"I wish you were my godmother and then you could tell mamma to get me frocks as long as other girls' of my age."

Boys are more protected as a rule by the regulation dress of their schools, and if parents or teachers could induce them not to laugh at the wrong time it would be well, but that is too much to be hoped for, perhaps. A little boy well known to me went to a good public school. The first time he went to his French set the polite French master asked him a question. He went to his French set the polite French master asked him a question. "Oui, monsieur?" A titter of laughter went round the set at the unwonted sound, and he learnt his lesson, to answer in English, and very soon acquired as bad an accent as

M. E. C.


"I once offended him--I trust that was the only time that I did so--by telling him when I got my Fellowship, that he might have saved me many gloomy misgivings as an undergraduate, if the Cambridge system had dealt a little more freely in words of encouragement. I said this, not by way of any personal complaint, but only from the deeply-seated conviction on which I have always acted as a principle in education, and which, to my knowledge, has produced good fruits, in the minds of some, that there are youth of different temperament, always inclined to undervalue themselves, so whom the total dearth of hopefulness about their own efforts, which their elders and betters might so easily inspire, produced the effects, sometimes of mental paralysis, sometimes of death."

This sentence struck me as being so true and so applicable to my own feelings in days of yore, that I have ventured to yield to my impulse of transcribing it for the editor of our Parents' Review. As a young girl of fifteen, I was idle and thoughtless, but often I used to feel, "Oh, that mamma would praise me sometimes, instead of only speaking of my faults." She was about the very best and dearest of mothers. A. A. T.

Would it be troubling you too much to ask you to jot me down, when you have the leisure, the best half-dozen stories for children which you know, and where they may be found; such stories as will bear frequent repetition?

A FATHER.
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Reply to V. M. H.—Get Wheatley's book, "How to form a Library," and see chapter on "Children's Libraries," which gives one every sort of information on the subject. It is not an expensive book, and is well worth reading in itself.—ANSWER.

Could you not bring out very clearly and simply a scheme of education for mothers in rightly planning the school-room life? (1) Stating whether it is best to send children from the first day to a day school, such as the class-teaching and companionship; or a kindergarten, for the sake of the individual teaching and training by a daily or resident governess the individual character? (2) A programme of lessons for little boys, say from six to nine, and up to what age, before going to public school? (3) The best system of and also a list of the best-approved lesson books. (4) The best way of allowing girls to buy teaching. I think this would help many a young mother who has to buy books. (5) What is the best to map out one's day. (6) An excellent book for parents to give to their children, who have been hitherto without any knowledge of the practical work of a newspaper. Sub-editing was but a name to me, reader writing a mystery. I knew as much—or as little—about preparing telegrams for the press and special correspondence as I did about the Sphinx and the sources of the Nile, and had I attempted to make money as a journalist I must inevitably have failed. My ignorance would have been patent to any editor. Under Mr. Anderson's tuition I have learnt all the working of newspapers, the construction of leaders, the duties of the critic, the interviewer, and the special correspondent; in fact, I believe, I may say that journalism has no longer any mysteries for me. The crooked paths in which novelists wander have been made straight, and an artist necessarily depends upon himself. Some, however, while I have been with him, have done so, if not at the first shot, still very quickly, and are already, at the outset of their careers, earning their livings on their

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Press. It is obvious that there is a front door to journalism, and that all need not wear themselves out as reporters and hacks in small newspaper offices for long periods, before there is any chance of their gaining the necessary experience to earn a livelihood as journalists. Mr. Anderson plays the time-honoured rôle of "Experience" to his pupils. He "teaches." He gives them the spoils he has won on the battle-field of the Press. I paid a fee of 100 guineas for some of these spoils, and I shall never regret having done so.—R. S. H.

Miss Austen's nephew tells us how his Aunt Jane could keep up cup and ball, was it 200 times? This may offer a hint for "Primrose's" little girl, who should try to beat the record of yesterday's doings. But better far is battledore and shuttlecock; perhaps there is no game which gives better exercise to the muscles, or tends more to cause chest expansion. The child need not be lonely, as grown-ups play it with as much pleasure as children; any way, a record of each day's feats in the way of "keeping up" would give spirit to the play. If the child learns to play from hand to hand, a battledore in each hand, the exercise is simply perfect, as the muscles of both sides are equally exercised.—Shuttlecock.

Prizes.

The name, or, rather, the nom de plume of each of the successful competitors for the Art Prizes will appear in our June issue. It will amuse the children to adopt the names of favourite heroes and heroines, and we think it well they should be spared the sense of publicity which comes of "seeing your name in print."

The Flower Competitions should be sent to the publishers on the 30th of May. They should be marked "Flower Competitions," and should be addressed to the Editor. Within the packet, should be the adopted name, and the age of the competitor, and a certificate from some competent person to say that it is his or her unsold work.

Prize.—A prize will be given for a map of the evening sky as it appears on the 30th of May, drawn from memory, and accompanied with a certificate on the 30th of May, drawn from memory, and accompanied by a prize money of 100 guineas for some of these spoils, and I shall never regret having done so.