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# THE WOMAN'S SIGNAL

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

Edited by  
**MRS. FENWICK MILLER.**

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**THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH.**

By MRS. FENWICK MILLER.

WHEN an ancient Egyptian closed his eyes on this world, his family must still have had considerable anxiety, being still liable to great annoyance, on his account. He had to be buried, of course. Everybody expects some little attention of that kind after death; inasmuch as all, even the poorest and meanest of us, can exact it. The world may neglect you while you are alive; it may even let you die of starvation; but it must when you are dead be at the expense of some sort of a funeral for you. The ancient Egyptian, however, not only required to be mummified before he was buried, but he had to be got through an ordeal of character; the which if he were unable to pass, he could not be decently put to his rest, but had to be either taken home again in his mummy case and stood ignominiously and inconveniently about the place, or hurriedly buried in a golphtha of disgrace and scorn.

This is how that last earthly ordeal was stage-managed:—

Near each city of importance in ancient Egypt, there was a lake made, and upon the lake a funeral boat was placed. Every respectable dead person went in that boat to his tomb; and if he could not get a passage, his fate was considered extremely discreditably to himself and his family. It was not (in theory, that is to say) money that could get him over the ferry; though want of money was then, as now, a crime; for if he died in debt, his creditor had legal power to forbid the poor corpse from passing the ferry; and he could not get over till all his debts had been paid off. But, on the other hand, he might have always paid up twenty shillings in the pound, and yet be refused his passage. For before the corpse could go into the boat, he had to pass a judgment.

On the shore of the lake, near the place of embarkation, the trembling mummy was paraded before a party of judges, forty-two in number, to correspond with the forty-two sins to which the human mind and body are prone. Then proclamation was made that any person who had been witness of any wrong-doing on the part of the dead, should stand forth and accuse his shade thereof. If an accuser should appear, and the judges should find the charge to be substantiated by the evidence brought forward, the mummy was refused decent burial. He was not allowed to cross the ferry, but was either distressfully taken home again, or buried on the hither shore; and it was well understood that in this case his ghost could not enter the realms of peace, but passed into some inferior animal, and would undergo in creeping or quadruped guise a probation and punishment of three thousand years' duration at the least before reaching human shape again, and having another chance of gaining eternal bliss.

What an opportunity must that *post-mortem* trial have been for the Critic on the Hearth! I never (that I remember) was present at a soul's judgment in ancient Egypt, but I have been a spectator of a modern British game which bears some resemblance to that old

ordeal. This diversion is called "The Stool of Repentance." Different people take their pleasure in various ways, and what to some are "games," to others appear odious impertinences or stupid follies. It gives me but scant amusement to be rude to others, still less do I find it a pleasant pastime to authorise other people's being saucy to me. So I have sat by and watched this "game" being played in country houses on those wet days when the hours drag.

One of the players leaves the room, and each of the others says something injurious of the absent one, which is written down. Then the victim of the moment returns and sits on a chair in the middle of the room, the insulting statements are read forth to him, and he is expected to discover, by his own instincts, who is the author of each calumny. I, as a looker-on, have observed that the victim invariably ascribes the cruellest, the most bitter, and the most galling observations to his own near relatives—the critics on his hearth. "You do not wash your face," or, "You have a voice like a crow." This is obviously untrue, and the subject calmly attributes the statement to Mrs. This or Mr. That. But, "You have a horrible temper," or "You are thoroughly selfish," or "Your laziness spoils such talents as you possess"; and the victim promptly declares—"My mother said it," or "That was my brother." Such is the temper, such the audacity, such the power of striking home and striking hard of "The Critic on the Hearth."

"A prophet is not without honour save in his own country." This by no means implies that the prophet's countrymen are not sufficiently alive to the honour that others pay him to take any advantage of it that may be available to them. It means, *only*, that they will make it perfectly clear to him on the domestic hearth that they think the world very foolish to waste such homage on an unworthy a personage.

The ways in which the domestic critic conveys that idea are various. Often he insists upon himself attempting to do exactly the thing which his relative is paid or praised for doing. The famous singer is apt to have a brother or a sister who pipes or grunts with an obvious air of thinking that the talents of the celebrity are over-estimated. The successful author's near relatives say that they will write (and, alas! they sometimes do it), the evident implication being—"Well, if so poor and every-day a person as he can succeed in making a living or a name by scribbling, surely we others can do so better still!" Or perhaps the critic contents himself with observing casually that he wishes he had had Tom's chances, or that Jack's line of business is a good one, it is so jolly easy to prosper in it.

In case of failure, of course the opportunities of the critic on the hearth are wider, deeper, more sweeping, and more splendid. Then he comes with stern speech and severe reproof; he pours forth all the secret wrath that has fermented in his mind for years, the tiny vents of sundry passing gibes and jeers having only just prevented it from bursting loose before.

He reminds the sufferer how he has prophesied mischief, and how frequently he has tendered advice that was never asked and therefore never followed. The critic in the hour of prosperity is like the dash of bitters that may be taken as a palatable corrective of too sweet a draught; but the critic in the day of adversity is like the aloes or the assafetida of the loathsome dose in sickness and pain.

Sometimes the family critic not so much depreciates as frankly disapproves of the doings of the criticised. Filial criticism is rather apt to take this form. The father is a pillar of the Particular Baptists, and the son shows what he thinks of that by open adherence to the Establishment. Or the father preaches at the Wesleyan Chapel, and the son drifts off to the Salvationist hall. Such criticism as this, however, is apt to be mutual. The older one has possession of the hearth, after all, and can express his opinions in more various and decisive ways than the junior ought to feel seemly for himself. The parental methods may vary between threats of disinheritance and tearful entreaties to alter the course of conduct criticised. One old gentleman of my acquaintance, whose son differed from him on religious matters, used to avail himself of the critical opportunity afforded by grace before meat. While the viands stood cooling, and the hungry waited to be fed, this stern parent would remind all concerned that his son did not sit with him at a holier table, and beg that as that dear youth's footsteps were turned there that day for earthly meat, so they might mercifully soon be directed towards the true food of the Spirit, and might what he was about to receive, be blessed to that end! Another made no verbal comment on his son's book, but he tore it up leaf by leaf, to light his pipe withal. But these are small matters; the most serious form of fatherly criticism is that which is expressed from behind a coffin-lid, and is recorded at Somerset House for perpetual reference.

Mothers are seldom so stern as fathers, but they have often a very clear vision, and can express what they see with a glorious terseness and vigour occasionally. Carlyle was never better summed up than by his mother's dictum—"He's gey ill to live wi'." Even better was the saying of the mother of the youthful warrior who later became Sir David Baird, of Seringapatam. Being told that her son, who was taken prisoner in India, had been, to prevent him from escaping, chained to one of his captors, the mother observed significantly—"The Lord presairve the puir chiel that's tied to oor Davie!" Oh, yes! even the tenderest and most gracious relative knows how on occasion to play excellently well the part of the critic on the hearth!

But domestic criticism is in special attendance on "celebrities." Their own people, perhaps, see "the great" behind the scenes too much. They watch the master of witty turns preparing elaborately the "impromptus" that he will by-and-by give forth spontaneously (after carefully leading up to them), to the delight of the uninitiated. They have glimpses of the society beauty in her crimping pins, and after

the grease is rubbed on her face, but while the paint is still in the pot; and the finished "make-up" is not imposing to them as it is to the outsider who views the effect only when it is fully completed. They see the poet angry over his dinner that is not done to please him; and they hear the author talk twaddle in those hours of relaxation when the bow of his great mind is unstrung; so they read the rhymed heroics with a sneer, and glance contemptuously at the wise or brilliant prose periods in print.

Then these near and dear ones are so kindly anxious "not to see him grow conceited," or "spoil his position by careless work," that their generous efforts to damp self-satisfaction and to urge to correction and re-correction may be safely relied upon. Seldom, indeed, do they assume that their genius needs encouragement to think more of himself than he actually does; or realise that the lighting up of the domestic censor may be the best method of reviving the sacred fire upon the altar of the soul.

The feelings of a famous person's relatives are easily hurt. They may regard as an insult even the "flowing language" that brings the orator roars of applause outside. Is the great man gracious of manner and speech? His relatives declare that he patronises them. Is he curt and commanding? They blame him for looking down on them as his inferiors. In short, the famous man too often finds that at home he is in the position that the satirist gives women—"They have but two faults; they never say the right word nor do the right thing."

Indeed, the domestic critic varies in his methods and his favourite points of attack as much as does the professional literary mangler. There is "the man with the muck rake," who bends down his eyes so that they cannot see the excellence of the heart and head, and gropes in the mud to find where the footsteps may have slightly slipped; as there be writing critics who ignore the thoughts, the style, and all the knowledge shown in a book, and fasten on a trivial blunder about an unimportant date, or a slip of the pen in a name casually mentioned. There be others who do not even pretend to judge from any other standpoint than their individual whims; he does not think as I do, she does not dress as I like, therefore, the measure of his or her iniquity is full. There are, again, the jealous critics, those who have tried themselves and comparatively failed, and who belittle the achievements that they cannot successfully emulate. There are the absolutely false-speaking ones, who half wilfully and half unconsciously misrepresent and then blame on the score of their own mis-statements or incomplete quotations. There are the others who will not notice the good qualities of the character but concentrate their observation on some small defect (the inevitable foil, the necessary complement, perhaps, of some great virtue) and stare at it persistently and talk about it untiringly—just as some newspaper writers will search carefully through a book to find and quote as a sample of the whole the weakest sentence, the most common-place verse, or the bald statement of a well-known fact that must be introduced in its place for the same reason that a cake, however rich, cannot be all plums and peel. There are the critics who are of a serious turn and call any jest or quirk a thing utterly flippant, low, vain, and foolish; and there are the inveterate jokers to whom the serious and earnest thinker seems either a bore or a hypocrite. In short, the varieties of penetrating, insistent, and captious criticism are innumerable.

The seat of criticism, then, generally stands

badly on the hearth rug, and is not well filled by a near relation.

But stay! There seems to be one relation who is capable very often (not—mark me well—not by any means always!) of so fitting that seat to that station that she may be allowed to place it there with advantage. That relation is one that I, alas! cannot possess.

Men are to be envied by women for many things, but above all, because they can have wives! I wish I could have a wife! How useful and agreeable at once she must be! Men by getting married secure somebody to look after their domestic affairs, and to make much of them in their hours of rest, and to feel a personal interest in their successes! Husbands are, of course, precious possessions; but does the best of husbands do these things? It is not their "line" to keep house, to provide for all the minor details of life, and to see that the servants do not worry when the writer, painter, or composer is at work. Moreover, it is only too clear that no man, at present at least, can possibly feel the same self-absorption in his wife's successes in any direction that a wife can, and that many a wife does, in those of her husband. To be the wife of the great Blank is to be distinguished and successful for the lady in her own person. Marriage is her business, and she has done well therein. But to be "Mrs. Dash's husband" is apparently (though I know not why) a sad position, that it needs a man of rare magnanimity and strength of character to fill with tolerable patience—to enjoy it and glory in it is almost always beyond the power of human nature of the masculine persuasion.

So there are instances of men who have found a wife a satisfactory critic; keen enough, because of her intense personal interest in his success, but indulgent and tender, as one always secretly is to oneself even when apparently most ruthlessly stern. Dr. Johnson found such a critic in his sickly and elderly wife; and Molière never put forth a word that had not been approved by the critic on his hearth, whom his friends thought thoroughly incompetent for the post. Many men have, indeed, sought and found invaluable secret service in that direction, as well as advice. Sir Charles Lyall's wife copied and improved upon all his writings. Lady Darnley, after tireless patience, deciphered secret patches, the reading of which made the chief reputation of "Napier's Peninsular War." John Stuart Mill's beautiful tribute to his wife's influence on his work, in the dedication of his first book published after her death, deserves repeating in this connection:—"To the beloved and deplored memory," he wrote, "of her who was the inspirer, and in part the author, of all that is best in my writings—the friend and wife whose exalted sense of right and truth was my strongest incitement, and whose approbation was my chief reward—I dedicate this volume. Like all that I have written for many years, it belongs as much to her as to me. . . . Were I but capable of interpreting to the world one-half the great thoughts and noble feelings which are buried in her grave, I should be the medium of a greater benefit to it than is ever likely to arise from anything that I can write, unprompted and unassisted by her all but unrivalled wisdom." Again, what Lady Beaconsfield, and, at an earlier date, Lady Palmerston, were to their respective husbands is well known. The Prince Consort complained that the haughty and head-strong "Pam" allowed his publicly-expressed opinions on politics to be afterwards modified or changed by the private opinions of

his wife; so that the success which on the whole that statesman achieved was partly due to his domestic critic's capabilities—while her social grace and charm won and maintained for him valuable friendships and alliances.

But more usual and fully as precious is that purely domestic aid which wives can and so often do give their husbands by the combination of the admiring homage that lifts a man usefully up in his own esteem (preening his feathers for further flight), and of the domestic care that both preserves his health and refreshes his spirits. Such wifely support must be as the holding up of the hands of Moses by Aaron and Hur; 'tis at the supplication of Moses that the battle is won, but without that hidden support his strength would wane and fail before the eventide was come, and the fight was ended with the going down of the sun. Ah! could such a blessing have fallen to me!

A charming picture of such a wife's devotion is limned, all innocently, in a letter to Richardson, the English novelist, from Meta Klopstock, wife of the German poet of that name. She is sweetly unconscious that it is her own image that she draws so prettily, for her thoughts are wholly of her beloved husband. But Klopstock's "Messiah" interests you and me not one whit to-day; while the beautiful humanity of the tender wife's devotion, expressed in her quaint German-English, is as freshly attractive as though she had not been dead for a day. Her letter is dated—

"Hamburg, May 6th, 1758.

"It will be a delightful occupation for me, my dear Mr. Richardson, to make you acquainted with my husband's poem. Nobody can do it better than I, being the person who knows the most of that which is not yet published; being always present at the birth of the young verses, which begin always by fragments here and there of a subject of which his soul is just then filled. He has many great fragments of the whole work ready. You may think that two people who love as we do have no need of two chambers; we are always in the same. I with my little work, still, still, only regarding my husband's sweet face, which is so venerable at that time, with tears of devotion and the sublimity of the subject; my husband reading me his young verses and suffering my criticisms. . . . Though I love my friends dearly, and though they are good, I have, however, much to pardon, except in the single Klopstock alone. He is good, really good, in all the foldings of his heart."

Sweet woman! Lucky man! Why cannot I have a wife?

But, as I said before, it is by no means always the case that a wife is a sympathetic judge and helper of this order. On the contrary, she is often the most severe, and often the most unappreciative critic that the world holds for her own husband. Very often this is from sheer ignorance, pure lack of the mental equipment for balancing the man's special gifts withal. "Tell me, do you really think Richard such a wonderful musician?" asked Wagner's first wife (from whom he separated after twenty-eight years of marriage) of his friend and biographer, F. Praeger. This was after the composer had completed "The Dutchman," "Tannhauser," and "Lohengrin." No wonder that the poor musician found this critic intolerable, and at length forsook the hearth where she abode. Yet she offended in ignorance. The good woman loved him none the less; "she had no thought but for her husband;" but she would criticise, and it was done foolishly.

There was once a great philosopher who,

having heard the tales of usefully critical wives, thought that he would read his newest book to his household companion. So he did; and, as he droned along, he was pleased to perceive that she, with eyes thoughtfully cast down, listened with apparent profound attention. At length he stopped, and waited for the remarks that she might make. She said—"I see, love, that there is a hole in your left stocking; don't put it on in the morning, I must mend it at once!"

As to the severity—well, it is a lucky thing for a good many men that an ordinance of public opinion is established, forbidding wives to express all that they really and truly think about their husbands. Some unfortunate men hear in private what is their wives' genuine opinion of them; some don't; but we all of us fight shy of a wife who wishes to tell us as promiscuous third parties what is her ruthlessly actual judgment of her partner. However, occasionally one does insist upon expressing herself candidly, and then, indeed, the feathers fly.

Rosina, Lady Lytton, was a famous instance. What did she say of her spouse? "With the head of a goat on the body of a grasshopper—one has only to look at his hideous face to see that every bad passion has left the impress of its cloven hoof on his fiendish lineaments. This 'great genius' has nothing original about him but his sins." There's the critic on the hearth, indeed! Her energetic ladyship, however, retained amidst all her rage some notion of the fact that the public holds it right that the critic on the hearth should not shout so loudly as to be heard outside the street door. "No doubt your Orthodox English conventionalism is greatly shocked by my coarse, vulgar, and unladylike language." Quite so! The domestic criticism may be bitter, but it should never, never be noisy, too!

Husbands should be particularly careful to take this for an axiom, because their voices are so powerful, that if they do shout loudly at their wives, they are sure to be heard outside. Moreover, marital criticism is often the most bitter—dare I add, the most unjust?—of any domestic blame. What can be more harsh or more unprovoked than the displeasure which a man feels at everything connected with a woman who no longer possesses his love, but to whom he is tied for life? Her looks, her dress, her speech, her conduct all offend, with a peculiar virulence known only to the conjugal relation fallen out of sympathetic union. When a man, so detached in soul and bound in society, has no self-restraint, but expresses freely all he feels, heaven help the poor wife! What shall she do? Emulate the placidity of the milky mothers ruminating in the daisy-covered pasture? Or the sharpness of the hedgehog, who pricks his assailants? Or the yieldingness of the worm, aggravating by its very squishiness? Not this last! Oh, surely, anything but the worm!

There is no blame that hurts so much as that of the fireside. What one bears with perfect calmness from a comparative stranger—the slighting phrase, the critical advice, the neglected opportunity for applause—stings beyond bearing when it is associated with relationship. It is, no doubt, the permanence of the tie between the critic and his victim that makes domestic censure so hard to bear. Just as the trained nurse, who is going away in a week or two, endures with equanimity the irritable language and ungrateful petulance of her patient, when the dutiful wife and fond mother would be cut to the heart by the same conduct—so what a stranger thinks or says

matters little—it has no permanent bearing on our life, as that has which reveals to us the opinion of those with whom we are indissolubly connected.

But, if blame from the critic on the hearth be painful, how thrice-blessed is domestic sympathy! How little matters the praise of the whole world by comparison with that which is whispered at the fireside! Fame, in the wide sense, is truly, as Tennyson says, "Half dis-fame and counter-charged with darkness." But to win the applause of those who are near and dear, and to enjoy the glory of an honour yielded to our efforts by those who come closest to the very sanctuary of that inner life where the individuality dwells in necessary solitude—that is, indeed, the sweetest support and solace given to struggling, aspiring humanity. May such sweet sympathy and gracious encouragement, even if not unmingled with the occasional "faithful wounds of a friend," be your lot—and mine—from our critics on the hearth.

MARY WOLLSTONE-CRAFT'S

"VINDICATION OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN" (Published 1793).

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

GENTLENESS of manners, forbearance and long-suffering, are such amiable God-like qualities, that in sublime poetic strains the Deity has been invested with them; and, perhaps, no representation of his goodness so strongly fastens on the human affections as those that represent him abundant in mercy and willing to pardon. Gentleness, considered in this point of view, bears on its front all the characteristics of grandeur, combined with the winning graces of condescension; but what a different aspect it assumes when it is the submissive demeanour of dependence, the support of weakness that loves, because it wants protection, and is forbearing, because it must silently endure injuries; smiling under the lash at which it dare not snarl. Abject as this picture appears, it is the portrait of an accomplished woman, according to the received opinion of female excellence, separated by specious reasoners from human excellence.

How women are to exist in that state where there is to be neither marrying or giving in marriage, we are not told. For though moralists have agreed that the tenor of life seems to prove that man is prepared by various circumstances for a future state, they constantly concur in advising woman only to provide for the present. Gentleness, docility, and a spaniel-like affection are, on this ground, consistently recommended as the cardinal virtues of the sex; and, disregarding the arbitrary economy of nature, one writer has declared that it is masculine for a woman to be melancholy. She was created to be the toy of man, his rattle, and it must jingle in his ears whenever, dismissing reason, he chooses to be amused.

To recommend gentleness, indeed, on a broad basis is strictly philosophical. A frail being should labour to be gentle. But when forbearance confounds right and wrong, it ceases to be a virtue; and, however convenient it may be found in a companion, that companion will ever be considered as an inferior, and only inspire a rapid tenderness, which easily degenerates into contempt. As a philosopher, I read with indignation the plausible epithets which men use to soften their insults; and, as a moralist, I ask what is meant by such heterogeneous associations as "fair defects,"

"amiable weaknesses," &c.? If there be but one criterion of morals, but one archetype for man, women are allowed to fix the eye of reason on a perfect model.

But to view the subject in another point of view. Do passive, indolent women make the best wives? Confining our discussion to the present moment of existence, let us see how such weak creatures perform their part? Have women, who have early imbibed notions of passive obedience, sufficient character to manage a family or educate children? So far from it, that, after surveying the history of woman, I cannot help agreeing with the severest satirist, considering the sex as the weakest as well as the most oppressed half of the species. What does history disclose but marks of inferiority, and how few women have emancipated themselves from the galling yoke of sovereign man?

But avoiding, as I have hitherto done, any direct comparison of the two sexes collectively, or frankly acknowledging the inferiority of woman, according to the present appearance of things, I shall only insist that men have increased that inferiority till women are almost sunk below the standard of rational creatures. Let their faculties have room to unfold, and their virtues to gain strength, and then determine where the whole sex must stand in the intellectual scale.

Further, should experience prove that they cannot attain the same degree of strength of mind, perseverance, and fortitude, let their virtues be the same in kind, though they may vainly struggle for the same degree; and the superiority of man will be equally clear, if not clearer; and truth, as it is a simple principle, which admits of no modification, would be common to both. Nay, the order of society as it is at present regulated, would not be inverted, for woman would then only have the rank that reason assigned her, and arts could not be practised to bring the balance even, much less to turn it.

These may be termed Utopian dreams. Thanks to that Being who impressed them on my soul, and gave me sufficient strength of mind to dare to exert my own reason, till, becoming dependent only on him for the support of my virtue, I view, with indignation, the mistaken notions that enslave my sex.

I love man as my fellow; but his sceptre, real or usurped, extends not to me, unless the reason of an individual demands my homage; and even then the submission is to reason, and not to man. In fact, the conduct of an accountable being must be regulated by the operations of its own reason; or on what foundation rests the throne of God?

It appears to me necessary to dwell on these obvious truths, because females have been insulated, as it were; and, while they have been stripped of the virtues that should clothe humanity, they have been decked with artificial graces that enable them to exercise a short-lived tyranny. Love, in their bosoms, taking place of every nobler passion, their sole ambition is to be fair, to raise emotion instead of inspiring respect; and this ignoble desire, like the servility in absolute monarchies, destroys all strength of character. Liberty is the mother of virtue, and if women be by their very constitution, slaves, and not allowed to breathe the sharp invigorating air of freedom, they must ever languish like exotics, and be reckoned beautiful flaws in nature.

As to the argument respecting the subjection in which the sex has ever been held, it retorts on man. The many have always been enthralled by the few; and monsters, who scarcely have

FEMINISM IN FRANCE.

shown any discernment of human excellence, have tyrannized over thousands of their fellow-creatures. Why have men of superior endowments submitted to such degradation? For, is it not universally acknowledged that kings, viewed collectively, have ever been inferior, in abilities and virtue, to the same number of men taken from the common mass of mankind—yet, have they not been, and are they not still, treated with a degree of reverence that is an insult to reason? China is not the only country where a living man has been made a God. Men have submitted to superior strength to enjoy with impunity the pleasure of the moment—women have only done the same, and therefore till it is proved that the courtier, who servilely resigns the birthright of a man, is not a moral agent, it cannot be demonstrated that woman is essentially inferior to man because she has always been subjugated.

Brutal force has hitherto governed the world, and that the science of politics is in its infancy, is evident.

I shall not pursue this argument any further than to establish an obvious inference, that as sound politics diffuse liberty, mankind, including woman, will become more wise and virtuous.

I have, probably, had an opportunity of observing more girls in their infancy than J. J. Rousseau—I can recollect my own feelings, and I have looked steadily around me; yet, so far from coinciding with him in opinion respecting the first dawn of the female character, I will venture to affirm, that a girl, whose spirits have not been damped by inactivity, or innocence tainted by false shame, will always be a romp, and the doll will never excite attention unless confinement allows her no alternative. Girls and boys, in short, would play harmlessly together, if the distinction of sex was not inculcated long before nature makes any difference. I will go further and affirm as an indisputable fact, that most of the women, in the circle of my observation, who have acted like rational creatures, or shown any vigour of intellect, have accidentally been allowed to run wild—as some of the elegant formers of the fair sex would insinuate.

(To be continued.)

HIGH CHURCH AND LENT.

It is not yet 400 years since people were burned alive for eating meat on Friday. Yet eating fish or flesh has no relation to morals.—(Lecky's "History of Rationalism in Europe," I. 340.)

The season of Lent will prove your worth. . . . What do you know of self-denial? . . . Do you know what it is to forego an innocent pleasure for the love of Christ? . . . Are you going to mock God by making an Easter Communion when you have been afraid to do penance in Lent?—(Mowbray's "Plain Tracts," No. 34. Oxford, 1896.)

We are our best when we try to be it not for ourselves alone, but for our brethren; and we take God's gifts most completely when we realise that He sends them to us for the benefit of other men who stand beyond us needing them.—Phillips Brooks.

The best place to test a light is in the dark. It is infamy to die and not be missed.

ANGER is like an over-hasty servant, who runs off with all speed before he has heard half the message.

THERE is a transcendent power in example. We reform others unconsciously when we walk uprightly.

In a recent article Madame Adam—herself no mean auxiliary of the feminist movement on its more moderate and literary side—pointed to the siege of Paris and the disasters of 1870-71 as one of the objective causes of women's new impulse towards social independence. In this she is doubtless right, for the heroism displayed by French women during those terrible months must have gone some way towards dissipating old prejudices, and towards giving to the women themselves a new realization of their own dignity and their own powers. But the movement could not have sprung into life so quickly had not the seed been sown at a far earlier date. Like every other tendency of modern France, whether for good or evil, the feminist movement may be traced back to the Revolution of 1789. On being asked by Napoleon since when women had occupied themselves with politics, Madame de Staël is reported to have replied, "Since they have been guillotined, sire!" The reason was certainly a sufficient one. When the emancipated French women compose, after the manner of Auguste Comte, a New Calendar of Great Women, one of their heroines of humanity will surely be Olympe de Gouges, condemned with hundreds of others to the guillotine by Robespierre, but whose name still lives as that of the authoress of a pamphlet dedicated to Marie Antoinette, in which she pleaded in favour of the "natural, inalienable, and sacred" rights of her sex. With a Madame Roland and a Charlotte Corday before their very eyes, it would have showed really phenomenal submissiveness, and even stupidity, had the women of the time not aspired to some share in the "liberty, equality, and fraternity," for which their husbands and sons clamoured so lustily. How far, indeed, they exercised a determining and restraining influence during those troubled years is to be the subject of a searching investigation by Leopold Lacour in his forthcoming volume, "La Femme dans la Révolution Française," in which the author may be trusted to throw a new and more pleasing light on Carlyle's "dragged Menads."

Perhaps the first woman who effectively disposed in her own person of the assertions of both Michelet and Proudhon, was Maria Deraismes, who entered on her active career of writer and propagandist in the closing years of the Empire. Her strong sceptical intellect and her wonderful physical powers were alike of the masculine order. To her many other qualities she added one that is exceedingly rare in the reformer, *i. e.*, a keen sense of humour. None who have heard her speech at the Paris Women's Congress of 1889, taking the initiative on that most difficult of French social problems, the "Recherche de la Paternité," will ever forget the caustic audacity of her utterances, backed up as they were by most inexorable logic. So too her numerous pamphlets and essays, while founded on a basis of very solid learning, were enlivened throughout by an irresistible mother-wit. Herein, I think, lay the secret of half her strength, and of her wonderful proselytizing powers. In her various volumes of collected writings, "Eve dans l'Humanité, Nos Principes et nos Mœurs," she denounces in scathing terms the rottenness of Parisian society, and treats such questions as prostitution and the *police des mœurs* with a bold common sense which extorts our admiration, even when, as sometimes happens, it offends our more refined susceptibilities. Mlle. Deraismes—she was never married—unfortunately circumscribed her own powers for good by the antagonistic attitude that she adopted towards Christianity, an attitude to which she doubtless owed her admission to a regularly constituted lodge of Freemasons. She claimed to be the first woman to have attained to that distinction, which is frequently assumed never to have been bestowed on a woman at all. But it is as the valiant champion of her sex that her name will live, and a certain pathos is added to her memory by the fact that all through the long months of agony entailed by the most painful of all mortal maladies, she maintained unruffled her cheery courage, working with voice and with pen up to the last days of her life. She could boast a spark at least of that electrical gift essential to a leader, and in this respect her mantle has not fallen on any other shoulders. Hence, in spite of the adhesion of a number of clever and earnest women, Madame Schmah, Madame Clémence Royer, Madame Potonié Pierre, Madame Martin, and many more, all ardent propagandists, the feminist movement to-day is without any recognised leader, and is split up into innumerable groups and factions.—Virginia M. Crawford in "Fortnightly Review."

PLATFORM MANNERS FOR MUSICAL PERFORMERS.

By LUCIE HEATON ARMSTRONG.

THE line between the amateur and the professional is so very indistinctly drawn at present, and it has become so customary for amateurs to perform in public for the good of various charities, that a few words on the subject of platform manners may be not altogether out of place.

To hold the attention of a large room full of people, is by no means an easy matter, and if you wish to succeed in impressing your audience it will be worth while for you to consider a little about your platform manner. When the great Mrs. Siddons was asked the secret of her stage success, she replied that it was "taking time." Hurry is usually the prominent characteristic of an amateur's manner, and there is nothing that has such a bad effect upon an audience. If you are going to play, for instance, and you move hurriedly to the piano, and begin that minute, as if you had a train to catch, you are half way through your piece before anybody has begun to listen. A pianoforte piece is generally rather short to begin with, and it may be all over in a very few minutes, though it may have taken many a weary day to get up. You should remember that it is more difficult to command the attention of an audience for playing than it is for singing, so that you must "take time," as Mrs. Siddons says, and not begin until people have all settled themselves to listen. Whatever you do, do not cultivate an apologetic manner; timidity of appearance is never enchanting after a person is grown-up, it is only bearable in an infant prodigy, though there, by the way, you seldom see it, as children who perform are seldom shy, as they do not know the danger. Do not come on to the platform with a frightened, fawn-like manner, as much as to say, "I shan't trouble you long, it will all be over in a minute." If you do not appear to set any value on your own performance you may be quite sure the audience will not. Never begin to play till you are sure the music stool is the proper height, and that you are the right distance from the piano, and so on. So many awkward accidents may happen through over-haste. Once at a student's concert a young lady began a solo on the piano *an octave too low*, and was so nervous that she actually went on for a good time before she found out what she was doing.

If possible, contrive to get a chance of trying the piano before the audience arrives, so that you may have some idea of the temper of the steel you have to manage. It is very hard to

have to sit down and play before an audience on a piano of which you know nothing. Try to come in the morning, when there is nobody in the concert-room, and play over not only the piece you are going to perform, but others also, so as to get quite accustomed to the instrument, and know what it is capable of.

With regard to your place on the programme you should try not to come first if you are a soloist. A solo counts for so little before the audience has got accustomed to listening, it gains double the effect when it comes as a relief after concerted music. I remember a pianist being dreadfully disgusted once at finding herself put down first on the programme, the compiler having a misguided idea that that was the place of honour; the consequence was that she had to sit down and play off Weber's "Rondo Capriccioso" before the audience had heard anything else to measure the pace by. Third or fourth in the first part, or second in the second part is a nice place to come on the programme, but if your performance is really good, you must console yourself with thinking that the audience will be glad to see you whenever you come.

Always look at the audience as you enter the room, and, however nervous you feel, do not look afraid of them. If they applaud you when you enter, or after you have played, make a deep curtsy to them, and smile and look pleased. It is better to practice your curtsy beforehand, or you will not do it nicely at the time. Be sure not to wear any bracelets that are likely to rattle while you play, it is better to have your wrists as free as possible.

Affectations of all kinds are unbearable on the platform, either for singers or players; simplicity, combined with dignity and a pleasant expression, are the best passports to the heart of an audience. Study the manner of the best players and singers, those that you see at the Monday popular concerts for example, and you will find that they are all extremely quiet and unpretentious.

Confidence and coolness are the great requisites for a public performer, but they will only come with practice. In the meanwhile, the next best thing to having them is to seem to have them. Assume a virtue, if you have it not. After all, the greatest help to confidence is the certainty that you are thoroughly proficient in what you are going to do. A thorough preparation beforehand is the best guarantee of a good performance. You must trust nothing to the impulse of the moment—leave not a single weak place in the piece or song—you must know it quite by heart, and its performance must be perfectly easy to you, so that you could play or sing it mechanically, however nervous you might be. One cannot sufficiently

impress upon students or amateurs the necessity for abundant rehearsal—for immense care beforehand. Work well for the whole month before you have to perform, but on the day itself do not practice at all, or just go through a few scales to keep your fingers in. Do nothing to tire yourself on the day of the performance, and put the idea of what you are going to do right out of your head. Take a little exercise, or read an amusing book; try to forget as much as possible what you are going to do in the evening. Then you will feel much fresher and more self-possessed when your time comes to play or sing, and do much better than if you had been grinding away all day long and getting nervous and worried and physically exhausted.

AN EXCELLENT REASON.

PAPA and his guest sat at table together, And talked of the tariff, the crops, and the weather, The Indian outlook, the woman's convention, And other such matters, too many to mention, While poor little Dot, who distinctly preferred, Like most of her sex, to be seen and be heard; Whose patience, in fact, neared the end of its tether, Was waiting a chance for her own little word. A pause came at last; at the very first knocking She seized opportunity—wasn't it shocking? And chattered so fast that her father, astonished, Concluded his Dot must be sternly admonished; "My dear little girl," was his terrible way, "What makes you so noisy, I wonder, to-day? A bit of your tongue I shall have to be docking." But Dot answered back, with no sign of dismay, "I's talkin' betause I's dot sumpin to say," Mary E. Bradley.

A HINT TO YOUNG WRITERS.

WHEN I am making a point I try to do it in the smallest possible space. I do not think a reader should be expected to plod through pages of print to find out what I mean. The great difficulty I have is in compressing my matter. I can always tell when an author does not write over and over again. The most rapid and fluent writer cannot arrange the mass of material that goes to make up a book without having it out of order here and there. Order is the basis, the charm and the end of literature. Literature is an art that takes place in time. Therefore, the main point is to be certain that you have everything in proper order. That you can never get in the first shot. That is my experience.

A COOK'S TALISMAN.

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**SIGNALS FROM OUR WATCH TOWER.**

Lady Henry Somerset's retention of the Presidency of the B.W.T.A. having been requested by a large majority of the Executive Committee, she has invited them all to be her guests at Eastnor Castle on September 28th, in connection with the next quarterly executive. "The housekeeper is making up seventy beds," and no doubt the occasion will be a very agreeable one for those who take part in it. In October, Lady Henry sails for Canada to represent the British Women at the World's Convention of the White Ribboners.

A pamphlet of detailed criticism on Lady Henry's Indian scheme has been issued by the "British Committee" of the Federation against the State regulation of vice. Lady Henry's scheme, it will be understood, has no practical importance except as giving in her own adhesion and influence to such ideas. But her scheme has not been adopted; and there is not the remotest likelihood that it will be adopted, by the Government, either here or in India. Hence it would have been hardly worth while for the "British Committee" to answer it at full length but for the necessity of correcting certain most serious errors

which she has spread in her pamphlets on the subject addressed to the B.W.T.A.

The "British Committee" say:—  
"We will notice a few of the many erroneous statements contained in her two letters. Some of these errors are comparatively unimportant, but others are of the most vital character, and show culpable carelessness in one who professes to remove the misapprehensions of others as to matters of fact. The statement which Lady Henry Somerset makes 'that between fifty and sixty per cent. of our Indian army are annually rendered unfit for duty' by the diseases in question is incorrect and entirely misleading. It is calculated on the latest returns that an average permanent deduction of 46 per thousand is the loss entailed by these diseases, or less than five per cent. The fact is, the 'admissions' which are thus totalled up to 522 per thousand include the re-admissions of individual patients several times during the year. Lady Henry further says ('Letter,' p. 2): 'Thirteen per cent. of our Indian army are annually invalidated home hopelessly incurable for military purposes.' This statement is monstrously incorrect. The true figures are given on page 9 of the recent Departmental Committee's Report; the average number annually discharged for these diseases in the years 1887-1895 was 76 out of about 70,000, or one-ninth of 1 per cent., instead of 13 per cent.!"

The Committee further point out that Lady Henry is in error in supposing that the Cantonment authorities have not already efficient power to repress disorderly persons and check open vice in the neighbourhood of the camp. Such power abundantly exists. Of course Lady Henry has not herself invented the misstatements she has thus circulated. She has been misled and deceived upon these points. Would that she could see her way to acknowledge this, and retract!

Meantime, the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in India, Sir George White, has issued a manly and clear-sighted "General Order" upon the subject, which compares but too well with the sad utterances of the aristocratic women of England. He calls attention to the ravages of disease, but points out plainly that "the majority of cases are confined within a narrow circle of men who are admitted again and again," and thus "the numbers of admissions" are swelled. He goes on to point out that the only reasonable way to deal with such men is to punish them. "Such men are fitting subjects for all the restrictions of discipline that can be imposed upon them, as they habitually render themselves unfit to fulfil the engagement they have entered into with the State, and throw upon their more self-respecting comrades the burden of their duty."

Surely this is the language of common sense, as well as better morality than that of our fine ladies. He then has a word to say to the officers. "The subject of such disease in the army, notwithstanding its sinister military significance, has hitherto been treated too much as an abstract thesis, as a regrettable cause of great military inefficiency for which, in the opinion of some, the only cure is the State regulation of prostitution. Officers of the army who confine their efforts to theoretical discussion on these points are not likely to do much practical good. Regimental officers must not stand aloof as mere spectators,

allowing the evil to take its course." The "Order" is dated 14th July, 1897.

Cyclist wearers of the "rational" costume met on Saturday, Sept. 4th, at Oxford, under the auspices of the Lady Cyclists, the Ladies' Rational Dress, the Ladies' South-West, the Mowbray, the Vegetarian, the Western Rational Dress, and the Yoroshi Cycle Clubs. Thousands of people assembled in the streets to witness the arrival of the cyclists, most of whom started from Hyde Park Corner and travelled to Oxford via Slough, Maidenhead, Henley and Nettlebed. In the evening a dinner took place at the Clarendon Hotel, Viscountess Harberton presiding. The company consisted of about 40 ladies in "rational" costumes, and about 20 gentlemen. In responding to the toast of the president, Lady Harberton said she was always glad to be amongst people in favour of the "rational dress," because it was a subject in which she took a great interest. She was delighted to see all her lady friends in the suitable attire for cycling, and hoped they would struggle hard to make it more popular. They were on the brink of a great danger, for if they could not get more people to support the "rational dress" the hideous costume of skirts for cycling would become stereotyped in England. She thought that if they showed determination and tenacity of purpose, and said distinctly they would wear the "rational dress" if they chose to, they would find before they had adopted it two or three months people would get accustomed to it and not notice them. She only wished she could do more to forward this cause, because she felt it was so immensely important.

In point of fact, it is to be feared that "rational dress" is making little progress in England, and it will not be helped by any demonstrations which serve to make the wearers of it more than before into something peculiar, a small band of heretics set apart from the mass. The great hope for the ultimate success of "rational dress" here lies in its triumph in France, whence we do take our dress fashions generally, and sooner or later. There, it is a skirted lady cyclist who now attracts attention. The dress which strikes the French eye as proper and natural is full knickers, which may be fairly called knicker-skirts. They are not made generally of stiff tweeds, showing the shape more or less thoroughly but of some pliable material, from fine tweed or serge to satin, which will fold into a number of large kilts. These are set into a waist-band in pleats all the way round the figure; it is divided, of course, for the legs, and the full knicker is caught up under the knee, falling over thence to about the middle of the calf. When the wearer stands off the machine she really seems to be wearing a short skirt rather than knickers, yet it is a dual garment, allowing each knee to rise with the action of the wheel separately, and leaving no flapping ends unmanageable behind. So becoming and really unobtrusive is this garment that you see girls walking about in the streets and the public galleries of Paris in it without attracting notice. Had our lady cyclists only followed the tasteful Paris fashion in this respect instead of going in for stiff tailor

knickerbockers, prejudice here might have been more quickly conquered.

A lady of great inventive genius, Mrs. Jane Kaye, of Kirkstall, Leeds, has just passed away. She was the fortunate patentee of more than one clever and serviceable application of mechanical principles, and among other novelties originated the now generally adopted method of collecting omnibus and tram fares by means of a metal box, which it is claimed has successfully prevented fraud on the part of the conductors. The story of the invention is that Mrs. Kaye, who wore the crinoline which was in fashion at the time, experienced a great deal of inconvenience on entering and leaving a car, the turnstile system being then in vogue, and therefore set to work to design the box in question, which was made by Mr. Kaye, and is now used on the Leeds, Manchester, Hull, Birmingham, Leicester, Portsmouth, and other large tramway lines.

The following resolution, standing in the name of the "London Domestic Servants' Union," was passed at the Trades Union Congress:—"That this Congress instructs the Parliamentary Committee to urge upon the Government the necessity to regulate the hours of labour of all women and girls employed as domestic servants, more particularly of young girls under the age of eighteen, so as not to exceed more than 70 hours per week, including one and a half hours for meals per day."

I have before begged the working men to try this modest-seeming regulation at home with their own domestic servants, their wives. Let them regulate that she who has made the fire and got the breakfast shall by no means get the supper and put the children to bed. Of course, the peculiarity of domestic work is that it must be continued at intervals during very long hours; but, on the other hand, it is not continuance unintermittantly, like work in a factory or shop. Though in one sense it goes on for fourteen hours or more, yet it does not in fact continue full steam ahead for anything like that time; there are many half-hours in the day that are practically rest; many in which the maid, though on duty, is not really at duty. Doubtless, there are some very hard places, lodging-houses or large families with a lazy mistress, where the work is very continuous. But in the average household there is really a good deal of resting time in the maid servant's long day.

Being fragmentary rest and liable to being broken in on by some order, these pauses do not give the sense of freedom and repose which is precious to the worker, and no doubt the inevitably long hours, subject to a call to work, even though not actually at work, tend to make domestic service unpopular with girls. A wise mistress will try to lessen this discontent by allowing leave as often as possible. But to talk of having a seventy hours' week is obviously impracticable. It would not be worth while to keep a servant at all on those terms. We should most of us find it better to have a woman in for a few hours, to work hard while she was there and go away, instead of keeping a girl at our expense all the time, who could do nothing after ten hours from the time of lighting the fire in the morning.

It must be remembered that the long hours and confinement of domestic service are compensated for by its being a comparatively well paid occupation. The nominal wages must have added to them the value of the board and lodging, which, in a middle-class home, is certainly from eight to twelve shillings a week.

However, there is decidedly a dearth of hard-working servants for poorer middle-class homes. There is no scarcity of candidates, so say registry office keepers, for the better priced situations. Housemaids and parlour-maids at £25, cooks at £35 to £40, and so on, are plentiful. It is the lower wages that fail to attract a sufficient supply of moderately competent workers. This being so, the wages of the occupation tend to rise. "A husband" writing to the *Birmingham Mail*, gives the following practical, and for those who can afford it, reasonable advice:—

There is, in my opinion, a very effective way out of the difficulty, and it is summed up in the word "Pay." I am myself the head of a middle-class household located in a small country village. A few months ago we were without a general, and I verily believe should have been so to this day had I not taken the matter in hand myself. My wife advertised in various newspapers, and regularly and persistently attended to no purpose the several registry offices in the nearest town. It occurred to me that an advertisement offering a few pounds a year above the recognised rate for wages might have the effect desired, and that 1s. or 1s. 6d. per week added to the house-keeping expenses would be better than blacking one's own boots, lighting the fire, and journeying ten miles to town, with the digestion and temper disordered for the day as a result of eating a hurried and half-cooked breakfast. I need only add that the increased offer brought immediate applications for the "place," and in a few days we were well suited with a most exemplary general. My advice to those wanting general servants is to go and do likewise. If the supply is not equal to the demand, the supply by the means I suggest will very soon be augmented, and there will be less complaints about "the dearth of domestics." If the middle, or any other, class of householder can afford to keep a servant at all, it would be no great hardship to practise self-denial in some small particular to the extent of 2d. or 3d. per day. Why, I ask, should not the useful and much maligned domestic participate in the increased prosperity of the country?

The agenda paper of the present Trades Union Congress does not contain many other resolutions referring directly to women's labour, though, on the other hand, those concerning shop assistants and factory legislation are for the benefit of both sexes alike. In connection with the first-named question it was satisfactory to hear Mr. Macpherson, secretary of the National Union of Shop Assistants, say that the Truck Act had already proved of service. Previously a shopwalker could fine assistants at discretion; now he cannot inflict a fine unless it was specified in the printed list set up in the shop. "For the first time," said Mr. Macpherson, "legislation has come between the employer and the shop assistant." To a resolution dealing with the appointment of factory inspectors an amendment was accepted, stating that any curtailment of the position so ably filled by Miss May Abraham would place

serious limitations on the legal rights of female workers, together with the recently formed Women's Department. The point was carried without discussion, but some of the delegates felt so keenly about it that the question was brought up again and the standing orders were suspended in order to allow a strong resolution, moved by Mrs. Sargent, of Bristol, and seconded by Miss Whyte, of the London Bookbinders' Association, to be passed with acclamation.

An informal conference took place between delegates of trades in which women work and a few ladies who are interested in women's labour. Besides the question of factory inspection, the evils of home work were discussed. Mrs. Reeves, the wife of the former Labour Minister in New Zealand, described the manner in which home work is regulated in the colony. Every place where more than one person works is considered a factory, and the woman inspector can enter at any hour, day or night. Goods made at home are ticketed "Home-made," and many persons will not buy garments made in this way for fear of infection. Mrs. Reeves stated that the people had accepted the law, and were falling in loyally with its provisions.

Our recent warning to girls not to accept pretended situations at the Cape from men of whom they know nothing has been emphasised this week by the conviction of the man Porter, who has been sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment for fraud in this very respect. He falsely professed to have situations of various kinds at Johannesburg at his disposal. In some cases he obtained a fee from the victims, and sent them over, to arrive destitute, and find the situations bogus. In others, having taken what money he could get from them, he was undiscoverable by them afterwards. The police found on him a letter from his own wife stating that she was starving for want of work in Johannesburg.

Last Saturday afternoon a marble tablet, erected in Kelloe Church in memory of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, was unveiled by the Dean of Durham. The inscription on the tablet is as follows:—"To commemorate the birth in this parish of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who was born at Coxhoe Hall, March 6th, 1806, and died at Florence, July 29th, 1891. A great poetess, a noble woman, a devoted wife. Erected by public subscription, 1897."

There is, especially in the North of England, a very strong body in the "Women's Co-operative Guild." United in the first place by merely business ties, with the object of spending the house-keeping money to the best advantage, they have found intellectual stimulus, and often use their combined force for some public object. The executive committee of the Women's Co-operative Guild have, I hear, now decided to take up the work of promoting the return of women as Poor-law guardians. Though there are now no fewer than 900 women serving on boards of guardians throughout the country, there are still 300 boards that lack the counsel of women on matters which involve the interests of their own as well as the other sex.

Dut Short Story.

LOVE'S ORDEAL.

By KATE COOPER.

HALF-A-DOZEN girls were gathered together to enjoy an unrestrained gossip. Being German girls in a German home, they were seated round the oblong coffee table at one side of a large "salon," instead of being scattered about the room in easy chairs in the more picturesque and apparently more informal custom of our English five o'clock tea. There was a hum of ceaseless chatter, and at the present moment the conversation was even more animated than usual, for the topic was one of very special interest—namely, the latest engagement, of which some of them heard now for the first time.

"Well, I am surprised," exclaimed one. "I had no idea it was likely to happen; Herr von Wandmaner has paid much more attention to Margareta."

"I don't see why you should be surprised; Carl and Margareta are cousins, and have been brought up together almost as brother and sister, whereas Olga is always so surrounded by a crowd of admirers that no one had a chance of monopolising her or of paying her very marked attention. Besides, if Carl had not made up his mind quickly, it is not likely he would have had a chance long."

"No," added another, "such a popular belle as Olga would be sure to be engaged before the end of her first season, especially as she is rich in addition to all her natural attractions."

"There would be more point in saying Olga was likely to be engaged quickly because she is rich, than because she is pretty and happens in the second place to be rich as well."

"This came from the eldest of the party, who had been quieter than the others all the afternoon.

"Oh, Lina!" broke in the young hostess, quickly, "don't say that; don't be so bitter because one man turned out a mere mercenary impostor. You know there is another who thought you were a poor 'lady companion,' left out of all our excursions up in the hills last summer, and who suddenly found he preferred."

"I don't know any such thing, Marie. Do stop such nonsense. You're a little goose, and Herr Müller could easily get from you all he wanted to know without your suspecting it. I won't trust any man again. The three in our set who have money are the only ones who are (or have been) engaged. Surely that's proof enough?"

"Oh, no! There was Marie Goebel and the two Milotkas, and—well, there's been no time for more yet. But I hope you don't mean to suggest that Ludwig is only attracted by my money," added Marie, half in jest, half resentfully.

"No, I had no particular intention of suggesting that. Still, it might be safer not to put him to the test."

"I am certainly not likely to do so; not because I should have any fear of the result, but because it would look mean and suspicious."

"If Herr von Kleist is sensible he would know that girls have good cause to be suspicious. However, I don't wish to shake your delightful confidence. We shall meet again at the dance this evening, I suppose," she added, abruptly changing the conversation as she rose to leave.

"I think not. Mother is not well and father is too busy examining the affairs of this dreadful bank failure to take me. Father asked me how I should have liked it, if the money grandma left me had been invested in shares in this bank. It was proposed."

"What a good thing it went no further." "I told father I should have expected him to give me some more. He tried to pile up the agony by asking, 'And if I could not? If I had lost money, too?' But I told him such a combination of disagreeable circumstances would be impossible. I could not and would not imagine it."

"It would be unlikely, indeed," chimed in one artless maiden, while another looked up quickly, fancying she heard a murmur that sounded like

'delightful confidence again.' However, all the others heard Lina say was:— "Shall we drive round for you this evening? It would be a pity to miss the dance of the season."

"Thank you very much, but as Ludwig is still in the country I really care very little about it."

"As soon as Lina had left her companions began to discuss her in the semi-condescending manner so commonly adopted in drawing-room conversations absent friends who have met with any misfortune."

"Poor old Lina! What a pity it is she cannot get over being deceived by that impostor."

"I think she is beginning to get over it at last," said Marie. "You see she is going to the dance this evening, and Herr Müller will be there. I believe she is on the point of giving way, and makes these bitter remarks to try and strengthen her determination not to do so."

"She ought to be thankful that impostor was found out in time."

"Yes, but it must have been a dreadful shock, for Lina was quite fascinated at the time. I am sure I don't wonder that she should be bitter and over-suspicious. If anything could possibly shake my faith in Ludwig I should never believe in any one again."

Ludwig von Kleist had hurried through the quarterly accounts and reports of the steward of the small family estate, had cut short his customary visit with his mother, and against his own expectations was returning to town in time to surprise Marie by joining her at the ball. Two elderly officers entered the train at a suburban station shortly before the end of his journey; they were talking of the disastrous bank failure, of which Ludwig, during his brief stay in the country, had heard little but the bare statement of the fact.

"They say," said the one, "that there are surprises in store. Two or three proud families will have to climb down from their heights."

"Do you know whether it is true that von Rosigger has lost everything?" asked the other.

"Yes, and the worst of it is that his daughter is engaged to a protégé of mine, a young lieutenant without any private means. He will have to break it off."

"Will he consent?"

"He will have to. It is not a question of what he wishes to do. I should insist on it even if the army regulations did not leave him no choice. It's an admirable rule that prohibits an officer from marrying without presenting proof of sufficient means, and the figure is put low enough in all conscience. Regulations apart, a married man simply could not live on less on equal terms with other officers."

"Rather hard on the girl," suggested Ludwig.

"So it may be," returned the elder man sharply, "but if you young men won't think of ways and means beforehand, you will learn too late that fine sentiments won't provide for the growing needs of a family. There was a man in my regiment some time back, a von Eichenberg," he continued with considerable vehemence, and a slight stress on the "von."

"Some informality about his wife's marriage settlement made it possible for his father-in-law to declare he could not carry out his promise. Eichenberg could not help getting deeper and deeper into debt, till it became a positive scandal, and he had to leave the service. Since then he has gone down and down, and now there are half-a-dozen children dishonouring an old family name almost in rags. That sort of thing is a disgrace to the army—a disgrace to the army, Herr Lieutenant, and it is quite right that means should be taken to prevent it."

"Seeing that he was evidently expected as a junior officer to express an assent to the senior's view, Ludwig did so, though by no means anxious to join in the conversation. "Yes," he said, "the man ought to have resigned in the beginning. Still, he need not have come so low if he had anything in him." But his second remark proved no more fortunate than his first. Perhaps the elder man was made irritable by the consciousness that his resolution, if necessary for his protégé's good, was yet ungracious, and he resented an

argument that might later be actually urged against him.

"Upon my word, you speak very lightly of throwing up your commission," he replied wrathfully. "Do you think it so slight an honour to wear the uniform of the great German army?"

"By no means, Herr Major! If my remark would bear that interpretation I withdraw it. Rather than bring disgrace on the army, as poor Eichenberg unwillingly did, I would resign at once, but nothing else should ever induce me to do so."

"Well said, very well said indeed. Come, you ought to be satisfied with that, Major," put in his companion, wishing to pour oil on the troubled waters. The major's wrath seemed somewhat appeased.

"Good," he said. "Such a sentiment reflects to your honour, and I hope my protégé may express himself as well. If he talks of throwing up his commission I will have nothing more to do with him. Army training thoroughly incapacitates a man for any business occupation (and it's quite right that it should) and you cannot commence studying for another profession after you've once started in the world."

"No, indeed," his companion agreed, "that would be a rash and useless piece of folly. If the girl has any right feeling she will see the impossibility of their marriage and save him from the apparently—from the really unchivalrous—though equally necessary duty, by releasing him from the engagement herself."

"Certainly, that's the only proper way out of the difficulty. She is a very sensible girl, and if she does not see it in the right light at first she will when it is explained to her. She is a very bright and attractive girl, too, and no doubt she will soon be engaged again to some one who can support her. Ah! Here is the station. Adieu, Herr Lieutenant, may you ever continue to cherish your honourable sentiments towards the glorious German Army!"

As they exchanged salutes Ludwig wondered who the irate old major might be. "I should like to see him try to separate Marie and me," he muttered to himself, a pious wish that sounded not altogether in harmony with his previous expression of "honourable sentiments" (considering the context), but one which by no means proves these to have been insincere.

It was late before Ludwig entered the ball room, and he was, therefore, the more disappointed when he failed to find his fiancée there. For some time he wandered around, watching the entrance, and still expecting to see her arrive, till catching sight of Lina as she was whirled past, it occurred to him he might learn from her the cause of Marie's absence. As the use of programmes is not customary in Germany, he had no difficulty in securing the next dance with her. Replying very briefly to her greetings and enquiries concerning his visit, he asked whether she had seen Marie lately.

"Yes, I was there this afternoon."

"Do you know why she is not here yet? Is she ill? Is she not coming this evening?"

"This bank failure has—"

"Herr Bebel has not lost anything in it, I hope."

Some little demon must have entered Lina's heart; she had had no idea of seriously carrying out her careless suggestion of that afternoon till the opportunity seemed almost to invite it. Her own past bitter experience made her ready to be suspicious on the slightest occasion—the quickness with which this question came was quite sufficient to arouse her distrust.

"Why, yes, have you not heard? Ah, of course you have been away, and this has come so suddenly and unexpectedly to everyone."

"Still it is not a very serious amount, I trust. I never heard Herr Bebel speak of being connected with this bank."

"I think Herr Bebel is not accustomed to talk of such things at all; but did you never hear that Marie's own money was invested in it?"

Ludwig abruptly stopped the dance they had just begun; Lina drew back into a secluded corner of the ball-room as she continued:—

"Of course that is all gone as well as a great deal of her father's. What is left I can't say,

but certainly you must not expect Marie to have any dowry now."

"Then we shall have to do without it. It will make no difference to me," he began, but suddenly recalling the details of the major's conversation he broke off in the middle of the latter sentence. His own small income he found barely sufficient for a young single lieutenant; the necessary economies had become to a certain extent second nature to him, yet at times he found them galling when wealthier comrades misunderstood his actions. Marie, on the other hand, though well versed in household management, as all German girls, rich and poor, are taught to be, had no conception of economy in the looser sense of the word. Even if he sacrificed his career in the army (and he was heartily devoted to his profession) it would be difficult, as the major had pointed out, to succeed in another. Lina watched each change of expression as these thoughts passed rapidly through his mind; guessing the conclusion of his unfinished sentence she broke the short silence by remarking coldly,

"I suppose it must make some difference."

"Some difference?" Good Heavens, Fraulein, you take your friend's loss very lightly. I fear you don't realise the difference it must make. "Some difference," he repeated, his voice getting strained and harsh; "aye, it must make all the difference."

"That can only mean that he intends to break off his engagement. I hardly expected him to make such a prompt decision," thought Lina. "Must it?" she asked. "Then you will go and explain it to Marie to-morrow morning, I suppose?"

"Certainly. It would be easier to talk to Herr Bebel, but I think Marie would prefer to see me herself. I shall know better what to say by then. Have you seen Marie since she knew this?"

"I told you I was there this afternoon."

"I had forgotten for the moment. How does she take it?"

"At present I think she 'realises the difference it must make' as little as I had previously done."

"Poor Marie! I wish I could prevent her ever realising it, but I see no way of doing so."

If Ludwig felt miserable as they parted, Lina was scarcely less so. Her guilty conscience told her she had done a mean action, and misgivings would arise as to whether her friend's fiancée was really concerned only on his own behalf. But brooding over her own disappointment she stifled her misgivings, snubbed Herr Müller till even his long-suffering patience gave way, and decided to go and prepare Marie early the next morning. If she herself had been over-suspicious, Marie, once warned, would be able to judge what course to take. It was a satisfaction to feel that the responsibility of decision rested with someone else.

Marie was at first angry with her friend, and utterly incredulous that her lover could be insincere. But by this time Lina, by force of dwelling on her suspicions, had exaggerated them into a feeling of certainty, and neither of the girls having ever felt the least inconvenience from the want of money, they looked on the matter purely from a sentimental point of view.

Thus it was that when Ludwig was announced and entered at one door as Lina escaped from the other, Marie, though still intending to be loyal to him, had so far yielded to Lina's persuasions that she hesitated before going a step or two to meet him, and was ready to read a suspicious meaning into the most innocent remark. Already his manner did not satisfy her. Difficulties, she felt, should have been at that first greeting entirely ignored, the right and natural impulse would have been for Ludwig to embrace her more warmly than usual, and to comfort her in her supposed trouble by telling her they would fight the battle together. Then she would triumphantly call Lina, confess the trick they had been playing, and as a result of this dramatic little tableau, Lina would be compelled to admit that one man was worthy of implicit confidence, and, if one, why not two?

Ludwig, on the other hand, as the guardian of several younger brothers with a limited income, had early learned the stern necessity of meeting facts and of the careful consideration of ways and means. Family tradition and personal inclination had alike led him to enter the Army almost as a matter of course, and it was not until he had desired to be engaged to Marie Bebel that he realised he had placed himself to a certain extent in a false position. "If you have won my daughter's affection, and if I find other things are altogether satisfactory, money need make no difficulty. Only you must win your promotion before the marriage," Herr Bebel had told him. Now, alas! money threatened to be an insuperable difficulty. It never occurred to him to doubt the substantial truth of Lina's news; his only hope was that it might be exaggerated. If they could only meet the regulations he would still ask Marie to risk her happiness with him; he knew many did manage without more, and he could at least change into a less extravagant regiment.

Ludwig's greeting was not as the more impulsive Marie had imagined it; for a minute he stood still, simply holding her hands one in each of his—quite coldly, she thought, a fear already rising that to be tongue-tied was not an indication of a perfectly clear conscience.

"Marie! tell me this news is not true; or not wholly true at least."

"Lina has been here this morning; I heard that she told you last night," she answered, evasively.

"Then it is quite true?" he questioned, again. But taking her silence for assent he unfortunately let go her hands and moved a step away. It was an involuntary act, the unconscious effect of the feeling that Marie was slipping away from him, and that he ought not to take an unfair advantage of her youth and sentimental inexperience. He would put the stern facts plainly before her and then let her decide.

"Do you know, Marie, that at present I have very little but my army pay, and that— Perhaps, after all, it would be better for me to talk with Herr Bebel."

"No, the matter concerns me alone, and my father has already too much to attend to. Please make your explanation to me." Marie's voice was scarcely recognisable.

"It is a cruel task, Marie, but facts must be faced, and you are too young and inexperienced to fully realise what this means. My present income is barely sufficient for one, and even in after years I shall have little of my own besides."

"I thought you expected your promotion soon?"

"That would not help now; it would mean extra necessary expenses."

"You wish to break off our engagement?"

"I wish to leave you free to do as seems best for you, Marie. Will you talk it over with your father? He knows my position exactly. I would resign my commission if there seemed any chance of doing better in another profession, but at thirty it is difficult and risky to attempt to begin life anew. To ask you to wait for me would be losing the best years of your life, and the chances of much fairer prospects."

"I will write and let you know my decision."

"Don't decide too hastily, dear. If I think of anything likely to influence you, may I write in the meantime?"

"Certainly."

"You will— No, I will urge nothing that might unduly influence you, only think it over well."

He paused a moment, but receiving no response from Marie, he raised her hand to his lips, and with the prayer, "God bless you, Marie, whatever may be our future," he left the room. When Lina entered a little later, Marie had dropped into a chair near where she had been standing, and was looking blankly before her. It was not till her friend knelt by her side that she seemed aware of her presence.

"Oh, Marie! what have I done?"

"Lina, you were right, you were quite right! He had not even the courage to break it off himself but made me do it. He talked of money, money, money, money, and what was best for

me, but his only desire was to get through an unpleasant interview as quickly as possible, and thought to cover his inner heartlessness by the outward gallant formality of kissing my hand. Oh! he shall not wait long to hear my decision. I will write at once."

"I am so sorry! But are you quite sure? Don't do anything too hurriedly and while you are excited."

"There is no doubt about it, and therefore no need to wait. If I am excited I quite know what I am doing," said Marie, tearing up a first sheet of notepaper on which she had begun—"Dear Sir." She felt this was a childish display of temper. Taking a fresh sheet she wrote in feverish haste:—

"Dear Ludwig,—The tale of my father's failure is quite without foundation, and was invented only as a trial of your sincerity. It has ended tragically for me. I do not wish to blame you for doing what so many have done before, but now that I understand that it is money you would marry I do not wish to be taken as an appendage to it, and our engagement is, of course, ended."

"My last request, which I presume will meet with your own desire, is that you will tell no one of the cause of our separation. I shall give no reason to anyone. Do not try to see me again; it would be quite useless.—Yours,

"MARIE BEBEL."

It was not till after she had despatched a messenger with her note that her unnatural self-possession gave way, and she frightened Lina by the vehemence of her hysterical sobs. Pride, however, came to her relief, and pleading a headache she avoided the scrutiny of curious eyes by spending the rest of the morning in her own room.

Ludwig's first feeling after reading Marie's note was of unmixed wrath. Knowing that he had been quite honest in his purpose from the beginning he could see no excuse for the first suspicion, and deeply resented both this and the unwarrantable way in which he had been fooled. The "trial of his sincerity" reminded him of the old custom of ordeal by water, by which a man was declared guilty if he swam, and innocent if he sank; he would have been judged innocent only if he had shown himself quite dead to all feeling of responsibility. He first thought of seeking an interview with Herr Bebel, but rejected the idea in favour of one with Marie herself, doubtful how much she would confess to her father. Occasional misconceptions of his actions had, however, already made him very sensitive on the score of money matters, and his soreness on account of the wrong that had been done him grew more and more acute. Early the next morning he sent the following note:—

"Dear Marie,—In fairness to yourself I tried to make my position clear to you, since hard facts have to be faced, and it never occurred to me to doubt your sincerity. I hoped I had succeeded, but as your faith in me could be so easily shaken I can only accept your decision. To protest now might give you some ground for a suspicion you seem to have been too ready to entertain without (I can honestly say) any just cause.—Yours,

"LUDWIG."

Neither Marie nor Ludwig ever married. Two or three years after Lina tried to bring them together again, and when he learned then for the first time her full share in the deception Ludwig half relented. Marie, however, could never be convinced of her mistake—at any rate, she never admitted it.

A GERMAN newspaper contains the following offer in an advertisement by an enterprising trader:—"Any person who can prove that my tapica contain anything injurious to health will have three boxes of it sent to him free of charge."

"SAVING," said a popular novelist, "consists of depriving yourself of things which you want now for fear you mayn't have things which you won't want forty years hence."

## CHRISTIANITY AND WOMEN.

From article by N. ARLING, in *Westminster Review*.

If the spirit of Christianity has made, and does make for woman's freedom, how can we, how can she, reconcile that spirit with the letter of bondage? We cannot, neither can the thinking women of the day. The Apostles were men of their time, imbued with its prejudices, moulded by its customs. St. Peter was a Jew of the Jews, at first as we know him a bigot, never a man of ready convincible spirit. St. Paul to his Jewish extraction united the training of the Greek school, at no time very credulous of the intellectual or at all events moral strength of women; above everything he was a man of policy; with all his renunciation he was, we feel, a man of the world. The strength of his convictions was shown by his determined persecution of the Christians, and his earnestness after conversion to their cause. He was not a man to give up an opinion once formed, and to receive readily new ideas. This is the man who, it appears, was called on to deal with a question of discipline, a question of the Church about the position of women. Could we doubt what his line would be, he who would make the people obedient to the authority even of wicked or heathen rulers? He would head no revolution; to him it was not given to be a leader in the paths of freedom, to spread the flag of revolt. Was this not the wisdom necessary for the preservation of Christianity in perilous times, when, weak, and struggling for its very existence, it found the hands of all men against it? What but ruin could have come of a crusade against slavery and the subjection of women in those ages? What would have been the result of preaching the later Gospel which is ours of to-day? Upheaval of all that was solid by all that was base and wicked! Men then were not generally fit for freedom, still less women. In those times the sexes did not freely intermingle as now; in the frightful license and sensuality of those days the only safeguard a virtuous woman had was her home, the only protector her husband when once she had left her father's roof. Had St. Paul made the life and condition of Christian women freer than those of their heathen sisters, the latter might have professed Christianity to both their own and its undoing, and the men would have fought against a system that interfered in their domestic affairs. St. Paul, however, though he would not meddle with established conditions, except by amelioration, endeavoured to safeguard the woman's position by putting the husband in the place of the very highest type of manhood; he claimed the headship; so, assigning to the woman, considered so feeble and frail, the place of the Church, he hands her over to her husband indeed, but to be loved with the same *unselfish* love that was shown by its Lord, and enjoins upon him the self-abnegation, the absolute sacrifice, of Christ. If the one was to yield, the other was to *abnegate*.

Interpreting with especial harshness the precepts of religion as regards women, the law has made the subjection implied in the word "obedience" to press very heavily on the weaker sex; it has taken the words "to be one" to mean the husband alone, and swallowing up her identity completely in his, has delivered the wife over to his mercy, while it does not, in fact cannot, enforce the abnegation the Apostle enjoins on the husband. Very different indeed has its spirit been from that of Him who existed for the redemption and saving and care of His Church, who says, "For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and be joined to his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh."

A NUMBER of unmarried women of New York, says the *British Medical Journal*, have formed a society for the prevention of hereditary diseases. They have registered a solemn vow not to marry a man whose family is tainted with consumption, insanity, alcoholism, or other heritable disease.

## FEEDING BABIES.

SCARCE a week goes by but in some part of the country an inquest is held on a poor baby who has been murdered by improper treatment. Nobody is held responsible, though the agonies endured by the hapless little bodies before they drop asleep from this cause are such that it would have been mercy to have strangled them at once in preference to that slow torture. The door of escape for the guilty parties is, of course, the plea of ignorance. But it is gravely doubtful if this is not often a mere pretext. So at least thinks the coroner for Newcastle, who has just declared his intention of bringing the subject of the deaths of infants from improper feeding before some member of Parliament, with a view to obtaining provision for the punishment of parents and nurse-tenders who, "in order to save themselves trouble feed children improperly." In that particular case, the mother testified that she had fed her baby from the time that it was four months old, on "potatoes and gravy, and anything she had herself." In a recent case at Leeds, a child only a few months old died shortly after being given a meal of ham and cabbage.

I do not doubt that in a great many cases where children are improperly fed it is the result of pure ignorance. Recalling that an experienced coroner of Middlesex said a few years ago that he constantly held inquests on babies that he was morally certain were purposely "overlaid," one must realise that some of the deaths from improper feeding may originate in the same unnatural state of mind in poor, over-burdened mothers. But plenty of ladies, even, who ought to know better, and who certainly tenderly love their children, err in the feeding of them from want of knowledge. It may well be often repeated, then, that the only proper food for infants is milk. It is the food specially designed for them by Nature, containing in itself all the elements of nutrition, and is sufficient for their sustenance and growth, till they are nine months old. Under six months of age, at least, it is not safe to give a baby anything else but milk, because its system does not contain the elements necessary for the digestion of other kinds of food; and from six to fifteen months the addition to the milk should only be enough for the thickening of that precious fluid. This thickening may consist of baked flour, or some nice patent food, or latterly crumbled bread.

But this is an expensive mode of diet. I know it; my own thriving youngsters each in turn consumed or spoiled about two quarts of milk a day as they got on in months. Poor parents cannot afford this expenditure on a baby. Of course, where the mother can herself nurse, she should; but where for any reason this is impossible, how can the infant be properly fed with milk at 4d. the quart, when the family income for finding everything for five or six people is only somewhere about a pound a week? "The destruction of the poor is their poverty;" and it is no use talking of prosecuting starving mothers for not giving their babes enough to live upon of a food so expensive as milk is in towns. Mothers in the rural districts, again, find it often even more difficult than those in towns to procure an adequate supply of milk. Farmers' wives not unaturally object to the trouble of selling in small quantities, but if they will realise of how much consequence it is for little children to have milk, I am sure womanly and motherly kindness will lead many of them to accept the offer.

I ought not to leave this subject, of so much consequence to the young generation, without adding that well-to-do mothers who have to bring their babies up by hand, often err by giving the milk too strong. The maternal food increases in strength as the months go by, and the artificial nutriment should do likewise. See first that the milk is pure from the cow. When you are sure of this, it should have two parts of water put to one of the milk till the child is six weeks old, and then the water should be gradually diminished till the child is about six months old, when the milk may be nearly pure. A little pinch of sugar, and a teaspoonful of lime water should go in each bottle. The mothers to whom this is an old

tale, and the young ladies who have no personal interest as yet in babies, will, I am sure, forgive my writing this much for the benefit of the many mothers who are novices and have no reliable adviser. The frequent and painful stories of inquests on little ones murdered by bad food has led me to offer this information, which is, I may add, not only drawn from the theories of scientific writers, but also confirmed by my personal knowledge and experience.

## ERRORS IN FOOD AND DRINK.

By A SPECIALIST.

It is dawning on the public to try and prevent, or at least to arrest, disease. It is in *prevention* that Kola plays an important part, acting solely as a first-class nourishing food—it strengthens the system to resist, oppose, and overcome the attacks of disease. You'll hear someone say, "So-and-so has a strong constitution"; follow that up, and you'll find that So-and-so follows the golden rule of being temperate in all things, and pays attention to diet and exercise. Does he or she keep up this strong constitution by taking medicine or swallowing pills? No, indeed! They have discovered that *prevention* is better than *cure*. Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa places a means in the hands of everyone to build up and maintain a sound constitution, which enables its possessor to travel his life's journey without the aches and pains which are in many cases preventable. Thus we come round again to sound common-sense based on experience. Consider for one instant how hops have played such an important part in the world's history. For hundreds of years this highly-prized vegetable product has soothed and cheered mankind. What would beer be without hops? With or without beer (better without) it is a first-class bitter tonic and a food, and is, over and above all, what is called in medicine, a *diuretic*—that is, it acts specially on the kidneys. This is within the knowledge of most people. By its healthy action on the kidneys it, in conjunction with Kola, keeps those organs in healthy working order. The amount of good done by Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa on the kidneys cannot be over-estimated. When you see a man or woman bloated, soft, puffy under the eyes, suspect some kidney derangement. After using Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa this unhealthy, dull listlessness disappears, and on trial you will see how beneficially Kola and Hops have acted. Do not imagine, however, because you have a pain in the small of the back that you have kidney trouble. It may be a touch of lumbago, due to a sudden cooling of the muscle in that region, which will readily yield to Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, combined with judicious exercise and temperance.

All the leading medical journals recommend Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and Dr. G. H. Haslam writes:—"It gives me great pleasure in bearing testimony to the value of Vi-Cocoa, a mixture of Malt, Hops, Kola, and Caracas Cocoa Extract. As a general beverage it excels all previous preparations. No house should be without it."

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is made up in 6d. packets, and 9d. and 1s. 6d. tins. It can be obtained from all chemists, grocers, and stores, or from Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, Limited, 60, 61 & 62, Bunhill-row, London, E.C.

As an unparalleled test of merit, a dainty sample tin of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa will be sent free on application to any address, if when writing (a postcard will do) the reader will name the *WOMAN'S SIGNAL*.

HE only sees well who sees the whole in the parts, and the parts in the whole. I know but three classes of men—those who see the whole, those who see but a part, and those who see both together.

AMONG many women there is a superstition that opals are signs of ill-omen, but Mrs. McKinley, in utter disregard of this feeling, wears them constantly, and declares that nothing but good fortune has attended her since she acquired them.

## HOME GARDENING FOR LADIES.

By MRS. E. L. CHAMBERLAIN, F.R.H.S.  
SOME PLANT AILMENTS.

No. 1.

I HAVE before remarked that it would be more satisfactory in writing these articles, if my readers would occasionally indicate subjects on which they specially desire enlightenment.

A few days ago a gentleman wrote saying he was much troubled with mildew on his roses, and desired to know the cause and the remedy. Having been in the country lately, and observing that roses in my host's garden were much mildewed, and also noting that many grown for London markets are disfigured by this pest, I think some hints on this subject would be very appropriate.

The study of mildew as a plant disease, convinces one of the unfailing truth of the proverb, "extremes meet." For not only will cold and cold defeat it, but so will continued drought, whether at the root or in the atmosphere. It is analogous to rheumatism in the human frame, which is alike set up by damp or by extreme dryness in the air. I am at this moment nursing a case, and the doctor tells us he has many in charge, of acute rheumatism consequent on the unusual dryness of the atmosphere for eight or ten weeks past.

The mildew on roses, was, I think, started by cold and damp in the latter part of April and throughout May. Had this been followed by genial weather interspersed with warm showers, the disfiguring pest would have disappeared; in fact, it became less for a time, but when weeks passed without rain, then it got tighter hold, and will spoil the autumn blossoming unless it is got under.

My correspondent says that his standard and bush roses are affected, but that a climbing rose on a wall is by far the worst. Probably most persons who are troubled by this pest will remember that climbing roses on walls are more severely attacked than others. The reason for this is that they suffer more from root dryness; borders under walls are always dryer than positions in the open, because the rain only reaches them from certain directions, and because the foundations of the walls act as drainage, or sometimes even cause the bed to be shallow. Dryness at the root is therefore the cause of mildew in these cases. I have frequently observed this in mixed green-houses, where there is a climbing rose against the back wall. This gets mildewed while everything else, even perhaps pot roses, are clean and healthy. While the latter are carefully watered, the climbing rose, as it is planted out in a border, does not get this attention. It is thought unnecessary to water it. Now, if any reader has such a rose in a like plight, I advise them to turn back the soil of that border, and the chances are that even if damp on the surface (by absorption) its soil underneath will be dry as dust.

The foliage should be well cleaned by syringing, and a thorough watering, *i.e.*, three or four buckets of water given while the soil is still

turned back will greatly help to repair the damage, and prevent a recurrence.

The method of syringing is as follows: Mix a sufficient quantity of soft water and paraffin, in proportion of one tablespoonful of the oil to a gallon of soft water. Before using it must be worked up with the syringe, so as to keep in a ferment or the oil will float on the top, and while some parts of the tree or bush get too much and are scorched by it, others will have none. It must be kept churned-up the whole time it is in use. Use it on a cool, dull day, or in the evening; sun shining on foliage during the syringing would do great harm. About 12 hours after syringing again with clean, pure, soft water, to remove the oil, which should then have done its work. It may be necessary to repeat these two processes several times before finally getting rid of the mildew.

Any sprays or shoots removed from the plants that are mildewed should be destroyed by burning, not allowed to lie about.

If natural soft water is not obtainable, hard water may be softened by exposure to the air.

If the roses are under glass the water should remain in the house for at least 12 hours before using, that it may be of the right temperature.

If the roses are in a house by themselves, and the mildew is general, fumigating with sulphur may be resorted to, as practised in vineries; or in slight solitary cases, dry flowers of sulphur sprinkled on the leaves and stems. But this is seldom quite effectual, as the powder falls off, or its effect is neutralised by the moisture of the atmosphere.

## ANTIQUITY OF GLOVES.

The antiquity of gloves reaches into remote ages. As early as in the reign of Robert II. glove manufacturers were incorporated by charter in Perth, a guild being then established that still exists in name, although the town is not devoted now to the manufacture of gloves as a leading article of commerce. A glover's company was established in London in 1464, but was not chartered until 1638. In 1661 a company for the manufacture and sale of gloves was incorporated in Worcester, England, where the trade flourishes at the present time, the famous English "dogskin," made really from Cape sheepskin, and of a warm tan colour, being unapproached in excellence by any other makers. Paris is a glove market for the whole world. In the Swiss mountains kids are raised especially for this industry, and great pains are taken to have the animals killed while the skin is fine and soft. Tanneries at Millau, Annonay, Paris and Grenoble prepare them for the stitchers. But there are not enough kids raised in France to supply the great demand for gloves, and gamins of Paris find steady and profitable employment catching rats at the mouths of the great drains of the city to eke out the trade. Dogs, and even cats, contribute also, though supplying an inferior article of "kid." In ancient days a glove represented a contract or pledge, a substitute for the hand, being cast down by one contracting party to be taken up by the other.

It also represented a challenge, to throw down the glove often being an invitation to mortal combat. At the same time, to give an enemy a glove in a pacific manner was a pledge of faith, to break which was regarded as a crime. The borderers of Scotland were so particular about the use of the glove that when one of their knights broke faith with his "glove-keeper" they proclaimed his perfidy by riding to appointment holding aloft a spear from the point of which the dishonoured glove dangled, and if the knight was slain by his own clan it was conceded to be a righteous punishment. A fur-lined glove worn by Henry VI. is preserved in an old mansion that gave him shelter after the battle of Hexham, 1464. It is of tan leather, lined with deer-skin with the hair on and turned over to form a cuff. It is recorded of unfortunate Anne Boleyn that she possessed many pairs of extravagant gloves, and would always wear them to hide certain blemishes on her nails which offended the eye of the king. Her royal predecessor used to delight in making her play cards without them, as it was sure to result in her discomfiture. Queen Elizabeth took much pride in her gloves, and made an entry in her book of expenses of "One pair of gloves embawret with gold," which she sent as a gift to her sister Mary.

Biting the glove is looked upon with disfavour as an unpleasant habit. But it had once a deeper meaning—a pledge of deadly vengeance.

"Stern Rutherford but little said,  
But bit his glove and shook his head."

Thus wrote Sir Walter Scott in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel." It was considered no crime for lawyers and special pleaders to take the bribe of a pair of gloves, and the custom did not fall into disfavour until the gloves were "lined" with coin, which gained the name of "glove money." To this ancient custom can be traced the present habit of presenting gloves to the guests at weddings or funerals. Gloves were first worn by the clergy to symbolize that their hands were clean and not open to bribes. Both the old and the modern poets have written tender verses to this capricious article of feminine attire.

## HEROISM.

HEROISM is remarkable, because it is rare. Let a man do his duty at some sacrifice and we honour him, not because he does what we cannot do, but he does what we are not doing. Some suppose that a crisis is necessary to develop heroism. It is not so. The spirit of the hero manifests itself in his daily behaviour. A hero is true to his conscience every day and hour under all circumstances. To be true to ourselves, to our own thoughts and sentiment and purposes, is true heroism.

THE gravest consequence of denying the right to an effective opinion, is that this denial soon atrophies the power to form a just opinion. The greatest importance of democracy is its power to develop power in the masses upon whom it has been conferred.

*Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi.*

For INFANTS

and INVALIDS.

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When Prepared is similar to Breast Milk.

Samples post free from Mellin's Food Works, Peckham, S.E.

WHAT TO WEAR.

GLOVE FITTING. BAZAR AMERICAN PATTERNS.

Head Office: 130, 132, White Street, New York, U.S.A.



6999—LADIES SHIRT WAIST.

LADIES SHIRT WAIST 6999.

(Hints by May Manton.)

Fine dimity showing a ground of white with dainty figures in self-blue was the material chosen for this stylish waist which represents one of the newest modes. The white linen collar is adjustable and can be removed to have laundered when necessary, or when made to match the waist, can be permanently secured. A handsome stock collar of ribbon is tied under the collar, finishing with a stylish bow at the centre-back. A leather belt closing with metal buckle encircles the waist. Five small box-plaits are laid on each side of the box-plain in centre-front. These spread, gradually allowing an easy and graceful fulness over the bust which is confined again at the waist line, the lower edge of the waist being concealed under

Home Education and Self-Culture.

CORRESPONDENCE CLASSES for the guidance of Students of all ages, and for the help of private governesses, are organised by the Committee of the St George's Classes. Subjects taught comprise all the ordinary branches of an English education, modern languages, classics, and several branches of art and science; elementary English class for young or backward Students.

Fees from 11s. to £1 12s. 6d. per term.

Particulars from the SECRETARY, 5, MELVILLE ST., EDINBURGH.

SUCCESS.

ANOTHER COCKBURN TEMPERANCE HOTEL

13, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, Bedford Street, Strand, LONDON.

Telegrams: "PROMISING," LONDON. Mrs. A. D. PHILP, appreciating the very liberal patronage hitherto accorded to her at Cockburn House, 9 and 10, Endsleigh Gardens, and regretting her inability to accommodate many intending patrons for lack of room during the past two seasons, is pleased to announce to the public that she has secured the above Hotel premises, containing large and numerous public rooms, and accommodation for 150 guests, by which she hopes to cope with the expected large influx of visitors to London during the coming season, due to Diamond Celebrations. Bedrooms very quiet. 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. It will be the finest, largest, and only well appointed HOTEL IN LONDON built from the foundation for the purpose, conducted on strictly Temperance principles. New Passenger Elevator, Electric Light, Telephone, and latest improved Sanitation. Telegraphic Address: "Promising," London. Mrs. Philp will give her general superintendence to all three of her Hotels, and will spare no effort to make all her patrons comfortable and at home. NOTE.—In connection with, and under same management—

COCKBURN HOUSE, 9 & 10, ENDSLEIGH GARDENS, opposite EUSTON (Telegrams—"Luncheon," London). COCKBURN HOTEL, 42, FINSBURY SQUARE, E.C. (Telegrams—"Awfully," London). and COCKBURN HOTEL, 141, BATH STREET, GLASGOW, and COCKBURN TURKISH BATHS.

the dress skirt. The back is arranged at the top in box-plaits and joined to a yoke lining having a straight lower edge, the yoke of material being laid over and stitched down on the lower edge, thus giving a durable finish that will not lose its shape when laundered. The sleeve, of modified dimensions, are gathered top and bottom, deep cuffs, that turn backward, finishing the wrists.

To make this waist for a lady in the medium size will require three and one-fourth yards of thirty-six-inch wide material. The pattern, No. 6999, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44-inch bust measure, and retails for twenty-five cents.



6979—LADIES' BASQUE WITH VEST.

LADIES' BASQUE WITH VEST 6979.

(Hints by May Manton.)

Tobacco-brown ladies' cloth was here selected for this smart basque, with soutache braid employed as decoration. The exquisite adjustment is accomplished by single bust darts, under-arm and side back gores and a curving centre-back seam, all of which are carried beyond the waist line in pointed outline, a shaping that is universally becoming. The fronts, opening upon a vest of white satin-faced cloth, are adorned with parallel rows of braid extending to the height of the darts. The vest is included in the shoulder and under-arm seams and closes through the centre front with button-holes and small buttons. The neck is cut in "V" shape, displaying a linen chemisette and white satin tie. An attractive feature is the neat coat collar, of the regulation tailor cut, that is uniquely shaped and has the free edges trimmed with braid. The sleeves, presenting a decided novelty from last season's models are sustained by coat shaped linings. The adjustment below the elbow is close, while above the material is arranged in soft draped effect.

Cloth, serge, cheviot, novelty and other similar fabrics may be employed in making, with braid or machine stitching as a finish. The model is admirably adapted to autumn wear, and in conjunction with a well-cut skirt will complete that most practical and economical of costumes, a tailor-made gown.

To make this basque for a lady in the medium size will require 2 1/2 yards of 44-inch wide material. The pattern, No. 6979, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure, and retails for twenty-five cents.

Either of the above patterns will be sent by post on receipt of 6d. (usual price 1s.) by the English Agency Bazar Pattern Co., Belper.

A VILLAGE INDUSTRY.

TWENTY-FOUR or twenty-five years ago a farmer turned his attention earnestly to fruit farming, and made it pay from the outset. A few acres sufficed at first; to-day some thousands of acres are under fruit culture in the old-world village of Histon and adjacent district.

A market was found for the fruit by the erection of a model factory, remarkable for its equipment, daintiness, and up-to-date methods. The fresh fruit is boiled in silver-lined pans the same day as it is picked, with all the luscious taste of the fruit preserved intact by the addition of sugar. Ripe fruit juices are also employed to impart a delicious and delicate flavour to Chivers' Gold Medal Table Jellies, which is one reason for their great superiority.

Chivers' Jellies set firmly, easily and quickly, are brilliantly transparent, dainty and appetising. There are various flavours, Orange, Lemon, Raspberry, Strawberry. Sold by Grocers and Stores: Half-pints, 2 1/2d.; Pints, 4d.; Quarts, 8d. A Free sample will be sent on receipt of post card, mentioning this paper. Address, S. Chivers and Sons, Histon, Cambridge.

In our politics, as in our common conduct, we shall be worse than infants if we do not put our senses under the tuition of our judgment, and effectually cure ourselves of that optical illusion which makes a briar at his nose of greater magnitude than an oak at five hundred yards' distance.—Burke.



Current News FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

During the sittings of the Trades Union Congress, a meeting was called by the Women's Protective and Provident League of the women working in the Birmingham trades. It was held in the Central Hall and was well attended. The Birmingham women, numbering 50,000, are entirely unorganised, and all attempts to induce them to combine have hitherto failed. During the week Miss Tuckwell, of the Women's Trade Union League, has been visiting the workers, trying to bring before them the advantages of combination. Upon the platform in the Central Hall were Lady Dilke, Miss Tuckwell, Miss Martineau, Mr. Pickard, M.P., and many trade union delegates. Mr. Keegan, president of the Birmingham Trades Council, took the chair, and explained to the women what they would gain by combination. Mr. Stevens, president of the Congress, followed with a plea for a living wage for women, which could only be got through trade unions. Mrs. Reeves reminded her audience that though the women of New Zealand were in possession of a living wage they thought it worth while to join trade unions. They also only worked 48 hours a week. Lady Dilke, who was warmly received, said she had not been many hours in the town before she received a letter saying that women close by were working sixteen hours a day for 5s. or 6s. a week. In 1891 she found the makers of spike nails earning 4s. 6d. a week, and an employer mentioned 2s. 6d. as a girl's ordinary wages. Women had to grind 170 gross of pens for 2s. Many of these women competed with the men, and the men ought to turn them all out and organise them. She entreated those who wished to help themselves or their children to lose no time in organising. A resolution embodying this advice was carried unanimously. Mr. D. Holmes, Miss Barry, organiser for the League, and Mr. Pickard, M.P., addressed the meeting, and at the close names were taken of those willing to form a trade union.

LADY TELEGRAPH CLERKS AND NIGHT-WORK.—Considerable excitement existed among the lady telegraph clerks in the Telegraph Department at St. Martin's-le-Grand with regard to the movements of the officials in relation to the recently proposed "2 to 10" innovation, which, if it were carried out, would make it incumbent on the lady operators to do night duty. It has been ascertained that the supervisors—or "C.C.'s," as they are technically termed—have approached a number of the girls in the central office, and asked them whether they would consent to work from 2 until 10 p.m. With the exception of three, every girl to whom the proposal was made promptly refused; but as this refusal has not been absolutely unanimous, some consternation is felt as to what the 2 to 10 proposal will lead to. In the course of an interview with a Press representative on the matter, a lady member of the P.T.C.A. committee said that the new proposal had caused great indignation among the female staff. The present departmental rules laid down, hard and fast, that the lady clerks should do no work outside the hours of eight a.m. and eight p.m., and be free on Sundays. It was suspected that this proposal was only the thin end of the wedge, and that when once the two to ten business became established, other "proposals" would be put forward and carried. The objections to lady clerks doing night-work were many and obvious. Besides the possibility of molestation in the streets, many girls would be thrown into a very awkward position, for the great majority of those who had come up from the country were so badly paid, that they could only afford lodgings in what are commonly called "homes," and after a certain hour at night these "homes" were invariably locked up, every girl being expected to be in at a reasonable hour, or else put up with the consequences. A prominent member of the London Committee stated to a press representative that Sir Spencer Walpole has long been urging the telegraphists

to do sorters' work with the object of employing the former during certain hours in sorting letters and allowing them to fill in their time by the performance of their customary duties. The suggestion to the female staff was obviously, he said, an extension of this scheme. Suppose the men were on duty from 6 a.m. to 2 p.m., when the women relieved them, it would enable the department to employ the former as sorters during the busy portion of the morning. Then, again, in the event of open hostilities, the women would be more likely to remain at work than the men, and if accustomed to night duty would be able to carry on the work of the office. But there was another side of the question—women could live cheaper than men, and were invariably paid lower. In the Telegraph Department of the Civil Service they received only 38s. a week maximum, although the Postal Telegraphs Clerks' Association had long tried to obtain for them the same maximum as is now paid to the men. As a reply to the departmental letters, it was decided to send a petition to the officials, pointing out the arguments against the change, and containing a refusal from the women to accept the suggestion. The girls have now been assured that night duty will not be forced on them.

The path-finding powers of the lower animals having been doubted by a correspondent of the Times, the aged Duke of Beaufort sends the two following striking instances in his own experience:—"In the summer of 1838 I was a boy at Eton. I had two bloodhounds, a dog and a bitch, both four or five years of age. I kept them at a livery stable. I received a hint that I must not keep them. So I wrote to a friend at Brighton, who agreed to receive them. I settled with the coachman of the Windsor and Brighton coach to take them. They were slung on the hind axle in a large hamper. Twice on the road he gave them water. The last time, four miles from Brighton, where the road from Leatherhead and Dorking joins the one from Horley and Crawley. When the coach got to Brighton the hamper was empty. Between 8 and 9 next morning both the bloodhounds were in my room at my dame's in Eton. Some 25 years since, a keeper in the Forest of Dean, in the spring of the year, dug out a vixen fox and a litter of cubs and sent them to me at Badminton, partly by road and partly by railway. From where they were taken out of the earth is certainly over 24 miles and the wide and rapid river Severn flows between there and Badminton. I examined the marks on the vixen and put her and her cubs into an enclosure with an earth in it. When they were about five months old an outer mouth of the earth was opened, the entrance to it sanded, and the cubs went out at night and returned in the early morning. After a few weeks they came back no more. In the following spring the same keeper, who had formerly been in my service, wrote to me saying that he had taken a vixen and litter out of the same earth, and that this vixen was ear-marked. He sent her and her cubs. It was the same vixen he had sent the year before. I personally and several of my kennel servants could have sworn to her."

Robert Louis Stephenson, the famous author, was much attached to his old childhood's nurse. In a recent sale, the copies of his books given her were disposed of, bearing Robert Louis Stephenson's own inscription on the fly-leaf. Most of them consist of merely a line or two:—"Alison Cunningham, from her boy," or "from her laddie." But in one of the volumes—"An Inland Voyage" (1878)—there is the following inscription:—"My Dear Cuning.—If you had not taken so much trouble with me all the years of my childhood, this little book would never have been written. Many a long night you sat up with me when I was ill. I wish I could hope, by way of return, to amuse a single evening for you with my little book! But whatever you may think of it, I know you will continue to think kindly of the author."

A FAMILIAR FIGURE AT FENCHURCH STREET.

EVERY frequenter of Fenchurch-street Railway Station knows Lift-man Moase, a well-preserved, white-haired man of fifty to sixty, who strides along with a hundredweight on his shoulders as cheerfully as a mere hobbledehoy. He found time to talk to a reporter, who congratulated the burly official on his overflowing vitality. "What have you done with your cough, though?" asked the newspaper man.

"Given it the sack," was the response.

"I shall be glad to learn how you managed it."

"Yes. It was hanging about me for a long time, and such a pain between my shoulders that I could hardly walk. I went to more than one good doctor, and took their physic, but no use, no use."

"Then how did you get well?"

"As easy as possible. My daughter was reading the paper one night, and she says, 'Father, why don't you try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People?' Well, as the doctors were not curing me, I said to her, 'Get me a box, my girl,' and she did and I took 'em."

"Just so," said the reporter, with a wink; "but haven't I read that story before?"

"Very likely; but I'm telling you what happened to me. Why, sir, I use to puff and pant up the stairs at the station with a twenty-pound parcel, and stop in the middle and gasp and cough; now I can carry a hundredweight, and never rest till I get to the top. I feel as I did in my young days; I'm twenty years younger than I was before I took the Pills. Oh, they're a wonderful medicine, and I speak as I find. I'm not the only one who's had benefit. My son was so ill he could hardly eat his food. I got him to try a box; four days after, he was cured of his indigestion, and has had nothing the matter since."

Other sufferers from asthma and coughs have had occasion to bless the name of the remedy extolled by Mr. Moase. Half the time, a cough clings to a man from lack of strength to throw it off. Sir Morell Mackenzie declared asthma to be a nervous ailment; and certainly asthma has been cured repeatedly by this great nerve medicine, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Other chest and breath disorders (including consumption) and all nervous troubles, such as neuralgia, sciatica, female ills, St. Vitus' dance, nervous exhaustion, and (effects of the last, when neglected) paralysis and locomotor ataxy, are being cured every day by the same remedy, which acts on the nerves and through the blood, thus curing also rheumatism, heart palpitation, muscular weakness, and anæmia. It is important to avoid the too common error of accepting imitations of the true pills, falsely represented as "just as good"; nothing is just as good; the package must have "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on it, in full, and in case of doubt it is better to send direct to Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., than to take a substitute. Enclose 2s. 9d. for one box, 18s. 9d. for six—which is one box "in." People whose blood is poor, who are thin, breathless, weak, anæmic, pale, and need a tonic, should try these Pills. One box will show their value.

Some people have made up their minds to divide mankind into knaves and fools, and when they meet with an honest man they don't know what to make of him.—Miss Edgeworth.



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