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THE **WOMAN'S**

A Weekly Record and Review devoted to the interests of Women in the Home and in the Wider World.

Edited by
MRS. FENWICK MILLER.

SIGNAL

No. 169, VOL. VII. REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER. MARCH 25TH, 1897. Every Thursday, ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

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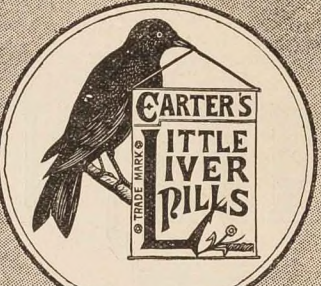
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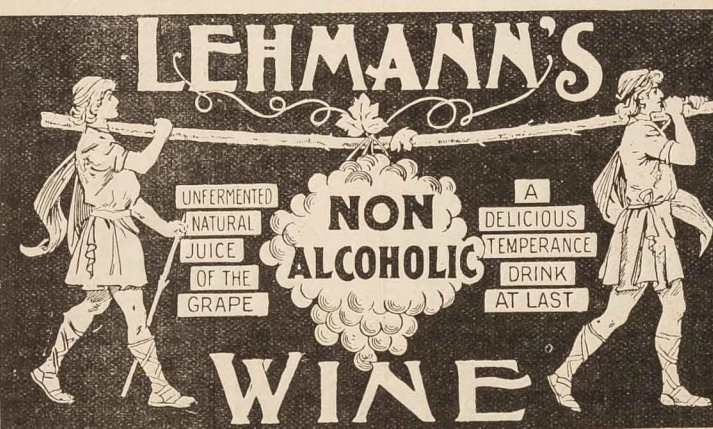
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THE WOMAN'S SIGNAL

A WEEKLY RECORD AND REVIEW FOR LADIES.

Vol. VII., No. 169.] MARCH 25, 1897. One Penny Weekly.

A BOOK OF THE HOUR.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS' REMINISCENCES.*

An international reputation is a curious thing. Some of the most popular writers and the best known public workers in America are totally unknown in this country; others, however, have made their names as familiar here as in their native land. Amongst the latter decidedly must be placed Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Some of her books, certainly, are but little known here, but the one by which she made her reputation over a quarter of a century ago is familiar to, and cherished by, a great circle of British readers. "The Gates Ajar" is a peculiar book, and like most works of an original nature is not acceptable to all readers. This, indeed, is the inevitable penalty of originality. But to many that book has been almost a revelation and full of comfort, and all those will be glad to hear something of the author as told by herself.

Apart from the personal interest, "Chapters From a Life," contains a great deal of information about the writer's friends, many of whom are even better known than herself in this country. When it is mentioned that amongst them were Harriet Beecher Stowe, Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Whittier, it will be seen that the book takes the reader into the best society. We have, for instance, such glimpses as the following:—

"The finest tribute which I ever heard offered to Longfellow was one which may not have found its way into print; for it did not come from the great of the earth, claiming their own and revering him. He had his due of this in life and in death. It would have been an honour to statesmen or to kings to be guests at the poet's table. But what sweeter thing was ever said of him than this: 'If there is any person in Cambridge, or in Boston, whom he knows to be in greater need than any other of social kindness; any one obscure, overlooked, unknown, and friendless—that is the person you are sure to find invited to Mr. Longfellow's house.'"

Miss Phelps was the child of one of the professors at Andover Theological University, where Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's husband for a time also held a professorship, hence we get some early recollections of Mrs. Stowe.

"Mrs. Stowe always had the home touch in a beautiful degree, but the privilege of neighbourhood was but scantily appreciated in Andover in the case of this eminent woman. Andover was a heavy masculine place; it was used to eminent men who thought they were meant to be the pillars of their denomination; at the subject of eminent women it had not arrived. We have moved on since then so fast and so far that it is almost as hard now for us to understand the perplexity with which intelligent men used to consider the phenomenon of a superior woman as it was then for such men to understand such a woman at all. My personal remembrances of Mrs. Stowe are in the long parlour, whose deep window seats seemed to me only less wonderful than the soft and brightly coloured, rather worldly-looking pillows, with which these attractive nooks were generously filled. There were

flowers always, and a bower of ivy made summer of the eternal winters in that stone house; and there were merry girls and boys—Mrs. Stowe was the most unselfish and loving of mothers—and there were always dogs, big and little, curly and straight. It was an open hospitable house, human and hearty and happy.

Years later, when Mrs. Stowe lived for her health in the glades of Florida, there is another glimpse:—

"Her home at Magnolia offered a guest room in which one could pass a night of such quiet as Paradise might envy. The house was built about a great oak, and the trunk of the tree grew into the room, the walls being adjusted to its contour. Through the open windows the leaves drifted silently, falling about the floor, the bed, as they pleased. Into this nest of green and peace I intruded a pile of proof-sheets. It was my first book of verses. I was in misery of doubt, and I mercilessly read the verses to her, beseeching her criticism. It would be hard to forget the sweetness, the patience, and the frankness with which she gave herself to the cruel request. I remember how she curled herself up on the bed beside me like a girl, and listened gently. . . . Nothing could exceed her kindness or her wisdom. I had made one rather serious mistake. She called my attention to it so explicitly, yet so delicately, that I could have thanked her with tears; 'a sweeter woman ne'er drew breath,' than she was to me that day."

Beside peeps such as these at persons of world-wide fame whom Miss Phelps has known personally, there are vivid and interesting sketches of many others of more local repute, but of not less essential consequence and value to the world. Here, for instance, is a look in upon one of the most devoted of the old anti-slavery workers:—

"There was in those days in Boston a dear old lady, living 'all alone in a shoe,' one might say, so narrow was her home; she was seldom seen in society, but was valuable to it, accordingly. I saw her only twice, but she impressed me as a strong and lofty personality, so far above the usual social human being that her solitude and the sparseness of her environment seemed to partake of the character of luxuries which most of us were unfit to share.

"This was Lydia Maria Child. Some thoughtful hostess—I think it was Mrs. Fields—took me one day to call on Mrs. Child. At that time, this distinguished abolitionist was occupying lodgings so plain, in a quarter of Boston so much less than fashionable, that I felt a certain awe upon me, as if I were visiting a martyr in prison. There was no exaggeration in this feeling, when one remembered that this woman's life had been one long suppression of self, and obliteration of the background of personal comfort which the rest of us consider essential to our own portraits. It is well known that Mrs. Child sacrificed the prospect of a brilliant literary future to her convictions in the movement for freeing the American slaves. It is not so well known that she had all her life expended such means as she had in private charities, denying herself every luxury, and many common comforts, in order to compass the power to relieve or to prevent suffering.

"We climbed the steep stairs of her boarding-house thoughtfully. Each one of them meant some generous cheque which Mrs. Child had drawn for the benefit of something or some-

body, choosing this restricted life as the price of her beneficence.

"She received us in a little sitting-room which seemed to me dreariness personified. Everything was neat, respectable, and orderly; but the paucity of that interior contrasted sadly with the rich nature of its occupant.

"I particularly remember the tint of the carpet—a lifeless brown. The room was so devoid of colour as to seem like a cell, and the winter day had been a dark one.

"As we sat talking the sun battled through the clouds, and then we saw that Mrs. Child had "the afternoon side" of her boarding-house, and knew how to make the most of it. She rose quickly, and, taking a little prism, which she evidently treasured, hung it in the window so that it caught the south-western ray.

"Instantly the colourless room leaped with rainbows. The sweet old lady stood smiling in the midst of them. She directed them this way and that, and threw them all over the empty spaces and plain furniture. She had, I thought, a little in her mind, the consciousness of my companion's own beautiful library and richly endowed life. It was as if she said, 'You see I have not much to offer, but I give you of my best.'

"This dedicated woman had no luxuries, neither upholstery, nor bric-a-brac, as accessories to her peaceful welcome; only God's sunshine, and the rainbows that she knew how to make out of it.

"I never see a prism without thinking of her noble life; and I keep one in my study window to this day, partly in memory of this beautiful and pathetic incident. It did me good, and I do not want to forget it.

"Mrs. Child, at our request, talked about her anti-slavery experiences. These moved me very much. But I find that the thing which impressed me most, and has stayed with me longest, was this:

"'How did you know?' one of us asked, 'in the midst of so much doubt and danger, and possible fraud—how did you always know just whom and where to trust, when these fugitives appealed to you for help?'

"'Oh!' she said, 'there was a pass-word. It carried any escaping slave through the underground railway, to safety. Sometimes it was written on a slip of torn, soiled paper. Sometimes it was only whispered for dear life's sake. But any coloured person who came to us with that pass-word was received and passed on without a question. It carried him anywhere, and gave him every chance that we could command.'

"She paused, and looked at the rainbows in the lodging-house window dreamily. Her heart had gone far back.

"What was the pass-word? we ventured to urge.

"'I was a stranger and ye took Me in,' softly said the old Abolitionist."

Again, she tells us of Oliver Wendell Holmes:—

"Dr. Holmes's appreciation of human suffering, his sense of the universal misery, was extraordinary. 'Outside I laugh,' he said to me once; 'inside, I never laugh. It is impossible. The world is too sad.' 'Oh, the poor women!' he said, again, turning to me a face broken with compassion. 'It is as much as one can bear, to think of the sufferings of women—what they endure in this world.'"

But though this attractive book so largely deals with others, it is not without a fairly complete outline of the writer's own life. The

*"Chapters from a Life," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. James Clarke & Co., London. Price, 6s.

daughter of a theological professor, she was brought up with very narrow ideas, but had by heredity the gifts which she was afterwards to exercise. Her mother, the daughter of a professor of sacred literature, was herself a writer, but died very young, when her little girl was but eight years old. Miss Phelps's grandfather on the father's side, on the other hand, was a "seer" of the first order. His house became "possessed by spirits;" the candlesticks would take walks off the mantle-shelf and back again, the chairs would skip about in a country dance, and the silver forks lying on the dinner table would be bent by unseen hands. When the mysterious agency was interrogated as to what it wanted, it replied, by rapping at certain letters of the alphabet, that it desired a piece of pumpkin pie! With literature thus in her blood on one side and supernaturalism on the other, the writing of "The Gates Ajar" became a very comprehensible performance. Here is all the author has to tell of how that attempt to see beyond the blackness of the grave came to be made:

"This brings me to say I have been so often and so urgently asked to publish some account of the history of this book, that perhaps I need crave no pardon of whatever readers these papers may command, for giving more of our space to the subject than it would otherwise occur to one to do to a book so long behind the day.

"Of what we know as literary ambition, I believe myself to have been as destitute at that time as any girl who ever put pen to paper. I was absorbed in thought and feeling as far removed from the usual class of emotions or motives which move men and women to write, as Wachusett was from the June lilies burning beside the moonlit cross in my father's garden. Literary ambition is a good thing to possess; and I do not at all suggest that I was superior to it, but simply apart from it. Of its pangs and ecstasies I knew little, and thought less.

"I have been asked, possibly a thousand times, whether I looked upon that little book as in any sense the result of inspiration, whether what is called spiritualistic, or of any other sort. I have always promptly said 'no' to this question. Yet sometimes I wonder if that convenient monosyllable in deed and truth covers the whole case.

"When I remember just how the book came to be, perceive the consequences of its being, and recall the complete unconsciousness of the young author as to their probable nature, there are moments when I am fain to answer the question by asking another: 'What do we mean by inspiration?'

"That book grew so naturally, it was so inevitable, it was so unpremeditated, it came so plainly from that something not one's self, which makes for uses in which one's self is extinguished, that there are times when it seems to me as if I had no more to do with the writing of it than the bough through which the wind cries, or the wave by means of which the tide rises.

"The angels said unto me, 'Write!' and I wrote.

"At that time (the Anti-Slavery Civil War), it will be remembered, our country was dark with sorrowing women. The regiments came home, but the mourners went about the streets.

"The Grand Review passed through Washington; four hundred thousand ghosts of murdered men kept invisible march to the drum-beats, and lifted to the stained and tattered flags the proud and unreturned gaze of the dead who have died in their glory.

"Our gayest scenes were black with crape. The drawn faces of bereaved wife, mother, sister, and widowed girl showed piteously everywhere. Grey-haired parents knelt at the grave of the boy whose enviable fortune it was to be brought home in time to die in his mother's room. Towards the nameless mounds of Arlington, of Gettysburg, and the rest, the yearning of desolated homes went out in those waves of anguish which seem to choke the very air that the happier and more fortunate must breathe.

"Is there not an actual, occult force in the existence of a general grief? It swells to a tide whose invisible flow covers all the little resistance of common, human joyousness. It is like a material miasma. The gayest man breathes it, if he breathe at all, and the most superficial cannot escape it.

"Into that great world of woe my little book stole forth, trembling. So far as I can remember having had any 'object' at all in its creation, I wished to say something that would comfort some few—I did not think at all about comforting many, not daring to suppose that incredible privilege possible—of the women whose misery crowded the land. The smoke of their torment ascended, and the sky was blackened by it. I do not think I thought so much about the suffering of men—the fathers, the brothers, the sons—bereft; but the women—the helpless, outnumbering, unconsulted women, they whom war trampled down, without a choice or protest, the patient, limited, domestic women, who thought little, but loved much, and, loving, had lost all—to them I would have spoken."

Under these circumstances, the book had a very great success. Over 100,000 copies were at once sold in America, and probably a larger number in pirated and therefore cheap English editions. French, German, Dutch and Italian translations appeared, and the author notes that more applications to republish came from Germany than from any other country. Naturally, after such a success she had no difficulty in finding publishers for her further work, and though none of her later books have happened to chime in so well with a popular feeling as to meet with an equal response and marked success, yet everything that she has written has been more or less successful. Nevertheless, this popular author refuses to recommend others to follow in her footsteps. She says:—

"Write if you *must*; not otherwise. Do not write if you can earn a fair living at teaching or dressmaking, at electricity or hod-carrying. Make shoes, weed cabbages, survey land, keep house, make ice-cream, sell cake, climb a telephone-pole, may, be a lightning-rod pedlar or a book-agent, before you set your heart upon it that you shall write for a living.

Unless you are prepared to work like a slave at his galley, for the toss-up chance of a freedom which may be denied him when his work is done, do not write. There are some pleasant things about this way of spending a life-time, but there are no easy ones. There are privileges in it, but there are heart-ache, mortification, discouragement, and an eternal doubt."

Her personal story has in it but little that is striking. Having kept house for her widowed father, while pursuing her own literary career, for some years, her home life was interrupted by the necessity arising for her father to travel for his health; and after a brief experience of boarding, she took a cottage on the sea-shore at Gloucester, Massachusetts, and presently built for herself there a chalet, which she called "the Old Maid's Paradise," and there she lived for nearly twenty years, occupying herself much with temperance work, and other philanthropic and religious efforts amongst the fisher-people of the neighbourhood. Quite suddenly, it proved that the combined intellectual and moral exertion had been too much for her; insomnia set in at a moment's notice, and night after night for a long period she remained unable to sleep. This is an affliction which is only understood by those who have endured it. She says: "In the days of the most holy Catholic Inquisition one form of torture above all others conceived of the devil was held in supreme value. This was the torture of enforced sleeplessness. Three or four days and nights of this religious argument were found enough to convert the most obstinate heretic. Where fire and pincers, rack and famine failed, the denial of sleep succeeded." This is perhaps a

sufficiently forcible indication, brief though it is, of the nervous suffering involved in the word "insomnia." Exactly how she got better she does not tell us, although it is implied that she has quite recovered. All the practical advice she gave is contained in the following quotation:—

"Acquaintance with insomnia is like acquaintance with grief. When you have learned how to treat your strange foe, he has half ceased to be your foe. Unexpected docilities and amities develop. Where you looked for a battle to the death, you find a truce, and, behold, you live.

"Perhaps I may be permitted to say, out of a measure of personal relief from past miseries, that I have learned many things which I may reveal in that day when the writer and the unknown reader, who loves her best, shall commune together. (I wonder if other authors have the fancy which I have, that such a gracious being exists?) Without waiting for that phantasmagorical appointment, it may be worth while here to suggest to other victims of our overwrought modern constitution and overbearing climate these two thoughts, for truth I know, of my faith, is in them.

"Avoid dependence upon narcotics as you would that circle in the Inferno where the winds blow the lost spirit about and toss him to and fro—returning on his course, and driven back—for ever. Take the amount of sleep that God allows you, and go without what He denies, but fly from drugs as you would from that poison of the Borgias, which cunningly selected the integrity of the brain on which to feed. Starve for sleep if you must; die for lack of it if you must—I am almost prepared to say, accept the delirium which marks the extremity of fate in this land of despair—but scorn the habit of using anodynes as you hope for healing and value reason. This revelation is sealed with seven seals.

"Expect to recover. Sleep is a habit. The habit of not sleeping, once diverged, may at any time swerve back to the habit of rest. The nervous nature is peculiarly hung upon the law of rhythm, and the oscillation, having vibrated just about so far, is liable or likely to swing back. But if you are to recover, the chances are that you must do it in your own way, not in other people's ways. To a certain extent, respect your own judgment, if you have any, as to the necessities of your condition.

"Cease to trouble yourself whether you are understood or sympathised with by your friends, or even by your physicians. Probably you never will be, because you never can be. At all events, it is of the smallest importance whether you are or not. The expression of sympathy is the first luxury which the sick should learn to go without. This is peculiarly and always true of nervous disorder."

We would have liked to have been told whether her marriage, which took place in 1888, when she was well on in middle life, had anything to do with her recovered health. Since then, Miss Phelps has written two novels in collaboration with her husband, Mr. Ward, to whom she dedicates this latest of her books.

She is, of course, one of the advocates of Woman's Suffrage in America. It scarcely appears necessary to say this, so uniformly is it the case that a woman of intellectual ability and width of benevolence, must take this view, and it practically never falls to our lot to speak of any woman of both mental and moral distinction without being able to add this fact about her opinions. Miss Phelps says, however, that she has no capacity as a speaker, and that much as she cares for the advance of women, she can only admire those who are able to help the cause from the platform, nor does she take a prominent part in the machinery of organisation for the Women's Suffrage movement. "My intellect," she says, "may go with them, and my heart throb for them, but my time and vitality are the property of my ideals of literary art," and she adds:—

"If there be one lesson above another which experience in moral reforms teaches a fair-minded person, I think it is patience with the averseness of those who do not join in our own particular methods of improving the world. Lack of sympathy with these, is quite as likely to signify want of head as want of heart; or simply to indicate a deficient imagination, or one strung below its key."

TRAINING FOR THE FRANCHISE.

By ANNIE TRUSCOTT WOOD.

WHILE the House of Commons is passing first and second readings of a Woman's Suffrage Bill, Cambridge, which has pioneered much good work for women, is acting as a training ground where the young women so fortunate as to have a University education may learn the value and use of a vote.

Few people outside the immediate circle of Newham students and their friends know of the existence of the Newham Parliament, which is a political society, and further, one of the most flourishing of the numerous Newham Societies.

In this club are enrolled, practically, all the students, and a fair number of lecturers also, though not by any means all of the latter. There is no college rule compelling students to join the political club, but a sort of unwritten law prevails, and any girl who did not join would be considered as extraordinary as a girl who declined to wash her face.

At the beginning of each college year, which is in October, the students enrol themselves in a book kept for the purpose, giving in addition to their name, the name of their party and constituency, thus:—

Molly Brown L. Peterborough.
Geraldine Holt L.U. Watford.
Constance Gray C. Durham.

There are now four parties in the Newham Parliament; Liberals, Liberal Unionists, Conservatives, and Independents. The Independents are a recent development, and are only few in number.

The Government, contrary to political usage, is not chosen from the party which has a majority, it being considered only fair that as the Government has so much more work to do than the Opposition, each party should take its turn at the work. Thus, during the ordinary three years' term at Newham a student may live through three governments, Liberal, Liberal Unionist, and Conservative.

The leader of each party is chosen by the party itself in a separate party meeting; when the turn of the party comes to be in office, the leader becomes Prime Minister, chooses her own Cabinet, and has their names and offices posted up on the College notice boards.

The meetings are held every Monday evening, from 7 to 8, in the College Hall, during the Michaelmas and Lent terms. Parliament does not sit during the May term, when it has to yield to out-door amusements.

At the beginning of the Michaelmas term a general meeting is held, when a Speaker and Deputy-Speaker are elected. The Speaker's duties are similar to those of the Speaker of the House of Commons, but she, happy mortal, can command a deputy to take her place when necessary. Would not the Speaker of the House of Commons appreciate such a privilege as that? The Speaker has a secretary, chosen by herself, whose work is to keep the minutes, which are read and confirmed at the beginning of each meeting.

The Speaker and her secretary have seats on the platform; on the Speaker's right sit the Government, on her left, the Opposition, and opposite, the third party. The Independents usually occupy a corner between the Liberals, and Liberal Unionists. Visitors are only admitted by permission of the Prime Minister. They sit in the gallery, but old students are allowed to sit with their own party.

After the minutes are read, a short time is allowed for questions. These are a source of great delight, as an M.P. can harass a chum of different political views with very puzzling queries. Fancy a Newham girl in for a

classical Tripos, confronted with an abstruse financial problem evolved by the brain of a girl reading for mathematics. The questions asked are usually amusing, and still more so the occasional fluster of the member of the Cabinet to whom the question was put. After consultation with her colleagues, the right honourable member replies, or if the question is too difficult she may take a week to consider it. The business is carried on in the most formal way. In putting a question, an M.P. rises and says: "Madam, I wish to ask the Secretary of State for Ireland whether she has heard of the conduct of the constabulary at Ballabany, and her explanation?" or, it may be, "I wish to ask the Secretary of State for Home Affairs what steps have been taken by the Government with a view to the settlement of the Wheel-Jenkin strike?"

There are, by rule, two private member's Bills every session, the Government, greedy as Governments usually are, takes the rest of the time. A measure usually gets through the House in two nights or even one, important and very controversial Bills take longer. Simple straightforward speaking is absolutely necessary, for no speech may last longer than ten minutes; should any member take her full time, the Speaker pulls her up and asks whether it is the wish of the House that the hon. member should continue. If the House graciously signifies assent, the speaker may have another five minutes, but no more. The first speaker on any motion is given fifteen minutes. Weak-kneed members are not allowed to read their speeches, although their notes may be as extensive as they please. When the discussion is finished, the House divides and the result of the counting is announced by the Speaker.

This miniature Parliament is managed most formally, and with the utmost attention to routine. It is not looked upon as play by any means. There can be no doubt that its training is most valuable, and that the society tends to arouse an interest in public affairs which would have lain dormant without it.

The Newham Parliament has legalised the opening of museums, picture galleries, &c., on Sundays, and refused to extend such facilities to theatres and similar places of amusement. It also passed a resolution, by the narrow majority of 10, viewing with disfavour the action of the Education Department in placing voluntary schools under disadvantages compared with Board schools. It ought to be happy now! Occasional big debates are held on non-political subjects. For instance, one session saw a debate on the motion, "That war is, on the whole beneficial to mankind." This was rejected. Another was on the motion, "That literature, *in itself*," should not be made a subject of study. This also was rejected.

There are, at times, inter-collegiate debates held with Girton; these are generally non-political. The students at Sidgwick Hall were very excited, one Sunday, when Mr. Balfour lunched with them. The members of the Cabinet (which happened to be Conservative then), and a few ardent politicians of other views, were invited to sit at the high table to meet him, and were, of course, greatly elated. That is, the members of the Cabinet were, the others have not yet recorded their feelings.

GUARD well thy thoughts—thy thoughts are heard in heaven. * * *

ONLY he who puts on the garment of humility finds how worthily it clothes his life.—*Phillips Brooks*. * * *

HAPPINESS.—A few more smiles of silent sympathy, a few more tender words, a little more restraint on my temper may make all the difference between happiness and half-happiness to those I live with.—*Stopford Brooke*. * * *

HAPPY CHILDHOOD.—Every mother should make a study in the art of creating happiness in her children. That art cannot be learnt from books; it comes from the inspiration of a divine unselfishness. Poverty is no bar to its attainment. Happiness at all times is "a pearl out of the Indian, but of the empyrean ocean." *Dean Farrar*.

OUR SISTERS IN INDIA.

AN INDIAN MAN'S CONFESSION.

An Address delivered to the INDIAN SOCIAL REFORM Society at Sukkar, by Mr. DAZARAM GIDUMAL.

(From *The Indian Social Reformer*.)

This Association has before it a career of extensive usefulness. But you need more workers, and I would ask you to get them. You can't have too many. Remember that our society is honey-combed with evils. Remember above all that our moral sense is so much atrophied that we hardly realise the sins we commit against those dearest and nearest to us. Do you think I am exaggerating? Do you think we do not sin against woman from her birth nearly to her death. Can you deny that, owing to that sinning, women among us are ordinarily no better than

Household stuff,

Live chattels, mincers of each other's fame,
Full of weak passion, turnspits for the clown,
The drunkard's football, laughing stocks of
Time,
Whose brains are in their hands and in their
heels.

But fit to darn, to knit, to wash, to cook,
To tramp, to scream, to burnish and to scour,
For ever slaves at home and fools abroad.

You will say they are not slaves, but my dear friends, what is the meaning of the Asura form of marriage? Is it not a fact that, excepting a few upper classes, the rest treat women as chattels? Is her birth welcome to those who do not put a price upon her; but have to pay large dowries? Is she not a marketable commodity among those to whom her birth is welcome? Look at the matter either way, and then say if you are

JUST TO YOUR WOMENKIND.

Justice indeed! Why, our little ones are barely a few days or a few months old, when we inflict tortures—brutal tortures—on them. Have you not seen little babies writhing and shrieking under the agony of the pins or needles passed through their tender ears and nose. From 16 to 18 holes are made, and I should like one of you to undergo the operation in order to realise the suffering of the little ones—the future mothers of the nation. Have you not seen their tiny chests heaving and panting, their little breath coming and going—their young eyes—new yet to sky and earth—full of a quickening flood of tears with every prick of the torturing pin in the delicate lobes and cartilages? How tender women can stand such a sight passes one's understanding. We have Shakespeare's word for it that even a philosopher can't bear the toothache patiently—and yet here are little mites of humanity subjected to the boring operation, in the teeth of the Penal Code, in the face of their very guardians and protectors, and no one heeds their cries. Is this humanity, my brothers? Is this civilisation? Is this our manhood? Is this the glory of our education? But alas! those grey-haired witch-sisters—Use and Want—with the glass of hoary fashion in their hands, and the mould of obsolete form, have cast their spells over poor India to her grievous ruin, their Medusa-eye has transfixed us with its stony stare, and petrified us into fossils—curious moral fossils—with a wonderful power of sinning against our own children!

This, however, is but the
FIRST ACT OF WOMAN'S TRAGEDY.
Sinning against her as a baby—do we cease to sin against her when she is no longer one? Do we not sin against her play-time? Do we not

see the little one amusing herself in a way which is most pathetic? Is she taken out to fields carpeted with verdure? Can she tell the names of more than a few birds—of more than a few animals? Is she ever told what beauty God has given to the stars above her—and to the works of Nature around her? What is her outlook? What is the horizon of her little vision? Is she not "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in" to the four walls of her little house—often with no playmate at all—often with all play tabooed? There is hardly any play-time indeed for most of our girls and that means loss of joyousness, and alas! often loss of health.

The child grows, and one would think it is TIME TO SEND HER TO SCHOOL. But do we send her there? What is the total number of our school-girls? And is it not a fact that even those who attend—attend because their schooling costs nothing? Let a fiat go forth that every school-girl must pay a poor anna as a fee per month, and the schools will be empty to-morrow. But let a fiat go forth that every boy is to pay double the fee he now pays, and the boys' schools will remain on the whole as full as before. Why is this? Why is it that a girls' school must not only give teaching gratis—but provide even books, slates and pens for the little scholars? Why is it that you don't spend a pie on your daughter's education? Have our girls no souls? Has a girl no eyes, no ears, no hands or feet—no "organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions"? Can she not be "noble in reason, infinite in faculty, in form and moving express and admirable—in action like an angel—in apprehension like a god—the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals?" Have we had no Savitris and Sitas, no Damayantis and Draupadis—no Gargis and Maitreyis? Can we rise in the scale of nations, if our women do not rise? Do you not know that

"The women's cause is man's, they rise or sink, Together, dwarf'd or god-like, bond or free."

If you do—why is it that you make no sacrifice for her education at all. The Secretary of the Association tells us that on account of want of funds, nothing has been done for female education. The balance in his hand is Rs. 10. Is this creditable to you. Do you not know that this whole universe would have lain buried in the abyssal profound of nonentity—if there had not been a primeval sacrifice. If you believe in the Upanishads and in the Gita, you ought to believe in sacrifice. The greatest poet of this century, who was also a seer, tells you: "No sacrifice to heaven—no help from heaven— That runs thro' all the faiths of all the world."

But, alas! we the descendants of those who believed the whole of life to be a result of God's own sacrifice, we the descendants of those, who saw God in everything—and whose whole span of years in this world was a Yagna—we know so little of sacrifice that we can't even spare an anna a month for our girl's tuition!

But is this all? Do our sins stop here? I wish they did. But one of the blackest of our sins is yoking our little child to a husband before her school-time is over—nay, sometimes even before her poor playtime is over. When in Gujarat I was told by a Sub-Judge of

A WIDOW, AND WHAT DO YOU THINK WAS HER AGE? Why—a year and a half! Our people have not yet sunk to that depth of demoralisation. But is it not a fact that we marry our children too early, and the result is often a break-down of the constitution—followed by disease—by domestic fret and fever—division and discord, and even by the supercession of the

poor wife. Is it not a fact that the very women we would save have so utterly degenerated that they press for the continuance of the cause of their degeneration? Even a man like Telang could not resist such pressure, and I am afraid, even Keshab Chander Sen was in part a victim to that kind of pressure. But who is responsible for all this ignorance—for all this degeneration? *The crown of degeneration, believe me, is always complete ignorance of that fatal state, the crown of slavery is the feeling that there is no enslavement at all.*

We hardly know—at least we hardly realise—that the violation of physiological laws is a sin. Indeed, we have become so enslaved to that sin that we are utterly unconscious of the rottenness it has spread in ourselves and in our society. Keshab Chander Sen collected the opinions of eminent experts on this very question, but we are wiser than those experts! We seek the opinions of doctors in our Courts of law and act upon them—but we ignore them when our own children are concerned? All doctors, all experts, tell us there is a vast difference between pubescence and puberty—that the reflex action of early marriage leads to premature sickly development—that such development means not seldom death in child-birth, and, generally, unhealthy progeny and, always, a stunted life. Let us continue to defy the advice of experts—let us continue to

MAKE MARTYRS OF OUR LITTLE ONES and then protest that we do not sin at all. But if there is a God in heaven—believe me—no real sin, whether you acknowledge it or not, ever goes unpunished; and even now we are paying the penalty, in the continual degeneration of the race apparent to everyone but ourselves.

(To be continued.)

PRACTICAL HOUSEWIFERY SCHOOLS IN BELGIUM AND AUSTRIA.

IN Belgium, that small but over-populated country, there are a great number of mines, manufactories and other centres of industry where women are employed in greater number than men, the consequence being that the art of housewifery has been on a steady decline for years past; for the girls, after working all day as hard as their fathers and brothers at their divers callings, considered themselves upon returning home at night quite as fully entitled to perfect rest as did their male relatives and friends, and left the cares of the house to some worn-out old granny, to young children or to nursing mothers. Some eight or nine years ago M. de Bruyn, the Belgian Minister of Industry, undertook a tour through the mining and factory regions of his country, and returned from this semi-official trip much startled by what he had seen. Shocked also, in a certain measure, was the Minister at finding the pretty daughters of the land standing on a footing of perfect equality with the sterner sex, and, it must be confessed, sharing with the latter a goodly number of its pet vices. To those who have visited Belgium it will be no novelty to hear that the morality of that country is at a very low ebb, and that, moreover, it is quite an accepted fact for women, and even for very young girls, to visit the countless ginmills and beerhouses which so generously adorn the smallest village and hamlet. On the day of the "Dukasse," the *fête par excellence* of the good Belgians, it is habitual for the women to get quite as conscientiously drunk as their lords and masters, and to go home late in the night

singing at the top of their voices and reeling about the coal-stained roads of the North Country, holding on to each others' arms in imitation of the "gars (boys) de Wallonie."

M. de Bruyn formulated and submitted to the King a scheme for reforming education in matters of housewifery, for he argued that it was not only the opportunity of learning how to manage a home, but also the taste, which was needed by the working girl. The result was that within a short time it became compulsory in Belgium for girls to be taught at public schools (and that as a separate and distinct branch of education), the theory and practice of housewifery, by persons specially trained for the purpose. At the beginning the girls, and their mothers also, regarded the schools with something much akin to suspicion, just as if they suspected the authorities of wanting to obtain work from them, without remuneration of any kind; and many were the saucy lace-capped damsels who tossed their heads disdainfully and refused to go in for the bed-making, sweeping, sewing, mending, darning, cooking, washing, and ironing, which were comprised in the various duties of the housewife scholar; but this feeling has now completely vanished, and when at fourteen years of age the average Belgian girl of the people leaves school, she is well qualified to become a model housekeeper, the talents which she has thus acquired standing by no means in the light of her working until her marriage in a factory, a coalpit, or a workshop of any kind.

A short time ago Austria imitated the example set by Belgium, and several housewifery schools were created in the biggest cities of the dual empire. Mme. Otilie Bondy, the writer, placed herself at the head of this movement and worked unceasingly in the cause. At first she met with scant encouragement; practical teaching costs money, and nobody seemed inclined to disburse small or big sums in order to afford tuition to the girls of the people, who, as remarked a well-known banker to whom Mme. Bondy applied for an advance of funds, "ought to know all about housekeeping naturally, just like a bird twitters or a fly buzzes!"

"But why," urged the lady, "should the girls not learn the intricate mysteries of good housekeeping, just as well as their brothers do carpentering and all other crafts to which men turn their hands?" This sensible argument produced not the slightest impression, and the warm-hearted woman had to seek some other plan by which to achieve her self-imposed task. Finally she hit upon the following one, simple enough, like most really good ideas: Restaurants were opened at Vienna, Budapest, Prague, and other big cities of Austro-Hungary, which surprised the visitors by their extreme neatness and by the daintiness of the food served there. They are not luxuriously appointed establishments, but the table linen is so white, surroundings so exquisitely clean, and the fare so perfectly served and cooked, that they are hardly ever empty. Nobody would believe that this eminently satisfactory state of affairs is produced by the combined efforts of a lot of novices under the watchful training of one or two experienced hands; nevertheless, this is the case, for these restaurants have no other purpose than to furnish the money spent for carrying on the housewifery schools to which they are attached, and the toothsome dishes, the napkins and tablecloths washed as white as snow, the waiting upon the customers, are all the work of the young pupils, who are thus enabled gratis to become well-trained housekeepers.

Moreover, the housewifery school is doing inestimable good by serving to educate the servant girl in the way she should go. How often does one hear the mistress of a house bitterly complaining of the inefficiency of her female domestics to fill the calling for which they pretend to be fully qualified? The cook—according to her views—cannot boil a potato; the housemaid has not the most elementary idea of sweeping or dusting, and as to the lady's maid, she ruins laces and silks, breaks delicate jewels, and cannot even brush her mistress's skirts to the latter's satisfaction. Now, at the housewifery school all these things are taught, and well taught, and this is now a fact so well recognised that the daughters of the small bourgeoisie are joining daily in greater numbers, hoping to be able to learn to dispense, when they eventually possess a home of their own, with this plague of the modern housekeeper, a maid-of-all-work who, as a rule, does her work very badly. Indeed, in the upper classes, a constantly increasing number of wise mothers insist upon their delicately reared daughters learning not only how to conduct a household, but how the most menial of duties ought to be discharged, so that they may be enabled to cope with the vexatious question of servants, just in the same fashion as an officer who has risen from the rank and file can point out with better result to the youngest recruit among his men how to discharge his duties than could an officer who only knows the theory thereof learned from books.

Some years ago, a brilliant review was held by General Baron Edelsheim, one of Austria's most perfect cavalry leaders and military geniuses. Regiment after regiment pranced and stepped by the place where the chief, surrounded by his glittering staff, sat his horse like a bronze statue, and bent his imperious look on every single man and horse. Suddenly, and much to the amazement of all present, the General swooped like an eagle upon the corps of drummers of the 11th Regiment and gave a ringing command of "Halt!" The entire body of stalwart soldiers stopped as one man, their tanned countenances turned toward Edelsheim, who was adored by the troops, but with fear and trembling depicted in every line of their countenances. Vaulting from his saddle, the General snatched from the hands of a young drummer the drum he had been beating, and

hanging it about his own neck, executed the most masterly of "rataplans." Then, handing it back to the terrified youth, he exclaimed:—

"This is the way you should go about it, my lad; you have been beating out of measure and disturbing your comrades."

Then, with a slight smile lurking under his drooping moustache, the General jumped on his charger and galloped off, leaving the regiment to continue its march past. The effect produced on the troops was marvellous. "Unser Edelsheim das ist ein Kerl; der Kann alles thun!" ("Our Edelsheim is a trump; he knows how to do everything") was the general remark, and the admiration was very genuine, for this great man, who could with equal facility and mastery command an army or beat a drum, he knew everything.

This example could be imitated, and ought to be so, by every woman from the top to the bottom of the social scale, for without becoming one of those nagging housekeepers who make the care of their home a torture both to themselves and to those about them, they could give more useful care and attention to the inner workings of their households were they properly instructed as to how things—trivial but useful—should be done.

HOW TO MAKE WOMEN NOBLER.

ALL men are actual or prospective voters, except the idiot, the lunatic and the criminal, but all women are disfranchised, and the badge of degradation affects their lives from birth to death, yea, in prenatal life, for the depressing influence of sex, with its artificial and aggravating distinctions, affects the mother's mind, depriving her of that healthy sense of independence and self-respect which individual sovereignty inspires.

The boy, however, born into a ruling class, with its stimulus to self-assertion, soon throws off this morbid influence. But the girl, born to subjection, reflects the mother's sorrows: more and more, as the years roll on, and she awakes by degrees to the crippling influences of sex, the unjust artificial distinctions that block her way to the highest possible development.

The momentous and far-reaching consequences of disfranchisement do not centre in the act of voting, but limit the possibilities and highest development of all women, and dwarf,

in a measure, the whole race. I am fully aware that if women were enfranchised, a small percentage only would vote at one time, but the prospective, as well as the real voters would at once share the advantages of a ruling class, endowed at birth with the rights, privileges and immunities of citizens, with all the advantages of education to fit them for the duties of a ruling class.

One accustomed to trace effects to their causes, can readily see that in the degradation and disfranchisement of one-half the race we have a sufficient cause for the disintegration and downfall of every form of government thus far recorded in history, whether empire, monarchies, or so called republics.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

THE STORY OF GRUMBLE TONE.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THERE was a boy named Grumble Tone, who ran away to sea. "I'm sick of things on land," he said, "as sick as I can be! A life upon the bounding wave will suit a lad like me!"

The seething ocean billows failed to stimulate his mirth.

For he did not like the vessel, nor the dizzy, rolling berth, And he thought the sea was almost as unpleasant as the earth.

He wandered into foreign lands, he saw each wondrous sight, But nothing that he heard or saw seemed just exactly right, And so he journeyed on and on still seeking for delight.

He talked with kings and ladies fair, he dined in courts, they say, But always found the people dull, and longed to get away To search for that mysterious land where he should like to stay.

He wandered over all the world, his hair grew white as snow, He reached that final bourne at last, where all of us must go, But never found the land he sought. The reason would you know?

The reason was that, north or south, where'er his steps were bent, On land or sea, in court or hall, he found but discontent; For he took his disposition with him everywhere he went.

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If a stamped and addressed wrapper be attached to a manuscript offered for publication, it will be returned if declined; but the Editor cannot be responsible for the accidental loss of manuscripts, and any not accompanied by a wrapper for return will be destroyed if unaccepted. Space being limited and many manuscripts offered, the Editor begs respectfully to intimate that an article being declined does not necessarily imply that it is not considered an excellent composition.

SIGNALS FROM OUR WATCH TOWER.

Mr. Labouchere has received a severe and well-deserved snub from the London Liberal and Radical Union. He has been rejected for the Presidency of that Association, as a result of the protest against him for that post of Mrs. Sheldon Amos, on the score of his recent House of Commons speech against Woman's Suffrage. A Mr. Sutar implored the Union to "take no notice of the women, as when they got the vote they were all Tories," but this produced a generous protest from the assembly, largely composed as it was of active workers in Metropolitan elections, and men therefore aware of how much earnest unpaid effort is put forth in elections by Liberal women, and how badly Liberal candidates now could spare the help of women.

Ultimately, Lord Tweedmouth was elected by a good majority. This is the more satisfactory because immediately after Mr. Labouchere's House of Commons speech, he was "banquetted" by much the same body of ardent and active young Radicals who were at this meeting, and the Speaker made

haste to assume that they intended to express their admiration of his distinguished services in resisting the encroachments of women on male prerogatives. This was obviously an unwarranted assumption, as the dinner was arranged long before the speech was given; but the clear contradiction afforded by the rejection of his leadership to the assumption of the Speaker that Mr. Labouchere, in resisting justice to women was "backed up" by the younger members of his own party, is very satisfactory.

It must be remembered that Mr. Labouchere not only made a very offensive speech against Women's Suffrage in the House of Commons last month, but that he had on a previous occasion yet more distinguished himself by a statement that he would rather give the Suffrage to rabbits than to women! After that, no moderately self-respecting woman could possibly consent to work in connection with an association of which he was president; and the Radical men must have realised that they could not expect any help from women if they accepted such a president.

Not, however, that Mr. Labouchere is alone in speaking of women in such a manner. The *St. James's Gazette* invented a comic debate in the House of Commons on a Bill for giving votes to children under ten years of age, and asserted that every argument that could be adduced for giving adult women votes applies with equal force to enfranchising these little children. In a vulgar London paper, called the *Figaro*, of February 25th, again, there appeared this paragraph:—

"I am half inclined to start an agitation in favour of childhood and doghood suffrage. All the arguments which apply in favour of giving votes to women apply equally to giving them to dogs. 'Free dog-biscuits' would make an entrancing election cry."

Men capable of comparing the minds of the female sex to those of tiny children, rabbits and dogs, and who profess to regard us as of equal capacity for voting on public affairs with babes and dumb animals, are most assuredly entirely unfit persons to legislate for us. Yet at present they have got absolute power to do so. But we actually are neither tiny babes, nor rabbits, nor dogs. We are not helpless, as they are; and when enough of us learn self-reliance and courage adequate to resent, not only the coarse language that so insults us, but the *silent vote* against our franchise that really means the same ideas about us as these others too candidly utter—then we shall find enough good men to stand by us to put down these gross ruffians. But we ourselves must be true to our womanhood first.

It is hardly needful to observe that in every battle that has been fought for freedom in every time and in every clime women have taken their share. When there is danger to be encountered and deprivation to be endured for political ideals and public causes, there men gladly receive the assistance of those women whom, in the piping times of political peace, they will not trouble themselves to help to the vote or defend from such insults as are above referred to. In this our day the chief battle for civil freedom has to be waged under the rule of the Czar, and

there, as elsewhere, women always are found sacrificing everything that humanity values, even to life itself, in the unselfish effort to give greater freedom and happiness to their race. It is interesting to compare with the insults mentioned above such facts as those indicated in the news the telegraph brought to us on Friday last:—

"St. PETERSBURG, March 16th. "About 1,000 students from the university and the various high schools, including the high school for women, assembled at the Kazan Cathedral this morning in order to attend a requiem service for a late pupil of the Women's High School, named Aline Vitroff. This young lady was arrested a year ago on suspicion of being concerned in political intrigues, and while imprisoned in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul committed suicide by pouring petroleum over her clothes and setting fire to them. Acting on superior orders, the Clergy of the Cathedral refused to celebrate the service. The students, however, insisted upon the service being proceeded with, and the police thereupon entered the Cathedral and arrested the whole body of students."

"Being concerned in political intrigues" means, of course, poor girl, that she was flattered with the desire to improve the lot of her countrymen and women, and engaged in such political action as is possible in an Autocrat's kingdom—by disseminating pamphlets and attending secret meetings. But who can fancy what is implied in the bare statement, "She was imprisoned in the fortress of Peter and Paul?" This is a prison with horrible dungeons, dark and wet, and remote from any sound of life, where a prisoner may be tortured in secret, and whence there is seldom any egress except to the scaffold. When it is not possible or not considered desirable to bring that prisoner to trial, he or she is done to death in the dungeon, and the story that such an one has "committed suicide" tells a vague tale of horror to the initiated, the details of which may never be filled up in this world. To the unspeakably awful misery of that dungeon this poor, brave woman-child, in her bloom, allowed herself to be consigned for the sake of all those great-hearted, loving, and noble ideas that we call freedom and political movements. So have women ever been used to lay down their lives—and, indeed, it so happens that in our "first page" articles of this week and last the equally courageous and right-minded efforts of English-speaking women in the American anti-slavery struggle have been referred to. And yet some man named Suter claims that women are always against freedom, and other men write, print, and say that they are as politically incompetent as rabbits or dogs or babies under ten! This is a *bad sign*—women cannot be content to let men capable of such malignant misrepresentation make all the laws for our sex.

It is really a bad sign too, that any small thing that may occur which it is possible to wrest or exaggerate to the disadvantage of women is so greedily seized upon for the purpose in every possible quarter. There lie before me ten separate leading articles upon one subject. The important topic is the fact that at a meeting of the Ladies' Kennel Association a certain Hon. Mrs. Bayley, who was in the chair, lost her nerve or her temper sufficiently to burst into tears, because she considered herself insulted by a speaker. This obviously

proves absolutely nothing, except that Mrs. Bayley did not happen to be a suitable person to take a chair. It constantly occurs that a poor and inadequate chairman is found at a man's meeting. Within the last month a chairman and a member of a parish council absolutely fought in the board room, which is distinctly worse than weeping, and yet on this incident there were no leading articles. But because Mrs. Bayley either did not understand public business sufficiently to maintain order to her own satisfaction, or because she happens to be an irritable and excitable person, journalists all round burst forth with a loud outcry that "women" are thereby proved to be incapable of conducting public meetings.

That every year several parties, each consisting of from 700 to 1,000 women, meet successfully, and hold protracted discussions, under the presidency of women, in connection with the various women's political, temperance and other associations, is passed over unnoticed. The feebleness of one woman as a chairman, on the contrary, produces a great number of large-type articles. These attacks on all women are illogical (for to argue "from particulars to generals" is one of the distinctly laid out fallacies of which the educated logician is taught to beware; but who expects the ordinary journalist to have studied scholastic logic?); yet the illogical nature of the observations sinks into insignificance beside the spiteful animus against the other sex which they display. This is the sort of thing we find in one after another newspaper:—

"At Wednesday's meeting of the Ladies' Kennel Club there was such a scene of confusion, that one must despair of the efforts to establish anything like social life amongst women's organisations, and we fear the melancholy spectacle presented by the proceedings on this occasion will destroy much of the sympathy hitherto extended to movements for the so-called "emancipation" or elevation of the British female. What all the row was about nobody knew. Conflicting accounts are given of what really happened at the meeting; but one incident is undisputed. It seems that in the heat of the moment—it is not to be supposed that it is imputation—some man, who had been a woman who had been a man, and the little man accused of such a thing, being aware of such a thing, would treat the charge with dignified contempt. But the lady impeached, forthwith burst into tears, and had to be pacified by her friends. We are now convinced that women do not manage business meetings so well as men. The lesson is a valuable one and should not be lost."—*Brighton Gazette*.

"The chairwoman felt so insulted that she burst out weeping, and left the platform. Her friends brought her back, and an apology was made, and business proceeded. But woman, lovely woman, is not a success in public meetings confined to the fair sex. It is the nature of ladies to have a good wrangle; they enjoy it, and why should they not? Certainly not much work was done at this particular meeting, and it demonstrates the fact that the ladies, after all, require the men to keep them in order."—*Southampton Echo*.

The most objectionable of these various comments, however, is one which has, apparently, been sent out by a London Press Agency, as it appears in identical terms in a large number of provincial

papers. The simple statement of the ordinary report, that the chairwoman, being accused of partiality, left the chair in tears, is filled out in the following discreditable manner, for which there is not the remotest vestige of excuse:—

"The financial criticism soon turned into personal criticism. What more prominent object for this than the chairwoman? To accuse her of partiality, ill-temper, autocracy, want of blue blood, meanness, ugliness, unkempt hair, bad taste, and worse dresses was the work of a moment. 'Whereat,' we are told, 'the chairwoman left the platform in tears, and for a few moments it looked as though the meeting would break up in confusion.' Is it possible to wonder at such a disastrous episode? A chairman would probably have replied with his fists—the New Woman dissolves into tears, and the meeting begins to think seriously of an adjournment. However, it appears that "her friends rallied round her"—with the smelling-salts and unlimited vocabulary, we believe. But there was no bloodshed."

These untruthful and malicious comments need not be taken too seriously. The poor writer wants to be smart, and is not too careful about his facts or his moral "tone." But it all shows an evil frame of mind that is much to be regretted.

It will be seen in the "Current News" column that the Committee appointed to report on the grievances of Post Office servants justify the considerably less payment given to women employées for equivalent work to that of men, by the statement that they can get as many women as they want on the terms they offer. They do not, however, appear to apply the same principle in the case of men, but fix their rate of wages on a more equitable and more suitable basis. In the case of the public service, at any rate, it is now pretty generally recognised that there should be some attempt to find what is a reasonable living wage, and not to reduce the workers to the lowest pittance at which their services can be obtained.

It is a significant fact that the only place on the earth's surface where women do not get the same salary as men for identical work in the State schools is Wyoming, in the United States, where they have had the vote for nearly 30 years, and that an agitation for the same equalisation of pay is now presenting hopeful activity in New Zealand, where also women vote for members of Parliament. At a meeting of the "Educational Institute," which seems to be a teachers' organisation, it was proposed by a gentleman named Holmes, that the society should protest against the "action of the Education Department in demanding that the Education Board should give equal pay to both sexes;" but this motion was "negated by a large majority." The mover argued in vain that the result of carrying the order into effect would probably be a reduction of the salaries of male teachers, or that, in the alternative, the women teachers would be injured, as Education Boards would be sure to prefer men to women if the pay were equalised.

In our "Current News" will be found recorded one of those sort of cases that are sometimes held up as an example of the

law favouring women, in the inability of judges to commit a married woman to prison for wilful failure to pay her debts. But though this looks like a favour to wives, it is really not so. The few dishonest women who desire to escape payment of their just debts benefit by it, at the expense of the honourable and good business women, who find it more or less difficult to get ordinary business credit because they cannot be legally held to the ordinary consequences of failure. What is really best for us is absolute fair play, neither favour nor the reverse, but simply equality before the law.

Trinity College, Dublin, has decided to assimilate its system to that of Cambridge, and to admit women to compete at certain stages of the University course, and to be awarded honours along with men, and in the order of merit. But the Cambridge system does not satisfy the Cambridge women students, and as at this very moment they are warmly agitating for a change in the conditions of their recognition there, it seems rather out of place for Trinity College to choose this moment for copying the arrangement. Meantime, the 1895 report of the Royal Irish University tells us that 45 degrees were taken by women in that year, out of whom 25 passed in summer, when honours are not awarded, and, out of 20 who competed for honours at the autumn examination, as many as six obtained them. This is very good encouragement.

We learn from the *English Law Journal* that Mrs. Clara Foltz, a member of the New York Bar, has devised and presented to the Legislature a novel scheme for the protection of persons accused of crimes. She proposes to furnish every county with a "Public Defender," to defend all persons indicted for criminal offences who are unable to furnish their own counsel. At present this duty is devolved by the Courts on the younger members of the Bar, who ordinarily serve without compensation, but who frequently serve their clients with a devotion, skill, and persistency that establish their own professional standing, and secure them a successful entry on their career. This duty is often sought and conferred as a desirable privilege. Yet there is considerable force in the lady's argument that as the State furnishes paid prosecutors it should furnish paid defenders. The argument may be found in full in the *Albany Law Journal* for January 30th last.

Lady Dufferin has put forth an appeal to Irish women, and Mrs. Hauser now begs us to issue a like one to Englishwomen, to make clothing for the women destitute from famine in India. The clothing wanted is slight, but it is piteously needed. It brings home to us the magnitude of the distress, to be told that the entire amount subscribed in England at the present time (though it is nearing £450,000), would only keep all the starving for a fortnight, and the need for food prevents the lack of clothing being supplied from that fund. It is suggested, therefore, that women's sewing societies and other charitable organisations shall work the simple garments that are needed, and send them in bales to the India Office, London, addressed "For the Secretary, Famine Relief Fund, Calcutta." The following directions for the work are given by Mrs. Hauser:—

A Hindu woman actually needs but two garments—a skirt and a chadar or veil.

Hundreds of thousands of these are needed. To make the skirt, take five yards of print, gingham, flannel, or any closely-woven cotton goods and sew the two ends together. Along one edge of 30 in. print add 8 in. of Turkey red, dark blue, or any contrasting colour of cotton goods. Turn down a hem 1½ in. wide, and run in a stout drawing string. To the bottom add a 3 in. bias strip of the same material as used at the top. Turn up a 2 in. hem leaving 1 in. of the bias strip as additional length. The veil should be a plain colour, of white, red, dark blue, or any of the bright colours as produced in butter cloth. It may be of any sort of thick or thin cotton material, stout unbleached muslin, butter cloth, remnants of dress lining, old muslin or lace curtains, anything of the kind, only it must be 3 yards long and 1½ yard wide. Thousands of hard-working men would wear around their shoulders such a chador of stout white muslin in lieu of jacket, and it would serve them as wrapping at night. Native Christian women and little girls wear skirts with plain hems of the skirt materials at top and bottom, and many such could be made. Bundles of remnants should be added to the parcels for making jackets and trousers or divided skirts for Mahomedan women, which could be better done in India. All correspondence on this subject is to be addressed to Mrs. Hauser, hon. sec., 48, Bedford-gardens, Kensington, W.

TREASURES AND TROUBLES.

A DOMESTIC SCIENCE STORY FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.
CHAPTER XII.

It was three weeks after the baby's death before Mrs. Crofton had at all recovered the strength which she then lost. Indeed, at the end of that time, the utmost that could be said was that she was out of danger. She was by no means fit to be left alone, but her sister could stay no longer with her. Bertha had now been absent from her home for over two months; her husband had kindly "made shift" for so long, but now it was necessary that she should return to her own domestic duties.

Mrs. Hamilton, therefore, had to be asked to come to stay for a short time with her daughter. It was not at all convenient for Mrs. Hamilton to do so. In pursuit of the principal object of her life—to marry her girls—she particularly desired just then to be free to take Rose to Scarborough. The urgent appeal on Elfie's behalf could not, however, be entirely ignored.

Bertha thought that Elfie's manner had become very strange; but this she attributed to shock and weakness. A more experienced person would have been more alarmed. For many hours together Elfie would not speak at all. When spoken to, she looked with a strange air of non-comprehension at the person who addressed her. Sometimes no reply could be elicited from her. At others she answered very briefly. There was a curious dreamy look in her eyes, apparently becoming habitual. Nothing aroused her to any kind of animation; she showed neither gratitude for her sister's attentions, nor any emotion of any kind upon the one or two occasions when she saw her husband. The circumstances, however, were held, both by Dr. Baynes and Mrs. Wynter, neither of them very widely experienced in the symptoms of nervous affections, sufficient to account for all these peculiarities.

Mrs. Hamilton arrived one night, and Bertha returned home the next morning. The train by which she travelled came from London, and, after leaving the station at which she entered it made a run of nearly thirty miles without a stop, until it reached Restingham. There was not much time to pick and choose a carriage; but the guard opened the door of one, in which there was already a lady with a baby, and Bertha, with Maggie in her arms, got in hastily.

The train almost immediately started. Its pace quickly increased, and in five minutes they were whizzing rapidly past the fields and the trees. Bertha was looking calmly out of the window, trying to get little Maggie's wandering gaze fixed upon some cows, when the baby, at the other end of the carriage, began to cough.

Mrs. Wynter's motherly attention was at once attracted. She turned her head, and saw the poor child in the midst of a long cough, which seemed on the point of reducing it to a state of suffocation. Its face became red and suffused, and it fought wildly for its breath, which it at last drew with a peculiar, loud, shrill squeak, that told Mrs. Wynter at once that the child had whooping cough.

Here was a terrible thing! For a moment or two she had wild thoughts of trying whether (for once in a way) the communication cord with the guard and driver was in order, and demanding to be placed in another carriage. But she abandoned this idea, partly because she felt that the danger had already been incurred.

She tried to lessen the risk as much as possible by half putting down the window beside her; upon which her fellow traveller, with much warmth, requested her to close the window, for fear of making her child worse.

Bertha would have been silent as to what she was feeling, merely from the sense of the futility of saying anything, and from a consciousness that she would find it difficult to retain her temper if she spoke at all. But, thus addressed, she could no longer avoid expressing the indignation which she felt with the woman, who, by carrying her child about in a public conveyance while it was in an acute stage of an infectious disorder, was not merely doing what would be injurious to her own child's chances of recovery, but also what would spread the poison of the disease among other children.

"It is positively wicked of you," said Mrs. Wynter, trying hard to speak calmly, "to have brought a child in such a condition out, and allowed me to come with my baby into the same carriage. If my child should take it, and if she should die," she went on, her voice trembling at the very thought, "you will have been the cause of its death."

"Dear me! what a fuss," said the stranger. "Children all have whooping cough one time or another. It's not like a thing that can be avoided."

"It is not avoided, just because there are so many people like you, who do not mind how they spread the infection in travelling for their own convenience. If my child should take the whooping cough, and should die of it, I shall look back to you as having been as much its murderer as if you had given it a dose of poison."

At this point the dialogue was fortunately interrupted by the simultaneous objections of both the children. "Babies' skies are mamma's eyes," and these two babies, finding their skies so suddenly overclouded, thought it was time to disperse the gathering gloom, if possible, by the

rain of their tears. By the time Bertha had quieted her little one, she had reasoned herself into keeping silence.

It was nearly an hour before she was released from her imprisonment. During that time the stranger's child coughed thrice more, and Mrs. Wynter's heart was heavy with apprehension.

She could scarcely greet her husband before beginning to tell him her shocking news. She had left Oak Lodge in a state of great concern about Elfie; but the newer and more pressing fear had driven the other quite out of her mind.

"Is she sure to take it, John?" she asked, after telling her story.

"I fear she is," said Dr. Wynter. There was a cloud upon his face, for his little one was very dear to him, and one of the penalties that has to be paid for the knowledge whereby we are enabled to do all that is possible to avert danger is that we have the pain longer in foreseeing the danger, and suffer from it in advance.

"All children do have it, sometime or another," said Mrs. Wynter, trying to comfort herself.

"Yes, they do," the doctor admitted, "but only because of the gross carelessness which is very often displayed about the spreading of it. I am sorry to say, what I think perhaps you ought to know, that this is in more ways than one the most unfavourable time at which Maggie could have taken it. The winter is coming. We can only hope that we shall get her better before the cold weather fairly sets in. Then again, all these things—these children's ailments—which are looked upon generally as so trifling, are made more serious by occurring during teething; especially with whooping cough, it is a great advantage to get it deferred to as late as possible. It is much worse before five years old than afterwards; and if one can keep one's children from the contagion for the first ten years of their lives, the great probability is that they will escape it altogether."

"Then you think that Maggie is likely to be very bad?" said Bertha, despondingly.

"We will hope not. I don't want to frighten you, only to prepare you for possibilities. We will do the best we can for her; you must remember that it is a complaint which generally looks a great deal more serious than it is."

"But it does cause a great many deaths, does it?" said Mrs. Wynter, looking at her. "Yes, but largely through mis-our 'first passpecially through exposure to cold."

"What am I to do with her now?"

"Nothing at all, at present, except keep her carefully out of draughts. If the weather were not so very warm, I should tell you to light a fire, but with the thermometer at 75 degrees it is not at all necessary during the day; you had better have a fire upstairs, however, to dress and undress her by?"

"How long will it be before we shall know whether she has taken it?"

"There is a first stage in whooping cough, in which the child shows no other symptoms than a common cold—a little stiffness at the chest, and a slight cough. Then by degrees the cough gets longer and more strangling, and presently the whoop discloses itself. The length of that first stage varies, apparently from two or three days to twelve or fourteen, or more."

"Then it may be a whole fortnight before I shall know?"

"It might be; but I suspect in this case it would develop quickly, if at all, for she has taken a good dose of the contagion from being

so long with the other child; and, moreover, as she is so young, she would probably not be able to much resist the progress of the complaint. I anticipate that we shall soon see. Keep up your spirits! It is not so very formidable, after all, with a healthy child like ours."

The next day the little one appeared as well and cheerful as ever. The mother watched over her child with a tender care even greater than was her wont, and rejoiced in her activity and liveliness even more than usual.

On the second day the baby was not quite so well, seeming rather drowsy, and towards night there came a little ringing cough. By the fifth day, there could be no doubt that she was fairly in for it. Dr. Wynter's treatment consisted of small doses of ipecacuhana wine every hour until sickness was produced, and then at somewhat longer intervals. At night he gave a very small "Dover's powder."

He told his wife, however, that much more stress was to be laid upon the general treatment than upon the administration of medicine. He did not have the baby kept in one room, night and day, for fresh air is of the greatest importance in whooping cough. A downstairs room was thoroughly aired in the morning, and the baby brought in to it while the sun was full upon it. Neither windows nor doors were left open for a moment in this room during the day. The room in which the baby was to sleep was meantime thoroughly aired, and at night, when she was taken upstairs, there was a small fire lighted in the bedroom. However warm our days, the evenings are apt to be chilly towards autumn, and an equable, though not a very high temperature, is of importance in whooping cough.

The treatment upon which Dr. Wynter laid the greatest stress has yet to be mentioned.

"The inhalation of some disinfectant—carbolic acid, or creasote, or pine oil—I consider to be one of the most valuable things that can be prescribed," he said to his wife.

"But how can such a tiny baby inhale?" began Mrs. Wynter.

"I certainly don't expect her to take the end of an inhaler into her mouth," said the tiny baby's papa, laughing; "but the resources of art are equal to the difficulty, my dear. There are half-a-dozen kinds of spray diffusers, by means of which the medicated fluid can be dispersed in the air of the room, and the little patient breathes it in, without being aware that anything particular is taking place."

"Is it at all injurious to anyone else who is there?"

"Not in the least. It is not made sufficiently strong to be at all irritating to the tender lungs of the infant, and therefore it cannot produce any unpleasant effect upon older persons."

Bertha had been just commencing to give her baby one or two meals in the day of spoon food. By the doctor's orders, she now reverted entirely to simple milk. Her husband told her that the digestion is often greatly disturbed in whooping cough, and that, even with older children, the diet needs to be light, though nourishing, while the cough is at its worst. The weather was fortunately favourable, and, carefully and properly treated, little Maggie soon began to improve. About three weeks after the commencement of the whoop the cough had greatly diminished, both in violence and in frequency. The doctor began then to give her a very light bitter tonic, with some iron in it, and told his wife that she might soon hope to see her baby well enough to take away for a

change of air, in the full expectation that she would be entirely recovered before winter set in.

"But we will take care that she does not travel in a railway carriage with another baby, even though she be nearly well," he added.

(To be continued.)

THE FATHER'S PLACE IN THE FAMILY.

It seems to have been taken for granted that the mother could supply all the physical, mental and moral needs of the children, at least, until they were old enough to enter to some degree into the arena of practical life. Fathers, therefore, as a rule, have felt themselves freed from all care of the little ones except the providing of the mother with the money that should purchase their material comforts and necessities.

Very few seem to have caught a glimpse of the fact that the fathers themselves were defrauded in thus being left out of the child's infancy and early childhood; and perhaps some fathers have wondered why it was that their adult children had so little in common with themselves.

They forget that while they have understood their own relationship to the child, and have perhaps always held in thought a dream of the time when these children should have grown into companions, the children have had no such comprehension of invisible ties of blood, and do not love in the abstract but in the concrete. They cannot love a man simply because they call him father; there must be something in the man and in his association with themselves that calls out this love. Mothers would be no more than fathers were they not so constantly and closely associated with every experience of the child, in its joys and sorrows. Mother has been the continual all embracing atmosphere of the little life. Father has come in like the moon, irregular, variable, giving no special warmth, uncertain in his light.

Mother was always to be relied on. Father was delightful if he chanced to be in the mood, but too frequently he saw no necessity for listening to childish problems, or joining in juvenile fun. In fact, more than likely he found in his own ill-humour a pretext for clouding over the home-sky, and sending the little noisy crew of human souls into an ignominious exile, or by rude words and unjust punishment changing merry noise to loud lamentations.

Even the kindest of men, who have not thus abused their authority, have seldom felt inclined to bend over the cradle with a prayer of yearning tenderness and a longing to know how to deal rightly with the tiny mite of humanity there enshrined.

"Oh, he won't pay any attention to the babies until they begin to take notice, and then he likes to play and frolic with them."

Did you ever hear a mother say that of a father? He cares only for the babe when it begins to entertain him. He never for a moment considers that it came into the world with individual rights which even in its infancy he is morally bound to consider.

Mothers' training has long been a most valuable part of the work of the thoughtful leaders. Through their assistance hundreds of mothers have learned to more fully appreciate their great importance to the race.

But we are coming to feel more and more that this is a one-sided movement. If the home is ever to become the place for a rounded, symmetrical development of the child, the training must not be left solely to the mothers.

Nor must the mothers in their methods and plans be out of sympathy with the fathers. If the mother's ideas are being influenced by the study of books and discussions with other mothers, and the father knows nothing of the thoughts she is thus imbibing, there will be a lack of unity, of sympathy between them, and the possible friction resulting be of great detriment to the family. We believe that the time is here when fathers should be urged to unite with mothers in the philosophic study of the child, his needs, his process of development, and the best methods for securing his symmetrical rounded character.

HOME GARDENING FOR LADIES.

By Mrs. E. L. CHAMBERLAIN, F.R.H.S.
NOVELTIES FOR THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

As with the flower garden, so with vegetables, it adds a zest to make trials occasionally of new kinds or varieties, yet I by no means advocate this entire trusting to novelties; a sufficiency of old, tested sorts must always be to hand in case the new-comers should prove "shy," or disapprove of our treatment, or not commend themselves to our taste.

Peas are such universal favourites that the selection of them is important, and I suppose this is why they occupy the first place in most catalogues of vegetable seeds. Therefore we will give them the precedence here. The "Boston Unrivalled," a wrinkled, second-early marrowfat, very prolific, with long, well-filled pods, received a first-class award from the Royal Horticultural Society last season. Another which promises well is called the "Rent-payer;" this is also dwarf, but makes very bushy plants, bearing freely; it is a first-crop pea. "St. Osyth's Gem" is another dwarf, wrinkled pea, about 1½ ft. in height. "Astronomer" is a good, new main crop pea, and "Michaelmas" a later pea, more sturdy in character than these often are. The "Everbearing" is a dwarf French bean, a little taller than most of its class, and continues to bear for a long time. "The Admiral" is a curious bean, being of the Canadian wonder type, but yet a runner, attaining an immense height where it has the chance, sometimes 12 ft., and bearing all the way up. It was produced by a naval gentleman, hence its name.

A new cucumber had its origin in the Queen's gardens, and is called "Frogmore Prolific"; it is rather prickly, of good shape, and free bearing. "Daybreak" is a tomato of American extraction, for which the introducers claim that it is the largest early-fruited tomato ever grown. The fruit is fleshy and very bright red, and the foliage somewhat distinct, being a much deeper shade of green than is usual with tomatoes. There are probably some readers of the SIGNAL who (like myself) are apt to suffer from eating radishes, and so have to let these tempting little pink things, that look so spring-like and innocent, go by. To some of them relief may be brought by the "Early Olive," of which there are red and white varieties, both very mild in flavour; they were brought out by the eminent French Horticulturist, M. Vilmorin, and are now introduced here.

"Ivory white" is about the best new celery; "Record" onion, and "Empress" leek are excellent, the first is really huge, and a good keeper.

Those who like good broccoli should try "Sandringham Winter White" and "Early Heading Christmas Purple." "Peerless" is a second crop cauliflower of good quality, and rather dwarf growth.

I have nothing special to recommend in the cabbage line, but "Dobbie's Victoria Kale" is a welcome arrival for winter use, its pretty curly leaves being more tender than many others of its kind.

The new "Giant-leaved Prickly Spinach" is much approved by the R.H.S., and it is said not to run to seed quite so quickly as the older sorts of winter spinach, on this account it should

be tried by those who grow for sale, or have a large household to provide for.

The Royal Horticultural Society itself has been experimenting on rhubarbs, and has sent out two, "Collis Seedling" and "Victoria," the first a big plant with thick stems, good for stewing or preserving, and the other smaller, tender, and more suited for tarts.

There remains the indispensable potato. No new early potato seems to be prominent. "Lilywhite," "Yeoman" and "Advancer" may be tried by those wishing for novelty in this direction. A round, rough-skinned second early was exhibited at a show two years ago, given a certificate, and straightway was bought up by a large firm from the private gardener who produced it. It is called "Carter's Snowball," and is a very satisfactory potato. Of main-croppers there are very few claimants for attention. "Saxon," white, and very mealy when cooked; "Industry," a rather flat tuber, strong, and a good keeper. "Goldfinger" and "King of the Russets" are new, but not quite new, but may be regarded as having been fully tested and found quite satisfactory.

ABOUT RHUBARB.

THERE must be many readers of the WOMAN'S SIGNAL who value this useful plant, which is wholesome, however used, and can be used in so many different ways. The tart, pudding, and stewed rhubarb of everyday life, the more refined and elaborate "amber pudding," bottled rhubarb, and preserved rhubarb, which can be made quite delicious with a canny blending of flavours. I have never heard of pickled rhubarb yet, but fancy it might be very good, and I mean to experiment in that direction. But, like the hare immortalised by Mrs. Glasse (no—the hare who immortalised her), rhubarb must first be "caught," that is either grown, or purchased.

Excepting horseradish, there is no plant of tougher constitution to be found in our kitchen gardens; but just because it is hardy, neglect often overtakes it, and the result is that from year to year the plant is weaker, and the edible stems deteriorate.

I once knew a garden in a country town, which was levelled and asphalted, to be turned into a catch sale yard. The next year rhubarb came up through the asphalt. However tenacious it may be of life, that is no reason why it should not be grown well, if deemed worthy of growing at all. To grow it well some trouble and pains are required. It should not remain in the same bed for an indefinite number of years, and new plantations of it should be made every five years.

In March is the time to plant, and the bed should have been prepared beforehand, being manured, deeply dug, and thrown up rough, so that frost, and rains, and winds may work their sweetening will upon the soil. Then, in February, the ground may be dug again, and in the present month the roots may be taken up from the old bed, and cut into what gardeners call "sets." Underground buds will already be formed, and there should be three or four of these to each piece of root. The older and more exhausted parts of the root should be thrown away. Each set should have four clear feet of space on all sides, then the plants in one row must be four feet apart, and the first in row 2 must come midway between numbers 1 and 2 of row 1, with four feet between the rows. Then, however much rhubarb is in demand when ready, no root should be deprived of all its leaves. Five or six at least should be left in every plant, to mature and die off in a natural way, then not much harm will be done to the root. Lastly, where liquid manure is available, good doses of that may be applied to the roots after you have stopped pulling the stems for use. This will be of immense service to the plant when in its state of greatest exhaustion. In any case rhubarb should be well watered in dry weather. Often in hot dry summers, after pulling has ceased, I have seen the necessary unplucked stems, all flabby and bending over from drought, even prone upon the ground with the leaves faded prematurely. This is very bad for the root.

Those who like to force a little rhubarb for tart in early spring, must remember that the process is very exhausting to the plant, and the same roots cannot be used in successive years. For market purposes the forcing is usually done in long, low sheds, thatched with straw. Roots (or crowns more properly speaking) that have been forced one season, are planted out and let alone the next year, in the third year they will bear forcing again.

Rhubarb can be grown from seed, which is generally sold in 6d. and 1s. packets. Seeds are sown in March, in rows three feet apart, and the seedlings thinned out, when large enough, to twelve inches apart. They must never be allowed to flag or get dry during the summer, and can then be finally put into their permanent bed (well prepared) in October.

Good varieties are Daniel's Early Scarlet, for forcing, Early Tobolsk, Linnens, Victorias, Royal Albert, St. Martin, and Paragon. Extra strong crowns for forcing, sell at the high price of 12s. per dozen; others at 9s. and 7s. 6d. per dozen according to kind.

DIVORCE IN FRANCE.

FROM 1884 to 1894 applications for divorces in France have exceeded 45,000, of which 40,000 have been granted. M. Naquet, in urging the passage of the Divorce law in France, optimistically predicted that it would prevent many ruptures, and that married couples would remain more firmly united from the fact that their tie would not be compulsory. Unfortunately, exactly the contrary has been the result. The first year after the law was passed showed 1,700 divorces; last year there were over 8,000. When separations alone were permitted they only reached 3,000. While in 1882 the proportion was only 1 in 1,000, to-day it is 25 in 1,000 marriages.

WHAT DIGESTS THE PUDDING.

WE say the "proof of the pudding is in the eating of it," but (replies an eminent medical man) we can more safely say that the profit derived from the digestion of the pudding is the main point, and that digestion which, as far as the pudding is concerned, is the be-all and the end-all; and it is in that vital point that Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa has proved itself victorious over every other food beverage in the market to-day. Anyone can satisfy themselves on this point, and if anyone who reads this is suffering from a deranged or sluggish liver, let him or her leave off gulping down spirits, beer, tonics, drugs of all sorts, and try and prove this most wonderful food beverage, which will do more to promote and maintain a healthy action of the liver than all the so-called remedies. To the sedentary brain-worker who sits hour after hour in a stuffy room, coining his thoughts into current literature, to the lawyer poring over his brief—or reading hard to the quill-driver, we say, take to Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa. Give up your favourite tippie and take to Tibbles—be it tea, coffee, spirits, wine, beer, or ordinary cocoa—and you'll find after a week or so of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa you'll be in that happy state that you won't know you have a liver, and your life will be full of sunshine.

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In England members of Parliament receive no salary, but in New Zealand they receive annually £100; Japan, £160; South Australia, £200; Victoria, £300; France, £360; Queensland, £400; Canada, £400; Brazil, £600; Mexico, £600; United States, £1,000.

Current News FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

On Sunday, June 20th, the 60th anniversary of her accession, the Queen is expected to be in residence at Windsor Castle, where she will receive the congratulations of the Royal Family. Her Majesty will come to London on Monday, June 21st, for the purpose of attending the service at St. Paul's Cathedral on the 22nd, and will dine and sleep at Buckingham Palace in readiness for the following day's ceremonial. The Court will probably remain in town till the Wednesday, and if the Queen, on her return to Windsor, alights at Slough, she will drive through Eton College to the Castle, and the principal portions of the route will be decorated.

Princess Christian has fixed May 6th for the St. John Ambulance fête and competition at the Crystal Palace in commemoration of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee.

A congress of Greek women will be held at Athens in April (provided that in the meantime the "Concert of Europe" has not razed the city to the ground), at which some important resolutions relative to the reform of women's education and women's dress in Greece will be passed. There is a strong agitation afoot for the revival of the classic Greek dress in preference either to the costumes of Paris or the Albanian costume now worn at all festivals.

NOMINATION OF LADY GUARDIANS IN IRELAND.—Lady Mary Aldworth nominated at Kanturk. The annual nominations of poor-law guardians for Cork Union has taken place. One lady guardian was nominated for the Carrignavar electoral district in opposition to Mr. C. Curtin, the sitting guardian, but the returning officer held that the papers handed in on her behalf were informal, as the nominator was not rated in the division. In Newmarket, the present guardians are opposed by Lady Mary Aldworth, of Newmarket Court, and Mr. John Scully.

LANDLORD'S RIGHTS.—Did we not hear that landlords in poor districts were not allowed to take the tools of a defaulting tenant for rent? Yet, last week a woman complained to the magistrate at West London, that her landlord had seized her sewing machine for rent, and so had deprived her of the means of livelihood. The machine did not belong to her. She had it on the hire system. The magistrate told her that she could not recover it, and she would not only have to lose the machine, but also to pay its value to the firm from which she hired it.

The Methodist Times, reporting the meeting of the Free Church Council, says, respecting women's work in Foreign Missions:—"The subject was skillfully handled by the gifted women whose names appeared on the programme, and the attention of the great audience never flagged for a single moment. It was somewhat formidable for any woman to stand in the pulpit of the City Temple and speak to the chosen representatives of the Nonconformist Churches of the land, but right nobly was the task accomplished, and women once more vindicated their ability to lead the thoughts of a great assembly. Even Mr. W. L. Watkinson, who so dreads the presence of women in the Wesleyan Conference, might have lost his fears had he been present at the City Temple at the afternoon session. The story of women in the Moravian Church was told in a charming paper read by Mrs. M. E. Hassé. The story, simply told, was both tender and touching, and more than once the eyes of strong men were suspiciously moist. Mrs. Hassé said the Moravian Church was one great missionary society. The first woman to go out as a Moravian missionary was a German mother, whose son had already laboured in Greenland. There this devoted woman toiled for forty-one years, and her family and descendants have put in two hundred and fifty-seven years in the mission field. To this day they form an unbroken link with the first woman to enter the Foreign work. Mrs. Hassé told a pathetic story of the latest Moravian Mission enterprise. That is a mission to the aborigines of the wilds of North

Australia. When the missionary and his wife landed in 1892 they were greeted by naked natives who had killed and eaten their last white visitor. They worked on till Mr. Ward was laid low by fever, and eventually passed to his reward. The widow was forced to seek another climate. On recovery she determined to return to the scene of her husband's work. Her reception was most touching. The natives had come to look upon her as "mother," and they waded through the surf to carry her ashore. So she returned to the lonely grave and solitary home, and did the old work, ever conscious of one mute shadow watching all. To-day there stands upon that distant shore a 'Ward Memorial Church,' which was consecrated at its opening by the baptism of the first two native converts. With a touching description of the Moravian Leper Mission at Jerusalem Mrs. Hassé closed a paper, the memory of which will live for many a day."

The Drapers' Record gives the following two cases:—"The sorrows of husbands who discover themselves to be liable for debts contracted by their deceased wives have often been expressed in prose, and occasionally in verse. But a case has just taken place at Ipswich in which, had not a certain widower been made liable for such debts, there would have been a grave miscarriage of justice. This person deserted his wife some years ago, after selling all the furniture, leaving her practically penniless. He never afterwards contributed a farthing towards her support, while she by industry and hard work, managed to get a little home together. Recently, however, the poor woman died, and the husband then immediately woke up to the fact that he was her legal representative. Acting in that capacity, he seized all her goods, sold them, and pocketed the proceeds. One of the wife's creditors sued him in the County Court, and, much to his surprise, the husband, has been held liable for the full amount with costs, and has been ordered to make immediate payment. For while in ordinary circumstances only the property of the deceased woman would have been liable for her debts, her husband, by his greed and unwarranted interference, constituted himself her administrator de son tort; that is to say, having elected to deal with her effects, he became liable for her debts."

"It is the law of this country that although a married woman can be sued for her debts, she cannot be committed to prison in default of payment, owing to a legal fiction that, as a married woman, she is under the control of her husband. This is very bad law, for it has again and again enabled married women to avoid the discharge of their just liabilities. A case which has just been heard at Croydon gives additional force to this consideration. A woman named White, supposed to be a widow, obtained

TEMPERANCE MISSIONS.—Applications for the Services of Mr. TENNYSON SMITH, Temperance Reformer, Leader of the New Crusade to arouse the Christian Church, Founder of the "Temperance Ironsides," and Editor of the Temperance World, may be addressed to 387, Strand, London, W.C.

a quantity of goods on credit from a local draper, and as she did not show any inclination to pay for them, she was at last sued in the County Court, judgment being given against her, with costs. As nothing in the way of payment was the result of these proceedings, an application was made to the judge to commit her to prison. But here the plaintiff found himself met with an unanswerable objection. It was true that Mr. White had died, and that his relict still passed as a widow; but it was proved that she had subsequently married her late husband's cousin, whose name was also White, so that instead of being Mrs. White the widow, she was Mrs. White the wife. Under those circumstances, the judge was unable to grant the order asked for, though it is hardly possible to doubt that his sympathies were entirely with the plaintiff. This is a flagrant instance of the manner in which the "Exemption by Marriage" principle frequently works."

WOMEN IN THE POST OFFICE.—Lord Tweedmouth's Committee on Post Office Establishments have just issued their unanimous report, which has been accepted by the Lords of the Treasury. The immediate estimated cost of the measures they propose will be £139,000 yearly, and they will ultimately involve an additional annual outlay of £275,000. The recommendations are endorsed by the Postmaster-General, the Duke of Norfolk, and will take effect from April 1st next. After dealing at much length with the men's grievances, the Committee state that amongst them, is one that portions of the male telegraph staff in London have, much to their distaste, been placed under the supervision of women. "We are glad to find," the Committee add, "that the instances in which this system prevailed have recently been greatly reduced." They add, "Of the 60,000 persons on the permanent establishment of the Post Office, some 6,800 are women, of whom upwards of 5,000 are employed in telegraph and counter work. But few representatives of these classes appeared before the Committee, and the evidence given seemed to indicate that no considerable dissatisfaction existed as to their conditions of service. Though the rates of pay are considerably lower than those for men, large numbers of women of good position and education appear to be anxious to enter the service. The attractions of Post Office employment as held out to women appear therefore to compare favourably with those afforded by private employers. The Committee extend the recommendations made with regard to the male side of the service as far as possible to the female staff."

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Will Lecture to Ladies at the WOMEN'S EDUCATIONAL UNION, 405, Oxford Street, W. (entrance in Thomas Street), on the first Wednesday of each month, at 4 p.m. Silver Collection taken. Lectures, February 3rd, March 3rd, April 7th, May 5th and June 2nd.

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WOMEN CO-OPERATORS.—The annual Conference of the Southern Section of the Women's Co-operative Guild was held on March 15th, at 99, Leman-street, E. Mrs. Abbott, who was in the chair, reminded the audience of the Women's Suffrage Bill, and urged them to use the voting powers they already possessed. As many hospitals would be built this year to commemorate the Diamond Jubilee, it was a good opportunity for them to press upon the subscribing public the necessity of women being on the boards of management. Miss Spooner, the secretary, read a satisfactory report; there were now seventy-eight branches in the section, with a membership of 2,451. Miss Llewelyn Davies subsequently read a paper entitled, "Why working women need the vote." It had, she said, been urged that women did not want it—an argument that could never be thoroughly disproved, for there would always be women who did not care about it, just as there were hundreds of men in a similar state of mind. How much easier it would be to force such a crying need as an increase in the number of women factory inspectors if they were armed with votes. It was by the pressure of Members of Parliament on the Treasury that more could be appointed, but there were not many M.P.'s, unless they feared a loss of votes, who would trouble themselves over what might prove a tiresome piece of business. In the Health and Education Acts, the State dealt directly with what had been always considered the special provinces of women—the care of the home and the bringing up of the children. Who knew so well as a woman how she was hindered in her work as a "homemaker" by badly-built houses, ill-lighted streets, defective drains, and general insanitary conditions? Women had a chance now of taking some part in the administration of the education laws, but they found themselves in the absurd position of allowing men alone to decide what girls should be taught. That women's opinion was of some value was beginning to be tardily recognised by the appointment of women on the late Royal Commission on Secondary Education, and on the present

Departmental Committee on the Pupil Teachers' System. If they had votes, a class of laws directly concerned with women, such as the Midwives' Registration Bill, would receive greater attention. As human beings the aspirations of men and women were the same. Citizenship, like patriotism, was of no sex.

MANCHESTER GENTLEWOMEN'S EMPLOYMENT ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of the Gentlewomen's Employment Association and Ladies' Work Society was held on Friday at the Manchester Town Hall. The Lady Mayoress (Miss Roberts) presided, and among other ladies present were Mrs. Bryce, Lady Leech, Miss March Phillips (London), Mrs. Brown (Burnley), Mrs. R. W. Williamson, Miss Bulley, Mrs. Zimmern, Miss Liebert, Mrs. Grommé, Miss Heine, and Mrs. Pitt Dixon. Mrs. R. W. Williamson (hon. secretary) read the annual report. The Committee were pleased to be able to draw attention to the marked improvement which had taken place in the Ladies' Work Society department. The receipts for work sold amounted to nearly £100 more than last year, a result of the improved quality of the work. Out of 700 orders received there had only been four cases in which the customers had had any cause for complaint.

Miss March Phillips, of London, suggested a number of ways in which women with a little enterprise might find remunerative work. She said that one of the most popular luncheon-rooms in New York was managed entirely by women. All the work, including the baking, the cooking, and the growing of the vegetables, was done by women. Mrs. Bryce thought that women had not fully availed themselves in the past of the opportunities open to them for employment. There were many lectureships and inspectorships for which they might easily qualify, and amongst other branches of work she suggested dispensing in hospitals, chemical work, photography, the tracing of plans for architects and engineers, and some kinds of horticultural work. A friend of hers was doing very well as a landscape gardener. Lady Leech and others spoke.

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It will be newly and comfortably furnished throughout, and open for reception of guests early in March. Owing to its excellent position, in close proximity to the Strand, Trafalgar Square, Westminster, New Law Courts, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and all Places of Amusement and Railway Stations, Mrs. Philp hopes by her close personal attention to the comfort of guests, combined with Moderate Tariff, that she will continue to receive the very liberal patronage hitherto accorded to her. Large Halls for Public Dinners, Meetings, Concerts, &c.

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FOR placing the WOMAN'S SIGNAL in public libraries, reading rooms, and sending to Editors of newspapers and other influential persons.

With warm gratitude, the Editor acknowledges the following subscriptions. Should the fund reach a total of £100, it would allow of the free distribution of one thousand copies weekly through the post for three months, and this, it might be hoped, would be capable of making a great impression on the general public in this period, during which the Woman's Suffrage Bill is hanging in the balance. The amount named would also allow of the Free Libraries being supplied throughout the country for a considerably longer period.

Whatever total amount is generously placed at the Editor's disposal will be strictly applied to the purpose named. A separate list and accounts will be kept for this money, and duly audited in six months' time.

The Editor cannot express how cheered and encouraged she personally feels by this generous help and interest. While she cannot expect to escape some errors of judgment, or hope that everything in the paper can always please all readers, she will endeavour more earnestly than ever, if possible, to make the paper represent the woman's cause respectably, both intellectually and morally, and to be a source of help, both for the home and wider duties and interests, to her kind and extending circle of readers.

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Further subscriptions are respectfully asked for.

SIGNALS FROM FRIEND TO FRIEND.

MR. JAROFF PRELOOKER asks us to mention that the word printed "Harems" in our report of his lecture on Russian Women should have been "Terems." He says:—"Harems" never existed among the Russians, and what I said was that the Russian women of the Boyar class were kept in seclusion in the "Terems," or castles, until emancipated by Peter the Great."

ADVERTISEMENTS FOR PRIVATE COLUMN.—Several advertisements from private persons for the column set apart for such announcements are received on Tuesdays. Will readers kindly note that the latest time for receiving advertisements for the following Thursday's issue is Monday morning.

WHAT TO WEAR.

RED straw hats are going out of fashion, and the preference seems to be given to yellow, purple, or green—the last-mentioned colour being the first favourite. The straws are so fine and elastic that they can be bent about in all manner of ways in order to make them becoming. Chenille is sometimes used in place of straw, and there seems a general fancy for a hat or a bonnet which will look like a bit of a hedge. I hardly know how to describe some of the many green straws I have seen. The background might almost be covered with lichen, so soft and shaded is its surface, and bright flowers and wreaths of foliage look almost as if growing out of a rockery. The flowers are arranged in front once more, and a preference is given to blossoms which naturally stand erect, such as hollyhocks, stocks and wall-flowers. Tulips are also greatly used for the composition of these Eiffel-towers, and the large purple pansy is trained to be more aspiring than is its wont. A becoming

feature of the new large hats is the amount of trimming which appears upon the brim; ruches of ribbon are sometimes laid all the way round, and bunches of violets or geranium leaves are often mixed in with rosettes of pleated lisse. The latter material is especially in favour with the milliners at present, though chiffon is not altogether neglected. As for the bow, there seems to be only one material possible—glacé silk is the only idea, or that shot taffeta which so closely resembles it. A high bow of glacé silk is to be seen on nearly every hat, and nothing makes a prettier finish for the garland of flowers which it is the fashion to place round the hat. Purple and green is a very fashionable combination, and many of the new green straws are trimmed with purple and green shot ribbon and large purple flowers, such as poppies, hyacinths, or pansies. Sweat peas are greatly used, as they recall the early Victorian era; roses have come before their time, and are used in combination with violets and white lilac.

The "Jubilee knot" is the latest idea in hair dressing, and it gives a wonderful look of style to the wearer. The coil should spring out well from the back of the head, and be high enough to be visible from the front. Some people wear it rather lower during the daytime, but for evening wear it cannot be too high. The coiffure simply consists of a short tail of hair with the upper part arranged in a loop, and the end arranged in soft curls. The loop is made by passing the switch of hair through a small tortoiseshell comb of peculiar shape, having a circular space at the top through which the coil can be passed. The comb is shaped so as to fit the back of the head, and as the coiffure is arranged on this comb, it can be literally put on in a minute. The hair is first waved all over the head and tied up towards the top, and kept in place with a hairpin. The comb containing the coil is then put on, and the natural hair may be coiled round it. The fringe is waved, and either parted in the centre or turned back, only a few light rings of hair being permitted to stray on the forehead. CHIFFON.

A FALMOUTH CELEBRITY.
SOME PERSONAL DETAILS.

MR. HENRY ELGER, of Prince-street, Falmouth, whose portrait is printed below, has become quite a local celebrity, and an account of him, in the *Falmouth Packet*, seems likely to spread his fame far and wide. The story, so far as possible, may be given in Mr. Elger's own graphic words.

"One Sunday afternoon, in the summer of 1888," said Mr. Elger, "I made a hearty dinner, had 'forty winks,' and was preparing to go out for a stroll, when a strange sensation came over me suddenly and I commenced to stagger. I went to bed at once and called in a doctor, who said I had a bad paralytic seizure. For nearly a fortnight I could keep no food in my stomach and was only kept alive by injections. I was paralysed and bed-ridden for close on six months, and even when I got up could only just manage to drag myself along with the help of a stick, everybody saying that I wasn't long for this world. If I looked miserable—and I know that I did—I certainly felt miserable, and all the more so because I could neither attend to my business nor even help my wife to sell fruit and vegetables in the shop. For over six years I was like that and tried all sorts of remedies, but without effect. When I attempted to walk—and I could only go a little way—I staggered like a drunkard."



"You seem to have changed for the better now," remarked the interviewer. "How did this come about?"

"I'm coming to that," said Mr. Elger. "About two years ago I took up my copy of your paper, and the first thing that caught my eye was an account of a case of paralysis cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. As I said just now, I had tried almost everything, but I thought that I would get some of these Pills. Well, sir, that one box made a difference in me, so I procured more, and after two or three boxes I commenced to feel more cheerful and vigorous, and could walk about. After I had taken six boxes I gave up my stick, and now, thank God, I can carry a heavy load, walk as far as you like, eat, drink, and sleep well, and attend to my trade."

"You seem to be very jubilant over it, Mr. Elger?"

"So would you be if you had gone through what I have. Look here, I am now 62 years old, and never felt better. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills worked a miracle on me, and I feel it my duty to let everybody know it. I forgot to tell you another thing: before I commenced to take Dr. Williams' Pills I used to suffer from dropsy, but all that has disappeared as well; I firmly believe that if it had not been for the Pills I should be in my grave."

"Dr. Williams' Pills seem valuable for many complaints," continued Mr. Elger. "My wife had a running wound in her leg, due to impoverished blood, and a doctor failed to do her any good, and told her she must lie in bed. Well, when I found that these Pills were doing me good, I got her to share mine. Before she commenced to take them her leg was blood-red with inflammation. Now all the inflammation has gone, and the wound closed up. We are both grateful to Dr. Williams for having invented the Pills, and think everybody ought to know of them."

The chemist who supplied the Pills to Mr. Elger was able to corroborate his lucid and intelligent statement, and said he was permanently cured. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not like other medicines, and their effects are permanent. Nothing else is so prompt in pulling up the system when, from some temporary depression or otherwise, tone is needed. They have cured more than fifty-five hundred cases of diseases arising from impoverished blood, such as anæmia, pale and sallow complexion, muscular weakness, depression of spirits, loss of appetite, palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath, pains in the back, nervous headache, loss of memory, early decay, all forms of female weakness, hysteria, paralysis, locomotor ataxy, rheumatism and sciatica, scrofula, rickets, hip-joint diseases, chronic erysipelas, consumption of the bowels and lungs.

The genuine pills are sold only in wooden boxes, about two inches in length, in a pink wrapper with the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, printed in red. They are never sold in bulk, or from glass jars, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form should be avoided. In case of doubt it is better to send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, 46, Holborn-viaduct, London, E.C., enclosing the price, 2s. 9d. a box, or six boxes for 13s. 9d. These pills are not a purgative, and they contain nothing that could injure the most delicate.

Mrs. FENWICK MILLER's lecture on "The Progress of Women during the Queen's Reign," will be delivered at the Crystal Palace at 8 o'clock on Wednesday next, March 31st, Lady H. Somerset presiding.

ETHEL SINGLETON: "But tell me, dear, does a man get really angry every time he comes home and finds dinner isn't ready?" Mrs. Benedict (sweetly): "Yes; just about as angry as a woman gets every time she has it ready and he doesn't come home."

DAUGHTER—"I think I ought to go to a cooking school, mamma, don't you." Mother—"I can teach you to cook, my dear." Daughter—"Oh, but you wouldn't do, mamma; you only cook the ordinary things that people eat."

ANALYSIS OF FOODS

Flesh Forming (■ Nitrogenous) *Natural Salts* (▨)
Heat & Force Producing (▩ Carbonaceous) *Water* (□)

<div style="font-size: 2em; font-weight: bold;">CADBURY'S</div> <div style="font-size: 1.5em; font-weight: bold;">Cocoa.</div>	Ounces of above constituents in one pound.															
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
<div style="font-size: 1.5em; font-style: italic;">Raw Lean Beef</div> <div style="font-size: 1.5em; font-style: italic;">& Mutton.</div>	[Bar chart showing constituent analysis for Raw Lean Beef & Mutton]															
<div style="font-size: 1.5em; font-style: italic;">Eggs.</div>	[Bar chart showing constituent analysis for Eggs]															
<div style="font-size: 1.5em; font-style: italic;">White Bread.</div>	[Bar chart showing constituent analysis for White Bread]															

In addition to above, it is interesting to find that One Shilling's worth of CADBURY'S Cocoa contains as much nourishment as can be obtained for Three Shillings spent on some of the best Meat Extracts.

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Printed by VEALE, CHIFFERIEL & Co. LTD., 31-37 Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, London, E.C., and Published by MARSHALL & SON, 125 Fleet Street, London E.C. Advertisements, Letters to the Editor, etc., to be addressed 30 Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, London, W.C.