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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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Every Thursday, ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

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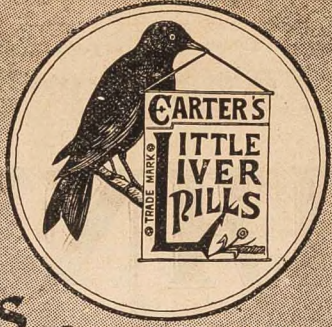
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THE WOMAN'S SIGNAL

A WEEKLY RECORD AND REVIEW FOR LADIES.

VOL. VII., No. 159.]

JANUARY 14, 1897.

One Penny Weekly.

A BOOK OF THE HOUR.

A LONG LIFE.*

By MRS. COWDEN CLARKE.

(Reviewed by Annie Truscott Wood.)

The name of Cowden-Clarke brings to my memory a long library; at one end the Sistine Madonna looking down with calm eyes on schoolgirls, idle and industrious. The book-cases stood at right angles to the walls, forming quiet retreats, alike suitable for hard work or forbidden conversation. In one was a shelf devoted to commentaries and books of reference on the works of England's greatest poet. Scanning their backs idly, the name of Cowden-Clarke photographed itself on my unconscious brain.

Mary Cowden-Clarke, the author of a "Complete Concordance to Shakespeare," the "Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines," and many studies of Shakespearian characters, has aptly named her biography "My Long Life," for it is the story of a life which began as far back as the 22nd of June, 1809, when Mary Victoria Novello was born in 240, Oxford-road, as what is now Oxford Street was called. It is the story of a long life from another point of view, for it was a remarkably full life. As Mary Cowden-Clarke unfolds the tale of her days, we are astonished at the patient industry of the girl, who at seventeen became a governess, spent the years of early married life diligently coaxing the narrow ends of her circumstances to make them meet, helping Charles, her husband, in his work, writing on her own account, making her clothes and her husband's dress waistcoats, and carefully broiling mutton chops for Charles when at one time his health threatened to give way. "Never was mutton chop better broiled," she says proudly. Even in after years, when at ease as regarded money matters, the old habits of diligence were not cast aside, and she has worked steadily on, writing stories, articles, sonnets, &c., although her "other self" was taken from her side in 1877, leaving a blank which nothing could fill.

The first half of this biography is very delightful; it reads like the conversation of some dear old lady whose memory carries her back to the beginning of the century, with the striking difference that few old ladies have reminiscences in which such men as Leigh Hunt, Keats, Shelley, and Lamb have their places. Further on, the interest rather flags, which is perhaps inevitable. The whole of a long life cannot be uniformly fascinating, and it is the early years of Mary Cowden Clarke's life, passed within the charmed circle of minds like those of Leigh Hunt and Lamb, that the general reader will find most interesting.

The story of her own life, interwoven with that of the whole Novello family and of Charles Cowden-Clarke, "My Charles," is easily and modestly told. It must have been a delightful household; the parents who brought up their children so wisely and sensibly, an example for parents in our day; the mother, adviser and

friend of husband and children; Vincent Novello, hard-working, devoted to music and inspiring all his children with its love and knowledge; those children, Victoria, Cecilia, Clara, Sabilla, Alfred and Edward, all industrious, conscientious, and gifted in varying degrees, content to live simply and earn their own livelihood.

The description of Mary Victoria Novello's early days sounds very quaint. Her walks to Hyde Park and the halfpenny mugs of curds and whey sold near to the Marble Arch; the country waggons which jogged past their house in the evenings; the dimness of the streets at night before gas-lighting was invented.

"Another of our urban delights in those days was watching, from the window of our front-parlour nursery, 'the soldiers' as they passed by from the barracks in Portman-street to parade in Hyde Park. First came a magnificent and imperious drum-major, who, notwithstanding the importance with which he wielded his tall staff of office, seeming solemnly to pick his way with it, used to cast a smiling eye toward the group of young faces that peered admiringly over the low green blind at him and his brilliant troop preceded by its band of music.

"Opposite to our house was Camelford House, where Prince Leopold and Princess Charlotte resided when in town, and a pleasant sight it used to be to me to watch the Prince with the Princess beside him—he driving his curricle, with its glittering steel bar across the prancing horses, and the outriders in their green and gold Coburg livery—setting forth to take an airing round Hyde-park. Once I saw her going to Court, the indispensable hoop tilted sideways to enable her to take her seat in the carriage, and the equally indispensable huge plume of feathers then required for Court costume. When her early death threw all England into mourning—for no one, however poor, but had at least a scrap of crape about them—my father set to music Leigh Hunt's touching verses—'His departed love to Prince Leopold.'"

Mrs. Cowden-Clarke recounts many fascinating parties, but few more delightful than those held in Oxford-street, which she describes thus:—

"The evening parties at 240, Oxford-street, were marked by a judicious economy, blended with the utmost refinement and good taste; the supper refection was of the simplest—Elia's 'Chapter on Ears' eloquently recording the 'friendly supper-tray' and draught of 'true Lutheran beer,' which succeeded to the feasts of music provided by the host's playing on the small but fine-toned chamber organ, which occupied one end of the graceful drawing-room. This was papered with a delicately-tinted pink colour, showing to advantage the choice water-colour paintings by Varley, Copley Fielding, Havell and Cristall that hung around. These artists were all personally known to Vincent Novello, and were not unfrequent visitors on these occasions. The floor was covered by a plain grey drugget, bordered by a beautiful garland of grapes and vine leaves, designed and worked by my mother herself. Besides the guests above named, there were often present Charles and Mary Lamb, Leigh Hunt, John Keats, and ever-welcome, ever young-hearted Charles Cowden-Clarke. My enthusiasm—child as I was—for these distinguished visitors was curiously strong. I can remember once creeping round to where Leigh Hunt's hand rested on the back of the sofa upon which he sat, and

giving it a quiet kiss—because I heard he was a poet. And I have even now full recollection of the reverent look with which I regarded John Keats, as he leaned against the side of the organ, listening with rapt attention to my father's music. Keats' favourite position—one foot raised on his other knee—still remains imprinted on my memory; as also does the last time I saw him, half-reclining on some chairs that formed a couch for him when he was staying at Leigh Hunt's house, just before leaving England for Italy. Another poet reminiscence I have—of jumping up to peer over the parlour window-blind to have a peep at Shelley, who I had heard was leaving, after a visit he had just paid to my father upstairs. Well was I rewarded, for, as he passed before our house, he gave a glance up at it, and I beheld his seraph-like face with its blue eyes, and aureoled by its golden hair."

It is interesting to note that Mrs. Cowden-Clarke had a somewhat superior education to that of most girls in those days. She was taught Latin by Mary Lamb, who offered to give the little girl lessons in Latin and reading aloud. The latter art Mary Lamb possessed to perfection, and, after the lapse of so many years, Mrs. Cowden-Clarke still remembers the tone of voice in which she used to begin Milton's "Paradise Lost." Other lessons in Latin and arithmetic were given to Victoria by an old Scotch gentleman, who was engaged to teach her brothers, Alfred and Edward. Her education was completed by a stay in Boulogne-sur-Mer, where she was sent to acquire a thorough knowledge of French. She seems to look back upon this sojourn in France with keen delight. Here is her description of M. Bonnefoy, her old schoolmaster.

"Old Monsieur Bonnefoy was one of the most excellent of tutors, and certainly one of the most simple-minded of men. The naïve way in which he allowed himself to be supposed utterly unaware of the preparations for a due celebration of his birthday (which was kept, according to Continental custom, on his namesake Saint's day, the feast of St. Pierre) was quite remarkable. The boys were allowed to go into the fields and gather armfuls of Marguerites without M. Bonnefoy noticing that his scholars did not come to school at the usual hour; his entering the schoolroom with complete ignorance of the boy mounted on a chair behind the door, ready to drop a daisy crown on his master's head, and wholly unprepared for the shout of applause that was to burst from the assembled concourse of scholars when the coronation feat was accomplished, formed a triumph of utter unconsciousness."

On her return from Boulogne, Mary was engaged to teach the children of a Mrs. Purcell, who treated the young girl with great consideration. However, the constant care of five young children and her nervous desire to please told upon her health, and the situation had to be given up. Meanwhile Charles Cowden-Clarke, who had always been Mary Victoria's friend, declared himself her lover, and on the 1st of November, 1826, they were betrothed, she being but 17, whilst he was over 30. They were married when she was not quite 20.

In the account of their starting for their honeymoon we get again that wonderful literary twang that gives to the reminiscences of this

* "My Long Life," by Mary Cowden Clarke. Published by T. Fisher Unwin, London. Price, 7s. 6d.

old lady, yet living, a charm like that of dried rose leaves in an old-fashioned room:—

"This pleasant meal and presentation being over, and the wedding-dress exchanged for a thicker muslin and plainer cottage bonnet of straw, we prepared to leave the dear old home to which we were soon to return. My mother's sweet, penetrating voice followed us forth, uttering the few but tender words, 'Take care of her, Charley.' Be it here noted, that as soon as Charles became one of the family, he was invariably called by that boyish form of his name, proving how ever-young was his nature, as it was to the last hour of his existence. He had decided upon making his native Enfield our honeymoon quarters, therefore we took our way to the Bell Inn in Holborn, whence the Edmonton stage-coach started. On our way thither he laughingly told me of a man who had said to his new-made wife an hour after their espousals, 'Hitherto, madam, I have been your slave, now you are mine.' When we reached Edmonton we alighted from the coach and crossed the stile, beyond which were the fields that lie beyond that place and Enfield. Brilliant was the July sun, blue the sky, whereon dainty little white cloudlets appeared like tufts of swandown, scarcely moved by the light summer air. We lingered, leaning on the wooden railing that surmounted the miniature bridge over the rivulet, where Keats used to watch the minnows 'staying their wary bodies 'gainst the streams,' and on along the footpath which his 'friend Charles' had 'changed for the grassy plain,' when, on parting at night, between their respective homes, Keats says, 'I no more could hear your footsteps touch the gravelly floor.' The very words with which the young poet concluded this, his 'Epistle to Charles Cowden-Clarke,' seemed then and there to be fulfilling, for he goes on to say, 'In those still moments I have wished you joys that well you know to honour,' and the 'joys' of that day certainly crowned with reality the affectionate aspiration. Farther on we went, entering the meadows skirted by the row of sapling oaks, planted by Charles's father—the bag of acorns for the purpose being carried by the little son—until we came to the wall belonging to the end of the schoolhouse garden, behind which wall was an arbour where Charles used to read to Keats Spenser's exquisite 'Epithalamion,' and where they talked poetry together, the elder of the two introducing the younger to the divine art, and 'first taught him all the sweets of song,' finally lending him Spenser's 'Fairie Queene,' to his infinite rapture. We took up our abode at a rural hostelry, called 'The Greyhound,' kept by a comfortable old man and his daughter named Powell. This hostelry possessed a pleasant sitting-room overlooking 'The Green' and its spreading oak tree, and as pleasant a sleeping room, with its window screened by a vine trained across it, casting a verdant, softened light within."

Quite the last thing that this "friend of poets" really designed or desired, however, was to make his marriage a relation of master and slave. Not in this book, but elsewhere, Mr. Cowden-Clarke has given the following emphatic testimony—and the success of his marriage ought to commend his ideas to other young husbands—to the very different plan of married life that he made:—

"A woman who makes to herself," wrote Charles Cowden-Clarke, "a law of blind and prone submission (in marriage) as the best course for her own interest inevitably becomes, if not a liar, yet an equivocator, a sophisticator, a prevaricator—in some way or other a deviator from straightforward truth. All the little slips and evasions, the paltry tricks and petty artifices, the carrying deceptions, the falsifications that women who adopt implicit obedience as their 'stock-in-trade' in wedlock allow themselves, are the necessary growth of the course they pursue. Artful speech and conduct are sure to proceed from forced and unnatural compliance, and uniform compliance is unnatural. Compliance, right or wrong, rational or irrational, just or unjust, compliance for compliance sake, and for the sake of what it

will bring, infallibly generates meanness and untruth. Alas! for the man who exacts it, and alas! for the woman who yields it, thinking to reap advantage. Yet to women it seems so safe, to men so promising! . . . Heaven forbid that one of them (obedient wives) should fall to the lot of a friend of mine for a wife, or that any male friend of mine should *deserve* to have one of them, by thinking that such a characteristic constitutes wifely excellence!"

It was this belief, this spirit, that made him a good husband and a happy one. Our autobiographer says of him further:—

"While thus engaged in his lecturing and bookkeeping, Charles still maintained his other writing in literary work. He wrote 'The Musician About Town,' and a lovely tale called 'Gentleness is Power,' or the story of 'Caranza and Aborzuf' for the *Analyst Magazine*. He was almost an exceptional husband in his generous mode of making the masculine prerogative of complete marital sway cede to his idea of the right and happiness of conjugal equality. He brought every guinea he earned to me to take care of, and whenever I consulted him on any needful purchase his answer always was: 'It is as much your money as mine, do what you think well with it; buy what you think proper, and what we can best afford.'"

Mary Victoria Novello's first literary attempt was made shortly before her marriage, being an article entitled "My Arm Chair," which was accepted by "Hone's Table Book." During her early married life Charles Cowden-Clarke wrote theatrical notices for the *Examiner*, and these articles rendered frequent theatre-goings necessary. The two used to trudge on foot to the various theatres, he with evening coat and waistcoat hidden by a cloak, she with the needful toilet also concealed. In this way Mrs. Cowden-Clarke saw all the fine actors of her time, and with wonderful accuracy remembers their looks and gestures in their great parts.

Those early married days were very happy, although perforce spent so simply. Charles and Mary lived with the Novello family, and the wife's parents allowed the younger couple to contribute their share of the household expenses just when it suited them best. Mrs. Cowden-Clarke relates an amusing incident in her husband's life:—

"These (our receipts) were added to by Charles's acceptance of a thoroughly uncongenial post as editor of, and writer in, a periodical entitled 'The Repertory of Patent Inventions.' But he and we all took refuge from the dryness of the task by making it the subject of constant laughter and jest in our family circle. Not one of us read it; not one of us cared even to look at it, save on a single occasion, when Charles, having indulged himself by writing a rather facetious article on some heavy, newly-invented manufacture, was rebuked by a communication from a person signing himself 'Fairy' (of all names in the world!) for writing so *lightly* on such a weightily important theme."

It was at her suggestion that Charles Cowden-Clarke came out as a lecturer and delivered the lectures on Shakespeare, Elizabethan and Gaelic poets and so on, which made him well-known throughout England. The famous "Concordance" was commenced at Standerwick, in Somersetshire, when the Cowden-Clarks were staying with Charles's sister, Mrs. Towers.

"It was at their breakfast table one morning that regret was expressed with regard to there being no Concordance to Shakespeare in existence. Eagerly, as is my nature, I immediately resolved that I would undertake this work, and, accordingly, when after breakfast a walk was proposed to Warminster, I took with me a volume of Shakespeare, a pencil and paper, and jotted down my plan, beginning with the first line of my intended book. During our walk we chanced to pass an enclosure where some sea-gulls were kept, and were screaming loudly. I have never heard that sound since, but I have

associated it with that day of commencing my sixteen years' work."

It was finished at Craven Hill on the 17th of August, in 1841.

They added to their narrow income by accepting an engagement to sing at Somers Town Chapel, where Alfred Novello, the founder of the famous music firm, sang bass and conducted the choir. It was there they first heard Cardinal Wiseman. Mrs. Cowden-Clarke says of him:—

"He was of rotund proportions, and he used to relate with great gusto the circumstance that when he was staying at Lord Clifford's house, Ugbrook Park, one of the maid-servants there, who had been told that his proper title was 'your Eminence,' used to say, as she dropped her reverential curtsy, 'Yes, your Immense.' This same damsel, who evidently possessed no accurate ear, when twelve Jesuits were on a visit to Ugbrook, said, 'There's a matter of a dozen Jezebels come here.'"

To music-lovers this book will prove tantalising in the account that Mrs. Cowden-Clarke gives of all the musical treats she has enjoyed. The children of Vincent Novello were naturally musical; Mrs. Cowden-Clarke sang a correct though "mild" contralto, Cecilia and Sabilla both made successful *débuts* as public singers, whilst Clara Novello was one of the musical wonders of her time, having begun her career by singing to her astonished father and mother the tune of "Di tanti palpiti" correctly, when she was only three years old, after merely hearing it played on a barrel organ in the street. Albert and Edward both had good bass voices, though the latter devoted himself to art and was making considerable headway as a painter, when he died at the early age of twenty-two. As a matter of course, this musical family had much singing and playing in their home. "No day passed without my father's own canon, 'Give thanks to God,' being sung as a grace after dinner; and no first of May was allowed to pass without my husband's song, 'Old May Morning,' set to music by my father, being invariably sung by us to him."

In addition to musicians, Charles and Mary met many literary men. Coleridge they visited one "wonderful" evening; Dickens Mr. Cowden-Clarke knew intimately, having acted in his company of amateurs, whilst immediately after their marriage they paid a visit to Charles and Mary Lamb at Enfield.

The latter part of the book is taken up with an account of the Cowden-Clarks in their home, first at Nice, and later at Genoa. The winters were spent at home, writing and reading as studiously as ever, hearing all the good music that came in their way, the house a pleasant place for their English friends to visit. In the hot weather they visited England or toured in Germany and the Tyrol, by these means getting thoroughly acquainted with German art galleries and German theatres.

The book is got up attractively, well-printed, the page a pleasure to the eye, whilst the few illustrations, collotypes and engravings are extremely good. A complete list of the joint and separate works of Charles and Mary Cowden-Clarke is given at the end of the volume. It is altogether a pleasant and attractive record of a literary woman's happy life.

THE losses here should draw heart and life to the treasure in the great beyond.

BLESSED is he in whose experience the hill of difficulty has become the height of vision.

THE more accurately we search into the human mind, the stronger traces we everywhere find of the wisdom of Him who made it.

THE FUTURE OF WOMEN WHO WORK.

By EDITH A. BARNETT.

II.—CAN THEY SAVE?

IN a previous paper I let stand two propositions destructive of my fixed opinion that most educated working women ought to and can put by something for a rainy day. If it be true that women seldom earn more than £75, and cannot live on less than that sum, then clearly they can put nothing by. But what I wanted to point out was this: the cost of bare subsistence is not enough to give a woman for the work of the best years of her life. Harvest time is short, we must provide for the enforced rest of winter. It would be absurd to half-starve ourselves through our working life in order to buy an annuity for those years which we are not likely to reach unless we have plenty of food now. To save the price of necessities means to diminish one's working capacity, the most uneconomical of all proceedings. But the question is, what are "necessaries"? And how much is "plenty of food"?

In a matter like this facts are more useful than opinions. If our friends will tell us what they actually live upon, we need not concern ourselves about the vapouring of persons who are not accustomed to keep house, and who could not tell us offhand the price of the common necessities of the table. People who know nothing about housekeeping do spend a great lot, and get very little in return, and "bachelor women," who live in lodgings, often innocently quote the price they pay for their own food with that of a member or two of the landlady's family as the cost of bare living for a single woman. They have a soul above legs of mutton, so they say; and an exalted soul is often rather an expensive companion in this work-a-day world. Let us begin at the top of the list. In a house where there was a good French cook, where the dinner was always first-rate in quality, quantity, and matter of choice, where there was a good hot luncheon every day, and an elaborate breakfast, the cost of food was 14s. per head per week, and 10s. for the servants; that included some wine. No one could desire to live better: most persons would longer enjoy an annuity if they lived less well. These figures were given to me some years since when the price of food was higher than it is now. It would be absurd to urge that a housekeeper could not save off such bills as that. And my next figures show a great drop. Seven shillings a week all round is the cost of living in a house where there are no children, and where a late dinner is served for several adults every night. What in middle-class life would be called an "exceedingly good table" is kept; why not, indeed, for there is no poverty to complain of in that household, no stint. In Macmillan's "Primer of Domestic Economy" we reckoned 7s. for adults and 8s. 6d. for children, which calculations were based on the prices ruling in an expensive part of town. In a laundry some years ago the price of food for the women engaged in washing was given to me as 8s. 4d. per head per week. Four meals a day were served; meat always once and occasionally twice; and the health of the women improved on the dietary. Quite recently I find that 2s. 7d. per head per week is spent for food on the men and women during work, often hard work, in a certain well-known institution. The meals are as follows: breakfast—bread and butter and coffee; dinner—hot meat and two vegetables, or cold meat and pudding, tea and bread and butter; supper—cocoa and bread and cheese. Quantity, unlimited. Quality, good, and shown by the good health of the persons fed. Least number of persons to be fed at the price, 16.

I think it would be hard to prove that such food is insufficient for any person in good health, and, to tell the truth, I wish I could be sure that all my friends who muddle through a hard life in cheap lodgings and flats were always as well fed. Of course, you may say that it is the numbers that do it; but I suspect that it is also good catering by some intelligent man or woman who is not foolish enough to boast a

soul exalted above the daily life that we are all called upon to lead. After all, though you may save on large numbers, you may also spend on them, and I have friends who assure me that every person added to a household increases the expenditure of the rest, on account of its being so difficult to check or to discover waste among many persons.

To turn from figures to very simple reasoning. Dr. Barnardo pays 5s. 6d. per week for the board, lodging and clothing of girls, big or little, and 5s. for boys. There can be no manner of doubt that the foster parents are far better off with the children than without them. Yet out of that 5s. 6d. comes warm, good clothes, wear and tear, washing and tendance, besides food to keep the children in the best of health, and generally including meat once a day. Yet I speak from experience in neither a cheap district, nor a poor one—the advent of the children bringing their 5s. 6d. per week has perceptibly raised the standard of comfort throughout the village. Anyone who is familiar with the conditions of life in country districts knows that it is impossible for weekly wage-earners to spend 5s. 6d. per head per week, for the plain reason that they have not got it to spend. And though we are agreed on the WOMAN'S SIGNAL that the wage-earners have not yet their fair share of the good things going, I do not think we can argue that in the country districts they are much less healthy than their masters. The children are fat and rosy, and they suffer from few complaints, and the death rate in agricultural districts is notoriously low. But, if it be possible to feed on 2s. 7d. a week, or to bring up a family on 15s. a week all told, it is clear that many of us working women of the educated classes spend much more on food than we need; and that we could, if we would, save against old age the difference between what we do and what we must spend.

Of course, I shall be told that it is on account of greater refinement that we educated working women demand so much more and so much more expensive victuals than our poorer sisters. It is a queer test of refinement truly, and contradictory of the old saying about plain living and high thinking, which we sometimes profess to believe. But that may pass. Figures are more helpful than sentiment in household affairs. The question is whether it is better to eat 10s. a week for twenty years, and after that to beg or go hungry; or to eat 5s. a week at one's own charges till the end of life? The "pauper spirit" is common enough in most ranks of life; yet for the sake of the cause of women, which we all hold dear, I refuse to believe that the bulk of working women would choose the ignoble part, if only the choice were laid fair and square before them. Laid before them, it is, but not in a form that they seem to understand. Every woman may eat all her earnings now, or lay them by to eat at a later time. I have no space for many figures now, and this one contrast must suffice: given a family of girls, is it better for them to eat 8s. worth of food apiece from 15 onwards, and to be left penniless in middle life; or to eat only 6s. worth of food apiece looking forward to a pension of £15 at 45 years of age, or of £30 at 55?

I am far from saying that most of my working friends eat too much. Many of them live badly, and even suffer in health in consequence. But they spend a great deal, partly because they are not inclined to club together, and they will all live separate, each with her own little meal; partly because, though they know a great many things, they know nothing about housekeeping, and spend all their energies working to gain a salary which is presently wasted by a servant who imitates her mistress and thinks household work a degradation and household knowledge a bore.

As for clothes, it is certain that many women might save on them and yet do their work just as well. Is it better to spend £14 from one's twenty-first birthday, and to have a £34 pension the day one is fifty; or to spend £24, and at fifty to have nothing, for clothes or anything else? There never was a time when women who are quick and capable could dress so well on so little money. And perhaps there never was a time when more enormous sums were

spent on clothes by women who have not anything laid by for old age.

House-rent is an item that one hesitates to economise upon, lest one's words may be taken a step too low in the social grade. The well-to-do poor save on house-rent when they had much better spend.

But educated working women spend where they might save because they are not "clubbable." Each must have her own one, two or three rooms, and therefore must pay for them. Women tell me sometimes that that is what they go out and work for; and if no other reason pushes them, all well and good. But it is absurd that a woman should complain she can put nothing by while yet she is occupying so much more than her fair share of the world's space.

Of course it is very easy to spend £75 a year. I know one woman who speaks of her dire poverty though she has something like £750 for herself alone. But two considerations I think that we working women should lay seriously to heart.

First of all, we have very much more than our fair share of the world's wealth, though we have only £75 a year. If all the money in England were divided up share and share alike, we should come off less well, and not better. Who are we that we dare demand so much of life? To the larger number of workers in England £70 a year sounds like impossible wealth, to us it means something akin to poverty. It is all very well to talk about public pensions and the like, but they will have to be paid out of the rates, and rates are levied not only upon the rich, but come also directly and indirectly out of the pockets of the poor, of those who struggle in a way unknown to us to keep themselves out of the slough of pauperism. We working women set high standards for ourselves and the world at large. It will not be to the credit of our cause if we join the army of paupers or of graballs, having spent all that we were worth, and then with open hand asking for more.

In the second place, granted that a woman must live on very small means in her old age, it is a positive disadvantage to her to bring herself into expensive habits of daily life during her youth. Wealth implies a ratio between our wants and our power of gratifying them; and, according to all philosophies life is none the less worth living because we have stripped ourselves betimes of many earthly desires. Most women would like to increase their incomes, and small blame to them, but it cannot be done; and, meanwhile, the habits of life that are best for them must be those that will slip without pain inside the income that may not be stretched.

(To be continued.)

"WOMAN'S SIGNAL" ARMENIAN REFUGEE FUND.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET has received from the British Vice-Consul at Varna, Mr. A. G. Brophy, the following information concerning a very large consignment of clothing recently despatched to the East by her ladyship:—

"British Vice-Consulate, Varna.

"Dear Madam,—Having heard from Mr. Bellows of the greater acute distress prevailing among the Armenians at Van, Kharput, and elsewhere in Asiatic Turkey, Mr. Adams has decided that your consignments of clothing, as well as those of the Friends, should be diverted to the relief of the misery in those districts, and I have, therefore, telegraphed to that effect to the Messageries Maritimes at Constantinople, as regards the 91 cases of goods shipped per ss. *Sidon*."

Further subscriptions to the WOMAN'S SIGNAL Armenian Refugee Fund will, in future, be acknowledged only in the third issue of every month. Subscribers desiring private receipt must please send ready addressed and stamped envelope or card.

Current News FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

The *Westminster Gazette* says:—A piece of gossip has been floating about for the last few weeks, and has even appeared in one or two places in the press, to the effect that Her Majesty the Queen intends to signalise the conclusion of the 60th year of her reign by abdication in favour of the Prince of Wales. Such rumours are happily as altogether improbable as they would be regretted if they were in any sense true. Among many virtues Her Majesty has none greater than her discretion. If she entertained any such notion there is only one person in the world who would be likely to know it, and that is Lord Salisbury, who is the least likely person to communicate it to anyone else. But there is no reason to suppose that the Queen has any such idea. We are glad to learn that the Queen is, with the exception of the slight lameness from which she suffers, exceedingly well. The trouble to her eyesight, of which something has already been said, is not greater than is incidental to her age, and is easily met by having such despatches as need to be submitted to her written in a specially large and legible handwriting. Her Majesty is, in all respects, as indefatigable and conscientious as ever in the discharge of her public duties, and, apart from the loss which would be incurred by the removal of her powerful and estimable personality, there is no Minister who has had relations with her during the last ten years who would not feel that the loss of her influence and unequalled experience, especially in foreign politics, would be a national misfortune.

The first ceremony in commemoration of the sixtieth year of Her Majesty's reign took place at Sandringham on January 1st, when the Prince of Wales, as patron of the "Royal National Pension Fund for Nurses," presented the president, the Princess of Wales, with (1) the sum of £2,500 collected by the nurses who are policyholders of the Fund; with (2) £2,500 presented by Mr. J. Pierpoint Morgan and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Burns (the son and son-in-law and daughter of the Founder); and (3) with an annual income of about £100 in annual subscriptions of 1s. and upwards given spontaneously by the nurse members to the Junius S. Morgan Benevolent Fund, the objects of which are to afford immediate pecuniary or other relief by loan or absolute gift to members of the Pension Fund who may be in distress and to assist them in keeping up their premiums. No class of Her Majesty's subjects do better work than the really competent nurses who minister to the sick throughout her dominions, and it is gratifying to know that the Junius S. Morgan Benevolent Fund has thus been made adequate to meet the claims upon it.

Mrs. Gladstone celebrated her eighty-fourth birthday at Hawarden on January 6th, and the occasion was rendered the more interesting by reason of its association with the cause of the persecuted Armenians. The Armenian martyrs memorial window in the Parish Church was unveiled by Mrs. Gladstone, the ceremony being preceded by a very pleasing incident which took place at the Rectory. A deputation from the Anglo-Armenian Association in London waited upon Mrs. Gladstone, and presented her with a portrait in oils of the Armenian Patriarch, Mgr. Mikvitch, the gift of the Armenian subjects of the Queen in India and the Straits Settlements.

Mr. Gladstone, replying for his wife, spoke on the Armenian question. He said the heart of England had been stirred as the heart of one man, and none of the chilling suggestions tendered here and there had acted in the slightest degree upon the national feeling, which remained exactly what it was. But though the English people were a great moral force in the world, still the direction of the world's forces had not been in their hands, and it had been beyond their power to do more than give utterance to convictions profoundly entertained. They had been unable to act as they would have desired

to act upon the six Powers of Europe, but in face of the more than discouraging circumstances, he must own that, although he had long passed the time of life for sanguine dreams, yet there remained in him with regard to the Armenian question an unextinguishable hope, nay, he would almost venture to say that from the extremity of apparent defeat he drew suggestions of consolation for the future. These iniquities had been too terrible to be ever effaced from the record of the past. That weight of disgrace which he had never attempted to partition, now lay on the shoulders of the six Powers. That disgrace was too great to be borne. Human conscience and human understanding would revolt against it, and movement there must be in one shape or another.

It is understood that since the Czar's visit to the Queen the attitude of the Russian ambassador at Constantinople has changed, and that his object now is to make the Sultan understand that further misconduct will be immediately fatal to himself.

A "skirt club," with the very excellent object of supplying flannel shirts to men patients leaving hospital without proper warm clothing, has been started under the above title, and the first meeting was held at the house of the president, the Countess of Strafford, on December 16th. The "sisters" of male wards have sad stories of the dearth of "men's things," and to them the "Flannel Shirt Club" will be a most comforting one. Mrs. W. L. Courtney is vice-president and Mrs. H. H. Chilton, hon. treasurer. All particulars of the society's rules can be had from the hon. secretary, Miss Lamport, 52, St. John's Wood-road, N.W.

Mrs. Flora Annie Steel asks for orders to be sent to her at Turiff, N.B., for the work produced by the gold thread embroiderers of Delhi. She says: I hear from the Commissioner of the division—one of the most straitened in the Punjab—that they are at present his chief anxiety, since the trade from various causes is in a terribly depressed condition. To begin with, the priests proclaimed a "Sangat" of 13 months from July last. This is briefly a time during which there is no marrying or giving in marriage amongst Hindus, therefore, these poor folk have to face fully ten months during which there can be no demand for the wedding garments in which lie their chief trade. In addition, the number of English visitors, with their demand for table centres, doyleys, dress trimmings, &c., is greatly reduced owing to the plague in Bombay. Now the initial cost of the materials (pure gold and finest silk) necessary to keep these admirable artisans at work is, the commissioner writes, too great to be met from the Famine Fund subscriptions or municipal resources. "But if," he adds, "people at home only knew and would send us out orders they would do more good than by giving to a general fund." So I ask for these orders. The work is chiefly raised embroidery, on any material, in silk and bullion, gold and silver. Also darning in gold on net. It is applicable specially to evening dresses, table centres, brackets. It is of all prices. A pincushion may cost two rupees or 20. A centre 20 rupees or 200. I cannot undertake very specific orders, but a general one, stating the article required.

Miss Kingsley's "Travels in West Africa," will be published by Messrs. Macmillan at the end of next week. No sooner has she finished the book than she is making her preparations for another trip to the Congo. She has seen much of the country thereabout, and studied the subject of fetish exhaustively, but she does not regard her work as by any means completed.

The Countess of Nioac is to be congratulated on her treatment of the blackmailers who attempted to obtain 1,500 francs from her. She received an anonymous letter asking her to be at the church in the Rue de Puteaux (Paris) on a certain day. The Countess went and found there a tall young man, well-dressed, who said mysteriously that he had a friend who was in

want of 1,500 francs, and who knew compromising things about the Countess, and he wanted the money to maintain silence. The Countess said she would think over the matter, and would come back on the morrow. She came back—this time accompanied by her husband—and the blackmailer was handed over to the police.

On New Year's Eve a soirée in connection with the Mid-Rhondda Women's Liberal Association was held. Mr. Abraham, M.P. (Mabon), congratulated the members of the association on such a successful first meeting. Their association would provide a nursery for Liberal principles. The real life and animation of the party depended on the ladies to whom they entrusted the training of the children. The logical conclusion of extending the franchise to men was to extend it also to women.

It would be well if those who deny the vote to women on the ground that if justice were granted them the benefits of chivalry would be lost to them, would notice the cases that come before our magistrates and the sentences accorded, and ask themselves whether in such case women would lose a real thing! Here are some illustrations:—At Marylebone, December 8th, a young man was charged with assaulting his wife. She said he frequently came home intoxicated and ill-treated her. Through his cruelty she had a tumour on her breast and two of her seven children were born dead. On this occasion he had asked her to make him tea soon after dinner. She said she would if she might lie down afterwards, as she felt weak and ill. "No," he said, "you have my apron to make." At that she cried. He then jumped up, and punched her about the head and body till she was black and blue all over. The police-constable found blood stains all over the room and passage. The magistrate remarked that "he was a terror to his wife," fined him 40s. with alternative of fourteen days' hard labour, and granted the wife a separation order with an allowance of 15s. a week. Now a small fine, with an alternative of fourteen days' imprisonment, seems absolutely a farce in punishment for such terrible and long-continued brutality. The idea in the magistrates' mind probably was that while in prison the man could not earn the allowance granted to the wife, and to give him a long term of imprisonment would be to punish her; but surely in such cases as these the cat would be the best punishment.

In North London, on December 28th, James O'Rourke, labourer, was charged with deserting his wife and two children. He had ill-treated and been separated from his wife, and now owed her £41 8s. on an order from the Court to pay her 12s. a week. The prisoner, when being taken to the police-station, turned and kicked his wife on the jaw, and declared he would "bust" her. The magistrate said it was a very bad case, and ordered the prisoner to pay the whole of the arrears, or go to prison for three months. Prisoner left the dock crying and howling. In this case, although a brutal assault was committed under the constable's eyes, the man escapes scot free. Nor does he receive any punishment for leaving the wife and children he had already ill-used without support for eighteen months, during which they might have starved.

At Brompton-road, December 7th, William Gould (27) was charged with violently assaulting Alice Howell. The prosecutrix, a girl in evident ill-health, told a shocking story of her relations with the prisoner. She had lived with him between five and six years, keeping him with money she obtained from the streets. She had locked him up for cutting open her lip, which required seven surgical stitches. The charge she now preferred was that he knocked her down and kicked her in the face, giving her terribly blackened eyes. Sentence—six months' hard labour. At Westminster, December 8th, a powerful man, named Frederick Webb, was charged with assaulting his wife. He came home drunk, and demanded his best clothes to pawn. The wife objected, as she has had to redeem them before from her own earnings.

Prisoner thereupon threw a lamp at her, which knocked her down and bruised her face. She was kicked about the body till black and blue. Sentence, six months. In these two last cases we believe the magistrate gave the maximum punishment in cases dealt with by summary jurisdiction; but surely it is a most inadequate maximum, and how often it is accorded for trifling thefts! John Bull's pocket appears to be far more precious than the person of a poor woman.

Miss Wallace, of Surbiton, is now trying an experiment which is at least in the right direction, and which ought to succeed. This is a workroom at 23, Lambeth-walk, from which the middleman is eliminated, and all the remuneration goes into the pockets of the workers. So far, it seems, the enterprise promises to be successful, and the main condition of success is that it should receive a sufficient degree of public patronage. The girls do all kinds of dressmaking, plain needlework, and mending of clothes. They cannot hope, at best, to earn lucrative wages, as, after all, they have to compete with the sweater and the sweated; but still there is no reason why the great strain of this competition may not be considerably mitigated by co-operation.

A pamphlet with the heading, "The Plea of Disfranchised Women," and written by Mrs. R. Swiney, president of the Cheltenham Women's Suffrage Society, has just been published. The writer remarks:—"During the Queen's sovereignty of 60 years the slave has been freed in all her dominions; in Great Britain, the male householder has been enfranchised, the male labourer has been granted civil and political rights. Labour is free, the press is free, trade is free, but womanhood is not free. At the present moment every woman, except the Queen, is politically non-existent. Women have not fully participated in this great advance of emancipation, this rapid development of liberty; they are still denied the exercise of their just rights, and an equal political position with the workman and the labourer, though often weighted with greater and heavier responsibilities. The existence of so great an anomaly is a discredit to the judgment of a free, generous, and reasonable people, for there is no argument based upon justice which can deny the Parliamentary Franchise to women who are paying rates and taxes, simply because they are women. If there is a valid reason, it would be well for the opponents of Female Suffrage to make it known. It is England's illustrious prerogative to have hitherto ever been in the van of progress, but in this one respect, of late years she has lagged behind her own children; many of the colonies having granted the political vote to women, on the score of justice and right,

and as conducing to the better government of the people, whilst, strange as it may appear, in this age of masculine freedom, the political status of women in Great Britain has been essentially lowered. . . . Women's appeal for justice must now be laid before the nation at large; and they must look to Parliament for the restoration of their constitutional right through the support of sympathetic members, of whom in the present House of Commons there is a majority in their favour over their opponents."

MISS HATTIE M. WATERBURY, of Chipley, Florida, has been appointed a notary public for the State at large by Governor Mitchell. Among other legal acts, she can perform the marriage ceremony.

SALE AT MESSRS. PETER ROBINSON'S.

It does not matter what you want, whether it be a pair of gloves or a bicycle, a gown of the latest fashion or an artistically framed engraving, —you will be sure to find it in perfection and at a very moderate price at all times, at Peter Robinson's huge Oxford-street house; and these moderate prices will be still further reduced for the sale which will go on throughout January.

Mantles and jackets are always a wonderful speciality of this house, and they are sold at very exceptional prices indeed, so as to keep up the reputation of the department by an ever-fresh "season" stock. In this sale there will be found quite a treasure-house for young ladies whose dress allowance is not too large, in the shape of a stock of some 800 tailor-made coats in black and coloured cloths with collars and revers of astrachan, beaver, mink or skunk, at prices commencing at one and going up to three guineas, while 500 other cloth jackets are marked at half a guinea, 15s. 6d., and a guinea. Having secured one of these, the sensible maiden can go on to the millinery department, where she will find 200 hats, bonnets, and toques uniformly reduced to half a guinea, the French models having all descended to the very modest sum of 25s. 6d., while a few—and only a few—French felt, cycling, skating, and walking hats, smartly trimmed with silk ribbon and bound with real astrachan, are to be had for 19s. 11d. each instead of 35s. For the children there are some felt hats with ribbons and pompons, at 8s. and 6s., while 150 dresses for the small people are alike only in one thing, the price of 7s. 11d., others in tweeds and fancy cloths being half a guinea.

Matrons who dress with substantial elegance will discover in the mantle department some hundreds of velvet or silk or plush capes and

full-size coats, reduced from ten or twelve guineas to three, four and five pounds—in many cases the rich embroideries of jet or the fur adornments are worth the whole price now asked.

The stock of French model blouses is to be cleared at less than half usual prices, and 500 silk blouses, of this season's make, are reduced to half a guinea up to two guineas. Some flannel toilet gowns are reduced to 8s. 11d., and toilet gowns in all wool Pyrenean to 21s. 9d., while a few smart and perfectly fresh silk tea-gowns trimmed with éru lace and insertion have had two guineas taken from the original price, which now figures as three and a half guineas.

As to gowns, there are, to begin with, nearly a hundred models to be cleared entirely regardless of cost. Coat and skirt costumes are to be had for as low a sum as 29s. 6d. and as high a price as six guineas. Children's very pretty costumes, many in expensive stuffs and all very well made, in all sizes, are reduced to a uniform low price; you can turn over a large pile and pick out exactly what suits one after another of the youngsters, both in colour and in size. The larger sizes naturally go off first, so for big girls you must be there early. The children's evening frocks, which Peter Robinson conscientiously describes as soiled, but which do not impress you with this fact, are all reduced to less than half-price.

The silk department is another speciality at Messrs. Peter Robinson's, and the sale pieces are at once exceptionally beautiful and incredibly cheap.

In so big an establishment nothing can be held over, and hence the Christmas presents are being almost given away to clear.

To be always receiving the teachings of experience and the vitality of nature and giving them back in one's habitual occupation is to establish a true harmony between one's self and one's task.

We are never without help. We have no right to say of any good work, it is too hard for me to do; or of any sorrow, it is too hard for me to bear; or of any sinful habit, it is too hard for me to overcome.—*Elizabeth Charles.*

It seems as if life might all be so simple and so beautiful, so good to live, so good to look at, if we could only think of it as one long journey, where every day's march had its own separate sort of beauty to travel through.

Phillips Brooks.

The greatest forces in the world of feeling are the smile and the tear of perfect womanhood.—

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT

A perfect extract of the Finest Beef, highly concentrated. Cheapest for Beef Tea and Kitchen use; it goes such a long way.

FOR WINTER NIGHTS.

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THE WOMAN'S SIGNAL.

A Weekly Record and Review of Woman's Work and Interests at Home and in the Wider World.

Editor—Mrs. FLORENCE FENWICK MILLER.

Corresponding Editors—THE LADY HENRY SOMERSET and Miss FRANCES E. WILLARD.

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NOTICE.

All communications intended for insertion must be written on one side only of the paper, and the writer's name and address must be given, not necessarily for publication. The Editor cannot answer correspondents privately, except on the business of the paper strictly.

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

SIGNALS FROM OUR WATCH TOWER.

A fourth of the States of the American Union has finally declared for the enfranchisement of its women! This is Idaho, another of the Western group, in which the population is at present somewhat scattered, but enterprising and advancing: some thoughtful persons look upon the West as the future centre of the North American Republic, and at any rate those young, "alive" States will always have the satisfaction of knowing that they were in the van in rendering equal rights to one-half of mankind.

Woman's Suffrage was submitted as an "Amendment to the Constitution," on which the men of Idaho were asked to vote specifically, aye or no, when they went to cast their vote for President. A good majority of those who voted on this amendment at all voted in its favour. But thereupon, the enemy raised a contention that the amendment in order to pass must receive not merely the votes of a majority of those who actually voted on the question, but a majority of all the votes! It was referred by the Governor to the Supreme Court to decide which was the correct reading of the law's requirement, and after very brief consideration that

Court has decided the matter in favour of the Women Suffragists. Henceforth, therefore, Idaho women will vote beside their husbands and brothers in all elections, from that for President of the United States downwards.

Yet another of the now very numerous influential testimonies to the satisfaction of the citizens of Wyoming with their experience of Woman's Suffrage is given. It appears on this occasion in the report just issued of the United States Education Commissioner. Says the report:—

"Woman suffrage has been weighed and found not wanting. It has tended to secure good nominations for the public offices. The women, as a class, will not knowingly vote for incompetent, immoral, or inefficient candidates. It has tended to make our women self-reliant and independent, and to turn their attention to the study of the science of government—an education that is needed by the mothers of the race. It has made our elections quiet and orderly. No rudeness, brawling, or disorder appears or would be tolerated at the polling booths. It has not marred domestic harmony. Husband and wife frequently vote opposing tickets without disturbing the peace of the home, and divorces are not as frequent here as in other communities, even taking into consideration our small population."

Mr. Hodgson Pratt says in the *Echo*:—"The most recent statistics show that six great States have two millions of men under arms, and that, including the reserves, they have nearly eleven millions ready for battle. Not satisfied with land armies, certain of these States, notably France and England, have entered on a terrible rivalry in armed fleets. For this latter branch of warfare alone, the gross estimate in the case of Great Britain (in 1896) was nineteen millions, and of France eleven millions. Yet the struggle for 'the command of the sea' has only just begun, and it would appear as if each of these two nations had entered upon a determination to tire each other out in the game of 'beggars neighbour,' by incessant additions to their ships."

This gross and excessive expenditure, evil from every possible point of view, should be especially noted and pondered over by women, since they are taxed to provide it entirely without their own consent. Hundreds of thousands of men live by warfare, and gain bread and glory for it; but women are compelled to pay to support those men in what is essentially worse than idleness. As Mrs. Crawford pointed out in a passage that we copied in our last number, the tendency grows every year for the men of Europe to be gathered into camps and idle away their days in preparation for mutual slaughter, and consequently every year the labour of productive employment, the useful work needed to keep those men and themselves also, is being more thrown upon the women of the world. Men appear not merely unable to propose any effectual remedy for this state of things, but even unwilling to admit that it is a disgrace to humanity, a calamity and nothing other than one.

Not only are we affected by the taxation caused by war preparations on an unlimited and ever-growing scale, but we suffer also in the deterioration of the men of the nation so engaged. After they are released from army service, it is beyond dispute—it has been abundantly proved and is admitted—that the "time-expired men" are found

unfit as a body for useful civil life. A great proportion of tramps and workhouse inmates are ex-soldiers. Finally, we have the appalling statement, just officially issued, that only 37 per cent. of the army in India remain free from diseases that are the result of vice, and that are liable to be transmitted to innocent wives and children when our soldiers return to civil life and marry. It is obvious, therefore, that the larger the armies the greater the mischief, pecuniary, social and moral, and it is women who are chiefly the sufferers. Yet men deny women votes; and yet there are women who profess to realise that they have a duty in public affairs, and still do not want the Suffrage, which alone will give their voices on such matters any influence.

Here are the facts to ponder over:—

ANNUAL COST OF THE ARMIES AND NAVIES OF EUROPE.

1869.	1896.
£116,000,000	£230,000,000

NATIONAL DEBTS OF EUROPE.

1872.	1896.
£4,680,000,000	£6,000,000,000

OUR OWN NAVAL ESTIMATES.

1881.	1896.
£10,500,000	£21,800,000

As the Peace Society points out, all the nations concerned in this reckless race of armaments are left relatively in the same position as they were before it began.

The following is the sort of thing which gives a feeling of pain and humiliation to women really in earnest about the progress of the nation:—

Mr. F. Cawley, M.P., attended a meeting of the Prestwich Women's Liberal Association. Mrs. Jackson, the President, was in the chair, and there was a large attendance. Mr. Cawley, M.P., who met with a cordial reception, said in addressing members of a Women's Liberal Association he must at the outset confess that he had not so far given his adhesion to Women's Suffrage, although, perhaps, he was somewhat nearer to it than on the last occasion that he addressed a public meeting in Prestwich. Many Liberals on this question wanted a good deal of convincing, but he thought that perhaps in a little time he might be led to the right way of thinking—from the Liberal women's point of view. He was pleased to acknowledge the good work that was done by the Liberal women.

What is so deplorable here is not the half-converted condition of Mr. Cawley, M.P., nor his lack of comprehension that Liberalism has any principles at its base, the profession of which should of necessity lead men who call themselves Liberals to support the representation of all the people, at any rate of all the tax-paying individuals. No! what is painful is that a woman's political association should let itself be so addressed. So long as women will supply "a large audience," and give "a cordial reception" to men who insult them with a mere unreasoning denial of their just claims to political existence, and trifle with their case in so patronising yet jeering a fashion, how can it be expected that Members of Parliament will be convinced of the seriousness of the convictions of women about any political matters?

It is a pleasure to find the Liberal women sometimes, however, taking a more self-respecting and businesslike stand. The Leeds Liberal Association has asked the Women's Liberal Association to get up a bazaar for the replenishment of the funds of the party. The ladies, after deliberation, have only consented to do so on condition that their own association has the first £300 profit for its own funds and a fixed proportion of the rest if over £2,000. "The men do not like it, but have had to give in, as the Women's Association would otherwise do no work in the matter."

Miss Helen Gladstone will be sadly missed from Newnham College, of which she has been many years Vice-Principal. Her reason for resigning her appointment is that she desires to spend more time with her parents, who in their extreme old age (Mrs. Gladstone is but three years younger than her famous husband) need the constant presence and care of some of their children.

Miss Helen Gladstone, it will be remembered, produced some effect during a recent discussion on Vivisection at the Women's Liberal Federation, by asserting that she had personally received great benefit from an operation which had been rendered possible by vivisection. Mr. Lawson Tait, the famous surgeon, in reply to a correspondent, says that there is no operation at all as to which the statement is correct, and suggests that Miss Gladstone should reveal the nature of the operation, in order that she may be enlightened as to its history and its connection with vivisection.

Mrs. Massingberd, the well-known founder and president of the Pioneer Club, has recently undergone a difficult operation performed by Mr. Lawson Tait, who is without a rival in his special department of surgery—the very department, by the way, that the vivisectionists audaciously and falsely claim as their field of discovery. Mrs. Massingberd has been dangerously ill, but is now thought to be recovering favourably. Those who know her individuality and power, her devotion to the woman's cause, and her generosity to many good works, will rejoice when her health is re-established.

At the half-yearly court of Governors of the Commercial Travellers' Schools, the chairman, Mr. D. R. Harvest, caused some merriment by announcing that there were 155 lady commercials, and that one of them, who was connected with the corrugated iron trade, had become a subscriber to the schools. As there are some 44,000 "commercial gentlemen" in the census, the competition of the women is not yet very severe, but the occupation would not be unsuitable for women, and their numbers will doubtless increase.

Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D., has been elected President for the year of the Eastern Counties branch of the British Medical Association. This shows how fast medical men have been educated as to the possibility of discussion between men and women on medical topics, which was hotly declared impossible some years ago.

A circus, free from vulgarity or any exhibition not consistent with perfect kindness to the animals, is now performing at the Crystal Palace. A remarkable and interesting feature in it is the marching performance of a number of splendid horses, without any riders on their backs. Herr Wulff, their trainer, stands on a pedestal in the centre of the ring, and the magnificent spirited horses march in, and wind round and round, and in and out each other's tracks, without any guiding hand, for all the world like a party of sensible human beings in a gymnasium. Finally, a dozen dear little Shetland ponies mount on the edge of the ring and trot round there, outside the other evolutions. At the appropriate moment, they all run out of the ring in their proper order, one behind the other, apparently without any direction or even hint from their skilful trainer. Herr Wulff declares the least harshness to be fatal to training; infinite patience and tact alone are available, he says, in making a horse do as you desire.

From May to October there will be an attractive "Victorian Era Exhibition" at the Crystal Palace. It is intended to illustrate the progress of the reign in every department, and any of my readers who have models, drawings, articles of any sort or information likely to be serviceable in the formation of the loan collection, are begged to communicate at once with the manager, Mr. Henry Gilman, at the Palace.

In October a hospital was opened in Melbourne for the special treatment of women by women doctors, an institution which it is proposed by its founders shall ultimately be much extended, and managed on the lines of the New Hospital for Women in London. The medical women of Melbourne have been keenly interested in the formation of the scheme, which at present consists only of an out-patient department, funds not permitting as yet the opening of a ward for in-patients. It may be mentioned that it was in a similarly small way, as a mere dispensary, that the London Women's Hospital commenced.

A Vatican newspaper alleges that, addressing a gathering of old soldiers, the Pope explained his longevity and strength thus: "A nun, who had always been in perfect health, two months ago went to him saying she had offered herself as a sacrifice to God, in order to prolong the life of the Pontiff. God had signified his approval, as the nun died, and Leo XIII. still flourished." At this rate the Pope may be immortal; for it is quite certain that in whatever direction women may fail, there would never fail to be some devoted enough to their High Priest to be ready to sacrifice themselves for him! But the fact is, the absurd statement probably indicates that the Pope is really and truly now a very old man—old now in mind, as he certainly is in years.

At last the Government have decided to sanction the opening of a relief subscription for the Indian Famine, and no doubt, with the usual generosity of our nation, large funds will be rapidly forthcoming. It is stated that terrible distress prevails amongst the "Purdah" or Zenana-hidden women, who usually live in absolute retirement from the face of man, and would

rather die than come forth to work or beg amidst the inferior castes. For such the Government relief works do nothing; private benevolence will seek out and save many of these poor creatures.

Thousands of women will hear with deep distress and anxiety of the carriage accident to Lady Henry Somerset, the full seriousness of which cannot be judged at the time we write. It is a sad coincidence that it was into the house of Canon Wilberforce that Lady Henry was taken, and it is only about a year ago that he and his wife were severely injured by a similar accident. However, this encourages us to hope that no serious results will follow in Lady Henry's case, as the other distinguished sufferers recovered.

The editor received only yesterday the proof of the illustrated article, "A Year's Work at Duxhurst," that Lady Henry Somerset has written specially for the WOMAN'S SIGNAL, and that will appear next week. It was expected that her ladyship, together with Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart., M.P., Lady Elizabeth Biddulph, Canon Wilberforce, and Canon Barker would speak at the demonstration of the United Temperance Council at the Queen's Hall, Langham-place, on Friday, 29th inst.

At last the question of the admission of women to sit on County Councils seems likely to become one of practical politics. The Women's Local Government Society, whose aim is to place women on all local governing bodies, has taken this in hand. After much difficulty the council have secured for next session a member to ballot for a place for a Bill to enable women to sit on County Councils. Mr. Bousfield, M.P., has undertaken the task, and it is very much to be hoped that the Fates, in the guise of the ballot-box, will be kind to him and it.

The first women's degrees were conferred a week ago by the University of Athens on two sisters, who became doctors of medicine with such distinction as few of their fellow-countrymen have obtained. The event was hailed with enthusiasm by the Greek Press as a sign of academical and social progress in Greece; and the Chancellor, in conferring the degrees upon the young ladies, declared it as his conviction that the interests of science are advanced by official recognition of the capabilities and intellectual achievements of women.

Though the Queen declines firmly and finally to make or endorse "any schemes for doing honour to herself" at her forthcoming sixtieth anniversary, she has requested the Prince of Wales to state the plans for alleviating distress and improving the condition of her poorer subjects are always in harmony with her sympathies.

TREASURES AND TROUBLES.

A DOMESTIC SCIENCE STORY FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.

CHAPTER II.—(continued).

The light wood furniture, the cheerful and spotless crêtonne hangings to windows and bed, the few good water-colours on the wall, where their unpolished oak frames contrasted with the pale blue of the wall, all was gratifying to the starved artistic sense of the guest.

Then the neat, serviceable little dressing-room, with its fine big bath and its service of hot and cold water, was inspected and admired; and through it they passed into the bright pretty chamber which Mrs. Crofton intended for a day nursery for her sister's baby now, and for her own by and by. Here the quiet, good-tempered country girl, whom Elsie had engaged as nurse for the baby during her sister's stay, was waiting to receive her charge. The prettily-draped swinging-cot was there, too, for the little one's daytime naps. Nothing that the loving hostess could think of had been neglected.

Miss Margaret Wynter, aged six months, chanced to be most amiably disposed at the moment, and gave her new aunt a very fascinating smile as soon as the removal of hat and thin veil allowed her to display herself.

"You sweet darling!" cried the pleased auntie, taking baby in her arms. "Is she quite well, Bertha?"

"Quite. Does she not look so?" asked the proud mamma.

And, indeed, the baby did look healthy. Her eyes were bright and lively—a great sign of a child's well-being. Her skin was clear, though brown, for the young lady inherited her papa's dark complexion. Her lips were red, and the flesh of the little arms and cheeks was firm, though there was not much fat on them. All these were tokens of the good nourishment and the general healthy condition of the baby. The troubles of the first tooth were near at hand, but had not yet really commenced.

Baby allowed the new nurse to discreetly admire her from a short distance. But when the girl offered to take her, the fastidious young lady made a grimace, which was very pretty to look at, but very appalling for the shriek that it foreboded; and, being thus alarmed, would no longer consent to stay in her aunt's arms, but insisted on being returned to her mamma.

"There, then, darling! Come to own mamma!" And Bertha cuddled her baby up in her maternal embrace.

The smile beamed out again upon the young countenance, as baby rewarded her mamma with a caressing pat of the cheek. That foolish mamma caught the hand and kissed it.

"It seems to me that you spoil that baby, Bertha," said Elsie, with mock severity.

"I am afraid I do; but I think it would be cruel to force her to go to a stranger at once, without any time to get acquainted."

"Yes, poor darling. It makes it very tiring for you, though, if she will not go to anyone else."

"So it does, and I have wished very much that I could have afforded to have kept a nurse for her."

"You must often have got very tired?"

"Well, it is not only that; I fancy it would have been best for baby too. They like a change of nurses. Poor dears! life is very dull for them, and they show plainly enough that they appreciate a little change now and then. But I really do doubt, Elsie, whether a mother

is the best person to be the constant nurse of her baby."

"I shall have no time to be constantly with mine, I am afraid. So I should be glad to think that there was something to be said in favour of leaving them sometimes, apart from the question of the mother's convenience and other duties. What are your reasons?"

"Well, a mother gets so much more worn out by her baby than anybody else does. If there is anything the matter with them, it seems to draw the very life out of the mother. I have found several times that when baby was crying she seemed to become better if the servant could spare time to come and take her, just because I was worn out with seeing her suffer."

"Has she been ill?"

"Not what the doctor would call ill—not for an hour. But they all suffer at times—wind, and one hardly knows what. And it is very awful to the mother to see."

"That I can quite understand."

"But, besides that, even in playing with her when well I have found that I gave out too much of my strength, and became very tired."

"Playing with a baby is fatiguing."

"Ah! but I don't think it is ordinary fatigue—the feeling that I mean. It is that one pours out so much of oneself over one's own child. It is good for the baby, I do not doubt. But then the mother needs to be able to put baby into someone else's arms, even if she does not go quite out of the room, while she *remakes* the nervous force which she has been pouring out. If she cannot do this, Elsie, she very often gets quite cross and irritable, just from exhaustion."

"Oh, do you think a mother ever gets cross with her own baby?"

"Indeed I do. I have been watching very carefully, and I have come to the conclusion that if a mother is to be what she ought to be to her little baby—I think a mother ought to be all smiles, and affection, and gentleness, and infinite patience in her baby's experience—and, if she is to be all this, her nervous energies must not be overdrawn upon, she must have rest and change from the nursing of the children."

Mrs. Wynter had looked down, with a Madonna-like smile, upon the little darling now sweetly sleeping at her own breast, as she described what a baby should come to think its mother; and Elsie gave a moment of loyal admiration to the beautiful aspect before she answered—

"I thought that there was some magic power that kept the most irritable and nervous of mothers from ever feeling overdone by the care of her own baby."

"Yes, I know that is generally said," replied Mrs. Wynter. "But I am sure it is not true. Of course a mother can, when she is required to do so, say by illness, endure and hold up for her child to a wonderful extent. But what I mean is that I think in such a case she must suffer for it afterwards; and that, therefore, such endurance cannot be a matter of everyday routine."

"I suppose a nurse gets tired too?"

"No doubt; but then the baby has not hold of the nurse's heartstrings, and, therefore, cannot draw away her forces like it can its mother's. Besides, what I think is that, for the sake of the influence of the mother in the moral training of the child, she should never, if she can possibly help it, be either dull or impatient with her young ones; and that it matters much less that the nurse should sometimes be so."

"You really seem to think that a mother has actually disadvantages as a nurse compared with a paid servant."

"I only mean that a mother's energies are more drawn upon, and that her mere physical strength therefore needs more rest to restore it. Of course, I would overlook my nursery, if I had one, all the time, in and out of it constantly, and stopping in it as long as I could, to try to keep myself all I should be to my children."

"Perhaps if you *had* a nurse you would not feel so on the subject."

"I think I should, because I have come to my conclusion even more from observation than from my own case. I so often have seen mothers cross and snappy, or dull and inert, after being their children's nurse for hours together, and I think it is such a pity that they should ever be so while with their children that I have come to feel quite sure that a mother should be helped in her work, on other grounds than her own convenience."

"Do you let that young lady sleep in your arms all the time?" asked Elsie. "If you do I am not surprised at your getting tired."

"Ah, but I don't!" said Bertha. "This is a special indulgence, because she was frightened at the idea of going away from me."

"Do you put her down awake?"

"Always. It is really best for them, for they sleep more soundly if they are not moved after they drop off, as they must be moved when they are laid down after going off in the arms."

"Some babies won't sleep if they are laid down awake."

"Oh! yes, they will," said the superior person, who had educated her baby into such good manners. "If they are trained to do it, they always will; but the difficulty is that if they are once or twice allowed to have their own way, and are taken up again after being put down, and so allowed to drop off in the arms, they find out that they like it, and insist upon it in the future."

"You must be tired with your journey. Will you put her down now?"

Bertha assented, and, the little cot being prepared, the baby had an opportunity of showing how well her mamma had trained her. She availed herself of the chance of admiration.

Bertha did not lay the baby's head down upon a cold pillow, knowing that a sudden chill will sometimes start a toothache when the little mouth is in a sensitive condition, with the teeth pressing upwards towards the surface of the gum. She sent for a slightly-warmed napkin to cover the pillow. Then she gently laid her baby down. Baby opened her eyes, and took in the situation sleepily. Had she been an ill-trained infant, she would have expressed her dislike to going out of arms by a cry, with which she would have wakened herself up, and the getting-off to sleep would have had to be done over again, to the injury of the baby and the fatigue of the nurse. As it was, the small Maggie blinked up into her mamma's familiar face, and, satisfied by the sight of it that all was as it should be, went placidly off to sleep. Safe for an hour at least.

CHAPTER III.

The luncheon was quite ready, and when it was finished there still remained time for Bertha to inspect the greenhouses without much fear of baby waking up from the sweet sleep that she was enjoying after her journey, under the watchful care of Ann, her new nurse.

The profusion of lovely flowers, the sweet scents, and the grateful quiet of the conservatory tempted the two sisters to remain there for a short time. They sat down, side by side,

upon the cushioned seat that surrounded a small fountain in the centre of the conservatory; and Bertha began to ask for information upon some points, the importance of which she well knew.

"Have you a thoroughly good nurse coming, Elsie?"

"I am to have an old dame, who has a great reputation in the village."

"But why not have a well-trained and thoroughly competent woman, darling? You can have no idea how *much* depends upon her."

"Hugh thought it would be so expensive to bring one from somewhere else," said Elsie.

Bertha looked at the lavish evidences of wealth all around her, and marvelled.

"I should not have thought that was a consideration here," she said.

Elsie's tell-tale face revealed that the same thought had been her own.

"Hugh does not mind what he spends about some things," she said. "But sometimes he is very careful."

"I suppose he thought that I might protect you from any disadvantages that the old village nurse might bring with her in the shape of prejudices and ignorances," smiled Bertha. "Well, darling, I will do my best to keep the baby from having gruel, or any other of the mischiefs which some of these 'old wives' fancy to be good. Of course, she may really be a very sensible person, for anything I know; only it does seem to me that you should have been allowed a properly instructed nurse."

"It is sure to be all right with you here," said Elsie, trustingly.

"Now, another thing. Have you thought about taking chloroform?"

"I should be afraid of it."

"Why?"

"It is dangerous, is it not? People die sometimes under it."

"Not under *such* circumstances, if it is given properly. It has been given in thousands of such cases, John told me, and there never has been a death that could be said to have been caused by the chloroform."

"How is that? Why should not people die from taking it then, as well as at other times?"

"Chiefly because of the different way in which it is given than it has to be for surgical operations. When it is given slowly, a whiff that just deadens suffering without destroying consciousness altogether, the danger is practically almost nothing. For a big operation, the patient is made insensible right off, and it is in this that such danger as there is lies. I am told that deaths from chloroform are exceedingly few, compared to the number of persons who take it without mischief; but even such danger as there is, in surgery, is absent in this other way of giving it, my husband says."

"Does it not make you ill afterwards?"

"I have copied a paragraph out of one of John's medical books about that; he read it to me to set my mind at rest for myself. I took chloroform, you know."

Mrs. Wynter produced her purse, and drew her quotation out of it, showing that she had come armed for this little discussion with her sister.

"I must tell you," she said, as she unfolded the paper, "that this is a high authority that I am going to quote. It is Dr. Murphy, who was John's teacher at University College, and John tells me was one of the most famous men of his time in this branch, and lecturer and physician to University College Hospital for nearly twenty-five years."

"Now this is what he says:—

"I find one of its [chloroform's] advantages to be the rapid and favourable recovery of the patient, and for this alone I should use it; the relief of pain saves nerve force, and enables the patient to resist those causes of fever and inflammation which so frequently interfere with a patient's recovery."

"But do not doctors often object to give it?"

"Well, dear, I remember getting an idea upon that point out of a book, 'Dr. Kidd on Chloroform,' which John showed me, and in which I found, quoted from Dr. Murphy, what I have just read to you. Dr. Kidd said that chloroform was an invaluable thing for women to have, 'if the charity, intelligence and sense of duty of the practitioner towards his patients are equal to the occasion of using it.'"

"That means, then, that if a doctor refuses to give it, it shows that he lacks either charity, intelligence, or sense of duty?"

"I put it in something the same way to John, and he would not allow that that was quite fair. He said that, if a doctor once begins to give chloroform, he cannot for anything leave a patient again afterwards, and he pointed out to me that it would not be possible for a doctor to give up so much of his time as this implies to *each* of his patients. Therefore you see he must limit it either by refusing to give it, or by requiring a high fee for giving it."

"But is there really no danger?"

"Oh! I daresay there is a small amount of danger, or, at all events, that some doctors think there may be. But I have already told you that there has not been a death, or any kind of mischief, traced to it; and there is a very good proof that some of the first doctors in the land believe fully in its being a right thing to do to give chloroform, in the fact that our Queen took it each time that she needed it after it was discovered."

"Well, that does seem to show that we should all have it, if it were not inconvenient to our doctors to give it to us."

"Yes, we may be quite certain that it would not have been given to the Queen had there been really anything to be said against it. And, what is more, so highly did Her Majesty think of the benefits that she experienced, that Prince Albert recommended it to the Emperor of the French, and the Queen sent over the English doctor who had administered it to herself, to assist in giving it to the Empress. You see, doctors have no doubt that pain itself is an evil. I remember an expression about that in a book that I have studied, 'pain *taps a nerve*,' and though we cannot measure the strength as it runs away through this channel, we may be quite sure that the loss is as real as if it were the letting of blood from a blood-vessel."

"Our grandmothers managed to do without chloroform."

"Yes, poor things; and in our grandfathers' time legs were cut off without the aid of chloroform; but simply because it was not discovered. A wise person takes advantage of all the benefits of civilisation; and, if he thinks about his grandmother at all, it is only to regret that science did not learn sooner how to relieve suffering."

"I must ask my doctor to come up and talk to you," said Elsie.

Then they went back to the nursery.

(To be continued.)

"I say, do you think that Wiggins is a man to be trusted?" "Trusted? Yes, rather. Why, I'd trust him with my life!" "Yes; but with anything of value, I mean!"

THE ART OF LISTENING.

WHEN Falstaff is accused by the Lord Chief Justice of being deaf, he answers, "Rather an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal." The same disease or malady continues to be very troublesome to the present day. This habit does not arise from any defect in the faculties, but from carelessness in the use of them. It is as great an impediment to the current of conversation as deafness, and without its excuse. Some people are so careless that they receive no other impression from a first utterance than to get their attention ready for a second. Others hear, but do not mark, as is evident from this circumstance, that they will generally reply after waiting for a repetition, though no repetition takes place. The inconvenience in both cases is the same.

Attention to what is said to us, or in our presence, is not only a very agreeable quality, but it is indicative of a well-regulated mind, of a mind at ease, above the cares and vanities of the world, free from pride, conceit, or selfishness, and without fear or reproach. Those who are a prey to "low thoughted care," or are burning under the vanities of life, have their minds ever wandering from what is present. Pride cannot condescend to listen, except to its superiors; conceit does not think it worth while, and selfishness is too much taken up with its own concerns. Fear, by its very nature, is destructive of presence of mind, and self-reproach turns inward at every turn. Attention to whatever is said is sometimes the consequence of obsequiousness, or of a courtier-like disposition; but that species is easily distinguishable from the unaffected attention which is the result of composure and kindness.

Promptness of reply is a sign of honesty and open-heartedness, as slowness is often indicative of habitual cunning, or a desire to take undue advantage. Nations and individuals, who are remarkable for their talent at reply, usually adopt some expedient to gain time, deliberation being a great auxiliary to both wit and wisdom, and, when well managed, heightening the effect of both in no small degree. A genuine Irishman usually repeats what is said to him before he utters his humorous answer. The oracle fixes his eyes upon those he is answering, the smoker takes two or three whiffs, the boon companion empties his glass, and the lady plays with her fan, before they severally utter what wit, or wisdom, or discretion dictates. Then the unwilling witness has recourse to a short cough, or to the Irishman's expedient of repeating the question, and the diffident Englishman precedes his answer with an unmeaning laugh. Mere slowness in reply is always dull or suspicious.

Promptness is the best everyday quality; and deliberation, accompanied by suitable action, the most effective on particular occasions. It agreeably attracts the attention, and generally rewards it. It has something of the effect which Milton describes in an orator, who "Stands in himself collected, while each part, Motion, each act wins audience ere the tongue."

The manner of answering usually affords greater insight into character than the answer itself. Decision, straightforwardness, diffidence, cunning, and almost every other quality are more or less discernible in the manner, as is also the particular feeling at any given time. There is one class of listeners who cut off everything that is said to them by answering before they have half heard, and of course for the most part very erroneously.

They are the most unsatisfactory of all, and the less one has to do with them the better.

As the season is approaching, when

Coughing drowns the parson's saw, it is an appropriate time to say something on the art of listening in public, the neglect of which is a great public annoyance. People sometimes seem to go to church for the express purpose of preventing anything being heard but their own unrestrained coughing and use of their handkerchiefs. It is impossible that they themselves can attend, and it is equally impossible that others should hear; for which reasons it would be much better on every account that, pending their indisposition, they should confine themselves to private devotion. Appearance in public, under such circumstances, I cannot help considering a great indecorum, and as indicative of a total want of consideration for others. It should be remembered too that sitting in a warmed building, after being exposed to the cold air, is almost sure to produce that tickling in the throat which it is always painful, and often impossible, to overcome. At the same time a great deal might be done in the way of control and moderation, and especially at particular moments; for it is observable that during the prevalence of colds there is generally a most determined combination of noises when attention is particularly desirable, as during the giving out of the text. The preceding silence is followed, as people settle themselves for the sermon, by a perverse outbreak, which for some time prevents a syllable from being heard. It strongly illustrates what the late Lord Ellenborough in his peculiar phraseology observed on a similar exhibition in his own court: "Some slight interruption one might tolerate, but there seems to be an industry of coughing." Though coughing is an annoyance which is experienced at certain seasons in all public places, it is nowhere so unrestrainedly given way to as in places of worship, the reason being, I suppose, that there is no fear of any marks of disapprobation, which it would assuredly meet with if indulged in to an equal extent anywhere else. But this should be the strongest reason for imposing self-control, with those who have a proper sense of decorum. On rare occasions it is indeed noticed from the pulpit, and I think it would be well if, when colds are prevalent, a recommendation were now and then given that the severely afflicted should remain at home, and that others should be as much on their guard as possible against causing any avoidable interruption. In other respects there is no cause of complaint in places of worship, except that some people have a habit of coming in with rather more bustle than is necessary. In other public assemblies, where the object is to listen, there are minor causes of annoyance, such as individuals talking together, either because they themselves cannot hear, or do not care to hear, or from a love of display. Then there is coming in and going out unseasonably, and not quietly, all which is inconsiderate and ill-bred, and deserving of the reprobation it often meets with. Thoughtlessly or wilfully to disturb a public assembly is a sure sign of folly, want of breeding, or selfishness.

In telling the story of her friendship with Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mrs. Phelps Ward declares that for so merry a man his sense of the universal misery was extraordinary. He once said to her: "Outside I laugh. Inside I never laugh. It is impossible! The world is too sad."

THE man who is never tried never knows himself. It is only in the furnace heat that the soul learns its own strength and weakness.

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A FEW CHEESE DISHES.

SIMPLE modes of using up cheese that is too dry to send to table are given here, and at this season, warm food being so much more acceptable than cold, they should be specially welcome.

We may learn a great deal from the Swiss, though some of the dishes they favour would not be acceptable to the average English palate without considerable modification. Certainly the time that many a housekeeper in Switzerland spends over her dishes would not be possible in some homes here. The following dish of

SHEEP'S TROTTERS WITH CHEESE

is very savoury. Considering, however, that trotters in this country are for the most part relegated to the back streets and sold from a hand cart, the majority who may feel inclined to try it will take the feet of the pig or the calf for the foundation, and the dish will in no wise suffer. Supposing, then, half a dozen sheep's feet to have been boiled until the bones can be removed, they are to be quartered and put in a stewpan with an ounce of butter, a couple of cloves, some chopped parsley, a little chopped onion or chives, and a spoonful or two of mushrooms also chopped up; after a few minutes' simmering, about half a pint of brown stock or beef broth is added with some vinegar (very little), and the simmering continued for a short time, when a thickening of flour is put in, and a couple of ounces of grated Gruyère cheese. The mixture is then placed on a flat buttered dish and more cheese sprinkled over with plenty of bread crumbs, then browned by the aid of the salamander, and served hot. There are those who will read this recipe over and conclude that so homely an article of food as the trotter is not worth this trouble. True; but just grasp the principle. Then the remnants of a calf's head or feet, or even pig's head, in fact any sort of gelatinous meat will appeal to you when re-served in so tasty a fashion. As a matter of digestibility, it is better to put all the cheese in the sauce, and use only the bread crumbs for the surface; for as the late Professor Williams (an authority on cheese dishes) pointed out long since, the browning of the cheese is responsible for much of the indigestion consequent upon these snacks. Then again, a brown stock can be replaced by a simple white one.

POTATOES AU GRATIN

may be quite a costly thing, when Parmesan cheese, cream, and a good supply of fresh butter are used in the making of it. The following is not to be despised; the cheese may be any sort or a mixture, a little Parmesan is, however, the making of it. Simply butter a dish that will stand the oven, cover with bread crumbs mixed with grated cheese; go over with slices of cooked potatoes, the mealier and drier, the nicer the dish will turn out; then add salt and pepper and some chopped parsley; proceed thus until the dish be full, then moisten the whole with milk. The top layer should be covered with crumbs, browned, and the dish set in a tin containing hot water in the oven, until the contents are thoroughly heated; in this way there is no "catching" at the bottom or "hardening" of the top.

Did you ever, when making a white soup of the potato class, try a little cheese by way of adding savour? If not, the experiment may be recommended. A very simple soup with this addition, and some fried bread in dice handed with it, will be found quite tasty.

A SUPPER SNACK,

that for want of a better name may be called an "onion rare bit" is made in this way: boil a large Spanish onion until very soft, drain and chop it, and return it to the saucepan with a little milk, a morsel of butter, a tablespoonful or two of grated cheese, salt and pepper, a pinch of grated nutmeg, and enough mustard to give piquancy; stir until hot, then serve on

toast after the manner of the ordinary cheese rare bit. The precise proportions cannot be given; one must be guided by the size of the onion, but the mixture should be soft enough to spread easily over the toast. Many will experience no discomfort after this, who cannot eat dishes in which cheese is the main ingredient.

FRITTERS OF MEAT AND POTATO,

made by coating slices of cooked meat with mashed potatoes before frying, are well known; for variety, some grated cheese can be incorporated with the potatoes with good effect; the fat should be very hot so that they will brown quickly, and they must be served at once to be worth anything. In these and other dishes, the addition of a pinch of celery salt is to be recommended.

FISH IN CHEESE CUSTARD

may be new to some, and it is very tasty. Any white fish, cooked, is to be flaked, and put in a greased dish, then seasoned. The custard, enough to cover, is made with two eggs to the half pint of milk, and salt and pepper; the oven should be moderate. A dessert-spoonful of cheese is enough, and half should be used over the fish and the rest put in the custard. Cover with raspings before serving if liked, or leave it plain.

WHAT TO WEAR.

Pink and black is the favourite combination at present for evening dress, and no wardrobe seems complete without a dress of this description. Spanish women have always been alive to the beauty of this mixture, which is specially becoming to brunettes. Pink silk dresses trimmed with black lace are extremely fashionable and pink blouses trimmed with chiffon in the same colour, kept in place by black velvet straps. A pretty evening dress seen lately at a fashionable milliner's was in rosebud pink satin, with a deep flounce in the same material brocaded with tiny sprays of roses in black velvet. The upper part of draped bodice was edged with the same brocade, whilst the neck was filled in with puffs of pink chiffon, and the long sleeves were of the same material. A garland of pink roses was laid across the shoulders, and the waistband was formed of a twist of black velvet ribbons kept in place by tiny buckles of cut steel.

A pretty pink dress, seen at a recent gathering, was carried out in the same colours. The material was satin, and it was partly veiled in black lace, kept in place by straps of narrow black velvet and small steel buckles. This dress was made out of an old bridal gown, dyed pink, and veiled with a black lace shawl, which had been in the wearer's family for years.

Pink blouses are much used both for day and evening wear, and are sometimes trimmed with black and sometimes with white. A pretty blouse worn by the hostess at a recent afternoon gathering was in pink velvet, with a deep collar of white lace, and a rosette of pink velvet placed at either side of the throat. For evening wear these blouses look best mixed with chiffon and trimmed with the narrow black velvet straps before alluded to, kept in place by a buckle at either side.

Cherry colour is also fashionable for evening wear, and this is generally worn in combination with white. Last year's white dress can be very successfully brightened up by the application of this brilliant colour, and I may mention that the very newest kind of sash is made with two waistbands, one of velvet and one of satin. The lower part of the draped bow is made of the velvet, whilst the upper part is

of satin, to match the long sash ends which are placed at the back.

Black evening dresses are still fashionable, but the skirts are nearly always lined with colour. Green seems to be the favourite shade for this purpose, and it is sometimes shot with blue or apricot. Very cheap shot glacé silks can be picked up for this purpose at the sales, and they give a look of great distinction to a dress.

The skirt should be lined throughout and finished off with a pinked-out frill at the lower edge. Black is certainly the most economical wear for people who go out much in the evening, and a well-covered brocade or a moiré velours wears better than a plain silk or satin.

The sales are now in full swing, and there are many bargains to be picked up by the wary purchaser. Remnants of velvet or brocade can

be advantageously used for blouses, silk dress linings can be bought for next to nothing, and handsomely trimmed mantles are greatly reduced in price. Some of the mantles are well worth buying for the sake of the fur or jet with which they are trimmed, as these beautiful trimmings can be used on different models, even if their present foundation is unfashionable in shape. The "Paris models" are also good value for the money, as everything used in their construction is always of the best. A really handsome gown may now be bought at less than half its original price, for the shop people do not require to keep it after they have copied it sufficiently often. The wise can learn a lesson in fashion by noticing the articles which are not marked down in the sales.

Moiré velours is scarcely reduced at all, and the poppy-red dress materials are not often to be found amongst the bargains.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES.

By nourishing the body, the cheeks become rosy and plump, whilst the strength and nervous energy thus gained is the natural outcome of increased vitality.

Health and happiness are to a great extent matters of digestion and nutriment. It is only by the proper assimilation of food that the waste of tissue daily taking place can be stopped.

It cannot be done with medicine.

It can, however, be done with a perfect food beverage, such as Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, which possesses exceptional vitalising properties. It will save your digestion part of its work, and is far more nourishing and sustenance than tea or the ordinary cocoa, whilst it possesses a tonic and recuperative force possessed by neither.

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is pleasant and palatable, and embodying as it does, the numerous principles contained in Malt, Hops, Kola, and Cocoa, it imparts nourishment and builds up strength. As a Food Beverage it is invaluable.

Mrs. King, Linden Cottage, Wimbledon Hill, Surrey, writes:—"I think Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa a delicious drink, and it quite fulfils all said about it."

Mrs. Budden, Bradwardine, Bournemouth, writes:—"I like Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and shall certainly use it in future."

Nurse Tillotson, Alexandra Hotel, St. Leonard's-on-Sea, writes:—"I shall have much pleasure in recommending Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa. I like it very much."

Miss S. Percival, Post Office, Burgh, writes:—"I do not think any cocoa can equal Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa."

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. I consider it the very best preparation of the kind in the market, and as a nourishing drink for children and adults, the finest that has ever been brought before the public. 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, Suffolk House, Cannon-street, 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.



E 726.—MOURNING COSTUME. Pattern from this Office 1s. 1½d. Post free.

E. 726.—Mourning costume made in black cloth trimmed with crape. The left side of the skirt opens over a very narrow panel of crape, which is ornamented at the foot with a zigzag trimming of crape, whilst halfway up is a bow of the same. Round the waist is a pleated band of crape which is made into a bow on the left side; down the front of foundation bodice is arranged a fulness of crape, which forms a kind of plastron, down the centre of which is a box-pleat of the dress material. The band collar is of crape, ornamented with a bow of the same at the back. Down either side of the front the bodice is ornamented with three crape-covered buttons. The close-fitting sleeves are ornamented with a puff of material on the shoulders, and over the puff falls a pleated epaulette of crape. Quantity of 48 in. material required, 5½ yds.; crape, 27 in. wide, 2½ yds.

WET WEATHER DRESS.

Our winters are so sure to have many days and even weeks when the pavements are wet and the crossings muddy that business women all over the country are coming to see the necessity of a dress adapted to the weather, and not a few have in their wardrobes a cloth gown built with a skirt that reaches to the ankles or shoe tops, with a coat and gaiters to match. The gown is made of some firm—preferably lightweight—cloth that has been sponged before making, so as to prevent shrinkage afterwards. Often these gowns are faced with leather or rubber. With the skirt is worn a pretty stylish blouse or a bodice.

The gaiters to match the skirt make the dress look longer than it really is, and the feet look smaller and less conspicuous, while the jacket like the skirt looks much better than a jacket of a contrasting colour, which would draw more attention to the broken lines and the shortened skirt. Haircloth of the best quality may also be used to stiffen such skirts at the bottom, as it is little affected by wetting.

The hat may be any one of the stylish felt models in the fashion, trimmed simply with quills or cock feathers. Dressed in this costume, a rainy day has no terrors.

A HOLIDAY GAME.

I joined in a game the other evening with a jolly party of young people, which seems to me a capital amusement for everybody, from grandfather down. It is called "Observation."

One of the ladies came into the room with a good-sized tray, which she placed in the middle of a large, round table. On the tray was a collection of objects hidden by a napkin. We knew that something was under the napkin, because it was pushed up into little hillocks and depressed into little valleys. We all sat around, each armed with a pencil and a sheet of paper.

At a given signal the lady removed the napkin and exposed the contents of the tray to view while she counted ten. Then she hid the tray again with the napkin. While she counted ten we were all struggling to get into our mind what was on the tray, and when the napkin was replaced we wrote down on the paper what we had observed. These fifteen objects were on the tray: A toy fan, a cracker, a ball of floss, a pair of scissors, a button-hook, a little bottle of brown stuff (smelling salts, we learned afterward) with a red cork, a Japanese lamp mat, a marshmallow, a nail brush, a vinaigrette with tea leaves in it, a Japanese box, a penwiper, a ball of brown worsted, a thimble, a little match-safe. Some of us caught only two or three of the objects, and the winner managed to observe only the first seven.

"Observation" is not only amusing, but it is good training for the eye. Robert Houdin, the famous magician, trained his son in some such way as this, so that he could pass rapidly through a room, and afterwards accurately describe the furniture, pictures and bric-a-brac which it contained.

THE WILL AND GRIEF.

TWELVE years ago a woman, overcome with a succession of almost crushing sorrows, determined to throw off the gloom which encircled her. She made a rule that she would laugh three times a day, whether a cause for laughter presented itself or not.

She trained herself to the practice, and when no cause occasioned a natural laugh she retired to her room, or into seclusion wherever she found herself, and forced as hearty a laugh as she could. It made no difference to her where she found herself, or what trial or disappointment came into a day, she had her three prescribed times for laughter. She persisted in the practice, and has adhered to it now for a dozen years.

In the course of time a wonderful change came over her. She is in better health than ever, is always buoyant in spirits, and her home is a perfect delight.

REFORMING A LOVER BY MARRYING HIM.

Do not marry to reform a man. He who would not reform before marriage is not likely to do so afterwards. There is no more fallacious hope a girl can entertain than that of changing an unreformed rake into a good husband. Don't marry a man to whom "Yes" has been said in a moment of mistaken sympathy or sentimental ecstasy. Don't marry a man who has only his love to recommend him; there are other qualities requisite in husbands quite as important as this. A head is wanted as well as a heart; a guide, a comforter, a stay, a friend as well as an impassioned Romeo, spouting lava-like sentences of devotion. Do not marry a man who threatens that, if refused, he will go straight to the bad. Threats are the outcome of a weak, unstable, and unmanly nature, and he who declares he will do evil without a certain girl is almost as sure to do it with her.

DIVERSITY IN THE RELIGIOUS LIFE.—Other people want missionaries—the rich, who have such difficulty in getting into the kingdom of heaven; the men of art, of science, of literature, all these want religion in some form. The men who supply them are, probably, not of the slouch-hat, or house-to-house, or tract doctrine method. They must know something beyond catechism and penny theology. The earnest journalist, painter, or poet are often as true missionaries to the cultivated classes as are Moody and Sankey, or any revivalist, to the masses. Religion is larger than any of its forms, yet it comprehends them all; wider than the systems of any of its missionaries, yet it uses them all; there is a diversity of gifts, but the same spirit.—H. R. Haweis.

CATHERINE OF SIENA loved every living thing. Nature, beasts, birds and flowers were very dear to her. Every man, woman, child was to her a friend, a dear fellow creature to be greeted without reserve as one beloved of the common Father.—Jos. Butler.

TRAVELS.—Our journey has very much humbled me in my own opinion. I have seen so many people so extremely superior and more delightful than myself that I could not help often feeling my own inferiority.—R. Gurney, 1798.

PRaise.—The habit of seeking to praise rather than to blame operates favourably not only on the happiness and temper, but on the whole moral character of those who form it. A predisposition to discover what is bad keeps in activity our meaner and more malignant qualities.—Lyttton.

ELIZABETH FRY.—She met everybody in human sympathy, but of sin seemed to take no cognisance except in compassion.

LOVE is able to undertake all things, and it completes many things, and brings them to a conclusion, where he who does not love faints and lies down.—Thomas à Kempis.

QUAINT AND HUMOROUS.

HE (telling a hair-breadth adventure): "And in the bright moonlight we could see the dark muzzles of the wolves." She (breathlessly): "Oh, how glad you must have been that they had the muzzles on!"

TOMMY: "Pa, vegetarians are people who don't eat meat, ain't they?" Father: "Yes, Thomas." Tommy: "And octogenarians, what don't they eat, pa?"

DINER: "Isn't that a pretty small steak?" Attendant: "Yes, sir; but you'll find it will take you a good while to eat it."

"MADAM," shouted the counsel, "do you know what the punishment will be if you do not tell the truth, as you have sworn to do?" "Certainly I do; I will be cross-questioned again."

"HENRY, why do you smoke continually from morning until night?" "It's the only time I get. I sleep from night till morning."

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Our Open Columns.

[The Editor does not hold herself responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents. Discussion is invited on the subjects here written upon.]

WOMEN POOR LAW GUARDIANS IN IRELAND.

To the Editor of the WOMAN'S SIGNAL.

DEAR MADAM,—You state in your issue of December 31st, "It has on the whole been a year of no landmarks of advance to women." You seem to have ignored that to *Irishwomen* the passing of the Women's Poor Law Guardian Bill in March 1896 does decidedly prove a landmark, and is of very great importance. There have already been two women Guardians returned at bye-elections, and we have every hope that several will be elected next March.

We are now using every effort to have a Municipal Franchise (Women's Ireland) Bill, carried through by our warm friend, Wm. Johnston, M.P.—I am, yours faithfully,

ANNA M. HASLAM,
Hon. Sec. Dublin Women's
Suffrage Association.

[We are very glad indeed that the Irish Poor Law Administration is henceforth to have the same benefit of women's assistance that the English Poor Law has had for many years, but we can hardly call the extension of so well-established and successful a form of woman's public unpaid work "a landmark."]

OUR ONE RESOURCE.

To the Editor of the WOMAN'S SIGNAL.

DEAR MADAM,—The other day, just after reading the WOMAN'S SIGNAL, I came across an old copy of the *Household Friend*, a ladies' paper of nearly fifty years ago.

Glancing through it, I was both interested and amused to note the great difference in tone between that and the papers I had just laid down.

Thinking you and your readers might like also to contrast the opinions of to-day concerning woman's position and opportunities (nay, not opinions merely, but *facts*) with those of that time, I have copied one short article, which I send, if you would like to reprint it in your paper. Even the most diffident and backward of our sex, I think, would hardly agree now that "we have but one resource," while the many recent successes of women at the Universities and elsewhere makes one smile at the statement (which I underlined) that "we have not equalled man." The names and work, too, of Frances Willard, Lady Henry Somerset, and a score of others come to one's mind as opposed to the opinion that "woman is not, and never was, adapted by nature as a leader."—I am, yours truly,

FRANCES H. BOYCE.
Fenwick-road, London.

LADIES' ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

(From the *Household Friend* for November, 1849).

"Society has, we think, done wisely in denying woman leave to take her stand by man's side in science, art, and literature. Say what we will, woman, although a most apt scholar, never is, and never was, adapted by nature as a leader. She has gained great honour in poetry, in sculpture, in some kinds of philosophy, but in architecture, in the useful arts, in mathematics, and many others, she has, that we are aware of, no examples to show. Nor will her proficiency in what she has attained, we repeat, qualify her to be a leader. We have not equalled, much less excelled, man. Their nature is proper for hard, unremitting study; *our's* is not; consequently, man has all these resources—we but one. We must cultivate that one part which falls to our lot. Women have the early education of children—a great boon—given to them; they form the young idea. They have also the thousand little delicacies which men can never acquire and always require. In short, they have *accomplishments*. But these, which form so powerful a weapon of woman, should be wisely chosen and diligently cultivated."

THE VACCINATION QUESTION.

To the Editor of the WOMAN'S SIGNAL.

DEAR MADAM,—Your correspondent, Mrs. Preece, asks that some medical women shall mingle in the controversy *pro- versus* anti-vaccination. I venture to respond. My convictions, however, have led me to take a place in the ranks of the *pro-vaccinists*. I hold that Jenner made a most valuable discovery, for which his memory is rightly held in honourable esteem. Mishaps and failures there have been, but with a fitting application of the clearer and more intimate knowledge of the subject we now possess, we may hope to eliminate these in the near future. Vaccination, as Jenner first practised it, was done directly or almost directly, from the cow, and those so vaccinated were afterwards exposed to small-pox infection, and were found not susceptible. The question next arose, how should this practice be made universal, and under what conditions? Jenner adopted the practice of vaccination from arm to arm, which has been in general use since his time, and which, though liable to certain drawbacks, has, nevertheless, had the effect of so diminishing the terrible results of this disease, that many people have now come to regard small-pox as a trifling danger, while they now look upon vaccination (a mild form of small-pox) with some small measure of that terror and disgust with which their predecessors regarded the attacks of the more virulent disease to which they were then so often exposed. If it had occurred, or seemed feasible, to Jenner to practice calf-to-calf vaccination, and then to vaccinate all children and adults direct from the calf, it is certain that vaccination would have escaped many of the charges which have since his time been levelled against it. I fail to understand why Jenner should be held up to public reproach and obloquy any more than Watts or Stevenson, because he did not, any more than they, foresee all the variations and improvements which experience has taught their successors to deduce and develop from their original conceptions. If calf vaccination comes to be generally adopted, which I hope will soon be the case, we shall then hear no more of those cases of communicated disease, which appear to me to be the only real justification for the opposition which the practice of vaccination has been subjected to.

Germany gives us to-day an example which the whole world would do well to copy, and which in that case would in a short time enable us to think with as little anxiety of the possibility of future epidemics of this disease as we now do of the black death or other pestilences of old times. With your permission, I shall follow the excellent example set by Mrs. Preece, and furnish the means of ascertaining the facts *re* the German Vaccination Law to Mrs. Turtle and others.

(1) The *British Medical Journal* of November 24th, 1894, gives the translation of the clauses in the "Law relating to Infectious Diseases" which refer to vaccination, and show their irregular and uncertain application.

(2) The *British Medical Journal* of August 29th, 1885 (published at 429, Strand), comments on the report of the German Vaccination Commission, of November, 1884, concerning the effects of the German Vaccination Law of 1874, and gives statistics both civil and military up to 1882.

(3) The *Medical Press and Circular* of April 3rd, and of April 10th (published by A. Tindall, 20, King William-street, Strand), gives further valuable information respecting this much-disputed law and its results.

(4) The original text of the law of 1874 is to be found in the publication *Das Impfen in Preussen*, 1890, obtainable from W. Koebke, Alte Jacobstrasse 120, Berlin.

If your anti-vaccinist correspondents will read these publications and compare the statistics there given, they will, it seems to me, be constrained to admit that vaccination within the year following the date of birth, and revaccination at or about the age of twelve, together with revaccination of those who enter the army, and are thus exposed to infection from being stationed in proximity to less vaccinated districts, has succeeded in virtually

extinguishing small-pox in Germany. The mortality per 100,000 inhabitants in Germany from 1874 up to 1894 is as follows:—9.5, 3.6, 3.1, 0.3, 0.7, 1.2, 2.6, 3.6, 3.6, 1.9, 1.4, 1.4, 0.4, 0.5, 0.3, 0.5, 0.1, 0.1, 0.3, 0.4, 0.8. If Mrs. Turtle will compare these figures with those for Austria which she refers to, she will see that the mortality from small-pox in Austria during the same period is 173.1 (an epidemic year, which is, of course, exceptional) 57.7, 39.2, 16.9, 5.5, 50.8, 64.2, 78.8, 94.7, 59.1, 50.7, 60.1, 88.2, 41.7, 61.5, 83.7, 20.3, 28.7, 25.6, 14.9. Vaccination has been made compulsory in Austria only since 1891.

These figures speak for themselves as to the efficacy of vaccination and revaccination in the stamping out of small-pox. Calf lymph is all but universally used in Germany, and will be, I trust, ere long in this country.—Yours truly,

(Dr.) ALICE VICKERY.

STRIKING INCIDENT AT A GUARDIANS' MEETING.

A SINGULAR incident occurred, says the *Nuneaton Observer*, at a meeting of the Guardians of the Poor for Foleshill, near Coventry. A woman applied for relief.

"What family have you?" queried the chairman.

"I've got an invalid daughter, sir, to keep, and it's a hard job I've got to find the money to get her the medicine. But I don't mind a bit so long as I can pull her through."

"Why don't you apply for medical relief?" asked the chairman.

"I'm trying something better than doctors' physic, sir," replied the applicant. "Doctors' physic has not done her any good, and I've got something much better—some pills."

"What pills?" asked the chairman.

"Pink ones, sir, about which there's so much talk," answered the applicant.

"Oh, you mean that much-talked-of, and, I suppose, wonderful remedy, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," said the chairman. "I know them. Have they done her any good?"

"Good, I should just think they had!" said the applicant.

"She's getting better, then?"

"Ever so much better, sir, and I'm hoping she will soon be quite well."

"Do you really believe in these pills?" asked a guardian.

"Well, seeing that they have done her so much good when everything else failed, I have reason to have faith in them," replied the applicant.

In addition to granting her the usual allowance of bread, the Guardians voted 3s. 6d. per week so that the applicant might be able to supply her daughter with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from which her daughter had received so much benefit.

The incident is significant, and shows that official attention is being attracted to the numerous cures that have been reported in the newspapers following the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which include over five thousand cases of anaemia, general weakness, loss of appetite, palpitation, shortness of breath, early decay, all forms of female weakness, hysteria, paralysis, locomotor ataxy, rheumatism, sciatica, scrofula, rickets, chronic erysipelas, consumption of the bowels and lungs. These Pills are not a purgative, and contain nothing that could injure the most delicate. They are genuine only with the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and are sold by Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, 46, Holborn-viaduct, London, E.C., at 2s. 9d. a box, or six for 18s. 9d. They invigorate the system after overwork, worry, and indiscretions of living.

"I REALLY shall have to leave this hotel," said the weary man to the proprietor. "There is a baby in the next room to mine, and he cries all night." "I don't see why you should complain," said the proprietor. "His father and mother have him in the same room with them, and they haven't said a word."

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