A Garden of Lilies

Improving Tales for Young Minds

by Prudence A Goodchild

from the world of Stella Montgomery

by Judith Rossell
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ABC Books
Epigraph

Children, listen and take heed,
As this little book you read.
Always do just as you should,
And be obedient and good.
Never headstrong, rude or proud,
Or lazy, careless, wild or loud.
All your evil ways amend,
Or you will meet a dreadful end.

Prudence A Goodchild
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Agnes was a scullery maid. Every day she emptied the slops and mopped the floors and blacklead the grates and carried water for the baths and coal for the fires. She peeled the potatoes and scraped the fish and washed the saucepans and polished the brass door-knocker and scrubbed the front step of the big house where she worked.

Agnes should have been grateful and modest, but she was a silly girl. She was frivolous and vain, and she often liked to look at herself in the mirror.

One day, a peddler came to the kitchen door, and Agnes bought some bright red and blue ribbons. That evening, instead of sitting quietly in the kitchen, darning her stockings as she should, Agnes tied the new ribbons into her hair. She admired her reflection in the mirror, and then, without even putting on her hat, she went out to the fair.
She rode on the flying boats and the merry-go-round, ate toffee and gingerbread, and watched the fireworks. She came home rather late, and her mistress was very shocked, so Agnes lost her position. She became a beggar, and then drowned in a river.

*Moral*

Modesty should be your aim,

Or you will surely come to shame.
Darning of Stockings

Girls these days are too inclined to frivolous pursuits, such as visiting fairs or reading novels, when they would far better spend their time darning their stockings, or those of their brothers.

Before commencing, the worn or torn part of the stocking should be trimmed neatly. Select a wool thread somewhat finer than that of the stocking itself.

The vertical threads are sewn very closely together with no interval between them (see Figure 1).

Next, the crosswise threads are executed, the needle always taking up the thread that was previously left below (see Figure 2).

A well-executed darn is an indication of good character. A loose, careless or faulty darn shows extremely poor character indeed.
Beatrice

Beatrice was a greedy child. One day, she refused to eat her good, wholesome dinner of boiled tripe and cabbage and mutton-fat pudding, and instead she asked for bread and jam, apples, currant cakes and treacle. Nurse spanked her with a slipper and sent her to bed with no dinner at all.

That afternoon, greedy Beatrice lay in bed thinking about how hungry she was. At last, when she could bear it no more, she got up and tiptoed down the back stairs into the kitchen. She crept silently behind Cook to the larder and clambered up onto a stool, stealing a preserved damson from the big jar on the shelf. She gobbled it up and licked her lips.
She hurried back up the stairs to her bedroom, and there she noticed with horror that the sticky damson syrup had made a purple stain on her white starched pinafore.

She tried to wash out the incriminating mark using the water from the jug on her washstand. She scrubbed and scrubbed, but the stain would not budge. She heard Nurse’s footstep outside her bedroom door, and she jumped back into bed, pulled up the covers and lay still, hoping she would not be found out.

Later that day, the damp fabric brought on a fever, which killed her.

Moral

Greedy children always tend
To meet with a disastrous end.
An Economical Recipe for a Plain Cake

Rich cakes, puddings and sweets of all kinds are injurious to children and should be avoided. This plain, wholesome cake is sufficient for a dozen or more children on a Sunday-school pic-nic or as an orphanage treat.

1 pound of flour
1 teaspoonful of baking powder
¼ pound of good beef dripping
1 teacupful of moist sugar
1 ounce of caraway seeds
3 eggs
1 breakfast-cupful of milk
butter, for greasing

Stir together the flour and baking powder in a bowl and rub in the dripping. Add the sugar and caraway seeds. Whisk the eggs and milk, and beat everything together very thoroughly until well mixed. Butter a tin, put in the cake and bake it in a tolerably quick oven for 1½ to 2 hours.

For orphanage children, mutton dripping may be used in place of beef dripping, as it is more economical. However, it will impart an unpleasant flavour to the cake.
Cornelius and Drusilla

Cornelius and Drusilla went with their mother and father to pay a visit to Great-Aunt Hypatia. They sat in the parlour and drank tea and ate thin slices of seed cake.

The grown-ups talked and talked, and Cornelius and Drusilla sat side by side on the hard, shiny sofa.

After a very long time, when Great-Aunt Hypatia had finished recounting several long stories about distant relations, Cornelius asked, ‘May we play outside?’
‘Please, may we?’ whispered Drusilla.
‘You may,’ said Great-Aunt Hypatia.
‘But mind you stay in the kitchen yard,’ said their father.
‘Do not open the gate,’ said their mother.

The kitchen yard was very cold and muddy, and was surrounded by a high wall. Cornelius and Drusilla peeped through the gate, and on the other side, they saw the sun shining on the fields, with flowers and trees and a trickling stream.
‘Will we go through?’ asked Cornelius.
‘Just a little way,’ whispered Drusilla.
They knew they should be obedient and stay in the kitchen yard, but instead they unlatched the gate and pushed it open. Before they had taken two steps, they were trampled by a flock of angry sheep.

Moral

Always do as you are told,
Or you will soon be dead and cold.
Interesting Facts

These days, too many boys and girls are unable to make pleasant conversation when paying a visit. Natural History is an unobjectionable subject for discussion. Memorise these Interesting Facts and use them to enliven dull conversations.

The Gymnotus, or Electric Eel, can kill the largest animal, when in full galvanic vigour.

The Guinea-Pig, by nature, is docile and meek. It can do no great evil, but is equally incapable of great good.

The voice of the Zebra is very peculiar and cannot easily be described.
From the Great Greenland Whale we derive our supplies of Oil and Whalebone.
The Tortoise of Archbishop Laud reached the great age of one hundred and twenty years. Its shell may be viewed in the library at Lambeth Palace and measures ten inches by six and a half.

The bark of the Cinchona Tree may be used to treat Malaria.
The Sycamore is the noblest of trees and extremely picturesque.
The domestic habits of the Vulture are very curious, but can hardly be discussed in respectable company.
Euphemia

Euphemia was invited to stay in a castle. It was of great antiquity, with towers and dungeons and a moat with a drawbridge. The first evening of her stay, a dinner of seventeen courses was served in the grand, gloomy dining room. The first dish was giblet soup. Euphemia was confused by the array of cutlery, which was very fine and marked with the family’s ancient crest. Instead of selecting the soup spoon, she carelessly picked up the grapefruit spoon. The other guests were outraged. They had never seen such dreadful table manners.

Later that evening, Euphemia tumbled into an oubliette and was never seen again.

Moral

Boys and girls must all be able
To eat correctly at the table.
1. Fish Knife
2. Oyster Fork
3. Caviar Spoon
4. Grape Scissors
5. Grapefruit Spoon
6. Olive Spoon
7. Tripe Skewer
8. Lemon Fork
9. Cake Fork
10. Pickle Fork
11. Kidney Tongs
12. Lettuce Fork
13. Sardine Fork
14. Fish Fork
15. Soup Spoon
16. Fruit Knife
17. Marrow Scoop
18. Damson Pitter
19. Nut Pick
20. Butter Knife
21. Asparagus Fork
Florence and Gilbert went to pay a call on their grandmother, who lived on the other side of a wood. Their mother gave them a basket to take, containing a loaf of fresh bread and a pot of jam and a nice fruit cake in a tin.

‘Be sure to stay on the path,’ she said.

‘Yes, Mother,’ said Florence and Gilbert, and they waved goodbye and set off into the wood.

At first they followed the path carefully. But soon they became distracted and strayed from the way they should go. Florence saw some early snowdrops growing, and she picked the flowers. Gilbert spied a squirrel and chased it as it leaped from branch to branch overhead. In this way, they wandered further and further from the path, until they found themselves deep in the wood and quite lost.
‘Perhaps we should leave a trail of breadcrumbs,’ said Florence.
‘Or perhaps a kind woodcutter will find us and show us the way,’ said Gilbert.
But no kind woodcutter appeared, and they wandered aimlessly amongst the trees, until they were unexpectedly eaten up by a hungry tiger that had escaped from a nearby circus.

Moral

Always go the way you should
When you are walking through a wood.
A Useful Compass

If you find yourself lost in a wood or other location, you may wish to construct a simple compass.

You will require a stick of several feet in length and the rays of the sun. During the morning, find a clear, flat place and drive the stick into the ground. Ensure it is upright. Mark the position of the end of the shadow with a small stone.

Next, inscribe a circle, starting from the stone, with the stick as the centre. The circle must be an equal distance from the stick all the way around.

Now you must wait several hours. The shadow of the stick will move as the day progresses. At some time during the afternoon, the end of the shadow will again touch the circle. Mark this point with a second stone.
A line drawn directly between these two stones will align East and West. North and South may now easily be ascertained, and if you know the direction in which you wish to travel, you may be able to find your way home.
Horatio

Horatio was an untidy boy. His shirts were always crumpled and his stockings were never pulled up neatly. His knees were grubby and his bootlaces were broken. His pockets were always stuffed full of pebbles and marbles and sweet wrappers and train tickets.

‘Horatio, you are a disgrace,’ said his mother with a languid sigh. ‘I cannot bear to look at you. You must join the Navy. They will teach you to be clean and neat and a credit to the family.’

So Horatio became a midshipman on HMS Inexorable. He learned to tie knots and scrub the deck and use a sextant and follow orders. But he could not learn to be neat and tidy, and was always in trouble.
One day, the Captain told him to climb up to the masthead and keep a lookout for icebergs. ‘But put on a clean collar first, my boy,’ he said. ‘That one is disgraceful.’
Horatio went down to his berth and searched in his sea trunk for a clean collar. But all his collars were grubby and crumpled, and it took him a long time to find one that was reasonably clean. Before he could return to the deck, there was a tremendous crash. The ship struck an iceberg and foundered, and Horatio drowned in the shipwreck.

Moral

Be neat and tidy, clean and trim,
Or your ending will be rather grim.
Captain Frederick Marryat’s Code of Signals

If you find yourself on a ship in difficulty, you may use signal flags to summon assistance from a passing vessel. Attach a selection of flags to the signal halyard in the correct order and hoist them up the mast.
1 North
9 South
18 East
27 West
37 Yes
38 No
132 We have met with an Accident
320 We are Aground
673 We require Immediate Assistance
2380 Met with Severe Gales
2815 We have Sprung a Leak
2910 We have been Struck by Lightning
2970 Mainmast is Damaged
3648 Fallen Overboard
3659 Out of Provisions
3814 Dashed to Pieces
3849 Boarded by a Pirate
5013 Sea Sick
5468 We have Struck an Iceberg
5683 We are in Want of a Surgeon
7046 Our Engines are Damaged
7084 There is no Hope
7504 The Disease is Infectious
Parlour Games

Children’s games that require playing cards, lighted matches or dangerous substances, or encourage gambling, loud laughter or rough behaviour, should never be allowed in respectable homes. The following games are pleasant and unobjectionable.

Up Jenkins

Two teams sit on either side of a table. One team has a halfpenny coin, which they pass hand to hand underneath the table, in a secretive manner so the other team cannot guess the location of the coin. The Captain of the opposing team suddenly cries, ‘Up Jenkins,’ and all the players in the team with the coin must lift their closed hands up above the table, with their elbows resting on the tabletop. On the command ‘Down Jenkins’, they must slam their hands onto the table, hands open and palms down. The guessing team listen to hear the telltale chink of the hidden coin. Then they must select one hand that they believe to be empty and cry, ‘Off.’ The hand is lifted, and if it is indeed empty, the guessing team selects another hand, and so on. If the coin is concealed in the last hand that remains on the table, the guessing team is the winner.

A Memory Game

A tray containing twenty-five small objects, such as a penknife, a piece of sealing-wax, a salt-cellar, a Daguerreotype, an Egyptian artefact, &c., is placed on a table. The players may gaze on the objects for one minute, attempting to remember them all. The tray is covered, and the players must each write down a list of the objects. The player with the longest correct list is declared the winner.
Hunt the Thimble

All but one player leaves the room, and the one remaining hides a thimble, or other small object, in plain sight and sits down. The players return and must search for the thimble. As each player spies it, he or she says nothing, but must sit down quietly. The last player standing and still searching has lost the game.

Blow the Feather

This exceedingly diverting game requires a brightly coloured feather, such as may be plucked from a feather boa or shed by a pet parrot. Two teams sit facing each other at a table. The feather is placed in the centre of the table. Each team must attempt to blow the feather into the air and pass it over the heads of the opposing team. The first team to achieve this is the winner.
Isadora was a scatter-brained girl. She was neglectful with her housework and careless with her appearance.

‘Isadora, stop daydreaming!’ her mother would say sharply, twenty times a day. ‘And brush your hair. You look a fright.’

Isadora should have brushed her hair quickly and tied it back, because she had a lot of work to do. She had to watch her little brothers and sisters and help her mother in the kitchen and the laundry. But instead she would gaze up at the clouds in the sky, as the children played at the edge of the cliff and sheets flew off the line and the kettle whistled dry on the hob. She would push her hair carelessly out of her eyes and let the icy wind whip it into a tangle as she watched seagulls fly past overhead.

Her mother rapped Isadora hard on the head with the hairbrush.
‘Brush your hair, you lazy girl,’ she said. ‘Two hundred strokes.’
Isadora started to brush the knots out of her tangled hair, but soon she was daydreaming again, gazing at the green waves, far below her window. Carelessly, she leaned further than she should, and then a bit further, and then she overbalanced and fell right out of the window, tumbling down the cliff and plunging into the sea, where she was gobbled up by an enormous fish.

Moral

For hair that’s glossy, clean and bright,
Two hundred strokes, both morn and night.
Care of the Hair

The hair should be brushed twice every day, two hundred strokes being not insufficient to impart vigour and shine.

It should be washed regularly, at least once every three months. In towns and cities, it may be necessary to wash the hair even more frequently. The use of rock ammonia, washing soda or harsh laundry soap is not recommended. Soft soap, made from the following recipe, will improve both the texture and colour of the hair.

A Recipe for Soft Soap

2 pounds of fat scraps from the kitchen, both cooked and uncooked
1 pound of brown ash
2 ounces of resin
4 quarts of rain water

Boil all together for eight or ten hours until it forms a clear, thick jelly.
Jesephany and Keziah

Jesephany and Keziah were unruly and wild. They climbed trees and jumped into puddles. They stole apples from Farmer Jenkins’s orchard and rode his old grey mare around, singing vulgar songs.

One day, they climbed out of the parlour window and ran down the lane to the farm. They scrambled up into the branches of the old cherry tree and perched there, eating the ripe cherries, spitting out the stones and hooting with laughter. Suddenly, they heard an angry shout. It was Farmer Jenkins. Jesephany and Keziah jumped down from the tree and started to run away across the field.

But before they went very far, they were suddenly swallowed up by some quicksand and were never seen again.

Moral

Good girls should never laugh or shout,
Or climb up trees or run about.
Girls would be far better occupied in fine needlework than in unruly occupations. Fish-scale embroidery is both useful and decorative when used on small items such as pincushions, needle-cases and reticules.

The scales of any fish may be used, but those of the freshwater perch or the carp are preferred. The fish should weigh not less than one pound. First, the scales must be removed from the fish and thrown into a bowl of tepid water. Take a handful of coarse salt, and rub the scales between the palms of the hands. The water is changed, and the process is repeated. Before the scales are left to dry, two holes must be punched near the base of each with a darning needle. When dry, the scales are sewn onto dark velvet with fine floss silk, making a pattern of ferns, flowers, birds or butterflies. Pearl beads, silver wire and the wing-cases of beetles may be included in the design, and the result will be found well worth the trouble entailed.
Lucretia attended Miss Cragmore’s School for Orphans and the Daughters of Poor Clergy in Grimstone-on-the-Marsh. On Sundays, there were no lessons. The girls rose early, dressed in silence and filed into the chapel for Prayers. Then they had breakfast (bread, margarine and tea) and did plain needlework for two hours, after which they lay on their backboards to correct their posture, while Miss Cragmore read to them from an Improving Book. After dinner (boiled mutton, boiled cabbage and suet pudding), they had a brisk walk in the cold drizzle. Then it was time to write grateful letters to their relations, guardians or other connexions, if any.

‘Perfect, elegant handwriting is the mark of a lady,’ said Miss Cragmore. She stood at the back of the classroom to ensure the letters were written correctly. ‘Take care, girls. No spots or blots.’

Lucretia was writing a letter to her godmother. She did not pay strict
attention to her work. Instead, she gazed out of the window.

‘Eyes front!’ rapped Miss Cragmore.
Lucretia jumped, and a drop of ink spattered onto her letter. She gasped. Everyone turned to look. The girls whispered and pointed.
‘Silence!’ snapped Miss Cragmore. She stamped towards Lucretia, making the floorboards creak. ‘Silence! Attend to your writing.’
But before Lucretia could do this, a marble bust of Prince Albert toppled down from its shelf and squashed her.

Moral

Be attentive when you write,
Or you might not make it through the night.
Writing a Letter to a Person of Distinction

If you have occasion to write a letter to a person of rank or distinction, ensure that you use the best-quality ink and paper. At the head of your letter, in the right-hand corner, put your address in full, with the day of the month underneath. Write in a clear and elegant hand. Sign your name plainly and without unnecessary flourishes. Fold the letter neatly and place it in a clean envelope.

Correct Terms of Address

To the Queen
*Most Gracious Sovereign; May it please Your Majesty*

To Princes and Princesses of the Blood Royal and other branches of the Royal Family
*Your Royal Highness*

To a Duke
*My Lord Duke*

To a Marquess
*My Lord Marquess*

To an Earl, Viscount or Baron
*My Lord*

To a Duchess, Marchioness, Countess, Viscountess or Baroness
Madam

To Younger Sons of Earls, or all Sons of Viscounts or Barons
Honoured Sir

To a Baronet or Knight
Sir

To an Archbishop
Your Grace

To a Bishop
Right Reverend Sir
Maurice, Netty and Obadiah were at the seaside with their father, who was a famous phyologist, collecting rare sea-weeds for the Museum.

‘Bladder Wrack,’ he said, prodding his collecting stick into a pile of sea-weed. ‘Furbelows. Spiny Straggle Weed. Sea Lettuce.’

Maurice, Netty and Obadiah were thoughtless children. They did not want to know so much about sea-weeds. They wanted to run on the sand and climb on the rocks and explore.

‘Look! There is a cave,’ said Maurice, pointing.

‘Norwegian Fan Weed,’ said their father. He bent down and poked about in the sea-weed. ‘Gymnogongrus norvegicus. Cartilaginous. Note the fleshy fronds, children, and the wart-like exciscenses.’ He picked up a specimen and pushed it into a collecting bottle.

‘May we go and explore the cave?’ asked Netty.

‘Perhaps we shall find smuggler’s treasure,’ said Obadiah.

‘Don’t be foolish,’ said their father. ‘Now, this is Slender Wart Weed. And here is Knotted Wrack. A fine specimen.’
While he turned to pick up another collecting bottle, the three children crept away from him and ran along the beach to the cave. The tide was washing around the rocks. They pulled off their boots and stockings and waded through the shallow water. The cave was very dark and smelled of dead fish.

‘Come on,’ said Maurice.

They ventured further in, where they were dragged into an enormous whirlpool, and that was the end of them.

**Moral**

Curiosity killed the cat,
And you as well. Be sure of that.
A collection of sea-weeds, arranged in an album with taste and ingenuity, may afford a vast amount of interest and pleasure.

The sea-weed should be collected when the tide is out, and particularly after a storm. Wash each specimen gently in clear, fresh water several times, and lay it on a piece of heavy watercolour paper or Bristol board. With a sharp-pointed instrument, lay every strand in its proper position, forming a graceful, gossamer-like spray.

Let it dry off partially, and while still a little damp, lay a piece of tissue paper upon it, and place it under several pieces of blotting paper and a large book. Examine the specimen daily and change the blotting paper when necessary.

At the end of the week, or perhaps longer, you will find that the sea-weed is quite dry and adhered to its mounting paper, and may be labelled and added to your collection.
Peregrine

Peregrine was a disobedient child. Every morning, his nurse Brigid took him for a walk in the park. All the other children held onto their nurses’ hands, but Peregrine wriggled free from Brigid’s grasp and ran away from her, laughing.

‘Come back, you feckling rapscallion!’ panted Brigid as she chased Peregrine across the lawn, and in and out of the flowerbeds, and three times around the bandstand. ‘Stop right there, you bleeding hellion!’

But Peregrine would not stop. He ran along the edge of the duck pond.

‘You keep right away from that water!’ shouted Brigid.

But Peregrine laughed and dipped his toe into the pond. A moment later, he was run down by a speeding velocipede.

Moral

One false step is all it takes,
So keep away from ponds and lakes.
Quentin lived with his grandmother. She took the greatest care of his health. He ate only the most delicate milk puddings and beef jellies. He wore patent woollen undergarments, ordered especially from Switzerland. He never played with other children for fear of infection, and avoided any kind of excitement or agitation.

Quentin should have been grateful for his grandmother’s care and attention, but he was wilful and peevish.

On mornings when the weather was fine, his grandmother took Quentin for a walk along the Front. Sometimes she stopped to talk to her acquaintances, and Quentin stood, holding his toy boat, and watched other children riding donkeys along the sand and paddling in the sea.
One day, he saw a Punch and Judy show in a brightly coloured tent on the beach. A man was playing a merry tune with a whistle and a drum. While his grandmother was talking, Quentin went to watch the puppets.
Punch hit Judy. ‘That’s the way to do it,’ Punch said, in his funny squawking voice.

Quentin laughed. A dog ran around with a long string of sausages in its mouth and a crocodile chased the dog, snapping its jaws. One exciting thing happened after another. Quentin clapped his hands. He had never seen anything so funny.

That night, he died from a brain fever brought on by the excitement.

Moral

Misfortune always comes to those
Who go to fairs and puppet shows.
Cone and Shell Work

Instead of wasting your time at fairs and shows, during the summer and autumn collect a store of pine-cones, beech-nuts, acorns, oak-apples, twigs, bark, snail shells, fruit stones, dried moss and other treasures. Then, during the winter evenings, you may create things of both beauty and practical use.

Lay out your materials. Trim the twigs and bark. The pine-cones must be separated with a knife, each scale removed and laid aside. To begin the work, select an item to be covered; a cigar box or other small, sturdy box would be a good choice. Arrange your material as fancy dictates, in a tasteful and elegant manner, covering the lid and the sides of the box. Some of the heavier pieces will require tacks or nails to hold them in place. For others, strong glue will be found effective.

Use a fine, camel-hair brush to varnish your work, and then set it aside to dry.

These boxes, when lined with silk, make elegant containers for stereoscopic slides, pen nibs or gentlemen’s collars. Look around your home, and you will find there are few items that cannot be quite transformed with such charming, rustic decoration.
Roderick and Sapphira

Roderick and Sapphira were idle, careless children. It was a two-mile walk home from school across the fields, and before dark they had to feed the chickens, carry water from the pump, chop kindling for the fire, scare the crows away from the vegetable garden and clean the muck out of the pig pen. But instead of hurrying home from school, they sauntered along, talking and laughing with the other children, climbing trees, spinning tops and playing hopscotch.

One day, they stopped to join in a game of marbles.

Suddenly an enormous bird swooped down, snatched them up and carried them away.

Moral

Boys and girls who stop and play
Won’t live to see another day.
To Grow a Giant Marrow

Children would be far better occupied in the garden than playing foolish games. Growing a marrow of prodigious size is a diverting activity, and the massive vegetable may win a prize in the local flower show, and then be chopped up and made into a wholesome soup to feed several poor families.

A well-drained, sheltered part of the garden should be selected. During winter, dig in a good quantity of farmyard manure, night soil or Peruvian guano. When all danger of frost has passed, plant the marrow seed several inches deep. If a seed can be obtained from an award-winning plant, so much the better. Water it every day. When the young plant emerges, ensure it is protected from the wind and cold, and inspect the leaves for mildew, insects and snails. Choose the largest marrow to keep, and remove all the others. As the vegetable becomes larger, allow it to rest on a cushion and wrap it up in a woollen blanket at night.

A giant marrow of the Turkish variety was recently grown in Woolloongabba, Queensland, by Mr Lindon. It reached four feet, nine inches in length and was reported to be not unpleasant in taste.
Tilly and Ursula went to a Sunday-school pic-nic in the Municipal Gardens and Arboretum. There was maypole dancing, and running races with prizes for the winners, and then a game of hide-and-seek.

‘Do not wander too far!’ called Miss Stickling as the children scattered to hide.
Afterwards, there were buns and milk for everyone. But there were two places empty and two buns remaining. Tilly and Ursula were missing.

‘Run and find them, children,’ said Miss Stickling, clapping her hands.

The children searched through the rock garden and the fernery and the flowerbeds.

‘Tilly!’ they all called. ‘Ursula!’ But there was no answer.

They looked under the rhododendrons and into the water-lily pond, and they ventured into the glass houses and poked the compost heap. They searched everywhere, but there was no sign of Tilly and Ursula.

They had quite disappeared.
Late in the afternoon, they found one crumpled hair ribbon. It was lying on the path next to the herbaceous border, just near the bronze statue of Sir Hector Thistletwaite riding his famous horse Binky.
That was all that was ever found of Tilly and Ursula.

Moral
Wandering children should beware
Of dangers lurking everywhere.
The Language of Flowers

Anemone — Forsaken
African Marigold — Vulgarity
Belladonna — Silence
Daisy — Patience
Daffodil — Regard
Dahlia — Instability
Fern — Sincerity
Foxglove — Insincerity
Fuchsia — Taste
Geranium — Preference
Henbane — Imperfection
Holly — Foresight
Iris — A Message
Jasmine — Amiability
Lavender — Distrust
Lobelia — Malevolence
Mandrake — Horror
Nasturtium — Patriotism
Nightshade — Lies
Pansy — Thoughts
Petunia — Never Despair
Poppy — Consolation
Primrose — Sadness
Rose — Love
Rosemary — Remembrance
Snowdrop — Hope
Sunflower — Haughtiness
Sweet Briar — Simplicity
Tulip — Hopeless Love
Violet — Modesty
Wallflower — Fidelity
Watermelon — Bulkiness
Whortleberry — Treason
Yew — Sorrow
Victoria, Wilfreda and Xavier

Victoria, Wilfreda and Xavier were foolish children. They ran along the tops of high walls, regardless of the danger. They hung over the parapet of the railway bridge to drop bits of orange peel into the canal below. They chased one another into the street, in and out of carts and carriages and bicycles and omnibuses and trams, without looking where they were going.

One day, they came across a round manhole in the pavement. The workmen had lifted up the metal cover to do some work on the sewer, and then they had gone for their dinner.

Victoria looked into the hole. There was a rusty iron ladder leading down. She said, ‘Let’s go and see what’s down there.’

‘Yes, let’s,’ said Wilfreda and Xavier.

And down they went.

It was very dark in the hole, and it smelled of old vegetables and drains. As they climbed down into the darkness, the sounds of the wheels of carriages and carts on the street overhead became fainter, and from below, they could hear rushing water and a roaring sound.
At the bottom of the ladder was a tunnel. They began to walk along it, but before they went very far, they were unexpectedly swallowed by a monstrous crocodile.

**Moral**

Beware what lives below your feet,
In tunnels underneath the street.
Afternoon Tea

Children should not run wild in the streets, but help their mothers in the home. How many girls these days are able to prepare a calf’s-foot jelly, a wholesome dish of stewed tripe, or a nicely boiled sheep’s head?

Even a simple afternoon tea requires care and attention.

To make tea, first fill the teapot with boiling water, wait for two or three minutes, and then pour the water away. Place in the warmed pot one teaspoonful of tea for each person, and one over. Fill the pot with boiling water, close the lid and let it stand for five to ten minutes before serving.

To make toast, cut even slices, rather more than a quarter of an inch in thickness, from a loaf of household bread. Thread each slice onto a toasting fork and hold before a nice, bright fire. Do not allow the bread to blacken, as this spoils both the appearance and the taste. Spread the slices with good butter, cut them into neat pieces and pile them onto a warmed plate.

For children, tea should be weakened with milk and water, and rich food like hot toast with butter should be avoided. A small piece of plain, two-day-old bread is more wholesome and more easily digested.
Yaxley worked in a factory that made boot blacking. He swept the floor and ran errands and pasted the labels onto the jars. One day, he was slow at his work, so he had to stay behind. When at last he finished, it was very late.

He hurried home along the deserted streets. Everything looked different at night. The dark houses loomed up out of the mist, tall and jagged and unfamiliar. Yaxley stopped and looked around. He realised that he had gone the wrong way. He was lost, and he needed to find his way back.
Suddenly, a coach appeared out of the darkness. It swept along the street and came to a halt beside him. The horses’ hooves and the coach wheels made no sound on the cobblestones, as if they were somehow made only of shadows. The horses were as black as night and had funeral plumes on their heads.

The coachman’s hat was pulled down, and Yaxley could not see his face.

The door of the coach opened silently, and a gloved hand beckoned from within. ‘Climb inside, boy.’ The voice was as ancient as stone and as cold as the wind. ‘I will take you where you should go.’

Yaxley knew he should not climb up into the coach, but he did all the same.

The coach drove off silently into the mist and the darkness, and Yaxley was never seen again.

Moral

If you travel with a stranger,
You place yourself in mortal danger.
General Advice on Avoiding Accidents

Do not stand near a tree, lead spout, iron gate or palisade in times of lightning.
Do not sleep out of doors, particularly if it is snowing.
Before entering a confined place, such as a tunnel or vault, which may contain bad air or dangerous miasmas, ensure that a lighted candle will burn. Where a candle cannot burn, animal life cannot exist.

When crossing a road, always go behind a cart or carriage, never in front of it.
Never neglect to write the word ‘POISON’ in large letters upon anything poisonous.

Never meddle with gunpowder by candlelight.
Have your horses’ shoes roughed directly when there are indications of frost.
Keep matches within their boxes. Never fling them about.

Do not read in bed at night. Besides the danger of an accident, it is injurious to
the eyes.
Avoid snakes and other poisonous reptiles.

Never throw pieces of orange peel or broken glass bottles into the street.
Endeavour to acquire the power of swimming, in case of shipwreck.
Zenobia refused to do as she was told. She stamped her feet and answered back and sulked. Her governess, Miss MacVinty, spanked her and made her stand in the corner for hours. But Zenobia was as bad as ever.

One rainy, stormy day, Miss MacVinty said, ‘Zenobia! Balance this book on your head to improve your posture.’

‘I will not,’ said Zenobia, and she snatched the book and flung it through the window with a smash.

Immediately, a waterspout spun in through the broken windowpane. It lurched around the room, flinging books and ornaments and water everywhere.

It sucked up Zenobia and whirled her away into the storm, and that was the end of her.

Moral

Disaster comes to every child,
Headstrong, wilful, rude or wild.
About the Authors

PRUDENCE A GOODCHILD was, for many years, the Matron at St Euphrasia’s Charity School for the Daughters of Impoverished Gentlemen, where she is remembered for her strict principles and firmness of character. Her previous publications include Instructions for Young Ladies, Correct Conduct in Every Situation and One Thousand and One Needlework Patterns (fully illustrated).

JUDITH ROSSELL is an award-winning writer and illustrator of children’s books. When she is not working, she practises the pianoforte and constructs tasteful and elegant arrangements of sea-weeds, snail shells and dried moss. Her previous publications include Withering-by-Sea and Wormwood Mire. Visit her at www.judithrossell.com
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Adventure stories.

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