance, you pronounce the ' h ' in O'Hara, Alhambra, and so on, but not in Horsham." It would have been almost impossible to find three words more utterly inapplicable to my contention. In the first place, the H in O'Hara is no more in the middle

of a word than is the G in O'Grady, or the D in MacDuff, or the S in Le Strange, or the B in Von Bülow, or the G in de Grey, &c. The 'h' in Alhambra is, as it happens, of course *not* sounded in the language of the word itself, and whether we pronounce the 'h' in English or not is supremely unimportant. I was, I may observe, writing of English words, one of which "Alhambra" is not. As to Horsham, the alternative to "Horsam," which Mr. Belloc advocates, would be "Hor-*sh*am," not "Hors-*h*am," and it is about as bad an illustration of a non-pronounceable mid-verbal h as Tresham, or Tatham would be. Horsham should not be pronounced Hor-sham (although all the porters naturally do pronounce it so), because *ham* is an abbreviation of hamlet, and the origin of its name is the hamlet of horse.

Further, I did not say that no mid-verbal h's should ever be pronounced.

What I said was that the "sedulous" pronunciation thereof was tiresome. And I repeat my assertion. In addition to such words as "where," "when," "what," &c., which, in their anxiety to be correct, some people pronounce as if the word began with an 'h,' there are proper names in which the owners themselves omit the 'h,' while others *sedulously* put it in; such names as Hobhouse, Sedgehill, &c. &c. I could give an infinite list, but I abstain from wearying my readers, merely taking leave to point out that "sedulous" means unrelaxed effort. Let me make it quite clear that I do not say "Hob'*ouse*" and "Sedge'*ill*" (the two names have been chosen because the last syllables in both instances are common words invariably aspirated when mentioned alone) any more than I say "Hob-*h*ouse" and "Sedge-Hill."

So much for "mid-verbal" h's. For the rest, those critics who have sought

to attack my taste or my grammar have left my withers entirely unwrung.

Reviewers have sundry "fetiches," consisting in the condemnation of certain words and phrases upon *which* they gleefully pounce, saying, "Here at least and at last is something I can safely condemn," *and which* I shall continue to use, if I choose, just as do the courageous souls who have boldly declared their intention of continuing "to wire" and "to bike," and even to put the milk in their tea-cups before their tea is poured out. Oh, valiant band! At least ye will sympathise with the untamed spirit that prompts the penning of these lines.

A. G.

February 1908.

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION

A DUE respect for the good governance of society is as wholesome as an undue insistence upon its temporarily established customs is mischievous and short-sighted.

Like all laws, social laws are only made for those likely to break them. To be a slave to convention is to be doubtful of one's own security. The worship of convention is a fetich as hydra-headed and as disintegrating, both to the individual and the community, as any other sinister idolatry openly recognised in its ugly native monstrosity.

In the collected essays that follow I have tried lightly to sketch the composition of this fetich. Viewed with

a sense of proportion, reasonable social observances can only contribute to the stability and welfare of that small portion of the world's inhabitants that constitute Society; but when regarded as an inviolate or inviolable structure for the maintenance of the said Society, they will merely prove a stumbling-block to the higher ethical sense that should permeate the whole human race as it travels towards a common goal.

A. G.

NOTE.—For kind permission to reprint some of these essays I have to thank the editors of the *Cornhill Magazine*, the *Westminster Review*, the *Ladies' Realm*, and others, while many are seeing the light for the first time.

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THE SOCIAL FETICH

SOCIAL SOLECISMS.—I

THERE is, perhaps, no language in which more latitude has been allowed in the pronunciation of words than the English language, varying pronunciations for almost the same words being equally correct. The reason is not far to seek. There is no invariable rule for the pronunciation of any English letter or combination of letters; yet no language to the refined and cultivated English ear can be more hideously murdered. I do not mean by those who speak the fine, interesting old dialects of the different provinces, but by those who profess to speak "pure English." Nor do I refer to personal idiosyncrasies, which are sometimes rather attractive than otherwise.

How often one hears the baby names give place to a strictly correct appellation with an almost pathetic regret. I know one young person who, in her desire to be emphatic, always says " thery " for " very," in spite of many efforts to attain to a correct pronunciation and although a lisp is not otherwise observable. No, the English accent that is so hateful is a distinct *accent*. The h's are all there and the g's most carefully recognised. In fact, the consonants can take care of and speak for themselves. It is the vowels that are at fault. They are tortured and twisted, the one usurping the place of the other, until they would assuredly not recognise themselves. An actual experience of mine affords an apt illustration of the habitual confusion of A and I in Cockney pronunciation. Through the telephone I asked for seats at a play. I was told only Nos. 6 and 7, Row I, were vacant. " Row I," I answered in perfect innocence, " seems rather far back." " Front row " was the somewhat irritated answer. " Row I—*I*, first letter of the alphabet." An apology

from me concluded the interview. This maltreatment pervades their every utterance and mars the beauty of an otherwise noble tongue.

I confess, however, that I regarded it as a compliment when, many years ago, I had no sooner landed on American soil than I was told by a New Yorker who had met the boat, and who was presented to us by his wife, that he guessed I was not American on account of my "*slight* English accent."

It is certainly preferable to talk American with an English accent than to talk English with an American accent, and our Parisian neighbours are thoroughly in agreement with us in this respect. Witness the hopelessness of any American girl trying to find employment in Paris in any capacity where her duties would be to impart a knowledge of the English tongue.

There are, however, certain words more tell-tale than others, the mispronunciation of which is considered irretrievably damning. I do not refer to those words the sounds of which bear little or no relation

to their spelling, words such as the uninitiated cannot be expected to grasp, and make the attitude of the young American woman quite intelligible when she said, "The pronunciation of your colleges beats me; there is one you spell M-a-g-d-e-l-e-n and pronounce Keys." How, for instance, is a foreigner to guess that a word of three syllables spelt "business" should be pronounced "biz-ness"? It is not the pronunciation of such words as these which constitutes the hall-mark of the "classes." The most familiar of all these is the inevitable word "girl." Any one saying "gurl" is beyond the pale. "What on earth else could you call it?" I can hear some exclaim. Believe me, my friends, there are those of us with whom that exclamation does for you. Banish all hope of ever being considered of the elect. From the height of this exclusivism I once had an unpleasant fall. I had witnessed with some friends the performance of a play, the translation of a foreign mediæval epic, and we were discussing the play, when some one (who ought to have known

better, as I thought afterwards with chagrin) remarked to me, "It's such a pity in a play of this kind to talk about a girl," pronouncing the word "gurl." "Yes," I agreed eagerly, "it spoils any play for one to hear 'gurl.'" I noticed a somewhat blank and distant look overspread my companion's face as he answered coldly, "I don't know about any play; in modern plays girl" (still "gurl") "is inevitable, but in this one I think 'maiden' would be preferable."

Nevertheless that word is the "gateless barrier" dividing without hope of appeal the sheep from the goats. But there are others, and these are mostly derived from foreign languages. But not all; the word "real" when pronounced "reel" or really "reely" is quite as bad as, or even worse than, "gurl." A book, for instance, becomes barely readable if the article "a" instead of "an" is placed before the word "hotel." An altercation on this subject once arose in a compositor's office. The supporter of the aspirate in hotel consented to the arbitration of the Oxford Dic-

tionary, and, the search having been concluded, owned himself wrong with the best grace he could muster. It is almost as bad as when a baronet's or even a baron's daughter is styled "Lady" Araminta.

Let no one, however, suppose that all words derived from the French are to be pronounced as French words. For although there are some whose pronunciation is optional, which, indeed, it savours somewhat of affectation to pronounce in the French way, even if quite permissible—such words as "programme," "omelette," "corridor," "liqueur," and "tariff"—there are others which it is fatal to Frenchify. For instance, it is as bad, or even worse, to talk about a "valley" for valet or "Callay" for Calais as it is to sound the "h" in "hotel." Mayonaise and "Cayenne" (pepper) are also words for which the French pronunciation is obligatory, and to call a "blouse" "blowse" is equally unpardonable, and almost as bad is it to say "*en*velope" for "enveloppe."

My verdict on the pronunciation of valet was once being discussed at a dinner-party. The host, after having asseverated that it was ridiculous affectation on my part (I was not present) to object to "valley," appealed to one of his guests: "What do *you* call the person who waits on you personally, Lord W——?" he demanded. "Parlourmaid" was the brief rejoinder he received.

Abbreviations too are often pitfalls to be avoided. Although in all languages "piano" is perfectly permissible, the insistence upon the "*forte*" as well as the "*piano*" being somewhat pedantic, still pianoforte is altogether the better word, its only objection is its length, and I cannot say why it is so, but it sounds to some ears very slipshod to call port-wine "port." It is the only wine to which the word itself is tacked on. Nevertheless, from the age of 15, when I was unwillingly forced to swallow doses of it, to the present day, when I occasionally persuade myself that my health requires it (which it does not)

I have never heard this wine called anything but "port-wine" by those from whose verdict there is no appeal. But "photo" is worse than "port," and to be "photoed" worse still! And, thank heaven, I have never "biked"! nor would I insult any one by "wiring" to them when I could telegraph, or "phone" instead of telephoning.

But even amongst those who would be guiltless of any of the foregoing enormities, a true, clean, clear pronunciation is by no means invariable.

How few, for instance, sound the termination of such words as jewel, towel, panel, enamel, moment, other than as if the "e" were a "u." And how rarely do we catch an unmistakable "i" in such words as possible, evil, devil, animal, beautiful, &c., &c. But even in the matter of giving due weight to syllables and letters a nice distinction is necessary, and the opposite extreme is nearly as bad as a slovenly diction. Nothing, for instance, is more irritating than the sedulous pronunciation of mid-

verbal h's, or the sounding of the "t" in "often," so carefully insisted upon by some star-actresses and other apostles of genteelism. That it is as fatal to over-value syllables as to under-value them is seen in the words "topaz," "marmalade," "Judas," and the name "Seymour," which becomes vulgarised when the final syllable is pronounced "more" and not "mer."

The accentuation of the syllables in words is purely a matter of education, for although it can be reckoned as a general rule that the accent should be thrown as far back as possible, even this is quite arbitrary, and it is not too much to say that almost every single word in the language has to be individually learnt. Moreover a fine ear, a delicate enunciation, and a refined spirit are necessary to the perfect appreciation of the beauties of so subtle a language.

But apart from actual pronunciation, there are certain phrases and expressions which sound the warning note, and caution the unwary lest they should be

betrayed into undue familiarity with those not of their caste.

Perhaps those who "take" sugar are the most unregenerate. It requires a very slight stretch of the imagination to suppose that those who are guilty of inviting you to "take" food or drink would be quite capable of taking your umbrella (um*ber*ella they would pronounce it), so deadly a sin is it. Dr. Johnson, as is natural, was a great stickler for good grammar, as well as for correct pronunciation in speaking English, and when a lady whom he did not recognise invited him to "take" tea with her, he replied, "Madam, I cannot *take* tea, but you can and do take a liberty in addressing me without being acquainted with me."

I am not setting Dr. Johnson up as an authority upon manners in quoting the foregoing anecdote, but he was undoubtedly right when he pointed out that only offence, liberties, bribes, and medicine can legitimately be "taken."

People who "take" sugar are pretty

nearly certain to go up to "town," or "leave town," as the case may be, the town in question, the existence of which is thus uniquely recognised, not being, as one might suppose it to be, Birmingham, but London. Those who leave "town" may do so for the purpose of joining a "week-end" party, an expression that offends the fastidious, or while "in town" they will propose a walk "in the Row," and for expressing their intention in this form, hanging is too good. They must expect to be cut, which is a slower process of social extinction.

Those persons, too, who have very little idea what the word means from which the expression is derived will be continually talking about what is "gentlemanly," whereas, if the expression be used at all, "gentlemanlike" is the word to use.

Not only is there an exclusive pronunciation and distinctive expressions, but there are actual possessions which are reserved solely for the use of middle-classdom. Napkin-rings, fish-knives, tea-

cosies, and oh ! I shudder as I write the word, " tidies " and nightgown-cases. In a recent and exceedingly able novel the heroine is made to fan a wasp with her nightgown-case (the owner would probably call it night*dress*-case) in order to get rid of him, and the wasp, " perceiving her to be a true lady," took his departure. This wasp, too, was a " perfect gentleman," but I wonder whether he thought her a " real lady " in spite or in consequence of the nightgown-case. It is true that fish-knives are creeping up, and if it were not for one's prejudice against them they are really more serviceable and cleaner than the quondam piece of bread.

But to use a spoon and fork for your pudding is quite " beyond," as our American friends would call so uncouth an act. Indeed, one is carefully taught as a child, " Never use a spoon when you can use a fork, but never, never, never, on any account, use both." " Don't put the point of your spoon into your mouth when eating your soup " is a necessary doctrine to inculcate into children, and

never pour out a cup of tea for a guest without nearly filling the cup is another unwritten law. Your guest may happen to like a good deal of milk or cream in his tea, but of what importance are the fancies or the comforts of your guests compared to the exigencies of caste? But a half-filled cup is fastidiously correct compared to the terrible habit of putting milk into a tea-cup before pouring in the tea. And yet beware! for with the coffee known as *café-au-lait* in French it is right to pour the milk in first, unless, and this is supposed to be the more epicurean method, you pour in both coffee and milk simultaneously.

Miss Cholmondeley objects, if my memory is correct, to "pillow-shams" and "bed-spreads." Upon my word I have never heard of either; but I have heard of, and I confess it, *seen* nightgown-cases. The people who use them will, if I may be pardoned for mentioning so intimate a portion of a lady's toilette, substitute the French "chemise" for the homely English "shift," call that portion

of the outer garment that covers the body a "bodice," talk about a "dress" when they mean "gown," and being "gowned" when they mean "dressed," and at meals make use of an unnecessary "serviette" instead of an honest napkin. They would also no doubt "ride" in a "trap," a carriage, a train, or a cab. And if the latter were a hansom and one of these were its sole occupant, he or she would possibly betray him or herself by sitting in the middle (or, as they would say, "the centre") of the seat.

You may be sure that their ladies will call upon you with their card-cases held conspicuously in their hand, set your teeth on edge by speaking of evening or afternoon parties as "at homes," or "receptions," probably place their husbands' cards in the hall as they leave the house, and if you go and see them are certain not to be in the room into which you are ushered. They will always "commence" when they ought to begin, and they will also be heard talking of the bedroom of

the lady of the house as "*our* bedroom," or "*the* bedroom," thus destroying by a word all the delicacy or rather illusion of married life.

But these, after all, are trivial things, and while there are expressions that are inexpressibly shocking to some of us, there are those of us who think we can afford to take liberties with the English language, and who purposely mispronounce certain words and permit themselves a refined kind of slang that is equally shocking to the "genteel."

Needless to say, I do not refer to a silly jargon affected by certain of the "smart," especially the would-be smart; but an instance of the mispronunciation referred to is the word "diamond," where the "a" is purposely ignored, and, as I was once asked (I repeat the question exactly as it was put to me), "Why do all you aristocrats say 'ain't'?" by some one who would never have used such a vulgarism, and who is supported in her condemnation by no less an authority than Miss Cholmondeley. And there is no

doubt that many "genteel" feelings would be much outraged by the "goings-on" of some of the "aristocracy." I confess, however, that people who ostentatiously and with effort affect to be "old-fashioned" are somewhat trying. I know, for instance, an old "*beau*" (who, I will say at once, honestly deserves his reputation in that capacity) who insists upon "yalla," "balcony," and "cowcumber," who invariably says "Thankee" to those he considers beneath him, and "thanks" (which is worse) or "thank you" to his "equals" only.

I have seen with my own eyes a Countess of irreproachable breeding eating cheese off the end of her knife and a Marchioness drinking tea out of her saucer. I should much like here to out-hope an "indiscretion of a Duchess," but up to now I have fortunately been spared so disastrous a spectacle, for those I have found myself with have, apparently, been able to observe the conventions without effort.

Not for one minute would I have it

supposed that in any of the foregoing remarks a serious attempt is made to cast ridicule or contempt on the *middle* classes; I have endeavoured to point out how superficial the distinction is between the two uppermost classes, which are becoming so merged as to be scarcely distinguishable except by the above superficialities.

Let any one acquire these superficial finishing touches of diction, phraseology, and habits fundamentally and "by heart," and I defy any one—well, almost any one—in normal circumstances to detect a flaw.

To believe there is a further difference is a magnificent conceit, a superstition which, alas! clings and is hard to shake off. But I have known, and I feel honoured by their acquaintance, men and women who not only have not acquired them, but who were ignorant of the want or existence of these distinctive niceties, and who were as worthy to be considered "gentlemen" as any descendant of the unmistakable caste of Vere de Vere.

SOCIAL SOLECISMS.—II

My attention was drawn to an article in the *Westminster Review* called "The New Snobbishness," purporting to be a criticism of an article I wrote which appeared in a previous number of the same *Review*.

My would-be humorous and scathing critic seems to have taken my little paper on "Mispronunciation and Middle-classdom" *au grand sérieux*. Fortunately not all its readers were weighted with the same oppressive sense of gravity. However, the one thing that I confess interested me was to find that this good gentleman had pretended to discover, by addressing a letter to them, imploring them to give their views on so vital a matter, that 60 per cent. of the dukes and duchesses were ignorant enough to mispronounce the word "hotel." Strangely enough, but this Mr. "Ogier

Rysden" would fail to understand, the only one of their "circularised" Graces with whom I sympathised was the one who answered him that "it really did not matter." It is precisely the answer, if in a humorous or perhaps unfortunate moment I had not written the article under discussion, that I should have returned if the same inquiry had been addressed to me by Mr. "Ogier Rysden."

"The writer" (Mr. O. R.) tells us that if he saw a marchioness drinking tea out of her saucer he would exclaim "Shame"; but he would probably pronounce it "Shime." I know I always do if I make use of the expression as an exclamation. But that is not why I think he would.

This same worthy gentleman asked the duchesses' milliners for a shift. They had never heard of such a thing—of course not. "Wad der tell yer?" Exactly what I said. But it does not follow that the duchesses had not. I always call the street of that name

"Gower Street" when directing a cabman, although the surname is pronounced "Gore," and I speak to the same persons of "Tra*fal*gar Square," although the owners of the name pronounce it "Trafal*gar*." It reminds me of the obsequious individual whose attempt to display his knowledge to Dr. Johnson met with so little encouragement. He asked the great scholar if it were not more correct to pronounce the name Alexandria with the accent on the penultimate letter. "Sir, *I* can call it Alexandr*i*a," Johnson answered, "but *you* would do better to stick to Alex*an*dria."

This same critic objected to my advocating the word "gentlemanlike" in preference to "gentlemanly," but his objection was not honest criticism, for I particularly said (I quote from memory) "Those persons who have little idea of what a gentleman means will continually be talking about what is 'gentlemanly,' whereas, *if the expression be used at all*, 'gentlemanlike' is the word to use." Therefore the remark: "It is

hoped that no one who has the slightest reverence for the English language will use either of these words," is, presumably, a piece of unconscious flattery.

The next "criticism" is not honest either: "Before Lady Grove uses the word 'genteel' again may the writer beseech her to read the *Case of General Ople.*" I have never, either in the article or elsewhere, in my life spoken or written the word "genteel" without inverted commas, as a word borrowed from the tea-cosyites! So to object to my use of the word shows want of either common intelligence or common honesty. And I probably see and appreciate the humour contained in all George Meredith's books in a way that Mr. "Ogier Rysden" possibly is incapable of appreciating or understanding it. He also recommends my perusal of "*Les Precieuses Ridicules*" (sic). I was brought up on it. This would be obvious to those who had also had that advantage!

There was a further dishonesty: "Dimond," "aint," "wantin'," and

"Seymer," are classed together in a manner implying that that is the pronunciation I advocate. Now, neither directly nor indirectly did I imply that I approved of the disgusting and illiterate habit of dropping the final "g" in the present participle. But I am very lenient — I do not expect discrimination from Mr. "Ogier Rysden" —but where angels, &c.

A delightful touch of unconscious humour is afforded by "the writer" where he imagines that to cite an "ex-Premier of England" as doing a certain thing necessarily precludes the idea of vulgarity! And more humorous still is the idea that any person who happens to have married a duke is more likely to know "what's what" in these matters than I am. As a fact, however, most of my prejudices are an inheritance from the old Whig school, who joined to their natural, aristocratic instincts (possessed by them in common with the Tories) the critical faculty developed by intelligence and culture.

There was, however, one sentence in this rather futile attack on me from which I have been quoting with which I am wholly and heartily in agreement. It is: ". . . Of Lady Grove's tests . . . some are of an ordinary knowledge of English: others debatable: and *the remainder are simply absurd.*" What a lot of trouble Mr. "Ogier Rysden" and other hostile critics (they have been for the most part exceedingly friendly and understanding) would save themselves and others if they realised that that is exactly what they are meant to be.

SOCIAL SOLECISMS.—III

My article on mispronunciation and other peculiarities, intended to be mildly diverting, roused a certain amount of antagonistic criticism to which I certainly do not think it was entitled. If everything in the article had been meant perfectly seriously I admit that it might have given offence in certain quarters, but I am happy to say that most of its readers saw its humorous side without having had all the i's dotted and the t's crossed for them. And indeed I do think that the very people who were offended ought, on the contrary, to have been very grateful to me for pointing out the microscopic difference between the "Ins" and the "Outs," and for exposing the slightness of the structure upon which the extreme exclusiveness of a certain section of society rests, and for throwing open the bridge thereto

whereupon all who read might run with the fullest confidence that they would not trip up.

Nevertheless, my contention must distinctly be understood to be that it is not the things people do and say that determine to what "sphere" they belong, but that it is the people themselves who build up and put their own unmistakable mark upon what to another "sphere" constitute solecisms. Given certain conditions, an individual may do or say almost anything he pleases. The only certainty is that there are things which under no circumstances would he take pleasure in doing. No proverb is more irrefutably borne out by experience than the one that points out how one man may steal a horse, and another not even be allowed to look over the hedge at it.

It is also a fact that words, their pronunciation and use, expressions, and even habits, transfer themselves from one grade of society to another. What is perfectly correct in one generation becomes first old-fashioned, then affected, and finally

either obsolete or vulgar, according as to whether these discarded husks of civilisation have been generally adopted by the "lower orders" or not. The pronunciation of the word Derby is an illustration of this point: "Darby" has been comparatively recently adopted by the same grade of society as that which formerly pronounced the word as the porters, cabmen, and others pronounce it now.

In the democratic ardour of my youth I did that which is now a source of regret to me. I carefully modernised my pronunciation, and endeavoured to "get away" from what I considered the unenlightened peculiarities of the generation above me. Alas! I can no longer say "corfy" naturally, so I resign myself to the less distinguished and more general sound, except on the occasions when, to my joy, I unconsciously revert to the pronunciation of my early youth. A highly refined writer of fiction will, in depicting his low-life scenes, make his barbarians say, "I'm *orf*." And when one sees the word spelt like that as a

sign of the coarseness and ignorance of the character, the writer has betrayed his own hideous, mincing mispronunciation of the word which the ruffian has enunciated quite as it should be.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is rather an offender in this respect. I know a highly cultivated, ultra-refined person who always speaks of a "Gawd-mother," not using the word in any ironical sense, however, as indicating the only use that children as a rule can see in Godmothers, but simply because she happens to pronounce such words in the same way as Mr. Kipling's soldiers.

At the same time, there it is, and it is no use ignoring the fact, and, without wishing to appear dictatorial or arrogant, I must say it: there are certain things that must *not* be said. For instance, if you have on your table no matter what specimen of the genus hen, even should it be a very Methuseless amongst them, and you know it, it must not be referred to as a "fowl," it must always be spoken of as a "chicken." I

cannot say why it is so, but so it is. On the same principle, perhaps, that in any well-conducted establishment the unmarried ladies of the household, if there happens to be a married one, are always called "the young ladies," even should their ages be between sixty and seventy. Anyhow, let no consideration for truth or honesty persuade you to speak of your *plat* otherwise than as "chicken," or of your spinsters as anything but "young ladies."

Some self-respecting pieces of furniture would, I am sure, resent being called, and refuse to recognise themselves, under certain names. It must, for instance, have been remarked by every observant person the partiality that certain people have for the word "couch." Does not "couch" raise up in the mind's eye the horsehair atrocities of the lodging-house and the country inn—in company with a "chiffonnier," a mysterious *meuble* I have never identified, but occasionally heard of—and seem utterly inapplicable to one's own reposeful sofas? Why, too, does the word "mirror" sound so

out of place, when the more cumbersome double-barrelled "looking-glass" sounds quite appropriate? An "easy-chair" is used by the same people who talk about a "couch," and the room conjured up by any one using the expression has quite a different aspect from one containing "arm-chairs." Among their household gods there will be knife-sharpeners "for table use"; "rests" for the carving knife and fork; basket-mats under the dishes, which will blossom out into d'oyleys underneath the cake at tea, and everywhere when possible on smart occasions paper-lace mats. Glass shades on every possible and impossible object, coloured wine-glasses, "jingles" on the chimney-piece, plates hung on the wall (an abomination), fans put to the same incongruous use, and basket cake-holders of course. Lamps with voluminous shades, that are left in the room in the day-time, and in the summer-time "grate decorations."

"Mantel-shelf" for "chimney-piece" is also quite a characteristic insult to

the noble and long-suffering ally of the hearth. But it is possibly the word "mantle" which is disconcerting, a word dear to the heart of the awe-inspiring "saleswomen" of dignified presence, gracious manners, and wonderful figures, but which one never dreams of using in talking of one's own garments any more than one would talk of a "wrap" or an "overcoat," or of "dress-clothes," or, worse still, "dress-suit" for evening clothes. Perhaps the word "mantle" is shunned on account of its sacred reminiscences. Anyhow, we do know that they do not tolerate such garments in heaven, and even Elijah had to drop his before he was admitted.

Other words which are used in shops, and which one seldom hears out of them, are purely technical, we suppose—"hose" and "corsets," for instance, and "falls" for veils. I once asked a friend of mine who was upholding some of the expressions that I condemned: "But surely you don't talk about your falls?" My question

had reference to nothing beyond her veils, but as she herself jestingly pointed out, it might have been more happily worded.

Another good illustration of *autre temps, autres mœurs*, is afforded in the matter of expletives. A dignified old friend of mine of the old-fashioned type told me that he was walking one day with the carefully brought-up daughter of a ducal household when she dropped her umbrella. As she stooped quickly and quietly to pick it up, a "damn" came as quickly and quietly to her lips. Not with any anger or violence, but in the same manner that an "Oh dear!" would have come from her predecessors under similar circumstances. She had probably lisped out a baby oath over her first broken toy.

Now I remember my first "damn" quite distinctly. I was alone in the park of my girlhood's home, alone with Nature and my dog; I even forget what had annoyed me—I have often tried to remember, in view of the vivid recol-

lection I have of the sense of awed emancipation which crept over me—my anger utterly dispelled by that one vigorous exclamation. I looked up and around, and I wondered if any other but myself had heard that terrible word, then I whistled to the dog and walked soberly home. Even to-day I confess that it sounds to me strangely ill-bred when a *man* permits himself a "damn" in polite society. This seems usurping the prerogatives of men with a vengeance—to tolerate a "swear-word" in a woman and not in a man. But so it is. Let them comfort themselves with the reflection that the reason for this strange perversion lies in the inherent inconsequence of the female sex. When a man swears it is presumably a serious matter; when a woman swears she does it *pour rire*. "*Like* she does everything," some men will be found to exclaim, and be quite unconscious that they have made use of a "vile phrase" from the point of view of grammar as well as spirit.

The decrees of fashion are very arbitrary. It is an unexplained mystery why the courtesy title "Honourable" is not to be mentioned in polite society, and why it should be excluded from the visiting cards of the honourable possessors of such title. A courageous youth once defied this decree and printed his honourableship on his cards. It excited comment if nothing more. But what is there from its intrinsic point of view that should make this so grave a solecism? Why should it be the only title to be ignored in conversation? It is true, however, that of the peerage the dukes and duchesses are the only ones whose exact rank it is permitted to mention in addressing them. All other titles, from a baron's to a marquis's and their ladies, have to be content with the generic prefix of Lord and Lady.

Baron somehow always gives a foreign sound to any name, and yet it is one of the earliest of our English honours. A loquacious tradesman in the "old

furniture line" in our neighbourhood always spoke of all his customers by their correct rank. Thus he would say "I sold Baron S. a table just like the one I am offering to your ladyship, only the other day; and Viscount P. had a chair very much after this pattern." "Baron S." was frequently referred to in future in the same way by others in consequence of this good man's quaint example. In the same town I took a friend of mine to a toy-shop. After several purchases had been made, the lady of the shop drew me aside and whispered, "Am I right in supposing the lady to be the Honourable ——?" On receiving my answer in the affirmative, she exclaimed regretfully, "I wish I'd 'a known, I'd have put in a 'My lady' occasionally to her too." She evidently deplored this tendency to ignore the least of the courtesy titles.

But to put "Hon." on one's cards is not the only outrage that can be committed on visiting cards. One card

containing the joint names of husband and wife is very shocking to one's sense of decency. A lady I knew carried this reticence to an extreme when she spent her time separating the works of male and female authors on her bookshelves, and never tolerated their proximity unless —then she was delighted—they happened to be married. But in one of our neighbouring counties a worthy baronet and his lady are in the habit of issuing invitations to their garden parties in their joint names. Whether it is due to modesty on the part of the lady who fears that, without the assurance conveyed on the invitation cards that her lord will also be at home on the day on which they are invited, their neighbours will not respond by their presence to the hospitable call, or whether it is due to vanity on the part of the husband who also suffers from that delusion, I cannot say, but so the invitation reaches and amuses us. That is, however, not nearly so bad as a man alone having the impertinence

to intimate that *he* sits at home and receives the ladies to whom he has sent invitations. Let me inform all those guilty of such a barbarism that the proper way to solicit the presence of your friends if you are a lone man is to request the honour of their company. I will say, however, in excuse that men do not seem to know these things by instinct. A woman brought up in a certain *milieu* knows the "right thing" to do quite instinctively. And as she rules the social world—it is, so far, her only kingdom—that is quite as it should be. It is, therefore, easier for a woman to lift a man than for a man to give a social lift to a woman. Children, too, unconsciously incorporate themselves more with the mother's family than the father's. The relationships are more intimate on the mother's side. And although a woman adapts herself much more quickly to her surroundings, as the things that matter are inborn and not acquired in woman, the man in the end is the more pliant instrument,

and unfortunately sinks to the level of the woman as easily as with a more fortunate choice he would have risen.

The same people who have their cards printed "Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so" will also talk about "paying calls" without any idea that they are not saying quite the right thing. They will also inform you that they are "going to the theatre" instead of going to "a play"; say they have "the toothache" instead of "a toothache," and will suggest the necessity of having the offending tooth "drawn," when others would have theirs "pulled out." They will talk about having caught "the measles' instead of measles *tout court.*

There are expressions, however, that are very much used that one deplores as being merely slovenly, but are becoming so universal as to harden one into hearing them without wincing. The bustle of the busy or the laziness of the idle is the cause of abbreviations which one must accustom oneself to without, however, being reconciled to

them. "Lunch" for luncheon is a very common one, and is somehow much worse than "'bus." But I know people who cannot bring themselves to speak of the Royal Academy as "the Academy" any more than they would talk about "the Row."

If "ain't I?" is objected to, surely "aren't I?" is very much worse, and which of us can always undertake to keep up to the level of those who invariably say "am I not?" or "am not I?" Then, if bicycle must be shortened, I admit that I prefer the American "wheel" to "bike" or "cycle."

Not that severe correctness is not more trying sometimes than the most slovenly and slangy expressions. It is somewhat shocking when one is reading a really engrossing story that has been quite convincing until some impossible expression jars upon one, and awakens one to the fact that the writer is endeavouring to deal with situations which he has never viewed except from the outside, and of which he is attempting

to portray an intimate knowledge, which he obviously lacks. Thus, when the earl's son is made to call his father "sir" in all his moments of either emotion or respect, it is impossible not to feel that the writer "has not passed that way." For I never knew any one who addressed his father as "sir," and so why should a man be made to do so in books? It is equally unpleasant when people say "uncle" without any name, or "aunt." And what is more terrible than when husbands call their wives "mother," or, worse still, oh, piteous sound! "wife"! You might just as well say "helpmeet" or "partner." Now "madam" or "my lady" I don't object to at all; there is a certain stateliness about it altogether lacking in the bald "wife," which must be a shocking reminder to have thrust at one every minute. In fact, the repetition of any name, even the most correct and the most legitimate, is a very tiresome habit some people acquire, and it is certainly better to err on the other extreme of

never saying a name at all if it can possibly be avoided. It always strikes me, too, as a little jarring when people talk to one about "your husband" or "your wife." Was it in Thackeray's "Book of Snobs" where Pump, having married "Lady Blanche Stiffneck," is greeted by Snooks after the marriage with the hearty inquiry, "Well, Pump, my boy, and how's your wife?" returns the cold response, "Do you refer to Lady Blanche Pump?" and is scored off, as the *raconteur* thinks, by the reply, "Oh, I thought she *was* your wife?" But although Pump showed questionable taste in his method of snubbing Snooks, I can quite understand Pump's feeling of annoyance. If a person has got a name, it is just as well to use it when inquiring after him, and it savours of the cottage, condescension, and the Lady Bountiful when you insist upon the relationship of and to the person you are addressing. For the same reason I think it better taste for a man, in speaking of his own wife to a friend, to call

her either by her Christian name or "my wife." And under no circumstance does a woman ever talk of her husband to an equal with his prefix tacked on to his name. If he be a commoner, she uses his Christian name; if a peer, she uses the name without the title.

County balls, too, yield many and wonderful experiences. And while it is permitted to talk about what is "bad form," let us never indulge in the opinion that anybody or anything is "good form." Likewise, a person may be dubbed second rate, third, fourth, or even fifth, if the scale of condemnation is very heavily weighted; but never in the same sense would any one "who knew" dream of calling a person "first rate," which means something quite different, and would be used only as referring to their attainments and not to their qualities. At a county ball one can hear the lady on guard referred to as my "chaper*one*" instead of "*chaperon*." You will see the dear *débutantes* holding up their skirts with a small ribbon loop

attached to the end of the train, and, although I am told that this gruesome sight may be now seen at balls in "London Society," I have up to now been spared. I shall be told next that fans tied round the waist with loops of ribbon are *de rigueur*. We shall be assured that to spread the right hand with fingers well extended, in the middle of the lady's back, is the only correct way to hold your partner, and that if the man sees her trying to do something herself he should come forward and say, "Can I assist you?"

A somewhat annoying habit peculiar to one's maids consists in calling the name of the country houses one has been staying in by their post towns. In some cases they happen to be identical; then well and good. But I suffered from this peculiarity as a child to the extent of being lost when out for a walk with a French maid, who had taken a wrong turning, and thence-forward persistently asked for the post town of the place we were staying

at, which happened to be some twelve miles off, imagining it to be the name of the house, and thus getting farther and farther away until we were fortunately rescued by a passing waggon.

And, after all, ignorance is the root of all evil, even in such weighty matters as have been dealt with in this paper. No plant flourishes without cultivation except where it is indigenous to the soil, but care and cultivation will produce specimens which it will need all the inherent advantages of time and place to rival even, let alone excel.

"HOTELS AS HOMES?"

No one who has travelled, be it never so little, can fail to have observed how a certain atmosphere, mental and moral, pervades all hotel life, whichever the continent or whatever the country.

My experience of hotels is limited to three continents and about twice as many countries; but it is enough to convince me that life in any hotel as a permanency would be intolerable. From the psychical point of view the Spirit of Unrest, which necessarily has its dominion in hoteldom, makes sustained effort a difficulty, useful work a struggle, and creative thought an impossibility to the hotel-dweller. From the physical point of view the "living" of the average "high-class hotel" is just comfortable enough to accentuate the general discomfort. If one has one's

mind attuned to the absence of much that is customary, one can submit to the process of "roughing it" with an excellent grace; but if one is constantly reminded by the ghosts of former comforts of what has to be done without, the shadow makes the absence of the substance the more annoying. For the "all home-comforts" advertised by successful hotel managers are a snare and a delusion.

But, it will be argued, hotels are not supposed to represent "home-life," and yet there are thousands of people, especially in America, where the servant question is an even greater difficulty than with us, who voluntarily resign themselves to hotel life in preference to having and managing a house of their own. Moreover, any prolonged sojourn in a place beyond, say, three weeks, makes it home for the time being, and persons condemned by their occupations to remain out of their own country will recognise the hopeless feeling of detachment that lays hold of

them when doomed to put up with this form of domicile beyond a very limited period.

A friend of mine objected quite seriously to a flat for the weird reason that directly she passed in at the street door she wished to feel free to rush into any room she chose and burst into tears. And underlying this exaggerated method of expressing the desire innate in all human breasts for solitude at given times, and freedom from the irksome restraint of surveillance when certain emotions are ever so feebly in the ascendant, rests the imperative need for the "home" experienced by nearly all, which no socialistic creed will ever prove strong enough to eradicate.

But even if the sense of possessive solitude is absent, one experiences, paradoxically, a marked sense of isolation in the big hotels, where one's identity is merged in a number, and where "mine host" is a huge joint-stock company. And, personally, I find this preferable to the wayside inn, where one's name

is very much to the fore with the landlady and her bucolic spouse.

Of the latter kind I had a never-to-be-repeated experience at a coast-town inn which shall be nameless, where the landlady introduced herself by enlarging on the advantages I enjoyed in finding an hotel kept by "people of the same class" as myself. On paying my bill I comforted myself with the reflection that I was paying for this privilege "thrown in." As might be expected from persons of the class to which we both belong, this good landlady and I, she got the better of me in the matter of the exchange (as I discovered when there were three good days' journey between us), charged me two pesetas for cleaning her washhand-stand, and one dollar for mending her mosquito curtain.

But at least the hotel-dweller is spared certain experiences calculated to make the thrifty housewife what an American friend of mine calls "hopping mad." Such an experience, for instance, as fell to my lot when, having sent up certain

provisions to a house we had taken with a view to entering it in a few days, I found on our arrival that the bedroom washhand-stands were all furnished with neat square pieces of carbolic scrubbing-soap. The floors had been washed with the Vinolia otto-of-rose tablets given at the same time as the other, with manifold explanations, to the intelligent negress whose duty it had been to "prepare" the house for our reception.

There is no doubt that a household whose staff includes a competent, conscientious housekeeper realises the highest ideal of comfort possible in home life. But as this joyous consummation is an unattainable ideal to many who are unequal to the struggle necessary for obtaining the same outward result through their own agency, they fall back upon the hotel as the nearest approach to this state of irresponsible well-being. But even in this beatific condition one's personal attendants refuse to accept any intermediary in respect of their duties, recreations or comforts, and

one remains directly responsible to one's own maid for the conditions of her service. When, many years ago, I blossomed out almost from childhood into a full-blown state of matrimonial responsibility, I did some travelling in America. One day we arrived at an hotel in some town between New York and Chicago, and my immediate personal wants having been attended to, I dismissed my maid with the injunction that she herself was to go and feed. She re-entered my room a few seconds after with indignation depicted on her usually good-humoured Scotch face. "A nice sort of place we've come to, this," she exclaimed; "when I asked one of the waiters where the maids had their meals, he answered impudently, 'Along with the married women, to be sure.'" She failed to see any justification for my amusement, but was pacified by a stern demand from her employer that his wife's "lady's-maid" should immediately be conducted to the apartment reserved for the meals of the personal attendants of the hotel guests.

Her troubles, however, at this same place were not at an end, for on calling me next morning she appeared with eyes swollen and red, having spent a sleepless night bug-hunting. The strange, absolutely unprecedented appearance of these uninvited guests was accounted for by the manager of the hotel by the fact that my unfortunate maid's room had been occupied the night before by a commercial traveller, whose own version of the affair we were of course unable to obtain.

I here apologise for writing the name of this obnoxious insect other than as "b—g." I knew a lady, whose refined conversation it was my privilege occasionally to enjoy, who in the autumn of the year used to find herself troubled with what she called "harvest hum-hums," and it would be difficult for me now to recognise this insidious little plague by any other name. When, however, we asked this same lady if she did not think that this ultra-refinement, which shirked the naming of so

open-air a little animal as the harvest-bug, was rather "hum hum-hum," she did not follow us at all. Her refinement was, however, amply accounted for by a fact with which she was at pains to acquaint her listeners, namely, that *her* ancestors were French marquises while the ancestors of most of the people unaccountably unable to appreciate the advantage of having her as a neighbour were digging potatoes. However, our ancestors not having been French marquises, we put the matter very plainly before our innkeeper, and told him that such troubles were a disgrace to the principal hotel in so important a city as the one we were stopping at, and, with many expressions of regret, and efforts at conciliation towards the offended lady, we resumed our way.

The American hotels, however, from what I hear, are vastly improved since the days of which I write — now, I regret to confess, nearly twenty years ago. Nowadays, nearly all over the

States, I hear that, even in the remote towns, the hotels are sumptuous palaces. Numerous time-saving inventions decorate each bedroom. Wonderful wheels, for instance, which when turned with the handle pointing to where the names of certain articles are inscribed, will, within an incredibly short space of time, produce a waiter bringing with him either hot, cold, iced, or soda water, whisky, brandy, tea, coffee, or almost any other daily or hourly need that your soul happens to long for, before your soul, weary with waiting, has had time to "go back on you," as it often does in less electrical countries, when a stultifying resignation takes the place of a gratified craving.

But even without these "modern improvements," such as the "magic wheel" and the nerve-harrowing telephone, the American hotels were more luxurious and commodious than English or French hotels at the same period. The adjacent bathroom was a continual source of delight and refreshment when we arrived

at our destination weary, travel-stained and forlorn. The negro waiters, too, afforded us much diversion. I remember on one occasion expostulating with one for his inattention, saying: "I have asked you twice before for"—whatever it was I wanted. "Pardon me, ma'am," he replied with great dignity, "it was another coloured gentleman you asked." A reply of that kind is quite enough to disarm any amount of indignation.

One learns many strange uses and misuses of things at country inns, but let us hope that the following experience related by a friend of mine as having happened to himself is a rare one. He had gone to bed in an Irish inn, bidding the landlady to have him called at eight. At six, however, next morning, she knocked at his door. "Ye've to git up," she said. "What o'clock is it?" "Six, surr." "Go away, I am not going to get up till eight." At seven she reappeared. "Indade and ye must git up now, it's seven." Finding him unmoved at her next return, she said, "Git

up, there's a sweet gintleman ; there's two commercial gintlemen waiting for their breakfast, and I can't lay the cloth till I have yer honour's top sheet."

It often happens that when one is giving one's attention to any particular subject incidents occur which would, perhaps, pass unobserved but for the fact that at the actual moment one's mind is on the alert for anything that touches on that subject. So it happened that when I was pondering on hotels and hotel life I went to stay with some friends officially posted at a stopping-place between Africa and home, and when I heard the petulant exclamation, in answer to a husband's remonstrance anent continual grumbling : " How can you expect me to like an hotel after having just left a house of my own ? " I thought : " Here is a confirmation of what I have affirmed : hotels as homes are an impossibility." One of the wife's complaints was the inevitable and continual proximity of a dipsomaniac. " My

dear, that is an exaggerated name for the poor chap," mildly suggested the husband. It was true he was never violently or blatantly intoxicated, she admitted; but, on the other hand, he was never sober, and his presence consequently was obnoxious. I confess I sympathised with the aggrieved lady. But that is, after all, the chief drawback to hotel life: you cannot choose your housemates. And to have the possibility of a drunken outburst hanging over you must be very trying. Yet so long as your fellow-guests keep within the limits of conventional decorum neither guest nor host has a right to request retirement.

A certain lady, however, who keeps an hotel in a foreign seaport-town, allows no consideration by which ordinary mortals may be swayed to govern her if she desires to evict any of the temporary inmates of her house. During a short stay of about three months in this same town I heard of six different people having been evicted at different times.

No further reason did she vouchsafe to any of them beyond saying that she required their rooms. She went so far, however, as to inform one of these recipients of her displeasure that "She was no lady." I had met the individual whose gentility was thus called into question, and she seemed to me perfectly harmless, and quite able to fulfil all the requirements necessary for the wide term of "lady" to apply to her without any special incongruity. This arbitrary dame has secured the best site and the best situation in the town for her palatial inn, and her autocratic conduct receives apparent justification from the fact that her rooms are always full. I confess, however, that this reputation would make me hesitate to recommend my friends to stay with her; for on the conduct of none can I rely so implicitly as to persuade myself that under no circumstances could it possibly offend the wayward susceptibilities of this specialist in hotel demeanour. The possibility, too, of this lady's case not

being a unique instance of capricious crankiness would give one pause when contemplating the abandonment of the home in favour of the hotel.

That an "Englishman's house is his castle" is a hackneyed but true saying, recalling to the mind a Moorish proverb which affirms that "A lion roars loudest in his own forest," and which is less elegantly rendered by "A cock crows shrillest on his own dungheap." The sense of security is not the least attraction possessed by the freehold or leasehold; and it will be some time before any form of communal living will be adopted by the Britisher, no matter in what direction other nations may appear to be moving.

ON "TIPS"

THE vexed subject of "tipping" is often a fruitful source of conversation amongst those who have suffered from this tyrannous and unwholesome custom. As generally happens, the standard is set by the wealthy, to whom a sovereign more or less in their weekly expenditure is of no importance. Various efforts to meet the evil (for it almost amounts to an evil) have at times been made by private persons and public bodies. An instance of the latter has been described in the *Westminster Gazette* under the head of "Good News for Swiss Tourists."

"If the conference of Swiss commercial travellers, hotel-keepers and other interested persons which has just taken place at Olten has its way, then the burden of the summer tourist in Switzerland will be considerably lightened. The above-mentioned would-be benefactors of

the travelling public met in order to find some remedy for the ever-increasing system of 'tips' which obliges the traveller to pay away almost as much as his hotel expenses proper to the army of hotel servants. It has been decided —by the thrice-blessed Olten conference —that a fixed *tariff des pourboires* is to be drawn up, and if this tariff is at all mercifully conceived (from the traveller's point of view) then travelling in Switzerland will be a good deal less expensive. According to the nice old French formula, tips are 'onerous to those who give them, and humiliating to those who receive them,' and the proposed tariff ought, therefore, to be equally welcome to 'tipster' and 'tipped.'"

But it is not only at hotels that the system of "tips" is irksome, and at times humiliating to both "tipper" and "tippee," as I prefer to render the giver and receiver of "tips." Indeed, I know no more uncomfortable feeling than is experienced when thinking that one's hosts' servants (according to Pooh-Bah's

theory in the "Mikado") have not been heavily enough "insulted." Like a witty descendant of one of our greatest dramatists who accounted for his impecuniosity by saying, "I cannot beg; to dig I am ashamed," the humiliation all seems to me to lie with the inadequate "tipper." Never were gifts less spontaneous, less productive of good feeling in giver and receiver than in the case of the money forced from people by the exigencies of custom over which they have no control, and given solely to save *themselves* unpleasantness, and from no earthly desire to benefit those who receive their largess. There are, I have no doubt, people who will say: "What horrible ideas; why, I never begrudge any little reward I am able to afford to those who have done extra work for me." But when analysed the system of "tips" will not bear this speciously obvious but practically false interpretation.

A friend of mine, a person who throughout his walk in life aims always at the highest ideals, once said in dis-

cussing this question : "I have found by experience that the only people worth 'tipping' are the heads of each department. One knows quite well that they don't do the extra work one's presence involves, but the only return one gets for one's money is to give it to the person who sees that the others work."

This remark had special reference to waiters at hotels and restaurants he was in the habit of frequenting. "The head waiter," he explained, "is the only person worth tipping; otherwise you would soon see a difference in the amout of attention you receive and the promptness with which your orders are carried out, however generous you might be to the actual person who happened to wait on you." This view, which I think is a perfectly fair and honest one, confirms what I said as to the absence of any charity or good feeling in the case of "tips," which are simply a matter of self-interest of a not very high order, a bribe to ensure self-comfort, and a necessary expenditure to escape from the unpleasant conse-

quences of the fostered cupidity and vulgarity of the servant class. This plain-speaking does not prevent me from seeing and acknowledging that there are exceptions even amongst this necessary but spoilt and hardened portion of our civilised population, and that when "human" qualities are encountered amongst those with whom one has to deal, how grateful and considerate one is and ought to be.

Failing the possibility of doing away altogether with the practice of "tipping," an organised self-protective tariff recognised by both guests and servants would save much heart-burning and questioning among those who are the victims of the lavishness of those to whom "money is no object." I have been at some pains to collect evidence on the subject, and there is a very general feeling, both in the right-minded amongst the opulent, as well as amongst the "poor rich," that it is a mistake to be at the mercy of what may be described as *mauvaise honte* in the giver and cupidity in the receiver of "tips." But that those whom I have

described as the "poor rich" have either to pay (for it is "pay") beyond their means, or lay themselves open to unpleasantness is beyond doubt, as the occurrence I am about to relate will show. A young man had been a guest for several days at a country-house where his fellow-guests were one and all wealthy. As he was leaving his room he gave the servant who had waited on him half-a-crown. This pleasant personage there and then before his eyes spun the coin into the air, saw it fall upon the carpet, turned on his heel and left the room. Whether his would-be benefactor picked up the coin, history does not reveal, but I hope he had the courage to emulate the gallant little midshipman who once bravely resisted the onslaught of one of these pampered, over-fed harpies. He also offered the magnificent individual who had been "valeting" him two-and-sixpence on leaving, but that dignitary threw up his hands, saying: "I never haccept hanythink but gold," whereupon the

"middy" returned the half-crown to his own pocket, exclaiming: "What a brick you are! I find half-crowns awfully useful." Perhaps this was the first youth the creature had not been successful in intimidating into giving up half-a-sovereign of his precious little store.

Another naval cadet's experience is so great a contrast that I think it worth recording. He had gone on shore with a bad toothache. The dentist he sought not only stopped the aching tooth but three others which he found required attention. When asked what he was owed the dentist said, "Oh, nothing; I never charge midshipmen anything," and he was firm in his refusal to accept his fee.

But grown-up people also undergo unpleasant "tipping" experiences. This was related to me by a very distinguished person as having actually happened to him. When shooting in the Highlands he offered a sovereign to the keeper, who on taking it said: "I am not accustomed to receive anything but paper money." "Quite, so," he rejoined. "Give me

that back, and I will give you what you are accustomed to receive," and he produced from his pocket a Scotch note for £1 and handed it to this modest gentleman. I only wish he had had a half-crown postal order in his pocket and had been able to substitute that for the golden coin. I don't know how many stags my friend had shot, but I am told that ten shillings a head is the recognised "tariff" on these occasions, and the same amount for one good day's pheasant or partridge shooting. I wonder whether in remembrance of his lesson the Scotch keeper had the £1 note framed, as I heard that a keeper, more loyal than wise, did with the £5 note the King personally presented to him. Quite different was the experience of a young woman of the "poor relation" order, who had been in the habit of paying long visits to a very rich kinswoman, and on leaving upon one occasion pressed a coin into the hand of the groom-of-the-chambers. To her horror when she

was counting her money she found the coin she had thus pressed was a penny-piece which she had meant for half-a-crown. On her next visit she explained this and was told, "Anything you are kind enough to give me I am pleased to receive." That groom-of-the-chambers was a "gentleman." I confess that for myself I should never have the courage to give so great a personage so small a coin as half-a-crown, and I save myself all trouble of the kind by giving nothing at all to any one but the housemaid. And except when paying long visits to very near relations I do not think it necessary for the women of a party to "tip" the men-servants, even when they visit without their husbands. When visiting near relations, parents or parents-in-law, the "tips" assume more the nature of "presents" and come under quite a different category. But even so, I am afraid these gifts are not free from self-interest. I know a large country-house where two brother's wives visited for long periods.

The elder brother and heir's wife, who was the poorer of the two, never commanded the same attention as the younger brother's. It was so marked as to draw forth the aggrieved observation from the future owner's wife, "*I* can't afford to give the servants paper money!" But if one is dependent on dependants one must take the consequences.

A conclave of young men were discussing in the smoking-room in the absence of their host what were the "tips" expected of them. It was agreed that half-a-crown was the minimum "tip" for one night, five shillings for two or three, and ten shillings for any longer period. "But you," one of them said to a person who had been making himself obnoxious during the visit, "need only give half-a-crown, however long you stay, because you won't be asked again!" There, in a crudely humorous form, the same note is struck. "You will not suffer from your 'stinginess,' so that it does not matter how much you indulge it."

THE SOCIAL FETICH

Quite recently I heard of a young man, visiting at a very important house, who, on leaving the house-omnibus that had conveyed him to the station, handed the coachman two-and-sixpence. He happened to see a fellow-guest, a wealthy peer, who issued after him, go up and give him ten shillings. Shortly after the peer's wife followed, and herself presented the same man with a sovereign. "The fellow's much better off than I am," commented the young man bitterly; "I might just as well have kept my half-crown, as I shall be despised for a skin-flint anyhow!" But many people have told me that if the distance from the station is short they give nothing at all to the coachman, and that if they are driven specially and for any distance they consider half-a-crown or five shillings ample.

There are people I know inclined to say: "Really, if people cannot afford such small things as the 'tips' that are expected of them, and cannot give them ungrudgingly, they had better not pay visits." I am inclined to agree that they

had better stay away from hosts capable of thinking in that wise. But to show that all wealthy people are not unmindful of the inconveniences and disagreeables the small incomes of their friends entail upon them, the following device of a very great lady for saving the feelings and the purse of her poorer friends may be worth mentioning. In the outer hall a locked money-box was put to receive the money her guests felt inclined to bestow upon the keepers. They were asked, as a favour, *not* to tip the keepers personally. She explained that many of her young friends, she *knew*, could not afford to give the sums that many of her wealthier guests habitually gave, and thus, she thought, all shyness was avoided, as the box, after each party, was handed to the head keeper unopened. Personally, although the motive was good and the method courageous, I do not think I approve of anything that makes the host or hostess a party to the "tips" their servants receive, or, as it really is, exact.

It is, however, preferable to another method I once heard of some people adopting, no doubt to effect the same end. Here is an extraordinary experience undergone by a lady to whom economy was none the less necessary from the fact that circumstances compelled her to visit much amongst relations to whom this most irksome form of ignominy was unknown. She was paying a definite Monday to Friday visit at a large luxurious country house, and was delighted to find in her bedroom a neat little *affiche*, a duplicate of which was in each guest-chamber, to the effect that the host and hostess earnestly requested that no "tips" should be given to any of the servants. To her dismay, however, when all the guests were assembled in the hall previous to their imminent departure in the various motors, brakes, carriages, and flys that were waiting ready to convey them to the station, she perceived the stately groom-of-the-chambers standing statuesquely near the hall door and holding a plate like those

used in church for collections, in which several gold pieces were already gleaming. In answer to my friend's petrified gaze her hostess stepped forward and said sweetly: "Yes, we consider that a much fairer way of dealing with the presents our guests are kind enough to wish to give the servants. Anything they like to give is distributed fairly between those who really have had extra work to do in a large party of this kind, otherwise only those who are *en évidence* and who really do nothing extra receive anything." The little gift which this poor lady had been congratulating herself she would be able to take home to her child was swallowed up in this brazen receptacle.

Now I have a friend—"a kinder friend hath no man"—who *really* prevents her guests from giving "tips" to her servants. I stayed with her on one occasion without my maid, and I begged to be allowed to give the excellent servant who attended to my comfort some token of my appreciation; but she pleaded with

me not to do so, as it would destroy her whole system. She said her servants were engaged on that understanding, and given extra wages in consequence. I stipulated that my wish to defeat her system should be mentioned, but on a subsequent visit I perceived no diminution in the care and attention I received. But I am fully aware that this is *not* the feeling of every host or hostess. I heard one frankly declare that you could only get good servants in anticipation of the extra amount of money they made through "tips." They deliberately countenance their servants being "tipped," which seems to me merely a way of getting their guests to contribute towards the wages they pay their servants. From this point of view the conduct of a certain financier transplanted for the first time from Throgmorton Street to Mayfair does not seem to me so outrageous as it was considered, when he delicately offered a slight remuneration to his hostess after his first dinner-party. I have, however, dined at a *restaurant* and

gone to the play with an American friend who seemed to consider the natural and inevitable offer of half-a-guinea for one's stall as much of an insult as the "tip" to the honest stockbroker's dinner-hostess, not knowing that it is quite customary to have dinners for a play where each guest pays for his or her own theatre ticket. "You will offer to pay for your dinner next," my kind hostess exclaimed.

If all one's friends were as considerate and truly hospitable as the last two I have mentioned I should have been saved the only unpleasant experience I have ever had in connection with the subject on which I have been discoursing. In my still early married days I had been paying a visit of two nights' duration, and before dinner the second night I saw a sovereign drop unobserved by my husband from a waistcoat pocket into a woolly rug as he was stooping in front of the fire. Considering him to be at all times over-careless in the matter of ready money, I quietly rescued

the coin, and, returning to my own room, secreted it in a corner of the dressing-table underneath a muslin cover, meaning to question and reprimand him later on. We left next morning, and alas for the moral influence I fervently desired to wield! I stupidly forgot all about the secreted coin and the owner had failed to remark its absence. However, never dreaming that it was other than in safety where I had put it, and having no doubt either then or subsequently as to the exact spot where it had been left, and not wishing to trouble my hostess I wrote a line (in addition to the "Collins" letter I had dutifully bored my hostess with) to the daughter of the house, explaining the circumstances and asking her to send the pound to me. By return of post I received a furious letter from my whilom hostess, enclosing half-a-crown and saying that *that* was the only piece of money I had left on the dressing-table of the room I occupied, that the housemaid had presumed it was intended as a gift for her, but

that since I accused her of theft she declined to accept anything from me, and therefore she begged her mistress to return it to me, without thanks, I presume. The correspondence ended there, and, like the "middy," I pocketed my half-crown, the poorer by seventeen-and-sixpence only for my unhappily conceived would-be practical lesson on thrift and heedfulness. I was at least spared the mortification of having been exposed as an inadequate "tipper," for I am told by friends, from whose fiat I consider there is no appeal, that a shilling a night is the correct way to reckon one's "tip" to a housemaid. I have never even for one night given less than two shillings up to ten shillings for one week as circumstances seem to demand. But a shilling a night is, I believe, a good working rule to go by. A stewardess on board a ship once told a friend of mine that Americans were the most generous passengers, French and English next, and Germans the least so; that amongst the latter a

German lady, who had received much attention owing to her constant sickness, at the end of a six weeks' voyage handed her stewardess a mark amid great pomp and circumstance! For an average "sailer" I should think that the same "tariff" as on land would be about the correct amount to give, which recalls the old picture in *Punch* of a haggard-looking individual who is made to say: "Take, oh steward, thrice thy fee; I've been as sick as any three."

Meanwhile until the whole "system" is reformed we shall all go on "paying through the nose" for our desire to appear less stingy, or at least not more so than our neighbour.

THE ETHICS OF THE MOTOR

Lord Windsor, "on his own responsibility and initiative," has dealt motor-cars of all kinds, without distinction of motive force, a severe if temporary set-back. It is rumoured that the insistence, upon his "responsibility and initiative," in the matter of the regulations prohibiting motors in the park at certain hours, was a chivalrous adoption of the blame — if blame there be—which is traceable elsewhere. Be this as it may, it must not be ignored that motorists themselves are partly responsible for their own unpopularity. And there is no need for this added cause to the unpopularity that any departure from the beaten track of locomotion, literal or metaphorical, inevitably brings in its train.

The world is said "to move with the times," but what would happen if the propelling force met with no resistance from the huge, unwieldy mass of prejudice, built up, according to each individual subscriber thereto, of caution, discretion, forethought, experience, and far-sightedness—all elements of wisdom in which pure prejudice is wholly lacking? Our view as to the correct answer to this question is one of temperament. There are few, perhaps fortunately, who would be prepared with a wild shout of joy to see this whole mass, which constitutes prejudice, utterly annihilated and swept away before the oncoming rush: who feel that the New is Good, but that what prevents its always immediately and beneficially appearing so is the existence of this heterogeneous and gigantic monument, composed of all the *débris* of all the worlds: that any impact against the solid shapeless structure breaks up its sordid, questionable particles into storms of blinding, rage-producing dust, through which it is

well-nigh impossible to see clearly. Ah! yes, they exist, these iconoclastic spirits, and if, incidentally, some of them find themselves incarcerated within the walls of the national prison-houses or asylums, the world would not have moved as far as it has without them.

It is the irresponsible chauffeur who has to answer for most of the *extra*-ordinary dislike that motor-cars meet with. In a colonial newspaper chauffeurs were humorously divided into two classes: those who were in prison and those who ought to be. I knew one of these new men, as Mr. Bernard Shaw calls them, who, when tearing along on a road laid with newly-spread stones, turned facetiously to his employer and shouted, "What price tyres?" This man is one of the "treasure" species. He apparently did not see that the humorous aspect of the lacerated tyres would not appeal to the person who had to pay for new ones. But he was essentially a humorist, and humorists, as we all know, must indulge their humour,

regardless of such details as the feelings of those to whom their jest is addressed.

"Killed anything?" I heard one man ask, after a drive of a few miles, at a pace of which he had been boasting. "Only one dog," he replied, with a leer. It did not happen to be true—nothing had been killed or even injured—but the reply to that effect would not have been "humorous," whereas the other was received as if it had been immensely funny.

Another chauffeur was heard to boast of having killed thirty dogs in one year. Is it to be wondered at that indignation against the genus chauffeur is thus stimulated?

Quite unintentionally—for I am not a wilful breaker of regulations—I crossed and recrossed the forbidden portion of the park in my own motor in one day, but from opposite ends, for I was turned back at the same spot in the middle each time. It seemed to me that the prohibition should have been made

clearer, so that the normally intelligent should not have been led into the inconvenience to which I was put.

And here is the crux of the matter: laws should not be made to be broken. A child brought up on "don'ts" has more chance of turning out ill than the over-indulged child. Neither learns the true value of authority. So with the citizen: over-tax him and he will evade the law, over-restrict him and he will break it. This applies to nothing so much as to automobiles. There is something in a vibrating, pulsating machine under one's own immediate control that sends the blood coursing lawlessly through the veins.

Once let the regulations that restrict speed appear needless and petty, and the blood will gain the upper hand, and caution go to the wall. But if every motorist were certain that nothing but wise, sane, well-thought-out, sympathetic rules were to regulate his motion, blood and brain could work together for the benefit of the public and himself.

THE HUMOURS OF RAILWAY TRAVELLING

RUSKIN said that to be conveyed from place to place in a railway-carriage converted a human being into a parcel, or words to that effect. Now, while insisting upon the superiority of road travelling (as I have every right to do, having crossed and re-crossed the Atlas Mountains on a saddle), I must confess that in a train I do not feel in the least like a parcel. Especially when in a French railway-carriage I note that I am "invited in my own interests" not to spit on the cushions. It makes one rather uncomfortable to feel that there are people to whom this appeal is necessary, and it seems to me that these notices are much more humorous than the elaborate facetiousness that turns "five seats" into "five cats," or another

version apparently recommending some one or something "to eat five persons," which requests you "to put your feet on the seats and cushions," the "not" having been laboriously erased, or, as one notice, I remember, ran, I do not know how it was managed, "You are requested not to stop still until the train is alight on the platform," another reading being: "You are requested not to alight until the rain slops on the platform." In one carriage the effort at humour was more successful, for by twice obliterating the letters *s*, *m*, *o*, a notice was made to read, "king only allowed in carriages specially labelled king." In a French carriage you are *forbidden* to lean out of the window; you are warned that to throw things out of the carriage on to the line renders you liable to a penalty; but you are only "invited" not to spit. A famous Irish beauty, having been much disgusted by the indulgence in this habit of her fellow-passengers in a street-car in Dublin, in which notices forbidding spitting were affixed, once asked the con-

ductor, "Isn't spitting forbidden in these cars?" and was gallantly told, "Yes, Miss, but *you* may spit anywhere you like."

Every one who has travelled much abroad must have remarked how characteristically British is the desire "to have the carriage to oneself." French people, I declare, deliberately reject an empty compartment in favour of one already containing passengers. I was once near the end of rather a long journey to Switzerland, and having been by an early change deprived of my *wagon-lit* I was eking out my sleep stretched at full length on one seat of an empty carriage, when at a stop a man thrust himself, bag and baggage, into my carriage. Getting up I asked the guard if my maid who was next door and from whom I wanted something (I said) could come into my carriage till the next stop. This request having been brusquely refused, my fellow-passenger made me feel thoroughly ashamed by exclaiming: "Mais allongez vous donc toujours,

Madame, n'ayez pas peur. Je suis père de famille, moi !" I thanked him wearily, and wearily took him at his word.

Sociability towards fellow-travellers is certainly not a British characteristic. On one occasion, however, the Duke of N—— having got into conversation with a chance traveller, they were joined by the Duke of A—— for a short distance. On the latter leaving the carriage the non-ducal passenger asked who the gentleman was who had just got out. On being told, he exclaimed in an awe-struck voice: "Just fancy his being so familiar with two little snobs like you and me."

There is one delusion very common to most Britishers travelling "abroad," and that is that you are always sure of getting a good cup of coffee in France. I desire deliberately to expose this fetich. I have had nastier coffee offered me at French railway-stations than I have tasted anywhere else. It is true that I have never been brave enough to risk even tasting coffee at an English railway

station, but at least you would be under no illusion that it was likely to be drinkable. Indeed, there is a brutal frankness about the way some of the comestibles at English railway stations are offered you. You are, for instance, given milk bearing on the glass this appetising reminder: "This milk is not warranted to be either new or pure, nor to contain its full quantity of cream."

Travelling in a country where one's knowledge of the language is somewhat elementary has its amusing element. We had been into a Spanish town for the day, and we wished to ask the way to the railway-station. Now, my knowledge of Spanish was acquired in Morocco. I knew enough there to make myself understood and to express my wants fluently to the Moors in Spanish; but as there are no trains in Morocco the words relating to a railway journey had not formed part of my vocabulary. My companion, however, had a little "Manual of Conversation" with him that I had bought in Tangier.

I had purposely got a "Spanish-English" instead of an "English-Spanish," thinking the Spanish would be more correct. But it was evidently compiled in the remote ages when railways were in their infancy, for, in looking up the conversation relating to "The Railway," all we could find was "The engine seems as large as he is beautiful." This did not help us much, and the next sentence was, "It seems to me the engine is off the rails," and thereafter the conversation on "The Railway" seemed to me to be a disquisition on nervousness. So, having been reduced to a weak condition through laughter, we engaged a little French boy who at this moment presented himself as guide.

I have never had an actively disagreeable experience in a railway-carriage in my life, but there have been times when I felt that even in a public railway-carriage a stranger's presence would be unendurable. One such occasion was when returning home, a family party of four, which seemed in a not very full train to justify

a feeling of resentment at being invaded —but invaded we were by a loud-voiced aggressive person who pointed first to one and then to another seat covered with bag or rug: "Is this seat taken, and this one too?" and on being told "No," requested the removal of the articles in a still more aggressive voice. When she was seated I said in a quiet meditative voice to one of the children: "I *suppose* those rugs were disinfected?" "Have you had an illness in your family?" snapped our fellow-passenger. "Only scarlet fever," I replied laconically. Out our fellow-passenger burst this time, bag and baggage, and demanded another carriage, explaining volubly to the guard (who knew us, as it was our local line, and who was visibly amused) that we had had a dangerous infectious illness, and that the rugs, &c., were still infected. "I offered you another carriage," I heard the guard say as they went off. At our station I saw our friend at the window, so as I passed I said to her quietly: "That scarlet fever

must have been at least thirty years ago," and it was.

The sight of a seat kept by an umbrella or rug apparently fills certain perverse persons with a desire to take possession. It must have been some such dog-in-the-manger spirit which caused a determined-looking lady to choose in an empty carriage the only seat thus reserved. The original passenger, on his return to the carriage after a temporary absence, politely endeavoured to regain possession. The determined lady, however, valiantly defended her position. After some more "words" she exclaimed: "Perhaps, sir, you are unaware that I am one of the directors' wives." "Madam," replied the first in possession, "if you were the director's *only* wife, I should still ask you to give me up my seat."

There was no excuse, however, for the surly old gentleman whose encounter with a well-known public man when he was a boy makes so capital a story that even if remembered will bear repetition.

The boy, having made several attempts to find a seat, returned at last in despair to a carriage containing an old gentleman who had opposite him a bag which he declared belonged to a "friend" for whom he was keeping the seat. The boy said nothing, but waited quietly outside the carriage until the train was just starting, then opening the door, he jumped in, seized the bag and threw it out of the window. Up sprang the old gentleman excitedly screaming: "What on earth did you do that for?" "Well," said the boy, "your friend has evidently lost his train—I was determined he shouldn't lose his bag too."

There is another story attributed to the same individual. On one occasion, on going down to Cowes in yachting dress with a certain amount of gold lace and gilt buttons, he collected the tickets from the whole of an excursion train waiting in a siding at Basingstoke, and when asked for his own ticket on arrival at Southampton, he handed the others in a large enveloppe to the ticket collector

and explained that he had done this with a view to assisting the overworked officials, as they were apparently so busy that they could not keep their trains up to time. As the excursionists were all going to different places, the ensuing confusion can easily be imagined.

Practical jokes played in a railway carriage sometimes lead to disaster, but occasionally they are merely humorous.

I can vouch for the truth of the following incident, the actors in the farce being all acquaintances of mine, by one of whom I was told the story. On a hot, sleepy summer's day, six friends were travelling together to a race-meeting not far from London. One, a natural butt, whose well-known impecuniosity had earned him the nickname by which he went, had fallen asleep, and his ticket had dropped from his hand. During his siesta the other five had quickly hatched a plot. He was awakened: "By-the-bye they collect tickets at the next station; shall I take them all and hand them to the fellow?" asked the traveller near

the platform door. Five tickets were promptly produced. The impecunious one searched and searched; pockets were turned out, the floor scraped, coats shaken — but in vain. "Well, never mind," suggested a friend amiably, "you can pay again, and then they will refund it to you." "But," protested the unfortunate butt, almost in tears, "I've only got half-a-crown, and that's all I've got to bet with, and not as much as my ticket cost." "Well, look here, old chap, you know you took your ticket, so if you don't want a bother just get under the seat while the tickets are being collected, and then, when the train goes on again, just nip out." Overjoyed, the poor youth did as was suggested. The collector arrived: "How's this, sir? You've given me up six tickets and there are only five of you?" "Oh, yes," said the arch-plotter indifferently, "there's another gentleman here under the seat. He prefers travelling like that this hot weather!"

No doubt very full trains run for any

special occasion such as race-meetings afford their crops of humorous as well as annoying incidents. I have tried to tell the story as having happened to me of how a facetious individual, preparing to vacate his seat in a very crowded carriage in which there was only standing room left, asked a lady well known for her advocacy of women's emancipation, who had just entered, whether she were in favour of women's rights, and who, on answering with great emphasis "Most certainly," was told, "Then stand up for them." But I have never been able to persuade any one that I am the actual heroine, chiefly probably from the annoyingly retentive memory people have for "chestnuts."

I remember one short journey to a race-meeting in a hot and crowded train. A lady got into our carriage beautifully painted in the orthodox colours, a nose rivalling Mont Blanc in its dazzling whiteness and cheeks of unexceptionable pink. Gradually, however, her colouring underwent a curious

change, her face assumed a uniformly mauve appearance, and by the time we all got out she looked in the distance bright violet. I have never been able to determine what caused the change, whether it was the chemical action of the heat on the pigments she used, or whether it was merely the effect of the mounting natural colour underneath, caused by the heat, showing through the transparent outer layer of artificial colouring. Anyhow the effect produced finally was very weird. The only person in the carriage who seemed unconscious of this "development" in her complexion was the unfortunate lady herself.

I was travelling once with a delightful Scotch maid I had, whose proverbial racial frugality sometimes clashed with her equally proverbial, but in this case, also limited honesty. She delighted in saving not only her own but her employer's money. Consequently she came to us in great distress one day at having had to pay so much (I forget the exact number of shillings) for excess of

luggage. "I showed them the three tickets I had," she said, "and told them there was another fir-rst class ticket, making four, but they said there would have to be five for this amount to go free." "Why didn't you say there *were* five then?" we laughingly asked her. "I couldn't tell such a lie as all that," she exclaimed indignantly, and evidently saw no cause for merriment.

The various ways in which people behave after missing a train is supposed to be a great test of character, but I cannot agree with this, because I have seen the same person behave in a totally different way on different occasions. I think it entirely depends upon what the traveller is leaving and what he is expecting at the other end in the way of environment. I have seen a train deliberately missed and heard the supposedly disappointed traveller praised for self-control and good temper. When a train is missed through excess of unnecessary politeness it must be very annoying. I have been perennially

amused by the polite person, who, in rushing to catch his train, hustled a deaf old gentleman near the station. His, "I beg your pardon," produced a detaining hand, and an "Eh, what?" "I beg your pardon," he repeated in a louder voice. "Why?" "I kicked you," shouted the harassed and would-be traveller. "What for?" demanded the deaf pedestrian. "By accident," shrieked the polite but exasperated person. "Accident!" (excitedly), "bless my soul, no one hurt, I hope—where?" But the polite one had fled to see his train slowly departing without him. "When does the next train go?" he exclaims impatiently to an Irish porter. "Shure, sorr, it's just gone," he receives as reply. I am sure, too, the reputed Hibernian has afforded much innocent amusement who, on making his first journey asks why, if it be true that the last carriage is, as he had been told, dangerous to travel in, it is not taken off.

During a short stay in Spain I heard the following story which, in spite of

its imbecility, amused me very much. Three friends, one of whom had to catch an early train the next morning, arrived late at an inn which was very full. It being impossible to find accommodation elsewhere, our three travellers at last consented to share with a negro a room in which there were two small beds. Two of the travellers took the empty bed, and the third, who had to move on early the next morning, was forced to share the bed with the negro. He was, however, soon sound asleep, and seeing this his two "friends" dexterously blacked his face to match his bed-fellow's. Next morning at dusk he was, according to his instructions, awakened in time for his train. Groping his way to the dressing-table preparatory to beginning his toilette, he struck a match, and on seeing his blackened face in the glass exclaimed: "That silly fool of a fellow has called the wrong man," and went back to his bed and his sleep.

American travelling conducted on the huge scale necessitated by the vast

distances covered by the country is a fertile source of humour. But I am not sure that an experience I underwent would come under the head of "humorous." We were at Cleveland and had rushed off breakfastless and breathless to catch a train, and arrived in harassed haste just two minutes only before the train was due to start, that particular train being the only one by which we should be able to get the same night to New York. "Which is the New York train?" we asked anxiously. "Oh, she's not in yet." We heaved a sigh of relief, which changed to a groan of despair when the porter added casually: "She's seven hours late — stopped between here and San Francisco by snow." But it was not on an American line that a would-be suicide, knowing a certain express train was due, went and laid his head on the rails and died—but of starvation. At a "penny-reading" in the country the chairman of the line at which the *raconteur* had levelled this jest happening

to be present, after the performance took him aside and asked him earnestly: "Could you, next time you tell that story, manage to lay the head on some other company's line?"

I was speaking to a San Franciscan the other day and mentioned a certain place in America. "Oh yes," he said, "that's quite close to us." I opened my eyes: either my geography or his was at fault. "Well, about a day and a half's journey only," he said, in answer to my look. It reminded me of the European in the "Californian" who, on looking back after having traversed thousands of miles of plain, saw lights from what seemed their starting-point. On remarking that they did not seem so far advanced as he would have thought, considering the time they had taken, was told: "Well, those lights are on last night's train." A professional American "humorist" at a country town's entertainment is responsible for the following exceedingly improbable but farcical story. A busy

traveller entered the last train at New York that was going to Chicago with only one stop at Buffalo. He found the night guard and gave him his instructions. "I have to leave the train at Buffalo," he explained, "but I am going to sleep. I am thoroughly done up and shall sleep sound; but it's a matter of life and death to me that I reach Buffalo by this train, so mind you rouse me in time, and if, as is quite likely, as tired I am, I seem disinclined to quit the train, you just insist; here's five dollars, which you forfeit if I don't get off in time." The traveller, however, slept soundly on until the train reached Chicago. Furiously he sought the guard; he found him with his head bound up and his arm in a sling. "You are the man to whom I gave five dollars for undertaking to see that I got off at Buffalo?" The guard looked up helplessly: "Who then *did* I put off at Buffalo?" he asked wearily.

I have never made a fresh acquaint-

ance on a journey, but I can reckon at least one lasting friendship as the result of a journey from our own railway station to London, although as a rule I cordially dislike a persistent train-talker. But it was not the occasion which the mention of this familiar and oft-repeated three hours' journey reminds me of—when a local magnate of the Tory persuasion got into my carriage and introduced a friend he had with him, who immediately began on the strength of a recently won bye-election to talk the most arrant jingoism. He was laughingly interrupted by my friend with a warning that I should not agree with him. "What!" exclaimed this individual, "you don't mean to say you are a Pro-Boer and a little Englander?" Can you not hear him? The type is so familiar. "Anyhow," I answered, quite good-naturedly, "I am what you are not." That for the moment was a clear enough description of what I considered I was, apart from politics. I preferred,

I confess, even my reassuring "*père de famille*."

Whether alone or in company I am convinced that one carries one's heaven or hell with one on a railway journey as elsewhere. That "there's such divinity doth hedge a king" as to minimise all danger is universally true if the quality of kingship exists with or without the crown. And so, too, will incidents become either irksome or amusing, according as one possesses in the lesser or the greater degree the saving grace of humour.

"THE MATINÉE HAT"

"ANY stick is good enough to beat a dog with," and the *Matinée* hat is a peg big enough, as a rule, to hang a moral on. Now most people think there is only one side to the *Matinée* hat, or, to speak more correctly, to the ethics of the *Matinée* hat, and that that is the side of the non-wearer. Well, I thought so too, until the other day, when I witnessed an unpleasant exhibition of temper by a non-wearer. The incident—the regrettable incident—was as follows. A lady of my acquaintance attended a lecture, the last of a series, and having come on from a luncheon party she had a large hat on. She took the place that had been kept for her, which happened to be in the front row. Soon after she was seated, an aggressive and aggrieved voice behind exclaimed irritably, "*Will* you remove

your hat? I cannot see the lecturer." The wearer of the hat, without a moment's hesitation, moved to an empty seat against the wall with no one behind her, at right angles to the row she had formerly occupied.

She remained there until the lecture was over and then walked back to her original seat to make some remarks to her friends. A "discussion" was in progress—that is, a few inane questions were being asked and answered. The aggressive and aggrieved one saw her opportunity and exclaimed, "Oh, very well, if you come back I can go out," and out indeed she flounced, purple with unexplained passion. Now the lecture was not a play; there was no vision to obstruct; the lecturer was seated at my friend's return to her original place, and the explosion on the part of this fiery lady is still an inexplicable mystery, as the two women were not, I think, even acquaintances.

About that time I remember going to a play in the afternoon for a "Charity,"

and I occupied a guinea seat in the second row of the dress circle. In front of me was a hat with two mercurial wings which completely obstructed my view of the stage. On the programme was a notice to the effect that the ladies in the audience were particularly requested to remove all hats and bonnets. It *was* a play. I was within my rights, and yet it would have been a tremendous effort to me to ask that person in front to take off her hat. I disliked her for wearing the hat. I was not filled with Christian resignation, but I could not bring myself into the position of asking a favour. It would doubtless have been very inconvenient to her to take her hat off, and it was inconvenient to me her keeping it on ; but I did not see that I necessarily had the right to demand its removal. There was a certain amount of inconvenience "going around," as our Transatlantic brethren would say, and I was not quite sure that I was unquestionably entitled to entire exemption at that particular moment. Had I,

however, been bent upon effecting its removal, there were several courses open to me: I might, had I been an expert draughtsman, have drawn those spread wings and the lady's back hair and handed it to their owner with the words, "My view of the stage," written underneath, which I understand has been done, or I might have suggested in a sarcastic voice, which, I am told, is the method adopted in the pit, that "I supposed the 'air and the 'at would come off together;" or, and this would have appeared to my commonplace mind the only possible method, had the lady seemed pleasant, amiable, and smiling I might have diffidently ventured on a: "I *wonder* if it would be giving you a great deal of trouble if I asked you to take your hat off? as I can really see nothing." A friend of mine, bolder than I am, did once ask a lady seated in front of her to remove her hat at a play. The lady with the hat turned on her fiercely and said, "I would rather quit the theatre," and "quit" she did,

dragging a reluctant and inconspicuously hatted companion with her. Well, that is not a comfortable or edifying experience. On the other hand, the obstruction might be removed with either a good or a bad grace. If with the latter, one feels uncomfortable and wonders whether the better view obtained is worth the discomfort; if with the former, why did the offender wait till asked to remove it? Thoughtlessness. Selfishness. No doubt. Indeed the fact that women do wear large hats at plays once furnished an illustration to a lecturer who was maintaining that, contrary to the accepted idea, women were more selfish than men. But it is just one of those forms of selfishness that would appear to arouse in the breast of the aggrieved onlooker a most detestable attitude of self-righteousness. To be "conscious of each other's infirmities" seems to inspire one at times with an exalted idea of one's own virtues, and on the strength of that virtue to exhibit signs of vindictive unkindness before which the

original sin pales! How many of us have hugged to ourselves as a precious and ever-remembered command the words "Be ye angry and sin not," or justified the grossest cruelty on the strength of that mistranslated text, "Be not angry with your brother without a cause"? The "without a cause" being, on the authority of the greatest scholars, an interpolation wholly without sanction in the original. "Be not angry with your brother" was uttered in the same spirit as that in which the parable of "the man who fell among thieves" was taught. It has sometimes been a great comfort to me to find that I am not expected to "love as myself" those who "pass by on the other side." A comfort, in that the impossible is not expected of one, and that there is, therefore, a chance of fulfilling the possible. Have we not all had our hopes lifted up by the command to "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," to have them dashed again by the remembrance of the recommendation to the rich young man to "sell

all that he had and give it to the poor"? But there is not really any inconsistency in these two suggestions. It has never been sufficiently insisted upon by modern divines, by some perhaps not even understood, that Christ in his teaching, like Buddha, differentiated between the layman and the initiate. He saw in the rich young man—who had kept all the commandments from his youth upwards and whom he loved—a potential initiate. And he was grieved that the young man was not yet prepared: that the fine spiritual qualities discerned in him should be wasted upon mundane matters connected with the distribution of wealth —an occupation not in itself necessarily ignoble, but unworthy of the higher gifts possessed by the young man in conjunction with his wealth.

It is not the mission of any individual to seek to correct the display of any particular fault in any other individual; but it should be the aim of all, by example, and especially by precept (the advantage of example over precept has

been grossly exaggerated), to make the wanton exhibition of an indecent lack of consideration for the convenience and the feelings of others as much an offence as the more blatant outrages which are dealt with by the law of the land. We are trending that way. Already we avoid trampling unnecessarily on the corn-inflated foot-gear which we should formerly have imagined were meant to serve as buffers to our tread. Already we turn aside our glances from the deformities of the passer-by which formerly we should have considered signals hung out for our special delectation. And the day will come when to wear a big hat at a spectacular show will not be considered a mark of fashion and independence, but a shameless ignorance of what is expected in a community where good-fellowship is valued above almsgiving and where right-mindedness is the mark of true distinction.

SHOPPING

I DISCLAIM with perfect candour the fondness for shopping supposed to be inherent in every female breast; but I plead guilty to that love of a bargain to which I believe even males have been known to succumb. It is really, however, quite remarkable how environment and wealth affect the atmosphere of given shops. To those to whom shopping is a pleasure, the pleasure is enhanced by being met in a pleasant and accommodating spirit by the people who serve you. To those to whom it is a dreary duty it is rendered less irksome if there is no friction in the temporary relations of shopper and shop assistant. Let every credit be given to the superior manners of the shop people in the more fashionable parts of London. There is not necessarily more subserviency or more toadying (that is the attitude of the shopkeepers of the pro-

vincial towns to the neighbouring squires' wives) in the "West End" shops than in the less "expensive" districts, but there are better manners. Now is it that the manners of the shoppers are better in more prosperous circles or that there is more desire to propitiate their *clientèle* on the part of the shopkeeper that accounts for the greater civility that I have mentioned? I think both. There is more courtesy on the part of the West End *clientèle*, and manners, like every other good and evil thing, are infectious. It is also true that habitual incivility would not be tolerated.

But even if courtesy is the rule towards shop assistants, I am afraid that consideration is not always much *en évidence*. I shall never forget the look of incredulous surprise I was given by one pretty delicate-looking girl who was trying to match some ribbon for me, when, seeing her put her hand to her head with an inexpressibly weary gesture before reaching for another box, I said, "Never mind; this one will do. I

see you've got a headache, so don't bother to try any more boxes." The look was one in which suspicion and defiance were mingled, and slowly gave place to one of more polite surprise, into which there came at last a flicker of gratitude. The whole expression opened up a train of thought that was little short of painful. The look of apprehension she cast at the magnificent being whose business is to inquire one's "next pleasure," although I spoke quite low, showed me that lack of zeal in performing the behests of customers was not lightly overlooked. And indeed I reflected, had the same want of interest in my needs been shown in a less dumb and patient way, although the cause may have been just the same, assuredly the same sympathy would not have been aroused in me. It would have been natural to feel: "After all, my good woman, it's no use being irritable with me because you can't find what I want at the first try; it is your business to try and get me something that satisfies me. If you can't do it with

courtesy and endurance, you ought not to have undertaken your present employment." But the long-suffering patience of that weary gesture had a very different and, as it happened, quite unlooked-for effect on me. Curiously enough, I felt, after I had spoken, a sense almost of shame, as if I had stepped uninvited upon hallowed ground, and as I walked away the feeling was so strong within me, that I had to comfort myself with the remembrance of the promised reward for cups of cold water offered with sincerity and charitable intent. The conventional give and take of "polite society" entered not at all into that little scene — the empty phrases, "Oh, I am so sorry to give you so much trouble," and the "Oh, it's no trouble at all," "a pleasure, I assure you," were so utterly apart from the touch almost of pathos revealed to me by that one woman's fleeting glance.

Quite lately I was induced, by a catalogue of amazing bargains, to go to a shop not in the fashionable quarter of London. Fabrics which I did not con-

sider myself extravagant for giving two shillings, minus the deceptive farthing or halfpenny, were offered at 2¾d. the yard. I never, if I can possibly help it, go out into the wilderness alone. This remark I feel to be a piece of unwarrantable, almost Bensonian, self-revelation, and I am aware that this quite morbid dread of facing the strange dwellers in the wilderness unsupported by my own kind is as paradoxical as it is deplorable. However, at this shop the "young lady" who waited on me was as surly and ill-conditioned and ill-mannered a young woman as it is possible to encounter. "What have I done, child; what have I done?" I gasped, clasping my companion's hand when the "young lady" retired to get something I had asked for, "to make her hate me so?" And in proportion as her manner became more brazen and *nonchalant* mine became the more *suave* and apologetic. And when again I breathed the comparatively pure air of the street, I felt as if I had been released from some pur-

gatorial experience that I would not again willingly undergo. There was, of course, no explanation offered or invited. I only knew one thing—that was that I personally had had nothing whatever to do with the antagonistic attitude assumed towards me. Probably there had overflowed on me, by chance merely, a pent-up, partly-justified indignation for wrongs done her by Society wealth or general circumstances, and I, too, felt a vague, general sympathy with the state of mind that had created that attitude and its attendant unpleasantnesses.

I never think of disputing the coveted title of "young lady" to the "young persons" who serve one in shops, and I hold that a person is a fool who does. Whereas the male servers are perhaps the only individuals about whom I use the word "gentleman." The story is told of the beautiful Duchess of Somerset that when some one asked her in a shop, "Was this the gentleman who served you?" replied, "No; it was that nobleman with the bald head." But nowadays

we are less high-handed and more democratic, perhaps also less witty.

Once it happened to me that I found myself quite unwittingly in collision with a fellow-shopper. My "attendant" had disappeared to fetch something in the reserve for me, and as I was gazing vaguely round, my eye caught some lace, I think it was, festooned over the opposite counter. I asked some question about it, whether they had any narrower or wider, and was answered civilly and encouragingly by the attendant immediately under the festoon. She added, "Would you like to see some?" I answered that I would, when, to my horror, I heard angry tones proceeding from some one close by: "As this lady seems in such a hurry" (I imagined my movements and tone had been most leisurely), "and as you seem so anxious to serve her, *I* had better wait, *I* of course can wait." I gazed, as carefully as my petrified condition would allow, in the opposite direction, holding tight to my companion's hand for the protection

felt I needed, and as her indignant customer moved away the server exclaimed in low tones, "*My*, what a temper!" We had scarcely got in a few words about the lace when my persecutor flounced back, and addressing her former attendant in loud, truculent tones abjured her to "Remember, *She*," indicating me, "is a *real* lady." "I wonder how she knew," I breathed in a frightened whisper to my companion. Ah, how far anger or indignation was from me, utterly uncalled-for as the attack had been. I afterwards wished I had taken her aside and questioned her as to the meaning of her outburst. I wondered whether she had thought I was giving myself airs of what she would consider aristocratic *insouciance*, and I longed to tell her how innocent I was of any desire to offend. I was burning to point out to her that if I *had* been, how little good the reproof would do me, how it merely added to the general sum of wrong-mindedness of which she thought me guilty; but at the time I could only

"shrink into myself," like Miss Lottie Venne when acting the part of the lady with the "offeley sensitive nature." I was only conscious of a desire quickly to vacate a scene where something unseemly had been exposed in all its naked ugliness.

Gentleness and unexpected courtesy have as pleasing an effect as unexpected rudeness is disconcerting. If one *does* happen to be in a hurry and a fellow-shopper cedes her claim to attention with a gracious word, it is no exaggeration to say that the latent consciousness of the universal brotherhood of mankind springs into instant being and warms one with a glow of charitable feeling. I remember having waited once near a crowded lift in a large shop in Paris, and as I was about to step into the place that I had patiently earned an aggressive and native newcomer pushed past me and was about to usurp my seat, which I was preparing wearily to yield, when the burly conductor of the lift barring the way with his arm motioned me into the vacant seat say-

ing: "Pardon, c'est à Madame la place," indicating me. I had felt tired and lonely, but my champion's action instantly restored my vitality and sense of fellow-feeling with the world in general.

I can fight with the best when I know what and why I am fighting; but an unexpected attack from an unknown foe, with incomplete knowledge of what particular shortcoming of mine is being attacked, finds me limp and undefending. If, while feeling vaguely that at this particular moment the attack is undeserved, I receive unexpected support from an unlooked-for quarter, it affects me as a voice from Heaven, and makes me feel suddenly strong enough to disarm the most vindictive enemy with the invincible weapon that turneth away wrath.

One winter I spent three months with my family in the south of Spain, where we had a villa, and I visited various places in different places of Andalusia. I found shopping in Spain and shopping in any other country I have been to

very different matters. In Spain there seems to be no fixed price even for the necessaries of life. Your bread, your milk, meat, fish, and groceries have to be bargained for, unless you are prepared to pay double or even treble the market value for what you buy. It sounds incredible, but it is so, and the waste of time and effort that results is not made up for when you *do* succeed in paying the right price. It is quite a common thing, when you ask the price of a certain article in a shop, to be told, for instance, "quince douros menos diez," "fifteen dollars; the least ten." I often wondered whether any one had ever been known to offer the top price mentioned. But there is no pretence of having given the matter mature consideration; there is no pause between the two prices named. "This," referring to an object held in the hand, "is worth twenty pesetas at least, but to *you* the price shall be fifteen." If you say you will give five, you will receive an indulgent smile and be told "impossible,"

and eventually, if you want it, you will give, perhaps, seven and a half.

Now in Morocco it may take days, weeks, or even months to conclude a bargain. A certain *caballero* had made a definite offer for a brass jug of curious workmanship. The owner, who had a booth in the open *sôk* in Tangier, originally asked ten dollars. He had been offered two. Every day as the *caballero* rode through the *sôk* he put up two fingers and the owner of the jug shook his head. This went on for so many months that the actions became almost mechanical. At last one day, to his surprise, the *caballero* found the jug silently thrust into his hand. With equal silence and solemnity he placed two dollars in the Moor's extended palm and rode off with his bargain.

A lady accustomed to these methods of shopping was making her first purchase in a smart hat shop in London. Having decided on a hat, she asked the price, and was told four guineas. With

an air of one indulging in resigned extravagance she said, taking out her purse: "Well, as I am rather in a hurry I will give you at once £2, 10s." She was amazed to find that not even the shillings would be removed from the guineas, but the uttermost farthing would have to be paid before she could obtain possession of the coveted hat.

However, in Spain, notwithstanding the most barefaced attempts to rob their customers, they attend to them with courtesy and friendship; but their manners, from the English point of view, leave much to be desired. While looking at several things displayed on a counter for your choice, the "gentleman" who is serving you will seat himself on the edge of the counter in a leisurely way, proceed to light and smoke a cigarette, and, to show you how entirely his time is at your disposal, he will exchange civilities with the next assistant and offer him either a light or a cigarette, meanwhile answering any questions he is asked with perfect civility

and good-humour. But outside, in the street, the manners are very different. The "foreigner" is followed by a crowd, and while inside the shop, if the unfortunate shopper is visible from the street, the crowd will collect, and struggle and push for the best place, and laugh and gesticulate while commenting on the unusual object the *Inglesas* present to their view. In justice to the rest of Spain, I must admit that I have been told several times that Malaga is notorious for the shameless manners of its inhabitants; but I have to record that in other towns beside Malaga in Spain the manners of the herd are not pretty.

There can be no doubt that there is less class-distinction in Spain—nowhere is this more evident than in the shops. If I walked into a small local shop in the village in which our villa stood, with my two-year-old baby, he would immediately be surrounded and lifted, and kissed and petted in a way that could not happen

anywhere in England. I might probably prefer a less demonstrative form of admiration for him, but there could be no idea of liberties being taken, for obviously to them it was a perfectly natural proceeding, and the easy familiarities in which they indulged carried with them no possible offence, and had to be met in the same spirit and submitted to with the best grace one could muster.

It is, I think, a special gift of the Latins and the Celts to be deferential without subserviency and familiar without offence.

But that honesty should be the best policy is not a maxim that has been brought home to the Spaniard in even its most elementary form. A working carpenter had done a few trifling jobs for me without my having first arranged as to what he would charge, and when the demand for payment came it seemed to me so reasonable that I paid without demur. This was, as it proved, very bad policy on my part, and quite un-

expected by him. As I had not the exact amount in coin, he was given a sum of money and requested to bring back the change, which amounted to about eight *pesetas*. He returned shortly with the change, minus one or two *pesetas*. I counted and asked for the remaining pesetas. Ah, that was all he had brought me. Thinking it over, he informed me, he had charged me too little, and did not mean to give me any more change. One short, sharp sentence was delivered by me after that, and then the rest of the change was brought out and deposited within a very short space of time on the spot indicated by a threateningly extended forefinger. Instances could be multiplied of the same kind of chicanery, some amusing, and some wearisome, according to one's mood; but a fair and square deal was an experience I hardly ever went through during the whole of my stay in Spain.

Let us not, however, pretend, so long as we indulge in sale and barter, to be

on a high, philanthropic plane. Were I to embark on the terrible question of "sweated labour" and the iniquity of purchasing "sweated" garments, it would involve a wider subject than can be embraced by "shopping." I can merely testify to the fact that I am reduced to a state of helpless bewilderment when I see certain commodities displayed in the shop windows at incredible prices, and I can only feel that human female labour is being exploited in a way that can only be remedied by the recognition of the humanity as well as the femininity of the workers.

THE ART OF HOSPITALITY

HOSPITALITY has two points of view: that of the entertainer and the entertained. As my "hospitality" has been extended chiefly to the women and children in our own village, and to a few more or less intimate friends, I cannot hope to afford a very valuable contribution from the entertainer's point of view. I can, however, sympathise with one of my humbler neighbours, who once wrote that "Mrs. S—— kindly accepts" my invitation. I was nearly as much gratified as when another good lady graciously expressed herself very much pleased with an entertainment to which she and her family had been bidden, adding, however, "But there, to be sure, we be easily pleased." Amongst those whom I may class as my rather more than less intimate friends, I number one not less candid, if more critical, guest,

who, in answer to a solicitous inquiry (called forth by some comment) as to whether he had really not had enough to satisfy the inner man, replied, "It's not so much the quantity I complain of as the quality." I, however, comforted myself with the reflection that I had occasionally been offered what I considered utterly uneatable dishes in houses where the "salary" of the head of the culinary department would, I imagine, be certainly not less than two hundred pounds a year. The satisfaction at being able to refuse such dishes did not blind me to the fact of their nastiness. One does not mind being offered food that is nasty, provided one knows it is expensive; what no one can stand is being given other people's food that is cheap as well as nasty.

The first essential, then, of a good host or hostess is the possession of a good, or at least an expensive, cook. Hospitality offered on any other terms becomes presumption. So thoroughly did the wife of one *nouveau-riche*, both very *nouveau* and

very *riche*, believe what I have here demi-sarcastically suggested that, while boasting of the super-excellence of her *cuisine*, she said quite seriously: "With my *chef* I can see any one I wish to see." "As if," said a witty recipient of her confidence, when repeating the remark, "her cook were a kind of miraculous optical instrument."

Every allowance, however, should be made for those who, by their official position, are obliged to entertain, from His Majesty downwards, if the arrangements are not quite perfect. On this point a well-known and always delightful hostess summed up the case of certain obligatory functions. She was criticising the entertainments a young woman gave who had had to act as hostess at her father's official residence. "Certainly," she said, "under dear M.'s *régime* they were not a success; she only thought of having a good time. She did not know what size the asparagus ought to be, or whether the champagne was properly iced; but the present ——'s wife under-

stands these things, and the result is excellent."

Then after—a long way after—this first essential, the quality of the food and drink, the quality of the guests should receive consideration. Tastes in this direction have also to be very carefully catered for. A particularly charming woman, who somewhat, and rightly, prides herself on her intellectual *réunions*, was once remonstrated with for having invited to one of her dinner-parties certain personages who could be of no interest, it was urged, to any one. She replied, with praiseworthy frankness, "I am snobbish enough to admit that I consider they give a *cachet* to my dinner-party, and in that way contribute to its success. That is why I ask them." And after all, there is no disguising the fact, that a certain intrinsic interest attaches itself to a dukedom; and although these things may be whispered among "ourselves," it is perhaps not the best taste to publish it abroad. Nevertheless, candour compels one to confess that there is a

all others—above even the one of pandering successfully to the palate—did the celebrated hostesses of historic "*salons*" owe their fame. This great gift—the power of drawing out in each guest the best he or she is capable of—was the talisman that opened the hearts and minds of men and women when perhaps nothing more elaborate than biscuits and wine accompanied the sparkle and flow of brilliant conversation. On the other hand, nothing is so easy nor so unpardonable as to find out the weak spots in your guests' temperaments, characters, or conversational abilities, and remorselessly to expose them. Yet through want of tact, stupidity, and sometimes design, this is sometimes done; and then, even should the hostess be possessed of the knowledge requisite to an exact appreciation of the correct circumference of asparagus-stalks, and the temperature of champagne, the result is anything but "excellent."

SMOKING WOMEN

THERE are still some hypersensitive males whose souls abhor "Smoking Women." I limit the abhorrence strictly to their souls, and I have a limited respect for their prejudice. But they forget that when the Almighty was laying out the Garden of Eden, he omitted to label the nicotine plant "for men only." Now I hold that all that there is to be said against the habit, and there is a great deal, applies as much to smoking men as to smoking women. All that can be urged in favour of smoking can be advanced with equal security by women.

Excessive indulgence in any habit is so obviously censurable that I will not indulge in any commonplace diatribes and lay myself open to obvious censure. But I have heard men say "The worst of women taking to any habit legiti-

mately acquired by men is that they have no sense of moderation." We all know the kind of man who indulges (as we are on the subject of indulgences) in that kind of generalisation, and a more pernicious and irritating habit I cannot imagine. Is there, however, any justification for the charge as regards smoking? I think none. For one woman who smokes to excess I should say that there were at least a hundred men. I make this remark quite dispassionately and without "sex prejudice." For in countries where women smoked habitually, long before Anglo-Saxon women took to it, the madness traceable to excessive smoking has hardly ever been heard of amongst female lunatics. No, it is not fear of excess that causes the men who do so to object to women smoking, but a sneaking dislike of what they consider an infringement of their sex privileges. The whole point to my mind is, whether smoking in women can justly be considered unrefined or unrefining. That there are women who have taken to smoking

merely because at one time it was considered rather "fast" and "manly," I do not dispute. That there are others who go on smoking when in truth it bores them I also believe. This idiosyncrasy, however, is not confined to the female portion of the community. But that there are women who smoke simply and solely for the same reasons that men have always smoked since the days of Raleigh is, I think, also beyond dispute. Now is there anything in the intrinsic nature of the cigarette (I do not, I admit, advocate pipes and cigars for ladies) that is likely to have an unrefining influence on women? I think we have only to look at the women who do smoke to have this question answered in the negative.

The moment we hear (and I have no reason to suppose that she would not wish it referred to) that our most gracious and refined Queen does not despise the "fragrant weed" (the fragrance of which, frankly, is the one thing I dislike about it) and that most other Royal ladies habitually smoke their cigarette after

meals, there is no more, I think, to be said on the score of want of refinement in the habit. The most exquisite person I know, "a lady, the wonder of her kind," was often much distressed when I refused to join her over a cigarette of peace.

But alas, there is another side! I saw in some paper the other day how a poor little general servant was rendered unfit for her work by the addiction to the cigarette habit. She would slink out at all times of the day and night, so long as the shops were open, and spend her scanty earnings on her surreptitious and evil-smelling packet of cigarettes. She would hide them in her stockings and elsewhere, and when taxed and reprimanded stoutly declared she would sooner give up her place than her cigarettes. The daily papers also reported the unattractive sight of a smartly dressed nurse wheeling a smartly dressed baby in a smartly decorated perambulator between Hyde Park Corner and the Marble Arch with a lighted cigarette

between her lips. The same paper also affirmed that cigarettes were handed round after meals in the housekeeper's room in "smart" country-houses. The papers also tell us that they learn from the tobacconists that in certain districts the factory girls are their most unfailing customers. "Many a girl will buy her packet of twenty-five of the cheapest cigarettes on the market regularly every day." When one reads such tales as these one wonders whether that nicotine plant had better not have been labelled after all.

Am I preaching that what is well for the rich should be forbidden to the poor? Not even so horrible a suggestion will make me shrink from saying that tobacco-smoking should not be one of the first luxuries to be added to the life of the working-woman: that there are higher aims, and that when she has shown herself the possessor of a truer sense of proportion than in the spending of a hard-earned wage on a nerve-depressing concoction, such as cheap cigarettes

are made of, it will be time to see whether she thinks it worth while also to add cigarette smoking to her daily luxuries.

Let smoking be recognised *as* a luxury and not as a necessity. Doctors recognise the prevailing custom amongst "smart" women of cigarette smoking. A lady having consulted a famous nerve-specialist, he placed her on a strict diet and *régime* and ended with the words: "Now remember, *one* cigarette after every meal." She returned to him shortly after and said: "I feel much better and have stuck religiously to all you prescribed; but, tell me, *need* I smoke that one cigarette; it does make me feel so sick?" The poor lady had never smoked in her life before.

This brings me to the consideration as to whether ladies should smoke at public restaurants and in other public places. Now while being prepared to say that I have fully shown that there is nothing to be ashamed of in moderate smoking, and that provided there is no shame in the proceeding,

there is no reason one should not smoke in the same way and with the same friends in public as well as in private. But it would not be a sense of shame that would prevent one from smoking in all the places where men do not mind being seen smoking, but a sense of fitness. This, the occasion and the good sense and good taste of the woman should infallibly dictate to her. Men, for instance, nowadays (although at one time it was *not* considered polite) will walk along the street with a lady, and he will smoke as he walks along. No one with any sense of fitness or proportion will advocate a woman smoking in the street. The reason is very obvious. It is not the custom; and no lady will infringe any custom that involves her becoming an object of undue attention in public. This is a very simple and elementary rule, and one that should guide women quite easily as to when and where they should smoke when they feel inclined to do so.

Being myself somewhat of a stoical

epicurean by nature, I do not advise young people to smoke at all. Let them reserve such solace as smoking brings for the time when the buoyancy of youth is on the wane, and the greener joys of life look to their eyes somewhat sere and yellow.

SOCIAL ADVERTISEMENT

THERE are many ways of advertising. Social advertisements take many forms; some are so crude and obvious that they might just as well have the sign "(advt.)" placed after them—such as one is vexed to find at the end of some thrilling tale that has held one spell-bound, relating the mysterious, painful and lingering illness of some sufferer, and his or her sudden restoration to abnormal health and activity through the agency of some simple herb. Some of these social advertisements are perfectly legitimate and harmless, but some are grossly offensive. When a person has written his heart out in expressing sympathy and affection to a friend for some loss he or she has sustained, is it conceivable that this person will be gratified by being asked in print "to accept that intimation" of his friend's appreciation of the effort that cost him so much?

When I see these advertisements put in by people I have never heard of, people aping what may be merely a vulgar economy in well-known people, it occurs to me that possibly the letters they have received are really very few in number, but that they imagine that those who have written will be gratified by finding themselves amongst the intimate friends of persons who can boast of the quantity as well as of the quality of their friendships. For it is to be presumed that mere acquaintances do not write letters of condolence.

I cannot imagine either for whose benefit it is that private individuals advertise what guests they have entertained either at dinner, luncheon, balls, evening-garden- or country-house parties, unless it be to show those among their acquaintances whom they have *not* invited what kind of company they have missed. For the people who received invitations, whether they avail themselves of it or not, cannot require to be reminded the next day either that they attended these

feasts or might have done so. It must, therefore, be for the benefit of such of the public who read the papers who were not bidden. And what advantage they gain by the information thus vouchsafed I am at a loss to conceive.

By the same token the advertisements which appear after any functions by which the Sovereign has been graciously pleased to entertain his subjects, always strike me as rather impertinent. In the columns giving the official list of the *invités* a paragraph is carefully inserted intimating that some of them were "unavoidably prevented from obeying their Majesties' commands." It is to be presumed that the regret of those thus unavoidably prevented is conveyed by the proper medium to their Royal hosts. No one can imagine that their Majesties are expected to "accept this intimation" in the same way as the friends of the bereaved advertiser. It cannot, therefore, be particularly pleasing to these august personages to have the unfortunate inability of some of their guests to respond

to their gracious commands made the property of the public through the medium of the press, as it is presumably a private concern between them and their Sovereign, and not one of any public interest or importance whatsoever.

A friend of mine of a somewhat humorous turn of mind having failed to receive an invitation to one of the Royal Garden Parties at Windsor, although she had been graciously bidden by Royal command to what are considered more select entertainments, said she might just as well put in an advertisement saying: "Lady —— regrets having been prevented from attending their Majesties' garden party owing to not having been invited." And I confess that I do not consider that such an advertisement would have been a much grosser breach of manners than the other advertisements ending with a slightly varied formula. The reasons some of the people can have for being guilty of this "misdemeanour" are difficult to understand. For there can be no doubt as to the "social

position" of some of the guilty, and they can hardly desire to remind the public that they are "entitled to recognition." In other cases it is easy enough to understand that notoriety in even its humblest form is to them preferable to complete obscurity. And with some people "obscurity" and "absence of wealth" are synonymous terms, even though the "obscure" be the possessors of the bluest blood and the requisite number of "quarterings" to ensure their inclusion in the *Almanac de Gotha*.

I have been assured that one lady (not of my acquaintance) at the beginning of one season put an advertisement in the newspaper usually purveying such intelligence, that she was giving a ball at the most fashionable of the public ball-rooms open to hire for the purpose. On the strength of this, so it is said, she received many invitations for herself and her daughters throughout the season. But a week before her ball was announced to take place, another advertisement was inserted expressing regret that this lady's

ball had been unavoidably and indefinitely postponed. It never took place, and her "friends" rather unkindly suggested that there was never any intention on her part of carrying out her prophesied entertainment. If this story were true, I should be inclined to regard it as one of the legitimate uses of advertisement, and those who invited her to their entertainments only in order to receive an equivalent return for their hospitality were justly rewarded. It is an odious example of the odious uses to which "this age of advertisement" puts the columns of the public press, under the pretence of conveying spontaneous information for the benefit of the newspaper-reading public.

I can vouch for the accuracy of the following jocular reproof which was received by some persons with whom I happen to be acquainted. A paragraph appeared announcing the fact that "Lord and Lady —— intended journeying to Scotland in the middle of a certain month in order to pay a round of visits." Certain of their friends and relations joined to-

gether, and sent the following "round-robin" to them, signed in full by all who took part in it: "Having seen your advertisement in the *Morning Post*, we the undersigned regret to have to inform you that we are unable to offer you hospitality at the date you mention. If at a later date it will still be convenient to you both to honour us with a visit, will you intimate the same to us by a fresh advertisement?" My informant further volunteered the information that these personages did not go north at all that year. But so long as there were any hotels in existence I cannot believe that they could be so easily jockeyed out of their intention to benefit by the enchanting air and scenery of North Britain.

I would not, however, have it supposed for one minute that I tax all the people who are gratuitously advertised with being parties to such advertisements. Indeed I know from personal experience that this is not so.

The first time that a picture with flattering comments appeared of me in some illustrated paper, I wrote to the

editor requesting him to state, in his next issue, that the picture had appeared without my consent or knowledge. I received a civil answer in return, regretting his inability to comply with my request, but offering me his profound apologies for having committed a breach of copyright; but saying further that he had quite understood from the photographer that he had my permission to reproduce the photograph he had taken of me. I therefore consulted a man of law (my excuse must be that I was young at the time) as to whether I had no remedy in view of the refusal of the editor to comply with my request. The man of law informed me that "certainly I had a fair legal case" as the publication of my portrait without my permission was an infringement of Copyright, provided I had paid for the sitting, which I had done. But he also justly pointed out to me that the view presented would be that of a person complaining of undue publicity, and yet adopting the surest methods of adding to such publicity.

Let me make myself clear: I had and have no objection whatever to having my good qualities, such as they are, extolled and exaggerated in any way that it pleases people to do so; but I did object to the possibility of being considered one of those persons who connive at such transactions and who, I understand, are occasionally found to be willing to offer remuneration (great or small, according to their means) in order to see themselves apparently gratuitously advertised in this fashion.

Since then I have become quite accustomed to such paragraphs, and I confess that they rather please me than otherwise.

Nevertheless distaste for the grosser and more obvious form of self-advertisement must always remain innate in all sensitive, refined persons. And we may, I think, hope that it is merely a passing phase or craze, and that the true balance between what is permissible and what is "beyond" will be re-established, and that (I say it without desire to offend) American methods of conducting the public press will not become universal in England.

BEGINNINGS AND ENDINGS

My article in the *Cornhill Magazine* on "Social Solecisms" received a considerable amount of attention. And I have been questioned both publicly and privately as to the correctness of certain habits and expressions. But when I received a letter from America asking me whether "Tuxedo," "dining coats," or "dinner jackets" were the more correct expression, I thought at first that the writer was what is vulgarly called "pulling my leg." I felt as if I had been asked whether "residence" or "diggings" were the more polite form of designating the house one was living in, whether one should speak of one's friends as being "tight," "screwed," or merely as "half-seas over," whether one should say, "Did you ever," or "well I never," in remonstrance; and I was reminded of Dr. Johnson, who may be

considered as having been almost as great an authority on these matters as I am, when asked, "Which is the more correct, 'neether' or 'neyther'? replied, 'Neither.'" I grieve, therefore, to say that I have never heard of "Tuxedo" as a garment. In the intimacy of the family circle I have known smoking-jackets worn at dinner, and a "smoking" is a recognised form of *deshabillé* in French circles, and is pronounced "smokine." I have known people with a prejudice against black evening ties, but that, I believe, is the correct accompaniment of a "smokine."

I have also been asked whether it is considered more ceremonious to begin a letter, "Dear So and So," or, "My dear So and So." I should think there could be no doubt that the most formal manner possible in which to begin a letter, other than that of a purely business nature, would be, "Dear Mr. or Mrs. So and So." The sense of possession conveyed by the "my" renders it distinctly more familiar if not more friendly. I have been

told that it is understood in America that "My dear" is the more ceremonious form, and that "Dear Mrs. Smith" is distinctly more intimate in tone. This may be so, but I cannot understand the reasoning by which it can be so considered, unless in this somewhat roundabout fashion. In French, for instance, I understand that the possessive pronoun is used in a protective sense to an inferior, and in this somewhat subtle way the beginning, "Dear Mrs. Smith," might be thought to imply terms of greater equality and thus less restraint. But the idea is far-fetched, and the more natural and obvious method in writing seems to me preferable.

On the other hand there is no doubt that in speaking, to address a person as "dear" is both more affectionate and more familiar than "my dear." One could say only to an intimate friend, "Will you do this for me, dear?" whereas you need not know a person very well to have occasion to exclaim, "My dear So and So, I will do as you

ask with the greatest pleasure," or, "My dear, it is no trouble at all!"

The ending of letters, too, has a distinctly ascending scale of warmth in writing to one's equals, from "yours truly" to "your most loving." My code is as follows: (1) "yours truly," (2) "yours very truly," (3) "yours sincerely," (4) "yours very sincerely," (5) "yours most truly," (6) "yours most sincerely," (7) "yours ever," (8) "yours affectionately," (9) "yours very affectionately," (10) "yours most affectionately," (11) "your loving" (Here the surname is dropped!), (12) "your very loving," (13) "your most loving." Naturally from some people these endings may mean more than they would mean from others. For instance, "yours most sincerely" from a man to a woman who was no relation would be (perhaps!) more than equivalent to "yours affectionately" or even "yours very affectionately" from a woman to a woman. "Yours ever" is more often used between men and men, and implies terms of *bonne camaraderie*, and the same

may be said when used between men and women who are no relation to each other. A variation of one of these endings was used in a rather pathetic sense once by a lady to her quondam lover: she subscribed herself, "yours too truly."

To ignore these subtleties is to lose half the charm of correspondence. How often has the whole impression produced by a letter been modified or enhanced by the beginning and the ending, and the spirits of the sensitive correspondingly either dashed or exhilarated?

THE END

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