

one's whole soul is longing to put thanks into fitting words!

This sort of nervousness produces more serious results than social embarrassment or amateurish tremor. It disguises and disfigures the whole nature, and in too many a case seriously interferes with the happiness of its victim.

The sovereign remedy for nervousness is this—to turn the thoughts away from self. An exaggerated self-consciousness is at the root of the whole evil. A story told me by a city missionary, in another connection altogether, may have an application here. He was greatly discouraged at his many difficulties and went one day to call upon an old woman in his district, telling her of his intention to resign his work. She spoke to him in the following parable—

“When I was a child in the country I was sent by my mother daily to a farm to fetch milk. I had to cross a stream by a narrow footbridge. One day the stream was unusually full, rushing swiftly along, and as I crossed it on my way to the farm I felt giddy. Returning with the can, I again ventured on the bridge and felt more giddy still. I feared to tumble and spill the milk ere I could get across. All at once something seemed to say to me, ‘Look at that tree on the further bank, not at your footsteps.’ I fixed my eye on the sturdy oak across the stream and walked safely over.”

“Look away from yourself!” is the moral of this anecdote. The nervous above all people need to lay it to heart.

Take a familiar illustration. The nervous, self-conscious *debutante* tosses and tumbles all night long before her concert at her

School of Music; she cannot sleep; when the dread hour arrives she feels as though she were being led to execution; her thought is all of herself and her own powers. “How shall I get through it? what will the audience think of me?”

She begins her sonata, and it is evident that she is self-conscious to a painful extent; people fidget and feel uncomfortable, and wish it were over. Gradually, as she proceeds, the beauty of the music takes hold upon her nature, and her thoughts turn to that rather than to her own sensations. The attention of the audience is arrested; she does not notice them, for she is gradually being absorbed by the spell of the Master she interprets, and her soul is passing into his strain; her face is losing its harassed, anxious look, and becoming rapt and peaceful. When she ends there is a tumult of applause; she is surprised; she has “forgotten herself” in her art, and has therefore done well.

“I am not a good nurse; I am far too nervous,” says another girl who is nevertheless anxious to be helpful in this most womanly office. And while her thoughts are concentrated on herself she is pretty sure

to be awkward and clumsy, stumbling and doing the wrong thing at the wrong moment, to the discomfort of herself and the invalid. But if she can succeed in forgetting herself altogether, and thinking only of the sufferer, she will be surprised to find how easy the task becomes.

“All the diseases of the mind, leading to fatalest ruin, are due to the concentration of man upon himself,” says Ruskin.

The self-consciousness of people who are not in the least “selfish” in the commonly-accepted sense, often stands in the way of their happiness and usefulness.

Dear girls, who suffer from shyness or nervousness, I have a special fellow-feeling with you. But let me assure you that, while I sympathise with these troubles, I know from experience they can be overcome in sufficient degree to fully repay your effort. Not only your own comfort, but your use and worth to other people are affected by these weaknesses. And while you suffer from them, you cannot fully enter into the only life worth living, in which you come to identify yourself freely and gladly with a larger, fuller life than the life of Self.

GROWING VINES IN POTS.

By MRS. BRIGHTWEN.

THE natural growth of the vine is so graceful and beautiful when adorned with bunches of luscious grapes, we may well desire to utilise it for decorative as well as useful purposes, and this can easily be done if young vine plants are trained in pots.

Vines properly grown and ripened may be bought of any fruit nurseryman in the autumn for about seven-and-sixpence or ten shillings each.

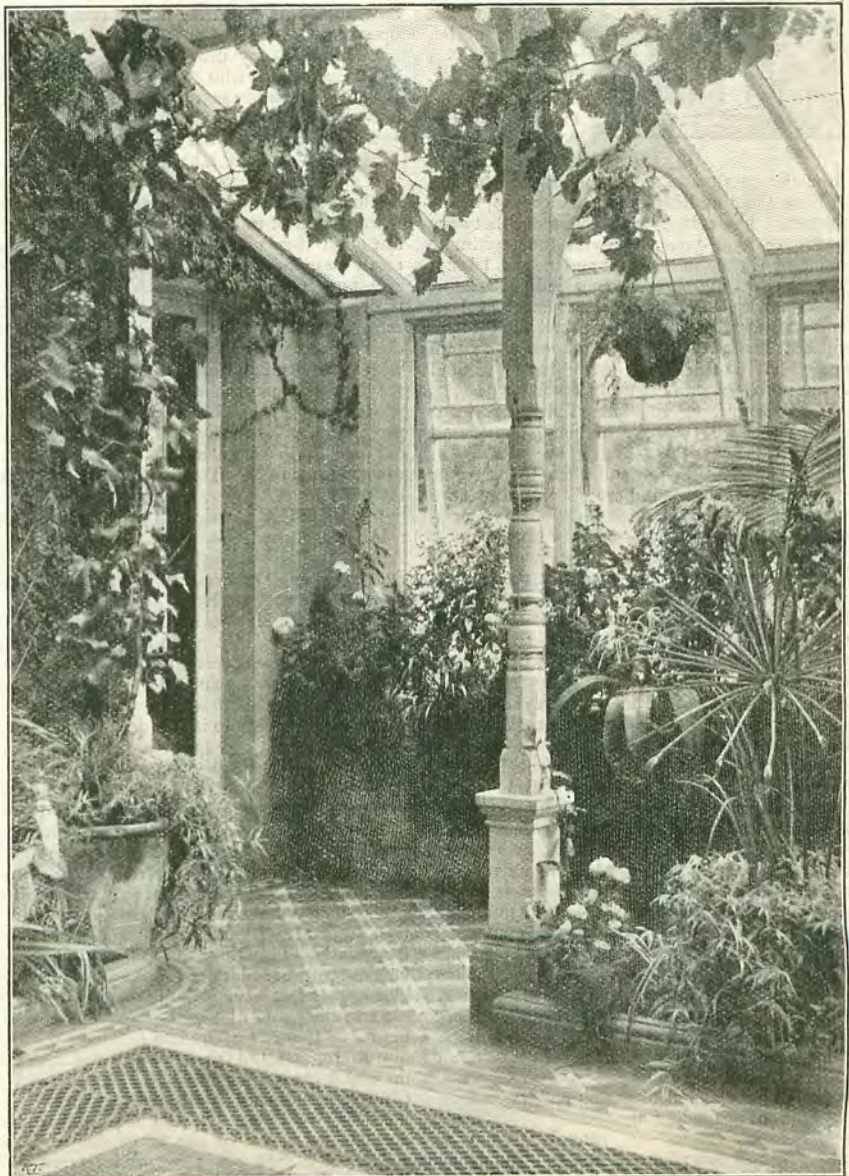
The pots should be eleven inches in diameter, filled with good mellow loam mixed with a little lime rubbish, and a good quantity of broken potsherds should be placed at the bottom to give thorough drainage.

These vines should stand for the winter in a greenhouse or cool vinery so that they may be kept dry and at a low temperature.

Early in the year the stem should be shortened to six or seven feet and the cut covered with a little dab of white lead to prevent the sap oozing out.

About March the soil in the top of the pot will require to be stirred up and enriched with a little fine earth, to which has been added some bone meal, and then after a good watering, the vine will begin to start. From the axils of the old leaves shoots will be developed, bearing bunches of incipient grapes; as soon as these are well formed about seven or eight should be selected so as to furnish the stem. Pinch off the remaining bunches and also the points of the shoots, with the exception of those bearing the bunches of grapes and the terminal shoot.

If we possess a vinery the culture will now be very simple, the stem can either be tied up to a vacant wire on the trellis, or to a tall bamboo stake.



As the bunches grow they will need a little thinning of the berries and the application of weak liquid manure to the roots.

As soon as the berries begin to ripen the air must be kept drier, the windows opened daily in fine weather to give free ventilation.

When the fruit is ripe the pots can be carefully removed to a conservatory or hall, and a nice finish is given to the plant by covering the surface of the soil with fresh green moss and placing small pots of hanging greenery all

round the edge to hide the sides of the large pot.

There are other uses and advantages in growing these pot vines. Suppose we wish to make an outdoor tea-party especially charming and attractive, one of our fruiting vines may be transported to the vicinity of the tea-table and placed at the root of a tree so that the stem may be attached to the trunk and the clusters of ripe grapes hang temptingly within reach of our guests, so that they can help themselves as they please.

The illustration shows a vine thus trained over the doorway of my conservatory; the large pot is draped with *Panicum variegatum*, which usually entirely conceals the vine-root, but in order to show that so much foliage can be grown from one root the pot is permitted to be seen in the photograph.

The sorts best suited for this culture are Buckland's Sweetwater, a pale yellow grape; Foster's seedling, a greenish grape; and Black Hamburg; these three sorts make a nice variety and are well adapted for pot culture.

BEAUTY: A DUTY.

By W. GORDON-STABLES, M.D., R.N. ("MEDICUS").



ES, beauty is a duty you owe to everyone around you, and I never think anything the less of a girl who tries to make the most of her good looks. Nor of a man either. Though the beauty of manliness is of quite a different stamp

from the gentle and soft loveliness of woman.

Now pray understand me before I go any further. There is a great difference between trying to look your best with the legitimate "aid of simple measures," and actual faking. Some years ago there was a lady, Madame R—, who I believe came to grief at last, and who used positively to enamel the faces of ancient dames. She plastered on a coat of some stuff so thick that the unhappy woman could not even smile without cracking it.

There is nothing that some females will not do or suffer for the sake of being considered pretty or beautiful. There are places in London where they pretend even to excise or stretch out wrinkles and crow's feet about the eyes, and give the simple semi-idiotic patient—they need to be patient—an entire new skin.

These beauty-makers charge wealth and fashion enormous prices, and although in every case their work is an utter and absurd failure, they recover their debts, for the reason that no lady would permit herself to be sued for such a thing as this. It is not difficult to imagine such a case as the following: Miss Blondeau has been getting sensibly older for some years back. She doesn't exactly know her age, but is almost certain she was born in Her Gracious Majesty's reign. She has still hopes of getting married—when I wonder does a woman give up all hope of coming connubial bliss. But Miss Blondeau is wealthy in a way of speaking. She rides in the park in a pretty two-pair landau, and her nags are universally admired, even to their musical harness, so is the burly coachman's livery and the flunkey's as well. Miss B— has hitherto contented herself by faking her face with various powders and wearing a complexion veil. She makes many calls during the week on lady-friends, and talks incessantly, and is according to her own estimate still "a gushing, giggling thing" with youth at her heart. But she does not know that this same garrulity of conversation, far from being a sign of youthfulness, is really a symptom of advancing age.

Both those crows' feet though. They are annoying and do make one look old when they are—well, not so old. Ah, but one day in glancing over a gazette of fashion, a lady's

newspaper, her eye falls upon an advertisement. She reads it over and over again. Then she writes a note to the advertiser, asking for an interview, which of course is readily granted.

When she expresses some doubt as to the advisability of submitting herself to certain little operations—

"But, oh, my dear lady," says Madame Schizzlowodski, who talks with a slightly Russian accent, "you will make up—pardon me—most beautifully. Let me see, perhaps you are a little over thirty-five!"

Miss B— nods a happy consent.

"Well, it like twenty you shall be in one leetle month's time. I have in my clientels many ladies of rank and even Princesses, who, although they do verge on sixty, would most easily pass for your younger sister.

"They pay me well," she adds, "that is understood. The labourer is worthy of his hire. You are perhaps wealthy. But ah, my dear lady, what can wealth signify to you, if with it beauty is not combined?"

"You will pardon me, Miss Blondeau, if I speak honestly. Honesty is part of my profession. When I get a bad case or a very old one, I do shake my head. No, I say, I can do no things. You are, I say, one leetle bit *passé*.

"Well, Miss Blondeau, I see you have been using the cosmetique, the powder, the rouge. Ah, such is not art, such is not science. Ladies do spoil their skins by these, and they come to me too, *too late*."

Madame Schizzlowodski—don't worry over that word, girls, if you can't manage it to-day any time next week will do—Madame Schizzlowodski, I was going to say when you interrupted me, had winning ways with her. Moreover, her studio is wonderful to behold; a museum of art and applied science. Among other curiosities she opens an album and shows Miss Blondeau several of her clients photographed *before and after* a course of treatment.

Is it any wonder that Miss Blondeau succumbs. I could explain the whole of madame's processes for the renewal of youth and beauty. I will not however. Suffice it to say that the lady is a full-grown fraud, and that after Miss Blondeau had sacrificed herself for months and endured untold sufferings, her face is ten times more old-looking than before. The crow's feet have given place to scars, there are the cicatrices of what appears to be burns here and there as if she had fallen on the bars of a grate, and the corner of one eye is drawn up which gives poor Miss Blondeau a sort of Chinese squint, not at all prepossessing.

Miss B— is a proud, high-spirited woman despite the fact that she is in the sere and yellow leaf. She has a stormy interview with Madame Schizzlowodski and gives her a piece of her mind. "I shall never pay you," she

cries, as she flounces out and away. The madame smiles. She is used to such scenes, and when one morning Miss B— receives a threat to place her bill in court, Miss B— thinks she had better pay and be done with it. For who could have a bill read out in a public place containing items like the following:

	£	s.	d.
To ninety-three <i>sederunts</i> includ-			
ing Face baths	21	0	0
One mole (removed)	7	7	0
Buccal wrinkles (ditto)	10	10	0
Crow's feet excisions	50	12	0
Hair dyeing	9	3	0
Superfluous lip hairs electroli-			
cally destroyed	25	10	0
Reginal enamel	25	10	0
Stellar eyebright	7	7	0
Persian rouge, Kohl rouge	10	10	0
Sundries	9	13	6
Total	177	2	6

Well, I think Miss Blondeau was right in paying and saying no more about it. She has reverted now to more simple means for preserving the little beauty she has remaining.

Ah, but there is a beauty in age that is mental, not facial. The beauty of doing good. Not in a sing-psalm way, but in studying the lives of the deserving poor and trying to make them more happy.

I want now, girls, to mention one or two legitimate ways of improving your beauty. They may be thought simple but they are genuine.

I would have you endeavour to improve your minds by good literature. Don't go jumping or scorching away to the library and come back with the latest novel, but buy THE GIRL'S OWN SUPPLEMENT every month, and there you will find a really beautiful story delightful to read and to retain in the memory. (If you have not read Sarah Doudney's *Cluster of Roses*, you have missed a great treat, I can assure you. Hard study on dry-as-dust subjects does not improve either mind or body. Such studies give a weary, worried expression to the face, which it is apt to retain. The eyes acquire a pained look and the muscles of the cheeks deteriorate, even the lips become thin and the upper lip drawn.

But there are studies that positively improve the features and the eyes as well. These must—and this is a *sine qua non*—be of an interesting character and such as draw the mind away from this midget of a world of ours. Popular astronomy is one. Study Proctor's books, say, to begin with, *Other Worlds than Ours*, *Other Suns than Ours*, etc. These will fascinate you. You will find yourself leaving superstition behind and